Comedy of Errors.

CHAPTER I.

THE HEIRESS.

Mrs. Farquhar was thirty years younger than her husband. The fact, originally a pleasure to him, became afterwards an offence, and he quarrelled with her for no better reason. At least, so said Mr. Nevill. his cousin; and so said every one at all acquainted with the harmless lady. Old John Farquhar died at seventy-six, and left his widow not one penny of money. And her son, young John—as good a boy as ever was seen, a smart young soldier, who had never offended his father till a year ago, and then only by over-warm intercession for his mother—found himself cut down to a pittance of two hundred a year. While, on the other hand, Mr. Nevill's daughter, little Jessica, whom no one knew, and who was totally insignificant, became the possessor of a house, and a park, and a hundred thousand pounds. It was scandalous.

Of course gentle Mrs. Farquhar cried herself ill, and said it was all her fault; and of course young John was aghast, and believed himself on the workhouse threshold. But Mr. Nevill took the matter more to heart than did either, and his very hair stood on end with dismay; for he was an extremely high-souled gentleman, horrified to think a member of his household should profit by such monstrous injustice. Jessica at this time was eighteen, pretty, and the apple of her father's eye; rather a clever little person, who, having left school, wanted now to go to college. But she did not understand money matters, and became, under the present circumstances, just a little annoying to her papa. For her remarks were perfunctory and childish; and one moment she was building with her wealth some extravagant castle in Spain, and the next clamoring to pack it all up in a parcel, and send it off by post to her cousin John. Clearly, however, there was but one comfortable solution of the difficulty; the heiress must marry John Farquhar, and so restore to him his inheritance. This project was the simultaneous invention of both Mr. Nevill and the widow. It was propounded to John, who, after a little hesitation, and having no fancy for the workhouse, agreed. Provisionally that is: in Jessica's interest he inserted in the treaty a saving clause. "If," he wrote, "your daughter is perfectly willing; at present, and when we shall have become acquainted."

"Very proper," commented Mr. Nevill; "could not be more proper. Every word John says is admirable. You are to be congratulated on your husband, Jessica. Sit down, my dear, and write him a cordial response."

Jessica obediently took a pen and wrote "My dear Cousin," with a full stop after it.

"What, my love, is the matter?" inquired her father.

Jessica threw down the pen and began to cry. Then it came out.

"I don't want to marry John Farquhar," sobbed Jessica.

Mr. Nevill bit his lip impatiently demanded reasons, and Jessica found it supremely hard to make them intelligible.

"I don't want to marry till I'm at least twenty-eight papa. I shouldn't mind if I were an old maid. I want to go to Girton, papa, and to be—to be cultured. I mean, I want to be superior."

You must try to express yourself more clearly," said Mr. Nevill.

"Papa," said Jessica, who till this moment had imprisoned her aspirations in her breast, and who though she loved her father dearly, was not much in the habit of talking to him—"papa, Lady Sterne was married at my age, and now she is so stout, and has so much to do, and she always seems so tired of her husband, and so tired of babies, and every one thinks her so stupid."

"You have not yet made your meaning clear, Jessica," said Mr. Nevill.

"I should much rather be like dear Miss Snow, who is always so nicely dressed, and who reads so much, and writes for the Sunday at Home, papa. I mean, what is the good of marrying at all?" cried Jessica. "And if ever I do get married, I want to marry a—person—whom I esteem and—worship." Here Jessica colored.

Mr. Nevill explained that she was at full liberty to worship John Farquhar, but that she must not keep him ten years waiting for his money; and then he advised her to go on with her letter.

Jessica tried again. "But John Farquhar seems quite an ordinary person, papa, and I don't suppose I shall find it the least possible to esteem and to worship him."

"Then you had better love him," said Mr. Nevill dryly—"that will do as well."

Jessica grew very pink. "Papa, I could only esteem and worship and—and"—here she blushed furiously—"love any one who was quite my ideal in every single way."

Mr. Nevill put on his spectacles and stared. "Jessica, are you thinking of Mr. Hobson?"

(Mr. Hobson, the curate, had made a sudden proposal for Jessica two months ago, and had been declined with a few tears.)

"Papa, you know I hate Mr. Hobson."

"I know nothing of the sort," said her father testily. "Are you thinking of Sir Edgar Lee?"

"Papa, Sir Edgar has never so much as asked me, and I hate him worse even than Mr. Hobson."

"Of whom are you thinking?"

"I am not thinking of anyone."

"Excuse me, my dear. You called him your 'ideal,' I think."

"He isn't any one," murmured Jessica.

"Oh, a figment of fancy? Then I can't allow him to be a rival to John. A fancy is of no importance."

"Oh, papa, it is! it is! And, besides, you want to upset my whole life. I am not one of those girls who are always talking and imagining about 'falling in love.' I think all that is such nonsense. I want to go to Girton as Flora Williams did, and learn a great, great deal, and—and be sensible. Oh, I can't explain," ended poor Jessica, in despair.

"My dear," said Mr. Nevill, "falling in love is not nonsense. It is very serious; especially to women, who are judged chiefly by the way they do it. They teach nothing about it at Girton, I think? That is my chief reason for not sending you there. But all this is irrelevant. You need not study the question in the abstract. You are to marry your cousin John, and the sooner you fall in love with him the better. Write your letter, my love."

Jessica could not make her father understand that he was trampling on the finest sprouts of her delicate soul. She submitted; and in the summer John Farquhar was to come to Nevill Lodge to make his betrothed bride's acquaintance.

Now, it must be confessed, the young man did not, alto her like the part he was playing in affair, for he felt himself turned in an object of compassion, the role at suited to an Englishman; and, mo ver, the male animal relinquishes with d grace his privilege of wooing. Still, hoped for the best, having heard that sica was pretty; and he was enamored c tting his position restored and his f debts paid; besides which, he wanted please his mother and to make her comf able. For John was romantically devo to his mother, and she was in ill heal and altogether unfit to cope with pove and disappointtment

The wedding wa fixed for the auumn, and the cousins we to be introduced in the summer. Just w it was spring. And, alas!—

In the spring a youn an's fancy lightly turns to tho s of love.

John Farquhar, th gaged man, was not sufficiently alive to his springtime danger in which he stood.

(TO BE NTINUED.)

A $15,000 GRAVEL WALK.

Made of Brazilian Pebbles Paid for at the Price of Coffee.

The gorgeous tale of Oriental splendor tell of pathways stre n with gold dust, to be trodden by the red feet of royalty, and diamonds are t conventional paving material for the pr enade of the princes in the fairy tale. has been left to a St. Louis business man o construct a gravel walk, neither stron or strikingly beautiful, that is a m rn if comparatively humble rival of the glistening highways of fiction and fable, r it represente $15,000 hard cash.

Mr. Edward P. Kinsella, Vice-President of the Hanley-Kinsella Coffee Company, is the proud possessor this unique walk. It is composed of sev l tons of Brazilian pebbles that came him in an ordinary business way during e past few years.

This firm are hea importers of Brazilian coffee. Before t berries are ready to be roasted for the rket, the sacks are opened and the cont s carefully examined for twigs, leaves d other impurities, the latter generally aking the shape of small pebbles about he size of a coffee berry. These came ith such regularity, and in such quantiti, that long ago the idea that they w accidentally in the sacks was abando d, and the conclusion reluctantly reac d that they were purposely placed in he bags to make weight. The daily iscoveries of these will fill an ordinary ater bucket. The importers pay for coff

Two years ago Mr. Kinsella concluded to utilize this apparent vidence of the dishonesty of the far awa coffee packer, and had the accumulation pebbles carted out to his handsome res ence on the West Pine street boulevard, 4323, where they were used to make handsome garden walk. The pebbles represented a weight that in coffee would be worth $15,000. The gravel path is each m th being added to and it is but a questi of time when Mr. Kinsella will have the ost expensive piece of garden path know in the world.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Where Law is Not Respected.

Quite recently two freight trains on the Boston and Maine Railway were stopped by bands of tramps, who broke open the seals of some of the cars and attempted to rifle them. Before they had accomplished their purpose in either case the arrival of another train reinforced the captured train hands sufficiently to enable them to make a successful fight against the tramps, who were finally routed. On the train hands was badly wounded. The despatches said that none of the tramps had been arrested, and they are quite silent as to any measures being taken by the officers of the law. The despatch recounting the second attempt states that the company has armed the trainmen of all outgoing trains on the section of the road on which the attempted robberies were made. It is a very remarkable fact that in the United States more than any other European or American nation the defence of life and property and the punishment of crime is undertaken, with little protest on the part of the properly constituted authorities and powers, by the individuals, companies or mobs who are interested or who interest themselves. In many Western States mining camps are apparently expected to administer justice for themselves, with little assistance from any legal or responsible authority. In the great manufacturing and mining Middle and Southern States the great industrial companies depend more for defence of their property upon hired forces than upon the police or militia. Even the railway companies of the Northern States do not despise the aid of Pinkerton's forces. In the Southern States the white people take all the punishment for certain crimes on the part of negroes entirely from under the hand of law and authority, and summarily execute justice or injustice, as it may happen. It is certain that the United States needs to give more attention to the properly constituted administration of law and justice. Just now there is a great deal more attention given by congresses and legislatures and the public generally to the work of enabling people to make money easily and rapidly than to the lawful security of either life or property. The condition of things is a disgrace to civilization and, what is worse, a discouragement and a hindrance to progress throughout the world.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

The Necessity of Maintaining England's Superiority—An Editorial Opinion.

A London despatch says:—Mr. Gladstone's statement concerning an increase o the navy will not go beyond announcing his recognition of the necessity that England's superiority on the sea shall be maintained. The amount of the extraordinary naval credit to be demanded by the Government has not yet been determined. It will not be less than £3,000,000, and, according to surmise as to the admiralty reports on the subject, it is likely to approximate £12,000,000. It is certain, in all events, that the Cabinet has d ecided upon stalwart measures.

The Speaker says editorially of the question:—"The sea power of Great Britain is distinctly challenged in a way affecting its natural existence. The challenge must be met. The safest and most economical course in the long run is to end the competition by proving it hopeless. The Government is alive to the magnitude of the issues and will ask the House of Commons for whatever sum is required, however large it may be. The elaboration of a programme to govern naval expenditure over a period of years, however, cannot be attained without careful thought.

Smiffles (a Softertones) the long-haired tenor passes' "If that fellow's hair and his brains were to change places he would be baldheaded."

AGRICULTURAL.

Betsy and Joe.

BEING THE LAMENT OF FARMER TOMPKINS.

I'm sort of upset in my mind, sir; I'm kind of
wrought up in my soul.
I'm filled up with trouble, I am, sir: my heart
is the picture of dole.
I've got a weak boy for a son, sir. He's weak
as a feller can be,
But then I've a daughter who's stronger, I
think, nor her mother nor me.
And that is the thing that upsets me—it fills
me with direst of woe:
My Joe he had oughter been Betsy, and Betsy
she'd oughter been Joe.

Why, Joe, he ain't good for his salt, sir. He
allers gives up to his dreams.
He thinks he's a born Mr. Shakespeare, and
spoils good white paper by reams.
But Betsy's as sane as the keeper who looks
arter folks what is mad:
She's got solid sense, has my Betsy, the solidest
ever was had.
I haven't the slightest idee, sir, just how the
thing came to be so,
But Joe he had oughter been Betsy, and Betsy
she'd oughter been Joe.

That gal she will go to the medder, an' toss up
the hay like a man;
She'll work in the sun an' the shadder as hard,
sir, as ever she can;
But Joe he'll go out there and dawdle. At
dawdlin' he's really A one!
But that ain't the thing for a daughter, nor
that ain't the thing for a son.
An' that's why I set here a-sighin', and that's
why my eyes overflow:
My Joe he had oughter been Betsy, and Betsy
she'd oughter been Joe.

I don't mind a-havin' my home, sir, the home
of a poet at all.
I must say I like for to listen to verses of spring
and of fall.
But what I don't like to see, sir, an' what sets
my bein' awhirl,
Is the potery writ by a boy, sir, an' all the hay
tossed by a girl.
It seems to me sort of outrageous, a sort of a
terrible blow,
That Joe he should oughter been Betsy, and
Betsy should oughter been Joe;

Because I have always told Mandy—my wife,
sir; a splendid one, too—
That work that was fittin' for women ain't
fittin' for men kind to do.
I've sort of a-twitted the lady on weakness o'
women and that,
And havin' the thing turned around, sir, 's the
thing that's a-knockin' me flat.
An' if there's a way in creation for changin'
'em I'd like to know,
So's Joe could be made into Betsy, and Betsy
be made into Joe.

—[Harper's Bazar.

Poultry in Hard Times.

While everything else raised on the farm seems to be selling for prices far below the normal, eggs and poultry hold up their values pretty satisfactorily. And this has been the case for a number of seasons. Of course there are times certain markets are glutted with poultry and prices are weak, but even then, exceptionally good poultry commands profitable prices. Probably there is no farm product that has such a uniformity of profit as eggs and butter. Eggs are always in demand especially in the winter, and if poultry raisers would only study the art of liming and preserving eggs in the summer months, they would greatly add to their profits. There are a great many hens that lay plenty of eggs in the summer, but they run out by late fall, and must be supported all through the the winter for very little return. They should be induced to lay all that they can in warm weather, and then when they cease they should be killed and sent to the fall market

Limed and held eggs are selling to-day in Boston and New York for 19 cts. and 21cts. per dozen wholesale, and they are in good demand. There are thousands of bakers and confectioners who find these held eggs as good for their work as strictly fresh. Canada has to come down and help supply the demand for these limed eggs. Now, with limed summer eggs selling at 18 and 19 cents per dozen, and winter fresh-gathered ones at 24 and 25 cents, and sometimes as high as 30 cents, one can make a good income from this source.

It pays to raise chicken meat at 7 and 8 cents per pound, and generally it sells for a great deal more. The farmer can depend upon these minimum prices the year round, even during financial and business depression. There has not been a time this season when chickens have sold for less. That really means more than mutton, lamb, pork or beef, as a rule, and with proper breeding, it takes less to raise a pound of chicken meat than any of the others. But, after all, the chief thing is that the prices are nearly always uniform. There are no seasons when prices are one-half what they are to-day, and another year of very high prices. The steadiness of the prices should attract.

Horse Breeding on the Farm.

We have never been quite able to understand why so many farmers look upon the business of raising horses as foreign to the general purpose of the farm. The growing of any crop, and the breeding of any other stock they consider as wholly within their province, and to be taken up as a branch of the work at any time and anywhere. They grow sheep, and beeves, and hogs every year, but raise a colt, if at all, only semi-occasionally, and apparently more by accident than from any definite purpose. Yet there is no animal that can be produced on the farm that will pay better for his care and keep than a well-bred colt, to be turned off when it is three or four years of age. In handling horses for profit, common sense must govern, just as with other stock. Good breeding lies at the foundation of profit. Then there must be such feed and care as will conduce to early maturity. The class of horses that the market wants must be your guide in breeding. Good draft horses and good roadsters can find buyers at any time. If you what to produce a horse that will be useful on the farm, aim for good size, in combination with such muscular development as will enable the animal to haul the largest loads on the roads and pull the farm implements with the least fatigue You will observe that this does not mean. exceedingly heavy weights. In feeding horses, remember that quality has as much to do with feeding them properly as has quantity. Proper muscular development can only be made with good food. Do not attempt to break the colt, but rather educate it, letting the training begin as soon as it is able to stand. Do not keep him on your hands so long that he will eat up all the profit. It is an expensive matter to winter a well grown colt, and after he is three years old you should be pretty sure that he will make enough further gain to pay, before putting him up for another winter. In breeding do not get the idea that any old worn-out mare will do for a dam, if only you get a noted sire. To secure progeny of real value there must be good traits to inherit from both parents. Some breeders of experience say that more colts show the characteristics of the dam than of the sire. The state of agriculture in a given section can almost always be judged by the quality of the horses, and good horses are not apt to rule unless the farmers themselves take some interest in breeding them. Small cheap animals are never profitable to work with, and by breeding such you only perpetuate the chances for loss. It is not necessary that you make a speciality of horse breeding, but upon every farm one or two colts, at least, should be foaled every year, and as much attention paid to making them ready for market as is given to the beeves. The pasturage required for bringing the horse to marketable age is no more than is required for the beef, the cost of care and housing is no more, and the difference in the grain feeding—when you consider that the beef must be fattened—is not great. To grow a colt is one of the ways by which the farm can be made to pay better.

Keeping Frost Out of Cellars.

Ordinary farm cellars in which are kept canned fruits, cabbage, celery, potatoes, turnips, apples, etc., can usually be made warm enough to keep out frost. To do this it is necessary sometime before holidays to carefully and effectually close up al windows and doors, of course allowing pro per ventilation which is one of the essentials of a well-kept storage room. For this pur, pose use saw dust, straw, or any other available packing material about the windows. If the cellar is reached from the inside as well as from without, the outside door can be treated the same way. If this work is properly done, the stores may be expected to be safe during any reasonable weather. But it often happens that at some time during the winter season an unusually cold spell of weather makes it necessary to use some additional means for keeping out the frost. If the chimney extends down into the cellar put up an old stove and during the worst weather keep up a little fire, remembering not to raise the temperature too high for that will injure the contents of the cellar. Simply keep the air a little above freezing point. A very little fire will affect this. If a stove is not practicable the same results can be obtained, probably with less trouble, by using a kerosene heater. These are large lamps with broad wicks which can be obtained for a dollar and sometimes less. They are used on camping excursions for cooking and are sometimes called kerosene stoves. One of these placed in a cellar and the wick adjusted to keep up the required temperature will need attention only once or twice a day and will be found most effective in keeping out frost during very severe and long continued cold weather.

Wrong Kind of Farming.

A correspondent gives his opinion of the difficulty with many farmers in his end of the country as to why farmers have a hard time to get along, and it is worth a careful study. His ideas are as follows:

"There is being so much said in the country about hard times and the scarcity of money, and as everybody has a cause and knows a remedy, I thought I would write to tell your readers what I think is the cause. The trouble is we buy more than we produce. There is too much flour and bacon shipped here every year. The things we ought to make at home we are buying.

"We let our timber rot and buy our plow stocks, singletrees, axe handles, hoe handles and fencing.

"We throw away our ashes and buy soap and axle grease.

"We give away our beef hides and buy ham strings and shoe strings.

"We let our manure go to waste and buy guano.

"We buy garden seed in the spring and cabbages in the winter,

"We let our lands go up in weeds and buy our brooms.

"We let the wax out of our pine and gum trees and buy chewing gum for our children.

"We build school houses and hire teachers and send our children off to be educated.

"We land a five-cent fish with a $4 fishing rod.

"We send a fifteen-cent boy out with a $20 gun and a $4 dog to kill birds.

"We raise dogs and buy wool.

"And about the only thing in this country that there is an overproduction of is politics and doctics."

Live Stock Notes.

Never let any animal get in poor flesh. If you do your profit upon it is gone. The expense of restoring it to good condition is greater than the profit in any sort of stock will warrant.

Electricity is actively engaged, every day, in taking away employment from light and medium horses. Yet some men go on breeding such, with a mistaken notion that there is yet an active demand for them.

If one has plenty of yard room, where the cattle can keep clean and dry, we think it is a good plan to turn them out for awhile every pleasant day. Exercise, fresh air and sunlight help wonderfully toward keeping them well and hearty.

The best permanent pastures are obtained on land that is comparatively low—not wet. Higher locations are better fitted for temporary grass growths as it is difficult to secure a permanent sod there, one that will live and thrive season after season.

The manure from different kinds of stock, fed in different ways, will be widely different in quality. It is a good plan to have a manure pit so arranged that all can be throw in together and thoroughly mixed before being put out to the field.

The sheep farmer who puts his dependence in the best breed rather than in the tariff, and goes ahead to produce a valuable mutton carcass and a good fleece of wool, is pretty sure to come out all right. Politics and legislative aid are pretty poor things for a farmer to build his hopes on.

Perhaps you do not think it best to keep your stock in-doors all the time throughout the winter? But at least bear in mind that exposure to storms and sudden changes of temperature cannot fail to be very detrimental. Pay attention to this and put them under cover when the need appears.

Common stock can be vastly improved by good feed and care. But the same end can be accomplished more quickly, more surely, and with a better final outcome by the introduction of new and better blood. The best result comes from a combination of all these things.

A well bred animal of any sort is a machine for utilizing raw products to the best possible advantage. It does this with less waste, and consequently more profit than a scrub can. It is like using good machinery instead of poor to harvest your crop.

It is within the reach of every farmer who reads these lines to keep a little better stock in the future than he has done in the past. Look about and see in what line there is the best chance for improvement, in your own case, and then set to work to bring about this improvement.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

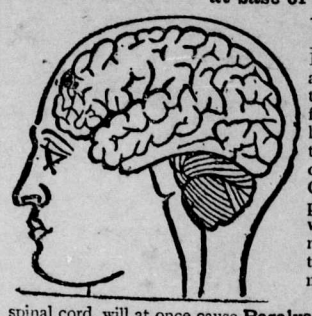
NERVINE TONIC

AND

STOMACH AND LIVER CURE

The Wonderful HEALTH BUILDER & NERVE FOOD

Chronic Diseases are caused by Deranged Nerve Centres at base of the Brain.



LATE discoveries have absolutely proven that the Stomach, Liver, Lungs, and indeed all internal organs, are controlled by the nerve centres at the base of the brain. The manufacturer of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE has studied this subject closely for more than twenty-five years, and has lately demonstrated that two-thirds of our Chronic Diseases, are due to the imperfect action of nerve centres, either within or at the base of the brain and not from a derangement of the organs themselves; hence that the ordinary methods of treatment are wrong.

As all know, a serious injury to the spinal cord, will at once cause **Paralysis** of the body below the injured part, it therefore will be equally well understood, how the derangements of the nerve centres, will cause the derangement of the different organs of the body which they supply with **Nerve Fluid or Nerve Force.**

The wonderful success of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE is due alone to the fact that it is based on the foregoing principle. The use of a single bottle of this remedy will convince the most incredulous. It is indeed, a veritable **Nerve Food** and **Will Relieve in One Day** the varied forms of Nervous Disease and Stomach Troubles.

Nervous Diseases.

This class of diseases, is rapidly increasing each year, on account of the great wear our mode of living and labor imposes upon the nervous system. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir, are dependent upon nervous exhaustion, impaired digestion, and a deteriorated and impoverished condition of the blood. The SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE is a great nerve food and nerve builder and this accounts for its marvellous power to cure the varied forms of nervous disease, such as Neuralgia, Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervous Choking, Nervous Paroxysms, Twitching of the Muscles, Hot Flashes, Mental Despondency, Forgetfulness, Sleeplessness, Restlessness, Nervousness of Females, Palpitation of the Heart, Sexual Weakness, etc., etc.,

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Indiana.

My daughter, twelve years old, had been afflicted for several months with Chorea or St. Vitus's Dance. She was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk, could not talk, could not swallow anything but milk; I had to handle her like an infant. Doctors and neighbors gave her up. I commenced giving her the SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC, and the effects were very surprising. In three days she was rid of the nervousness, and rapidly improved. Four bottles cured her completely. I think the SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE the grandest remedy ever discovered, and would recommend it to everyone. MRS. W. T. ENSMINGER.

State of Indiana
Montgomery County, } ss;

Subscribed and sworn to before me this May 19, 1887.

CHAS. M TRAVIS, Notary Public.

A WONDERFUL CURE FOR

INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA,

Loss of Appetite, Weight and Tenderness in the Stomach, Sour Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Wind upon the Stomach, Nausea and Sick Stomach, Sick-Headache, Hiccough, Water-Brash, Heartburn, Vertigo and Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Frightful Dreams, etc.

The Stomach suffers more than any of the other organs from disease, because into it are taken so many indigestible and irritating substances as articles of food. In its great effort to digest these, it soon becomes weakened and diseased. Under such circumstances, it is not wonderful, that so many complain of Indigestion and weak stomachs. When the Stomach fails to digest and assimilate the food, the whole body falls into a state of weakness and decay, for Nature has decreed that the body must constantly receive nutriment through the Stomach, to repair the waste of tissue constantly going on in the system.

The South American Nervine

Is probably the greatest remedy ever discovered for the cure of all Chronic Stomach troubles, because it acts through the nerve centres. It gives marked relief in **one day,** and very soon effects a permanent cure. The first bottle will convince anyone that a cure is certain.

WHAT EX-MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, REUBEN E. TRUAX, SAYS.

I have been for about ten years very much troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia, have tried a great many different kinds of patent medicines, and have been treated by a number of physicians and found no benefit from them. I was recommended to try SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE. I obtained a bottle, and I must say I have found very great relief, and have since taken two more bottles, and now feel that I am entirely free from indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow sufferers from the disease, to give SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE an immediate trial. It will cure you.

July 16th, 1893. (My signature) Reuben E Truax

Walkerton, Ontario.

Price, One Dollar

In Bed Six Years

FROM NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

HARTFORD CITY, Blackford Co., Indiana, June 8, '93.

South American Medicine Company.

GENTLEMEN: I received a letter from you May 27, stating that you had heard of my wonderful recovery from a spell of sickness of six years duration, through the use of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE, and asking for my testimonial. I will gladly state how I was afflicted and how I was delivered from my pain and suffering. I was near thirty-five years old, when I took down with nervous prostration. Our family physician treated me, but without benefiting me in the least. My nervous system seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly had very severe shaking spells. In addition to this I would have vomiting spells, and there would be from eighteen to twenty days at a time that I could not retain anything on my stomach. Many consultations were held by physicians over my case, but they all agreed that I would never leave my bed. During the years I lay sick, my folks had an eminent physician from Dayton, Ohio, and two from Columbus, Ohio, to come and examine me. They all said I could not live. I got to having spells like spasms, and would lie cold and stiff for a time after each. At last I lost the use of my body—could not rise from my bed or walk a step, and had to be lifted like a child; all the time suffering intense pain, and taking almost every known medicine. Part of the time I could read a little, and one day saw an advertisement of your medicine and concluded to try one bottle. By the time I had taken one and one-half bottles I could rise up and take a step or two by being helped, and after I had taken five bottles in all I felt real well. The shaking went away gradually, and I could eat and sleep good, and my friends could scarcely believe it was I. I am sure this medicine is the best in the world. It was a god-send to me, and I believe it saved my life. I give my name and address, so that if anyone doubts my statement they can write me, or our postmaster or any citizen, as all are acquainted with my case. I am now forty-one years of age, and expect to live as long as the Lord has use for me and do all the good I can in helping the suffering.

MISS ELLEN STOLTZ.

Will a remedy which can effect such a marvellous cure as the above, cure **you?**

A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL SPEAKS.

PETERBORO, Ontario, June 27, 1893.

To the Proprietor of South American Nervine.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in recommending the great SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE to all who are afflicted as I have been, with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found very great relief from the very first bottle, which was strongly recommended to me by my druggist. I also induced my wife to use it, who, I must say, was completely run down and was suffering very much from general debility. She found great relief from SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE, and also cheerfully recommends it to her fellow sufferers.

(My Signature). Rev W S Barker

Sick Headache.

Is dependent on deranged nerve centres and indigestion. Hence its cure must come through building up the Nervous System and curing the Stomach. SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE will absolutely cure this dreaded malady and prevent its return.

G. H. Hinch, Wholesale & Retail Agent for Aylmer

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