August 11, 1888

DRAGON BOAT DAY.

A CHINESE HOLIDAY RESEMBLING FOURTH OF JULY.

Origin of the Festival—The Dragon Boat Races at Canton—Great Crowds of Chinese in Holiday Attire.

A writer in the Chinese *Evangelist* says that a great gala day in China is the Dragon Boat festival, or the feast of the fifth day of the fifth moon. It resembles our Fourth of July more than any other holiday of the Chinese, and has many features of interest in connection with it which are well worth describing.

The origin of the festival dates back to the year 450 B. C. At that time there lived a statesman, Kuh Yuen, who was celebrated for his virtues and his integrity. He had the courage to urge some reforms upon his liege, which were not at all pleasing to the monarch. An enemy took advantage of his loss of favor and accused him of plotting to usurp the throne. Kuh Yuen was degraded and banished from court. This unjust punishment wore upon him until life became unbearable, and after composing an ode recounting his misfortunes and his devotion to his prince, he rowed to the middle of the Mihlo river in a small boat, and before his friends could reach him had thrown himself overboard and was drowned. The way in which his friends rowed to the spot to try to rescue him, each anxious to be the first, is commemorated by a procession of boats, and the races between the different boats are the chief features of the day. On this day offerings of rice, wrapped in bamboo leaves and tied with withes, are thrown into the water to feed his spirit, and gifts of these same rice balls are exchanged among friends.

At Canton, where the river and canals give ample water room for the boats to race and parade, the festival is seen at its best, and the day is long looked forward to with great anticipations of pleasure, for the Chinese take especial delight in gorgeous pageants and processions. The dragon boat is a long, narrow boat, sometimes sixty to a hundred feet in length with a projecting prow shaped like the mythical dragon's head, and a stern representing his tail. The rowers use paddles only, and are all seated in a row down each side of the boat facing the bow, and when it is impossible for the boat to turn, at a given signal each man reverses in his seat and the dragon navigates tail first. In the centre of the boat is a huge drum and gong on which a continual beating is kept up, and with which the rowers keep time. At intervals between the centre and the ends are banners, embroidered standards, smaller gongs, with handsomely clad men standing by them, who shout and wave flags or large fans and jump up and down in time with the beat of the drum, while occasionally a conch-shell blower adds his efforts to the din. The dragon boats are built and owned by different clans, guilds or villages, and there is great rivalry between them. Weeks before the day arrives the distant sound of the drum can be heard from the creeks running into the river where some boat is practicing for the race. On the day itself every one comes out in his brightest clothes, and the banks of the river and canals are crowded with an ever-increasing throng, all eagerly watching for the first arrival of the boats. When the sound of the drum and gong and the shouts can be heard in the distance, the phlegmatic Chinamen lose for once their sedateness, and when the long boat with its handsome silk banners, embroidered flags, gayly-attired boatmen and band comes into view, a shout goes up from the crowd, firecrackers are discharged in salvos, and the pleasure of the day commences. The boatmen respond to the welcome by redoubled shouts and row in quicker time. To make the excitement greater another boat appears, perhaps from some district which was the winner last year. Then the greatest fun of the day is witnessed. "A race!" is the cry; the first boat allows its rival to get even with it, and then, amid the cries and cheers of the populace, the rowers swiftly ply their paddles, the long, grotesque dragon-head shoots over the water, the banner bearers jump up and down in unison with the stroke, while the drum and gong add an unearthly clamor to the air already fraught with the report of the firecrackers and the noise of the crowd. So fierce is the rivalry that the partisans of each clan, who usually follow the boats in smaller ones, often carry stones and weapons to use with merciless effect if their boat should be defeated. These attendant boats supply substitute rowers in case, as it very often happens, any of the rowers should be overcome by the heat. They also take charge of the gifts of wine and roast pig which are sent out to the boats by the shopkeepers before whose buildings they pass. The pig exchange at Canton is situated near the opening of the canal, which divides the English concession from the Chinese city. It is always liberal in its gifts, consequently the canal is alive the whole day with dragon boats, and the writer, who lived next door to the exchange, used to look forward with the same eagerness as the Chinese children to the fifth day of the fifth moon, and the pageant made a lasting impression on the mind. We used to invite our Chinese friends to witness the parade from our windows, from which a view of the canal for half a mile could be had, with the confused mass of humanity on both sides of it, for on this day the gates to the English concession were thrown open to any well-dressed Chinese. As almost every one was attired in their best and gayest clothes, the mingled colors of orange, red, green, purple and blue in all shades made the crowd present the most brilliant and variegated appearance—a sort of crazy Chinese pattern.

So elaborate are the preparations at Canton that one day does not suffice for the boats to make the round of calls on their patrons, and the festival often continues till the third day. Some years, in consequence of some particularly fierce encounter the year before, the authorities forbid the boats to parade, and then dire is the grief of the small boy and of many larger boys. The Chinese work so hard all the time that it is a pleasant sight to see them give themselves to the enjoyment of the day with such a childlike abandon, and were it not for the danger arising from the fierce spirit of rivalry and the idolatrous practices connected with it, we would be glad to have it remain a national holiday, commemorating, as it does, the fidelity of a courtier who could not endure unmerited disgrace. At night all the guilds give dinners to their members, and there is feasting everywhere. At Pekin, where there is no river, the people have recourse to horse and cart and camel races, but even the members of the blood royal, as well as many of the better class, resort to the city of Tang Chow, which stands on the banks of the Peiho, to see the dragon boats.

Mrs. Langtry owns nearly $250,000 worth of real estate.

Feeding the Chinese.

The Oceanic Steamship Company's office at San Francisco was crowded the other forenoon by Chinamen anxious to avail themselves of the reduced rate of passage by the Canadian Pacific steamship Abyssinia. Many held off to the last minute in the hope that better terms might be made, but the agents were inexorable. "What does it cost to feed Chinese passengers?" was asked of the agent by a reporter of the San Francisco *Examiner*.

"I have brought over 1500 of them one trip at an average cost of four and three-eighths cents per man. Yes, it was a little pinched, but they had enough. Up to 300 a fair average of the cost is ten cents per head daily; above that the average lowers. I think the Pacific Mail figures on twelve cents, but that depends on circumstances."

"What kind of food do they get?"

"Chiefly rice. We take twenty-six different kinds of chows. We take white beans, brown beans, black beans, red beans, green beans—every kind of beans; orange peels, sauce, dried shrimps, dried fish, dried abalone, although they get little of that. But the principal diet is rice. Five pounds of fresh beef will go as far with one hundred Chinamen as with five white men. They take a big mess of rice and a small piece of fresh meat, which they lift, bite off a small piece and return to the dish. Then they pitch into the rice with their chopsticks, and sample the sauces. They are fond of salt pork and salt meat. Fresh meat goes farther. They should never get salted meat or pork."

"Have you ever had trouble with Chinese passengers?"

"Often. I remember once in the Peking we had a thousand of them, and they kicked about their food. I went down to find out what the trouble was, and then brought down the chief officer. The rice was not cooked to their liking.

"'I will give you ten minutes to begin eating,' said the chief officer; 'after that the rice will be thrown overboard.'

"We could not move. We were surrounded. 'Time's up,' said I, calling my boys to clear away. 'Over she goes.' The Chinamen looked sulky for a minute or so, then sat down and ate the rice, and that was the last of it.

"We never have any trouble coming this way till after we leave Yokohoma. Up to that time the coolie is busy filling up and by the time he reaches Yokohama he is all swollen out with rice, cutting a very ridiculous figure, with his spindle legs and overhanging stomach. After leaving Japan he is good condition and listens to the incendiary talk of the Chinese highbinder. If we backed down or weakened in anyway it would be all up with us. Chinamen are a hard crew to handle on shipboard."

The Fishermen of Paris.

Fishing in Paris extends from the Point-du-Jour to Bercy, a length of some miles. By this time to-morrow morning, be the weather ever so unpropitious, both banks of the Seine will be lined with rods held by so many statues, while here and there a few punts will be anchored in the middle of the stream or under the bridges. The favorite spots—horrible to say—are those in proximity to the sewer openings, and for these deadly battles are often fought by rival pretenders. Here the fish congregate in shoals on the lookout for the living matter ejected by the drains. This is not relishing to the eater of the Seine fish, and ought to be prohibited by the sanitary authorities; but, until some big wig of bumbledom is poisoned by them, there is no hope of such a thing. How the anglers can withstand the foul odors which envelop them is not easy to understand. But what will the Parisian fishermen not do to fill his basket? He will stand in the dirty river up to his knees and under a scorching sun to get a bite or two. How many have caught, not fish, but typhus, it would be difficult to say. Occasionally they slip into a hole and get drowned, and then the fish take their revenge on the body. But do they ever catch any fish? is a question often asked. Well, yes; but not many. If you will watch them long enough you will see a gudgeon about the size of the little finger landed now and then, amid the delight of the lookers-on and the joyful triumph of the fisher. However, it is only fair to add that the great majority of these anglers on the banks are mere cockneys, who know as much about fishing as deer stalking. The real bona fide sportsmen of the deep are to be found in the punts. These often go home with good baskets. But what with the steamboats and the poison from the sewers, the pastime is dying out in Paris for the lack of fish, and the angler must go further up and down the river if he wishes to avoid what the street boys call "fishermen's luck."—*London Globe.*

A Factory's Detective-Physician.

"That's our visiting physician," said the superintendent of a large cigarette manufactory to a New York *Tribune* reporter as he pointed to a well known medical man passing by.

"Your visiting physician; what do you mean?"

"Our company pays him a regular salary, and in return he is obliged to spend two hours each day in the manufactory, looking after the sanitary condition of the various departments and the health of the employes. We have more than a thousand girls of all ages working for us, in addition to our male help. In the building we have a regular infirmary, and if any of the employes are taken sick they are cared for on the premises. This is a matter of greater importance to us than one might imagine at first thought. Suppose smallpox or any other infectious disease were to break out in the factory and it became known, it would destroy the sale of our cigarettes and cost us thousands of dollars. The doctor goes through the different departments every day and closely examines all the employes, although they do not realize it. If there is any suspicion of one being ill she is immediately sent out quietly to the infirmary, where her case is carefully inquired into. In addition to this our employes have the benefit of his treatment for sickness free of charge."

How a Mule Got Over

One of the clerks in the Court, Baltimore, is responsible for the following: "He was out on the Catonsville road, and in a place where two horses and a mule were grazing he saw that they had cropped the grass very short. In the middle of a fine crop of timothy, and very close standing by the rail, the mule looked very wistfully. He put his nose down to it, sniffed at it, and he lifted it out, reflecting for a moment. He then jumped over, but got stuck in the clover patch and had to jump the other side. Then one horse deliberately backed up and with heels planted them so squarely in the middle of the patch. The two horses made a gap thus made, and commenced browsing, apparently satisfied."—*Baltimore American.*

SUNSTROKES.

THE CAUSES, SYMPTOMS, PREVENTION AND CURE.

Preliminary Indications of a Stroke—People Most Likely to Suffer an Attack—How to Treat Sufferers.

A Pittsburg (Penn.) doctor says in the *Commercial Gazette* of that city: An attack of sunstroke is nearly always preceded by certain symptoms which should direct the individual's attention to the impending danger. These symptoms are a hot, dry skin—the perspiration being checked—dryness of the mouth and throat, flushed face, suffusion of the eyes and throbbing of the head. In some cases there is slight delirium, in others a sense of weakness and confusion of thought, with alternate flushing and cooling of the face, such as sometimes comes on after smoking a strong cigar. The pulse is usually rapid, sometimes intermittent, and if the temperature of the body be measured with the thermometer, it will be found several degrees above "blood heat." If no attention is paid to these premonitory symptoms and exposure to the exciting cause continues, the "stroke" comes. The person suddenly falls to the ground, becomes unconscious and comatose, or is attacked by frequent convulsions. The breathing is deep, slow and snoring; the pulse very rapid and the skin dry and burning hot. In some cases, however, especially of that variety classed as "heat-stroke," that is to say, where the individual was not directly exposed to the rays of the sun, the pulse is weak and the skin pale, cold and moist. In these cases there is great danger of paralysis of the heart, following extreme exhaustion of the nervous system.

The causes of sunstroke are excessively high temperature, exhausting physical labor, excessive indulgence in alcoholic liquors and deprivation of water. Soldiers on a march in hot weather are very subject to sunstroke, especially when suffering for want of water. In the Federal army, during the late war, there were 7,000 cases of sunstroke, but owing probably to prompt attention from the medical officers the mortality was low. Laborers working in confined spaces, such as stevedores, are frequently prostrated by heat stroke, and a large proportion of these succumb to the attack. Nothing is more firmly and conclusively established in the whole range of medical practice than that intemperance is the most prominent and fatal predisposing cause of sunstroke. A drunken man is not only much more liable to be attacked, but he is almost certain to die from the effects. All authorities are agreed upon this point. The most efficient preventive measure may therefore be declared to be the avoidance of spirituous liquors.

The means of prevention are already indicated by a consideration of the causes. Exposure to high temperature or excessive exertion should be avoided. This is, however, easier said than done in most cases. Hence, whatever measures will reduce the evil influence of the above conditions must be adopted. When exposed to the sun, a light, well-vented hat should be worn. A broad-brimmed straw probably answers the demand better than any other. The cork helmet, as worn in the East Indies, is also serviceable, but its unsightliness will probably prevent its general use in this country. A sponge or handkerchief, wet with cold water, placed in the hat, will keep the head cool and produce a general reduction of temperature in the body. This is a measure which should be adopted especially by soldiers on the march. The clothing should be loose and light, and frequent bathing of the face, head and arms will counteract the pernicious effects of the high temperature. Plenty of water internally is one of the best preventives of sunstroke. It has been found that soldiers, upon whom the most accurate observations have been made, succumb to the effects of heat only after the supply of drinking water is exhausted. So long as the canteens are full sunstroke does not occur in any army.

In cases of sunstroke a competent physician should be at once sent for. But in the meanwhile the bystanders should not be idle. If the individual is unconscious and has a hot, dry skin, throwing about the upper portion of the body should be opened and a stream of water poured over him. If the head from the effect will be heat of the effusion of sions dr ment body and m th

Advice as to a Headache.

A teacher in Tennessee, who has long suffered from headache, and has tried physicians and remedies with only temporary relief, asks our advice—as to diet and manner of living. He has a good appetite and is otherwise apparently well.

We may premise that a headache may be due to one of many causes acting together. A remedy suited to one case may be harmful in another. Nor can any case be cured without the removal of the cause.

Without some knowledge of the habits, the temperament, the physical tendencies and the general surroundings of a sufferer, it is impossible to mark out any scheme of diet adapted to a particular case.

But any one who is an intelligent observer of himself, and is possessed of a strong will, can, probably, treat himself as successfully as any ordinary physician can treat him.

We will address our correspondent directly, but the advice, with the necessary modifications, will do for others:

1. You are aware that vigorous outdoor exercise is essential to sound health in all persons, and especially so in the case of a brain-worker, under the peculiar strain of a schoolroom. You need, at the minimum, two hours a day of such exercise. Perhaps with your Southern habits and conveniences, horse-back riding might profitably interchange with rapid, cheery walking.

2. You are equally aware that at least eight hours of solid sleep are still more essential—sleep in a well-ventilated, sun-disinfected room.

3. You may not be aware, but it is true, that "biliousness" and indigestion are generally due far more to over-eating or under-eating than to the kinds of food eaten. See if you can trace a connection between the quantity of your food and your distressing symptoms. Lessen it below the average of the past, and note whether the tendency to headache lessens with it. If it does, you are on the right track. If not, try the effect of more frequent and abundant meals.

4. Constipation fills the blood with poisons that affect the brain. Let this be remedied, if possible, by your food. Abjure white bread, and use bread made from "entire wheat flour," or mush from oatmeal or "wheat germ-meal," with a free addition of fruit.

5. Notice whether any particular article of food positively disagrees with you—in itself, in the mode of cooking it, or in the quantity eaten—and govern yourself accordingly.

Make trial of these suggestions for three months and note the result.—*Youth's Companion.*

Filling Up the Sea.

To one who reflects upon the subject, it becomes apparent that all the wearing down of continents and islands is finally washed into the sea. The soils through which the rains settle are leached of everything that water will dissolve. The streams and rivers fed by the rains are all the time wearing away their banks and beds by the force of their currents. The accumulated earthy matter, as mud, is carried into the sea.

Moreover, the wearing power of waves is cutting away islands and exposed points along all the coasts. We see this on the outer side of islands that are made up of sand and gravel. Upon rocky ledges the process is too slow to be perceptible, but their worn slopes prove that these, too, have lost.

Whatever matter is carried into the ocean will be deposited on the bottom as soon as it comes into still water, unless it be a substance light enough to float; but the order in which the particles will be laid down depends upon their weight and size. The lighter and the finer bodies will be kept afloat and adrift the longer. As a result, the coarse and heavy material sinks to the bottom nearer the shore; the lighter and finer is carried further out toward the middle of the sea basins.

If there were no currents in the ocean to take up the material brought in by the rivers and distribute this widely, it is evident that the seas would be filling fastest near the shore, and that the material laid down here would resemble most nearly the neighboring dry land.

As it is, much of the coast is swept by currents like the Gulf Stream, which carry the mud far from the mouths of [illegible] Where

Wooden Spools Are Made.

[illegible] is preferred. The birch [illegible] into sticks four or five [illegible] seven-eighths of an inch [illegible] square, according [illegible] good to be prepared [illegible] thoroughly [illegible] into sh[illegible]

DOCTOR INGERSOLL.

The Amiable Skeptic Gives His Views on Medical Treatment.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has his ideas on doctors, and physics, and medical treatment as well as on some other subjects.

"There is altogether too much gloom about most sick chambers," said he. "People tip-toe in and out, and wear long faces, and act generally in a way that would make even a well man sick, and is bound to make a sick man worse. I believe many a man has been hurried across the dark river by his horrible, soul-depressing treatment who might have become well, and strong, and useful, if he had more sunshine and fresh air in his room, or the odor of flowers to offset the smell of the drugs, and smiling, hopeful countenances about, instead of woe-begone visages, whose every glance betoken the loss of hope and the belief in the speedy dissolution of the pain-racked patient.

"I had a friend once named Haley, a royal good fellow, of whom I thought a great deal. On one occasion I received word that my old friend was dying and wanted to see me, so I went over to his house. I met his wife and she had a face as long as the moral law and ten times more uncomfortable. Well, I went to see Haley, and there he lay counting the moments in a bitter fear that each would be the last. I don't know what particular disease he was troubled with, but either that or the medicine had turned him a vivid saffron color. 'Haley,' said I, 'I'll be hanged if I'd want to die with such a complexion as that. You would be in a pretty plight to go mooning about the other world looking like a Chinaman.' I went on for a few minutes when the poor fellow began to enter into the spirit of the subject himself, and I showed him his face in a looking-glass, and that brought a smile. Then I turned to his worrying wife and told her to cheer up, that Haley was not going to die; that he was good for twenty years to come.

"'The trouble with your husband is that he is scared to death,' I said. 'You all come in looking so downcast and sorrowful that you give him the impression that he is done for and take away all his courage to fight against his sickness.'

"Well, the result of all this was that Haley commenced to mend, and time and again since then he has said that my visit saved his life.

"On another occasion there was a Major in the army, whom I knew very well. He was taken ill and believed he was going to die. I believed he was merely homesick, or something of that sort. Well, I wrote his obituary and went to see him in his tent.

"'Major,' I said, 'you are so sure of dying that I have written your obituary and want to read it to you.' He protested, but I kept on with the reading and detailed every pleasant incident of his life. Before I finished a smile flitted across his face. After the obituary I read him a story of something that was supposed to have taken place a year after his funeral. It was a description of his widow's second marriage. There were a good many more people at the wedding than at the funeral. Well, this treatment had the effect to change the current of the Major's thoughts. It broke up his hallucinations, and he recovered and did good service during the war, and lived a happy life for years after.

"Then there was a man from our town named Marcy. He got it into his head that he was going to die. At that time no one was allowed to leave the army for a visit to the North, except on sick leave, or occasionally to accompany the remains of a dead comrade. I saw Marcy and said to him: 'Now, Marcy, you say you are going to die. If that is so I don't suppose that a few days one way or the other will make much difference to you. I want to go home for a day or two about the 15th, but cannot get leave of absence. Now, if you want to do me a very great favor and quit this life, say on the 12th, I can get my coveted leave of absence to take you home—see?' But I knew my man and he didn't die. He got very angry instead, and recovered, but he declares to this day that it was my proposition that brought him back his [illegible] Journeys and gave him grit to [illegible] his life. He always did object [illegible] made a mere convenience of."

THE largest milk-condensing factory in the world is at Cham, Switzerland. Its output is 29,000,000 cans per annum.

From the Ex-President of the New York State Senate.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, March 11, 1886.

I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family for the past five years, and can truthfully say they are a valuable remedy and effect great cures. I would not be without them. I have in several instances given some to friends suffering with weak and lame backs, and they have invariably afforded certain and speedy relief. They cannot be too highly commended. EDMUND L. PITTS

The tin can does not point a moral, but it frequently adorns a tail.

A Woman's Confession.

"Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide?" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I believed myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself. Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which I shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

The man who has seen better days is now having very bad nights.

Are You Sick and Discouraged?

If so you are the case we want the address of. We charge you nothing for a trial bottle. We cure nine cases out of ten of chronic constipation, diseases of the urinary organs, liver and kidney troubles, malaria and all brain and nerve troubles. Agents wanted in every town. The postage on one bottle is 25 cts. We leave it with you to send it or not. We shall cure you if you will give it a trial. It contains no poison. Address the Hart Medicine Co., Unionville, Ct.

News of the week—The hospital reports.

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Loud shoes—Those that squeak badly.

B. B. B.

(Botanic Blood Balm.)

Observe the following editorial from the Atlanta *Constitution*, the foremost paper of the south:

"The *Constitution* has observed the growth of an Atlanta institution now famous well-nigh the world over. It is the Blood Balm Company who make B. B. B. We have watched the course of this medicine by hundreds of cases that appeared to be hopeless, and it has worked amazing cures.

We take pleasure in giving our endorsement to the men who make up this company. They are truthful, accurate and conservative business men or physicians. They have the confidence of the people among whom they live, and their medicine speaks for itself. A whole library does not outweigh the testimony of one man who, in despair from disease, no doctors have been able to cure, and other remedies aggravated, finds that B. B. B. has restored his health, vigor and manhood. And just such testimony the Blood Balm Company have by the bushel."

No other remedy in the world can produce the number of genuine testimonials of remarkable and seeming miraculous cures as can B. B. B., made in Atlanta, Ga. Read a few here submitted:

KIDNEY WEAKNESS.

For fifteen years my liver and kidneys have been badly affected—not a day in that time without the headache. Since using B. B. B.—Botanic Blood Balm—I have been entirely relieved; no pain, no trouble at all, and I feel almost like another person. I am one among the greatest advocates of B. B. B. and you are at liberty to use my name. MRS. C. H. GAY, Rocky Mount, N. C.

RHEUMATISM.

NEWTON, N. C., June 25, 1887.—Gentlemen: I am pleasured in saying I have been a sufferer of rheumatism for ten years, and I have exhausted almost every known remedy without relief. I was told to try B. B. B., which I did after long procrastination, and with the experience of three bottles I now feel a healthy man, and take it as a part of my duty to make known your wonderful blood purifier to suffering humanity. Resp'ly, W. I. MOREHEAD.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

I have been a sufferer from kidney and bladder troubles for several years. I have lately had what is termed Bright's disease, and have had considerable swelling of my legs and shortness of breath. The urea has poisoned my blood also. I used (B. B. B.) Botanic Blood Balm. Am delighted with its effects. J[illegible]

I have [illegible]

MRS. DART'S TRIPLETS.

President Cleveland's Prize for the three best babies at the Aurora County Fair, in 1887, was given to these triplets, Mollie, Ida and Ray, children of Mrs. A. K. Dart, Hamburgh, N. Y. She writes: "Last August the little ones became very sick, and as I could get no other food that would agree with them, I commenced the use of Lactated Food. It helped them immediately, and they were soon as well as ever, and I consider it very largely due to the Food that they are now so well."

Cabinet photo. of these triplets sent free to the mother of any baby born this year

Lactated Food

Is the best Food for bottle-fed babies. It keeps them well, and is better than medicine when they are sick.

THE MOST PALATABLE, NUTRITIOUS, and DIGESTIBLE FOOD. EASILY PREPARED.

At Druggists, 25c., 50c., $1.00.

THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL FOOD.

150 Meals for an Infant for $1.00.

☞ A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

G N U 50

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

CLEANSE the mucous membranes of the stomach and bowels of all slime and foreign matter, start the secretions, assist digestion and assimilation, purify the blood. They relieve the liver of congestion, give it a chance to extract the poisons from the blood, to make them into good bile, and to secrete just what is needed. They do not tear their way and irritate like most purgatives, but they treat all the surfaces and organs, so that the entire system responds.

They are based on scientific principles.
They are entirely rational and natural.
They always do what is claimed for them.
They work on the system in the way claimed.
They work together for the great[illegible]
They are not like new and untried [illegible]
They need no praise, but [illegible] tion of merit.

☞ Dr. Schenck's [illegible] wholly reliable family [illegible] printed [illegible] understand [illegible] new Book on [illegible] and Stomach [illegible] H. Schenck [illegible]

WEBER PIANO-FORTES.

ENDORSED BY THE LEADING ARTISTS, SEMINARIES AND THE PRESS, AS THE

BEST PIANOS MADE

Prices as reasonable and terms as easy as consistent with thorough workmanship.

CATALOGUES MAILED FREE.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

WARERO[illegible]

Fifth Avenue [illegible]