## STURDY LIFE SAVERS.

### SOME INFORMATION IN REGARD TO SOME MEN OF DELIVERY.

**How They Rescue People from the Raging Fury of the Winds and the Waves. How the Service Was Organized and What It Has Done.**

Every night during the long winter months a line of men patrols the Atlantic coast. It reaches from Maine to Florida. If it were stretched out from New York straight across the continent one end would touch Omaha. This line is broken in places, but in every dangerous locality, in spots where in stormy weather the merciless elements are ready to cast up their human freight on the shore, a man stands watching, looking seaward with a keen and practiced eye, ready at the slightest sign to give the signal and start the work of rescue.

These men are the patrolmen of the Life Saving service. They are tried and true. Their weather beaten faces attest the fact of their long service in the cause of humanity.

In stormy weather there is nothing that the sailor dreads so much as the proximity of land. There are few vessels which, when well handled, cannot weather the heaviest gale that blows if they have plenty of sea room; but a lee shore is a sailor's bugbear. The Atlantic coast is dotted with seaport towns. It is in approaching these ports in heavy weather that ships encounter the most danger.

From Cape Hatteras to Cape Cod the coast is probably more favorable to shipwrecks than any other coast line in the world. This is due to the fact that the northerly and easterly winds have a tendency to set the currents down along the coast. An easterly wind is almost sure to be accompanied by a fog or haze. When a vessel has a northeasterly gale, a strong current which sets in toward the coast north of Cape Hatteras from the Banks and a fog to contend with, she is in a tight box.

It has been said that if the vessels which have been wrecked on the New Jersey coast alone could be placed in a line, end for end, they would reach from Barnegat to Sandy Hook. Such, however, is the vigilance of the life saving service that during the last year out of 8,950 persons involved in wrecks on United States coasts, only 17 lives were lost. This is indeed a remarkable showing, and it would seem in the matter of saving lives imperiled by shipwreck as if human ingenuity had reached its utmost limit.

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It is impossible for the mind unaccustomed to the dangers of the sea to conceive of the horrors of a wreck. The railroad accident comes unawares. Death by burning is not prolonged. The midnight assassin gives no warning. Electricity is ten thousand times quicker than thought. Indeed, most of the calamities which unnaturally deprive men of their lives and which are common to humanity come without warning. Men suffer least when in the act of dying. But to the victim of a shipwreck providence deals out with no unsparing hand the awful agony of suspense. The sea is slow to claim its dead; it toys with its victims like a cat with a mouse. In a storm at sea the heavy hand of nature is felt in all its sublimity and awfulness.

READY TO LAUNCH.

The inky atmosphere of the night, the hugh waves raising their sublime crests to the black curtain above, the flying scud, and way to leeward a dark and almost indistinguishable line of land, this is a scene which would strike terror to the stoutest heart; when to it is added the shrill sound of the wind as it rushes through the rigging, a sound weird, unearthly, which no pen can describe, the picture is doubly intensified. The vessel, borne down on the shore by the fury of the wind and the terrible power of the sea, strikes at last. Then comes the period of suspense. The imagination, wrought to intensity by the previous terrors, opens a new field of horror to its helpless victim. It is in scenes like this that human courage rises to sublimity. From every spot but one points the grim finger of death. But from that one spot glimmers a light. It is the star of hope to the shipwrecked sailor, and it is guided by the hand of the watchful patrolman of the life saving station.

It is impossible in a brief article to give more than a very general idea of the United States Life Saving service. It is today one of the most perfect institutions of its kind in existence. The first systematic movement for the aid of ship wrecked mariners took place in England in 1774, when the Royal Humane society was established. In this country the first life saving station was built at Cohasset, Mass., in 1807, but previous to this, in 1786, the Massachusetts Humane society had done much to save life on the New England coast. It was not, however, until 1883 that any well directed efforts were made for the protection of life and property at sea. The work of the coast survey was begun in a small way. Congress made appropriations from year to year and the service gradually increased in value. In 1871 it received an impetus which has carried it on to its present state of perfection. Sumner I. Kimball succeeded to the head of the revenue marine bureau of the treasury department. In the face of the greatest discouragements Mr. Kimball labored faithfully. During the first year of his stewardship every person imperiled by shipwreck on the New Jersey coast was saved.

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In 1873 a commission consisting of Mr. Kimball, Capt. Faunce and Capt. J. H. Merryman, of the revenue marine, surveyed, by order of congress, the ocean and lake coasts. The report of this commission was adopted by congress, and in 1874 a bill was passed and became a law. By the provisions of this bill the field was considerably extended and the present system began to assume definite shape.

The work steadily continued until 1877. But in 1877-8 the service which had grown to such magnificent proportions was handicapped by lack of money. The child had grown too large for its old clothes, and its parents failed to supply it with new. Just at this time the wreck of the steamers Huron and Metropolis, one following close upon the other, awoke the nation to the importance of life saving, and the result of these two disasters, however much they may be deplored on account of the great loss of life, was the best thing which could have happened to the service. Under the championship of S. S. Cox and Charles B. Roberts a bill was passed through both houses of congress and the life saving service took its proper rank as a separate institution. Mr. Kimball was chosen as general superintendent, and the service was established on a firm foothold. The system is now divided into twelve districts. The number of stations is 226, 174 on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, 44 on the lakes and 7 on the Pacific coast. Each district is provided with a local superintendent. An officer of the revenue marine is the chief inspector, and to each district is also assigned an assistant inspector. In cases of extraordinary heroism medals are awarded.

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A life saving station is two stories high and has five rooms. The upper floor contains two sleeping rooms and a store room, and the lower floor consists of a boat and mess room, the latter being the smaller. The life saving appliances are few in number. There are two kinds of boats in use, the self righting life boat and the surf boat. The self righting boat is very heavy, and this, coupled with its great size, prevents its use to any great extent on the Atlantic coast. It is most valuable on the great lakes, where the stations are built on piers, and where it can be easily lowered into the water. This boat is a wonderful machine, and is the outgrowth of an invention of Lionel Lukin, an English coach builder, who constructed a model in 1784. It is so nicely adjusted that when it is capsized by the force of the sea, it immediately rights itself. There is in the keel a slug of iron weighing 1,400 pounds. In each end of the boat there is a solid bulkhead of cork, and along the sides underneath the rail are arranged air tight compartments. Thus it is easy to understand that when the boat lies bottom up on the water there are two forces which tend to right her: the heavy iron keel above, which has a tendency to sink, and the air tight compartments below, which have a tendency to rise. The boat is also self bailing. Tubes run through the bottom. At the top of these tubes are air tight valves which yield to the pressure of the water from above, but not from below, just like a pump save that in a pump the valves yield to the pressure from below. Thus, when the boat is filled with water, it runs down through her bottom, but cannot run back.

The surf boat is a lighter and smaller affair. It is mounted on a carriage in the boat house and is hauled out to the water by the surf men. One of the most useful life saving appliances is the mortar gun. When a vessel is wrecked this gun is taken to the point nearest to the wreck. It has a range of nearly half a mile. From it is fired a ball, to which is attached a line made of unbleached linen thread. This line is coiled in such a manner that it pays out with scarcely any friction. The ball, if aimed correctly, falls over the wrecked vessel. The sailors on the vessel pull on it until the hauling line, which is an inch and a half in circumference, is reached. To this line is attached a tally board containing directions for its arrangement and a tail block. The tail block is made fast to the vessel and the hawser is hauled out. This hawser is then made fast to the vessel and on shore it goes over a crotch of wood. It is hauled as taut as possible and then either the breeches buoy or the life car is put into use, as the state of the sea may seem best. The use of these two appliances is well shown in the accompanying illustrations. The life saving dress is another appliance which is extremely useful in some cases. Paul Boyton has brought it before the public, but it was in use long before he made it generally known.

BREECHES BUOY.

Each station has a keeper and six surfmen. The surfmen are chosen from inhabitants of the locality who have been familiar with the coast in their vicinity since boyhood. No favoritism is shown in their selection. They are chosen strictly on their merits, and are obliged to pass a rigid examination. They are all strict disciplinarians. Their hardy lives admit of no luxury. Their pay ranges from $40 to $50 a month, and they are obliged to furnish their own food. The day is divided into watches, and during the night the patrolmen are obliged to meet each other half way between their respective stations and exchange keys to prove the faithful discharge of their duty.

S. I. KIMBALL.

U. S. LIFE SAVING STATION.

Since the year 1871 the number of persons involved in disasters to vessels on the coasts of the United States is 39,414. Of this number all but 561 have been saved. From calculations based on the loss of life previous to the establishment of the present service, it is shown that the system is the means of saving nearly 90 per cent. of lives which would be otherwise lost.

What do you think of that?

TOM MASSON.

### The Peaks of Pyramid Lake.

Miss Julia Hyde of this city, writing from Sheepshead, Washoe county, gives the following passing glance at Pyramid lake: "I shall never forget the first sight of the lake. It was simply grand. We drove along the shore for twenty-five miles. For a long time we were in sight of the towering pyramidal rock from which the lake derives its name. South of this rock, in the center of the lower portion of the lake, is another large mass of rock, which resembles a pyramid in form; and near the northwest end or corner of the lake are what are called 'The Three Pyramids.' Seen from a distance they present the appearance of three pyramids, but when you reach a part of the lake near them you find they number about a dozen. The water of the lake is a deep and beautiful blue. Waves at times rise to an astonishing height on the lake, and breakers roll in upon the shore, which are quite formidable.

"I think I have never in my life seen a more glorious sunset than that I witnessed here on the evening of my arrival. The western sky was a mass of purple, vermilion and gold, resembling painted and gilded towers. From the deep blue of the lake rose the sun tipped pyramids of the lower world, as though towering to meet those of the more etheral realms above, while between all the air seemed filled with a quivering golden haze. All in this wild and treeless region seemed a dazzling picture done in vermilion, blue and gold."—Virginia City Enterprise.

### Dinner Daggers.

The newest thing in dinner favors is a jeweled dagger, not a papier mache affair nor yet a stage weapon, but a keen bladed dagger, which, if your neighbor at dinner be not to your liking or prove tiresome in conversation, you may use upon him with speedy and fatal effect. In the mean time, no murderous tendency taking possession of you, you are expected to use this weapon to cut up your meat. The fashion is an expensive one, because it is important that the hilt be jeweled. Without the sparkle of the gem to gratify one's æsthetic taste the glitter of the steel will still have something lacking. True, there is the possibility of paste jewels, and if this savage fashion grows doubtless dealers in Rhine stones will mark an advance in trade. No doubt a dagger drill might be invented to follow the repast, when the playfully inclined might smite the steel together. Thus does civilization advance with mighty strides.—San Francisco Examiner.

### Pleasant to Take.

"My dear," a fond husband remarked the other day, "I have talked with Dr. Mildew about your case, and so I have brought you a pair of diamond earrings."

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed. And then, after a moment of ecstatic admiration, she added: "But I don't see what this has to do with exercise."

"Why, in the first place," was his answer, "you will go out more and get much more fresh air; and, in the second, you will continually be putting up your hands to assure yourself that the diamonds are not lost, and in that way"——

She interrupted him with some saucy remark, but his impudence was forgiven for the sake of the gift.—Boston Courier.

## LOUISIANA'S GLORIES.

### THE BEAUTIES OF THE STATE AS SEEN BY ONE OF ITS RESIDENTS.

**Scenery That Stirs the Soul of the Poet. Romantic Spots by Lake and River. The Odd and Interesting People One May See.**

In New Orleans we bury in ovens above ground to escape the waters on which our city floats; in St. Martinsville there are dungeons of underground cellars; and in one parish the snows are orange blossoms, and in another they fall from heaven itself. In the Acadian country, when a ball is to be, a courier carries a flag and rides over all the country shouting out like a town crier in the olden days the summons to the fete. In Creoledom a young girl dead is borne to her grave by white veiled "death maidens," and in Acadia the very horses wear amulets to charm away the "gri-gri." There are out of the way little inns in Louisiana where the cooking is as good as at Delmonico's—nay, better. Who would not go a-swamping if only the way was shown him? How many tourists would be proof against a day at Spanish lake, or a night's alligator hunt on the Atchafalaya? What Floridian scenery can equal our Tchefuncta? There is a street in Dublin only a few blocks long said to be the finest street in the world; and there is a river in Louisiana only navigable for a little way that for beauty, for color of environment, is more finely picturesque and lovely than miles of the Thames, the Rhine, the Arkansas or the Hudson.

NATURE APPEALS TO THE ARTIST.

Nature in Louisiana appeals to the artist, to the poet, to the photographer, to the tourist, who is none of these in practice, yet all and more in love with the beautiful. There is an indescribable charm in the softness of our lakes, the serene, deep beauty of our bayous, the splendor of our forests, the gayety and grace and lively life of our plantations. Every village has its inn, its traditions, its accessible gossip, its peculiar local customs, too pronounced to escape the interested looker on. Here you will find the big plantation, the fine house overrun with pickaninnies, the royal welcome, the never failing hospitality. There you will find the adobe hut, the squalid tamales maker. Here you will find the voudou witch working charms; there you will find ma belle creole making a novena before her saint and praying for a husband. There you will meet a patient, farm laboring friar or hear the dirgelike chant of the entombed Carmellite nuns. One day you may stand under an orange tree freighted with 10,000 golden globes of fruit; another day you may climb up a ladder into the perch of the swamper or down a shaft into a salt mine far below the surface.

Ours is a pastoral country, as pastoral as England. All is gentle and serene and matured and full of soft repose. The flowers and even fields, the still forests, the waveless bayous, the rich crops and the lowing kine all appeal to the home side of nature. The grass is green everywhere, innumerable flocks of geese waddle over the green levees and nip grass in the orange orchards.

THE ITINERANT SHOWMAN.

Out in the woods and by the river's brim, the cheap circus people, traveling in caravans or in gay painted barges drawn by tiny tugs, erect their tents; peddlers plod about in heavy blue hacks; a gypsy fortune teller, her baby swung on her back, stealthily creeps up and whispers a wish to have her hand crossed with silver; an evil Arab slinks by under the Cherokee rose hedge leading a dancing bear. He gets out of the way for the gentleman planter trotting by in his dog cart. Under the pent roof in the Teche country, in the tiny hut made on the gulf islands of wrecked ship's timbers, in the fine old country mansion, a palace in the old days, there burns the inextinguishable torch of genial hospitality. Like the Spanish the house owner greets the new comer with that gracious warmth and gives him not only the best he has but all he has.—Catharine Cole in New Orleans Picayune.

### An Enterprising Crow.

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbor Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whisky and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's craps?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' your'n, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and next mornin' I went down to the new groun to see how it'd worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and went to see what it was; thar was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailin' it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain o' that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn; and dinged ef they hadn't clawed up that field by sections."—Atlanta Journal.

### Pneumonia.

According to a medical contemporary, Dr. Gouveneur L. Smith, of New York, has just given some interesting and startling facts in regard to pneumonia. Dr. Smith points out that the disease is becoming worse every year, increasing rather than decreasing, both in the number of cases and the percentage of mortality. The statistics of the Pennsylvania hospital show that the mortality from pneumonia there advanced from 6¼ per cent. in 1847 to 18½ per cent. in 1867, and 31 per cent. in 1886. Similarly, in the New York hospital the ratio of mortality from this disease is more than double that it was in 1878. Thirty or forty years ago it was regarded as serious, but it did not excite anything like the alarm it does today. Dr. Smith is rather inclined to believe that the medical art, instead of progressing in its treatment of pneumonia, has actually gone back, and holds that the methods of treating the disease at the time it was less deadly have been abandoned for methods more finical, but less efficacious.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Blowing Up Camels.

Moorish traders in camels seem to be no more honest than Yankee traders in horses have the reputation of being. The author of "Among the Arabs" describes as follows one of their tricks, which, according to his account, only an expert is likely to detect. On one occasion, while in an Arab village, he declared his intention of buying a young camel. No sooner had his desire become known than at least twenty camels were brought for his inspection. They were all fine looking animals, in excellent condition, apparently. In fact, the only fault our Frenchman could perceive was that they were too fat. After a proper amount of deliberation and bargaining, he selected the one which appeared to be the leanest, and paid the price agreed upon. The next morning, when he went to look at his fat camel he found a living skeleton, on whose almost fleshless bones the skin hung in large folds, and whose best development was about the joints.

The method by which the camels are suddenly "fattened" for the market is thus described: An incision about an inch in length is made in each ear between the skin and the flesh. Into this a small tube is fitted and secured by a silk cord. There it remains, hidden from the observation of all but the initiated and ready for use at any moment. When a merchant who is not acquainted with the blowing up trick comes to buy a camel the dealer takes two tubes, each a yard long, and inserting one end of each in the small tubes just described, through the other ends two Arabs blow with all their might, until the animal has attained the requisite degree of plumpness. The inflating tubes are then withdrawn, and the air is prevented from escaping by means of a cork smeared with pitch. The poor animal now becomes, apparently, quite lively and frisky, trying to throw itself on the ground, or to press against the wall or a tree, or whatever other object may be at hand, so as to get rid of the wind. Sometimes it manages to elude the vigilance of the Arab, and if the cork is not very securely fastened the wind escapes with a whistle like that of a steam engine and the fine looking beast suddenly collapses.—Springfield Republican.

### THE OLD ROCKING CHAIR.

My grandmother sat in the old rocking chair
(But she was not my grandmother then),
And her pert little face was bewitchingly fair
As she laughed a defiance to men!
Her sunbonnet flutter'd like bird on its string,
Her hair wandered free on the breeze;
And gayly I ween did my grandmother sing
Underneath those old gnarl'd apple trees.

My grandfather rode through the white orchard gate,
And tethered his roan to a tree;
He'd a well powder'd wig on his silly young pate,
And high tassel'd boots to his knee!
From the pink apple blossoms that over him hung,
He brush'd off the dew with his hat,
Till he came to the place where the rocking chair swung,
And my merry young grandmother sat.

The kingcup and daisy bloomed round in their pride,
And bees of their sweetness did sip;
But my grandfather blush'd and my grandmother sigh'd,
As he flick'd off their heads with his whip;
My granny she hummed her a cunning old song—
"Faint heart never won ladye fair!"
So he wooed and he prayed, and before very long
There sat two in that old rocking chair!

—John Gerald Brennan.

### Where London Policemen Come From.

The majority of the metropolitan police have come straight into the force from the country. It is found that countrymen make the best policemen. The born Londoner is of very little use. His nervous temperament would disqualify him, even if his physique were satisfactory, and it is a well established fact that in physique the Londoner is sadly deficient. He is not to be compared in height, breadth of chest or muscular tone with the average "young man from the country." As for his nerves, they are simply worthless. They are already strung up to their full limit of endurance. We have heard the same thing said of 'bus drivers—that London men cannot stand the work, and that the best drivers are those who have been "brought up to horses" in some country stable. It is the opinion of officials well able to judge, that in the whole of Whitechapel there could hardly be found a single man fit to be a policeman. The strong arm, the stout heart, the cool head, the steady nerve, are all wanting in the Londoner; and the proof of it is to be found in the comparatively small proportion of Londoners who are admitted or, being admitted, can remain in the police force. Naturally enough, the recruits are chiefly men drawn from the country round London. Kent furnishes a goodly number; so do Essex, Hertfordshire, Sussex and Hampshire. There is an authentic instance of a constable who hailed from Orkney, but probably he came by sea. With this exception there is scarcely a man in the force who comes from the country north of Glasgow. That city absorbs all the tall men who want to be policemen, and so in their respective districts do Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester and the other large towns of the north of England. It is not till we get south of Birmingham that the attractive force of the metropolis takes effect.—St. James Budget.

### Booming a New Play.

At Haverly's theatre, now the Columbia, a few years ago, there was a certain attraction which was boomed in many curious ways. A young newspaper man received one day a note written in a lady's hand, telling him that she would occupy the right hand stage box at Haverly's that night, and, standing along the east wall, with eyes riveted upon the right stage box, were twenty or thirty club men and rounders, who had evidently received duplicates of the newspaper man's note. A lady with a big fan and bouquet sat in the box, but she appeared completely occupied with the play, and gave the gazers no return glances. Only one among them, an elderly lawyer, wore the red carnation.—Chicago Herald.

### ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN.

**A Romantic Story Recalled by the Suicide of Mrs. Boettger.**

The suicide of Mrs. Johanna Boettger in this place recalls a romantic story of her early life that is a counterpart of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." In 1848, when Johanna was a maiden, she was as pretty as a pink, and in her circle was a belle. One day there sailed into the harbor a Spanish man-of-war, and the sailors obtained leave to go ashore. Some of them attended a dance one night where pretty Johanna was a queen, and one of the sailors, Jacinto Casariego, fell in love with her. After a brief courtship the young sailor and Johanna became engaged, and when his vessel left he promised to return again, quit the sea and marry her. A year or more rolled around and Johanna remained true to her Spanish lover. Then his ship came into port again, and his term of enlistment having expired he was discharged and they were married.

Two years of wedded bliss followed and a son was born to Jacinto and Johanna. Then the young Spaniard longed for sea again, and finally he packed his chest, went to New York and enlisted on board a Spanish man-of-war then lying in the harbor. Time rolled on. Johanna, with her baby boy, heard nothing from her husband. Time had dealt leniently with her, and her maiden charms had ripened into womanly beauty that drew many admirers around her. Among them was Herr Boettger. He pleaded a long time, but she was not sure her first husband was dead, and, though she favored the honest, earnest German wooer, she would not marry him until a certain length of time had passed. That time came, and the steadfast devotion of Herr Boettger was rewarded. They were married and several children blessed the union.

Ten years passed, and one night while the family were at supper a handsome looking man in the uniform of a Spanish naval officer appeared before them. Herr Boettger was astounded as he saw the mother of his children fall into the arms of the sailor and he cover her face with kisses. Recovering, Mrs. Boettger, or Casariego, explained matters to both husbands. The first husband was astounded, but he renounced all legal claims to his wife, and after a stay of a few days he went away. His son, the young Jacinto, had been well cared for by the stepfather, and his own father left with the promise to do something for him. Nothing more was ever seen of him by his wife. He remembered his son, however, and as he rose step by step until he became a commodore in the Spanish navy, he from time to time made remittances to his son for his education and support. Young Jacinto was a fast youth himself, and soon spent his money. When the remittances stopped, on the death of the old commodore a few years ago, he opened a saloon in Sandy Hollow. He married a respectable girl, who, a few months ago, eloped with a younger man, taking with her $1,000 of her husband's savings. It was the action of this daughter-in-law that worried Mrs. Boettger into insanity and drove her to commit suicide.—New Haven Dispatch to New York Sun.


CUTICURA REMEDIES.

HOW I SUFFERED

**Seventeen Years From a Skin Disease—Could Not Walk or Dress Myself—A Mass of Disease From Head to Foot—Cured in Eight Weeks by the Cuticura Remedies.**

At the age of three months a rash (which afterwards proved to be eczema or salt rheum) made its appearance on my face. A physician was called. He said teething was the cause; he prescribed some cooling medicine, but the sores spread to my ears and head. Another M. D. was called. He professed to know all about the case, called it "King's Evil," and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone and lard mixed into a salve; but the disease continued. They could not do anything with it. Another prescribed borax, water and flour; another, linseed poultices. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease continued unabated; it spread to my arms and legs, till I was laid up entirely, and from continually sitting on the floor on a pillow my limbs contracted so that I lost all control of them and was utterly helpless. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could get around the house on my hands and feet, but I could not get my clothes on at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a prominent physician and surgeon here in Chicago (the other physicians before mentioned were of Dundas and Hamilton, Canada); he said he could do nothing for me. He wanted to cut the sinews of my legs, so that I could walk; but I would not let him, for if I did get better I would have no control of them.

The disease continued in this matter until I was seventeen years old, and one day in January, 1879, I read an account in the *Tribune*, of your CUTICURA REMEDIES. It described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial.

When I first applied them I was all raw and bleeding, from scratching myself, but I went asleep almost immediately, something I had not done for years, the effect was so soothing.

In about two weeks I could stand straight, but not walk, I was so weak, but my sores were nearly well. As near as I can judge the CUTICURA REMEDIES cured me in about six to eight weeks, and up to this date (i. e. from January, 1879, to January 1887) I have not been sick in any way or have had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me.

W. J. McDONALD,
No. 3732 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

JUNE 10, 1887.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Chapped and Oily Skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Constitutional Catarrh.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The senses of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing, the human voice, the mind, one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his RADICAL CURE has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE consists of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT, and an IMPROVED INHALER, price, $1.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

KIDNEY PAINS,

Strains and Weaknesses,

Relieved in one minute by that marvelous Anodyne for Pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain killing strengthening plaster. Especially adapted to instantly relieve and speedily cure Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weakness. Warranted vastly superior to all other plasters. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

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SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

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