

EMMA ABBOT'S ERRAND OF  
MERCY.

reality of the next burst upon them, to know and love Him in the kingdom that knew no end.

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**EMMA ABBOTT'S ERRAND OF  
MERCY.**

Emma Abbott sang "The Last Rose of Summer" to an audience of one on Thursday afternoon, says the San Francisco Examiner. She sang the touching words and plaintive music without putting a price on them. She was not Emma Abbott, the prima donna, for the moment, but a big hearted charitable woman, able and willing to contribute of her riches to soothe the feverish fancy of an unfortunate fellow creature whose needs of life were nearly spent.

Philip J. Boast, who is dying of consumption at the age of thirty, was a resident of Detroit a few years ago and a passionate lover of music. He was a regular patron of the Abbott seasons in that city and never missed hearing the singer in "Her solo," "The Last Rose of Summer;" his habit was to come every week.

When he was first attacked by the mal-

days he came to California in hopes of being benefited by the change of climate. He gained strength and vigor for a time, and then he took a light employment, but not for long. For some past he has been bedridden at the home of his brother, 1134 1/2 Twenty-second street. With a hope of life gone, poor Boost had little to wish for beyond a speedy termination of his sufferings until Emma Abbott began her present engagement at the Baldwin theatre. The young man read every criticism that the press afforded, and with the reading came a longing for the "The Last Rose of Summer."

A STRANGE ERRAND

He implored his physician and relatives for permission to attend just one performance of Flotow's masterpiece.

The man of medicine pronounced judgment that Boost could not live to make the journey between his bed and the theatre. It was impossible — he was too utterly helpless to leave his room.

The dying man, usually so tractable and gentle, was persistent in refusing to be resigned. "If I could hear Emma Abbott sing 'The Last Rose of Summer' I would be ready to die," he remarked to Mrs. M. A. Hotelling, a friend of the family, as she sat at his bedside last Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Hotelling lives at the Baldwin Hotel, the temporary home of the prima donna, and she at last took to her bed to convey the information of Boost's passion for the song to Miss Abbott, and Mrs. Hotelling accomplished it through a third person.

In the midst of Thursday's violent down-pour the lady was surprised by a call from Miss Abbott. The prima donna was so cloaked and hooded that Mrs. Hotelling did not recognize her at first, but the fair visitor soon stated her errand. "Mrs. Hotelling," she said, at the conclusion of her recital of the story, "I heard, 'I want you to take me to your young friend. If my singing will give him one moment's pleasure or forgetfulness I don't think I can spend the afternoon to better advantage."

"But the weather! It is raining," b-

Will you accompany me?"

Mrs. Hotelling needed no urging, and in a few minutes the errand of mercy had begun.

**HIS REQUEST GRANTED.**

The introduction was almost too much for the invalid. Joy came near killing him at this instance. It was a great misfortune for her recovered sufficiently to even attempt to express his gratitude, and the his visitor refused to listen.

"Save your strength, my friend; you have but little left, and use it in making your peace for the life to come."

This charge was uttered between the two alone, and it lasted for nearly an hour. Then Boost's friends were summoned for the song.

There was no stage, no costuming, and all the properties but one were lacking. In her left hand the actress held a blue rose, and with the notes the petals fell to the floor.

"Tis the last rose of summer.  
Left blooming alone.  
Boost lay on his pillow as one entrance breathless lest a note of the favorite which he had been so long constant should escape him.

And the only dry eyes in the room.

It is doubtful if more pathos ever entered into any composition than Mrs. Abbott attempted.

At the end Boost dropped back utterly exhausted. The strain was too much, and for a few moments it was feared that the death he had killed him. He rallied sufficiently, however, to say goodbye and express his thanks, and in the evening penciled a request that the leaves of the rose be preserved and sent to his mother in Detroit.

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kept his promise and is content.

**A Traveler Rejoicing.**

Summers, Dec. 2. E. C. Oil, Oct. 10, 1891.  
Having used St. Jacobs Oil for a bad  
sprained knee, I am compelled to say that it is  
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GEORGE GREGG, Traveler for J. C. Ayer Co.

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The proprietors of Burdock Blood Bitters  
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cleverest and best essay, (not to exceed  
100 words), upon the merits of St. B. B. as a  
cure for disease. The competition  
closes Jan. 1st, '91, after which the suc-  
cessful essay will be published, (with the  
author's name if desired). They will re-  
pay \$1 each for any of the essays that  
may select and publish. No restriction  
try your skill, and address.

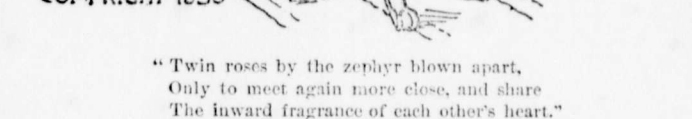
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under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indiges-  
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now eat anything I choose, without dis-  
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not cause pain or griping, and should  
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**Milburn's Liniment cures Colds, etc.**



So Keats describes the lovers in "Isabella." Many lovers have been separated because the health of the lady in the case failed. No man finds attraction in a woman who is subject to nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional derangement and organic diseases peculiar to women.

The remedy for all such maladies is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. As a soothing and strengthening nerveine it is unequalled. As a invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the uterine organs as well as the whole system. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no sugar or syrup to derange digestion; a legitimate *medicine*, not a *beverage*.

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A CADEMY OF TH

or the painless extraction of

**PETHICK & M'DONALD**

† JOHN WALSH, Bp. of London.

This image shows a vertical strip of material, likely a book binding or a piece of fabric, characterized by a high-contrast, black-and-white aesthetic. A dark, textured central band runs vertically, flanked by lighter, possibly worn or damaged, edges. The image is heavily degraded with numerous scratches, dust specks, and noise, giving it a grainy, vintage appearance. On the far left, there is a vertical column of text, which appears to be a list or index, though the characters are mostly illegible due to the image quality. The text includes characters such as 'r.', 'Y', 'ar', 'li-', 'n.', 'op', and 'of'.