

## ONE MASS OF SCALES

Afflicted 3 Years by Dreadful Skin and Blood Disease, with Intense Pain and Loss of Hair.

All Other Remedies Fail. Relieved Instantly and Cured in Four Weeks by the Cuticura Remedies.

I have a few words to say regarding the CUTICURA REMEDIES. They have cured me in four weeks' time from a Skin and Blood Disease which I have had for over three years. At certain times, my skin would be very sore, and always very itching and peeling off in white scales. In cold weather my face was one mass of scales. When in the cold air the pain was intense; it would almost bring tears to my eyes, and my blood also being in a poor condition, with a loss of hair. I have tried every known remedy that was recommended to me, but it was of no use, and gave me very little benefit. So, hearing of your CUTICURA REMEDIES, I concluded to give them a trial. The first application gave almost instant relief. In a few weeks' time I found myself cured, and I am thankful for what they have done for me. Your CUTICURA REMEDIES are a blessing to those who may have the opportunity to use them. I can recommend them to any one.

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## Cuticura Remedies

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## WHERE ARE THEY?

Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow,  
And let the winter's coldness flee;  
Where are the springs of long ago?

Drive under ground the lingering snow,  
And let the greenward legions lead;  
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow!

Are these the skies we used to know?  
The budding wood, the fresh blown mead?  
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow!

The breathing furrow will we sow,  
And patient wait the patient seed;  
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow!

The grain of vanished years will grow,  
But not the vanished years, indeed!  
Where are the springs of long ago?

With sudden leaping, lying low,  
They for remembrance faintly plead!  
Come near, O sun—O south wind, blow!  
Where are the springs of long ago?

—Edith M. Thomas

## HOW I DIED.

I was very sick. I had laid for days that seemed years upon the rack of such pain as only strongmen, suddenly broken upon the wheel, may know. Every bone in my body, every nerve, every minute gland of corporeal tissues had been like electric wires, and all electrified with etheral agony. At last there had come a benumbed feeling that thrilled like the vibration of harp strings suddenly stilled. I could hear the hum of voices like the far off drone of bees, and the sound seemed soothing me into a strange peace.

I was aware that somebody passed a light before my eyes, and after repeating the action several times replaced the night lamp on the stand without the shade. I knew also that somebody stepped to the window and threw it wide open, while a voice, seemingly borne beyond the confines of space and gathering force as it approached the boundaries of annular demonstration until it boomed like the deep bass of the sea, uttered these words:

"The poor fellow is going fast. Give him spirit a chance to free itself."

"Do you believe in that old woman rot?" asked another, and from the region of enchanted drowsiness where I seemed to linger I caught myself listening for the third voice, which I seemed to know would speak next. And I didn't listen in vain, for even while I struggled with the unseen forces that were hurrying me away a woman's voice, clear and strong and sweet as the notes of a bell that was forever ringing in my ear, said:

"We believe in God's mercy, and we believe that this poor pain-racked body is about to throw open the door by which the spirit goes free; if a closed window hinders its going, we will throw every window in the old hospital as wide as the sky."

"And give the rest of the poor devils in the ward a chance to catch a mortal chill," responded the second voice. "You are as consistent as the rest of your sex, Miss Brady."

While yet the echo of the head doctor's voice beat the air in circles of receding sound, I suddenly ceased to think, to hear, to feel, to be. And yet I was. I knew by some newly developed sense that I lay mute and white upon the cot which had supported my body so long, and that the fragrance of a prayer floated through the awful stillness of the room. It had no form nor sound, and yet something within me perceived it, as the languid senses perceive the fragrance of newly mown hay upon a serene June morning.

A continuous pageant of the most searaphic vision unfurled in endless progression before me. I saw the green hills of my childhood's home lift themselves like emerald bubbles in a haze of enchanted air. I saw the sapphire of the sea set in a rim of violet dawns and daffodil noons. I saw the stretch of desert sands like drifts of snow within the compass of a lonely land. And in the midst of their bewildering vision I suddenly saw a gleaming slab within a windowless room, where something long and white and still was lying. Drops of ice were forming on the edges of the slab, and a death cold stream was pulsing across its shining surface. Something that was not a voice, and which made itself manifest to me through other channels than the ear, spoke lightly of the grave wherein I soon should lie.

"We will bury him tonight," it seemed to say, "there will be no friends to interfere, and there are too many dying these few days past to keep 'stiffs' over a half day."

"But the law grants even a stiff its rights," responded the womanly voice I had learned to know, "we have no right to bury him with such indecent haste."

"Right or no right, law or no law, he'll have to get out of this tonight," replied the first voice.

The contention had no effect upon the something within my ice-bound frame which still held its mysterious connection with sentient life. That filament, fine as the gossamer shred by which the spider binds together the ether and the rose, seemed an electric wire charged with messages from an unseen world. I could hear the rise and fall of angelic choruses, like the dip of songful seas, and clear and sweet and distinct, above them all, I heard the woman's voice I learned from out the cold embrace of death to note.

"He shall not be buried tonight, nor yet tomorrow, if that flush continues on his face."

"What flush are you talking about?" responded the doctor, bringing the light he carried nearer the face that lay upon the marble slab, where the ice drops were forming, crystal by crystal, like the beads one threads upon a growing strand.

"Why, the flush we both have noticed since we stood here. I knew by the intent gaze you bestowed upon what generally demands but a passing glance that you discovered it when I did, and I demand that the body be removed to the ward until we investigate the case."

"That flush is only the reflection of your red dress," laughed the doctor.

"You are wasting time," said the nurse. "I shall call a stretcher to carry this living man out of the morgue. Afterward we may resume our conversation."

"You shall do nothing of the sort," replied the doctor, placing his hand as he spoke upon the outstretched arm of the nurse with compelling force. "You have made a fool of yourself over this fellow from the first. Not a hanger on in the ward but what noticed your interest in his handsome face. You are bound to me by this you cannot break, and rather than see you under the enchantment of this fellow again I simply will smother the feeble pulse of life that lingers in his veins and make a surety of his death."

"You may be a villain, but you are not a coward, Dr. Ware," replied the woman, whose hand he still held. "To refuse to give this man the chance to live would be the most despicable act of your life, and so help me God, I will denounce you as a murderer before the first justice I can find if you do not instantly summon assistance and remove this body from this place."

"Not so fast, my dear. Every moment's delay extinguishes more and more the chance for life, and if the attendants we shall summon find a dead man on the slab who will believe your hysterical story in the face of my statement that no sign of life existed? Women nurses are not in favor just at present with the board; they are too sensational, too emotional, too indiscreet. Your bravado will eventuate only in your own disgrace."

With the bound of a cat, the nurse, while he was yet speaking, broke from the doctor's detaining hold and reached the door. Quick as thought she opened it and flew down the long corridor.

Shall the future eternities hold for me another moment fraught with such pain as thrilled my tortured limbs when the doctor's malignant face bent above my sealed eyes, and although conscious of a vast reserve power I felt myself unable to move the lightest member or lift, by a single hair's weight, the closed lids? I felt his fingers press the delicate anatomy of my throat, and I knew that he was seeking to throttle the little life left in my body. Every drop of blood became a spear of flame to thrust my quivering flesh, and the effort I made to groan started what seemed to me to be showers of hot blood from every pore.

The sound of hurrying feet and clamoring voices stilled the doctor's hand before its full purpose was accomplished, and raising himself from his sitting posture he greeted the newcomers with a brisk: "Hurry up, boys! I thought Miss Brady had fallen asleep on the way. Lift this fellow up quickly and carry him to the ward. He is good for a long lease of life yet."

I never knew how the doctor and Miss Brady adjusted their quarrel. Both retained their respective positions for some time after my recovery to health and removal to a western city, where a stroke of long delayed good luck rebuilt the ravaged edge of my finances and placed me above want.

Miss Brady finally resigned her position at my suggestion and joined me in my western home as my beloved wife. Of the doctor's well farings or ill farings we neither of us knew aught from that day onward and forever.—New York World.

## Hints For Roadbuilders.

To intelligently locate roads for a county, for instance, there should be a map on a large scale showing water courses, railway stations, towns and their population and the population per square mile for different sections. Having determined the general direction and extent of the road, the problems of grade, drainage, adaptability of the soil for road purposes and minor considerations may present themselves before a definite location may be determined. The amount of grade in a country road should properly depend upon the character of the country and traffic. Grades should never be level and never very steep. It is better to go around a steep hill than over it. Steep short cuts may be convenient for neighborhood roads, but never for main thoroughfares. Clayey surface may be helped by the addition of sand and sandy surface by the addition of clay. With regard to drainage, ample and well graded side ditches with abundant outlets for storm water should be supplied. The effort should be to construct a narrow good road—not a wide common road. The layout should be wide, but the graded portion narrow. Ground surfacing was good and broken trap rock still better. The road surface should be, in fact, a traffic bearing, waterproof roof over the dirt road, slightly yielding or malleable under heavy loads, but sufficiently firm not to break.—Minneapolis Tribune.

## Philadelphia a City of Families.

Philadelphia is a dingy city by the side of Paris. It is outdone by most of the world's centers in all by which the world reckons greatness, but no city that is or ever was, has done more to make families and therefore children comfortable. If all Paris were to file past you, every fifth person would be a child under 15 years of age. If all Philadelphia were to do the same, there would be three such children for every 10 persons. File for file, there would be one-half more children in Philadelphia than in Paris; more file for file, than in New York or London; more than in any of the world's old great cities; more, because Philadelphia makes life more comfortable for families and for children.—St. Nicholas.

## A Matter of Pride.

Mr. Bingo—I don't see why you discharged the girl, for she was the best servant we ever had.

Mrs. Bingo—That may be, but I was over at Mrs. Kingsley's next door, yesterday, and she has discharged eight girls in two weeks, and I had only discharged seven. It would never do to let her get ahead of me.—Exchange.

## A Governor's Sentiments.

It is told of Governor (now Senator) Z. B. Vance that being in a hotly contested engagement in the late civil war he saw a bare between the lines running for life, when he exclaimed: "Go it, Mollie White Tail, if I were not governor of North Carolina, I would run too."—Richmond Dispatch.

## A SON'S WISH.

Mother, in the lonely ways  
Of the home land whence I came,  
Where you walk the world apart,  
Without fear and without blame,

Keep me ever in thine eye,  
As the bells their morning star,  
Though I pass into the day,  
Where my toiling fellows are,

Keep me ever in thy heart,  
With the old remembered things,  
Till for me there be no more  
April when the robin sings.

Keep me ever in thy prayers,  
That at midnight or at noon,  
When God needs a man in haste,  
He may not forget thy son.  
—Bliss Carman in Youth's Companion.

## MY AUNT'S EARRINGS.

Detective stories have always been my favorite form of literature. I have read many and have gained from them a thorough contempt for probability and the police. The first thing you should do when a crime has been committed, as I often said to Uncle Poffkins, is to suspect the most unlikely man as being the criminal.

That was the course I adopted when Aunt Poffkins' earrings were stolen. It was in the morning when the theft was discovered. Aunt came down late and ran into the room where Uncle Poffkins, Dora and I were breakfasting. My aunt bore traces of strong agitation, and she had forgotten her cap.

"My earrings!" she cried. "They are gone—they are stolen!"

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Uncle Poffkins, dropping his teacup as if he had been shot and leaping up with a yell of pain. He said the yell was attributed to the heat of the tea, which was trickling down his legs.

My aunt explained. The earrings were kept wrapped in cotton wool in a jewel box on her dressing table. The box was never locked, and the housemaid had access to the room. The girl had only been in the house a week and was known to have a bean. My aunt and cousin at once concluded she was the thief and sent for a policeman, who searched her trunk and found nothing of course. I could have told them that.

Meanwhile I kept my eye on Uncle Poffkins. He was the one person who could have no motive whatever in stealing the earrings. He was very rich, most respectable and extremely slow and noisy in his movements. Moreover my aunt would have given him the earrings at any moment if he had asked for them. Evidently he was the last man to attract suspicion. Accordingly I watched Uncle Poffkins closely.

We passed a week of excitement. The police were running out and in. Dora crossed examined the housemaid incessantly. Aunt Poffkins went abroad weeping and reminding every one she met that the earrings were a present from Uncle Poffkins on the occasion of their engagement.

My uncle himself affected to make light of the matter and went so far as loudly and ostentatiously to curse the earrings. He was wrong if he thought he could put me off the scent by that clumsy maneuver. I never left him alone. I tracked him to the city, hung about all the morning, shadowed him when he went to lunch, when he returned, when he crossed over to the exchange.

Unknown to him I was on his business if he rode on the top, and on top when it rained and he stowed himself away inside. He never escaped me except when he was in his office. At last, after 10 days' weary chasing, I was rewarded. I need not say that the police had discovered nothing. The house was still topsy turvy and my aunt subject to intermittent hysterics.

That wronged creature, the housemaid, did her work with a mop in one hand and in the other a handkerchief, wet with innocent tears. But to return to Uncle Poffkins. The tenth day after the earrings had disappeared, as he was brushing his hat before leaving the house and looking at my aunt's tear bedewed visage, his conscience smote him, and he so far forgot himself as to exclaim audibly:

"I'm blamed if I can stand this any longer!" The folly of the man was incredible. I had him now! In an instant I was after him. He took a bus, I took a cab, and we started for the city. Now came the odd thing—Uncle Poffkins disappeared.

How it happened I do not know, but when the bus pulled up to the bank Uncle Poffkins was not to be seen. I questioned the conductor, but he had evidently been bribed and told me very rudely that he had something better to do than answer my riddles. He drove on, and I was left for the first time at fault.

It was evening before I saw Uncle Poffkins. I was going home in a very disconsolate state, when, about 200 yards from our gate, I espied him ahead of me. Quickening my pace, I stealthily approached him. He opened the gate and passed in; noisily I followed him.

A little farther on, sheltered by the shrubbery, he stopped, and after a stealthy glance toward the house took from his coat pocket a small morocco case. I stood on tiptoe just behind, and with mingled horror and satisfaction as I looked over his shoulder I saw the earrings! I was right. Uncle Poffkins sighed.

"Shall I give 'em to her or not?" he said to himself. "It's rank waste. Still, it will keep her quiet." I watched the struggle between his good and his evil angel. Clearly the good angel had triumphed so far as to bring the earrings within 50 yards of Aunt Poffkins, but now came the tug of war. It was severe, and it ended in the victory of evil. Uncle Poffkins, shutting the case with a snap, exclaimed:

"It's all blamed nonsense! I'll take 'em back to Abraham tomorrow." Abraham no doubt was the receiver, for my uncle went on in a satisfied tone:

"He'll make no trouble about taking 'em." He was putting the case into his pocket when my feeling overcame me. Respect for one's elderly relatives is a praiseworthy feeling, but it must not be

allowed to override higher duties. I flung myself on Uncle Poffkins, crying: "Surrender! You cannot escape me!" My uncle fell heavily on the gravel path. I fell heavily on the top of him and pinioned his arms to the ground.

"Tom!" he exclaimed, "what the mischief—are you drunk?" "It is useless, sir," I began, "to affect ignorance—I have reached this point when I was violently collared from behind, lifted bodily off my uncle's chest, where I had been sitting, and was deposited on a grass plat, while a deep voice said in my ears:

"Now, then, young man, turn it up. You're a lively one, you are. First your aunt and now your uncle." The newcomer was a policeman. From his pocket he produced a pair of handcuffs and put them on my unresisting wrists. Then I found my voice.

"What are you handcuffing me for?" I demanded. "There's the thief."

"Gammum!" said he, grinning. "Why, you fool, there's the property," said I. He looked and saw the earrings lying on the ground by Uncle Poffkins. An expression of bewilderment overspread the officer's face as groping again in his pockets he brought forth a pair of earrings. Then gazing at the pair in his hand to the other pair on the ground he ejaculated softly, and to my ears at least mysteriously:

"These earrings in my 'and was found in your drawer, young man, wrapped in cotton wool. 'Ow do you account for that?"

"Those on the ground," I retorted. "Were found in Mr. Poffkins' pocket. How do you account for that?" He shook his head sadly. Then he suddenly brightened up. He had an idea. He produced another pair of handcuffs, clapped them on my uncle's hands and cried cheerfully:

"We can't be wrong now, can we? March!" So Uncle Poffkins and I marched, the policeman between us, with a hold on each of our collars, and in this predicament we were presented to Aunt Poffkins, to Dora and to the housemaid. The housemaid giggled considerably, for which, under the circumstances, one could hardly blame her.

Aunt Poffkins experienced a relapse and Dora alone was equal to the situation. She made us sit down and gave us each a glass of sherry. Then the recriminations began. Uncle Poffkins declared his earrings were not the stolen pair. Distressed at my aunt's sorrow he had gone to the jeweler's and bought her a similar pair. They cost 80 guineas. The struggle I had witnessed was between love and economy, not honesty and crime.

I swore that the earrings found in my bureau had not been placed there by me. "And you are both quite right," said Dora. "Uncle's earrings are not the stolen ones. Tom, do you remember having the toothache?" It was clear to me in a moment. I had asked for cotton wool, and had been directed to my aunt's jewel box and from it grabbed a large handful and carried it to my room. Then on reflection I had tried brandy instead of laudanum, and the cotton wool was thrust into the drawer. The earrings had been buried in the cotton wool.

"So you were the thief yourself!" laughed Dora. It was true. If only I had strictly followed out what my reading had taught me! For improbable as it was that I should think Uncle Poffkins guilty, it would have been still more improbable had I fixed the crime on myself. I lacked the full courage of my principles, and the result is Uncle Poffkins and I do not speak.—St. James Budget.

## The Injustice of Dower Distribution.

The injustice to woman in the common law rule of distribution of dower when real estate is turned into money for division among heirs was recently painfully impressed in a Michigan case. A couple had started in life 25 years ago, having very limited means. The wife was the more robust physically and always of essential support to the husband in his business cares, besides discharging with ability and devotion her duties as mother and homemaker. They possessed a competence at the husband's death. The widow and two minor children survived. They wished to sell a piece of land that had been entirely unproductive up to the death, but at that time there was an inquiry to purchase.

To enable a sale of this land out of the intestate estate the probate court expense was \$50, or only \$10 less than the share allotted to the widow on the basis of her probable life yet to be, while each of the minor children, quite incompetent to handle money in business, received \$100, or three and a quarter times as much as the mother, a prudent business woman.—Woman's Tribune.

## Novel Anchors.

The British steamer Bawnmore now discharging coal at Mission No. 2, has a novelty aboard in the shape of a stockless anchor. In fact, she has two of them, and they are hauled up "check a block" to the hawse holes in a way to make a sailor feel like kicking himself for all the risks he has run in the way of catting and fishing anchors in years gone by. The anchor has no stock and no flukes. It consists of a heavy semicircular mass of metal fastened directly to the chain and furnished with two attachments very similar to the old time flukes, but twisted like the flanges of a screw propeller. The anchor can be let go and grounded inside of 10 seconds and hoisted in less than half a minute. It will take hold of the hardest bottom, and the anchors, starboard and port, will keep a ship in position in the worst weather.—San Francisco Call.

## Distance Traveled by Odors.

As an illustration of the distance odors are carried it is noteworthy that the fumes and exhalations from the sulphur springs of Colorado can be distinguished at a distance of fully 20 miles. The delicious perfume of the forests of Ceylon is carried by the wind 25 miles out to sea, while in foggy weather travelers 100 miles from the land have recognized their proximity to the coast of Columbia by the sweet smell brought them on a breeze from the shore.—Exchange.

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