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Transcript.

Chestertown, Md.

Thursday, February 3, 1887.

Man and His Shoes.

How much a man is like his shoes!
For instance, both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned; both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete;
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need healing; oft are sold,
And both in time will turn to mould.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new;
When men wear out they're men dead too!
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loth.
Both have their ties, and both incline,
When polished, in the world to shine;
And both peg out. Now, would you chooee
To be a man or be his shoes?

—*Boston Courier.*

A Detective's First Case.

It is less than twenty years ago, said Philip Nourse, that I entered Lebanon, N. H., one autumn afternoon with a dollar and a half in my pocket, and with two blistered feet, having walked from Newbury, Vermont. I wasn't a tramp, and yet I had no trade. I had been working around a livery stable in Newbury for a few weeks, and had reached that place from Montpelier. I had been recommended to a hotel keeper at Lebanon as a good man for porter, but when I arrived he had just engaged a man, and my cake was dough. I hung about the place for three or four days, sawing a couple of cords of wood for a merchant, and then started for Hanover. I left Lebanon just at daybreak, having slept in a barn without the knowledge of any one, and having had some crackers and cheese for my breakfast. While I walked boldly out of town, having no reason to fear anybody, I couldn't afterward remember seeing anybody astir.

I was a happy-go-lucky chap, having no family or relatives to worry about me or to depend on my earnings, and, though I was hard up and without ambition, I was not a criminal. I had never been arrested in my life, and I had no reason whatever to fear the law. At 10 o'clock that forenoon, while I sat on a log by the roadside, taking a bit of luncheon, I was overtaken by a gang of six persons, one of whom was a constable and the others farmers. They were in a wagon, and as the vehicle came opposite me they all leaped out and I was seized and handcuffed with much ado, while the gang congratulated themselves on having so speedily secured me. When I asked who they were and the cause of my arrest, I was overwhelmed with curses and thrown into the wagon. We headed to the south, from which direction I had come, but after going two miles turned into an east and west road, and going east three miles we stopped at a farm house, where about a score of people had assembled. Threats and curses greeted my appearance, and several people cried out that I ought to be lynched. Here is what had happened, although it was several days before I secured the particulars:

The owner of the farm was a man named Burchard. He was in his barnyard after breakfast when a tramp came along and stopped at the house and asked for breakfast. The wife sent him to the barn, and half an hour later her husband staggered up to the kitchen door, said the tramp had knifed him, and fell down and died. The alarm was given, and in an hour parties were out in search. The wife was positive that she could identify the tramp, and no sooner did she set eyes on me than she cried out that I was the man, and but for the determined front of one or two officers of the law I should have been lynched.

What did I do? Nothing. If I but opened my mouth I was cursed and threatened. There was no more doubt in their minds that I was guilty than that it was daylight. After the inquest I was taken to the county jail. At this inquest I was asked my name, age, residence, occupation, &c. I gave them all the information I could, but unfortunately it was not in my favor. If I could prove that I had worked here and there, that was not proof that I did not commit the murder. I was a wanderer, penniless and friendless, and just the man to do murder, and who could doubt my guilt after the wife had so clearly identified me? I weighed all these chances and realized that fate was against me. They could not understand how the murder had come about. The farmer had not been robbed, although his coat had been torn and there were evidences of a struggle. He had been stabbed with his own jack-knife, and the knife had been left on the ground. He had been stabbed three times in the region of the heart and his fingers were also cut up. After being placed in jail I was advised to make a clean breast of it, and because I denied my guilt I was denounced as a hardened wretch. The preliminary examination was a farce, and I was returned to jail to await my trial and loaded down with irons as a despérate character.

One day a slouchy young fellow, not over 20 years old, named Baker, paid me a visit in jail. He was the son of a farmer living about seven miles from the scene of the murder. It appeared that he had been investigating the case on his own hook, having a great ambition to become a detective. He opened the conversation by saying to me:

"Nourse, they have made idiots of themselves in this case. I have found two persons in Lebanon who saw you leave that place at the hour you name. I can further show that you could not have turned aside, committed the crime, and got to the point where you were arrested even had you been on horseback. Now, then, if the stabbing was done with Burchard's own knife, what inference do you draw?"

"He had the knife open and in his own hands?"

"Exactly."

"The murderer took it away from him."

"Certainly."

"There was a struggle for the weapon, and Burchard's fingers were cut?"

"You have it."

"And you naturally conclude that the murderer did not get off scott free?"

"That's the very thing, and if I don't have him in custody inside of a week, I'll ask them to hang me in your stead."

He put a chattel mortgage on a horse, telegraphed to fifty different places, made two or three short trips, and on the afternoon of the fourth day returned from Franklin with a prisoner, who had been nabbed on one of his telegrams. The man was a tough-looking customer, with his left hand wrapped in a very dirty cloth and a fresh cut about two inches in length on his chin. When the rag was taken from his hand two pretty bad cuts were found, and, though he strenuously denied ever having been in the locality before, Baker was in high feather. He had moved quietly but vigorously, and his prisoner entered the jail without even the sheriff suspecting what he was charged with. Baker confided the case to the prosecuting attorney, and it was arranged that Mrs. Burchard should visit the jail. She had twice identified me as the tramp and murderer, and they told her I had a confession to make. She came to the jail with the prosecutor, coroner and a brother, and the man arrested by Baker was alone in one of the corridors as they were ushered in. The woman looked at him for a moment, then threw up her hands with a scream, and next instant had fainted dead away.

"Aye! d—n her, but the jig is up!" exclaimed the man, and he at once confessed to the murder and gave all the details. He said that he entered the barnyard and offered to work for his breakfast, but Burchard roughly ordered him off the premises. He replied hotly, and the farmer drew his knife and menaced him. He then became aroused, and, securing the weapon after a struggle, he committed the deed. He was concealed in a barn a mile away all that day, and after my arrest of course all the searching parties were called in.

That's my case, sir. While I was discharged he was tried, convicted and sentenced for life, and the green farmer's boy who worked the case up is to-day one of the keenest and sharpest of detectives.

FRANK HURD TALKS TO FARMERS.

Outline of the Ohio Free Trader's Speech at Trenton.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 27.—Governor Green introduced ex-Congressman Frank Hurd, of Ohio, to-night in the Assembly chamber to the members of the State Board of Agriculture, which has just concluded its annual session here, when the famous champion of free trade discussed "Federal Taxation as it Affects the Agricultural Interests." The floor and galleries were crowded in every part.

Mr. Hurd spoke for an hour and a half, and the principal points of his argument went to prove that the levying of a tariff is for the benefit of private citizens, and that it is inevitable that the duty paid the government will be charged by the importer to the buyer. The whole basis and foundation of a protective tariff is an increase of price on articles of consumption. That is its very life soul and breath. To determine if any benefit comes to the farmer from it it must be ascertained if it increases the price of any article of his production. But protection is never invoked for the benefit of the farmer, the object being to give the home market to the American manufacturer.

The speaker contended that the farmer's business is a natural one and needs no stimulus of the law, and that the manufacturer is afraid of the Old World's technicalities and skill. He said hay, wheat, cotton, corn and oats were the chief production of the farmer, the total value of all in 1880 being $1,750,000,000. There was a large surplus above the American demand, and it must be disposed of in some way. He then went on to argue that competition with the farmers of the world fixes the price. Protection may lead the industries of the United States to the seashore, but there it must bid them good-by. America has no control over the seas. Skill of management and accuracy of judgment must determine the price. It is fixed by the inexorable law of trade in foreign markets, and whatever tariff may do here it is powerless there. The protective tariff cannot increase the price of any one of the articles which constitute 80 per cent. of the products of America.

Mr. Hurd argued that the tax on rice and sugar is a burden rather than a benefit, and that the benefit to the farmer by a tariff on wool is insignificant; in fact, he denied that there is any benefit by it. Supposing there had not to be paid $10,000,000 of tariff on wool, then the farmers would receive $2,500,000 more than they do now. The profits would be that much more, and $5,000,000 would go to the consumers. He here gave several illustrations to sustain his ground, and instanced the large increase of trade between America and the Hawaiian Islands by reason of the reciprocity treaty, and said the same could be accomplished between this country and Canada, South America and Mexico if free trade prevailed.

The protectionist, Mr. Hurd said, wants to put a duty on everything but money, and the tariff is a burden on the farmer because it increases the price of his labor, plant and machinery. Great Britain, France, and most other countries had retaliated by raising their duties or finding new markets, and the result is a surplus here which makes prices lower and which cannot be got rid of. He said the great producing powers of this country must look to foreign markets; stoutly advocated reciprocity, and concluded with a powerly arraignment of the protectionists for their error and folly.

The speaker was loudly applauded throughout, and upon the close of his address held a reception in the Executive chamber.

A Month that Tests Character.

Chas. Dudley Warner, in Harper's for Feb.

The month of February in all latitudes in the United States is uncertain. The birth of George Washington in it has not raised it in public esteem. In the North it is a month to flee from; in the South, at best it is a waiting month—a month of rain and fickle skies. A good deal has been done for it. It is the month of St. Valentine, it is distinguished by the leap-year addition by a day and ought to be a favorite of the gentle sex; but it remains a sort of off period in the year. Its brevity recommends it, but the "Drawer" would take no notice of it were it not for its effect upon character. A month of rigid weather is supposed to brace up the moral nature, and a month of gentleness is supposed to soften the asperities of the disposition, but February contributes to neither of these ends. It is neither a tonic nor a soother; that is, in most parts of our inexplicable land. We make no complaint of this. It is probably well to have a period in the year that tests character to the utmost and the person who can enter spring through the gate of February a better man or woman is likely to adorn society the rest of the year.

Serpents as Ornaments for Women of Fashion.

From the London Daily News.

No little beetles or serpents have as yet appeared this season upon the evening toilet of those of the earth who can afford to be eccentric. Twenty years ago French women had a caprice about snakes. They made pets of them.

The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne always kept a little one in her pocket, alive of course. Her husband objected, and her friends did not all quite like it, but no entreaties availed to separate her from the little reptile that she loved. Mme. Musard wore a small viper on her neck among her incomparable diamonds. When she appeared in her box at the opera every glass in the house was levelled at her as she sat scintillating with diamonds, and with the dark coil of the serpent's body illustrating the witeness of her neck.

Later on the Comtesse de Villeneuve for several months wore on her neck a beautiful scarabeus beetle. It was tethered to a rink by a very slender golden chain. It could run about on her shoulders; a sight which pleased few who saw it. An American lady, a few seasons ago, imitated this distinguished example. In both cases the little creatures died of starvation.

A FALL OF 400 FEET.

Young Mrs. Townsley's Thrilling Experience.

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—Mrs. T. J. Townsley, the Chicago lady who was an occupant of the stage coach that toppled a distance of 400 feet down Independence Pass, Colorado, last month, without sustaining any injury, arrived in this city yesterday. Mrs. Townsley is a prepossessing young lady about 25 years of age. Describing the marvelous incident, the details of which have not been printed before, she says: "At daybreak on the morning of December 16th I was awakened at my hotel in Leadville and informed that the Aspen stage coach was waiting for me. It was bitter cold, and was snowing so densely that the driver had to pilot me to the coach. I had on a heavy, double fold velvet dress, a sealskin saque, a buffalo robe pinned over my shoulders, my head covered by a fur cap and my face enveloped in a shawl, allowing an aperture for my eyes. Despite all these protections I was frightfully cold. The coach was drawn by six horses and was on wheels. We were preceded by the Granite coach, which was on runners. The road over Elk Mountain is a natural one that will admit of but a single coach passing. At the apex of the mountain the Granite coach halted in the station blasted out of the rock and allowed us to go ahead. Here the descent began. The road at this point runs at an incline of 45°. The driver put his lock chain on to the wheels, thus virtually converting them into runners. The vehicle, despite these precautions, and by its own weight, went down at a frightful rate. We could barely keep our seats. We balanced ourselves as best we could. Running up from the truck, and through the box of the coach was a perpendicular bar of steel called the king pin. I clung to this, and managed to keep myself right side up. Down the narrow path in the side of the mountain we went with the horses in a mad gallop, to keep the coach from running them down. We were rounding Independence Pass, when suddenly the driver cried:

"Jump! Jump for your—"

He never finished the sentence. He had been holding the coach as near the embankment as the narrow pass would permit. Ahead of him he saw a heavy bowlder topple and fall down the mountain side and into the path. This caused him to make the cry of warning. The obstruction was but 20 yards ahead of him, and it was beyond human power to stay the impetus the coach had gotten coming down the incline. I saw the driver leap. Inside we all held on to the king pin. Down we went, and in another instant the forward wheels struck the rock. The hind part of the coach was thrown forward and outward, and the king pin snapped asunder like a reed. The box, with all in it, went over the precipice on its side, and through the window I fell out. Less fortunate than myself, the coach and my fellow-tourists lodged in a crevice on the side of a precipice some one hundred and eighty feet below the road. I was thrown out with such force that I cleared this crag and kept on and down the full 400 feet to the bed of the canon and into a bank of snow, cutting my way into it as if it was water, head first. The Granite coach, just to the rear of us, pulled into a notch in the rocks, and the driver and some prospectors got out and began to climb down to where I had lodged. Armed with shovels, they began to dig me out, and, it is curious to relate, the one flesh wound I received was from the blade of a shovel, which plowed up a furrow in my ankle when they reached me. I was finally dug out unconscious, and to all appearances dead. Restoratives were administered, and I was taken up and carried to the toll-house at the head of the cliff. Here my hands and limbs were rubbed and my face slapped until my cheeks were raw. But all to no avail. I was black in the face, and there was no audible or visible respiration. I was left in the care of the toll-keeper and the Granite coach passengers, while the two drivers started for Aspen, 13 miles distant, to summon surgical aid. One of the party returned at midnight with a doctor. In the meantime I had revived and had, in company with the toll-keeper, gone down in a sleigh to the dinner station, three miles below, and was administering to the wounded and dying. All of the rest had sustained frightful injuries in their fall of 180 feet, while I, falling over twice the distance, came out of the disaster sustaining no other injuries than a bruise inflicted by the shovel."

An Insulted Fat Woman.

A woman weighing 369 pounds, wearing her hair cut short, entered the office of the president of the San Antonio Street Railway Company, and in a voice that was a cross between a bass violin and a boiler shop, said:

"I came here to complain of the driver of one of your cars."

"What has he been doing?" asked the official.

"In crossing the car track I had the misfortune to slip and fall, and I could not get up right away, for as you see I am not Sarah Bernhardt. I'm fat all over."

"Well, what next?"

"The driver of the street car stopped his mule and insulted me."

"What did he say?"

"He said if I would get up and let him drive on that I could sit down again on the car track as soon as the car had passed."

"I shall have him reprimanded," said the official.

"Thank you, sir; thank you. I'll patronize your street car line hereafter, that is, if the door is wide enough. Good morning, sir."

As she passed out, the official remarked to a clerk:

"She may not be 'all wool,' but she certainly is a yard wide."—*Texas Siftings.*

The First Trombone Blows his Horn.

From the Washington Critic.

A *Critic* reporter met a member of the Marine Band on New Year's night after he had finished his task at the White House receptions. The musician was in a happy state of mind, and quite talkative. He began to discuss, from a hungry man's standpoint, the Presidents for the last quarter of a century, and he said President Cleveland takes the prize for filling the band up with good things to eat and drink, and being sociable and kind to them.

"Oh, he's a regular corker," said the redcoat, "and I hope he'll get another term. The scaliest treatment we ever got was under Arthur. I believe he was all right, but his steward was no friend of ours. Just think of a man starting home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning with his stomach full of oyster soup and beer. It makes me sick to think of it."

"How did Hayes treat you?"

"Oh, he gave us lots to eat, but not a drop to drink stronger than coffee."

About Grant and Garfield he spoke in the highest terms. But "the one man after my own heart," he said, "is Secretary Whitney. When we got through at the President's to-day he took us over to his house to play, and he paid us $5 apiece and the leader $10. He's the first Cabinet officer or any other Government official who ever paid us."

BARBED WIRE IN LAW.

A Colt Killed by Contact with a Fence, and a Suit in Consequence.

From the Albany Times.

A decision in the Supreme Court of New Jersey last week in regard to barbed wire fences is attracting considerable attention, inasmuch as it affects not only those who use the barbed wire, but those who make and sell it. The case before the court was that of Karl Polak, a New York business man, resident of Plainfield, N. J., against Samuel Hudson. The defendant owned a field fenced with barbed wire, and in an adjoining field plaintiff kept a colt, which in some way was so badly injured by the barbed wire that it had to be killed. Counsel for the plaintiff argued that the barbed wire fence was an invention of the devil, and was entitled to no consideration in court.

Judge Magil in a measure upheld him, declaring that the right and duty of the owner is to put up a suitable and proper barrier to prevent the incursions of his neighbor's cattle, and to keep within his own enclosure his own animals. But that right is subject to the duty which the owner, in common with every one else, owes to his neighbor; that duty is to so use his own property as to do no injury to the property belonging to another. The duty which the owner who erects a fence owes to his neighbor is a duty to be performed with reference to the use of the adjoining land; and if that use be in the way of pasturage for horses or cattle, it must be with reference to the habits of such animals in their disposition to break through, and no owner has a right to erect such a barrier, or to incorporate in it that which, in view of the natural habits and dispositions of such animals as would naturally be kept on the adjoining land, would be dangerous and likely to produce injury. The judge held that the plaintiff is entitled to recover, although he had bailed his colt to the adjoining owner to be kept at pasture, and although the owner knew of the existence of this wire fence.

The case will doubtless be appealed, as the barbed wire manufacturers cannot afford to let such an injurious decision stand uncontested if there is any hope of having it reversed. The plea will doubtless be set up that the barbed wire, from its cheapness, convenience and practicability, is a necessity; that it is with few exceptions harmless, and that in this case nothing but the total depravity of the colt was at fault for the injury. The case will be watched with no little interest, and especially at the West, where barbed wire is used almost exclusively for fencing.

England as a Protective Bugbear.

It is the fashion of protective orators and writers who desire to bolster their system of enhancing the prosperity of a country by paralyzing its trade to contrast the condition of affairs in the United States with the condition of affairs in free trade England. Of course, it is unfair to make such a comparison. The United States spread across a continent, and are reaping the harvests of a virgin soil where cheap land lies within the reach of every one. England is narrowed and girt about with water, her lands monopolized by a few owners, her population greater than her home supply of food, and her natural resources vastly smaller than those of this country. Her condition should, for the purposes of fair comparison, be contrasted with that of neighboring countries in Europe—France, Germany, Italy or Austria—where the people are enjoying whatever advantages may accrue from the operation of protective tariffs. The population of Great Britain is depleted by constant emigration, while the prosperity of this country is enhanced bp immigrants who arrive on our shores yearly in great armies. Yet, with all the drawbacks mentioned, the united kingdom—England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland—is the most prosperous of European countries, and one of the most prosperous in the world. In an article contributed by Mr. Mulhall to the *Contemporary Review* he shows that in the ten years from 1875 to 1885 the progress of Great Britain was as follows:

Population increased	12	per cent.
Wealth "	22	"
Trade "	29	"
Shipping "	67	"
Instruction "	68	"

During the same time the number of paupers in proportion to population had diminished, and a similar decline had occurred in the number of criminals. The number of bankruptcies had also fallen off.

When the United States are getting along well, in spite of their protective system, it cannot be denied that Great Britain is flourishing beyond all its protective European rivals, in spite of its free trade. It is more reasonable, however, to suppose that its remarkable advancement is due to its free trade policy.

Chang Yen Hoon's Gorgeousness.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Chinese Minister, Chang Yen Hoon, is quite a worldly minded and progressive Mandarin. He had his first taste of foreign life and manners while Taotai, or Governor, of Shanghai, and he laid there the foundation of the great fortune that he enjoys. He entertains magnificently and dresses richly, and has costumes without end. Last night his attire was a white brocaded satin coat, fastened with gold and diamond buttons, and skirts of the palest blueish-white satin. He has the bland, benevolent all-wise face of Buddha, and the presence of a great diamond set in the front of his cap still further reminds one of the divinity on the lotus. When he came to this country he had one still larger diamond that he wore on his ceremonial cap, but he read so much of the massacre at Rock Springs, train robberies, hat-rack thieves, dynamite missives and other things new and peculiar to this superior and highly civilized country, that he concluded that America was not the place for his cherished diamond, and he sent it back to China for safe keeping.

He is gorgeous enough as he is, and the variety and extent of his wardrobe is amazing. Chang Yen Hoon is quite an exquisite in his way, and does not shroud himself in the sober grays and plumb colors in which his venerable predecessor moved about. He is always resplendent in turquoise blue, pale lilac, golden green, soft pink, silver gray, or reddish purple, and such colors, or white. A gown will be of one color, a coat of another and tight trousers of a third color showing at the open sides of the gown. Often these silky garments are lined with contrasting colors, and in their walks abroad and in any drawing room the Minister and his staff make a brilliant spot of color.

Discharged.

Magistrate—The young woman says that your continued staring at her annoyed her excessively.

Prisoner—I never intentionally annoyed a woman in my life, Your Honor.

Magistrate—Then why did you stare at her so persistently?

Prisoner—Because she is pretty, and I couldn't help it.

Young Woman—Let him go, Judge.—*Life.*

Certainly Wealthy in her Own Name.

From the Washington Critic.

Saturday evening a gentleman, who thinks he knows a witticism when it comes in his way, went home to his dinner after a visit to the court room, where he had been hearing Mrs. Emmons give her testimony. He told his wife where he had been and she asked him what he thought of the case.

"Well," he said, "the woman is undoubtedly crazy. She got off a joke that she laughed at herself, but nobody in the house caught on, and I'll be shot if I have been able to account for her laughing, except on the ground of insanity."

"What was it?"

"Why, her attorney, Mr. Garnett, said to her: 'Dr. Kempster testified that you stated to him that you were quite well off; in fact, was wealthy. Now, what have you to say to that?' 'It's a fact. I did tell him I was wealthy; and I am,' she answered. 'In what does your wealth consist?' asked Mr. G. 'In my name,' she said, and then she laughed as if she had said something very, very funny. Now, I'll leave it to you if she isn't slightly off. I've been saying 'Emmons,' 'Emmons,' over to myself for the last two hours, and I fail to see where the laugh comes in."

His wife looked at him, full of pity and tenderness.

"I'm so sorry for you," she said simply.

"Why," he asked, warmly.

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Because her name is 'Weltha,' and you and all the court were so wonderfully wise that you left the poor woman to enjoy her pun all to herself."

Arkansas Coal.

Much has been said lately in the local newspapers regarding the valuable resources of Ouachita county, Arkansas. The most valuable discovery made in this section is the vast deposits of brown and cannel coals. These coal beds are situated on the Ouachita river, running on a line with the river about fifteen miles north of Camden, nearly to the Little Missouri river, a distance of ten or fifteen miles overland in length, and thence running west about six miles. A number of drifts have been made in various localities where the coal cropped out, showing a thickness of the vein from two and a half to six feet. During the late war many barrels of oil were extracted from this coal. The ruins of the old government reduction works are yet to be seen near the banks of the river, but the old drifts have all caved in. The coal lies embedded in rugged, high, hilly lands, and the veins run a horizontal direction at the base of the hills, so that instead of sinking shafts from the surface, all that is necessary is to run horizontal drifts from the base of the hills in the valleys, where outcroppings are discovered. It is easy coal to mine, is of a superior quality for fuel and heating and steam making purposes.

"Consumption Can Be Cured."

Dr. J. S. Combs, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of lung diseases, and advanced to that stage when coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight from 16 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine. I prescribe no other Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, Lime, and Soda, but Scott's, believing it to be the best." jan20,4t.

JOS. L. DOWNES. W. R. JENNINGS.

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BALTIMORE.

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It is not a cure-all. It cures nothing but Rheumatism, but it is a **safe** and **sure** cure for that disease. Thousands who have been cured will testify to its reliability.

MR. G. B. ULMER, of 1621 N. 12th St., Philada, wrote four months after he had been cured by the Russian Rheumatism Cure (waiting to see whether it would not return), saying he was bedridden with the disease, and thought he would lose his reason from the agony he had to endure; and inside of two weeks he was cured by this remedy, although he had his house physician, and used other remedies without result, previous to trying this wonderful remedy.

MR. CHAS. A. COX, American and Morris St., Phila., said: "My wife was bedridden, and her condition made me despair. Doctors and everything else failed. The Russian Rheumatism Cure cured her in one week."

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