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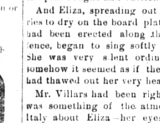

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Newspaper Postal Law

It is not generally known that a man refusing to pay for his newspaper can be prosecuted like an ordinary criminal or thief. A New York paper has begun suit against several delinquent subscribers under the U. S. postal laws which say, "the taking of a newspaper and the refusal to pay for the same renders a person liable to criminal prosecution as a thief, and a person guilty of the same can be punished as if he had stolen the goods to the amount of the subscription." Postmasters are also liable for price of subscription for allowing papers to accumulate in their office when the subscribers have moved away or refuse to take them from the office.—*Grid Union.*

IF I WERE YOU.

Why did he look so grave! she asked,
What sight the trouble be?
"My little maid," he sighing said,
"Suppose that you were me.
And you a weighty secret owned,
Pray tell me what you'd do?"
"I think I'd tell it could I dare,"
Said she, "if I were you?"

But still he sighed and looked sadness,
Despite her sympathy.
"Or, tell me, little maid," he said
Again, "if you were me,
And if you loved a pretty lass,
Oh, then, what would you do?"
"I think I'd go as fast as I could,"
Said she, "if I were you?"

"My little maid, 'tis you," he said,
"Alone are dear to me."
Ah, then, she turned away her head,
And we've a word said she.
But what he whispered in her ear,
And what she answered, too—
O no, I can not tell you this:
I'd guess, if I were you.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

"ELIZA."

"She makes a perfect picture, out there in that tropical sunshine," said Mr. Villars. "Look at her, with that scarlet ribbon at her neck and those coils of hair waving blue-black in the intense light! It is like a dream of Italy?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Leeds, "she is very pretty, but that don't signify so much. She's a good, smart girl, and don't loose any time looking at herself in the glass, like some I've had."

"Where did you pick her up?" asked the young clergyman, carelessly drawing the newspaper from his pocket as he sat down on the carpet of pine needles under the big evergreen tree.

"Didn't pick her up anywhere," said Mrs. Leeds tartly (for this was a part of the transaction that had been quite sat ifactory to her business like soul). "She came along."

"Came along?" (with a slight accent of surprise).

"Yes—looking for work."

Mr. Villars lifted his eyebrows.

"Then how do you know who she is?" he asked.

"I don't know!" retorted Mrs. Leeds, unconsciously betraying her weak point by this irritability of manner. "But I know what she is, and that's more to the purpose. She's the best washer that ever crossed my threshold; as docile as a kitten, and as smart as a cricket; does twice the work of anyone else that I ever had; and if she's ever tired, she don't say so."

Mrs Leeds bustled off to interview Farmer Parks for more Alderney cream for the summer boarders, now that the house was beginning to fill up.

Mr. Villars improvised a pillow out of his coat, folding it cylinderwise and placed under his head, and closed his eyes in a sort of summer dream among the pine boughs and butterflies.

And Eliza, spreading out blackberries to dry on the board platform that had been erected along the garden fence, began to sing softly to herself, she was very a shent ordinarily, but somehow it seemed as if the sunshine had thawed out her very heart to-day.

Mr. Villars had been right. There was something of the atmosphere of Italy about Eliza—her eyes were so deep and dark, her hair so glossily black, her cheek stained with such a rich olive.

Moreover, she did not move like the girls of rock bound New England. There was a subtle, gliding motion—a languor of gracefulness in her gait—which was foreign to all her surroundings.

The girls of the village did not fraternize with Eliza when, at rare intervals, she accompanied Mrs. Leeds to church, sewing circles, or village gatherings for in Staplevile, the employer and employe occupy not one all-comprehensive social platform.

They said she was "odd;" they looked at her askance; and Eliza, always very quiet in her ways, made no effort to insinuate herself into their good graces.

Why should she? What did it signify, one way or the other, whether Deborah Smart, and Keziah Hayes, and Abby Jane Clark liked her or not, as long as Mrs. Leeds was pleased with her?

But the village girls made one error in their calculations. They had not intended, as the time crept on, to emphasize their antipathy to Mrs. Leeds' Eliza so strongly as to awake a partisan feeling in Mr. Villars' breast, but they did so, unconsciously to themselves.

"Why do they neglect that girl so?" the young clergyman asked himself. "Can they not see how minutely superior she is to them? It's a shame!"

And so Abby Jane Clark, the Deborah Smart, and Keziah Hayes sealed their own doom, so far as Mr. Villars was concerned.

There was not one of them but would have been delighted to win a smile, a glance, a pleasant word from the young man who was summering at the Leeds farm house.

But, alas! like the priest and the Levite, he passed by on the other side and when the village girls, in their afternoon muslins and ribbons, sat at their windows and wondered why "he came not," he was, in nine cases out of ten helping Eliza to gather peaches for her standing beside the brook, while she spread out towels and pocketfuls of clothes to bleach, or even explaining to her the difference between the notes of the thrush and the woodlark, the speckled eggs of the robin and the pearl gray tiveacoon of the whip-poor-will.

"He seems to be talking poetry to her," said Mrs. Leeds to herself, as she eyed the pair shrewdly from her milk-room window. "Well, why shouldn't he? It's true he's a minister, and my own nephew; but in my mind Eliza is good enough for any man. My sakes! won't Abby Jane Clark be mad? If ever a girl wanted to be a parson's wife, Abby Jane does."

Thus things were progressing, when one day a smart young tradesman from an adjoining town came to spend out his fortnight's vacation at Deacon Clark's.

The Clarks were a well-to-do family; but the deacon was a little close in his financial administration, and Mrs. Clark and Abby Jane were not averse to carting a new dress now and then out of the rest of their big spare-room. And Mr. Trudkins brought a letter of recommendation from a friend in Packer on, and he dressed in the latest fashion, and had a big black mustache that overshadowed his upper lip like a penthouse.

"Oh, ma, how very genteel he is!" said Abby Jane, all in a flutter of admiration.

"A very nice young man, indeed," responded the deacon's wife.

And the very next week Abby Jane came down to the Leed's farm house.

"Have you heard this news about your Eliza?" she asked of the farmer's wife in a mysterious whisper.

"Eh?" said Mrs. Leeds.

"Why, it's nothing but a play actress!" said Abby Jane, nodding her head until the stuffed blue bird on her hat quivered as if it were alive. "Mr. Alphonso Trudkins saw her himself in the Great New York Combination Troupe. She was acting a woman who was married to a Cuban, and lost her pocketbook and kerchief, and was afterward choked with the pillows off the best bed. Desdemonia her name was, I think."

"Well, and suppose she was?" said Mrs. Leeds, who was too good a General to let the enemy see what havoc had been carried into her camp. "What then?"

"What then!" echoed Abby Jane. "Well, I do declare, Mrs. Leeds, I am surprised!"

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Mrs. Leeds, defiantly.

"But Mr. Trudkins saw her with his own eyes!" cried Abby Jane, flushing scarlet with indignation. "He knew her the minute he looked at her yesterday in church. Elizabeth Kilesmere her name was, he says, in the advertisements, and she danced a dance, with a yellow scarf and a lot of roses, between the pieces, making herself out to be a Spanish mandoline player. It's enough to make one's hair stand on end to hear Mr. Trudkins tell about it."

"I don't do to believe all one hears," said Mrs. Leeds, losing all count of the eggs she was breaking into a china bowl, in her consternation. "And Staplevile does beat all for gossip.

"Well, you can ask her yourself, and see if she dares deny it!" said Abby Jane, exultantly. "Here she comes now. Ask her—only ask her!"

And, Eliza came into the kitchen, with the spice box in her hand. Mr. Villars followed close behind, fanning himself with a straw hat.

"I have come from the men in the hay-field," said he. "They want another jug of cool ginger and water, with plenty of molasses stirred in, Aunt Leeds. Good morning, Miss Clara! I hope the deacon is quite well this morning?"

Abby Jane turned pink, and smiled her most seductive smile.

"Oh, quite so," she simpered.

"I only came on

"Is it true, Eliza?" Mrs. Leeds asked, sharply. "Have you been deceiving me? Are you a play-actress all this time?"

Eliza's large eyes turned slowly first to one, then to another of the faces in the group. She did not blush—it was not her way—but the color ebbed slowly away from her cream-pale cheek.

"I do have been deceiving nobody," said she. "I am not an actress now. I have been one. But I did not like the life, and so I left it. If any one had asked me, I would have told them about it long ago."

Mr. Villars came forward and stood at the girl's side, as he saw his aunt shrink away.

"Well," he said, "even taking it all for granted, where is the harm?"

"Charles! Charles!" cried Mrs. Leeds, putting up her hands with a gesture of warning. "Remember poor Avice!"

"It is because I remember her that I speak thus," said Mr. Villars, calmly. "I had an elder sister once," he added, turning to Abby Jane Clark, "who ran away from home and became an actress. She had talents far above the average, but my parents were old fashioned people, and their ideas ran in narrow grooves. They disapproved of the stage, so Alice left us. Whether she did right or wrong we know not, but wherever she is, I am sure that she can not but be good and true and pure."

Abby Jane's eyes fell under his calm glance. She was a little sorry that he had chosen to come hither and bear the news herself.

Somehow, Mr. Villars had taken it in a different spirit from what she had anticipated. And Eliza's soft, languidly-modulated voice broke on the constrained silence like drops of silver dew.

"I have been an actress, and perhaps I should still have been on the stage," she said, "had it not been for circumstances. My father dealt in stage properties, and I was brought up to the business, but still I never liked it. But one can not easily step out of the path where one's feet have been placed, especially if one is a woman.

"However, the turning point came at last. Our leading lady fell sick of a contagious fever, in a lonely village where we had stopped to play one night. The manager packed up everything in a panic, and left us all to be ready to go. I told him I could not leave Mrs. Montague alone. He said that if I left the company then, I should never return to it.

"Well, what could I do. The stage was my living, it is true, but our leading lady had no friends. It would be hard to leave her to die, I thought, so I stayed behind and took care of her. She died, poor thing, and it swallowed up all my earnings to bury her decently.

"And then I tried here and there to earn my living as best I could. I was not always successful. More than once I have been hungry and homeless; but, heaven be praised, I have always found friends before the worst came to the worst. Now you know all," she concluded quietly, leaning, up against the door, where the swinging scarlet beans made a fantastic background for her face.

Mr. Villars had advanced a step or two toward Eliza as she spoke; his gaze had grown intent.

"This—this leading lady of whom you mention," said he, with an effort. "Do you remember her name? Her real name, I mean?"

"They called her Katharine Montague on the bills," said Eliza. "If she had any other name, she never told me what it was. I say if, because—best as—" Oh, Mr. Villars, I never quite understood it before, but there is a look in your eyes that reminds me of her! I have been startled by the familiar expression many a time, but I never could convince my elf where the link of association belonged. And—and I still keep a little photograph of her that I found in her Bible after she was dead. I kept the pictur. Wait, and I will bring them to you."

Mr. Villars gazed at the picture in silence. Mrs. Leeds uttered a little cry of recognition.

"Eh?" said Mrs. Leeds.

"Heaven be good to us!" she wailed "it is our Avice, sure enough."

For the leading lady, in Mr. Rodrick Applegate's Great Combination Troupe, the poor soul who had died and been buried away from all her friends, had been Avice Villars.

The sequel of this little life idyl is simple enough. Any one may guess it. Charles Villars married Eliza. And even the most fastidious "sisters" of her husband's flock can utter no word of reproach against the minister's wife, although she makes no secret of the fact that she was once an actress.

And poor Abby Jane Clark is chewing the bitter husks of disappointment. As for Mr. Trodkins he has gone back to Packerton without declaring himself.

"There's no dependence to be put upon men," says Abby Jane disconsolately.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

Gen. Forrest in the Box.

Gen. N. B. Forrest, the famous confederate cavalry leader, visited New York, and one day, while riding in a Fifth avenue stage, a dude in the most pronounced type entered and took his seat in the corner opposite the hero. While searching his pockets for something the youth withdrew a large envelope from which a number of papers slipped and were scattered on the floor. He picked up those within reach, and turning to Forrest, who looked like an member from the rural districts, said in the drawing, consequential and supercilious tone peculiar to his class, "I say, can you reach those papers?" The General grasped the situation in a moment, and straightening his arm replied with well assumed country pathos, "Wall, I jis kin, stranger, an' that's about all." Then he drew himself up to a sitting posture again and looked innocent, while the occupants of the stage roared, and the crestfallen dude proceeded to help himself, and as quickly as possible leave the unsympathetic company.

An old gentleman, who, to judge from his white locks, had lived and enjoyed the scene, now changed his seat for one next to the General, and remarked to him: "Strange, excuse me for the question, but where are you from?" "Arkansaw" was the reply. "Well," said the old man, "I've always heard that an Arkansian is a——of a fellow, and now I believe it. Shake hands, stranger!" He was doubly delighted a few moments later when, on arriving at the New York Hotel, Forrest introduced himself proper fashion, and invited his new-found friend to become his guest at dinner.—*Home Journal.*

Power of Music.

In the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music on either bank of the river. A large crowd of soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly jickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First the band on the northern bank played that "star spangled banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other national air, and at its conclusion the "boys in blue" would cheer most lustily. And then the band on the southern bank would respond with "D xie," or "Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other Southern melody, and the "boys in gray" would attest appreciation with the old Confederate yell. But presently one of the bands struck up, in sweet and plaintive notes, which were stuffed upon every heart full to choking, and were caught up at once by the band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart, "Home, Sweet Home!" At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river, cheer followed cheer, and those hills, which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re echoed the glad acclaim. A chord had been struck, responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies they—could beat in unison and on both sides of the river.

Something down the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of pride.

Simile from Sam Jones.

The Rev. Sam Jones, at the Cartersville camp-meeting, was speaking of growing in grace, and of a religion that made men kind, and concluded by saying: "That shows that we are love toward God and love toward man. It is said the larks of Scotland are the sweetest singing birds of earth. No piece of mechanism that man has ever made has the soft, sweet, glorious music in it that the lark's throat has. When the farmers of Scotland walk out early in the morning they flush the larks from the grass, and as they rise they sing, and as they sing they circle, and higher and higher they go, circling as they sing, until at last the notes of their voices die out in the sweetest strains that earth ever listened to. Let us begin to circle up and sing as we circle, and go higher and higher, until we flood the Throne of God itself, and the strains of our voices melt in sweetest sympathy with the music of the skies.

Secrets of the Household.

"Will you have a piece of the pie, Mr. Goodman?" asked Bobby's mother of the minister.

"Thanks; no," he replied.

"N-no, I guess not," said Bobby, rather hesitatingly.

The minister looked at Bobby in surprise. "I thought all little boys were fond of pie," he said.

"They are," replied Bobby. "I could eat that hull pie; but ma said if you didn't take any I mustn't, an' she'd save it for to-morrow."—*New York Times.*

UNDER THE GALLOWS!

Frightful Condemnation of a Mother by Her Son—"What Does it Mean.

Not long ago a respectable mother called in bid good bye to her only son who was soon to be executed.

"Woman," he exclaimed in a momentary frenzy, "Woman, I would never have been here had you done your duty by me when I was young."

"This was a terrible parting! It horrified the spectators, it nearly crazed the conscience stricken mother.

One can scarcely overestimate the mother's influence in the moulding of the character of her offspring. But how often, alas, do fond mothers seem to ignore this responsibility! During a recent trip on the rail the writer made the acquaintance of Dr. A. J. Benedict, Hacket's Harbor, N. Y., a person who has made a study of human development. Referring to the murderous tendency of the times, we asked that eminent man if the outlook was not discouraging!

"It looks so," he said, "but I fancy we have a cause and the remedy for such evils. In my pre-natal career I have observed by hard study that we have emerged from savagery by development of the nervous system and the intellect. Now, I see the weakness of personal integrity.

"Do you regard it as a disease?"

"More especially as the result of disease which, however, may be prevented."

"Please define how?"

"I cannot now enter into details. Our people can see their bodies, they can see their ills. *They never see their wrongs and sensuality.* Many do not suspect that the farmer's wife rejoices in a big physical frame and yet she dies prematurely. The nerve cannot stand the strain of continual toil. The minister falls dead in his pulpit, but he never did a day's physical work in his life. The lawyer faints in the presence of the court and is soon a wreck of a corpse, and yet the world is nerve work. The man of affairs is overcome with apoplexy; the politician and public girl, with fright of disease. Dr. Mead of the untutored mass is fired to the explosion of crime and he longs for such fame. Disease is overwork or overregale the nervous system and this fact leads to criminal violence.

"If all this be so how would you rectify it then?

"Let me tell you. A few years ago I had a lady patient who was an author and she was the mother of several young men. In her mind and imagined she was cursed of God; she was a farmer's wife and a hard life and late. I never saw a finer specimen of physical womanhood than she, but she was a nervous wreck. Her mind was in a state of the worst of female disorders and was in the last stages of Monomania or Mental Disease. This latter disease works particular havoc with the nervous system and produces despair. She was insane and desperate and I fear *tempted to end her agonizing* with the terrible medicine. I treated her for several years. One thing one the standard remedies of the schools failed, but finally she met her with Warner's safe cure, and she is to-day strong and well. I have seen her women like her, every year being informed and finally inclined children into the world. I wonder that the world is not depopulated. If that female were generally known the world have stronger mothers, stronger children, stronger men and women, and a life perfect physical and mental health, crime would decrease and society be more secure.

Such sound opinions are surely worth considering.

The mountain town of Plymouth, Vt., has long yielded gold along its creeks, many thousands of dollars' worth having been quietly washed out. For some years a mining company operated upon the mother lode, but, although it proved nobody when it ceased operations, the name of gold seeker has come to be synonymous with swindler among the country folk. Another mining company has now set up works in the town and is boring into prejudice as well as quartz. Its secretary is a clergyman, who knows every Sunday (gained lack of faith in general, with incredibility in regard to gold stocks as a particular) moral in the background. Yet so hard are the hearts of his hearers that the clerical secretary can't take a drink without a report that he has "squilched" with mythical funds.

A most singular case of the contagious feature of small-pox has just come to hand. The young son of Mr. Chantel, No. 208 Panet street Montreal, was afflicted with black smallpox. The little fellow had a favorite tom cat, from which he could not part for love. He nursed it in his arms through all, to the stages of the disease. Ultimately the little fellow died, when the bereaved parents noticed the cat behave in a peculiar manner. When the officials came to disinfect the house their attention was called to poor puss; and it was found to be covered with small pox postules Pussy was shot by Officer Devecche and its body burned in the city incinerating furnace. Medical authorities say that though they have heard of such cases before it is the first one that has ever, to their knowledge, been authenticated.

LAST WEEK WE PUBLISHED

The annual announcement of the TOUTH'S COMPANION. No other publication or paper attempts to present its subscribers with such a variety of attractive and entertaining reading. This is the reason why it has 240,000 subscribers—the largest circulation in the United States. Every family should take it. By sending your subscription now, with $1.75 you will receive it free until Jan. 1, 1884, and a full year's subscription from that date.

It is the boast of Boston that it contains more learned people than any other place, more than Edinburgh, more than Paris, more than Salesbury, N. C., is maintaining the main street with gold quartz at a cost of $15 per ton.

The victory of the Puritan over the Genoa is being depicted on canvas by Halsall of Boston.

Mrs Mackay employs a "press agent" to keep up the stream of gossip about her in the New York papers.

Paris firemen wear wide strips of metal and on their shoulders, to protect themselves from falling brands.

A down-east doctor recommends to sufferers from the chronic lem the application of positives of tar to the feet.

English newspapers are generally substituting the suggestive words "to Jarrett" for the accident "to abduct."

A machine which "chops up" 100 heads of cabbage for sauerkraut, in a minute has been invented by an Altoona, Pa. German.

Gov. Gorman, the entertainment and comfort of artists, is being built in the vale of Clwyd, in Wales by English painters.

Russian journalists are for the most part, fit companions of the world's swindlers for their money and of our own trifil war.

On the farms of the United States there are, in round numbers, 4,000,000 head of cattle; on the ranches and range s, 10,000,000 head.

Now it is proposed in New England to heat street cars by electricity.

A pocket knife which once belonged to Gen. Grant was sold a few days ago for $100.

A romantic pair of tourists were married recently on an iceberg in the Arctic ocean.

Lancaster, Pa., is proud of a strawberry bed which produced its second crop a week ago.

Pretty good "olive oil" can be made out of peanuts.

Chilian miners are nearly all marvelously strong men.

The Pacific coast is going in "heavy" for raising raisins.

A Boston "freak," 6 feet 4 inches high weighs 40 pounds.

The big bones in Jumbo's legs yielded 25 gallons of marrow.

Many of the wrecks in the North Sea are lighted by electricity.

Wilmin ton, N. C., people are enjoying a second crop of green peas.

A Paris "sky chart" advertises "thirlesmades let out" by the day."

Several thousand annex girls ride to and from their vocations on tricycles.

"Buffalo bones are worth $40 per ton, delivered at a depot," Iowa Gazette.

In the morning 9,000,000 acres of land are devoted exclusively to potato raising.

George Eliot was the first suggested the female, it of cambia, Oregon saloon.

An Atlanta, Ga., lady is building a mihia ne equal to the capital at Washington.

Leubach, of Munich, is painting for Lord Rosebery a portrait of Prince Bismarck.

A Greensburg, Ind., husband, who sealed his wife's lips with a corn-plaster to stop her talking, is now defendant in a divorce suit.

A young Brooklyn girl, who was built up by the proceeds of liquor licenses.

In Dengenberg Journal reports a case of poisoning from pea nuts. It seems that the gum on the lack-a-napie, under certain conditions, of absorb ng foreign matters floating in the air.

A New Exposition

The North, Central, and South American exposition was formally opened in New Orleans Tuesday, Nov. 5. The day was generally observed as a holiday. There was a grand civic and military procession under the command of Major T. Bruce Ewing, U. S. army grand marshal. Addresses of welcome were made by Gov. McEnery and Major Guillotte, Senor Don Matias Romero, Mexican, and others. Rapid progress is reported in the preparations in place. The exhibits of Guatemala, San Salvador, Columbia, Honduras, Venezuela and San Domingo are in position in the main building, while others are coming from Brazil, Chili, Peru Argentine Republic, etc.

Catarrh Cured

Statement of a High School Teacher at Jericho, Vt.

The following is a statement from Prof. Gillett, a gentleman prominent in education and science throughout New England. It will be read with interest by all who use Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had been troubled with catarrh for some years, and had tried many so-called remedies and patent medicines with no benefit. In the summer of 1881 I heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had never seen or heard of it before, and only purchased it because I was tired of trying medicines. I had taken but one bottle when I felt that it was doing me good. I continued to use it, and the effect was to take away the disease entirely. I have not been troubled with it since. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla to a large number of persons, and have never heard of a case in which it did not do good. I believe it to be the best blood purifier and most agreeable tonic in existence.

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This imposing Establishment was designed and erected to accommodate the large number of invalids who visit Buffalo from all parts of the United States and Canada, for the purpose of consulting the Physicians and Surgeons of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, and receiving the benefit of their skill and the advantages of a home while undergoing treatment.

A FAIR AND BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER TO INVALIDS.

We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine for yourself, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curing chronic diseases. If, after you have thoroughly satisfied yourself of the merits of our institution, you do not know of a case in your neighborhood, or any one else, who may know of some one in need of treatment, or invalids of any kind, who may know and be benefited by our skill and success, we will be obliged to you for a few words of information, or to send us the name and address of such persons. We are prepared to treat any disease that may be mentioned to us, and if any patient, on our institution, advantages or success, **we will promptly refund to you all expenses of your trip.** We court the most critical investigation, have no secrets, and are only too glad to show all interested and entitled 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 seeing the patient, with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see invalids at our institution, and have accommodations with them, since then our institutions, and famous Hotel, with our staff of physicians, have now been in use for two hundred whom we have cured. The perfection of our system of diagnosis enables us to treat the most minute particulars in those several departments, separate diseases, and even "a-b" in the alphabet of the "Science of Life." Take, for example, the so-to-speak telegraph, the greatest invention of the age, and a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to correctly locate a fracture in a submarine cable hundreds of miles long. Our invaluable "science of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward climates of the world that we can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New Orleans as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. Our system of diagnosis is equally as perfect, what is required is the knowledge of certain symptoms, those established beyond question, and diagnosis can be made with equal accuracy, no matter how many miles intervene between the physician and patient. Our system of examining our patients. In recording diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no mind reading or second sight, but simply a knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of the well-established principles of modern medicine. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our success in curing so many of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and the success it has enabled us to achieve, with the aid of the latest improved medical appliances, has established our reputation as the foremost institution for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the foremost institution placed within the reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections their specialty. Our new and original, and valuable system of examining and treating patients at a distance, is explained in our **"Medical Science Made Plain Medical Advisor."** By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 1000 pages and over 300 illustrations, sent for the price of postage, only $1.50. Or, write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in postage stamps, and receive in return our particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

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 those who do not. Hence, the success of those who devote their entire time 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 substituting the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is treated by a specialist, and the best results are secured. The Surgical department is in charge of a skilled surgeon, and all cases requiring surgical treatment must be obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the limits of a lifetime, do more than master a single branch of it, and be able to do the best results for the treatment of a given class of diseases.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES. Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrhal Diseases are amongst those of which diseases in the nasal passages, throat and lungs, we have cured the most, and attained unparalleled success. Many of the diseases, such as Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchial Tubes, etc., are well in spite of the most approved kinds of apparatus for the application of sprays, fumigations, atomizers, medicated inhalations, and all other forms of approved medical applications.

We also have a Treatise on Nasal, Throat and Lung diseases, viz: A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis, Asthma, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Catarrh, Pleurisy, giving new and successful treatment, price, postpaid, ten cents. A Treatise on Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, price, postpaid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION. Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, Piles, Worms, and kindred affections, are among those in which we have cured the most, and attained unparalleled success. Many of the diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Liver complaint, Constipation, etc., are well in spite of the most approved kinds of apparatus for the application of sprays, fumigations, atomizers, medicated inhalations, and all other forms of approved medical applications.

We also have a Treatise on Nasal, Throat and Lung diseases, viz: A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis, Asthma, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Catarrh, Pleurisy, giving new and successful treatment, price, postpaid, ten cents. A Treatise on Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, price, postpaid, two cents.

KIDNEY DISEASES. BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, and Urinary Diseases are among those in which we have cured the most, and attained unparalleled success. Many of the diseases, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, etc., are well in spite of the most approved kinds of apparatus for the application of sprays, fumigations, atomizers, medicated inhalations, and all other forms of approved medical applications.

We also have a Treatise on Nasal, Throat and Lung diseases, viz: A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis, Asthma, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Catarrh, Pleurisy, giving new and successful treatment, price, postpaid, ten cents. A Treatise on Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, price, postpaid, two cents.

PILE TUMORS. Piles are among those in which we have cured the most, and attained unparalleled success. Many of the diseases, such as Piles, etc., are well in spite of the most approved kinds of apparatus for the application of sprays, fumigations, atomizers, medicated inhalations, and all other forms of approved medical applications.

We also have a Treatise on Nasal, Throat and Lung diseases, viz: A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis, Asthma, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Catarrh, Pleurisy, giving new and successful treatment, price, postpaid, ten cents. A Treatise on Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, price, postpaid, two cents.

MARVELOUS SUCCESS. Our Consultation Department, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant evidence of marvelous success, in guiding the judgment of the skillful practitioner aright in determining the nature of disease, and the best means to be employed for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the distinct advantage thus placed within the reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections their specialty. Our new and original, and valuable system of examining and treating patients at a distance, is explained in our **"Medical Science Made Plain Medical Advisor."** By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 1000 pages and over 300 illustrations, sent for the price of postage, only $1.50. Or, write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in postage stamps, and receive in return our particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

SIGNS OF DISEASE. Our Medical Department is in charge of a skilled physician, and all cases requiring medical treatment must be obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the limits of a lifetime, do more than master a single branch of it, and be able to do the best results for the treatment of a given class of diseases, and to humanity.

RUPTURE. **Hernia or Rupture** of long standing, of whatever size, or what the age of the patient, can be cured **radically and permanently without the knife, without dependence upon trusses, without pain or detention from business.** **THROW AWAY** your trusses, no longer need of wearing clumsy, ineffectual, painful and dangerous trusses, let lady, gentleman, child or infant, can come here for treatment, **we will guarantee a cure.**

Fortunately for suffering humanity, a method of treatment has been perfected which enables us to permanently cure Rupture in all its forms in fifteen days; radical and perfect cures of the worst forms of Rupture, even in infants, without the use of the cutting, painful and dangerous knife, and in cases in stamps for our large illustrated Treatise on Rupture, Hernia or Rupture, which we send free, and in any class of diseases.

NOT ENOUGH, no doubt, every man who has suffered the agonies of the knife, or strapping and pressure of a truss, will be glad to know that **SAFE,** both the rupture and the truss keep up a morbid strain and irritation, which is the cause of more organic weakness of the kidneys, bladder, and associate organs.

CURES GUARANTEED in every case undertaken. Can any sufferer ask more than our guarantee? Certainly not.

Notwithstanding the great number of patients treated in the three years, many of the cases have been of such a character that no other plan of treatment could possibly have succeeded, every case has been treated, and the treatment has been thoroughly applied, has been perfectly cured. Only a few days consultation with the Physicians of the 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 for them.

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

DELICATE DISEASES. Organic weakness, or vital debility, premature decay, nervous debility, lost manhood, Seminal losses, and kindred affections, are specially, thoroughly and successfully treated.

To those acquainted with our institutions it is unnecessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 4, New Arcade, Dearborn Street, Chicago, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely patronized and most successful institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of those affections which arise from youthful indiscretion, or mature years, of a delicate character.

We, many years ago, established a special Department for the treatment of these diseases, which is managed under the direction of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who may be afflicted with these diseases may have the advantage of the skill of a Council of the most experienced medical men.

We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to the neglected class of diseases, believing that all who are afflicted with them are entitled to the best medical and surgical skill and assistance we can command. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most meritorious to cure the worst cases of disease, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict humanity, there are none which more deeply impress a 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 to remain so long a prey to ignorance, and to f