

# A CENTURY AGO.

## WHAT PEOPLE DID AND WORE IN WASHINGTON'S TIME.

### Entertainments, Diversions and Social Events in New York in 1789—Prominent Men and Women of That Day.



OULD anything read more like a fairy tale than the transformation that has come over New York between the time when Washington in silk stockings and much dignity accepted the honor thrust upon him and the present hour, when the honor, with both feet braced, receives the man. Nothing is the same as it was then save human nature.

What is there left, for instance, in New Broadway to suggest the old Broadway? One hundred years ago men and women in gay attire—men as brilliant as peacocks themselves and women their fitting mates—chase for a promenade Broadway from St. Paul's Church to the Battery. Along the brick-paved sidewalks, whose gutters were curbed with wood, strolled the men and women whose names have made history worth reading.

Occasionally did the stream straggle north. Our own City Hall, not built indeed till 1806, was so far north that the cheap back of stucco was regarded as commendable economy, inasmuch as no notice would ever get so far uptown as to notice it!

Along the noisy street—for since 1658 cobble-stones had infested "Broad Way," otherwise known in its continuation as Great George street—dashed and clattered the coaches of the fashionable, mingling with the gig, the phaeton and the chaise of the unpretentious. There were even to be seen jogging along the traveling wagons which had brought unlucky travelers from Philadelphia—open wagons, hung with double curtains of woollen cloth and leather—"Carriages," said De Warrille, "which keep up the idea of equality, the member of Congress riding beside the shoemaker who elected him, in fraternity." These wagons were without springs and had been carried across the Karitan on open scows, pulled over by a rope, across the Delaware in another scow, propelled by setting poles, and brought from Jersey City, then Paulus Hook in the ferry that was rigged like a pilot-boat, but with an open deck.

In striking contrast to these was Washington's own coach, in which he often joined the parade after his arrival. It was built in the shape of a hemisphere adorned with cupids, festoons, flowers and fruits, as dainty in its decorations as an exquisite sedan chair, and drawn by six cream-colored horses. Coachmen and postilions in scarlet and white livery certainly spoke with no voice of prophecy of the era of Jeffersonian simplicity which was to follow. Besides, though Washington's coach has become familiar to us through every source of tradition from the reading book up, yet it was not so much more showy than the equipage of many private citizens to be seen among the pleasure-seekers. Even private citizens of wealth often sported coaches with four horses and men in livery that would have stunned the good folk just arriving from pearl-colored Philadelphia had not that same pearl-colored aspect been a later acquisition.

In this ever-beautiful pageant were to be seen the brave men and brilliant women whose names are as familiar to us as those of our people to-day. There was Aaron Burr with his good wife, ten year his senior and the mother of two children, a cool, handsome man, adored by light-hearted women, in spite of his trifling stature for his "affaires de cour," and suspicioned by men for his unscrupulous brilliancy; there the boyish-looking Alexander Hamilton, with his high-bred charming wife, formerly Miss Schuyler; there John Jay, a pure, noble man, dressed in simple black, his hair slightly powdered and tied at the back, dark-eyed, colorless in complexion, but WASHINGTON'S LAMP with a face of great sweetness; beside him his richly dressed, graceful wife, formerly Miss Livingston, daughter of the mother whose drawing-rooms brought together all that was most notable both in statesmanship and letters. Again, Rufus King, "the most eloquent man in the United States," and his bride, who had been a Miss Alsop, and who was remarkable for personal beauty—face oval, with a clear brunette complexion, delicately formed features, expressive blue eyes, black hair and exquisite teeth, "her motions all grace, her bearing gracious, her voice musical and her education exceptional."

With the coming of the first Administration the remnants of the manners and hospitality and etiquette, most carefully nourished by the Loyalists, were merged into the dignity and ceremony of the wealthiest and most conservative Americans, none more insistent than President Washington himself. Washington ordered his household that it might be not only a gentleman's home, but the home of the President as well. He yielded no jot of the honor due him, standing firmly on the platform that every respect must be exacted in those troublous times for the office he filled. From the time of Washington's arrival in New York, six days before his inauguration, until a violent illness in June put a stop to the gaiety, New York danced in the light of a social blaze of glory. On April 14 Washington was notified of his election, and on the 16th started with "feelings," as he wrote to Secretary Knox, "not unlike those of a culprit going to the place of execution." Along the way minor incidents of recompense lay in wait for him, however, such as, for instance, at Trenton, where, beside other ceremonies, thirteen lovely maidens scattered flowers before him, singing with voices tremulous

with pleasurable emotion an ode of which one verse ran along thus:

Welcome, mighty chief, once more;  
Welcome to this grateful shore,  
Now no mercenary foe  
Aims again the fatal blow,  
Aims again the fatal blow.

On the 24th, at the end of the march of triumph, under clear skies that seemed to drip flowers as the clouds scatter rain, General Washington was face to face with all that awaited him. Then flew open the doors of hospitable and fashionable New York. Privately entertained before the inauguration, that event was the signal for the opening of the public flood-gates. The first rock was struck the day after inauguration in the public reception. How to draw that line which was to give him opportunity for his duties and at the same time shock no one big with ideas of Republican simplicity was the first task set him, and he solved it by appointing Tuesday afternoons, from 3 o'clock till 4, for the reception of visits of courtesy. "At their first entrance they salute me, and I them, and as many as I can I talk to," wrote Washington. "Gentlemen, often in great numbers, come and go, chat with each other and act as they please. What 'pomp' there is in all this I am unable to discover." Yet pomp was discovered in it and bawled with grievous lamentation.



A BELLE OF 1789.

The inauguration ball lacked one attraction in that Mrs. Washington had not yet arrived. Still, it was a beautiful picture of New York society at the time. There were present Mrs. Jay, wife of the man of whom it was said, when he was made Chief-Justice of the United States, "When the ermine of the judicial robe fell on John Jay it touched nothing less sparkling than itself." Mrs. Hamilton, Lady Stirling and her two daughters, Lady Mary Watts and Lady Kitty Duer, Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Lord Stirling's sister; Mrs. (Governor) Clinton, Mrs. (Mayor) Duane, Mrs. James Beekman, Lady Temple, Lady Christina Griffin, Mrs. Chancellor Livingston, Mrs. Richard Montgomery, Mrs. Beekman, Mrs. John Langdon, Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, Mrs. Livingston, of Clermont; the Misses Livingston, Mrs. Wm. S. Smith, daughter of Vice-President John Adams; the beautiful bride of James Homer Maxwell, who, as Miss Van Zandt, had danced masy a time with Washington when he was with his army at Wilmington; Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. McComb, Mrs. Dalton, the Misses Bayard, Mme. de Brehm, Mme. de la Forest and Mrs. (Bishop) Frost. Over three hundred guests were present, Washington, as naturally might be supposed the "star of the evening," dancing a cotillon each with Mrs. Van Brugh Livingston and Mrs. Hamilton and a minuet with Mrs. Maxwell. The company retired about 2 o'clock, joy and satisfaction in every face and every pleasure "heightened by the presence of a Washington."

Within a week this ball was fairly eclipsed by a private one, which was, according to an authority, "a magnificent affair." It was given by M. de Monstier, the French Minister, his clever sister, Mme. de Brehm, acting as hostess. Mme. de Brehm was heard to declare of this ball that she "had exhausted every resource to produce an entertainment worthy of France," and truly this little French lady, who was described by General Armstrong as a "singular, whimsical, hysterical old woman, whose delight is playing with a negro child and caressing a monkey," succeeded in the wish of her heart. "Her decorations," says Mrs. Harrison, "were enchanting. People wandered about, gaining preps of fairy land, till the quadrilles were danced, and then began a scene bewildering in its beauty, where the red, red rose of France and the blue bells, symbolizing the color of Columbia, were blended with scarlet regimentals and uniforms of buff and blue, cerulean gauzes and floating scarfs of rosy tulle. Eight gentlemen in French and American uniforms danced with eight ladies, typifying the countries of Washington and Lafayette. It is rather amusing to read as a pendant to this opening revelry that the supper, served from a long table running from end to end of the room and displayed upon shelves covering the inner wall, consisted of cakes, oranges, apples, wine of all sorts, ice creams, etc., and highly lighted up; at 10 o'clock."

This curious supper, unique as it is to us of to-day, is froth and airy nothingness compared with the less "French" repast at a New York ball in 1789. Mrs. Harrison by way of an aside quotes from an old newspaper a sample programme.



MRS. JAMES BEEKMAN.

"The invitation printed upon the back of a playing card, as was a common practice, ran: 'Mrs. Johnson—At Home—December 12—An Answer—Quadrilles at ten.' Between ten o'clock and the hour of departure the following light refreshments were served in plums by black waiters: tea, coffee, hot milk, rump, pound and queen cake, bread and butter, and toast; green sweetmeats with preserved ginger; lemonade and wine; peaches, apples, pears, wine and sangaree; pyramids of red and white ice-cream, with punch and liqueurs, rose, cinnamon and parfait amour; dried fruits, almonds, raisins, nuts and wine; finally, bon-bons, mottoes, confitures and sugar-plums. This does not conclude the list, for this was only the 'stand-up' supper. Last of all came the 'sit-down' supper of 'sandwiches, -ongues, hams, chickens and pickled oysters.'"

Beside this complicated feast, the simple afternoon tea and the altogether charming informal hour in the evening, when friends dropped in on friends to join in the after dinner cup of coffee assumes a hundred new charms. They speak of graceful women who could, without silly attempts at glitter, make their drawing rooms so attractive that the brightest, the wisest, the most powerful men and women delighted to present the name of "friend" and be admitted. Mrs. Jay's "days at home" were as famous as her parties and her ceremonious dinners, of which she gave one a week and sometimes two. Secretary and Mrs. Knox, a big and witty woman, gave magnificent banquets, and her home was "the resort of the intellectual and cultivated, the diplomatic and fashionable." Sir John Temple made it a point to call upon every stranger of note immediately upon his arrival in New York, and Lady Temple gave costly dinners every week to twenty or more guests.

Mrs. Washington, unlike the President, was ill satisfied with the eminence of her position and its accompanying grandeur. "There are certain bounds for me which I must not depart from," she wrote at this time to Fanny Washington, "and as I cannot do as I like I am obstinate and stay at home a great deal." Mrs. Washington was always "at home" in her Franklin street residence on each Friday evening from 8 till 10 o'clock, receiving all whose social position, official station or established merit entitled them to come. Full dress was required and dignity and formality prevailed, but to eyes looking back carefully one hundred years there seems little that speaks positively of anything but high-bred and dull conventionality. Very possibly a little soreness was left in Mrs. Washington's heart at the treatment she had received from the sisters of these women, if not the women themselves, at the time of the war, when actually an important ball was postponed in Philadelphia rather than have her included among their own grandees.

Besides these hospitable and fashionable women, and the others mentioned in the list of those at the ball, which list is practically a blue book of 1789, other New York women entertained equally well. There were Mrs. Livingston, the mother of Chancellor Livingston, and Mrs. James Beekman, with her beautiful mansion and the famous greenhouse, the first upon Manhattan Island, beneath which was buried the Beekman treasures of silver and china during their seven years' exile, and in which grew lemons which Mrs. Beekman herself made into lemonade before the President's eyes. Then, too, were Mrs. White (Eve Van Cortlandt) and the Bayards and the Ludlows. All these leaders of the day had homes eminently fitted for the reception of the guests, some of the houses being really palatial in their beauty, evidences of this being shown even till to-day in the one or two examples still left, the most notable instance being, perhaps, the Roger Morris mansion, still standing in dignity beside the changing Elevated Road in Harlem, and pointed out to the sightseer as the home of Mme. Jumel, Aaron Burr's erratic sweetheart and afterward his wife. There was the famous old Walton House in its prime, the pride of Pearl street, with its grand mahogany staircase occupying the center of the house, some of the rooms paneled with oak, richly carved, while the walls of other rooms were hung with stamped leather, heavily gilded. Over the front door was cut in stone the Walton coat-of-arms, and within it was magnificently furnished, its gilding, carving, tapestries, carpets and gold and silver plate being the talk of the town, and were, without doubt, responsible for Mr. Walton, who was a wealthy merchant, being known familiarly as "Boss Walton."

The Kennedy House, next door to the famous No. 1 Broadway, was another house that gave every evidence of having been planned by an aristocrat for profuse and elegant hospitality. Here were white marble mantel-pieces, carved with frieze of acanthus, and decorated with heads crowned with curls and studded with amaranth. Immense mirrors reached from floor to ceiling, and a heavy mahogany staircase responded to the touch of lightly flying as well as martial feet. Given houses like these, it is easy to imagine what the scene of beauty and gaiety must have been. Imagine what a background these yellow and brown walls, the polished floors, the sconces with their twinkling candle-lights, the glittering mirrors and the unobtrusive windows must have made for the gay, soft sweeping gowns, and the kerchiefs and the snowy necks and bare arms, and the powdered hair piled on a cushion, and the delicate feet in high-heeled buckled shoes! Dresses of India silk and satin petticoats with saques of silk were worn by the women in those days, and the men were no less elegant in their attire of velvet, laced neckcloths and silk stockings. In the gardens that stretched behind the houses sauntered the beauties of the day in petticoats of satin and saques of silk with long pointed waists gathered at the peak with golden cords and nebulous with lace, while by their side bent gallants who wore, perchance, like Mr. Walton in his portrait, a brown velvet coat with long flapped waistcoat of white satin, or yet again like Washington at his inauguration, in a suit of dark cloth, with metal buttons, white

silk stockings and shoes with plain silver shoe-buckles.

The party gowns of the women of 1789, with a little modernizing, would not do ill for to-day, though we can never hope to approach their gorgeous brocades. Surely our belles are one after another putting their hair on rolls up from their faces; they wear simple strings of pearls about their necks, décolleté bodices, stilly



DANCING THE MINUET.

pointed back and front, and wreaths of flowers about the shoulders and tiny wreaths in their hair. Our long gloves have banished elbow sleeves, but we have scarcely touched the full skirts of tulle over silk, beneath which the pointed slender slippers of our great, great, great-grandmothers fled in and out. We have no counterpane, thought, for the modest little Puritan cap, tied beneath the chin, that was worn often then with evening dress, and which must have added an indescribable charm to the sweet-faced girl walking through the stately minuet, which, with the cotillon, quadrille, Virginia reel and Sir Roger de Coverly, almost made up the order of dances at that time. Certainly a girl so garbed must have been a contrast to the man she danced with if this description of his own costume by a man of the time is true: "A light blue French coat, high collar, large gilt buttons, double-breasted, Marseilles vest, nankin colored cassimere breeches, shining pumps, large ruffles, ponderous white cravat, with a 'pudding' in it—I was considered the best-dressed gentleman in the room."

To remain at a party until after 10 o'clock was a shocking affair in the eyes of everybody, and really, as dancing usually began at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, there did seem to be little need of it. Other entertainment did not lack, however. In the winter there were skating and famous straw rides and sleighing parties that brought up at Bloomingdale Tavern for a supper and a dance. Driving, particularly in chaises, was a mighty source of pastime in those days, especially since there was a wonderful "Kissing Bridge" on Second avenue, which no cavalier in New York seemed able to avoid. In summer, too, at the end of the promenades up and down Broadway, there were visits to the famous tea houses or the ice-cream and mead gardens. In these pursuits of happiness the most aristocratic would rub shoulders with a good burgher-master in his small clothes and woolen stockings, buckles at the knees and in his shoes, body coat with large pockets and buttons, a white stock buckled behind, a plain shirt with sleeve buttons, his hair powdered, a long queue and a broad brimmed beaver hat, and, yet again, with his wife in an old Dutch cap, a short gown of calico and a linsey wooley petticoat, yarn stockings, shoes of strength and comfort and a neckerchief.

Then as all the little butterfly world went to and from its pleasure through the narrow, dirty crooked streets they would see the incipient water system in the bored wooden logs laid underground, and would think how, if they wanted water fit to drink, they must indeed go to the tea-water pump on Chatham street for it. They would see the streets being swept by the inhabitants, each in front of his own house, and would hear the garbage man ringing his bell, himself feeble innocent butt of jokes from the humbler women, yet singing marvelous songs as he went. They would see little colored chimney sweeps crying "sweep-ho!" and the bakers with their baskets crying "bread" or "hot cross buns," as the case might be. Most wonderful cry of all was that of the milkman with his yoke, from each side of which was suspended by a chain a large tin kettle of milk. This cry was originally "milk-ho!" but it degenerated into every sort of a shriek or a whistle or a yell.

If it were night or touching upon dusk these good folk would meet the watch or rattle-men and the lamplighters lighting the puny oil lamps that did not really put the handy lantern to blush. Then just as like as not, as they raised the knocker on their doors, they would turn about and look back with pride upon their beloved New York, and they would say to themselves as they looked up to the woods by Canal street and thought what a pity it was indeed that Chatham Square was so marshy and full of malaria—will it all be the same in a hundred years? And without a doubt they were every man of them perfectly satisfied to know that it would be!—New York World.

### It Was Quite Warm.



Tommy Toddler put his foot into the pond to ascertain if the water was warm enough to go in swimming. Tommy found considerable heat in the water.

Alfalfa cultivation is on the increase in Western Kansas.

### Lost in the Storm.

One of our leading editors clipped from a leading magazine extracts from a vivid description of a Western blizzard which we have taken the liberty to publish, and at the same time suggest to H. H. Warner & Co., the proprietors of the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, the feasibility of taking therefrom an extract for the introduction of one of their telling advertisements. The following is the description:

"At the close of a dark day in January a solitary horseman went his way across the open prairie in one of our Western territories. He passes at long intervals the lone cabin of the hardy frontiersman. Two or three old settlers, of whom he has inquired the way, have warned him that a storm is approaching, and one of them, with true Western hospitality, urges him to find shelter in his cabin for the night. But he declines the proffered kindness and urges his tired horse forward. \*\*\* The sky grows suddenly dark. \*\*\* He decides to seek shelter. \*\*\* The storm increases in its fury. \*\*\* The rider dismounts to warm his fast chilling limbs. \*\*\* Can scarcely breathe. Blindness comes on. Drowsiness steals over him. The end is near. \*\*\* He is lost in the blizzard."

"There is no doubt that the terror which seizes the bewildered traveler is similar to that which overcomes one when he learns that he is suffering from an advanced Kidney Disease, and is informed that he is in the last stages of Bright's disease. At first he is informed that he has a slight kidney affection. Later he begins to feel tired. Slight headache. Pickle appetite. Failure of the eye-sight. Cramp in the calf of the leg. Wakefulness. Distressing nervousness. Rheumatic and neuralgic pains. Occasionally pain in the back. Scanty, dark colored fluids, with scalding sensation. Gradual failure of strength."

"Any of the above symptoms signify Kidney Affection, but he is told that he is all right. His physician treats him for symptoms and calls it a disease, when in reality it is but a symptom of Kidney trouble. He may be treated for Rheumatism or Neuralgic pains, heart affection, or any other disease which he is most susceptible to. Finally the patient has puffing under the eyes, slight bloating of the ankles and legs. His physician informs him that it is but the accumulation of blood in his ankles for want of proper exercise."

"The blood continues and reaches his body. Then he is informed he has dropsical troubles, and is tapped once or twice. He notices it is difficult to breathe owing to irregular action of the heart, and finally is informed that he has a slight attack of Bright's Disease. Soon his friends are notified that he is an advanced case of Bright's Disease, and that he can live but a short time. His honorable and dignified physician asks for counsel. It is too late. Still he sticks to the old family physician, and the physician knows and has known from the beginning that the patient has been stricken with death for months, for he knows full well that the profession acknowledge they have no remedies for the cure of Kidney Disease."

"The patient is soothed and is smothered—and dies from dropsical trouble. Or perhaps the disease may not take the form of a dropsical tendency, and the patient dies from apoplexy, paralysis, pneumonia, or heart trouble. It may take the form of blood poisoning. In each form the end is the same. And yet he and his friends were warned by the proprietors of the celebrated remedy known as Warner's Safe Cure, of the lurking dangers of a slight Kidney affection."

"The newspapers have published the dangers. Columns of facts have been printed of men dying of advanced Kidney Disease or Bright's Disease. His friends and physician look around with horror and regret for seeming neglect, but he is lost. He did not heed the warning that a storm was approaching. He declined the proffered hospitality, and recklessly went forward into danger. He struggled manfully for a time, but his strength failed, he grew gradually weaker and he was lost to the world. Not in a blizzard, but from the terrible malady which is almost daily occurring in every community, and which is doctored as a symptom instead of what it is—a mortal disease unless properly treated."

### Sovereign Remedy for Sleeplessness.

Captain Henry Bass, of Rome, Ga., has a sovereign remedy for sleeplessness. "It is," he says, "as simple as it is effectual. I order for my supper a good supply of fresh meat (sausage is fine), and see that there is plenty of it prepared; don't be uneasy for fear of hurting yourself, but eat plenty of biscuits, drink two cups of coffee, a glass or two of milk and go to bed; don't sit up and read two or three hours, but go at once to bed, and I will guarantee a good night's sleep."

George Westinghouse, the air brake-man, is worth \$20,000,000.

### The Queer Mongolian Drama.

Descriptions of playacting in China and Japan are not uncommon, but it often happens that the writer, not being used to the ways of the stage, misses many interesting and amusing points. Mr. Louis Wingfield, however, is an experienced playgoer who knows all about the theatre, and what he has to tell us in his new book, "Wanderings of a Globe Trotter," is therefore specially diverting and instructive. The Chinese players have not their exits and their entrances, for instance. There are always many on the stage who have nothing to do with the play, Mr. Wingfield says. Servants—coolies—stroll about the stage also, placing and removing properties, and changing the labels which hang on the walls announcing "This is a wood," or "This is a palace." These servants are conventionally understood to be invisible. "The Chinese," the "Globe Trotter" says, "carry the principle of convention bewilderingly far. A set code of attitudes and movements are understood by a pigtailed audience to indicate certain things. Thus, a rising of one leg and a half turn (vaguely suggesting the act of getting into the saddle) implies that the character is on horseback; a crescendo of gong beating, and a quick walk round, informs spectators that the performers have moved to another place—what place is told on the changed label. A lady who is supposed to be sewing goes through the required actions, but imagines needle and thread." Yet the gesture is commended, the by-play is said to be excellently suggestive, and the facial expression, so far as the yellow visage of the Mongol is capable of it, is appropriate.

### Would You Believe

The Proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives Thousands of Bottles away yearly. This mode of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure for Coughs and all Throat and Lung troubles. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Don't hesitate! Procure a bottle to-day to keep in your home or room, for immediate or future use. Trial bottle free at all druggists. Large size 50c and \$1.

DAKOTA Indians are amusing themselves by carrying off white men and hiding them.

**A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.**  
To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in its virtues that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. Reply to H. G. ROOT, M. C. 185 Pearl St., New York.

**Catarth Cured.**  
A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarth, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 86 Warren St., N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge. Afflicted with sore eyes see Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
FOR NEURALGIA  
Neuralgia and Paralysis—Nov., 1890—Cured.  
Springfield, Tenn.  
My wife suffered 18 months with neuralgia and Paralysis. I had to move her to bed, and could not get her up. By the time she had used two-thirds of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil she could walk.

**Job's Cure.**  
From Same 6 Years Later—Permanent Cure.  
Springfield, Tenn., Oct. 17, 1894.  
My wife was paralyzed and could not walk a step. Before I used a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil she was about the house. She has been well ever since. The bottle sent me and nothing else. JOB F. MURPHY.

**ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
Price 50 Cents.  
WILL CURE  
**CATARRH.**  
Apply Balm into each nostril.  
ELY BROS., 54 Warren St., N. Y.



### CUPID'S HARNESS.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, weaknesses, and functional irregularities peculiar to their sex, destroy beauty and attractiveness and make life miserable. An unfailing specific for these maladies is to be found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years. \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

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**WATERBURY'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.  
Unexcelled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. Is sold by druggists.