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ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 20, 1884. Dr. J. BRADFIELD: Dear Sir—Some fifteen years ago I examined the recipe of Female Regulator, and carefully studied authorities in regard to its composition, and then (as well as now) pronounced it to be the most scientific and skillful combination of the really reliable remedial vegetable agents known to science, to act directly on the womb and uterine organs, and the organs and parts immediately adjacent to these, and, therefore, providing a specific remedy for all diseases of the womb, and of the female organs and parts. Yours truly, JESSE BORING, M. D., D. D.

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BRADFIELD'S Female Regulator is purely vegetable compound, and is only intended for the FEMALE SEX. For their peculiar diseases it is an absolute SPECIFIC! Sold by all druggists. Send for our treatise on the Health and Happiness of Women, mailed free, which gives all particulars. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Box 28, Atlanta, Ga.

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TREATMENT.—A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great skin cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Poriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scalds and Pinchy Humors of the Skin, and in all cases when the best of physicians and remedies fail.

EZEMA ON A CHILD. Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with Eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you my thanks and many nights of rest. ANTON BOSSMIR, Edinburgh, Ind.

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COVERED WITH BLOTCHES. I want to tell you that your CUTICURA RESOLVENT is magnificent. About three months ago my face was covered with blotches, and after using three bottles of RESOLVENT I was perfectly cured. FREDERICK MATTHE, 28 St. Charles St., New Orleans, La.

BEST FOR ITCHING DISEASES. One of our customers says your CUTICURA REMEDIES are the best he can find for itching of the skin. He tried all others and found no relief until he used yours. F. J. ALDRICH, Druggist, Rising Sun, O.

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NEW YEAR'S DAY. OLD-TIME CALLING IN NEW YORK CITY ILLUSTRATED. How it Was Done in Three Different Centuries—An Old Dutch Custom, Begun in 1627—Now it is Dead.

[Special Correspondence.] New York, Dec. 30.—In the rear of our Lord 1626, Manhattan Island, on which the whole of New York city now stands, was bought from the Indians for \$24. Immediately thereafter some brave Dutch emigrants came and took possession. By New Year's day, 1637, New York city that was to be, contained 200 inhabitants. The people had prospered mightily. They had sowed and reaped beans, barley, buckwheat and wheat. They had sent over to Amsterdam, in the old country, among other wares, thirty six much oak and hickory timbers. They were more of getting their money back, therefore they felt jolly. And thus it was, Jan. 1, 1637, these stout old Dutch muskrat catchers celebrated their first New Year's day. They were the founders of the aristocracy of New York, but they seem in no wise to have had any sense of their solemn responsibility. They were most unaristocratically jolly, and smoked their pipes and drank great gulps of Holland gin without an atom of thought of what was due their descendants. Undoubtedly they smelt of hides and leather. It is horrid.

As long ago as 1627 the custom of making New Year's calls in New York began.



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK, 1636.

It is one purely New York custom, heaven be praised! At least, wherever it came from, it is not English, and for that we are duly thankful. Perhaps, come to think, that is the very reason the good old fashion of calling has fallen into disuse in the past few years.

The illustration shows New Year's calling as it was in New Amsterdam (New York) in 1636. The costume of the young lady and the squat old burghmaster are very quaint and picturesque.

In this society the first day of the year was more of a holiday than Christmas itself. All work ceased. It was as still as a New England Sunday in the streets till afternoon. Then New Amsterdam shook herself and came to life.

Men in full dress in the old time meant something. There is one comfort in the retrospect of it, at any rate, and that is that it must have taken men nearly as long to dress as women. We have a record of men's fashions of the time of about 100 years previous to the breaking out of the revolution. When a gentleman arrayed himself in fitting costume to go New Year's calling he put on a shirt with elaborately embroidered front, breeches of silver cloth or of colored silk, and a long waisted coat with the skirts reaching almost to the ankles. Large silver buttons passed down its entire front, and it was cut away so as to display a gorgeous velvet waistcoat, trimmed with silver lace. Long curling hair and a moustache adorned the head and face, while at the other extremity white silken hose covered the manly calves. Low shoes with bows and buckles completed this resplendent costume. The waiter habits which constitute the evening dress of the male type of the present day do not seem to be an improvement on the old Dutch fashions. Ladies were also dressed brilliantly with their velvet jackets, and great "mutton leg" sleeves, and hair piled mountain high and drawn up from the face. Necklaces were more numerous and splendid than they are even in our time. But the men surpassed the women in splendor. Arrayed in such gorgeous garments, about noon the gentlemen of old New York entered the heavy, yet rich, and showy carriages of the time, and rolled in state from house to house. Those who had no carriages walked, but all made the call. The custom was peculiar to New York alone, of all the old colonies. From that city it spread in more modern times all over America.

When Andrew Jackson's time the honored custom was already far down the road to ruin. It started originally in the gentlemen calling merely on their relatives and most intimate friends. They were severely select and exclusive, too, the old Knickerbockers. The circle of calling places widened as years passed, till at last it included all a man's lady acquaintances. What people of a hundred years ago named "the inferior classes" took up the fashion—the butcher, the baker, the colored cook and waiter, and trooped to see their lady friends, too. (We have no inferior classes, and no classes at all, in the United States now, you know.) In Andrew Jackson's time a dozen men packed together in a large sleigh, if there was snow. Then the driver cracked his whip, the bells jingled and away went the merry crew. If there was no sleighing the men went in large coaches in the same way. They not only paid a visit to every lady that they knew, but to each that any one of the party knew. Later still men hired simply hackney coaches and went flying about the city by twos and threes, making the fastest time possible. A rivalry arose among them as to who could make the most calls. The punch and egg-nogg of modern times seem to have degenerated, too, for it gave men very queer sensations when they went home at night, and often they did not remember very much about the last half dozen places where they paid their respects. And next day they had a headache.

So fell into disuse a good old custom which had been the vogue in New York for 200 years without a break, except one. That was the memorable Jan. 1, 1773. The revolutionary war then had to open their houses to social hospitality on that day, and sorrowful day. Moreover a furious storm prevailed all day. Wind, sleet and snow added to the general gloom. On the whole, perhaps it is time for this ancient fashion to go. It can never be replaced by anything better; but it has been too much abused for its best friends to wish it to stay. JANET ELIEN.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1780. The custom was observed for a hundred and fifty years, but only a single break, to be mentioned later. When Washington was president he received New Year's calls, just as President Cleveland receives them to-day. But President Washington received calls in New York, for that was the capital of the nation then. The custom of calling on the president on New Year's day went from this city to Washington, along with the capital. It was a Dutch novelty to Washington. We have a picturesque account of the reception of 1790. That was the gayest winter in many a year. The president himself went much into society, and there are charming paragraphs about it in his diary, which he kept as regularly as he did his account books. It was a privilege then for a president to slip about freely among the citizens, for

as he showed and just as though he was made of flesh and blood like them. Washington could make calls, drop in to dinner with a friend, go to balls and parties and do anything he liked in a social way, however informal; but presidents nowadays can't. Neither is that an improvement on the old time. On one occasion we find that "G. W." dined with Chief Justice Jay, and then his journal says: "After which went with Mrs. Washington to the dancing assembly, and remained there till 10 o'clock." Easy to imagine how from a hall at 10 o'clock—the hour when modern New York is going there. For the third time, and in this respect also, one must be permitted to say that the present fashion is not an improvement on the old one.

New Year's day, 1780, between 12 and 3 o'clock, the vice-president, the governor, members of both houses of congress and of foreign legations, and all the other prominent men of the city, called on the president. Later in the day large numbers of ladies and gentlemen called to see Mrs. Washington. Friday was her reception day, and New Year fell on that date. Evening found some of the guests still there. These were seated, and refreshments were served them. In our magnificent days these refreshments would have been composed of lobster and other salads, champagne and the most expensive dishes known. In President Washington's time the were only tea and coffee and two kinds of cake. Washington was in a mood of stately jollity, if one may say it. "Well, now," said the father of his country to a New Yorker near him, "is this paying visits on New Year's day merely a casual observance or is it one of the regular usages of your city?"

The New Yorker replied that it was the steady thing and had been ever since the first settlement. Then the president observed in his Sir Charles Grandison manner: "The highly favored situation of New York will in the process of years, attract numerous emigrants, who will gradually change its ancient customs and manners, but whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial and cheerful observance of New Year's day."

How Gentleman George's injunction was obeyed will be seen from the picture. New Year's calling of to-day is not even an echo of its former self. All there is left of it is a basket hung on the outer vestibule door, which is closed and locked. The caller sends a messenger there with his card. The boy delivers it to the basket, and so the call is accomplished. He may go in person, but he only needs to send his card when the basket is out. To what base degeneracy do even the stateliest of observances come!

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1836. With his grandest air President Washington bowed to his guests Jan. 1, 1790. With the still gay and splendid dress of the gentlemen of the time, the scene must have been one worth beholding.

But the general's stately deportment in a certain colonel, "A Virginia gentleman, by god!" one who had been abroad, declared that the president's prize bows were "more distant and stiff" than anything he had seen at the court of St. James. It is bad form now for a president to take notice of any criticisms of his style, and in that perhaps we have improved on the old days. But Washington took the matter seriously. He said he regretted that his bows should not have been acceptable to the Virginia colonel, but really they were the best he was master of. He further adds, solemnly: "Would it not have been better to throw the veil of charity over them, ascribing their stiffness to the effects of age, or to the unskillfulness of my teacher, rather than to pride and dignity of office."



IN 1836.

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FOSTER THE MEDIUM. Charlatan, Wonder Worker and Mystery. He Died of Softening of the Brain. [Special Correspondence.] BOSTON, Jan. 2.—This individual was a very strange person, in manners he was wholly ordinary. His morals perhaps were by no means of the best, and yet he could perform what at times seemed to be real miracles. He was born in Boston 52 years ago. He attended the Phillips school in that city, and was rather a dull pupil, it is said. His strange power began to develop itself in school. Loud raps were heard from time to time near his desk. Before long loud noises began to awaken him at night, and in the morning the furniture of his room would be scattered top-sy-turvy. Then objects in his room would be heard moving about when nobody was present, as though spirits invisible were performing a devil's dance.



CHARLES FOSTER.

Soon after this he left school, and was taken in charge by a Boston mesmerist. Thence he developed into a spiritual "medium." He was always a strange creature, boy and man. It may be interesting to know that when in England he was the guest for days of Lord Lytton, who made him the foundation for his character of Margrave, in the novel "A Strange Story." At the age of 40 he was a "portly man, tall in stature, with gray hair, moustache, and imperial, and big, staring, light gray eyes." While performing his wonders he led a rigidly temperate and regular life. Then occasionally he would stop over and amuse himself with the rest of the boys. While the fit lasted he indulged in any dissipation he chose. But during this time there was no wonder-mongering. Carousing destroyed his peculiar gifts for the time. These powers were marvelous, and some of them inexplicable by any known law. Once when he was in the west, at Terre Haute, Ind., an old man from Illinois came to see him.

"A woman is here, a near relative of yours," said Foster, in his brusque, jerky way. "I don't know her," said the old man. "You do," retorted Foster. "She died years ago suddenly in a mysterious way. She is a daughter or sister."

"I don't know any such person," said the bewildered old man. Foster sprang to his feet and paced the floor. He stamped, gesticulated, and was strongly excited.

"I tell you, you do know her," he said angrily. He looked much as though he was about to collar his visitor and shake the knowledge into him. He became half wild in his excitement.

"Here, stop," he exclaimed. "Why can't I think of her name? Oh, yes; I have it. It's Laura, that's what it is."

In his excitement he shouted the word "Laura" in a high key. "The old man was in his turn excited now. 'Oh, yes, I see,' he replied, quickly. 'Why couldn't I think of that before? Laura was my sister. She died many years ago, very suddenly, and we never knew what caused her death. Ask her what she died of.'"

The medium explained that it was some brain trouble, of such a nature that death came suddenly.

Here was a case which must be put quite beyond the pale of thought reading or thought transference. The dead woman was not only not in the visitor's mind, but it was with difficulty that Foster recalled her to his memory.

Foster made enormous sums of money, which he gave away as fast as it came. In Europe and Australia they called him "The American Puzzle." Once he suddenly became homesick, when he was earning \$500 a day in Australia, and he threw this all over and came home in the next ship.

A brain trouble overtook him years ago, since which time he has been out of his mind mostly and under guardianship. He died at last of softening of the brain, at the residence of his aunt, Mrs. Call, Salem, Mass.

He was half charlatan and half mystery. The question one involuntarily asks is this: With all his abnormal powers, what good did he do? ELIZA ARMAND.



GEN. FRANZ SIGEL.

Not only those who fought "mit Zigel" but all old soldiers will be interested in seeing how Gen. Sigel looks now that he has been appointed pension agent at New York in place of Mr. Coster, who resigned. The thin and nervous face he bore in the war has mellowed, it will be seen, into the solid and stern expression denoting coolness and ripe judgment. Gen. Sigel was born at Zensheim, Baden, Germany, but had to flee the country when a young man for reasonable offences. Being well educated he secured a position as teacher on his arrival in New York. From there he went to St. Louis, Mo., and entered the war of the rebellion as colonel of the Third Missouri volunteers, serving in the campaign in southwestern Missouri. He afterwards fought with distinction at the battle of Wilson's creek and at Pea ridge. In Virginia he was under the command of Gen. Fremont and Pope. He also took part in the second Bull Run. Since the war he settled down in one of the suburbs north of New York city and lived quietly with his family.

Use MULLEN'S CELEBRATED Hornets' Nest Liniment. The Favorite Household Remedy. IT NEVER FAILS TO CURE ALL ACES AND PAINS. This certifies that I have used the medicine named "Hornets' Nest Liniment" sold by W. N. Mullen, and am satisfied that it has real merit. I can recommend it as a good remedy. W. G. WATKINS, Reading, Elder. MATTHEWS, N. C., August 27th, 1884. Dear Sir:—I used your Hornets' Nest Liniment in a severe case of diarrhoea and find it has cured me. One dose cured me. Respectfully, H. B. WALLACE. Mr. W. N. Mullen:—This will certify that I have used your Hornets' Nest Liniment and am satisfied that it will do what is claimed for it. It is good in colic, sore throat, headache, etc. J. A. POLK. CHARLOTTE, N. C., September 2nd, 1884. This is to certify that I used your Hornets' Nest Liniment on soft Corns and it cured them in two weeks by applying it three times a week. Respectfully, J. SCHIFF. For sale by all Druggists and Country Merchants. W. N. MULLEN, Proprietor, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Thousands of cases of Sick Headache are permanently cured every year (as the hundreds of testimonials in my possession will testify) by the use of DR. LESLIE'S Special Prescription. This medicine stands to-day without a rival, and with scarcely a competitor in the world. Thousands of physicians throughout the country have acknowledged their inability to cure it, and are now prescribing Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription for all cases of Headache in either its nervous, bilious or congestive form, arising from obstruction, congestion or torpidity of the liver. When I say that Dr. Leslie's SPECIAL Prescription will cure the most obstinate cases of Sick Headache, I mean just what I say, and that it not merely relieves but Cures, no matter how long the case may have been standing. I have testimonials from persons who have been afflicted for twenty years, being confined to bed two or three days at a time every two weeks, that have been permanently cured by two bottles of Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription. so that they have not had an attack for over five years. If you are troubled with sick headache, and wish to be Cured, be sure and give this remedy a trial. Price 50c. and \$1.00. may be had. FOR SALE BY S. P. ARCHER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. T. C. SMITH & CO., Charlotte, N. C.

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