August 4, 1888

POPULAR SONGS.

CURIOUS ORIGIN OF A NUMBER OF FAMILIAR BALLADS.

What Suggested "Put Me in My Little Bed"—History of a College Song—The Peculiar Origin of "Evangeline," Etc.

It would seem almost that in later years the success of a song has been in direct proportion to the frivolity of its subject. The composer, Dexter Smith, is known to have made several attempts before hitting the public taste, although he had written many beautiful verses. Upon one occasion he took a copy of a very carefully written composition to his publisher, and that gentleman suggested to him that he should publish it in a first-class magazine, admitting frankly that it was too good for him to make available.

"What, then, does the public want?" queried the astonished author.

"Something like this," was the reply, and the publisher read to him several extracts from the latest successful ballads.

Smith was disgusted and left the office. As, in deep reflection, he strode along the streets of Boston he heard an untidy urchin cry out to his mother: "Say, ma'am, put me in my little bed." There is a subject, thought the song writer, and on reaching home he proceeded to write out what he considered the flattest song of which he was capable. The result of his effort was gladly accepted by the publisher and, to the poet's surprise, seemed equally to please the public. In short, it was this song which first made the author famous, and the sale of "Put Me in My Little Bed" soon reached an enormous figure.

Probably no American song has a more curious history than the favorite college melody, "It Was My Last Cigar." The words were written some forty years ago by a student at Yale College named Condit, and handed to James M. Hubbard—now an important government mail official, but at that time professor of music at Yale—for him to set to music. This Mr. Hubbard did at a single sitting, and the MS. was sent to New York for publication. A copyright was then secured by filing in the office of the Probate Court in each county. Hubbard took a proof-sheet of the song, and handed it with the fee to a Mr. Cleveland, who was a clerk in the office of Probate Judge Blackman, and gave no more thought to the matter for some time. The song spread from college to college, and after a year or two the author found that it was being published all over the country without either credit or pecuniary benefit to himself.

On hastening to claim his royalties, Mr. Hubbard was defied and told that he no copyright, which, on investigation, proved to be the fact. The friend to whom the music and fees had been given had fallen dead the day after the trust had been committed to him. Ten years afterwards the identical proof-sheet given to Cleveland was found—still rolled up and covered with dust—thrown up out of sight upon the top of a bookcase in the Probate Clerk's office in New Haven.

Over a million copies of the song had been sold by one Boston firm alone, who admitted that they had made the largest profits they had ever made on a single sheet of music; but neither the author of the words nor of the music ever realized a penny from this, the most popular college song ever written.

One of the most curiously written of compositions is the celebrated song, "Evangeline," by Will S. Hays, the prolific song writer, author of "Mollie Darling," "Nora O'Neil," and some 200 other melodies.

"Evangeline" is without doubt the song on record to be penned upon a plank fence. It was one of Hays's earliest lyrics, and was the result of a frolic, being written when he was quite young.

The author was one of a party who one evening chanced to attend a social gathering in a small village in Kentucky. Among the ladies present was one who so strikingly resembled the ideal portrait of Longfellow's "Evangeline" that she was at once given that nickname by the young composer.

The company had organized a quartette and had given a large number of popular selections during the evening. It was a bright, moonlight night when they started to return home, and "Evangeline" suggested that they try some new song.

"I will write you a song," said Hays, "if you will promise to sing it before we go home."

This was enthusiastically agreed to. It so happened that there was a new white plank fence just opposite them at that time. A fire had recently been built near by and a number of charred sticks lay scattered around. Picking up several of these Hays walked over to the fence and proceeded to write the first verse of his song on the top plank, and the notes for the quartette of voices on the four planks beneath. As all could read music they stood back a short distance and had no difficulty in singing it.

The girls insisted on having a chorus, and the author went to the end of the fence and there wrote out the chorus. The party sung it over, and at last went home with it on their lips.

The following day Mr. Hays was requested by "Evangeline" to write out a copy on paper, but he laughingly told her that she could go down to the fence and copy it off. The young lady took him at his word, and though it was raining hard she started out and returned with the words and music complete.

Afterward her Hays then added another verse and soon after the lady moved to her home in St. Louis, taking the song with her. On her singing it there it attracted much attention, and she finally sent it back to the author to have it published.

The manuscript was sent to nearly every publisher in America; but, like Dexter Smith's song, was probably regarded as too good, and was returned until it was nearly worn out. The only offer made for it was one of $10, which the writer refused, but indignantly made the publisher a present of the song, saying that it would teach him how little music publishers know of the real value of compositions.

The song-writer's words indeed proved true, but not to his own profit, as he received no remuneration whatever, while the lucky publisher disposed of not less than 50,000 copies.

It is safe to say that, after this experience, the talented writer was somewhat more business-like in his methods, since he has realized well on his many later compositions. The owner of "Evangeline," however, was never able to obtain another lyric from his pen, though he afterwards offered as high as $500 for a single song.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Silver has turned up in South Africa in such quantities to produce a new mining [illegible] itself has

WORDS OF WISDOM.

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

Some natures are so sour and ungrateful that they are never to be obliged.

The lasting and crowning privilege, or rather property, of friendship is constancy.

Anxiety is the poison of human life. It is the parent of many sins and of more miseries.

Title and ancestry render a good name more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

Many a man passes by a little spring of cool, pure water, to drink at last from a hog wallow.

One devious step at first stepping out frequently leads a person into a wilderness of doubt and error.

To take away rewards and punishments is only pleasing to a man who resolves not to live morally.

It does not pay to hire help you have to quarrel with, or to work for a person with whom you desire to quarrel.

When men dare not tell the truth of themselves, how can they be expected to always tell the truth about others?

This mystery of sleep! This great mystery of waking! If we could fathom them, we should have fathomed ourselves, and life and death!

Thousands whom indolence has sunk in contemptible obscurity might have come forward to the highest distinction, if idleness had not frustrated the effort of all their powers.

No better cosmetics than a severe temperance and purity, modesty and humility, a gracious temper and calmness of spirit: no true beauty without the signature of these graces in the very countenance.

Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, it breaks out on all occasions, without judgment or discretion.

To insure long life recreation should be a part of our daily life. It makes the busy man thoughtful and the thoughtful busy. It insures health, success, and the accomplishment of more work in less time, and better.

Clay Tobacco Pipes.

There are few industries the processes of which are more interesting, asserts the New York *Sun*, than that of the manufacture of clay tobacco pipes. The reporter recently wandered—more by chance than interest—into a factory where many bushels of the popular clay pipe are daily made and shipped to all parts of the country. Over 5000 gross, or nearly a million cheap clay pipes, are annually sent out from this factory alone.

Said the proprietor of the establishment visited when asked by the writer for some information concerning the manner in which the pipes were made: "We manufacture more than a dozen different varieties and designs of clay pipes."

"The clay used in making the pipes," went on the manufacturer, "is obtained chiefly from pits located in New Jersey, although there is a large bed of clay being worked at Glen Cove, Long Island. The clay costs $2 a ton at the mines, but, with freight charges, etc., it amounts to $5 a ton before it is landed at the factory. As soon as it arrives the clay is spread out and seasoned by being exposed to the heat of the sun, which generally occupies several days. It is then mixed with water and passed through a mill, which crushes it and removes the stones and grit which cling to the crude clay. It is then kneaded with the hands in the same manner in which bread is kneaded and freed from all foreign substances.

"After the clay has been brought to the proper consistency it is carried to a workman called a 'roller,' who sits before a bench, on the top of which lies a smooth, square board. In making a pipe the 'roller' takes in each hand a small lump of the fresh clay and deftly rolls it out to the desired length and thickness, leaving a knob-like lump at the end of each piece, which later is formed into the bowl of the pipe.

"At this stage of its manufacture the half-made pipe is laid upon a measure, which marks the regulation length of the stem. If the latter has been made too long it is then clipped off. When a dozen pipes have been thus formed, they are passed to another workman, who sits at a complicated machine, in which the pipes are further manipulated. The man at the machine first oils the clay, after which he places the rudely shaped pipes in a mold and inserts an oiled and polished wire through the stems, making the aperture through which the smoke is drawn in using. The mold is then placed in the machine and the superfluous clay is forced out.

"The pipes have now taken on their final shape and are laid in the sun to dry, after which they are polished and put in a large earthen receptacle called a 'sagger,' which is covered and arranged with a dozen other saggers in the kiln. The door of the kiln is then securely fastened and the fire, which is fed with char coal and coke, is started and kept at a white heat for fifteen or twenty hours. The fire is then allowed to die out slowly, and when quite extinguished the doors are opened, the saggers allowed to cool and their contents examined. The pipes, which before were of a dull blue color and very limp and soft, have become perfectly white and hard. The finished pipes that have been examined and found perfect are carefully packed in barrels and boxes, and are then ready for shipment.

The Despised Blackberry.

The blackberry is held in high esteem for table use and for preserves, but the people of this section fail to utilize fully a bounty which is but half appreciated. North Carolina makes annually more than a million of dollars net from the blackberry by sun drying them. They are in great request, and markets are already opened up. It is believed that it would be necessary in this section to dry them by the use of evaporators, yet it would pay even to go to the expense of buying evaporators, and drying the berries on a large scale. It would afford remunerative employment to hundreds of women and children. But there is no immediate prospect of such enterprise, and in the meantime hundreds of bushels of berries dry up on the bushes in this section, or go to feed the birds and animals which feast on them. One of the best uses to which the blackberry can be put is the manufacture of cordial. The decoction has medical properties of the highest order as a corrective and mild astringent, and every household should be provided with a supply. The recipe, which has been used in this city with the most signal success, is as follows: Boil the berries until thoroughly done and strain them. To two quarts of juice add one pound of light brown sugar, and put in one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, spice and cloves. Boil this until it begins to thicken, and strain, or leave spices if wished.—*Albany (Ga.) News.*

SEA MONSTERS.

DEMIZENS OF THE DEEP WHO TERRIFY MARINES.

Some Strange Creatures Sighted by Veracious Seamen — The Immense Ribbon Fish—In the Grasp of an Octopus.

It should be remembered, says the San Francisco *Examiner*, that there has scarcely been a discovery relative to anything at all wonderful which has not been haw-hawed by the foolish.

It was so in most striking degree of the cuttle-fish, a sea monster long rejected as impossible. One writer on natural history, who should have known better, maintained that no cuttle-fish ever existed whose tentacles exceeded twenty feet in length. But now it is known that not only are there cuttle-fish having tentacles more than twice this length, but there are several varieties in which these enormous dimensions are attained.

Let us examine some of the accounts of sea monsters which, despite the mischievous influence of press buffoonery, have been reported by sea captains.

On September 11th at 10:30 A. M., the third officer of the British steamship Nestor, then in the Malacca Straits, announced a shoal. Surprised to find a shoal in such a well known track Captain Webster watched the object and found that it was in motion, keeping up the same speed as the ship and retaining about the same distance as when first seen. "The shape of the creature," said the Captain (in an affidavit before Donald Spence, Acting Law Secretary to the Danish Supreme Court at Shanghai, China) "I would compare to that of a gigantic frog. The head, of a pale, yellowish color, was about twelve feet in length, and six feet of the crown was above water. I tried in vain to make out the mouth," he proceeds, "but the mouth may have been below water. The head was immediately connected with the body without any indication of a neck. The body was about forty-five or fifty feet long and of an oval shape, perfectly smooth, but there may have been a slight ridge along the spine. The back rose some five feet above the surface. An immense tail, fully 150 feet in length, rose a few inches above the water. This tail I saw distinctly from its junction with the body to its extremity; it seemed cylindrical, with a very slight taper, and I estimate its diameter at four feet. The body and tail were marked with alternate bands or stripes, black and pale yellow in color. The stripes were distinct to the very extremity of the tail. I cannot say whether the tail terminated in a fin or not. The creature possessed no fins or paddles so far as we could perceive. I cannot say if it had legs. It appeared to progress by means of an undulatory motion of the tail in vertical plane."

It may be remembered that in 1873 a monstrous cuttle-fish was encountered by two fishermen in Conception Bay, Newfoundland. When attacked, the creature threw its long arms across the fishermen's boat, which it appeared to regard as a veritable object of prey; but one of the fisherman cut off the tentacle with an ax, on which the cephaloped withdrew, apparently regarding the man's action as unfair. This tentacle was twenty-five feet in length; and as the fishermen considered that it was cut off fully ten feet from the body, the entire length of the tentacle must have been about thirty-five feet. They estimated the body at sixty feet in length and five feet in diameter.

In 1861 the French war steamer Alector encountered a monster cuttle at sea about 120 miles northeast of Teneriffe. The crew got a noose around the body, but unfortunately it slipped to the tail, which it pulled off. The weight of this little bit of the creature was found to be over forty pounds. It was estimated that the body was fifty feet long, and the weight not less than forty thousand pounds.

The most remarkable account of a sea monster of this kind was that given by the captain and officers of the Pauline. It was sworn to on oath by George Drevar, the captain; Horatio Toompson, chief mate; John Landells, second mate, and by the steward and a seaman. It runs (somewhat abridged) as follows:

On July 8th we observed three large sperm whales, one of which was gripped round the body by two turns of what appeared to be a huge serpent. The head and tail appeared to have a length beyond the coils of about thirty feet, and a girth of eight or nine feet. The creature whirled the whale round and round for about fifteen minutes and then suddenly dragged it to the bottom head first.

Five days later the same creature, or a similar one, was seen about two hundred yards from the ship, darting along the surface, head and neck being out of the water. Only Captain Drevar and an ordinary seaman saw this. But a few minutes later the Captain, first mate and two seamen saw the monster raise its neck and head above the water to a height which they estimated at sixty feet.

It is certain that neither Drevor nor Thompson had any reason for inventing such a story as they and the rest swore to on the ocean.

Now, it is obvious from this description that the monster belonged to the ray tribe.

These creatures attain a great size, though until Captain Webster saw his "shoal" no devil fish two hundred yards in length had ever been heard of. The largest ever captured weighed 1250 pounds. In the British Museum there is a specimen five feet broad and weighing twenty pounds, which tells something of the enormous dimensions which full-grown devil-fish may attain, since this young devil-fish was yet unborn, having been taken from the body of the mother.

Some ten years ago Commandant Villeneuve and the officers of the French man-of-war the Tendre saw a creature corresponding in appearance with the "sea serpent" traveling rapidly along, the head slightly raised above the water, and with a sort of mane streaming backward, while the back of a long body could be seen under the water. A creature exactly answering to this description was seen by Major James Harding, then an officer in the King of Vigie's army, passing within a few yards of his canoe, and swimming toward a small island outside Suna Bay, known as the Home of the Big Snake. Captain the Hon. George Hope, of the British ship Fly, when in the Gulf of California, the sea being unusually calm and transparent, saw at the bottom a large marine animal with the head and general figure of an alligator, but the neck much longer, and with four large paddles instead of legs.

A Sassy Boy.

"What, five dollars a week! Why, boy,
Where can your senses be?
Why, when first I became a clerk,
They paid me only three."

Holding the door ajar, he said
(This boy of humble birth),
"But when they paid you three, perhaps
I'was all that you were worth."

—*Yale Bills.*

The British Correspondent.

The one all-pervading, regnant, dominant and rigorous purpose of the British correspondent's life is to find out all the news himself, but keep his paper from knowing anything about it. I was present at the side of a famous correspondent, who had kindly taken me under his wing here, when his secretaries came in with the news after the funeral. They had all told their tales and received instructions, when the secretary who had undertaken to do a description of the crowd strolled in.

"Ah, Jones!" said the chief, looking the late comer over through his single glass and lighting a fresh cigar, "rawther a big crowd, eh?"

"I should say so," said Jones; "and such a mucky day. I've got everything."

"What, for instance."

"A little child was born in the slush and rain in the great jam near the cathedral."

"What a devilish damp and erratic sort of a proceeding."

"Shall I write it?"

"Er—no."

"Woman climbed up in tree in park," continued Jones, reading from a voluminous notebook, "named Schwartzgenfelder."

"Name of woman or tree?"

"Of woman. Stayed there all night so's t' have good place t' see funeral procession, froze absolutely to death, and fell down a corpse as parade passed. Shall I write it?"

"Er—no."

"Corpse lay there for two hours in a crowd unattended while people stared at funeral."

"Good God."

"Shall I write it?"

"Er—no."

"A man, name unknown, paid entire year's rent of 58 Unter den Linden for window privileges to-day—4,000 marks. Shall I write it?"

"Er—no."

It went on in this way for half an hour, and then the chief said thoughtfully:

"You might write a general paragraph, you know, Jones, about large mass people 'n all that, leaving out details, and say that from inside information received from an indubitably high official source there must have been half a million people present to see funeral."

"But the regular figures of the Police Department place the number at nearly 700,000. Hadn't I better make it that?"

"Er—no."

Then the war correspondent suggested a snack of beer and the wing of a cold fowl, and we went down stairs while the secretaries ground out the conventional English dispatch of the conventional length, with the same old stale and wearisome presentation of common-place observations, marked "official" and "inside," as usual.—*Berlin letter in New York Sun.*

Landing a Big Salmon.

Before the fly has fairly lit, a great flash of silver darts from the waves close by the boat. He has hooked himself with a rush, and the line goes whirring madly from the reel as he races down the pool. Keep the point of the rod low; he must have his own way now. Up with the anchor quickly, and send the canoe after him, bowman and sternman paddling with swift strokes. He has reached the deepest water; he stops to think what has happened to him. We have passed around and below him, and now with the current to help us we can begin to reel in. Lift the point of the rod, with a strong, steady pull. Put the force of both arms into it. The tough wood will stand the strain. The fish must be moved; he must come to the boat if he is ever to be landed. He gives a little and yields slowly to the pressure. Then suddenly he gives too much, and runs straight toward us. Reel in now as swiftly as possible, or else he will get a slack on the line and escape. Now he stops, shakes his head from side to side, and darts away again across the pool, leaping high out of water. Drop the point of the rod quickly, for if he falls on the leader he will surely break it. Another leap, and another! Truly he is "a merry one," as Sir Humphrey Davy says, and it will go hard with us to hold him. But those great leaps have exhausted his strength, and now he follows the line more easily. The men push the boat back to the shallow side of the pool until it touches lightly on the shore. The fish comes slowly in, fighting a little and making a few short runs; he is tired, and turns slightly on his side; but even yet he is a heavy weight on the line, and it seems a wonder that so slight a thing as the leader can guide and draw him. Now he is close to the boat. The bowman steps out on a rock with his gaff. Steadily now and slowly, lift the rod, bending it backward. A quick, sure stroke of the steel! a great splash! and the salmon is lifted high and dry upon the shore. — "*Salmon Angling on the Restigouche,*" *in Scribner's Magazine.*

Romance and Reality.

Boston Girl—You know Howells says no man's character is formed until he has been tried by the woman he loved.

Young Wife—What nonsense!

"Nonsense?"

"Yes, my dear; that does not form a man's character; it only brings it out."—*Omaha World.*

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ARE YOU SICK?

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 flushes, 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 Disease, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite sure 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 acting 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. I. V. WERNER, 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 potency 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.

A medicine possessing the power to cure such inveterate blood and skin diseases as the following testimonial portrays, must certainly be credited with possessing properties capable of curing any and **all skin and blood diseases,** for none are more obstinate or difficult of cure than Salt-rheum.

SALT-RHEUM AND RHEUMATISM. COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 18th, 1887. 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 upwards of forty 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 physicians, 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 same 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 has 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 as 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 seems 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."

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."

GAINED 25 POUNDS. Wasting Disease.—WASSON F. CLARKE, Esq., of (Box 105), *Summerside, 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 ate but about one meal a day, and now can eat four or five if I need to."

WORTH $1000 A BOTTLE. W. R. DAVIS, Esq., of *Belleville, 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 if I was."

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

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Prop'rs, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.