MME. DISS DEBAR.

Her Wonderful Claims and Lawyer Marsh's Marvellous Faith Therein.

Mme. Diss Debar and her wonderful control over Luther G. Marsh, a well-known metropolitan lawyer, are the talk of New York just now.

Mme. Diss Debar has occasionally come to the front in the big city for a number of years.

Her first appearance in New York, so far as the writer of this article knows, was in 1870, when, as Dr. Ferdinand Seeger says, she appeared at the Hahnemann Hospital, where she claimed to be suffering from a hemorrhage. It was found that she only had a bleeding tooth, and she was discharged, though not till she had set fire to a mattress, knocked one or two of the doctors and performed sundry other curious feats.

Among the medical students she met at the Hahnemann Hospital was a young Frenchman named Massant. She was for a time an inmate of an insane asylum, and afterward married Massant.

Some four years ago Mme. Diss Debar, then a large and richly dressed woman, sporting an enormous diamond cluster at the fastening of her collar, appeared at the bar of the Jefferson Market Police Court and asked Justice Kilbreth for a warrant for Mrs. Florence G. Mayo, landlady of the Imperial Hotel, No. 3 East Fourteenth street. "I am Zoritha Diss Debar," she said, "and live in the house with this woman, and she is acting strangely. She has a boy, and I believe, she intends to kill him." The warrant was issued, and next morning the landlady was brought in and told this curious story:

"That woman came to my house in great poverty, and I fed and dressed her. Why, she has on a pair of my stockings right now. Her first husband, she said, was a nobleman, and her 9-year-old girl has a string of titles a yard long. Her second husband was an artist. In a little while she had such power over everything about the house that we all got afraid of her. Chairs and tables tipped over and moved about at her will. There were rappings all over the house, lights appeared suddenly in the dark rooms and went out when any one moved toward them. One time she ordered a china dish, and it flew across the room, struck the wall with such force as to dent it and fell to the floor without breaking."

These marvels scared the boarders away, and Mrs. Mayo proposed that Mrs. Diss Debar advertise as a clairvoyant, and a notice was put in the papers inviting people to call and consult the noted "Mme. Cagliostro from Persia." The business paid fairly well, but the "gifted seeress" refused to divide. By this time, says Mrs. Mayo, she was so completely under the control of the strange woman that she could do nothing against "Cagliostro's" will. Then this mild, pleasant spoken and apparently sensible lady went on to testify to most astonishing things she had witnessed and begged to be released; so the court dissolved the connection and the gifted woman went her way. Her next appearance was to secure the arrest of a servant girl for mutilating a very valuable old painting. The picture proved to be actually worth $20. She had given Mrs. Mayo as security for board an oil painting which she said she selected from the gallery of her father, King Ludwig, and that it was worth $3,000. Mrs. Mayo succeeded in selling it for $30.

Upon his death she married her present husband, Diss Debar. She had two children by each of her two husbands.

The madame is very fat and claims to be the daughter of Lola Montez and King Ludwig. She also claims to be possessed of various supernatural gifts, and says she lived under a mountain in Thibet with the adepts for a long time.

Lawyer Luther G. Marsh, a member of the New York Park Board, believes her claims implicitly, and has given her his handsome house in Madison avenue, where she is now staying, with Diss Debar and Mr. Marsh. She has produced, "by the aid of spirits," a large number of paintings of people, both famous and common, and Mr. Marsh has them displayed all over his house. He is so completely convinced that her alleged powers are genuine that he recently asked the New York editors to go to his house and investigate. They sent reporters, to his grief, and Mme. Diss Bebar's disgust, who actually treated the whole matter in a sceptical spirit. Besides the paintings the madame has furnished Mr. Marsh she has procured letters to him from divers great persons of other ages, all of whom tell him that the Diss Debar is no fraud and advise him to put implicit confidence in her.

Among the portraits shown the reporters at Lawyer Marsh's house is one of Demosthenes, looking as if he had been out all night with the boys; Socrates, with the hemlock agony on his face, and Aspasia, with an eye and mouth drawn as if Pericles had just got in late from the Areopagus and gone to bed with muddy boots on. Pythagorus looks sick. The large painting of Appius Claudius convinces the spectator that Virginia had a narrow escape indeed, but a fortunate one, when she was killed; and the portrait of Plato, done by Apellos at the special request of Mme. Diss Debar, is enough to make a reader of the Phaedo feel sick. And the infatuated lawyer, who is just as cute in a case as he ever was, swears that they were painted before his eyes by the spirits of great artists!

It now appears that Mme. Diss Debar was really born in Kentucky, and her maiden name was Ann O'Delia Salomon.

There will doubtless be more developments in the case.

Worthy of No Confidence.

Robinson—Brown says that you owe him $15, Dumley.

Dumley (indignantly)—I do not owe Brown a cent. I did owe him $15, but the debt became outlawed last week. Any man who will lie like he does ought not to be trusted.

The Nova Scotia Legislature was prorogued to-day.

Yesterday morning Charles F. Teitz, a German merchant tailor, aged 45, of Akron, O., beat his wife's brains out with a base-ball bat and then committed suicide by drowning in the canal.

The schooner James A. Garfield has arrived at Gloucester, Mass., from the Banks, and reports that four of her crew, John Goodwin, Joseph Martin, Alex. Jamson and John Currie, while tending trawls, strayed away from the vessel and were lost.

A HOTEL ON WHEELS.

A Novel Engineering Feat Performed by the Aid of Six Locomotives.

Coney Island has had its crowds of visitors this year much earlier than usual. The attraction has been the moving of Brighton Beach Hotel in its entirety back from its rickety resting-place on the restless waves, some hundreds of feet, to solid foundations more to the north. This hotel has been one of the principal features of Coney Island during these later years of its world-wide renown. A mammoth structure at the outset, costing some $260,000, it was, during Mr. Breslin's five years of management, largely increased by the addition of the east wing. Towered and turreted, with graceful projections both in front and rear, and in length measuring some 400 feet, with an average depth of about 200 feet, its appearance was at once elegant and commanding. The beauty of the structure was enhanced by a fine frontage, extending some 400 feet toward the sea, and laid out and adorned with all the skill and all the resources at the command of the landscape gardener. For years past the encroachments of the ocean have been making sad havoc with the walks, the lawns and the flower spaces in front; and latterly, especially during the last two years, the ocean has been dashing wildly under the hotel itself a large part of which perilously rested upon piles. In the belief, at least in the hope, that the ocean encroachments at that point had reached their limit, the idea of moving the hotel bodily back in the direction of Sheepshead Bay began to be favorably entertained by the manager and directors of the Brighton Beach Company. The job was contracted for by B. C. Miller & Son, and as far back as October of last year Civil Engineer Farquhar was at work laying out the sites of twenty-four parallel railroad tracks, twenty feet apart. During the winter gangs of men were busy laying these tracks, elevating the hotel, fitting in on the tracks 120 new iron flat cars, each having a carrying capacity of 60,000 pounds, and latterly lowering the hotel, throughout its entire length and breadth, on to the cars. The tracks were laid so many feet in the direction in which the hotel was to be moved, provision being made for extending the lines to the requisite distance, as the rails were gradually uncovered in the rear. The next thing to be provided for was the application of force to accomplish the required movement. The weight of the hotel has been variously estimated at from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 pounds. This, of course, necessitated great care, and also much nicety of calculation as to the resisting power of the track, and of the bed on which it lay. It was a necessity that this resisting power be the same in every track. To move so large a mass with anything like safety, especially considering its great length, it was an absolute necessity that the motive power be applied equally at all the points of contact with the hotel. This necessity was met by a most elaborate system of blocks and hawsers and chains and stays—the blocks, sixty in number, weighing from 130 to 350 pounds, the largest containing three loops of Manila rope especially made for the occasion, and weighing some three tons, being attached to the cars in one direction, and to the great fourteen-inch beams or stays in another direction, by powerful chains. From these stays, which were planted about 100 feet behind the hotel, the ropes passed to the engines. The actual force was to be supplied by two rows of engines on two separate tracks, three in a row, tandem style, each engine representing a carrying capacity of 700 tons. On Monday last the ropes were tested, and on Tuesday the work of moving the hotel was fairly begun. As early as 8.45 o'clock, few spectators being yet present, the signal was given, and the six engines, with full head of steam on, began to move. The cables, stretching out fan-like from the engines to all parts of the hotel, quickly tightened; the engines for an instant seemed unequal to the task; but it was only for an instant, as the mammoth structure was already in motion. The engines were almost immediately stopped, when it was found that the hotel had been moved some six or seven feet. It was a brief experiment, but it was a successful one, and the result was hailed with joyous approval. Careful examination showed that everything had worked well, and that the huge structure, in its brief but unparalleled journey had sustained no injury. A later attempt moved the hotel some 24 feet. A third advance was made toward noon, and 25 feet was accomplished. At about 3 o'clock, when vast multitudes of people had assembled from Brooklyn and New York, the supreme effort of the day was made. The excitement was tremendous as the vast structure was seen to move on and on. It was a sight which had never been seen before; and when the engines were brought to a stand-still it was found that the hotel had been moved 61½ feet further. At this stage some 117 feet had been traversed. The work was resumed on Wednesday, and was carried on with equal success, the movement being more rapid, even with the use of less power. In four separate movements, the last three being made by the aid of only four locomotives, the advance made was 124 feet. Some 375 feet have yet to be traversed; and then Brighton Beach, having resumed much of its former appearance, with its 595 feet of lawn, and lanes and flowers will, for a time at least, be able to laugh at and bid defiance to the merciless sea.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Still, They are Stubborn Things.

"Facts, my son," said Old Hyson, "are dry, hard and harsh things." "Don't know about that," said the young man, softly, "my engagement to Miss Ethel is a fact, and she's the tenderest, softest, sweetest, roundest, daintiest little——" "Shut up!" roared the old man, slamming the ledger shut with a bang that upset the ink. "Get out of the office. You make me sick! Bah!" And you would have thought it had been 2,000 years since Old Hyson had said about the same thing to his father, but it was not. It was only about 20 years ago. —*From Burdette.*

The attendant physicians were much disappointed with ex-Senator Conkling's condition yesterday, as the improvement which they had expected did not appear.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Taft, wife of Dr. John Taft, of Cincinnati, was struck by a locomotive on the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad near Riverside and killed.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

The Marvellous Man Who is Flying About the World at Eighty-Two.

A writer in the *Epoch* says: M. de Lesseps is about to visit the Isthmus again. The astonishing activity of this man of 82 is a never-ending theme for those who observe the career of the "grand Frenchman," as Gambetta called him. Whatever we Americans may think of the Panama Canal, we must admit that the promoter of the scheme is one of the most remarkable men of the age, and one of the most sympathetic. With Lamartine and Victor Hugo he is the most universally popular Frenchman of this century.

M. de Lesseps gets his wonderful activity from the paternal side, his father having been one of those sprightly Marseillais who never keep still a long while at a time. His mother was a Catalonian, and on her side he inherits his deliberative qualities. Most persons who have a general idea of M. de Lessep's career think he is an engineer, and ignore that he began life as a diplomatist. To be sure he quitted the diplomatic service in 1849, so the present generation may be excused for not remembering that before digging canals he was a promoter of peace on land. M. de Lesseps' father was also a diplomatist, and at the beginning of the century visited America for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty between France and our country.

To see this distinguished looking and alert gentleman on the boulevard, or galloping along on horseback, accompanied by seven or eight of his children, no one would ever suppose that he was in his 83rd year, and that he had had eleven children by his second wife, whom he married on the day the Suez Canal was inaugurated. A few weeks ago some of the numerous enemies of the Panama scheme started the report of M. de Lesseps' death. To a friend who called at the house to learn the truth of this rumor the celebrated Frenchman replied: "Some good souls have said that I was dead; you see I am still alive. Others have pretended that my leg is broken. If those who started this story will come and see me I will prove to them by a well known movement that my leg is in very good condition."

M. de Lesseps lives in the Avenue Montaigne in a spacious hotel that he bought three years ago from the Princess de Beauveau. On the day of his marriage, in 1869, his father-in-law gave him 100,000 francs to invest, not knowing himself where to place them for his daughter's benefit. At that moment the shares were worth 250 francs, and faith in the future of the canal was not very strong. M. de Lesseps put the 100,000 francs into Suez stock, and in 1885 they had produced 1,500,000 francs. With this money he bought the hotel for Mme. de Lesseps.

Waste Steam.

Two philosophers sat in a Brooklyn bridge car recently. Said one: "The waste of steam in a city like this is something inconceivable. If I had in dollars the earning power of all the steam that escapes and otherwise goes to waste in and around New York city every day I would soon be one of the richest men in the world. Why, from these cars windows you can see hundreds of pipes through which steam is constantly escaping, to say nothing of the boilers on the rivers and bay. The total number of steam boilers in the city is nearly 7,000. The volume of one pound of steam is about twenty-six cubic feet. A cubic inch of water makes about a cubic foot of dry steam. Only a small fraction of the latent heat of steam can be made available in performing work. About seven-tenths of the latent heat are lost through the existence of natural conditions over which man probably never expect to gain control. Two-tenths are lost through imperfections of mechanism, and about one-tenth is all that can be utilized, even in the best engines. So, you see, the daily waste is greater than the actual daily consumption."

The Evil of Chewing Cloves.

When I smell cloves on a man's breath my first thought is, "That man is a fool." He thinks he is concealing the smell of whiskey or some other vile smell, and he is only advertising it. There is another reason also why he is a fool. The oil of cloves, which is expressed from them by chewing them, is an active solvent of the enamel of the teeth. Any one who chews cloves will soon notice that it makes their teeth tender. That means that their enamel is disappearing, and the next step is a mouthful of decayed teeth, which all the odors of Araby the blest can never sweeten. When will people learn that the sweetest and rarest smell of all is no smell at all?

A young Britisher whose name was Wemyss
Went crazy at last, so it semyss,
Because people would not
Understand that they ought
To call him, not Weemis, but Weems.

Another whose last name was Knollys
Tried vainly to vote at the pollys;
But no ballot he cast
Because till the last
The clerk couldn't pronounce Knollys Noles.

And then a young butcher named Belvoir
Went and murdered a man with a clevoir,
Because the man couldn't,
Or possibly wouldn't,
Pronounce his name properly Beever.

There was an athlete named Strachan,
Who had plenty of sinew and brachan,
And he'd knock a man down,
With an indignant frown,
If he failed to pronounce his name Strawn.

A band of "White Caps" made a raid on Friday night in the country back of New Albany, Ind. They visited the house of Mrs. Jones a widow woman, and whipped soundly her three boys because they would not work, but left their mother to support the family. Then they visited William Wright, whom they warned to leave the State, and a lawyer from Leavenworth who had been paying attentions to Mrs. Jones' daughter. They threatened the latter with tar and feathers unless he left for home within half an hour. He left at once.

The sixth conference of the superintendents and principals of the deaf institutes of the United States and Canada convened in Jackson, Miss., on Saturday evening. An address of welcome was made by Governor Lowery. Twenty-two States are represented. After the election of officers an adjournment took place until Sunday evening.

Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, has died at Cannes.

ONTARIO TO THE FRONT!

A Matter of Vital Importance.

The following unsolicited opinions from your friends and neighbors, men and women, whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubtful mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted, but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should be longer ill from kidney, liver or stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others. Do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength:

296 MacNab street North, HAMILTON, Can., Nov. 2, 1886.—I have been suffering for over twenty years from a pain in the back and one side of the head and indigestion. I could eat scarcely anything, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was attended by physicians who examined me and stated that I had enlargement of the liver, and that it was impossible to cure me. They also stated that I was suffering from heart disease, inflammation of the bladder, kidney disease, bronchitis and catarrh, and that it was impossible for me to live. They attended me for three weeks without making any improvement in my condition. I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," acting strictly up to directions as to diet, and took thirty-six bottles, and have had the best of health ever since. My regular weight used to be 180 lbs. When I commenced "Warner's Safe Cure" I only weighed 140 lbs. I now weigh 210 lbs.

Mrs. S. Fuller

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., Jan. 24th, 1887.—About six years ago I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and was in misery all the while. I hardly had strength enough to walk straight and was ashamed to go on the street. The pains across my back were almost unbearable, and I was unable to find relief, even temporarily. I began the use of "Warner's Safe Cure," and inside of one week I found relief, and after taking eight bottles I was completely cured.

H. E. Lumsy

Manager for American Express Co.

TORONTO, (18 Division Street,) Sept. 17, 1887.—Three years ago last August my daughter was taken ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys. The best medical skill in the city was tasked to the utmost, but to no purpose. She was racked with convulsions for forty-eight hours. Our doctor did his best, and went away saying the case was hopeless. After she came out of the convulsions, she was very weak and all her hair fell out. The doctor had left us about a month when I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after having taken six bottles, along with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills," I saw a decided change for the better in her condition. After taking twenty-five bottles there was a complete cure. My daughter has now a splendid head of hair and weighs more than she ever did before.

Mrs. Jas. Benns

CHATHAM, Ont., March 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was completely run down. I suffered most severe pains in my back and kidneys, so severe that at times I would almost be prostrated. A loss of ambition, a great desire to urinate, without the ability of doing so, coming from me as it were in drops. The urine was of a peculiar color and contained considerable foreign matter. I became satisfied that my kidneys were in a congested state and that I was running down rapidly. Finally I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and in forty-eight hours after I had taken the remedy I voided urine that was as black as ink, containing quantities of mucus, pus and gravel. I continued, and it was not many hours before my urine was of a natural straw color, although it contained considerable sediment. The pains in my kidneys subsided as I continued the use of the remedy, and it was but a short time before I was completely relieved. My urine was normal and I can truthfully say that I was cured.

J. Woode

GALT, Ont., Jan. 27, 1887.—For about five years previous to two years ago last October, I was troubled with kidney and liver trouble, and finally I was confined to my bed and suffered the most excruciating pain, and for two weeks' time I did not know whether I was dead or alive. My physicians said I had enlargement of the liver, though they gave me only temporary relief. Hearing of the wonderful cures of "Warner's Safe Cure" I began its use, and after I had taken two bottles I noticed a change for the better. The pains disappeared and my whole system seemed to feel the benefit of the remedy. I have continued taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and no other medicine since. I consider the remedy a great boon, and if I ever feel out of sorts "Warner's Safe Cure" fixes me all right. I weigh twenty pounds heavier now than ever before.

John Gowes

Inventor of the Maple Leaf Lance-tooth Cross-cut saw.

A Universal Language.

Unprejudiced people who have heard a mother talk confidently to her only baby do not see any need in this world for volapuk.

We accidentally overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday.

Jones—Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith—How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J.—Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S.—What did you do for it?

J.—I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy It cured me and it will cure you.

S.—I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J.—Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

Too Solid for Show.

First Dame—How is your husband's business prospering? Second Dame—He doesn't like me to ask him questions about his affairs, but I know he's getting awfully rich. "Think so?" "Yes, indeed. He's got so now that he wear's one suit of clothes all the year 'round."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Wedding Present

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imitations.

The conference to settle the dispute between the United States and Morocco will meet in Madrid on May 1st.

Edwin Forrest's Secret.

The great tragedian, Forrest, had a secret which everybody ought to learn and profit by. Said he, "I owe all my success to the fact that everything I have undertaken I have done thoroughly. I never neglect trifles." That's the point—don't neglect trifles. Don't neglect that hacking cough, those night-sweats, that feeble and capricious appetite, and the other symptoms, trifling in themselves, but awful in their significence. They herald the approach of consumption. You are in danger, but you can be saved. Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery will restore you to health and vigor, as it has thousands of others. For all scrofulous diseases, and consumption is one of them, it is a sovereign remedy.

That's the Question.

Albert (who attended the funeral of a lady with his mother)—Mam, was she drowned?

Mother—No, my dear. Why?

Albert—What did they give her that pretty anchor for, then?

Your Friend Committed Suicide.

You never suspected it, none of his friends dreamed of it, he did not know it himself, but it is exactly what he did, nevertheless. Do you remember his sallow complexion? Do you recollect how he used to complain of headaches and constipation? "I'm getting quite bilious," he said to you one day, "but I guess it'll pass off. I haven't done anything for it, because I don't believe in 'dosing.'" Soon after you heard of his death. It was very sudden, and every one was greatly surprised. If he had taken Dr Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he would be alive and well to-day. Don't follow his example. The "Pellets" are easy to take, mild in their action, and always sure.

His Normal Condition.

Jonson—Tomson isn't in his right mind, is he?

Benson—Yes.

Jonson—Why, he's a crank.

Benson—Well, that's his right mind.

Montgomery, Ala., is supplied with the best of pure water by artesian wells.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

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