sound encouraged her. It came again and again, and guided her footsteps out of the high road into a wonderfully quiet lane. The laughter still went on ahead, like a mocking spirit, as a will-o'-the-wisp. But suddenly Ada found herself close to a little cottage, every window of which was brilliantly illuminated from within. The lower windows reached to the ground and stood open, exhibiting all the signs of a late revel. Empty decanters and bottles, innumerable glasses, some packs of cards on the floor—these things caught Ada's quick eye and made her wonder; while leaning on the gate of the cottage was an extremely handsome young man dressed in white flannels. He looked at Ada with the steady gaze of astonishment. He was immensely surprised at the sight of a young lady in gray, with an extremely charming face, taking a walk at four o'clock on a misty morning. Without a second's hesitation she approached him.

"Can you tell me where I can find the doctor's house?" she said. "A man I met told me to come this way."

Her earnest tone seemed to rouse him and make him understand that she was out on business.

"Dr. Frere is the nearest resident doctor," he said, "and he lives about six miles off, over there," pointing the way Ada had come. "But if there's anything I can do, let me help you. I am a doctor."

"You?" said Ada, her gaze wandering from his sunburned face, which had on it the unmistakable up-all-night expression, to his white flannel-clad figure, and then to the cottage beyond, which looked so absurd, in the growing daylight, with a quantity of dying candles burning on the tables.

"It's all right," he said, seeming to understand her perplexity. "I'm Alan Browne, of Wimpole Street. I'm down here for the boating, and I've been having a bachelor party. Didn't you hear that fellow laughing as he went off just now? I had to get four of the others to take him away."

"I know your name," said Ada, earnestly. "Come with me. I am a nurse from Mr. Edgar's Home. I'm in charge of Mrs. Mertoun up at the Hall, and she's dying. If you don't come at once, it may be too late."

"What's the matter with her?" said Dr. Browne. "I've got a pocket medicine-case here; shall I bring it?"

Nurse Harcourt leaned on the gate and said something in a scarcely audible voice; then she took out the bottle from her pocket and held it up for his inspection.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"Come and save her," said Ada, solemnly. Dr. Browne turned, hurried into the cottage, and in a little more than a minute reappeared with a small case in his hand. Seeing him ready to follow her, Ada immediately started off as quickly as possible on her return road. Alan Browne hurried after her, leaving the little cottage with all its windows open and its candles burning to show its disorder to any passer-by who might chance to wander that way.

"You are a very good walker," said Dr. Browne, when he had got up to her.

"I believe I am," said Ada, and went quickly on without any further remark.

These two, going swiftly through the pale, ghost-like morning mist, would have looked strange to anyone who could have seen them. Both were very pale; Dr. Browne had got rather bored by his bachelor party, which had lasted too late for his taste; and then he had been somewhat startled by Ada and what she had said. Nurse Harcourt was white with excitement and fatigue, although she did not know it, nor know that she was weary. She was intent upon returning to her charge; she was full of anxiety as to what might have happened in her absence.

"You know," said Dr. Browne, presently, "this thing can't be possible. She is a noted beauty; the men that stay in Lostayvil go to church to look at her. Who could do such a thing?"

"I can't say, sir," said Ada; "but I do not think I am mistaken."

Dr. Browne was so bewildered by the unwonted manner of her introduction to him that he forgot this vision of the morning was a nurse; but Ada remembered her position addressed him with the manner she used in the sick rooms—quiet, but having in it an odd mixture of defiance and deference.

Very little more passed between them; they walked so quickly that it was not easy to talk. Dr. Browne covertly observed his companion very earnestly.

As they reached the gates of the Hall the stable clock struck five, and the gray mist was beginning to lift a little and glide away like the ghost of the dawn. It had been a strange walk, though neither thought of it at the time; but it had the effect of making them feel as if they had known each other for years. The house was not awake yet; all was just as Ada had left it. She gently pushed open the front door and led the way into the dark interior. Up the dark staircase the two crept, like thieves. The blinds were all closed, and only a faint glimmer of light came through the chinks here and there. As the gray figure and the white figure came noiselessly up the staircase, suddenly something started for the door of Mrs. Mertoun's room, and, with a horrible cry, rushed across the landing. It was the cry of a most awful fear. It made Ada feel sick, and she longed to sit down on the stairs, for her legs gave way beneath her. But she would not. She remembered her patient, and, getting out the key of the room, opened the door and let Dr. Browne in; then she closed it behind them and locked it. Agatha Mertoun lay rigid, like a lovely statue, on the bed. Her eyes were staring and fixed and on her lips was a foam. Nurse Harcourt looked at her with a sinking heart—was it too late? But she quickly threw aside her cloak and prepared to wait upon Dr. Browne, who soon became absorbed in his task. He used strong measures, and watched their effect with anxiety. Nurse Harcourt saw, with a curious sort of satisfaction, that he was acting upon the same idea with regard to the case which she had offered him. He did not reject it as impossible now. For two hours this fixed attention continued; neither left the bedside.

At last Dr. Browne went to the window and beckoned Ada to him.

"The servants will be up now," he said; "ask them to get you some coffee. You look perfectly worn out."

"I believe I am rather tired," she said; "but I was right, wasn't I?"

"Quite right," he said; "and you have saved her life by your pluck."

Thus comforted, Ada went away in search of the servants. On the landing outside the door she found the man servant whom she had seen the night before. He was standing still, with a face full of perplexity.

"Nurse," he said, "I believe master's gone out of his mind. He has been queer for some time past, but not like this."

"What is it?" asked Ada.

"He is sitting on his bed laughing, and then every now and then he stops and shrieks out suddenly that the house is full of gray and white ghosts. I don't like it—it's awful!"

Then Ada remembered that cry of fear. "He must have seen me bring in Dr. Browne early this morning," she said; he is in his boating flannels. Mrs. Mertoun was much worse in the night and I went for a doctor. Dr. Browne had better see your master."

The man looked a good deal bewildered, but recovered himself sufficiently to agree, and Dr. Browne heard his tale. While the servant was gone he turned to Ada and began: "You know the house better than I do—perhaps you can tell me——"

"Better than you do!" exclaimed Ada; not much. I only got here last night at eleven."

"Last night at eleven!" repeated Dr. Browne. "Why, what a night of adventure you have had! No wonder you look worn out. Well can you tell me who to send to, because there is evidently something very wrong here?"

"Yes, I can tell you that," she answered. "I have the address of Mrs. Mertoun's sister, who sent me down, and to whom I was to telegraph if necessary."

"That is all right," said Dr. Browne; "have you ordered any breakfast?"

"Not yet," she answered.

"I will send the man to see that it is got ready for you and brought to your room. Now go straight to bed."

"Thank you sir," said Ada, "but how can I leave Mrs. Mertoun?"

"I am not going away just yet; you know I did not travel from town yesterday. I will have her attended to, and you shall be called in four hours."

"Thank you, sir," said Ada again; and went away down the now sunlit staircase, on which her room opened.

"Thank you, sir," repeated Dr. Browne to himself. "What an extraordinary little woman it is! And what eyes! By jove, it has been a night of adventure."

Ada got into bed, drank some warm coffee, and then fell suddenly into a deep, dreamless sleep. It was the repose of complete weariness. Four hours later the maid knocked at her door. Ada started up broad awake in an instant, and as fresh as a flower. In a very short time she was dressed and at the door of her patient's room. The maid was in charge; Dr. Browne had left her with instructions what to do, and Mrs. Mertoun seemed to be a little better. Agatha was lying on a heap of pillows, looking very white, and wild, and strange. But she was evidently in less suffering.

"My dear little nurse," she whispered when Ada bent over her, "I know you have saved my life. They will not tell me where my husband is, but you will. Is he mad?"

"I don't know anything," said Ada. "I have been asleep all this time."

"He must be," she went on. "I am sure he was not in his right mind or he would never have attempted what he did—you believe me, don't you? He loved me when he was himself; but sometimes he had awful fits of jealousy, when I have thought, before now, that he would try to kill me. It was in one of those fits that he brought me here, and it has been growing on him. When we were married I was thought a beauty, and he was always fancying I should get tired of him. O nurse, I am sure he was not in his right mind. You will tell the doctor so, won't you."

"Yes, yes, I will," said Ada, and, indeed, I think so. I should have said so in any case. And the servants told me this morning that he was not in his right mind."

"Ah! then it will be all right, said Agatha, with a sigh of relief. Ada understood then that this beautiful woman still loved the husband who had attempted her life, and her great dread was lest he should be held accountable for his attempted crime.

Late that night Zoe Conington arrived with her husband; they brought with them a "mental" attendant, who immediately took entire charge of Edward Mertoun. The dreadful thing which Ada had discovered and prevented was kept a secret among the few who knew of it.

Every day, after Zoe arrived, Agatha insisted that her dear little nurse, as she always called Ada, should go for a walk. The country around the Old Hall was exceedingly beautiful; to wander about in it was the keenest pleasure possible to the country-born girl. Zoe did all she could to make her happy, but she found that nothing pleased her so much as the fresh air and the wild flowers. But Zoe one day carried a great piece of gossip to her sister's sick-room.

"My dear," she said, "I know now why Nurse Ada is so fond of the field. Dr. Browne meets her. They will be telling us they are engaged soon."

And so they did. One day they came in together with a conscious look of guilt. Dr. Browne says that when he asked Ada a question, which girls reply to generally in either a sentimental or a scornful manner, Ada merely said,

"Thank you, sir."—*Whitehall Review.*

Personal Cleanliness.

When the woman had fully charge of the milking and other dairy operations there was not much need of advising personal cleanliness. A woman is naturally cleanly. She can see dirt where a man would think it irksomely clean. But the men have largely dethroned the women in the dairy kingdom, have driven the old-fashioned dairymaid into retirement, and have brought, it is true, new enterprise and new strength into the business, and, it is also true, have brought considerable dirt into it. Usually the carelessness as to personal cleanliness is found more particularly with those who are employed to do the work. There is only one piece of advice that is suggested for the proprietor of a dairy who will persist in neglecting personal cleanliness, and that is to go out of the business. An unclean person ought to be kept out of sight of the milk pail entirely. It is utterly impossible to mingle dirt with milk and have pure milk, which is so sensitive that it will absorb all impurities that come into contact with it. Some appear to imagine that it makes no difference how much dirt gets into the milk pail, because the milk goes through a strainer. The strainer can do nothing more than separate the visible dirt from the milk, and it may not always do that. It cannot take the odors and gases out. Yet we have seen men milking with dirty hands, and milking cows whose udders were covered with dirt, which was constantly dropping into the pail.

Wash up, should be the directions to our milkers. They should be impressed with the fact that milking is a very delicate business, and that a milker should be just as tidy when he sits down by the side of a cow as he is when he goes to the table to eat. Having secured personal cleanliness, the milker's attention should be next directed to having the cow clean. Brush the dirt off the udder, if there is any on it. It will not require a minute to do it. It is attention to such little details that always gives satisfactory results, and it is the lack of such attention that makes many a dairy unprofitable. The time when butter that is tainted with external flavors can find a ready market, is forever gone, and if anybody will persist in so tainting it he must not complain if he makes less profit than his more careful neighbor. We earnestly wish that every butter maker would exert himself and herself to make the very best article possible. Not only would such a course be for the interest of the dairy in general, but it would at least ultimately prove specially profitable to the individual maker. We know that a great deal of butter is now sold in the village that goes into one tub, whether it is good, bad or indifferent. It all brings the same price at such a market. But that custom is gradually being done away with. People who make an extra quality of butter, and know it, will not submit to such treatment. They will find a market where the worth of their article will be appreciated.—*Western Rural.*

—Washington, in springtime, is pronounced the most beautiful city in this country.

Hedges and Hedging.

The surrounding of gardens and farms with hedges or live fences is an imported idea, originating in a country where labor was abundant and where trees and shrubs withstand severe pruning with far less injury than they do in the United States. In Great Britain, whence we have derived our notions of hedges and evergreen trees, the clipped yew and the closely shorn hawthorn hedge were at one time the things which tested the skill of the gardening fraternity, but nowadays the distorted yew is not considered a thing of beauty, and the hawthorn hedges are disappearing on many farms which were once cut up, in checker-board style, with lines of living green. That the hawthorn hedge is a beautiful object when in bloom, leaf or loaded with fruit, no one will deny; but it occupies more land than a fence, is a refuge for many kinds of vermin and requires much land to keep it in order. In Great Britain good land is too valuable to be used or occupied with hedges, and in the United States labor is too costly to employ it in keeping hedges in order, especially on the farm.

If hedges are not pruned annually they soon become unsightly and worthless, either for use or ornament. In the thousands of miles of hedges set out in the Western States, one seldom finds even one mile that has been properly pruned after the first two or three years, and the result is long rows of brush, but not a hedge that will turn stock, or that could be considered an ornament to the farm. To keep a hedge in order costs more than the repairs required on an ordinary wood fence, and where timber is plentiful and cheap, boards or rails are the best material for making a substantial fence. The barbed wire is certainly a great invention, and while we cannot say that we like it as a fencing material, there is no denying its value for all regions where timber is scarce or dear.

A well-kept and well-grown hedge is certainly a very ornamental addition to a farm or garden, and when the owner can afford it we would recommend both the deciduous and evergreen kinds, the latter for ornament and protection from cold winds, and the former in place of fences. For evergreen hedges in this country we have nothing better than the hemlock spruce and the American arbor vitæ, as both bear the shears well, and can be readily kept in a close, compact form. Cattle will break into nearly all kinds of evergreens, although in the South the evergreen thorn will usually turn stock; but in the North this thorn is somewhat tender, and where the plants do not die down, the leaves are cut by frosts, leaving them a dull, yellowish color in winter. The hawthorn, so much used in Great Britain for hedges, does not succeed in this country; and while our native species grow readily and soon make an almost impenetrable hedge, they are so liable to the attacks of various insects that they cannot be recommended for this purpose.

The Osage orange has long been a favorite hedge-plant in the West, and it is probably one of the best, but it grows very rapidly, requiring constant attention in pruning; and if this is neglected the lower branches die off, leaving the stems bare at the very point where the hedge needs to be thickest and best. It is a very thorny tree, and is not browsed by stock, and for this reason ranks high as a hedge plant. In traveling through the Western States some good Osage orange hedges may be seen, but the majority of them show neglect. Instead of being an ornament to the farm, they are decidedly the opposite, and the farms they surround would look better without them.

It is both a waste of time and money to plant a hedge of any kind if it is to be neglected, for in such cases they are neither useful nor ornamental, and it will cost more to dig out the plants and burn them than it did to purchase and set them out. The three-thorned acacia or honey locust is another very good hedge plant for the North as well as South, especially for farmers who want a very strong hedge, but the plants grow rapidly and require about the same amount of care in the way of pruning as the Osage orange, although they will thrive in colder regions or further north.

Having studied this subject of hedges and hedging for a number of years, and having had some experience with the various kinds of plants used for this purpose, we have come to the conclusion that it is only where fencing timber is very scarce that farmers can afford to plant hedges as a fence to keep in their own or keep out their neighbors' stock. The first cost is but a trifle, but the after care in order to make the hedge effective is where the real cost comes in. The same is true with ornamental hedges in gardens, for the annual pruning is almost equal to the first cost of pruning. Of course this is no objection where the owner can afford it, but to those who cannot, the hedge becomes an expensive ornament or an unsightly object on a man's grounds.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Take Care of the Colts' Feet.

It is said that experience is a good teacher. In many cases it is so; in my own it certainly has been. In my opinion a large number of promising and well-bred colts are made to interfere forward from improper management before they are two years old. One of the best bred fillies in New England, one that is sure to trot fast, was injured in this way. Her feet were allowed to grow as they pleased until too late to change the abnormal shape of the leg. This filly will improve by proper shoeing, but will never be perfect or as she would have been if more care had been taken of her feet the first year or two.

A few days ago I saw a very finely-bred colt with one forward foot twisted, with the toe pointing outward and the heel contracted or smaller than the other. The colt is only two years old. I inquired for the cause, and was told that it grew out of shape in the pasture. I have no doubt but that the trouble was caused in the stable, and the colt was turned to pasture with his foot out of shape.

For the past two years I have been in the habit of inspecting my young stock every month, and when I see a colt with the feet out of normal shape, with one quarter longer than the other, or the toes growing too long, I at once have the feet put in proper shape by the use of rasps, both coarse and fine.

The outside quarter of most colts' feet is thicker than the inside, and seems to grow faster, therefore the toe and outside quarter generally needs more rasping to keep the feet level than the inside.

There is no doubt but that ringbones are produced and the tendons are injured by the strain that is caused by allowing the toes and quarters to grow to an unsightly length, as is sometimes seen during the winter in many stables. Another source of trouble is caused by allowing colts to stand in manure and filth until thrush gets into the cleft of the frog, which is liable to result in contraction at the heels. To keep the feet healthy, the colts should have a yard to run in when the weather is pleasant. The box stalls should be kept dry, clean, well lighted and ventilated, and should be well bedded, so that the feet will not stand on the hard floor. If it pays to breed colts, it pays to keep them sound and healthy, and it cannot be done without the best of care, with plenty of good food the first two years especially.—*F. L. Gerald, M. D., in American Cultivator.*

—A colony of Mennonites have located in the southwestern portion of Mason County, Washington Territory.

Emigration Westward of Young Vermonters.

A Vermont correspondent writes: Since the census of 1880, which gave Vermont a population of 332,286, there has been a large emigration of her sons and daughters to the West. During the years 1880, '81 and '82 it is estimated that between 4,000 and 5,000 natives of the State went out to seek new homes and find new fields of labor in the Northwest. Dakota has been the El Dorado which many have sought, while others have settled in Minnesota, Nebraska and Colorado. Already this year the tide of emigration has set toward the West, and it promises to be as heavy as in former years. Vermont is not only a good State to emigrate from, as Stephen A. Douglas asserted, but the emigrants themselves are of her best and most industrious citizens. They are the kind of men that make the Governors, Senators, Congressmen, railroad managers and Judges in the West. The Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Atlantic & Pacific, Mexican Central and other large roads have graduates of our Vermont railroads as Presidents and general managers, while eminent Judges, prominent bankers and leading lawyers, in the larger cities of the West are natives of the State. There are associations of Sons of Vermont in a number of Western States, numbering thousands of members. While on one hand it is to be deplored that Vermont does not offer sufficient inducement in industrial and material development and progress and in financial and political promotion to keep her sons and daughters at home, it is a matter of great satisfaction that so many win wealth and fame for themselves and thereby honor Vermont. The most serious loss to the State, so far as it affects her material development, falls upon the farming industry. The major part of those who go West are the bone and sinew of the State—the young farmers. It is well known that many hill farms have been abandoned of late years by their former occupants, who have gone west in a body. Farmers' clubs and dairymen's associations have often discussed the question and failed to remedy the existing evil.

This state of things has produced a scarcity of farm labor in many sections, and for the past few seasons the labor problem has assumed serious proportions in rural districts. Gov. Barstow in his last message thought the subject of sufficient importance to make special reference to the matter of the scarcity of farm labor, and also took occasion to indorse a proposed solution of the question by bringing German and Swedish immigrants from Castle Garden into the State. Last year several farming communities through agents secured a number of such laborers, and this year the experiment has been repeated on a larger scale. Probably not less than one thousand German farm hands have been brought into the State and disposed of to our farmers, who pay a bonus of $10 for each farm hand to the agent. Most of these foreigners give satisfaction, but in some instances they are troublesome and suddenly decamp for other parts. This immigration may prove a partial solution of the labor problem, but it can not make good the loss of intelligent land-owners and small farmers who leave the State. Many farmers in the northern part of the State have for years relied on French Canadians to help them out during the busy season of the year. They make model scythe-swingers, and are very valuable in the hay-field.

French Recruits.

Before the 15th of January in each year the Mayors of the different communes draw up a recruiting list of all the young men who have attained twenty years of age in the course of the previous year. The average annual number of these recruits is 300,000, which gives a proportion of eight recruits to every 1,000 inhabitants—for France has a population of 37,000,000. A similar list is prepared in Algeria of all youths of French parentage and of all who have become naturalized French citizens; and it is now proposed to put the same principle in force in other French colonies, but these further resources will not here be considered. The recruiting lists of the communes are examined in the chief town of each canton, and the names are erased of those individuals who prove themselves to be foreigners, and of those who have been condemned in judicial penalties which render them unworthy of the honor of bearing arms. It is now suggested to amend the law in relation to those two classes. As regards foreigners, it is urged that such of them as have found homes in France enjoy the protection of French laws, and ought to discharge the same obligations as other French citizens. As regards those excluded from the army on consequence of a judicial sentence, it is proposed that they should be drafted into special disciplinary corps, and be stationed abroad. After these erasures have been made, generally to the number of 2,000, those whose names stand on the lists draw lots to determine the conditions under which they shall enter the army. The force of the permanent army being 500,000 men, of whom 130,000 are made up of officers, or of volunteers, or of such as have re-enlisted, there only remain 370,000 places to be filled up by the recruits. Under these conditions it is not only impossible that the recruits should remain five years, as required by the law, with the colors, but even when the term of service is reduced to four years it is impossible to find room for all recruits for this shorter period. Some conscripts, therefore, are kept with the colors only one year, and to determine who shall be so favored lots are drawn. The lottery then separates the recruits into two classes; sixty-six in every 100 (or two-thirds) of the young soldiers are required to serve the long term of four years; the remaining one-third (or thirty-three per cent) have but one year of service. The first class is further divided, inasmuch as some men are detached from it in order to compose the infantry and artillery of the marines. These number about four in every 100 recruits. So, supposing a commune ought to furnish 100 men, those who draw the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 are drafted into the marines, in which service they remain nearly four years; the numbers from 4 to 66 serve this long term in the land army; the last 33 are incorporated in the land army for one year. After the lots are drawn a revisional council sits, in order to examine whether the conscripts are fit for military service, and to decide upon the exemptions which shall be allowed. There is no complete exemption, either in peace or in war, save for such as are pronounced to be absolutely unfit for any service. Some 30,000 annually obtain this entire immunity.—*Fortnightly Review.*

—A few miles from Corrizo, on the Little Colorado River, a petrified forest has been discovered. The petrified stumps, limbs and whole trees lie about on all sides. The action of the waters for hundreds of years has gradually washed away the high hills roundabout, and the trees that once covered the high table lands now lie in the valley beneath. Immense trunks, some of which will measure over five feet in diameter, are broken and scattered over a surface of 200 acres. There are numerous blocks or trunks of this petrified wood that have the appearance of having been cut down by the woodman's ax, and the chips are thrown around on the ground so that one instinctively picks them up as he would if in the lot camps of Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Florida built nearly two hundred and fifty miles of railroad last year.

DR. FISHBLATT,

PROP'R AND SURGEON IN CHIEF

—OF THE—

OMAHA MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

WILL MAKE HIS NEXT VISIT TO

COLUMBUS,

On FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1883,

AND REMAIN ONE DAY ONLY AT

THE CLOTHER HOUSE.

His Immense Practice in Omaha Prevents His Remaining Longer this Time.

Dr. Fishblatt is already too well known throughout the entire Northwest to need an extended introduction. The following testimonials from prominent and well-known citizens, tell for themselves. The afflicted should take this opportunity of consulting one of the most eminent Surgeons in the Northwest.

"WHAT WE TREAT."

We treat chronic diseases and deformities as a specialty. Those of a lingering, difficult or doubtful character especially solicited. We consult with all applicants free of charge. If we believe them curable, after an examination, we will tell them so. We give honest opinions. Remember our reputation is at stake, and we make and maintain our reputation by cures effected under our care and by our treatment. Every case that we undertake to treat, and fail to cure, is a direct injury to us; therefore, we must be prudent and careful. We tell you what we can do for you, and what it will cost you, and leave you free to decide for yourself. We do not urge or persuade any person to take our treatment.

SEXUAL WEAKNESS AND DEBILITY.

From the Dungeon to the Desk—An Eloquent Clergyman

The Rev. J. L. consulted us by mail in relation to his son's ailments. His physical and mental condition will appear from the following extracts from his first letter: "My son's age is 32; of a nervous, sanguine temperament. As a child he was precocious, both mentally and physically. From his sixteenth year has manifested signs of failing health, but continued his studies and graduated with honors from college at the age of 21. On his return home he became morose and despondent, and finally withdrew from society and friends and remained day and night in his room, from which he has not returned in two years. He required the windows darkened and the doors closed. Thus he is practically in a dungeon, to which he will not admit light night or day. A friend of ours who said you cured his wife of heart disease, lent us a copy of your Medical Advance, and since reading it I have come to the conclusion that my son has fallen a victim to the fatal practice of solitary vice." Subsequent investigation preved the correctness of the father's surmises, and after about nine months' treatment his friends had the satisfaction of congratulating him on his perfect restoration to health. A few weeks ago we received a letter from the young man (in answer to one we had written to his father about the case) informing us of the death of his father. He says: "I am now in the ministry, trying to fill my father's place." Judging from the tone of his letter we should say he was both eloquent and earnest. He says: "I thank God for making my lamented father and yourself the means of restoring me from a life of gloomy darkness worse than death. No child or youth whom I can influence shall ever ignorantly suffer in the same way or from the same cause that I did. Herewith find 100 stamps for which I desire you to send your Medical Advance to each of the 100 persons whose names and addresses are enclosed."

From F. A. Sidles, Esq., Bennett, Nebraska.

BENNETT, NEB., March 2, 1883.

Dr. Fishblatt—Dear Sir: Appreciating the value of the services you have rendered me, I deem it but an act of simple justice to you to express the sense of gratitude I feel toward you. After such suffering as I have had from catarrh and throat troubles, from which all the doctoring I had heretofore done had failed to relieve me, however marvelous it may appear, the disease has nearly disappeared after your treatment of scarcely two months, and in that time I have gained eight pounds in weight. Consider me, dear doctor, under everlasting obligations to you, and by referring anyone to me, afflicted as I was, I shall consider it an act of kindness to them to advise them to submit to your treatment. Ever your friend,

F. A. SIDLES.

A Difficult case of Lung trouble Cured.

SCHUYLER, NEB., Feb. 7, 1883.

Mr. Dear Dr. Fishblatt: I owe you a debt of gratitude which I will never be able to repay for the scientific skill you have displayed in treating me. I have for a long time been considered a hopeless consumptive, and everybody including myself, considered my days numbered. My good fortune led me to apply to you for treatment last November, and in this incredible short time you have effected what numerous other doctors have failed in: a complete restoration. I have since gained fifteen pounds, and consider myself thoroughly cured. You are at liberty to use this as a reference for others similarly affected. Yours gratefully,

ALEX. MCINTOSH.

Happiness Follows Despair.

TAYLOR STATION, Ia., Feb. 7.

Dr. Fishblatt—Dear Sir: I feel considerably better now than when I first wrote to you, and life is beginning to have some charms for me again. After having been bed-ridden so long, part of the time giving up all hope of ever being able to get up again, it seems so nice and I can hardly realize it to take your meals with a good appetite, to move about like other people without pains and aches, and to have everybody congratulating you on your improved appearance. And all this, doctor, thanks to your treatment, which I shall always believe has snatched me from the shadows of death.

MRS. J. T. CRAVEN.

Cured of Catarrh.

HOOPER, NEB., Feb. 19, 1883.

Dr. Fishblatt, M. D., Omaha, Neb., Dear Sir: I have been suffering with catarrh in the head ever since I can remember, and now I am twenty-nine years of age. I had long thought a cure was impossible, but nevertheless placed myself under your treatment, but with rather small faith I must confess.

I am now happy to say that I am greatly relieved and have strong hopes of a perfect cure. I have never used any medicine before which went right to the seat of the disease as the medicine you gave me.

Hoping many others may find relief at your hands I remain yours respectfully,

W. M. MOYER.

The lady who gives the following testimonial does not wish her name to appear in print, but does not object to have her address given on application:

* * * * Feb. 10, 1883.

A. S. Fishblatt—Kind Sir: Again I wish to speak of the favor you have conferred on me. It sometimes seems too good to be true that I am cured. Words fail to express my gratitude to you, and had it not been for you God only knows where I would be now. Perhaps you think I say this merely for the sake of saying something, but believe me when I say that I never in my life have felt so grateful toward anyone for an act of kindness, as I feel toward you. May happiness and prosperity attend you through life, *my benefactor.*

From Scribner, Nebraska.

This gentleman has been troubled with a lung disease for some time, and was treated by many physicians without success. Read what he now writes,

SCRIBNER, Neb., Sept. 30, 1882.

Dr. Fishblatt: Please send me another supply of medicine at your earliest convenience. I am feeling first rate, and improving as rapidly as could possibly be expected. Am strong and hearty, and can work right along without fatigue.

Yours, with respect, GEO. BENTON.

Testimonial from Humboldt, Neb.

Mr. George M. Squires, of Humboldt, Neb., says: I have suffered for a long time with rheumatism, which has prostrated me to such an extent that I was obliged to give up my farm. My left side was especially affected, and after trying numerous doctors without receiving any relief I submitted to your treatment about two months ago. I am happy to say that I am now nearly well and consider you have performed on me a wonderful cure. I have gained eight pounds and am now able to attend to my work without any inconvenience.

It is Encouraging to Read the Following from a Long-sufferer Who has been under Dr. Fishblatt's Treatment for about Two Months.

MACEDONIA, Ia., Jan. 20, 1882.

Dr. Fishblatt—Dear Sir: My folks say I appear to have gained twenty pounds since I commenced taking your medicines. And we all think there was never anything like your treatment. I know that medicine you sent me was just what I needed. Yours truly,

MRS. N. H. LONG.

Saved from a Consumptive's Grave.

STRAHN, Mills Co. Iowa.

Dr. Fishblatt—Dear Sir: I was nearly gone with consumption, and everybody considered my case hopeless. I began your treatment on the 28th of December, and to day I consider myself nearly cured and I cheerfully testify to your skill in the treatment of my case. Yours truly,

J. M. SALYERS.

Reports Progress.

PLYMOUTH, Neb., Jan. 25, 1883.

Dr. Fishblatt—Dear Sir: My general health has been better this winter than for years, and I think it is entirely due to your medicines and treatment. Yours respectfully, J. E. ROE.

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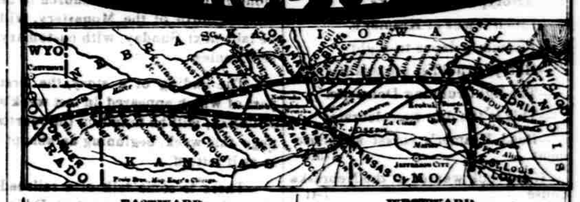

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