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GAVANAGH, **FOREST** RANGER

The Great Conversation Novel

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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Gregg was somewhat cooled by this know what relation he is, but these are facts. He's concealing an escaped convict, and he knows it."

Dalton put in a quiet word. "What is the use of shouting a judgment against a man like Cavanagh before you know the facts? He's one of the best and ablest rangers on this forest. I don't know why he has resigned, but I'm sure"-

"Has he resigned?" asked Gregg ea-

"A good job for him. I was about to circulate a petition to have him re-

"If all the stockmen in the valley had signed a petition against him it wouldn't have done any good," replied Dalton. "We know a good man when we see him. I'm here to offer him promotion, not to punish him."

Lee, looking about at the faces of these men and seeing disappointment in their faces, lost the keen sting of her own humiliation. "In the midst of such a fight as this how can he give time or thought to me?" Painful as the admission was, she was forced to you can't stop me." admit that she was a very humble factor in a very large campaign. "But suppose he falls ill!" Her face grew white and set and her line hitter. "That would be the final tragic touch." she thought, "to have him come down of a plague from nursing one of Sam Gregg's sheep herders." Aloud she said: "His resignation comes just in time, doesn't it? He can now be sick without loss to the service."

Dalton answered her. "The supervisor has not accepted his resignation. On the contrary, I shall offer him a higher position. His career as a forester is only beginning. He would be

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

How Mrs. Reed of Peoria, Ill., Escaped The Surgeon's Knife.



Wash relieved me. I am glad to tell the more tragic. anyone what your medicines have done for me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."- Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. Lynch Also Avoided Operation.

Jessup, Pa.—"After the birth of my ache in his bones his decision was infourth child, I had severe organic inflammation. I would have such terrible pains that it did not seem as though I could stand it. This kept up for three long months, until two doctors decided that an operation was needed.

Then one of my friends recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and after taking it for two months was a well woman."-Mrs. JOSEPH A. LYNCH, Jessup, Pa.

Women who suffer from female ills should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of the most successful remedies the world has ever known. before submitting to a surgical opera-

foolish to give up the work now, when the avenues of promotion are just opening. I can offer him very soon the supervision of a forest."

As they talked Lee felt herself sinking the while her lover rose. It was all true. The forester was right. koss was capable of any work they night demand of him. He was too skilled, too intelligent, too manly, to remain in the forest, heroic as its du-

Upon this discussion Lize, hobbling painfully, appeared. With a cry of surprise Lee rose to meet her. "Mother, you must not do this!"

She waved her away. "I'm all right," she said, "barring the big marbles in my slippers." Then she turned dash of reason, but replied: "I don't | to Dalton. "Now, what's it all about? Is it true that Ross is down?" "No. So far as we know, he

> well." there without a cook or a nurse."

He's got a sick man up at the station, truth."

send a letter out." "What does he need?" asked Red-

"He needs medicine and food, a doctor, and he ought to have a nurse." "That's my job." said Lize.

"Nonsense!" sald Redfield, "You're not fit to ride a mile. I won't hear of your going." "You wait and see. I'm going, and

"Who is the man with him?" asked the forester

"I don't know-an old herder, he said. He said he could take care of him all right for the present, but that if he were taken down himself"-

Lee's mounting emotion broke from her in a little cry. "Oh, Mr. Redfield, please let me go too! I want to help! I must help!" Redfield said: "I'll telephone to Sul-

phur City and ask Brooks to get a nurse and come down as soon as possible. Meanwhile I'll go out to see what the conditions are." "I'm going, too, I tell you," announc-

ed Lize. "I've had the cussed disease, and I'm not afraid of it. We You get me up there, and I'll do the

was firmer than it had been for days. "All I needed was something to do. Ross Cavanagh has been like a son to me for two years. He's the one man in this country I'd turn my hand over for-barring yourself, Reddy-and it's my job to see him through this pinch." In spite of all opposition she had

her way. Returning to her room to get such clothing as she needed for her stay in the hills, she waited for Redfield to send a carriage to her. "I can't ride a horse no more," she sorrowfully admitted.

Lee's secret was no secret to any one there. Her wide eyes and heaving Pinkham's Vegeta- breast testified to the profound stir in ble Compound, and her heart. She was in an anguish of today I am a well and fear lest Ross should already be in healthy woman. For the grip of his loathsome enemy. That months I suffered it had come to him by way of a brave from inflammation, and your Sanative and noble act made the situation only

> CHAPTER XIX. THE PESTHOUSE

AVANAGH had kept a keen watch over Wetherford, and when one night the old man

"You've got it," he said. "It's up to us to move down the valley tomorrow."

Wetherford protested that he would as soon die in the hills as in the valley. "I don't want Lee Virginia to know, but if I seem liable to fade out I'd like Lize to be told that I didn't forget her and that I came back to find out how she was. I hate to be a nuisance to you, and so I'll go down the valley if you say so."

As he was about to turn in that night Ross heard a horse cross the bridge and, with intent to warn the rider of his danger, went to the dang

"A friend," replied the stranger in a weak voice.

Ross permitted the visitor to ride up to the pole. "I can't ask you in," he explained. "I've a sick man inside. Who are you, and what can I do for you?

Notwithstanding this warning the from the door.

from Deer Creek." "I know you," responded the ranger. If I do." 'You're that rancher I saw working in the ditch the day I went to telephone, and you've come to tell me something about that murder." The other man broke into a whim-

per. "I'm a law abiding man, Mr. Cavanagh," he began tremulously. "I've always kept the law and never intend-"Well, I'm going to find out. I don't ed to have anything to do with that intend to set here and have him up business. I was dragged into it against my will. I've come to you be-At this moment a tall, fair young cause you're an officer of the federal fellow, dressed in a ranger's uniform, law. You don't belong here. I trust entered the room and made his way you. You represent the president, and directly to the spot where Lee, her I want to tell you what I know, only mother and Redfield were standing. I want you to promise not to bring me "Mr. Supervisor, Cavanagh has sent into it. I'm a man with a family, and me to tell you that he needs a doctor. I can't bear to have them know the

and he's afraid it's a case of small- There were deep agitation and compox." He turned to Lee. "He told plete sincerity in the rancher's choked me to tell you that he would have and hesitant utterance, and Cavanagh written, only he was afraid to even turned cold with a premonition of what he was about to disclose. "I am not an officer of the law. Mr. Dunn, not in the sense you mean, but I will respect your wishes."

"I know that you are not an officer of the county law, but you're not a eattleman. It is your business to keep the peace in the wild country, and you do it. Everybody knows that. But I can't trust the officers of this country; they're all afraid of the cowboys. You are not afraid, and you represent the United, States, and I'll tell you. I can't bear it any longer!" he wailed. "I must tell somebody. I can't sleep, and I can't eat. I've been like a man in a nightmare ever since. I had no hand in the killing-I didn't even see it done -but I knew it was going to happen. I saw the committee appointed. The meeting that decided it was held in my barn, but I didn't know what they intended to do. You believe me, don't vou?" He peered up at Cavanagh with white face and wild eyes. "I'm over seventy years of age, Mr. Cavanagh, and I've been a law abiding citizen all my life."

His mind, shattered by the weight of his ghastly secret, was in confusion, had three sieges of it in my family. and, perceiving this, Cavanagh began to question him gently. One by one he procured the names of those who voted to "deal with" the herders. One "I was, but I'm not now." Her voice by one be obtained also the list of those named on "the committee of re-



HE BROKE DOWN ALTOGETHER AND SOBBED BITTERLY.

prisal," and as the broken man delivered himself of these accusing facts he grew calmer. "I didn't know-I couldn't believe-that the men on that committee could chop and burn"- His utterance failed him again, and he fell silent abruptly.

"They must have been drunk-mad drunk," retorted Cavanagh. "And yet would believe that even drink could inflame white men to such devil's work? When did you first know what had been done?"

"That night after it was done one of the men, my neighbor, who was drawn on the committee, came to my house and asked me to give him a bed. He was afraid to go home. 'I can't face my wife and children,' he said. He told me what he'd seen, and then en decided in my stable and the

committee appointed there I began to that's final." tremble. You believe I'm telling the truth, don't you?" he again asked, with

"Yes, I believe you. You must tell this story to the judge. It will end the reign of the cattlemen." "Oh, no; I can't do that."

"You must do that. It is your duty as a Christian man and citizen." "No, no; I'll stay and help you-I'll do anything but that. I'm afraid to

tell what I know. They would burn me alive. I'm not a western man. I've never been in a criminal court. I don't belong to this wild country. I came out here because my daughter is not strong, and now"- He broke down altogether and, leaning against his horse's side, sobbed pitifully.

Cavanagh, convinced that the old man's mind was too deeply affected to enable him to find his way back over the rough trail that night, spoke to him gently. "I'll get you something to eat," he said. "Sit down here and rest and compose yourself."

Wetherford turned a wild eye on the ranger as he re-entered. "Who's out there?" he asked. "Is it the marshal?" "No; it's only one of the ranchers from below. He's tired and hungry, and I'm going to feed him," Ross replied, filled with a vivid sense of the tion of Basques brought it probably diverse characters of the two men he

was serving. Dunn received the food with an eager hand, and after he had finished his refreshment Cavanagh remarked: "The whole country should be obliged to you for your visit to me. I shall send your information to Supervisor Red-

"Don't use my name," he begged. They will kill me if they find out that I have told. We were all sworn to secrecy, and if I had not seen that fire, that pile of bodies"-

"I know, I know! It horrified me. It made me doubt humanity," responded Cavanagh. "We of the north cry out against the south for its lynchings, but here under our eyes goes on an equally horrible display of rage over the mere question of temporary advantage, over the appropriation of free grass, which is a federal resource -something which belongs neither to one claimant nor to the other, but to rider dropped from his saddle and the people, and should be of value to came into the light which streamed the people. You must bring these men to punishment."

"My name is Dunn," he began. "I'm | Dunn could only shiver in his horror and repeat his fear. "They'll kill me

Cavanagh at last said: "You must not attempt to ride back tonight. I because my patient is sick of smallpox, but you can camp in the barn till morning, then ride straight back to my friend Redfield and tell him what you've told me. He will see that you are protected. Make your deposition cabin. and leave the country if you are afraid

o remain."
In the end the rancher promised to to this, but his tone was that of a broken and distraught dotard. All the you might carry it away with you. landmarks of his life seemed suddenly

Meanwhile the sufferings of Wetherwas forced to give up all hope of getting him down the trail next morning, and when Swenson, the forest guard from the South Fork, knocked at the door to say that he had been to the valley and that the doctor was coming up with Redfield and the district forester Ross thanked him, but ordered him to go into camp across but old Lize who would come." the river and to warn everybody to packages down outside the door," he added, "and take charge of the situation on the outside. I'll take care of the business inside."

Wetherford was in great pain, but the poison of the disease had misted his brain, and he no longer worried over the possible disclosure of his identity. At times he lost the sense of his dered life is near its end. To betray surroundings and talked of his prison life or of the long ride northward. be but the reopening of an old wound." Once he rose in his bed to beat off the wolves which he said were attacking his pony.

He was a piteous figure as he strugrelationship to Lee nor his bravery in caring for the Basque herder to fill the ranger's heart with a desire to relieve his suffering. "Perhaps I should have sent for Lize at once," he mused as the light brought out the red sig- moment if I called her." natures of the plague.

Once the old man looked up with wide, dark, unseeing eyes and murmured, "I don't seem to know you." "I'm a friend. My name is Cava-

"I can't place you," he sadly admitted. "I feel pretty bad. If I ever get out of this place I'm going back to the Fork. I'll get a gold mine; then I'll go back and make up for what Lize er lies here." has gone through. I'm afraid to go

"All right," Ross soothingly agreed. "But you'll have to keep quiet till you get over this fever you're suffering

"If Lize weren't so far away she'd come and nurse me. I'm pretty sick." Swenson came back to say that probably Redfield and the doctor would reach the station by noon, and thereafter, for the reason that Cavanagh expected their coming, the hours dragged woefully. It was after 1 o'clock before Swenson announced three men and two women in them. "They'l! be here in half an hour."

The ranger's heart leaped. Two women! Could one of them be Lee Virginia? What folly-what sweet, desperate folly! And the other-she could not be Lize, for Lize was too feeble to ride so far. "Stop them on the other side of the-bridge," he commanded. "Don't let them cross the creek on any pretext."

As he stood in the door the flutter of a handkerchief, the waving of a hand, made his pulse glow and his eyes grow dim. It was Virginia! Lize did not flutter a kerchief or

wave a hand, but when Swenson stopped the carriage at the bridge she said: "No, you don't! I'm going across. I'm going to see Ross, and if he needs help I'm going to roll up my sleeves and

Cavanagh saw her advancing, and as she came near enough for his voice to reach her he called out: "Don't come any closer! Stop, I tell you!" His voice was stern. "You must not come when I remembered that it had all a step nearer. Go back across the dead line and stay there. No one but

the doctor shall enter this door. Now,

"I want to help!" she protested. "I know you do, but I won't have it. This quarantine is real, and it goes!" "But suppose you yourself get sick?" "We'll cross that bridge when we

get to it. I'm all right so far, and I'll call for help when I need it." His tone was imperative, and she obeyed, grumbling about his youth and the value of his life to the service.

"That's all very nice," he replied, "but I'm in it, and I don't intend to expose you or any one else to the con-

"I've had it once," she asserted. He looked at her and smiled in recognition of her subterfuge.

"No matter; you're ailing and might take it again, so toddle back. It's mighty good of you and of Lee to come, but there isn't a thing you can do, and here's the doctor," he added as he recognized the young student who passed for a physician in the Fork. He was a beardless youth of small experience and no great courage, and as he approached with hesitant feet he asked:

"Are you sure it's smallpox?" Cavanagh smiled. "The indications are all that way. That last importafrom the steerage of the ship. I'm told they've had several cases over in

the basin." "Have you been vaccinated?" "Yes, when I was in the army."

There was a certain comic relief in

"Then you're all right." "I hope so."

this long distance diagnosing of a "case" by a boy, and yet the tragic fact beneath it all was that Wetherford was dying, a broken and dishonored husband and father, and that his identity must be concealed from his wife and daughter, who were much more deeply concerned over the ranger than over the desperate condition of his patient. "And this must continue to be so," Cavanagh decided. And as he stood there looking toward the girl's fair figure on the bridge he came to the final, fixed determination never to speak one word or make a sign that might lead to the dying man's identification. "Of what use is t?" he asked himself. "Why should even Lize be made to suffer? Wetherford's poor misspent life is already over for her, and for Lee he is only a dim memory."

Redfield came near enough to see that the ranger's face, though tired, showed no sign of illness and was relieved. "Who is this old herder?" he can't give you lodging in the cabin asked. "Hasn't he any relatives in the country?"

"He came from Texas, so he said. You're not coming in?" he broke off to say to the young physician, whom Lize had shamed into returning to the

"I suppose I'll have to," he protested weakly.

"I don't see the need of it. The whole place reeks of the poison, and Unless you insist on coming in and are sure you can prevent further contagion I shall oppose your entrance. ford were increasing, and Cavanage You are in the company of others. must consider their welfare." The young fellow was relieved.

> "Well, so long as we know what it is I can prescribe just as well right here," he said and gave directions for the treatment, which the ranger agreed to carry out. "I tried to bring a nurse," explained

Redfield, "but I couldn't find anybody "I don't blame them," replied Ross. keep clear of the cabin. "Put your "It isn't a nice job, even when you've got all the conveniences."

His eyes as he spoke were on the figure of Lee, who still stood on the bridge, awed and worshipful, barred of approach by Lize. "She shall not know," he silently vowed. "Why put her through useless suffering and shame? Edward Wetherford's disorhim to his wife and daughter would He was stirred to the center of his heart by the coming of Lee Virginia, so sweet and brave and trustful. His stern mood melted as he watched her gled thus, and it needed neither his there waiting, with her face turned

toward him, longing to help, "She would have come alone if necessary." he declared, with a fuller revelation of the self sacrificing depth of her love. "and she would come to my side this

He went back to his repulsive service sustained and soothed by the little camp of faithful friends on the other side of the stream.

During one of his clearest moments Wetherford repeated his wish to die a stranger. "I'm going out like the old time west, a rag of what I once was. Don't let them know. Put no name ever me. Just say, 'An old cowpunch-

Cavanagh's attempt to change his hopeless tone proved unavailing. Enfeebled by his hardships and his prison life, he had little reserve force upon which to draw in fighting such an enemy. He sank soon after this little speech into a coma which continued to hold him in its unbroken grasp as night fell.

Meantime, seeing no chance of aiding the ranger, Redfield and the forester prepared to return, but Lee. reenforced by her mother, refused to accompany them. "I shall stay here," she said, "till he is safely out of itthat two teams were coming with till I know that he is beyond all danger."

> to do, but when he understood the girl's desire to be near her lover he said. "Here is where you belong."

> Redfield honored Lize for her sympathetic support of her daughter's resthe mountain air, will carry him through, even if he should prove not to be immune. I shall run up again day after tomorrow. I shall be very anxious. What a nuisance that the telephone line is not extended to this point. Ross has been insisting on its value for months."

Lee saw the doctor go with some dismay. Young as he was, he was at least a reed to cling to in case the grisly terror seized upon the ranger. "Mr. Redfield, can't you send a real doctor? It seems so horrible to be left here without instructions."

Women's Secrets

There is one man in the United States who has perhaps heard more women's secrets than any other man or woman in the country. These secrets are not secrets of guilt or shame, but the secrets of suffering, and they have been confided to Dr. R. V. Pierce in the hope and expectation of advice and help.
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that record applies to the treatment of more than half-a-million women, in a practice of over 40 years, it is phenomenal, and entitles Dr. Pierce to the gratitude accorded him by women, as the first of specialists in the treatment of women's diseases.

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ane rorester, before going, again besought Cavanagh not to abandon his work in the forestry service and intimated that at the proper time advancement would be offered him. "The whole policy is but beginning," said he, "and a practical ranger with your experience and education will prove of

greatest value." To this Ross made reply: "At the moment I feel that no promise of advancement could keep me in this country of grafters, poachers and assassins. I'm weary of it and all it stands for. However, if I could aid in extending the supervision of the public ranges and in stopping forever this murder and burning that go on outside the forestry domain I might remain in the

west. "Would you accept the supervisorship of the Washakie forest?" demand-

Taken by surprise, he stammered, "I night, but am I the man? "You are. Your experience fits you for a position where the fight is hot. The Washakie forest is even more a bone of contention than this. We have laid out the lines of division between the sheep and the cows, and it will take a man to enforce our regulations. You will have the support of the best citizens. They will all rally, with you as leader, and so end the warfare

there." "It can never end till Uncle Sam puts rangers over every section of pub-He lands and lays out the grazing lines as we have done in this forest," re-

torted Cavanagh. "I know, but to get that requires a revolution in the whole order of things." Then his fine young face aghted up. "But we'll get it. Public sentiment is coming our way. The old order is already so eaten away that only its shell remains."

"It may be. If these assassins are punished I shall feel hopeful of the

"I shall recommend you for the supervisorship of the Washakie forest," concluded Dalton decisively. "And so goodby and good luck."

England, his blood relatives, even the Redfields, seemed very remote to the ranger as he stood in his door that night and watched the sparkle of Swenson's campfire through the trees. With the realization that there waited a brave girl of the type that loves single heartedly, ready to sacrifice everything to the welfare of her idealized subject, he felt unworthy, selfish, vain

"If I should fall siek she would insist on nursing me. For her sake I must give Swenson the most rigid orders not to allow her, no matter what happens, to approach. I will not have her touched by this thing."

Beside the blaze Lee and her mother sat for the most part in silence, with nothing to do but to wait the issue of the struggle going on in the cabin, so near and yet so inaccessible to their will. It was as if a magic wall, crystal clear, yet impenetrable, shut them away from the man whose quiet heroism was the subject of their constant thought It was marvelous, as the dusk fell

and the air nipped keen, to see how Redfield did not urge her to return Lize Wetherford renewed her youth. as vigorously as Dalton expected him The excitement seemed to have given her a fresh hold on life. She was wearied, but by no means weakened. took off his hat and bowed to her. by her ride and ate heartily of the "You are entirely in the right," he rude fare which Swenson set before her. "This is what I needed," she exultantly said-"the open air and these trout. I feel ten years younger alolution and expressed his belief that ready. Many's the night I've camped Ross would escape the plague. "I feel on the range with your father with that his spiendid vigor, combined with nothing but a purp tent to cover us both and the wolves howling round us. I'd feel pretty fairly gay if it wasn't for Ross over there in that cabin playing nurse and cook all by his lonesomeness."

Lee expressed a deep satisfaction from the fact of their nearness. "If he is ill we can help him." she reiterated.

There was a touch of frost in the air as they went to their beds, and, though she shivered. Lize was undismayed. "There's nothing the matter with my heart," she exulted, "I don't ous the matter with me, anyway. reckon I was just naturally grouchy and worried over you and Ross." (To be continued.)

New Rays of Light

One of the most wonderful electrical appliances is the X-ray which may be used both in the treatment of various diseases and in the diagnosis of many obscure conditions. With its aid the interior of the human body is no longer the sealed book it has been heretofore. Abnormal states of the bones, gall stones, stone in the bladder or in the kidneys, are shown plainly by what are known as X, ray photographs. Internal tumors, and enlargement of the deep-seated organs, are also discovered by this means and in the diagnosis of tuberculosis of the lungs this agent has proven a most valuable aid. When applied to some of the less fatal chronic allments of germ origin it has proven very effective as

curative agent. Another interesting proceeding is the violet-ray treatment produced by concentrating the violet or chemical rays from an arc light with a specially prepared an arc light with a specially prepared carbon upon any portion of the body that may be the seat of pain. Sufferers from neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, strains, sprains, also from those obscure exhaust-ing pains (the origin of which cannot at times be accurately determined) frequently find immediate relief from a single treatment and usually with a little persistence in the use of this aid, comfortable

sistence in the use of this aid, comfortable health or perfect recovery is obtained.

The incandescent light bath, consisting of a cabinet in which the patient is bathed in the combined rays of many electric light globes, has produced really wonderful results in diabetes, sciatica, rheumatism, obesity, anæmia, and some forms of kidney and heart trouble. It has also proven valuable in chronic bron-chitis, bronchial asthma and various skin diseases. As a general hygienic measure its efficiency can scarcely be over-esti-

Those who have been patients at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, in Buffalo, N. Y., highly commend this wonderfully equipped Sanitarium, where the above mentioned electric machines, high-frequency current, and other most modern and upto-date apparatus are used for the cure of chronic diseases. The treatment of of chronic diseases. The treatment of the chronic diseases that are peculiar to women have for many years been a large factor in the cures affected at the invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

In erecting the Invalids' Hotel, Dr. R.
V. Pierce's idea was to make it a genuine home, not a hospital. Such cases as repture, hydrocele and variencele are usually

ture, hydrocele and varicocele are usual cured in ten days, and the patient is able to return home. The terms are moderate and the rates at the Invalids' Hotel comparatively low. In the examination and treatment of patients the practice is divided into specialties. Each member of the Faculty, although educated to practice in all departments of medicine and surgery, is here assigned to a special department only to which he devotes here partment only, to which he devotes his entire time, study and attention. Not only is superior skill thus attained, but also rapidity and accuracy in the diagnosis of disease.

Specialists connected with this Insti-tute at Buffalo, are enabled to accurately determine the nature of many chroni diseases without seeing and personali examining their patients. This metho of treating patients at a distance, by mai has been so successful that there scarcely a city or a village in the United States that is not represented by one of more cases upon the records of practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute. Such rare cases as cannot be treated in this way, which require surgical operations or careful after-treatment or electrical therapoutics, receive the ser-vices of the most skillful specialists at the Institution.

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