

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN PRAISE OF DUSK.

For some they love the morning hours,
The yellow midday sun,
But give me the twilight when
The cricket voices come.

When bright against the hedgerows burn
The earliest fireflies,
For then I meet my sweetheart with
The dusk light in her eyes.

Behind the western hill the sun
Is far upon its way,
Though twilight lingering seems to be
An afterthought of day.

And when we part at dark I know,
Unworthy though I be,
That in her eyes' sweet twilight lies
An afterthought of me.

THE STROKE OF RUIN

Boyle Harding leaned back in an easy chair on the iron railed gallery which overhung the sidewalk and smoked slowly, with half closed eyes. He was waiting and expecting the arrival of his young friend, Francois Rapin, who had lately interested him to a singular degree.

Even at the moment, upon the uncarpeted stairway, came the active creole's feet, two steps at a time, along with a lively tune sung almost breathlessly through a curving black mustache.

"Well, and what is it?" demanded the New Yorker. "What have you found out?"

"Maybe she went to the French opera. Go with me. I have a box. Come."

"But haven't you yet seen her?"

"Seen her. How should I know? M. Harding forgets the conditions." He laughed in his atrociously frivolous French way.

"I beg pardon," said Harding quickly. "I had indeed forgotten that I did not know her name, her place of residence, nor yet even the color of her eyes. Yes, I will go with you to the opera. Everybody goes, eh?"

He had come south a fortnight past with letters of introduction to influential people, but he was not seeking society. A quiet sojourn in New Orleans with his eyes and ears open suited him better.

What was perhaps just the thing he would have most desired came to him unexpectedly one day. He suddenly met a beautiful young woman face to face at the door of Garcia's old book store. Harding was electrified and impulsively lifted his hat. She passed him with a half smile, leaving a breath of violets and the rustle of a gown quietly elegant in the air round about.

A lover is a great fool, but he is the only man who knows what song it was that the stars sang, and to him you must go if you would learn the secret of heavenly happiness and the value of dreams as nutriment for the imagination. A lover's soul will tremble its stature by feeding one moment on a smile.

In fact, Boyle Harding had felt this sudden growth within. It had quickened, broadened and sweetened his spiritual vision, while affording a fine and richly mysterious increment to his enjoyment of his new surroundings.

This was midway in the fifties, when New Orleans had reached the splendid zenith of her wealth, and when the peculiar color of her social life was most dazzling and romantic.

As they went along Rapin was prattling on the subject of fencing, always a great rogue with the jeunesse doree of New Orleans.

"But you must be interested in sword play—in fencing. It is the noblest of all exercises for gentlemen, and your physique is precisely made up for it. You must be a master, or you could be."

"I have had good masters," Harding replied, in an evasive tone, "but I am losing interest in it."

"Your masters were in New York?"

"No; Paris. I had M. Duval for three years."

"Ah, what fortune! He, and he only, teaches the 'stroke of ruin,' the pass which pierces across from shoulder to shoulder, disabling the victim for life, yet never killing him!"

"And you learned his stroke! Oh, but I am overjoyed, and you will teach me to do it. Ah, monsieur, I shall be your lifelong debtor. I have dreamed of that incomparable thrust. I have made two journeys to Paris to learn it; but, you must know, M. Duval is an ancient enemy of my father's. I could not go to him."

A great curve of splendor, a flash of faces, throats, bosoms, jewels, laces, eyes, fans—a bewildering horizon of corsets, coiffures, necklaces, bracelets, rings; a foam of silks, gowns, stockings and swaying gowns, like surf, broke against a beach of fairyland. Harding gazed at half blinded stupidity, so he felt, and could see no details, could make out no individual face distinctly.

"We will begin the lessons tomorrow," murmured Rapin. "I shall be an apt scholar, monsieur."

"Yes," said Harding absently. He was gazing along the great sweep of beauty and light.

"But excuse me a moment or two," the creole added after awhile, when the curtain was down. "I am going to call at the box of a friend."

Harding continued his survey, which now that his eyes had somewhat accustomed themselves to the glamour, became more real and absorbingly interesting.

Presently he saw Rapin in a box, a magnificent one, near the center, talking with a tall young woman, and it was she. There could be no doubt for a moment.

Harding's eyes were fixed. The trance of that old time love which men used to acknowledge was upon him. And at the very central moment she turned from Rapin and looked straight at him.

The proxy fact was that Rapin in his enthusiastic way had been telling Mlle. Marie de Montmartin—that was her name—about his good fortune in finding a master to teach directed her attention to the young man in his box.

But for Mlle. Marie de Montmartin, we may as well say that she glanced mechanically, then looked again.

Rapin presently returned to the box,

bringing with him, or at least Harding fancied it, a breath of that exquisite violet perfume which had been haunting Harding's memory for days and nights together.

"Who is she—the young lady in the box where you've been?"

The abrupt inquiry and a certain timbre of Harding's voice betrayed his emotion to the quick creole.

"Oh, she—that is, Mlle. Marie de Montmartin. Lovely, isn't she? You might envy me, M. Harding. She is my betrothed."

"Ah!"—Harding hesitated and a palish change passed over his face. Then he coolly added: "I do envy you. Yes, she is the most beautiful girl that I have ever seen. She is the one I met in the old book store. You are quick to find."

The next day Rapin came to Harding's room for his initial lesson, but the young man begged a postponement. He was not feeling in good form, he said, and was averse to exercise.

And now Harding's powerful letters of introduction came into play. The only son of General Stanhope Harding had the key to open even the exclusive gate of the mansion wherein the ancient family traditions of Montmartin were kept in an atmosphere of their own.

We must acquit him. He did not deliberately seek to gain her affections. Indeed there was no need to seek. She claimed him at sight, and the way was love's sweetest path. Rapin was forgotten.

So, in due course of time, the engagement was announced and the wedding day approached.

Harding had a desire to go again to the old book store of Garcia, on Royal street, and have his first meeting with Marie over once more in his imagination.

At Garcia's door Harding came abruptly face to face with Francois Rapin, whom he had not seen since the announcement of the coming nuptials.

Harding stopped short in his tracks and would have probably put forth his hand in a friendly offer of salutation, but just then his hat was lightly tapped from his head by Rapin, who immediately picked it up and handed it to him, saying:

"M. Harding will not remember his promise to teach me the mysterious stroke of M. Duval."

At first Harding's heat of temper was great, but reflection led him to consult his friends, who ridiculed the thought of a duel. His northern friends were unanimously opposed to the duel, but he must be frank and lay the matter before his fiancée's family.

"You must fight him, sir," said Montmartin.

"Of course there is but one way open to a gentleman," sighed Marie, "you must challenge him."

They met at sunrise under the "oaks" so well known to dueling history. Merely clinked their rapiers for honor's sake and Marie's.

That was but about 40 years ago, and yet what a distance! What a spin the world has made down the "groove of change" since then!

Yesterday a white haired man whose shoulders drooped strangely and whose teeth dangled half paralyzed beside him walked down Royal street.

"That is Francois Rapin," said a creole to some friends. "He got that wound in the celebrated duel with Harding."

"Y-e-e-s," drawled another of the group, with a queer little shrug.

"Y-e-e-s, Mr. Harding taught him the 'stroke of ruin,' ha, ha, ha! It is true, is it not?"

Boyle Harding and his wife live in Nice, where, in most comfortable circumstances and well loaded with fame, Harding writes his novels and plays with his grandchildren. His wife is said to be still beautiful and very domestic.

—Maurice Thompson in Vanity.

Seeds of the Mushroom.

The spores (seeds), composed of a two coated cell, are borne on the gills or tubes under the cap. One plant often produces 10,000,000 spores. To see these tiny spores you must cut the top of a toadstool off and lay it right side up on a sheet of black paper. After a few hours remove it carefully, and an exact representation of its shape will remain on the paper, formed by the thousands of spores which have fallen out. If the spores fall on favorable soil, they germinate and send out great numbers of tiny threads. These, becoming intertwined and woven together, cover the ground like the finest web, and this is known as the mycelium, or "spawn."

The threads absorb nourishment and carry it to the quickened spore.—Margaret W. Leighton in St. Nicholas.

Polish Versus Moss.

The speakers were two brawny Scots who evidently had not met for a long while. Sandy asked Tonal about business, but the reply was either evasive or unsatisfactory, for the rough, uncut Sandy, perhaps suspicious that his friend had fallen into his old tricks, suddenly broke forth loudly and vehemently.

"Hoch, mon," he said, "but ye'll ha' the settle down, mon Tonal. Ye ken 'a' rollin' stone gathers no moss."

"Wha's wainin' moss, ye auld foggie," was the quick retort. "An' here's wainin' a rollin' stone gathers that ye'll ne'er git, an' that's polish, ye pair gow!"

—Boston Budget.

Chinese Dentists.

Chinese dentists rub a secret powder on the gum over the affected tooth and after about five minutes the patient is told to sneeze. The tooth then falls out. Many attempts have been made by European dentists to secure this powder, but none has ever succeeded in doing so.

No Excuse.

"Ma, that baby across the street hasn't any teeth."

"Of course not, Tommy. You didn't have any when you were that small."

"But that baby's pa is a dentist."

Life.

She Tricked the Burglar.

"Take him all around, the burglar has as much human nature in him as the average man. It cuts the professional to the quick to be called a sneak thief. There are just three things he will run from—a hysterical woman, a small dog and a revolver. If a burglar gets into your house, remember that discretion is the better part of valor. Sometimes diplomacy is better than either."

"So far a woman carried the blue ribbon on diplomacy. The lady, hearing some one in the dining room, thought it was her husband, and slipped down to pour a glass for him. She confronted a burglar, who was making a vigorous search of the sideboard. She stepped to a closet and brought out a heavy basket, saying: 'Here is the silver. Now, do go away, my good man, because I hear my husband at the front door and he carries a pistol.'

"The burglar fled with the basket, and the lady fainting. When her husband revived her, she told the tale and explained that the basket contained an immense maltese cat that slept in it. She fainted again for the possible fate of pussy. The next morning the cat scratched at the basement door. It looked no worse for the adventure, and it bore a note tied around its neck which conveyed the compliments and admiration of her victim—the burglar."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Fireplace Cement.

An important result attended a test made by order of the Reichsbank—the German government's banking establishment—with a safe made of cement with steel wire placed in between. The question to be decided was whether it is practicable to build vaults of this material for safety against fire. A safe was placed upon a pyre of logs drenched with kerosene, which, after being set on fire, kept the safe for half an hour exposed to a heat of about 1,800 degrees F.—that is, a heat in which iron will melt. Two hours after the safe was opened, and the contents—silk, paper, draft blanks and a maximum thermometer—were found to be absolutely unharmed, and the maximum thermometer showed that within the safe the temperature at no time during the test rose above 85 degrees.

How to Reduce Your Weight.

When you are dieting to reduce flesh, you must eat stale bread, and give up potatoes, rice, corn, peas, beans, milk, cream, all sweets, cocoa, indeed anything which even suggests sugar or starch. Dry toast without butter, tea without either milk or sugar, rare meat with no fat; and, as far as possible, no vegetables at all should form your diet. Take all the exercise you can in the way of walking; go twice a week to a Russian bath (where possible) and in variably go to bed hungry. Anybody brave enough to live up to these laws will certainly lose flesh.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Modern Criticism.

A small but sturdy boy of 5 years was lately entered as a pupil at one of the best fin de siecle suburban kindergartens. Evidently, however, the young man had his own opinion of what a "school" ought to be, probably based on his observation of the studies of his two older brothers, one of whom is in a preparatory school and the other in college, as he seemed to feel quite degraded at belonging to a school where no books were used.

His little air of apology when you drew from him, most unwillingly, accounts of the games and exercises at his kindergarten was something quite too funny. The other day on his way home he met a crowd of public school children and was hailed with shouts of "Hello, Ted! Do you go to school here?"

"No," replied Ted, with a fine contempt for his alma mater. "I go to school where you don't learn anything."—New York Herald.

The Cellars of Bordeaux.

The cobwebs will seem to an impressionable visitor the noblest things in the Bordeaux cellars. Some of them look like thick pile curtains, somber in hue of course, but famously suggestive of warmth. And with even only a moderate imagination one may go to and fro among the barrels fancying the pendant shapes overhead are dusky stalactites instead of the airy web to nothing as they really are.

Enough, you may shrivel a few yards of the fabric. But that were truly a shocking deed of vandalism, for, though no layman can understand why this dismal tapestry is revered as it is, its ignorance will not be held sufficient excuse for his crime.—Chambers' Journal.

Cold Blooded.

"There are several things in this book of mine that I think are particularly good," said the young writer.

"No doubt, no doubt," replied the man of many experiences. "Have you submitted it to a publisher?"

"Not yet. I wanted to get your advice."

"My candid advice?"

"Certainly."

"Well, if I were in your place, I'd go through the book and pick out what I considered the passages of striking excellence."

"Yes?"

"And throw them away."—Washington Star.

Bad Endings.

First Fair Critic.—But he's awfully hard on his heroes and heroines—always makes them marry each other at the end.

Second Fair Critic.—Yes, the finishes are rather unsatisfactory.—Aly Sloper.

Ernest Charles Ward, the son of Frederick Ward, is receiving great praise for his work in character parts. Young Ward may star before long.

The new leading lady of Charles Rohlf's company is Madeline Merli, whose work in the serious drama elicited favorable comment when she was starring.

The word boyden, now applied exclusively to a noisy young woman, formerly denoted a person of like character, but of either sex.

When a washerwoman changes her place of residence, one may ask her where she hangs out now? without using slang.

The Truth of It.

There was a one legged man at the Staten Island ferry house the other day who was asking for alms, and who claimed that his leg had been bitten off by a shark. One of the men accosted him over and said:

"I saw you in Buffalo about a month ago and then you told me that an alligator bit your leg off."

"Yes."

"I saw you in Cleveland last week, and you then claimed to have fallen under a street car."

"Yes."

"Do you change your story in every town?"

"Most always."

"Well, now, tell me how you really did lose your leg and I'll give you a dime."

"Honest?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I jumped in front of a mowing machine to save the lives of five or six little children, and, while I lost my leg, not one of them got a scratch!"—Detroit Free Press.

After Thirty Years.

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES A STORY.

How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y. V. I., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.

From the Ashtabula, Ohio, Beacon.]

Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 189th regiment, N. Y. V. I., with which he went through the war, and saw much hard service. Owing to exposure and hardships during the service, Mr. Taylor contracted chronic diarrhoea from which he has suffered now over thirty years, with absolutely no help from physicians.

By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, O., but the change in health came not. Finally on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffner, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box.

"As a drowning man grasps a straw I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of recovery. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pill I commenced to feel better and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a Beacon reporter, Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful helpmeet these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "To the pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is today," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot find words to express the gratitude they feel or recommence to their highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case they will cheerfully answer as they are anxious that the whole world shall know what Pink Pills have done for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

First oyster (teebly)—Help! Help! I'm in the soup. Second oyster—I feel for you, brother, but I can't find you.

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS HAVE COME"

The saddest of the year, "not when autumn has arrived, as poet Bryant intimates, but when a fellow gets bilious. The "sore and yellow" is in his complexion if he can be so large at that time. Hostetter's stomach Bitters will soon discipline his rebellious liver, and regulate his bowels, besides toning his nerves. Malaria, rheumatism and nervousness are also relieved by the Bitters.

NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.

Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakota, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South. Rock-balt track; fine scenery; new equipment; Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Dining; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write A. B. Denniston, C. P. & T. A., Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about routes, routes, etc.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

TRY GEMMA for breakfast.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT Family Medicine of the Age.

* Taken Internally, It Cures Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c., &c.

Used Externally, It Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity.—Farm and Home.—Clean, Pure.

We can bear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the aching pain, and know it to be a good article.—Chloroform Dispensary.

A newly cured case for which the Pain-Killer was used. It is really a valuable medicine. It is used by many Physicians.—Boston Traveller.

Not Seeing, Not Believing.

There was a man in Nottinghamshire who discontinued the donation he had regularly made for a time to a missionary society. He was asked as to his reason, he replied: "Well, I've traveled a bit in my time. I've been as far as Siam, in Siam, in Siam, and I never saw a black man, and I don't believe there are any."—London Standard.

Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—Coolidge.

The Koran forbids true believers to destroy the vines, palm trees, fruit trees, corn and cattle even of their worst enemies.

The shawls of cashmere are made between Hindostan and Tibet, from the wool of the camel, while their sheep also produce fine white silky wool. The whole population is engaged in preparing the thread and weaving these articles for commerce.

TIME AND TIDE.

"Time and tide wait for no man," saith the adage—but there are many other things of the non-waiting kind which will not be put off and ought not to be. Half the misery of the world is caused by delay, and rheumatism is one of those insidious ills which demands prompt attention, especially in mid-winter, when the cold accelerates its action and intensifies pain. If allowed to have its way, it will wait for no man in its rapid development of the chronic stage. When this is reached, then come troubles, not only in its misery but in many ways where a helpless condition throws the sufferer out of work and money. But whether in its acute, chronic or inflammatory stage, don't wait. The tide of pain will go on and so will loss of time. At the same time we all know that St. Jacobs Oil is made for the worst cases in their worst form at any stage. It has cured and will cure in nine cases out of ten.

—Dora. Mr. Spooner says he always feels like a fish out of water when he is with me. Come—Then you've looked him, have you?

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED, DORCHESTER, Mass., the well known manufacturers of Breakfast Cocoa and other Cocoa and Chocolate preparations, have an extraordinary collection of medals and diplomas awarded at the great international and other exhibitions in Europe and America. The house has had uninterrupted prosperity for nearly a century and a quarter, and is now not only the oldest but the largest establishment of the kind in the country.

The high degree of perfection which the Company has attained in its manufactured products is the result of long experience combined with an intelligent use of the new forces which are constantly being introduced to increase the power and quality of production and to cheapen the cost to the consumer.

The full strength and the exquisite natural flavor of the raw material are preserved unimpaired in all of Walter Baker & Company's preparations, so that their products may be trusted to form the standard for purity and excellence.

In view of the many imitations of the name, labels and wrappers on their goods consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine articles made at Worcester, Mass.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME

By careful investments by mail through a responsible firm of large experience and great success. Will send you particular free, showing how a small amount of money can be easily multiplied by successful investments in great Highest Bank references. Opportunities excellent. Pattison & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Room F., Omaha Building, Chicago.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Mailed free to all sufferers. Send for free trial bottle free to Dr. Kline, 261 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Kline's Cure and Restorer. Kline, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

From U.S. Journal of Medicine Prof. W. E. Peck, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. I have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him.

He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. E. PECK, P. O. & Cedar St., New York.

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