TO A GRAY HAIR. nt! What brings you here d, unwelcome, prematurely? In by many and many a year;

What brought you here I can't suppose fy life has flowed in quiet fashion—
Not time, not care, not duns, not bores,
Not grief, not poverty, not passio... So when my glass brings you to view, I must exclaim: :"How in the nation Upon my upper lip did you".— Oh! I forfot, NOT dissipation.

ow in the nation (with a d—), ou ought much longer to have tarried. in healthy, under thirty-three, ot very poor, and still unmarried.

STOLEN KISSES.

In silence and hush of a dream,
With never a sound to be heard,
But a touch of lips in the gleam
Of the fire and never a word, The echo will ever repeat,
Breaking the silence in twain:
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!"

For a kiss would a maiden wake
From the charm of a dreamful sleep,
And a touch of true love would break
The peace that the blue eyes keep,
Forever the echo shall greet,
Like song of a ripening rain:
Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!

When life's romance has been told, And kisses have lost their power, Then thall soft memory fleet, No more a dream to enchain: Yet "Stolen kisses are always sweet, And love is never in vain."

AN ACCIDENT.

No one ever knew where the child

No one ever knew where the child came from, or even its name.

One day a sloop freighted with brick was unloaded up town, and a hand on deck was toseing bricks, two by two, to another man on the dock. All of a sudden a wee little chap, not more than 2 years old, came toddling along, got right in the way, and way knocked over by the flying bricks.

Bill Fosrter, who was handling the load, was a rough man. It had not

load, was a rough man. It had not been exactly his fault that the child had been knocked down, still he felt very sorry for it. The little fellow's head was badly cut, and he was stunned. He was carried into the cabin of the sloop, and there lay quite motionless. The captain of the sloop sent to the police station and the surgeon came. police station, and the surgeon came. The child was carefully examined. The surgeon said the case might be a serious one, and that the little boy had better be taken to the hospital. Forster had a sister who worked in a laundry, and at once he sent for her. Molly Forster hurried down to the wharf, took the child in her lap, and listened

The cabin of the brick sloop was not a handsome place to look at. It was dirty and slovenly, hot and close. Molly Forster set about making it tidy. She opened the little windows of the cabin, and kept off the crowd who were swarming in the narrow quarters. She fanned the child, laid it on a coarse pillow, having first spread her clean apron over it, and bathed the poor baby's head, trying to staunch the flow of blood from the wound. "If," said the surgeon, "you could keep the child perfectly quiet for a while it would be all for the better. I am afraid to jolt him in the ambulance. Maybe he will come to before long. It is rather cooler here on the river than in the hot wards of the hospital. Can you take charge of him until I come back? I will see you this evening." Molly had already torn up her handkerchief and bandaged the child's head. Now she

and was tender with the child. About

sunset the surgeon came again, and just then the child opened his eyes.

"Well, that's a good sign," said the doctor. "Now hadn't you better advertise him since no che has come for him? Somebody will claim him, I suppose. I can arrange for you to keep him if you want to."

Although the accident was reported in two brief lines in all the newspapers, and notwithstanding the efforts of the police to find the parents of the child, no one ever came for it. All that night Molly Forster nursed the child. Occasionally Bill would push his hard-lifted and weather-beaten face into the cabin window and look wistfully at the little child. He never went to sleep that night, but kept walking wistfully up and down the deck. At daybreak he said to Molly, in a hoarse whisper:
"Molly, take that kid to your room.

It's got to be done."

Bill Forster, who was a man of 40, I have said, was rough. I do not know how it happens, but handling bricks seems to make people coarse and rather brutal. Bili would take not only one glass of whisky, but as many as he could drink. Mixing with a crowd of men worse than he was, who frequented rumshops, he was much given to fight-ing, and his face was as often as not disfigured with a blackeye or a cut lip. Bill earned about \$1.25 a day, and when the week was up he never had a penny left. Perhaps if Bill had not been a little drowsy and stupid that morning from two much liquor the day before when the little chap got in the way he (Bill) would have been more careful how he threw his bricks.

The week after Molly had taken charge of the child, Bill resisted the his sister \$1.50. That was the first time for years that he had ever saved a cent. The week after that Bill did even better. There was Molly working as hard as she could at the washboard or ironingboard, earning 70 cents a day and feeding the child. That shamed Bill. It happened that the little boy's short frock had been stained with blood. Molly had carefully washed it, but still Bill thought he saw stains on it, and that worried him its little boy's short for key and the brother and sister were talking on the dock.

"Oh! don't you keep worrying about him. He's been playing ever so sweet. Maybe he's one of them children what tell, is always the smartest in the long run. Fact is, Bill, I have a surprise for you. He never said a word before yesterday. I was afraid myself he was kind of dumb." Bill averted his face, and tille looked out on the water, for the brother and sister were talking on the dock.

"But -but to-day Bill he said (m.)

just you wait. I'll rig him out. He the streets. It makes them lively." isn't a bit of trouble. When I'm at work I take him to the laundry, and Molly insisting that her brother's name work I take him to the laundry, and Molly insisting that her brother's name whisky said he was "depressed in he's a real pet there. I used to be should serve for the child—improved, spirits."

afraid he was kind of dazed—but don't you bother, Bill, he's all right, for he takes to playing now. He's only quiet on account of his natural sweetness—all real good children's that way—and I love him, just as if he was my own baby."

On the next trip to the North River On the next trip to the North River Bill Forster poudered a great deal over the child. 'The fact is, the child, whether he was awake or asleep, was never for a moment out of Bill's mind. He had never thought much about anything before, and it was hard work for him to think at all. May be because for more than one-half of his life his brain had been so muddled with liquor had never set it working. As the empty sloop floated up the broad river, slowly moving the tide, Bill sat in the shade of the flapping jib and argued with himself, and the general conclusions arrived at were by no means flattering to himself.

sions arrived at were by no means flattering to himself.

"The beginning and the ending of this here is rum. I've wasted nigh on to twenty-five years of my life. Why hasn't the boom of that mainsail knocked the stupid brains out of me before this? What have I got to show for forty years of life? Just these here ragged and brick-soiled clothes I stand in. Came near murdering a child, did you, you good-for-nothing beast? Didn't have no better sense nor that? A herding with drunken sailors, you big blackguard, and not knowing nothing better? Just fitten to toss bricks from on and off a sloop.

It was an October evening when, as nothing better? Just fitten to toss bricks from on and off a sloop. That's the best you kin do. You took a drink this morning, and you feel sharp set for another just this blessed minute. You can't get it because you are on the river where grog shops ain't floating around. Ain't you man enough to go to Haverstraw and, no matter what happens, say; 'Bill Forster, don't you take another drink, Forster, don't you take another drink, no matter if another fellow does stand treat? There's lots of things that kid wants. There's a whip. Likewise a pair of shoes, and when winter comes, finance petticoats and wool socks; likewise Christmas presents. Now, you loafer of a Bill Forster, every time you see the bottom of a glass ain't you guzzling down something that little shaver wants? Maybe it's just like you, you white-livered purp; you'll be letting your sister take the victuals out of her own mouth so as to feed 'em to that child, and it was you as shoved the kid on her. Maybe you'll be hunting around for more believed to know at once what had happened. One last hope there was.

Maybe it was so cool that Molly had been afraid to bring the child with her.

"Bill," said Molly, sobbing, "the poor little fellow has gone to—to heaven. It was last night. He called to me and said: "Good-night, mudder; good-night, far-der—now I am going walking in a garden—good—good-night!" Oh, Bill! he had never spoken so long a string of words before—then he played for a moment with a ring on my finger, and then he added: "God bless far-der and mud-der;" and then he looked so lovingly at me and around an one what had happened. One last hope there was.

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When Bill had called himself a Portugese he had poured the last drop from his private vial of wrath on his own head. Bill helped to load the sloop with brick at Haverstraw, and although it was a hot, sultry day, and the work was heavy, he never took a drink. The other hands might come back smacking their lips and bantering

him, but he stood firm.

"No use, boys," said Bill. "I did
the business for that baby—and once
is enough. I have got to take keer of him. It stands to reason. None of you is family men like me. I kin stand as much running as the best of you, but don't you try and rub it in too steep. I hain't got the reputation of being sweet-tempered, and mebbe I kin teach some of you manners."

It must be stated that there really

It must be stated that there really was no necessity for Bill's excited words, for the hands on the sloop seemed to take in the situation at once, and rather respected the way Bill assumed his self-imposed duties.

Down the river Bill was thinking what name the child ought to have. Should it be George Washington, Ulysses Grant, or Moses? He knew all the names of the steamboats going up to Albany, and to call the child "Albany," or "Vibbard," was suggested to him. At last he made up his mind that Molly should have the naming of followed the surgeon's directions. The doctor was a humane man, for when he left he put a half dollar into Molly's hand and told her to buy some ice to the child. "She's got most rights to the child. "She's got most rights to to him, anyways." Then he felt kind of melancholy with the idea that somebandages.

Molly Forster fanned and fanned that little sufferer, and bathed its head, book in his life, so, no romane of a good nature, I do not rashly conclude book in his life, so no romance of a rich father and mother coming in a

carriage to demand their lost baby presented itself to his imagination.

Bill became parsimonious, and that week saved almost every cent of his wages. He begrudged himself even the tobacco he chewed. He only kept sufficient money for his most meager wants. He never took a drink, and declined being treated. To Molly he

gave his money.

Sure enough the little boy, when Bill next saw him, had on a new frock, and with what pride Molly presented him to her brother!

"He just looks like a daisy, Molly. Isn't he pretty? Kind of sleepy, ain't he, Molly?"

"He just looks like a daisy, Molly. Isn't he pretty? Kind of sleepy, ain't he, Molly?"

"He does sleep a good deal, but that's natural, Bill. Much you know about babies! But, Bill, what's this pile of money for? I ain't spent all you gave me yet. I don't need it, and the child don't. His cost for keep is so little. It's mighty good of you, Bill; and now and then you can give him a bit of clothes. As you say, when winter comes the poor little lamb will want thicker things, and they will cost more money. Here, I ain't going to take this, depriving you of your hard-earned wages," and Molly made a motion as if to return the handful of silver.

"But, Moll, just hold hard a minute. He mayn't want it now. Supposin' work was slack and I didn't earn nothing. You have got to keep the cash for the time the boy grows. He's got to go to school, and has got to look as nice as any other boy. He's to be hed-dicated—know something more nor handling bricks. Don't he do a lot of sleeping, Molly?" inquired Bill, anxiously.

"Oh! don't you keep worrying about

washed it, but still Bill thought he saw stains on it, and that worried him sick.

Next week, when he saw his sister, who was waiting on the wharf for him with the little fellow in her arms, he said: "See here, Molly, it's kind of hard on you, having to feed this little fellow. Bread and milk and potatoes cost money, and nursing him takes away lots of your time. Anyway, a dressing of that kid would be just rusiation to you. Here's \$1.50 for his keep, and here's \$1 besides, and buy calico or something and make a frock for that child, and mind you burn the one he's got on, and next time I see him let him be looking prime. Won't you?"

"He's mighty good of you, Bill—and in the said in the dock.

"But—but to-day, Bill, he said 'mudder' so sweet, and then be said it over and over again, and held out his pretty mouth to be kissed. Oh, Bill, his senses is coming back to him, alow, but sure."

And Molly cuddled the sleeping child closer to her breast. Bill kept right on in the good way he had planned for himself, and never swerved a hair's breadth. Molly was his savings bank. Brother and sister contributed to the child's support. In a month Bill was richer than he had ever been in his life. Then he insisted that Molly should rent a better room. The one she lived in, he said, looked out on a dingy, dreary back yard. "Stands to reason," said Bill, "that a baby should see horses and trucks, and things a moving about in the dock.

"But—but to-day, Bill, he said 'mudder' so sweet, and then be said it over and over again, and held out his pretty made over again, and then be kissed. Oh, Bill, he said 'mudder' so sweet, and then be said it over and over again, and held out his pretty made over again, and then be call of the said it over and over again, and then be asid it over and over again, and then be aid it over and over again, and held out his pretty made over "It's mighty good of you, Bill-and trucks, and things a moving about in

but too slowly for big Bill. The Police Surgeon was called in. Bill Foster in-sisting on paying him a fee. The opin-ion the doctor gave was a guarded one. "There is manifest improvement.

ion the doctor gave was a guarded one.

"There is manifest improvement—
not, perhaps, as rapid as I should wish.
You are a capital nurse, ma'ain, and I
am sure your kindness and attention
will help the child. He will come
round, I believe."

The cool weather came, and with
lowering temperatures the deates heard

The cool weather came, and with lowering temperatures the doctor hoped the child would gain strength. The cicatrice on the head had quite healed. Slowly the little boy seemed to acquire new words. Molly wondered at them at times, and thought that she had taught them to the child; but then again the little fellow's adopted mother was startled by words she felt quite certain the child had picked up somewhere else. These new words came to where else. These new words came to the child at first vaguely. He would

It was an October evening when, as the brick sloop was being brought up to the wharf, Bill saw Molly leaning against one of the big wooden posts of the dock. Bill was busy with his hawser, but at once he saw that his sis-ter did not have the child in her arms; more than that, she was crying.

Bill choked down his grief—he seemed to know at once what had hap-

on her. Maybe you'll be hunting around for more babies to knock over the room as if searching for you—and then he died—so quiet! Bill! Bill! don't you take on so! It was an acci-dent, and God and his little child have with bricks, you good-for-nothing Porno fault to find with you. - New York Times.

Judging by the Wash Line.

Gentle reader, never judge a family by its wash-line display. It is unjust to anybody to attempt to base an esti-mate of his or her character on the style of clothes that float proudly in the breeze that careers across his or her back yard.

When I see the shirt of a man for whom I entertained the most profound respect hanging by its tail and waving its arms in harmless curves, striking at space, and sawing wind as if his life de-pended upon it, I know that it will not do to presume upon him because his shirt failed to hit anything when it reached forth its arm, and if I have a reached forth its arm, and if I have a row with him, I want some other assurance that he will not fight before I take the liberty of calling him a liar. I realize that though his shirt may contain only atmosphere, he may be full of the very devil, and while I would not be afraid to stand right up to his shirt and tell it what I think regarding its demonstrative attle of pugilism. its demonstrative style of pugilism, while it hangs on the line, when I find it on him, I am ready to treat it with all the civility and social regard that the most exacting person could de-

that it belongs to a corpulent angel. I know that in the darker and more sombre walk and conversation of its every-day life it may be hanging limp and ample on a wiry form that knows how to make bald-headed men, and delights in putting her knowledge into practical use. Remember, reader, that the arms of a chemise are too short to attract attention to their nervous twitchings on the line, and that while it looks harmless and good natured on wash-day when we see it in repose, on other occasions its caustic contents may warp our very being, and corrode the moments we have set apart for

My friends, do not rashly judge man kind by what you see on the line on wash-day. The big-legged drawers are a delusion and a snare, and the puffed up shirt that looks too happy and jolly to raise a bump on your head, may be the cover for an infernal machine in human form. People do not hang their bed-bugs or bad habits out on wash-day.—Through Mail.

The Placidity of Franklin.

There is a sort of intensity which requires no strength of passion, none of the burning phrase we are accustomed to associate most usually with eloquence, the placid intensity of steady conviction and cool determination. Of this kind Benjamin Franklin is the great example. Courage, learning, perseverance, sound judgment, and the strongest and most masculine exhibition of determined struggle were his yet he never made a speech or wrote a line of passionate declamation. If one should try and describe his surface character in a world, it would be, pla-cidity. Yet who, of all the voluntary statesmen, accomplished more than he? Who left so deep an impress on the thought and policy of the age in which he lived?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

A Miracle Explained.

"What miracle was performed at the time of this lesson?" asked the Sundayschool teacher. "The miracle of the loaves and fishes."

"How many persons were fed?"
"How many persons were fed?"
"Five thousand," echoed the class.
"How do you account for five loaves of bread feeding 5,000 persons, Willie?"
"I guess our hired girl baked it and they couldn't eat it! Gosh! you ought to taste her bread! You can't git the tasts outen ver month fur a week!"

taste outen yer mouth fur a week!"— Newman Independent. The Dairy. A Vassar graduate, being out in the country, went into the stable of a farm

"Dear me, how close the poor cows are crowded together," she remarked. "Yes, mum, but we have to do that." "Why so?"

"So they will give condensed milk." She believed it.—Texas Siftings. THE .man who fell into a barrel of PITH AND POINT.

A PARAGRAPHER in the East is nam Burr. Look out for chestnuts.—St.

"Fine day," remarked the prisoner, as he was accompanied into the Police Court room.— Merchant Traveler. ONE green cherry under a boy's acket is worth more to a druggist than two on the tree.—Yonker's Gazette.

two on the tree.—Yonker's Gazette.

The man who sets out to be the champion draught player enters upon a checkered career.—Boston Courier.

ELLA WHENLER, the Wisconsin poetess, has moved to Connecticut, in order to flavor her poems with wooden nutmegs.—Newman Independent.

"Robbie," said the visitor, kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," said wee Robbie, solemnly, "Tm all the children we've got."—Astray.

—Astray.

In these hard times, when borrowing is so difficult, we'd like to know whether distance keeps up its time-honored habit of lending enchantment to the view.—Texas Siftings.

view.—Texas Siftings.

A SYRACUSE man hanged himself because his wife told him to do so. We are always glad to oblige a lady, but we'll be hanged if we think we could stretch courtesy and a rope in that way.—Fall River Advance.

"Hin I git yer to do a leetle suthin' for the pedertul fun', sir?" "Oh, get out; you're off your base." "Right yer air, cap'n; but its meself that takes the liberty of axin' yer fur a few pennies to set me on it again."—Harper's Weekly. Weekly.

"Он, George! How superlatively still, clear, and beautiful is the night!" she whispered, leaning her finely-veined temple against his coat collar; "how soothing, how restful!" "Yes," he replied, toying with her chestnut aureole of hair. "What a night to shoot cats!"

"No, Arminta, you mistake; it is a carboy which contains vitriol; a cowboy is a very different kind of vessel, though, to be sure, it is frequently filled with something very like vitriol. After all, it is not to be wondered at that you confounded the two."-Bosto Transcript.

A NEWMAN woman planted potatoes while her husband rocked the baby and sang: "Hoe 'em, Hoe 'em, Sweet, Sweet Hoe'em."—Newman Independent. That's better than running in debt for them, and then singing, "Owe'em, owe'em, Sweet, Sweet owe'em."—Whitehall Times.

em."—Whitehall Times.

When a fond young mother holds up a little, speckled, wrinkled, homely baby for your inspection, and asks you if you don't think it is real sweet, &c., you are justified in lying about it in saying "Yes." This is the only time that the recording angel does not put down a black mark against your name.

Brooklup Times. -Brooklyn Times.

"I w-want two g-grains of q-quinine an' four o-ounces of w-whisky," shivered a man with malaria to the drug clerk, "an' I'll take it n-now." "Isn't that rather a small dose?" suggested the clerk. "You seem to have got it bad." "I d-don't know but what it is. Make it e-eight ounces of w-whisky, an' I'll run the risk."—New York Times.

THE WUMPS.

The bugwump comes when the hour is late
To the pane where the light is shining,
And the hugwump stands at the garden gate,
His arm the maid entwining.
The drugwump waits for the stealthy wink,
The brand teenominating,
And the increases. The brandidenominating,
And the jugwemp gaily takes a drink
From his jug while his hook he's baiting. The pugwump kisses the nose of her pet.

And folds him to her bosom,
And the mugwump waits for his office yet,
And-well, we must excuse him.

Boston Courier.

-Boston Courier,
FRESH fish are very rare in the markets of the City of Mexico, although there are plenty of fish in the waters round about. As long as the fish are permitted to remain in their native element, the City of Mexico cannot hope to compete with America in a certain species of exaggeration. If a Mexican is not lazy enough to sit all day on the river's bank fishing, he has been outrageously slandered.—Norris-town Herald.

A Missouri man who had stolen a horse, and who bad been arraigned before a court, said: "Judge, so far as I am concerned, you may have the horse. No one can say that I have ever been stingy. It's the only horse I have, but it's yours." The Judge explained that it's yours." The Judge explained that the crime consisted of a violation of law. "Oh, that's it, eh?" said the prisoner. "Well, then, I reckon I'm in for it, but say, if it's not the horse they care for, just keep him till I get out, and I'll make it all right. Won't eh? Let me tell you. Your blamed law is so mixed up that nobody understands it."—Arkansaw Traveler. it."-Arkansaw Traveler.

Bathing in India.

The gospel of cleanliness is not for India. Do I begin to argue? I am told that "a virtue of Gautama Buddha was his dirty face!" And yet a bath is a Hindoo's frequent practice. But the use of mustard oil overbalances all ablutions. A native always polishes his skin with mustard oil before bathing. "It prevents the water from en-tering the blood through the skin," Gauga tells me. It makes the presence of a native anything but agreeable, for the anointing having greatly dimin-ished the power of the water, the sun's action upon the cutaneous surface is such that the smell has actually the effect of ruining the health of Europe-ans who have to inhale it for many hours daily in the katcherries and

courts of law.

If you say to one of these objectionable smelling parties: "You would do well to take a bath!" he will answer, spitefully: "I am 's Hindoo!" This, being interpreted, means that the man scrupulously observes the many wash-ings that the law enjoins. But those washings are something like the mumbling of a formal prayer. Indeed, the high-caste Hindoo may not, like the Pharisee of old, eat except he wash.

A CLERGYMAN out in one of the towns in Wayne County, New York, wrote a personal letter to old Commodore Vanderbilt saying he was very poor, and wanted to attend a ministers' confer-ence at Syracuse, but could not afford it. He closed by asking for a free pass it. He closed by asking for a free pass to Syracuse and return. The Commodore good-naturedly passed the letter over to one of the road officials, and the dominie was sent a pass for one trip until December 31. Along in January the Commodore received another letter inclosing the pass, stating that the recipient was much obliged for it, but had been unable to attend the conference, and "would Mr. Vanderbilt be so kind as to return its equivalent in cash, \$3.17?"

Do your whole duty in an exigency and then keep yourself clear of all nervous anxiety about the consequences. Perform your part in any work that falls to you, and tranquilly leave the rest to Providence.



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We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine for yourself, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curin chronic diseases. Have a mind of your own. Do not listen to or heed the counsel of skeptical friends or jealous physicians, when how nothing of us, our system of treatment, or means of cure, yet who never lose an opportunity to misrepresent and endeavor to prejulide people against us. We are responsible to you for what we represent, and if you come and visit us, and find the yet may present the control of the court benefit and advantages or success, we will promptly returned to you all expenses of your trip. We court bonest, sincere investigation, have no secreta, and are only too glad to show a interested and candid people what we are doing for suffering humanity.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not seen one person in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect accuracy with which actentists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it is the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic belegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is is not a maryelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to exectly locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "cierk of the weather "has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain signs. From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoma, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, then nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally

personal examination of the patient, we elaim to possess in miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the patient disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And is to the acouracy with which this system has endowed us the we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, as the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that disease display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant of the skillfull practitioner aright in determining and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment of the skillfull practitioner aright in determining are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant be or abe may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our original, scientific system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in "The People's Common Remarked Leal Adviser." By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 1000 pages am over 300 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for \$1.50 or write and describe your symptoms, including ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars. ning our patients. In recognizing dis

COMMON SENSE AS APPLIED TO MEDICINE It is a well-known fact, and one that appeals to the judgment of every thinking perwise whole time to he study and investigation of a certain class of diseases, must be diseases than he who attempts to treat every ill to which fiesh is heir, without giving specifies, in all ages of the world, who have become famous, have devoted their lives to some literature.

berature.

By thorough organization, and subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is
r a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of diseases to which the case belongs
r as the control of the arrangement must be obvious. Medical science ofters a vast field for investigation, and no physical
technical control of the arrangement must be obvious. Medical science ofters a vast field for investigation, and no physical
technical control of the control of t

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS

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Our specialists have acquired, through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in determining the exact nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in nicely adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

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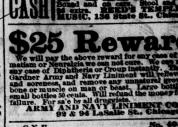
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