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# FATHER RYAN'S DEATH

## The Celebrated Poet-Priest of the South Responds to the Fatal Summons.

### A Brief Sketch of His Work With the Pen and on the Lecture Platform—Stories About His Struggles and His Triumphs—His Great Love for the Lost Cause.

[Courier-Journal, April 23.]

At St. Boniface Church, in this city, Father Abram T. Ryan, "Poet Priest of the South," died last night at 9:07 o'clock. He was in the care of Father Ubaldas Webersinke and his assistants. About a month since Father Ryan came there on a lecturing tour, the proceeds of which were to go towards the relief of the Convent of Carmelite Nuns, at New Orleans. He was accompanied by Father McCallion, of Reading, O., where Father Ryan last lectured. It was his intention to complete his "Life of Christ" after returning home.

Father Ryan had been in Louisville about a week, when he was taken down with a fever. Dr. Bindewald was called in and administered such remedies as it was thought his indisposition required. He grew rapidly worse, however, and developed some of the symptoms of brain fever. Yesterday Dr. Octerlony was called to consult with Dr. Bindewald, and they informed the friends of Father Ryan that his death might happen at any moment.

For several days the patient had been in an unconscious condition. His mind wandered, and he talked wildly about the late war and his new book. At intervals he preached to an imaginary audience, and again would tell over his adventures during the war and stories of the lost cause.

Last evening it was discovered that Father Ryan was in a comatose condition, and it was impossible to arouse him. While very weak, he had been able to talk up to yesterday. He gradually sank, however, and his death was seen to be the question of a very few hours. Dr. Bindewald was again summoned to his side, and said that his trouble was organic heart disease, accompanied by a lack of sufficient supply of blood. A few minutes before 9 o'clock he began to gasp for breath and faintly struggle. The Fathers and the attendants drew around him, and he breathed his last at seven minutes past 9, amid the hushed singing and praying of his friends.

A SKETCH OF THE POET-PRIEST.

Father Ryan was born at Norfolk, Va., in 1840 and was therefore forty-six years old at the time of his death. He was educated for the priesthood, but when the war broke out he entered the Confederate army with his brother. He followed its fortunes in a sacerdotal capacity until peace was declared. At the close of the war he was located for awhile at Nashville, and later at Clarksville. Afterward he removed to Biloxi, Miss., near Beauvoir, where his permanent address was at the time of his death. Here he became closely acquainted with Jefferson Davis, and the two were bosom friends for many years.

In 1870 Father Ryan went to Mobile, Ala., to live. He was a warm personal friend of Bishop Quinlan, then the Bishop of the diocese, under whom Father Ryan was stationed. The poet priest's fame as an orator had preceded him, and the first time he preached a vast crowd of people packed the grand old Cathedral of that city, the largest church edifice in the South. Every sermon added to his fame, and his Sunday discourses packed the church with 2,000 people, while almost as many were turned away from the doors. A sermon by Father Ryan was a poem in prose, but a religious one which always made itself felt. No one who ever attended the church at which Father Ryan preached had cause to complain of his unfairness to other sects and denominations.

SUCCESS IN CHARITABLE DIRECTIONS.

He was never called upon to preach more than once a week except when he lectured for a charitable or worthy cause, and this was often. He could raise more money in one lecture in Alabama or Louisiana than all the church or orphans' fairs could do in a month. While in Mobile he was the director of the Catholic Charitable Association and the spiritual adviser of the "Children of Mary," the largest religious society, composed of representatives from every Catholic family in Alabama. In 1878 Father Ryan and Bishop Quinlan had a misunderstanding, which resulted in the former leaving Mobile. His health becoming delicate, he sought and obtained the Catholic Church at Biloxi, Miss. He remained in Biloxi until the death of Bishop Quinlan, which occurred several years later. Father O'Callighan, the Vicar General of the diocese, then had charge until Bishop Manney was appointed Bishop of Mobile, eighteen months after Bishop Quinlan's death. Father O'Callighan and Father Ryan were warm friends, and the latter was called back to Mobile and made pastor of St. Mary's Church, a pretty little parish church just on the outskirts of the city. He remained there until 1883, when he again left, since which time he has been lecturing throughout the country.

IN PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Father Ryan was a very striking man. He had a clear, open countenance and a lofty forhead. His eyes were blue and kindly. Besides being a poet, he was a musician. He would frequently go to the house of one of his parishioners and, telling the servant not to call any one, would take his seat at the piano. With a cigar between his teeth, he would play and improvise for hours, and upon coming back to the things of this world would be surprised to find he had spent four or five hours in perfect ignorance of his surroundings.

Father Ryan's "The Sword of Lee" was read by himself at the unveiling of the statue to the memory of the Confederate dead, buried in Mobile, about six years ago. One day in every year, when relatives and friends place fresh flowers on the graves of those who fought and died for the cause Father Ryan loved so well, a little child is placed on the base of the soldiers' statue and recites again the lines of the poet-soldier-priest to the leader of the Southern cause.

HIS HEALTH BEGAN TO FAIL.

In 1881 Father Ryan's health began to fail, and his physician advised him to travel along the sea-coast and in the North. Here it was that he made his first reputation on the lecture platform. He then traveled in Europe, where he visited all the health resorts of England, Italy, France and Germany. He was received everywhere with great respect and admiration. In 1883 he was for a time at Boston College, where he served as a lecturer on religious topics. Since that time he has devoted himself exclusively to lecturing throughout the United States.

THE AUTHOR OF WAR LYRICS.

The literary career of Father Ryan covers the best and most successful part of his life. He was the author of a number of Confederate war lyrics, remarkable for ardent impulsiveness. They appear to have been thrown out from the crater of his volcanic mind as Vesuvius or Ætna might discharge the fiery matter of their seething interiors. In an hour of true inspiration he wrote "The Conquered Banner."

Every line may be compared to a saddened eye, full of tears. It must forever be associated with the pathetic close of a grand struggle. His other noted poems on the war are "The Sword of Lee" and "Give Me Back the Land of Raias." Another one of his most beautiful poems is "In Memoriam," written in reference to his brother, who was killed in the battle of Gettysburg.

Father Ryan's poetry was full of fervor and nervous strength. His beautiful imagery, patriotism and musical flow of words and ideas made him one of the first lyrical poets in the land. Of late years Father Ryan contributed largely to periodicals. His best known articles were written for Donahue's Magazine. He also wrote frequently for the Detroit Free Press and other newspapers. Besides these he was a regular contributor to the Catholic and Irish magazines. A peculiarity in Father Ryan's literary life was his readiness with the pen. His first productions were dashed off in a fiery heat of enthusiasm. Whenever asked for his autograph he always willingly complied, and wrote a stanza of poetry for the friend. Some of his best things were written in this manner. He is the author of the "Life of the Blessed Virgin," also, the "Life of Christ," which was almost completed at the time of his death.

At Mobile he became interested with Colonel Pat. Walsh, of Augusta, Ga., the present editor of the Chronicle, in the publication of the Southern Banner, a semi-Catholic literary journal. Much of his best work was performed for this publication, and suspension in 1872 deeply grieved him.

Invitations then came to him from many sections, and the poet-priest was induced to appear on the platform as a reader of his own literary productions. He did this very modestly and unwillingly. The venture was distasteful to his sensitive soul and proved unsuccessful. The remains will probably be shipped to Biloxi, Miss.

## WIT AND PLEASANTRY.

The way the golden rule is frequently rendered: Do as you are done by.

Longevity is a good thing, though I have known public men to overdo it.—Bill Nye.

He was practical and had been making love on that basis. She was a little that way herself. "Can you cook?" he inquired. "Can you supply everything to be cooked?" he replied. It was a match.—Washington Critic.

"All flesh is grass," the prophet said.
If this be true, I ween,
The grass of which the dude was made
Was very, very green.

—Boston Courier.

A model wife.—"She never wasted a solitary thing. Let a cat die near our house, and the first thing you know Mary Jane would have a muff and a set of furs, and I'd begin to find mince pies on the dinner table."

Apparently there is no hope for the President. He must either turn mormon and marry all the girls he ever met or prove the correspondents unreliable, and this would be positively painful. Life is simply pock-marked with trouble.—Philadelphia Times.

Tramp: Will you help a poor soldier, sir, who fought for his country three long years? Gentleman: There are plenty of people who fought for their country. Tramp: I know it, sir; but I am entitled to especial consideration. Gentleman: Why? Tramp: I have never written an article on the late war.—Harper's Bazar.

Tramp (at door): Madam, could you give me a little help? I'm one of the sufferers by the St. Cloud cyclone. Lady: Why, how can that be? The cyclone occurred only yesterday. You couldn't have got here by this time. "Oh, yes, I could, ma'am. You see, I was blown about three-quarters of the way by the cyclone.—Chicago News.

Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband has left a large fortune): "That is the fourteenth mourning costume I have seen you wear in three days, and each lovelier and more beboming than the other." Young widow: "Oh, my dear, I have forty; but such a bother as they were to have made! At one time I almost wished that poor dear George hadn't died!"

Now comes the times of weeps and wails,
Of scrubbing-brushes and water-pails,
Of carpets gone, and restless brooms,
Of spattered paint, and cheerless rooms,
Of wretched men, and weary wives,
Of children scolded out of lives,
Of breakfasts bad, and dinners worse,
Of suppers lonesome as a hearse,
When man prefers the streets to roam,
And thinks the dreariest place is home,
And sighs to be in Heaven, where
There's surely no Spring cleaning there

—Goodall's Sun.

An aged rich lady, who was in the habit of giving a feast annually to her descendants and relatives, all of whom expected legacies from her, said, on one of the annual gatherings: "What a fine sight it is to see so many branches flourishing from the same root!" "Alas!" exclaimed a graceless nephew, "the branches would flourish far better if the root were under ground." That nephew didn't get a legacy.

### His Face Was Familiar.

[Philadelphia Herald.]

"Excuse me," said a well-dressed rascal as he stopped a rural-looking gentleman on the street, "your face is very familiar. Your name is——"

"Yes, my face ought to be very familiar to you. I was foreman of the jury when you were convicted in a confidence case ten years ago. Just finished your sentence, didn't you?"

Bonds: When I started in life I received no help from anybody. I made my own way.

Graceless: Well! my governor was more thoughtful. He gave me a show and started me in life.

Bonds: How was that?

Graceless: He showed me the door and started me with his boot.

### A Humorist's Serious Thought.

[Erie Dispatch.]

At a recent dinner party the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a lengthy discussion, in which Mark Twain, who was present, took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him and exclaimed:

"Why do you not say anything?" I want your opinion."

Twain replied gravely: "Madam, you must excuse me, I am silent of necessity. I have friends in both places."

### A Lesson not Heeded.

She asked the scholars to define
The sense of surreptitious,
But every one had to decline,
Although they were ambitious.

"It something done upon the sly,
That no one else has seen,"
The teacher said. "Now who will try
To tell me what I mean?"

She'd just been reading of the lad
Who thieved away unnaught,
And hoped, perhaps, her reading had
Some useful lesson taught.

"Miff Smiff," hear yonder youngster call
With eyes upon the floor,
"I know! You kithed the principal
At noon behind the door."

—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette

### An Old Friend.

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

"My dear," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband, the other morning, "I don't think I know your friend Mr. Pott, do I?"

"Pott!" asked Mr. Snaggs, in surprise.

"John Pott! I don't know anybody of that name."

"Oh, you surely must know him very well, for you talked about him in your sleep last night, and called him Jack as though you had known him all your life."

"Jack Pott? Ah, I must have been dreaming about a schoolmate of my boyhood days. I had almost forgotten him."

And Snaggs went down town cogitating on what a narrow escape he had."


Above all other earthly ills,
I hate the big, old-fashioned pills;
By slow degrees they downward wend,
And often pause, or upward tend;
With such discomfort are they fraught,
Their good effects amount to naught.
Now, Dr. Pierce prepares a pill
That just exactly fills the bill—
A Pellet, rather, that is all—
A Pleasant Purgative, and small;
Just try them as you feel their need,
You'll find that I speak truth, indeed.

Loaded with impurities, your blood needs the cleansing and vitalizing energy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.


# AN EXECUTIVE LETTER.

## Message From the President to Congress on the Subject of Labor Troubles.

### He Suggests the Creation of a Commission of Labor, Charged With the Settlement of all Controversies Between Labor and Capital.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—The President today sent the following message to Congress on the subject of the labor troubles:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

The Constitution imposes on the President the duty of recommending to the consideration of Congress from time to time, such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient.

I am so deeply impressed with the importance of immediately and thoughtfully meeting the emergency which recent events have thrust upon us involving the settlement of disputes arising between our laboring men and their employers, that I am constrained to recommend to Congress legislation upon this serious and pressing subject. Under form of government, the value of labor as an element of national prosperity, should be distinctly recognized, and the welfare of the laboring man should be regarded as especially entitled to legislative care. In a country which offers to all its citizens the highest attainment of social and political distinction, its workingmen can not justly or safely be considered as irrevocably consigned to the limits of a class entitled to no attention and allowed no particular respect. While the real interests of labor are not promoted by a resort to threats and violent manifestations, and while those whom, under the pretext of an advocacy of the claims of labor, wantonly attack the rights of capital, and for selfish purposes, or the love of disorder sow seeds of violence and discontent, should neither be encouraged or conciliated. All legislation in the subject should be calmly and deliberately undertaken, with no purpose of satisfying unreasonable demands or gaining partisan advantage.

The present condition of the relations between labor and capital are far from satisfactory. The discontent of the employes is due in a large degree to the grasping exactions of employers, and the alleged discrimination in favor of capital is an object of governmental solicitation. It must also be conceded that the laboring men are not always careful to avoid causeless and unjustifiable disturbance. Though the importance of a better accord between these interests is apparent, it must be borne in mind that every effort in that direction by the Federal Government must be greatly limited by constitutional restrictions. There are many grievances which legislation by Congress can not redress, and many conditions which can not by such means be reformed. I am satisfied, however, that something may be done, under Federal authority, to prevent the disturbances which so often arise from disputes between employes and the employed, and which at times seriously threaten the business interests of the country, and, in my opinion, the proper theory upon which to proceed is that of voluntary arbitration as the means of settling these difficulties. But I suggest that instead of arbitrators chosen in the heat of conflicting claims, there shall be created a commission of labor consisting of three members, who shall be regular officers of the Government, charged among other duties with the consideration and settlement, when possible, of all controversies between labor and capital.

A commission thus organized would have the advantage of being a stable body, and its members as they gained experience, would constantly improve in their ability to deal intelligently and usefully with the questions which might be submitted to them. If arbitrators are chosen for temporary service as each case of dispute arises, experience and familiarity with much that is involved in the question will be lacking, extreme partisanship and bias will be the qualifications sought on either side, and frequent complaints of unfairness and partiality will be inevitable. The imposition upon a Federal Court of a duty, foreign to the judicial function as the selection of an arbitration in such cases, is at least of doubtful propriety. The establishment by Federal authority of such a bureau would be a just and sensible recognition of the value of labor, and of its right to be represented in the Departments of the Government. So far as its conciliatory offices had relation to disturbances which interfered with transit and commerce between the States, its existence would be justified under the provisions of the constitution which gives to Congress the power to regulate commerce with foreign Nations and among these States. In the frequent disputes that come between the laboringmen and their employers are of less extent, and the consequences of which are confined within State limits, and threaten domestic violence, the interposition of such a commission might be tendered upon the application of the Legislature or Executive of the State under the constitutional provision which requires the general government to "protect" each of the State's "against domestic violence." If such a commission were fairly organized, the risk of a loss of popular support and sympathy resulting from a refusal to submit to so peaceful an instrumentality would constrain both parties to such disputes, to invoke its interference and abide by its decisions. There would also be good reason to hope that the very existence of such an agency would invite application to it for advice and counsel, frequently in the avoidance of contention and misunderstanding.

If the usefulness of such a commission is doubtful because it might lack power to enforce its decisions, much encouragement is derived from the conceded good that has been accomplished by the railroad commissions which have been organized in many of the States, which, having little more than a divisory power, have exerted a most salutory influence in the settlement of disputes between conflicting interests.

In July, 1884, by a law of Congress, a bureau of labor was established and placed in charge of a commissioner of labor, who is required to "collect information upon the subject of labor, its relations with capital, the hours of labor, and the earnings of laboring men and women and the means of promoting their material, social, intellectual and moral prosperity."

The commission which is suggested could easily be engrafted upon the bureau thus already organized by the addition of two or more commissioners, and by supplementing the duties now imposed upon it by such other powers and functions as would permit the commissioners to act as arbitrators when necessary between labor and capital, under such limitations and upon such occasions as should be deemed proper and useful.

Power should also be distinctly conferred upon this bureau to investigate the causes of all disputes as they occur, whether submitted for arbitration or not, so that information may always be at hand to aid legislation on the subject when necessary and desirable.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Executive Mansion, April 22, 1886.

# "GODLESS" JANISH.

## How an Itinerant Preacher Tried to Convert the Great Actress.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Some Janish tells an amusing experience of hers which happened a fortnight ago, while the company was making a week of one-night stands through Ohio. They were on board a train, and Janish sat in a seat alone, the balance of the company being scattered here and there through the car, when a tall, sanctimonious and austere-visaged passenger approached her and handed her a card. It read as follows:

Have You the Gospel?

If Not, in this Land of Bibles, Why Not?

The actress took it, read it, smiled, and asked the giver what it meant.

"Why, my dear madame, don't you know what it means?" he replied, and seating himself without invitation by her side, he continued: "It means the salvation of your immortal soul is at stake."

The other members of the company looked surprised, and the other passengers amused, at his impudence, but Janish good-humoredly succumbed to the summary infliction of his doctrines, seeing that his fanaticism, though obtrusive, was evidently well meant.

For several minutes, as the train whirled along, he instilled into her ear the orthodox arguments of the reward of endless fidelity on the one hand and the punishment by eternal burning on the other, which should lead her to repentance and conversion. This compulsory harangue continued at some length, the lady's patient forbearance evidently being mistaken for an encouraging sign of contrition.

Finally he proposed to pray for the "salvation of her sin-blackened soul," to which she amiably consented, and down he dropped on his knees in the aisle and urged her to assume the same position. The rest of the occupants of the car could but unsuccessfully stifle their laughter when the actress refused, with a significant glance at the not overclean floor. Nothing daunted, he offered up a long-winded petition, which she said "was really a beautiful prayer," and, having concluded, resumed his seat.

She thought it best at this time to enlighten him as to her identity, and so she softly said:

"Do you ever attend the theater?"

"No, never. Do you?"—with a look of unrepressed horror.

"Yes, sometimes," was the quiet reply.

Thinking her a more obdurate sinner than he had first supposed, he launched out into a tirade against the play-house, the sinners who frequented it, and the arch-sinner whose profession was acting.

Seeing signs of rebellion on the part of some of her companions at these latter remarks, she touched his sleeve, and said:

"Would you be surprised if I told you the lady and gentleman opposite are actors?"

The parson looked dumbfounded.

"Yes," she continued, "they are members of my company, and we play in Canton tonight."

Raising his eyes melodramatically toward the roof of the car, and clasping his thin, bony fingers, he ejaculated, "Oh Lord! Thou hast given me many hard nuts to crack, but this is the hardest," then arose and left the car.

## A VENERABLE STATESMAN.

### The Octogenarian Governor of New Hampshire—Men Who Live Long.

[Washington Special.]

Moody Currier, the Governor of New Hampshire, was here last week. He is now eighty years old. He is one of the oldest men holding public office in the country. He is very tall and spare, with a high colored, angular-featured face set off by coarse, straight white hair and short whiskers. His upper lip is clean, showing a rigid line of almost determined mouth. He does not look as if he were over sixty years of age. He is full of a radiant energy and vitality which are so peculiarly the property of the people reared in the New England mountain regions. When he was a candidate for the Governorship his great age was employed as an argument against him. Yet he was able to demonstrate that he was as active at eighty as are most people at fifty. Then he too had a reputation for gallantry and of a devotion to the fair sex that would have done honor to the most virile of Frenchmen. This gallantry of the old school, showing a heart of fire under a breast of iron, really did more to controvert the argument made against him on account of his advanced age than anything else that was said. He was nominated and elected with great triumph, supported with great pride by the men and great admiration by the women on account of his sturdy, manly qualities, undimmed and unimpaired by four score years of weary life.

I saw the Governor at the Capitol a few days ago and studied him carefully. He was slim and lean, although his large frame was reasonably well filled out. His waist was nearly as slim as in his youth. Is it a rule that only the slender-waisted survive to live to reach extreme old age? I have never seen any very old men who were not lean and spare. The stout men, with round, full stomachs and enlarged waistbands, the jolly livers, do not go far beyond sixty, if they are fortunate enough to reach that point.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, who will celebrate this month his seventy-sixth birthday, is very spare and thin. He is in perfect health, and, barring accidents, ought to live a good many years yet. He lives simply, but at the same time he goes out nearly as much as any of the Senators, and can stand late hours and eat dinners as well as any of his younger associates. The life of a public man is one that is conducive to longevity if he is reasonably successful. To those who are fond of politics there is in public life a never-ending variety.

## SOCIAL GOSSIP.

The American Historical Association will meet in Washington the 27th inst.

The latest novelty announced is a Bible printed in short-hand and illustrated.

The whole first edition of the Life of Longfellow—four thousand copies—was sold.

W. D. Howells, it is said, will write a biography of Longfellow for the "American Men of Letters Series."

More than four hundred ministers pursue the courses of study at the Chautauqua School of Theology.

That system is best for labor which gives the laborer the best chance to make the most of his abilities.—Railway Review.

T. B. Aldrich, editor of the Atlantic, lives near a graveyard. He says he has excellent neighbors; they never send in any manuscript.

The fashionable dog for spring wear in New York is the King Charles spaniel, and he comes at $250. No New York girl can be fashionable without a "Charley dog" and a chain.

The Rev. Sam Jones, when told of the work being done by the Central Union in their Social Purity Department, remarked, "I now have some hopes that even Chicago may be saved."

The Pope, in a letter recently written to the Baltimore Plenary Council, gives his apostolic benediction to the Catholic total abstinence societies, and warns his people against the use of intoxicants.

It is said of John B. Gough that he traveled 500,000 miles in the interest of temperance: that he delivered nearly 9,000 lectures, and obtained in the first two years of his public career 31,700 signatures to the pledge.

The National Temperance Hospital, located in Chicago, was opened for patients April 8, and starts out under most favorable auspices. It has a capacity of thirty beds, four of which have been endowed by wealthy W. C. T. U. women.

T. V. Powderly, head of the Knights of Labor, recently made the statement: "The Knights of Labor will not allow a liquor distiller or brewer or liquor seller to become a member of the order, and I am now striving to prevent liquor drinkers from joining."

### Not Encouraging.

Kosciusko Murphy, who had been paying considerable attention to most of the belles of Austin, thought he would sound Miss Birdie McGinnis and see if the surface indications justified him in risking a proposal.

"Do you think you could love me in the great unmapped future as you love me now?" he softly whispered.

"O, I don't know," she answered. I've seen men I loved better. I dont know how the unmapped future would affect me. Fact is, I never tried it."

Kosciusko decided to wait for more favorable symptoms before taking any more risks.

DR. MARY WALKER curtly remarked the other day in one of the office rooms of the House of Representatives that no gentleman would smoke in the presence of a lady. The only man who happened to be smoking in the room was an Englishman of evident refinement. "I agree with you most heartily, sir," said the Englishman, with a funny expression on his face. Somehow this remark incensed the Doctor, and she declared vehemently that he was no gentleman. The Englishman stared at her blankly, and then observed, "You must permit me to return the complement. I should say that you were no gentleman, sir." The lady made her exit from the room in high dudgeon. She felt that she had been badly treated.

MORE than 3,500 babies have been entered for the international baby contest in Paris. The favorite for the prize in the heavy-weight class is at present a young gentleman named Sidoyne Vallez, a Belgian by descent, but born at Roubaix. At the age of five years he is four feet one and one-half inches in height, and weighs 158 pounds. There are said to be seven similar specimens in the family, and that the father is small, but wiry and active. In connection with the show a prize is offered, open to all doctors in France, for the best illustrated work on baby culture.

From among the many testimonials received we select the following, written by J. H. Carter, a resident of Phelps County, Missouri, who says: "I have used Sherman's Prickly Ash Bitters to the best advantage, and can honestly testify that it has done myself and family an immense good, and from my experience recommend it highly to all sufferers."


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Combines, in a proportion peculiar to itself, the active medicinal properties of the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. It will positively cure—when in the power of medicine—Spring Debility, Headache, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, and all Diseases caused by a low state of the blood.

"I suffered three years with blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and think I am cured." MRS. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." L. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Is so vastly superior to any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier, that one has well said: "Its health-giving effects upon the blood and entire human organism, are as much more positive than the remedies of a quarter of a century ago, as the steam-power of to-day is in advance of the slow and laborious drudgery of years ago."

"While suffering from a severe bilious attack in March, 1883, a friend in Peoria, Ill., recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla. I tried the remedy, and was permanently cured." J. A. SHEPARD, travelling agent for Deere & Co., Fulton Street, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

"I tried a dozen articles to cleanse my blood, but never found anything that did me any good till I began using Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. H. PEEK, Rochester, N. Y.

"My wife was troubled with dizziness and constipation, and her blood has been in a bad order—in fact she has been all run down. Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing her a wonderful amount of good." P. M. BALDWIN, druggist, Manchester, Ohio.

"I was for five years a sufferer with boils, all run down, and was at one time obliged to give up work. Before taking all of two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, was entirely cured." R. M. LANE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself entirely cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

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