



An
Awful
Revelation
by

One of the

"FOUR HUNDRED"

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[The following thrilling and awful statement was discovered among the papers of a man, apparently about thirty-five years of age, who was recently found dead in a squalid East Side lodging house in New York. The remains were removed to the Morgue, where they lay for some time unidentified, and were then given to the medical students for dissection.]

I am a New Englander by birth, and the last of my family. We were poor and proud. After the death of my dear mother I sold the old homestead and went West. That is fourteen years ago. I was considered handsome then, and am good looking still, although I now have that ghastly skin tint which notifies me that Time is about to foreclose his Mortgage on my life. The swells call this tint the "Society Complexion," and right they are, for all the men of the Four Hundred get it before they are thirty, and it commonly means death inside of ten years. But let me stick to my story.

I was well educated and physically better developed than most Yankee boys. I had a strain of Spanish blood in my veins, which may account for my broad, low forehead, black eyes and hair, and small, finely shaped hands and feet. I write this, not through vanity, but because these facts are important. Otherwise I doubt if I should ever have danced at the Patriarchs' Ball or made my way into the most exclusive circles of New York society. The leading dames said I had the "grand manner," for which I am further indebted to my Castilian progenitors. In society it is not necessary to possess intellect or learning, but heels, toes and talk are indispensable.

When I arrived in New York, after eight years among the mines, I had splendid health, high spirits, a desire to see life, and \$500,000 in cash and securities. Yet I was no mere money grubber. Money is power. It buys everything short of Heaven, and some people think it will even insure them special consideration in the New Jerusalem. With my half million—which is only genteel poverty in Gotham—I meant to lay the foundation of a real fortune.





But alas ! Instead of that I broke my nest egg, I ate up my seed corn ; but what's the use of regrets ? One can't eat his cake and have it. I went in for fashion.

I got into Society (with a big S) through a young fellow whom I will call Ralph Ten Broeck, although that isn't his name. He is living yet, and as he isn't a bad sort, I won't advertise him. Ralph revolved in the social whirlpool ; he was one of the *jeunesse doree*, a "gilded youth," not yet knocked out, but with the gilding worn off in spots. His family was one of the original Knickerbockers—most of them dead now, and the rest too poor to make a show. But they are "*the quality*" all the same.

Well, let's get on. One day, when our acquaintance was still in its infancy Ralph found himself short, and would I lend him five hundred dollars till he could make a turn ? I would and did. Why ? Because he had fascinated me. He belonged to a world I had never seen ; he spoke familiarly of persons and things I had merely heard

of ; he was scented with the flowers that bloom only by the fountains in the Social Paradise.

The Serpent bit me, as he bit Lady Eve. She wanted to get into society, and was introduced by that great society leader—the devil. I was put through by the same experienced pilot, under the same old conditions. As he (not the devil, but Ralph) pocketed my check he assured me I was cut out and made up for a society man ; broad shouldered, handsome, graceful, dashing, with a fund of brilliant small talk and a gold mine (so he fancied) to draw on for money, no wife, no encumbrances—why, what in Heaven's name? &c., &c.

That night we lunched, or supped, at Delmonico's. As we did justice to the luxurious bill of fare Ralph pointed out some of the society people who were present, and described the oddities of their appetites.

"Yonder in that corner," he said, "you see Jack Von Bellow, the stuffed prophet of the Spring Lambs Club ; he never eats anything at night but quail. The fellow with the tall blonde is Arthur Delafield, a howling swell ; he belongs to the advance guard of the smart set, and his favorite dish is stewed snails. Another society man drops in here two nights a week to eat—what do you think? Corned beef and cabbage, by all that's holy, and he washes it down with a pint of champagne. He's getting the society complexion, you see, like the rest of us. Right behind us sits Clarence Carter, who in November starts in with turkeys' wings breaded. There is Fred. Gothard, too ; he comes in here about midnight, and always orders an omelet with truffles, and often brings a man with him who won't eat anything but frogs' legs. And so they go, *chacun a son gout*, you know, my dear boy."

"Isn't it here they mix the colors that make up the society complexion?" I asked Ralph.

"Yes," he replied, "at this paint shop and at others like it. You can see what it is for yourself. There is a groundwork of yellow, variegated with red or blue, more



or less in this face or that, but always recognizable ; sometimes it is a hue like bronze or old gold, and commonly a certain puffiness under the eyes goes with it, like a chromo with a subscription to a church weekly. But it's a beastly bad sign all the same. Poor boys ! they're doomed. Most society men die off that way. The amount of it is, the Four Hundred are a fast crowd. Take 'em as they average, they're the biggest fools on earth. With all the means for living long and well, they eat, drink and dance themselves to death, and set other noodles to doing it all over the country. If it weren't for recruits like you to keep up the number, the Four Hundred would soon vanish like Indians and organ grinders. And a good job, too, even if I do say it—being one of 'em," added Ralph with a sigh and a sip of champagne.

Yet Ten Broeck's dismal prognosis of Bright's disease did not cool by a single degree my own ambition to become a man of fashion. A few days later my friend introduced

me to the famous manager of the Four Hundred. I soon perceived that Ralph had previously filled him full of high notions about me and my wealth. That was enough for him. Let him understand that a man has "buth" and bullion, and he asks no more. The gates of "sassiety" swing wide open. An "old Colonial family" is always good enough for him, even if its founder may have been an English convict. This was not true in my case, but it has been more than suspected in one or two others. This man is neither a nob nor a swell; he is a sort of 'arf an' 'arf, composed in equal parts of snob and cad. He mixes in society without properly belonging to it. He is half its servant and half its master; servant because he profits by his services, master because society imperatively needs somebody with just brains enough to get up balls and routs, and with humility enough not to mind the snubs and kicks he may receive in the operation. The Four Hundred want to shoot Time on the wing, and this individual makes a sweet thing out of furnishing the ammunition and loading the guns. Yet he's a good fellow to be on the right side of, exactly as the porter of a Pullman car is on a crowded train, though his tips are heavier.

In my second season I gave a dinner at Delmonico's to the young Earl of Bareacres, with whom I had attended several dog fights the previous summer in England, as well as other less reputable entertainments, all under the patronage of the British Aristocracy. In order that nothing might be omitted to make this dinner the gustatory Event of the Season, I gave Delmonico *carte blanche* as to the expense. The result was a banquet that will linger long among the traditions of society.

I will attempt only a brief outline description:—There were one hundred guests in the large room that overlooks Fifth avenue. The table occupied the whole length and breadth of the room, merely leaving a passage for the waiters to pass around it. Every inch of the table was covered with flowers, except a space in the centre devoted



to an artificial lake, and a border for the plates. This lake was indeed a striking and original conception. It was an oval pond thirty feet long by nearly the width of the table, enclosed by a delicate net work of gold wire reaching to the ceiling, making one grand gold cage over the water. In this lake were four superb swans procured especially for this occasion. To prevent the swans from splashing water on the table, the lake was surrounded by high banks composed of the choicest and most costly varieties of flowers.

The whole table was a landscape. There were hills and dales; modest violets carpeting the valleys and bolder flowers and vines climbing up and covering the tops of the mimic mountains. All around the enclosure, and in fact above the entire table, were suspended elegant golden cages of singing birds of every kind and country. The melodies of these gay songsters rang on the air and mingled with the splashing waters of the lake as the stately and graceful swans sported about. The surface of the table seemed

like Fairyland, and when you think of it as lined on either hand by fair women and elegantly dressed men, the ladies flashing with priceless diamonds, rubies and emeralds, all talking, laughing and making merry, you have some faint idea of the picture.

The feast was one that the immortal gods might have felt it an honor to sit down to. Perfection was attained; man could do no more. "Blue Seal," Johannisberg and other costly wines flowed like water. A select orchestra of the finest performers in the city, on a balcony, concealed by a screen of Marshal Neil roses, played ravishing music, and miniature fountains threw into the air jets of intoxicating perfume. It was a night of triumph for me. I had as my guests the cream of the Four Hundred, representing uncounted millions of money. On my right sat the Earl of Bareacres, the guest of the evening, and on my left a beautiful girl, the leading *debutante* of the season.

A dance followed, which broke up only when the cold, ghostly dawn dimmed the gas; much, I fancy, as the impartial and pitiless light of judgment will, in some terrific future, show the paint on our idols' cheeks and the nasty cracks in their noses.

But, *carpe diem*; we didn't think of that then. Lobster, terrapin and Madeira are rough on the digestion and worse on the pure spirit of prophecy. "To bed, to bed," as Mrs. Macbeth very properly observed after an exciting evening.

It was a whirl of frivolity—the madness of extravagance and ostentation; and when the bills were paid I was just \$25,000 poorer than when I gave the order. You say I was an ass, an idiot, that such things are an outrage and a crime. So they are, but New York "Society" enjoys them to the top of its bent. But to-day, as I write these lines, being now poor, friendless and sick, I wonder how many people starved in New York alone to furnish the material for that single demonstration.

"Well, you Americans do set the pace," said the Earl



to me a day or two later. "Where do you expect to fetch up?"

I had been suffering from an infernal attack of bilious headache ever since the dinner, and for once gave an answer more true than polite: "We'll fetch up in hell, my dear fellow; but this is innocent amusement as 'Society' understands it. Vive le Four Hundred!"

This is a sample of my career for five years. Balls, routs, parties, weddings, dinners, &c., till you couldn't rest. My summers I spent on the wing, but chiefly in Newport, where we kept the fun going. My drag and team was stylish as any on Bellevue avenue, and my steam yacht was a beauty—she cost \$60,000.

But all the time my little fortune was melting like an April snow bank. The men who drank my wine and ate my canvas backs did not hesitate to take the meanest advantage of me in Wall street. Managing mammas had thrown their marriageable daughters at my head when they

thought they saw millions in me, but I had seen too much of fashionable girls to hanker after one for a wife. Besides, I knew I was on the verge of ruin. Scandals and gossip were like fog in the air. In society nobody trusts anybody, and the aboriginal savage gluts his thirst for blood under the thin veneer of what (Oh, don't laugh !) is called "*Christian Civilization.*"

Still, the reporters don't get hold of much of the nauseous mess, and society laughs, curses, dances, wastes money, lies, patronizes the poor, and goes to Church on Sundays—especially during the Easter holidays, after the spring openings in dry goods and French millinery.

Since I wrote the above lines I have read Mr. Ward McAllister's book, "*Society as I Have Found It.*" I have no patience to characterize this insufferable trash as it deserves. I merely want to make a single quotation.

In chapter XVIII., the Leader and Lawgiver of the Four Hundred says: "I would now make some suggestions as to the proper way of introducing a young girl into New York society, *particularly if she is not well supported by an old family connection.*"

Instancing a case in which he himself was the operator McAllister continues: "*The girl being a beauty* all the rest was easy enough. I gave her theatre party after theatre party, followed by charming little suppers; asked to them the *jeunesse doree** of the day; took her repeatedly to the opera, and saw that she was there always surrounded by admirers; incessantly talked of her fascinations; assured my young friends that she was endowed with a fortune equal to the mines of Ophir, and that she danced like a dream. I showed her whom to smile upon and upon whom to frown; I severely criticised her toilet until it became perfect; I daily met her on the Avenue with the most charming man in town, who, by one pretext or another, I turned over to her. I advised her parents that she should have her first season at Bar Harbor, where

* Idle young men about town.



she could learn to flirt to her heart's content, and vie with the other girls."

This most amazing bit of history, remember, was written about society, and for the perusal of society and the rest of mankind, by a man who is an acknowledged leader and authority. I know from observation that he states no more than the cold and simple truth. I don't know whether any harm came to the girl or not, but if she escaped it was through the intervention of the same Power which saves a sleeping baby from the rattlesnake under its pillow, and delivered Daniel from the lions on the plains of Babylon. Many a father, ignorant of the ways of society, had the girl been his daughter, would have shot her enterprising manager; but in this case the father not only refrained from violence, *but paid all the bills*. Yet men will agree that the peculiar brand of genius displayed by the author of "Society as I Have Found It," would be best appreciated and rewarded by the Sultan of Turkey.

I have written all I care to, yet not one thousandth part of what ought to be told. But I am too sick and weak to do more. My disease is fast progressing to a fatal termination. I am a dying man, with only a few dollars left, alone in cheap lodgings, under an assumed name. My "friends" vanished with my money, of course. But don't misunderstand me—I want no pity; I deserve none. I sold myself, and the devil is entitled to the fulfillment of the contract. I shan't wince or kick. I joined the Four Hundred a sober and an honest man; I die out of that social circle an habitual drinker, and an adept in its follies, frauds and vices.

In society there is little that is admirable—nothing sincere. It is the entrance hall to perdition, with the smell of brimstone smothered by the sickening breath of hot house flowers. It is the inspiration of financial theft, treachery, breaches of trust and defalcations. It is a dancing floor laid above heaps of dead men, lost women, and scorched reputations. Its associations and outcome are all bad and that continually. The spirit of every social carouse is the spirit of sex. Take that away and there is nothing left. Men don't dance with men, nor women with women. Fashionable people do not read, they can't converse intelligently; they can simply dance, chatter, eat and drink.

In case this manuscript ever comes to be read, some may think my censures of society are too severe. On this point I have but one explanation to make: In all I have said I mean to be understood as referring to the "smart" or "fast" set who constitute the active element. There is a solid or conservative class; families who give balls or dinners very seldom, and avoid the heat and rush of social life. They are secure in their position, substantial and respected. They can keep "society" at bay for years or whistle it to their feet any day. Observers can make the discrimination. Human nature is always the same; there are *personally* nice and kindly people among



the Four Hundred, but that fact in no way abates the disastrous result of their combined influence.

Therefore I, still a young man, about to go to a pauper's grave through the influence of "society" on me, in these, the last words I shall ever write, denounce it as a nuisance to New York and to our country. Here in my miserable room, perishing of a disease brought on me by social dissipation and luxurious living, which regarded not the laws of God or of nature, I denounce this silly and damaging social system; I denounce it to a time when the great fortunes on which "society" is based shall be scattered, and Americans shall have become wise enough to worship some worthier gods than their own images in a pier glass.

Whereto I set my name while I have still strength to do it. One from four hundred leaves three-hundred-and-ninety-nine.

HENRY C. SPAULDING.

Nov. 13, 1890.

THE SOCIETY COMPLEXION.

The "Society complexion," to which this poor fellow alludes, is the effect of bile in the blood and tissues. The cause is indigestion, dyspepsia, and sluggish liver. The most dangerous of the bile acids is uric acid, which is the immediate cause of Bright's disease of the kidneys, of which men die by multitudes. No mere treatment of the kidneys avails to mitigate or cure this scourge. The only remedy is to prevent the formation of more acid by correcting the stomach and stimulating the action of the liver; thus relieving the overworked kidneys and expelling the poison from the blood.

But it is not fashionable people alone who have this terrible hue of the skin—terrible, not for its looks, but for what it indicates. It is seen in all classes; on every side. Indigestion and dyspepsia kill more people than war, pestilence, or famine ever did. The disease may result from overeating, as in the case of the Four Hundred, or it may arise with equal certainty from bad and insufficient food. Emotion, worry, fret, anxiety, exposure, irregularity in taking meals, too much drinking, late hours, not enough sleep, over-work, lack of exercise, dissipation, all tend to produce indigestion and dyspepsia; and this brings on rheumatism, gout, liver complaint, and a score of other ailments foolishly supposed by many to be separate and distinct.

Dr. A. E. Bridger, of London, England, one of the highest authorities, says: "Gout, rheumatism, *Bright's disease*, and diabetes, are all *merely forms of dyspepsia*; while consumption, rickets, scrofula, melancholia, and even many of the specific fevers, are related to the same disease—indigestion and dyspepsia."

We have only to add that the preparation known all over Europe, India, Australia, and America—Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup)—has a record for the relief and cure of dyspepsia not approached by that of any other remedy or mode of treatment. No matter what ailment you suffer from, it is always wisdom to purify the blood, and this can be done only through the stomach and organs of digestion.

We submit the personal statements printed in the following pages and vouch for their truth. Read them, and act upon the impression they make upon your mind.

Diseases of the Liver.—We talk a great deal about the liver and its complaints, but not one person in a



hundred has any idea of what it is like, or what it is for. The liver is the largest organ in the body, and it does half-a-dozen different kinds of work. All the food that goes to the body must first pass through the liver. Don't forget that it is the only door, and when it gets clogged up the other organs behind it are like men in a coal mine when the only shaft is filled so that nothing can be sent to them. They must starve unless the road is soon opened. Then, also, the liver takes the bile from the blood and sends it to the bowels to help them digest the food. If it fails in this, a bad fit of constipation takes place at once. Besides these things, the liver gives out all the heat there is in the body. It is a scuttle full of coal in front of a stove. So you see that when the liver gets out of order, there is going to be serious trouble right away, and here are some of the symptoms by which you may know it:

The hands and feet are cold, because the blood circulates slowly; the person feels sleepy, because there is not blood enough in his brain; he is giddy sometimes, and things seem to whirl around him; he suffers from ringing in the ears, loss of appetite, sick headache and heartburn. There are dull pains in his side, especially on the right side, in

front, low down, where the liver is located. There are spots before his eyes that seem to float in the air; his tongue is coated; his bowels are costive (we have told you why); he sometimes has a dry cough, and fears he has lung trouble; his urine is high-colored, and the eyes and skin have a greenish-yellow look, which is the bile in the blood, all out of its place. The end of this, unless corrected, is sure to be a dangerous fever, with possibly other organic ailments with it. The man who trifles with this state of his health may easily go to his grave for his foolishness.

Indigestion and dyspepsia are at the bottom of all the mischief. The liver has broken down because it is overworked. It is on strike for the time being. The sufferer should resort to Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) without loss of time. It will remove the cause of the stoppage, and set the machine once more in motion. The dose should be from 10 to 20 drops or more three times a day, *instantly after eating*, according to the age of the patient and the severity of the attack.

WHERE DO GHOSTS COME FROM?

Do you believe in ghosts? Perhaps you laugh at the idea—a fearless man like you. Yet, if you *must* visit a graveyard you prefer doing so in the daytime. Why? Because you can see better? Is *that* the reason? Stuff! No. It is because you are afraid of the dead and of darkness. Almost everybody is. Yet, in sunshine, or in company, we boast of our courage. We are persons "*with no nonsense about us.*" At least so we say.

I knew a man who, when young, was so terrified by a ghost that he didn't get over it for fifty years. He was no coward or milksop either, but one of the bravest officers in the army. When he got to be an old man of eighty-two he spoke of that experience in these words: "For ten minutes I suffered such terror that from that hour to this a sort of constant dread has rested on my soul. Unexpected noises make me tremble all over, and objects which in the shades of evening I cannot make out, fill me with a mad desire to escape. *The fact is I am afraid of the night.*"

It is curious that this same expression, about being afraid of the night, should have been used by another man recently. His nerves, he says, were all upset. He couldn't sleep. He just tossed and tumbled on his bed. He hadn't committed murder, and wasn't haunted by a spirit from beyond the tomb. Yet life didn't seem to him worth the



price of it. Half a dozen times he made up his mind to leap out of it and take his chances. Lots of people get as far as that every day, and their friends never suspect it. It's all wrong, of course, but you can't wonder. For what is mere living when you get no comfort or pleasure out of it?

Well, this man goes on to say that his head often ached as though it would split open, and pains chased one another through his body. His skin was yellow as an old parchment, his appetite gone, and any little excitement would set his heart beating like a clock when you take the ball off the pendulum. One must eat to live, yet every time this man ate he was punished for it as though eating were a crime. His stomach received what he swallowed, of course, but that was all; it refused to digest it. Hence the poor fellow got to be like a sepulchre, with his bread and meat dead and rotten inside of him. The poisonous acids and gases which arose from this mass of corruption came up into his throat and sickened him; then went into his blood and started local distresses and maladies in every weak spot in his system.

It was the effect of this upon the nerves that made our friend "afraid of the night." The cold hands and feet,

the sense of fatigue, the depression of spirits, the bad taste in the mouth, the dry cough, the chills, weakness and giddiness, all these, and others we cannot now name, are signs and consequences of one cause, and one only—indigestion and dyspepsia. Nothing else on earth is so ruinous to body and mind; nothing else makes people see so many ghosts. Phantoms and mysterious voices are but echoes of what is in our own minds. Healthy people see only things that are natural, and when night comes they go to sleep in it.

The man alluded to is Mr. John Hodson, of Huntingdonshire, England. In a recent letter he says: "After years of suffering I was completely cured of my complaint (indigestion and dyspepsia) by Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup). I am now robust and strong and my friends regard me almost as one risen from the dead."

SYMPTOMS OF DYSPEPSIA.

Distress after eating, with heaviness and deadness of the stomach; pains in the head, chest, sides and back; bad taste in the mouth, and the rising of an acid saliva or an offensive gas from the stomach; dizziness, as though you were going to fall; costiveness and irregularity of the bowels; yellow color of the eyes and skin; cold hands and feet; palpitation and heartburn; variable appetite, sometimes hunger and then a loathing of the very thought of food; sick headaches; ringing in the ears; spots before the eyes; flashes of heat across the body; difficulty of passing urine, which is often of a high color and leaves a sediment on standing; trouble of mind and vague anxieties and fears for the future without obvious reason; restlessness; poor and broken sleep; unpleasant or terrible dreams; loss of ambition and dislike for labor; a tired and weary feeling that is not relieved by rest; dry and scurfy skin; aching of the arms and legs, and soreness of the muscles.

Sick Headache.—This distressing but not dangerous ailment, is commonly the result of indigestion. You can prevent it by taking a dose of Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) once every few days, immediately after a meal. Persons subject to sick headache should take the syrup whenever they feel any signs of costiveness.



The Bowels.—The bowels are a tube or pipe about 25 feet long leading from the stomach to the final outlet of the body. All the useless matter, after digestion, that can be carried off in a solid form passes away through this tube. It is, of course, coiled up something like the "worm" in a distillery. This tube is lubricated or oiled by the bile from the liver. If the liver does not supply enough bile the bowels become costive and irregular, and the membrane which lines them becomes irritated. Nature tries to break through this blockade by main force, and this causes pain, flatulency and diarrhoea. If not soon relieved an inflammation sets in which is always dangerous and often fatal. A few days' faithful treatment with Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) will clear out this important passage-way and restore a healthy condition.

WHO WANTS THIS GOLD RING?

For nearly 100 years a certain family of working people living in Paris have ended their lives by suicide. From father to son, from mother to daughter, has descended a plain gold ring, and on the finger of every one of these suicides, as they lay in death, this ring has been found.

Only last year the body of a young man who had killed himself was brought to the Morgue, and on his finger was the fatal golden circlet. He was the last of his race. The ring was buried with the corpse, from which no one acquainted with its history will have the courage to remove it. The mental taint in this family came from some remote ancestor, and was intensified by their recognition of it until it became a controlling force; and the ring was accepted as imposing upon its possessor the obligation to commit suicide, after the example of the person who last wore it. This form of mania usually originates in a disorder of the nervous system, which in its turn arises from anæmia, or poverty of the blood, one of the results of imperfect nutrition.

A recent letter from a gentleman living in Norfolk contains the following assertion: "*I longed for death; I was afraid of the night; I was afraid to be alone, yet I hated society. I was afraid that in some one of those hours of deep gloom and depression I should lift my hand against my own life, for I knew that many had done so from the same cause.*" The dark hours became a time of terror to him, so he says. He tossed and tumbled on his bed, wondering if morning would ever dawn again. In this case it was not an accusing conscience, as he had committed no offence; the cause was purely a physical one—yet all too common in this country—indigestion and dyspepsia, with the long chain of consequences dragging after it, nervous collapse among them.

He relates that his skin and eyes had been more or less discolored for years, often of a ghastly and repulsive yellow. This was due to the presence of bile in the blood and tissues, where it had no business to be. But as the weak and torpid liver could not remove it, no other result was possible than the one our friend experienced. His head frequently ached as though fiends had turned it into a workshop, and pains chased one another through his body as though he had at least half the maladies catalogued in the popular books on disease.

Yet one thing, and one only, was responsible for all the mischief, namely, the poison introduced into the blood from the decaying food in the stomach and intestines. The cold feet, the loss of appetite and ambition, the mental despondency, the sense of weariness and fatigue, the bad taste in the mouth, dry cough, giddiness, palpitation, chills, weakness, &c., are a brood of foul birds hatched in one nest, and the mother is always indigestion and dyspepsia.



Time passed somehow, as it always does whether we laugh or cry, and this man grew heartily tired of a life thus burdened and spoiled. He longed to see the end of it, and no wonder. But the last page of his letter is pitched in a higher key. He says, "When I think of what I was, and what I am now, I can hardly realize the change. For the past six months I have been using a preparation known as Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup), and it has actually revolutionized my whole system. One of my tenants recommended it to me, and I tried it just to please him. Now I praise it for myself, and thank the men who make and advertise it. My troubles are over, and I feel (at 57) as light, elastic, and gay as a boy on his summer vacation. I tell my doctors they are beaten at their own trade by an old German nurse, and so far as I am concerned they can't deny it. I have no more horrible thoughts of self-destruction, for I find too much enjoyment in living. My thanks are too deep for words."

Nervous Affections.—Everybody has heard of ailments by this name, but what the ailment really is, and what causes it, remains a mystery. Hence it is wrongly

treated, and sufferers finally come to think it cannot be cured. A few plain words will throw light upon this dark subject. Nervous affections mean weakness or feebleness of the nerves. Now, the body is full of nerves—the brain being the centre. When the nerves are strong and healthy, we have no more sense of them than we have of our stomach when *that* is strong and sound. But when the nerves get out of order, we are notified of it by such symptoms and feelings as these: Sleeplessness, excitement of mind, low spirits, irritability of temper, desire to avoid company, dislike of noise, great worry over little things, uneasy sensations shifting from one place to another through the body, a feeling of being tired and exhausted even when we have worked but little, groundless fears and anxieties about our children, about the future, and about a hundred other matters, and many transient pains we cannot account for. Now, what is the cause of this miserable state of the nerves? Simply this: *impure blood*. The nerves are built up and fed by the blood, and when bad digestion has filled the blood with waste and poisonous matters, like filth in a brook, *the nerves are starved* and tremble and break down. This is the whole truth about all so-called nervous diseases. They are a result and a symptom of indigestion and dyspepsia.

What to do is the question. The answer is easy. Take a dose of Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) night after night for, perhaps, several days, or in bad cases, longer. But the effect will soon be felt. The Syrup will purify the blood, expel the poison, and improve the appetite. The food you then eat will strengthen and tone up the nerves, all bad symptoms will vanish like vapors in the sunshine, and the world will once more seem a good and happy place to live in.

Skin Diseases.—All these are caused by impure blood. Pimples on the face, rashes, festers, salt rheum, boils, ulcers, carbuncles, and even tumors and cancers, all arise from poison in the blood. Scabs in the hair, sore eyes, flesh worms, blackheads, running from the ears, etc., belong to the same family, and can be cured only by cleansing the blood. What unsightly things they are! and how eagerly we all—especially the ladies—desire to get rid of them! We may safely promise those who persevere for a time in the use of Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) that they shall be gratified with a clean, clear skin. Mother

Seigel's own skin was perfectly so, and she attributed its elasticity and whiteness to the use of her own great medicine; and when persons take their own prescriptions they must believe in them.

"THEY DROPPED OFF—POISONED."

"I, Thirza Daniels, of Wrafton, near Barnstaple, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:

"I was always a strong, healthy woman up to the early part of 1879, when I began to be troubled with my liver and stomach. In July of that year I took a chill from sitting on some wet grass, and this brought on sciatica and rheumatism. I had dreadful pain in my hips and legs; it was like knives cutting through me. My appetite left me, and what little I did eat gave me great pain in the stomach and chest. I had a bad taste in the mouth and pains in the sides and between the shoulders. Finally I got so weak I had to bring home my eldest daughter from service to look after the house and my four children. For several months I went on in this way. At first I doctored myself, rubbing my joints with a rubbing bottle and poulticing. Then I sent for the doctor and he said my blood was poisoned. He blistered me and gave me medicine. I was under his care for five months, but I got weaker all the time and went thin as a skeleton. The pain whilst in bed was very severe. I could scarcely bear it; and I turned and turned, but could not find an easy place. Sometimes I was lifted to the floor and lay there to see if any ease could be got. I became so bad I sent for a doctor from Braunton, but as I got no better, my husband got a recommendation from the late Colonel Harding, of Upcott, and I attended at the dispensary at Barnstaple four months, and then went as an indoor patient in the Barnstaple Infirmary, and was treated by two doctors. They agreed it was blood poisoning, and talked of performing an operation on my thigh, but concluded not to do it, saying I was too weak. They blistered me again, and no relief from this, they applied leeches, but as fast as the leeches were put on they dropped off, poisoned by my blood. I was so low-spirited in the hospital that I felt if I did not get home I should die soon, so they made arrangements to take me away. When I got in the open air my senses left me, and they thought I was dying. After reaching home I was in great agony and sent my husband for our doctor. He said he would come, but it was of no

use, as he could do no more than he had done. I lay for weeks, and was so bad that when people spoke to me I had not the strength to reply. At this time my nephew, Robert Daniels, of Pontypridd, sent us word to try Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) as it had worked wonderful cures in the district where he lived. So my husband went to Mr. Farley's, the grocer, High street, Barnstaple, and bought a bottle. Before I had taken all of that bottle I could eat, and my food seemed to do me good. By degrees I got stronger and stronger, and after taking fourteen bottles I was strong and healthy. My flesh came on and all pain left my thigh and legs, and I have never ailed anything to speak of since. I thank God for making Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) known to me. I owe my life to it, and I wish others to know what I say. I consider it the Lord's doing, and I will be glad to answer any inquiries.

"And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835 (5 and 6 William IV., c. 62).

"(Signed) "THIRZA DANIELS.

"Declared before me, at the Guildhall at Barnstaple, in the County of Devon, by the said Thirza Daniels, on Tuesday, the 21st day of October, 1890.

[SEAL.]

"(Signed) RD. ASHTON,

"Deputy Mayor of the Borough of Barnstaple."

Female Diseases.—Women in particular stand in need of some such remedy as this. Even more than men they are liable to illness. The confinement, the worry and the labor of housekeeping, and the care of a home and a family, tend to break them down. Men may earn most of the money, but it is upon the wives and mothers that the real responsibility falls; and when they are not able to look after affairs, what becomes of the house? What indeed? We may well ask that.

Well, there is a host of women in this land who can bear witness to what Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) has done for them and their sex. It has given health and spirits to many a poor, desponding mother, wife, or daughter. It has found them with hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and sallow faces, all of which are signs of some trouble or weakness—probably of the organs of generation—and in the

course of a few weeks the dark circles under the eyes have disappeared, and bright looks returned with health and strength.

During pregnancy, the Syrup should be taken in 10 or 15 drop doses, three times a day, *instantly after eating*. If the bowels should be very costive, an occasional dose of Shaker Family Pills (say once a week) will give great relief. Yet care should be taken to *avoid violent purging*. Gentle and regular movements are all that should be aimed at. Therefore, each one must suit the dose to her own needs; not slavishly follow some one's else rule. Read the directions that go with the Pills.

Our female friends will also find Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) a splendid Remedy in such ailments as leucorrhœa, or whites, falling of the womb, bearing-down sensations, thin blood, lack of appetite in the morning, low spirits, pain in the back, &c. No one ever understood the maladies and troubles of her own sex better than Mother Seigel; and her medicine, you may rest assured, is better adapted to cure them than any other can possibly be.

CONSTIPATION.

A prevailing complaint, and one that causes a vast deal of suffering. The cause is a *torpid liver*. The liver is the largest gland in the body, secreting the bile, the *natural physic*, and when this gland becomes torpid and inactive, the bowels become sluggish and constipated. The effects of constipation upon the system are serious. When the fæcal matter collects in the lower part of the bowels, it produces an unnatural pressure upon the blood-vessels of the parts, causing that painful malady known as piles; but, as a rule, when this matter is removed, the piles disappear. This collection of fæcal matter, however, causes several other serious troubles. This foul matter becomes re-absorbed into the system, poisoning the blood, and when the poison reaches the brain, there is congestion which may vary from simple headache to the most violent brain disease. The impure blood, while circulating through the lungs, causes the breathing to be labored without affording relief as usual, and the breath becomes disagreeable, leaving a nasty taste in the mouth. Too close attention cannot be paid to the regularity of the evacuations from the bowels.

Piles and Costiveness.—The bowels should be emptied at least once a day by a natural evacuation, yet some persons (usually women) often fail of such evacuation for several successive days. Consequently the bowels or intestines are filled with partially digested food, which ferments and sours, and develops a foul gas that rises into the mouth with a belching sound and action. This nauseous mass presses upon and congests the blood-vessels, producing various forms of piles—bleeding piles, blind piles, etc. What suffering is thus caused we need not describe. The only mode of relief and cure is to soften this disease-breeding accumulation and expel it from the bowels by the natural passage; and then to tone up the intestines so that they may do their own work. Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) does this by promoting the secretion of bile by the liver, and stimulating the nervous and muscular power of the bowels. A few doses gives relief, and perseverance in its use will effect a cure.

THE DOG ISN'T AFRAID.

Did you ever see a hungry child or animal eat? Of course you have, many times. How they enjoy it. The satisfaction of hunger is one of the keenest delights we have. Nature meant it to be so, because we must take food in order to live, and what is necessary she makes pleasant that we may not neglect it.

Yet here is a woman who says, "*I was almost afraid to eat.*" Now, the hearty child or the hungry dog is not afraid to eat. Why not? Because neither of them ever experienced anything but pleasure and benefit from the operation. Happy child! happy dog!

Thousands upon thousands of people in this country regard their meals with disgust and dread. Yet they work hard to earn them, and are taught to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." Starvation means death. They know it. Still they eat only under a sort of slavish compulsion, as a man condemned to unwilling suicide might swallow a cup of poison. They refuse a blessing compared with which all other earthly blessings are mere dust or moonshine. Suffer for it? Indeed they do. Then why do they destroy themselves? It is not natural. The answer is, *They cannot help it.* This good woman's simple story shows how it is. Yet it is not new or rare, more's the pity.

She says: "I had always been remarkably healthy up to August, 1887, when I commenced one morning to vomit

a quantity of water from my stomach. After this I had a bad taste in the mouth in the morning, a poor appetite, and after eating there was pain and fullness in the chest and stomach. Gradually I began to feel very weak, so that at times I could scarcely stand. The wind would gather on my stomach, and pain became so severe that I went quite mazy. Everything turned black and dim before my eyes, and I felt like one that is tipsy; and it would generally take me an hour or two to get round. I was often taken with these mazy bouts, and whilst working at Red Bank Mill, Radcliffe, I was twice carried out of the mill in a half-fainting condition.

"After these attacks I went an awful color, and could hardly breathe, whilst the pain in my head was dreadful; and I had to get home and lie down on the couch. If ever I felt an attack coming on towards night after leaving work, I didn't dare go to bed until the pain moved.

"I was now growing weaker and weaker, for my food did me no good. If I only took bread and butter it would lie heavy on my stomach, and *I almost got afraid to eat*. At last I got so bad I went to a doctor at Bury, but he gave me no relief. Then I went to a doctor at Moses Gate, and later on I consulted a doctor at Little Lever. They all told me the same thing. They said it was indigestion and dyspepsia, but their medicine did not help me. Over twelve months I had to be constantly leaving my work, and what I suffered words cannot describe.

"About Christmas, 1888, one of my fellow-workwomen persuaded me to try Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) and I sent to Farnworth for a bottle. I felt better after taking the first bottle, and by the time I had taken three bottles I was quite cured. *I never have been off my work since*. I have recommended Seigel's Syrup to many; I gave some to our overlooker and also to a girl that worked beside me in the mill, and it did them both good. It is worth more than double the money it costs.

"(Signed) MRS. ELLEN HATCHMAN,

"Wife of Robert Hatchman, minder, 13 Market Street, Little Lever, near Bolton."

Diseases of the Stomach.—The stomach is a simple sack or bag. Into it all the food drops as we swallow it. Here it remains some time to be digested. The stomach—unlike the liver—does no other work; but digestion is a complicated and difficult operation. In the stom-

ach the food is mixed by means of a motion of its own with certain natural fluids or juices, until it becomes a thick half-fluid mass. Failure on the part of the stomach to accomplish this is called indigestion or dyspepsia. It is an almost universal disease, and the fruitful cause of nearly all the other ailments we suffer from. The food remains in the stomach and ferments, just as garbage does in a tub. A foul and nauseous gas is generated, which rises in the throat, and, with other poisons, attacks the whole system by means of the nerves and blood-vessels.

The principal symptoms are these: Distress after eating; a sense of fullness and deadness; headache; giddiness; bad breath; hot flushes, followed by creeping chills; sleeplessness; restlessness; loss of ambition and energy; yellowish eyes and skin; a feeling of weariness that is not relieved by our usual repose; desire to be alone; dry and scurfy skin; aching of the back, arms and legs; bad taste in the mouth; coated tongue; variable appetite; hunger, alternating with a loathing of food; great mental depression, and fears and anxieties without any apparent cause; shortness of breath and trembling of the limbs on making any exertion, &c. The stomach is tender on pressure, and filled with slime and mucus. The liver sympathizes with the state of the stomach, and the result is an attack of biliousness, which affects every organ of the body and prostrates the nerves.

The experience of thousands for many years proves the wonderful efficacy of Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) in this miserable malady. We need scarcely make this statement to the people of this country who so largely rely upon this remedy in a disease that is so common among them. This remedy gently but surely clears out the noxious load from the principal organs of digestion, helps the stomach to dissolve and digest what is nutritious in it, and expels the remainder through the bowels and other organs of excretion. It thus cures one malady, and prevents others which will certainly follow unless this work is quickly and thoroughly done.

Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) has been successful in cases which have baffled the best medical talent, and what it has done it may be trusted to do still. Whether your case be acute or chronic, the result will be the same. Only in long established cases there is need of patience and faithfulness in using it. The reward will be restored health and a fresh sense of the value and beauty of life.

Worms.—These pests are bred by the corrupt matter in the system. They often induce an unnatural appetite, and again destroy the appetite altogether. Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) will quickly drive them from the stomach and bowels, and expel and destroy the decaying substances on which they feed and grow.

Mothers should give their children occasional doses of the Syrup in order to keep the stomach in order and thus prevent worms being engendered there. This is true of all the parasites that infest the bowels and skin. It starves and cleanses them away.

Heart Disease.—The heart is situated immediately above the stomach. When the latter is distended by gas or wind, due to indigestion, it sometimes interferes with the proper action of the heart, causing feelings of oppression or palpitation, and frightens people into thinking they have heart disease. A few doses of Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) will usually end the symptoms which alarmed them and restore the sense of good health.

Fever and Inflammation.—When we run a sliver into one of our fingers it throbs and hurts, and soon gets swollen and hot. In her efforts to get rid of the sliver Nature has become excited and kindled a big fire on the spot. This is a local fever and inflammation. Please pay attention now, and see how simple, yet important, this fact is. Indigestion and dyspepsia allow the foul and poisonous matters, which should pass off out of the system, to get into the blood. They go to every part of the body—to every organ in it. Wherever there is weakness they fasten themselves and produce fever and inflammation. Sometimes it is in the bowels, then the kidneys, then the liver, etc. You can always put out a fire in a stove by dumping the grate. On the same principle we must subdue a fever or an inflammation by driving the cause of it out of the body. This is true, no matter by what name the fever is called, and even when the poison is taken into the body through the lungs as well as through the stomach, as is the case in what are termed contagious or infectious fevers. Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) acts upon the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys, and sets them at work to remove the evil guests from the system, and the fever dies out as a fire does when there is no more fuel.

THE BABY ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

On the night after the battle of Waterloo, in the blood-stained mire of a ploughed field, lay an English officer, dead where he fell. At his side lay the body of his wife, who had followed him from England, and arrived perhaps in time to receive his last sigh. On his breast was their baby, sound asleep, and smiling amid that dreadful scene as though angels were inspiring its dreams.

Ah, God, what a thing is childhood! touching heaven in its innocence and earth in its agony. While we have the children, how large the places they fill! When we lose them, how great the vacancies they leave!

Read the story of an escape, as told by a parent.

"I, Frederick Butcher, of No. 6 Birch Road, Crumpsall, near Manchester, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows: My daughter Kate, now eleven years old, had always been delicate. She was pale and thin, and it seemed as if a breath of cold air would destroy her. She was now better, now worse, but never well. In the summer of 1885 she complained of a sense of weight in the chest and side. Her abdomen was distended as though she had over-eaten, when in fact she ate scarcely more than a bird. She spoke of a bad taste in the mouth, and would always be holding her sides or placing her hands against her temple as if to relieve the pressure there. She had also pains between the shoulders, and her breath was very offensive. She was always tired and languid, and though naturally a bright, intelligent child, would lie for hours in a lifeless condition. She grew weaker and weaker until she could scarcely stand. We thought her to be in a decline. There came a sign even more alarming, a short, dry, deep-sounding cough. My wife and I feared it was consumption. About Christmas, 1885, I removed my family from Huntingdon to Manchester. Poor Kate was too weak to take the journey with us, she remained with her grandmother at Thorp Farm, Norfolk. Still the dear child sank from week to week. What was our surprise, some time afterwards, to receive a letter from grandmother reading like this:

"Kate is very much better. She is eating well and sleeping well; and the roses are coming into her thin cheeks. What could have happened? In another month we had the happiness to welcome our daughter in our new home in Manchester. How great was our joy when we saw the wonderful change which had taken place in her! She is now a fine, healthy child, and never ails any-

thing more than any girl may. Now, what wrought this change in her? What gave us back our daughter, seemingly almost from the brink of the grave? I will answer frankly, for there is nothing to conceal. Seeing her deplorable state, and that none of the medicines she had taken had proved appropriate to her strange malady, her grandma one day said to herself, 'I think I will give Kate a dose out of my bottle of Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup). Her grandma had received great benefit from this medicine herself for a complicated disease. It was given to Kate, and the good effect was immediate. She at once rested more tranquilly and had something of an appetite, and a little later on, her grandma was justified in writing to us as I have already stated. I am willing to answer any inquiries about this case that may be sent to my address. And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true. By virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835 (5 and 6 William IV., c. 62).

"Signed) F. BUTCHER."

"To all whom these presents shall come, I, Sir John James Harwood, Knight, Deputy Mayor of the City of Manchester, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, in that part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called England, Do Hereby Certify that on the day of the date hereof personally came and appeared before me, Frederick Butcher, of 6 Birch Road, Crumpsall, the Declarant named in the Declaration hereto annexed, being a person well known, and worthy of good credit, and did solemnly and sincerely declare to be true the several matters and things mentioned and contained in the said Declaration.

"In faith and testimony whereof, I, the said Mayor, have caused the Seal of Mayoralty of the said City to be hereunder put and affixed.

"Dated at Manchester, the 26th day of August, in the 54th year of the Reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and in the year of our Lord, 1890.

"(Signed) J. J. HARWOOD,
"Deputy Mayor."

[SEAL.]

Urinary Difficulties.—This is a large subject, but the most important points are not hard to understand. The urinary organs are two-fold—namely, the kidneys and the bladder. It is the duty of the kidneys to take from the

blood a certain poison called uric acid, and remove it from the system, dissolved in the urine. This the kidneys do easily enough, so long as there is no more than a natural quantity of this acid, which is very hard to dissolve. But when, as often happens, the kidneys cannot pass it off as fast as it is produced by the liver, there is serious trouble at once; and trouble, too, that is sure to get worse.

We will see what takes place. When the kidneys can no longer dissolve this solid uric acid, they pass part of it through in a solid form into the bladder, while the rest remains in the kidneys. This uric acid takes with it quantities of the salts that are all the time used in the processes of digestion and bodily repair. This acid and these salts combine to form a sandy substance *in the kidneys*, which causes a breaking down of those organs (called kidney complaint or Bright's disease), and in the bladder they cause a disease well known under the name of *the Gravel*.

Persons with gravel often pass some portions of it in their urine, but the most of it remains, and gives rise to inflammation, pain, heat, and intense suffering in making water. The reason of this is that the sand covers up the passage from the bladder, and the urine cannot find an outlet. To give temporary relief it is then necessary to push back the obstruction with an instrument and let the water off. This gravel becomes hardened into stones of various sizes, which, in passing through, cut and tear the sides of the urinary passages—sometimes so as to mingle the water with blood. The pain and agony attending this are the most intense that men are called upon to endure. It was a misdirected effort to relieve the late Emperor of the French, Louis Napoleon, by crushing the stone in his bladder, that caused his death.

The only true method is to dissolve the gravel and stone in the places where it lodges, when it will pass off without being felt. Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) does this, and assists the urinary organs to throw off this dangerous substance as rapidly as it is formed, thus preventing any accumulation in the water passages. Cases are on record of the success of the Syrup in curing gravel and kidney decay even after the most skillful medical treatment had been of no avail.

Still, there is always peril in delay. The reader should resort to the remedy on the earliest appearance of suspicious symptoms.

Rheumatism.—No one who has suffered from this ailment needs to be told what a painful and crippling thing it is. In treating it we must bear in mind that rheumatism is an inflammation of the joints and muscles, caused by a deposit in them of a poison from the blood. You know that in a crooked river or stream the loose stuff that floats on the water is always apt to lodge in the bends and eddies where the current is slow. It is the same way in this case. The blood flows much slower in the joints and muscles than it does elsewhere in the body; and so the floating acid poison settles there, and causes rheumatism, or gout—for the two are very much alike and spring from the same source.

It was once thought that damp, worry, anxiety, &c., were among the causes of rheumatism, but this has been found to be a mistake. These things often develop the disease as they develop the symptoms of mercurial and lead poisoning; but the poison is already in the tissues, and although damp and wet and worry, by hindering the action of the skin, liver, or kidneys, may bring it out, they are never the cause of it. You may be saved much time, money and disappointment by sticking a pin through this fact.

It follows that in the beginning rheumatism is only due to indigestion and dyspepsia, for if the stomach and other digestive organs did their duty, there would never be any poison in the blood to sow the seeds of rheumatism. The mode of cure is then easy to see. We must cure the indigestion and dyspepsia—*of which rheumatism is only a symptom*—and thus get rid of our rheumatic aches, pains, and stiffness. Liniments, ointments, plasters and poultices do no real good. They comfort for an hour or two, but cannot cure.

Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) removes the deposits from the joints and muscles, promotes the secretion of the natural fluids, and keeps fresh poison from forming. Many a poor rheumatic, after a faithful use of this great healer and cleanser, has been able to leave his bed, or throw aside his crutches, and once more move erect and freely as Nature intended him to do.

A short trial will convince the most discouraged.

DIRECTIONS

For Using Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup).

DOSE.—FIFTEEN TO THIRTY DROPS, two or three times per day, in a wine-glass of water, *immediately* after eating.

NOTE—*Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup)* is put up in a very highly concentrated form; therefore the dose must be given in drops—one teaspoonful contains 60 drops. The dose is easily regulated, as one-quarter of a teaspoonful is 15 drops. Parties purchasing this medicine can rely on its having as much strength as if put up in pint bottles.

The quantity may be regulated by the patient, who will bear in mind that sufficient needs to be taken to operate on the bowels two or three times each day. The blood will thus be purified, the sweat glands of the skin will be opened, and the flesh made soft and healthy as an infant's. The kidneys and liver will do their duty, and all humors of the blood will be driven out of the system, and the body purified and restored to a sound and healthy condition. The medicine must be taken *instantly* after eating, so that it will become mixed with the food while in the stomach.

Commence by taking ten or fifteen drops three times a day *instantly* after eating, in a little cold, sweetened water. It is best not to take the Syrup on an empty stomach. If this does not give relief, increase the dose to thirty drops, always to be taken *instantly* after eating, so that the Syrup may become mixed with the food while being digested. It is essential that the bowels be made to move freely every day, and if the above doses of Syrup be not sufficient to effect this, take one to four of Shaker Family Pills at bedtime. It is better to take the Pills than to increase the dose of the Syrup.

A. J. WHITE.

SHAKER FAMILY PILLS.

Unlike many kinds of cathartic medicines, these Pills do not make you feel worse before you feel better. Their operation is gentle, but thorough, and unattended with disagreeable effects, such as nausea, griping pains, etc., etc.

Shaker Family Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

These Pills prevent fevers and all kinds of sickness by removing all poisonous matter from the bowels. They operate briskly, yet mildly, without any pain.

If you take a severe cold and are threatened with a fever, with pains in the head, back and limbs, one or two doses of Shaker Family Pills will break up the cold and prevent the fever.

Shaker Family Pills prevent ill effects from excess in eating or drinking. A good dose at bedtime renders a person fit for business or labor in the morning.

The Pills, being sugar-coated, are pleasant to take ; the disagreeable taste common to most pills is obviated.

PRICES OF SHAKER MEDICINES.

	Per Bottle.
Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) . . .	60 cts.
Shaker Family Pills	25 cts.
	Each.
Shaker Soothing Plasters	25 cts.

In case the reader cannot obtain these medicines from a local dealer, we will forward the same free on receipt of P. O. Order, or stamps, in a registered letter, for the quantity required. *Address,*

A. J. WHITE,
168 Duane Street, New York.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally.

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