HEALTH.

Thoughts for a Young Man.

Were a young man to write down a list of his duties, Health should be among the first items in the catalogue. This is no exaggeration of its value; for health is indispensable to almost every form of human enjoyment. It is the grand auxiliary of usefulness; and should a man love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, he would have ten times more heart and soul and mind and strength to love him with, in the vigor of health, than under the palsy of disease. Not only the amount, but the quality of a labor that a man can perform, depends on his health. The work savors of the workmen. If the poet sickens, his verse sickens; if black, venous blood flows to an author's brain, it beclouds his pages; and the devotions of a consumptive man scent of his disease as Lord Byron's obscenities smell of gin.

Not only "lying lips," but a dyspeptic stomach, is an abomination to the Lord. At least in this life, so dependent is mind upon material organization,—the functions and manifestations of the soul upon the condition of the body it inhabits,—that the materialist hardly states practical results too strongly when he affirms that thought and passion, wit, imagination, and love are only emanations from exquisitely organized matter, just as perfume is the effluence of flowers, or music the ethereal product of an Æolian harp.

In regard to the indulgence of appetite, and the management of the vital organs, society is still in a state of barbarism; and the young man who is true to his highest interest, must creat a civilization for himself. The brutish part of our nature governs the spiritual.

Appetite is Nicholas the First, and the noble faculties of the mind and heart are Hungarian captives. Were we to see a rich banker exchanging eagles for coppers by tale, or a rich merchant bartering silk for serge by the pound, we should deem them worthy of an epithet in the vocabulary of folly. Yet the same men buy pains whose prime cost is greater than the amplest fund of natural enjoyment. Their purveyor and market-man bring them home headaches and indigestion and neuralgia by hamperfuls. Their butler bottles up stone, and gout, and the liver complaint, falsely labelling them sherry, or Madeira, or port, and the stultified masters have not wit enough to see through the cheat.

The mass of society look with envy upon the epicure who, day by day, for four hours of luxurious eating, suffers twenty hours of sharp aching; who pays a full price for a hot supper, and is so pleased with the bargain that he throws in a sleepless and tempestuous night as a gratuity. English factory children have received the commiseration of the world, because they were scourged to work eighteen hours out of twenty-four; but there is many a theoretic republican who is a harsher Pharaoh to his stomach than this, who allows it no more resting-time than he does his watch, who gives it no Sunday, no holiday, no vacation in any sense.

Our pious ancestors enacted a law that suicides should be buried where four roads meet, and that a cart-load of stones should be thrown upon the body.

Yet, when gentlemen or ladies commit suicide, not by cord or steel, but by turtle soup or lobster salad, they may be buried in consecrated ground, and under the auspices of the church, and the public are not ashamed to read an epitaph upon their tombstones false enough to make the marble blush.

Were the barbarous old law now in force that punished the body of the suicide for the offense which his soul had committed, we should find many a Mount Auburn at the cross-roads.

Is it not humiliating and amazing that men, invited by exhalted pleasure of the intellect and the sacred affections of the heart to come to a banquet worthy of the gods, should stop by the wayside to feed on garbage, or to drink of the Circean cup that transforms them to swine?

If a young man, incited by selfish principles alone, inquires how he shall make his appetite yield him the largest amount of gratification, the answer is *By temperance*. The true epicurean art consists in the adaptation of our organs, not only to the highest, but to the longest enjoyment. Vastly less depends upon the table to which we sit down, than upon the appetite which we carry to it. The pallid epicure who spends five dollars for his dinner, extracts less pleasure from his meal than many a hardy laborer who dines for a shilling.

The desideratum is, not great luxuries, but livelier *papillæ*; and if the devotee of appetite would propitiate his divinity aright, he would not send to the Yellowstone for buffaloes' tongues, nor to France for *pate de foie gras*, but would climb a mountain, or swing an ax.

With health, there is no end to the quantity or the variety from which the palate can extract its pleasures. Without health, no delicacy that nature or art produces can provoke a zest. Hence, when a man destroys his health, he destroys, so far as he is concerned, whatever of sweetness, of flavor, and of savor, the teeming earth can produce.

To him who has poisoned his appetite by excesses, the luscious pulp of grape or peach, the nectareous juice of orange or pine-apple, are but a loathing and a nausea. He has turned gardens and groves of delicious fruit into gardens and groves of ipecac and aloes. The same vicious indulgence that blasted his health, blasted all orchards and cane-fields also.

Verily, the man who is physiologically "wicked" does not live out half his days; nor is this the worst of his punishment; for he is more than half dead while he appears to live.

Sad Lapse of Memory.

A wealthy citizen of a neighboring city had been out until the small hours with convivial companions. It was not exactly a "dry locality" he had visited, and he arrived home slightly exhilarated. He managed, by describing several erratic rather than geometrical lines, to get to his bedroom and into a chair. Then he call'ed to his wife in a stage whisper:

"I can't get my boots off."

"What's the matter with your boots?"

"Nozzin" (in a faint whisper).

"What's the matter with your hands then?" she cross-examined.

"Nozzin."

"Why don't you pull your boots off, then?"

"Maria, I've forgot the combination!"

The Rebellion

In the North-west has been suppressed and our citizens can now devote reasonable attention to their corns. The only sure, safe, and painless remedy is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails; never makes sore spots worse that the original discomfort. See that you get "Putnam's," and take none other.

Vice Chancellor Bacon is the oldest Judge on the bench in England. He is 88 years old, and is remarkably well preserved.

Sir Alexander Stuart, ex-Premier of New South Wales, is now in Denver.

FEARFUL MURDERS BY A BOY.

He Kills His Father, Mother, Brother, And Sister.

One of the most horrible murders ever known was perpetrated the other morning near Osage Mission, Kansas. Mr Mendell, living thirteen miles northeast of that town, was awakened about 3 o'clock by a scream. He went to the door and was met by Willie Sells, the son of a neighbor, J. W. Sells. The boy cried out:

"Mr. Mendell, a man is at our house with a hatchet, and has hurt father and mother. I don't know how badly."

Mr. Mendell went with the boy, arousing J. T. Rice, another neighbor, on the way. Upon reaching Sell's house a most horrible sight met their eye. In the bed in the north room lay Walter, Willie's eldest brother and bed-fellow, aged 19, his throat cut and the entire top of his head chopped off, exposing the brain, and his left eye hanging upon his cheek. Passing into the south and main room, where a light was burning, they stumbled over the prostrate form of Mr. Sell's, his head crushed and almost severed from his body. Near by lay Mrs. Sells, a lady of 43 years, her head mashed and a fearful gash in her throat. On the bed in the southeast corner of the room lay Ina, Willie's sister, aged 14, killed in the sameway as the others. Lying near Mr. Sells's head was a bloody butcher knife, and on a chair a hatchet, covered with blood.

The boy said that he had been awakened by something, and looking up saw a low, heavyset man with dark hair, cut close, standing in the door. This man stepped in, and, reaching over Willie, struck Walter, who lay on the back of the bed. Willie jumped out and dressed while the man was still in the room. The man rushed out of one door while Willie rushed out of the other, and started up the road on a run, Willie after him. A short distance off stood a man on horseback, holding another horse, upon which the man vaulted, and both made off. Willie then went on to Mr. Mendell's.

After the bodies had been discovered Mr. Rice took Willie home with him, where he slept soundly until morning. A Coroner's jury was impanelled, and the subsequent investigation brought fourth from the boy. Suspicion rested upon him, and he was put on the stand. He swore that he had not washed his hands since the murder, but inspection showed that, while his hands and wrists were clean, there was a water mark above which his forearms were deeply encrusted with blood which appeared to have spattered up his sleeves. Around his finger nails, too, was blood. Upon removing his trousers, his drawers were seen to be spattered with blood, and his bare feet were covered with the same tell-tale marks. His feet fitted all the bloody footmarks to be found. The boy stoutly denied being the murderer, and maintained a bold front throughout.

The conclusion of the inquest was postponed until next day. The boy was smuggled into a buggy by Police Judge Cambern and Deputy Sheriff Locke and driven to jail in Erie for fear of lynching, which appeared imminent. On the way to Erie he said to Mr. Cambern:

"Those fellows tried to get me to say that I did it, but I thought it would be best not to admit it."

There is hardly a doubt that the boy committed the dreadful crime. It is known that Mr. Sells had in his pocketbook $100 in gold and $170 in bills, which were not disturbed, besides three watches. John Hall of Erie has been appointed guardian of the boy.

HACKED TO DEATH.

An Express Messenger Murdered in His Car.

The express car of the Rock Island train which leaves Chicago at 11 p. m. was boarded by robbers at Joliet at 1 o'clock the other morning. Kellogg Nichols, express messenger of the United States Express Company, was killed, and money and jewelry valued at about $35,000 were stolen. Nichols attended to his duties at Joliet, but when the train arrived at Morris, twenty miles beyond Joliet, he did not open the door of the car.

The local agent at Morris forced open the door, and found Nichols lying dead on the floor of the car, with his throat cut from ear to ear and his head horribly cut and crushed. The baggageman was found bound and gagged in the next car. The safe was broken open and its contents gone. As the train does not stop between Joliet and Morris it is approximately certain that the robbers boarded the cars at the former place.

The facts of the express robbery as learned from the baggageman are that, shortly after the train left Joliet at 12 45 a. m., he heard a rap at the baggage car door. Thinking it was the express messenger he opened the door and was confronted by masked robbers, who covered him with revolvers and forced him to give up the key to the express car. The baggageman was guarded by one of the robbers, while the balance turned their attention to the express car.

It is supposed they obtained entrance to the express car by rapping and explaining that the baggageman wanted to get in. At any rate the express car door was opened and the desperadoes entered; and then ensued a battle for life and the property entrusted to his charge on the part of the express messenger.

The interior of the car shows that he fought the robbers from one end to the other, but at last the blows that they rained on his head with an iron poker forced him to succumb, and he was left dead in the car. The thieves rifled his pockets of the keys of the safe, which they robbed of all its contents, variously estimated at from $20,000 to $25,000. Checks and valuable packages not containing money they left scattered on the floor. In one hand the dead man clutched a lock of dark hair, which must have been torn from the head of one of the assassins. Sheriff Kletz and Chief of Police Murray have organized a posse and are scouring the country in pursuit of the robbers.

The Rock Island Railway will offer a reward of $10,000 for the capture of the men who committed the express robbery, and $5,000 for the arrest of any of them.

The baggegeman has been arrested on suspicion of being implicated.

A drunken Louisvillian went into a broker's office where there were three boys employed. He ordered them to "fall in" at the point of his pistol, marched them to a back room, and there, under threats of immediate death, forced them to drink wine until they were all drunk and very sick.

He (speaking of their marriage): "I think they both made a very good match." *She*: "How can you say so? Why, she's brimstone personified, and he's a perfect stick" *He*: "Brimstone and a perfect stick—precisely the essentials to a good match."

Do not take Pills or Powders containing Calomel, for, at this time of the year, the result may be serious. If you require a dose of physic take Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters; it acts gently on the Bowels, purifies the Blood, improves the circulation, stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and speedily cures Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion. Search the Drug Stores from one end of Canada to the other, and you cannot find a remedy equal to it. Try it and use it in your families. Sold everywhere in large bottles at 50 cents.

A Brakeman's Life in Winter.

The freight brakemen wear very heavy clothing, although it is always short, as they have to get around in a hurry sometimes. I have known the time when I was brakeing on a freight train, when the train was running 15 or 20 miles an hour against sleet and snow, and a call had come for "down brakes." At such a time I have been sitting on the top of the car, so stiff and frozen as to be unable to work the brakes at all. We do not mind the cold weather so much on the freights as when there is snow on the ground and on the cars. Then it becomes very dangerous, as when the train is running 20 miles an hour the snow and sand will be hurled up between the cars enough to blind a man, and with the ice covered cars and running, as we do, from one car to another, perhaps with our lanterns blown out, it is pretty dangerous, and a man has to be sure-footed and have his wits about him to brake on a freight in the Winter time * * * Many of the passenger brakemen live at the way stations along the roads, and when they finish their work at one end of the road they take an express train back, and as it passes the station at which they live, although the train may be going at the rate of from 15 to 25 miles an hour, they will jump off and keep their feet, although they have to run perhaps the length of the train before they stop themselves, but still they seldom, if ever, lose their feet. It is quite a trick to jump off, and takes considerable practice before it can be done successfully. The way to jump is always with the train and on the left hand side of the latter, letting the right foot rest on the step and the left foot swing from the step. Then jump so that the left foot will strike the ground first and the right foot immediately follow it, so as to be able to run. Some of the men jump from the middle of the train or the front, but most of them go to the rear car and jump, so that if they fall they will not roll under the cars. The only regular train hand I ever heard of being injured by jumping was a man named Davis, who lives in Portchester, and who was struck on the head by the car step as he jumped and was badly hurt. The best man I ever saw, and the only man who could hold his feet and stop himself without running at all, was Charles Phillips, who is now a conductor on the Derby road. He could jump from a train running 35 miles an hour and stop without running a foot.

The Lover's Fatal Blunder.

"Louise," said he, as they sat in the parlor together a few evenings before the rising of the honeymoon—"I ought to tell you that I belong to a Masonic lodge, and have to attend its sessions; so dearest, when we are married you mustn't fret if some evenings I have to be away from my little wifey-pifey." And the designing villain chuckled at his prudence.

"Of course I won't, William," she said softly; "how many lodges do you belong to?"

"Only one, darling," he answered.

"And when does it meet? How often? On what evening?"

"Oh, once a week—on—on Thursdays."

"Very well; then I shall have you at home every other evening in the week—that will be so nice."

And as she took out her tiny note-book and made a memorandum on the subject, he felt that, after all, he had made a mistake.

A Peck of Peas (P's).

Here are a Peck of Peas, sweet Peas, if you will. Perseverance, Patience, Promptness, Proficiency, Push and Politeness. Add to these Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and you will get well through the world without much trouble. The Pellets prevent constipation and surplus of the bile which lead to many different complaints. Enclosed in glass, always fresh, entirely vegetable, prompt and perfectly harmless. Any druggist.

Thomasville, Ga., is called "the garden city of the South." It is the seediest place in that section.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy surpasses all

Paper is being used as a substitute for wood. It is also being used as a substitute for railroads and mining companies.

"Blood will tell." A face adorned with Pimples, Boils, Blotches, &c., is not a particularly pleasant sight, and invariably betokens an impure state of the Blood. Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters free the system from all gross humours, renders the Blood Pure and Cool, aids digestion and gives a healthy appetite. For sale by all Druggists in large Bottles at 50 cents.

Young man, make a note of this. Grass widows are not green.

How to get Strong.

Dumb-bells and horizontal bars, Indian club and the trapeze are valuable under certain conditions, but they are detrimental rather than beneficial if the blood is poor and thin and poisoned with bile. Use of the muscles necessitates waste as well as induces growth. If the blood does not carry sufficient nutritive material to repair the waste, loss of strength necessarily follows, and growth is out of the question. Purify and enrich your blood with Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and then exercise will develope and not consume your physique.

The first flowers of spring—Those which your wife selects for her Easter bonnet.

The publishers of the *Canadian Exhibitor*, which is to be issued as a journal of the Canadian department of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, have received from Sir Charles Tupper permission to have the paper printed in the Canadian department of the building, where the office will be a bureau of information regarding Canada. The paper will be a Canadian product from the ink, type, paper and press on which it is printed to the articles and advertisements. It will be illustrated by Canadian engravings, displaying our cities' scenery, etc., and the articles that appear in it will be reprinted in the form of a memorial volume to be sent out as a souvenir to public libraries, boards of trade and mercantile bodies throughout the Empire to convey a knowledge of Canada. This volume will embrace the whole Dominion and will include the information given in the handbook issued by the Dominion Government. Hamilton, Montreal and other cities have already made arrangements to have special illustrated descriptions in the journal and the memorial volume. Statistics are also being compiled by the Toronto Board of Trade showing the city's progress during the last fifteen years. The Education Department have also decided to have their description of the educational system of Ontario included in the volume.

It is feared that the Swedish Minister Kjolt, will never be a pronounced success.

We are constantly receiving testimony, that Dr. Carson's Catarrh Cure is what its name implies a "Catarrh Cure." Your Druggist is authorized to refund the money if it fails to give satisfaction. What can be more fair, and need you suffer any longer?

The pugilist who strikes out quickly believes in the immediate delivery system.

Imperial Cough Drops will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. For sale by druggists and confectioners. E. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers, Toronto.

A.P.273.

THE

13 Useless Doctors!

In vain physicians came, with subtle skill,
And tried, in turn, prescription, lotion, pill;
With saddened looks they viewed her furry [tongue,
In solemn silence stethoscoped each lung;
From moulting head to gout distorted toe,
They searched, then said, "Poor woman, 'tis [no go"!

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE. Mrs. F. Oats, of *Shumway, Ill.*, writes: "When I had used Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' one week, I could walk all over the door-yard, and I could get into a wagon and ride two miles to see my neighbors. I had not been able to walk out in the door-yard for six months. After using the 'Favorite Prescription' two weeks, I rode in a wagon ten miles; my neighbors were all surprised to see me up and going about and helping to do my housework, **after doctoring with thirteen of the best physicians we could get**—and the last one told my husband that I would never be able to do my housework any more. I am thankful to my God that I wrote to you, for I had suffered from 'Female Weakness' until I had almost given up in despair."

TERRIBLE PAIN. Mrs. F. E. Wilcox, *Friendship, N. Y.*, writes: "For five or six years I had been badly troubled with female weakness and terrible pains across the small of my back and pit of the stomach. Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' acted like a charm, and cured me completely, to my great joy."

MARVELOUS BENEFITS. Rev. Sidney C. Davis, *Galien, Michigan*, writes: "I wish, in this letter, to express my gratitude for Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in her case by the use of your proprietary medicines. When she began to take them, in January last, she could not endure the least jar, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could stay up only about thirty minutes at a time. Now she not only sits up almost the entire day, but can walk around, call on her neighbors, two and three blocks away, and not feel any injurious effects at all. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for fourteen months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her progess now seems marvelous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

BED-FAST FOR MONTHS.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with backache, or nervousness, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder. While the physician is ignorant of the cause of suffering, he encourages his practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patient is no better, but probably worse for the delay, treatment, and other complications made. A proper medicine directed to the cause would perhaps have entirely removed the disease, thereby instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

DOCTROS FAIL. **"Female Weakness" Cured.**—Mrs. Sarah A. Lovely, *Greenfield, Adair Co., Iowa*, writes: R. V. Pierce, M. D. *Dear Sir*—"Having been ill a number of years, and having tried in vain almost every advertised remedy, as well as having paid nearly a hundred dollars to our local physicians, without benefit, I was finally induced to consult you. You advised me to send for your medicines I accordingly sent for your 'Medical Adviser,' six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' six of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and six vials of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' When I first began using these I could not stand on my feet. In ninety days I could walk a mile, and do light housework; whilst in six months I was completely cured, and my health has remained perfect ever since. I recommend you and your medicines wherever I go and loan your 'Adviser' to my friends. Two of our most prominent physicians who have read your great work 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser,' pronounce it the best family doctor book they have ever seen."

"DO LIKEWISE." Mrs. E. F. Morgan, of *Newcastle, Lincoln Co., Maine*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

A THOUSAND THANKS. Mrs. Caroline Byers, *corner Duke and Argyle Streets, Halifax, N. S.*, writes: "Dr. R. V. Pierce, I thank God, and thank you a thousand times, for the relief that your valuable medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' have given me. I am perfectly cured of a chronic sickness that had troubled me for years. How my heart is overflowed with joy and gratitude towards you, my tongue can never express."

DOCTOR'S MISTAKE. Mrs. Henry Patterson, of *New York City*, writes: "I had been under an eminent physician's care for eight months for what he called 'spinal disease.' I became worse during all this time, when, chancing to see a copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser at the residence of a friend, I read that part devoted to 'Woman and her Diseases.' I soon became convinced that my disease was a uterine affection, which, as you say, caused *sympathetic* backache, inward fever, nervousness, and general debility. I commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' applying also the local treatment which he recommends in the *Adviser*, and in three months I was well and strong."

"ALL RUN DOWN." Mrs. V. H. Peterson, of *Lockport, N. Y.*, had suffered for three years from "female weakness," was greatly emaciated and "all run down" as she expressed it, and Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and "Golden Medical Discovery" promptly cured her, as they have thousands of similar cases.

OVER-WORKED WOMEN.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, dress-makers, general housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics.

NOT A "CURE-ALL." Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures nausea and weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, eructations of gas, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. "Favorite Prescription" is sold by druggists under **our positive guarantee.** For conditions, see wrapper around bottle. **Price Reduced to $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.**

EVERY INVALID LADY should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women. Illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates. It will be sent, post-paid, to any address for **$1.50.** A large pamphlet, treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps. Address,

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE. G. W. Lotz, *Trudhomme, La.*, writes: "For four years I suffered from liver complaint and attacks of bilious fever; loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, sometimes diarrhea, pain in the back of the head, right side and under the shoulder-blades, fullness after eating, general debility, restless nights, tongue coated, etc. After taking four bottles of 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I find I am as well as I ever was.

GIVEN UP TO DIE. **Liver Disease.**—Merrit Street, Esq., Druggist, of *Bluff Springs, Ala.*, writes: "Miss Eliza Glenn, of this place, had been sick for more than a year with a severe affection of the liver, but when she was at the lowest, she bought three bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' from me, and, although before using the medicine she was given up to die by all the attending physicians, her father assures me that she has now fully recovered."

A BAD CASE. Samantha Gaines, *Lockport, N. Y.*, writes: "For six or eight years previous to 1880, I had been troubled with a severe pain in the small of my back, also across my shoulder-blades, with considerable bloating of the stomach from wind; was so nervous at times I could hardly sleep; also troubled with dizziness and hard breathing spells. I was induced by my step-daughter, Mrs. Warner, of Olean, N. Y., to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The effects were marvelous. After taking three bottles I was entirely cured."

MALARIAL FEVER. Mrs. Caroline Simmonds, *Medina, N. Y.*, writes: "I have been troubled with symptoms of malaria, with fever, for three years, but after using three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' I am happy to say that I am entirely cured, and to-day I am perfectly well and able to do my own work."

GENERAL DEBILITY. S. L. Fisher, *Sidney Plains, N. Y.*, writes: "Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. *Dear Sir*—My wife suffered for several years from general debility. She had become a confirmed invalid. The physicians who attended her failed to help her, and it seemed as if she must die. On reading one of your Memorandum Books, it occurred to me that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' might help her. I procured a bottle, and, after its use, a change for the better was noticeable, and after using five bottles, she was a well woman. I have recommended it to several, and in every case, it has produced good results. I can never feel too grateful to you for the saving of my wife's life."

DYSPEPSIA CURED. **Dyspepsia.**—Lucy A. Wood, *Taylor's Store, Va.*, writes: "After many years of great suffering from the evils of dyspepsia, I was induced to try your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I cannot express the gratitude I feel for the great good it has done me. I do not suffer any pain from eating, and I enjoy life as well as anybody can wish."

DIARRHEA AND COUGH. Mrs. Curtis Bogue, *West Enosburg, Vt.*, writes: "Two bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured my cough and chronic diarrhea. It has worked like a charm in my case. It is truly wonderful. I walked over a mile last week to recommend your medicines."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

ABSCESS OF LIVER. Isaac Gibson, *Kenwood, Pa.*, writes: "My wife is getting well fast. When she began to use your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' our best doctors in Indiana County said she would die. They said your medicine would do her no good; that she had an ulcer on her liver as large as half a loaf of bread. Well, sir, to our surprise, when she began using your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' she commenced spitting up phlegm for some two weeks, and then commenced spitting up corruption and blood (it looked like what comes out of a blood boil) for some ten days. She now has been well for weeks."

SCROFULOUS SORES. Mrs. A. L. Cony, *Hadley, Crawford Co., Kansas*, writes: "My son, aged fifteen years, was taken down last January with swellings on his right shoulder, left hip and knee. He lay helpless for five months, when great abscesses formed, four of which continued to discharge at the time he commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery' under your advice. Now, after having used four bottles of the 'Discovery,' he is almost well and walks three-fourths of a mile to school every day. A scrofulous sore on his arm, which ran constantly for two years, has healed completely under the influence of the remedy named."

Boils and Carbuncles.—J. Adams, Esq., *Toledo, Ohio*, writes: "I have used nine bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is I am to-day free from boils and carbuncles for the first time in many years."

"Fever-Sores."—Mrs. A. H. Crawford, *Linn Grove, Buena Vista Co., Iowa*, writes: "I am the person who wrote to you two years ago for advice respecting fever-sores on my leg. I took six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and was cured."

Constipation and Ulcers.—Mrs. A. D. Johnson, *Georgetown, Ky.*, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' relieved me at once. I had a very bad sore on the back of my left hand for five months, and it cured that, as well as constipation and indigestion, from which I was suffering very much."

Scrofulous Tumor and Sore Eyes.—Mrs. S. E. Graydon, of *Greenwood, S. C.*, writes: "My daughter has been entirely cured of scrofulous sore eyes and a large tumor on her neck, by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have great faith in all your medicines."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

The nutritive properties of cod-liver oil are trifling when compared with those possessed by Golden Medical Discovery. It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

LUNG DISEASE. **A Wonderful Cure.**—Daniel Fletcher, Esq., *Gloucester, Mass.*, writes: "Nearly five years ago, I was taken sick with a disease regarding which the three physicians who attended me were unable to agree. One of the foremost physicians in Boston called it a tumor of the stomach, and treated me for that, nearly killing me with physic; another, a homœopathic physician, thought I had consumption. When taken sick, I weighed 157 pounds. I suffered from a heavy cough, night-sweats, kidney troubles, etc., and was reduced so rapidly that my physicians gave me up. They were unable to help me in the least. At that time I weighed but ninety pounds, and had not been able to lie down, but had to sit up in order to breathe. I had been confined to my room for six months, expecting to die. I was so bad at times that I could not allow any one to come into my room, as I could not talk; nor was I able to walk. I picked up one of your memorandum books on the floor of the hotel where I was boarding, and after reading it I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the first bottle brought me around so that I could walk around the room all day. I soon began to build up, and gained so rapidly that it astonished me. I have taken no other medicine since then, and have used perhaps twenty bottles in all of this medicine. I stopped taking it in August, one year ago. I feel that it has saved my life. I now weigh about 160 pounds, and I think, and my friends with me, that this medicine saved my life. It certainly is worth its weight in gold, and I consider it a wonderful remedy from its effect in curing all my ailments."

REDUCED TO A SKELETON. **Consumption Cured.**—W. J. Hartley, *Vera Cruz, Ala.*, writes: "I met with an old friend of mine not long since, and he told me of the very low state of health he had been in and he applied to our best doctor, but gradually grew worse under his treatment; was reduced to a skeleton, had a fearful cough and was thought to have consumption. While in this low state he made a visit to see his relations, and while in a distant town, he purchased a bottle of medicine called, 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' and took it, and by the time it was used he was as well as he ever had been. When I saw him, he looked to be in the bloom of health. His statement caused a great deal of inquiry, as he is a man of high standing."

SAVED HIS LIFE.

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS. Joseph F. McFarland, *Athens, La.*, writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

Consumption Cured.—J. Anthony Swink, *Dongola, Ills.*, writes: "For five years I suffered very much from a terrible cough and debility. More than a year since I commenced to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has completely cured me. I thank you for the splendid health I have since enjoyed."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. **Price $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.**

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,
No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.