Bottom Dropped Out!

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

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Agents for the sale of our Ladies' Shoes, for their respective sections.

We make on the N. Y. Opera, Acme, Breakenphast and Creole lasts, the latter [illegible] out and is very nice. We use the McKay Machine and sew with best Barbour's thread. Every pair warranted. They are nice, neat and stylish. Give them a look when you want a shoe and we will be pleased.

E. P. REED & CO.

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WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh, say not woman's love is bought
With a vain and empty treasure;
Oh, say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows;
She loves, and loves forever.

Oh, say not woman's false as fair,
That like the bee she ranges,
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Oh, no! the love that first can warm
Will fix her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm;
She loves, and loves forever.

THEY CO BY FAVOR.

AND THERE ARE SO MANY KINDS THAT A LIST IS INTERESTING.

There was an old belief that unless a maiden was kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas she would not be married during the ensuing year.

When Fox was contesting the hard-won seat at Westminster, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire offered to kiss all who voted for the great statesman.

In the ceremonial of a betrothal a kiss has played an important part in several nations. A nuptial kiss in church, at the conclusion of the marriage service, is solemnly enjoined by the York Missal and the Sarum Manual.

The beautiful Lady Gordon, when the ranks of the Scottish regiments had been sadly thinned by cruel Badajos and Salamanca, turned recruiting sergeant, and, to tempt the gallant lads, placed the recruiting shilling in her lips, from whence each who would might take it with his own.

In Finland, according to Bayard Taylor the women resent as an insult a salute upon the lips. A Finnish matron, hearing of our English custom of kissing, declared that did her husband attempt such a liberty she would treat him with such a box on the ears that he should not readily forget.

In Wesley's journal, date June 16, 1758, is given the following description of a duel between two officers at Limerick: "Mr. B. proposed firing at twelve yards, but Mr. J. said, 'no, six is enough.' So they kiss one another (poor farce) and before they were five paces asunder both fired at the instant."

The code of Justinian says "that if a man betrothed a woman by a kiss and either party died before marriage the heirs were entitled to half the donations and the survivor to the other half; but if the contract was made without the solemn kiss the whole of the espousal gifts must be restored to the donors and their heirs-at-law."

The Mohammedans on their pious pilgrimage to Mecca, kiss the sacred black stone and the four corners of the kaaba. The Romish priest kisses the aspergillium and Palm Sunday the palm. Kissing the Pope's toe was a fashion introduced by one of the Leos, who, it is said, had mutilated his right hand and was too vain to expose the stump.

In Iceland kissing had deterrent penalties of great severity. For kissing another man's wife, with or without her consent, the punishment of exclusion or its pecuniary equivalent was awarded. A man rendered himself liable for kissing an unmarried woman under legal guardianship without her consent, and even if the lady consented the law required that every kiss should be wiped out by a fine of three marks—equivalent to 140 ells of wadmal—a quantity sufficient to furnish a whole ship's crew with pilot jackets.

In Russia the Easter salutation is a kiss. Each member of the family salutes the other; chance acquaintances on meeting kiss; principals kiss their employees, the general kisses his officers, the officers kiss their soldiers; the Czar kisses his family, retinue, court and attendants, and even his officers on parade, the sentinels at the palace gates and a select party of private soldiers—probably elaborately prepared for his "royal salute." In other parts the poorest serf, meeting a high-born dame in the street, has but to say, 'Christ is risen,' and he will receive a kiss and the reply, "He is risen, truly."

Home, in his quaint old "Table Book," gives an account of a curious kissing festival held in Ireland: "Easter Monday several hundred young persons of the town and neighborhood of Potsferry, county Down, resort, dressed in their best, to a pleasant walk near the town called 'The Waller.' The avowed object of each person is to see the fun, which consists in the men kissing the females, without reserve, whether married or single. This mode of salutation is quite a matter of course; it is never taken amiss, nor with much show of coyness. The female must be ordinary indeed who returns home without having received at least a dozen hearty busses."

LADIES will find relief from their Costiveness, Swimming in the Head, Colic, Sour Stomach, Headache, Kidney troubles etc., by taking a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator after dinner or supper, so as to move the bowels once a day. Mothers will have better health and the babies will grow more robust by using the Regulator If an infant shows signs of Colic, nothing like a few drops in water for relief. The Genuine has the red Z on front of wrapper. july 28-1-mo.

A man who will stop a $2 paper, thinking to ruin the editor, must have a moral range of vision equal to the area of a pork barrel.

A "SETTER" HORSE.

BY BILL ARP.

I heard a good story the other day about a horse, and must tell it to the children. A man had a horse who would sit down whenever he was touched in the flank. He would just squat down on his hindquarters like a dog. The man tried to break him of it, but he couldn't and nobody would buy him. One day a sportsman came along and made his acquaintance, and they took a ride together to hunt partridges. When they found a covey the man touched his heels to the horse's flanks, and he sat down. "What makes your horse do that?" said the sportsman. "Why, he's a setter," said the man. "He sets birds just like a dog." So the sportsman thought he was a most wonderful horse, and he swapped for him and gave $50 to boot, and he got on him, and after a while they came to a creek that was pretty deep, and as the sportsman held up his legs to keep them out of the water his heels touched the horse in the flank and down he sit in the water. When he got him up and out and was all dripping wet, he was mad as a wet hen, and said, "Well, sir, what made this horse do that way in the water?" "I forgot to tell you," said the man, "that he sets fish just as well as he does birds."

A HUNGRY PLACE.

AN ACCIDENT OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S SOJOURN IN HOMINY HILL.

While Attorney-General Garland was sitting under a tree in his Hominy Hill retreat, says the *Arkansas Traveller*, an old fellow, followed by six or eight dogs, came along, stopped, looked searchingly at Mr. Garland, seated himself on a log, slapped a brindle cur and said:

"I've been around here several times but this is the first time that I've cotch you at home."

"Yes, I don't stay here much of the time."

"Don't try to raise a crap, it sears?"

"No."

"Did you ever try?"

"No."

"Do you reckon this old dirt would sprout a black-eyed pea?"

"Not if the eye were too black."

"Ef you wuz to take away the crickets, do you believe a woodpecker could make his living on it?"

"Don't believe he could."

"I reckon you stay here till you get hungry an' then go 'way?"

"Yes"

"Is that yore cow that's down and kain't git up over yander?"

"I haven't any cow."

"She's anybody's. I reckon she got on your place and fell away so fast that she kain't git off no mo'. Wuz that ole hoss that died yander in the thicket the other day?"

"No."

"Them yore sheep starvin' down yander in the bottom?"

"No."

"Is that yander your dog that's tryin' to jump over the fence?"

"No."

"Look a-here, what in the deuce have you got, anyway?"

"This farm."

"That all?"

"About all, I believe."

"Whar air they goin' to bury you?"

"Do I look like a man that's going to be buried pretty soon?"

"Well, no; but ef you ain't got nuthin' but this 'ear farm you are mighty ap' to drop off at any minit. What will you take fur this old po' place?"

"If it's so poor, what do you want with it?"

"Wall, you see, I've got a spite at a feller, and I want to turn his cattle in here. I'm sutter hungry. Did you fetch a snack with you?"

"No."

"What air you going to do for somethun? You'll starve to death before you kin git away from here."

"I'm expecting a friend with a loaf of bread pretty soon."

"What business sir you in?"

"I'm the Attorney General of the United States."

"What? Is this Mr. Garland?"

"Yes."

"Wall, Gus, you come over to my house, I've got a hunk of corn bread and some sorghum molasses over there, and I'll be dinged if I'll see you go hungry. It don't make no difference to me if you air a 'turney general, I'll treat you like a white man."

For Rickets, Marasmus, and Wasting Disorders of Children,

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. Read the following: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing, and have been more than pleased with the results, as in every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in several cases of Scrofula and Debility in Children. Results most gratifying. My little patients take it with pleasure."—W. A. HERBERT, M. D., Salisbury, Ill. july 28 1-mo.

We keep constantly on hand coffins and caskets. P. N. Stainback & Co.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS FOR OUR LADY READERS.

A bit of soda dropped into the cavity of an aching tooth will afford relief.

To take out ink or iron mould stains, wet them with milk and cover with salt.

Coffee stains should be washed in clear, lukewarm water before being put in the suds.

The juice of half a lemon in a glass of water, without sugar, will frequently cure a sick headache.

Equal parts of olive oil and oil of wintergreen, mixed together, is a good remedy for inflamed joints.

A good penwiper for steel pens is a piece of raw potato. It removes the ink crust and causes a smooth flow of ink.

Cayenne pepper blown into cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

Salt will curdle newmilk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added till the dish is prepared.

Peach leaves pounded to a pulp and applied to a bruise or wound from a rusty nail or a simple cut will give immediate relief.

To remove tar, rub thoroughly with clean lard, and then wash with soap and warm water. This may be applied to either the hands or the clothing.

Two apples kept in the cake box will keep moderately rich cake moist for a great length of time, if the apples are renewed when withered.

If mustard be mixed with the white of an egg instead of water, it is said a plaster may be made which will draw thoroughly without blistering.

TEETH STARVED TO DECAY.

Teeth are just as easily starved as the stomach says a lecturer. The fact is that you and your fathers have from generation to generation been industriously starving your teeth. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give their children is of a variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of all the grains of all cereal food that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime and traces of other earthy salts which nourish the bony tissues and build the frame up. If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that pabulum they require they can not possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley and the like, or the bran, so called, that we sift away and feed to the swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has proved his folly, shows in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more and more fragile and weak.

HELD BY HOUSEHOLD TETHER.

The women of the country should give more time to rest and relaxation and less to routine housework. They should make fewer pies and less cake and do more sitting down in the rocking chair on the porch. They would be far more useful in their families as the years go by. The woman who stays at home every day but when she "goes to meeting" on Sunday, who is always "doing for the family," will soon not only have no idea beyond the family circle, but none there to its advantage. She will be worn out physically and mentally early in life, and her children will begin to ignore her before they are gone.

HOW TO STOP COUGHING.

In a lecture once delivered by the celebrated Dr. Brown Sequard he gave the following directions which may prove serviceable to persons troubled with a nervous cough: "Coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. A pressure there may prevent a cough when it is beginning. Sneezing may be stopped by the same mechanism. Pressing also in the neighborhood of the ear may stop coughing. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth inside is also a means of stopping coughing. And I may say the will has immense power, too. There was a French surgeon who used to say, whenever he entered the wards of the hospital 'The first patient who coughs will be deprived of food to-day.' It was exceedingly rare that a patient coughed then."

The son of a butcher had great difficulty in fractions, although his teacher did his very best. "Now let us suppose," said the teacher, that a customer comes to your father to buy five pounds of meat, and he had only four to sell—what would he do?" "Keep his hand on the meat while he was weighing it," was the candid reply.

"O, my friend, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets!" said a lecturer after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience who is always mislaying her glasses.

THE BATTLE FLAGS.

A GLANCE AT THE CAPTURED CONFEDERATE FLAGS WHICH CAUSED SUCH UNREASONING RAGE.

New York World.

Carried by an elevator five stories up, under the roof of the War Department, almost burning in this Washington summer weather, the key being turned by my guide in the door of an attic room, I stood an instant later in a little space hardly more than ten feet square, nearly within reaching distance on all sides of those battered mementos of the war, the very mention of which has set afire the hearts of sixty million of people—a few rags saturated with the explosive wash of patriotism! But the first thought on seeing them in this pent-up space of attic is of the smallness of the cause to the size of the effect. The flags heaped about the room appear at first sight only a handful at the most, but counted separately there are 750 in all, over five hundred of them being Confederate and the remainder Federal flags recaptured from their captors. One-half of the entire number are attached to their staves as they were originally taken, the flags of the two sections being stacked in separate masses against two sides of the room, facing the other half folded and protruding from pigeon holes on the opposite walls. The sight of the Stars and Strikes keeps always familiar. But the first look at the dark red heap of the banners of rebellion, pile here against the site of the attic, blots out twenty-five years from the memory and brings back as it were yesterday the red years when they waved at the head of their regiments. There is hardly a flag among them all that has not its history recorded in the book in the hands of the keeper of the room. All nearly are riddled with bullets and many, like those carried through such battles as the Wilderness and the second Bull Run, were shot literally into shatters and almost unrecognizable sprays of rag.

The contrast in the appearance of the Southern and Union standards is significant of the history of the war. The latter are rigged on clean, polished poles and are of firm, rich material, many of them of silk, showing an abundance in the North of the fabrics of which they continued to make. The majority of the Confederate flags are of the wretchedest shoddy bunting, miserable in color, as in substance, while great numbers of them are mounted on rude, unbarked gads and saplings, hastily cut from the woods on the march—recalling the blockade and the pinching days when war had fallen on a section without manufactures, and the intense, desperate purpose of a people forgot seemliness and absorbed every thought but the winning of their fight.

Many of the flags lying folded in the boxes and taken out to be exhibited by the guardian of the room recall still more the narrow straits of rebellion on its last legs, being literally independent of discrimination in color and made of patches from women's dresses and underskirts of nearly every hue and material—pitiful reminders of the Spartan poverty and courage that were still to fail of their end. There are some exceptions, however, in this storeroom of battle trophies, to these mementos of the sterner days of the war for the South. The attendant drew from the pigeon holes on the walls and unfolded for my inspection three or four magnificent banners of heavy silk, fringed with tassels of gold and ornamented with pictures in oil and rich embroderings on a field of blue. These flags represent the early and halcyon days of the Lost Cause, when they were made by local associations of ladies and presented to the military organizations which carried them. One of these flags belonged to the Appalachicola Guards whose name is stitched in gold letters on its folds above the exultant mottoes "In God is Our Trust" "Our Rights We Will Maintain" The finest of them all is the banner, "presented by the ladies of Norfolk to the Norfolk Light Infantry," with an oil portrait of Washington in the centre of its field, the mottoes on the reverse side being the same as those of the flag just described. The days when the Confederates armies could afford such luxury in ensigns quickly passed away, however, as is evidenced by this collection, representing every person of the war. In the beginning of the rebellion the design of the flag carried by the Southern regiments was that of the Stars and Bars—two red bars and one white—changing at a later period to a red field with the Southern Cross, resembling the British Union Jack. A study of the record kept by the War Department of the name and capture of each of these flags, though a work of days, would be of intense interest to the veteran soldier. It would recall to him the episodes of triumph on half the fields of the rebellion. The sight of the flags themselves would do something more—quickening his heart-beats with memories of the great fight. That not a few of these standards have been the centres of deadly personal encounter is evident from the numerous blood-stains still traceable upon them. The staves, also, of many of them are ragged with the gnaw of bullets, the lead in some instances piercing their centres and remaining imbedded in the wood. Everything, in fact, in the appearance of the whole collection, as it is piled here in the narrow garret, faded and soiled and tattered, shows that these are no banners of holiday parade, but have passed through the fire and extremity of actual war—the sorrowful weeds blasted and fallen from its wrath.

NO DIFFERENCE.

Robinson—I had to discharge young Blinkins today. He was not honest.

Brown—Sorry to hear so. He supports his widowed mother, too, what was the trouble?

Robinson—He found a postage stamp on the floor and kept it. He should have turned it over to the office.

Brown—Of course. By the way it's raining. Got an extra umbrella.

Robinson—You can take my old umbrella. I have a new one.

Brown—Hello! Where did you get that silky affair?

Robinson—That! ha! Great joke. You see I went into the Stock Exchange to look after a little deal of wheat. A shower came up, and when I was ready to go I just picked this up in the lobby.

Brown—I wish I had your luck. And how about the wheat deal?

Robinson—Oh, we skinned 'em alive, Brown, skinned 'em alive.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

"Now, gentlemen," said the boisterous man in the smoking car, "this thing of eating thirty birds in thirty days is easy enough to do, unless you are betting you can do it. The idea of having it to do makes it repulsive. Now, for instance, I will bet $5 that there is not a man in this car that can take thirty drinks in thirty days."

"I will take the bet," said a tall, raw-boned party across the aisle.

"All right, sir. Where did you say you were from?"

"I am from the great Commonwealth of Kentucky, sir."

"Good! put up your money."

"Here is the chink. Now what drink do you name?"

"Water," said the boisterous passenger, as he put up a V.

"Water! Water!" screamed the gentleman from the dark and bloody ground. "The money is yours, stranger. Do you 'spose I would drown myself for five dollars.—Detroit *Free Press.*

WOMEN GAMBLERS.

The Paris gambling hells are rather busy just now, more particularly those in which women play. A police inspector and his men made two swoops a few evenings ago. In one place in the Rue de la Terrasse fifteen women were playing with all their might when the agents of the law entered the room and seized a sum of about £250 which was on the table, as well as the roulette and the dice. A less important seizure was effected in a house in the Rue de Jarsquement, where eighteen females of the fashionable type were at the tables. One of them remarked to the police that she wished they had put in an appearance on the night before, as they might have hindered her from losing an insignificant matter of £300 or thereabouts. In this place about £15 was seized, the women having had time to thrust a good deal of the gold and bank notes into their pockets.

Give Them a Chance!

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

The male wasp never stings. But so long as he and his sister are twins and dress exactly alike this bit of knowledge availeth nothing to the careless man who does not know it is the lady approaching him, until it be that she smiteth him with her bustle. What humanity demands of science in the case of the wasp is the invention of some prompter method of distinguishing between monsieur and madame wazzle at forty yards.

"John, I wish you would rock the baby."

"What will I rock the baby for?"

"Because he is not very well. And what's more, half of him belongs to you, and you should not object to rock him?"

"Well, don't half belong to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can rock your half and let my half holler."

How much water does the human body contain? It has been calculated that three-quarters of the mass of the human body is made up entirely of water. A man weighing eleven stone, 154 pounds, has 111 pounds of water in his body, or about fourteen gallons. Water is the most universal solvent with with which the chemist is acquainted, and food can only afford nourishment by being dissolved in it.

We have a few pairs of Evans' hand made low-quarter shoes on hand which we offer at half cost to close out. P. N. Stainback & Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A DRUGGIST'S MISTAKE.

A Sick Man's Wife Disregards the Druggist's Advice and So Saves the Life of Her Husband.

I am a wood carver by trade and it is confining work to write letters but my wife thinks it was no more than right that I should let you know what your remedy has done for me, and I think so too.

I live in East 157th street, west of Third avenue, and have lived there for about twenty-three years, where I own real estate. Up to the time I am about to mention I had been a strong, well man. There was always more or less malaria in the neighborhood, but I had not personally suffered from it. It was in 1880 I had my first attack. It came on as such attacks commonly do, with headaches, loss of appetite and ambition, chills succeeded with slight fever afterwards, a disposition to yawn and stretch and so forth. I was employed at that time at Killian & Brothers, furniture manufacturers, in West 42d street. I hoped the attack would wear off, but as it didn't I consulted a well-known practitioner in Morrisania, who gave me quinine and told me what to do. I took a run up the first year and a half or two years of my experience in few words. Occasionally I was laid up for a day or two, but on the whole I stuck to my work. I kept taking quinine in large doses to my ears, to my eyes, and kept getting weaker and worse, slowly but surely, all the time. My trouble was now well defined and its symptoms were steady and regular. I had chills as regular as in the worst form, and it was grinding me down in spite of all that I could do or the doctors could do. It left me [illegible] I was in a lamentable state. [illegible] had gone all through and over me and nothing was able to touch it. I was just losing flesh and strength. [illegible] March, 1884, I knew I could not [illegible] it and went home to Brooklyn [illegible] to die for all I could tell. I [illegible] so much that I could hardly [illegible] walk any distance. Later [illegible] to room in my own house [illegible] by friends holding me up by each arm. The doses of quinine were increased until I often took 15 grains of it a dose. The effects of this tremendous stimulation was to make me nearly wild. It broke my sleep all up and I often walked the floor or staggered about it all night long, scarcely able to hear any noises or even human speech. My temper was extremely irritable. As to food, one of my little children would eat more in a meal than I could in a day. I would order food and then turn from it in disgust. I lived on quinine and other stimulants and on meat, like a bear in winter. The quinine set my head in a whirl, and the liquor—given as a medicine—made my stomach so sick I could not tolerate it.

From 175 pounds (my proper weight) I ran down to 97 pounds—the weight of a light girl—and was scarcely better than a skeleton.

If anybody had taken a hatchet and knocked me down and killed me I should have been better off.

During the latter part of this period, early in 1886, my physician said: "Miller, there's no use in my taking any more money of you. I can't do you any good. I might pour pounds of quinine down your throat and it wouldn't help you."

On the strength of this I gave up the use of quinine altogether, and made up my mind to do nothing more and take my chances.

Three weeks afterwards—about the last of May—my wife saw an advertisement of Kaskine in a New York paper. She told me of it. I said: "Stuff and nonsense! it can't do me any good." But she went to a druggist's, nevertheless, to get it. The druggist advised her against Kaskine, he said it was nothing but sugar, that she ought not to throw away her money on it, &c. He said he didn't keep it, but could get it if she insisted on having it. Turning away in disgust my wife spoke to our neighbor, Mr. A. C. Hegewald, who got her a bottle at a drug store in Sixth avenue.

Almost against my will, and without the least faith, I began taking it. In one week I was better. I began to sleep. I stopped "seeing ghosts." I began to have an appetite and to gain strength. This was now the first of June, 1886, and by the end of that month I was back at my bench at C. P. Smith's scroll sawing factory in 116th street, where I work now.

Since then I have never lost a day from sickness. Taking Kaskine only about forty pellets in four equal doses a day, I continued to gain. The malaria appeared to be killed in my system, and now I've got back my old weight 175 pounds—and my old strength to labor. I am an astonishment to myself and to my friends, and if Kaskine did not do this I don't know what did. The only greater thing it could do would be to bring a dead man to life. FREDERICK A. MILLER.

630 East 157th Street, New York.

P. S.—For the absolute truth of the above statement I refer to the following gentlemen, who are personally acquainted with the facts: Mr. Alexander Weir, 626 155th St.; Mr. George Seaman, 158th street and Courtlandt avenue; Mr. A. Moelan, 154th street and Courtlandt avenue; Mr. P. F. Vamel, 154th street and Courtlandt avenue; Mr. John Lenny, 630 East 158th street; Mr. John Renshaw, 124 125th street, and many others. I will also reply to letters of inquiry.

We submit that the above astonishing cure, vouched for as it is by reputable men, is deserving of a thorough and candid investigation by thinking people. And we further submit that when druggists turn away customers by falsifying the character of a remedy because they do not happen to have it on hand, they do a great wrong. If this afflicted man had not disregarded the druggist's advice and sent elsewhere for the remedy he would without doubt have been in his grave.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application. Price, $1.00, or 6 bottles, $5.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

The Kaskine Company, 54 Warren St., New York.

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