Dyspepsia is BAD.

BAD in its effects on the disposition. The man who can't comfortably digest his dinner is not a delightful companion.

BAD in its effects on the household. It sets people at variance with each other and makes them irregular and unreasonable.

BAD in its effects on the purse. A dyspeptic business man can't manage his affairs as prosperously as one with a healthy stomach.

Brown's Iron Bitters is GOOD.

GOOD in its effects on the dyspeptic. It gives him a sound digestion, and enables him to enjoy the food he swallows.

GOOD in its effects on the family. It drives dyspepsia out, and with it the whole company of little demons that make home unhappy.

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I Have Found It

Was the exclamation of a man when he got a box of Eureka Pile Ointment, which is a simple and sure cure for Piles and all Skin Diseases. Fifty cents by mail, postpaid.

The American Diarrhœa Cure

Has stood the test for twenty years. Sure cure for all. Never Fails. Diarrhœa, Dysentary, and Cholera-Morbus.

Deane's Fever and Ague Tonic & Cordial.

It is impossible to supply the rapid sale of the same.
SURE CUR WARRANTED
For Fever and Ague, and all Malarial troubles.
PRICE, $1.00.

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LABORATORY, 16TH ST., OMAHA, NEB.

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Health is Wealth

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over exertions of brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each package contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00. Sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not affect a cure. Guarantees issued only by C. F. GOODMAN, Druggist, Omaha, Neb. m&w1

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PREVENTIVE AND CURE.

FOR EITHER SEX.

This remedy being injected directly to the seat of the disease, requires no change of diet or nauseous, mercurial or poisonous medicines to be taken internally. When used as a preventive by either sex, it is impossible to contract any private disease; but in the case of those already unfortunately afflicted we guarantee three boxes to cure, or we will refund the money. Price by mail, postage paid, $2 per box, or three boxes for $5.

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2 TON WAGON SCALE, $40. 3 TON, $50. 4 Ton $60, Beam Box Included. 540 lb. FARMER'S SCALE, $6. The "Little Detective," 4½ oz. to 25 lb. $3. 300 OTHER SIZES. Reduced PRICE LIST FREE.

FORGES, TOOLS, &c.

BEST FORGE MADE FOR LIGHT WORK, $10. 40 lb. Anvil and Kit of Tools, $10. Farmers save time and money doing odd jobs. Blowers, Invts, Vises & Other Articles AT LOWEST PRICES, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN SOAP

FOR ALL

House-Cleaning Purposes.

IT WILL CLEAN

PAINT, MARBLE, OIL CLOTHS, BATH TUBS, CROCKERY, KITCHEN UTENSILS, WINDOWS, &c.

IT WILL POLISH

TIN, BRASS, COPPER AND STEEL WARES OF ALL KINDS.

FASCINATION IN FRAUD.

Swindlers in Petticoats Who Work Through the Mails—How Susceptible Young Men Are Made the Victims—An Expert's Confession.

New York Times.

A petite woman, richly and tastily dressed in modest colors, walked rapidly past the Fifth Avenue hotel just before noon the other day. A Times reporter came out of the hotel and started leisurely down the avenue just behind her. There was about him the air of indifference which unconsciously attaches itself to all reporters who are now connected with the only paper which circulates "exclusively among the very best families." The fact that the brilliant drippings of his pen were not fated to go down to obscurity in its pages made him pensive as well as indifferent, and caused him to saunter. As he reached the Twenty-third street corner the young woman, who had hesitated and finally stopped, approached him and said:

"Excuse me for troubling you, sir, but might I ask you to do a slight favor?"

The reporter lifted his hat and unconsciously remarked: "You might, but I warn you in advance, I am not connected with that paper that boasts of 'the largest circulation among the best people.'"

The petite woman looked up with a somewhat peculiar smile, said: "I did not think you were a Police Gazette reporter." The young reporter felt relieved and willingly offered his services in the execution of any commission that might be givin him. Daintly-gloven fingers dropped a dime into the hand of the reporter, as the woman said: "Will you step to the news-stand in the Fifth Avenue hotel and get me a copy of The Hotel Reporter of this morning It will cost 10 cents. It is high-priced, and contains little that one wants to read. But unlike any other paper, it is useful for my purposes."

The request was an unusual one. The speaker was bright and intelligent, a woman whose manner betokened something of refinement. There was, too, something in her manner which seemed familiar to The Times man, which made him involuntarily think of his New England home. As the impromptu messenger went into the hotel he met Detective Pryor, who said: "Be a little careful, my boy, she's a shrewd one."

"Who is she, and for what does she want a Hotel Reporter?"

"Ask her, perhaps she'll tell you. Then go ask Hungry Joe' what he does for a living. He'll tell you, too."

The "tip" was sufficient. Might it not be worked successfully for a solution of the strange commission? The familiar face and voice haunted the reporter as he went down the corridor to the news-stand. The picture of a little school-house in a busy Connecticut town haunted him, and a central figure in the picture was the face of the little woman outside. It was younger, fresher, less care-worn. Yet it was the same. There was the same music in the voice, the same color in the eye. The child developed into the woman, would be like that woman on the sidewalk. The name came back, too, but it was that of an old playmate, the daughter of a prominent manufacturer. Could the two be identical?

"Your commission is fulfilled. Here is your paper, Miss Blank."

The experiment was successful; the effect electrical. The little woman stared as though she had been struck, for the name was an uncommon one.

"Do you know me then?" The little woman looked at her inquisitor. "It is fifteen—yes, twenty—years since I saw you, if you are——, as I suppose you to be." The little woman had called the questioner by his correct Christian name and surname. The identity of both being establised and acknowledged, the little woman said: "Let us walk down the street; someone might overhear or observe us."

"It is lunch time. Let us go and get luncheon, and then tell me why you wanted a copy of The Hotel reporter, if you can gratify my curiosity." This suggestion was the reporter's. Seated at a table in a cozy corner, the waiter having been induced to make himself agreeable by watching the demolition of the meal from a distance, the little woman related her story. It was the revlation of a phase of life which attaches to great cities only. It was the story of an adventuress. Its peculiarities are known to the detectives, to the victims, to the class of people to which the little woman belonged, but not to the public at large, who are told in the news papers only of the successes of the male half of this class. The preface of her story was the sad one which belongs to the life of so many hundred women. It is old, yet always new. Its lesson, often taught, is never learned save by experience. It was that of a beautiful girl, highly educated. There was a summer flirtation with a chance acquaintance. True love was an element in this one. It has remained one through many years. Though the young man was a graduate of Harvard, connected with one of Boston's best families and with some little fortune, her parents opposed the marriage, which took place clandestinely. He became a gambler. Dropping name and associates he went west, failed to retrieve his fortunes in legitimate business, and became a professional gambler. A few years ago he made New York his home. The wife had been pressed into service as his assistant in the west, first as hostess at his establishment, where her quiet, lady-like ways, her vivacious conversation and ready wit, served to lessen the sting of the losses sustained by his victims, particularly when she dealt the cards at the faro-table or took a hand at poker, casino, or cribbage. Her ten years of married life and of the life of a gambler have not materially lessened the charms of the little Connecticut woman, and she counts her victims with tens where her husband counts his with units

"That is where my husband becomes useful. From the list of arrivals published we jointly select such names as strike us as being proper ones to work on. There is something after one has studied lists as I have that reaches us instinctively to select the right ones. It can not be explained. To those we know the notes are addressed without investigation. The others are sought out and inspected at their hotels by my husband, and our course of action is mapped out. The whole thing is done by mail. There is none of the vulgar bunco' work done. There is an air of gentility about the whole which is especially effective with young men who want to see life, and who are over-confident in their ability to take care of themselves. At our home I always know them when they come to dinner, or to join our theater party. After the one or the other there is music; cards are proposed. My husband, myself, and my 'lady friends,' who usually pose as sisters of myself and husband, are always willing, and in ninety-nine cases in every hundred after we have played whist of some other game the victims, sometimes numbering three or four in a single evening, propose small stakes. They usually increase when our insinuating servant has served wine enough and when poker is suggested by someone. The victim is almost invariably the proposer. There is always a hesitation among gentlemen in betting against a lady. This makes our gains comes easy at times, for we always bet recklessly and lose with poor grace. My husband curbs his gambling instinct when at home and is very rarely a winner, never a heavy one, until toward the close of the sitting. Our victims go away plucked, but the plucking has been done so cleverly, and almost invariably by the ladies, as we chat about the possibilities in the way of gloves, jewelry, fans, and other feminine luxuries and necessities resulting from our winnings, that they leave us with an impression that they have had a delightful evening's entertainment when we bid them 'good night' or 'good morning.' They rarely think they have been the victims of professional gamblers."

"But all men are not susceptible to cards. Are such your victims too?"

"No one knows better than I that some men are not card-players. Young men always are. That is, they like to be considered card-players, and especially pride themselves on their ability at poker. We like to foster that impression. They are the easiest victims. But I pity them sometimes, for I know the poor fellows can ill afford their loosings. I'm not so completely hardened but that I feel for them sometimes. But my feelings never overpower me. They have brought their losses upon themselves. I sometimes think the lesson will be a good one, and teach them to avoid cards, and I have repeatedly pointed out this lesson to them. But it has always been after they have been plucked.

"Now, as to those who fall into my web who do not play cards. My plan then is nothing more nor less than absolute swindling. I have been deserted and left without money to reach my home hundreds of times. Myself and my children have been left on the verge of starvation as many more times. My pockets have been picked times innumerable while I have been temporarily stopping in the city to do some shopping, I have been lying ill at a boarding-house, where I have a room for the purpose, on hundreds of occasions, and always without friends and unable to send home for assistance, because my family have discarded me. I have tears and pitiful stories in stock that rarely fail to touch the hearts of the susceptible, and thanks that fill to a certain extent the gaps I make in pocket-books. Of course, these schemes can only be worked with such persons as myself or my husband knows are unacquainted with me or know my story and my husband's profession. They serve admirably my purpose, and have added thousands of dollars to our store, and have actually bought us our house and educated our children. It is a shameful business to be engaged in, but it has been so successful as to enable me to refute the assertion that 'woman has no mission.' She has if she cares to degrade herself and exercise her faculties as I do at the watering-places in summer, in the city in winter."

"But these clandestine meetings?"

"Are for the purposes I have indicated alone," interrupted the little woman. "Do you believe an adventuress can be a true wife and a good woman? She can. Let us go."

Josiah Davis's Trouble.

Josiah Davis, No. Middletown, Ky., writes: I am now using a box of your HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE upon an ulcer, which, for the past ten days, has given me great pain. This salve is the only remedy I have found that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by varicose veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find, however, that HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is affecting a cure.

WIRE AT WHITE-HEAT.

Some of the Dangers of the Electric Light Current.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, Nov. 2.

Beware of the electric light wire as you would of the jobberwork. One is just as mysteriously terrible as the other. "John," the janitor and champion wrestler of the Gymnasium, got an electric scare the other day that he has not yet recovered from. It was during the rainy spell. In the midst of one of the heaviest he was seized with astonishment on seeing that the electric light wire running from Boutillier's roof at the rear into the Gymnasium was on fire, as he expressed it. A telephonic message for help was at once sent to the office of the Brush Electric Light Company, and, in the meantime, John undertook to drown out the fire. He got on the roof, and standing three feet from the wire, which was in a white heat, he ladled a cup of water from a pail and threw it upon the radiant metal. There was a "sizz," and John avers that some of the water splashed on his arm, sending a shock through him that would have laid out any less athletic individual. He then moved three feet farther back, and from there played fireman. There really appeared imminent danger of the roof catching fire, as the wire, near where it was heated, passed through the wooden frame of a skylight. When the expert from the Brush company arrived, he donned a pair of rubber gloves, and standing on a dry board he cut the wire in two.

The electric light people affect to think little of such an occurrence, but several scientific people, to whose attention it has been brought, say that it was but a warning of a terrible accident that will one day happen. The workmen who came to the relief of John at the gymnasium say that the wire got heated because of striking against a piece of tin, thus forming a "ground." He admits that had the wood been wet—thus making a good conductor—a fire would probably have occurred. The officials of the Brush Electric Light Company claim that they cover their wires with the best insulating material known, but outside electricians say that the insulation is exceedingly poor, and that the least rain affects it.

Such an enormous current is employed to generate the Brush electric light that to pass it through the human body means death as instantly as by heaven's bolt. It will be remembered that two weeks ago the superintendent of the company at Dayton—who, of course, was thoroughly posted as to the danger—was killed as by a flash in taking hold of a wire. He was fixing a lamp, and to save it from falling he thoughtlessly grabbed the wire. It had been raining, and the current passed right through him.

The firemen are more afraid of the electric light wires than they are of fire itself. So far the accidents that have happened in this line in Cincinnati, while they have been startling, have not been fatal. It has often happened that an electric light wire in crossing a telephone wire has formed a connection in wet weather, resulting in melting the machinery of either the instrument at the subscriber's or at the Exchange—sometimes both. An accident of this kind happened a few days ago on Race street, causing the subscriber of the telephone to call out the fire department. What would have happened had that current, which was sufficient to melt brass, got inside a man's?

A Good Talker

On the stage or platform, in society or at home, must not only possess brains but a clear, strong voice. Catarrh, or a severe cold, is almost certain to injure the voice. But these complaints may be completely eradicated with a few applications of *Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, unrivaled in its specialties.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

Strange Adventures of a New York Jeweler.

Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

NEW YORK, November 1.—Mr. Thomas Hoag, a jeweler of 1336 Broadway, disappeared mysteriously about two months ago. He was sitting on his doorstep, and the officer spoke to him. That was the last seen of Hoag in New York until to-day. He tells the story of his absence as follows:

"I remember talking to the officer on that morning; and after he had left a man came along and said: 'Hello! Hoag, is that you?' I could not remember the fellow, but I am so well known about here I thought it was all right. We talked awhile, and then he asked me to go with him and take a drink. I was just about going to ask him to do the same thing, and we went across the street. We both drank ale, and had two glasses each. I started to go back to the store where I used to sleep in the back room. My new acquaintance asked me to go and have another drink at the place of a friend of his, and as he appeared to be an intelligent and jovial sort of a chap, I consented. We walked along, I guess about three or four blocks, and I think we turned a corner. I paid no particular attention to where we went. I remember having another drink, and then everything is a blank, until I woke up in London three weeks later.

"I didn't know, of course, where I was, and couldn't believe my senses. I woke up in a private boarding-house, 18 Highgate street. The family's name was Collender, and they told me that I had been brought there in a carriage three nights before, and the description of the young man, who they said accompanied me, tallied, as near as I could recollect, with my sociable friend in New York. I was told by the Collenders that I was assisted to my room by my friend, who had the day before made arrangements for my reception. He told them that I was his uncle, and that I was sick. I appeared, they said, to be in a dazed condition, and that for three days after my admission to the house I was unconscious. The house was, as I said, on Highgate street near the old Kent road, and not far from the Elephant and Castle.

"I had been in London before, and it was not until I had taken a walk through the city that I could truly believe I was out of New York. I asked the date, and found that it was really three weeks since I left New York. I went down to the American Exchange, 449 Strand, but did not see any one that I knew.

"I told my story to the London police officials, but they were unable to assist me in unraveling the mystery. Strange to say, I had every cent in my pocket that I had when I was in New York, about $200 in bills, but my watch a valuable gold one, and one that has a history, was gone. I would rather have lost $1,000 than that watch. My diamonds, too, were still in my possession. I remained in London a few days to see if my New York friend would not come to me and explain, but he did not.

"It is stated, I see, that I have several wives. I have but one wife, with whom I have not lived for years, and who now resides at Prescott, Ontario. I sailed for New York on the Canada from London. She broke her shaft when near St. John's, and I came from that place to New York under an assumed name. I arrived last Wednesday, and happened to meet an old friend, who was hardly able to recognize me, I learned that my old mother was dying of grief over my disappearance, and I immediately took the train for Prescott. My wife as I said, also lives in the same town, but I did not see her. In this world I have one implacable enemy. If he has had anything to do with this affair I am negotiating with the owner of the building to reopen my store, and expect to resume business in a day or two. Every cent that I owe any one will be paid, and any jewelry that I may have had of customers will be returned them.

The Drunkard swills alcohol. Wise men use *Samaritan Nervine*, the king of all remedies.

"Our child had fits. The doctor said death was certain. *Samaritan Nervine* cured her." Henry Knee, Verilla, Tenn. At druggists.

He Got the Best Rooms.

London Daily News.

I hear a good story of two well-known Americans. They had been accustomed to visit Europe in May, and had competed with each other for the best berths on the Germanic or Britannic. A having been done by B two years in succession, thought he would be all right in 1884. Accordingly, in March last he wrote engaging the Captain's room and three of the best state-rooms for the first voyage of the Germanic in May next year. Flushed with the certainty of triumph, he incautiously mentioned the circumstance to a friend. Pleased with this stroke of real smartness, the friend spread the story, which came to the ears of B, who immediately cabled to Liverpool to secure for himself "the Captain's room and three best staterooms on the Germanic's first voyage out from New York in May, 1884." When in due course A's letter arrived by mail, an answer was sent by return expressing profound regret that the berths named had already been allotted. This is the simple record of a business transaction, and I have seen both the telegram and the letter.

SAMARITAN NERVINE NEVER FAILS. IS UNFAILING AND INFALLIBLE IN CURING *Epileptic Fits, Spasm,* Falling Sickness, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Syphilis, Scrofula, **and all Nervous and Blood Diseases.**

To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Prostration, Irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys, or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulent, *Samaritan Nervine* is invaluable.

Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained a sinking system. $1.50, at Druggists.

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

The DR. S. A. RICHMOND MEDICAL CO., Sole Proprietors St. Joseph, Mo. For testimonials and circulars send stamp. (18

THE NECESSITY

FOR THE SPECIALIST,

DR. H. WAGNER,

Has long been acknowledged and more so at this day than any other. The vast field of medical science is ever increasing, and its numerous branches are brought nearer and nearer to perfection, and no one man can any longer grasp them all. Hence the necessity for dividing the labor. And it is true beyond all doubt that disease, affecting the genito-urinary organs need special study more than anything else, if we would understand and know how to treat them properly.

DR. H. WAGNER is fully aware that there are many physicians, and some sensible people, who will condemn him for making this class of diseases a specialty, but he is happy to know that with most persons of refinement and intelligence a more enlightened view is taken of the subject, and that the physician who devotes himself to relieving the afflicted and saving them from worse than death, is no less a philanthropist and benefactor to his race than the surgeon or physician who by close application excels in any other branch of his profession. And fortunately or humanity, the day is dawning when the false philanthrophy that condemned the victims of folly or crime, like the lepers under the Jewish law, to die uncared for has passed away.

A Few Reasons

Why you should try the celebrated Dr. H. Wagner's methods of cure:

1. "Dr. H. Wagner is a natural physician." O. S. FOWLER, The Greatest Living Phrenologist.
"Few can excel you as a doctor." DR. J. SIMMS, The World's Greatest Physiognomist.
3. "You are wonderfully proficient in your knowledge of disease and medicines." DR. J. MATTHEWS.
4. "The afflicted find ready relief in your presence." DR. J. SIMMS.
5. "Dr. H. Wagner is a regular graduate from Bellevue Hospital, New York city; has had very extensive hospital practice, and is thoroughly posted on all branches of his beloved science, especially on chronic diseases." DRS. BROWNELL & EWING.
6. "Dr. H. Wagner has immortalized himself by his wonderful discovery of specific remedies for private and sexual diseases."—Virginia City Chronicle.
7. "Thousands of invalids flock to see him."—San Francisco Chronicle.
8. "The Doctor's long experience as a specialist should render him very successful."—Rocky Mountain News.

Plain Facts Plainly Spoken.

At one time a discussion of the secret vice was entirely avoided by the profession, and medical works of but a few years ago would hardly mention it.

To-day the physician is of a different opinion; he is aware that it is his duty—disagreeable though it may be—to handle this matter without gloves and speak plainly about it; and intelligent parents and guardians will thank him for doing so.

The results attending this destructive vice were formerly not understood, or not properly estimated; and no importance being attached to a subject which by its nature does not invite close investigation, it was willingly ignored.

The habit is generally contracted by the young while attending school; older companions through their example, may be responsible for it, or it may be acquired through accident. The excitement once experienced, the practice will be repeated again and again, until at last the habit becomes firm and completely enslaves the victim. Mental and nervous afflictions are usually the primary results of self-abuse. Among the injurious effects may be mentioned lassitude, dejection or irrascibility of temper and general debility. The boy seeks seclusion, and rarely joins in the sports of his companions. If he be a young man he will be little found in company with the other sex, and is troubled with exceeding and annoying bashfulness in their presence. Lascivious dreams, emissions and eruptions on the face, etc., are also prominent symptoms.

If the practice is violently persisted in, more serious disturbances take place. Great palpitation of the heart, or epileptic convulsions, are experienced, and the sufferer may fall into a complete state of idiocy before, finally, death relieves him.

To all those engaged in this dangerous practice, I would say, first of all, stop it at once; make every possible effort to do so; but if you fail, if your nervous system is already too much shattered, and consequently, your will-power broken, take some nerve tonic to aid you in your effort. Having freed yourself from the habit, I would further counsel you to go through a regular course of treatment, for it is a great mistake to suppose that any one may, for some time, be t every so little, give himself up to this fascinating but dangerous excitement without suffering from its evil consequences at some future time. The number of young men who are incapacitated to fill the duties enjoined by wedlock is alarmingly large, and in most of such cases this unfortunate condition of things can be traced to the practice of self-abuse, which had been abandoned years ago. Indeed, a few months' practice of this habit is sufficient to induce spermatorrhœa n later years, and I have many of such cases under treatment at the present day.....

Young Men

Who may be suffering from the effects of youthful follies or indiscretions will do well to avail themselves of this, the greatest boon ever laid at the altar of suffering humanity. DR. WAGNER will guarantee to forfeit $500 for every case of seminal weakness or private disease of any kind and character which he undertakes to and fails to cure.

Middle Aged Men.

There are many at the age of 30 to 60 who are troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of thin milklish hue, again changing to a dark and torpid appearance. There are many many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal-weakness. Dr. W. will guarantee a perfect cure in all cases and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

Consultation free. Thorough examination and advice, $5.

All communications should be addressed, Dr. Henry Henry Wagner, P. O. 2389, Denver, Colorado

The Young Man's Pocket Companion, by Dr. H Wagner, is worth its weight in gold to young men. Price $1,25. Sent by mail to any address.

Let Your Light Shine.

Dr. Wagner, the celebrated specialist, of Denver, Colo., 343 Larimer street, believes in letting the world know what he can do, and is doing for thousands of his fellowmen. His treatment for lost manhood is sure to win him a name that posterity will bless. Ten thousand testimonials from all over the United States from those he has cured, is proof positive that he does cure the worst cases of these diseases. The afflicted from chronic and sexual diseases of every kind will find him their best friend. Read his advertisement in all our city papers, and call on him for advice, as we know you will corroborate us in saying he is the sufferer's true friend.—Rocky Mounrain News.]

Relief to the Afflicted.

In medicines, as in science, the specialists are the ones who always comes to the front and accomplish great results. This remark is especially applicable to Dr. H. Wagner, of this city. He stands at the top of his profession, and the cures he performs for the unfortunate would seem wonderful if not properly viewed in the light of scientific acquirements. He is endorsed by the most eminent of the medical faculty. His office at 343 Laramir street, where he will speedily effect a cure for the suffering of either sex, no matter how complicated their complaint.—Pomeroy's Democrat.

Chronic Complaints Require Time for a Cure

Persons at a distance who wish to be treated by Dr. Wagner need not feel backward because of inability to visit him. If they will w to the doctor he will send a list of questions w nables him to send medicines, counsel and to thousands he has never seen. He has p in every city, town and station in Colorado well as all over the United States. See his ad his advertisement.—Denver Tribune.

Shall We Reform ?

Specific remedies for all diseases is the theory practice at present of educated and experience physicians, and in all large communities they have their specialties, to excel in which they direct their studies and practice. Dr. Wagner is a successful illustration of this modern school of specialties, and his unprecedented success in the treatment of private diseases is as wonderful as it is flattering.—Prof. J. Simms.

Those persons who need medical relief for the most delicate of diseases will find an accomplished and successful physician in the person of Dr. Wagner, No 343 Larimer street, who is highly recommended by the medical profession at home and aboard.—Pomeroy's Democrat. Bigotry and ignorance must give way to wisdom, and the wise physician believes in letting his light shine for the glory of his fellow men. Printer's ink is the torch he can best use to guide the weary and sick one to the fountain of health If this article should be instrumental as a "TORCHLIGHT" set upon a hill to guide suffering humanity to 343 Larimer street, Denver, Colorado, it will answer the purpose for which it was written. Address

DR. HENRY WAGNER,
P. O. box 2389, or call at 343 Larimer Street, Denver, Colo.

Read the column headed "The Necessity for the Specialist."

CHARLES SHIVERICK,

Furniture!

ETC.,

Have just received a large quantity of new

CHAMBER SUITS,

AND AM OFFERING

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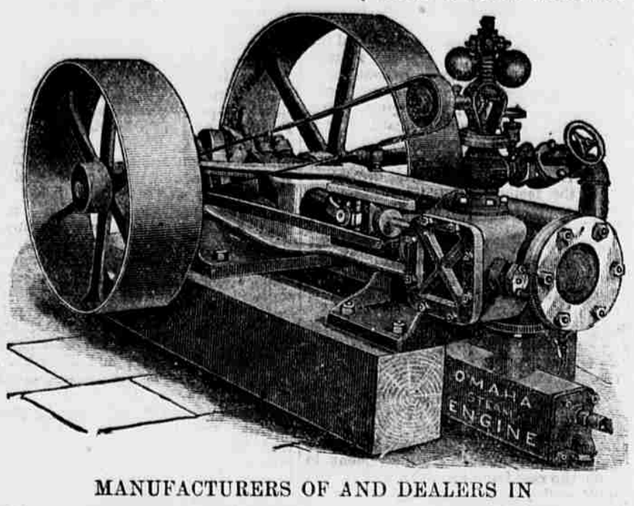

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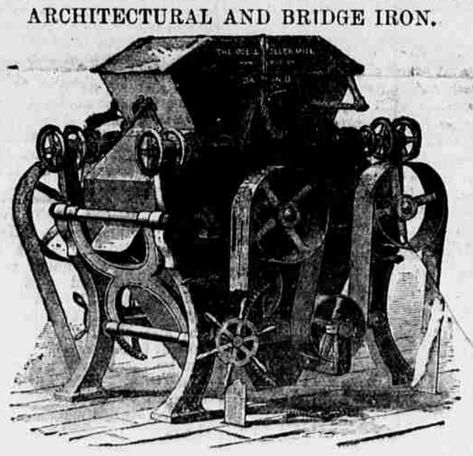

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