

RELICS OF COLUMBUS.

THEY ARE SCARCE, BUT WASHINGTON HAS A FEW.

The Ideal Site of the Discoverer—A Bell from His Prison—The Ring to Which He Was Chained—The Bronze Doors of the Capitol.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—In the great rotunda of the Capitol is a plaster medallion portrait of a man who will be much talked about during the next three weeks. It is an imaginary portrait, for the subject has been dead nearly four centuries, and no authentic picture of him is in existence. For the first time,



COLUMBUS RELICS.

The name of Christopher Columbus is to be intimately associated with a great public event in the chief nation of the world which he discovered. The Columbus fair of 1893 will make the voyage of his name a household word. His struggles and triumphs will be recalled in the eyes of millions of human beings. The nations of the Old World will gather with those of the new to do him honor.

All the public memorials of Columbus which this country has erected are clustered about the rotunda of the capital. It is a matter of proper pride with Americans that, though Columbus spoke not the English tongue, and though he never set foot on the soil of the present territory of the United States, this country has not been slow to honor his name and his deeds in monuments of bronze and marble.

This plaster head is one of the saddest things I have seen in the Capitol. Sad because it is a bogus Columbus. Pity that the head of the real Columbus—of the Columbus who lived in a land of painting and sculpture—should have been lost in the mists of the past. Sad because it reminds one of the great man journeying back to the Old World, from the New World which he had discovered, in chains. Sad because it brings to mind the death of Columbus in ignorance of the magnitude of his discovery, in ignorance of the fact that he had brought a new world under the domain of civilization.

There is much that is pathetic in the career of Columbus, and of one of the saddest incidents of his life we find a peculiar souvenir in the National museum. It is well known that this institution contains personal relics of nearly all the great men whose names appear in the history of North America, and yet one is surprised to find something that was associated with the person of the very first European who ever touched these shores. At first thought one is impressed in much the same manner as he is

TRANSOM PANEL OF THE GREAT BRONZE. It is a relic of Adam or Moses. Yet here is a little bit of rusty iron which held the chain which bound Columbus a prisoner in San Domingo. There is something startling in the thought of laying hand upon a physical object which has felt the touch of the flesh of Columbus, but there is little cause to doubt the authority of the relic. The bolt was obtained by Robert Moore, purser in the navy in 1844, and he guaranteed its genuineness. Corroborative evidence is found in the little bottle lying close by. It contains small fragments of wood, and is marked:

"Wood from the mortised beam in the wall of the dungeon called the dungeon of the prophets, in the city of San Domingo. To this beam was attached the rope from which hung the chain that held Admiral Christopher Columbus during his imprisonment by order of Francisco de Bobadilla in 1500."

Not far away stands a cross which appeals strongly to the imagination of the average American. It is a simple piece of wood which flashes history before him like a flash of fire, which carries the mind instantly back to the most dramatic moment of the career of a continent. Think of holding in one's hand the staff which Columbus held, and which flouted the flag of Spain when the discoverer first planted his foot on western soil and took possession in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella! Yet that is what this cross purports to be made of. Unfortunately, there are some doubts of its genuineness, and the museum authorities are not wishing to display a parallel to the skin of the serpent which tempted Mother Eve, which may be seen in a Chicago museum, nor to the historic pair of Shakespeare skulls—"one of Shakespeare the boy, and the other of Shakespeare the man"—said to be on exhibition at Stratford-on-Avon, have ordered the cross sent into retirement till further light may be had upon its pedigree.

Should the Columbus quadri-centennial exposition be held in the capital city, visitors will here find the career of the discoverer epitomized in a most curious, most admirable and most enduring form. It is a bronze door—the great bronze door which hangs at the eastern entrance to the rotunda—the door through which a score of presidents have passed on their way to take the oath of office. This door is justly considered one of the attractions of the Capitol. Visitors long linger over it, interested by the novel effect of the pictures made of lines raised from a flat surface, pleased with the graphic portrayal of the life of Columbus, to be comprehended at a glance, and sometimes a little startled on seeing a mere child take one of the ponderous doors in each hand and swing them to and fro. The weight of the two doors is 20,000 pounds. With their casing, also of bronze, and superbly carved, they measure nine feet by nine feet. They were modeled in Rome, in 1889, by an American, Randolph Rogers, and were cast in bronze at Munich in 1890. The cost to the government was

only seven hundred dollars to be appreciated. There are nine panels, four in each leaf of the door and one in the transom, representing in alto relievo the leading events in the career of Columbus. First, an encounter with the natives, triumphant entry into Barcelona on his return to Spain, Columbus in chains, and finally, Columbus on his deathbed. Embellishing the borders are sixteen statues of patrons and contemporaries of the admiral. Among these are Pope Alexander VI, Ferdinand, Isabella, the archbishop of Toledo, an early patron of Columbus; Charles VIII of France, a friend of Columbus; Henry VII of England, a friend of Columbus; and the admiral's likeness of Mrs. Rogers, wife of the sculptor; Pinzon, commander of the Pinta, second vessel in the first fleet to cross the ocean; Columbus' brother, Bartholomew; Balboa, discoverer of the Pacific ocean; Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico; Pizarro, conqueror of Peru, and Amerigo Vesputi, the voyager from whom our continent derives its name.

Just outside the bronze door, on the eastern portico of the Capitol, is the only statue of Columbus in the United States. It is a semi-colossal group, representing the discovery of America. Columbus holds aloft a small globe, on the top of which is inscribed America. At his side crouches an astonished and awe-stricken Indian maiden looking up into the face of the admiral. It is said the armor which the figure of Columbus wears is true to a rivet, having been copied from a suit in the palace of the discoverer's descendants at Genoa.

But these are by no means all the Columbus memorials of which the rotunda boasts. Conspicuous among the eight huge paintings adorning the walls is the "Landing of Columbus at San Salvador," Oct. 12, 1492. John Vanderlyn, of New York, was the artist, and the government paid him \$10,000 for his work. In the foreground is Columbus, planting in the sand the royal standard, of which fragments are said to be in the National museum. Behind him are his officers, the two Pinzons, Escobedo, the notary; Sanchez, the government inspector; a mutineer, now in suppliant attitude; a cabin boy kneeling, a friar bearing a crucifix, a sailor kneeling in veneration for the admiral, and on the shore other sailors giving expression to their joy on reaching land, or contending for glittering particles in the sand. From behind trees and bushes the natives are looking out with awe-stricken faces.

The chains which bound Columbus, the armor worn by him, the hat and hatpins which he made, still exist. How unfortunate it is that no likeness of his face has survived may be judged by a look at these figures in bronze, plaster, marble and canvas. The Columbus who stands

on our shores in bronze has a beardless face, while the Columbus of the painting is bearded like a patriarch. The Columbus of the statue on the east portico bears small resemblance to the Columbus of the medallion within the rotunda.

WALTER WELLMAN.

BANISHING A BRAGANZA. BRAZIL SHIPS DOM PEDRO AND DECLARES HERSELF A REPUBLIC.

Remarkable Epochs and Changes of Fortune—Doubtful Future of the Republic. Strange Melange of Races—Large Forest Tracts of Brazil.

The revolution, begun in 1770, is now complete. The American continent does not now hold a monarchy of any sort, "from the Aurora Borealis of the north to the frozen serpent of the east," Burke said. Brazil is a nominal vice-royalty. It is true, but practically as much a republic as any country on the continent. Brazil but a few days ago finished the job; the emperor and family have gone to Portugal and a republic is proclaimed—and without the sacrifice of a life.

Eighty-two years ago the royal family of Portugal fled before Bonaparte to the then Portuguese province of Brazil, and now the imperial family of Brazil return to their royal Portuguese country. It is a romance in history. Dom Pedro has a private fortune of over \$3,000,000, and is promised a pension of \$150,000 a year from the Brazilian republic; so he will not be a burden to his relatives. It would indeed be a calamity if he had to "live on his own." He has a wife, five children, and a household of business many years ago. The father of the emperor, when Dom Pedro married in 1843, was then Francis I, king of Portugal, having his son, Prince Pedro, as regent. But the general overturning which made the united kingdom of Portugal and Brazil three all the Bourbon rulers of that time out of employment.

Dom Pedro himself has a score of well-to-do relatives, though the revolutions of this century are rapidly reducing them to the rank of the poor. Bonaparte invaded Spain and Portugal, John VI, the reigning Braganza of the latter, fled to Brazil; but the revolutionary movement soon infected all Spanish America, and one by one the provinces from Mexico southward were torn from their allegiance. Yielding to the inevitable, King John avoided a war by proclaiming a constitution, Feb. 20, 1821. He then returned to Portugal, leaving his son, Prince Pedro, as regent. But the Brazilians wanted complete separation, and Oct. 12, 1822, the empire was proclaimed. Dec. 1, Dom Pedro was crowned emperor. He married the Archduchess

Leopoldina of Austria, and their son, the present Dom Pedro, was born Dec. 2, 1825. The next year King John of Portugal died, and the Brazilian ruler was called on to choose between the two countries. He resigned the crown of Portugal to his infant daughter, Dona Maria da Gloria, but only five years later he had to give up the rule of Brazil also, as the people demanded a still more liberal government. He abdicated in favor of his son, Dom Pedro, but the country was governed by a regency till the latter reached the age of 16, when, in 1841, he was formally crowned, to serve as emperor forty-eight years. He has had, on the whole, a successful reign. His daughter Isabella, crown princess, born in 1846, was married in 1864 to the Count D'Eu, or Prince Louis of Orleans, oldest son of the Duke of Nemours, and therefore in the line of Orleans succession to the French throne—of that amounts to anything nowadays. Dom Pedro also has three sons. His second daughter, Leopoldina, married Prince August of Saxe-Coburg, and left four sons.

The future of the republic of Brazil is somewhat cloudy. Its area is a little larger than that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, and next to Russia the largest continuous tract under one government, covering at least 3,300,000 square miles—from 5 degrees north to 33 south of the equator. An enumeration of its products and resources is simply bewildering. It has, in one item, a million square miles of virgin tropical forest, in one small section of which Agassiz found 117 species of valuable woods and such a variety of varieties of snakes and insects that their "botanical names" alone would fill this column. Yet in all the republic there are certainly not more than 12,000,000 people (some put it as low as 8,000,000), and only one-third of them are of the Aryan (or Caucasian) race. There were originally about 100 tribes of Indians, of which at least a dozen remain. One is surprised to learn, after all the discussion about slavery and emancipation, that there is no complete census of the colored people; but the latest estimate puts the full blacks at "about 2,000,000" and the "metis" at 3,801,757. There were at the same time (1872) 3,787,389 whites and "about 320,000" Indians. It is, therefore, important to discover what a "metis" is. As the name indicates, he is "mixed." The largest class of the "mixed" is thought to be the "mamelucos" or "mestizos," those combining Aryan and Indian blood. Next are the mulattoes of all shades, and lastly the "cafuzos" or "Indian-negro" mixtures. It is evident, however, that there must be many who unite the blood of all three races, and in fact the language has names for sixteen different grades and race mixtures, and qualifications, and mixed-bloods. It is a very interesting and important subject, and one that should be treated more fully in a future issue.

It is roughly estimated that 20 per cent of the total population is of freedmen—emancipated by slow processes for many years or by the sweeping act of sudden manumission last year. And there is reason for suspecting that this rapid emancipation without promise of indemnity to the owners was the cause of the present state of affairs. And that this new republic is really a reactionary affair—a view greatly strengthened by the fact that of the 2,500,000 or more adult males in the country not more than 200,000 have so far enjoyed the right of suffrage. Color is no bar, but there are many other limitations. And, finally, 84 per cent of the adults are illiterate. To sum it all up, this new-born republic has perhaps 12,000,000 people, of whom but a third are white, nearly half colored, one-tenth or so degraded heathen, and five-sixths unable to read. Americans would not, in the present state of their own politics, consider that very promising material for a republic.

THE PICTURE IN THE ROTUNDA. The picture in the rotunda is a reproduction of the original painting by John Vanderlyn, showing Columbus planting the royal standard in the sand.

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PARLOR ENTERTAINMENTS

OLIVE HARPER WRITES ON THE BEST WAY TO CONDUCT THEM.

Use Give a Sample Programme Which Will Without Doubt Be of Vast Advantage to Many Who Are a Little Uncertain as to How to Manage the Matter.



TOIGHTLY to organize and conduct a parlor entertainment requires many and varied talents, among which are executive ability, unusual tact and persuasive powers, besides an eye for effect and an understanding of what will please the audience for whose amusement the entertainment is designed.

In the first place, canvass for talent, and see how much we could find. There is always a pianist, often a good amateur banjoist or violinist, and generally several persons who can sing fairly well. Those who can play upon any instrument should be secured first, and then a quartet chosen, if possible, to make up one, and these same singers can also be relied upon each for a solo. They are useful as interludes between other things, even if they do not sing very well, and if they sing beyond the average they are doubly valuable.

In these days, and in mixed assemblages, there is always some one who recites, and we have learned to listen to them with patience, and so one or two recitations may be given, one tragic or dramatic; one or two others should be humorous, if possible. People who have precocious children are apt to put them forward on this part of the programme, and it requires great tact and judgment on the part of the manager to keep them from attempting some piece that the most capable elocutionist would shudder to undertake. Who has not heard some hissing child say all in one breath, "Avaunt-angel-of-death-child-god-of-you-shall-not-take-my-child," and been consumed by a desire to laugh and break things both at once. If a child is to recite, let it be some simple thing, the simpler and quieter the better, something that will not be ruined and made ridiculous by a wrong emphasis or lack of emphasis.

Recitation and music being provided for, there still remains a hiatus to fill, and this can be done with tableaux, or a bright little comedieta, in which the best talent in that line must be secured. A very taking programme might be made upon the following plan, with some slight alterations, and in almost any place sufficient very fair talent could be found: First an overture by piano with violin or flute accompaniment. Second, quartet in popular ballad, or, where possible, three or four or more young girls dressed in college gowns and trench coats, who sing the rollicking college song of "All you fellows who have peanuts and give your neighbors none. You shan't have any of my peanuts when you are not dressed as I am."

This song never fails to set a proper, disposed audience off into roars of laughter, and half the battle is done if you can make your audience laugh heartily in the beginning of the evening. Next, you may have a recitation, after which a solo song or instrumental music. A very pretty thing next would be a minuet by the smallest children you can get to dance it, and they can be dressed in costume. The very mistakes and awkwardness of tiny little tots are pronounced "sweet" and "cunning."

I remember one case where four little midgets were to play the three graces and the awarding of the apple. The rosy youth ate it up and handed the core to the chosen one. Another boy was to go and kiss the sleeping beauty, but got frightened and stood in the corner of the stage, and "lifted up his voice and wept," and he lifted it up high, too, while tears as big as gooseberries rolled down his cheeks and the sleeping beauty raised her head to see what was the matter. Children, charming as they are, are uncertain quantities before the public, and the careful manager must always take this into account and arrange things so that their failure shall bring diversion but not disaster.

If children preponderate in the audience, the tableaux of the good old fairy tales dear to every little heart can be given, the older and more worn they are the dearer. If grown people preponderate, a very pleasing diversion may be made by a few tableaux vivants representing "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Evangelina" sitting lonely and sad-eyed, and Anniemora chained to the rock with Peter about to rescue her. All the world loves a lover, particularly when picturesque and poetic. These are easily arranged and can be made to resemble statues or pictures at will. For statues the people who take the character should dress in white, have white wigs and be lavishly powdered with flour, and the light should not be thrown directly upon them, and what there is should be white, though if feasible, Green or Rose costume will help the sheets meet upon the shoulder. The sheets can then be tacked, or even pinned, together under the arms and on down to the feet. A cord or girde is now fastened about the waist, binding the fullness in, and the gathers should be deftly pulled into the proper shape, leaving the waist portion to droop loosely over their feet. A picture of an ancient Greek or Roman costume will help the notice to drapery robes—for Greek role it now is—perfectly and in classic style. Men will do the rest. The arms are bare, and the shoulders.

If other drapery is required, another

FAIRY TALE TABLEAU. To present tableaux vivants as pictures they require a green gauze curtain stretched tightly about three feet from the background, which should be tacked and a frame should be simulated or painted canvas. The figures pose in between gauze and background, with a direct light. The effect and illusion are perfect. Colors can be used in dress and the characters require a theatrical make up.

After the tableaux there should be a short intermission, and the first number on the programme after it should be musical. A quartet is good, and particularly liked when singing ballads or old songs. Culture and pretense are powerful, but popular taste is stronger still, and if one gets up an entertainment, it is to please those who go to it, and so it is better to leave out classical music and all such selections and choose simple, old-fashioned airs. The person who tries this once will prove the truth of my assertion.

After the quartet can come an instrumental solo. A little juggling, if there is any one who has a taste that way handy; or perhaps some one will like to show how well he can swing his Indian club, or some young lady amateur will give a pretty "endurance" dance or waltz. There are many persons who learn some one little thing like this or purpose to make themselves of use. Lady and child violinists are always in demand.

When these shall all have done their best, and answered all their encores, a short comedieta, or even farce, is good to finish up with, and if good amateur talent is obtainable, the fewer the characters the better. If not, let as many as possible, and the number of characters on the stage will hide each other's defects and make things livelier. The good manager must give each one the best part, and keep them all good natured, if possible—a thing never yet good, I believe.

THE AMERICAN NEGROES. Four Popular Capacity for Mirth, Merriment and Melody. (Special Correspondence.) NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Those brought intimately in contact with the negro are wont to say that he is as incapable of mirth as he is of any other emotion. With his life cast in sadder lines, the darkey is ever predisposed to humor, vivacity and a satisfaction with the decrees of fate. The smile on his face and laugh on his lips are strong bulwarks against the ills that befall him, and his wit and humor are the only weapons he has to combat his fate. It is with the approach of the holidays, when, having received his money for his crops, and feeling that he can get advance from "the store" during the next summer, that he is as improvident as the fabled grasshopper, and lives like a lord. Of course, it must be understood that the country darkey is referred to here. His town brother lives a hand to mouth existence, and rarely has enough money at any one time to indulge his inclinations. The lack of funds does not detract from the disposition, but curtails the scope of indulgence.

mean not suggest anything, without matches, perhaps, a vivid pink gown. He will meet many other faces like hers at the cabin doors, where she is cultivated for richly, milky, or castoric will meet with a pleasurable surprise when quaffing deep draughts of spring water from a "sweet-gourd" dipper. To appreciate a drink of water, one should drink it from the gourd.

The singing and dancing of the darkey on the plantation is in striking contrast to that of the drawing room performance of the white folk. It is a group sitting quietly, holding their hands, when one of the party would take up some queer chant, the words of which would be lost in persistent dwelling on the aspirates. At first the measure would be slow and halting, but, as others joined in and took up the chorus, the rude melody of the song would be rounded out and swell with a penetration carrying its burden to others at every turn, who would take up the familiar air, till the neighborhood would pulsate in song.

Some of these songs are largely recitative, with a weird, lonesome chorus; others breathe the dance steps so plainly that only a few bars are finished before the singers are patting for some of their number, who are on the boards or sand shuffling, "cutting the pike," "the pigeon wing" and other popular dances.

The negro is a lover of melody, and it is not an infrequent thing to find them grouped about the front piazzas when there is company at the "big house" and the piano is giving forth a favorite Chopin, Strauss or Gotschalk. Long after the echoes of the melody have died away on the night they will remain spellbound. Manuscript music was a sore puzzle to any general utility man, who was styled Cayd, for the reason, perhaps, that he was totally unlike that mischievous little god both in appearance and prowess. I believe I could have conveyed to him more clearly an "understanding of the cosmogony of 'Paradise Lost'" than of the method of writing music.

With their naturally joyous temperaments they might believe that allegro would be their favorite musical movement, but pensive is more frequently voiced in their efforts. When by themselves, safe from an audience, they yield to the spirit of song and a pathos of yearning, pleading and protesting is thrown into their homely lay, and comes to the hearer as the voice of a soul in travail. With the end of the song a merry laugh will dispel these vague fancies and deepen the perplexity of the curious listener.

Beginning with the advent of the Christmas holidays, which the darkey signalizes by investing in fireworks and indulging his fondness for sweetmeats, and continuing until after New Year's, there is no work performed on the farm. It is one round of gayer hunting in the day and dancing at night. The New Year's, which is celebrated by that queer custom called "walking Egypt," comes too soon. This custom is a religious ceremonial, but is generally denounced by the clergy as unorthodox. They find it a relic of Voodoo practice, and the frenzy which its music and marching seem to bring on is disapproved by the pulpit. The congregations in many instances, however, insist on "walking" or make their pastor walk, and they generally have their way.

This "walking Egypt" is nothing more than the entire congregation forming in line and filing up one side and down the other to the measure of chants which work on the emotions and result in all manner of excesses and abandonment. Under the influence of its spell the marchers seem insensible to pain, and will oftentimes spring through the windows. The women are more susceptible to its intoxication than the men. "Walking Egypt" marks the ending then of the season. THOMAS P. HENRY.

WONDERFUL SUNOL. The Lively Filly Stands Today the Third Best in the World. Sunol, the prettiest filly of the age, has lowered her record to 10 1/2 seconds and stands today the third fastest horse in the world. Maud S. having trotted in 2:05 1/2 and Jay-Eye-Sue in 2:10. These were sterling performances. But, pause, Maud S. made her record when 11 years old, and Sunol when 6 years. This little baby of 3 years makes a record of 2:10 1/2.

SUNOL. Taking her age into consideration, it was the greatest performance ever made by a trotting horse. Truly she is a gem. Her performers and Mr. Bonner is to be congratulated on his purchase. It is not known just what price Mr. Bonner paid for her, but it is put down as near \$30,000. The following account of her record-smashing race is also absolutely correct: Orrin Hikok drove a running horse beside the filly. Sunol got the word at the first attempt, and left the wire behind in beautiful style. Her speed from the very start was fast, but it was only by looking at the runner that one was able to notice how fast the filly was really traveling. When Marvin, who held the reins, nodded to the starter, the runner watched the distance to be run, and when the quarter post was reached in 32 seconds, and without a noticeable decrease in speed, the journey up the backstretch "was begun. When the half mile station was reached the runner watched the distance to be run, and when the mile post was reached in 1:05, and then it came, certainly that, barring a break, the eastern colic record would be badly broken. The filly, never faltering, and going true as the wind, made the time, 2:10 1/2, for the quarter mile, which was reached at the watches showed, in 1:37 1/2. Then pandemonium broke loose, as the gallant young trotter dashed down the straight.

Marvin felt that he was about to drive under the string a world beater, but, fearing that his charge might let down at the last moment, looked around and nodded to Hikok to bring up the runner. At this the crowd yelled, and Sunol, who had been waiting for their demonstrations to the very end, kept her carriage up to the highest point. The trotter dashed on, and soon dispelled all doubts as to her gameness. She came like a hurricane—so fast, indeed, that the thoroughbred runner could not keep the pace. At the fifteenth pole Marvin reached for his whip, pointed it in the air over the head of the filly, when, with an extra burst of speed, she dashed past the judge, winner against time in 2:10 1/2, transferring the crown of three-year-old supremacy from King Astell to her own queenly head.

Sunol was bred and reared at Governor Stanford's famous Palo Alto stable. She is a dark bay filly, beautifully formed, and was foaled in 1888. She is by Electioneer, and was Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and sire of Manzanita, 2:36; Amee, 2:40; Adair, 2:37 1/2; Antevolo, 2:37, and twenty-four others that have trotted in 2:30 or better in the past. Her dam is Wax-tail, by General Benton; second dam, Wax-y, by Lexington.

It cost \$15,000 to produce "Theodora," and nearly as much for "The Great Metropolis." It cost \$7,500 to put her "Sto-wa-way" on the stage, and about \$5,000 for "The Great Crest." Don Thompson spent over \$12,000 on "The Old Homestead" stage work, and Francis Wilson was relieved of over \$5,000 before "Oolah" saw daylight.

The breath of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time alteration sets in, the spungy, and any other of the disease frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing laryngeal bronchitis, which, in the turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

Paris, the title of M. Gandillon's successful play is now printed in several languages—"Les Femmes Colantes," "Clinging Women," "Las Mujeres que Pegan." And the move seems to be going on for a long time. The play is crowded with foreigners. The manager could go further: Why not have the play translated, and compel his artists to play it Monday in French, Tuesday in English, Wednesday in Spanish, Thursday in Italian, Friday in Russian, and Saturday in German.

Augustus Unspokeable is endured by the victims of inflammatory rheumatism, and any other of the disease frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing laryngeal bronchitis, which, in the turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

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