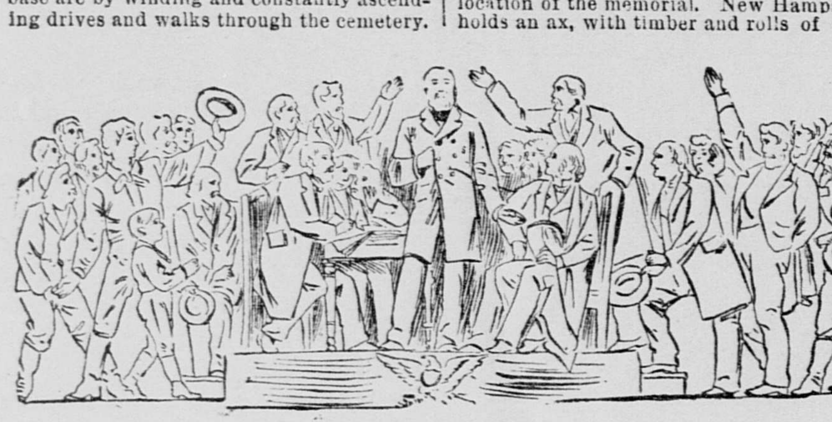
GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

The Imposing Structure Erected in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio.

A NATION'S MARK OF RESPECT.

An Artistically Decorated and Imposing Monument Marks the Resting Place of the Murdered President—It Is to Be Dedicated on Decoration Day.

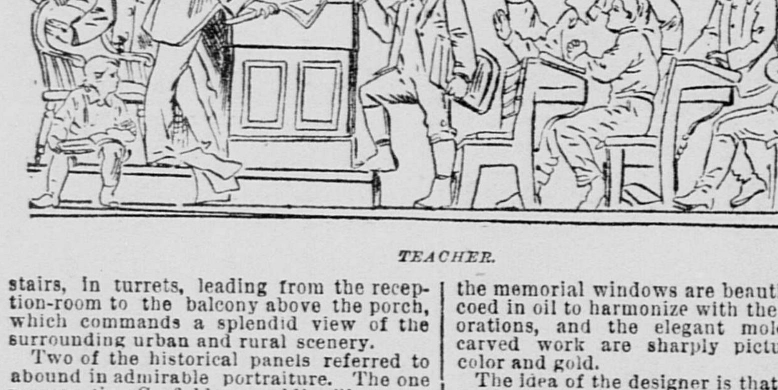
THE Garfield Memorial which has been erected over the tomb of the murdered President is to be dedicated on the 30th inst. It is located in Lake View Cemetery, in the eastern suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, and nearly at the top of the bluff that forms the southern boundary of that part of the city. The foundations are about 100 feet above the level of the lake, three miles distant. From the terraces and portico of the memorial a magnificent view is afforded of the city, of the parks and forests lying to the north and east, and of the lake beyond. The approaches to the base are by winding and constantly ascending drives and walks through the cemetery.



ORATOR.

The memorial itself is a large and imposing structure, writes a correspondent to the Chicago Herald, visible for many miles in all directions. It rises boldly into the air to a height of 180 feet from its base and is elevated on broad, high terraces, reached by flights of wide-spreading steps that form a dignified approach. It is in the shape of a circular tower, fifty feet in diameter, crowned with a conical stone roof, enriched with bands of sunken tile ornaments.

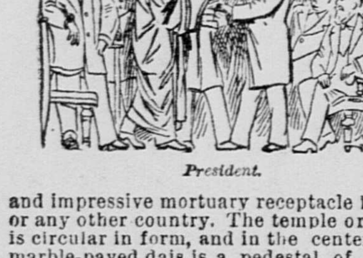
At the base of the tower on the north projects a square porch which contains reception rooms for visitors and the office of the custodian. The upper part of the porch is decorated with a historical frieze, divided into five panels, representing in bas-reliefs Garfield as teacher, soldier, statesman, President and martyr. In these five panels there are 110 figures, all life-size, each individual figure having a composition and treatment of its own. There are spiral stairs, in turrets, leading from the reception-room to the balcony above the porch, which commands a splendid view of the surrounding urban and rural scenery.



TEACHER.

Two of the historical panels referred to abound in admirable portraiture. The one representing Garfield as a soldier illustrates an incident of the battle of Chicamauga, when he rode through a storm of leaden hail with dispatches for General Thomas. The portraits of Garfield and Thomas are very fine. In the group around Garfield, represented as taking the Presidential oath of office, striking portraits of ex-President Hayes, Vice-President Arthur, General Sherman, General Logan, James G. Blaine, Chief Justice Waite, William M. Evarts, Carl Schurz and others of national renown appear.

The visitor, entering the memorial through the wide and richly decorated portal, and passing through the stone-vaulted vestibule, with its marble mosaic pavement, is ushered into the memorial temple, which S. S. Cox, who visited it a short time before his death, declared to be the most beautiful and impressive mortuary receptacle in this or any other country. The temple or shrine is circular in form, and in the center on a marble-paved dais is a pedestal of Italian marble, on which stands a statue of Garfield of heroic size. The idea is to represent him as just risen from his seat to address the House of Representatives. Arranged in a circle around the statue are eight massive, deep-colored, double granite columns, supporting a dome twenty-two feet in diameter, that forms a noble canopy for the statue. Another circle, or ambulatory, around these columns permits the spectator to survey the statue and the entire interior of the temple from all points.



President.

Just above the double granite columns, and not shown in the engraving, is a rich frieze of marble mosaic presenting an allegorical funeral procession of the dead President. Columbia and her daughters are shown in attitudes of grief grouped around the bier, while to the right and left is a procession comprising all conditions of men bringing their tributes of love and respect. The figure of Law precedes the Senators and Representatives and Justice leads the members of the Supreme Court. Beyond is the figure of Concord, emblematic of the sympathy of all nations, whose Embassadors are shown in their distinctive costumes. On the left of the central panel is a figure of War, followed by types of the military and naval services, lowering the national banner at the feet of their dead commander. Further to the left is Literature, preceding the Author, Teacher and pupils, and last in that direction is Labor, leading a band of artisans with tools of their handicraft.

MARTYR.

The dome of the temple, also inlaid with Venetian mosaic, shows winged figures of North, South, East and West, at their proper cardinal points. At the base of the dome is a band of wreaths, conjoined, corresponding in number to that of the States and Territories, on a background of red and white stripes of the American flag. The wreaths are alternately of laurel and immortelles, signifying glory and immortality. The stars form a band in the upper portion of the dome.

The circular aisle surrounding the memorial temple outside of the columns is itself surmounted by a higher and independent dome, beautifully decorated, and a high wainscoting of polished African marble runs around the chamber beneath the stained glass windows, which throw a flood of mellow light over the impressive interior. Over the entrance door to this outer circular chamber, on the inside, are figures of War, fully armed, and Peace, holding the olive branch, typical of Garfield's services in camp and court. Underneath these figures is the inscription:

ERECTED
by a grateful country in
memory of
JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD,
Twentieth President
of the
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
Scholar, Soldier, Statesman, Patriot.
Born Nov. 19, 1831. Died Sept. 19, 1881.

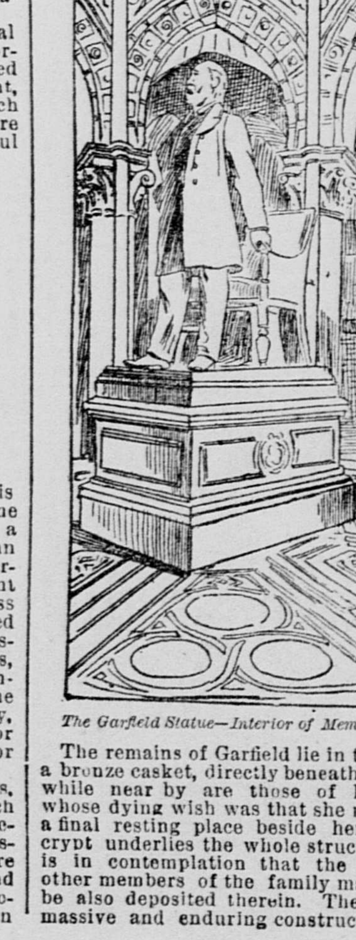
The circular court or aisle surrounding

Soldier.

the memorial temple and separated therefrom only by the granite columns that are shown in the engraving and a light railing, is lighted by ten stained-glass windows. There are also four panels, two on each side of the entrance to the aisle. These windows and panels contain standing female figures, with distinctive emblems, representing the thirteen original States and Ohio, the arms of each State being blazoned on a shield below the figure. Ohio bears the log cabin in which Garfield was born, in Orange Township, twelve miles from the location of the memorial. New Hampshire holds an ax, with timber and rolls of cloth at her feet. Massachusetts bears on her brow the poet's crown and in her hand a scroll, while by her side are books and a printing press. Rhode Island carries a jewel casket in her hand and cotton goods are at her feet. Connecticut is surrounded with school-books, globes and clocks. New York holds aloft in her left hand the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, and in her right hands bears an ocean steamer. Beneath are scales and other emblems of her commercial and industrial preeminence. New Jersey displays a piece of silk and specimens of pottery. Pennsylvania carries a lamp, suggesting her mines, and a cog-wheel, typifying her mechanical industries, is at her side. Delaware carries a basket of fruit, Virginia a tobacco plant North Carolina a cotton plant, and South Carolina rice and sugar cane. Georgia is represented with a saw and pine tree, and Maryland bears a model of the White House, the last residence of Garfield—in striking contrast with the humble log cabin in which his career began.

The plain surfaces of the walls between the memorial windows are beautifully frescoed in oil to harmonize with the other decorations, and the elegant moldings and carved work are sharply pictured out in color and gold.

The idea of the designer is that the statue of Garfield, standing directly under the dome and surrounded by all this wealth of mosaic and allegory, is the soul of the memorial, the whole design leading up to this the central figure.



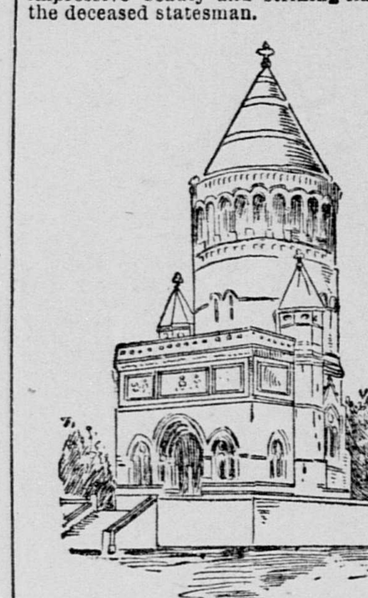
The Garfield Statue—Interior of Memorial Hall.

The remains of Garfield lie in the crypt in a bronze casket, directly beneath the statue, while near by are those of his mother, whose dying wish was that she might have a final resting place beside her son. The crypt underlies the whole structure, and it is in contemplation that the remains of other members of the family may, in time, be also deposited therein. The crypt is of massive and enduring construction, and is reached from the vestibule by spiral stairways on either side.

From the circular aisle surrounding the temple entrance are found two spiral stairways in turrets that lead first to the balcony above the porch and continue to the large vaulted chamber directly under the roof. This chamber is without ornamentation, and from its windows, shown in the engraving of the exterior, a magnificent view of the city to the west and the country to the south and east is obtained. There are twelve of these windows, and between them, on the exterior, are niches which are to contain twelve colossal statues, representing the twelve months of the year and suggesting that Garfield's fame will be as enduring as time. A band of shields, bearing the arms of the several States, extends around the tower just below the niches.

One of the most remarkable features of the memorial structure is its echoes. The slightest sound reverberates through its vaulted chambers and turreted stairways, all of solid masonry, with bewildering effect. A laugh or shout, which some one irreverent enough to venture to test the echoing power gives, rolls back and forth for half a minute in waves of seemingly indignant though not unmusical reproof. This is especially noticeable in the upper chamber, though distinctly observable in every part of the structure. This condition was anticipated by the architect, owing to the peculiar construction of the memorial.

The statue, which has just been placed in position on the dais in the center of the memorial temple, was designed by Alexander Doyle of New York, a native of Steubenville, this State. The model in clay constructed by him was sent to Italy, and the statue, including the chair from which Garfield is supposed to have just risen to address the House, was carved from a massive block of pure white Carrara marble. The statue is in one piece, not three, as has been incorrectly represented, and there is not a flaw or discoloration in it. The height of the figure, including the pedestal, is just seven feet and nine inches. All who have seen it are charmed with its impressive beauty and striking likeness to the deceased statesman.



Garfield Memorial.

The dedication of the memorial on Decoration day will be one of the greatest events in the history of Cleveland. The oration will be delivered by General J. D. Cox, ex-Governor, who sat beside Garfield in the Ohio Senate. Among the distinguished citizens who have promised to attend the exercises, health permitting, are President Harrison, ex-President Cleveland, Secretaries Blaine, Windom, Rusk and Noble, Vice-President Morton, Thomas L. James, Wayne McVeagh and other members of Garfield's Cabinet, a dozen Governors of States and more to hear from, and many others of the most prominent public men of the nation. The attendance of Senators and Representatives in Congress will depend largely upon the state of public business at the time, but all branches of the Government will be represented. A large number of military and civic bodies in Ohio and other States have signified their intention to participate in the parade, which will undoubtedly be one of the finest ever seen in the State.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

J. F. Marshall to Maria Biagini, lot on S. line of Russell st., 120 W. of Hyde, W. 20x60...	$1050
Emily E. Barstow to Charles H. Haswell, lot on W. line of Twelfth ave., 100 N. of California st., N. 25x120...	10
Stephen Caffyn to John M. Day, lot on SE. cor. of Thirteenth ave. and M st., E. 100x57:6...	10
Emma G. Butler to Adolph Schneider et al., lot on W. line of Fillmore st., 97 S. of Bush, S. 25x100...	5300
Emma G. Butler to Julius Newman, lot on W. line of Fillmore st., 103 N. of Sutter, N. 50x100...	10
Emma G. Butler to Israel Cohnreich et al., lot on SW. cor. of Fillmore and Bush sts., S. 47x100...	10
Emma G. Butler to H. Frohman et al., lot on SE. cor. of Steiner and Bush sts., S. 27:6x100...	10
B. F. Wiggington to Eleanor M. Campbell, lot 355, Gift Map 3...	275
Anne J. Doyle to Jennie N. Swaatser, lot on E. line of Clinton st., 75 N. of Brannan, NW. 25x75...	Gift
John J. Egan to Thomas J. Stanton, lot on SE. line of Twentieth and Douglass sts., E. 30x100; also lots 16 and 17, Block 6, Flint Tract Homestead...	10
David Monahan to Julius L. Franklin, lot on S. line of Valley st., 50:10 W. of Diamond, W. 25:1x114...	10
J. Cuenin to Johanna F. O'Neil, lot on S. line of Oak st., 131:3 W. of Pierce, W. 25x137:6...	10
John J. Madsen and wife to same, lot on S. line of Oak st., 106:3 W. of Pierce, W. 25x137:6...	10
Matilda Hanson to Edward O'Neill, lot on N. line of Seventeeth st., 100 W. of Dolores, W. 50x100...	5
Joseph M. Wood to Minnie P. Tatum, lot on S. line of Pacific ave., 50 E. of Pierce st., E. 40x127:8¼...	10
Emily E. Barstow to Morris Rosener et al., lot on N. line of California st., 107 W. of Twelfth, W. 25x100...	10
James B. Haggin to Leopold Baer, lot on N. line of Point Lobos ave., 66:1 E. of Third ave., E. 37:6x100...	110
Leopold Baer to Andrew L. Edwards, same...	10
William B. Jones to John H. Grady, lots 470 to 473, Gift Map 1...	10
Cornelia C. Johnson to Henry C. Campbell, lot on NW. cor. Pacific ave. and Broderick st., W. 35x127:8¼...	10
S. F. Sinclair and wife to George E. Twichell, lot 5, Block 182, University Homestead Extension...	10
George E. Twichell to Leopold Heringhi, same...	10
Emily E. Barstow to John Gatto, lot on W. line of Twelfth ave., 250 N. of California st., N. 25x120; also lot on S. line of California st., 82:6 W. of Twelfth ave., W. 25x120...	10
Emily E. Barstow to Anton Schneider, lot on W. line of Twelfth ave., 175 N. of California st., N. 25x120...	10
Emily E. Barstow to George W. Rice, lot on E. line of Thirteenth ave., 225 N. of California st., N. 25x120; also lot on E. line of Thirteenth ave., 200 S. of California st., S. 25x120...	10
Cornelius J. Murphy to Johanna Murphy, lot beginning 175 E. of Polk and 48:4 S. of Filbert sts., S. 89:2, E. 40, NW. 24...	10
Oliver Eldridge to Cornelius J. Murphy, same...	50
T. Strozynski to Sarah S. Lewis, lot 11, Block 6, Holly Park Tract...	10
Jacob Heyman to Henry Reinhart, lot on SE. cor. of W st. and Forty-second ave., E. 32:6, S. 100, E. 87:6, S. 25, W. 120, N. 125...	10
Catherine C. Woerner to John Attinger, lot on NE. cor. of Twenty-fourth and Noe sts., E. 50:11x114...	10
Emily E. Barstow to Leonora S. McCartney, lot on E. line of Thirteenth ave., 100 N. of California st., N. 100x120...	10
G. P. Rixford to Leonora S. McCartney, lot on E. line of Thirteenth ave., 100 S. of Lake st., S. 50x120...	10
ALAMEDA COUNTY.	
Ambrose Cornwall to Joseph Boardman, lot 50x77:9 on E. line of San Pablo ave., 56 N. of Frederick...	4,500
M. Crowley to P. Downey, lot 50x125 on E. line of Linden st., 200 N. of Twenty-eighth, Oakland...	10
Charles A. Bailey to H. Greyson and wife, lot on NW. cor. of Bristol and Hamilton sts., W. 56, N. 134:8, E. 65...	400
W. G. Henshaw to A. Brewer, lot on NW. line of Thirteenth ave., 438.165 SW. of East Twenty-eighth, SW. 52.013, NW. 127.37...	10
T. B. Day to M. J. Acton, lot commencing at intersection of center line of Center and Folsom sts., W. to Franklin, S. to Bay, E. to Center, N. to beginning...	10
William H. MacKinnon to D. J. Fleet, lot 30x150 on NW. line of Thirteenth ave., 120 NE. of East Sixteenth...	10
H. Mohrs to E. G. Buckley, lot 48x100 on E. line of Union st., 92 N. of Encinal ave., Alameda...	10
J. C. Hayes to E. C. Sessions, lot on SE. cor. of plat 74 and lot on NE. cor. of plat 72, .52 of an acre being plat K, Mountain Hill land, V. and D. Peralta rancho, Oakland...	1
G. W. Bennett to J. J. Tobin, lot 50x150 on S. line of Santa Clara ave., 50 W. of Benton...	10
Augustus Johnson to H. I. Coleman, .575 of an acre on SW. line of Haywards ave., San Leandro...	10
Charles Littlefield and wife to A. T. Greene, lots 1 and 2, Block C, Clinton Mound Tract, Oakland...	1,200
Ada Long to George Stanley, lot 25x101, on S. line of Twenty-fourth st., 108:3 E. of Union, Oakland...	5
J. T. Hogan to J. Greenhood, lot 60x88, on N. line of William st., 347:6½ E. of San Pablo ave...	10
M. V. B. Everett to M. A. Everett, undivided one-half interest in 9 acres of Rancho San Lorenzo...	Gift
Emma L. Finegan to W. Deloney, lot 50x135, on S. line of Todd st., 200 W. of Paradise...	500
P. J. Reilly to C. L. Reilly, lot 40x125, on NE. cor. of Adeline and Eighth sts., Oakland...	Gift
Patrick W. Riordan to Thomas Moran, lot 90x180, on W. line of Claremont ave., 160 N. of Sutter st...	5
W. W. Camron to G. E. Brinkerhoff, lot on N. line of Albion st., 163:11½ E. of Grove, E. 50, N. 140:1½, W. 50, etc...	10
Same to same, lot on W. line of Albion st., 138:11½ E. of Grove, E. 25, N. 139:11, W. 25, S. 139:10½, Oakland...	10

Sentenced for Stealing a Vase.

Mary Morley, who was arrested on Friday for stealing a vase from Laurel Hill Cemetery, was found guilty yesterday by Judge Rix and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the House of Correction.

Ten Thousand Dollars.

"A comfortable sum, to be sure,"
You say, as you mark the pile,
But I'll tell you something that's worth still more
If you'll only listen awhile.

Ten thousand dollars is naught, compared
With a set of perfect teeth,
In fact, there's hardly a blessing more
Desirable, heaven beneath.

And SOZODONT will give it, sure,
It used each day with care,
'Twill harden well the gums, and scent
The breath with odors rare.

When Other Charms Have Faded

A sound, white set of teeth redeems the countenance. But they should be brushed with SOZODONT to keep them in a healthy condition. The breath, moreover, is perfumed by this delightful toilet article, which has to a great extent superseded the old-fashioned powders and pastes. It is well named SOZODONT, a word derived from the Greek and signifying a preservative of the teeth. No dealer who says that some other dentifrice possesses qualities identical with SOZODONT, or superior to it, should be credited. Ask for SOZODONT.

TRAINING FOR A SINGER.

Adelina Patti Gives Valuable Advice to Young Girls.

The Prima Donna Tells How the Voice Should Be Cultivated — Very Good Singers Among the American Women.

Special to THE MORNING CALL.

PATTI was in a parlor shortly before she left for Europe, sitting in a high-backed chair, at a convenient distance from a mirror, in which an occasional turn of the head would enable her to admire her red tresses. With a big bunch of violets to bury her face in and one, perhaps both, of her absurd little blonde dogs on her knee, she looked like a thoroughly happy and well conditioned woman of five or six years less than her full age.

She had promised to give me, for the benefit of the millions of young women who imagine themselves budding prima donnas, her views as to how a girl should be trained for a singer.

"There are more good voices," she began, "among American women than among those of any other country. I have heard many American girls who sang divinely. The success of American singers abroad is noticeable. The uncultivated American tone is nasal but the cultivated American voice is most musical."

"At what age should a girl begin to sing?"

"That depends on her voice entirely. People have an idea that too early use of the voice is hurtful, but I sang in public when I was only 7. They gave me my doll to carry upon the stage when I was to warble, 'Ah! non giunge.' It is not often that a child has a voice of such strength or compass, but Alboni, the great contralto, was a very little girl when she sang the difficult roulades of Rossini, and Bosio made her debut in opera before she was 15. The earlier singing is taught the better, provided always the voice is not strained. A girl should not be allowed to reach after high notes or to test the range of her voice too severely. I was withdrawn from stage singing at 11 or 12, but Strakosch kept me at hard study until I was 15. Then I made my debut in New York as Lucia. That was in 1859 and I have been singing since constantly. No, it is not true that there is anything abnormal in the very early development of musical gifts."

"What kind of training would you recommend?"

"Hard work. That's about all there is to it, except, of course, one must have a good master who will not give

FALSE METHODS.

"Is it possible for a singer to get thorough musical training in this country?"

"I know very little about your masters. There must be some excellent ones."

"If a girl goes abroad should she study in Paris or Milan or Munich?"

"Munich! Now you're swearing!" Both hands went up in horror. Pluck found his seat uncomfortable and sprang to the floor.

"Germany for a singer? Never! For harmony, yes. For thorough grounding in the principles of musical composition, yes. But for the voice, oh, no. Now, if you quote me, don't make me say this unkindly or rudely, for indeed I am extremely fond of the German opera, but I would never advise a woman to sing in it who isn't prepared to sacrifice her voice for a brief triumph just as the bee does his life when he stings. Wagnerian music calls for a constant succession of new singers. Materna has been singing some time, and she sings magnificently, but that is not the rule. I never heard Lehmann. She was not talked of when I sang in Germany. Wagner's operas are not constructed with the slightest reference to the possibilities of the voice, and his demands on it are wildly unreasonable.

"A girl who would make a singer, pure and simple, should go to Paris and put herself under the charge of Mme. Marchesi, the best teacher of singing in the world. Then she will learn something of the laws of good voice production. Marchesi trained such vocalists as Gerster and Trebelli. Or else a student should go to Milan, for a good Italian master."

"Which of Wagner's operas do you prefer?"

"'Tristan and Isolde' is beautiful. So is 'Lohengrin.'

"Who is your favorite Italian composer?"

"That I can hardly tell; but composers who wrote for singers were Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini. Think of Grisi and Catalini and Pasta and Persiani and Viardot and Malebran. The German opera can never develop such finished singers. Operas like 'La Sonnambula' bring out the best work of the best singers. A vocalist always delights in the brilliant finale of the third act, 'Ah! non giunge.' I am very fond of Delibes' 'Lakme.'

"WHAT WILL BE THE OPERA OF THE FUTURE?"

"Who knows, but at least it will be singable. It is not possible to believe that the world will ever give up melody or finished song."

"How would you advise a young singer to regulate her food?"

"Dieting for the sake of the voice is nonsense. There must be moderation, of course, in all things, for the singer, above all other persons, must study intelligently her individual health conditions. She must learn how to keep herself well. The girl who is ambitious to sing need not deny herself anything she fancies at the table unless that particular thing happens to disagree with her, or unless, indeed, she is to appear on the stage that same day. On the day of a public performance it is necessary to eat very little.

"Soup is really the best food for singers, strong soup, well made. Rare beef is good, fruit and vegetables. Pastry and sweets are not good, but are to be avoided more because they hurt the complexion than because they affect the voice especially."

"What wines may a young singer allow herself?"

"If she really means to succeed, no wines at all. I don't believe in wine, it hurts the throat almost invariably. Some young singers, I know, are not strong, and doctors prescribe claret for them, but it is bad practice to drink it. For myself I never touch wine. I drink water, or, if I need a stimulant, I take water with a little whisky in it."

"If you were interested in a girl with a voice would you have her go in for athletics to build herself up physically?"

"That would be ruinous policy. The girl who is going to take rank as a singer must keep out of the gymnasium. She can't fence. She can't row. She can't ride horseback. I enjoy nothing more than horseback-riding, and I ride well. I used to ride about Mount Vernon up above here when I was only 6 years old. But I have given up all that entirely. I never ride now. It interferes with the firmness and evenness of the voice and gives a tremolo.

"Walking is the singer's exercise. The singer who has a good pair of legs must think herself highly fortunate. I can walk three or four hours

AT A GOOD PACE,

And I do so frequently. I believe in regular exercise, and the best way to take it is to drive, then leave the carriage for a while, but let it follow to pick you up if you find yourself getting tired.

"If I were interested in a student I would urge her to be careful about the sort of air she breathes. It is very necessary to give attention to the ventilation of one's bedroom. It should not have a fire in it and the air should be frequently renewed. She should not associate too closely with tobacco users. Even the fumes of the weed are bad for the throat."

"How would you dress a young singer?"

"No directions are necessary, except the hint that good voices have been spoiled before now by tight-lacing. I believe in a well made and properly fitted French corset, but it should not be drawn closely enough to impede free breathing and the proper expansion of the lungs. Growing girls especially should be careful not to practice with lacings tightly drawn.

"Everything is summed up in the advice to take sensible care of one's self. The singer must go to bed early and not allow herself to get tired. She mustn't fret. Weariness and worry tell on the voice terribly. She must have as few outside cares as possible, concentrate her efforts in a single direction, live for her art and live happily.

"Now, then, you must say that I've enjoyed my American tour so much, and give my love to everybody. I have to sing in Albert Hall on May 14th, and then I am going to Craig-y-Nos to see my own little private theater and have such a lovely time. 'Coming back?' Oh, it's all in white and gold and—'going to sing here again?' I'm so much attached to it and—'shan't you hear me again?' The opening performance will be so pretty, and—if you really love me yet you'd better hear me before I sail away."

Patti was to have paid $1500 for her passage and that of her suite on the City of Paris, sailing on the 23d. The accident to the fast steamer has made her anxious about getting across in season for her first concert on the other side.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOUR MOST WONDERFUL CURES

OF

Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases

BY THE

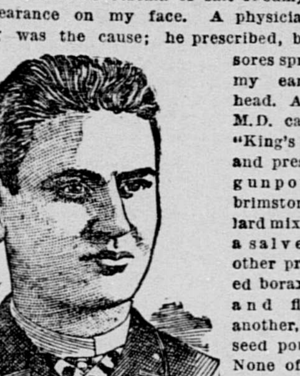
Cuticura Remedies

Eczema 17 Years

Seventeen years of fearful suffering. Head, face, and ears one solid scab. Body a mass of disease. Limbs contracted and helpless. Physicians and all medicines useless. Cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES in eight weeks. Cured in January, 1879, and has continued complete and permanent to date, January 26, 1890.

Cured by Cuticura

At the age of three months a rash (which afterward proved to be eczema or salt rheum) made its appearance on my face. A physician said teething was the cause; he prescribed, but the sores spread to my ears and head. Another M.D. called it "King's Evil," and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone, and lard mixed into a salve. Another prescribed borax water and flour; another, linseed poultices. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease spread to my arms and legs, till I was laid up entirely, and from continually sitting on the floor on a pillow my limbs contracted so that I lost all control of them. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could not get my clothes on at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing-gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face, and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a prominent physician and surgeon here in Chicago (the other physicians before mentioned were of Dundas and Hamilton, Canada). He said he could do nothing for me. He wanted to cut the sinews of my legs so that I could walk; but I would not let him, for if I did get better I would have no control of them.



When I first applied the CUTICURA REMEDIES in January, 1879, I was all raw and bleeding, from scratching myself, but I went asleep almost immediately, something I had not done for years, the effect was so soothing.

The first morning after using them my flesh (I had no skin, only on the end of my nose) was a pink color. Next day it was kind of white, and I could place my hands on the sores without it being painful. In about two weeks I could stand straight, but not walk, I was so weak; but my sores were nearly well. I was cured in about six to eight weeks, and up to this date (i. e., from January, 1879, to January, 1887) I have not been sick in any way, or have had the least sign of the disease reappearing on me. My limbs are straight, supple and strong, and my skin is finer, softer, and not so liable to get chapped as in other persons. There are many persons who can testify to the wonderful cure I have received by your CUTICURA REMEDIES.

3732 Dearborn St., W. J. McDONALD.
CHICAGO (Ill.), Jan. 30, 1887.

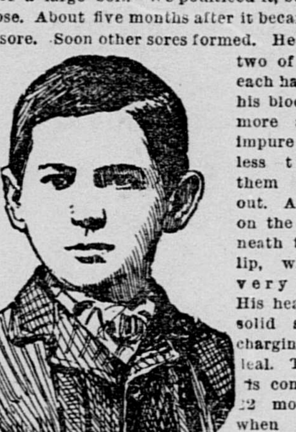
Since writing you January 30, 1887, in regard to my cure of eczema in January, 1879, I have had no reappearance of the disease in any form, and am as strong and healthy as though I had never had any such disease. W. J. McDONALD.
3732 Dearborn St.,
CHICAGO (Ill.), Jan. 26, 1890.

Scrofulous Child

Running sores all over body. Head a solid scab, discharging offensive matter. Bones affected and pieces discharged. Could not move in bed, having no use of hands. Cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES. N. B.—This cure was made May 9, 1885, and has remained permanent to date, Feb. 7, 1890.

Cured by Cuticura

When 6 months old the left hand of our little grandchild began to swell, and had every appearance of a large boil. We poulticed it, but all to no purpose. About five months after it became a running sore. Soon other sores formed. He then had two of them on each hand, and as his blood became more and more impure it took less time for them to break out. A sore came on the chin, beneath the under lip, which was very offensive. His head was one solid scab, discharging a great deal. This was his condition at 22 months old, when I undertook the care of him, his mother having died when he was a little more than a year old of consumption (scrofula, of course). He could walk a little, but could not get up if he fell down, and could not move when in bed, having no use of his hands. I immediately commenced with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, using all freely. One sore after another healed, a bony matter forming in each one of these five deep ones just before healing, which would finally grow loose and were taken out; then they would heal rapidly. One of these ugly bone formations I preserved. After taking a dozen and a half bottles he was completely cured, and is now, at the age of 6 years, a strong and healthy child.



GRANDSON HARRY LAWRENCE.
Now 11 years old.

MRS. E. S. DRIGGS,
612 E. Clay street, Bloomington, Ill.
MAY 9, 1885.

Your letter of inquiry in regard to the permanency of the cure (by the CUTICURA REMEDIES) of my little grandson, was duly received, and I am happy to say he remains perfectly well, and has no sores and no signs of scrofula. If he gets a cut or bruise it heals readily and the child is well.

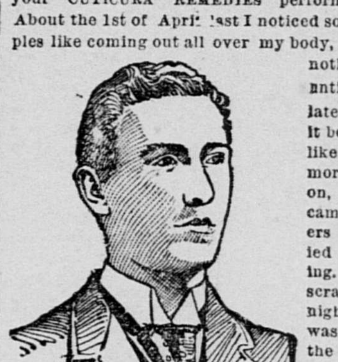
MRS. E. S. DRIGGS,
612 E. Clay street, Bloomington, Ill.
FEB. 7, 1890.

Mortar Spotted Skin

Body covered with scales like spots of mortar. An awful spectacle. Disease, eczema and psoriasis combined. Consulted physicians in vain. Completely cured in five weeks by CUTICURA REMEDIES. N. B.—This cure was effected Sept. 21, 1887, and is confirmed by letter, Feb. 21, 1890.

Cured by Cuticura

I am going to tell you of the extraordinary cure your CUTICURA REMEDIES performed on me. About the 1st of April last I noticed some red pimples like coming out all over my body, but thought nothing of it until some time later on, when it began to look like spots of mortar spotted on, and which came off in layers accompanied with itching. I would scratch every night until I was raw, then the next night the scales, being formed meanwhile, were scratched off again. In vain did I consult all the doctors in the country, but without aid. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I happened to see an advertisement in the newspaper about your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and purchased them from my druggist, and obtained almost immediate relief. I began to notice that the scaly eruptions gradually dropped off and disappeared one by one, and have been fully cured. I had the disease thirteen months before I began taking the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in four or five weeks was entirely cured. My disease was eczema and psoriasis. I recommended the CUTICURA REMEDIES to all in my vicinity, and I know of a great many who have taken them, and thank me for the knowledge of them, especially mothers who have babes with scaly eruptions on their heads and bodies. I cannot express in words my thanks to you. My body was covered with scales, and I was an awful spectacle to behold. Now my skin is as nice and clear as as baby's.



GEO. COTEY.
MERRILL, WIS., Sept. 21, 1887.

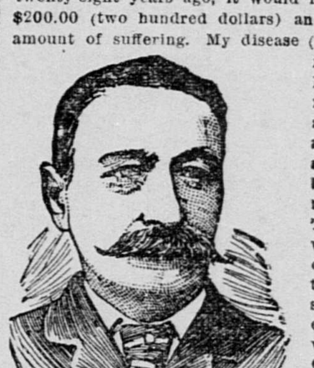
I confirm my cure of Sept. 21, 1887, and cannot express the thanks I owe you. GEO. COTEY.
MERRILL, WIS., Feb. 21, 1890.

Psoriasis 28 Years

Body covered with scaly psoriasis 28 years. Constant shedding of scales. Suffering endless and without relief. Scratched all the time. Physicians and the usual remedies useless. Cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES at a cost of $5. Cured Jan. 20, 1887. Cure permanent to date, Feb. 5, 1890.

Cured by Cuticura

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twenty-eight years ago, it would have saved me $200.00 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless, and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I took.... and....Sarsaparilla over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors, and no cure. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them was three boxes of CUTICURA, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for $200.00, you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book, of Psoriasis (picture No. 2, "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times. Any one who reads this may write to me, and I will answer it.



DENNIS DOWNING.
WATERBURY, VT., Jan. 20, 1887.

I confirm my cure of Jan. 20, 1887, which remains complete and permanent to date.
DENNIS DOWNING.
WATERBURY, VT., Feb. 5, 1890.

There is a young lady in Canada who had a severe fever sore which the doctors told her was incurable. I recommended the CUTICURA REMEDIES to her and she is now all well. A lady in Montreal had the salt rheum for fifty-five years, and was compelled to poultice her arms and neck. She used the CUTICURA REMEDIES and is now entirely recovered. Many others, to my knowledge, have used them to the greatest advantage, and in every case where I have recommended them they have been successful. For children and infants they are simply wonderful. I believe they will cure every kind of skin and scalp diseases where doctors and all other remedies fail.

DENNIS DOWNING.
WATERBURY, VT., Feb. 5, 1890.

Cuticura Remedies

We believe these great cures of skin, scalp and blood diseases are among the most wonderful ever performed by medicine, and stamp the CUTICURA REMEDIES as the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, and all humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales and crusts, whether simple, scrofulous or contagious, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

☞Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

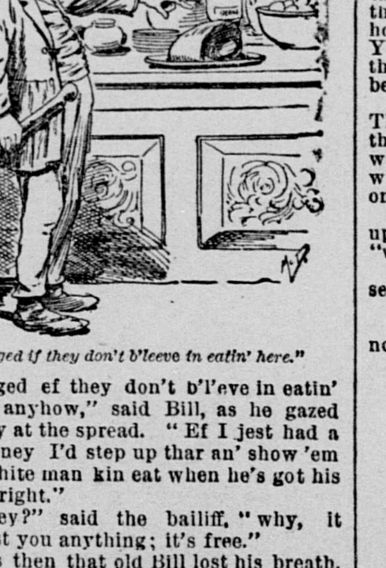
PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HIS FIRST FREE LUNCH.

Odd Experience of a Native at Nashville.

The Woeful Story of Old Bill Talbot's First and Only Visit to the City.

OLD BILL TALBOT of East Tennessee was summoned to Nashville to appear as a witness before the United States court. The old fellow had never before seen a town, but he was by no means dazed. He looked with indifference at the State Capitol, he blinked with unconcern at the electric lights, and regarded a railroad engine—the first he had ever seen—with a sort of mild contempt; but along in the afternoon he encountered something that made him gasp with astonishment. In company with a bailiff he went into a saloon, and there on a table he saw an elaborate lunch of the free species. There was a roast as large as a horse-block, a half-bushel of slaw, an enormous baked fish and a number of other appetizing features.



"Hanged if they don't b'leeve in eatin' here."

"Hanged ef they don't b'l'eve in eatin' in here, anyhow," said Bill, as he gazed longingly at the spread. "Ef I jest had a little money I'd step up thar an' show 'em how a white man kin eat when he's got his pegs set right."

"Money?" said the bailiff, "why, it wont cost you anything; it's free."

It was then that old Bill lost his breath. "What!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that I mout pitch in thar an' he'p myse'f."

"That's what you can do."

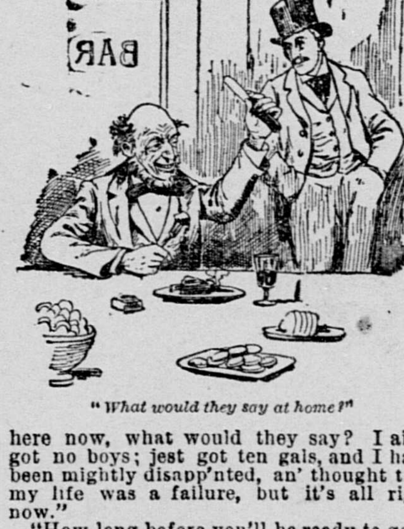
"Look here, don't tamper with me this way. You may joke my clothes and you may call me an old fool, but I don't 'low no man to projic with my appetite."

"I'm not joking. What I tell you is true. Just go in there now, and help yourself."

The old fellow threw aside his brown jeans coat and squared himself at the table. Old rounders had never seen a man eat with such determination. Every once in a while he would look up and say: "Beats anything I ever seed. Ef a man had told me that thar was such a thing in the world, I wouldn't a' believed him. Jest come in an' eat all you want to without payin' a cent. Sholy the world must be gittin' putty close to the end. How I do wush mur an' the gals wuz here. I jes know that when I go home an' tell 'em about it they wont b'l'eve me. They'll say that thar couldn't be sich a thing. May I have another hunk of that beef?"

"Help yourself," said the bar-tender.

"Wall, wall," he remarked, as he cut off another piece of meat, "I never seed the like. No wonder Jim Pettygrue allus wants to be 'lected to the Legislatur. Ef the fellers at home know'd what I'm doin' now wouldn't thar mouths be waterin'? Oh, it's all mighty well fur you men that live here to stan' thar an' not eat, but you live as I've been doin' fur the last forty year and eat co'n-bread an' acorn-fed hog an' then not git enough of that except when the preacher come, an' you better b'l'eve you'd dive at this feast, too. Wall, wall, jest to think that ef I had a died yistidy my life would 'a' been a failure—yes, gentlemen, a plum, flat-footed failure. It was a mighty narrer escape, for I mout never have seed this place. I have been fightin' again' towns all my life, but I am thar friend frum this time on, I tell you. Oh, ef mur an' the gals could jest see me a slatherin' round



"What would they say at home?"

here now, what would they say? I ain't got no boys; jest got ten gals, and I have been mightily disapp'nted, an' thought that my life was a failure, but it's all right now."

"How long before you'll be ready to go?" the bailiff asked.

"Oh! for goodness sake, Cap'n, don't come talkin' to me about goin' now. My life come so close a shave to bein' a failure that I must stay here awhile longer to make shore that this here ain't a dream—feered that I mout wake up an' find myse'f out in the mountains, a eatin' the vest of a lean hog an' a lookin' at mur and the ten gals. You jest go on an' drap in here some time this evenin' an' mebby by that time I mout be ready to go with you."

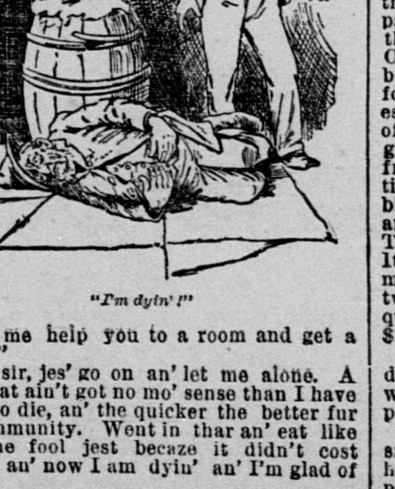
The bailiff returned about two hours later. The old fellow had suddenly disappeared, the bar-tender said. Didn't know which way he had gone. The bailiff went out, and while going through an alley heard some one groaning.

"Why, hello," said the bailiff, coming upon a man who lay near an ash-barrel; "what is the matter with you?"

"I'm dyin'," answered the East Tennesseean.

"Oh! I think not."

"But I know, you see. Hafer hour from now an' I'll be as dead as a rat."



"I'm dyin'!"

"Let me help you to a room and get a doctor."

"No, sir, jes' go on an' let me alone. A man that ain't got no mo' sense than I have ought to die, an' the quicker the better fur the community. Went in thar an' eat like a blame fool jest becaze it didn't cost nothin' an' now I am dyin' an' I'm glad of it."

"My friend, it wont do to let you lie here this way."

"Yes, it will—it's got to do. I allus thought I was a blasted fool, an' now I know it. But findin' it out cost me my life. Wush you would write a letter to mur an' the gals. Say suthin' like this: 'Pap died about 6 o'clock this evenin'. He would 'a' lived a few hours longer, but he didn't have sense enough. He fould a place whar he could eat without havin' to pay fur it an' died right thar, with a hunk of beef in one hand an' a fish-bone stickin' through his teeth. He done his duty as he understood it fur he made a whole beef look no bigger than a cat, but the trouble was he didn't have sense enough to understand what his real duty was, an' laid down his life in consequence. Put the low ground in wheat next year, wife, an' marry off as many of the gals as you conveniently can. Give Sal to Zeb Spencer fur I allus did have a spite agin him. Let Sue hussle around fur herse'f an' I would be mighty pleased ef you would marry the preacher. He never did treat me right nohow.'"

"Shall I write it just as you have given it?" the bailiff asked.

"Yes; jest exactly."

"But some of it seems to come from another man and the other part comes directly from you."

"That don't make no diffunce; send it along."

"Is there anything else you wish to say?"

"Yes, tell mur that I left the crosscut saw out in the woods an' that she better have it brought in. Now leave me an' let me die."

"Hanged if I don't believe you will die."

"Tibby sho. Oh, I'm gone an' thar ain't no mistake about it. Jest stood right up thar an' eat my fool se'f to death, when I had so much on hand, too. Wanted to clear up a piece of new ground, an' had a hafer notion of tradin' the gray mar' off, but it is all too late now."

"Say, I'm not going to let you lie here any longer. Come, see if you can't get up," added the bailiff, attempting to raise him.

"Oh, I tell you it ain't no use, for I'm a goner, an' it sarves me plum right."

"I've got some excellent whisky in my room," said the bailiff; "and if I had it here I know that it would help you."

"You'd better send fur it, I reckon. Don't you think so, Cap'n?"

"I've got nobody to send."

"Wall, kain't you run over thar and git it?"

"I'm afraid to leave you."

"Wall," said the old fellow, scuffling to his feet, "I reckon I better go with you. It allus distresses me to hear of licker a-spilin' somewhar. Come ahead."

"Hold on! But what about dying?"

"Wall, we kin fix that some other time. Got suthin' mo' important on hand jest now." OPIE P. READ.

Copyright, 1890.

SOME PET BIRDS.

Parrots, Cockatoos, Love-Birds and Black-Hooded Nuns.

IS there a great demand for birds in San Francisco?" said the bird-fancier, slowly repeating THE CALL reporter's question. "Well, I should say that there was. Sometimes as many as a thousand of those little fellows known as 'love-birds' are ordered by a single dealer, and that is not enough to supply the demand. What do you think of that?"

"'Love-birds,' what are they?" asked the reporter.

"I thought that everybody by this time must know the love-bird. It is also called the shell paroquet and comes from Australia. As to the fondness for birds, every one thinks of the parrot or canary as the principal feathered pet, but I can assure you that there are a good many others besides these. One reason that there is such a demand for birds in this city is doubtless owing to our foreign population. They are the greatest purchasers of pretty Poll. The finest of all the chattering tribe is the African gray parrot, which is sold at prices ranging from $25 to $500, the amount depending entirely upon Polly's accomplishments. This bird is the finest talker of all, and whistles and picks up songs with the greatest ease. The Mexican parrot is a very pretty bird. It has a double yellow head, but, as you might say, with nothing in it, for not one in twenty, perhaps, will learn to talk. Consequently, its price is low, ranging from $5 to $10."

"A purchaser of a parrot, then, may be disappointed by not hearing articulate words from the bird," remarked the reporter.

"That danger may be reduced to a very small one," replied the dealer, "provided he takes a South American or Panama parrot. Not one in a hundred of these birds but will learn to talk, and talk fluently at that. They bring all sorts of prices."

"How about the cockatoo?" was the next question.

"Some people have a fancy for them, but they seldom do anything but scream and make a terrible noise, and such tempers as they have, too. Once in a while you may find one that is a good talker. They are very showy birds and on that account find purchasers. There are a number of different varieties. The lead-beater is without the crest. The Maggie Mitchell is a very handsome bird, white, streaked with red and adorned with a ruff about the top of the head, red, with yellow tips. The Napoleon is also a fine bird, white, with red streaks and a yellow crest. He's the cockatoo that can talk.

"I think it would amuse you if you could see a cargo of birds arriving from some Mexican port. They are packed, yes, packed is the word, for they are crowded so closely in the boxes or barrels that no other term will give the correct idea. The boxes or barrels are not air tight, of course you understand that. They are run through and through with perches, and upon these the feathered emigrants struggle to maintain a foothold."

"How about mocking-birds?"

"Ah, I see you have a romantic recollection of that song, 'Listen to the Mocking-bird,'" laughed the dealer, "or you would not have thought to ask about the bird. The demand for them has fallen off a good deal since that song went out of fashion. Why, there was a time when a mocking-bird cost $75 or $100; now they are to be bought at any time for $5 to $20. Where do they come from? Oh, you can swell out in local pride if you want to, for a fine specimen is caught in Los Angeles, although a regard for the truth compels me to state that the finest come from the Southern States. The magpie is another bird who can whistle and talk. He is willing to become a great pet, and if treated nicely will become very tame, and has a habit of playfully rolling on his back, and kicking his legs in the air, as if in derision of any attempt to pick him up. As to price, he is more swell than the mocking-bird. He never costs less than $25, and he may bring as high as $100. There is a rising demand for the California variety. Don't you remember the magpie that used to wander in and out of a bird-store on Washington street? I thought that you might; all old Californians would be apt to. Oh, you need not resent being called an old Californian. It is quite an honor, I assure you. Well, as I was about to relate, this magpie had the run of the neighborhood, and no matter how far up or down the street he used to roam would always return at his master's call. 'Come, Mag, I'm going to breakfast,' would bring the bird hopping back in a jiffy. But poor Mag met her fate one day by being crushed to death under the wheel of a heavy truck, and I can tell you, the entire neighborhood went into mourning."

"What are those little birds that huddle so closely together on their perches and seem to be so very sociable?"

"They go by the general name of 'aviary birds' answered the dealer, "and as for their sociability, let me tell you that most of them are fearfully bloodthirsty. They fight like everything. These are the little strawberry birds from Japan; they sing a soft, low song, something like that of a canary. It will not do to put more than a pair in a cage; they'd fight to the death. The love-bird is another, and its African cousins, which are all green, with a red patch around the head, are cannibals, and devour each other. They tear out each other's eyes, eat them up, and then finish off with the head. Why, actually I have come down here in the morning, to find several headless bodies on the floor of the cage. There is a great demand for these birds in France. Here they bring $5 a pair. The Java sparrows are these little blue birds and white birds. They are the kind who have been trained to pick out a fortune for any one who will invest a nickel for the privilege of receiving an envelope from the tiny bills. The diamond sparrows from Australia are also great fighters, but nothing like their cousins from Japan, who think nothing of catching a comrade by the head and swinging his body back and forth until its weight causes it to break away from the head. Other aviary birds are the plum head, the black-hooded nun, the satin finch and the zebra finch. A good way to make an aviary is to shut up a spare bow-window, and in it put the spreading branches of an oak tree full of its tiny twigs. The birds will like this a thousand times better than any set perches."

"Canaries bring a price ranging from $3 to $20. The finest come from the Hartz Mountains in Germany, and are knows as the St. Andrew's bird. Of these, the greatest of all is the Campanini canary, named in honor of the great tenor, and is distinguished on account of having all rolling notes, in five distinct tones. And let me tell you one thing, a good canary should be kept where its song will not be broken by an interruption or an impatient 'shoo,' also it should not be allowed to hear any harsh tones or false notes, for they will corrupt its song."