

DR. CLARK'S INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP

Laboratory, 77 W. 34 St., New York City, N. Y.

Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup

The Best Remedy Known to Man!

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



Wakametka, the Medicine Man

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

This Syrup possesses varied properties. It acts upon the Liver, it acts upon the Kidneys, it regulates the Bowels, it purifies the Blood, it acts upon the Nervous System, it promotes Digestion, it nourishes, strengthens and invigorates. It carries off the old blood and makes new.

It opens the pores of the skin, and induces healthy perspiration. It neutralizes the hereditary taint, or poison in the blood, which generates Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors. There are no spirits employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate babe, by the aged and feeble, cure only being required in proportion to disease.



Edwin Eastman in Indian Costume

Seven and Nine Years Among the Comanches and Apaches. A full and complete account of his life in captivity, and escape of its two surviving members. For sale by your agents generally. Price \$1.00.

The incidents of the massacre, vividly narrated, are distributed by agents, price of charge.

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

Dr. Clark Johnson's INDIAN BLOOD PURIFIER

Price - Large Bottles - \$1.00
Price - Small Bottles - 50
Here the voluntary testimonials of persons who have been cured by the use of Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Purifier, in your own vicinity.

Testimonials of Cures.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

WEST LEBANON, March 3, 1879

Dear Sir:- Having prostrate for month with what my physician termed Palpitation of the Heart, and a combination of other diseases I obtained no relief until I bought some of your Indian Blood Syrup, which relieved me immediately. I am now in perfect health.

ELIZABETH LEWIS.

THE INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP THE RIGHT MEDICINE.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., August 25, 1878.

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

Mrs. C. ARTMAN

LIVER COMPLAINT AND CHILLS.

BENSALERT P. O., Feb. 25, 1879.

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

Mrs. C. ARTMAN

CURES CHILLS AND BILIOUS FEVER

EDINGTON, Feb. 1, 1879

Dear Sir:- I was troubled with Chills and fever every other day for 3 months; had two doctors attending me when you sent me your Indian Blood Syrup, and I can say I never had a Chill after taking the first dose. I cheerfully recommend it to all.

LIZZIE WILKINS.

A GILDED GAMBLING PALACE.

Scenes in the Famous Saloons of Monte Carlo. Description of the Play-Piles of Gold and Bank Notes - The Green Table is a Great Leveller.

To come to Nice without visiting Monaco, writes a correspondent, is to go to London and not see the Tower. Carnivalistic festivities being at an end, I made a trip to Monte Carlo at Monaco, the most famous gambling place the world knows - and the only one in Europe now existing openly under State patronage; for that of Nalais-Saxon, Switzerland, was shut a short time ago, the federal government commission solemnly reading at midnight the law announcing the closing of the last gambling place but one in the world. Our 12:35 P. M. train leaving Nice at 10:15 with the English, Germans, Russians, with here and there an American, some of whom had come from Cannes. Our common destination was Monaco, a half hour's ride through the finest scenery on God's earth.

I descended from the train at Monaco, while my fellow travelers remained a couple of minutes longer, riding to the door of Monte Carlo; for your convenience is so studied that you are kindly left at the very gate of destruction. Preferring to see the town itself first, I climbed the steep rock, perhaps 300 feet high, on which Monaco is perched. The broad, white silk banner of the smallest country in Europe fluttered gaily on the breeze, and the little town lay bathed in sunshine and literally covered with bright flowers, palm trees, cactuses and aloes. I have traveled far and wide, but I never have seen as lovely view of mountains, water and sky as on the threshold of Italy. After visiting the remarkable castle and still more remarkable court, and gazing down from the lovely palace garden into the sea, which lies far below, I started off for Monte Carlo, twenty minutes' walk from the castle, on a road planted with palm trees and innumerable cactuses. This road by the sea wound around the tiny town and afforded unobscured views stretching around a semi-circle of blue mountains to Italy, and closed by the dim outlines of the city of Bordighiera. It would take six hours to describe one of the finest gardens of Europe, so I'll only say that the garden of Monte Carlo commands the loveliest view and has the finest plants and flowers of the tropics. The promenaders have not the beautiful, peaceful look the landscape has; the ladies, many of them splendidly attired, laugh and talk nervously; the men are wrapt up in their own thoughts, paying little attention to their fair companions. The women care but little for this want of politeness, for this gambling passion is the strongest of all, swallowing up all others, natural and artificial. At the gambling table there is no sex; a man gazes as stolidly at the most beautiful women of Europe as at the walls. There are some formalities to be gone through before entering the play rooms. A man is not permitted to ruin himself without complying with them. Every journal in the department publishes each day the following notice:

"In accordance with the rules of the Strangers' Circle of Monte Carlo, entrance to the playing rooms is allowed only to persons with tickets. The entrance is forbidden to inhabitants of the principality, and to those of the department, with the exception of club members. Entrance tickets given at the Casino Bureau."

A Russian acquaintance of mine, who goes often merely to look on and play a napoleon or so, was refused admittance lately by the secretary, who saw by his card that he had moved from his hotel to private lodgings, and thereby lost his migratory character and became an inhabitant of the department. "Oh, very well," returned the subject of the card, unconsciously, "then I shall save a thousand franc bill." He was immediately allowed to enter; circumstances alter cases. The fact is, he had only twenty francs in his pocket, with which he won 800; but he spent it in a day or two, money gained in that way notoriously burning one's pocket. The wisdom of the above measure is obvious. If the inhabitants of the neighborhood were allowed to play, the ruin and desolation would cause the immediate closing of the Casino; whereas when a stranger loses, the next train takes him away, and if he chooses to blow out his brains, it is purely a personal affair.

The Casino is a fine large palace containing a large, elegant ball-room, a theater with a fine orchestra and a splendid reading-room, well supplied with journals in all languages. After entering our name in a visitor's book, we receive an entrance ticket, and are permitted to pass into the magnificent gaming-rooms. As we enter at 6 P. M., the rooms are softly lighted to harmonize with the richly decorated walls. There are two tables in the first room and three in the second, at which are played the two games, roulette and rouge et noir. Several hundred players and spectators are present. Silver stakes are predominant on the tables devoted to the first game, but only gold and bank notes on the rouge et noir tables, which are given up to the aristocracy of gamblers of whom women are in the majority. Not a seat at the tables is unoccupied. Behind the seated gamblers stands an eager crowd of players, as well as spectators, who prick with a pin the progress of the game, preparatory to risking later their money. Well-dressed servants, in fine liveries, stand here and there or glide noiselessly across the floor, seated on velvet chairs, represent the bank, with piles of gold and bank notes before them. What beautiful women one sees here, and what toilettes. But no one cares to regard either. Here beautiful blue English eyes seem sinister and glassy; little cherry mouths look hard, and pearly teeth are firmly set; little white hands are convulsively clenched; bright faces are ruined by an expression of cupidity; cheeks are flushed, and attitudes denote suppressed excitement. Some of these fair women would evidently feel relieved by a shriek, but grim etiquette prevents. Passing a roulette table, I heard an English woman, who was holding up both hands full of gold pieces, excitedly exclaim: "See! all that for one napoleon!" Her nervous laugh caused many a frown from those less fortunate.

The green table, or *table vert*, is a great leveller. Side by side sit an English lady and a fair fallen one from Vienna or Berlin; here a Russian prince and there a Parisian adventuress; here stands a bright American girl, of twenty or so, in a toilet worth at least \$400; she throws down a single gold piece and loses it. She pouts prettily, twisting her glove, and I follow her to another table, where she risks another coin with

the same result. Fortunately she did not play high. Here is an Englishman, however, who does not play in the center of all attraction, and a little crowd collect behind him; he is winning heavy stakes! How slowly and monotonously the croupier speaks. "Gentlemen, make your play; in game is made; red wins and black loses," and so on while the game lasts. "There is an instant's intermission between each phrase; at the first the players hasten to throw down their gold on red or black, and there are perhaps twenty different gold piles on the table. Here a woman stands and new to the game timidly throws down three Napoleons on black, immediately drawing back and gazing around as if fearful of being seen. There a Spanish millionaire throws down negligently a handful of gold. My lord, the Englishman before alluded to, a handsome young fellow with a florid face, throws a 1,000 franc note on red. After the second phrase, no one is allowed to throw money on the table. It changes the position of the already placed stakes. One deals in breathless silence, and the winning color pronounced red! My lord pulls in with a little rake the bank note which heads to a pile of bills under his elbow, leaving the newly won roll of 1,000 francs in gold on red again, and tossing ten francs in silver to the bank as the rules require on the gain of a thousand. The lady of the three Napoleons looks sad, and her mouth quivers as they are raked in by the bank. It would not be merciful to say, "Survives her right, why did she play?" I've seen Christian men and women, who went "only to look on" come away without a cent.

Suicides are not very frequent, as the losers, thanks to precautions taken, belong generally to classes that can afford to lose. In cases of suicide the journals of the department register the fact very briefly, in a line or two. Probably as each journal receives 300 or 400 francs for the short advertisement to players, it includes a tacit agreement not to inquire deeply into transactions. These journals do not demand the suppression of a casino which brings thousands of rich visitors to the shores of the Mediterranean. During the month of February, 1879, 37,000 visitors came to Monaco.

At Nice, a gentleman and lady were pointed out to me who had lost, it was said, 300,000 francs made by fifteen years' toil in India. They seemed sad enough. The lady was resplendent in silk, but her partner seemed despondent of making economies in his linen, and perhaps "making it up in that way." The bank, I am told, handed him back 1,500 for traveling expenses to England. The bank at Monaco is not likely to break in spite of dreamers. Temporarily it is occasionally forced to stop, as a couple of years ago when an Englishman won in one evening 72,000 francs. I think, however, that the bank's capital is more secure than that of many American stock companies; also that the players have perhaps as much chance winning as stockholders of said companies. A croupier at Hamburg, in a moment of confidence, told me "that in the end the bank must win." The eldest daughter of Mr. Blanc, the deceased director, married, a year or so ago, the Polish Prince Radetzky, and the young set, the journals here inform us, is engaged to Prince Henri Bourbon (Sicilian branch), having a dot of fifteen million francs. Mr. Blanc, the famous director, died a short time ago, and was universally loved and esteemed in the principality, thousands attending his funeral.

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other bitters as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-fashioned boneset tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right try Hop Bitters. - *Nunda News.*

Sediment or mucus in the urine is a sure indication of disease. Take Kidney-Wort.

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Grand Medical Preparation for all Diseases of the Skin, Hair, and Scalp. Sold by all Druggists.

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ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

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