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Many grocery stores have recently been stocked with second-class brands of baking powder, which are urged upon consumers at the price of the high-cost, first-class Royal.

These powders cost from 8 to 30 cents a pound less than the Royal, besides being of 27 per cent. less strength. If they are forced upon you, see that you are charged a correspondingly lower price for them.


### A Matter of Doubt.

A minister in the east said: "My brethren, the collection will now be taken for my expenses for a trip, for I am going away for my health. The more I receive the longer I can stay." The largest collection ever made in that church was taken. And now the question under discussion is whether the size of the collection was a compliment to the preacher or much the reverse.—Louisville Western Recorder.


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"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont.

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### Even Fracture by an Earthquake.

The postal inspector's offices are on the fourth story of the appraiser's building, and are lighted by folding windows that reach almost to the floor. In each sash is a single pane of extra heavy American plate glass, 36 inches in length by 18 inches wide. During the recent severe earthquake shock one pane was broken by the oscillation of the building, and in such a peculiar manner that it became an object of general interest. There were four fractures extending entirely across the pane, starting from each corner and forming an angle at each edge, leaving a perfect square in the middle surrounded by six half squares.

The fractures are as straight as though cut with a diamond and straightedge, and the proportions of each section as true as though laid out with mathematical instruments. The jar of the earthquake seems to have thrown a heavy pressure upon the corner of the sash, and the glass, unable to bear the strain, gave way; but by what law of mechanics it broke in such regular lines and mathematical proportions is a puzzle to all who have seen it. It is proposed to remove the whole sash, and place it in the State museum as one of the most remarkable earthquake freaks on record.—San Francisco Examiner.

### A Hero Indeed.

There is a man in Atchison who is a hero, though if you should call him one he would scarcely know what the word meant. His wife recently died and left him with eight children. He labors hard by the day and manages his housework after night. After doing a hard day's work he will begin the family washing, to be finished and hung on the line next morning, the ironing to be done the second night. He could not afford a sewing woman, so he has by constantly trying learned to run a machine and cut and fit.

The oldest girl is growing up, and will be a great help to him in a few years. His little children are sent to school every day, and they appear as neatly and comfortably dressed as any in the school. He did not scatter his family among his relatives nor send them to an orphan asylum. He kept them together, and their home is almost as comfortable as it was when the mother was alive. He is a hero, and the greatest kind of a hero, from the fact that he does not realize that he is a hero at all.—Atchison Globe.

### About Men's Presents.

Various facts became evident during the holidays. One was that a rule followed by ninety-nine men out of a hundred existed in these words: "When in doubt give a doll." Another was that, even if the average man began to procure his Christmas presents now for the 25th of December next, midnight of the 24th of that month would find him with his most important gifts still unbought; and ungiven gifts are as useless as unkissed kisses. A third fact brought home was that no woman was ever wholly satisfied with the presents she got. If they were for her baby they were not good enough; if they were for herself she had others like them. Five women met accidentally in a car the day before New Year's; they were all going to exchange Christmas presents, and they all got off when the conductor called Fifteenth street.—New York Sun.

### Dartmouth's Hospital.

Mr. Hiram Hitchcock, of New York, has endowed a hospital in memory of his late wife, Mary Hitchcock. It is being erected at Hanover, N. H., and will offer opportunities for clinical study to the students in the medical department of Dartmouth college. The hospital will be less than half a mile from the college, and will stand in a park of fifteen acres, on a site overlooking part of the Connecticut valley. Any patient not suffering from infectious disease will be eligible for admission, and it is believed that the professional staff will be made up of physicians from the town and the college. The hospital will probably be ready for occupancy during the coming autumn, and will be so liberally endowed financially as to do away with the necessity of soliciting outside assistance.—Harper's Bazar.

### Gen. Fisk's Bequests All Paid.

The administratrix of the estate of the late Gen. Clinton B. Fisk (Mrs. Fisk) has paid all the subscriptions made by the general to various colleges, theological seminaries and other institutions of the church, and has, we learn from the trustees of Drew seminary, paid a large subscription on which there was no legal claim, the general not having signed the book. We also learn that the corporation of Fisk university has decided to erect a memorial chapel, to be named the Clinton B. Fisk Memorial chapel, with the $25,000 bequeathed by the general to the university and paid by the administratrix.—Christian Advocate.

That this has been a disastrous season for theatrical companies every actor and manager will admit. One hundred and ninety-two companies have so far returned to New York. Of course they came back dead broke, for no company would return if there was a ghost of a chance that they would ever play to a paying audience.—New York Letter.

# RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

"I assure you I do not regret them. I have nothing to regret," returns he, laughing lightly. Then he looks at Millicent. "How can I find room for regret when I see my cousin safe and well?"

Millicent is as touched by his manner as it would be possible for him to move her.

"Certainly he bears the loss of those jewels very well," she says to herself; "and he used to be their most extravagant admirer. Sometimes it irritated me to think he looked upon them with a proprietorial eye, but after all I believe I wronged him. If they were still in my possession or in his he could not be more unconcerned."

She gives him a little kindly glance as a reward for this, which seems to afford him some secret amusement.

"The thing that puzzles me," goes on Mrs. Brand, who cannot keep her mind off the subject, "is how the miscreant got in. Certainly Brown confesses he is not in the habit of putting up the chain at night—a most reprehensible neglect, for which I have severely censured him; but, admitting that, I do not see how the burglar could have had a door key exactly like ours. It is one of a most peculiar pattern; poor Mr. Brand quite prided himself on it."

"The more peculiar, the easier to take an impression of it," says Granit.

"To take an impression?—to get a false key made? But that means you would suspect the servants. I could not do that; they are all old servants—old friends, indeed, I might almost say."

"You are like my mother. She will not believe the servants were implicated in the diamond robbery at Valworth; yet if she had taken my advice a recovery might have been effected. Mind, I do not say it would," says Capt. Boyle, who seems determined to give everyone a chance; "I only say it might."

"But—but surely you would not attach suspicion to Brown?" says Mrs. Brand, nervously, who is easily swayed.

"There are other servants in the house besides Brown; and people come and go—eh?"

"No one comes and goes except Miss Roche; you would not suspect her, I suppose?" says Millicent coldly.

"I really could not form an opinion. You forget I have not had the pleasure of an introduction to Miss Roche."

There is a slight return of his sneering tone here—the tone that had driven her to passionate anger during that interview at the last dance she had attended. She has seen fit to forget that scene, and so has he; but just now she is strongly reminded of it. Mrs. Brand, scenting mischief in the air, comes to the rescue.

"Tut," says she, "what an absurd question to arise! Let Miss Roche's name alone. I must say, Millicent, you show but questionable taste when you drag your little friend's name into such an affair. I could tell you something more to the purpose, but mum, mum, mum is the word."

"Oh, auntie, you have heard something!" cries Millicent, pouncing down upon her. "You have had news, and, naughty woman that you are, you have hidden it from me. Come, out with it! Your blood will be upon your own head if you delay for another moment."

"But I assure you, my dearest girl"——

"Your dearest girl is disgusted with your duplicity. Come, speak, I say. One, two—three will be your death signal. Granit, do you take no interest in the proceedings? Are you not longing to hear of the capture of the capturer of my sapphires?"

She is kneeling beside Mrs. Brand, having thrown her arms coaxingly around her, so cannot see Granit's face, but she can hear his laugh.

"Yes; let us know what kind of a fellow he is," he says.

"Nonsense! Of course it has not come to that yet, but there is a clew—a strong clew! And oddly enough, the detective tells me they believe our burglar is the very one who had a hand in abstracting your mother's diamonds"—she is speaking now to Boyle; "that struck me as being very remarkable."

"Looks as if it was some one connected with the family. You will bear me out that I have all along directed attention to the servants," says Granit. "It is a thousand pities this clever detective of yours was not called in at the Valworth affair. I blame myself very much for recommending Simpson, who really did nothing, so far as I can hear."

"They are attaching a good deal of importance to the handkerchief Dr. Thesby took into his possession. They have discovered something about that."

"Indeed. It was a common handkerchief, I think you told me."

"Quite coarse."

"Well, you could hardly expect a burglar to have a cambric one."

Granit seems amused.

"My burglar was not a common man, whatever your mother's may have been," interposes Millicent. His voice I cannot describe, because it was distinctly feigned; but something in his whole air forbade the thought that he was of the lower classes. I cannot explain; I must only ask you to try to understand and follow me."

"The miscreant!" ejaculates Mrs. Brand, indignantly.

"In spite of all I really confess to a feeling of sentimental regard for him," says Millicent, gayly. He might have murdered me, but he refrained; and he was so far removed from any suspicion of meanness that he actually forced a gift upon me ere he left. Consider that, auntie, and be more lenient in your abuse."

"I dare say you will persuade yourself by degrees that he fell in love with you," says Mrs. Brand, who is a little offended at any jesting on so solemn a subject.

"And why not, then? Am I not of a presence sufficiently noble to enthrall this modern Turpin?" Miss Grey demands this saucily of her aunt. "Look out for your laurels, Granit; there is a rival in the field."

"I know it, if you allude to Massareene," replies he in a whisper, too low for Mrs. Brand to hear.

Miss Grey colors vividly.

"You mistake," she says, coldly. "I was alluding to the burglar."

"Ah! of him I could never feel jealous," returns he, easily. "Of that you may be positively certain."

He is still regarding her with a gleam of sarcastic amusement in his eyes, that puzzles her and baffles her to read, when the door is thrown open and Mr. Massareene is announced.

CHAPTER XII.

The young man hurries forward—forgetful of Mrs. Brand, etiquette, common politeness, everything—to where Millicent is standing. His face is pale, his eyes brilliant. He is evidently suffering from intense excitement.

"Miss Grey! what terrible thing is this I have heard? But you are well—safe?"

He is holding her hand tightly clasped in both his, and is gazing into her rather pink face with an eager love and solicitude not to be misunderstood. He is as oblivious to Capt. Boyle's sneering laugh as to Mrs. Brand's glance of surprised displeasure, and is, indeed, deaf and blind to everything but Millicent herself. She has been in such sore danger; but now she is here, before him, well, beautiful as ever.

"Quite safe, as you see," says Millicent, in a low, soft tone—the softest she has ever used to him. She cannot but contrast the tender vehemence of his address with the cool, unimpassioned greeting accorded to her by Granit an hour before. "You must not think of me any longer as deserving of your pity. And—have you forgotten auntie?"

Is there the faintest pressure of her cool little hand as she brings him thus back to a sense of his duty?

"How d'ye do, Mr. Massareene?" says Mrs. Brand, a slight touch of asperity in her tone.

There is something about this big, ugly young Irishman, with his musical brogue, and his wonderful eyes, and his impetuosity, that labels him dangerous.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaims now, sliding across the room and clasping Mrs. Brand's jeweled hand in a grasp warm as though he considered himself her prime favorite, rather than a bete noir. The grasp, however, as she does not fail to remark, though warm, is gentle in the extreme, and does not force the rings against the delicate skin. After all—yes—there are some commendable points about this young, ineligible man. "I have been unpardonably rude," goes on the ugly detrimental. "But you will forgive me, Mrs. Brand, when I assure you that I didn't know whether I was standing on my head or my heels when I entered the room. I never got such a shock in my life as Brandon gave me in the Junior a quarter of an hour ago."

"You were on your heels. That I can prove to you," says Mrs. Brand, smiling; she is too good natured not to be half amused, half touched by the young man's evident concern.

"I am witness," puts in Granit, showing all his teeth again. "You were quite in proper trim, my dear fellow! Not a suspicion of intoxication about you."

This laugh is replete with insolence. In fact, the remark just made has reference to a subject that has grown sore from rough handling. It has reference to a little scene in the early town life of Gerald Massareene, who one evening, going a little off his head after the termination of a triumphant Derby day, took perhaps a little more champagne than was good for him. Some—his friends—said it was only his usual excellent spirits raised to an excited pitch because of his having made a good thing off the winner. Others—his acquaintances (he had no enemies, good lad that he was)—said it was the excellent spirits of the club cellar. However it was, Massareene went considerably beyond bounds, and was in the morning thoroughly ashamed of himself. Then came his introduction to Millicent Grey—almost a little girl at that time, but old enough to enthrall and hold him with her budding beauty. And with his growing love for her grew his fear that this one episode (vulgar episode, he called it) should be made known to her. It was an absurd fear, of course, and arose more from an apprehension that she would regard him with disgust than from any very moral regret for his misconduct; but, be that as it may, Granit Boyle knew of his nervous horror of its being known—and, for the matter of that, so did Millicent, who had heard of the little affair a long time ago, and had laughed a good deal at several of the smaller details concerning it. Indeed, it had been a very innocent offense from first to last.

At Granit's words Massareene's face flames, and a sudden fire brightens his eyes. At the moment it is easy to see that there is little love lost between the two men.

"You mean?" says Massareene, a little sharply, taking a step forward.

"Just what I said, dear boy—that you were eminently sober. Could I have borne higher testimony to your character? Miss Grey—as you seem to have some doubts about the accuracy of my statement—will, I am sure, corroborate what I have just said."

"I refuse to give my countenance to anything you may chance to say," returns Millicent, in a low tone, but with flashing eyes.

She has understood the drift of her cousin's remarks, and bitterly resents them. She may not be overkind always to Massareene, but she will permit no one else to be uncivil to him.

"What!" cries Boyle, gayly, arching his brows and lifting his shoulders in a foreign fashion that either belongs to him or has been cultivated to a nicety, "you disagree with me? You really think that your friend's extremely—er—empressé manner, his hurried entrance, etc., —meant—the—er—the other thing? Really, dear Massareene, I would not stand that if I were you. You look as if you would like to murder somebody"—with a light laugh—"that is the standing condition of your countrymen, eh? Why not call Miss Grey out?"

"Dueling is out of fashion, and one only horsewhips men," replies Massareene, meaningly, with his eyes fixed steadily upon his opponent.

"Oh, but a duel under such conditions—that cannot be out of fashion, as it has never yet come in. Why not set it? Be a leader of it? And a tete a tete with Miss Grey, even under such equivocal circumstances, might not be altogether without its charm."

He throws out this last taunt quite airily—making even a slight movement of the hand that somehow adds to the aggressive impertinence of it.

Massareene throws up his head, as though scenting battle, and his face pales. Millicent, marking these signs of coming storm, enters the breach hastily.

"I do think, Granit," she says, glancing insolently at her cousin from beneath half closed lids, "that when you try to be amusing you are the most unpardonably stupid person I ever met. Your jokes always make me feel inclined to weep."

"In this instance?" demands he, quickly, his face darkening and an evil light coming into his eyes.

"And in every other. One yawns enough in all conscience as one goes through life without being compelled to do it by those who would fain believe they stir our laughter. Give it up, my dear Granit; comedy is beyond you—the heavy business suits you better."

A glance at her cousin convinces her that she has amply revenged herself. His brow is as black as midnight, and his mouth has taken the old expression that means mischief. Massareene, too, has added to his discomfiture by breaking into a gay laugh, that rouses Mrs. Brand from her perusal of a review, as scurrilous as it is just, of a book written by a friend of hers, that she finds of engrossing interest—the review, that is, not the book.

"What is it?" asks she, looking up in high good humor. Really, the review has quite exceeded her expectations. "If it is anything amusing pray let me hear it. I have been so put out by a very harsh criticism on dear Fanny Eliwood's novel that I require something to cheer me. Some little jest of yours, Granit? Come, tell it to me, though I must say, my dear, you look more like an Othello this moment than one 'born in a merry hour.' Ah, here comes tea at last! Just move my chair a little, will you? Thanks, dear Granit. I am fast becoming an old woman, eh?"

Granit is in just such a pleasant mood as urges him to tell her she is already amongst the frosts and snows of life; but prudence—a feeling more powerful with him than most others—restrains him. He is obliged, however, to move her chair into the exact position pointed out, and to perform divers other small services for her with a smiling face and apparently willing air, while grinding under the thought that he is leaving the other two free to carry on a low conversation uninterrupted.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

### How Sir Gavan Duffy Looked.

Mrs. Carlyle, in her "Journal," thus describes Sir Charles Gavan Duffy as he looked in 1844 during a visit he paid to "the sage of Chelsea:" "Mr. Duffy quite took my husband's fancy, and mine also to a certain extent. With the coarsest of human faces, decidedly as like a horse's as a man's, he is one of the people that I should get to think beautiful."

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy himself tells this story: An artist named Cromley painted his portrait and bestowed on him a dreamy poetic face which might have passed for Shelley's. The portrait was shown to Daniel O'Connell by the artist in presence of Duffy. "Is not that very like Duffy," said Cromley. "H'm," said O'Connell, looking from the portrait to the original, "I wish Duffy was very like that."—London Star.

### Digging Earthworms.

A man tells how to get earthworms without digging for them. Take a strong stick four or five feet long and sharp at one end and go to some locality, such as the back of a barn, where the worms are sure to be plentiful. Drive a stick four or five inches into the ground with a hammer or stone and then begin to twist it with a rotary motion. Every few minutes hit the top a rap to drive the point farther into the ground and keep on twisting. In five minutes the worms will begin crawling out of their holes, and all you have to do is to pick them up and put them in your can.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### The Effect of a Borrowed Ring.

Maud Cheviot was standing in her friend's boudoir. "It worked," she said to her hostess, "beautifully. There is your ring, and thank you so much. I shall always, in some sort, owe you much of my happiness, you know. It is a pretty ring. I hope your fiance may never object to my temporary use of it. Tom proposed twenty-four hours after he saw it on my finger. It's always the way with men. When they think they have lost you they find they wanted you all the time, and now, you see, I've got a real engagement ring of my own; not yours, dear. But—we're to be married in three months. You must come to the wedding. Tom has very much to thank you for—or your ring. He shall know that—some day."—Chicago Times.

### Typhoid Fever Germs in Ice.

Innumerable analyses have shown that water does not purge itself wholly in the act of freezing, as was formerly believed, from disease germs which may have come into it with human waste. This has been specifically and repeatedly shown to be true of that most dreaded and fatal sewage germ, the bacillus of typhoid fever.—T. Mitchell Prudden in Harper's.


PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Many persons are afflicted with skin eruptions, boils or ulcers. BRANDRETH'S PILLS taken freely will in a short time effect a complete cure of all such troubles. Ulcers of long standing have been cured by them. Carbuncles have been checked in their incipiency by them. The worst fever sores, bed sores, and the like have been driven from the skin by them. Only begin in time and a few of BRANDRETH'S PILLS will prevent many a sickness.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

She knitted him some silk wristbands
For Christmas. They were lovers,
But now they do not speak. He thought
They were umbrella covers.

*"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* are widely known as an admirable remedy for bronchitis, hoarseness, coughs and throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*

It has been wisely suggested that the term be changed to pulliticians.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

The Height of Impudence.—Taking shelter in an umbrella shop until the shower is over.

The disagreeable operation of forcing liquids into the head and the use of exciting snuffs are being superseded by Ely's Cream Balm, a cure for catarrh and colds in the head.

I have been a great sufferer from catarrh for ten years; could hardly breathe. Some nights I could not sleep. I purchased Ely's Cream Balm, and am using it freely; it is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. Price, 50 cents at druggists' or by mail.

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The Great Remedy for Pain.

Cures all the Aches and Pains of Man & Beast.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives, because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffectual weapons. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will baffle it. Mere purgatives will not reform a disordered condition of the liver indicated, not by constipation alone, but also by sick headaches, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, nausea, furred tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure on the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world-famous anti-bilious cordial, which likewise removes malarial, stomachic and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. As a laxative of the bowels, painless but effectual, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digest, and possesses the additional advantage of a standard tonic.

Borely—Say, old man, do you think I'd be able to make a living out of humorous writing? Editor—I fancy so. Just keep out of it and try.

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We positively cure rupture, piles and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. Also all *Private* diseases. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 828 Market street, San Francisco.

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Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

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Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

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Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "*Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used.*" For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts.

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Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cts. This Injector for its successful treatment is furnished free. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

Driving the Brain

at the expense of the Body. While we drive the brain we must build up the body. Exercise, pure air—foods that make healthy flesh—refreshing sleep—such are methods. When loss of flesh, strength and nerve become apparent your physician will doubtless tell you that the quickest builder of all three is

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, which not only creates flesh of and in itself, but stimulates the appetite for other foods.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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Food Made Me Sick

"First I had pains in my back and chest, then faint feeling at the stomach, and when I would eat, the first taste would make me deathly sick. Of course I ran down rapidly, and lost 15 pounds. My wife and family were much alarmed and I expected my stay on earth would be short. But a friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon my appetite came back, I ate heartily without distress, gained two pounds a week. I took 8 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and never felt better in my life. To-day I am cured and I give to Hood's Sarsaparilla the whole praise of it." C. C. Aber, grocer, Canisteo, N. Y.

C. C. Aber.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

HOOD'S PILLS cure Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

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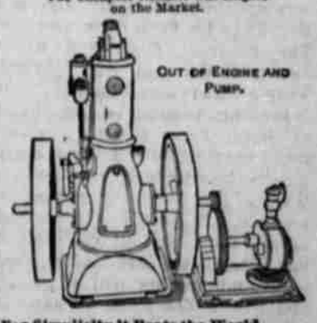

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