

MURDERED BY HIS MEN THE WAR ON THE MEXICAN FRONTIER.

Gen. Garza Killed by His Soldiers Who Were Manly Convicts—Garza Now Has Several Hundred, if Not Several Thousand, Men Under Him.

SAN ANTONIO, Dec. 30.—The military authorities of this department are of the belief that Garza has a definite plan against Mexico that he will follow out. The Mexican authorities regard him with great fear as his work of the past three months shows that he is a much more capable leader than they had supposed.

The discovery that Garza has established recruiting stations in several of the frontier Texas counties complicates the affair and greatly increases the responsibilities of the United States government in permitting a violation of the neutrality laws.

A telegram from Monterey, Mex., received yesterday, states that it is believed that Garza has a strong secret following in that city who have made preparations to join him on the frontier. A stock of arms and ammunition there and at other points in Northern Mexico and in towns of the Texas frontier have been sold within the past three weeks and agents of the revolution are said to be the purchasers.

A despatch received here from Captain Wheeler, commanding United States troops at Fort Ringgold says: "I received yesterday by courier from Captain Bourke at Valena, 78 miles above here, a message as follows: 'News has been received from Sheriff Hayes at Carizo Springs that Garza has congregated his band, 250 strong, 12 miles north of Topena. He is reported as being desperate and will fight. I have Hardie with 30 men; Brooks, of state rangers, with 13 men; Beach will join us with a troop of 34 men at Finero and we may get word to G. troop of 40 men who are at Carizo.'

"Upon receipt of this intelligence I sent Laughton with 26 men en route to the scene with other forces, to report to Capt. Bourke."

The troops of the cavalry stationed here are all being held in readiness to proceed whenever ordered forward by the war authorities at Washington and orders are expected for the forward movement. It is expected that cavalry from other departments are also to be sent here shortly.

MONTEREY, Mex., Dec. 31.—News was received here last night that Gen. Lorenzo Garcia, in command of the regular Mexican troops in the field in the northern part of Mexico, had been murdered by his command and that the entire force, numbering several hundred men, had gone over to the side of the revolutionists, headed by Garza.

The private soldiers in the Mexican army are nearly all convicted criminals, who instead of being given a term in jail are sentenced to serve with the military.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 31.—Brigadier-General Stanley feels certain that an action took place yesterday between Garza men and the regular troops. There are only about 300 United States troops in the field, while, it reports to be true, Garza's band will not fall short of 900 men.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC. Court of Appeals in with Gov. Hill.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 29.—All doubt as to the complexion of the senate is dispelled by the decisions of the court of appeals, followed by the state board of canvassers tonight. The next legislature is democratic. In the senate, with one district still in doubt, the democrats have a majority of one, even allowing that Edwards, the independent, will vote with the republicans. In the assembly the democrats have a clean majority of six, making both houses democratic by seven majority on a joint ballot.

Today's decisions settle the senatorial disputes with a single exception, the twenty-seventh district. The cases are closed so far as the fifteenth, sixteenth and twenty-fifth districts are concerned, and the addition of Osborne (dem.), Derby (rep.) and Nichols (dem.) to the roll makes the senate stand: Democrats, 16; republicans, 14; independent republican, 1, with the twenty-seventh district to be settled in the house.—New York World.

The importance of this result to the democratic party in the state of New York cannot easily be overestimated. The democrats will now assume control of the state government, not by any doubtful title, but with the sanction of the highest court—and a court which has shown itself able to rise above partisan considerations—for the decisions rendered yesterday are in part favorable to the republicans.—New York Sun.

Who Stole It?

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 30.—It has become known that the bond given to the United States government by Jefferson Davis to answer to the circuit court in this city for treason is missing from the court records. This paper bears the signatures of Horace Greeley, John Minor Botts, Gerret, Smith and other prominent persons.

Well, Well!

RALPH, Dec. 28.—The manager of the Western Union telegraph office here tells me that Superintendent Tree informs him that the telegraph rates to points outside the state have been reduced instead of being advanced.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Burned Out.

JOLLY, Ill., Dec. 30.—Fire, of supposed incendiary origin, wiped out the business portion of Plainfield yesterday. Loss, \$80,000, partly insured.

SHERMAN-THORNDIKE.

Marriage of a Daughter of the Late Gen. W. T. Sherman.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—The marriage of Miss Rachel Sherman, daughter of the late Gen. W. T. Sherman, and Dr. Paul Thornkike, of Boston, was solemnized at noon yesterday at the residence of Senator Sherman and in the presence of a distinguished assemblage of relatives and officials, including the President and Mrs. Harrison, Secretary and Mrs. Blaine, Secretaries Tracy and Foster, Minister Paunceforte and Lady Paunceforte.

ANOTHER NIHILIST PLOT

A TIMELY DISCOVERY BY THE PARIS POLICE.

Planning To Blow Up the French Chamber of Deputies and the Russian Embassy Building—Many Arrests Made.

PARIS, Dec. 31.—The people of Paris were startled today by a rumor that an extensive plot had been discovered in the Russian colony having for its object the destruction of the building in which the chamber of deputies meets and also the building occupied by the Russian embassy.

The conspirators, it is said, had arranged to blow up these buildings with dynamite. Knowledge of the plots came to the police in some unknown manner, and an investigation was immediately set on foot. Many of the refugee Russians residing in Paris and its suburbs have been taken into custody. A number of houses occupied by the suspects have been searched by the police, and it is reported that a quantity of incriminating documents were found.

It is easily understood why the Russian nihilists should desire to wreck the Russian embassy and annihilate its occupants, but it is not so clear why they should wish to destroy the French houses of parliament, unless as a kind of vicarious vengeance on the czar and his government.

BOUGHT BY A SYNDICATE.

100,000 Acres of Florida Land Changes Hands.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—A tract of Florida land comprising about 100,000 acres has been sold to a syndicate of New York and English capitalists by Geo. Hites. It is properly known as the Hites-Hadfield tract about which there was considerable litigation some time ago. The consideration is supposed to have been several hundred thousand dollars. The land lies southwest of Tallahassee and is mostly in Liberty county, near the Gulf of Mexico and east of the Apalachicola river. The region is to be traversed by the Carriell, Tallahassee and Georgia railway, which is now partly built and which is to extend from Carriell, on the gulf coast, to Thomasville, Ga.

DARING SCOUNDRELS.

Rock a Passenger Train at Majolica, But No One Gets Hurt.

SALISBURY, Dec. 28.—A party of villains rocked passenger train No. 10 Friday night at Majolica siding five miles from this city. A bar of iron was thrown through a window in the first class car, dropping into the lap of a passenger. A large stone passed into the sleeper, crashing glass as it went. Another struck the second class car.

No damage was done to passengers. This is the third attempt to wreck or damage the train at this point in the past few weeks.—Charlotte Chronicle.

SNOW BLOCKADE

Astonishing News From Sunny New Mexico—Trains Stopped.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Dec. 30.—Both the Santa Fe and the Atlantic and Pacific roads are troubled with serious snow blockades. No eastern mails have been received here over the Santa Fe for four days. Passenger trains are in blockade in the Raton mountains, and in a level stretch of country in the neighborhood of Springers a number of engines are off the track in the snow. The blockade on the Atlantic and Pacific is between Grant's and Cheeves, about one hundred miles west of this city.

The snow storms in the mountains are reported to be something unheard of for severity and there are stories of great suffering among the villages.

LET HER COME.

Canada Handed Our Way, Labourers Think.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—Truth, Labourer's paper, today publishes an article on Canada's future, drawn out by the troubles in the province of Quebec, which resulted in ousting from office Mercier, prime minister of Quebec, and the members of his cabinet. The truth says that "it is the manifest destiny of the dominion to become a new United States or to become attached to the great republic. The change is inevitable, and the sooner it occurs the better."

2,000 CASES OF GRIP.

And All of Them in One Town of 7,000 People.

SEYMOUR, Ind., Dec. 31.—In this city of less than 7,000 inhabitants there are over 2,000 cases of grip and there have been a number of deaths directly or indirectly due to that disease.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 31.—There are between four and five hundred cases of grip in this city at the present time.

Victorious Telegraphers.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 31.—The trouble between the Southern Pacific company and the Order of Railway Telegraphers has been settled. The result is a victory for the telegraphers.

Piney Bulgarians.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—The Berlin correspondent of the Daily News says Bulgaria is resolved to proclaim her independence should the porte yield to the demands of France.

FIVE ACRES OF FLAMES

A MILLION-DOLLAR FIRE IN NEW JERSEY.

The Great Barrel Works of the Standard Oil Company Destroyed with a Large Amount of Stock.

BAYONNE, N. J., Dec. 31.—The great barrel works of the Standard Oil Company at Constable Hook have burned down, and the loss is estimated at from one million upward.

The fire started at 9:30 last night in the leading room of the barrel works. The entire Bayonne fire department quickly responded, and there were four steamers and three hook-and-ladder companies on hand in a short time, but when they arrived it looked as if the whole barrel factory was enveloped in flames.

The barrel factory was filled with barrels both completed and unfinished, there being hundreds of thousands of them. There were also great stocks of cut lumber ready to be converted into barrels. There were between one and two million barrel heads in the building and from ten to fifteen million barrel staves.

Over 500 men including the police and firemen, fought the flames, but soon found they could not control them. The stocks of lumber piled all about the building caught fire and burned fiercely and there were five acres of flames lighting up the surrounding country.

Next to the barrel factory were the chemical works and all efforts were directed toward saving them. After a long and hard fight, during which the firemen worked in constant peril of their lives as a single spark falling among the chemicals would have been enough to cause an explosion which would have blown them all into eternity, their efforts were successful and the chemical works were saved.

It is difficult to get any of the officers of the company to place an estimate upon loss. They say it will amount to from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000. The company carries its own insurance.

REPUBLICANS FALL OUT.

Serious Quarrel in the Party in Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 28.—There is every probability that the split began in the republican ranks at New Orleans at the late meeting of the Central committee will spread over the entire state, resulting in two antagonistic state conventions and opposing state tickets. The first parish committee to assemble, that of Baton Rouge, met yesterday and the usual quarrel and split followed. There were two factions present, the Herwig and Warmoth factions. The latter wanted the committee to consider the lottery question, and when it refused to do so bolted and held a separate meeting. The majority determined to recognize the Herwig committee and to send delegates to the convention called by it. There seems to be little chance of healing the difference.—New York Sun.

A CONFESSION.

It Comes From the London Times War Firebrand.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—The Santiago de Chili correspondent of the Times today affirms on what he declares to be "the highest authority," that Chili would not feel humiliated in helping to the utmost of her power to terminate peacefully and in a manner honorable to both herself and the United States, the conflict which but for the long and secret form of criminal procedure followed in Chili, which has allowed of constant false reports hostile to good understanding to be propagated abroad, could never have attained such exaggerated proportions.

The correspondent says it is evident that there are firebrands who are anxious for war, which would be disastrous to the best interests of both countries concerned.

Dr. Heber Newton Better.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton is pronounced out of danger by his physicians.

An English Bishop Dead.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—The Right Rev. Samuel Adjar Crowther, D. D., bishop of Niger territory, died today.

AT BOSTON'S BRIDGE.

Another Attempt at Train Wrecking There.

Last Thursday night an unsuccessful attempt was made to wreck a passenger train at Boston's bridge. Two cross-ties had been placed between the rails on the bridge in such a way that the engine of the eastbound passenger train would mount them and leave the track. It happened, though, that a westbound freight train, an extra, passed half an hour before the eastbound passenger train was due. The pilot of the freight engine ploughed under the upright ends of the cross-ties and threw them from the bridge. There was a sharp shock, but none of the wheels were derailed, and the freight passed in safety.

The section of country adjacent to Boston's bridge is now picketed with detectives.—Charlotte News.

Novel Vacations on the Continent

From the London News. Mr. Pindley, of Wadhams, has devised an ingenious scheme for combining a summer continental holiday with profitable study at a trifling cost. He proposes to assemble at Jena in August a party of 15 or 20 English of both sexes and as many German teachers for combined study on the following plan: Every morning at 9 o'clock each English student will attend a lecture in German, the substance of which he will write out during the following hour. At this point, says the organ of university extension, comes the organ of university extension, every English student will be associated with a German student as a "partner," and the partners will meet, correct one another's exercises and discuss difficulties. The first lecture will deal with the history and literature of Germany from about 1780 to 1820.

"THE CITIZEN'S" NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

[Song of THE CITIZEN'S Devil.]

"Feeble old '91 adieu! Right welcome, gallant young '92. Fling out the old, bring in the new, And prithee give a poor devil his due."

Thus leaning against the silent press, Sang a black little imp in new-boy's dress:

"I have struggled and labored the whole year long, And now I must carol my New Year's song To make my lean pocket-book heavy and fat."

Here he gazed his coat a queer little twirl As if to say: "I'll a tail unfurl."

"For 52 weeks I have pulled in my horns And cushioned my hoofs for other folks' corns; I have oiled my tongue till it's soft as silk,

And painted my wings till they're white as milk, But now I've decided to have my say And to speak right out in THE CITIZEN'S way. I have stood by my paper through thick and through thin, For I really don't care to be taken in.

"I like to be on the winning side, And I don't want to walk when others ride, Although I have 'hoofed it' many a time,

Rather than pay that outrageous dime! But the ten cent fare is stiff and cold; Scrape off the mildew, brush off the mold, And let it fall with a dull deep thud Into its grave in the Asheville mud. For the car company's ruled by the large minority, And not as of old by a small Major-ity!

"When the sturdy masses rise in their might They are sure, after all, to get what's right, And there really is nothing to make folks think Like a daily dose of printer's ink; And when you have got what you wanted, why Don't forget I'd a finger in the pie. And the 'holiday fare,' I helped that through;

Here's my horny hand—give the devil his due.

"In spite of hard hearts, hard work and hard times, The Tattler and I have saved a few dimes, And we both are going to settle down In homes of our own just out of town. The Tattler has bought twelve rubber boots,

Four pairs of stiffs, five oil-cloth suits, A flying machine and a large balloon, And he hopes to get into town by noon. But I—and I think I've got him there—I've built my castle in the air, Where mud never mounts and dust never flies, Except what the aldermen throw in our eyes.

"I worked to pass that improvement bill, I and THE CITIZEN, worked with a will, And when we work we usually win; And the bill's all right, if we had the 'tin,' Though it doesn't 'improve,' and we still must plough Through a modern Pilgrim Christian's slough."

Here the devil sighed, as a devil may When money is scarce, and the devil's to pay. But a jolly laugh followed the sigh full soon, And the rollicking imp gayly changed his tune:

"Do they think that they can beat us, Do they try, perhaps, to cheat us, Soon they'll beg, implore, entreat us, Just to throw them out a 'line'!

"O, the Irishman's shillalah Has been sometimes known to tail, the Bludgeon of the copper doesn't Always come to time.

"Let them come with sword and pistol, Clubs and warrants, tongues and fist, all We ask to win the battle Is our little printer's 'stick'!

"For the year of '91, Dying with the setting sun, Shows THE CITIZEN was in it When the battle smoke was thick!

"When a mineral water house was built Upon the public square THE CITIZEN dropped on it In a way that made folks stare; And the walls began to crumble, Joists and timbers had to tumble, For THE CITIZEN decided air 'T would vitiate to Vichy drink Upon the public square.

"O, we right the wrongs of citizens, Bold citizens are we; Though in the electric darkness Our influence you can't see When officers meet to divy up By the good old rule of three.

"Of course we cannot help it, If for aldermanic ills The city fathers choose to take The family doctor's pills; And if they will not pay their tax Outside the family nurse We but say they're so domestic That they need a family nurse.

"Where are you Ewart since we helped Our Crawford take his stand? Have you gone to weeding law books With alliance pledge in hand?

"And where's the baby Mountain Home That was learning how to talk? Where are the brave 'directors' That formed the parent stalk, And tried in sixteen different ways To teach the child to walk?

"I'll tell you where we take our stand, This glorious New Year's day; We're on the side of right, not might, And there we mean to stay. "In the new year that is coming We will bravely do and dare, With the courage of policemen, Pressing brick upon the square. "Shake hands on it, you're with us, And while the year is new Be kind and give the devil A little of his due!"

—The Citizen's Devil.

TALE OF A COCKROACH

A MOST INTERESTING RECITAL.

An Ancient Roach Paints a Vivid Picture of His Somewhat Varied Existence, and Quotes a Little Poetry.

I am a cockroach. An ancient cockroach. And I want to say right here that I've been here a smart little bit and am pretty sure of knowing what I'm going to talk about.

To begin at the beginning, I first saw the light in the old Advance office, in the McCloud building, and there I spent the greatest part of my somewhat chequered existence. Life in that office was a picnic, too, for you know the pastepot was brought into play ten times to where the brain had one inning. Paste! paste! oh, it was glorious, and I waxed fat almost unto bursting.

But you know the old saw about a long lane without a turn. My turn came at last, and one bright day, without having been consulted in the least detail, I found myself racing around in a new place. I found out from the pressman with whom I prepared to "stand in" that I was in the Evening Journal office. Well, after a while I got used to the new situation, and really felt quite as comfortable as I ever had before.

But there came another sad day for me. My sun of happiness apparently sunk like a leaden ball down the unpromising horizon of dark doubt. The news was imported to me by "Bob," the pressman, in awe-stricken whispers, and fell upon my senses with a dull and sickening thud, like a clap of thunder out of the brightest kind of a sky. And this was the story he told: The paper had been bought by a stock company, and was to be run as a prohibition-alliance-anti-Cripple Creek paper by a large number of directors.

"Well," I thought, "here's a neat little how'd'ye do." But I concluded that it would be best to keep my mouth shut and my eyes and ears open, and there might perhaps be some chance for a better berth than I at first expected. I crawled back into my corner, and there, sheltered by a column of pot-metal, I awaited developments. It was not long before I knew that they were moving the office. Determined not to be left, I made for "Bob" with a hop, skip and a jump, and ensconced myself in his apron pocket. By this means I was transported to the new place of business.

When I was unloaded I shook off the depression that had enveloped me, and took a look at my surroundings. What a scene met my eyes! It surpassed any dream I had ever had of editorial magnificence. The floor was handsomely carpeted, and there were nice cuspidors for everybody to exporate in. In fact, everything looked spick and span, and stock in the concern ran 'way above par in my estimation.

Reminding myself, though, that I was forming opinions rather hastily, I ran to the front door. Gracious heaven! What do you suppose the sign was? Here it is in full: "Daily Mountain Home-Journal!" From the moment I set eyes onto that name, a chill settled on me, and a feeling of impending calamity possessed my very bones. But I concluded to stick while there was anything to stick to.

You want to know something about the new paper, eh? Well, I'll try to accommodate you. To begin with, Col. Gaines had assumed the tripod and was furnishing the gray brain matter, which went into the what you call em—editorials. And he was getting along slick enough until the various directors, eager to see their views in print, kept flooding the columns of the paper with that which interested themselves only.

The number of directors was large, large enough, in fact, I thought, for a sheet published in the metropolis of the country. First of these, I may mention Col. Ray, whose knowledge of the value of horseflesh is superb, and who knows good real estate when he sees it. Then there was Col. Long, who knows the inside work of the republican party like a jeweler knows a clock; Col. Plamondon, or Plum Adore, who knows just when and where to plant yams; Maj. Campbell, whose dealings in dirt show him to be one of the finest; Maj. Alexander, who gets a dollar's worth for every dollar; Messrs. Clegg and Donohue, the only newspaper men in the office; Capt. Tomlinson, who, they say, used to be powerfully good on a farm; Hon. J. W. Starnes, whose fame as a poet has spread from Sandy Mush to Bee Tree; well I might go on naming directors until you were tired and would not exhaust the list. It is sufficient to say that they were all on hand every day, and took the liveliest interest in their new venture.

Things ran along very smoothly for a few days. But I could see soon that all was not well in the interior. The editorials were seemingly inconsistent, and this, of course, was laid to Mr. Gaines, who, really couldn't help if one director said one thing and another another. The climax came one day—ah, how well I remember—when a hurried meeting of the directors was held and Mr. Gaines was informed that the paper would get along without a salaried editor!

Really, when I heard this decision, I came near fainting. My face blanched (and me a cockroach!) and with a wandering brain I staggered back to my cot among the pot metal. After that day there was nothing for me to hope for, and I lay listlessly by to watch the outcome of events. One day we'd be singing for the alliance, the next condemning the Wall street sharks, then damning the demon of intoxicating liquor, and again undertaking the complete revolutionizing of Cripple Creek.

But I knew the end was not far off. The paste upon which I fed began to take on an inferior taste, and things got muddled in a general way. Here we went, helter-skelter, not caring whether we missed an issue or not, until now—now—the old bark which seemed so staunch at first ran aground, and—here I am, all alone, with no money, no friends and a cold winter coming on. Well, I'll make the most I can of it, but now it looks like cold, dark, thick, deep despair—

"One more unfortunate, Weary for breath, Really importunate, Gone to her death,"

—Thomas Hood.

A Household Remedy FOR ALL BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES B. B. B. Botanic Blood Balm It Cures SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, every form of malignant SKIN ERUPTION, besides being efficacious in restoring the system and restoring the constitution, when impaired from any cause. Its almost supernatural healing properties justify us in guaranteeing a cure, if directions are followed. SENT FREE "Box of Wonders" BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" To Young Mothers Makes Child Birth Easy. Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain. Endorsed by the Leading Physicians. Book to "Mothers" mailed FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE MILLIONS OF CONSUMERS OF Tatt's Pills. It gives Dr. Tatt pleasure to announce that he is now putting up a TINY LIVER PILL which is far more efficacious than any other retaining all the virtues of the larger ones. They are guaranteed purely vegetable. Both sizes of these pills are still listed. TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS is shown in the border of this "ad."

Electrohouse. OFFICE OF YORK ENTERPRISE, YORKVILLE, S. C., Aug. 14, '91. ATLANTIC ELECTROPHONE—Gentlemen: For the past five years my wife has been a sufferer from dyspepsia. So completely did the disease take a wreck of her former self that life was a living hell. Her nervous system was almost entirely destroyed, and the slightest noise would throw her into a nervous spasm, which would last for hours. Medical skill failed to bring any relief. Through the recommendation of an eminent divine we were induced to try the Electrophone. After a persistent use of the instrument, the effect has been wonderful. Her nervous system has been restored to its almost normal condition; her digestion is wonderfully improved; she is rapidly gaining in flesh; and, upon the whole, is making a rapid recovery, which speaks volumes for the wonderful curative powers of the Electrophone, as her case was considered hopeless. If any are skeptical on the subject, let them try the Electrophone, and its wonderful powers will quickly dispel all doubts. Sincerely, W. M. PROBST.

A MAN bought a \$450 PIANO for \$450 HIS NEIGHBOR paid only \$375. For the very same Piano. Neither man worth a nickel over \$500. Insure Yourself against paying inflated prices by buying from LUDDEN & BATES, Savannah, Ga. Who have but One Principle and the lowest known. You can't pay them more than instruments are actually worth. They are not built that way. Write for Latest SPECIAL OFFERS.

THE CELEBRATED Smith & Wesson Revolvers. Guaranteed Perfect. UNRIVALED FOR ACCURACY, DURABILITY, WORKMANSHIP, SAFETY AND CONVENIENCE IN LOADING. Reserve of Cheap Iron Imitations. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List to SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.

FOR MEN ONLY YOUNG MEN - OLD MEN GET IN THE TOLLS OF THE SERPENTS OF DISEASE. They make heroic efforts to free themselves, but not knowing how to successfully SHAKE OFF THE HORRID SNAKE they give up in despair and sink into an early grave. What an ENIGMA! There's HOPE! OUR NEW BOOK sent free, postpaid, contains the philosophy of DISINTEGRATION as a scientific basis of the organs of Man, and how by HOME TREATMENT, by methods entirely new, the worst cases of Loss of Falling Hair, Baldness, and Nervous Debility, Weakness of Body and Mind, Emission of Semen, Prostate, Stagnated or Strained Organs can be cured. Benefits in a day. Every man and woman who reads THIS BOOK OUGHTS TO READ IT! It makes plain to all interested. Men apply to Dr. Hays, Terrence and Foreign Countries. You can write them, for book, full explanation and price, address ERIC MEDICAL CO. BUFFALO, N. Y.

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS. GAVAN'S PATENT COPY RIGHTS, etc. For information and Free Handbook write to the Agency, Scientific American, 415 N. York. Orders received for securing patents in U.S.A. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by the giving of one of our \$100,000.00 PATENTS, six months, New York.