

## Old-Fashioned Doctors and Their Quack Remedies.

It is hard to realize the fact that the healing art was never in so advanced or so hopeful a condition as it is at present; and that man was never so little foolish in the matter of taking medicine as he is now.

There are old men in Europe who remember when barbers did most of the common doctoring, such as drawing teeth, bleeding, and giving physic.

A "course of medicine," at least once a year, and sometimes twice, or even four times in a year, was once considered by prudent parents as essential to the family health. Whole households, as well as whole regiments, took simultaneous medicine.

The custom lingered as late as the time of Nicholas Nickleby, who saw Mrs. Squers ladle out brimstone and molasses to all the pupils in Dotheboys Hall before breakfast, to curb their impetuous appetites. Indeed, I am not sure there are not persons who still adhere to the practice.

Until quite recently bleeding was practiced for almost every complaint. One of the first men in this country to perceive the folly of this practice was Thomas Jefferson, who, as early as 1765, used to give directions to his overseers when he left home to "never bleed a negro."

Although much laughed at by his neighbors for his new-fangled notion, he lived to see it on the way to general adoption.

He used to relate an incident that occurred when he was Vice President, on one of his journeys home from Philadelphia, then the national capital. The landlady of a hotel where he stayed had just returned from the funeral of a young relative.

"But Mr. Jefferson," said she, "we have one comfort in our affliction. We have the consolation of knowing that everything was done for him that could be done. He was bled, sir, six and twenty times."

We read in old newspapers high ecomiums upon persons who, happening to be near when some one was seized by violent disease, or fell down in a fit, had the presence of mind to open a vein instantly, and thus save the sick man's life.

It is only within a few years that people have begun to use their reason in applying remedies for sickness. When Walter Scott was a little and a weakly boy, he was taken into the country in order that he might be wrapped every morning in a sheep skin, warm from the sheep's back. The only healing property in the sheep skin was the warmth, and this he could have had without going into the country or into the skin for it.

An enterprising man in London used to advertise that he had magnetic beds of such powerful healing force that a diseased person, by sleeping in one of them a single night would be restored to the health and vivacity of youth.

He prudently charged 50 guineas for such night's lodging, and it is highly probable that he had patients, for, as old Pliny remarked in the first century of the Christian era:

"The medical is the only one of all the arts in which the moment a man declares himself to be an adept, he is at once believed; while there is at the same time no imposture the results of which are more fraught with peril." —James Parton, in *Youth's Companion*.

### Pretty Flower Bed.

Last summer I saw the prettiest flower bed that I ever noticed. It was arranged to show flowers at good advantage, and very easy to keep free from weeds. It was in a lawn, close by a croquet ground. The form was a circle, about four feet across. A row of bricks was laid in a circle, and on the top of these were laid large bits of common quartz, which looked very white and pure along the side of the soft green grass. The inside was filled with rich loam, leaving about ten inches of this for the outside flower bed; another row of the white stones was laid and earth filled in, to raise it some six inches above the outside. In the center of this bed, a row of larger stones was laid compactly, and raised up about eight inches, forming a nice large flower pit. Growing in this was a splendid Happy Thought geranium, loaded with immense clusters of flowers. Sweet mignonette was growing in the crevices of the rocks. The middle bed was filled with China pinks of all varieties, and lovely balsams. The outside bed had roses, nasturtiums, pansies and other bright-hued flowers; and sweet alyssum grew in the crevices of the quartz.

It was free from weeds, and the whole had such a lovely appearance that I thought it was a new arrangement, and was quite surprised to learn that it had been made three years, and was much easier to keep in order than it was the first year. In another part of the grounds there was growing a large clump of white petunias, completely covered with pure, sweet, white blossoms. The secret of their wonderful growth was simply a bottomless earthen pot, sunk into the earth and filled with old chip dirt and stable manure, to within six inches of the top, the rest being filled with the earth taken from the ground where the pot was set. I never saw so large a growth of the plant, or such an abundance of bloom, and it kept its beauty till November. There were other equally pretty arrangements in other parts of the grounds. —*Floral World*.

### A Temperance Man.

A gentleman took the pledge, but somehow his abstinence from the moderate quantity of wine he was accustomed to drink did not agree with him. His doctor was sent for, who recommended a slight alcoholic stimulant. This advice was received with horror. "How can I," said the sick man, "violate my vow? I have forbidden my servants the beer which they love so well, and I am going to preside at a blue ribbon meeting next week." "All I can say," said the doctor, "is that a stimulant is necessary for your health. You had better get a bottle of whisky and hide it away, and when your shoving water comes up just mix yourself a tumbler of whisky and water." The doctor departed, and, meeting the pa-

tient's servant a week afterward, he asked him how his master was going on. "Oh, very well as to bodily health," was the reply; "but, between you and me, sir, I think he has gone wrong in his head—he has taken to shaving himself six times a day!" —*Temple Bar*.

### One of Thurman's Methods.

A Washington correspondent relates a curious circumstance in connection with the passage of the Thurman sinking-fund act, and, it may explain in some measure why the Gould-Huntington lobby was defeated: It will be remembered that the efforts of Gould and Huntington were concentrated upon the Senate. Stanley Matthews had charge of the bill, and was enthusiastically supported on the Democratic side by Voorhees and Ben Hill. Gould and Huntington were here in person. Gould had chosen to dismiss for a time his "parliamentary agents," and had himself undertaken the task of calling personally upon Senators and endeavoring to convince them by the ingenious and plausible arguments of which he is master to support the amendments which would practically nullify the Thurman bill.

The agents of Gould and Huntington sat in the marble-room of the Senate, to which, under the rules of that body, they could have had access only by the introduction of some Senators. They were confident of forty votes to defeat the bill. Senator Thurman expected to pass the bill by midnight. There were indications of an attempt at filibustering by its opponents, and many amendments had been offered. Mr. Thurman was seen to have upon his desk a roll-call of the Senate. He rose, stated that he understood the opponents of his bill were confident of victory; that he had in fact, then upon his desk a roll-call of the Senate, with the names checked upon it of the Senators who, he was well advised, were relied upon by the agents of Gould and Huntington to vote nay. There was intense interest in the chamber. Mr. Thurman did not read that roll-call or tell where he got it. He simply said that as the voting upon the amendments proceeded he should watch it with great interest, to see how well it tallied with the list with which he had been furnished.

There certainly was consternation in the ranks of the lobby. The voting began. The forty promised votes upon that tally-sheet dwindled to eighteen. The bill was passed. Thurman put his mysterious roll-call into his pocket. Gould took the train for New York and it is said has never been in Washington since. The Thurman bill went to the House, defied the combinations of the railroad lobby, and was passed by a two-thirds vote.

### A Glove on Dean Stanley's Head.

The late Dean Stanley, says London *Truth*, is said to have rarely made a gesture while preaching, a fact which probably gave rise to the following amusing anecdote: One day, after morning service, he asked his wife if she had noticed the intensity with which the congregation had gazed upon him during the sermon. "How could they help it, my dear," said Lady Augusta, "when one of your gloves was on the top of your head the whole time?" The Dean, having taken off his hat before entering the pulpit, the glove had fallen on his head, and, as he stood still while preaching, there it remained.

### Juvenile Dictionary.

**B**ed Time—Shut-eye time. **D**ust—Mud with juice squeezed out. **F**an—A thing to brush warm off. **F**ins—A fish's wings. **I**ce—Water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep. **N**est Egg—The egg that the old hen measures to make new ones. **P**ig—A hog's little boy. **S**alt—What makes your potato taste bad when you don't put any on. **S**noring—Letting off sleep. **S**tar—The moon's eggs. **W**akefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned. —*School-Boy Magazine*.

### Two Per Cent. Bonds.

"Vel, Meesder Lautenschlager, I see in der baperot der Guvvinment was going to gif out a 2 per cent. bond." "Yaw, I was hearin' myself off of dot. Was you going to doake some of dose bonds, Meesder Lent?" "Vel, I spon myself! I got to doake in some of dem, but I told you somedings, Mr. Lautenschlager." "Vas is das?" "Vel, I hearin' dot dis Guvvinment got so much money dot in a leedle while day issue a bond and share you 2 per cent. for der privilege of buying it." —*San Francisco Post*.

### A Little Truth About the Devil.

Yu will observe this, the devil never offers to go into partnership with a bixby man, but you will often see him offer to jine the lazy, and furnish all the capital besides.—*Josh Billings*.

The man who calls his mother a washerwoman is poor indeed, but not poor as poor as the man who hasn't any one to wash for him.

### Assisting Nature.

It is of no use attempting to force nature. She won't stand it, and rebels. She must be coaxed as it were, not driven. For instance, in attempting to overcome constipation or indigestion, violent, or what physicians call, by way of euphemism, "heroic" treatment, is sure to defeat the purpose in view, which is, or should be, to permanently remedy the evil. The use of drastic cathartics is especially to be deprecated, for although they temporarily overcome constipation, yet the intestines are so weakened and inflamed by their use that they are rendered unfit to perform the elective functions properly. How much better to assist nature in such a case with such a mild and salutary aperient as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which strengthen at the same time that they relieve. The result achieved by their use, but the activity of the torpid liver is restored, the stomach invigorated, and the entire system greatly benefited.

The singer who understands the management of his breath is a great artist. It ought to be the same way with a barber.

"We are a great tract society," remarked the President of a company which recently purchased 1,000 acres of land in Texas.

This letter U is said to be the merriest letter in the alphabet, because it's always in fun.—*The Hoosier*.

## A LIVE AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

### A Marvelous Dream.

Last summer I was "doing London" as thoroughly as an American woman without a cent can when one morning, after calling prudently, I awoke in the remembrance of "Giles," immortalized by Horatio and Douglas Jerrold, and of the "Seven Dials." I turned into New Oxford street (which is topped by Tottenham court road and ends at Midde's Library). Walking along towards Holborn I found myself involuntarily stopping before one of the prettiest fronts I had yet seen. Naturally I looked up and saw above the number a an aesthetic-looking sign against the front (for projecting signs are inadmissible by law) which read "Dr. Pierce's Medicines." A once I gave a little ejaculation of joy, and quickly rushed into the shop. Why I had been during two whole days lamenting the awkwardness of a railway porter, who, in my transit from Southampton, had so carelessly handled my "box" (trunk is also inadmissible by law) as to break not only my supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, that I had brought from New York, but all of his private effects (so advisable to ladies in traveling) exciting a boxable to ladies in my reticule. The clever clerk to whom I had addressed my satisfaction as I looked around and saw a portrait of Dr. Pierce, whose acquaintance I had first made at a ball in the White House, when he was Congressman from the fine city of Buffalo, and saw pictures of his World's Dispensary building and of its Invalids Hotel, in which I had been a guest-patient (as well, let me add, as a patient guest) during a course of treatment with World's Dispensary doctor, and had come to me a nervous dyspeptic, frenetic woman into a healthy and healthful traveler I now found myself to be. The clerk was vastly polite as I told him what a surprise it was to me to find that the boons of my life had found a home in London. "Why," he interrupted, "the medicines of which this is the European entrepot have won thousands of grateful patients as enthusiastic as you seem to be." Of course in a short time the mishap with the railway porter was forgotten, and I was soon again in the company of the "Golden Discovery" and "Pellets" sent to my lodgings in Berner street, I was again threading my way through the London crowds. Fatigued with the day's exercise and enjoyment I retired early to bed, and with the pleasant incident of Oxford street well to the fore in my mind as I fell asleep. What wonder that I dreamed, or that my fancies traveled across the Atlantic to Buffalo and to the Invalids' Hotel, which had to me the same grateful memories as the church of her marriage has to the happy wife.

I seemed to be in a palace car between Albany and Buffalo, and the newsboy had brought me a copy of the marvelous book sold freely on all the trains, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" by Dr. Pierce, ex-Senator and ex-Congressman.

I was again reading its pages, expressed, as all medical books for the people should be expressed, in "plain English," and which is full of everything relating to the ills which flesh is heir to, so that the book may be well called the "Invalids' Bible" and the "Textbook of Health." The author, I am sure, has always slept well.

The book, which takes the child in the cradle through all the ills of nutrition and dentition; the mother in her agonies; the husband in his depressions; the father in his sufferings from overwork; and shows each and all (and even the practicing physician, who thinks he knows so much yet has always new things to learn) how the brain is weakened in functions, the lung poisoned, the blood contaminated, the liver made torpid, the heart disarranged, the kidneys and bladder disordered, the tissues and abscesses infected with the subtle poisons of excesses and malaria. And finally, the precious volume—the veriest gospel of health in this world—turns the reader's attention to the Golden Medical Discovery, that, whether it is used upon the pores of the body or sent into the channels of the body through the processes of assimilation and digestion, immediately "cools the brow and tempers the brain, and maketh the face fairer than a lily." In my dream I arrived at Buffalo, given my box to the steward of a girl who sat near me, and whose modestly filled purse seemed to forbid her the boon of the book albeit it was so unusually cheap—six pages of the profusely illustrated book for each cent of its dollar and a half cost! And I had been repaid by her looks of gratitude. Then in my dream the once familiar sound of "Dr. Pierce's World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel" was heard from the healthy and attentive porters awaiting the arrival of patients. Then I was driven to the old place with its revivifications of architecture and comfort.

Presently a bugle from the orchestra gave the summons to supper and all the guests began to pair. Little Nubian boys in scarlet uniforms (as everything is in dreamland) then glided in bearing little silver pennons, each exposing the words "Hope in G. M. D." which were to be the badge of the members of the Golden Medical Association household words of cheer. Some had been cured by the Discovery of great eating ulcers, that had gnawed away at their flesh for years despite all the usual remedies. Others had been restored to the full vigor of health after one lung had been wasted by consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), and after night-sweats, and other remedied symptoms had manifested themselves. Various forms of serofulous diseases, as fever-sweats, white swellings, and hip-joint disease, had been conquered with the world-famed blood-purifier—Golden Medical Discovery.

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