LUCKY BOSTON AUTHORS.

HOW "LOOKING BACKWARD" AND "THOU SHALT NOT" ARE SELLING.

Who the Writer of the Latter Book Really Is—His Answer to the Question "Does Novel Writing Pay?" with Advice to Aspirants to Literary Fame.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, Nov. 21.—Seated at a table in a restaurant the other evening, the writer saw the man who wrote one of the two great literary successes of the year in American fiction.

"Well, how is 'Thou Shalt Not' selling?" I asked.

"First rate," was the answer; "the American News company tells me that my book and 'Looking Backward' are the only books that are selling to amount to anything."

The speaker was the man who, under the assumed name of "Albert Ross," wrote that much discussed book, "Thou Shalt Not," and a companion novel, "His Private Character." In that assumed name there is an intentional pun on the name of the series in which both novels were published, the Albatross series.

At first the novel "Thou Shalt Not" was put forth to the reading public anonymously. It was not long, however, before there came a demand to know the name of the author. With the success of the book assured, it was deemed advisable to still keep his personality a secret while seemingly satisfying the demand for the author's name. His real personality is now for the first time made known in print in this article. He is Linn Boyd Porter. He is a man of about 34, of medium height and stout, with a frank and cheery manner. His pleasant blue eyes light up with a smile when he meets you, and the changing expressions of his face, which are unconcealed save by a short mustache, show most unmistakably his pleasure in meeting old or new friends. He has served an apprenticeship of many long years in newspaper work. For years he was editor of The Cambridge Chronicle, and latterly he has been one of the night desk editors on The Boston Herald, from which he resigned when his book became a success.

During our talk, he became rather more communicative on personal matters than is his wont, and for the first time openly acknowledged that he was the author of "Thou Shalt Not." He also gave several incidents relating to the early history of that book which have never been told. Aspirants for literary fame and resulting fortune will be interested in this story of a phenomenally successful novel. It is now nearing its one hundredth thousand, and its sale is made more remarkable from its being the first work of an unknown writer. I tell the story just as he told it me.

"I wrote the story," he said, "nearly three years before it was published. In order to secure perfectly legible manuscript I dictated it to a typewriter, after which I laid it carefully away in a bureau drawer. I often took it out and read it over, and I never doubted that it would be a success if it once got on the market; but I could not muster sufficient courage to offer it to any publisher. At last, when going on a pleasure trip to New York, I took the manuscript with me, determining to make one desperate effort to overcome my timidity. The next morning I walked to Twenty-third street, and with many misgivings ascended the elevator, to the office of G. W. Dillingham. I never felt more relieved in my life than when a gentlemanly clerk informed me that the publisher was not in.

"'Here is some manuscript that I would like to have him read,'" I said, laying down my little package. The clerk took it, informing me that it would probably be returned at my expense, which I did not doubt in the least. If such had been the story's fate, it would, very likely, have been relegated to the bureau drawer for another three years, but within a fortnight I received a letter from Mr. Dillingham, accepting the novel and proposing a royalty, which was as generous, I believe, as is paid by any American house to its authors."

It is not likely that any anonymous novel has ever had such a rapid rise to a great circulation in this country, for the first editions appeared, as stated above, without any signature whatever, and with no especial advertising or other means of attracting attention. When the second novel was issued last August there were advance orders for 20,000 copies. More than 30,000 more have been sold since that time, and the demand for both "Thou Shalt Not" and "His Private Character" compels at the present time the printing of 4,000 copies a week. They are sold from Bangor to San Francisco and from Galveston to Montreal, and the demand bids fair to continue.

While thus talking over his success, Mr. "Ross," as he still prefers to be called, let out the fact that he is engaged on and has nearly finished a story which will bear the peculiar title "Speaking of Ellen." It treats of the labor question, and in it is interwoven a love story of the kind which has made his pen famous. Ellen is the chief of the spinners and weavers of Riverfield, and the "contest of intellect" between her and Philip Westland, agent of the corporation, in which, of course, the girl comes out victorious, makes a story which, as rapidly outlined by Mr. "Ross" in his impetuous conversation, must be of absorbing interest.

The writer asked him the question now so frequently raised:

"Does it pay to write novels?"

In reply, he said that his income, the first year of his attempt in that direction, exceeded the salary of a United States cabinet officer and equaled the combined amounts paid by the state of Massachusetts to its governor and council. In other words, it amounts to about $9,000 a year for the first year. He will put his money to good uses, too. He is receiving proposals from prominent publishers almost daily, while requests for his autograph are sent from all over the country. The best of the whole matter, too, is that his head is not at all turned by his sudden elevation from comparative poverty as a newspaper man to affluence.

More widely known than he, because his personality has been less concealed, is the author of the other and greatest success of the year, Edward Bellamy, whose novel "Looking Backward" is now in the one hundred and seventy-fifth thousand. It will have reached and passed the two hundred thousand limit before the end of the year. It is now selling at the rate of 1,500 copies a day, or 9,000 copies a week. The author's royalties on these are at the usual rate of 10 per cent. on the retail price. This is five cents a copy on the paper edition, which, on the sales of 9,000 copies a week, amounts to the snug income of at least $450. This extraordinary sale, unprecedented since Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to which, by the way, this book has been compared, has only been in full swing since the first of July.

Although having known him for over a year and meeting him many times, I could not help being struck when at a dinner, a short time ago, at which he, W. D. Howells and several other authors and newspaper men were present, by the difference between him and Porter. They are two of the most successful authors of the year, and yet how different in looks, in style and constructive method. In fact, they seem almost antipodal, yet the great public enjoys both. It seemed to me that the same personal difference found a parallel in the subjects of their novels and the manner in which they were treated. Porter's personal outlines have been already given. His novels are a succession of pictures, devoid of plot, and are realistic and Zolaesque to the verge of animality.

Bellamy's novels are, on the contrary, of more or less intricacy in plot, and, like himself, of a delicate, sensitive organism. Of about the medium height, Mr. Bellamy is rather slender in build. His dark, grave face is illuminated by a pair of kindly gray eyes, which have at times a shrewd, and occasionally quizzical, look about their corners. His forehead is large and finely formed. A heavy, drooping mustache covers his mouth. He talks in a warm, sympathetic voice, which immediately commands attention. In manner he is quiet, and liable to be introspective. His whole appearance, when in repose, stamps him as the man of imagination. Any one who has read his shorter stories of recent date, "To Whom This May Come" and "A Positive Romance," or his earlier works, "Miss Ludington's Sister" and "Dr. Heidenhof's Process," must admit that in him is present a delicate, playful and exuberant imagination such as is possessed by no modern author since Hawthorne. His "Looking Backward," considered simply as a work of the imagination, commands the respect even of the enemies of its theories.

He has often told the writer that he had never read any book on social questions before he wrote "Looking Backward," and believed that he never would have written it if he had read them, for his mind would have then been confused.

Although comparatively wealthy now, he is not happy, as he is a long and patient sufferer from that old fashioned New England disease, dyspepsia. On this account he will this winter take a trip to Cuba for several months. He has orders for a number of books that he cannot yet see his way to write, and is now engaged on a dramatization of "Looking Backward." This winter he hopes to write a work which shall present in didactic form the social theories contained in that book. He is now about 39 years of age, and lives with his charming family in the old homestead at Chicopee Falls, Mass. An enormous mail comes to this little postoffice for him from all over the world. Many of his literary brethren in and near Boston have expressed a great desire to meet him, and were he in good health he would be overloaded with courtesies from them. Invitations have also come across the sea from England from several prominent literary men and artists asking him to come over there. Already "Looking Backward" (a pirated edition, by the way) is selling there very rapidly, 15,000 copies having been disposed of at the shilling rate.

Like Porter, he has served in newspaper work, having been for eight years actively engaged on Springfield and New York papers. He, in addition, has been admitted to the bar, but has done but little practicing. Both men are of old New England stock.

Such is a hasty pen picture of the two most talked about authors of the day, and the men who, with but one or two notable exceptions, are making the most money out of fiction.

"Does novel writing pay?"

With Bellamy making $20,000 a year and Porter $9,000, what is your answer?

CYRUS FIELD WILLARD.

The Spiders of India.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a spider that spins a web like bright, yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet; and riding quickly in the early morning you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining around your face like a veil, while, as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and, though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter. The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizzard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads around the unfortunate captive. He usually throws the coils about the head till the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares, the strong folds of which prevent the delicate bones from falling to the ground after the wind and weather have dispersed the flesh and feathers.—Exchange.

Homely Philosophy.

Insincerity is often mistaken for a lack of honesty.

The ring of gold is often the knell of friendship.

They never need fear a fall who never scale the heights.

Adversity undermines many a structure of prosperity.

He who wisely uses his wealth need not leave it for his tombstone.

The sight of a man's money is oftentimes the antidote for the odor of a very bad character.

If you would avoid the suspicion of your neighbors, never carry your molasses in a demijohn.

Prosperity awaits all men, and even pursues some, but it is never found in the haunts of vice.

True genius lurketh under cover, while arrogance stalks abroad in the full light of day.

The most wonderful work of God is man; but brand him slanderer and God will disown his work.

The wisest fish long escapes the most dangerous hooks, and is finally caught with a bent up pin.

The ambition of youth looks forward to the triumphs of age, while sated age turns back a wistful eye along the rosy path of youth.

It is well the book of life is opened to us page by page. Were all the hard lines bared at once the task would be too hard to master.

Not only should careless statements regarding our neighbors be ignored, but facts themselves should be often subdued in the interest of right thinking and fairness to our fellows.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Real Climb-Ax.

A variety show is on the road in which a Japanese "artist" walks barefooted up a sort of ladder composed of axes with the sharp edges uppermost. This is probably the climb-ax of the show.—Peoria Journal.

RELICS OF COLUMBUS.

THEY ARE SCARCE, BUT WASHINGTON HAS A FEW.

The Ideal Bust of the Discoverer—A Bolt from His Prison—The Ring to Which He Was Chained—The Bronze Doors of the Capitol.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—In the great rotunda of the Capitol is a plaster medallion portrait of a man who will be much talked about during the next three years. It is an imaginary portrait, for the subject has been dead nearly four centuries, and no authentic picture of him is in existence. For the first time,

COLUMBUS RELICS.

the name of Christopher Columbus is to be intimately associated with a great public event in the chief nation of the world which he discovered. The Columbus fair of 1892 will make the voyager's name a household word. His struggles and triumphs will be recited in the ears of millions of human beings. The nations of the Old World will gather with those of the new to do him honor.

All the public memorials of Columbus which this country has erected are clustered about the rotunda of the capital. It is a matter of proper pride with Americans that, though Columbus spoke not the English tongue, and though he never set foot on the soil of the present territory of the United States, this country has not been slow to honor his name and his deeds in monuments of bronze and marble.

This plaster head is one of the saddest things I have seen in the Capitol. Sad because it is a bogus Columbus. Pity that the head of the real Columbus—of the Columbus who lived in a land of painting and sculpture—should have been lost in the mists of the past. Sad because it reminds one of the great man journeying back to the Old World, from the New World which he had discovered, in chains. Sad because it brings to mind the death of Columbus in ignorance of the magnitude of his discovery, in ignorance of the fact that he had brought a new world under the domain of civilization.

There is much that is pathetic in the career of Columbus, and of one of the saddest incidents of his life we find a peculiar souvenir in the National museum. It is well known that this institution contains personal relics of nearly all the great men whose names appear in the history of North America, and yet one is surprised to find something that was associated with the person of the very first European whose feet touched these shores. At first thought one is impressed in much the same manner as he fan-

TRANSOM PANEL OF THE GREAT BRONZE DOOR.

cies he would be on coming upon a personal relic of Adam or Moses. Yet here is a little bolt of rusty iron which held the chain which bound Columbus a prisoner in San Domingo. There is something startling in the thought of laying hand upon a physical object which has felt the touch of the flesh of Columbus, but there is little cause to doubt the authority of the relic. The bolt was obtained by Robert Moore, purser in the navy in 1844, and he guaranteed its genuineness. Corroborative evidence is found in the little bottle lying close by. It contains small fragments of wood, and is marked:

"Wood from the mortised beam in the wall of the dungeon called the dungeon of the prophets, in the city of San Domingo. To this beam was attached the ring from which hung the chain that held Admiral Christopher Columbus during his imprisonment by order of Francisco de Bobadilla in 1500."

Not far away stands a cross which appeals strongly to the imagination of the average American. It is a simple piece of wood which flashes history before him like a flash of fire, which carries the mind instantly back to the most dramatic moment of the career of a continent. Think of holding in one's hand the staff which Columbus held, and which flaunted the flag of Spain when the discoverer first planted his foot on western soil and took possession in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella! Yet that is what this cross purports to be made of. Unfortunately, there are some doubts of its genuineness, and the museum authorities not wishing to display a parallel to the skin of the serpent which tempted Mother Eve, which may be seen in a Chicago museum, nor to the historic pair of Shakespeare skulls—"one of Shakespeare the boy, and the other of Shakespeare the man"—said to be on exhibition at Stratford-on-Avon, have ordered the cross sent into retirement till further light may be had upon its pedigree.

Should the Columbus quadri-centennial exposition be held in the capital city, visitors will here find the career of the discoverer epitomized in a most curious, most admirable and most enduring form. It is a bronze door—the great bronze door which hangs at the eastern entrance to the rotunda—the door through which a score of presidents have passed on their way to take the oath of office. This door is justly considered one of the attractions of the Capitol. Visitors long linger over it, interested by the novel effect of the pictures made of lines raised from a flat surface, pleased with the graphic portrayal of the life of Columbus, to be comprehended at a glance, and sometimes a little startled on seeing a mere child take one of the ponderous doors in each hand and swing them to and fro. The weight of the two doors is 20,000 pounds. With their casing, also of bronze, and superbly carved, they measure nine feet by nineteen. They were modeled in Rome, in 1858, by an American, Randolph Rogers, and were cast in bronze at Munich in 1860. The cost to the government was $28,000.

It is a work of art, which must be not only seen but studied to be appreciated. There are nine panels, four in each leaf of the door and one in the transom, representing in alto relievo the leading events in the career of Columbus. First, the enthusiast is examined before the council of Salamanca respecting his theory of the globe, which is rejected. Next comes his departure for the Spanish court from the convent near Palos, and in succession his audience at the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, his departure on his first voyage, landing on the island of San Salvador and taking possession in the name of his sovereign, an encounter with the natives, triumphal entry into Barcelona on his return to Spain, Columbus in chains, and finally, Columbus on his deathbed. Embellishing the borders are sixteen statuettes of patrons and contemporaries of the admiral. Among these are Pope Alexander VI, Ferdinand, Isabella, the archbishop of Toledo, an early patron of Columbus; Charles VIII of France, a friend to all maritime enterprises; Lady Bobadilla, a friend of the admiral's (likeness of Mrs. Rogers, wife of the sculptor); Pinzon, commander of the Pinta, second vessel in the first fleet to cross the ocean; Columbus' brother, Bartholomew; Bal-

THE PICTURE IN THE ROTUNDA.

boa, discoverer of the Pacific ocean; Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico; Pizarro, conqueror of Peru, and Amerigo Vespucci, the voyager from whom our continent derives its name.

Just outside the bronze door, on the eastern portico of the Capitol, is the only statue of Columbus in the United States. It is a semi-colossal group, representing the discovery of America. Columbus holds aloft a small globe, on the top of which is inscribed America. At his side crouches an astonished and awe stricken Indian maiden looking up into the face of the admiral. It is said the armor which the figure of Columbus wears is true to a rivet, having been copied from a suit in the palace of the discoverer's descendants at Genoa.

But these are by no means all the Columbus memorials of which the rotunda boasts. Conspicuous among the eight huge paintings adorning the walls is the "Landing of Columbus at San Salvador," Oct. 12, 1492. John Vanderlyn, of New York, was the artist, and the government paid him $10,000 for his work. In the foreground is Columbus, planting in the sand the royal standard, of which fragments are said to be in the National Museum. Behind him are his officers, the two Pinzons, Escobedo, the notary; Sanchez, the government inspector; a mutineer, now in suppliant attitude; a cabin boy kneeling, a friar bearing a crucifix, a sailor kneeling in veneration for the admiral, and on the shore other sailors giving expression to their joy on reaching land, or contending for glittering particles in the sand. From behind trees and bushes the natives are looking out with awe stricken faces.

The chains which bound Columbus, the armor worn by him, the signatures which he made, still exist. How unfortunate it is that no likeness of his face has survived may be judged by a look at these figures in bronze, plaster, marble and canvas. The Columbus who lands

THE ONLY COLUMBUS STATUE.

on our shores in bronze has a beardless face, while the Columbus of the painting is bearded like a patriarch. The Columbus of the statue on the east portico bears small resemblance to the Columbus of the medallion within the rotunda.

WALTER WELLMAN.

The Use of Arsenic.

The effects of the continued use of arsenic have been the subject of so much discussion of late that the following, an expert's opinion, will be read with interest: "My experience in its medicinal use has been very considerable, and my impressions as regards its effects when long continued are certainly very different from what we have recently seen so freely expressed. I never knew a patient become fond of arsenic, or experience agreeable effects from its long continuance. On the contrary, nothing but anxiety to be rid of a loathsome skin disease will induce the majority of those for whom it is prescribed to continue taking it."—Once a Week.

A Chinaman on Walking.

Nobody ever saw a Chinaman with muddy shoes, no matter what the weather, unless some hoodlums had pushed him into a puddle. We take care of our feet instinctively, and get into a habit of walking carefully. If you watch on a muddy crossing you will see one American after another pick his way over cautiously, and yet land on the other side with mud on his toes, while a Chinaman will walk along after them at his usual gait, and, seemingly not noticing his feet, stepping on the other curb with not a particle of mud on the tops of his shoes. But when he crossed the street he did not walk as the American did. Had he done so he would have been as muddy as they. They stepped along gingerly on their toes, or, at least, the front part of the foot. In this way they put all the weight of their body on the thinnest part of the shoe, from top to bottom, and when it flattened out with each step the mud touched the leather. The Chinaman walked over with the weight of his body on the heel and instep of the shoe, and the toe barely grazing the ground. The foot of the shoe that felt his weight was firm and unyielding, and did not spread into the mud.—Fung Loud in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Parrot Joked Him.

The small sized advertising man with the Brobdignagian mustache and the two-ton cane is nothing if not dignified, but his dignity received a royal shock one morning not long ago. He resides over near the domicile of one James Hitchcock, who has achieved a batting record in the drug business second to none. Mr. Hitchcock owns an emerald parrot which has a remarkable command of language, and on fine days this parrot is given a place in the front window overlooking the sidewalk. It was a fine day when the small advertising man passed the house, wearing his Niagara mustache and auditorium cane. The parrot was in the window, and as the hero of our story walked by with great dignity the green parrot said: "How d'ye do, little boy?" The advertising man was taken aback, but he replied: "How d'ye do, Polly?" He did not really mean it, however, as he was somewhat sore on the parrot's reference to his size.—Chicago Herald.

PICTURESQUE DRESSING.

A SAMPLE THEREOF DESCRIBED BY OLIVE HARPER.

How a Girl Who Has Not a Beautiful Face Can Manage to Give Her Costumes Individuality—Happy Effect of the Use of Certain Vain Trifles.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—You wouldn't believe that was a real girl, and that she looked just so if you hadn't really seen her, but I assure you that I met this picturesque person the other day, and stared at her from behind a pile of dry goods until every detail of her costume was indelibly fixed upon my mind. This person was not a pretty woman, she had a rather sallow complexion, she was over 30, I know, and her dark eyes were sunken and had circles around them that told of ill health, or tearful vigils, and the costume was daring, yet it was so well adapted to the wearer, somehow, that it all made up a picture to remember.

A PICTURESQUE PERSON.

The material was a seal brown plush, with the facing of moire of the same shade, and down the front of the skirt were three bands of mahogany plush, and this same shade was also used for facings to the revers of the directoire collar. There were caps to the sleeves of the same. Around the neck was worn a full handkerchief of crepe lisse, and deep ruffles of the same material were at the wrists. The hat was large, of seal brown plush, with the crown completely covered with ostrich plumes, shaded from black through brown to cream. With this was carried a Tosca parasol.

This is all right, but it is not everybody who could make that rather stiff looking costume appear a part and parcel of herself, and it is this which I wish to impress upon the minds of my women friends, that each one owes it to herself to study herself and her dress in relation to herself.

Many very pretty and individual effects can be achieved by the understanding use of the vain little trifles in the illustration. The hair can be arranged in a becoming manner with some dainty little pin, and this style adopted and continued until the sight of it is fixed in the mind of every beholder. The new jewels are, after all, the same old jewels reset, but they are wonderfully pretty, and the beautiful aigrette would be a desirable addition to any evening toilet. The hair pins, the lace pins, the necklace and bracelet are all beautiful, and are, aside from their intrinsic value, just as handsome in garnets as in diamonds, and they can be made to serve in adorning beauty just as well. But never wear false diamonds. They deceive no one, and no lady can respect herself while she knows she has on imitation jewelry.

How pretty the embroidered crepe jabots are I leave my amiable readers to imagine. They are of cream crepe, with tiny flowers in colors, and with "bit ribbon bows," as a Scotch saleswoman said. The other one is of Mechlin lace and crepe lisse, with a tiny bow of ribbon as a finish. These little additions to a toilet are very dressy, and, when bought ready made are very costly, but ladies can make them with very little trouble and expense. There are what are called "pineapple handkerchiefs," and they can be dotted all over with col-

THESE BE VARIETIES.

ored silks in a very short time, and where there is not an embroidered edge a ruffle of fine lace can be sewed on. This, then, is caught a little above the middle into a careless bunch and shaken and let fall in natural folds, which are then tacked into that form and, with a "bit ribbon bow," it is made into a pretty jabot that is always a dressy addition to a plain gown. So then, let us all remember that we can be picturesque, stately, graceful or harmonious, if not handsome, according to the care we bestow upon our garments, and their fitness to our needs.

OLIVE HARPER.

Eaters of Meat.

As a rule the meat eater lives more rapidly than the vegetarian, is much more likely to overfeed and give his excretory apparatus too much to do, and so far is more liable to disease. This is a matter he should take into consideration, for there is no doubt that most of us eat too much meat for continuance of health, especially so if the animal has not been carefully fed and nurtured, and properly killed, with sufficient loss of blood. It is here probably, and in insufficient or improper cooking and keeping, that danger from ptomaines (cadaveric alkaloids—alkaloids which form in a dead animal body) arises. These are probably most dangerous in badly killed and cooked meats on the second, third and fourth days.—Professor E. M. Swannick.

They Catch Right On.

It doesn't take an American long to catch on to any sort of situation. A Detroiter goes to Germany, remains two weeks, and returns to report that there will be no war in Europe for the next five years. It would have taken any other sort of a man a month to make up his mind on a matter like that.—Detroit Free Press.

PRESTON BELVIN,
FINE ART FURNITURE
No. 18 Governor Street.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

"It is wonderful that from the bosom of Mother Earth flow streams for the healing of her children.—S A G. s.

Natures Greeting to the Afflicted.

PLUMMER
BROMINE ARSENIC WATER.

CURES WITHOUT THE USE OF NAUSEATING DRUGS.

YOUR PHYSICIAN PRESCRIBES IT AND KNOWS ITS VALUE.

After the discovery and introduction of the waters of the celebrated Healing Springs in Ashe county, N. C., a bold and much more strongly impregnated spring of water was found higher up the Valley on the lands of Major J. C. Plummer.

For Blood Diseases, Cancerous Affection, all kinds of Diseases of the Skin, Pimples, Blotches, Roughness, Sallowness, Mole and Bad Complexion. Ladies who, from loss of rest, over-exertion, and too much dissipation, become languid and blase, will find the Plummer Bromine Arsenic Water a great boon and restorer of freshness. Sufferers with Dyspepsia, Indigestion, or any Stomach or Kidney Trouble, will find the Plummer Bromine Arsenic Water gives immediate relief. Show the analysis of the Plummer Bromine Arsenic Water to your physician and ask him ..ill it help you.

Our leading doctors are prescribing this wonderful water and receiving the best results from its action. It is rapidly growing in favor with the medical fraternity, and the demand for this water is rapidly increasing. In the near future the Plummer Bromine Arsenic Water will become the leading Healing Water of the world for all Blood, Stomach, Kidney, and Skin Diseases.

WHAT THE PLUMMER BROMINE ARSENIC WATER HAS DONE FOR A RICHMOND LADY, AND WHAT SHE SAYS ABOUT IT.

"Being a great sufferer from indigestion, and being unable to eat either fruit or vegetables, on making my trouble known to Dr. Landon B. Edwards he advised me to use Plummer Bromine Arsenic Water, now my my regular physician, Dr. Hunter McGuire, had prescribed the same water. I procured a case of the Plummer Bromine Arsenic Water, and I am glad to say when using this water I could eat anything, fruits and vegetables included, and my skin while using the water was clear and free from Pimples, Blotches, and Tetter, which always came when eating fruits without drinking Plummer Bromine Arsenic Water. I gladly give my testimony to the value of Plummer Bromine Arsenic Water for aiding digestion and cleaning and purifying the skin.

See that you get the Plummer Bromine Arsenic Water from Ashe county, N. C.

OWENS & MINOR DRUG CO.
General Agents, Richmond, Va.
1007 MAIN STREET, OPPO. POSTOFFICE.

INTERESTING LETTER

From a Well-Known and Eminent Divine.

GALVESTON, TEX., August 10, 1887.

Desiring to commend to friends in Alabama, Kentucky, Texas and Georgia

Hunnicutt's Rheumatic Cure

I herewith testify that Mr. J. A. Adair, Dr. J. S. Pemberton, Mr. C. H. Strong, Messrs. Hutchison & Bro., of Atlanta, Ga., and Dr. W. B. Wynne, of Cadsden, Ala., are all personal friends of mine. The testimony of these men is unimpeachable. I was pastor for ten (10) years of Dr. Pemberton, one of Georgia's most honorable druggists; of Deacon W. B. Wynne, one of the best men that ever lived in Alabama or Georgia, and of Dr. Hutchison, who is worthy to stand by the side of any druggist of America. For long years Dr. Pemberton was a sufferer to an excruciating degree; so was also Deacon Wynne. Those who read the testimony of these Christian gentlemen above named, and that of Mr. Charles F. Stewart, and that of Mr. Albert Howell, and of Mr. Samuel Finlay, need not hesitate to accept their statements without abatement. I also know the company seeking to introduce this wonderful cure. Whatever of testimony they may publish the public may confidently receive.

A. T. SPALDING.

Pastor First Baptist Church, Galveston, and President of the Texas Baptist General Convention.

If your druggist does not have "HUNNICUTT'S RHEUMATIC CURE" in stock make him order it for you. Price, $1.00 per bottle; six bottles for $5.00.

A Wonderful Cure in Louisville, Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 24, 1886.

I hereby certify that three bottles of Hunnicutt's Rheumatic Cure cured my wife perfectly well in four weeks' time, after being confined to the house for six months with a severe attack of muscular rheumatism. It is certainly a most wonderful cure.

Z. T. UNDERWOOD,
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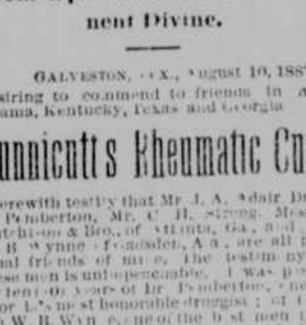

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I will Make Terms Easy.

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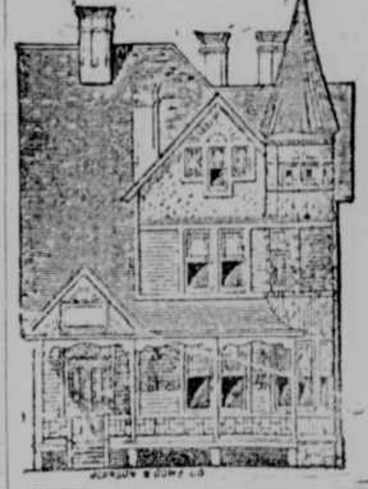

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