CURRENT TOPICS.

FRENCH statistics of 1886, which have just been published, are, to use the words of a contemporary religious journal, "truly alarming." Year by year the number of births goes on decreasing, while the death rate increases. In 1886 there were 74,532 illegitimate births, as against 70,079 in 1881. The total increase of population was in 1886 52,560, in 1885 it was 85,464, and in 1881 it was 108,229.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER has been requested by His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram to publish a new edition of the sacred book of the Brahmans, the Rig Veda, with the commentary of Sayanacharya. The Maharajah will bear the whole expense, and the book is to be printed at Oxford University press. The first edition has been out of print for some time. It consisted of six quarto volumes.

MR. EDISON has completed his phonograph, and unless he talks at random it is the most marvellous of his inventions. The phonograph will be about the size of a typewriter and will work automatically by a small electric motor, which is noiseless, and stops at the touch of a spring. These wonderful instruments can be manufactured so that they may be sold for $60, and 500 will be on the market within two months.

A SINGULAR petition has been addressed by a group of Vienna citizens to the municipal council. They propose that in order to procure permanent relief for pauper school children there should be a tax on bachelors. This tax would only be applied to unmarried men in a position to keep a family. The petition says: "If all those who are exempted from military service on account of physical infirmity are obliged to pay a tax why should those be spared who voluntarily shirk other obligations to the State?"

LADY vocalists and others will be glad to know that tea, coffee and cocoa are three admissible drinks, but none in excess. For the voice cocoa is the most beneficial. Those cocoas are best that have been deprived of their oil. A cup of thin cocoa, just warm, is more to be recommended between the exertions of singing than any alcoholic beverage. Tea must not be taken too strong. It has a bad influence upon the mucous membrane. There is always a dry sensation after taking a cup of tea that has been allowed to stand too long. A vocalist had better do without sugar in tea and only take milk with it.

OTTAWA *Free Press*: When the Liberals redeemed Ottawa County by an overwhelming majority a few weeks ago the Tory organs grew very philosophical over the result. One of them sagely remarked: "What is an election lost or won; merely a drop of water in the vast ocean of human events." But judging from the way they are yelling over Dr. Montague's majority of sixteen votes in Haldimand the subsidized organs have abandoned the philosophy of a few weeks ago. Still they should keep it in stock as they will want again before long."

DR. MORELL MACKENZIE has a high opinion of Unser Fritz's courage. He personally broke the news to the unfortunate Prince that his throat trouble was the result of malignant cancer. "It was received with the most perfect calmness," says Mackenzie. "The Prince, after an instant of silence, put up his hand with his usual winning smile and, grasping mine, said: 'I have been lately fearing something of this sort. I thank you, Sir Morell, for being so frank with me.' At dinner that evening he was the most cheerful of the party. In all my long experience I have never seen a man bear himself under similar circumstances with such unaffected heroism.

SIR WILLIAM MACARTHUR, who died last week in a carriage of the London Underground Railway, was once a business partner of William Wilkinson, formerly a well-known merchant in Troy, N. Y., and now a resident of California. MacArthur and Wilkinson were in the linen business at Belfast, Ireland. When they dissolved partnership Wilkinson came to the States and MacArthur went to London. The latter had great success, became many times a millionaire, was made Lord Mayor of London and finally created a baron by Queen Victoria. He belonged to the same family in the north of Ireland from which the late President Arthur was descended, and he was a prominent member of the Methodist Church.

THERE are wonderful phosphate beds in the neighborhood of Charleston, S.C. It has occurred to an ingenious advertiser of this desirable natural wealth that such prodigious deposits of fertilizing material indicate conclusively that Charleston and its vicinity are the original site of the Garden of Eden, out of the ground of which the Lord made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. In further verification of this new geographical theory is the fact that the bones of the behemoth, and of all the other extinct saurians and lesser pachyderms which Adam found names for, can be dug from the Charleston alluvium, where they have lain since the floods covered them. Those who are not convinced by the phosphates are respectfully asked to account for the bones.

THE compartment car continues to develop undesirable possibilities for the traveller to offset the luxury of "privacy" for which Europeans still cling to it. Thus, recently, a wealthy traveller on a Russian railway formed the acquaintance of a lady with whom he chanced to be journeying alone in a first-class compartment. He became very favorably impressed with his companion and finally accepted a cigarette which she offered, the fair traveller also lighting one herself, according to a common custom with Russian ladies. Soon after commencing his smoke the traveller fell into a deep slumber, and when he was aroused his charming fellow-traveller had disappeared, as had also his pocket-book containing $2,500. Now if this wealthy Russian gentleman had been travelling in a Pullman car in this country the porter would never have been mean enough to make him pay as much as that.

Modern readers have become familiar with three great revolutions—the English revolution, the American revolution and the French revolution. Next year it will be two hundred years since James the Second was compelled to flee for refuge to a foreign land, abandoning the throne of his ancestors, and since William of Orange and his Queen mounted the vacant throne. It is called "the glorious revolution of 1688." It has been glorified by many writers, but chiefly by Sir James Mackintosh and by Lord Macaulay. It is called the Protestant Revolution, because it established and confirmed the Protestant succession. Arrangements have been made by the Protestant Alliance of Great Britain to suitably celebrate the event. The bicentenary of the Revolution happens to be the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. An effort will be made to make 1888 a jubilant year throughout Great Britain.

PH. DELAHAYE, in the *Reveue Industrielle*, describes some experiments recently made in Germany, on the action of cold on hydraulic cements. The stones used were 2⅔-inch cubes. Some of the stones were joined with the cement mixed with pure water, others with cement mixed with water which contained two per cent. of salt, and others again with cement mixed with water containing eight per cent. of salt. While the cement was still fresh the stones were placed out of doors, and left exposed twenty-one days in a cold of 20° to 32° Fah., after which the stones were kept in a warm room for a period of seven days. At the end of this time it was found that the cement mixed with pure water was completely disintegrated and had no holding power. The cement containing two per cent. of salt was in a better condition, but not good. Whereas the cement the water of which had had eight per cent. of salt had not suffered in the least.

RECENT telegrams from Russia show that the Government of that country is still pursuing the policy of arbitrary and despotic repression which is described by Mr. Kennan in a paper entitled "The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals" in the November "Century." A number of young army and navy officers in St. Petersburg have just been sentenced to penal servitude in the Siberian mines for merely setting forth in the course of a debate the advantages which another governmental system would have over the present one. There is said to be much excitement and indignation among the friends of the young officers in military circles, and the circumstance furnishes another illustration of the way in which the Russian Government, by punishing with excessive severity natural and peaceful discussion, excites and keeps alive the revolutionary spirit. As the Liberals of Moscow say in the interesting appeal to the Tsar, quoted in Mr. Kennan's article, "The principal reason for the morbid form which the contest with the Government has taken is the absence in Russia of any opportunity for the free development of public opinion and the free exercise of public activity."

IT may not be generally known, writes the Edinburgh correspondent of the *Scottish American*, how many of the best and most successful *literati* of the day hail from "the richt side o' the Border." Perhaps foremost amongst them stand R. Louis Stevenson, William Black and W. S. Gilbert, of operatic fame. The first-mentioned, who is certainly the most original writer alive, was born in Edinburgh, his father having been the head of the celebrated Stevenson firm of lighthouse engineers. Mr. Stevenson, who is as capable at poetry as at prose, as his recent volume "Underwoods" show, is at present in the United States. Andrew Lang is also a Scotsman and a graduate of St. Andrew's. Then there are George Macdonald and Mrs. and Lawrence Oliphant, the latter of whom spends most of his time on Mount Carmel, where he has built a residence. It is, of course, unnecessary to mention that Archibald Forbes, the prince of war correspondents, belongs to Auld Scotia; and quite as unnecessary to give the same news regarding Robt. Buchanan, the novelist, poet and playwright, and Charles Gibbon. Grant Allen, the scientist and novelist, though born in Canada, is of good Scotch stock. David Christie Murray, another rising man who is a native of Scotland, was for a time war correspondent to the *Scotsman*, but has now settled down to fiction. Last of all may be mentioned Wm. Sharp, a Paisley man, who is making his mark as a poet, biographer and art-critic, and who, notwithstanding that he is one of the busiest literary men in London, has lately taken to novel writing.

English Car Heaters.

A returned tourist said last evening: "So Charles Dickens doesn't like the way we heat our railway cars. We really must adopt the English way. And what is that? Why, a rather large flattened tomato-can is filled with hot water and put on the floor of the carriage and you're supposed to keep warm on it. The only way to get any warmth out of it at all is to hold it on your lap and then your back freezes. One of these hot-water cans is expected to keep you warm for twelve hours. It gets stone cold within two, and ice-cream may be kept from melting on it. If our English friends don't admire our way of heating cars let them go home."

Lord Fife's Idea of Temperance.

The Earl of Fife is not only the boon companion of the heir apparent, but is also a great favorite with Her Majesty. The father of the present Earl was a curious specimen of the kilted race. He was one day dining with the Queen, and attracted her attention and surprise by saying: "Your Majesty will be glad to hear that I have left off drinking soda and brandy." The Queen, smiling, said: "I am glad to hear it, Lord Fife." His Lordship thereupon made the further remark: "Your Majesty will also be pleased to learn that I have taken to soda and whiskey instead."—*London Modern Society.*

Bill Nye's Introduction.

Probably Mr. E. W. Nye will never forget the time he lectured in Indianapolis. That is the home of Riley, the humorist and poet, and it had been arranged that Riley was to introduce the lecturer. Well, Riley did introduce him. He made an introductory address of one hour and a half, during which time E. W. Nye sat and perspired and got ready to get up and cracked his fingers and smiled outside and cried inside. The only thing that E. W. Nye got a chance to deliver that night was his peroration.—*Omaha World.*

THE DEAD ANARCHIST'S SWEETHEART.

Nina Van Zandt's Father Tells What He Knows About Her Infatuation.

James K. Van Zandt, the father of the wretched Nina, tells a reporter of the Chicago *Tribune* that he is a hard working chemist, who has no sympathy with the visionary dreams of either Socialists or Anarchists. He became convinced that his daughter was in love with Spies with her mother's support and sanction. He knew that to oppose the girl's folly would drive her from his house, and he would thus lose entirely his influence over her. He argued with both mother and daughter until convinced that it did no good. Then he decided to do nothing, refusing to talk with newspaper men and trying to induce his wife and daughter to adopt the same course. He did, however, join to some extent in the effort to save Spies, not because he sympathized with him, but to avert an overwhelming grief from his daughter. But, as if the state of things in his household was not bad enough, the newspapers, he says, have persistently printed false reports about it. The girl is not contemplating suicide and is not starving herself to death. She is perfectly sane, and time and rest will cure her of the prostration under excitement and grief from which she suffers. A reporter recently got into the house under false pretences and worked upon the feelings of the women until they talked unreservedly, not dreaming that he was a newspaper man. Even what they did say he grossly exaggerated, representing the girl as crying for blood and vengeance. Her father says that both she and her mother were as much shocked as himself at seeing such sentiments attributed to her. On the contrary, it was her tenderness of heart that got her into all this trouble. He does not think that she really has any sympathy with the doctrines of the executed men, but she saw so much of Spies that under the excitement she has caught up their jargon and talks it in spite of herself.

Blessed Forgetfulness.

Do we ever pause to think as we hurry through our daily tasks—nearly all of us have some duties to perform each day—how, if we were to pass out of existence, some one else would take up our work, and in a very short time we would scarcely be missed, even by those who love us and whom we love? Some other hand would wind the skein, sometimes sadly tangled, which we have labored over so long. Some other voice would advise, chide and encourage. Some other feet would take the many steps, tread the path we have trod so long. Ah! 'tis a blessed thing to forget. A life all tears, all regret for the past, all sighs for the ones we have lost, would be a sad life indeed. 'Tis a soft touch of an angel's wing that soothes us—the angel of forgetfulness. Mother, our mother; she sleeps very soundly now in God's acre, very calmly, very peacefully; yet we can remember when she was all in all—leader, toiler, adviser, all in one. She passed away one day; what a great blank place there was in heart and home. But time wove his web of forgetfulness, so slowly, so gently, that the great black void filled imperceptibly, and we scarce missed the dear soul, who once was the motive power of our home. Ah, yes, the world goes on just the same. The new made grave, the bitter tears; healing time, smiles again. Yet those who sleep beneath the green sod, the dazzling snow, sleep no less soundly for our forgetfulness.

F. H. HOLLAND.

National Flowers.

I think I am correct in saying that the larger proportion of those blossoms selected as national or political symbols have been taken from the "hardy brigade." Of such are the rose, the thistle, shamrock and leek, the broom (planta-genista), the white iris of Florence, the fleur-de-lis of France, the lily alluded to by Chaucer. This last is supposed to have been the white or Madonna's lily, but in the north of Ireland the Orange lily is not unfrequently degraded on July 12th as a symbol of party feeling. The violet of the Napoleon dynasty is even yet worn in France, and at Fontainebleau the apartments of the ex-Empress Josephine are redolent with an exquisite ordor. In China and Japan the chrysanthemum has taken the place of honor as the national flower, but one of the latest and strongest of party badges is the "pale primrose" of Shakspeare, now the ensign of the "Primrose League," an order of Conservatives founded in honor of the late Lord Beaconsfield, who gave us the sweet picture of Lady Corisande's garden in "Lothair." This league now numbers four hundred thousand members.—F. W. BURBIDGE, in *Harper's Weekly for December.*

The Meaning of "Mugwump."

I find the word "mugwump" is not in Encyclopedia Britannica, but is in the American supplement, third volume, page 783. I send you an extract giving the derivation and use of the word:

"The word belongs to the Algonquin dialect of the Indian language of North America, and is used by John Elliot in his translation of the Bible (Cambridge, Mass., 1661) to translate the Hebrew word alluph, a leader. Elliot used it in a sense of 'big chief,' a term more comprehensive to the Indian mind than that which appears in the King James' version, 'duke.' The word was spelled 'mugquomp' in the singular, and 'mugquampoag' in the plural. It appears in many places throughout the Algonquin translation of the Old Testament, a notable place being in I. Chron. i, 51, 53; also Gen. xxxvi. 15, given herewith:

"'Young mugquampoag wunnaumonuh Esau; wunnaumonuh Eliphaz; montomegheunche Esau; Mugquomp Teman; Mugquomp Omar; Mugquomp Zepho; Mugquomp Kenaz.'

"'These were dukes of the sons of Esau; the sons of Eliphaz; the first born son of Esau; Duke Teman, Duke Oman, Duke Zepho, Duke Kenaz.'"—*Fulton Republican.*

Now You Know It All.

A bibliopegist is a bibliophile with a special regard for bookbindings. A bibliotaph is a book miser. A bibliophole is a bookseller for bibliophiles. A biblioklept is a stealer of valuable books. Mr. Lenox, who would not let Prescott see his Mexican manuscripts, was a bibliotaph, and Sam Pepys was a biblioklept. Bibliolatry is the worship of books.—*Art Review.*

IRISH WOOLLENS.

Enthusiastic Testimony to Their Merits.

Sincerely do I hope that the proposal to have an Irish section at the Glasgow exhibition will be carried out, says the editor of London *Truth*. What the Irish woollens want most—in fact, the only thing they want—is advertisement. If the English lower middle class—the people who have ten children, and expect each boy to wear his elder brother's knickerbockers in succession until nothing remains but the buttons and braces—knew the indestructible quality of the Blarney tweeds and friezes, there would be such a run on Blarney as would double the population of the place in a fortnight. Unfortunately, the Blarney people don't advertise in the way that many English manufacturers do. The Irish manufacturers deal only "with the trade," and they take no steps to bring the excellence of their wares home to the individual. They do not seem to have realized the immence opening which the parcel post has made for them. The excellence of their goods is only known in this country to tailors and haberdashers. We buy the Irish goods without knowing them to be Irish, wonder why they wear so well, but don't know what to ask for the next time we order a suit. I have—not, indeed, in my actual possession, but within reach and easily accessible, if wanted for exhibition or other (honest) purposes—a specimen of Irish woollen manufacture which was woven at the Marquis of Waterford's mills, Kilmacthomas, some time prior to the year 1877, in which year it was confectioned into a garment (the nature signifies not) in which, for a considerable time, I took, I trust, a modest, but very sensible pride. It then, some years ago, passed into the hands of a humble (but most respectable) friend, whose Sunday best it still continues to be. I see it constantly, and, although I should be exaggerating if I were to describe it as still smart, yet, so far as I can observe, there are no holes in it. Now, Kilmacthomas, though it does things pretty decently, can't hold a candle to Blarney in the matter of friezes and tweeds. Why, then, don't the Blarney people wake up to a knowledge of their own excellence, and post an announcement thereof, with prices and specimens, direct to the British householder?

A Needle in Her Knee.

The Mount Forest *Representative* said in a recent issue: Miss Bertie Donnelly, eldest daughter of the C. P. R. agent of this town, who recently returned from Bowmanville, where she has held a position as telegraph operator for several months, has undergone a singular experience. She had been troubled for some time with a lame knee, which kept gradually getting more painful. The cause of her lameness could not be accounted for until a few days ago, when a needle came through the flesh at the knee joint. How the needle came to be in her leg is a mystery to herself and parent

Inventions of the 19th Century.

The steamboat, the reaper, the sewing machine
Cars running by night and by day,
Houses lighted by gas and heated by steam,
And bright electricity's ray.

The telegraph's click speeds like lightning released,
Then the telephone comes to excel it;
And, to put on the finish, the last but not the least,
Is the famed little Purgative Pellet.

Last but not the least is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellet, because it relieves human suffering, adds to the sum of human comfort, and enables the relieved sufferer to enjoy all the blessings and luxuries of the age we live in.

A New York correspondent claims to have investigated and ascertained that all this talk about fashionable girls working in gymnasia, fencing, boxing and taking long walks is pure nonsense. She says that there are not forty women learning to fence in the city, and most of them are actresses; that the average woman's clothes won't let her walk, and as to boxing there is absolutely none of it done.

Yes, he loves you now, 'tis true,
Lass with eyes of violet blue,
Lips as sweet as honey-dew,
Bonny little bride!
Will he love you as to-day,
When your bloom has fled away,
When your golden locks are grey,—
Will his love abide?

Yes, if it is the true kind it will survive all the inevitable wastes and changes of life. But, it is every woman's desire and duty to retain, as long as she can, the attractions that made her charming and beloved in youth. No one can keep her youthful bloom or equable temper if weighed down and suffering from female weakness and disorders. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy for these troubles. Sold by druggists.

He Would do His Part.

George—Blanche, I think I will get married.

Blanche—Yes, George, and does your heart beat responsively to some one's?

"Well, no, not exactly, but I can almost support myself, and I think it's a pretty mean girl that won't help a little bit."

Nerve Pain Cure.

Polson's Nervilire cures flatulence, chills and spasms. Nerviline cures vomiting, diarrhœa, cholera and dysentery. Nerviline cures headache, sea sickness and summer complaint. Nerviline cures neuralgia, toothache, lumbago and sciatica. Nerviline cures sprains, bruises, cuts, etc. Polson's Nerviline is the best remedy in the world, and only costs 10 and 25 cents to try it. Sample and large bottles at any drug store. Try Polson's Nerviline.

Where the Rawhide Was.

"Did she have a rawhide when she assaulted you?" asked His Honor of a meek gentleman who accused his wife of assault with intent to kill. "No, Your Honor," said the poor man, feeling of himself tenderly, "I'm the one that had the rawhide; in fact, Your Honor, I have it still."—*Buffalo Courier.*

—A lease of 999 years, made in the days of King Alfred, has just expired in England. The land was leased by the Church to the Crown, and reverts now to the Church of England.

—Mrs. Partington says of her new cook book: "Now, a book like this will come into a house like an oasis in the great desert of Sarah and be a quarantine of perpetual peace.'

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO,

Has students from British Columbia, Texas, Arkansas, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Chicago, Duluth, New York and other distant points. Its low rates, excellent staff of teachers and fine accommodation have so filled its halls that a new building to cost $20,000 will be erected next year. Students can enter any time. 65 pp. calendar free.

Address, Principal Austin, B. D.

Cold Comfort.

Customer (in restaurant)—Waiter, these are very small oysters for the price.

Waiter—Yes, sah.

Customer—And they don't look very nice, either.

Waiter—Den dey is all de betah, sah, for bein' small.

An Offensive Breath

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

—The Northwest doesn't care what the wide world says so long as nobody hits it below the wheat belt.

WHAT AILS YOU?

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

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

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

Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

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I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES free, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

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