A True Story of the Old Coaching-Days.

Many years ago, when the journey from Edinburgh to London was a matter of days instead of hours, I started to make it, for the first time in my life, in the stagecoach which I shall call the *Royal William*. I was travelling alone, inasmuch as I knew none of the other passengers; but the guard had been 'tipped' to look after me, and he did that as well and for as long as he could. It was about ten days before Christmas. I was going to pay my first visit to London, having left school 'for good' some months before. The prospect of the journey had been scarcely less delightful than that of London itself, and tedious as it would be thought in these luxurious days, even by healthy young people such as I then was, I enjoyed it thoroughly—at least until more than half of it was over. There was snow in the air, but none on the ground, and our four 'spanking' horses took us along at ten miles an hour including the stoppages.

All went well until we got to Yorkshire. We had for some hours been going through a snow-covered region, and our pace had consequently been somewhat diminished; but when we reached the wild moors of Yorkshire, the snow came down in blinding clouds, and darkness setting in, we lost our way. Between the drift and the darkness—for it was about five o'clock in the afternoon—we had managed to get off the high-road, and only discovered our mistake when, after much plunging and struggling on the part of the horses, and coaxing and swearing on that of the driver and guard, all of which was more exciting than agreeable, the wheels stuck fast in the snow, and the exhausted animals absolutely refused to go a step farther.

Where we were, we could not tell—it was even a matter of doubt if we were on a road at all. We could just dimly see the white moorland stretching away on every side. There were neither stars nor moon, and the pale rays from the coach-lamps, which shone coldly on the snow, extended no farther than the leaders' heads.

One passenger proposed that we should all crowd together inside the coach, then—necessity having no law—feast upon any edibles that happened to be in it, and finally try to sleep till morning. But, for several reasons, few of us cared for that plan, without first making another effort to get back to the high-road; so the guard took his horn, and two gentlemen a lantern, and they went off together to reconnoitre. In ten minutes they came back to say that they could not make anything of the situation; but that they had seen the lights of a house down in a hollow not far off, and were of the opinion that it would be better for us to try to reach it, rather than remain where we were all night. We all got out of the coach and started for the house, leaving guard and coachman behind, but promising to send them assistance when we reached our destination. The two gentlemen with the lantern guided us; and in about a quarter of an hour we reached the lodge gates, after much parleying whereat, we were at length allowed to proceed to the house itself.

We were not astonished that the porter had been so unwilling to admit us when we discovered, as we soon did, that the house was already full of Christmas guests, most if not all of whom would be remaining over the night; for in the country in those days, flying visits were more or less impracticable in winter, and this was one of those isloated dwellings whose inmates might be kept prisoners for weeks at a time. But notwithstanding their crowd of guests, the master and mistress—whom I shall call Williams—received us very kindly, warmed us, fed us, and immediately sent off two of their own men-servants to assist the guard and driver to bring the horses to their stables.

Never were belated travellers more fortunate! Such an inundation of strangers must have been a serious inconvenience in a house already so full of people; but Mr. and Mrs. Williams made us all at once feel at ease, and were very much distressed that they could only find sleeping accommodation for the ladies of our party; beds would be made up in the barns for the gentlemen, however, 'which would not,' they hoped, 'be found very uncomfortable.' The gentlemen of course were delighted with the idea, and declared their willingness to sleep anywhere—as indeed we ladies had also done.

So the evening passed on; and a very pleasant evening it was, with music and dancing—those dear old country-dances that one never sees nowadays, when old ladies and old gentlemen danced together and looked dignified, or heartily merry, and sometimes graceful. Also, it added greatly to my enjoyment when I discovered in the course of the evening that Mr. and Mrs. Williams were old and warm friends of my own father and mother. Although I had never before seen them, I had heard them spoken of by my parents, who would be delighted when they got news of their old friends in so unexpected a way. In these days of railway trains and penny-posts, one need never lose sight of one's friends; but things were different then, and I knew that my father and mother were not even aware whether the Williamses were still in this world.

The gentlemen passengers retired about eleven o'clock; but the rest of us sat chatting for nearly another hour. During this time, some remarks I accidentally overheard led me to the conclusion that we ladies were just one too many for the sleeping accommodation of the house, which was not a very large one, and that Mr. Williams himself intended to go and sleep in a small cottage that had once been the bailiff's, but was now unoccupied. To turn our host out of his own house, seemed really barbarous, so I entreated him to let me go instead. At first he laughed at the idea as ridiculous; but when I showed him that I was in earnest, was not the least afraid, and indeed rather enjoyed the idea of such a finish up to an adventurous day, he gave in.

When all the other guests had retired, my new friends kept me a little longer at the drawing-room fire talking about my father and mother; then Mrs. Williams wrapped me up and went to the hall-door with me. There I bade her good night; and Mr. Williams, with a lantern in his hand, led the way to the cottage, which stood about a hundred yards from the house, and consisted of two rooms opening into one another. Servants had been sent to prepare the place; and with bright fires in both rooms, it looked very snug; the occupants of the barns, I thought, might be less lonely, but could not be more comfortable. The rooms were very bare; but they were clean enough to all appearance, and there in the inner one lay my bed, white and inviting. There was a chair, and a washing-stand, and a small table with a looking-glass and four lighted candles on it. Candles were lit also in the other room; and my host advised me to keep them burning through the night, so that, should I awake, I might not find myself in the dark. A further supply lay on the table.

'Now,' said Mr Williams, when we had taken a look round, 'shall I not stay, and let you go back to the house? I am sure it would be better—in fact, the only proper thing to do.'

But I would not recant, and declared that I did not anticipate things could have been made so comfortable; at which Mr. Williams laughed, and seeing that I was obdurate, yielded.

'Shall I lock you in, then, or will you keep the key' he asked.

'Lock me in, please; it sounds more secure,' I replied.

'Ah,' he said with a smile, shaking his head at the last part of my answer, and looking ready to begin the argument all over again. 'But since you will be obstinate, I will come and let you out at half-past seven.' So saying he bade me a kindly good-night, and went out, locking the door behind him.

The door between the two rooms stood open, the fire crackled cheerily, and the candles burned brightly. On the table stood a bag, which Mrs. Williams had told me contained everything necessary to my comfort.

I undressed a little, took down my hair, and began to brush it. Suddenly I was startled by a peculiar sound, seemingly quite close to me. It was a gentle clink-clink, like a chain rattling. I held my brush suspended, and listened. Pooh! What a white face was that in the glass! It must be some dog kennelled near, and Mr. Williams had not thought of telling me of it. Yet I could have declared that the sound was in the cottage—in the room where I was, even! But that of course was impossible. I drew a breath, very gently, and went on brushing my hair.

There! it came again—clink-clank—this time louder than before, and seemingly so near my back, that I looked over my shoulder almost expecting to see something. But there was nothing visible. I turned my eyes to the other room. Nothing there either, that I could see; the candles' shadow but no other—shadows. It was nonsense to tell myself that 'it might be imagination,' for I knew it was not. I wished that I had eyes in every part of my body especially in my back, and I began to regret that I had willed to be a prisoner, instead of keeping the power of escape in my own hands.

All was quiet again, except that I fancied I heard the sound of breathing. Was it possible, I wondered, that I could hear the breathing of any creature outside the cottage? Impossible, surely; *this* must be imagination; it would be myself breathing! And when people were nervous—I meant frightened—their senses were not always to be depended upon!

With these reflections, I tried to shake off my fears, and went on brushing my hair. But I had never noticed before what a noisy operation this was, my boots creaked so loudly at every motion. I made haste with as little noise as possible, twisted it up, and was ready to go into bed when the sound came again—clink-clink-clank, quite distinctly. It startled me fearfully this time, I had really I believe been half hoping that it was imagination; but there was no doubt now. Where the sounds came from I could not before exactly tell; now however I felt certain that the cause of them was not farther off than against the outside of the cottage wall behind my bed. It might be a dog; but I could not help feeling as afraid as if it were something very different.

I got into bed. Once warmly covered up, I did feel a little more secure; but my heart still kept thumping, and instead of trying to sleep, I strained my eyes to their widest that they might take in every corner of the place at once. Some minutes passed, and I heard no sound but a coal gently sinking, and the breathing that must be my own—and imagination—then, suddenly, clink-clank, clink-clank, loud and fast, and the next moment a man crept slowly out from under my bed!

Now, indeed, my heart leaped into my mouth paralyzed with terror, I just lay and gazed at him. He crept along the floor towards the fire, clanking as he went; then he stood up—a tall slightly made young man, with a dark fierce face and brilliant eyes,—and leaning forward, with his back to me, he spread out his hands to the blaze: awful hands to look at; and chains hung round each wrist, rattling slightly and glittering in the firelight as his eyes did also.

For some moments I lay and gazed at him scarcely breathing, expecting every instant that he would turn his head and see me. He did not; but of course I dared not stay there. Yet I seemed spellbound to the spot; and it was with a great effort of will, but without a definite idea what to do, that I managed one desperate move. I slipped out of bed, and, with my eyes fixed on the man I glided swiftly to the door, into the other room, and into the corner that was most in the shade. Had he but turned his head an inch as I passed, he must have seen me; but he kept his eyes on the fire with an awfully hungry look—and perhaps my motions were as noiseless as I wished them to be. Once, I was in the corner he could not see me without coming into the room. But he might do that any moment; and then? I stood still and rigid, listening. I could not now see him. A long time it seemed that he stood in the same position, then the chains clanked loudly, and I heard him walking across the floor.

He must be coming now! I thought I would have died that moment. My heart seemed to stand still. But he did not come; he had gone toward the bed for presently I heard it creak as he lay down on the top of it. Then, after some restless moving about and rattling of chains, all was still. I could not tell whether he had fallen asleep or not; for I dared not move lest he should be awake. There was nothing I could sit on, and there I had to stand with my bare feet on the uncarpeted wooden floor, with no covering but my nightdress. It was fearfully cold. If only I had had some clothes on, I thought I should not have been quite so defenceless! Then horrible thoughts came and tortured me. Perhaps the man knew that I was there quite well, though he might have been asleep at first, and was just keeping me in suspense till it was his pleasure to come and pounce on me with those awful chains and claw-like hands of his.

A long time passed in this way, and then once more my heart leaped into my mouth. I heard the man get up, walk to the fire, and put on some coals. He stood there a minute, then walked to the table, which was exactly opposite my door, but not within range of my sight, snuffed each candle, paused again a full minute, hesitating, perhaps, then walked back to the bed and lay down.

Suspense is a terrible thing; and the cold was becoming every moment more intense. Sometimes my knees bent under me, and I slid down almost to the ground; then, alarmed to find myself in so unguarded a position, I would start up again, and try to stand straight and alert—as if my poor readiness would be of any avail when things came to the worst.

So the long hours passed. The man did not get up again, and I thought he must be asleep but when at length the fire and the candles in both rooms went out almost simultaneously, he took no notice of it but left us in darkness. For some hours it was a darkness that might be felt; but it did not add much to my terror, for it made me feel a little safer and farther away from him.

All this passed in what seemed years instead of hours; till at last my heart gave a great bound of hope; for there, through the window, which had neither blind or shutter, I could see lights moving about over the snow in different directions. Then all the lights came together at the door, and someone tried to open it. Alas! it was locked and the key gone, as I knew. So, after another futile attempt to open it the lights all moved slowly away. I was afraid to go forward to the window, lest the man should see me and the torch bearers should not; I only moved along the wall so as to be opposite to it, and waved my hands in a silent frenzy. No one saw me, and soon all the lights disappeared quite. This disappointment almost deprived me of all the remaining strength I had left; but I was too thoroughly terrified to faint. I was in no hurry for any such luxury, and now every moment expected that the man, roused by the noise at the door would come into my room to examine it. However, time passed on, and he did not move, only now and then the chains rattled a little, as if he were turning in his sleep.

At last the total darkness began to give way; a faint grayness came stealing through the little window. The night was not going to last forever! Slowly the grayness grew toward light, very slowly but unceasingly, and I could dimly see every object in the room,—when at last I heard footsteps outside, then the key put in the lock, and—oh, how slowly!—turned. It was my deliverer.

All the terror of the past night and the joy of the present moment seemed now suddenly crushed and pressed upon my head. I was mad for the time, I suppose. I waited till the door was open and then fled out into the snow. 'Don't go in there!' I said in a whisper like a shriek. 'Lock the door!'

'Good heavens!' Mr Williams exclaimed, obeying—and then he caught me up in his arms—My hair had turned quite white.

But I did not discover that till many months afterwards, for, being ill, I had no need of a looking-glass. I learned then, too, for the first time, that my fellow-prisoner was a madman, who had escaped from an asylum some miles off. Perishing with cold, he had crept into the cottage after the servants—who had left the key in the door—had finished their preparations, and so had not been discovered. He was a dangerous lunatic; so it was as well that I did not know that, for a madman is a greater terror to me than the most desperate of escaped convicts. The men with the torches had come in search of him.

Mr. Williams ran with me to the house, and sent three men to the cottage. They were no more than in time, as the wretched man was escaping from one of the windows just as they came up, and they had a severe struggle with him before he was overpowered. The same morning he was restored to the asylum, where he died a few weeks afterwards, worn out with an excess of madness.

Ever since that time I have lived in dread of going mad. Indeed, I do not think I am always quite so sane as other people. But I am an old woman now, and I think I shall be spared worse madness. I have written this in the hope of easing my mind a little; though I can never forget that night.

The Use of Oil at Sea.

The following particulars concerning the use of oil at sea are given in the North Atlantic Pilot Chart for November:

The use of mineral oil is not recommended, while the importance of carrying a supply of animal or vegetable oil to be used in emergencies cannot be overrated.

Capt. E. I. Arey, of the schooner Jenny A. Cheney, writes: "I used oil with very satisfactory results during the late severe hurricane of Aug. 25 in latitude 31° north, longitude 79° west. The wind having carried away the mainsail, I bent a storm trysail and continued under that sail until it also blew away. During this time the vessel was shipping large quantities of water, the sea being very irregular, nearly every one breaking. After the sails were blown away, finding it necessary to do something to save the ship and crew, I took a small canvas bag and turned about five gallons of linseed oil into it and hung it over the starboard quarter. The wash of the sea caused a little of the oil to leak out and smooth the surface so that for ten hours no water broke aboard. I consider that the oil used during the last and heaviest part of the hurricane saved vessel and crew."

Capt J. H. Parke reports that in 1876, "while in command of the Carrie E. Long, from Sicily to Portland, Me., laden with salt, the ship would have foundered had I not used kerosene oil. The ship, lying to under fore and main lower topsails, did very well until the main lower topsail blew away. This caused the vessel to fall off in the trough of the sea, which boarded her and did great damage. The ship was put before the wind, but leaked so badly and the seas still breaking on board so that the men could not work the pumps, it was evident that something must be done to keep her from foundering. Having picked up two barrels of crude oil on the voyage east I poured this down the closet pipes. This calmed the sea so much that we could go to the pumps and had no trouble afterward. The waves were clearly seen to break all around the oil-covered spot. I fully believe had I not used the oil the vessel would never have stood it, and at least I should have had most of the crew washed overboard. It is my opinion that crude oil is better than kerosene, but the latter will do in an emergency."

Capt. Dawson, master of the British ship Halloween, states that when he was in command of the British bark Zenobia, on a passage from India to London, in February, 1872, off the Western Islands, he encountered a terrific gale with immense sea; wind between E. by S. and S. SE. The Zenobia was deeply laden and labored very heavily, and it was feared that she would go down, so seventy tons of her cargo (seed) were jettisoned. As she still continued to labor heavily, and there seemed but little chance of saving her, two canvas bags, filled with oil and pricked in a number of places, were hung from the weather cathead. As the vessel drifted to leeward the oil spread and enveloped her in a smooth belt. After this she rode easily, the surface of the water being perfectly smooth. The oil used was a mixture of parafine and calza.

Capt. Robinson, of the English steamer Sussex, furnishes the following report of the use of oil at sea: "In the month on January, 1885, during the prevalence of the heavy gales in the North Atlantic, I used oil bags several times, and found that with a heavy sea on the quarter of the ship they were comparatively useless, as the sea would throw the bags on deck as fast as they were put over. I am of the opinion, however, that in running before the sea, or hove-to, head to sea, they are invaluable." In his experiments with the bags he used a heavy, greasy oil, similar to lard oil, and found that as long as the sea was astern, and he could leave the oil behind, the seas would not break over the stern. He has not tried it hove-to, but invariably found that it would not work satisfactorily in a quartering sea Capt. Robinson thinks that oil would be of great benefit for small vessels in crossing a bar in a heavy sea. Being put over the bow it would greatly smooth the waves.

Capt. Childs of the schooner Ed R. Emerson reports that on Oct. 4, latitude 40° 16 N. longitude 68° 24 W., he passed close to a wreck, bottom up, newly coppered. Although it was blowing hard, the sea for a mile to windward of the derelict was quite smooth, the surface of the water being covered with oil, which had evidently formed part of the cargo.

Capt. Brooks, of the English steamer Nymphaea, writes: "About four years ago I was in command of the steamer Nuthan, of 1,280 tons, loaded with a cargo of kerosene oil and bound for India. While crossing the Atlantic we experienced strong westerly gales, accompanied with very high seas. I had it in my mind to put the ship head on, but having heard that oil thrown on the sea would calm it, I determined to use it. Having plenty of kerosene oil on board, I poured some on the deck. The water coming on board washed it overboard, and immediately the seas became much less, and we ran on without danger until the storm abated. I recommend that all shipowners and masters should have on board their vessels a sufficient quantity of oil, independent of their usual stores, for the express purpose of saving lives and property on such extreme occasions."

Capt. Johnson, master American barkentine Jose E. More, reports when bound to the North coast of Cuba, in latitude 28° 10 N., longitude 73° 30 W., he encountered the October hurricane of 1884. The wind increased rapidly to hurricane force, blowing from N.N. E. to N. and back to N. N. E., falling barometer and heavy sea; the vessel was put before the wind and scudded under lower foretopsail. The waves increasing in violence and size, threatened (after one had been taken on board) to poop the vessel, making their position a most dangerous one, as the decks were filled with water, and it was considered expedient to bring by the wind. Two gunny bags nearly filled with oatmeal were placed, one on each quarter; on the oakum was poured paint oil, which dripped in the sea. The effect was immediately apparent, the waves no longer breaking in the vicinity of the vessel or giving cause for apprehension.

Ill Temper

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than is any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. "Putnam's," sure, safe, painless.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Dr. Brock, of St. Louis, says that asphaltum varnish is the best disinfectant he knows of; it will destroy all germs at once, and no household insects will approach an article of furniture whose interior has been painted with it.

Genuine cod liver oil gives with aqua regia a dark greenish-yellow liniment which becomes brown in half an hour. White seal oil and even a mixture of equal parts of that oil and cod liver oil give merely a pale yellow liniment.

From the solar eclipse of September 8, the central line of which passed over a part of New Zealand, near Cook's Strait, it is expected that the cause of the corona will be disclosed through the labors of Australian astronomers.

For turning and drilling wrought-iron and steel one ounce of a mixture of soft soap with half its weight of pearl-ash in about one gallon of boiling water is in everyday use in most engineering shops. The work, though constantly moist, does not rust.

To cure the gout, the leg or arm afflicted is encased in plaster of Paris, and cocoaine chloride in from one-twelfth to one-fourth of a grain doses, dissolved in water and administered hypodermically, it is said, will cure morphinism, alcoholism, etc., within ten days.

Mr. Delaunay, of Paris, a specialist in earthquakes, predicts many during the next year when the sun and moon are simultaneously nearest the earth. He foretold the earthquakes in South America in 1877, those in the Indian Archipelago in 1883, and the more recent ones of Spain.

It is reported from North and Central Sweden that this year migratory birds have left in large numbers at an unusually early date. Between August 16 and 18 thousands of wild fowl were seen passing over Stockholm, their progress lasting for several hours at a time. A severe Winter is anticipated in the North of Europe. The Autumn has been very cold in Norway.

Experiments on an extensive scale have been made in Germany to ascertain the relative strength of iron and steel girders. The soft-steel girders proved to be 22 per cent. and hard-steel girders 66 per cent. stronger than the iron girders; and it is remarked that it seemed pretty well established that the strength of steel girders is about the same for the two flanges if made alike in section.

Regarding human locomotion, a first communication has been submitted to the Academy of Science, Paris, by MM. Marey and G. Demeny. They began with the action of springing or jumping, because, if not the most usual, it is regarded by them as by far the simplest action, and much less intricate than the motions of walking and running, in which the body executes complicated movements in the direction of the three dimensions of space.

The new metal gallium melts at 81.1 degrees Fahrenheit, so that it liquefies when held in the hand. It is hard and resistant. It can be cut, and is possesses a slight malleability. When fused it adheres readily to glass, on which it forms a beautiful mirror, whiter than that produced by mercury. It oxidizes but very superficially when heated to redness in the air, and does not become volatile. Unlike lead it acquires only a very slight tarnish on exposure to moist air, and is a highly crystalline metal. Its specific gravity is a little under 5. In its chemical characteristics the rare element gallium shows the greatest analogy to the abundant element aluminum.

The Cure of Drunkenness

Is a task with which the regular practioner has been unable to cope. Nine-tenths of mankind look upon drunkenness as a social vice, which a man may overcome by force of will. Drunkenness is a bad habit we all admit, in the moderate drinker. In the confirmed drunkard it becomes disease of the nervous system. The medical treatment of this disease consists in the employment of remedies that act directly upon those portions of the nervous system which, when diseased, cause lunacy, dementia, and the drinking habit. Remedies must be employed that will cure the appetite for strong drink, steady the trembling hand, revive the lagging spirit, balance the mind, etc. The nervous system of the dram drinker being all unstrung or shattered, must be given a nutriment that will take the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevent the physical and moral prostration that often follows a sudden breaking off from the use of alcoholic drinks. Those of our readers who are interested in this subject, should send their address for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, on drunkenness, opium, morphine and kindred habits, which will be mailed free to any address, when stamp is inclosed for postage. Address, M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Ont.

A Black List

of diseases follows an unhealthy condition of the liver, one of the most important organs of the body. Impure blood, bronchitis, asthma, malarial diseases, consumption, sick-headache, diseases of the skin, kidneys and heart—all maybe traced to faulty action or torpidity of the liver. No other known preparation so rapidly and thoroughly restores a disordered liver as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is pleasant to the taste, mild but sure in its action, and a gift to suffering humanity from one of the most successful physicians of the age.

The English Jockey Club has fortified itself with a legal member in the person of Sir H. Hawkins, Judge of the Supreme Court.

"Man's work's from sun to sun;
Woman's work is never done."

Work is a necessity to all; but, upon how many, women especially, does it fall with the burden of the "last straw," and this, because their peculiarly delicate constitutions are so liable to functional derangment. We cannot lessen your toil, ladies, but we can make it easier for you, by making you stronger and better able to do it. Dr. Pierce's Favorite "Prescription" will relieve you of nervous and other weaknesses, and all the many ills peculiar to your sex.

Three snow white beavers were taken on the Sacramento River near Chico, Cal., the other day. The fur was as soft as silk.

Delicate diseases, as nervous debility and premature weakness, however induced, radically cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for treatise. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663, Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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A.P.263

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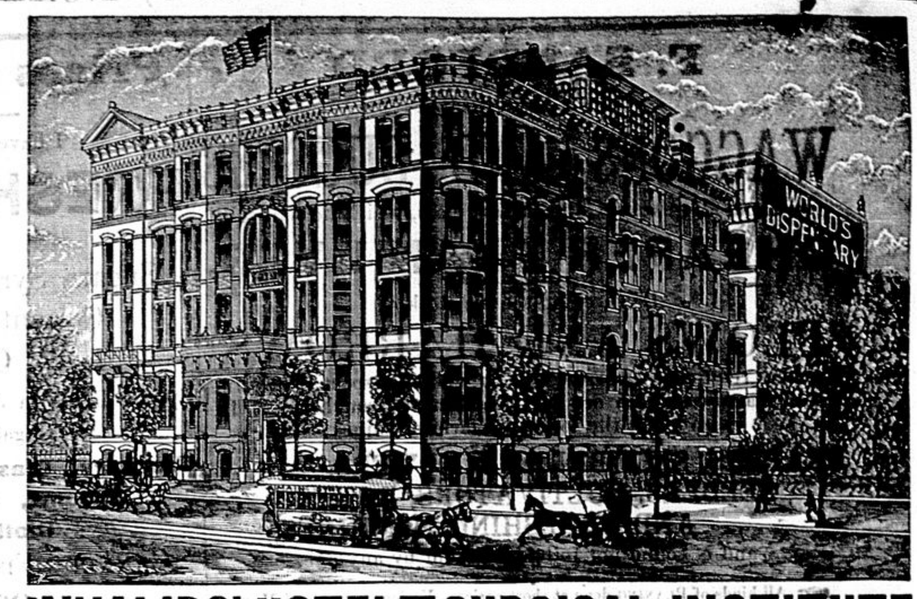

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We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine *for yourself*, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curing chronic diseases. Have a mind of your own. Do not listen to or heed the counsel of skeptical friends or jealous physicians, who know nothing of us, our system of treatment, or means of cure, yet who never lose an opportunity to misrepresent and endeavor to prejudice people against us. We are responsible to *you* for what we represent, and if you come and visit us, and find that we have misrepresented, *in any particular*, our institutions, advantages or success, **we will promptly refund to you all expenses of your trip.** We court honest, sincere investigation, have no secrets, and are only too glad to show all 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 scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to *exactly* locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk 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 symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner right in determining the nature of disease in conditions. The most simple resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she 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 Sense Medical Adviser.**" By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 1000 pages and over 300 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for $1.50. Or write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

SIGNS OF DISEASE.

MARVELOUS SUCCESS.

COMMON SENSE AS APPLIED TO MEDICINE.

It is a well-known fact, and one that appeals to the judgment of every thinking person, that the physician who devotes his whole time to the study and investigation of a certain class of diseases, must become better qualified to treat such diseases than he who attempts to treat every ill to which flesh is heir, without giving special attention to any class of diseases. Men, in all ages of the world, who have become famous, have devoted their lives to some special branch of science, art, or literature.

By thorough organization, and subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is treated by a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of diseases to which the case belongs. The advantage of this arrangement must be obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the brief limits of a life-time, achieve the highest degree of success in the treatment of every malady incident to humanity.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.—Recognizing the fact that no great institution dedicated exclusively to the treatment of chronic diseases, would meet the needs of the afflicted of our land, without the most perfect, complete and extensive provision for the most improved treatment of **diseases of the air-passages** and lungs, such as **Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma,** and **Consumption**, we have made this branch of our institution one of the leading Departments. We have every kind of useful instrument for examining the organs involved, such as rhinoscopes, laryngoscopes, stethoscopes, spirometers, etc., etc., as well as all of the most approved kinds of apparatus for the application of sprays, fumigations, atomizations, pulverizations, inhalations, and all other forms of approved medicinal applications.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung diseases, viz.: A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, postpaid, ten cents; A treatise on Asthma, or Phthisic, giving new and successful treatment; price, postpaid, ten cents; A treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh, price, postpaid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION.—**Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Tape-worms,** and kindred affections are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained unparalleled success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES.—**BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES,** and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and numerous cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. 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.

The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a prominent branch, or specialty, of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete but concise work on the nature and curability of these maladies, we have published a large illustrated treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

BLADDER DISEASES.—**INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine,** and kindred affections may be included among those in the cure of which our specialists have achieved marvelous success. These are fully treated of in our illustrated pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. It includes numerous testimonials from well-known people. Sent by mail for ten cents in stamps. Send for it at once.

STRICTURE.—**STRICTURES AND URINARY FISTULÆ.**—Hundreds of cases of the worst form of strictures, many of them greatly aggravated by the careless use of instruments in the hands of inexperienced physicians and surgeons, causing false passages, urinary fistulæ, and other complications, annually consult us for relief and cure. That no case of this class is too difficult for the skill of our specialists is proved by cures reported in our illustrated treatise on these maladies, to which we refer with pride. To intrust this class of cases to physicians of small experience, is a dangerous proceeding. Many a man has been ruined for life by so doing, while thousands annually lose their lives through unskillful treatment. Send particulars of your case and ten cents in postage stamps, for a large, illustrated treatise containing many testimonials.

NERVOUS DISEASES.—**Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia,** or inability to sleep, and threatened insanity, **Nervous Debility,** arising from overstudy, excesses, and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists from these diseases with a measure of success heretofore regarded as impossible. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, any one of which will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.—So alarmingly prevalent are those chronic diseases peculiar to females, and so famous have our institutions become for their cure that we were long ago obliged to create a special department, thoroughly organized, and devoted exclusively to the treatment of these cases. The physicians and surgeons in this Department have made these delicate diseases their sole study.

Hundreds are brought to our institutions from far distant States on beds, and they go home well and strong. Every case consulting our specialists, whether by letter or in person, is given the most careful and considerate attention. Every important case (and we get few which have not already baffled the skill of all the home physicians) has the benefit of a full Council, composed of skilled specialists. Our Department and rooms for ladies in the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute are so arranged as to be very private, and free from the annoyances so common in other institutions. Send ten cents in postage stamps for our large Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates.

PILE TUMORS.—**PILES, FISTULA IN ANO,** and other diseases affecting the region of the lower bowel, are largely treated, and with marvelous success, by specialists, who give their whole time to the study and treatment of this class of affections. We never fail to cure pile tumors, however large. When the patient can come here for treatment, **we will guarantee a cure.**

Fortunately for suffering humanity, a method of treatment has been perfected and thoroughly tested in our institutions, by which in from six to fifteen days radical and perfect cures of the worst forms of piles are effected without causing any severe suffering. Send ten cents in stamps for our large illustrated Treatise on Piles.

RUPTURE.—**Hernia** (Breach), or **Rupture,** no matter of how long standing, or what the age of the patient may be (if not under four years), is **speedily and radically cured in every case undertaken by our specialists, without the knife, without dependence upon trusses, without pain, and without danger.**

THROW AWAY TRUSSES. There is no longer any need of wearing clumsy, awkward, chafing, old trusses, which, at best, give only partial relief, which never cure, but often inflict great injury and induce inflammation and strangulation, from which thousands annually die.

NOT SAFE. There is no safety in depending upon any kind of truss, though, no doubt, every man who has suffered the agonies of a strangulated hernia, and died, thought himself safe. Both the rupture and the truss keep up a mental strain and induce nervous debility and various organic weaknesses of the kidneys, bladder, and associate organs.

CURES GUARANTEED in every case undertaken. Can any sufferer ask for greater inducements than these?

Notwithstanding the great number of ruptures treated in the three years past, many of them of immense size and of such a character that no other plan of treatment could possibly have succeeded, every case to which this perfected system of treatment has been thoroughly applied, has been perfectly cured. Only a few days residence at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute is necessary.

Abundant references, by permission of those whom we have cured, will be furnished to any one wishing to call upon or write them.

An illustrated treatise on Rupture sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents.

DELICATE DISEASES.—Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary vital losses, and kindred affections, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

To those acquainted with our institutions it is hardly necessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 3 New Oxford Street, London, England, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely patronized and widely celebrated institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of those affections which arise from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices.

We, many years ago, established a special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced medical men.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY. We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing that no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any medical man intent on doing good, and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict mankind there are probably none about which physicians in general practice know so little.

We fully agree with the celebrated Dr. Bartholow, who says, "I think it a reproach to our profession that this subject has been permitted, in a measure by our own indifference, to pass into the hands of unscrupulous pretenders. Because the subject is disagreeable, competent physicians are loath to be concerned with it. The same unnecessary fastidiousness causes the treatment of this malady to be avoided in private practice."

We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

Our Complete and Illustrated Treatise on these subjects is sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.—Although we have, in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the