

The Manning Times.

VOL. III.

MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1888.

NO. 12.

THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE.

ALL EYES FASTENED ON GERMANY'S FEEBLE KAISER.

Talk of a Regency—Coming Constitutional Reforms—Bismarck's Place in the Presence of Royalty.

(London Letter to the New York Times.)

Despite all the official disclaimers and the vague and misleading reports of favorable symptoms Kaiser Frederick is really growing worse week by week. Almost the last words a Prussian official friend said to me on Thursday when I was leaving Berlin were: "Be prepared for a declaration of a regency any day. The Kaiser will not much longer be able to stand the strain of even listening to State papers and signing his name." Sure enough, within forty-eight hours the announcement has come. The imperial rescript creates a sort of co-regency, enabling Prince William to act with authority solely on such matters as are referred to him by his father, but there is reason to believe that another rescript is already signed and in readiness for an emergency, devolving whole and full powers as regent on Prince William.

It is fair to say that this action is a more valuable and trustworthy indication of the Kaiser's health than all that Dr. Mackenzie may whisper to the correspondents to the contrary. A new Emperor who is unable even to receive the Presidents of the Chambers of the Prussian Diet when they bring an address which is the most important that could possibly be presented is not a patient with a mere local throat ailment from which he is recovering. When I remember that last week he gave an audience to a mere delegation of the municipality of Berlin, it is obvious that his refusal now to see a delegation from Parliament gives the lie to the assertion that his health is improving. More than this for the moment it is impossible to say. Probably next week, when, if the fine weather continues, the question of his removal to Weisbaden or Potsdam will be settled, the public may learn something of the real facts of his condition.

Hints about coming constitutional reforms throughout Germany continue in the air, but the prophecies are still without tangible form. There is a good deal of disappointment in moderate German circles of Alsace Lorraine at the tone of the imperial proclamation to the people of these provinces. The *Kaiser Journal* says, for example: "We must openly admit that our people had hoped to find in the proclamation some allusion to the development which the Constitution would easily admit of or to the relaxation which might be made in the present system of government. This hope is not fulfilled." Liberal papers in Berlin, like the *National Zeitung*, also show certain signs of modifying their first exuberant confidence that great steps toward the liberalization of Prussia were impending. Dr. Friedberg, the imperial minister of justice, is said to be hard at work on a big schedule of names to be included in the amnesty granted to political offenders which is expected next week, but beyond that nothing definite is known.

Prince Bismarck's status under the new regime continues to be generally discussed. There is some danger that people outside of Germany not familiar with the habits of thought and action ingrained in the Prussian character will draw false conclusions from the fact that there has been an evident desire by the new Kaiser to honor a lot of people whom Bismarck dislikes. It is difficult for a foreigner to realize how small, from the standpoint of Prussian Court discipline, Bismarck is as compared with royalty itself. Americans probably had in their mind's eye before last week's funeral a kind of fancy picture of the old Kaiser in his coffin, with the two great historic lieutenants, Bismarck and Moltke, as the chief figures on either side. As a matter of fact, if they had attended the funeral, their places would have been about half a mile behind the hearse, following in the humble wake of every petty descendant of an obscure German Prince or other princeling who was able to pay his fare to Berlin. When I saw in the official programme the places assigned to them I said to a German official: "This seems, from my point of view at least, to be an outrage. I wonder they don't resent it." The official looked at me in smiling surprise. "Oh, by no means," he answered, "they are too good Prussians not to know exactly where they belong in the procession, and would never dream of desiring to be somewhere else." The same gentleman told me an interesting anecdote of an interview Bismarck had with Frederick III. when he went down to Leipsic on the 11th to meet the San Remo train and return with it to Berlin. The Kaiser showed the Chancellor a draft of his famous letter to Bismarck for approval before publication. Bismarck read and returned it, suggesting the alteration of a single word in the original. The draft referred to him as the "much-cherished fellow-worker of the late Kaiser." Bismarck suggested the word servant instead of fellow-worker. Frederick shook the Chancellor's hand warmly and made the alteration. I relate this to indicate Bismarck's conception of his position. Whatever he may think of the new policy, it would have to be a very grave and momentous thing indeed which would induce him to express dissent from the decisions and instructions of his imperial master. Even then it would be done with the utmost caution and deference. As for

mutiny, that would be simply out of the question.

Another Account.

BERLIN, March 27.—It is expected that the coronation of King Frederick and Queen Victoria of Prussia will take place at Konigsberg in June.

The mass of cartilage just removed from the Emperor's larynx is believed to indicate that nature is making a curative effort entirely independent of the physicians, which belief is strengthened by the fact that a similar voluntary expulsion is unknown to the physicians in their experience in the treatment of cancerous diseases. The circumstance is also held to furnish incontrovertible evidence of the correctness of Dr. Mackenzie's persistent contention that the disease is not cancer.

Empress Victoria, replying to addresses presented to her by seventeen associations of which she is a patroness, says her foremost and most sacred duty will be the care of her suffering husband. She is conscious of the task devolving upon her as Queen and Empress, and will accomplish it to the best of her ability. At the same time, she is reminded that she has other social duties. The moral and intellectual education of women, the sanitary condition of the laboring classes, and the improvement of the facilities by which women may earn a livelihood will be constantly before her. The noblest vocation of a princess, she says, is an untiring activity in the work of ameliorating the suffering of the poorer classes. Owing to the difficulty of her task she is doubtful whether she will succeed as well as her heart desires.

WAGES WORSE THAN SLAVERY.

English Workmen Who Might Envy the Black Slaves of the Sudan.

(London Saturday Review.)

The English drudge rises early and goes to bed late, working eight or twelve hours a day, either in her miserable garret or in a huge manufacturing hive. Pinched with hunger and cold, worn out with labor, exposed to temptation and degradation, her joyless life stretches behind her and before her, with no pleasures to look back upon, no hope to look forward to. The wages she earns, those wages which proudly separate her from the slave, are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, till at last the body gives way or the soul revolts. Then comes the inevitable end, and a verdict of "Death from starvation" or "Found drowned" closes the scene.

The Soudani girl is taken from her parental hut of sticks and mud and sold to a respectable family or perhaps a very rich one. In the first case, she will probably be alone; in the second, she will find others like herself. She represents so much capital invested, and is looked after with equivalent care. She is a servant whose wages have been paid twenty years in advance. It is true they have not been paid to her, but that is all the better for the girl. She is well housed and well fed, and wants for nothing. She is immediately provided with decent clothes and set to house work. She has charge of the family washing and cleaning, and of the kitchen, and generally fulfills these duties much better than a native paid servant would do. She is under no special restraint, accompanies her mistress shopping or does the marketing herself, and gossips her fill with the neighbors as she hangs out the linen on the house top or sweeps the front door step.

Her work is by no means hard, and after the fashion of Egypt, where every man is a brother and every woman a sister, she is looked upon by the family quite as one of themselves. Speaking from personal observation, we may affirm that the black women are almost invariably treated with the utmost kindness and indulgence, and are often great, oiled like children by the too great good nature of their masters or mistresses. They constitute a very merry, happy portion of the population, and it is seldom one can find a black girl without an infectious broad grin on her polished face. If she chooses to marry, as she often does, with her owner's consent, she receives a dowry, and goes forth a "free" woman in the letter, though often, as she finds to her cost, a greater bond slave in the spirit than in the days of her servitude.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

We are prepared to sell Pianos and Organs of the best make at factory prices for Cash or Easy Installments. Pianos from \$210 up; Organs from \$24 up. The verdict of the people is that they can save the freight and twenty-five per cent by buying of us. Instruments delivered to any depot on fifteen days' trial. We pay freight both ways if not satisfactory. Order and test in your own homes. Respectfully,
N. W. TRUMP,
Columbia, S. C.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Would you please tell your male readers that I will buy a fine, strong and serviceable pair of pants, made to order by the N. Y. Standard Pants Co., of 66 University Place, New York City? By sending 5 cents in postage stamps to the above firm, they will send to any address 25 samples of cloth to choose from, a fine linen tape measure, a full set of scientific measurement blanks and other valuable information. All goods are delivered by them through the U. S. Mails. A novel and practical idea. Advise your readers to try the firm. They are thoroughly reliable. Yours truly,
WILLIAM VANDERBILT.

About 1838 what tough stories some venerable men will be telling of the March 27th of 1888!

THE CREED OF DESPAIR.

A Play Showing the Great Growth of Anarchism.

(From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.)

Nina Van Zandt is going on the stage, and is to devote her life to telling the story of her lover's fate. Four persons beside Miss Nina know of this plan. One of them is an Anarchist leader and another a newspaper man. The newspaper man is writing her play. He is a German, imaginative, enthusiastic and red-headed. For two months the project has been working, and the play is nearly finished, only lacking the polish which the friction wheel of intelligent work alone can give. Miss Van Zandt is an enthusiast in the project. There is no question that the young woman possesses considerable talent. She is stately, cultivated, polished, self-possessed. More than this, she is beautiful. Not pretty, not piquantly winning, she is statuesquely beautiful. Her features are finely moulded. Their cast is noble. Her beauty is chaste and pure. Her neck is queenly; she wears her beauty haughtily. Her form is worthy of her face. Not tall, her fine proportions and perfect symmetry, combined with a certain freedom and majesty of movement, make her presence striking, noble and always full of grace.

But this is not all, or rather this is nothing, when compared with the power she possesses. Whatever may have been the ridiculous positions in which she has placed herself by her relations with August Spies, ridicule has never cracked his whip of wit at her; no laugh at her covert sneer. She has embodied the situations in which she has been placed, and her tragic strength of mind has given dignity to what in another would have been silliness. She has in addition to all this a low, sweet and strong voice. Miss Van Zandt can be an actress, probably a great, surely a drawing one.

But after all "the play's the thing." Even a poor actor can do something with a good play, and without it the best can do but poorly. Miss Van Zandt's play is a good one or a bad one, as different people may view it, but it is at least a strong one. Briefly, the plot of the play is this:

A young, intelligent workman, at peace with all the world, loved by his beautiful wife, happy in his home, though interested in the welfare of his class, takes little note of the supposed oppression of money, nor of the growing spirit of communism that pours its wild arguments in his ears. One day, however, he hears several capitalists, one of whom is his employer, discussing a plan to increase their profits and feed their greed by forming a combination with the deliberate purpose of forcing their employees out, reducing their wages to the lowest point, and by the aid of hunger compelling their submission. The man comes home burning with indignation. His wife soothes him with love and words of hope and faith.

It times come. Events crowd each other. Wages are reduced. Most of the men strike. The rest are locked out. The man's thoughts turn to those doctrines he formerly despised, but still his wife keeps him true. Evictions follow. The young workman and his beautiful young wife are turned into the street and their furniture seized. They are not able to pay the rent. Enraged by the sufferings of his wife, the young man adopts Anarchism—the creed of despair. He joins his fellow-workmen. He becomes their leader. He says: "We will go to our masters and ask them to treat with us as men. If they refuse, we will try something else." Their employers refuse to arbitrate with them. Their cold answer was: "Return to your tasks. We will pay you what we choose." Then the young leader says: "They have destroyed our means of existence—our labor. Let us destroy theirs—their property."

A raid is made on a factory. It is met by the police. They fire into the crowd. The leader falls. Then a fearful cry is heard, the beautiful young wife rushes to the spot and throws herself on her husband's corpse. She is rudely disturbed by the police. She rises, and with her hands upraised to heaven prays for vengeance. She applies to the authorities to have the police who did the shooting punished. It is in vain; the police are the authorities. Then for revenge she is driven into Anarchism. She organizes an incendiary band. They apply the torch. Fearful destruction ensues. The police are on their track. A traitor reveals their plans and the leaders. The conspirators are arrested while planning further ruin.

The woman is arraigned. Calmly she admits her guilt; bitterly she accuses the moneyed conspirators who caused the wrong, triumphantly she asserts her victory in revenge. With terrible scorn she denounces their bravery in hunting down a woman. She detests them. Swiftly snatching a vial of poison concealed in her hair, she drains it, and falls a corpse at the outraged feet of justice. This woman is Nina Van Zandt. The character is well suited to her. She can well portray the calm strength of widely love and the fierce torrent of passion roused to revenge.

There is place for several fine characters. The evicting scene, the killing of the conspirators, the awful death in the court, all furnish grand and striking tableaux. The emotions range from quiet love to intense hate, direct revenge, and, in the closing scene, culminate in a storm of passion ending in despair, fit prelude of death. A large part of the lines are written, especially those that fall to that part of the heroine, and to the construction of these Miss Van Zandt has given much personal attention. A fair sample of them are her words when torn

from the police. She turns on them with:

Wolves, would you rend his flesh?
Base, merciful slaves! Oh, my dead love!
Foul fiends, gaze on your work! Dead! Dead!

Dead!
May that sweet blood its incense send
To heaven, and call down the wrath of God
On your accursed heads. May fire
Burn your homes, want pinch your limbs,
and
Hunger gnaw your hearts until he gnaws
him with your deaths. God-bought out-throats.

My vengeance will pursue you still. Drive
Courage from your veins and put fear there.
Curses upon you! Hell's torments seize!
Revenge! Revenge!

The last act is not completed, but promises to be a strong one both in action and language. The play will be finished in a short time, and will be put on the stage in September. Meanwhile Miss Van Zandt will work assiduously in preparing for the presentation.

Mrs. Van Zandt, Nina's mother, when asked about her daughter's plan of going on the stage, said: "Who told you she was going on the stage? I do not favor it, and it is entirely Nina's plan." She said she could not talk about it, as nothing had yet been definitely settled. She tacitly admitted the fact, but refused to enter into details. "Nina," she said, "has not yet completed her plans."

The beautiful Miss Nina herself, when asked to tell the public about her plans, replied: "I am not ready to talk to the public yet, for when I go upon the stage, if ever I do, I fear they will think I talk too much."

ELEPHANT'S FOOT IN AFRICA.

A Dish Which Knocks Out Anything at Demonic's.

Speaking of elephant's foot takes us naturally to the Kaffirs, where this dish is the crowning triumph of their bill of fare. Night is the time generally selected by the Kaffir for the enjoyment of this prime luxury. Other portions of the elephant are eaten with great gusto, but the feet are esteemed the delicacies of the feast. A hole is dug in the ground and a fire made on the bottom. It is allowed to burn down to a heap of coals, which are scraped out by the cooks. When this oven has been freed of embers, the foot is rolled into it and covered with twigs, and green leaves. After this the hot embers are replaced and a roaring fire started over the heap. In this manner the foot is baked, and when the fire has burned low the contents of the oven are lifted out by several men and the feast opens. Travelers who have feasted with the Kaffirs on occasions of this kind have paid glowing compliments to their cookery. The natives are said to love elephant foot next to the marrow taken from the leg bones of the giraffe or eland, but the preparation of this food does not afford the enjoyment which is associated with the dish we have described.

The Kaffirs are a herd of locusts also. They eat them raw, just as more civilized people devour shrimps. They have, too, a certain fondness for lion's flesh, about the toughest dish any one can sit down to. The late Gordon Cumming, who was familiar with the secrets of the Kaffir kitchen, used to say that "a very good idea of the meat which is usually obtained in Kaffirland may be gained by taking the very worst part of the toughest possible beef, multiplying the toughest by ten and subtracting the gravy."

COLOR IN THE CHURCH.

A Northern View of the Difficulties in the South Carolina Diocese.

The New York Tribune, referring to the color question in the churches, has this to say in regard to the admission of colored clergy to the South Carolina Diocesan Convention:

"At the coming Easter vestry elections the question of admitting colored clerical delegates to the Convention will be the paramount issue, and it is likely that vestries opposed to this will be generally elected. That will mean the continuance of the schism, with the Bishop and most of the clergy on one side and the laity on the other. The immediate result of this will be, as the Bishop says, vacant rectories, closed churches and suspended and abandoned missions.

"But it will bring about at least one good result. It will compel the next General Convention of the Episcopal Church, which meets in this city next year, fairly and squarely to answer the question whether clergymen and laymen of that church in good standing can be deprived of their constitutional rights, because of the accident of color, in any of its dioceses. That it will answer this question in the negative may be fairly inferred from its history and traditions. If it fails to do so, it will encourage other denominations to take the same stand, and there will then be nothing left for the colored race but to withdraw from the existing churches and organize churches of their own, in which it is to be hoped a more comprehensive and Christian conception of church membership will prevail."

Development of the South.

The Chattanooga Tradesmen's reports of new industries actually organized and erected in the South since January 1, 1888, indicate no statement in its industrial growth. The reports show great activity in cotton and woolen factories. Within the past month thirty new companies have been formed, and in most cases all the necessary stock has been subscribed. There is also much activity in mining operations, the total number of mining and quarrying companies formed in the South since January 1, being fifty-six, in wood-working branches, however, the development has been greatest, the number of new plants in three months being eighty-six. Reports also show that Southern lumber lands are in demand, chiefly by lumbermen from the Northwest. Over 500,000 acres have been sold since January 1. Northwestern manufacturers are erecting mills in various Southern States.

A MILLIONAIRE'S START.

SENATOR STANFORD SENT WEST BY A CHICAGO MAN.

From a Briefless Lawyer in a Wisconsin Village to a California Nabob.

PORT WASHINGTON, Wis., March 29.—Forty years ago Senator Leland Stanford, the California millionaire, here laid the foundation of his fortune of \$70,000,000; here it was that Mr. and Mrs. Stanford spent their honeymoon and the first three years of their married life, and here they suffered more and greater hardships than they experienced before or since. It was here, too, that Leland Stanford received the blow which sent him away in chagrin and disgust to build for himself and his young wife a new home in the West—the blow that was the direct means of changing his position in life from that of a struggling country lawyer to the one he now holds.

Mr. Stanford came to Port Washington intending to make it his permanent home. In the forties the village was a lusty rival of Chicago and Milwaukee and was enjoying a healthy boom fostered by Chicago men whose confidence in the village at the head of the lake had been shaken. Stanford was at this time studying law in Albany, N. Y., where a missionary sent out H. O. Stone, of Chicago, found him and induced him to cast his lot in Wisconsin. His mind once made up, it did not take the young lawyer long to get his valuables together, his baggage consisting of a small hide-bound valise containing half a dozen pairs of home knit woolen socks, a few linen collars of the kind that fastened at the back and four or five cotton handkerchiefs as large as small table cloths, which, with his law books—the latter forming a small but excellent library, the gift of a brother—were packed in a single trunk.

It has been said that when Leland Stanford came to Port Washington he walked into the village, his wardrobe on his back and his valuables tied in a red cotton handkerchief. There appears to be no foundation for this story. Gray haired men who well remember Stanford's arrival here, say there is no doubt that the journey from Albany was made by rail to the terminus of the Lake Shore road, which was then in course of construction, thence by stage to Chicago and by boat to this place. There are a number of early settlers who recall the young lawyer's arrival. He was a stout built, dark complexioned young man, 22 or 23 years old, with thick lips and an impediment in his speech that made him appear at bad advantage in social gatherings and tended to make him bashful and retiring.

Stanford secured board at the Powers' House—a two story frame hotel owned by H. O. Stone, of Chicago, and managed by the late Judge O'Conner. He looked the town over, liked the location and its prospects, and decided to settle here. A room was rented on the second floor of a frame store building and furnished as a law office. The apartment was small—8x12—and plainly furnished, the furniture consisting of a rough, unpainted table, three chairs and a book case. A shingle was hung out and Leland waited for a client. Whether or not the client ever came history does not relate, but true it is the court records of Wash county bear no evidence that Leland Stanford had a case on the calendar during the three years he was a member of this bar. In fact, business was so poor that Stanford secured an appointment as notary public in order to increase his income by the fees accruing from the office. To-day there is many a deed and mortgage on file bearing the signature: "Leland Stanford, Notary Public."

In the fall of 1848 Stanford returned to Albany to be married. Charles Miller, a prominent citizen of West Bend, in the adjoining county, declares with considerable pride that he furnished the money to pay the expenses of that wedding and bridal tour. The fact was, Leland Stanford had found his hands full in keeping the wolf from the door, and had been unable to save much from his small income; but he would not disappoint his betrothed by asking her to postpone the wedding, and pluckily took a friend into his confidence and borrowed the money to carry him through.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanford did not come to Port Washington prepared to begin housekeeping. All their worldly goods were contained in one trunk of very moderate size and they found no difficulty in getting everything into the one small room in the Powers' House, occupied by them. Their apartment was on the second floor, directly over the bar room and was warmed by a stovepipe that passed through the chamber from the office. The young couple were very happy here for several months; they were welcomed in society—such as there was, and it is said the lines were drawn very closely—attended the dancing parties given in "the section," as the long, low hall in the garret of the hotel was termed and became a part of the life of the little village. At last, however, Mrs. Stanford became tired of being continually invited out without being able to entertain in return and signed for a home of her own. It was decided to begin housekeeping, and a story and a half brick cottage was rented. Furniture came from the East—a gift of Mrs. Stanford's father, as an envious and gossiping neighbor once said—and the young people moved into their plain but pretty home. The house stood on the bank of a brook, so close to the water

that one day during a spring freshet the water rose and carried it out into Lake Michigan, together with its contents.

For a time Stanford seemed to prosper in a small way, but a year after his marriage dame fortune's smile turned to a frown. Business fell off to nothing, and the young lawyer's income stopped. Then Mrs. Stanford thought it advisable to return to the home of her parents until things picked up. A fire came and swept away Stanford's office, destroying his library and leaving him with no way to continue his business. About this time a political campaign was at hand and the nomination to the office of prosecuting attorney for the county was tendered him. He accepted it and when the votes were counted found he was snowed under. Disgusted, disheartened and poor, Stanford accepted an invitation of his brother, who had gone to California and emigrated to the Pacific Coast. It is interesting to know that the man who defeated Stanford and sent him to Frisco and wealth, is employed as a copyist in a Milwaukee law office. Since his departure Mr. Stanford has not set foot in Port Washington.

Notes About Ball Players.

Johnny Ward of the New Yorks is stopping in Philadelphia.

Big Chief Roseman is still unsigned. He is practicing pitching.

Jimmy Fogarty, the Philadelphia's right fielder, is still in California.

The Sporting Times prints a photograph of the New York's mascot.

Fitcher Baldwin of the Detroit and Manager Watkins have agreed on salary.

Pete Browning and young Chamberlain have refused to sign with the Louisville club.

It will cost the American Association \$18,000 this year for umpires and prizes.

All the members of the St. Browns are now hard at work getting themselves in trim.

Jim O'Rourke and Buck Ewing are satisfied to play almost any position on the team except third base.

The Brooklyn players' new uniforms will be padded heavily, so as to enable them to steal bases without being injured.

President Young has at last selected the men who will umpire the games. They are Lynch, Decker, Daniels and Valentine.

Al Spaulding, the president of the Chicago club, is making preparations to send two base ball teams to Australia next fall.

The Brooklyn's spare material are still unsigned, and it looks as if none of the association clubs want any of the players.

Otterson, the young short stop, who played with the Brooklyn last season while Smith was sick, will captain the Wheeling club.

Bashong, now of the Brooklyn club, played with the Worcester team in 1879 for \$80 a month. His salary now is over five times that amount.

Morrill of the Boston club will have plenty of work to do this season. Besides playing first base he will manage the club, and also captain the nine.

The Athletic club's new players, Gleason and Welch, have reached Philadelphia, and reported at the rink where the rest of the players are practicing.

President Nimick of the Pittsburgh club is beginning to be disliked by his players. Galvin and Miller are angry at him because he stated that they were a third-rate battery.

Ed Andrews has arrived in Philadelphia, and was met at the depot by President Reach. The latter stated Andrews had no ill-feeling against the club and was willing to sign a contract.

The case of Pitcher Clark is one that cannot be arranged in short order. The Chicago club will hold on to him as long as there is a ghost of a chance of retaining him, and will only let him go after every attempt to hold him has failed.

Another Bad Storm.

CHICAGO, March 26.—Another bad storm is prevailing in the West. Dispatches from many points in Northern Illinois and Iowa report the prevalence yesterday of a severe sleet storm. Everything is covered with ice, and in many places large limbs have broken from trees under the weight. Great damage to wheat and fruit is feared. In this city and vicinity the sleet which fell all of yesterday changed this morning to a heavy rain.

A dispatch from St. Ignace, Mich., says: "The first passenger train from Marquette since Wednesday arrived last night. This morning another howling blizzard prevails and no trains have gone out. The train which left here last night is fast in the snow near Allenville and the prospects are good for another blockade of several days."

Dispatches from Sioux City say that a disastrous flood is threatened there, and from Yankton comes the news that the Missouri River near there is rising rapidly and threatens life and property.

"I GAVE UP TO DIE."

KNOXVILLE, TENN., July 2, 1887. I have had catarrh of the head for six years. I went to a noted doctor and he treated me for it, but could not cure me, he said. I was over fifty years old and I gave up to die. I had a distressing cough; my eyes were swollen and I am confident I could not have lived without a change. I sent and got one bottle of your E. B. B., used it, and felt better. Then I got four more, and thank God! it cured me. Use this any way you may wish for the good of sufferers.

MRS. MATILDA NICHOLS.
27 Florida Street.

Gentleness makes children endurable, women lovable, and men admirable.