AVENGING JAPHET JOYFUL AT LAST.

Young Johnson Faces in Court the Man He Has Long Hunted.

VINELAND IN AN UPROAR.

The Whole Town Marches to the Hall Where Justice Is Quaintly Meted.

George E. Johnson, the young man who claims to be the son of Colonel Edward Johnson, of Vineland, N. J., and who burst into the latter's office on Christmas Day, armed with a pistol, was bound over in $500 bail to await the action of Cumberland County Court, yesterday afternoon. The complaint, sworn to by Felix S. Johnson, son of Colonel Johnson, charged assault with intent to kill. The Grand Jury meets next week and Johnson may have a trial within two weeks. Johnson has employed Senator W. D. Daly, of Hoboken, to defend him.

The act of Christmas Day, which has aroused the greatest excitement over all that section of New Jersey, was the culmination, the young man says, of years of effort to hunt down the man his mother described to him as his father. His story in brief is that his father caused a false report to be carried to his mother that he had been killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff; that the mother was induced to go to California, and that, soon after her departure, his father married his present wife. He declares Colonel Johnson is the man.

A Curious Court.

All Vineland tried to see the preliminary hearing, which began at 10 o'clock, before Justice of the Peace C. P. Lord. Justice Lord is also Mayor of Vineland. He has the complexion, features, size and disposition of Santa Claus. When he sleighs in Vineland the children run after him.

Over Justice Lord's desk hangs the following motto: "The Lord is the fountain of life." "There's nothing personal in that," explained the Mayor-Justice; "my court room used to be occupied by the Y. M. C. A."

The claimant son was brought in by Constable "Nick" Nickerson. The crowd had become thick as bees in a hive and were buzzing loudly.

"Order!" shouted the Court, rapping the desk with a foot rule, but there was no order. Somebody said, "All right, Nick," this remark having been addressed to Constable Nickerson. Constable Nickerson mounted a chair and made the following speech:

"Jim, if you don't shut up you'll have to go out. We've got as much right to have order here as they have in Bridgeton, and if you fellows don't keep quiet you'll have to git out and go home."

Three sons of Colonel Johnson sat in the little court room—Felix, George and Frederick. They had seen George Edward Johnson enter their father's office, had heard the young man cry out, "Colonel Johnson, first, last and always, you are my father;" they had seen the man, after having pointed his finger contemptuously at their father, flash out a revolver and make an effort to shoot. They were the chief witnesses.

The trial was well under way before Colonel Johnson entered. He pushed his way with difficulty through the curious and sat down, pale from the exertion. He was within a few feet of George Edward, who shot a curious glance at the Colonel and smiled, as if he was happy at last to face him in a court room.

Colonel Johnson is ill. He is much emaciated from a long sickness. He presently grew faint and asked in a husky voice that a window be raised. The eyes of every person in court shifted from denying father to accusing son. Whispers were heard from a hundred throats, saying, "D'ye think they look alike?" "Now," said one; "A little," said another; "Much alike," said yet another.

No Family Resemblance.

Colonel Johnson is sixty-six years of age. His forehead recedes most markedly. His nose is large and aquiline. His eyebrows hang far over the deep caverns from which gleam large and thoughtful gray eyes. His hair is salt and pepper.

George Edward has a wider, more upright forehead, a smaller and less Roman nose, thicker lips, and eyes that are blue. No jury will ever be impressed by any resemblance between the two men.

Johnson pleaded not guilty.

Felix, George and Fred Johnson testified to the defendant's arrival at their father's office, of his surprising claim and of his startling demonstration with the pistol. Officers Fowler and Nickerson swore that they wrested the gun from Johnson and locked him up.

Claimant Johnson asked George Johnson if he had not said that his baptismal record was on file in Grace Cathedral, San Francisco. "Yes," answered George, the sure son. This was asked by George Edward to refute the statement made yesterday by Colonel Johnson that George Edward's mother had applied for a pension, giving her husband's name not as Edmund or Edward K., but as George E. Johnson.

Constable Nickerson was asked by the Court if he thought from the prisoner's action with the revolver in Colonel Johnson's office he thought George Edward intended to shoot. "Not in Jersey," replied the constable. "But I should have thought so if I had known Johnson was from California."

Colonel Johnson was placed on the stand. He told how he had been warned of the coming of Johnson and of how he had sent his sons for the two officers.

"When he was here a year ago," said the Colonel, "he told the reporters that he had seen his father in a vision. I told the newspapers then and I say now that I was in California years before and years after the time this man said I married his mother. It was impossible that I could have married her.

"After calling me several epithets he pulled a revolver, and, according to my education, he acted as if he would have used it had not the officers interfered."

Mayor Lord asked the defendant if he had anything to say.

"Did I not say," said the modern Japhet, "that Supreme Court Justice Calvin Pratt, then Colonel of your regiment, the Thirty-first New York Volunteers, said you never smelled the odor of gunpowder during the war?"

The crowd laughed heartily at this. Justice Lord called order; Johnson, the claimant, joined in the mirth and said, smiling: "I shall not ask him anything else; it is not necessary now."

After the hearing Johnson said:

"I have just learned that my father's scheme is to try to make me out insane. It is all bosh. I have my wits about me and know just where I stand. I shall go out of court a free man and a legitimatized son."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.
The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

NO XMAS GIFTS; KILLED HERSELF.

Seventeen-Year-Old Katie Kamm Waited and Hoped in Vain, Then Took Paris Green.

Feeling sad and forgotten because no Christmas presents came to cheer her loneliness in a strange country, and grieving especially over the neglect of a favorite sister, seventeen-year-old Katie Kamm, an exceptionally pretty girl, concluded the day after Christmas that she did not care to see the new year. She took paris green and died last evening in St. Vincent's Hospital.

"She came from Baden-Baden, the same part of Germany that I did," said Mrs. Max Rosenthal, of No. 82 Sixth avenue, her employer, in speaking of Katie Kamm yesterday. "She came to me several months ago, and I cannot find words to tell how kind and loving she was to my little children. Why, little Max and Annie just adored her. She was always kind and loving, and seemed entirely happy with them.

"Lately I noticed that she was at times sad, and only last week she told me about her relatives in New Jersey. She had an aunt in Hackensack and an uncle here. They were kind in their own way, but they had their own affairs to look after. She sometimes spoke about her sister Louise, but while she loved her, I don't think Louise cared to see Katie very often, and she may have had her own reasons. Our Katie did see Louise Christmas Eve, and I think that made her grieve. Christmas Day she was greatly depressed in spirits, because none of her relatives came to see her or gave her any gifts.

"I tried to cheer her. She seemed to enjoy the merriment of the children. She went out somewhere Christmas evening, I am not sure where. There was a young man whom she used to meet sometimes, and when she felt so sad Sunday I thought perhaps she had a quarrel with him, but she did not say a word about that.

"Sunday evening I offered to care for the children myself, but she said she had rather stay with me. I saw her look at the door and listen to every sound, but she would not say that she was expecting anybody. She was such a reserved little creature. I thought perhaps she still expected Louise.

"We all retired about 10 o'clock. I heard her go to the kitchen, as I supposed, for a drink of water. In a few moments she called out that she was ill. Her stomach rejected the potion at once and we saw that she had taken paris green."

NO ZANOLI POISON FOUND.

The Examination Not Yet Completed, but the Barber May Go Free.

Of the 130 parts into which the viscera of the fourth wife of Charles Zanoli, Mrs. Jennie Suhmer, was cut, more than two-thirds have been examined by Professor Witthaus, with no results, so far as detecting poison is concerned. Each piece was tested for a different poison. It is charged that Zanoli used atropine, a vegetable poison, from which no results for tests can be obtained after fifty-five days. Mrs. Suhmer died on August 8. The body was not exhumed until December 13.

Drs. O'Hare and Jenkins yesterday completed their gross anatomical examinations. They found no trace of poison, but assert that the woman did not die from typhoid fever, as Drs. Charles E. Barton, of No. 704 East One Hundred and Forty-second street, and J. W. Harris, of No. 229 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, certified, but possibly from an abscess of the brain. Dr. Briggs has found similar results in his microscopical examination. The reports of the three physicians were submitted yesterday to O'Hare & Dinnean, attorneys for the defendant.

Zanoli will be arraigned to-day in the Centre Street Court on the charge of having poisoned his fourth wife, Mrs. Jennie Suhmer, and will be remanded until Professor Witthaus has completed a chemical analysis of the viscera. This will take a week.

HAND OF WALLACE MOVES MR. PLATT.

Friends of J. S. Wise Thus Explain the Burnett Boom.

FOR U. S. ATTORNEYSHIP.

Declare That Judge Wallace Made the Senator Promise Aid.

The Journal's exclusive story as to President McKinley's alleged breach of faith in the selection of a United States District-Attorney for the Southern District of New York was the chief theme of discussion yesterday in Republican machine circles. The threat that the nomination of General Henry L. Burnett, if actually made after New Year's Day, might be held up in the Senate at least until the truth or falsity of the President's alleged written promise of the appointment to John S. Wise has been established, caused not a little anxiety among the supporters of Senator Platt's choice.

Former Congressman Wise himself evinced great astonishment that any details of the presumed agreement between him and the President should have found their way into print.

"I read the Journal story to-day," said he, "but I must decline to discuss it. I may say that I have seen the President within a short time and have sought to convince him that I am in no sense a political mendicant and that I do not have to depend upon the bounty of his or any other administration for a livelihood. That is all I care to say at present."

While Mr. Wise was so reluctant to talk, friends and backers of his willingly told some more incidents in the controversy over the United States District-Attorneyship. They say that when Senator Platt had William J. Wallace nominated for Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals last Fall in return for his own former appointment as receiver of the New York & New England Railroad Company, it was not the only return that Judge Wallace demanded. He insisted that Platt should also use his influence with the President to have General Burnett appointed United States District-Attorney.

These friends of Congressman Wise insist that when he called on McKinley at his Canton home, the President-elect asked him how he would like to be Attorney-General in his Cabinet, and that when Mr. Wise replied that he would prefer the United States District-Attorneyship in his own district, the President-elect said: "It is yours."

Later in the conversation, they declared, the President-elect suggested that on his return to New York Mr. Wise should call upon Senator Platt and request his indorsement. "I do not want any disagreement with Platt, you know," the President-elect is reported to have added.

Wise had been fighting Platt bitterly, and at first protested that he ought not to be forced to seek the indorsement of a leader who had been inimical both to McKinley and to himself, but finally consented to see Platt.

Upon his return to New York Mr. Wise did call upon Senator Platt and told him what he thought the President wished him to tell him. The Senator, in the beginning, it is said, expressed surprise that the man who had assailed him so furiously at St. Louis should be among the first to request his indorsement for a Federal office. Then he pleaded that as yet he had been unable to determine what, if any, influence he might have with the new Administration. Finally he admitted that he had, at the request of Judge Wallace, practically pledged himself to recommend Burnett.

"But," Senator Platt is said to have added, "if the President-elect will assure me that he really desires your own appointment, I shall not stand in your way."

Wise, immediately upon parting from the Senator, wrote the President-elect of the result of his visit. In the letter he declared that his interview with the Senator had been a most satisfactory one; that the Senator was more than anxious to act in accord with every wish of the President-elect and assist in making his administration a success. The letter suggested that the President-elect seek to cultivate a more cordial association with the Senator, urging that Platt possessed more brains than any hundred Republicans in New York and that he could be of more service to the new Administration than any other man in the East.

The President-elect's reply was of such a conclusive character that Wise regarded his appointment as certain, and gave it no concern for months. Friends, however, got up a petition. It was signed by Joseph H. Choate, James C. Carter, C. C. Beaman and hundreds of members of the New York Bar Association, without regard to party. The petition was forwarded to Washington soon after McKinley was inaugurated.

What the effect of this petition was on the Presidential mind is not known, but it is known that Senator Platt has been urging the claims of General Burnett and that Burnett is now said to be sure of the nomination within a few hours after the Senate reassembles.

Some politicians in seeking to discover the real reason for the President's liking for General Burnett, say the latter hails from Ohio, having been a resident of Cincinnati for a number of years. Burnett is a very active member of the Ohio Society of this city, and leaders in that organization have labored for his appointment from the beginning. This being an Ohio administration, they naturally demand that Ohio men be placed on guard.

Tamsen's Early Good-bye.

Sheriff Tamsen presided at an informal gathering of Sheriff's Jurymen yesterday. He said that as his official life was drawing to a close, he wished to thank the jury for the promptness with which they responded to the calls and the manner in which they assisted him in the duties of his office. Notwithstanding the opinions of some people, he declared the conduct of the office was creditable. The Sheriff's Jury to a great extent was responsible for whatever credit was reflected on his administration. He thanked them for their co-operation, and wished them a happy New Year.

Bruchesi Off for Montreal.

Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, who has just returned from a visit to the Pope, is stopping at the Convent of the Sisters of Misericorde, in East Eighty-sixth street. He visited the Sulpician Seminary at Dunwoodie yesterday morning, returning to this city at night. The Archbishop will start for Montreal this morning.

CANAL MILLIONS A CAMPAIGN FUND.

How the Fat Advertising Plums Have Been Distributed.

COUNTRY PAPERS BOUGHT

Obscure Sheets Favored with Fortunes in the Way of Advertisements for Contracts.

Albany, Dec. 27.—The announcement that the $9,000,000 appropriated for improving the canals of New York State has already been expended and that $7,000,000 more at least will be needed to complete the work has naturally created much feeling and discussion here. It is freely said that the huge additional appropriation which the State Superintendent of Public Works will ask from the next Legislature will be nothing more nor less than an immense campaign fund to be used in furthering the canvass of the Republican Gubernatorial nominee next Fall.

This is borne out by the manner in which the original $9,000,000 has been distributed. It is noted here that the contractors who have been favored have uniformly been friends, associates, sympathizers, helpers or allies and former partners of the dispensing powers of the Republican machine. Furthermore these contractors have deemed it expedient to have the bonds enabling them to get these contracts executed by the Platt family bonding concern, officially known as the Fidelity & Deposit Company of Maryland, Henry B. Platt, vice-president and managing director for this State, and Frank H. Platt, the Boss's other son, general counsel to the company.

Corralling the Editors.

Of course the argus-eyed editors up the State might be expected to see and appreciate the fine work going on under their noses, so the astute Mr. Aldridge has made it a point to advertise for contracts to do important pieces of work, dredging, upbuilding, strengthening, etc., in half a hundred obscure country papers which leading contractors, of course, never see. Here is the way that the advertising expenses stand up to date:

To advertising on contracts let	$84,162.38
To advertising on work not yet begun	3,844.91

The bulk of this $88,000 worth of editorial enthusiasm has been distributed where it would do the most good, thus:

Eastern Division	$20,569.82
Middle Division	25,431.85
Western Division	11,575.00
Oswego Canal	19,819.26
Champlain Canal	6,965.00

Besides this it has cost $62,702 for "inspection" and $9,461 for "general inspection," and, needless to say, all the inspectors have been "loyal."

Cantor Has a Plan.

To bring the matter to a climax Senator Jacob A. Cantor will introduce in the State Senate, when the Legislature convenes on January 5, a resolution or bill providing for a thorough investigation of the workings of the Department of Public Works, of which, by grace of Governor Black, George W. Aldridge, of Rochester, is Superintendent. Serious charges, involving a series of irregularities existing since former Governor Morton lifted Aldridge to his present pedestal, have been brought to the attention of Senator Cantor and others. These charges will be the basis on which an investigation will be demanded. Already the Republican State officials are trembling lest the charges become public. It is not expected that any paper which has shared in the canal advertising patronage will disclose anything, but one member of the State Board of Public Works is kicking because the real situation has been concealed from him, and he appreciates what will follow the expose that is bound to come.

The official reports will doubtless seek to gloss over the matter, but it is so portentous that Republican State officials are trying to discount the future and protect their defenceless heads when the storm breaks. Some of them who are outside of the Platt machine are considering a plan to introduce and rush through a resolution for an investigation, so that the effect of the disclosures may be in part neutralized by having the manipulations of the nine-million-dollar appropriation by Republican politicians disclosed by Republican legislators under Republican auspices.

A Commission to Investigate.

But Senator Cantor and others do not intend that there shall be any whitewashing. The whole business is to be thoroughly probed. It is not proposed to have Republican Governor Black, Republican Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, the Republican President of the Senate nor the Republican Speaker of the Assembly appoint this investigating commission, when it is so patent that they are all so closely allied

Our National Trouble.

What We, as a People, Should Realize and Guard Against.

Have you noticed that there are more broken-down men and weak women on our streets to-day than ever before? Have you not noticed that certain of your friends whom you have always known to be strong and healthy, are, for some reason, weak and low-spirited? Is it not possible that you yourself feel a trifle less vigorous than in the past? Is it a fact that the American people are growing weaker, or is it due to some local cause? There can be little doubt that it is owing to the increase of dyspepsia in the community. We have been called a nation of dyspeptics and there can be little doubt that it is true.

When people are in such a state, when nature is weak and broken, what would common sense dictate should be done? Precisely what physicians say should be done, viz: Assist Nature, stimulate her lagging faculties, build her up? How? By using a pure medicinal stimulant, and for this purpose there is nothing equal to pure whiskey. There is no whiskey so pure and efficient as Duffy's Pure Malt. It stimulates healthily and builds up wasted tissues. It assists the stomach and restores the health. It is popular because it is so efficient. Great care should be taken, however, to secure only the genuine. Distrust any dealer who for any reason seeks to induce you to buy something "just as good."

ONLY THREE DAYS MORE.

In This Manner the Close of the Opportunity Is Emphasized and Doctor Copeland Makes Positive the Notice That the $5 Rate Only Obtains During the Remaining Days of the Year 1897.

Three days mark the absolute close of the $5 period. Doctor Copeland has been more than generous in extending the rate. It will not be extended again. He feels that he is acting with the same good faith now, in giving positive notice of the ABSOLUTE EXPIRATION of the rate, that he has always shown, although he knows that by so doing he is enabling many patients to take advantage of a low rate of treatment, who might otherwise apply later at a higher rate, but he desires to be entirely fair to all. The reasons for giving the rate, the impossibility of its indefinite maintenance under the NEW METHODS, without actual loss, have been repeatedly set forth. And during this entire month Doctor Copeland has endeavored to make it just as clear as he could that he would, under no circumstances, maintain this rate after January 1. He wishes to emphasize the fact that but three days remain, because he wishes that the scenes of crowding and confusion which occurred during the last days of October may be avoided. Moreover, so many have taken advantage of this offer to be cured of Catarrh and Bronchial trouble and Asthma and Incipient Consumption and Rheumatism and Skin Disease and other distressing and destructive maladies, so many have come from all parts of the country to be cured of Deafness, to obtain advantage of the Discovery that has attracted the attention of the world, that the limit of office facilities has been reached, and it would in any event be practically impossible to renew. This notice is absolute and final, on Friday, December 31, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the $5 rate will be withdrawn and will never again be given in this practice.

All applying for treatment and all renewing treatment before January 1, 1898, will be treated UNTIL CURED at the uniform rate of $5 a month, medicines included. This, however, is positively the last opportunity that will ever be given under this rate.

KNOWS HE WOULD HAVE BEEN STONE DEAF.

Mr. Charles T. Kirkwood, 234 Williams avenue, Brooklyn. His mother says: "I am satisfied that my son would have been stone deaf if it had not been for the Copeland treatment. I realize how great has been his improvement, for I know just how deaf he was—how annoyed and how sensitive he felt over it. I do not see but he hears as well as ever he did."

Mr. Kirkwood voluntarily testifies to the benefit he has received. "La Grippe was the cause of my deafness. It came on first in my left ear, then extending to my right. I consulted two regular physicians, then took treatment from a noted Brooklyn doctor for one whole year. I grew worse all the time. I couldn't hear a word that people were talking about, even if close to them. It was particularly trying in business. I couldn't hear through the telephone. I couldn't hear the orders given me without asking to have them repeated. I seemed dull and stupid when I was straining every nerve to catch the sound.

"My deafness affected my whole system. I would never tell any one how deaf I was, but tried so hard to distinguish words, for I could hear the sound. This was my condition when I went to Doctor Copeland.

"Now I hear well, perhaps not as acutely as I will, for I notice that I improve all the time. I couldn't hear the clock tick; now I can. I hear distinctly through the telephone. The ringing noises and tumult in my head are stilled."

Miss Lizzie Comerford, Tenafly, N. J., Hearing restored and Discharging Ears cured.

THEY WERE DEAF, NOW THEY HEAR.

Mrs. Minnie Thompson, 86 South 8th Street, Brooklyn, E. D.: "I was so deaf I had to watch people's lips to make out what they were saying. My brother, Mr. Charles Parcells, urged me to go and consult Doctor Copeland. He said: 'My wife is gaining fast under their treatment. She could scarcely hear a sound when she went to them; now she hears the clock tick. I know they'll cure you; go over and try them.' Doctor Copeland assured me that although my ears were in a terrible condition, he could cure them. After a time I noticed that sounds came more distinct, and, shortly my hearing came back to me as good as ever."

Mrs. Angeline Rader, 41 East 18th Street, Paterson, N. J.: "I was practically stone deaf. I had ringing noises in my head and left ear discharged. I received no benefit from anything or anybody until I commenced treating with Doctor Copeland. Some time after I was sitting on the piazza of my home and suddenly I heard singing. I said to my companion: 'What's that I hear?' It was the singing society practising about two city blocks away. I listened. I could plainly hear the words. From that time until the present I hear perfectly. The ringing noises and discharges have entirely ceased."

Mr. Alfred Bunel, artist, 270 North street, New Rochelle, N. Y.: "After seven years of silence I am restored to a world of sound by Doctor Copeland's treatment. My right ear was stone deaf. I spent no end of money in my efforts to get cured of my deafness, but nothing availed until, reading one of Doctor Copeland's monographs on deafness, I determined to put myself under his care. The result was that my hearing was restored, coming back suddenly, and has remained perfect ever since, now nearly a year."

Francis Malloy, 322 East 39th st., New York City: "About nine years ago I began to notice that I was becoming deaf. I consulted Doctor Copeland, with the result that the noises in my head are entirely cured, my head is as clear as a bell. My hearing has improved beyond my greatest hopes. I first noticed how clear the voices of persons talking about me sounded, then I found I could hear my watch and clock tick plainly."

Mr. Alfred Luemann, 198 Ferry st., Newark, N. J., well-known hardware and house-furnishing dealer, says: "Doctor Copeland benefited my little girl's hearing very much, and this induced me to take treatment for my own deafness. I was cured, and I stay cured."

NOT CONSUMPTION, BUT BRONCHIAL CATARRH.

Lawrence Finer, 521 East 15th Street, New York City. His older brother died of consumption less than a year ago. His mother thought: "Poor Laurie, I'm afraid he'll go the same way." The neighbors shook their heads and looked at one another as he passed. They all knew how bad off he was. He went to Bellevue Hospital and different dispensaries, yet as his mother said, "there he would be, so weak and exhausted; no life; no ambition; just spitting his life away."

To a lady who called he said: "I am eighteen years old now. I had to give up school about two years ago on account of sickness. I suffered more than one could imagine. There were burning pains in my head and my eyes. I had a constant hacking cough and a desire to hawk and spit constantly. I had no appetite. I could not eat enough to gain strength. I felt sick all over. I tried to work sometimes, but could not stand it. I had cold, creepy chills. I didn't think I could get well, but I wanted to. I went to Doctor Copeland for an examination. I stayed to be cured. I am cured. I feel well. I feel new life all through me."

BRONCHIAL DISORDER GROWN SERIOUS.

Mrs. J. Coppernoll, 983 Madison st., Brooklyn: "My friends were much alarmed at my condition, and predicted that I would not live till Spring. I coughed incessantly. Mr. Freeman Van Alistine, of Canajoharie, N. Y., had been cured by Doctor Copeland of what other doctors called consumption. He urged me very strongly to try the treatment that had cured him. At the end of the month I was a changed woman. I have no cough at all; I feel very well, and am gaining in strength every day."

Mrs. Henry Baylis, 64 Buffalo ave., Brooklyn: "I had suffered tortures with Bronchial Catarrh for the past four years. I was too sick to go to New York—was confined to my bed. I sent for the Home Treatment. With all the rest I got so deaf that I couldn't hear a word of ordinary conversation. I no longer have pain of any description. I am in every way a made-over woman. My hearing has come back, so I have no difficulty in hearing ordinary conversation."

William B. Kendall, Jr., 9 Dale avenue, Paterson, N. J.: "I was confined to the house for four months last Winter with Diphtheria. It left me a total wreck. I had a cough, and the local doctors said they feared my lungs were affected. My father took me to see Doctor Copeland; he said I had Bronchial Catarrh. I began to brighten in the very first week I took the treatment; at the end of three months I was discharged cured."

Mrs. J. Coppernoll, 983 Madison st., B'klyn, testifies to Dr. Copeland's skill in curing Bronchial Catarrh.

HOME TREATMENT.

Orange, Mass., Nov. 24, 1897.
Doctors Copeland and Gardner:

Gentlemen—I had a very severe attack of Bronchial Catarrh and Asthma, and nothing I did would give me any relief until I began your treatment. Now my cough is gone. I breathe perfectly clear. I have a splendid appetite and do my own work. I consider myself perfectly cured. My trouble was a severe one. I coughed incessantly, raising mucus with every breath. The mucus came so profusely as nearly to choke me. With this came on rattling and wheezing, which nearly drove me wild. I could not lie in bed. I sat up in a chair for weeks at a time, until I was completely worn out. It was a struggle for breath night and day. I am now in excellent physical condition, and always urge any one suffering from catarrhal troubles or asthma to try the Copeland treatment. I am anxious to answer the letters of any one writing me concerning my cure, for I am all happiness. Yours respectfully,
(Signed), Mrs. E. E. TENNEY.

THE COPELAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

DOCTORS W. H. COPELAND, E. E. GARDNER, HUNTER ST. JOHN,
Consulting Physicians.

OFFICES: 79 Fifth Avenue, between 15th and 16th Streets; 315 Madison Avenue, corner of 42d street, New York.

Office Hours—Daily, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Roberts Dined Off a Bird That Remembered the War of 1812.

Youthful days - 1815.

Raffled at Last.

Christmas - 1897.

IF there is no mistake about its pedigree, the turkey presented to Clarence A. Roberts on Christmas should have gone into a museum instead of the oven. The gobbler was only eighty-two years old, so far as the historians depose, and, it is said, he was eating acorns on Long Island prior to the War of 1812.

However this may be, Mr. Roberts insists that the bird was toothsome, and that he used no dynamite in carving him. But then Mr. Roberts only started to sing the praises of the gobbler when he learned his reputed age.

The victim of this turkey joke is a clerk in the office of the United States Local Inspectors of Steam Vessels. He knows a number of lighthouse men, able seamen and fishermen, and it was by means of this combination that he got the octogenarian turkey.

His early experience with Indians and Long Island Sound pirates made the noble barnyard bird wary of all suspicious characters, and on this account he has been able to elude boarding house keepers during the past seventy-five years or so. But his end came at last. In his travels the gobbler drifted to Oyster Bay and got mixed up in a raffle there last Thursday night.

A fisherman, whose great grandfather had often told him about the turkey, threw the highest number and won the prize. He said he didn't propose to start an old turkey's home, and was grumbling about his ill luck when some friends of Roberts heard about the antique bird. The fisherman was willing to sell, and that is how Roberts happened to dine off a relic of other days.

The employes in the office presented the clerk with the turkey and said they hoped he would enjoy the gobblers' tender lights and shadows. There is a rumor in the Inspectors' office to the effect that Roberts hired a blacksmith to carve the bird, but he denies their story.

It is claimed that the turkey was blind or he would never have strayed into the raffle.

Don't use an imitation—especially imitations of Pearline. Many are dangerous. And dangerous washing powders can never be cheap—no matter how little you pay for them. Peddlers and untrustworthy grocers will tell you the stuff they offer is "Pearline," "same as," "as good as," "made in the same factory," etc. It's false. Pearline is the standard washing compound; never peddled; gives no prizes; simply stands on its merits as the best, safest, and most economical. 575

Millions NOW USE Pearline