

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 some,
But give to me the twilight when
The cricket voices come.

When bright against the hedgerows burn
The earliest fires,
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,
Unwittingly 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, up 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 to the French opera?"

"I have a box. Come."

"See here. 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 some 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 thing, and you only learn the secret of happiness and the value of dreams as nutriment for the imagination. A lover's soul will treble 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 vogue with the jeunesses dorees 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 peerless stroke across the shoulder to disabbling the victim for life, the 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 corages, coiffures, necklaces, bracelets, rings; a foam of airy gowns sinking and swelling gently, like surf froth against a beach of fairyland. Harding gazed in 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 and more absorbingly interesting.

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 prosy fact was that Rapin in his enthusiasm was being telling Marie de Montmartin—that was her name—about his good fortune in finding a master to teach him the "stroke of ruin," and he had directed her attention to the young man in his box.

But for 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 door. 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

"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 clinched their rapiers for honor's sake and Marie's.

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

Yesterday a white haired man whose shoulders drooped strangely and whose two arms 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.

Folish Versus Moss.

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

"Heh, mon," he said, "but ye'll ha'e to settle down, mon Tom. Ye ken a roilin' stone gath'ers no moss."

"Wha's wantin' moss, ye auld foggie," was the quick retort. "An here's wan'ing a roilin' stone gath'ers that ye'll ne'er git, an that's polish, ye puir 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.

The Truth of It.

There was a one legged man at the Staten Island ferry house the other day who was asking for alma, and who claimed that his leg had been bitten off by a shark. One of the men accented looked 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."

"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?"

"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.

A Fireproof 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, dried 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, beefs, corn, peas, beans, milk, cream, all sweets, cocoa, including 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.

Fur.

Fur, after some years' wear, will look much improved if cleaned with new bran previously heated in the oven. Rub the hot bran well into the fur with a piece of flannel, shake the fur to remove all particles, and then brush thoroughly. The fur will clean more easily if the lining and wadding are first removed, but such removal is not absolutely necessary. The flat, oily look which

fur has after some years' wear, this means in this particular instance the right way.

Punishments in Early Days.

The following extracts from early records give us a glimpse of some of the singular punishments in vogue in old New England:

"In 1639 Dorothy Brown, for beating her husband, is ordered to be bound and chained to a post."

"In 1643 the assistants order three Stoneham men to sit in the stocks on lecture day for traveling on the Sabbath."

"In 1651 Anna, wife of George Ellis, was sentenced to be publicly whipped for reproaching the magistrates."

"In 1658, for slandering the elders, she had a cleft stick put on her tongue for half an hour."

Aptly Quoted.

No equivalent in the English language for an avoirdupois. This phrase expresses the hope of meeting you again. Our goodby does not. In my opinion the French is the better phrase, which leaves it to be inferred that there is a prospect of meeting you again."

"In other words," said a student, "I'll see you later!"

The class tittered, and the linguist did his best to frown, but failed.—Boston Courier.

Yawning.

"Not only is it very healthy to yawn," says a French physician, "but artificial yawning should be resorted to in cases of sore throat, buzzing of the ears, catarrh and like troubles." It is said to be as efficacious in its way as gargling the throat, with which process it should be combined.

Funny Definitions.

In a recent examination some boys were asked to define certain words and to give a sentence illustrating the meaning. Here are a few: Frantic means wild; I picked some frantic flowers. Athletic, strong; the vinegar was too athletic to use. Tandem, one behind another; the boys sit tandem at school. And then some simple words are funny explained. Dust is mud with the wet squeezed out; fins are fishes' wings; stars are the moon's eggs; circumference is distance around the middle of the outside.—Education Gazette.

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. When asked as to his reasons, he replied: "Well, I've traveled a bit in my time. I've been as far as Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, 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.—Coleridge.

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 Hindustan 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.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES A STORY.

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

From the Ashland, 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. L., 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 so I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. 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, Mr. 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 give words to express the gratitude they feel or recommend too 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 should know what Pink Pills have done.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale at 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 story (repeated)—Help! Help! I'm in the soup. Second story—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' look is in his complexion. If not in the face at that inauspicious time. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will soon discipline his rebellious liver, and regulate his bowels, besides toning his stomach and healthfully stimulating his kidneys. 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-balled track; fine scenery; new equipment; Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Dining; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write A. B. C. Denniston, C. P. & T. A., Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, 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 inflamed condition 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 inflammation of the mucous surface.

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 so such unbounded popularity.—Bismarck, Oberlin, and Vienna.—New York.

We can best testify to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article.—Bismarck, Oberlin, and Vienna.—New York.

A speedy cure for pain-in-family should be without a doubt the Pain-Killer. Nothing has yet surpassed this Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use.—New York.

It has been a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to "Pain-Killer."—New York.

It is really a valuable medicine—it is used by many physicians.—Boston Herald.

Beware of imitations, but only the genuine "Pain-Killer" is sold everywhere. Large bottles, 50c and 1.00.

TIME AND TIDE.

"Time and tide wait for no man," said 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 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 and sold for the express purpose of curing the worst cases in their worst form at any stage. It has cured and will cure in nine cases out of ten.

"Don't Mr. Spooner says he always feels like a fish out of water when he is with me. Come—Then you've spoken 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 on this continent. 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 improve the quality of production, and 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 truly be said 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 article made at Dorchester, Mass.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME

By careful investments by mail through a responsible firm of large experience and great success. Will send you particulars free, showing how a small amount of money can be easily multiplied by successful investment in grain. 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. Treatise and \$3.00 day's use. Mailed free. Send to Dr. Kline, 511 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Pilo's Cure.—RALPH ERZO, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1883.

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 accounts are astonishing. We have heard of cases of 30 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 sufferers who may send him the address.

Write to Dr. W. E. Peck, 100 West 11th St., New York.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Cures all cases of Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus's Dance, Hysteria, and all cases of Nervous Prostration. It is a safe and reliable cure, and is sold by all druggists.

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