HISTORIC MISERS.

STARVING RATHER THAN PART WITH THEIR MONEY.

Elwes, the Millionaire, Whose Mother Starved to Death—A Miser Who Was Also a Philanthropist.

Perhaps the most famous miser that ever lived was John Elwes, an Englishman, who died from neglect because he refused to incur the expense of physicians and nurses, though worth not less than $4,000,000. In the case of John Elwes his sordid character was not the result of ignorance, for he was a graduate of a Swiss university, and later in life was a member of Parliament. His greed of gold was an hereditary sin. He was the son of a London brewer, who died when the boy was only four years old. His mother survived, but to such an extent did her passion for money gain a hold upon her that, though she had $500,000 in her own right, she actually starved herself to death. An uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, was also a miser, and the example of these two blood relatives exercised such an influence upon John Elwes that he became the most famous miser of these centuries. After his return to England from Geneva, Elwes moved in fashionable London society, where his prospective wealth entitled him to recognition.

When he visited his uncle in Suffolk, where the latter lived in the most abject penury, his hopeful nephew would play a double part. He would wear his fashionable garments as far as a little inn in Chelmsford, where he exchanged them for a patched pair of trousers, a worn-out coat, darned stockings, and clodhopper shoes with iron buckles. In this attire he would call upon his uncle. The latter would not permit a fire on cold March days on the score of its being extravagant, and the two would sit with a crust of bread and one glass of wine between them until it was too dark to see each other's faces, and then they would retire to save the expense of the candles. When this uncle died he left his nephew a fortune of $1,000,000.

As he grew older, John Elwes developed the terrible avarice that marked his life by a passion for cards. He would sit in his thread-bare clothes with the Duke of Northumberland and play with feverish eye and trembling hand with thousands at stake, and then, after having lost or won, as the case may be, he would walk to his miserable lodgings, three miles distant, in a pelting rain, rather than pay a cab.

Elwes owned a magnificent country seat in Berkshire. When he would leave London to visit it he would put three hard-boiled eggs and some crusts of bread in his pockets, then, mounting a horse, would ride over fields and through lanes, going miles out of his way to avoid roads where he would have to pay a few pennies toll. A more than faithful biographer says of him:

"He would eat his provisions in the last stage of putrefaction rather than have a fresh joint from the butcher, and at one time he wore a wig about a fortnight which he picked out of a rut in a lane, and which had apparently been thrown away by a beggar."

At his country seat he allowed of no repair save a little brown paper or a bit of broken glass. During the harvest he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish. To save bed coverings, before his death, he would go to sleep completely dressed with boots and hat on. He died miserably, his mind weakened by worry and privation. The value of his fortune, which went to two sons, was not less than $3,000,000.

Another celebrated miser was Ephraim Lapes Pereira, Baron d'Aguilar, formerly cashier to the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria. Strange to say, the early years of his life at the Austrian court were years of splendor. Then he moved to England, married a wealthy lady, and settled down. He lived in sumptuous style; kept several carriages and twenty servants. He was married twice, and, after his second marriage he left his family and friends and withdrew himself from the fashionable world. He turned farmer. At this time he was worth $1,000,000. After a year in the country his place began to be known as "Starvation Farmyard." His cattle and poultry were a mass of skin and bones, and peasants began to hoot at the Baron whenever he appeared for his mean treatment of his animals. He always insisted on being present when the stock was being fed, so that he might see that there was nothing stolen or wasted. He went about his farm clad in mean and dirty clothes, and refused to spend money to buy new ones. After a life of selfishness and meanness he died in March, 1802, leaving property estimated at $1,100,000. His diamonds alone were worth $150,000, while his solid silver plate weighed over 700 pounds.

As a man who expended during his life and bequeathed to public institutions on his death over $1,000,000, should be called a miser, seems a paradox, and yet such was Thomas Guy, the founder of the famous Guy's Hospital, London, and a man whose memory will be cherished for hundreds of years to come.

Thomas Guy, was the son of a coal dealer in Horsleydown. He began life with a capital of £200 as a bookseller. By fortunate investments in the year 1720 he amassed an immense fortune, mainly through what was known as South Sea stock. His whole life was marked by a peculiar mean that strangely contrasted with his lavish public gifts. He invariably ate his meals alone, using a broad sheet of paper as a table cloth. On winter nights he would burn the half of one candle and shiver over a few sticks of wood in his brick stove. It was of Guy that the famous story is told how one Christmas he had called upon him to get a lesson on the art of saving. It was night, and Guy was seated at a plain deal table with a half penny candle.

"Why, sir, this will you game about!" said Guy, after his visitor was seated. "Why, then we can talk the matter over in the dark," and he deliberately extinguished the feeble flame.

With all his record of personal meanness and penurious habits, the hospital that bears his name will ever perpetuate his memory. He spent almost $100,000 in building it, and bequeathed it endowed with nearly $1,100,000 at his death. He left $2000 to the governors of Christ's Hospital perpetually to care for four poor children of London, and $5000 for releasing four prisoners in the city and the counties of Middlesex and Surrey.—*Gossip Dispatch.*

Deadly Dynamite.

The following from the Indian *Engineer*, published at Calcutta, gives the information which many are seeking to know. Dynamite consists of some porous absorbent mineral saturated with nitro-glycerine. Several substances have been tried as absorbents of the glycerine, but the most satisfactory is the kieselguhr, an infusorial earth, composed of the silicious shells of extremely small vegetable organisms, and it is of this that Nobel's dynamite is made. It absorbs about three times its weight of the glycerine, and resembles putty in appearance. Thus, a given quantity will contain seventy-five per cent. of the real explosive, and its blasting power, compared with pure nitro-glycerine, is, of course, represented by the same ratio. In order to explode it, it is necessary to obtain the temperature of 360 degrees Fahrenheit. It freezes in the same way as glycerine, and when in this state must be carefully handled. Nitro-glycerine has an expansive force ten times that of an equal weight of powder. It is highly dangerous to place dynamite on or near fire stoves, steam pipes, or any highly-heated metal. Dynamite must never be put into warm water to thaw it, as the water would free the nitro-glycerine, when it is most dangerous. It ought always to be put into a water-tight vessel, and then have the vessel put into warm water. It should never be exposed to the direct rays of a tropical sun. When loading it, a wooden rod or squeezer should be used to push home the cartridge, never a metal one, and the charge should gently and firmly be pushed down, and not rammed or pounded. If dynamite has to be loaded into tins, avoid smelling it, as it gives a sickly, nervous headache for several days. Never squeeze the primer containing the detonator, but lower or push it gently till it rests on the charge. In the event of a misfire never attempt to draw the tamping. If water-tamping has been used, put a fresh primer and detonator on top of the charge. If other than water-tamping has been used, bore a fresh hole. The detonator must be very carefully handled. If one exploded in the hand, the hand would be shattered. When putting in the fuse cut off the end of it square, and put it in firmly but gently. Dynamite can be burnt with safety, and simply fizzes up harmlessly. It exercises its force in the direction of most resistance. A single cartridge attached to a rail will break it; a four-ounch cartridge will break a 35-pound rail in two. The charge varies from a few cartridges to as much as may be necessary.

Animal Attachments.

"Funny, isn't it," said the keeper of the Baltimore Zoo to a *Herald* reporter, "how different kinds of animals and birds will become attached to each other when caged up together or confined in adjoining compartments? Now, there's that ring tailed monkey, for instance, he has been making love to the booby owl. The latter sits blinking in the next cage, and the poll parrot and the tomcat in that cage over there are as intimate as two burglars planning to crack a safe.

"The funniest thing in the whole lot, however, is the way that snake in the cage over here crawls through the wire and twists itself around the white monkey's tail. Talk about a monkey and parrot time, the antics of that monkey and snake lay all over anything in that line. They play the mischief sometimes, too. The other day while performing one of their double-trapeze acts the snake must have bitten the monkey, for the latter got mad and swung himself around with the rapidity of a roulette ball and dashed through into the next cage. He kept whirling the snake about, knocked down three doves in the pigeon loft, broke the glass out of the east window, bursted through the wire netting and started on a dead run for Woodbury. Before they got to the edge of the woods the monkey darted up a tree. The monkey is up the tree yet, but he is minus his tail. The snake didn't want to follow the animal up the tree and twisted itself around the base of the tree, while the monkey made a desperate plunge and parted with his caudal appendage.

"The snake then crawled back to the Zoo and entered its cage and hung the monkey's tail up on the imitation tree stump and went to sleep."

South American Mosquitoes.

Some ludicrous stories are told about adventures with the mosquitoes. I have been solemnly assured that very often when they have attacked a boat and driven its Captain and crew below, they have broken the windows of the cabin by plunging in swarms against them, and have attempted to burst in the doors. Although this may be something of an exaggeration, it is nevertheless true that frequently horses and cattle, after the most frightful sufferings, have died from mosquito bites on board the vessels. Not long ago a herd of valuable cattle were being taken from the United States to a ranch upon the Magdalena River, and became so desperate under the attacks of the mosquitoes, that they broke from their stalls, jumped into the water and all were drowned. Passengers intending to make the voyage usually provide themselves with protection in the shape of mosquito-bars, headnets and thick gloves, and when on deck are compelled to tie their sleeves around their wrists, and their pantaloons around their ankles.—*American Magazine.*

Tommy's Prayer.

Tommy having got his feet wet, his mother punished him. A few days later he fell into a puddle and drenched himself from head to foot. When he returned home, which was not immediately, his mother was naturally inquisitive how her offspring had fallen into such a plight. The tale was soon told. "But why didn't you come right home?" "I went up on the hill and took off my boots and poured the water out of them, and then I got down on my knees and prayed that God would dry me just as quick as He could." Tommy's mother was pleased to find her little son was prayerfully inclined, but she suggested the next time anything of the kind happened he'd better come home and do his praying after he had changed his clothing.—*Boston Transcript.*

Land Values in Ireland.

The ruinous prices of land in Ireland was illustrated last week at the auction mart in a most striking manner. The estate in the Island of Achill owned by the late Lord Cavan, which was referred to the other day, was sold by order of his trustees, consisting of 20,8 acres of freehold land—a fact, the whole island—with houses and entrance lodges, both furnished. The auctioneer described the property as one of the finest sporting estates in Ireland, though he admitted that the tenants were three years in arrear with their rent. The property was sold practically without reserve, and after very slight competition was purchased by a lady at the modest figure of £6,0,0, or about six shillings an acre.—*London Figaro.*

MONTE CARLO.

MOST NOTORIOUS GAMBLING RESORT IN THE WORLD.

The Motley Crowd That Tempts Fortune Around the Roulette Wheel—An Institution Operated by a Prince.

In a letter to the New York *Star*, Will Carleton gives this vivid description of Italy's infamous gambling resort: Two thrifty looking cities just out upon two little promontories along the Riviera—divided by a small and handsome bay. Lofty mountains behind them keep back the cold winter air. They are full of gardens, of palaces, of well-kept hotels, of private wealth-stocked villas. One of these little cities is Monaco, and contains the palace of the Prince; the other is Monte Carlo, and contains his gambling hall.

The "Casino" has a great many attractive things that bear no reference to gambling. It has a reading room, in which are many of the principal newspapers of the different countries of the world; an opera house, where two concerts are given daily, and eighty skillful musicians frequently occupy the stage. Everything is full of splendor; a millionth part of the wealth expended here would carry plenty and happiness to our little town up yonder on the mountain.

After you have read the papers and listened awhile to the music, suppose you pass through a spacious hall into the gambling room. Your name, your nationality, your hotel, are all recorded before you are given a ticket of admission. You walk into spacious rooms, fitted up with much splendor,—gigantic parlors, in fact; and here you see one of the most interesly interesting sights of the nineteenth century.

The room is full of people—hundreds of them—well dressed, intelligent looking and quiet. No reception of half the number of guests was ever half so still; a loud voice would be noticeable. Two things are conspicuous by their absence; laughter and children. People are too anxious to laugh; too wise to bring their little ones—even if it were allowed.

You come to something which looks like an overgrown billiard table with smooth edges; a score of people sit around it, interspersed with six employes of the establishment. Many others stand behind them; the majority of them are gambling. The most common coin used is the silver five-franc piece—equal in size and value to an American dollar. This is the least stake accepted; the greatest is 60,0 francs, or $1200.

In the center of the table is a small horizontal wheel; it is now and then turned rapidly. An ivory ball about as large as a toy marble is within it; and this is spun in the other direction. When the wheel stops this ball drops into one of thirty-seven little niches, and the particular one into which it will fall is the thing which all these people have been betting about.

If you think it will fall into one of the red compartments, you put your silver or gold on a little red diamond at one corner of the table; if you think it will fall in an even number you lay it on a place so marked; or you can bet on any number or set of numbers up to thirty-seven. If you lose, one of the attendants quietly draws your money in with a small rake which lies on the table before him and places it with numerous other coins; if you win he throws you whatever you are "entitled" to.

From 11.30 in the morning to 11.30 at night this game goes on. The six roulette stands are generally crowded, as well as two card tables, where the lowest stakes are 20 francs or $4. Sometimes the green cloth is so jeweled with gold and silver coin that you can hardly see its texture. The face of the gamblers are a unique study. Many of these people are not professional gamesters at all, they are good citizens, taking this little opportunity of breaking their country's laws, outside their country. Others are poor invalids, who strive to get from this intense amusement some alleviation of their pain. Some are rich people, who can afford to lose a few hundred francs per day and are perfectly willing to win, if it happens so. Still others are "stool pigeons," both male and female, who are doing their best to draw the general public into the nets. But every one's face has a serious, studious look, as if he or she was performing the most laborious task of life. Pardon do you see a smile among this doleful congregation, gathered for the worship of Mammon.

They all keep little records of the numbers that win, hoping no doubt to make from them "systems," from which they can succeed in the future. All are toiling—toiling—in the hot, stifling, unventilated atmosphere.

Prince Charles the Third, who rules over this little country of five and a half square miles, lives near Paris, is sick, and they say not very far from death. He leases the diabolical privileges of these gambling tables to a company, in which he himself owns considerable stock. After paying him his rent, paying all the expenses of the establishment, paying bands to play, flowers to grow, confederates to plot, newspapers to keep quiet and a thousand and one incidental costs of this expensive place, the company has remaining $1,500,000 per year—all won from the public.

Hundreds of people come here each day from Nice, from Mentone, from Cannes, from other resorts of the Riviera—stay and play all day and go back by the "gambler's train" in the evening. During the winter, there is said to be no week in which some poor ruined soul does not depart from these mockingly beautiful hills by the swift but terrible route of suicide. They are found poisoned in their rooms, self-shot in the groves, hanging by ropes to the trees. Many are discovered in the gray of the morning by sharp-eyed aides of the "management," and spirited away without the general public knowing it.

The Biggest Geyser at Work.

The Excelsior geyser in the Yellowstone Park is in operation. This geyser is in the great middle geyser basin, close to the Fire Hole river. It is in the form of an immense pit 300 feet in length and 200 feet wide, and the aperture through which it discharges its volume of water is nearly 200 feet in diameter. Its general appearance is that of a huge boiling spring, and for many years its true character was not suspected. Its first eruption occurred in 1880, when it revealed itself as a stupendous geyser. The power of its eruptions was almost incredible, sending an immense column of water to heights of from 100 to 200 feet, and hurling with it rocks and bowlders of from one to 100 pounds in weight. Its present eruption is said to be a repetition of that of 1880. It is throwing its volume of water 200 feet into the air, and Fire Hole river is reported to have risen 150 feet from its rushing floods. This is now conceded to be the most powerful geyser in existence.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Take heed of enemies reconciled and must twice boiled.

Bill Nye Out West.

When I was out West, writes Bill in the New York *World*, I was calling at the First National Bank of Chicago, the greatest bank, if I am not mistaken, in America. I saw the bonds securing its issue of national currency the other day in Washington, and I am quite sure the custodian told me it was the greatest of any bank in the Union. Anyway, it was sufficient, so that I felt like doing my banking business there whenever it became handy to do so.

I asked for a certificate of deposit for $5,000, and had the money to pay for it, but I had to be identified. "Why," I said to a receiving teller, "surely you don't require a man to be identified when he deposits money?"

"Yes, that's the idea."

"Well, isn't that a new twist on the crippled industries of this country?"

"No; that's our rule. Hurry up, please, and don't keep men waiting who have money and know how to do business."

"Well, I don't want to obstruct business, of course; but, suppose, for instance, I get myself identified by a man I know and a man you know and a man who can leave his business and come here for the delirious joy of identifying me, and you admit that I am the man I claim to be, corresponding as to description, age, sex, etc., with the man I advertise myself to be, how would it be about your ability to identify yourself as the man you claim to be? I go all over Chicago, visiting all the pork packing houses in search of a man I know, and who is intimate with literary people like me, and finally, we will say, I find one who knows me and who knows you, and whom you know, and who can leave his leaf-lard long enough to come here and identify me all right. Can you identify yourself in such a way that when I put in my $5,000 you will not loan it upon insufficient security, as they did in Cincinnati the other day, as soon as I go out of town?"

"Oh, we don't care especially whether you trade here or not, so that you hurry up and let other people have a chance. Where you make a mistake is in trying to rehearse a piece here instead of going out to Lincoln Park or somewhere in a quiet part of the city. Our rules are that a man who makes a deposit here must be identified."

"All right. Do you know Queen Victoria?"

"No, sir; I do not."

"Well, then, there is no use in disturbing her. Do you know any of the other crowned heads?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, do you know President Cleveland, or any of the Cabinet, or the Senate, or members of the House?"

"No."

"That's it, you see. I move in one set and you in another. What respectable people do you know?"

"I'll have to ask you to stand aside, I guess, and give that string of people a chance. You have no right to take up my time in this way. The rules of the bank are inflexible. We must know who you are, even before we accept your deposit."

I then drew from my pocket a copy of the New York *World*, which contained a voluptuous picture of myself. Removing my hat and making a court salaam by letting out four additional joints in my lithe and versatile limbs, I asked if any further identification would be necessary.

Hastily closing the door to the vault and jerking the combination, he said that would be satisfactory. I was then permitted to deposit in the bank.

I do not know why I should always be regarded with suspicion wherever I go. I do not present the appearance of a man who is steeped in crime, and yet when I put my trivial two-gallon jug on the seat of a depot waiting-room, a big man with a red mustache comes to me, and hisses through his clenched teeth: "Take yer baggege off the seat." It is so everywhere. I apologize for disturbing a ticket agent long enough to sell me a ticket, and he tries to jump through a little brass wicket and throttle me. Other men come in and say: "Give me a ticket for Bandolin, Ohio, and be dam sudden about it, too," and they get their ticket and go aboard the car and get the best seat, while I am begging for the opportunity to buy a seat at full rates, and then ride in the wood-box. I believe that common courtesy and decency in America needs protection. Go into a hotel or a hotel, whichever suits the esether or nyether reader of these lines, and the commercial man who travels for a big sausage-casing house in New York has the bridal-chamber, while the meek and lowly minister of the gospel gets a wall-pocket room, with a cot, a slippery-elm towel, a cake of cast-iron soap, a disconnected bell, a view of the laundry, a tin roof, and $1 a day.

"If you could think of some novelty in the way of advertising, now," said the merchant, "I believe, I'd go you. A novelty in advertising would be worth millions to a man." "Well," sighed the solicitor, "I can't think of anything that hasn't been tried a thousand times, unless it might be—you might tell the truth about your goods." "Yes," said the honest merchant, "I see; that would be a novelty; but it wouldn't be business."—*Burdette.*

A Prize of $100,000

Is a good thing to get, and the man who wins it by superior skill, or by an unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel, is to be congratulated. But he who escapes from the clutches of that dread demoniac Consumption, and wins back health as his prize, is far more fortunate. The chances of winning $100,000 are small, but every consumptive may be absolutely sure of recovery, if he takes Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in time. For all scrofulous diseases consumption is one of them, it is an unfailing remedy. All druggists.

Won'dat it be sweet revenge to lick the sugar trust.

Delicate Children, Nursing Mothers, Overworked Men, and for all diseases where the tissues are wasting away from the inability to digest ordinary food, or from overwork of the brain or body, all such should take Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. "I used the Emulsion on a lady who was delicate, and threatened with Bronchitis. It put her in such good health and flesh, that I must say it is the best Emulsion I ever used."—L. P. Waddell, M.D., Hugh's Mills, S. C.

Youngstown has a woman faith doctor. She is rapidly heeling herself.

Biliousness

is more general in this season than any other. The bitter taste, offensive breath, coated tongue, sick headache, drowsiness, dizziness and loss of appetite make the victim miserable and discourage friends. **Hood's Sarsaparilla** combines the best self-limn remedies of the vegetable kingdom, in such proportion as to derive their best medicinal effects with the best distribution to the whole system. This preparation is so well balanced in its action upon the alimentary canal, the liver, the kidneys, the stomach, the bowels and the circulation of the blood that it brings about a healthy action of the entire human organism, restores the appetite and overcomes that feeling.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. For sale only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Female carpenters are appeared in London lately worn it, probably.

She Couldn't Understand It.

"What in the world has happened to you since the last time I saw you?" asked one lady of another when they met on the street the other day; "I can't understand it. Then you were pale, haggard and low-spirited, and I remember you said that you hardly cared whether you lived or died. To-day you look ever so much younger, and it is very evident from your beaming face that your low spirits have taken flight." "Yes, indeed," was the reply; "and shall I tell you what drove them away? It was Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was a martyr to functional derangement until I began taking the 'Prescription.' Now I am as well as I ever was in my life. No woman who suffers as I did, ought to let an hour pass before procuring this wonderful remedy."

An old whalesman being asked if he admired the harp, said yes, if it was a harpoon.

How to Reduce Your Expenses.

You can do it easily, and you will not have to deprive yourself of a single comfort in the contrary, you will enjoy life more than ever. How can you accomplish this result? Easily: cut down your doctor's bills. When you lose your appetite, and become bilious and constipated, and therefore low-spirited, don't rush off to the family physician for a prescription, or, on the other hand, wait until you are sick abed before doing anything at all; but just go to the druggist's and for twenty-five cents get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Take them as directed, and our word for it, your unpleasant symptoms will disappear as if by magic, you will have no big doctor's bill to pay, and everybody interested (except the doctor), will feel happy.

It is not impossible to meet with a plump recusal from a slender girl.

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For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

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AS A LAXATIVE, It acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

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TEXAS LAND 5,000,000 acres best agricultural and grazing land for sale. Address GODLEY & PORTER, Dallas, Tex.

FREE By return mail. Full Description of Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Likely not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

GOLD is worth $30 per lb. Tuttle's Eye Salve is worth $1,000, but is sold at 25c. a box by dealers.

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Sees some of her Poultry die each year without knowing what the matter was or how to effect a remedy if she does recognize the disease. This is not right, as at an expense of 25 cents she may save the life of her poultry by a 100-page BOOK giving the experience of a practical Poultry Raiser (not an amateur, but a man working for dollars and cents) during a period of 25 years. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases; how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening; which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject. Sent postpaid for 25c. BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard Street, N. Y. City.

THOSE ACHES down your Back and through your Limbs MEAN RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA OR KINDRED ILLS. Cured by **St. Jacobs Oil** At Druggists & Dealers. The Chas. A. Vogeler Co. Balto., Md.

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Dutcher's Lightning FLY KILLER It quick death; easily prepared and used; no danger; flies don't live long enough to get away. Use it early, freely; rid the house of them and be at peace. Don't take anything "just as good." There is nothing like the genuine Dutcher's. FRED'K DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

JONES OF BINGHAMTON FREIGHT Wagon Platform, Fast Tracking, Road Scale and Stock Rack for $30. Every one fitted for the market, for farmers, for the market, for poor and children. JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

THE "OHIO" WELL DRILL All cuttings of the drill in clay, sand, gravel, rock, &c., are discharged at surface without removing tools. Noted for success where others fail. Drill drops 70 to 90 times a minute. Profits large. Catalogue Free. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

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LOOK YOUNG! Leaurelle Oil PREVENTS WRINKLES, OR Ageing of Skin

Preserves a youthful, plump, fresh condition of features. If you desire a transparent, clear fresh Complexion, free from blemish, or roughness, use LEAURELLE OIL, it cures and prevents cracking, chapping, roughness or coarseness of skin. Keeps face, neck and hands soft, plump. Preserves the tone, life and transparent glow of the skin as in youth. This is a remarkable article; though called an oil is more the nature of an expressed juice, and is a superb tonic and elegant *dressing for the Hair and Whiskers*, which it stimulates and tones. Without grease, yet keeps the hair and whiskers soft, glossy, luxuriant and vigorous. $1.00 at Druggists, or by Express, free of Exp. charge. E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City.

GRAY HAIR If it is desired to gradually darken or restore gray hair to its original or natural color use WELLS' HAIR BALSAM. Restores Gray Hair to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No grease nor oil. A tonic restorative. Prevents the hair coming out; cleanses, strengthens and heals scalp. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists. The $1.00 size sent prepaid by Express for $1. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

B N U 24

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS. Highest Honors at all Great World's Exhibitions since 1867. 100 styles, $22 to $900. For Cash, Easy Payments, or Rented. Catalogue, 40 pp., 4to, free.

PIANOS. Mason & Hamlin do not hesitate to make the extraordinary claim that their Pianos are superior to all others. This they attribute solely to the remarkable improvement introduced by them in 1882, now known as the "MASON & HAMLIN PIANO STRINGER." Full particulars by mail.

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ASTHMA CURE German Asthma Cure never disappoints. Instantaneous in the worst cases, insures sound sleep; effects cures where others fail. Price (reduced) the new size, 50 cents. Sent free. DR. E. ROBERTS MAY, St. Louis, Mo.

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GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY THE WORLD FAMED LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG REMEDY. WHAT AILS YOU?

ARE YOU SICK?

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Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flashes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in, and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in action upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

BILIOUS ATTACK. David G. Lowe, Esq., of *St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada*, says: "Being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the heart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. L. V. Webber, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "For five years previous to taking 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I was a great sufferer; had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am now well and strong."

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Virulent blood-poisons are, by its use, robbed of their terrors. Especially has it manifested its power in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

SALT-RHEUM AND RHEUMATISM.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—For several years I have felt it to be my duty to give to you the facts in relation to the complete cure of a most aggravated case of salt-rheum, by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' An elderly lady relative of mine had been a great sufferer from salt-rheum for years. The disease was most distressing in her hands, causing the skin to crack open on the inside of the fingers at the joints and between the fingers. She was obliged to protect the raw places by means of adhesive plasters, salves, ointments and bandages, and during the winter months had to have her hands dressed daily. The pain was quite severe at times and her general health was badly affected, paving the way for other diseases to creep in. Catarrh and rheumatism caused a great deal of suffering in addition to the salt-rheum. She had used faithfully, and with the most commendable perseverance, all the remedies prescribed by her physician, but without obtaining relief. She afterwards began treating herself by drinking tea made from blood-purifying roots and herbs. She continued this for several years but derived no benefit. Finally, about ten years ago, I chanced to read one of Dr. Pierce's small pamphlets setting forth the merits of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and other medicines. The name struck my fancy, and seeing that it was essentially a blood-purifier, I immediately recommended it to the old lady who had been so long a sufferer from salt-rheum. She commenced taking it at once, and took one bottle, but seemed to be no better. However, I realized that it would take time for any medicine to effect a change for the better, and encouraged her to continue. She then purchased a half-a-dozen bottles, and before these had all been used she began to notice an improvement. After taking about a dozen bottles she was entirely cured. Her hands were perfectly well and as smooth and healthy as a child's. Her general health was also greatly improved; the rheumatism entirely left her, and the catarrh was almost cured, so that it ceased to be much annoyance. She had enjoyed excellent health from that day to this, and has had no return of either salt-rheum or rheumatism. The 'Discovery' seems to have entirely eradicated the salt-rheum from her system. She is now over eighty years old, and very healthy for one of such extreme age.

I have written this letter, of which you can make any use you see fit, hoping that some sufferer from salt-rheum might chance to read it and obtain relief by using your 'Golden Medical Discovery'—for 'Golden' it is in its curative properties, and so much above the multitude of nostrums and so-called 'patent medicines,' so zealously flaunted before the public, as gold is above the baser metals.

Respectfully yours,
F. W. Wheeler, 182 21st St."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

CONSUMPTION. Solomon Butts, of *North Clayton, Miami Co., Ohio*, writes: "I have not the words to express my gratitude for the good your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has done my wife. She was taken with consumption, and after trying one doctor after another, I finally gave up all hope of relief. Being very poor and having but one dollar in the world, I prayed to God that he might show me something; and then it seemed as though something did tell me to get your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' My wife took it as directed, and as a result she is so she can work now."

GAINED 26 POUNDS. Wasting Disease.—Watson F. Clarke, Esq., of Box 193, *Summerville, Prince Edward Island, Can.*, writes: "When I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I was not able to work and was a burden to myself. At that time I weighed 122 pounds, and to-day I weigh 147 pounds. Then I used to eat about one meal a day, and now can eat four or five if I dare to."

COUGH OF FIVE YEARS' STANDING. Mrs. N. W. Rice, of *Newfane, Vermont*, says: "I feel at liberty to acknowledge the benefit I received from two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which cured a cough of five years' standing, and dyspepsia, from which I had suffered for a long time. I have also used Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water Pepper, in my family, with good effect."

WORTH $1000 A BOTTLE. W. R. Davis, Esq., of *Bellevilla, Florida*, writes: "I have taken your 'wonderful Golden Medical Discovery,' and have been cured of consumption. I am now sound and well, and have only spent three dollars, and I would not take three thousand dollars and be put back where I was."

Discovery $1.00, Six Bottles for $5.00; by Druggists.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proor's, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.