

RONTGEN RAYS AND THE CURE OF CANCER

"Burning one's fingers," in a figurative sense, has always been regarded as of value in enriching the general experience, and there are now two instances on the side of the actual where, we are assured, humanity has immensely gained. If the gentle Elia can be trusted, we are indebted to the accidental scorching of digits for "a delicacy the most delicate in the whole mundus exhibilis," and it is certainly through a precisely similar mischance, or, rather, disguised blessing, that the world has been led to believe that it will before long be rid of half its physical ills. It was quite in the forefront of direction to therapeutics that developments in the great Röntgen discovery were first expected—to the diagnosis of fractures, the finding of alloys in metals, and so forth—and it was only by an accidental infection that the glimmering radiographer became impressed with the fact that the beneficent rays had for surgery other than a help-hinder coming from keen observation and indicative qualities. While engaged in hunting for the human frame for the chance bullet or the vagrant needle, he began to suffer agonies of torture in his hands and finger-tips. The flesh became, frantically raw and blistered, and the nails were almost completely burned away. This was a curious and unexpected result, and more so as it became clear that the skin and superficial tissue could easily be destroyed without any injury to the deeper parts. This fact was sufficient in itself to suggest the intentional production of X-rays in the treatment of chronic skin diseases, such as lupus, where nothing short of a complete destruction of the diseased area has any effect towards cure. Experiment proved the wisdom of this deduction, and now there are apparently endless possibilities before the light, or rather the occult property which accompanies it.

There seems little doubt that the X-rays have more now applicable now than when Röntgen read his famous paper seven or eight years ago are quite superseding other kinds of light for lupus, rodent ulcer, and the more malignant outward growths; indeed, Mr. J. Hall-Edwards, the surgeon-radiographer to the General Hospital, Birmingham, and to the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals in South Africa during the late war, and one of the most devoted of Röntgen's followers in this country, states that the X-rays treatment now yields better results than the Finsen's, its application being more certain, quicker and less painful. The attention of experts, indeed, when not centred in the X-rays, is all in the direction of high-toned currents, which are also being used to good effect in the treatment of cancer (as we have already noted in a recently published article), and some of the worst forms of skin disease. In the present number of the "Archives of the Röntgen Ray," Mr. Hall-Edwards goes so far as to say that in nine cases out of ten one can guarantee a cure of rodent ulcer with X-rays, and this within the space of a few weeks, without pain, and with little inconvenience to the patient. Dr. Squiera, of the London Hospital, where it is now to be found an equipment which not even Copenhagen has, has produced upon his same tale to tell, and his photographs are striking evidence of the success that has attended his efforts.

Up to the larger majority of cases which have come into his hands, Mr. Hall-Edwards, "the X-rays have completely healed in the space of six weeks, the actual treatment having only occupied of ten minutes duration. In a few instances a renewal of the X-ray treatment has been necessary, but in most of them, even having secured a limited dermatitis. Nature has done the rest."

Seeing that the application of the rays to therapeutics is only about five years old, there is indeed much reason for congratulation in the results achieved. Whether all kinds of cancer-taking rodent ulcer as one form, can be cured has not yet been fully demonstrated. Although no expert would go so far as to say absolutely that the disease in its most malignant form can be overcome, the effects so far produced are so striking as to give the impression that the rays have done very great service, and ever-increasing knowledge of their application opens up one of the most likely fields of research yet presented to the world to cure this loathsome malady. So far as internal cancer is concerned, it is difficult to speak at present, but there are indications that the rays, properly applied, do in some cases, and it is not far from the rate of growth. Dr. William J. Morton, who has tried the X-rays in cases of sarcoma, epithelioma of the face, and mammary and gastric carcinoma, thinks that the treatment has a curative effect in internal cancer, and that in these rays we possess more nearly a solution of the problem of curing cancer than by any other method of treatment. Mr. W. P. Brook, F.R.C.S., says: "The value of the X-rays in operable cancer is, I believe, fully established; it merely remains to be decided in what class of cases the results may be expected." One thing is certain, that the old method of curing lupus and the like by excising, scraping, and applying strong caustics, is going, never to return, but in the case of cancer growths Mr. Hall-Edwards is careful to say that in the present state of our knowledge he would advise a patient to undergo X-ray treatment when an operation could be performed with a chance of success. At the same time, given a cure of epithelioma he would try the effects of the rays until such time as operation was advisable. Indeed, so sure is he of their efficacy, that had he an epithelioma himself he would, with his present knowledge, have no hesitation in undergoing a course of X-ray treatment. There is no doubt that in the Röntgen discovery the faculty have a therapeutic agent in the treatment of cancer that far surpasses any hitherto brought before the profession, but the full effects of the rays cannot be measured until a number of early cases have been reported upon. The radiographers get are "the derelicts of the surgeons," which offer no possibility of chance of success. As the majority of cases which have come up for examination have been in such an advanced

stage that no hope could be held out from the outset, it is difficult to speak with any definiteness, but there is no manner of doubt that the balance of opinion is for the mysterious agent. This evidence applies to cancer as usually considered, leaving out of the question altogether rodent ulcer, which, when there is no bare bone or cartilage exposed, can be successfully treated at any time. As showing the power of the rays in the milder evil, there is an instance on record where an old lady, who had suffered with an ulcer for sixty years, was completely cured after fifteen applications of the rays.

As was almost to be expected where such a fascinating field for experiment was opened up, the medical faculty have been handicapped in many ways by the quick and the incompetent. These men, with a knowledge, or but part of knowledge, of only one side of the work, have undoubtedly done much mischief to the cause. At present, it is possible to take advantage of the widely-inclusive character of the Röntgen Society membership imposed on the credulous, and spread opinions on matters they do not in the least understand. Their anatomical knowledge even has been of the slightest, and has led more than one of them to make almost criminal blunders. Very few medical men or surgeons are able to apply the rays properly, and how much less so can a man who is perhaps nothing better than a chemist-radiographer? In the more elementary work of radiography, even, a good many who are lacking in the light of the society are altogether unreliable as assistants to the surgeon. Quite recently a case came under notice where a so-called radiographer, who was found to be using apparatus which required hours instead of seconds to do its work, indicated a spot where a bullet had lodged in a man's head, but the missile was not found within five inches of the place. Fortunately for the patient, the surgeon "had his doubts," and insisted upon seeing a radiograph from a trustworthy man before inserting the knife.

In order to protect themselves, as well as the public, the genuine practitioners have within the past twelve months formed a British Electro-Therapeutic Society, composed entirely of medical men; and it will, no doubt, come about before long that the more dabbler in an important yet dangerous science will find the force of circumstances too great for him, and he will be branded as other credulous laymen are. Then it will be possible to get a real idea of the therapeutic value of the X-rays without having to meet a mass of conflicting opinion from ill-informed and unreliable men, and the march of progress will be materially hastened.

Having got so far already, one may well ask what may be next expected from the curative properties of light. Cancer is being experimented with, and no doubt before long even consumption will be attacked, especially as there does not appear to be a great difference in the nature and character of the bacilli which waste the lungs and those which destroy the skin. The world of surgery and medicine is unprepared for the great things which the great Lister gave to us may be dwarfed by comparison.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Trump (at back door).—"Please, ma'am, could yous gimme a bite?"

Lady (slamming the door).—"Get out! I'm no dog."

PROBABLY A MISTAKE.

"The president of the traction company telephoned this morning and said he would like to speak to you," remarked the private secretary as the alderman entered his office.

"Are you sure you didn't misunderstand him?" queried the alderman. "Didn't he say he wanted to see me?"

DISCOURAGING HER.

Mrs. Z.—"Where are you going, dear?"

Mrs. Y.—"I am going down to the orphan asylum to try to get a job as a slave."

Mrs. X.—"Goodness gracious! What do you have done very great service, and ever-increasing knowledge of their application opens up one of the most likely fields of research yet presented to the world to cure this loathsome malady. So far as internal cancer is concerned, it is difficult to speak at present, but there are indications that the rays, properly applied, do in some cases, and it is not far from the rate of growth. Dr. William J. Morton, who has tried the X-rays in cases of sarcoma, epithelioma of the face, and mammary and gastric carcinoma, thinks that the treatment has a curative effect in internal cancer, and that in these rays we possess more nearly a solution of the problem of curing cancer than by any other method of treatment. Mr. W. P. Brook, F.R.C.S., says: "The value of the X-rays in operable cancer is, I believe, fully established; it merely remains to be decided in what class of cases the results may be expected." One thing is certain, that the old method of curing lupus and the like by excising, scraping, and applying strong caustics, is going, never to return, but in the case of cancer growths Mr. Hall-Edwards is careful to say that in the present state of our knowledge he would advise a patient to undergo X-ray treatment when an operation could be performed with a chance of success. At the same time, given a cure of epithelioma he would try the effects of the rays until such time as operation was advisable. Indeed, so sure is he of their efficacy, that had he an epithelioma himself he would, with his present knowledge, have no hesitation in undergoing a course of X-ray treatment. There is no doubt that in the Röntgen discovery the faculty have a therapeutic agent in the treatment of cancer that far surpasses any hitherto brought before the profession, but the full effects of the rays cannot be measured until a number of early cases have been reported upon. The radiographers get are "the derelicts of the surgeons," which offer no possibility of chance of success. As the majority of cases which have come up for examination have been in such an advanced

THAT WEARY SPRING FEELING

IS QUICKLY DISPOSED OF BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They Tone Up the Kidneys, Ensuring Pure Blood, Good Circulation, and as a Consequence, Vigor and Energy.

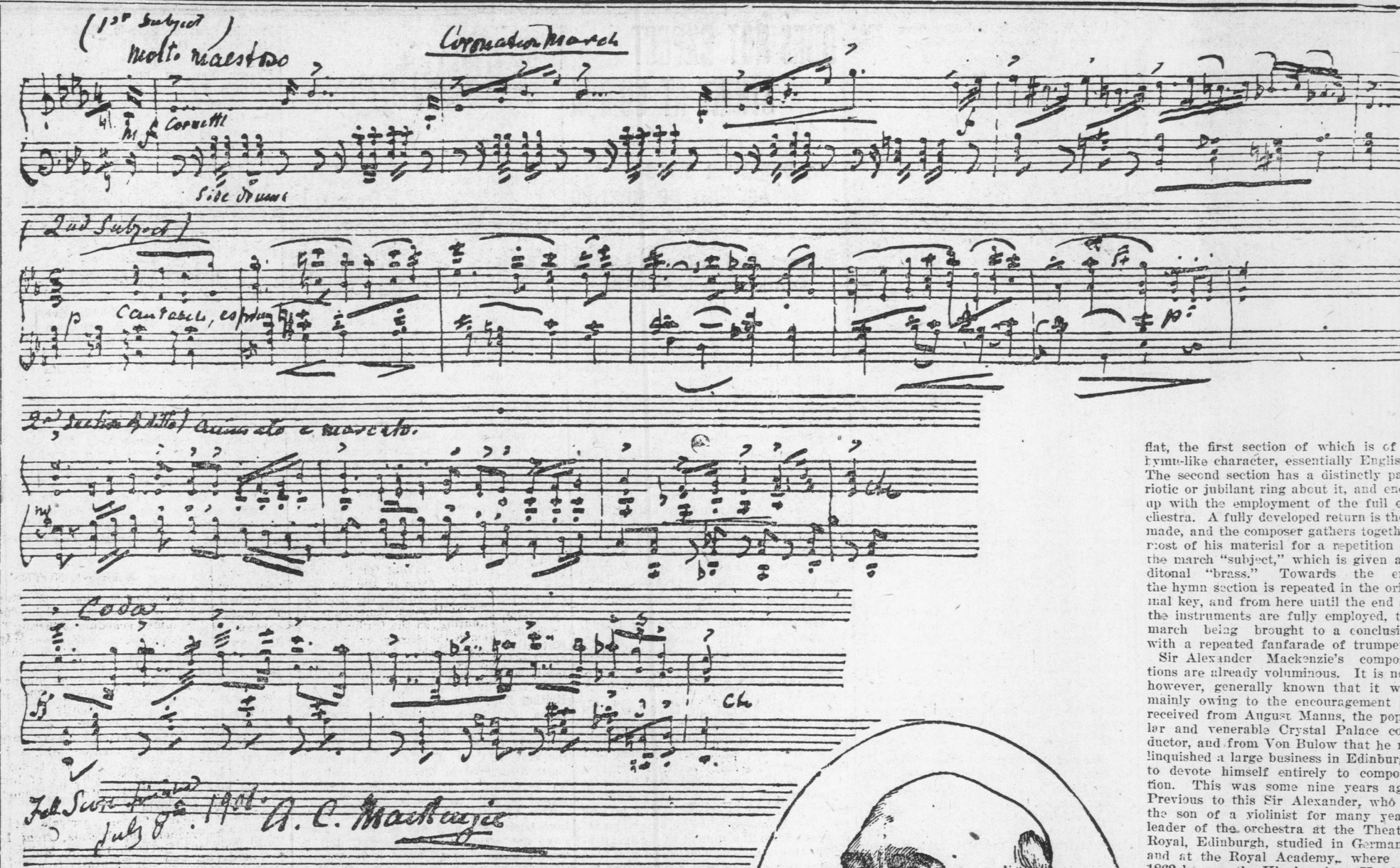
Nearly everyone is now tuning up in the spring. Some are altogether ill, others just feel fagged and worn out. They have little inclination to work and less to eat. They are simply useless.

Did you ever stop to think that there is a reason for all this, and that if the complaint is attacked intelligently it will yield readily, the lazy feeling will depart and in its place will come vigor and energy and appetite.

It is the Kidneys that are not doing their work, and they need to be toned up with Dodd's Kidney Pills. Because they are being overworked and need help.

In the winter the body fortifies itself against cold. With the coming of spring it throws off this fortification which consists of extra tissue, and additional waste matter is given to the blood to carry away. If the Kidneys are in condition to do extra work this waste material is quickly expelled from the body in the usual way.

But if the Kidneys are tired or worn out the waste remains in the blood and the circulation is clogged. The remedy is simple. Dodd's Kidney Pills put the Kidneys in good working order. The Kidneys in good working order ensure pure blood and good circulation—ensure brightness and vigor and energy. Thousands of people will tell you so, can tell you so out of their own experience.



MUSIC AT THE CORONATION.

The Royal March Which Will Be Heard at Musical Festival Next Month

THE "Coronation March," or the "Royal Coronation March," as it must be called, since it has been expressly dedicated by gracious permission to the King, is Sir Alexander Mackenzie's brilliant contribution to the tributes which art, music, literature, and science, made in honor of the coronation. The few hours of which we give, being the opening bars to the various sections of the march, have been written by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who conducts the march as originally written for a full orchestra at the Alhambra.

Singularly enough, although nothing has been heard of the composition until quite recently, it was written over a year ago, when Sir Alexander Mackenzie first conceived the idea of writing a piece of music in honor of the event of the year. A year, however, has not been expended on the actual composition, which was, in fact, printed and in proof in August last. Only the composer's closest friends knew about it, and perhaps even they didn't know that in February last the principal of the Royal Academy of Music received a command from the King for its performance in Marlborough House.

As then performed and as it was performed at the Alhambra (with an increased band), the march is written for strings with three flutes, three cornets, three trombones, and drums. It opens in B flat with bright martial music given out by the cornets, and after a brilliant intermediary development, there comes what may be called the trio in B



SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND OTHERS

BY T. P. O'CONNOR.

I once heard a lady declare in presence of an important and experienced American politician—a great orator, a stupendous wire-puller, a fascinating personality—I heard a lady declare in his presence that she loved to go to a political meeting. A political meeting brought her more joy than even a theatre or a ball. And then she described the various delights of the thing. She thought them, of such a nature, the electric excitement in the air; the tumultuous applause with which such a leading figure as my friend was received; and finally that moment, at once awful and entrancing, when the orator on his feet found 5,000 human beings hanging on his lips, staring at him, wondering at him, presented to him the chords of their hearts to be moved to tears or laughter or rage. "Ah!" said the lady, "how I'd like to be a man on such occasions. You men certainly have the best of life."

Behind the Scenes.

The sad-eyed politician turned towards me with a meaning look—the look that two augurs gave each other when they met in the streets of ancient Rome and silently commented thus on the absurdities and miseries of their trade. When we sat down, after the departure of the lady, my American friends and I asked him why women were so interested by a great political gathering. He replied that they only saw what took place on the public platform; that that represented to them the whole business of politics; that, happily spared a knowledge of all that went on before and behind the platform, they created for themselves a world of politics, which had no more existence than the glorious and triumphant life behind the scenes in a theatre, which appeals to the imagination, of the stake-struck girl. Ah! we both agreed, if women and the world generally could only see politics from the inside, how different would be their impressions! It is hard for them to realize all the temptations of rivalry, hatred, of wounds crying aloud for assuagement or revenge, which lie behind the placid figures on a platform; how the words, which sound the divine emanation of genius and honesty to the public, are to the inner ears of several of these men, and, as it is thought, faithful colleagues on the platform, but the sounding cymbals and the tinkling brass of histrionic dishonesty.

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almost shudder as I called to mind other journeys, not half so difficult, which the tourist has to undertake, say, when he goes to an out-of-the-way region of Switzerland, and has to ride in the open and ramshackle diligence which is the only mode of conveyance. I remember once travelling a bit of the way from St. Moritz to the Swiss frontier on my way back home. The journey lasted only five or six hours, but what with the raging sun and the dust and the steep descents and the crowds, it was as near an approach to an idea of what certain unmentionable regions are like as anything I ever experienced. This is, then, what I read into the following telegram describing Mr. Chamberlain's movements:

"Mr. Chamberlain's journey to-day amply testified to his physical strength and powers of endurance. The 30 miles between Paardeberg and Abraham's Kraal constitute a formidable trek in any case on account of the heavy nature of the road, and in addition to this the sun proved very trying to the travellers. The original intention of visiting Driefontein was abandoned, and it was decided to proceed straight to Abraham's Kraal. The road led past several farms, and in each case Mr. Chamberlain stopped for 20 minutes or more to talk with the Boer farmers. Owing to several stoppages, it was 3.30 before Abraham's Kraal was reached."

Considering that Mr. Chamberlain is in his 67th year, this was a pretty severe test for him to have to go through, and when he came later to Bloemfontein being received by a long procession of horsemen, cyclists and people in carriages, the poor man must have been done up; and was more anxious probably to go to bed than to listen even to the huzzas of enthusiastic crowds or the addresses of local celebrities.

The Banquet at Johannesburg.

But it was at the banquet at Johannesburg that those sufferings which he in wait for the politician descended with something of the violence of a hailstorm on the head of the unfortunate Colonial Secretary. I quote from a letter in the Westminster Gazette a description of the scene, which has a grim humor of its own.

"If the banquet had been under the secret control of Oom Paul it could not have happened more fatefully. Beginning at 8 o'clock, 10.30 arrived and the men were not nearly through, most of the guests being hungry still. Someone suggested that the waiting was at fault. 'But,' said a wag, 'we are all waiters here,' and so it appeared, for, looking down the hall from the table at which sat Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Milner, and other dignitaries, one could see 400 of the common herd (who had paid three guineas apiece) with empty plates in front of a raging thirst inside them."

"In vain did the right honorable gentleman's gentleman, who was posted behind the Colonial Secretary's chair, strive to keep the good things in front of his master—he could not get them.

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fat, the first section of which is of a fun-like character, essentially English. The second section has a distinctly patriotic or jubilant ring about it, and ends up with the employment of the full orchestra. A fully developed return is then made, and the composer gathers together most of his material for a repetition of the march "subject," which is given additional "brass." Towards the end the hymn section is repeated in the original key, and from here until the end all the instruments are fully employed, the march being brought to a conclusion with a repeated fanfare of trumpets.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie's compositions are already voluminous. It is not, however, generally known that it was mainly owing to the encouragement he received from August Manns, the popular and venerable Crystal Palace conductor, and from Von Bulow that he relinquished a large business in Edinburgh to devote himself entirely to composition. This was some nine years ago. Previous to this Sir Alexander, who is the son of a violinist for many years leader of the orchestra at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, studied in Germany, and at the Royal Academy, where in 1892 he won the King's prize. He then returned to his native Edinburgh, where he gained a reputation of being a clever violinist, but gave up the violin in order to teach the pianoforte. This in turn he abandoned in order to go to Florence and absorb himself in the work of composition. Alexander Mackenzie (as he then was) has often said that those years were the happiest of his life, for he had no cares and no duties beyond writing by day and moving about the musical circles of the city of Florence by night. It was while he was engaged in writing the beautiful "Twelfth Night Overture" that he heard of the death of Sir George Macfarren, principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Up to that time he had not thought of ever trying for the post, but on the death of Macfarren he found in his candidature. On February 28th, 1888, he was, despite the rivalry of many of the finest musicians in the land, elected to the vacant principality, receiving the honor of knighthood seven years afterwards. Since he took up his position at Tenterden street Sir Alexander has devoted himself entirely to the institution with the success of which his name may now be said to be "scored."

Three did Mr. Chamberlain send down instructions to serve several courses together and cut the banquet short, as he wished to speak, and as many times were his orders found incapable of execution—and the smile was a bitter one.

"At length, about 10.30, and somewhere between the joints and the sweets, the local toasts were honored. Then came the toast of the Governor, and with it the half-hour's indignation that caused the Colonial Secretary to writhe with impatience and indignation. As often as the company called for the speaker to cut it short, so often did he find some new group of desirable reforms, which he hurled laboriously at the heads of Lord Milner and Mr. Chamberlain.

"Matters were not improved when the mayor—the one loyal member of the old Volksraad—took occasion by the hand, and, in giving Mr. Chamberlain's health, dedicated for ten minutes on the delicate merits of the health and climate of Pretoria and Johannesburg—of course to the disadvantage of the latter town.

At last the Colonial Secretary got on his feet and laid about him lustily for five minutes—on the one hand 'wiping the floor with his hospitable hosts' who had brought him to what he called a 'lecture,' and on the other crushing the trembling mayor for his temerity in assuming to speak on such an occasion. Poyz was a far healthier place than the rival parish.

"Local celebrities were bewildered at the onslaught, visitors from afar lugged themselves with delight, and it was a smile of grim satisfaction that spread over the countenance of 'our distinguished visitor' as he proceeded to more statesmanlike subjects."

The Poor Reporters.

With the inner lights which I have given the reader as to the fortunes and accidents of a politician's life, he will be able to reconstruct for himself this whole scene; and will be quite able also to appreciate the rage and impatience of Mr. Chamberlain. There was another class at the banquet which suffered perhaps even more than the politicians, and that was the unfortunate reporters. The speech which Mr. Chamberlain had to deliver was awaited with feverish impatience in all parts of the civilized world; the different papers had made all the arrangements, doubtless, to produce a verbatim report at the first possible moment; and they were also expected to send a telegram summarizing for all the papers in England, in America, on the Continent; and not till close upon midnight were they able to get down a line of the momentous utterance.

Mr. Gladstone's Rage.

The reader will know from what I have written that the experiences of Mr. Chamberlain are common to all politicians, both great and small. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, used now and then to endure agonies when he went on these big stumping tours which are now historic. Mr. Gladstone was, as everybody knows, of an eager, not to say an impatient, temper. When he had a big speech to deliver, he looked exactly like

a greenhorn which is kept in leash before it is allowed to rush after the first hare. His eagerness, in fact, was painted in large and luminous letters on his whole frame. Often have I watched him in the House of Commons when he was going to make a speech; he would lean forward till his knees almost touched the table in front; he would hold his arms out, and on his knees as if to keep himself in his big eyes would grow larger and larger and would almost glare at the speaker, and again made him look more like a greenhorn than anything. Imagine what he suffered on some of his Scotch tours, when man after man—bailie after bailie—got up to deliver his lengthy utterances before allowing Mr. Gladstone to speak. On one occasion it is recorded that a local politician who was in the chair spoke for 40 minutes before Mr. Gladstone was allowed to get on his feet. The rage painted on the great man's face, the howlings of secret impatience in the audience—all left, I have been told, an ineffaceable impression on the memories of those who were present.

The Adventure of Mr. Dillon.

One of the funniest experiences of the travelling politician I have heard of was that which happened to Mr. John Dillon during a tour many years ago in America. Mr. Dillon, it will be known, has a very light frame, is very delicate, and though he is of a very equable nature, with his deep dark eyes, with his beard and hair, which, now turning gray, were a few years ago black as the raven's wing, he looks rather melancholy, though, as a matter of fact, he has one of the most equable tempers I have ever known. He and the late Mr. Parnell appeared once together on a platform in America. There was a threatened famine in Ireland. The meeting was over, the chairman took Mr. Dillon by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said: "Ah, Mr. Dillon, when I heard Parnell speak I was not moved. There, I said to myself, is an aristocrat who knows nothing of suffering; but when you, Mr. Dillon, got up, I shed tears. There, I said to myself, is a man who has known hunger. He has hunger in his face!" Mr. Dillon tells the story still with much delight.

Such are the tribulations of politicians.

AN EXPERIMENT.

Judge—"Why did you hit your wife in the face with a paving stone?"

Prisoner—"I wanted to see if a soft answer would actually turn away wrath."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Physician—"The walking is just splendid this morning."

His Wife—"Why, I thought the streets were covered with sleet?"

Physician—"So they are, my dear."

UNDOUBTEDLY.

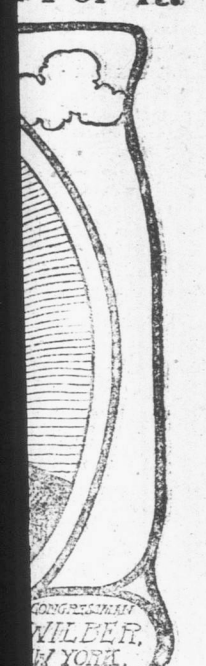
"Manners make the man," remarked the dispenser of ancient proverbs.

"That," rejoined the critical person, "explains some men's underdone condition."

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For It."



WILDER'S
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