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# IN THE CATSKILLS.

**Our Correspondent, with His Camera, Exchanges the Seashore for the Mountains,**

**Where the Boarders Are Not Millionaires, But of the Moderately Moneyed Multitudes.**

**Some Picturesque Sketches in the Hills Made Famous by Irving and Bryant.**

CATSKILL, N. Y., August, 1888.

This is the place to have a high old time The three big hotels of the region are lifted about three-quarters of a mile into the air by the respective mountains on which they stand. Each house has its own mountain, and its own civil engineer, too. The consequence is that every landlord will show you the figures and fractions of figures to prove that his concern is so many feet and so many inches further skyward than his rivals' places. So, taking for a precedent the case of that wondrously lame man whose legs were each shorter than the other, we may conclude that each of those



three hotels has a site of greater altitude than the two others. They are alike in one particular, however, and that is in their outlook of the Hudson River valley. Precipitous is the mountain side in every case and you can sit and look down on the lowlands for many miles, with the noble river as a feature of the sunken landscape. Telescopes and field glasses will bring areas closer to you for inspection, and for a day or two you do not tire of overlooking scenery. Then you take to a horse's back or to something on wheels, or to your own legs, and for a week are ecstatic over the beauties of the valleys and gorges—here called cloves—that divide the heights. That will exhaust the famous Catskill Mountains as to their natural resources, and leave you to artificial devices of diversion. But the Catskills are truly beautiful. They impelled Irving to write one of their lofts into enduring fiction. Bryant to put one of their waterfalls into classic poetry, and many artists to transfer their scenes to canvas. And there is hardly a house in the region that is not devoted to a less artistic coinage of the mountains into cash. The humblest housewife moves for the summer into garret and woodshed, in order to put boarders into her habitable rooms. O, very shrewd are some of them. A woman at Tannersville fixed up her homestead rather prettily, and then tried to operate her own original plan of making it remuneratively famous. She wrote to Jay Gould that he and she had been playmates together when their parents were neighbors and that now, if he cared to renew the acquaintance, she would be glad to accommodate him and his family free for a month. She had read of his neuralgia, and she felt sure that the dry air of the mountains would



cure it. Would he let her know at once. She has received an autograph letter from Gould telling her that it was thoughtful in her to remember him, and it was generous in her to proffer hospitality, but he had already gone to Saratoga, and therefore must deny himself the pleasure of a visit. The woman believes that nothing but tardiness in sending the invitation prevented an acceptance.

The Catskill visitors are not millionaires, but of the moderately moneyed multitudes. The large hotels are not to be sure, out there are many at comparatively cheap rates, and the boarding-houses are low-priced. The visitors are more unconstrained than at Saratoga or the seashore. They dress with a false pretense of carelessness that often renders them either ridiculous or picturesque. An hour ago I saw both of these qualities, shown in an over-the-garden-wall group, to laugh at and admire. Three chaps in striped blazers and knickerbockers stood in all imaginable gawkiness at the foot of a wall, gazing up at three girls in tennis costumes, as great a success in loveliness as the others were in grotesquery. The three fellows were in a guise, however, approved for mountain pedestrianism; but they probably couldn't get past the three girls, and the rest of their footing-it was done on the



lawn which the wall held up to a level. The ground is so uneven hereabouts that natural spaces for tennis or croquet cannot easily be found.

Some of the pedestrians are genuine tourists afoot. A few combine business with pleasure. They arrested at Pine Hills, yesterday, a fellow who had started out with a wallet full of counterfeit five-dollar bills. His method was to stop at a farmhouse for a meal, offer to pay a dollar for it, tender one of the bad fives, get four in change, and then trudge right along. Thus he ate three breakfasts, four dinners, and two suppers all in one day, within a space of seven miles, and at a clear profit of $85; but he lodged that night in jail, for a Catskillian makes an ado when he is swindled, and the township was all commotion by the time the pedestrian had completed his walk for one day.

Another tourist afoot is tricky within the limits of the law. Under one lapel of his coat is a Cleveland badge and under the other is a Harrison emblem. He engages in conversation with every man he encounters, talks politics guardedly until the other discloses his Presidential preferences, and then neatly turns over the corresponding lapel.

"I am that kind of a man myself," he exclaims, "and there's the proof of it. I wear my colors and ain't ashamed of them. Isn't that a dandy badge?"



The other man thinks so, indeed, and wishes he had one like it. The pedestrian will sell it to him, because he can get another in town. The price is a dollar—just what it cost. The sale is effected in enough cases to make the tour reasonably profitable.

There was one poor fellow who said: "I'm going to walk just as long as I can move a foot."

"And then how will you get back?" was asked.

"I will ride back."

His humor was grim. He knew that he was almost dead with consumption, and he had trudged weakly up into the Catskills for pure mountain air for his final breath. He kept going until exhaustion stopped him. Then he was abed a week, and now he is riding back to New York in a coffin.

Ah, let us give preference to the quick over the dead in a letter about summer recreation. The girls here are breezy and sightly in a high degree. Their hats are picturesque, their gowns are shapely, and they seem to get from the mountains an air of genial unconventionality. They are admirable pedestrians, too. Many of them can do their ten miles a day, and waltz afterward in the evening. The costumes worn on these excursions are no two alike, and hardly any of them are failures in



picturesqueness. Occasionally a glaring fraud is exposed. A party of girls will stride off sincerely until they get tired, then board a train on some branch of the winding narrow-gauge railroad, or hire a wagoner to carry them, and finally return to the hotel covered with the dust of deceit, to rapturously describe the scenery they have enjoyed. On the other hand, some of the gentle pedestrians perform arduous and difficult feats of steep mountain climbing.

Of course, the Catskills are swarming with both professional and amateur photographers, and the acre of famous scenery that isn't photographed as often as once a day feels neglected. There are certain places where cameras quarrel for precedence, and one group of visitors waits for another to get out of the way. Other points of vantage are leased by photographers, and the trees would be tattered in bark at 4 foliage, and the rocks scarred, if every pop of the instantaneous lens shot a bullet.

There was one guest at our hotel who was nicknamed Mephistopheles. He was what the girls called "real devilish." He had a strikingly satanic face—sly, leering, and diabolic—but he was a gentleman in manners, a heavy swell of rather the spreading type in dress. There was a maiden whom we called Marguerite, so sweet and innocent in looks and demeanor was she. One of our photomaniacs spent hours and hours hunting this couple, with a view to finding them posed unawares. He desired to catch Mephistopheles in an attitude and expression of insinuating deviltry, so as to produce a truly satanic picture at the same time that Marguerite presented a contrasting aspect of coy purity and goodness. Well, he succeeded. His camera was aimed from a window, and it caught the pair when, meeting by chance, he bowed politely and she modestly acknowledged his greeting. We all



felt like kicking that man and kissing that girl. How true it is that every gentleman is ever ready to protect a woman from every other gentleman. The photographer became deeply interested. He declared that his camera required a moral cleansing after reflecting our Mephistopheles, and so he took it down to a meadow, where some children were playing with sheep, and used it purgatively on that guileless group. The negatives were sent to New York with others to be developed and printed. Four days later a dozen copies came back, and the photographer gave them to his friends—all but two.

"I shall present one to Mephistopheles," he said, "without a hint of its meaning—just as though it were a chance picture. It may make him see himself as others see him, and thereby convict himself in his own eyes."

"And the other picture?" was asked.

"I shall give it to Marguerite as a warning——"

"If you can find her."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That she packed her trunk this morning—after a lot of stolen articles had been taken out of it—and went away. She was a professional thief and confidence operator. Her pretended father was her pal. What exposed her was a bold attempt to do Mephistopheles out of a thousand dollars with a worthless check. The landlord preferred to merely drive her out, instead of having her arrested, because he didn't want his hotel to suffer by the scandal. Our Mephistopheles, it seems, is a reputable gentleman—and what's the use of trying to size up summer tourists by their looks?"

The place where Irving located his story of Rip Van Winkle is visited by nearly every Catskill tourist. The keeper of the small inn is a liar easy to absolve of his sins, so imperturbably does he show a rusty, broken, old flintlock gun as the very one that Rip used on his famous hunting venture, and which lay by his side during his twenty years of sleep. I say that it is not hard for man to forgive him, whatever may be the divine wrath eventually visited upon his accumulation of falsehood, for more than half of his guests believe that he is in sober earnest. Fully that proportion of the public, with money enough to go on a summer trip, and sense enough to take care of themselves on the journey, do not know that Irving's legend is not history. They are skeptical as to the twenty-years' duration of Rip's slumber, but they take it for granted that the adventure was substantially true as narrated. Else how could the gorge and mountain be there, exactly as described by Irving? And, then, there is the gun.

KAMERA.

### A Timely Little Hint to Husbands.

She was a dear little woman, and Hubby wanted her to stay at home all summer. She had her eye upon a fashionable watering-place hotel, and he knew that meant a clean thousand out of pocket. Did he storm and rave and argue and talk of bankruptcy? Not at all. He urged her to go; he was eager, he pooh-poohed every objection, and then he had his wicked cousin Charley write him a mysterious note about horses and little dinners, and left it where wifey would find it, and inside of a week she declared that nothing could tempt her to leave Newark this summer for longer than the two weeks of her husband's vacation. — *Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

# FOR THE LADIES.

**A Column or Two of Chat About the Fair Daughters of Eve,**

**Together with a Few Notes on the Latest Styles in Feminine Attire.**

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

We are getting the last developments of summer millinery. Four examples are sketched in the first three pictures of this article. In shape they are not essentially different from the hats of July, for they are brimless at the back and wide of brim in front. The entire absence of feathers is the August characteristic. Ribbons in bows, muslin in shirrs, and flowers in bunches have taken the place of feathers, which are well nigh impossible anyhow at the seashore resorts, where dampness quickly ruins them. While such things are being worn by women in the country, the milliners in town are getting ready for the autumn trade. The early importations of hats for September show a disposition to return to those styles which were in vogue prior to the introduction of tall crowns and capricious brims. Many of the models from Paris have low crowns, generally



STUDIES IN HATS.

broad and square, in some instances bell-shaped, and preserving this summer's styles only in brims narrow at the back and broadening out in aureola style in front. These brims are whimsically turned up here and there, usually at one side, and are sometimes slitted or scalloped at these points. An irreverent observer suggests that they are produced by being set up as a target and hit by missiles, which knock them into intricate designs. Although crowns are generally lower, as I have said, the alpine shape is retained in some instances, probably for the sake of those women who dislike to dress with the majority. For them there will be hats with tall, tapering crown and close brims, but these will be exceptional. There will also be Spanish hats of similar outlines, and English hats with conical crowns and brims curled at the sides. The Tosca hat, which has been a showy feature of the summer millinery, will be a dressy type for early winter, so the milliners tell me. It will be reproduced in felt and mostly in green. They will be worn with the brim uplifted, and trimmed inside with feathers and wings. Instead of a complete lining they will often have a band of velvet close to the edge. Neat shapes in turbans and toques are seen in newly imported stocks, the greater number with broad, low and square crowns, the brim curled up regularly all around, although higher in front than at the back, and sometimes deeper at one side than at the other.

Fashionable women aim at picturesqueness in their hats, and at quiet neatness in their bonnets. The contrast between hats and bonnets will in that respect be marked. I have seen some models that might justly be called hybrids, because they consist of the turban hat so curved at the base of the brim as to make it a bonnet, but worn without strings. There are shown as a special favor to earnest inquirers—for it should be understood that these things are not in public sight until September—small Directoire bonnets and capotes in several modifications of old form pokes of moderate dimensions. These have been sent over



A CITY GIRL.

from Paris as models for reproduction here. It is expected that fancy feathers will return into use in the autumn, and with ribbons will form the bulk of trimmings in millinery. There are new ribbons in plain gros grain and French faille with fillet edges, and some with two shades of the same color for their two sides. Some of these double-faced ribbons are satin on one side and velvet or silk on the other. The feathers will be of immense variety. Not only have the birds of all countries been plucked to supply the demand, but the art of the dyer has been supplemented to the brilliant hues of nature. There will be work for those women to do who undertook, last year, to dissuade us from adorning ourselves with the feathers of cruelty, but it will be done in vain, for the woman who would faint if her pet dog was hurt in her presence doesn't mind the shooting of a million birds by us away off in South America. There will be more or less use of metal embellishments in millinery, such as pins, slides, buckles, and brooches. Some of the devices will be close imitations of insects. I saw one imported hat on which were several immense spiders, so realistic that if any woman ever wears it she will have to explain incessantly, to those who would save her from a sting, that she is merely decorated and not endangered. As a sure device for attracting attention, that bonnet will be a success.

In giving a forecast of autumn millinery I have run clear past the two August girls above illustrated. They were selected as types at a quiet country place. The first is a city girl in what, according to her idea, is a rural costume. Certainly it is breezy enough, and suggestive of the open air. But there is no simplicity about it, despite the fact that the material is gingham. The dress itself cost less than either the hat that was worn with it or the long suede gloves that give a ball-room aspect to the arms. That is incongruous and consequently reprehensible, but we are recording facts, not making criticisms, and that toilet is representative of what may be seen this month at the watering-places. The country girl portrayed is in gingham, too. But in her case there are no inharmonious adjuncts. Her sleeves reach to the plain linen cuffs at her wrists, the bodice is not broken in front by inserted lace, and a white apron marks the social distinction between her and the other. She was carrying fruit from her father's farm house to the hotel when sketched.

One of the places of very independent dressing, owing to its exclusive character, is Tuxedo. Costumes may be found there for which you might search in vain elsewhere for a duplicate. A very smart polonaise worn on a recent occasion at Tuxedo was in lampas of cream color with just a tinge of pink, interwoven with gold, and hemmed with ample marabout fringe—i. e., strands of gauffered braid in color approaching that of half-faded rose-leaves. This was worn over a pale pink satin petticoat festooned with white lace, and a lace chemisette confined with a corselet of a golden hue. To some tastes the effect was an almost superabundance of richness, but it admirably suited its handsome wearer. Much quieter was a lilac-colored bengaline hemmed with a garland of silver foliage; a mauve satin skirt covered with embroidered net, and a wide ribbon sash of the same color and texture as the petticoat, tied over the coat, completed a charming



A COUNTRY GIRL.

toilet. Another polonaise I could not but admire had a deep violet-pink faille coat without any trimming, over a white silk skirt figured with blurred or chine flowers, and grass-green satin sash tied about it. The contrast was almost violent in its boldness, but these contrasts are all the rage just now. This reminds me of the fact that green of some shade or other appears in every costume at Tuxedo. If only a knot of ribbon in the bonnet, a bunch of fresh foliage on the shoulder, or a few bows here and there, green must be introduced.—*Chicago Ledger.*

### Styles in Hair Dressing.

There are a dozen hair dressers in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, who call themselves the "Hair Dealers' Association of the United States." This worthy band of artists have just issued their latest dictum on styles of dressing the hair, which is as follows:

That a woman's hair is her chief ornament goes without saying, and we think it may be truthfully added, that every woman whom nature has blessed with a fine head of hair knows it, and is justly proud of her possession. Furthermore, she exemplifies the fact by invariably informing her female friends that it is "all her own," and in dressing it to the best advantage that the prevailing fashion will admit.

Unfortunately, of late years, the fashions have been so simplified that, however abundant and beautiful the hair, its owner could not, without rendering herself conspicuous, display it in a manner consistent with its beauty or her own good taste—a deficiency which, it is to be hoped, the new regime in hair-dressing will speedily remedy.

The heavy plaits, puffs, and flowing ears in vogue several decades back embraced several varieties which gave ample scope to feminine taste, and ladies were thus enabled to arrange their hair in accordance with the shape of their heads and the cast of their features. But these styles gradually decreased, each succeeding year bringing in simpler ideas, until nothing remained beyond the plain back knot; or, as some wretch has unfeelingly dubbed it, the "door-knob twist," and a single bang shading the forehead.

A PRETTY boating dress has the skirt of dark green serge simply plaited, and a white serge blouse-waist feather stitched with green. Over this in cool weather is worn a Figaro jacket of green serge open in front to display the blouse like a vest.

### Free Whisky.



"Bill, what party is in favor of free whisky?"

Bill (in disgust)—No party. It's a campaign lie. I've worked every saloon in the town, regardless of politics, and you can't get a smell of liquor if you haven't got the cash.

IT is estimated that to collect one pound of honey 62,000 heads of clover must be deprived of their nectar, necessitating 3,750,000 visits from bees.

### Bright and Brief.

Atlanta Constitution: A Minneapolis congregation left the church one Sunday because the minister took his text from St. Paul.

Pittsburg Chronicle: "You are well acquainted with the prisoner, are you?" asked the counsel for the prosecution. "Very," replied the witness. "Had he any visible means of support?" "He had; he always carried a cane."

Chicago Tribune: There is nothing like having things clearly understood. A Western paper remarks, "John Smith and lady are registered at the Hotel de Broncho. We believe that we violate no confidence when we state that 'the lady' is his wife."

Rambler: Spiritualistic Medium—"You now behold the spirit of Algernon Snobbins. Do you recognize him?" Visitor—"I do." Spiritualistic Medium—"He does not seem to recognize you." Visitor—"O, that's because I failed in business recently."

Estellino (D. T.) Bell: The death rate in Dakota for years past has been only five in 1,000. Even this moderate average for our Territory might have been materially lowered had there not been such a popular prejudice against more than four aces in a pack of cards.

Exchange: "Do you allow drunken people on the train?" asked a clergyman at the City Hall elevated station in New York. "Sometimes, but not when they are too drunk," replied the brakeman. "Just take a seat near the middle of the car and keep quiet, and you'll be all right."

Clinton Advocate: A Henry County farmer came to Clinton on the late cold wave wearing a coonskin overcoat. A West Side grocer inquired: "Why don't you wear the hairy side in instead of out?" "I reckon the coon knew which side was warmest when he wore it, didn't he?" replied the farmer.

Somerville Journal: Wife—"Well, Ned, what do you think Charlie wants now? He asked me to-day if I wouldn't help him tease you to buy him a bicycle?" Indulgent Father (who once had ambitions himself)—"Bicycle? Nonsense. The boy can't have it. Tell him to go up in the attic, and fall down two flights of stairs. It will be just about the same thing, and save me $100."

Binghamton Republican: "Robert, what did you say to the bad boy this morning when he taunted you for going to Sunday-school?" "Didn't say nothin'. I just went right on without sayin' a word back." "That was right, my son; and I am glad to see you had manliness enough not to notice him." "Yes, but you ken bet if he hadn't been bigger'n me I'd thumped blazes out'n him."

Philadelphia Press: Queen Victoria is trying to find out who it is that gives so much gossip of the royal household to the newspapers. She should keep her eye on Hennery Battenburg. That youth has no money of his own, but he has been seen buying chicken pasties lately and it takes cash to do that. As likely as not he has been subsidized by a venal press.

### People Who Never Would Be Missed.

The intolerant man who sees no good in people who differ from him in religion or politics.

The man who thinks he is handsome, and in consequence of that illusion becomes something of a fool as he nears middle age.

The incessant talker, man or woman, who talks to you at all times and in all places, and never says anything you want to hear.

The woman who, having things in her own life to conceal, thinks she can best keep them dark by assuming to be extremely proper, and showing neither charity nor mercy to those whose errors come to light.

The man who reads aloud when not asked to do so.

The man who asks you how you are "getting along," as though he expected you to tell him everything about yourself, physical, social, domestic, and financial.

The man or woman who cherishes spites at people for real or fancied wrongs, and gets even by giving them digs behind their backs.

The suspicious person who sees evil in the most innocent actions, because evil is within him or her.

The sneerer, male or female, who chills everybody within sight by a finished sneer.

The man who talks overmuch about his ailments at table, or elsewhere.

The extremely young man who knows so much that he refuses to learn anything more as long as he lives.

The elderly man who assumes the fatherly to an offensive extent in his association with young and beautiful girls.

The man who accepts favors and returns none.

The man who sits cross-legged in a horse-car and lets other men and all women wipe the dirt off his shoes with their clothes as they pass him.

The man who carries his cane horizontally under his arm, to the peril of everybody behind him.

The man who dyes his whiskers and thinks nobody knows it.

The old, old beau who has never learned that he has lost the power to charm.

The woman who was once a belle and refuses for the remainder of her life to fill any other *rote*, and at 60 minces and coquettes as much as she did at 18.

The too friendly friend who sort of takes charge of you, domineers over you, and otherwise annoys you till you break with him.

The perfect creature who has never sinned, in his own opinion.

The man who is a saint abroad and a devil at home.

The woman who sits behind you in the theater and talks all the time.

The woman who sits in front of you wearing a towering bonnet and bobs from side to side, obstructing your view.

The woman who talks theater continually and the man who talks shop.

The friend who nudges you too frequently at public entertainments and whispers his criticisms at the most absorbing points of the play.

### Fahnehjelm's Light.

Mr. Otto Fahnehjelm, of Sweden, invented a combination of suitable substance and flame for producing light from an incandescent solid. The flame of water gas has intense heating power. An ordinary fan-tail burner is used, the flame from which passed between two rows of vertical teeth composed of magnesia, baked and molded, with starch, under high pressure. The teeth when heated become beautifully luminous, and the light shows colors correctly, and can be used for photography.

### Citrate of Silver.

Thomas Kay urges that bottles containing citrate of silver be stowed away in life-boats. Seven ounces of the citrate will turn enough sea-water into drinking water to supply a man for a week.


LOG CABINS are neither fashionable nor in demand, but they were more comfortable and more healthy than are many modern dwellings. Warner's Log Cabin Hops & Buchu is a reproduction of one of the best of the simple remedies with which Log Cabin dwellers of old days kept themselves well. Did you ever try "Tippecanoe"?

As an indication of the good feeling existing between Southern planters and their employes, mention may be made of a barbecue which is to be given near Columbia, S. C., by two leading planters to their hands. An item of the preparations is the ordering of 900 loaves of bread. Although the barbecue is intended principally for the colored people, quite a number of white people will attend on the invitation of the originators of the feast.

Gen. Taylor won the battle of Buena Vista on Gen. Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, 1847.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the safest and most effective remedy for Indigestion, Irregularity of the Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Malaria, or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood. They have been in use in this country for over fifty years, and the thousands of unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and their constantly increasing sale, is incontrovertible evidence that they perform all that is claimed for them.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

**Don't Give up the Ship.**

You have been told that consumption is incurable; that when the lungs are attacked by this terrible malady, the sufferer is past all help, and the end is a mere question of time. You have noted with alarm the unmistakable symptoms of the disease; you have tried all manner of so-called cures in vain, and you are now despondent and preparing for the worst. But don't give up the ship while Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery remains untried. It is not a cure-all, nor will it perform miracles, but it has cured thousands of cases of consumption, in its earlier stages, where all other means had failed. Try it, and obtain a new lease of life.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

**A Dish of New P's.**

P stands for Pudding, for Peach and for Pear,
And likewise for Poetry and Prose;
The Parrot, the Pigeon that flies in the air,
The Pig with a ring in his nose;
For Paper and Pen, for Printer and Press,
For Physic, and People who sell it;
But when you are sick, to relieve your distress
Take at once Pierce's Purgative Pellets.

Oh, yes, indeed! These are the P's for you, poor, sick man or woman. Nothing like them for keeping the bowels and stomach regulated and in order—tiny, sugar-coated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They work gently but thoroughly.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

**The Liver**

And kidneys are organs which it is important should be kept in good condition, and yet they are overworked and abused by nearly everybody, until they become worn-out, clogged up, or diseased. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all difficulties with these organs, rouses them to healthy action, and tones the whole digestive organism.

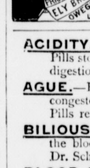
"I have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla for indigestion and liver trouble. It has greatly benefitted me, and I think it is fully as good a medicine as claimed." E. S. CURRIMING, chief fire dept., Stonington, Ct.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to take any other.

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**Hood's Sarsaparilla**




**Ely's Cream Balm**
Gives Relief at Once for
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Not a Liquid or Snuff.
Apply Balm into each nostril
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**BILIOUSNESS.**—Liver not purifying the blood. Set it to work by using Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

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**CHILLS.**—No chills without congestion. All congestions yield to Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

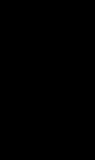
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**DYSPEPSIA.**—Stomach congested and inflamed. Cleanse and treat with Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills and Seaweed Tonic.

**ERUPTIONS.**—Boils, carbuncles, &c., show impure blood. Cleanse and purify with Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

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