Wakametkla, the Medicine Man

Nothing has been added to the medicine and nothing has been taken away. It is without doubt the Best Purifier of the Blood and Renewer of the System ever known to man.

This Syrup possesses varied properties.

It acts upon the Liver.
It acts upon the Kidneys.
It regulates the Bowels.
It purifies the Blood.
It quiets the Nervous System.
It promotes Digestion.
It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates.
It carries off the old blood and makes New.
It opens the pores of the skin, and induces Healthy Perspiration.

It eradicates the hereditary taint, or poison in the blood, which generates Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors.

There are no spirits employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate babe, or the aged and feeble, care only being required in adhering to directions.

CURES DYSPEPSIA — DR. CLARK — CURES LIVER DISEASES

JOHNSON'S INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP

Laboratory, 77 W. 3d St., New York City,

LATE OF JERSEY CITY.

[TRADE MARK.]

The Best Remedy Known to Man!

Dr. Clark Johnson having associated himself with Mr. Edwin Eastman, an escaped captive, long a slave to Wakametkla, the medicine man of the Comanches, is now prepared to lend his aid in the introduction of the wonderful remedy of that tribe. The experience of Mr. Eastman being similar to that of Mrs. Chas. Jones and son, of Washington Co., Iowa, an account of whose sufferings were thrillingly narrated in the *New York Herald* of Dec. 15th, 1878, the facts of which are so widely known, and so nearly parallel, that but little mention of Mr. Eastman's experiences will be given here. They are, however, published in a neat volume of 300 pages, entitled, "Seven and Nine Years Among the Comanches and Apaches," of which mention will be made hereafter. Suffice it to say, that for several years, Mr. Eastman, while a captive, was compelled to gather the roots, gums, barks, herbs and berries of which Wakametkla's medicine was made, and is still prepared to provide the same materials for the successful introduction of the medicine to the world; and assures the public that the remedy is the same now as when Wakametkla compelled him to make it.

Edwin Eastman in Indian Costume.

SEVEN AND NINE YEARS AMONG THE COMANCHES AND APACHES. A neat volume of 300 pages, being a simple statement of the horrible facts connected with the sad massacre of a helpless family, and their captivity, tortures and ultimate escape of the two surviving members. For sale by our agents generally. Price $1.00.

The incidents of the massacre, briefly narrated, are distributed by agents, FREE of charge.

Mr. Eastman, being almost constantly at the West, engaged in gathering and curing the materials of which the medicine is composed, the sole business management devolves upon Dr. Johnson, and the remedy has been called, and is known as

Dr. Clark Johnson's INDIAN BLOOD PURIFIER.

Price of Large Bottles - - - - - - - $1.00
Price of Small Bottles - - - - - - - 50

Read the voluntary testimonials of persons who have been cured by the use of Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup, in your own vicinity.

Testimonials of Cures.

LIVER COMPLAINT AND CHILLS.

BENSALEM P. O., Feb. 25, 1879.

Dear Sir:—Having tried your most excellent Indian Blood Syrup and found it a valuable medicine for Liver Complaint and Chills, I would recommend those who are afflicted to give it a trial. MRS. C. ARTMAN.

CURES CHILLS AND BILIOUSNESS.

EDINGTON, Feb. 1, 1879.

Dear Sir:—I was troubled with Chills; had them every other day for six months; had two doctors attending me when your agent persuaded me to try your Indian Blood Syrup, and I can say I never had a Chill after taking the first dose. I cheerfully recommend it to all. LIZZIE WINK.

HEART DISEASE AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

MIDDLEBURGH, Snyder Co., Pa.

Dear Sir:—I have been troubled with Heart Disease and Liver Complaint, and I had spent a great deal of money for medical aid without receiving any benefit, until I procured some of your Indian Blood Syrup from your agent, E. L. Buffington. I can now testify from my experience as to the great value of it in such diseases. HENRY ZECHMAN.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

PENNYPACK MILLS, Feb. 22, 1879.

Dear Sir:—I have used your Indian Blood Syrup and found it to do all you claim for it. It is a sure cure for Liver Complaint. JOSEPH HAINES.

REMEDY FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASE.

EDINGTON, Feb. 2, 1879.

Dear Sir:—I can, from my experience, recommend your Indian Blood Syrup as a sure cure for Liver and Kidney Disease. ELIZABETH A. SANDS.

Our agent can also furnish inquirers with many names and addresses of others who have experienced the good effects of the justly celebrated Indian Blood Syrup, and we would request all in need of a Blood Purifier or Liver Regulator to call and get a pamphlet, and make such inquiries as they may wish.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

JACKSONVILLE, March, 3, 1879.

Dear Sir:—Knowing, from experience, that your Indian Blood Syrup is a sure cure for Liver Complaint, I confidently recommend it to all suffering humanity. REBECCA NIEL.

THE INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP THE RIGHT MEDICINE.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., August 25, 1878.

Dear Sir:—I was troubled with Kidney Disease and Liver Complaint. I tried everything which I thought might do me good, but I did not find the right medicine until I got a 50-cent bottle of your medicine, which entirely cured me. MRS. RANDALL.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Apples of Iduna.

We extract the following legend from a story entitled "The Apples of Iduna," printed in *St. Nicholas.*

The scene of the story is laid in Iceland, late in the winter of the year 1150. Olaf is seated, holding his son Thorold and little Thurida on his knees. A great wood-fire crackles and blazes before them, and the children listen as Olaf speaks:

"Once," said he, "a long time ago, before the Christians came to Iceland, the god Odin, with Hœnir and the wicked Loki, went on a journey. The ancient gods surely differed little from mortals, for, like us, they often were hungry and thirsty and tired. When these three had traveled far, they came to a beautiful valley where a herd of oxen were grazing. Being very hungry, these gods—not even the best of whom was really good—did not scruple to steal and kill one of the oxen for their supper. They cut the ox into quarters, which they put into their big kettle to boil. But boil the beef would not. In vain the three travelers piled on the fuel; in vain the water in the kettle bubbled and boiled. Every time that the lid of the kettle was removed the meat was found to be as raw as at first. While wondering what the reason for this could be, the perplexed travelers, hearing a voice, looked up, and beheld an enormous eagle, perched on the stoutest branch of a very large oak tree.

"'If ye are willing,' said the voice, 'to let me have my share of the flesh, it shall soon be boiled.'

"Of course the hungry gods said 'Yes,' when instantly flew down the loud-flapping eagle, and with his great beak snatched up three-quarters of the beef!

"'Stop! stop!' exclaimed Loki, 'one quarter only is thy share' and with that he struck a fierce blow with his traveling staff upon the eagle's back. So much the worse was this for Loki, for while one end of the unlucky staff stuck fast to the back of the eagle, Loki found himself unable to loosen his hold from the other end, which he the more desired to do because he now found, to his dismay, that the supposed eagle was no other than the renowned Frost-Giant Thjassi, who, with his great eagle wings, went flying over rocks and forest tops, dragging after him the unhappy Loki till he was torn almost in pieces.

"For a long time the giant took no notice of Loki's piteous entreaties, but, at last, Thjassi deigned to tell him that he should be released when he had bound himself by a solemn oath to bring Iduna and her apples out from her safe retreat behind the bright walls of Asgard, the city of the gods.

"Loki, who was selfish enough to do anything, willingly took the oath, and, all tatters and wounds as he was, soon rejoined his companions. But he told them nothing of his oath.

"'My father,' interrupted Thurdia, 'what are apples?'

"'They are round things that grow on trees, as I've been told,' said Olaf, 'but I never saw any.'

"Now, these apples of Iduna were very different from all other fruits, for it was by eating them that the gods kept themselves always young and handsome and strong. So Loki did not dare to tell of the oath he had taken.

"On the return of the three travelers to bright Asgard, the crafty and cruel Loki told the beautiful and kind Iduna that in a forest a short distance off he had found apples which he thought were of a much better quality than her own, and that at all events it was worth while to make a comparison between them.

"Iduna, deceived by his words, took her apples and went with him into the forest; but no sooner had they entered it than Thjassi, clad in his eagle plumage, flew rapidly toward them, and catching up Iduna, regardless of her tears, carried her and her treasures with him to gloomy Jotunheim, the dreary city of the Frost-Giants.

"Now the gods, left in lofty Asgard without the society of the beautiful Iduna, and without any of her youth-giving apples to eat, soon became wrinkled and bent and gray. Old age was creeping fast upon them, and their mourning for Iduna was loud and sincere. It was long before they discovered that Loki was the author of the mischief. When they did so, he could only save himself from their wrath by promising to bring safely back the beloved Iduna and her youth-giving apples.

"To do this, Loki borrowed from the goddess Frigga the falcon plumage which she sometimes wore, and, disguised in it, flew to Jotunheim.

"In spite of his disguise, it was not without fear that Loki approached the grim and terrible walls of the city of the Frost-Giants. Cautiously and silently he flew about it until he discovered that Thjassi was on an ice-floe, far out at sea, spearing fish for his dinner. Then, with a joyful cry, Loki flew into the city, and lost no time in changing Iduna into a sparrow and flying off with her safely clasped in his talons.

"But before they were far on their way the Frost-Giant returned to his gloomy city, there to learn of the escape of Iduna. Into his eagle plumage hustled Thjassi, and, screaming with rage, flew in pursuit of the trembling sparrow and swiftly-flying falcon.

"Upon the bright walls of Asgard, eagerly watching the uncertain race, stood the impatient gods. Rapidly approached the pursued, but close behind them followed the terrible pursuer. The gods trembled with terror lest Iduna should again fall into his cruel hands, and as fast as their now aged limbs would let them they began to gather upon the walls bundles of dry chips, while the good Baldur waited with a firebrand in his hand.

"Over the bright walls flew Loki and Iduna. Close after them came the loud-flapping Thjassi; but Balder had been too quick for him, and had already set fire to the ready chips. The rapid flame caught the borrowed plumage of Thjassi, and he thus fell into the power of the gods, who slew him within the walls of the sacred city. Then great and loud was the rejoicing, while the gods hastened to make themselves young and handsome and strong again, by eating freely of the apples of Iduna."

"My father," said Thorold, "the good priest tells us that all those ancient fables about the gods have a meaning that is not a fable. Canst thou not tell me and Thurdia what this one means?"

"I do not know how it is of myself," said Olaf, "but I have heard the good priest say that Iduna means the beautiful spring, while Thjassi means the desolating winter. Hence, when the short days and long nights begin to come, we say that Thjassi is carying off Iduna. And, when the days grow longer and the nights shorter, we say that Iduna with her apples is returning to us. The fire kindled by the gods upon the walls of bright Asgard is the sun, before whose heat winter dissolves; while all nature, partaking of the fruits of spring, grows young again."

"My father," murmured sleepy little Thurida, "I will wake up to eat some of the apples."

Olaf laughed, and, kissing his little daughter, laid her tenderly in one of the bed-boxes filled with elastic seaweed, and spread over her a sack of seafowl feathers, saying:

"It is not for many a long and bitter night yet, my Thurdia, that the beautiful Iduna shall reach our cold land.

"Yet," he continued, patting Thorold on the head, "when Iduna is with us, Iceland's the best land the sun shines on!"

TRAINING TRICK HORSES.

A Professional Trainer's Experience in the Art of Equine Education.

A New York reporter was admitted "behind the scenes" of Barnum's circus in New York, and saw Carl Antony, the celebrated horse trainer, put several horses through the "mill." Signor Sebastian, trick equestrian, was attired in costume, but it was simply to give him freedom of motion while riding the spirited steeds. Antony brought forward a beautiful charger that he had recently purchased. It was handsomely marked. It carried its head like a prince, and displayed a little apprehensiveness at the large banners and balions, under which it had to run. In going around the arena the course is usually toward the left. Few riders can keep their feet in the bareback style in the opposite direction. Riding tradition more than physical laws make the course toward the left, although a few skilled riders, like Sebastian, for instance, have learned to ride in both directions. When a horse new to the ring is to be broken in, he must be taught to put his left foot first every time. In that only can he preserve that nice equilibrium necessary for the rider. The horse's back is well rosined, so that the equestrian's feet will not slip from the moist skin of the animal, for a steady foothold is required for those extraordinary acts of horsemanship, Antony walked around the ring, never taking his ever-watchful eye from the horses an instant, and snapping his long whip that carried obedience with every crack, but the task seemed too much and it was abandoned.

During an interval, Antony indulged in bits of talk in regard to his profession. He has a noble-looking countenance, with a dainty dark red mustache, which he is fond of twirling.

"You see, sir," he began, "horses are like men; some are more intelligent than others. And there are many grades of intelligence, too. I have a little Kentucky thoroughbred that understands everything. As it is, he has picked up all I have wished to impress upon his little wicked soul. Oh, he's a wild one, I can assure you," and he laughed with a peculiar chuckle. "American horses learn quicker than any other stock, but they also forget easier. To-day I may have no difficulty in getting an idea into their heads, and to-morrow they will forget it. This is true, however, only in the first days of the training. After a while they become accustomed to their newly acquired skill and form a valuable portion of your stud. Russian and Hungarian horses, on the contrary, are more difficult to teach, but when they do learn anything they hold on to it like grim death. The Trakene stallions that I introduce day and night came from Emperor William's stable in Prussia. I 'broke' them myself, and, as they had never known halter or stable, of course they were pretty lively specimens. They were 'broke' in 1874 and have performed in the principal cities in Europe. I could tell you interesting things in regard to training trick horses, but it is with us the same as physicians—what we know is our fortune. Kindness, I find, accomplishes more than the whip, although a horse must have a wholesome dread of the latter. Some people are under the impression it is a difficult matter to make horses stand on their hind legs and walk around the ring. I think it is one of the easiest. I can make any good horse do it in two days. It requires assuageness. My father, who is in the city at present, was considered to be one of the biggest horse 'breakers' in Europe, and from him I learned the art of breaking horses. Since I was seven years of age I have been, in some way connected with horse business. At that early age my work was confined to riding horses at breakneck speed. At fifteen I entered the Imperial school in Berlin, where I learned a great deal about horses and passed examination successfully. Then I went to the stables of the Emperor of Russia, and had the privilege of 'breaking' for him a magnificent stud. I love my work and hope to adhere to the profession. If you ever go into the art," said the horse trainer in conclusion, "let me tell you that stallions make better trick horses than geldings. They are are more intelligent. You can begin to teach a horse when he is two years old, and if you take care of him he will last for a quarter of a century."

What Came of Planting Trees.

About twelve years ago a gentleman engaged in business in New York city purchased a farm in the interior of that State, and set about improving it in accordance with his own tastes and notions. The farmers about him at first laughed in their sleeves at his attempts at "book farming," and predicted certain failure as the result of his experiments. Being an admirer of the beautiful, his first move was to surround his place with shade trees, and to give orders for their careful attention and culture. He next employed the columns of a local paper to prove to his neighbors the advantages of trees, not only for shade and shelter but also as a means of protection against storms. A circular was printed and distributed, setting forth the matter more fully, and giving directions as to what varieties to plant, and how to care for them after being set. Meetings were called and the matter discussed, until at length the neighborhood caught the spirit of progress, and a tree planting mania set in. The highways were adorned for miles, and yards heretofore bare of shade were now adorned with a bountiful supply. The good influence of that man's example spread until the leading roads in the whole town were coverted into avenues of shade, and the unattractive village transformed at length into one of the most lovely towns in Central New York. A short time since the place was visited a gentleman from the city—a son of the party who first led the way in tree planting—and it was with difficulty that he recognized the spot. The old farm and the neighbors' farms and the village streets were adorned with graceful elms and maples from twenty to thirty feet in height. Strangers had heard of the place, and, attracted by its beauty, had chosen it for their home, and fine residences now graced the shady avenues. The old farm, which his father had purchased for $11,000, has been since resold for $20,000, and a like advance in property has taken place throughout the town. The gentleman "builded better than he knew." We doubt not whether, with all his far-sightedness, he ever expected such results as have followed from his efforts.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

To Remove Dandruff.

This is a natural secretion, but becomes a cutaneous complaint by neglect. Take an ounce of powdered borax, a piece of unslaked lime the size of a chestnut, and a tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia; put them in a quart bottle, and fit it up with boiled or pump water. After twelve hours, apply this wash to the scalp. Ladies can apply it best with a fine sponge. Rinse with tepid water. After a few applications the scales will disappear, the hair becomes soft and brilliant, and the young hair will be seen to start out. Dandruff should be cured gradually, so as not to produce sick headache or dizziness by its sudden suppression.—*Health and Home.*

In Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary he is guilty of a queer blunder. He defines garret as "a room on the highest floor of the house," and a cock-loft as "the room over the garret."

Anecdote of Queen Victoria.

The queen was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost. On a bright, beautiful morning the young queen was waited upon at her palace, at Windsor, by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to make them operative. One of them was a sentence of court martial pronounced against a soldier of the line—that sentence that he be shot dead. The queen looked upon the paper and then looked upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view. "What has this man done?" she asked. The duke looked at the paper and replied: "Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible; he has deserted three times." "And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?" Wellington shook his head. "Oh! think again, I pray you!" Seeing that her majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave and gallant and really a good soldier. "But," he added, "think of the influence!" "Influence!" the queen cried, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with strong emotion. "Let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case, and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh, I thank you for that! And you may tell him that your good word saved him." Then she took the paper and wrote with a bold, firm hand across the dark page the bright, saving word—"Pardoned!" The duke was fond of telling the story; and he was willing also to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.—*London Journal.*

Bees on the Wing.

When a swarm leaves for the woods they are off before you fairly know it. They drift away from the hive in a wide-spread and apparently aimless concourse, then suddenly gather up their skirts, draw together their forces, and away they go, a humming, flying vortex of bees, the queen apparently in the center and the mass revolving about her as a pivot, over orchards and meadows, across creeks and swamps, or woods and deep valleys, straight for the appointed tree, slow at first, so that you can keep up with them, but presently with a speed that would tire a fox-hound. In this flight the individual bees do not move in right lines, or straight forward like a flock of birds, but round and round like chaff in a whirlwind; unitedly they form a whirling, revolving, nebulous mass fifteen or twenty feet across, that goes as straight as a projectile to its mark. They are not partial as to the kind of tree—pine, hemlock, elm, birch, maple, hickory—any tree with a good cavity high up or low down. A swarm of mine ran away from the new patent hive I gave them, and took up their quarters in the hollow trunk of an old apple tree across an adjoining field. The entrance was a mouse hole near the ground. Another swarm in the neighborhood deserted their keeper and went into the cornice of an out-house that stood amid evergreens in the rear of a large mansion. But there is no accounting for the taste of bees, as Samson found when he discovered the swarm in the carcass (or mere probably the skeleton) of the lion he had slain.—*John Burroughs, in Scribner.*

Fresh Air and Moderate Eating.

A capital sermon on fresh air and moderate eating is preached by "Gamekeeper at Home," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "It's indoors, sir, as kills half the people; being indoors three parts of the day, and next to that, taking too much drink and vittals. Eating's as bad as drinking; and there ain't nothing like fresh air and the smell of the woods. You should come out here in the spring, when the oak timber is throwed (because you see the sap be rising, and the bark strips then), and just sit down on a stick fresh peeled—I means a trunk, you know—and sniff up the scent of that there oak bark. It goes right down your throat and preserves your lungs, as the tan do leather. And I've heard say as folk who work in tan-yards never have no illness. There's always a smell from trees, dead or living. I could tell you what wood a log was in the dark by my nose, and the air is better where the woods be. The ladies up in the great houses sometimes goes out into the fir plantations—the turpentine scents strong, you see—and they say it's good for the chest; but bless you, you must live in it. People go abroad, I'm told, to live at the pine forests to cure 'em; I say these here oaks have got every bit as much good in that way. I never eat but two meals a day—breakfast and supper; what you would call dinner—and maybe in the middle of the day a haunch of dry bread and an apple; I take a deal of breakfast, and I am rather lear (hungry) at supper; but you may lay your oath that why I am what I am in the way of health. People stuffs themselves, and, by consequence, it breaks out, you see. It's the same with cattle; they're overfed, tied up in stalls and stuffed, and never no exercise, and mostly only food, too. It stands to reason they must get bad, and that's the real cause of these here rinderpests and pleura-pnumoni, and what-nots. At least that's my notion. I'm in the woods all day, and never comes homes till supper—'cept, of course, in breeding time, to fetch the meal and stuff for the birds—so I gets the fresh air, you see; and the fresh air is the life, sir. There's the smell of the earth, too—'specially as the plow turns it up—which is a fine thing; and the hedges and the grass are as sweet as sugar after a shower. Anything with a green leaf is the thing, depend upon it, if you want to live healthy."

Russia's Plight.

A New York paper says: No country in all civilization seems to be in so pitiable a plight at present as Russia. In addition to her immense foreign debt and her general financial derangement, her political afflictions continually cropping out in defiance of law, and mysterious assassination, and her losses of every kind from the late war, she is threatened with famine. Last year she suffered exceedingly from drought; nearly one-third of her crops were destroyed by beetles and marmots so that the seed has been deficient, and field-labor is inadequate in consequence of the excess of holidays—about 100 a year—and the widespread drunkenness of many tof the people, involving great wastefulness. Grain, which is the chief article of export, which furnishes the means of paying taxes and of getting all supplies, now seems insufficient to home consumption. Her domestic debt is very oppressive. Most of the land of the empire is mortgaged to bankers, and its owners are scarcely able to pay their interest, much less the principal, their arrears being from twenty-five to thirty per cent. Russia is a vast country of vast resources; but she has drawn on them very heavily of late, and all indications are that she is approaching a crisis in her fortunes which will require the fullest wisdom of her statesmen to meet. She appears to be socially, politically, financially and morally disorganized, or very near it, and she cannot go on much longer in her present condition.

Evergreen trees on a lawn afford great protection as barriers against the wind.

The Growth of Temperance.

The following is from a letter written by William E. Dodge, one of the leading men in the temperance cause in New York city: But those of us who can go back to the very commencement of the temperance reformation know that in all parts of the country outside our large cities there has been a most remarkable change in the habits and customs of the great mass of the people as the result of the temperance efforts. Then there was hardly a family of any standing that sat down to dine without some kind of intoxicating drink on the table. Men were hardly expected to work on the farm or in the shop without their regular allowance. It was kept in every country store; was used at all public gatherings, and, in my remembrance, was passed among the attendants at funerals. As you sat down at the hotel tables every second man had his bottle or glass of some kind of intoxicating drink. Now we know that to a great extent this is changed. Go where you will throughout the country, sit down to the tables of the great majority of our families, and you will find no intoxicating drinks. Sit down in our hotels on the great lines of travel and you will not see one person using strong drink, where, fifty years ago, you would have seen ten. Those of us who have watched the temperance movement feel that its progress has been most encouraging. I have just returned from an absence of two months, in which I have traveled through ten States and over 2,000 miles, and I have seen less drinking and fewer drunkards than ever before in the same time and distance.

It has never been ascertained how much old ocean measures around her gray and melancholy waste.

Serious Image.

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria; but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this matchless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

Ghosts.

Not Col. Ingersoll's "aristocracy of the air," but real human ghosts. Ghosts that were once healthy men and women, but are now simply the "ghosts of what they once were." As we meet them, and inquire the cause of all this change, they repeat the old, old story, "a cold," "neglected cough," "catarrh," "overwork," or "dyspepsia," "liver complaint," and "constipation," with unsuccessful physicians and remedies. In offering his Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets for the cure of the above affections, Dr. Pierce does not recommend them as a "sure cure" in all stages. For if the lungs be half wasted away, or there be cancerous complication, no physician or medicine can cure. The Discovery is, however, an unequaled pectoral and blood purifier. It speedily cures the most aggravated cough or cold, and, in its early or middle stages, consumption. By correcting all irregularities of the stomach and liver, it readily cures blotches, pimples, scrofulous ulcers, "bunches," or tumors. Hundreds testify that it has restored their health, after eminent physicians had failed. For constipation, use the Pellets. As a local remedy for catarrh, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Sudden changes in the weather are productive of throat diseases, coughs and colds. There is no more effectual relief to be found than in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Twenty-five cents a box.

In these days, when there is so much strife among makers as to who shall produce the lowest-priced parlor organ, it is well to remember that one company keeps up their standard of highest excellence. Every organ made by them may be depended on. To have a Mason & Hamlin Organ is to have the best that can be made.

Smoke Pogue's "Sitting Bull Durham Tobacco."

The delicate membrane which envelops the lungs and lines the air passages is exceedingly sensitive, and a slight irritation of it increases and spreads [illegible] using this, use, if you are attacked by a cough or cold, that incomparable pulmonic and preventive of consumption, Dr. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, which invariably gives speedy relief and ultimately effects a complete cure in all cases where the breathing organs are affected. Use it in time and prevent serious bronchial trouble. Sold by all druggists.

CHEW
The Celebrated
"MATCHLESS"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
New York, Boston, and Chicago.
Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

The Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers gives aid and comfort to the sick, furnishes food, shelter and clothes to the destitute, work for the unemployed and procures homes for homeless children.

It is non-sectarian and is supported mainly by voluntary contributions.

We earnestly ask you to help us.

Cash may be sent to H. E. Tompkins, Treasurer, P. O. Box 4512, N. Y., or to A. S. Hatch, President, 5 Nassau Street.

Please send your bundles of clothing and supplies to the Mission, 40 New Bowery, N. Y.

A. S. HATCH, Pres.
REV. WILLARD PARSONS, Supt.

ELECTRICITY as a CURATIVE POWER

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