

THE SNELL MURDER.

Mrs. Ordway's Sensational Story of the Celebrated Crime.

SHE SAYS TASCOTT IS DEAD.

A Baltimore despatch says: Mrs. Sophia Elizabeth Ordway, the widow of Albert K. Ordway, a clothing cutter from Chicago, who committed suicide at his home on Hartford avenue on March 10th last, while being conveyed to the Bay View Asylum yesterday told a startling story of the murder of Millionaire Amos J. Snell in Chicago. She claims that her late husband was the companion of Wm. Tascott, whom she supposed to have murdered Mr. Snell. From her and her aged mother, Mrs. Mary Ann Watts, the following narrative was obtained:

Mrs. Ordway had been living in Chicago since 1870, having gone there from Baltimore as the bride of Major Beachman, a wealthy merchant. The great fire there one year later completely destroyed her husband's business place and handsome residence, leaving the couple almost penniless. Her husband was taken ill a few years later and died from the effect of a wound in his shoulder, received in the late war at Cedar Mountain. She remained in Chicago and accepted a position in a store, earning her self a fair living. Everything seemed bright for her, and she continued in a happy state until she married Albert K. Ordway in 1881, having become acquainted with him a year previously. Her husband was in business with his father, Ira K. Ordway, as a clothing cutter, with an establishment on West Madison street, and made money. Young Ordway took to drink soon after his marriage and began to associate with disreputable people. Things gradually grew worse and no money was coming into the household, when one night Albert stood before the mirror with a mask on his face and firmly declared that he was going to have some money from old man Snell, a rich man, that very night or kill him. She pleaded with him to renounce his wicked intentions. He, however, was resolved to act, and left the house in a hurry.

That night she says he did not return, but the next morning he returned to the house without any shoes and with a bloody handkerchief. This handkerchief he tried to wash at a saloon before returning home. When questioned by her he said that he had lent his shoes to Tascott, who had been injured by being shot, and was lying in the rear of a saloon on West Madison street. Tascott at that time rented and occupied a room on the corner of Elizabeth and Madison streets, and Mrs. Ordway and her husband lived on Morgan street, between Monroe and Adams.

One of the most important statements in the woman's story is that she declared that Tascott is dead. She says she knows he was strangled to death and his body made away with by his pals. In that connection she frequently mentioned the names of several men.

Ordway was acquainted with Millionaire Snell, as he made a great many clothes for him and had borrowed money from him at times. One day Albert introduced her to Mr. Snell while walking along one of the streets in Chicago. Subsequent to the murder of Millionaire Snell, she says, her husband was continually nervous, and always seemed anxious to leave the city. After a good deal of persuasion she agreed to accompany him to Baltimore. Mrs. Mary Ann Watts sent money to her daughter for the trip. After they arrived in Baltimore she told him she intended to expose his crime. This made him grow despondent, and he took to drink. He always had money, but did not work. She sometimes spoke to her mother about his connection with the crime, but was always silenced by Albert, reminding her that she had frequently declared that she would die for him. This usually had the desired effect.

CONSPIRATORS CAUGHT.

A Foul Plot to Blight the Life of an Innocent Man.

A St. Louis despatch says: James A. Brock, formerly of St. Louis, but now a resident of El Paso, Tex., is the hero in a most sensational occurrence in criminal annals. For over fourteen years Mr. Brock has been under suspicion of being the murderer of his cousin, Frank Woolsey, having been twice indicted for the crime by the grand jury of Shafter county, Tex. But he now stands before the world an innocent man, having after an incessant search located his missing relative in Benton, Ark. On the 22nd of May, 1877, Frank Woolsey disappeared, and Brock was suspected of having murdered him. Brock alleges that he was persecuted for years afterwards. He felt confident that Woolsey was not dead, but that it was a conspiracy among the Woolseys to rob him of his ranch. He spent a large sum of money to locate Woolsey, and offered a \$1,000 reward for his discovery. About three months ago a detective located Woolsey in Benton, Ark. Brock claims to have positive evidence that will convict the Woolseys of conspiracy and says he will institute legal proceedings immediately.

TO CHECK RUSSIA.

China and England Will Ascertain the Tsar's Intentions.

A London cable says: The Chinese Minister to Germany has arrived at St. Petersburg from Berlin in consequence of sudden and urgent orders from Peking regarding the Russian encroachments upon Pamir, the extensive table land of Central Asia. The Chinese Government became alarmed over the advances that the Russians had penetrated far beyond the frontier of this district, and the Minister was entrusted to proceed to St. Petersburg and obtain positive assurance with regard to the intention of the expedition. China and England are acting in concert in the matter owing to the receipt of trustworthy information to the effect that the Territory of Afghanistan has also been violated. Sir R. B. Morier, the British ambassador to Russia, and Dr. Stall, the Russian ambassador to England, are now both in London and to-day had a long conference.

The Rainy Day Club, which the women of Tacoma organized recently with the object of encouraging the wearing of ankle-high dresses in wet weather, in the interests of comfort and cleanliness, is finding imitators in various cities.

A FLY-WHEEL BURST.

Killing One, Injuring Many and Wrecking a Building.

A Manchester, N. H., despatch says: The fly-wheel of No. 7 mill burst this morning, tearing through the floor of the first and second stories. Two persons are believed to have been killed outright and a dozen badly wounded. The excitement about the mill gates is very great.

Eleven girls were employed in the drawing-room over the steam pumping room adjoining the engine house. When the wheel burst they were carried to the basement in the debris. Some of them were caught in the heavy timbers and iron beams; seven were taken out of the ruins and carried to another part of the mill. Three of the seven were perfectly helpless and their injuries were terrible, there being great cuts on their heads and faces, and legs, arms and ribs being broken. The body of Engineer Samuel Bunker was taken out of the wheel pit with the head smashed. His assistant, Thomas Dalton came out of the wreckage with only slight injuries. Emile Duane, a boy employed in No. 5 mill, was taken from the wreckage in a terrible condition.

Before the work of rescuing the injured from the wreck could be begun the steam had to be shut off, and No. 7 mill was filled with escaping steam, so that the employees had to be taken out through the opposite side of the mills by means of ladders.

The fly-wheel was sixty feet in diameter and nine feet wide. The engine is a Corliss of 2,000 horse-power and was working about 1,900. It behaved badly when it was started up this morning, and efforts were being made to improve its working when the wheel broke. Mamie Kaine, aged 21, has since died, making the third victim of the accident. A large gang of workmen are at work clearing the ruins. Susie Brookings and Mary Richardson will probably die. The loss to the Ameskeag corporation amounts to several thousand dollars.

MURDER IN DENVER.

A Man Bound, Gagged and Hurling from a Window.

A Denver despatch says: Whiskey and jealousy were the causes of a tragedy yesterday morning which cost one life and will probably land two men in the penitentiary for a long term. The notorious Jim Connors and Mike Ryan were drinking in a saloon after midnight, and Connors being goaded and teased by his friends over the fact that his mistress, Mrs. Dalcoff, had deserted him for C. J. Fenimore, became so enraged that he took Ryan and, going to Mrs. Dalcoff's rooms, broke open the door and found her in bed with Fenimore, to whom she was engaged to be married. Fenimore was ordered to dress, after which he was knocked down, tied hand and foot, a gag placed over his mouth, and then carried to the window and thrown into the alley. On the way to the ground three stories below his head struck a projecting stone, leaving a portion of the skull. When picked up it was found that the jaw was broken, both his eyes out and the skull torn open until the brains were exposed. He was taken to the hospital, where he died this afternoon. He leaves a wife and two children in Centre Oak, Pa.

SWALLOWED THE WHISTLE.

A Boy With a Rubber Toy in His Trachea.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: Twenty-seven days ago John Taylor, 10 years old, was playing with a toy balloon. The balloon was filled with air through a hollow mouthpiece. Taylor blew too hard and the balloon burst. He was startled by the sound, and his gasp of surprise drew the mouthpiece, together with a piece of the rubber, into his windpipe. His desperate efforts to obtain breath forced the obstruction down to the bronchial tubes, at the entrance to which it became lodged. At the public Hospital, Drs. MacLaren and White decided upon tracheotomy as affording the only chance to save Taylor's life, the incision was made, but the whistle could not be reached. The physicians said then that Taylor's death was a question of only a few hours. To day the boy was sent home, as nothing more could be done for him. The whistle had become lodged in the left bronchial tube, and the patient breathes through it with comparative ease. It is thought the rubber attachment must have been absorbed, as no whistle has been heard since a day or two after the accident. The boy still breathes through the incision in his throat, but it is rapidly healing.

A Type-Setting Machine Test.

A Chicago despatch says: The private test of type-setting machines, held here under the auspices of a committee of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, closed last evening. The test has been very satisfactory in many respects, and the report of the committee will give newspaper publishers a definite idea as to the work which can be done by the various machines. For three hours during the forenoon the machines were worked by members of the Typographical Union who had never before seen them, to show the capacity of beginners who are practical printers, and for three hours in the afternoon they were worked also by girls familiar with the Remington typewriter keyboard, to ascertain what could be done on the machines by those who are suddenly called upon to operate them. All next week the machines will be on exhibition to newspaper publishers and the public.

LADIES who are suffering from oppressions, bearing down pains, nervousness, or any form of female weakness, will find Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an infallible cure. Try them.

A Careless Organist.

Wiggly—There'll be some fun when New-spice meets Johnson, the organist, who played at his wedding.
Biggys—Why?
Wiggly—As the bridal party was going down the aisle he played "Will you all be with me when the scrap begins."

Mormons are being colonized in large numbers in the State of Chihuahua in Mexico, where John M. Young, a Mormon leader, has purchased 6,000,000 acres.

Alexander Sutherland, of Denver, makes claim to the honor of being the "Bugler of Balaklava"—the trumpeter who sounded the charge that led the Light Brigade up to the mouths of the murderous cannon. Sutherland is an erect and well-preserved man of 80.

RACE HETING.

Blacks and Whites Engage in Deadly Conflict at Clifton Forge.

A Clifton Forge, Va., despatch says: A savage fight occurred between five negroes and Clifton Forge officers in the mountain pass one and a half miles from here, near the Iron gate, yesterday afternoon, resulting in the death of a white man and a negro. The negroes came to Clifton Forge yesterday morning from the Big Hill mines with the avowed purpose of creating a disturbance. Aided by whiskey they became boisterous and defied arrest, finally leaving in the direction in which they came. They were called to a halt at the Point, when a fight ensued, in which P. A. Bowling, of the Posse, was killed, and Fred Wilkinson was shot in the abdomen and knee. Wilkinson will recover, it is thought. Both were brakemen on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad and had been summoned by the officials. News of the shooting spread rapidly, and in a short time fifty men were scouring the mountains, where the negroes took refuge, hunting them down. They were all captured after several hours' search, and a battle took place in the mountains between the policemen and the negroes. One of the negroes is supposed to be dead from his wounds. The other four are in jail here, three of them having been shot before they were captured. A mob of 300 men took three of the negroes from jail last night and hanged and then shot them full of bullets.

A MOTHER'S VENGEANCE.

A Woman Throws Vitriol in the Face of Her Daughter's Seducer.

A Gallatin, Tenn., despatch says: Yesterday Mrs. Archie Overton threw the contents of a large bottle of vitriol in the face of Samuel R. Elliott, a popular young man here. Mrs. Overton claims that Elliott ruined her daughter Minnie eighteen months ago. The liquid struck Elliott square between the eyes and spread all over his face. In ten minutes his left eye was entirely destroyed, and it is thought his other eye will be lost. His face was horribly burned. A warrant for Mrs. Overton's arrest has been issued. The affair has created a great sensation, as all the parties connected in it are prominent.

A BOY MURDERER.

Betrayed a Weak-Minded Girl and Then Brained Her.

A Milwaukee despatch says: Annie Kodatz, a 15-year-old girl, weak-minded, was murdered on October 7th by Albert Kohls, a 16-year-old boy, who worked on her father's farm just outside the city. The body of the murdered girl was discovered last night under the stable floor, and to-day Kohls confessed he killed the girl by hitting her on the head with a hammer. Kohls had been intimate with the girl, and she was soon to become a mother, and he killed her, he says, for this reason. On the day of the murder Kohls also tried to poison the Kodatz family by putting paris green in some soup.

Saved by a Dog.

A Covington, Ky., despatch says: Mrs. Emma Smith's grocery and residence on Bullock street was destroyed by fire early yesterday morning. Mrs. Smith and her four children had a narrow escape from death. The lady arose at 4.30 o'clock, made a fire and retired again. Half an hour later she was awakened by her Newfoundland dog tugging at the bedclothing and barking ferociously. She was nearly smothered by smoke, but groped her way to the bedroom of her children. The room was filled with smoke, but she got them out of the burning building just in time.

Scotch News Notes.

It is proposed to raise a Masonic Temple in Glasgow at a cost of £20,000.
In the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh on the 25th ult., Wm. Grant, lately manager of the City of Glasgow Loan Bank Company, Candleriggs, Glasgow, for embezzlement of the company's funds, was sent twelve months to prison.

Mr. Charles Home Drummond Moray of Abercrombie and Blair-Drummond died at Blair-Drummond, Perthshire, on the 24th ult. He was the youngest son of the sixth Henry Home Drummond of Blair-Drummond, and was born in 1816.

The last annual report of the Fishery Board shows that the sea fisheries of Scotland during 1890 yielded white and shell fish valued at £1,691,959, an increase of £174,853 as compared with the previous year. The number of fishing boats engaged was 14,352, the capital invested being estimated at £1,590,636. The fishermen and boys employed numbered 47,150, while work was afforded other 62,122 persons during the summer herring fishing.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Gladstone laid the cornerstone of a new wing to Trinity College, Glenalmond, Perthshire. When fifty years ago he laid the foundation stone of that institution, for the training of students for the Episcopal Church, he was the great hope of the Tory party, and the second edition of his celebrated book on "Church and State" had just been issued.

The Improvements Committee of the Aberdeen Town Council on the 25th ult. resolved to recommend to the Council approval of the scheme for the extension of Marshall College at a probable cost of £60,000, the Council to contribute £10,000 to the extension fund, and also to contribute £5,000 for the erection of a new church to replace Greyfriars' Church, which stands in the college quadrangle.

Words of Wisdom.

No woman is really beautiful until she is old.

Most women are ambitious: they want to be men.

Sweethearts and wives are entirely different women.

Women are apt to criticise women with undue severity.

A woman is seldom prosaic until she is some man's mother-in-law.

To keep your own secret is wisdom; to expect others to keep it is folly.

A flirtation is a smile to-day, a cry to-morrow and a blush every day thereafter.

A very simple and strong cement may be made for glass and earthenware by diluting the white of an egg with its bulk of water. Beat up thoroughly, then bring to the consistency of thin paste with powdered quicklime. It must be used immediately or it will lose its virtue.

COMMON SENSE.

It is the Most Lamentably Uncommon Thing.

"Common sense is the most painfully uncommon thing in the world!" The speaker delivered herself with a groan.

"Methinks your remarks lack the charm of novelty," observed the hearer, gently.

"Don't be flippant, but hearken! It is a deficiency over which I grieve as often as I lay off my life. Each year makes it more apparent. The light of nature must amount to a very feeble glimmer. People are stupid. If there is a wrong way for them to put a dress together, or to place chairs around a room, or to arrange their time, or to conduct their affairs, or to do any of the things, big or little, which have to be done every day of their lives, that's the way they take. They don't see straight. They are not clear-headed."

"Now, if a woman whose thoughts are occupied with a sublimer work confesses she can't drive a picture-nail, and another that she can't tie a bow, and still another that she can't sew on a button without leaving a loop of thread coming out of the top, I can understand that. It is because they can't keep their thoughts long enough on such trifles. They get somebody else to do them. It's cheaper too. I know that much myself. But it is strange to me that ordinary mortals mortals with hands and brains are not able to do these things if they take the time and trouble. Nothing is needed but common sense! Why can't they—why?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Feminine Weakness.

Fully half the virtues for which their owners are praised are of spontaneous growth, and really reflect little credit upon those who practice them.

Let us take a case in point—that of a woman who has a pet extravagance. It is tea. She loves pretty clothes, but she can gaze at the latest fashions in the windows of dry goods shops without being tempted to purchase, and can even survey unshaken, invoices of Parisian millinery, gowns and gloves. She has a sweet tooth, but when occasion requires she can steer a steady course between Purcell's and Arnaut's, or Hayler's and Deane's, without swerving to the right or to the left. But when she hears a china shop, her steps falter.

Strange to say, the very high-priced shops do not most beguile her. Her attraction is towards those fascinating little establishments that display cards bearing the legends, "Special Sale! Great Reduction! Marked Down!!!" Like a moth to a candle, is she drawn towards that place of temptation. All china is dear to her heart, but she can resist plates, teapots, and even cream-jars, of which every housekeeper known one can never have too many. But when she beholds a cup and saucer ticketed "Only 24 cents," she is sure to succumb. She can hold out a trifle longer if she reads 39 cents, and twice she has been known to walk on, with an air of dignity, as far as the corner, before she could make up her mind to go in and buy the cup and saucer billed. For to-day only 50 cents. Don't think she is reckless in her selection. She always prefers pretty china, and generally shows excellent taste, but she will buy a plain cup sooner than refuse a bargain.

Now this woman is known as a good wife and mother. She is praised for her house-keeping, which she likes, for her devotion to her husband and children, whom she adores, for her pleasant, cordial manner, which is entirely natural, and for her philanthropy and benevolence, which are innate. But should she tell of the times when she scores a veritable moral victory by crossing the street to keep away from a china shop, or recites poetry to herself to aid her in forgetting an advertisement of a Closing-out Sale, Cups and Saucers of fine Doulton, Copeland and Limoges at only 63 cents apiece, every one would laugh, and no one would think it worth while to account her resistance of temptation as a long step in the path of self-control and self-denial.

Which goes to prove the force of the sentence that concludes this truthful narrative.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Women's Rights.

New York Herald: The Rev. William Gorman spoke a good word for women in the Methodist Convention at Washington. Her influence is needed in the Church, he said, and it is always a good influence. There is no reason why the graces and aptitudes which adorn the home should be interdicted within the circle of our religious life.

She can teach her sons to preach, and she has been known to assist her husband in the preparation of a sermon. We welcome her voice everywhere else, and why not in the pulpit?

The world is jogging along in that direction, Doctor. You are only a few short years ahead of the times, that's all.

And, by the way, the women are well equipped for the fight and are achieving some brave successes. Slowly but surely they are encroaching on the various employments heretofore monopolized by men, and it wouldn't be surprising if by and bye men should be forced to organize for self-protection. Women's rights are pretty fully established and the grave question of the future will be. How many or how few are to be the rights which women will allow men to enjoy?

When you ask for Nasal Balm do not permit your dealer to give you some "just as good" substitute. It is the only remedy yet discovered that will thoroughly cure catarrh. Sold by all dealers.

"Why the deuce don't you give me the right number?" was the question asked in emphatic tones of the girl at Central yesterday afternoon. "You are no gentleman, responded the telephone girl angrily. "You bet I ain't," said the typewriter girl, who is adopting her employer's mode of speech.

Miss Mary Dickens, the novelist's favorite daughter, lives in a pleasant little suburb of London. She is a woman past middle age, but preserves a vivacity of manner that makes her appear much more youthful.

Baroness de Steurs, wife of the Belgian Minister at Paris, who is suing for a divorce in a South Dakota court, is a niece of John Jacob Astor. Her tale is one of cruelty. It is said that Mme. de Steurs has aspirations for a career on the stage. She might make a hit by going on the platform to tell American girls the folly of marrying for a title.

IS OF BLUE BLOOD.

Mrs. O'Shea-Parnell is a Cultivated Woman.

Mrs. Parnell is a woman of intellect and refinement, and comes of the bluest English blood. Her brother, Sir Evelyn Wood, is one of the best generals in the British army and, after Lord Wolseley and Sir Frederick Roberts, who are both Irishmen, next in the line of promotion for commander-in-chief. Mrs. O'Shea is handsome, with a pearly white skin, a wealth of golden hair, and a graceful and voluptuous figure. She has a fascinating manner, and is charming in conversation, with cultivated literary tastes and a man's knowledge of politics. The breath of suspicion had never touched her until she met Parnell. She started in to help him politically and ended by becoming infatuated with him. The fascination was mutual.

O'Shea is the son of a Limerick attorney, who left him a large fortune, which he squandered in horse-racing and gambling. He was an officer in a crack cavalry regiment, a dashing, lady-killing fellow with a good figure and attractive manners. He married Kitty Wood when she was in her teens, but the pleasures of the mess room and the race course had more attractiveness for him than home. When he lost his money he left the army and lived on his wife's, spending it freely on wine, women and horses. He often remained months away from home, and utterly neglected his wife.

Getting into Parliament for county Clare, through the influence of the Catholic bishops, he foisted himself on Parnell through his wife's entreaties and proceeded to earn a good Government berth by making himself useful. He closed his eyes to what everybody knew, and finally only acted from mercenary motives. He is the most thoroughly despised cad in London to-day. Under ordinary circumstances and with a man for a husband Mrs. O'Shea would have made a good wife.

Some Big Towns.

The population of the English towns given below are according to census of this year, the others are recent:

Birmingham	429,171
Bristol	221,065
Manchester	505,245
Portsmouth	159,255
Liverpool	371,861
London	4,211,096
Sheffield	324,243
Leeds	367,506
Belfast	281,122
Dublin	249,602
Bagdad	150,000
Benares	207,570
Bombay	773,198
Hyderabad	99,000
Madras	406,112
Delhi	173,385
Calcutta	281,653
Bombay	35,000
Melbourne	230,000
Cape Town	57,737
Valparaiso	30,551
Buda Pesth	122,039
Florence	281,743
Stockholm	24,372
Dunedin	120,757
Sydney	100,228
Colombo	272,912
Breslau	224,550
Copenhagen	162,325
Prague	184,491
Tobolsk	51,000
Cabul	684,653
Calcutta	125,000
Cawnpore	125,000

He Was No Smoker.

Although in later life Napoleon was a votary of the snuff box, he was never known to attempt smoking but once. The Persian Ambassador having presented him with a magnificent oriental pipe, he wished to give it a trial. After being instructed how to proceed, he desired his attendant, Constant, to light it. It was accordingly properly charged and lighted. We will let Constant tell the rest of the tale. "I obeyed, and returned it to him. But scarcely had he drawn a mouthful, when the smoke, which he did not know how to expel from his mouth, turned back by his palate, penetrated into his throat, and came out by his nose, nearly blinding him. As soon as he recovered breath he exclaimed, 'Take that away—what an abomination! The brutes! My stomach is quite upset!' In fact, he was so annoyed for more than an hour that he renounced forever all desire to try the experiment again."—*National Review.*

"Smart has married Miss Dasher." "Yes, I heard so; it seems to me a rash experiment." "Why so?" "Her self-made man and she's a tailor-made girl, and it is doubtful if such a combination will work well together."

The hero of Mr. Howells' newest novel is a cashier who speculates "in the street," and then runs away to Canada, leaving his family behind.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis.

This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." ®

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