The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1892. VOL. XXXI—NO. 19

WILLIAM W. BECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Office with M. deK. Smith on Court Street.

LEWIN W. WICKES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, - - Maryland.

DR. GENESE.
Of Baltimore, will attend at Betterton every Saturday for all duties pertaining to Dentistry.
March 26, 1891.

DR. W. E. BARNARD,
—Dentist,—
has located permanently, and will be in attendance daily from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at the residence of Mrs. M. J. Howard, Still Pond, Md., for all duties pertaining to Dentistry.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 9 A. M. till 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and from 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays excepted.
Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

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"THE NEW SOUTH."

We have had the pleasure of reading "A Unique Book—The New South," by Rev. James T. Lassell, A. M. We were attracted to the book by its title and the name of its author, Mr. Lassell being a graduate of Washington College in the "Class of '55."

The poem is unique in many particulars, and we found it of sufficient inherent interest to compel our attention until we read to the close. It represents a trip, or rather an imaginary trip, to the South about the time of the assassination of President Garfield, and attempts to portray the feeling of every circle of life upon the matter. The scene in the negro quarters has some characteristic touches, but the author shows himself more at home in deliniating the sympathy of people of the mansion. Some of the visions and scenes are sketched with a master hand. We regret we cannot have space to devote to a thorough review of the finer passages of the poem. We quote from different parts of the book a few of the many gems. The opening passages:

"Like sated Wolf from mangled flock, war had
from this, our torn
And bleeding land retired: Like shepherdess,
from flight forlorn,
Peace had returned, and entered on her office
with success.
Leading the remnant of the flock afield with
fond caress
—Where crowded ranks of soldiers had been
marshalled on the plains
There stood great hosts—line after line—of
shocks of various grains:
—Forgotten graves in which with haste the
fallen had been thrown
On hillsides bare, were hid by groves of oak and
pine full grown," etc.

The ex-Confederate says beautifully:

"In *vain*, indeed,
Did myriads bleed,
And die on war's embattled plain,
Where brothers died by brothers slain,
If in this land
All do not stand,
As brethren, in that bond of love
To break which War too weak did prove!"

We quote from Truth's rejoinder:

"Now, just as you bright setting sun
Sends gifts alike to ev'ry one,
So does this country's blessings flow
To rich and poor, to high and low:
And as the trees and flow'rs and grass
And other growths of ev'ry class,
And stream and rock and barren slope
Yea, all within his strong eye's scope,
In mutual love and peace receive
Whate'r the generous Sun does give;
And as the smiling of the sands,
And clapping of the glad trees' hands,
And laughing of the waters' voice,
Go back to make the Sun rejoice,
So do most people in this land
In bond of mutual love now stand.
And for the blessings which are sent
Reflect their joys on government."

After speaking of the vision of the Duel, the author thus closes the scene:

"Forgetting to be mute,
I spoke aloud in praise;
The curtain fell! the play
Was stopped! and ev'ry light
Went out! th' assembly gay
Retired in haste: and night
The empty play-house closed,
And walked forth in her crown,
Whose gems I ne'er supposed
Were bright as they then shone!"

"The Echoing Shell" is a pretty conceit, and the day dawn is a graceful idea. "The Voice Against the South" is peculiar because of the number of verses rhyming together. So there are many things unique and pleasing in "The New South." True, in the use of italics, small caps, pointers, etc., the author has certainly taken full advantage of his license as a poet, but we found the poem, as a whole, very entertaining, not to mention the depth of thought flowing beneath the smooth surface. We must concede the truth of the author's view of the "Race Problem." The theoretical solutions seem good, but, alas! what of the practical development?

All in all, the "New South" is a helpful, pleasant little poem, well worth a much more careful perusal than we have been able to give it.—A BELIEVER IN THE NEW SOUTH, AND A LOVER OF THE OLD.

MARRIED LIFE.

Hints for the Newly-Made Wife to Produce Happiness.

A woman should not take offence too readily, says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Often, indeed, the words or manner she resents were not ill-meant by her husband. Some men have a hasty, brutal-sounding fashion of speaking that tries and hurts a woman cruelly, and she should endeavor, by all gentle means in her power, to break him of the habit, by representing to him, in his calmer moments, the pain he inflicts upon her.

The man who loves his wife will usually try to break himself of any peculiarity that is distasteful to her; but she may rest assured she will not better him by continually harping upon the sore subjects.

To harmless and inoffensive idiosyncrasies the wife should shut her eyes. At the beginning of her married life let her make up her mind to one fact, that she cannot force her husband to resemble her in every particular of thought and feeling. He will have his preferences and distastes, and she need not expect to coerce or persuade him in conforming them to hers; after all, he has a right to his own individuality, and she has no business to interfere with them.

There will always be enough points of common sympathy to form a meeting ground, and upon matters of divergent opinion let them agree to disagree.

Largest Fires on Record.

Chicago sometimes brags that it has had the biggest fire in history; but it seems that Moscow, in 1814, had a bigger one, in which 30,800 buildings were destroyed, valued at $150,000,000. The loss in the Chicago fire of October, 1871, was $125,000,000; the buildings destroyed, 17,450. The buildings destroyed by the great fire of London, 1666, were 13,200, valued at $55,000,000. The great fire of Boston, 1872, destroyed $50,000,000, burned over 65 acres and consumed or ruined 776 buildings. In 1870 Constantinople had a conflagration of $24,000,000, and 800 buildings. In 1851 San Francisco lost 2,500 buildings, valued at $17,000,000. In 1852 Hamburg had a fire which consumed 1,747 of the finest buildings in the city. It is hardly to be expected that any fire hereafter will burn more than those at Moscow and Chicago.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

AS A general rule, it is best not to correct costiveness by the use of saline or drastic medicines. When a purgative is needed, the most prompt, effective and beneficial is Ayer's Pills. Their tendency is to restore, and not weaken, the normal action of the bowels.

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Ireland's Beauty and Poverty—A Pen Picture of the Coast and the Interior.

BY PROF. IRVING L. TWILLEY.

We left our readers with the clattering of the noisy Irish girls at Londonderry, and proceeded to Belfast, points in northern Ireland, Dublin, and a tour through south and west Ireland.

Dublin is a model city. It contains many stately buildings, which ornament its clean, broad streets, and is full of historical interest. The renowned birthplaces of Swift and Moore are pointed out with pride to the tourists who visit the metropolis.

Proceeding southward a short distance from Dublin, we are in the midst of the beautiful scenery of Wicklow, which inspired Moore to give utterance to many of his sweetest melodies. It is a grand panorama of enchantment, and the traveler sees what he never read, nor hopes to express; but we cannot linger at Wicklow.

At various points in Great Britain, there are many ecclesiastical remains of olden times, but none of the remarkable ruins in the United Kingdom possess the grandeur, as does those of "royal and saintly" Cashel. The rock of Cashel is a colossal mass of limestone standing in the midst of the "Golden Vale," crowned with sacred edifices, isolated and precipitous in the extreme. The entire summit of the hill is covered with the ruins. Though they are roofless and without windows, yet they retain their original proportions; the courts are only attended and enlivened by the sighseer; the cathedral, chapel, palace, "the rock-throned battlements" and towers, defy the effacing hand. The kings of munster formerly resided here.

Our sail up the "Irish Rhine" was the most pleasant excursion of the season. This trip affords pleasure-seekers an opportunity to see more natural scenery and beauty than any other in Ireland. Indeed, Cork and the adjoining county, Kerry, in which Lake Killarney is situated, is a land of the beautiful whose glory has been sung by her famous song, Edmond Spenser. From the homes of Spenser and Raleigh, the trip up the poets' "Armiduff" to Cappoquin is admitted by many to be one of the prettiest sights in Europe. The Blackwater, or "Irish Rhine," while less famous, less impressive than its namesake in Switzerland, is attracting more visitors each year. It is a storied stream, and the ruined castles along its noble banks, tell of the unhappy history of Ireland in bygone days. But the scenic glory of Ireland is to be found in the rocky county of Kerry—practically a bed of rock. The Irish coast of this county, indented by bays and islets, is a picturesque scene of itself, which culminates in all that is beautiful at Glengasiff—a paradise of beauty and peace. Here is, "Bantry bay with its bold, rocky coast, dreaming as it were, in its own shadow; the wooded fragrant, fairy-like dells and quiet nooks with their prodigal wealth of flowers, and close at hand, the sombre peaks of the mountains of Kerry." A short stage ride over beautiful roads, brings us from picturesque Glengarriff to lovely Killarney. The stateliness of the former is to be compared with the loveliness of the latter, and each is supreme in its own beauty.

The scenery and general surroundings of the country and towns in the northern section of Ireland are pleasant to the eye, but do not compare with that of the Irish Lake District, Glengarriff, Killarney, etc. The inhabitants of the northern counties are mostly Protestants, and a prosperous, self-satisfied people, and do not want Home Rule to compel them to pay excessive taxes to support a government for the dissatisfied people and paupers of the less prosperous counties, who are mostly Catholics. This was the opinion expressed to me by several of the Irishmen; yet when I was traveling in the southern districts, quite a different view was taken of the matter. They claim excessive ground rents by the landlords, and a desire of the Protestants for supremacy were the predominant reasons for the grave situation and Irish pauperism, to-day. Whatever may be the cause, surely here is a field for work, to relieve the condition of these poor people. But, in my opinion, to a certain degree, they have brought themselves into their meagre condition, and until they realize their situation and the independence of family relations, pauperism will never be eradicated from the shores of Ireland. We found a man who several years ago rented a thirty-acre farm, with a comfortable dwelling thereon, and prospered. He raised a large family and became the grandfather of several children. As his sons became of age, the farm was divided and sub divided even to the grandchildren. Of course, the landlords would not build for each one a dwelling, so the boys undertook the work themselves. And to-day, you see the land here and there, dotted by these disgraceful structures, and men, women, children, cattle and hogs, all living under the same roof, trying to dig a living for a large family out of a small acreage of land. So, in the land of shamrock, as in our wonderful America, the children want to stay near their parents. Young man, imbibe Horace Greeley's opinion and "Go West." The sooner you place dependence in yourself, and the degree to which you are self-confident, so will your success be in life.

Our tramp on foot was very interesting, and the experience with some of the characters we met on the roadside, furnish subjects for volumes, but the stage is waiting to take us to Kate Kearney's cottage.

Coffee and Its Effects.

The virtue of coffee is that it stimulates and refreshes; these properties being due to caffeine. It also contains gum and sugar, fat, acids, caseine and wood fibre. Like tea, it powerfully increases the respiration, but, unlike it, does not affect its depth. By its use the rate of the pulse is increased, and the action of the skin diminished. It is a mental stimulus of a high order. Carried to excess it produces abnormal wakefulness, indigestion, acidity, heartburn, tremors, debility, irritability of temper, trembling, irregular pulse, a kind of intoxication ending in delirium and great injury to the spinal functions.

WHAT SAY YOU, LADIES?—Almost any woman, if given her choice, would rather be independently rich than happily ma[illegible]

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Tupper at the Seventh Baptist Church.

Recently, at the Seventh Baptist Church, Rev. Dr. H. Allen Tupper began a series of short Sunday-night sermons. His subject, "Personal Influence," was suggested by the words in Romans, xiv. 7: "None of us liveth to himself." Dr. Tupper said, in part: There is no such thing as absolute independence in the material or moral world. No atom exists by itself or for itself, but every one influences and is influenced by every other. The tiniest wavelet that rolls over the pebbled shore, marking the rise of the tide in the inland bay is determined by the heaving bosom of the ocean that circulates between continents. The sparkling raindrop that falls into the heart of the wild flower owes its birth to the giant mountain, the great heavens, and to the distant planet that wheels in limitless space beyond the ken of the telescope. The apple that drops from the tree affects, and is affected, by a law that holds in its grasp the earth, and keeps all this material world from plunging into chaotic confusion. Nothing in the material world exists for itself absolutely. No life is negative. Our world is a grand society. Every heart in it is united with the heart of humanity. All lives, directly or indirectly, are bound together by an uninterrupted chain of electric influence.

"What Can a Woman Do?" was the caption in one of our leading periodicals. Earth cannot contain the answer, but only heaven can contain the fruit of a noble woman's life. The beautiful Maria Theresa, the soul-loving Helen Chalmers, and the sweet Florence Nightingale are stars of silver in the bosom of a dark night, beckoning their sisters to high and noble deeds. The great French emperor, when asked what was the need of the nation, replied: "Mothers. Mothers mould minds which afterwards mould empires." A mother's face long after it has passed from view, a mother's voice long after it is hushed, is seen and heard again. God places her at the head-waters of humanity, where a pebble may change the direction of the running streamlet. Fathers, if your son sees the badges of intemperance on your face, if he hears you blaspheme the name of your God, if he sees the passionate flush and the angry frown, if he knows that your life is entirely dedicated to the affairs of the world, can you blame him for following his earthly ideal?

Engaged Couples.

Is there anything more absolutely maddening to the prosaic married couple of long years' standing or the gay young people with no thought of love in their happy-go-lucky noddles, than the absolute absorption in their two selves of a blissfully engaged pair? asks the Philadelphia *Times*. They are utterly worthless so far as any entertainment in which more than two, and those two the interested parties, are concerned. They ignore the rest of the world with a frank contempt that is so undisguised that one cannot take offense, yet at the same time one wonders at the change of sentiment that has so altered their demeanor of a few short weeks before. They are prone to sitting in the dark; long silences are to them more than hours of brilliant conversation, and the looks they know how to bestow are paramount to the most adoring avowals. If they are visiting, they have no use for the host or hostess, and all they desire is a vacant room and a warning cough which will give them ample time to resume the correct attitude before a stranger enters. They can sit up until midnight and perhaps not say twenty words in all that time, but when the clock strikes the hour of departure they are astonished to find it so late, so sweetly and swiftly have the hours flown away. No entertainments have the charms of those hours when they sit hand in hand absorbed in sweet thoughts of that future which they will spend together. Once engaged they have no use for the outside world, and will think the awakening rude and cruel when, after marriage, they find that the prosaic affairs of life must be admitted into their sweet and sentimental love dream.

Curious Tricks of Memory.

One of the quaint freaks of the memory is the trick—often enough noted, for that matter—which some people's memories have of seeming to recall only the things that the mind never made any effort to remember, and letting go irrevocably all the things that the mind did consciously attempt to store up, says the Boston *Transcript*. Possibly the listener has once before told the story of a friend of his, whose occupation is more or less literary, who can remember but one single piece of poetry, and that was a piece of doggerel that his seat-mate in school once learned! All the divine verse that he himself has often labored to commit is gone forever; but this piece of doggerel which the other boy labored to learn, but probably totally forgot in a month or a year, sticks fast in his mind. Everybody's memory has a tendency to hold fast to mischief and nonsense, and let serious and important things go. However, this very characteristic of the memory is a thing that can be made use of if we know how to do it. If we are bright enough at the right time to take in these useful things somewhat after the easy and enjoyable fashion that we take the agreeable nonsense, the chances are that they will stick to us.

FIVE HEALTH HINTS FOR WOMEN.—Protect your ankles with thick hose and high shoes.

Damp clothing and moist drafts invite you to take a cold.

Never sit on a damp cushion, moist ground, or a marble or stone step, if you wish to avoid a sore throat.

Let your doctor do all your prescribing, and not yourself, your druggist, or your cousins, or their mothers, or their aunts, or all their host of friends.

The best lung protectors are dry feet and warm, comfortable body clothing, no exposures and no late suppers or dissipation.

THE CROW lives one hundred years, the canary twelve. Nature knew what she was about when she built the crow and the canary.

"Politician, ain't ye, mister?" he inquired, turning to the passenger immediately behind him. "Yep; how did you know?" "Breath."

Rose From the Cobbler's Bench.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the notes English admiral.

Ebenezer Sibly, English physician and astrologer.

Robert Morrison, English missionary and orientalist.

William Sturgeon, English electrician and inventor.

George Fox, English founder of the Society of friends.

Hans Sachs, German poet; Jacob Bohme, German mystic.

James Woodhouse, English bookseller and minor poet.

John Partridge, English astrologer and almanac maker.

Robert Bloomfield, the well-known English pastoral poet.

Anthoney Parver, English linguist and Biblical translator.

William Carey, English orientalist and Baptist missionary.

William Huntington, English Calvinistic Methodist preacher.

Samuel Bradburn, English Wesleyan Methodist preacher.

Henry Wilson, eighteenth vice-President of the United States.

Manoah Sibly, English orientalist and Swedenborgian preacher.

Francesco Brizzi, Italian painter; Ludolf de Jong, Flemish painter.

John Greenleaf Whittier, poet.

John Pounds, English philanthropist and founder of ragged schools.

William Gifford, English journalist and critic, editor of *Quarterly Review*.

Roger Sherman, statesman and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

James Lackington, English bookseller and author of "Autobiography and Confessions."

Among English and Scottish minor poets may be mentioned Joseph Blacket, David Service, John Foster, Gavin Wilson, John Struthers, John O'Neill, John Younger and Thomas Oliver.—*American Notes and Queries.*

Great Men's Fathers.

Homer was a farmer's son.

Pope's father was a merchant.

Milton was the son of a copyist.

Mozart's father was a bookbinder.

Charles Lamb was a servant's son.

The father of Cowley was a grocer.

Talma, the actor, was a dentist's son.

Socrates was the son of a day laborer.

Oliver Cromwell's father was a brewer.

The father of James Mill was a cobbler.

Powers, the sculptor, was a farmer's boy.

The father of Samuel Peppys was a tailor.

The father of Dr. Rush was a farm laborer.

The father of Burns was a peasant farmer.

Shakespear's father was a wool merchant.

The father of Goethe was the son of a tailor.

John Wesley's father was a country clergyman.

Cardinal Antonelli's father was an Italian bandit.

The father of the historian Rollin was a knife maker.

Christopher Columbus' father was a wool-carder.

The composer Gluck was the son of a game-keeper.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

HE KNEW HIS RITUAL.—The late Bishop Doane was strongly opposed to prohibition and his sideboard was lined with brandy, wine, etc. On one occasion the Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Sons of Temperence, dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him.

"Can't do it, Bishop. 'Wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"No. 'Strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the Bishop, becoming excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins:

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you.

"No, Bishop, I can't do that. 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'"

THE NATIONAL FLOWER.—Now that the golden rod, by means of its pollen, is announced on scientific authority to be one of the most vigorous of creators of hay fever and catarrh, there will probably be a willingness on the part of those who have strenuously advocated it as the national flower to listen to what the devotees of other flowers have to say. The American Society of Florists wants the violet taken as such. A California botanist says: "Give us the Columbine, which helps us to make summer glorious from Maine to Texas, from New Jersey to California and Oregon, and which was named for Columbus.—*Scranton Truth.*

PHYSICIAN (to dying editor)—"My poor friend, I cannot conceal the truth from you any longer. You have only half an hour to live."

Editor *Clarion* (feebly)—"Doctor, will you please tell the foreman, when I am gone, to place my obituary in the front page, top of column, next to pure reading matter? I wonder if I am extravagant in indulging myself in that luxury for once in my life?"—*Puck.*

RULES ABOUT BOOKS.—Never hold a book by the corner of the cover.

Never leave a book lying open face downward.

Always handle a book with loving care. Open it gently and turn the leaves one by one.

Always close a book when you are done with it, leaving a book-mark at the page you wish to find again.

Always take extra care of a borrowed book.

A CONSERVATIVE estimate of what it costs to raise an ordinary boy for the first twenty years of his life, gives the following figures:

$100 per year for first 5 years,			$ 500
150 " "	second	5 years,	750
200 " "	third	5 "	1,000
300 " "	next	3 "	900
500 " "	"	2 "	1,000
Total			$4,150

This is a most moderate estimate of the financial balance against the boy who often complains so thoughtlessly that his father has "never done anything for him."

KIND words are benedictions. They are not only instruments of power, but of benevolence and courtesy, blessings both to the speaker and hearer of them.—Frederick Saunders.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

The "wildflower breakfast" is a caprice which the country hostess carries out to perfection. Rustic baskets, filled to overflowing with floral treasures from field and forest, adorn the dining-room, while the table is one mass of wild flowers, apparently thrown there haphazard, but which are in reality the careless scattering of an artistic hand.

Balzac says that woman is a charming creature who changes her heart as easily as her gloves. Well, why shouldn't she? The gloves would wear out if they weren't changed, and so would the heart; and then think how necessary it is to wear different gloves with different costumes; so why shouldn't the other possession be changed to suit the occasion just as well? A constant rubbing, be it heavy or slight, on exactly the same spot, will either wear it out or make it callous; so in order to produce new and fresh sensations, it is certainly necessary to present a new surface every now and then.

There is a deep method underneath these little eccentricities those great wits of a decade or a century past took such great delight in imputing to us, and the only difficulty is that they are not clever enough often to penetrate to the root of the matter, and, perhaps, it is just as well for their complacency that they shouldn't. The only difference is that these wits and poets themselves changed their hearts, or what they call their hearts, as quickly, if not more so, than the feminine scapegoats, and it is such a nice relief to our own mind (and human nature then and now is not very different) to blame somebody else for our own fault. Apropos, faults are the only things everybody is willing to share with everybody else. Isn't that true? Don't we, every one of us, think, and want everybody else to think, that our virtues are unique?

We learn from Paris that the newest shades for evening dresses during the coming season will be opal, white, Nile green and yellow. Pink will not be nearly so popular as heretofore. Heliotrope will be much worn and the most exquisite shades are called Aida and mauve, which have the now fashionable pinkish tinge. Two yellows are especially lovely, baradis and ble d'or. Nothing on the orange cast will be considered new. For street wear, tan, which runs into golden brown, is on the high road to success. Also the new blues called Tolande and Oriental, both most lovely colors. By midwinter the general appearance of our Baltimore belles will warrant the old saying, "Any color, so that it is red."

Now a word to mothers, and a word they will be wise to heed. Many of the best of mothers are apt to think that her own appearance is not of any importance; that a badly-fitting gown or gloves or shoes are not noticed if their daughters are expensively and becomingly attired. This is a great mistake, and one that reflects badly for the future of the daughters, who will most probably follow her example in such matters, and what man is there brave enough to look forward to spending his days with a dowdy wife? Men are very apt to conclude that at her age the daughter will resemble the mother. This may or may not be true, but it is a daily injustice to the girl when her mother does not, on all occasions, look and try to be as attractive as possible.

If you wish to keep from growing old and to look young and charming, try and make the best of things, as you have them, not the worst. Everybody has many ungratified wishes. Do not dwell on the things you want, but on those you are fortunate enough to have; be aery certain that your face will show what is in your heart—it is a most reliable index. It is in a woman's power to shed so much sunshine and happiness around her, and if for no better reason mothers and wives should keep themselves young in heart and pretty in dress thus their husbands and children may enjoy the pleasure of giving them a loving word of praise and think of them always as looking sweet and dainty.

An Angel Unaware.

A newsboy took the Sixth avenue elevated at Park Place at noon yesterday, and sliding into one of the cross seats and fell asleep. At Grand street two young women got on and took the seats opposite the lad. His feet were bare and his hat had fallen off. Presently the younger girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat smiled at the act and without saying anything held out a quarter with a nod toward the boy. The girl hesitated a moment and reached for it. The next man just as silently offered a dime, a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and before she knew it the girl with flaming cheeks had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slid the amount into the sleeping lad's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without rousing him, and got off at Twenty-third street, including all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head that seemed full of thanks and the possession of a common secret.—*N. Y. World.*

TALKING of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure *everything*—and so, between the experiment of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in everything.

And you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the *risk* of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., does with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA does what no other blood medicine in existence can do. It searches out all the impurities of the system and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. This is why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is so pre-eminently effective a[illegible]dy for rheumatism.

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