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A SPRING SONG.

O sunshine, have you made the world all
golden
With wondrous, magic art,
Or can it be this light, so new yet olden,
That floods my happy heart?
I cannot tell: I only know to-day
Life dances in the sunshine all the way.

O apple blossoms, all the branches pluming
With feathery sprays of white,
A precious flower for me alone is blooming:
It opens to the light.
And is it you, with petals falling fleet,
Or is it this, that makes the world so sweet?

O joyous birds, I think I hear you singing
A glad, exultant lay;
And yet the song that in my heart is ringing
Outsings your voice to-day.
You cannot learn that song, dear little birds:
"He loves me, loves me, loves me, loves me," are the words.

—*Bessie Chandler, in Lippincott.*

My Resurrection Prank.

BY GEO. H. TAYLOR.

I was sitting in my office at the close of a warm summer day in a depressed state of mind, occasioned partly by the oppressive weather and partly by my professional prospects, or rather, want of prospects. Having sown my wild oats and obtained a medical diploma, I had settled down in the little country town of W—— to work up a practice. It was very hard to leave the activities of the city and the prankish life of a student for the quiet of a rural community and the sedateness requisite for impressing the rural mind with the belief that all medical skill was locked up in the particular knowledge box carried on my shoulders. But the little Town of W——, or that particular section of it in which I had opened an office, seemed to my friends, and, therefore, to me, the only spot on earth not already pre-empted by a member of the medical profession. So there I was, awaiting a verification of the adage that "all things come to those who wait."

I had come very near having a case that morning. A strange young woman had come to the leading hotel of the town the day before, had been taken sick during the night, and, as there seemed to be nobody to guarantee the payment of her bill in case she died, my professional competitors appeared willing that I should have the job.

But the fates were against me, for as I ascended the stairs I was told that the young woman was dead and her body had been turned over to the tender mercies of the town coroner and undertaker. Even then the coterie of "good and true" citizens picked up around the bar-room door had "viewed the body" and retired to meet at some indefinite period and declare that "the said person, to the jury unknown, come to her death by some means to the jury unknown," the pauper coffin was in the room and the pauper hearse stood at the door. I had been a little dilatory in responding to the unexpected and very early morning call, and I had lost the case. So I turned on the stairway and leisurely made my way back to my office.

The business of "working up a practice" in medicine will at times depress the most sanguine temperament, and I was, as I have said, having one of those depressed moods when Bonaparte Laguee, the town undertaker's man-of-all-work, dropped in wearing a very gruesome face and helped himself to a chair confidentially near me.

"Sick, Bony?" I asked; for the young man, though looking the very picture of physical vigor, seemed at a loss how to open the conversation.

"Naw!" he answered in a tone of strong disgust; "only sick o' this buryin' business, and o' that measly small boss o' mine. Do you know what he's gone an' done?"

"No."

"Well, you know the old woman Myers that's been a dyin' so long of a disease that none o' you medicine fellows could make out?"

"Yes, died last night, I believe?"

"Yes, an' I let that worthless son o' 'ers have a coffin on tick an' the boss says he'll take the price of it out of my wages. Now, it wasn't nothing better than a cheap pauper coffin, but I ain't going to stand the loss if my rich boss can't, an' he's going to have that coffin back if I have to dig for it. I'm going over to the cemetery to-night for it, an' I didn't know but you wanted a good 'dissect' and would give me a hand. She'd make a stunnin' dissect, 'cause nobody knows what she died of. I'm a little nervous about goin' over there alone, an' I thought if you'd help me get the coffin I'd help you get the body."

Here was a chance to chase away melancholy, and I hadn't had a lark since I left college. If I was found out it would destroy all hopes of a practice in W——, to be sure, but that didn't mean much, considering how slight a fabric those hopes were built on anyway, and it would furnish me with a reasonable excuse to my friends for quitting the apparently barren field they had selected for me. Besides, was there not hope of unearthing a great medical secret that might hand one's name down to posterity?

Added to this there would be great satisfaction in helping Bony to thrust that cheap coffin under the nose of the craven-spirited Worms, the undertaker, and daring him to risk his own reputation by exposing Bony to the law. Bony's revenge might be at the expense of his situation, but it would be rich; and it might have the contrary effect of compelling Worms to keep the man and treat him decently in order to keep his own meanness out of the public ear.

Such arguments as these only needed the natural reaction they created in a depressed velatile temperament to make them convincing, and midnight saw Bony and me digging away like human ghouls at the newest grave in the potters' field of the town cemetery. That is, midnight might have seen us if she had carried her lantern with her, but Mrs. Myers had died in "the dark o' the moon," and we, for greater privacy, had gone without a light.

We raised the coffin and its contents and by devious paths and byways bore it to the back room of my office and there turned on a little light.

"The wrong coffin, by jingo," was the ejaculation of Bony; and he dropped with a half paralyzed limpness into the nearest chair.

Then, recovering from his mortification, he went on: "That's the coffin what we used for the gal at the hotel."

Here was a pretty go. The coffin was of no use to Bony; and the unknown friends of the girl would in all probability be on hand in a few days to claim the body and take it elsewhere for interment.

"But she'll make a bootiful dissect," added Bony by way of comfort, when he saw the misgiving expressed on my countenance. "I noticed as how she was a bootiful gal when we was a nailing 'o her up," he went on. "You couldn't do better 'n keep her, Doctor, seein' we've had the trouble o' gettin' her up. I won't charge you nuthin' fur my share o' the work," he continued, betraying an eager desire to get out of further interest in the business. "You can use the coffin for kindlin'. It's only stained pine."

And Bony turned up the collar of his coat and made toward the door, as if this trifling mistake in the matter of coffins had destroyed every bit of his vengeful spirit.

"Stop, Bony," I said, "you must help me lift the body out if we are going to destroy the evidences of our night's work," and I lifted the lid I had been busy unfastening when Bony made his bolt for the door.

"I can't do it, Doctor," Bony said, in so timorous a voice as to surprise me. "I can't look on that gal's face again, nohow. I saw it this morning, an' I felt queer all day, till the boss riled me about that Myers coffin. I can't touch her again, nohow; I can't, I tell you, nohow!" And Bony's piteous wail of "can't—nohow," died away in the distance as he closed the door behind him and was gone.

There was a sense of sorrowful impetuosity left as the echo of his receding voice, as if drawing himself unwillingly away from some attractive spell that might prove fatal if he stayed. I had lifted the lid and stood looking at the dead face until that faint sense of Bony's piteous "nohow!" was succeeded by a silence so deep as seemed to break my reverie.

I turned away, but an irresistible impulse drew me to the face again. There was not a vestige of disease or emaciation, there was not the sunken eye, nor the grim pallor of death, but a marvelously beautiful countenance, that wore only a pleading expression, as if to say: "Why have you disturbed my sleep?"

It might be only Bony's timorous voice still ringing in my ears that made the dead face look so beseeching, but I could not break its spell. Turn from it with what determination I would, some ineffable fascination drew me back again, even from my window where I had gone to catch the first faint glimmerings of the dawn; as if their coming would release me from my strange situation.

Involuntarily I had moved the coffin lid and looked upon the delicately chiseled hands and the small and shapely feet. Her clothing was of the commonest sort, and had been worn surely for disguise and not of necessity. Bony's "queer" feeling I understand now, and every time my eyes, perforce, sought her face. It was the power of beauty to touch human sympathies.

As I looked again there was a shade of color in the face. The discovery startled me; the gaze again fascinated me. My hand instinctively sought that of the dead. It was not dead. There was mobility and warmth in it. Or was it a fancy with me, growing out of the warm atmosphere of my consultation room? Was it my own fevered imagination? But the color was still rising in the cheeks. I was down upon my knees chafing the hands. In half dazed consciousness I rudely tore away the covering from the throat, removed the tightly laced shoes and rubbed the soft, delicate feet. When I looked again there was a perceptible tremor of the eyelids, and the large, lustrous eyes lost something of their fixed stare, they turned a little; my subject was alive!

With the knowledge that she lived came a more intelligent control of my own senses. I set to work and prepared a stimulating draught, and then, raising her in her coffin, I applied it to her lips. There was a gleam of returning consciousness, a glance at her surroundings, at the coffin in which she sat, and then she swooned again.

I laid her back upon the pillow of wood shavings that was part of the furnishing of a pauper coffin and deliberated as to what I should do next. The morning light was now streaming in through the window and soon all the world might know what the night had hidden. The newsboy on his early round at that moment dropped the morning paper from the not distant city on the doorstep, and instinctively I went to get that wonderful epitome of the last day's doings and learn if it had got any clue to the history of the strange woman who had died at the hotel.

Yes, there it was. The case that the perfunctory Coroner and his 'questors had passed over so indifferently, the newspaper corps had traced in all the warp and woof of this complicated human existence. It was a case of strong, passionate love without reciprocation; a despairing, desperate love that thinks it can only go out through death.

Filled now with both interest and pity; pity for the fond and grief-stricken parents, and interest in the unhappy daughter, I returned to the work of restoring the unconscious girl, and soon accomplished it.

How judiciously I managed to make known to child and parents the particulars which had led up to the peculiar situation in which we all found ourselves. In what a kindly light they viewed my midnight prank with Bony; how they forgave their darling child and guarded my reputation may all be imagined when I say that I am now one of the family, and that although I have never worked up much of a practice in W—— or anywhere else, the fact has never given me another moment's depression of spirits.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Beer Among the Ancients.

A German professor has succeeded in tracing the origin of beer to the land of the pyramids. An ancient papyrus has revealed the wrath of an Egyptian father who had convicted his son of the deplorable habit of lounging about the Nile taverns and guzzling beer. From Egypt the art of manufacturing "liquid bread," as the professor affectionately describes his favorite beerage, was introduced into Ethiopia and the heart of Africa, where perpetual summer made it seasonable all the year round. The Roman Empire declined because among other things, it despised beer and was beguiled by stronger but less wholesome fluids. The Northern races overran Italy, according to the same authority, because they had learned to live on bread and beer. Enthusiasm certainly carried the learned professor a long way; and perhaps he has not reached the end of his archaic researches. Is he certain that the Israelites did not have beer with their manna; or that there was not a fresh brew served betimes in Eden?—*New York Tribune.*

Misapplied Ingenuity.

Late in the evening one day last week a colored woman by the name of Nancy Armstead came to the store of C. J. Higgins, in New Kent County, and bought goods from him to the amount of $3.25 and handed him a five dollar note. He, not noticing the note particularly, put it into his purse and gave her the change. Some time after she had left, however, he took out his purse again, and on looking at the note discovered that it was Confederate. The woman had dyed it a deep green color. Nancy was arrested and jailed.—*Petersburg (Va.) Index-Appeal.*

MILLIONS IN OIL.

STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE RICH BRADFORD FIELDS.

The Country Boy Who Spent a Fortune in Sinking Wells That Were Not Quite Deep Enough—A Long Search Rewarded.

Job Moses was a country boy, born somewhere up about Leroy, N. Y., who drifted into Rochester, while still in his teens, to make his fortune. In 1862 he had made it, and a big one, out of a patent pill that he or some one else had invented. About that time Oil Creek was in its glory, and the newspapers teemed with accounts of the fortunes to be made out of oil. The stories fired the imagination of the Rochester pill man, and he determined to try his hand at the new source of wealth.

Up in the northern part of McKean county, this State, and the sourthern part of Cattaraugus county, New York, lies a valley which was then and is yet one of the wildest and most forsaken sections of country to be found east of the Mississippi. Through this valley, then given up to lumbering, Charles Minot, who used to conduct the Erie Road sometimes for profit, but mostly for pleasure and glory, had for some reason built a branch road which ran through Bradford—which then boasted three houses, a blacksmith shop, a school-house and a tavern—and terminated at the little lumber camp of Gilesville.

Job Moses looked over the field, studied the maps, and finally made up his mind that the valley through which Minot's little railroad ran was underlaid with one vast sea of oil. As time passed on he became as certain as fate that his conclusions were right. One day he showed up in Bradford, leased some thousands of acres, and soon had a well under way. The simple-minded natives, who had thought him eccentric from the first, set him down as a lunatic when he told them that the earnings of the railroad which ran past their door would soon be increased twenty-fold, and to his opinion they clung for many a long year.

For twelve years Job Moses, with dogged resolution, sunk hole after hole in his leases, but with no show of oil. Then he woke up one morning to find that the thousands he had made out of pills in Rochester had vanished in the holes he had been punching in the woods and fields about Bradford, and that he was a poor man. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he went to New York, and with an eloquence born of earnestness he succeeded in obtaining from the capitalists who gave him a hearing money with which to continue his search. This was in 1875. Once back on his field of operations a new idea struck him. Up to that time he had drilled all of his wells only nine hundred feet deep, the horizon at which oil was found along the creek. Perhaps there might be a producing sand still further down. He sunk one of his wells two hundred feet deeper, and was rewarded with a fifty-barrel producer. Another and another told the same or a better story. Job Moses had at last found the oil field for which he had so long been searching. Every well he sunk gave him rich returns. The news of his success spread abroad, and the tide of oildom turned slowly toward Bradford. A year later it had turned to a flood, and the fact was freely admitted that no such field had ever been struck before. Lands which two years before had been almost worthless, sold for more than a Prince's ransom. But Moses had it all under lease, and was able to make his own terms. His thirteen years of waiting netted him millions. He lives in New York now, enjoys life and always has a spare fifty to loan to any of the boys who happen to get broke in the metropolis. Job Moses was not the only man who grew rich in the Bradford field. The Standard Oil Company made, in storage and pipeage rates, the modest sum of $25,000,000, and still exacts a lordly income. John McKeown got his first start at Bradford. By accident he picked up a good lease, sold half of it, and with the proceeds developed the other half. He made a fortune, and has been putting down wells and striking it rich ever since. To-day he has millions in Government bonds, owns a big cattle ranch in Colorado and hundreds of wells in this State, and is the largest single oil-producer in the world. George V. Foreman went to Bradford with a very lean pocket-book, made $500,000 in five years, much and sold out his interests there for as more to the Union Oil Company. Lewis Emery, junior, was a contractor when he concluded to make Bradford his home. He was young, but one of the best posted men in the business. He now ranks among the millionaires, and delights in pointing out the wells on which he worked less than ten years ago.

Dr. Roberts made half a million out of his torpedo and won the hatred of the oil men at the same time. He has since squandered a portion of his wealth in unsuccessful attempts to get into Congress. S. G. Bayne, a Scotchman, made a fortune by selling boilers for drilling wells. Henry Jarecki, who used to be in the retail jewelry trade at Erie, made a bigger one in the same way. Ravord & Seigfang, two young machinists, went to Bradford poor, and by hard work, managed to start a small tool shop. They are worth more now, and their machinery goes all over the oil country. Alexander Watson, when Bradford was young, built derricks for a livelihood. Now he is a wholesale lumber dealer, and has his agents in every oil town. T. H. Harris made a fortune at Bradford, lost it, and is now contracting in the Washington field.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Cairo Children.

It is the poor little children here that most move me to pity and make me lose sight of the wonderfully varied and picturesque scenes of Cairo, writes a Detroit *Tribune* correspondent from Egypt. The poor little things, borne astride the shoulder of their mothers, often seem more dead than alive, and the little hand clutching so feebly, yet confidently, to her headgear is a sight most pitiful. Ii is said that seventy-eight per cent. of the children die here in infancy. I have seen several funerals of children. They are borne along the streets in an open wooden box with a gay pall thrown over it, a motley crowd bearing the box and others following chanting a song with not the least degree of solemnity. Neither the mother nor any woman is ever allowed to follow, and at the grave the child is taken out of the box, and, scarcely wrapped at all, is dropped into the sand.

They Could Not Marry.

The man I marry must have wealth,
Said she.
The girl I marry must have health,
Said he.

He had no wealth. His earnings he did waste
At night.
She had no health because her waist she laced
Too tight.

—*Boston Courier.*

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

Crowds of people gather in the streets of East Orange, N. J., to listen to the Southern negroes employed on the sewers. The darkies chant as they work.

Queen Victoria is much pleased with a photograph recently taken of herself by a new process, which is described as making the picture look exactly like an etching.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, who has been spending a few days at Philadelphia, is bitterly opposed to Mr. Gladstone's home rule bill, but admits that he does not like the present coercion bill.

A circus bill poster decorated the village church at Fieldsboro, N. J., with his gaudy prints, and the more pious inhabitants have hardly recovered from the shock, though the decorating was done last week.

M. Carles, Professuer Agrege at the Faculty de Medecine of Bordeaux, has recently affirmed that the cod liver oil which is the lightest in color is the purest and the most easily assimilated. The deep color frequently seen in cod-liver oil is owing to the more or less putrefied livers having been used.

Mrs. Caroline Wardlow, a wealthy widow, whose matrimonial intentions were bitterly opposed by her grown up sons, reached Macon, Georgia, Monday, in company with her intended, Mr. Albert Amsden. They quickly sought a Justice and were married. The bride is 60 years old and very rich. The groom is 25 and handsome.

A scientific novelty is a lens which magnifies, yet is perfectly flat on both sides: It is made at Jena by the manufacture of Prof. Abbe's new optical glass. The lens consists of a single disc whose density varies so that its refractive power decreases regularly from the surface inward.

The late Lady Strangford, one of the world's greatest philanthropist, administered in 1877 a large fund for the relief of the wounded in the Russo-Turkish war. She personally went to the front with a staff of nurses and opened hospitals on every battlefield. While engaged in this nobble work she was seized by the Russians and treated with characteristic brutality, from the effects of which she never recovered.

Mrs. M. Pollock, 85 Aisquith St., Baltimore, Md., says: "Red Star Cough Cure for colds, coughs and sore throat has no equal." Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

Near Oakville, W. T., is the lone stump of a cedar tree, probably the largest on record.

"March 1882," wrote C. C. Shayne, 103 Prince street, N. Y., "Crippled with lumbago; I tried St. Jacobs Oil; it relieved; tried again, it cured me." November 1, 1886, he writes: "Confirm my statement; was completely cured." Price fifty cents.

Elizabeth Akers Allen, author of 'Rock Me to Sleep, Mother,' is a handsome woman with a fresh face and gray hair.

Cleopatra, the tigress in the Central Park menagerie, New York, gave birth to three tiger kittens. This is her second family since she has been in the park, but the little ones all died before night.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA

Spring is the best time to purify the blood, for at no other season is the body so susceptible to benefit from medicine. The best thing to take is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation possesses curative powers unequaled by any other medicine. Be sure to get Hood's.

Peculiar

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SPARKS FROM THE RAILS.

What the Employees of the Central-Hudson Railroad have to Say about Dr. Pardee's Remedy.

Rochester, May 28, 1886.

Pardee Medicine Co:

GENTS:—I desire to express to you something of my feelings of gratitude for what your remedy has done for me. For fifteen years I have suffered greatly with neuralgia. At times the pain has been so intense that death would have been a welcome relief. It affected my eyes to such an extent that for a time I was totally blind and gave up all hope of recovery, no treatment I could procure affording me even temporary relief. I have used Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy for several months and to-day I am as well and as free from all neuralgic pains as when a boy.

Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy has cured me and I am positive it will cure any case of neuralgia or rheumatism, and I shall recommend it to all.

I would not again suffer what I have for five thousand dollars.

Yours respectfully, D. W. MILLER,
Engineer, N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

MORE WORDS OF PRAISE.

Mr. Horton Knight, a baggageman on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., who resides at No. 9 Riverdale street, this city, says:

"I have been troubled with rheumatism for several years. This spring I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism and was compelled to leave my train. I suffered intense pain. My arm and hand were badly swollen and inflamed. I took various kinds of medicine, but obtained no relief. I was urged to try Dr. Pardee's Remedy, but it was with great reluctance that I did so, as I had no faith whatever in it. But I am fully convinced from personal experience that it is a positive cure for this dreaded disease, and I can recommend it as a remedy worthy the confidence of all. Am feeling better than I have for ten years, and attribute it all to Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy."

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent: C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore "Sun" calls attention to the fact that out of 56 Presidential appointments in the nine Territories, including Alaska and Wyoming, and excluding the District of Columbia, 44 have been changed so far by President Cleveland, and Republicans superseded by Democrats, leaving 12 Republicans in office in the Territories by Presidental appointment, three of whom are in Idaho. The 56 appointments do not include Surveyor General or land officers.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, radically cured. Address, with 10 cents in stamps for book, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dennis H. Tulley, of Boston, Mass., has left $90,000 to the Catholic charities of that city.

Nest Goods are Put in Smallest Parcels.

The old proverb is certainly true in the case of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are little sugar-wrapped parcels, decidedly larger than mustard seeds, containing as much cathartic power as is done up in the biggest, most repulsive-looking pill. Unlike the big pills, however, they are mild and pleasant in their operation—do not produce griping pains, nor render the bowels costive after using.

There is a conflict of jurisdiction between the State and Federal courts in Georgia.

Woman's Face.

"What furniture can give such finish to a room, as a tender woman's face?" asks George Elliott. Not any, we are happy to answer, provided the glow of health tempers the tender expression. The pale, anxious, bloodless face of the consumptive, or the evident sufferings of the dyspeptic, induce feelings of sorrow and grief on our part and compel us to tell them of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign remedy for consumption and other diseases of the respiratory system, as well as dyspepsia and other digestive troubles. Sold everywhere.

Senator George, of Mississippi, uses snuff very liberally.

Fortune's Favorites

Are those who court fortune—those who are always looking out for and investigating the opportunities that are offered. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will mail you free, full particulars about work that you can do while living at home, wherever you are located, and earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Some have earned over $50 in a single day. All is new.

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Too much effort cannot be made to bring to the attention of suffering womanhood the great value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for the diseases of women. Such an one is the wife of General Barringer, of Winston, N. C., and we quote from the General's letter as follows: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham: Please allow me to add my testimony to the most excellent medicinal qualities of your Vegetable Compound. Mrs. Barringer was treated for several years for what the physician called Leucorrhœa and Prolapsus Uteri combined. I sent her to Richmond, Va., where she remained for six months under the treatment of an eminent physician without any permanent benefit. She was induced to try your medicine, and after a reasonable time commenced to improve and is now able to attend to her business and considers herself *fully relieved.*" [General Barringer is the proprietor of the American Hotel, Winston, N. C., and is widely known.]

35 MEDALS AWARDED TO BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTER. THE BEST IN THE WORLD. Cures Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, Colds in the Chest and all Aches and Pains. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names. Ask for BENSON'S AND TAKE NO OTHER.

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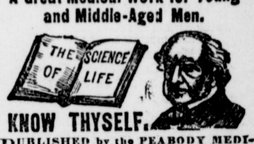

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LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. MCCLURE, *Columbus, Kans.*, writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am after years of suffering."

LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

Chronic Diarrhea Cured.—D. LAZARRE, Esq., *275 and 277 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La.*, writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhea. My bowels are now regular."

GENERAL DEBILITY.

Mrs. PARMELIA BRUNDAGE, of *161 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y.* writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sores in my mouth, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Dyspepsia.—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of *Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn.*, writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM.

Dyspepsia.—THERESA A. CASS, of *Springfield, Mo.*, writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

Chills and Fever.—Rev. H. E. MOSLEY, *Montmorenci, S. C.*, writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

INDIGESTION BOILS, BLOTCHES.

Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, *Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J.*, says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best pills for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of *Ainsworth, Ind.*, writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time, and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of *Cambridge, Maryland*, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of *Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md.*, has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. AYRES, of *East New Market, Dorchester County, Md.*, vouches for the above facts.

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

GIVEN UP TO DIE.

Consumption.—Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of *Harrowsmith Ont.*, writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try Cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the Cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though he had bought for me everything he saw advertised for my complaint, procured a quantity of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only four bottles, and, to the surprise of everybody, am to-day doing my own work, and am entirely free from that terrible cough which harrassed me night and day. I have been afflicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and now feel so much better that I believe, with a continuation of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I will be restored to perfect health. I would say to those who are falling a prey to that terrible disease consumption, do not do as I did, take everything else first; but take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in the early stages of the disease, and thereby save a great deal of suffering and be restored to health at once. Any person who is still in doubt, need but write me, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, when the foregoing statement will be fully substantiated by me."

Ulcer Cured.—ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of *Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.* (P. O. Box 28), writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:

WASTED TO A SKELETON.

Consumption and Heart Disease.—"I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease,