

Danville Intelligencer

Established in 1826.

Editor and Proprietor

DANVILLE, PA., DEC. 14, 1906.

Published every Friday at Danville...

Rates of advertising made known on application...

Be considerate of the overworked clerks.

It is reported that a thunder storm in Kansas shocked a whole field of corn.

What a different world this would be if we were all as smart as we think we are.

It is sometimes possible to get something for nothing, but you can't get experience that way.

The Edison auto that will run for fifteen years, ought to put the repair shops out of business.

With meat, pickles and confectionery under suspicion, the public may yet have to subsist on breakfast food.

A dry goods house advertises "shirt waists one-third off." That is probably the latest designation of the kind in fashion last summer.

It is not remedies to cure disease or to heal wounds that are needed half as much as common sense, foresight and care to avoid them.

Senator Tillman says it takes more brains, more sound judgment, more discrimination and more ability to be a farmer than almost any calling.

It is now proposed to build a million-dollar park to surround Pennsylvania's new capital. We presume it will take five or six million to do it.

Figures are being reported daily as to what the recent campaign cost the candidates. Why doesn't some statistician figure out what it cost the people?

The wealth of the U. S., is now estimated at \$106,000,000,000, but Mr. Rockefeller is not as old as he looks without his wig, and he may get it all yet.

In Missouri the brewers are being forced to put real hops in the beer. In Danville the hops, without any forcing, are putting real hops in the price of eggs.

Colorado women fought, fussed and fumed until they got woman's suffrage and then just as soon as they got it, decided they didn't want it. Isn't that just like a woman?

It is the local paper that helps to boom your town. Now help to boom the paper. Don't throw cold water on it—but come in and say a few kind words to the editor, and subscribe.

That New York woman who says that a quarter million a year isn't more than enough to spend on paper must be thinking of applying for the job of head scrub-lady in the new Pennsylvania capitol.

A corn crop of 2,881,000,000 bushels for 1906 is the latest government estimate. It is the largest ever raised and worth over \$1,152,000,000. This year the United States has been one of unequalled prosperity in production of soil.

It is astonishing how many people are barely existing in the densely populated East, while Kansas and other great agricultural states of the West and others of the South are praying for skilled and unskilled labor at "good wages." A man who says his illness is enforced these days, is fibbing. It would be well also for every Southern and Western state to have an immigration bureau for the direction of home-seekers.

What Makes Us Prosperous.

From the New York World.

The farm not only remains the foundation of the country's prosperity; its obscure magnates are the unknown captains of the country's greatest industry. They stay in the lead and are making extraordinary gains. The sum total of the output of all classes of manufacturing establishments compiled by the census authorities in 1900 was less than double the value this year of the products of the farmer alone. In 1906 the farmer shows an increase of nearly \$500,000,000, or 8 per cent, over 1905, and of more than \$2,000,000,000, or 31 per cent, over 1900. Prices have not been exceptionally high, while crops have been enormous. Here is a boom resting on a solid basis to make Wall Street turn green with envy.

In this one year the farmer has produced enough out of the soil to pay for all the railroads in the United States if they were drained of their water. His products for two months would buy a \$1,000,000,000 Steel Trust dollar for dollar, actual value, and leave a handsome margin. Secretary Wilson puts the corn crop at \$1,100,000,000, which would more than suffice to rebuild the entire Harman and Hill railroad systems and allow liberally for construction scandals and stock manipulations. Out of a \$640,000,000 cotton crop a Standard Oil Trust could be purchased and enough left over to start a few national banks and speculate in copper. "If the hens of this year," says Secretary Wilson, "had each laid a dozen eggs more than they did, the increased value of the production would have possibly aggregated \$50,000,000."

Hicks on December.

Hicks, the weather prophet, says that as the year goes out there will be storms of sleet and snow, extreme cold weather, seismic shakes, auroral lights and electrical disturbances. His predictions for the month of December are that it will be a stormy, blustery winter month, with a regular storm period central on Christmas day.

—How swiftly run the years!

—HERE it is almost Christmas again.

—AFTER all, it might be cheaper for the corporations to pay fines than to hire lawyers.

—THE world may be growing better, but there is something radically wrong with many of the mince pies.

—THE campaign cigar will now disguise itself with a sprig of holly and lie in wait for the unwary on Dec. 25.

—A \$25,000,000 railroad has been started in Bolivia and the bridges and rebates are to be designed in this country.

—ONE evidence of the power of American oratory is found in the recently discovered fact that we are supplying the world's demand for wind-mills.

—THE Indiana man who cut off his right hand because it offended him, it is needless to say, was a Bible reader who accepted all statements literally.

—AGAIN the Intelligencer advises its readers to buy their holiday presents early and thereby avoid the rush and the chances of receiving the wrong change.

—ON each day in the year there is an average of twenty-one aliens debarred from entering the port of New York. If Congress carries out its threat this number may soon be greatly increased.

—THE Department of Agriculture has crossed a Florida and Japanese orange and produced a lemon. Which suggests to the Intelligencer that by crossing lemons it may be able to produce an orange that is sweet.

—A YOUNG lady who has been teaching school at Hammond, Ind., has been dismissed from her position because she is so pretty that "everybody falls in love with her." It is a safe conclusion, however, that a teacher with that kind of a qualification will not long be out of a job.

—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has promised to send another message to Congress on December 17, telling all about his trip to Panama. It is to be presumed, of course, that he will tell whether or not he bought a Panama hat while he was down there, and if Panama hats are to be in style next summer.

—An editor in Indian Territory was running the motto in his paper: "We tell the truth." Last week he received a "call" from a large man who objected to the truth being told, and in consequence the motto disappeared and the following was inserted: "Until we recover from the injuries recently received, this paper will lie just like the rest of them."

—THEY say Boni is coming over here to do some sort of a stage stunt for us, and incidentally bag some American dollars. Hope he'll come. O! how we all of us hope he'll come. In the language of the boy in the street, "we won't do a thing to him." There won't be enough ancient hen fruit and decayed soup bunches in the country to supply the demand. The women of the country ought to begin right now to practice throwing at a mark.

—QUEER things crop out in divorce courts. Only a few days ago a feature in a husband's petition was the charge that the wife searched his pockets while he slept. The judge ruled that that was a wife's indisputable privilege, and even praised women who did it regularly. Now comes a husband, Jacob Beecher, defendant, and admitting that he struck his wife, pleaded his right to do so, as she was "too close in supplying him money when he wanted to go fishing!" The judge was so impressed with "fisherman's rights" as an argument that he took the case under advisement.

ICE.

Every day new ideas and better conditions are being offered, and as this is an age of great opportunities and resources, the best is invariably eagerly grasped and applied to the good of our comfort and the multiplication of our world's goods.

But a few years back it was almost impossible to find any person, even of more than moderate means, having in their home-use a refrigerator. Now almost every family has one, and the result is that the demand for ice is so great that fabulous prices are given and the demand not readily satisfied.

The season for harvesting ice is about at hand, and what would be more profitable to a number of local speculators than to erect a large store house in some convenient section of the town or suburbs, and fill it with ice for wholesale and retail trade?

The river at this place always gives a good crop of ice, and there would be little or no risk to run, but now is the time to act. Have the building erected and in readiness so that when the harvest is ripe there is no waste time, and a full and goodly crop is stored away.

DELIGHTS OF SHOPPING.

Among the minor pleasures of civilized life we should be inclined to let the pleasures of shopping rank high. All children enjoy it; so do most women and many men. As the pleasure is pursued at the present day it can not well be called primitive. Yet certain primitive instincts are satisfied by shopping, such, for instance, as the acquisitive instinct, the love of the chase, the love of barter, the sense of beauty, and the feminine thirst for personal adornment. The element of chance, too, enlivens the game, and remote possibilities of prizes dazzle the eyes of its devotees.

After all, however, the pleasure of buying is by no means the only pleasure which the public derives from shops. There is the pleasure of looking at what they can not buy. There is no greater libel upon human nature than the widespread belief that it is painful to the poor to look upon desirable objects which they may not have. It is one of the arguments based upon the sandy foundation of analogy. To a hungry man the sight of food placed out of his reach may well become torture, and the sight of a fire must be horribly tantalizing to those who can not feel its warmth. But this does not apply, except in a few instances, to the things which can be bought in shops for money. It is no torture to an artist to visit a museum or a picture gallery, greatly as he would like to possess the exhibits he looks at. It is no torture to a child to play in a park where it is forbidden to touch the flowers, greatly as it would like to handle them. The shop fronts are to the town what flowers are to a public garden, and are regarded by the majority of those who pass by with interest and admiration and no envy at all.

COMPETITION AND FOOD REFORM.

The results of the pure food legislation by Congress, last spring, are already visible on the shelves of dealers, which bear canned goods whose labels assure the purchaser that the contents of the package are unadulterated, and free from preservatives. Consumers will depend upon the officers of the law to see that the declarations so made are absolutely true, and the confidence thus engendered will cause an increase in the demand for canned goods of all kinds. Instead of doing injury, the law will do good, and those who struggled against its enactment will see that they were sadly mistaken in their opinions as to the probable effect of the statute.

An agent of the Minnesota dairy and food department recently made a tour of inspection through the twenty-six canneries of that State and reported to his chief, who has announced that such tours are to be made annually during the packing season to insure strict obedience to law on the part of the packers. The dairy and food department has coincidentally notified the packers that "all canned vegetables and fruits must be absolutely free from preservatives and bleaching agents, except that salt, sugar and spices may be used," and the packers in turn have assured the dairy and food commissioner that they will gladly comply with the provisions of the law.

This action in Minnesota will tend to advertise the canned goods of that State as pure, unadulterated products, and as such advertising is valuable in trade, other states in which fruit and vegetable canning enterprises are established will have to do likewise in self-protection. In this way the reform will be made general by the force of competition.

Returned From Shepherdstown, Md.

Rev. Jos. E. Guy, pastor of Shiloh Reformed congregation, this city, returned from Shepherdstown, Md., where he was called to officiate at the obsequies of an old friend and former parishioner, Mr. Guy came from Shepherdstown to Danville just a year ago, and during the intervening period was called to that place three times on similar occasions. This is a very perceptible indication of the appreciation and kindness entertained by the goodly people he left behind, when he accepted the call to this city. Mr. Guy is a popular and rising dispenser of the gospel truth, and has won Christian friends in all the various denominations of our town.

No Printers in Penitentiary.

The Ohio Penitentiary News, for many years an interesting and flourishing daily newspaper published by convicts has been compelled to suspend publication because there is not a printer in the Ohio penal institution. Of bankers there are plenty and also lawyers, doctors and representatives of about every other calling. The fact shows that the printer of today is as a rule a good, home-owning citizen and of fixed employment, and it is with no small degree of pride that this truth is recorded.

Election of Directors.

The annual meeting of the members of the Montour Mutual Fire Insurance Company will be held on Monday, January 7th, 1907, in the Grand Jury Room of the Court House at Danville, Penn'a. Organization and transaction of business at 10 a. m. Election of Directors and other officers from 1 to 2 o'clock p. m.

CASTORIA.

The Kidneys are Always Sought After by the Bilgewater of

CASTORIA... (Advertisement text)

CASTORIA... (Advertisement text)

CASTORIA... (Advertisement text)

CASTORIA... (Advertisement text)

CASTORIA... (Advertisement text)

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CASTORIA... (Advertisement text)

Alicia's Home Coming

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

As the time drew near he thought he would go to the concert, and when the night finally came he dressed early and dined miserably till time to start. Then, suddenly changing his mind, he had himself driven to the door of the little neat home he and Alicia had planned together.

"Who are you that you should disregard whether I need to do anything at all?" she blazed indignantly.

"I am your fiance, and—" he was beginning when she interrupted him.

"That is your excuse for such unjust interference with my wishes, I can at least relieve you of your duty."

And she placed her engagement ring on the table between them. The young man glanced at it without seeming to see it. Then he looked sharply at the angry girl who was drawn to her full height.

"Alicia," he said gently, "you are too angry to realize what you are doing. Put the ring on your finger again. You don't mean this."

"Fardon me, I do mean it," said the girl lightly.

"The young man's face whitened, and a hurt look sprang into his steady brown eyes. Then he straightened up and squared his shoulders and set his strong chin firmly. When he spoke there was a note of hardness in his voice which the girl had never heard from him before and from which she shrank mentally.

"Alicia, do you realize what you are doing? We were to be married in May. You should be glad to know that you've given me every reason to believe you cared for me as much as I do for you. And now, because I ask you to do this one thing—for your sake as well as mine—you are going to give all this up?"

"The girl turned suddenly and went to the window, where she stood looking out into the dripping garden. She felt her lips quivering, and she must not let Bob see.

Bob looked at the crown of dark red hair against the green of the window draperies, and his voice softened.

"This is all I've ever asked of you, Alicia. I've been too confident of your love for me after you confessed it. I believed in you too utterly ever to be jealous of your flirtations, as many another man would have been, and rightly too. I've submitted cheerfully to being 'trailed' in public because it was you who did the trailing."

Alicia turned and faced him again, her eyes blazing as she spoke. "Is the list of your virtues a long one, sir?" she asked.

"I shall not name them all," he answered calmly. "The only thing I've ever insisted upon your doing is this one—we're talking about, giving up the only concert tour I've never said a word when you've sung for sweet charity's sake or for any society affair, even when the publicity of the events has often made me writhe. This time you haven't any real reason. You are doing it for your money, and not doing it for charity. It isn't even the necessary ambition of the professional to win a higher place for herself. You will get fatter from the critics who do not think it worth the effort to spend your magnificent talents. If they should criticize you possibly can, and Alicia Fairall, I don't want to see you 'damned with faint praise' or humiliated by any conscientious critic. Can't you see that?"

"Then you are quite through," interrupted Alicia, as she raised her hand to her forehead. "I should think you would be angry with me for doing it for my money."

"Unconsciously she assumed a theatrical attitude of the most extreme scorn. She turned her face toward him, and he saw the light of her eyes and her lips parted a little. With her glowing head and her soft green dress between the waves of sea and sunlit sky, she looked the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He involuntarily started forward, but she closed her lips to a thin red line and went on dropping the curtains behind her. Presently he heard the tapping of her slippers upon the stairs and then the heavy door closed.

He did not leave the house at once, but stood at the window where Alicia had stood and looked out into the gray twilight. It was early spring. As he looked wearily at the sparrows on the soaked lawn Bob felt his throat tighten and he brushed his hand across his eyes.

"She couldn't mean it!" he muttered as he turned and picked up the emerald ring and slipped it into his vest pocket. "It is too close to May for her to mean that." Then he sought for paper and pen and sat down at the table.

"Dear, if I have been too harsh forgive me. I have said too strongly, perhaps, what I believe to be true, and all I want is to see both of us the pain and peace of yours would be sure to cause. Think it over well, dear, before you decide. What I care for is your happiness, and our house is all mine. The last workman on my left, I am enclosing a key—there are any keys will be glad to give you the key and think it all over at least once before you decide finally.

He included the key and on his way out he tucked up to Miss Alicia, to "be taken up to Miss Alicia."

As for Alicia, she had gone straight to her desk and had written the following note:

My Dear Mr. Courtney—I have decided, as I promised I would by today, about the concert tour. You may depend upon me for my acquiescence. And as I have been the only one to object to the longer trip you planned I withdrew my objections to the shorter tour, and you may depend upon me for my acquiescence. Sincerely, ALICIA LEE FAIRALL.

When she had heard the closing of the door she picked up the note to the butler and took from him the envelope. Bob had left. With it in her hand she went slowly upstairs and sat down before her grate fire. She felt her anger melting away, and by the ache in her throat knew that tears were not far off. She tore open the envelope, hoping to find some stimulus to her indignation, but at the gentleness of the words and the sight of the key to the home she and Bob had so eagerly, carefully planned the tears came with a rush. She buried her face in the arm of her easy chair, she cried herself to sleep.

Press notices of "a concert to be given in the near future by the best amateur talent the city afforded" began to be frequent during the next few weeks. Then came the programme and pictures of the principal, Alicia was often mentioned, and one Sunday paper contained her picture, a theatrical costume, her length affair, with her hair bound up and over her shoulders as if she was to sing. Bob's heart sank and he turned sick.

Training Dog Police.

Breaking in of the Seine Patrol One of the Sights of Paris.

The training of the young Newfoundlanders that are periodically added to the staff is one of the sights of Paris. It takes place in the headquarters of the agents plongeurs, a small building on the quayside not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Dogs and men enter into the exercise with zest, and there is usually a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy figures are used, but the "rescue" is nevertheless a very realistic affair. The big dogs know perfectly well what the exercise means, and they wait with comic enthusiasm until the diving suit is put on the water and an agent plongeur rushes out on hearing the splash and the outcry of spectators. While the men are busy with lines and life buoys the dog plunges into the water, swims to the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get to an advantageous hold, and then it either swims ashore or waits for its master, who brings to the rescue long poles, cork belts and the like. The more experienced dogs, however, will easily effect a rescue from first to last without human assistance, and it is an inspiring sight to watch them looking for a foothold on the slippery sides of the river bank and pulling the heavy dummy into a place of safety.

"It takes about five minutes to train the dog efficiently. They are also charged with the protection of their masters when attacked by the desperate ruffians who sleep under the arches of the bridge in summer. Thus in Paris the police dogs are a proved success.—Century.

A GREAT BEER HOUSE.

Wentz Owns the Oldest and Largest Saloon in the World.

The Hofbrauhaus of Munich is probably the oldest and largest saloon in the world, owned by the king of Bavaria and patronized by an average of 12,000 customers a day. On holidays the number often runs up to 15,000 and 16,000. Nothing to drink is sold but beer, and the royal brewery, which was started by King Ludwig the Severe in 1255. The present Hofbrauhaus was built in 1644, and the beer was brewed on the spot until 1878, when the brewery was moved into the country to less expensive quarters.

There are seats for 1,500 customers, plain wooden benches without backs beside plain wooden tables without covers. In the garden or court are 100 empty beer barrels set on end, which are used for the occasion of a great party. They are very heavy and hold a quart of beer, are piled up in stacks before the bar on the floor in the morning, where they remain until they are used.

When a customer wants beer he sits on the stool, takes a nap on the bastion of washing water which runs the walls and washes himself. Then he carries it to the counter and hands it over to the bartender, who fills it with beer from the barrel. The price is 6 cents a glass, and the waiter carries it to the hospital of the city, although the king could claim them if he desired to do so, as the brewery and the Hofbrauhaus belong to him by inheritance.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Helping Him Out.

For years Squire Latham, of whom many amusing stories are told, was a resident of Bridgewater, Mass., and it was while he was living there that the incident occurred which is related below. It illustrates his habitual coolness and whimsical temper.

He was awakened one night by his wife, who told him she thought there was something wrong with the boiler on put on his dressing gown and went downstairs. In the back hall he found a rough looking man trying to open a door that led into the back yard.

The burglar had unlocked the door and was pulling it open. He called out: "It don't open that way, you idiot!" shouted the squire, talking in his own predicament. Instantly. "It slides back!"

Jenkinson.

The beautiful girl's sweet smiles changed to dark frowns. "You deceiver!" she hissed. "I hate you!"

The young man dropped his cane in astonishment. "Hush me!" he gasped. "Why, it was only yesterday you said you loved every hair on my head."

"Yes, but not every hair on your forehead," she retorted as she held aloft a golden bit of evidence.—Chr-

Merry Christmas

and you will surely have a Merry Xmas if you come and buy one of the following articles. Each article will make a first class Xmas gift for yourself, for your friend, and for your neighbor.

- Overcoats, Rain Coats, Boys' Suits, Boys' Reifers, Boys' Overcoats, Arm Bands, Sweaters, Suspenders, Cardigan Jackets, Umbrellas, Hats, Trunks, Suit Cases, Satchels, Gloves, Shirts, Hoslery, Chest Protectors, Fancy Vests, Neckties, Mufflers, Silk Hd'k'fs, Linen Hd'k'fs, Initial Hd'k'fs, Fancy Garters, Cardigan Jackets, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Rubber, Felts, Arctics, Trousers, Knee Pants, Underwear.

all these articles we have from the cheapest--to the best--at very moderate prices. 222 Mill Street. NEWMAN One Half Block From Post Office.

VITAMINS Cure Nervous Diseases. Dr. Oldman's Prescription.

Calendars for 1907. The Intelligencer office has received a full and complete line of samples of fine art calendars, and we are ready to take your orders for 1907.

Admitted to Hospital. Eugene Barrett, of Danville, was admitted to the surgical wards of the Mary M. Packer hospital Monday afternoon, suffering from a diseased foot, the nature of which could not be earned. He was brought to Sunbury from Danville with a light engine and cab on the Pennsylvania.—Sunbury Item.

A Safe and Sure Cough Cure. Kemp's Balsam.

Does not contain Opium, Morphine, or any other narcotic or "habit-forming" drug. There is no Narcotic in Kemp's Balsam.

Nothing of a poisonous or harmful character enters into its composition. This clean and pure cough cure cures coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It has saved thousands from consumption. It has saved thousands of lives. A 25c. bottle contains 40 doses. At all druggists', 25c., 50c., and \$1. Don't accept anything else.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK WE INVITE YOU TO START THE SAVING HABIT WITH THIS BANK.

The First National Bank of DANVILLE, PENN'A., PAYS THREE PER CENT. INTEREST ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS. Resources Over \$1,250,000.00.

Fat People I WILL SEND YOU A TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.

MAN WANTED! somewhere near Danville, to assist in showing and selling properties. No experience necessary. If willing to let us teach you the real estate business. Salary \$60.00 a month, to lowest man, willing to devote part of his time to this business. Co. Operative Land Co., Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

FREEZING A PILE CURE. FREE! Knowing what it was to suffer I will give FREE OF CHARGE, to any afflicted, a positive cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Piles and Skin Diseases. Instant relief. Don't suffer longer. Write P. W. WILLIAMS, 403 Manhattan Avenue, New York. Enclose stamp.

HEADQUARTERS

We carry the largest line of Ladies' and Misses' Coats, Suits, Hats, Skirts, Underwear, Dry Goods and Notions. Can positively save you money on each purchase. The place to spend your hard-earned cash is where you get full value for your money, and that place is at the PEOPLES' STORE 275-77 MILL STREET, DANVILLE, PENN'A.



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Schedule in Effect November 25, 1906. Trains leave South Danville as follows: For Catawissa, Port Hollomberg, Nesqueh...

The Stores Look Pretty. Most of the stores have taken on a festive air that indicates that the holidays are here. Many attractive windows have been arranged and are catching the eyes of the older people as well as the children.

Shall We Tan Your Hide? The average Stock Raiser hardly realizes the value of cow, steer and horse hides when converted into fur coats, robes and rags. Get the new illustrated catalog of the Crosby Fur Co., Rochester, N. Y. It will be a revelation to you. And "Crosby pays the freight."

Dr. I. G. PURSELL, NEUROLOGIST. 273 Mill Street, Danville, Pa. We straighten Cross Eyes without operation.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and restores the hair, restores the scalp, prevents itching, dandruff, and keeps the hair falling out.

NOT IN ANY TRUST. Many newspapers have lately given currency to reports by irresponsible parties to the effect that Bill had a bill-board.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. The "New Home" Sewing Machine is the only really HIGH GRADE Sewing Machine.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS. New York, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Atlanta, Ga., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

FREEZING A PILE CURE. FREE! Knowing what it was to suffer I will give FREE OF CHARGE, to any afflicted, a positive cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Piles and Skin Diseases.

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