

### THE KING OVER YOU.

Trust not to numbers; trust not to blows;  
Your king and your lord is the man who  
knows;  
Numbers are futile; buffets are vain;  
Your freedom lies in your soul and brain.  
Hands off the bludgeon; hands to the book!  
Face to the future; turn not to look  
Back to the past; though higher and higher  
In the Seldoms you leave mounts the flame  
of heaven's fire!  
Trust not to ballots; trust not to laws;  
Who masters himself God judgeth his  
cause!  
Will you think to be masters with ballot  
or blows,  
Your king and your lord is the man who  
knows.  
—(William V. Byars, in St. Louis Republican.)

### WHITE AGAINST RED.

BY M. QUAD.

Up to the year 1859 the Comanche Indians boasted that they had never been defeated in a battle with white men. They were arrogant and bloodthirsty, and were at war with all the world. They would not make peace with other tribes, but waged constant and vindictive warfare on white and red alike. They were rich, strong in numbers, and the best horsemen in the world, and they made war because they loved the adventure of it.

In May of the year named a Texan known as Capt. Gordon, who was an old Indian fighter, learned that there was gold in the Big Wichita Mountains of western Texas. This chain of mountains forms the eastern boundary of the Great Staked Plains, but the Comanches ranged as far west as the Rio Pecos River. Capt. Gordon called for volunteers to explore the gold fields, and the expedition was fitted out at Santa Fe. He knew what was before him, and he did not cut loose until he had secured 139 men. They were all border men, and each furnished his own horse and arms. Every one had a rifle, and most of them a revolver as well, and Gordon got the loan of two field pieces and trained a crew to work them. There were about forty pack mules, loaded with provisions and ammunition, and it was believed that the company was strong enough to take care of itself under any circumstances. It was so long in getting ready that the Indians heard of its object, and Eagle Feather, then the head chief of the Comanches, sent this to Capt. Gordon:

I want scalps, horses, rifles, and powder. Come as fast as you can!

No one was frightened over the message, and in due time the expedition set out. Capt. Gordon was confident that he would be attacked before crossing the Canadian River, and he was not surprised at finding the Indians all about him as the command emerged into the Chico Valley to the west of old Fort Bascom. Eagle Feather had gathered together 482 warriors, the flower of his tribe. They were ordinary warriors, but each could boast of having killed an enemy. They were mounted on the finest war ponies, and every one had a lance and a rifle, and some had bows and arrows in addition. A more notable war party was never raised, and it started out to meet the invaders, boasting that it would bring back the scalp of every white man in the expedition.

Gordon was familiar with the Chico and knew where the attack would be made. The Indians would wait until he was ready to enter the pass leading through the Chico Mountains to the river and beyond. It was a position they could hold against 10,000 men, and he realized that he must draw them away from it. The command marched to within three miles of the pass and then turned to the north, as if to seek for another. For a distance of twelve miles the two commands held a parallel course, and were not over two miles apart. The Indians hugged the base of the range so as to prevent the white men from entering any of the passes, while Gordon watched for a battle ground in the valley. He found it twelve miles above the pass just at sundown on a June day. The spot selected was a natural sink on the crest of a mound or a series of mounds, taking in an area of about two acres.

There was a wall of earth around this sink, as if a small lake had once occupied the spot. To the north was a still lower and deeper basin, large enough to shelter all the horses, and so strategic that a few men could defend it. There was a big spring on the plateau with grass enough to last the horses for three or four days, and Capt. Gordon's idea was to force the Indians to attack him in his position. A renegade white man named Gerry, who had served in the regular cavalry and deserted to the redskins, had drilled them in cavalry tactics and he was with them at this time. Out in the open 480 Comanches, each armed with a twelve-foot lance—a weapon they knew how to use with murderous effect—would have proved too strong for the gold hunters. Behind the defenses the case would be different.

There was only one place where the sink could be approached by horsemen, and that was on the south side. There was a clear road 200 feet wide, and the cannon were posted to cross fire over this. They had been kept covered on the march, and the Indians had no suspicion of their presence. Just at dusk Eagle Feather sent in word for the white men to go to sleep without fear, as he should not attack until next day. This was no ruse on his part, for he made his camp two miles away, and that of the gold hunters was undisturbed by even a shot. During the night Gordon's men threw up further defenses and cleared the sink of every incumbrance. Twenty men were told off to guard the animals, and when the sun rose again every one was ready for what was to happen.

Eagle Feather was in no hurry. It was 9 o'clock before he marshalled his warriors on the prairie, a mile to the south of the plateau. He then sent in word that he hoped the white men would fight. He did not demand a surrender, and he wanted it plainly understood that he would grant no quarter. His firm purpose was to wipe out every man in the expedition, and thus deter all thought of future invasion of his territory. From the way he disposed of his forces he must have been confident of

speedy success. The mounted warriors were marshalled in lines having a front of thirty men. They were eight lines deep, making 240 horsemen. The remainder of the force was held as a reserve. Not a warrior was dismounted, and no attack was made on the men guarding the lower basin. The Comanches, under cavalry tactics as taught by the renegade, had charged en masse with lances, and they had won a victory every time. The chief had never fought a large body of white men, and perhaps he wanted to test the value of the tactics on them. He was a brave general but a poor strategist.

When Gordon saw that no attack would be made on the herd he called over fifteen of the twenty men to assist in repelling the charge. The two field pieces were loaded with canister, and everything was ready on the plateau. At a given signal the body of warriors charged. The first line was half a mile away, and the ground was clear of all obstruction. The gold hunters were ordered to reserve their fire until the field pieces were discharged. This did not happen until the first line of warriors was within fifty feet of the breastworks. The charge was checked in an instant, and the slaughter was something horrible. As was determined by actual count, fifty-three warriors and seventy ponies were left behind when the force drew off and returned to the spot where Eagle Feather had posted himself to watch and direct. The field pieces fired only two rounds apiece, and some of the riflemen only got in one shot.

Within half an hour after being driven back Eagle Feather sent in word that he was glad the white men exhibited so much bravery, as the honor of defeating them would be greater. While his warriors had been unsuccessful in the first charge, the second would be certain to win the victory, and he warned them to make ready for it. This they speedily did. When the lines were formed again every warrior was in them, while the big chief took the lead. The same tactics were pursued as before. Such warriors as had been dismounted advanced on foot. Again the gold hunters waited until the enemy had come to close quarters, and again the field pieces belched forth their murderous fire as a signal. It was a lesson the Comanche tribe never forgot. In five minutes every warrior who could get away had retreated, leaving the ground heaped with dead and dying. A count of the bodies brought the total up to 111. Those who were wounded were killed as fast as discovered. Eagle Feather, although in the thick of the fray, was not even scratched, and as he rallied his forces again out of rifle shot he knew that he must change his tactics or withdraw. He had still 369 men left, and he had no thought of abandoning the field.

Gordon watched the movements of the foe closely and anxiously, and he soon discovered the plan of the coming attack. It would be made on foot, and the lances would be abandoned for the rifles. There was a ravine leading up from the prairie to the lower basin. The Indians would be certain to come up that; others would advance from the south, and others still would advance through the brush on the west side. The field pieces were planted to cover the points where a rush was expected and the men posted near. Three kegs of powder were taken down into the ravine and deposited among the rocks as torpedoes, and everything was ready by noon. It was half an hour later when the Indians divided into three commands and moved to attack. Gerry had taught them how to march on foot, and they moved off almost as orderly as regular infantry. The object of those advancing from the south was to secure the bodies of the dead ponies for shelter, and thus creep in close to the breastworks for a rush.

Gordon had provided against this by sending men out over the field, and their fire kept the Indians off in this direction. The fight opened hotly on the other sides, however, and as the Indians were sheltered in their advance they soon began to work damage. Their fire was concentrated on the field pieces, and within an hour Gordon had four men killed and three disabled. From half-past twelve to half-past four the firing was constant and almost entirely confined to the rifles. The white men were the best shots and were also more securely sheltered, and therefore had the best of it. But few Indians had appeared in the ravine up to the last hour named. Then they began to gather for a rush. One of the guns was turned upon them, and when the shell with which it was charged exploded it likewise exploded two of the kegs of powder. How many were killed and wounded no one could say, because the terrific explosion hurled down the high banks and filled the ravine for a hundred feet. A dozen or more bodies were found, and parts of others were blown into the upper basin.

The calamity in the ravine ended the attack on the part of the Indians, and Gordon at once assumed the offensive. The ponies of the Indians had been left on the prairie, and just out of rifle shot, guarded by a few warriors. He opened on the herd with shell, and in three or four rounds had scattered it. Whenever the redskins attempted to bunch in any considerable number he shelled them, and such horses as galloped within rifle range were shot down by the riflemen. Eagle Feather had more than enough before the sun went down. Once he rallied his warriors as if for a last desperate charge, but they were so thoroughly whipped that they refused to advance. As darkness fell he began his retreat to the pass, and he made no halt of consequence until reaching his village, a hundred miles away.

None of his dead was removed, but all the wounded were taken away. Three years later he gave his figures on the fight. Out of his force of 480 men he reached home with only 199 who had escaped shot free. He lost in killed 141, and had 140 wounded more or less severely. Of his 480 ponies he lost at least half. Gordon's party picked up enough lances and rifles to load a wagon. They also got a large amount of ammunition and other plunder. Among the Indian dead were two famous medicine men and four sub-chiefs, and Gerry was also among the slain. He had not been killed by the white men, but Eagle Feather slew him with his own hand as he retreated. It was not his plan to open the fight as he did, but Gerry had as-

sured him that the mounted warriors could ride over all opposition.

The direct results were had enough for the tribe, but dissensions followed to make matters worse. Eagle Feather was deposed, and he became a renegade, and the tribe divided into three or four factions which could never again be reunited. The Kiowas, to the east of the Apaches, raided in from the west with great vigor, and within three years a tribe which had ranked as the richest and most powerful in the West was scattered and broken. Had not the Government stepped in and taken care of the remnant the Comanches would have been exterminated.—(New York Sun.)

### HUNTING FOR APPARITIONS.

#### The Ghostly and Ghastly Work of the Boston Society of Psychological Research.

It may not be generally known that an important part of the work of the Society of Psychological Research, which had its annual meeting recently, is the tracing of the origin of the marvellous tales that are published a year or more to time by some of the newspapers, says the Boston Transcript. There are correspondents in the west and south who, when times are dull, invent startling stories, giving names and other details which give an air of probability to what they send. Now, the Society mentioned above, of which Richard Hodgson of this city is secretary, follows up all reports of supernatural happenings, and the results of some of the investigations are exceedingly interesting. There are correspondents of the society in all parts of the country, and when anything strange is published, a clipping is promptly sent to the headquarters in Boston, from which there soon issue letters of inquiry.

Sometimes the society is notified of a real case of double consciousness, and an investigation follows. The details are published in this part of the country, for instance, and pretty soon a western paper comes out with a startling story exactly similar except as to place, time, and names. Mr. Hodgson says that about a year or so ago he made an investigation into a case of double consciousness. A young woman for three months believed she was another girl who died thirteen years ago. She performed her part to perfection, and all the witnesses were very sure she acted just as the dead girl had. The story about her was printed in the papers, causing much discussion. When interest in the case had somewhat died out, a Chicago newspaper came out with two or three columns about a woman who believed she was another person who had died years previous. Names were given, and even addresses of persons mentioned were printed. The story was so much like that of the girl about whose strange actions there had been an investigation, that Secretary Hodgson stamped the Chicago story at once as a lie. He wrote to the persons mentioned in the Chicago story, and every one of his letters was returned to him marked "No such person there."

A few months ago a Maine newspaper published a story about a haunted house. Mr. Hodgson wrote to the editor of the paper for the name of the writer. The latter, in reply to an inquiry, informed Mr. Hodgson that he had simply written up the story from a number of rumors, and that it was not worth following up. It was undoubtedly not true that the house had been the scene of such ghastly actions as he had described, said the writer, who was a medical man. Of course there was no use looking for further details.

A Boston newspaper printed a story, a few weeks ago, about a haunted room in a Brooklyn (N. Y.) police station. The story had been previously published in New York. It was stated that a ghost was in the habit of visiting a certain spot in the sleeping-room of the policemen, making such a rumpus and troubling the man who slept in that particular spot so much that finally the officers refused to sleep in that place. The captain of that station was written to for information about the case, and he replied that the story was made out of whole cloth.

A wild yarn was that from Chamberlain, S. D., printed in a western newspaper. McCloud's cattle ranch near Chamberlain was the scene of a series of remarkable visitations by a ghost. Through the house went the ghost, rattling windows, slamming doors, stamping hard in the entry, running upstairs like one possessed, throwing chairs around, and in general making life miserable for the inmates. Occasionally during the still night the sleeping ranches would be awakened by a most unearthly yell, which would make their hair stand on end. Up they jumped and ransacked the house, for they believed somebody was playing a joke on them. But the perpetrator could never be found.

One night the ghost appeared. With chattering teeth and trembling knees the ranchmen stood before the figure of a woman clothed in the habiliments of the grave. A rifle was brought, the boldest man took it, aimed, and fired straight at the heart of the woman. After the smoke had cleared away there she still stood, gazing at them with her large, sorrowful eyes. For a minute she remained, and then gradually disappeared and was never seen again. The editor of the newspaper in which the story was first printed was asked to tell the name of the writer. He had no idea, and the writer was asked about the facts of the case. He replied that the story originated with some of the ranchmen, and that nobody had heard the yell, seen the ghost, or been bothered at all.

### DISEASE OF THE EAR.

#### Its Unusual Frequency Attributed to the Grip.

"The frequent occurrence in the past few years of suppuration of the middle ear," said Dr. H. S. Weasthoff, "is attracting attention. We can attribute this unusual frequency directly to the widespread influence of the grip and to the peculiarity of this poison, inasmuch as it attacks particularly the mucous membranes.

The middle ear, or drum cavity, is lined with mucous membrane, and is connected directly by means of the eustachian tube with the throat, and thus suffers more or less with every soreness of the throat. Externally the drum cavity is completely closed by a membrane, ordinarily called the drum-head, and it very seldom happens that this cavity becomes diseased through atmospheric influences. It is also not likely that primary inflammation takes place here. Almost every case can be attributed to preceding or accompanying throat trouble.

"The mucous membrane is so closely and firmly attached to the bone that it performs also the function of the peritoneum or nutritive membrane of bone, and herein we find the cause of the characteristic picture of this dangerous and oft-fatal malady.

"The disease usually begins as a catarrhal inflammation, which is characterized by neuralgic pain in the region of the affected ear, redness and swelling, partial deafness and noises in the ear. These symptoms indicate with certainty the presence of this trouble, and in older children and grown persons they are readily ascertained. In small children most of these symptoms cannot be elicited, and we can generally only suspect the presence of the disease on account of the great pain which the child evidently suffers.

"As the diagnosis of this disease is often difficult in young children, the child should be carefully watched and examined, and usually we are able to discover some symptom which will justify our suspicions. The physiological process of teething is often credited with causing the most remarkable effects, and 'difficult teething' is made to cover a multitude of painful symptoms of which it is perfectly innocent. Thus it is gums that are needlessly lanced and dangerous delays allowed, until a discharge of matter from the ear makes the diagnosis for the little sufferer. This is the affection which in common parlance is called earache, and is generally considered, aside from the excretory pain which it causes, an insignificant affair. It is not infrequently happens that the medical adviser tells the patient or the friend that it is only a common gathering of the ear, as if it were of no importance whatever, and instead of doing everything to prevent it, seems rather to invite suppuration, with all its deplorable results.

"If the disease be not recognized, or, as sometimes happens, no attention be paid to it, it passes on to suppuration, accompanied by the most agonizing pain and considerable fever. Now and then the course of the disease is so rapid that a discharge of matter from the external canal takes place almost before the parents are aware that the child is dangerously ill. In most cases it runs a gradual course. The child cries night and day, the pain rolls it of its sleep, it is feverish, and convulsions, loses its strength, and in general a picture of misery. The parents are on the verge of despair, and the doctor, whose aid becomes so efficacious for the pain of colic, stands helplessly by, and can only give the poor consolation that it will get better when the gathering breaks. This is true so far as the pain is concerned, for in the majority of cases nature helps herself by perforating the drum-head, allowing the matter to escape, upon which the pain abates.

"The case is usually dismissed at this stage with the admonition to put some cotton in the ear, and the parents, taught by tradition or experience that little is to be expected from the medical man in this trouble, is satisfied with the advice, and thus we see children and adults going about with a large wad of cotton in one or both ears, and apparently laboring under the impression that the supposed benefit to be derived therefrom depended upon its size.

"Physicians as well as the laity are remarkably indifferent to this disease, and yet it is one which always endangers life, and even if an apparent recovery from the acute attack take place and nothing more be done for the trouble, the patient is exposed to all the annoying and dangerous consequences of the disease, such as chronic suppuration, polypt, deafness, inflammation of the mastoid process, with suppuration and necrosis, extension of the inflammation to the brain and death.

Recently the Board of Health issued a circular addressed to the physicians and midwives containing regulations for the prevention and cure of that dreaded disease which furnishes the largest number of victims for the blind asylums, namely, purulent ophthalmia of newborn infants, and yet this threatens only the sight, and never, or very seldom, the life of the little patient; whereas, the disease of which I speak is always a menace to life, as the matter is separated from the brain only by a very thin plate of bone, often not thicker than paper, sometimes perforated and at times wanting altogether, so that the inflammation can extend very readily to the brain membranes, and thus lead to a speedy and fatal termination. A circular from the Board of Health in regard to this disease would certainly not be amiss."—(Baltimore Sun.)

#### Little Transactions in Books.

The man who goes exploring in old book shops sometimes makes discoveries which prove of value finally. Many keepers of these old places not only are ignorant of the value of many of their books, but do not even know what stock they have in trade. A man who "picks up" good bargains frequently, found a good edition of a certain history in a basement book shop the other day.

He was humen and did not want to pay more than was necessary. "Will you give me a dollar?" asked the bookseller.

"Yes," answered the other, promptly, and he handed over his dollar, and took his volume of history.

Four days later he received a card from a stranger.

#### A RARE POEM.

#### It Was Written by a Poet Who Has Since Won Fame.

In the house of a gentleman in this city, says the Kokomo, Ind., Dispatch, we saw a poem written on the fly leaf of an old book. Noticing the initials "E. A. P.," at the bottom, it struck us that possibly we had run across a bonanza.

The owner of the book said that he did not know who was the author of the poem. His grandfather, who gave him the book, kept an inn in Chesterfield, near Richmond, Va. One night a young man who showed plainly the marks of dissipation rapped at the door, asked if he could stay all night and was shown to a room.

That was the last they saw of him. When they went next morning to call him to breakfast, he had gone but had left the book, on the fly leaf of which he had written these verses:

LEONANIE.  
Leonanie—Angels named her;  
And they took the light  
Of the laughing stars, and framed her  
In a suite of white;  
And they made her hair of glowing  
Midnight, and her eyes of gleaming  
Moonshine, and they brought her to  
Me  
In the silent night.

In a solemn night of summer,  
When my heart of gloom  
Blossomed up to greet the comer  
Like a rose in bloom;  
All forebodings that distressed me  
I forgot as joy caressed me,  
Lying joy that caught and pressed  
me  
In the arms of doom.

Only spake the little lipper  
In the angel's tongue,  
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper:  
"Songs are only sung  
Here below, that they may grieve  
you—  
Tales are told you to deceive you—  
So must Leonanie leave you  
While her love is young."

Then God smiled, and it was morning,  
Matchless and supreme,  
Heaven's glory seemed adorning  
Earth with its esteem;  
Every heart but mine seemed  
gifted  
With the voice of prayer, and lifted  
Where my Leonanie drifted  
From me like a dream. E. A. P.  
Really J. Whitecomb Riley.

#### Seven Years Without a Birthday.

A Scottish clergyman who died nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Leishman, of Kinross, used to tell that he had once been without a birthday. The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could see that, if he had been born on the 29th of February, he would have no birthday except in a leap year. But leap year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only; their first thought would therefore naturally be that the old man, who, in fact, was fond of a harmless jest, was somehow jesting about the seven. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion. At the present time there can be very few, if there are any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have been born on the 29th of February at least ninety-six years ago. But a similar line of missing dates is now soon to return; and indeed there are, no doubt, some readers of this page who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly twelve years to come.

The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be very widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap year, and 1900 will not be. The February of the present year had twenty-nine days, but in all the seven years intervening between 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three between 1892 and 1896, that month will have only twenty-eight.—[St. Nicholas.]

#### Why Leap-Year?

To the inquiry why the leap-years are so called, there appears to be no satisfactory answer. What connection, it may be asked and has been asked, was the year or the added day supposed to have with a leap or with leaping? Were those years regarded as coming with leaps or bounds, as contrasted with the steps or paces of other years? Did days or years leap over something, or were they themselves somehow leaped over? All this seems matter for conjecture, and there is nothing left for us but to fall back on "The Century Dictionary's" statement, "The exact reason of the name is unknown."—[St. Nicholas.]

#### Negroes With a Brogue.

It is well known that Cromwell banished many Irish people to the West Indies. Most of the white people of the island of Montserrat are of Irish descent; and even the negroes of Montserrat make use of a rich brogue in speaking. There ought to be some valuable dialectal survivors in this interesting old colony.—(American Notes and Queries.)

England's yearly foreign meat bill amounts to over \$125,000,000.

#### A Curious Adventure.

An Alabama duck-hunter had a curious adventure, one day, while out on the water in his skiff. Some years before he had lost his leg in a railroad accident, and the limb had been replaced by a cork substitute, useful for ordinary purposes, but preventing him from following game, except in a boat. On this occasion, as he was an expert marksman, he had always loaded the skiff with ducks, when, in reaching after a particularly fine bird, he overreached and upset the boat. Down went the birds, the gun and the hunter, and there being a swift current at that point, the boat drifted away before he came to the surface. Being unable to swim, the hunter clutched wildly for a support, but found none, and would certainly have been drowned had it not been for his cork leg. It kept him afloat, and at first he was overjoyed; then he became apprehensive. The cork leg had a tendency to invert him in the water, and, after struggling against this for some time, he managed to unstrap the limb and use it as a float. It was then easy to paddle ashore, and the hunter was saved although he lost nearly every thing else but his life.

#### Stub Ends of Thought.

Mouth { Measures } Mind.  
Masters { Murders }  
Give a man an inch and he will take an ell, but not of toothache.  
We oftener suspect a man of vice than of virtue.  
His thoughts hung upon his words as beautiful pictures on books of gold.  
Age should make a woman beautiful.  
If life were twice as long we probably would not be twice as good.  
We learn to love with easy teaching.  
It is really easier to pay a bill than to shirk it.  
A rich man may have all the pleasures in life and still there is just as much for the next one.  
To be married is not always to be married.

#### The Reason Why.

We call it Alabastine, as it is manufactured from alabaster rock.  
The people use it because it is durable and beautiful.  
The sanitarians endorse it because it is of a sanitary nature, and contains no poisonous material.  
We advertise it as we want all to have an opportunity to be benefited by its advantages.  
"All paper firms fight it, as it displaces their poisonous product."  
Some dealers talk against it, as they can buy cheap kalamines, and where the people are not posted, sell at Alabastine prices, thus making more profit.  
Kalamines must go, as they are only temporary and spoil the walls.  
Alabastine has come to stay, as it possesses merit, and has the unqualified endorsement of those who have used it for years.  
Alabastine has stood the test of time, and now stands higher in public favor than ever before.

Prof. Kezize, the eminent sanitarian of Michigan, says: "Have carefully tested for arsenic or copper; none could be found. Find no traces of poisonous or injurious material."

Dr. DeWolfe, the health officer of Chicago, says: "The perfect wall for domestic habitations is the material which resists decomposition in every form. It seems to me that Alabastine is admirably adapted to the purpose."

The Good Health Publishing Co., of Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "We will, probably, use Alabastine as long as it is in existence."  
We are located at Grand Rapids, Mich., and will cheerfully answer any communications in relation to our goods.

"It's all up" with the landlubber when he takes his first sea voyage.

A Brilliant Discovery in Dermatology.  
It is said that superfluous hair can be permanently removed without pain. An interesting and valuable discovery has recently been made by John H. Woodbury, of 125 West 43rd street, New York City. It is a remedy for the permanent removal of superfluous hair, consisting of a fluid which is applied to the hair follicles by means of an electric needle. It is designed to be used by patients at their homes, and is said to be fully as effective as electrolysis. Full particulars in reference to this valuable remedy are found in a little book of 128 pages, which is sent to any address for 10 cents on application to the discoverer.

There are 206 students from North America at the Berlin (Germany) University.

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SCIATICA  
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Nail Aches  
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