IN KILMAINHAM JAIL.

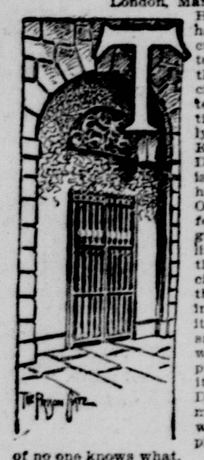
The Crowd of Political Suspects Had a Good Time.

KEEPERS GOT THE WORST OF IT

Hitherto Unpublished Details of Parnell's Arrest—How the Great Irish Leader Bore Himself.

London, March 22.—Special.

THE prison which has gained such a curious and extended celebrity through its associations with latter day Irish politics is in the outlying township of Kilmainham, in Dublin. The place is not great, but it has a great air. Of its external features the lofty gray wall of Irish limestone, about a third of a mile in circumference, is the most imposing. Except for its strength, the small main gateway is quite unpretentious; over it are the "Five Devils of Kilmainham"—five writhing scorpions, sympolical of no one knows what.

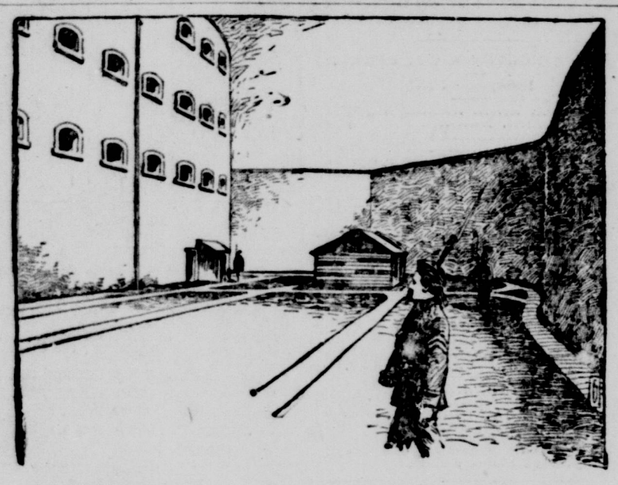


When the gate is passed the prison divides itself at once into two parts, the old and the new. The old side (which was the women's side in former days) has no very salient defects, and the cells, if less completely ventilated than those on the newer side, are spacious and well lighted. The modern side is about thirty-five years old, and has a fine central hall, where the cells, 106 in number, rise in three opposing tiers. A better built hall than this is probably not to be found in any prison in the United Kingdom.

And right here, a word may be said upon the general aspects of crime in Ireland. The entire convict population of the country, male and female, numbers fewer than 500 persons. More than 82 per cent. of the convicted prisoners in Ireland are sentenced for terms of imprisonment not exceeding one month, while about 5 per cent. are sentenced to terms of imprisonment not exceeding three months. Drunkenness, larceny and assault are the commonest charges in the calendar, and drunkenness is accountable for at least 50 per cent. of the convictions. In the whole of Ireland last year only 107 males and eight females were sent into penal servitude, and the largest number of sentences were for the shortest term of penal servitude, namely, three years. These facts are not insignificant.

It is in truth a grateful and refreshing experience to pass from the casual study of crime and criminals in England to the casual study of crime and criminals in Ireland. There are no penal institutions in Ireland to compare with the superb prison at Wormwood Scrubbs, or with the great convict establishment at Portland; but the fact in explanation is that while we cannot do without these places in England, they are not wanted in Ireland; and the further fact in explanation is that crime, as we know it in England, is practically non-existent in Ireland. Our great guilds of crime—the bands of professional burglars and robbers, the financial conspirators, the adept forgers, the trained thieves, the habitual leviers of blackmail, the bogus noblemen, parsons and ladies of family, the "long-firm" practitioners, the hotel and railway sharps, the "magsmen," "books" and "bounces"—these are almost entirely unrepresented in Ireland. In a word, so far as habitual and professional crime is concerned, there is not as decent a country in Europe.

It is desirable to be explicit on these matters. Ireland's crimes have nearly always been in a manner peculiar to herself, and those that have stained the pages of her history most deeply have been, almost without exception, crimes arising out of agrarian evils or deep-seated political discontent. Crimes such as these have been recorded against communities in which the general standard of morality was high, and in which all ordinary breaches of law were of extreme infrequency.



THE EXERCISE YARD OF THE SUSPECTS, KILMAINHAM.

PRINCIPAL HALL IN KILMAINHAM PRISON.

In a quiet season discipline is easily maintained in Kilmainham. The staff of warders at present numbers only sixteen, and this serves for a full compliment of prisoners. But Kilmainham underwent a very strange transformation about fourteen years ago. The period in Ireland was without a parallel in modern history, and equally without a parallel was the internal condition of Kilmainham. The great central hall, where scarcely a sound is heard but the measured voice of the warder, was noisy—and very cheerfully so—from morning until night. A long table down the center of the hall was littered with the newspapers, magazines and books of the day; draught-boards, chess-boards, backgammon-boards and packs of cards. The same table at the dinner hour bore a cloth of snowy linen, was decorated with fruit, flowers and cut glass, and upheld a weight of excellent hot dishes and wines of many kinds. It might have been a succession of horse show weeks in Doublin, and her majesty's jail of Kilmainham turned over to some enterprising caterer who had converted it for the nonce into an elegant hotel. It might have been, but it was not. Kilmainham prison was Kilmainham prison still, but with a rather considerable difference. The persons for whom games and the newspapers of the day were provided, and who fared thus sumptuously every day, were the political suspects whom a hostile press (in England as in Ireland) represented as "pining in British dungeons."

It was an extraordinary time in Kilmainham. The prison had been emptied of its usual occupants, a few excepted, who were retained as cleaners and orderlies, and month after month it was crowded by the motliest assortment of politicians and agitators, many of whom were in the foremost ranks of the Land League, while others enjoyed only local notoriety. They became great men, however, when they had "languished" for a month or two in the "dungeons" of Kilmainham. There was amongst them members of parliament, priests, solicitors, medical men, journalists, clerks, farmers, cattle dealers, tradesmen of all sorts, peasants, down to the humblest; in a word, no class of persons connected with the Irish political movement of that time was unrepresented among those who were lodged for longer or shorter periods in Kilmainham. They must have been a good deal amused by what their friends outside were writing about them, and many a joke on the subject must have been circulated in the prison. The Ladies' Land League kept their table furnished with the best, and no reasonable indulgence or recreation was denied them by their brutal "jailers." The cells were changed into neat little bedrooms, a shelter was built in the large exercise yard, and another yard was laid with concrete to serve as a ball alley. Presents of books, bedding, food, wines, spirits and divers other pleasant things were forwarded by sympathetic and sorrowing admirers from the outer world, and it is even whispered that the patriots did not always go sober to bed; but this I take for fiction. The situation as a whole was nevertheless just such an one as Mr. Gilbert might have invented for a comic opera.

Imagine a governor and his staff of warders, accustomed to the routine and the rigid rule of prison life, brought to such a pass as this! The brutal "jailers," indeed, had a far less easy time of it than those who were nominally their prisoners. Precedents there were none, and counsel and advice were scarce. The suspects, though in custody, were never in close confinement; association between them was unrestricted, and they passed their time almost as it pleased them. Those of them who chose to give trouble to their guardians could do so to any extent, and there were patriots who seemed to think that the whole governing body of the prison, and the doctor more especially, were waiters in attendance on them. There were, of course, gallant exceptions in plenty; but the patriots wore a heterogeneous party, and with the great power of the Land League behind them they were well aware that their position in Kilmainham was not an ordinary one. At this distance of time there can be little harm in saying that the actual state of affairs inside the famous prison was not exactly what it was represented as being, and that the authorities, so far from exercising a "tyrannous control," were often nonplussed by the extreme novelty and awkwardness of the situation. The prison, which was a not uncomfortable asylum for the humble and hungry patriot, was during the whole of this period a place of some danger for the governor and his subordinates. The possibility of assault from without was an ever-present source of anxiety; a force of police was lodged within the walls, while a strong military guard was in reserve outside.

As tedious and exacting a duty as any that fell to the lot of the governor and his deputy was the supervision and control of the suspects' correspondence. A convict undergoing a sentence of penal servitude is permitted to write a letter once in three, four or six months, according to the class he has attained in prison; but the suspects, needless to say, knew no such restrictions, and enjoyed the free use of their pens. It was no more than fair that the professional men, men of business and others, who were in prison on a mere suspicion of disloyalty, should be allowed the privilege of correspondence, but it was a privilege which imposed an immense amount of labor on the governor and his deputy. No prisoner, whatever the cause of his imprisonment, can send or receive a letter until it has passed under the eyes of the governor or his immediate representative, and as many of the suspects had a large correspondence the duty of checking it was no light one. Often, indeed, the governor, or the deputy, or both, sat through the night at this task.

It was on October 13, 1881, that the great man of the movement joined in Kilmainham the colleagues for whom he entertained such a very moderate respect. Mr. Parnell's was the two hundred and twenty-fourth arrest that had been effected under Mr. Forster's act since the beginning of March, 1881. Suspect number 225 was Mr. James J. O'Kelly, M. P., and number 227 was Mr. William O'Brien.

It may or may not be remembered that on the afternoon of October 13 in that year Mr. Gladstone made a speech on Irish affairs at the Guildhall. With him were several members of his government, and at an interesting and highly appropriate moment a telegram was handed to the premier, who was in the act of speaking. It contained, of course, the news of Mr. Parnell's arrest, and Mr. Gladstone, as may be imagined, made a fine point for the gallery. The incident had all the appearance of a well-contrived effect—I happened to be one of the gallery—and in truth it was, for Mr. Parnell was arrested, not at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, but at 7 in the morning, and the government must have had their information many hours before that little telegraph boy was brought so effectively upon the scene.

The details of Mr. Parnell's arrest have not, I believe, been published. He was staying at Morrison's hotel in Dawson street, and it was there that he was asked for, at 7 on the morning named, by a trusted officer of the Dublin detective force. The waiter who was first interviewed declared that Mr. Parnell had "gone out for a bath." It seemed improbable, and the officer, disclosing his identity, gave the number of Mr. Parnell's room (No. 20, for the next curious visitor at Morrison's) and requested to be shown up there. He was begged to wait "just four or five minutes." "Not a minute, if you please," was the officer's reply. It is very unlikely that Mr. Parnell, had he been warned, would have taken advantage of the warning, but in "four or five minutes" a sympathetic waiter might easily have drawn together a sympathetic crowd in the street, and the officer was single-handed.

However, he was shown up at once to No. 20. Mr. Parnell, who was still between the sheets, presented himself at his door in a moment in nether garment and slippers. The situation being explained to him, he inspected the warrant, and said he must have time to write two or three letters. For fifteen minutes the officer paced the corridor, and then, as the crowd which he had feared was beginning to gather in the street, he requested Mr. Parnell to make a hurried toilet.

Hurried or not, when he came out of his room five minutes later he was as scrupulously dressed as always. The officer led him out boldly by the front door; there was no disturbance (to the chagrin, doubtless, of the sympathetic waiter), and they entered a cab which was in waiting. Mr. Parnell behaved throughout with admirable dignity composure, only for one moment showing signs of annoyance. He had written three letters, which he asked to be allowed to post with his own hand, a request which was repeated several times. "Presently, sir," said the officer, biding his time. For the officer it was a journey of some nervousness. He was carrying to prison, under the fiat of a government detested by the strongest party in Ireland, the most powerful and most popular man in Ireland, and he was unsupported by any kind of escort. A word from Parnell as he was being taken through the streets, and it would have been a hard matter to arrive with him at Kilmainham. There were a number of persons gathered about the Kingsbridge station, and had he merely shown his face and said, "I am under arest," the cab would have been wrecked. He said nothing, and sitting well back in the vehicle seemed anxious that no one should recognize him.

Just beyond this point a company of the guards turned out of the Royal hospital and marched behind the cab. It was here that the prisoner for the first time vented a word or two of temper. "You said that I should post my letters," he said to the officer beside him; "you are deceiving me." "You shall post them in a moment, Mr. Parnell," was the answer. Kilmainham was reached almost immediately, and in the pillar box against the prison Mr. Parnell dropped his letters.

Some dozen or twenty hawkers, laborers and car-drivers recognized him here, and seeing that he was under arrest pressed forward to touch and speak to him. He drew back and would give his hand to no one as he passed into the courtyard of the prison.

Indeed, from the first day to the last, the "Chief" was as unapproachable in Kilmainham by the rank and file of his party imprisoned with him as he had always been in the lobby or dining-room of the house of commons. Within a few days of his arrival, in fact, there came to be an "upper" and a "lower" house in the prison. The upper house was the portion in which Mr. Parnell and his few associates met and took their exercise, and rarely indeed did one from the lower house venture unbidden within this privileged confine.

Mr. J. J. O'Kelly was the comrade whose society Mr. Parnell most affected, but he spent a great part of his time in his own room, and wrote much. It is almost superfluous to say that no rule of the prison was ever infringed by him, and that his conduct was never less than exemplary. The majority of the suspects were lodged in the central hall, but to Mr. Parnell was alloted a good-sized room in a quiet corridor of the prison, the two arched windows of which give on to one of the smaller exercise yards. Facing this room, by the way, is the cell in which the informer Carey was afterwards confined. The "Parnell room," which was never a cell, has been quite changed since that distinguished occupation, and is now used as an office of the prison and for consultations between prisoners and their legal advisers. Here is was that Mr. Parnell wrote the letter to Captain O'Shea which was to become famous under the name of Kilmainham Treaty.

Parnell himself in Kilmainham loomed larger than ever in the popular imagination; his celebrity grew with the days of his confinement; his name became trebly heroic. Gifts poured in upon him; flowers from London; fruits, game and cases of champagne; books, bedding, slippers, dressing gowns and coverlets of satin and elderdown. His postbag was enormous; letters of condolence, sympathy, admiration, adulation, indignation and vituperation.

From first to last his behavior in confinement was beyond reproach. He was patient of such restraint as his imprisonment involved, courteous and considerate to the least of the officials. To the majority of his companions in durance he was the sphinx that they had known before, unaltered, and neither more nor less conciliatory than it was at all times and all places his wont to be.

This singular chapter in the history of Kilmainham being closed, one may venture the remark that this particular phase of the policy of the government towards the campaigners of the Land League was on the whole a mistake. It is easy talking fourteen years after the event, but one looking back upon it at this day may well ask whether all those arrests—many of them, no doubt, rather arbitrary and ill-considered—had any appreciable result in weakening the power of the League, whether, on the contrary, they had not a much more considerable result in strengthening it. The situation, however, will probably not repeat itself in our time.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

OZYMANDIAS.

I met a traveler from an antique land,
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read,
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.
—Shelley.

A Constant Visitor.

Pain is a constant visitor of persons troubled with chronic rheumatism. This unwelcome guest will, however, take its departure, and not renew his visits if a writ of ejectment is served upon it through the agency of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most efficient blood depurent and anodyne to rheumatic twinges known to medical science. No testimony in its behalf is more positive and conclusive than that which proves its efficacy in rheumatic complaints. It is also conspicuously efficacious for malarial, nervous, bilious, dyspeptic and kidney disorders. It promotes appetite and sleep, and is particularly useful to invalids recovering from exhausting maladies. Persons past the prime of life, and those suffering from a lack of vital stamina, find it highly beneficial. Give it a persistent trial. No medicine used spasmodically, and at irregular times, can be expected to achieve lasting results.

If you want a good, permanent pasture, be sure to sow a good variety of grasses.

LONDON SOCIETY.

Princess Maud's Wedding July 7—Exodus for the Easter Holidays.

London, April 4.—The weather throughout the past week has been cold and gloomy, dull and depressing, and, to add to the blue feeling here, the exodus of the Easter holidaymakers began early in the week and lasted until today. The railway stations, in consequence, were crowded with overcoated and berugged gentry engaged in more or less successful rough and tumbles with lordly, independent porters, whose pockets bulged out with copper and silver fees extorted from travelers anxious to leave the whirl and smoke of London for a breathing spell at the seaside or in the country.

The Duke and Duchess of York and the Princess of Wales and her daughters are spending the holidays in peace and quiet at Sandringham, while the Prince of Wales is junketing the time away with his yacht in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The Britannia, by the way, has not been improved by the alterations in her trim, etc., and she is making a poor showing this season. The Ailsa seems able to show her heels with beautiful regularity. This, it is expected, will cause the Prince of Wales to order a new cutter for next season, and if the Meteor, being built for Emperor William of Germany near Glasgow, turns out to be anything of a flyer, the imperial nephew will accomplish one of his pet desires, namely, outsail his royal uncle in a yacht race off the Isle of Wight and recapture the famous challenge shield offered by the emperor some seasons ago and now held by the Britannia. The queen is still at Cimiez, near Nice.

It has been definitely arranged that the marriage of Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Charles of Denmark, the second of the three sons of the crown prince and crown princess of Denmark, will take place in the chapel royal at St. James' palace on July 7. The archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the bishops of London and Winchester, will officiate. There will be a procession in state from Buckingham palace to St. James' palace and the chapel royal, and, as the distance between the two places is very short, many thousands of people will be disappointed in their hopes of witnessing the pageant. However, everything possible will be done to give the people as good a view as possible of the turnout of royalty, and a most attractive spectacle is anticipated. The queen will take part in the ceremony. The streets and the park and the mall adjoining the palaces will be held by the Horse Guards, Life Guards, Grenadiers Guards, Scots Guards, Coldstream Guards and the crack regiments, and if the weather permits there will be a gathering of Londoners about the palace seldom seen nowadays. Princess "Harry," as Maud is popularly known, will have eight bridesmaids, her sister, Princess Victoria of Wales; Princesses Indeborg and Thyra, of Denmark, sisters of the groom; Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Princes Alice of Albany and Princesses Ena and Victoria of Battenberg.

The usual "ancient royal charities" designated as "royal maundy" took place on Maundy Thursday in Westminster Abbey. The number of recipients is governed by the queen's age. Thus, last year seventy-six men and seventy-six women received the royal alms. This year seventy-seven men and seventy-seven women joined in the procession, which was formed at 7 o'clock in the evening, and passed into the choir. Each of the old men and women received two neatly made bags, the first of white material, containing £1 in gold and representing part of the maundy. The recipients of royal maundy were afterwards handed a red purse holding as many pence as the queen is years of age, and given in silver pennies, 2 pence, 3 pence and 4 pence. Each man also received £25 in lieu of an allowance of clothing, and each woman was also presented with £15 instead of an allowance of clothing.

There is every prospect that the influx of American visitors to London will be greater than ever at this season. All the leading hotels are making corresponding preparations.

Cigars Made by Machines.

New York World.

A machine which bids fair to revolutionize the cigar-making industry has been invented at Binghampton, N. Y. Machines are on exhibition in operation there now, and are turning out smoothly bunched and neatly wrapped cigars at the rate of 3,600 per day for each machine. This is about three times as many as an expert can roll when using moulds. The machine is of about the size and appearance of a sewing machine and is as easily operated. The essential mechanism consists of a metal plate, a traveling rubber belt and two rubber rollers. The plate has a beveled or warped surface of varying sections, on which cigars of all the approved shapes can be made by a simple adjustment of a clamp.

The machine is easily operated. A "bunch" of tobacco is inserted between the rollers and the travelling band. At the same time a wrapper is fed upon the plate and automatically guided around the bunch. The "tucking" and "pasting" are done while the next cigar is being rolled, so that two cigars are in process of manufacture at the same time. It is estimated that all shapes and qualities of cigars can be made at a labor cost of 30 cents per thousand. At present some cigar-makers get for hand work as much as $30 per thousand.

Joy's for the Jaded and Good Health for all Mankind.

JOY'S VEGETABLE SARSAPARILLA.

is made from herbs, and contains no mineral drugs or deadly poison. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla robs the blood of all its impurities, and courses all these impurities through nature's own proper channels. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla cures Dyspepsia, Chronic Constipation, Liver Complaints and Kidney Affections.

DEARBORN PRINTER
COLLINS BUILDING

MODERN MIRACLES.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF SCIENCE MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE TALES OF THE ANCIENTS

Patient Research and Skilled Experiment Have Poured a Flood of Light Upon the Subject of the Ills that Afflict Mankind, and the Brightest Illumination of All Is Made by Dr. Copeland—His Wonderful New Method of Treating Chronic Diseases Astonishes the Medical World, and Its Benefits Are Placed Within the Reach of the Masses by the Merely Nominal Charge of $5 a Month, all Medicines Included.

From the earliest dawn of civilization ignorance of the laws of nature have led to belief in the supernatural and the miraculous. The earliest traditions, and even the written records, of every race, teem with miracles, most of them but outgrowths of occurrences lying within the scope of natural laws now well understood. Belief in miracles and the suspension of the laws of nature is not confined to any race or any period of time, but is common to all time and to all peoples who have not passed beyond it in the evolution of their mental development. While even today there is no race that can be said to have wholly passed from beneath the shadow of superstition; some have almost done so, while there are others whose mental development is so primitive as to be as yet without a single gleam of light. Between these two extremes, in varying stages, are to be found all the peoples of the earth. Modern science, by its experiments, its researches, its close reasoning from cause to effect and from effect back to cause, has been the chief, almost the only, agent in dispelling the clouds of superstition and bringing man out from the gloom and shadow of belief in the miraculous; and the exemption of the human race in this respect is almost co-extensive with acceptance of its teachings. In this work of studying the laws of nature and applying them to the use and benefit of mankind science has succeeded in accomplishing feats that excel the utmost fancies of the ancients, who never, in their wildest imaginings, dreamed that the time would come when men would whisper to each other over thousands of miles of wire, that boats would navigate beneath the surface of the sea, that human speech and music would be preserved in wax and be made audible to the ear years after the voices that gave the utterance were stilled in death, or that the happenings of the day would be known to the people of every land before the going down of the sun. They never dreamed of those wonderful discoveries of the laws of nature, by which the multitude of diseases that have destroyed hundreds of millions of the human race have been defined, their origin traced, their method of propagation understood, and the means by which man may be protected from their ravages made known. Wonderful indeed are the achievements of medical science, when pestilences are stamped out, when the deaf hear and the dumb speak, when the skin of one person is made to grow upon the quivering flesh of another, when diseased lungs are made strong and ruined stomachs are restored to a healthy condition, when neuralgic agonies are subdued and rheumatic tortures allayed, when catarrh, that dread scourge of the human race, is cured and its deadly poisons driven from the system. For ages and ages mankind suffered and died from chronic diseases, and it was not until the closing years of the nineteenth century that even the most advanced medical science could offer them hope of relief. But now relief has come. Medical science has taken another great step forward. Enlightened physicians hail with joy this wonderful new treatment, that gives the chronic sufferer promise of renewed life, restores his lost hearing, heals his diseased lungs, and cures the catarrh in his head and the chronic affections it has caused in his throat, stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys, and other organs, and drives the poison from his system. This wonderful new treatment is the result of the years of study, experiment and research of Dr. Copeland. The Copeland treatment for chronic diseases is not a miracle, though it accomplishes more than the greatest miracle of legend or historic record, but is a thoroughly scientific and practical application of the laws of nature, such as physicians have tried in vain to discover for ages; yet it works miracles of cure with the sick. This joyous intelligence, which thrills the hearts of the thousands suffering from chronic ailments, is made still more joyous by the knowledge that this relief is brought easily within their reach by the Copeland system of charging but the merely nominal fee of $5 a month, all medicines being supplied free. To be offered a cure and to be offered it at a price all can afford to pay, is what is filling the hearts of chronic sufferers with joy and hope, and is crowding the rooms of the Copeland Medical Institute with patients.

COPELAND FEE.

The cost of a full course of treatment at the Copeland Medical Institute is at the rate of $5 per month, whether the requisite period of treatment be three months or three weeks. This fee includes all medicines and the constant and watchful care of all patients to a final cure. Examination free.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD AND THROAT.

The most prevalent form of catarrh results from neglected colds. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

"Is the breath foul?"
"Is the voice husky?"
"Do you spit up slime?"
"Do you ache all over?"
"Do you blow out scabs?"
"Is the nose stopped up?"
"Do you snore at night?"
"Does your nose discharge?"
"Is this worse toward night?"
"Does the nose bleed easily?"
"Do crusts form in the nose?"
"Do you sneeze a great deal?"
"Is the nose sore and tender?"
"Does the nose itch and burn?"
"Is there pain in front of head?"
"Is there pain across the eyes?"
"Is there pain in back of head?"
"Is there tickling in the throat?"
"Is your sense of smell leaving?"
"Do you hawk to clear the throat?"
"Is there a dropping in the throat?"
"Is the throat dry in the morning?"
"Do you sleep with the mouth open?"
"Are you losing your sense of taste?"
"Does the nose stop up toward night?"

This form of catarrh is the easiest to cure.

CATARRH OF THE EARS.

Deafness and Ear Troubles Result From Catarrh Passing Along the Eustachian Tube that leads from the Throat to the Ear.

"Is your hearing failing?"
"Do your ears discharge?"
"Do the ears itch and burn?"
"Is the wax dry in the ears?"
"Are the ears dry and scaly?"
"Is there a throbbing in ears?"
"Do you have a ringing in ears?"
"Are you gradually getting deaf?"
"Have you pain behind the ears?"
"Is your hearing bad cloudy days?"
"Is there a buzzing sound heard?"
"Are there cracking sounds heard?"
"Do you have earache occasionally?"
"Are the sounds like steam escaping?"
"Do you constantly hear noises in the ears?"
"Do your ears hurt when you blow the nose?"
"Is there a roaring like a waterfall in head?"
"Do you hear better some days than others?"
"Do the noises in the ears keep you awake?"
"When you blow your nose do the ears crack?"
"Is your hearing worse when you have a cold?"
"Is there a roaring like a waterfall in the head?"

CATARRH OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES.

When catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the windpipe into the bronchial tubes, and, in time, attacks the lungs. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

"Have you a cough?"
"Are you losing flesh?"
"Do you cough at night?"
"Do you take cold easily?"
"Have you a pain in side?"
"Is your appetite variable?"
"Have you stitches in side?"
"Do you cough until you gag?"
"Do you raise frothy material?"
"Are you low-spirited at times?"
"Do you spit up yellow matter?"
"Do you cough on going to bed?"
"Do you cough in the mornings?"
"Is your cough short and hacking?"
"Have you pain behind breastbone?"
"Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?"
"Is there tickling behind the palate?"
"Have you a disgust for fatty foods?"
"Do you feel you are growing weaker?"
"Is there a burning pain in the throat?"
"Do you cough worse night and morning?"
"Do you have to sit up at night to get breath?"

WITHOUT CHARGE.

For the purpose of enabling all to obtain a correct idea of the Copeland system of disease-treatment and to test its transcendent advantages over less advanced methods, it should be kept in mind that Dr. Copeland offers to all sufferers from Rheumatism, Lung trouble, Stomach trouble Skin disease, Catarrh, or other curable chronic malady, a trial treatment without charge. Remember that all who apply at the office in person are cordially welcome to a careful examination, advice and treatment, upon their first visit, absolutely free of expense for consultation, diagnosis, treatment or medicine!

CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

The Usual Cause Is Catarrh, the Mucus Dropping Down Into the Throat.

"Is there nausea?"
"Are you costive?"
"Is there vomiting?"
"Are you lightheaded?"
"Dou you belch up gas?"
"Is your tongue coated?"
"Do you hawk and spit?"
"Have you water brash?"
"Is there pain after eating?"
"Are you nervous and weak?"
"Do you have sick headaches?"
"Do you bloat up after eating?"
"Is there disgust for breakfast?"
"Is your throat filled with slime?"
"Have you distress after eating?"
"Do you at times have diarrhoea?"
"Is there rush of blood to the head?"
"Is there constant bad taste in mouth?"
"Is there gnawing sensation in stomach?"
"Do you feel as if you had lead in stomach?"
"When you get up suddenly are you dizzy?"
"When your stomach is empty do you feel faint?"
"Do you belch up material that burns the throat?"
"When the stomach is full do you feel oppressed?"

CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

Catarrh of the kidneys results either from colds or from overwork of the kidneys in separating from the blood the poisons that have been absorbed from catarrh of other organs. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

"Do your hands and feet swell?"
"Is this more noticeable in the mornings?"
"Are they cold and clammy?"
"Is there pain in small of back?"
"Is the urine dark and cloudy?"
"Does a deposit form when left standing?"
"Is there a desire to get up at night?"
"Do you see spots floating before the eyes?"
"Are the eyes dull and staring?"
"Is there a bad taste in mouth?"
"Have you pain in top of head?"
"Is your hair getting gray?"
"If so, is it silvery white?"
"Is the skin dry and harsh?"
"Is the hair dry and brittle?"
"Is there nausea after eating?"
"Has the perspiration a bad odor?"
"Is there puffiness under the eyes?"
"Are there dark rings around the eyes?"
"Is the skin pale and dry?"
"Has the skin a waxy look?"
"Do you see unpleasant things while asleep?"
"Have you chilly feelings down the back?"
"Do the joints pain and ache?"
"Do the legs feel too heavy?"

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Dr. Copeland's maxim is: Do unto the sick as you would have the doctors do by you if you were prostrate with some dreadful chronic malady and without the means to pay big fees. All who suffer from catarrh, asthma or bronchitis, burning rheumatism or disfiguring skin diseases, lung or throat affections, liver, kidney, bladder, stomach or bowel trouble or any other wasting, chronic ailment are welcome, every time, to all the benefits of the Copeland Medical Institute, the Collins building, corner Second and James streets, without expense beyond the nominal assessment of $5 per month, all medicines included.

CATARRH OF THE LIVER.

An Inflammatory Envelopment of the Mucous Surfaces of the Liver, Sympathetic With Catarrh of the Stomach—Yields Readily to Copeland Treatment.

"Are you irritable?"
"Are you nervous?"
"Do you get dizzy?"
"Have you no energy?"
"Is your memory poor?"
"Do you feel miserable?"
"Do you have cold feet?"
"Do you get tired easily?"
"Do you have hot flushes?"
"Is your eyesight blurred?"
"Can't you explain where?"
"Have you pain in the back?"
"Is your flesh soft and flabby?"
"Are your spirits low at times?"
"Is there a bloating after eating?"
"Have you pain around the loins?"
"Do you have gurgling in bowels?"
"Do you have rumbling in bowels?"
"Is there throbbing in the stomach?"
"Do you suffer from pains in temples?"
"Do you have sense of heat in bowels?"
"Do you have palpitation of the heart?"
"Is there a general feeling of lassitude?"
"Do these feelings affect your memory?"

DISEASE OF THE SKIN.

All Forms of Skin Disease Result From Poisons in the Blood.

"Is your skin dry and scaly?"
"Have you a shiny, oily nose?"
"Do the pimples itch and burn?"
"Is your skin sore and cracked?"
"Does your skin itch intensely?"
"Does your scalp itch and burn?"
"Is your skin rough and cracked?"
"Does skin feel hot and swollen?"
"Are your nose, lips and ears hot?"
"Have you dandruff in your scalp?"
"Do your legs feel hot and burning?"
"Have you prickling pains in the skin?"
"Have you pimples on neck and chest?"
"Is face dotted with dirty little specks?"
"Do nose, lips and ears itch intensely?"
"Do crusts and scabs form on your skin?"
"Have you pimples on back of shoulders?"
"Are the lumps on face sore to the touch?"
"Is skin alongside nose red and congested?"
"Does skin of your face look and feel oily?"
"Have you flat, red-looking lumps on face?"
"Have you yellowish pimples on your face?"
"Is there scaly, itchy eruption on eyebrows?"
"Have you pimples on your face that fester?"
"Have you pimples on face with black tops?"

HOME TREATMENT.

No One Deprived of the Benefits of the Copeland Treatment Because of Living at a Distance From the Office.

The same wonderful and uniform success attending the treatment of the Copeland physicians in their office is found in their home treatment of patients by mail. By the use of a comprehensive symptom blank they are enabled to correctly diagnose cases and prescribe for them, and by their excellent system of reports they keep a close watch upon them. Patients living in the country may in this way enjoy the benefits of their skill as well as those in the city.

MR. AUGUSTUS ANNIS, a farmer living at Clinton, Island county, a pioneer citizen and highly respected, feels that the Copeland Medical Institute has performed almost a miracle in transforming him from an enfeebled shadow to a strong and healthy man.

"In the spring of 1894 I had an attack of la grippe, followed by aggravated catarrh of the stomach, and have since been a constant and terrible sufferer and unfit for work. I could keep nothing on my stomach, and had often four or five vomiting spells a day. Sometimes even cold water would make me sick. I had terrible pains in my stomach and across the center of my body. My bowels were constipated and gave me a great deal of trouble, and I could not sleep at night. My bladder became affected, and this rendered me still more wretched. I had no appetite even when I could retain anything on my stomach. I gradually lost in flesh until I weighed 50 pounds less than formerly, and my strength wasted away, so that I was but a shadow of my former self and too feeble to do any work. I thought I was completely done up, and had given up all hope of being cured, but I saw the statements of those who had been cured by the Copeland treatment, and I made up my mind to try it as a last resort. It was a good one. I commenced to improve immediately. My vomiting ceased, and with it passed away all the pain and distress in my stomach. My appetite returned, and I was able to digest my food without difficulty. I sleep well, my bowels act naturally and my bladder trouble has gone. I feel like a new man, and will never cease to be grateful to the Copeland specialists for what they have done for me."

MR. JOHN S. LE BALLISTER, of Fir, Skagit county, Wash., and well-known throughout that portion of the state, was cured of a severe case of catarrh of the kidneys and bladder, totally incapacitating him from labor. He took home treatment, and now he writes: "I have gone to work in a logging camp, driving a seven-yoke team of oxen; so you see I am a pretty good man again. I am as good as new. The soreness has all left my kidneys, and the pains and lameness in my limbs have disappeared, thanks to the Copeland Medical Institute. I have sent quite a good many to you to be cured, and shall continue to do so."

MRS. MARY A. SIMMONS, of Shedd, Or., cured of catarrh of the stomach, writes:

"My neighbors say it is almost like seeing the dead come to life to see me about again. For six weeks before I began your treatment I did not eat an ounce of food, and two doctors said I was about to die of starvation. My stomach would not retain even water. We had no faith in your medicine. Other medicine had nearly killed me, and my friends would not give me yours after it came for two weeks. Finally they did so, as a last resort. The result is my pain is all gone. I have a ravenous appetite, and feel better than for ten years, and my friends all think it a miracle."

J. H. MORRIS, a telegraph operator at Kiona, Wash., who was cured of nervous prostration more than a year ago by mail treatment, writes: "I again drop you a few lines to let you know of my continued good health, the result of your careful and scientific treatment quite a long time ago. There have never been any symptoms of return of disease, and I am strong and robust."

MR. R. A. BIRD, of Lafayette, Or.—Cured of catarrh of head, throat and stomach.

MR. A. R. DOOLITTLE, of Oregon City, Or.—Catarrh of head and throat 25 years cured.

MR. JOHN REDMOND, of McMinnville, Or.—Cured of catarrh of the bronchial tubes and lungs.

MR. D. H. CLOSE, of Oregon City, Or.—Catarrh of head, throat and stomach 9 years; cured.

MR. FRED CHRISTIANSON, Port Blakeley, Wash.—Hearing restored and catarrh of stomach; cured.

HON. J. A. CAVANAUGH, Kent, Wash.—Cured of catarrh of head and stomach at age of 65.

CAPT. HARRY REEVE, Rainier, Or.—Cured of catarrh of stomach and bowels.

MRS. R. G. M'KAY, Kirkland, Wash.—Catarrh of head and throat 10 years; cured.

Write for Symptom Blank and have your case diagnosed It will cost you nothing. The charges for home treatment are the same as for office treatment—$5 a month, all medicines free.

MARK THESE POINTS.

Invalids Should Mark:

First—That the Copeland system is a rebuke to the sin and abuse of overcharging the sick.

Second—That under the Copeland system no patient is subject to uncertain or capricious fee-charging or to any tax, levy or expense whatever beyond the assessment of $5 monthly, including all medicines.

Third—That chronic cases described in symptom blanks by country patients are diagnosed and treated by mail with phenomenal success.

Fourth—That consultation is free, and all who have chronic diseases are cordially invited to come to the office and consult with the physicians about them, or to write fully and freely by mail.

Fifth—That the Copeland specialists cure chronic catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, malignant catarrh of the stomach and kidneys, and all chronic maladies with great expedition and at little expense.

NEW COPELAND TREATMENT

It cures.
It is mild.
It is soothing.
It restores health.
Its cost is trifling.
It is praised by thousands.
It is within the reach of all.
It is given for a month for $5.
Its cured patients recommend it.
It is taken at home successfully.
It drives catarrh from the system.
It demands no big physician's fee.
It is taken by rich and poor alike.
It is both local and constitutional.
It uses mild, antiseptic inhalations.
It reaches distant patients by mail.
It makes a radical and lasting cure.
It stops innumerable aches and pains.
It costs but $5 a month, medicine free.

WHAT DR. COPELAND SAYS.

*I have been asked many times if the cures that have been published are true. I may be pardoned for suggesting that