Historical Society X

The Butte Daily Miner

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Semi-Weekly Miner.

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The Semi-Weekly Miner

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THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

Some Business and Social Maxims Which may be Worth Remembering.

[Puck.]

If you want to succeed in life, you must wrap yourself in mystery. If you earn but $5 a week, you must dissemble in such a manner as to make people believe you enjoy a princely income.

You must talk about wealthy people as though intimately acquainted with them You must walk down town to save money, and tell people you do it for the exercise, which you need because of your sedentary position, even if you are a hod-carrier in an obscure neighborood.

If you can't get an overcoat, smilingly go without one, and laugh at the man who wears one, and say you are not delicate, and the weather is not cold enough, and you're afraid you will be obliged to put on your summer underclothing if it doesn't hurry up and get cold.

If you can't afford to leave the city during the heated term, say you prefer the city every time, and ridicule the country as much as possible by saying it is only a bower of mosquitoes and malaria, and that you can't get a decent meal there to save your life.

But if you can't afford to live at Newport or in the more fashionable parts of the city, go and secure a den in Bleeker street or some other out-of-the-way place, and camp out for the summer, and tell your friends in the winter that you have been in Colorado.

If you are unable to secure a Derby in October, stick to your straw hat and say that you intend to wear it right into the winter, because your hair is falling out, and the straw is so loosely sewed that the wind may pass through and ventiate it.

Then, when an elderly man asks you how much money you are making, out of idle curiosity, turn about and smilingly ask him if he thinks Tilden will run. Never answer his questions, and, above all things, never swap confidences or become intimate with people you meet in a boarding house.

When a man tells you how you might make a big fortune, ask him how it is that he is poor. And when he tells you how rich he would be if he were only your age, tell him that no one can preach success as eloquently as a pronounced failure.

If you incline to gambling, keep out of Wall street. Leave stocks alone, and go risk your money in a legitimate gambling house. It is all gambling, and the same thing; but the regularly ordained gambling house gives you your verdict before your eyes, on the spot.

Never rush in to seperate two men who are fighting on the street. If you do, you may be struck by both parties. Stand off and take in the circus. If the men have sufficient provocation to maul each other, it would be cowardly and wicked for them not to fight. Anyhow, it is none of your business, and you, therefore, have no right to interfere and spoil the fun; because we have no more fun in this world than we want, and the more we have the happier we become.

Never land at a friend's house at meal time. It will look as though you were trying to secure a gratuitous dinner; and, besides, will not get a better dinner than you can buy anywhere for a dollar; and they may have a number of things on the table that you don't like, and you will have to eat them out of courtesy.

Never spend $10,000 to have your daughter taught to sing, or play on the piano, because you can go and get surfeited with the best professional living for $2. Besides, just as your daughter is becoming proficient, she will marry a dry goods drummer and leave you. After a woman marries she closes the piano for good, and stops singing in order to find time to talk.

Never order a Spanish omelette in a country hotel.

Never buy a dog from a boy you don't know.

Never have a picture taken with a cornet in your mouth, an accordeon in you hand, or a fire-hat on your head.

Never wear your cuff-buttons or scarf-pin designed to show your calling.

Where the Votes Came From.

The following is the Democratic caucus vote for the Speakership of the House, and will show the State from which Carlisle received his support:

STATES.	CARLISLE.	RANDALL.	COX.
Alabama	3	4	1
California	4	1	...
Connecticut	...	3	...
Delaware	1	...	...
Florida	1	...	...
Georgia	8	...	...
Illinois	7	...	1
Indiana	7	1	1
Iowa	3	...	1
Kentucky	8	...	...
Louisiana	4	1	...
Maryland	...	4	...
Massachusetts	1	...	2
Michigan	6	...	...
Mississippi	5	...	...
Missouri	11	...	2
Nevada	1	...	...
New Jersey	...	8	...
New York	...	7	13
North Carolina	4	2	...
Ohio	2	6	5
Pennsylvania	...	11	...
South Carolina	4	2	...
Tennessee	5	2	1
Texas	10	...	...
Virginia	1	3	...
West Virginia	2	1	...
Arkansas	5	...	...
Wisconsin	5	...	...
Total	106	52	30

A Mexican Adventure.

Texas Siftings.

I wanted to get a box of liver pills, as the climate of Vera Cruz is slightly tinctured with malaria at all seasons of the year, and I was anxious to carry home as good a liver as I had with me when I left the white settlements. We found a drug store with difficulty, and, upon going in, the first subject which attracted our attention, aside from the odor of 19,000 different smells, was the appearance of the drug clerk. He was a long-necked young man, with re-plenuently oiled hair and eyes like a docile gazelle's.

"How am I to make this Mexican heathen understand what I want?" I asked Capt. Wicks; "and, by the way, what a telegraph pole of a neck he has got on him. Looks like a giraffe."

"Or a swan," suggested Wicks.

"See how he is greased," I observed, "just as though he was ready to be swallowed by an anaconda."

"He does that," said Wicks, "and what a magnificent sign he makes for an apothecary shop."

"What a champion he would make to run a sausage stuffer," I continued; "but how am I going to get the pills?"

"Ask for pildores," said Wicks; "that's Spanish for pills."

I knew that hombre meant man, so I waltzed right up to him, and said:

"Hombre pildores!"

"All right," said that blessed drug clerk, with a neck like a barber's pole; "what kind will you have, Ayer's, Jayne's, Brown's liver pills, compound cathartic, or Tutt's great and only liver pills on earth? We have all of them, and you can sample any of them, if you like: and if I ever get you off by yourself, you tallow-faced, knock-kneed galoot from the United States, I'll hammer more good manners into you in five minutes than you have acquired in all the rest of your previous life. I know what kind of pills you need," he howled, being thoroughly aroused, and before I knew what he was doing he flourished a revolver over his head.

He was mistaken, however, as to that being the kind of a pill I wanted, so we strolled out so rapidly in order to prevent his forcing his wares on us that you might have played checkers on our coat tails.

BELLS WHO BET.

Young Ladies from the Blue Grass Belt who Risk their Cash as Racers.

[Saratoga Cor. Philadelphia Times,]

Neither the vast dining salon nor Congress park offers so fine an opportunity for sketching the varied scenes indicative of the elemental life here as the grand stand at the racecourse. Foremost among the women who bet recklessly, often losing $100 in an afternoon, and often winning double this amount, are the Kentuckians. They inhale in their native ozone the fever for gambling, in its multifarious phases, as they do the miasm of malaria. Turf slang is the familiar vocabulary of the nursery: they read from their betting tablets at an age when our little girls sing Mother Goose's melodies and quote from Christmas Tales for the Uninitiated: they discuss horseflesh and lotteries when the well-ordered child of the north talks to her doll and botches baby clothes as a preliminary course in dressmaking. The blue-grass belle usually takes her place immediately back of the reporters' gallery, where she can receive all information in regard to the favorite, high stakes and the price of pools as it is handed to the chroniclers of each day's proceedings.

She is handsome and, attired in a modest white gown, presents no meretricious attractions. She is accompanied by a companion, whom she is heard to address by the title of mother and who is only slightly older and slightly less attractive than herself, but who is more conspicuous in the general brilliant make-up of her face and personal paraphernalia. She hands her money to a mongrel type of masculine nature, the offspring of a combined dude and jockey who is soon in the whirling current of the quarter-stretch and drifting straight to the pool section. While he is taking stock for her in the fast flyers of the turf she has turned her attention to another market, where speculation is equally intoxicating and hazardous. She has allowed a noted beau to perceive her languishing dark eyes resting interestedly upon him. Her gaze has been purposely fastened upon him, until he, by a well known physical and psychological law, turns as naturally toward her as the sunflower to the sun or the willow to the water; her soft, velvety lids drop as unconsciously conscious as if the fascinating artifice had not been practiced hundreds of times and has been brought to the present state of artificial perfection through courses of carefully-attended gestation. Accustomed to success in the adroit movement, she continues to repeat it until she is satisfied it is effective. She rises and with a swift glance toward him, she ascends tier by tier of the grand stand until she has reached the topmost rail, over which she leans, looking down on the great dusty entrance park to the course. If the gentleman does not follow immediately there are evidences of impatience in the frequent nervous backward glance. He approaches her locality and, assuming a similar attitude, is also deeply interested in the arid, dusty stretch beneath. Several covert and fleeting looks are exchanged as he draws nearer and nearer, and without alteration of position they fall into conversation and talk about—the weather, the inadvisability of sowing marketable crops where only tares will grow, and topics of equal interest. She returns to her seat in time to receive her winnings from her speculating envoy and soon the wooing satyr is at her side with the bold and confidential bearing of a life-long counselor.

Why a Young Man Got a Pass.

When Dean Richmond was connected with a prominent railroad a young man presented himself before him and requested a pass." Upon what ground do you want the pass?" asked Mr. Richmond, "Because I don't want to pay my fare," replied the young man. Said Mr. Richmond, "You shall have it for your truthfu ness," and turning to his secretary said: "Give this man a pass He is the first applicant that has told me the truth for ages."

New Baggage-Stealing Scheme

Railroad pirates have discovered and in some places worked a new scheme for obtaining possession of valuable baggage. Spotting the trunk he wishes, he, before it is lorded into the baggage car from the truck with others, deftly removes the baggage check and substitutes his own, which was given for some worthless old satchel. At the end of his ride, which may be one hundred miles, or any distance beyond, or this side of the trunk's original destination, he secures his plunder.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Of the many remedies before the public for nervous debility and weakness of the nerve generative system, there is none equal to Allen's Brain Food, which promptly and permanently restores all lost vigor; it never fails; $1; 6 for $5.—At druggists or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First Ave., New York City. 9-19-tf

CANADA.

Some Thoughts on the Subject of Annexation Offered

By Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras.

How heartily I hate that kind of patriotism which refuses to see any good outside of our own lines! That must be the kind of patriotism of which Dr. Johnson spoke as being the last refuge of a scoundrel. I found this a charming, almost matchless land to summer in when I came here a month ago; I found I did not have to pay a hotel $5 a day for a brass band and the almost equally terrible malaria, nor half that sum. I dared to say so to about five millions of my friends in the States through this paper, and for this I see I am being pounded fearfully. Such nonsense! We have 50,000,000 of people. These people must pour out to the sea. Well we have no seacoast for summer except that little lying between Cape May and Maine, and more than half of that is malarious, so I have suggested Canada. That is all.

One American patriot demands vigorously why I count Canada so much better than Mexico for annexation. Briefly I answer, because Canada is healthy, physically, socially, and morally, if not politically. Most important all this, and this is obviously why I have tried to call earnest attention to this country of the great river. We have a plenty of malaria without going to Mexico for more; plenty of political corruption, plenty of dynamite revolution, of instability, irreligion.

Believe me, my friends, I have no ends to serve; I seek only the health, the happiness, and the solid comfort of my kind. I have no home here—I have no home anywhere. One spot of solid good mother earth is as dear to me as another, if well and happy there. But now that some of you have been finding fault with me for finding that good things can come out of Nazareth, I am going to advise every one of my people making the trip to Europe from west of New York to come by way of Canada

You can cross the ocean in about two-thirds the time, at two-thirds the cost, and of course with only two-thirds the discomfort. Come by way of Niagara Falls, down the St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands, by Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, and then return by way of New York. This, it seems to me, is common sense. You certainly see much more of the world, and for less money, than by sailing out and returning by the same route.

A tremendously loyal Briton writes me a savage letter, walking over me for my suggestion of annexation. Now, my dear sir, I do not care an old rusty copper whether we annex you or you annex us. Mainly what I want is to sweep away that standing army of tribute takers stretched along 2,000 miles of line. These fellows who wake us up at night and shake us, shake out our night shirts and old linen with the possible hope of finding a cigar or a spool of thread cotton are a nuisance, and ought to be set plowing and planting corn in the west.

Another writes to me demanding to know just how I would go about the matter of annexation, Well, now confidently, I will tell you. And don't you let it go any further! In the first place I know where the keys of the great city of Quebec are kept! They hang in the halls of Mr. Le Moine your trusted historian. And now this is the way I should go about annexing you. I would fly at once to Washington and tell my friend President Arthur where the keys are! Yes! And my friend President Arthur at the table would lay down his cards; maybe a full hand, jacks at the head! Yes! And he would rise up and take a broad sword and a fishing pole and he would stride out of Washington and on and on and on until he came to the door of Mr. Le Moine's hall! Yes! And he would then pound on the door of the hall with his sword and cry "What ho! come forth and bring me the keys of Quebec!" and Mr. Le Moine would what-ho-come-forth with the keys laid crosswise on a silver waiter. Then my friend President Arthur, standing proudly erect with his sword in his right hand and his fishing pole in the left hand, would receive the keys with the other and tie them to his belt with a buckskin string. Sabbe John?

Lillian Russell and the Prince.

New York Graphic,

The Prince of Wales is said to be delighted with Lillian Russell. He summoned her to his box the other evening, and she showed her teeth, courtesied and snapped her eyes at him. During an interval in the succeeding conversation the Prince levveleled his glass at Solomon and remarked with what appeared to be of great good humor, "Ach, mine lofely frien,' dis vas peauty an' dot vas de peast, hey?"

"Sir Albert Edward, or perhaps your gracious majesty, or whatever they call you," said Lillian, snapping her eyes still more, "the gentleman to whom you refer is my best friend and I won't have him abused, so there, now. I consider your remarks quite ungentlemanly, and there is more German than Jew in it, anyhow. What do you think of the several Georges, and how do you account for the fact that your ma loved Mr. Disraeli better than all of his political predecessors put together? You may be the heir apparent, but you shan't abuse Mr. Solomon."

"Haw, by Jove," said the Prince, wiping his bald head with his handkerchief, "that's good, y'know? Haw, 'pon me word, aw—don' mean to offend y'know. Mr. Solomon is a very decent kind o' fellah, y'know. Let me—haw—let me apologise by paying you the finest-aw compliment that could be paid-aw an American woman."

"Thank you, in advance, sir," said Lillian, turning her eyes to the floor, "and what is that?"

"Why, aw, it is, that you don't look like an American woman at all."

"Oh, thank you again," said Lillian, looking very much pleased. "It's very pretty and very gratifying."

"My bleeding country," she exclaimed after she had gone to bed. "It was an insult to every American woman that ever lived, and I thanked him for it. Well, I didn't think. I never do. But I hope Mr. Frelinghuysen will get up a war with England right away."

Niagara a "Thieving Roost."

Any visitor to Niagara Falls who has gone about with a friend or two, or with his wife and a brace of children, has doubtless enjoyed greatly the sensation of being stopped every moment for "half a dollar all around." The hack drivers have finally been brought to some kind of moderation, but the exorbitant admission fees wherever an attractive view can be fenced in still continues. An editor of the far west, who has evidently suffered at Niagara, was thrown into a passion the other day by the statement that certain capitalists were going to make Shoshone Falls in Idaho the Niagara of the West. He declares that "of all the contemptibly low and tricky resorts on the face of the earth Niagara is the most contemptible." "No man or woman who has any respect for themselves," he says with indignation so hot that it melts his rhetoric, "will ever visit the thieving roost but once. It is to be hoped," he adds, "for the good name of our neighboring Territory, that they will not make a Niagara of the Shoshone Falls. It would be more creditable to them to fence the tract in, whitewash it, and lease it to the devil for a swine pasture." Volumes couldn't say more.

Much to be Thankful For.

The old maid of the present day has much to be thankful for. No dirty-faced children, mud-beragged, to scour and clean; no crying babies keeping her awake of nights and demanding her presence at the nursery when her tastes and inclination beckon elsewhere. Her days are days of pleasantness, her nights are nights of peace. She retires to her virgin couch when she pleases, and does not have to lie awake listening for the unsteady step and wavering nightkey of her better half, who has been to the lodge. She can toast her feet by her sparkling coal grate, warm the brick for her feet, mix up her hot toddy and lie down to pleasant dreams. No harrassing thoughts about the children's teeth or flannels, no getting up in the night to hunt the paregoric bottle, or worry about that horrid cough, or where the school books are left. No patches to sew on pants, no baskets of stockings to mend, no endless lot of shirt and suspender buttons to adjust. She can have quiet and repose, rest and tranquil peace. She can travel and read, like Lord Lovel, of the song, "Far Countries for to see." But, blessed of all, she can eat, discard corsets, keep the digestion in good order, the appetite keen. Talk about a lonely life, and living on the aroma of love and the sweet perfume of affection! Away with such bosh! Give us something solid. Nobody was ever lonely with a well-filled stomach. Loneliness is not the worst evil in life, any way; it is bliss compared to uncongenial or half-hearted companionship, and a silence broken only by the creak of one's rocker is melody beside a fault-finding and bickering husband.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

MUSIC ON TAP.

Bands Supplied at a Moment's Notice.

The Wages Which Professional Musicians Get.

Philadelphia Times.

Among the reputable musicians the headquarters of the musical society form a sort of an exchange for the employment of talent. There the managers of balls and theatres and those who desire to employ sweet music in diverting and enlivening their guests can engage performers of all grades, from the maestro who can first fiddle or first coronet to the youth who intelligently jingles the cymbals or the genius who belabors the big drum. Wages are fixed by a schedule, in which first violins are allowed $5 a day on ordinary occasions and $7 for concerts. A good first coronet player gets $5 a day and is always in demand. If he attains to reputation as a soloist he can command as high as $10 or $15 a day on great occasions; generally, however, he cannot expect to make more than $30 a week.

The men who engineer the trombone and the tuba, notwithstanding the lung power which those instruments demand, are not quite so well paid, and no matter how skillful they may be there is a general prejudice that bars them out as soloists. Hence, if they are steadily engaged, as is generally the case in the summer season, their wages seldom exceed $20 a week. For manipulating the big drum, which involves considerable muscular exertion and is sometimes combined with the operation of the cymbals, the pay is from $3 to $4 a day, according to merit and extent of experience. A drummer is always a determined and energetic man, the trouble being with many leaders to control his exuberance and to prevent him from literally overwhelming the other instruments. The same care must be taken to mitigate the energy of the tuba and trombone operators, who are given at moments of excitement to blasts of harmony that are calculated to throw the treble instruments altogether out of the harmony. These performers get about $3 a day, as do the lower grades of violinists who play second fiddle.

There are about a dozen musical leaders in the city who stand ready at a moment's notice to supply music for any occasion, from a ball or concert to a funeral. They keep their force of performers well in hand and are always ready to organize a band or an orchestra of any desired size. They make their own terms with performers, (subject, of course, to the society's schedule, which is always strictly adhered to) and generally manage to have a good balance over for themselves. Most of the professional musicians in this city are Germans, but there are some Frenchmen and a few Italians and now and then but rarely, an American or an English professional. Some of them are musicians of the first class and always command engagements at good salaries, but the great majority are dependent upon the leaders and do not get very steady work. The orchestra performers in theatres have steady and generally well paid positions, but those professionals who depend upon transient engagements sometimes fall short, so far as their incomes are concerned, in the early part of the winter season, when the ball season has not fairly opened.

The Board of County Commissioners will hold a special meeting next Monday.

What Georgians Call Phenomenal.

A gentleman of this city has a rooster that is a phenemenon. One night last week the gentleman happened to retire late and just before going to sleep the roosters began to crow. When they had finished, this rooster opened up and crowed just twelve times. The next moment the clock struck the hour of 12. The same performance was repeated the night following, and now the owner thinks that the rooster must have have swallowed a clock.—*American Recorder.*

Fatality of Colors.

It would appear from numerous observations that soldiers are hit in battle according to the color of their dress in the following order: Red is the most fatal color, Austrian gray is the least fatal. The proportions are—red, twelve; rifle green, seven; brown, six; Austrian bluish gray, five.—*Boston Budget.*

The Northern Pacific, by its attorney Col. W. F. Sanders, will ask the commissioners of Montana counties to agree to be bound by the decision in the case of Custer county, regarding the company's liability to be taxed on real estate or rather on the improvements on its right of way.

BANKING

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14mardtf

Bids for Medical and Surgical Treatment.

Office of the County Clerk of Silver Bow county, M. T.

Sealed proposals for the medical and surgical treatment of the sick, poor and infirm of the County of Silver Bow, per capita, by the week, will be received till the 6th day of December, 1883, the period of time for which the contract will be awarded being from January 1, 1884, until December 31, 1884, inclusive. Said proposals to cover the entire cost of medicines and the compounding thereof, and medical and surgical treatment of the sick, poor and infirm. Said proposals shall be addressed to the Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners, and marked "Proposals for Medical and Surgical Treatment."

H. S. CLARK, County Clerk.
Dated Butte, M. T., Nov. 7, 1883. 11-9-d4w

Bids for the Care of Indigent Sick.

Office of the County Clerk of Silver Bow County, Montana.

Sealed proposals for the care, support and maintenance of the sick, poor and infirm of the county of Silver Bow, per capita, by the week, will be received until the 6th day of December, 1883 the period of time for which the contract will be awarded being from January 1st, 1884, until December 31st, 1884, inclusive. Said proposals to cover the entire cost of feeding, clothing and nursing of the said sick, poor and infirm, and all burial expenses thereof. Said proposals shall be addressed to the clerk of the board of County Commissioners and marked "Proposals for the care of indigent sick."

H. S. CLARK, County Clerk.
Dated Butte, M. T. Nov. 7, 1883. 11-9d1w

300 BUCK FOR SALE.

These Bucks consist of thoroughbred Merino and a cross between the thoroughbred Merino and the thoroughbred Shropshiredown. We invite all persons who are desirous of purchasing Bucks to look at our band before purchasing elsewhere. For particulars address or call on

SMITH BROS.
Martinsdale, M. T.

TO THE PUBLIC.

This is to certify that MRS. C. P. L. TALENT, of Butte City, Montana, is our duly authorized and exclusive agent in Silver Bow and Deer Lodge counties for the sale of the STEINWAY PIANOS.

DYER & HOWARD,
St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. Talent is also agent for CHICKERING & SONS, DECKER & BROS., VOSE & SONS, and the MASON & HAMLIN Organs. The above will be furnished at the lowest terms possible for cash. 3app3m

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—SUCH AS—
Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Loss of Manhood, Skin Diseases in their numerous forms, Sterility, Hemorrhoids or Piles, Nervous and Physical Debility, &c., a Specialty for many years.

In the majority of cases only one interview is required, balance of treatment can be conducted without interruption to business.

The Doctor invites all those suffering from Acute and Chronic, or special diseases who are anxious to be treated on a European Scientific System,
WITHOUT THE AID OF MERCURY,
to call on him. It matters not what your troubles may be, come and let the Doctor examine your case. It will cost you nothing for consultation, so please call and satisfy yourself whether the the Doctor understands your case. If he can cure you he will tell you so; if not, he will tell you that, for he will not undertake a case unless he is confident of effecting a cure.

Sufferers are invited to call and investigate my views and obtain my opinion before giving up in despair.

The observant public have long been convinced that the physician who gives his undivided attention to chronic complaints is better qualified to treat them successfully than the family doctor whose experience is limited in regard to chronic diseases

Those who have placed themselves under the injudicious treatment of pretenders or self-tisnnt physicians, from whose treatment they have received no benefit, and who probably aggravated their diseases by keeping them trifling month after month, are advised not to let despair work upon their imagination, but to consult Dr. de Freye, who, by merit of his experience in the various hospitals of Europe, (Paris, Vienna, Berlin, etc.,) has succeeded in curing many cases pronounced incurable by others. New cases are cured in from three to four days, according to the latest Parisian regime, without interruption to business. The Doctor's success in the treatment

DISEASES OF WOMEN,

as painful, tardy or scanty Menstruation, Hysterics, the various Uterine Diseases, Prolapsus, Ulceration, Cancer, etc., is well known.

YOUNG MEN.

The following symptoms which would never show themselves had the laws of nature not been violated, are frequently met with among young men. Health poor, or not what it should be, Disagreeable Dreams, Unrefreshing Sleep, Bad Feeling in the morning, Pain or Dull, Heavy feeling in different parts of the body, Palpitation of the Heart, Lassitude, Dejection, or Irasebility of Temper, Aversion to Society, Morbid Preference for Solitude, Loss of Courage or Energy, Gloomy Forebodings, etc., etc.

These are the results of youthful indiscretion. Young men who may be suffering from any of the above symptoms will do well to avail themselves of this rare opportunity.

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Being aware of Physical Weakness, Loss of Procreative Power, Impotency, or other disqualifications, speedily relieved. He who places himself under the care of Dr. de Freye may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

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Married or single, between the ages of 30 and 60, who are prematurely old as a result of excess of early indiscretion, and who are troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of the system is a manner the patient cannot account for, will, on examining the urinary deposits often find a ropy sediment and sometimes particles of albumen, or the color will be of a thin and milkish hue, again changing to a torpid appearance. There are many who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of Seminal weakness. Do not hesitate to consult the Doctor at once, thereby avoiding severe trouble or premature death. In all such cases a perfect cure is guaranteed and a radical restoration of the genito-urinary organs. In the majority of cases only one interview is required. Balance of treatment can be conducted without interruption of business.

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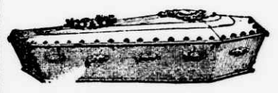

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