The New Bread

As endorsed and recommended by the New-York Health Authorities.

Royal Unfermented Bread is peptic, palatable, most healthful, and may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort even by those of delicate digestion, which is not true of bread made in any other way.

To make One Loaf of Royal Unfermented Bread:

1 quart flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder,* cold boiled potato about the size of large hen's egg, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as for pound-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—more or less, according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4½ by 8 inches, and 4 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes' baking, to prevent crusting too soon on top. Bake immediately after mixing. Do not mix with milk.

* *Perfect success can be had only with the Royal Baking Powder, because it is the only powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.*

* * *

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." Its leavening strength has been found superior to other baking powders, and, as far as I know, it is the only powder which will raise large bread perfectly

Cyrus Edson, M. D.
Com'r of Health, New-York City.

Breadmakers using this receipt who will write the result of their experience will receive, free, the most practical cook book published, containing 1000 receipts for all kinds of cooking. Address

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

APOSTROPHE OF TIME.

O spirit stern of time, in thy unceasing flight,
How fall the works and monuments of earthly might!
'Neath thy rude hand all pleasures flee away
And happy yesterday turns dull today!
The sweetest joy becomes the saddest sorrow
In contemplation of the stern tomorrow.
Oh, stay awhile and help me banish worry.
In other words, don't be in such a hurry.
An instant linger—tarry, please! You won't?
Well, then, go chase yourself! Begone!
Avaunt!
—Albert E. Hunt in Philadelphia Ledger.

THE $7,500

Has Not Been Paid to Mr. Fellows of Buffalo—It Cost Him $30 to Send His Ticket to Kansas City—Lawyer Stone of St. Paul Will Try and Get the Money for Him—Schroeder, the Man Who Sold the Ticket to Fellows, is Indignant.

"Not a cent," said Joseph B. Fellows of Prospect avenue, when asked by a *Times* representative whether he had received the $7,500 won by him last May from a lottery concern run by E. Fox & Co. of Kansas City, called the Little Louisiana lottery, but which has no connection with the Louisiana State Lottery proper. "When they saw I was persistent and after the publication of the *Times* article giving the particulars of my holding a winning ticket and their failure to pay, they telegraphed me that they were enjoined from paying by the court. Since then I have heard nothing from them."

"Of course you expect to," said the *Times* man.

"Well, I don't know," replied Mr. Fellows. "There is a lawyer at St. Paul who wrote me that he represented a man who had won a $15,000 prize and named conditions under which he would undertake to get my $7,500 at the same time. I told him to go ahead, but I seem to be as far away now as I was before. It cost me $30 to send my ticket to Kansas City, and I think they might at least return that amount to me, as I had to pay it to the express company."

"What does Schroeder, the man from whom you bought the ticket, think of it?"

"He was as badly taken in as I was."

"Does he sell tickets for them still?"

"No, indeed; they had the audacity to send him some and request that he go on and do business for them as before."

Schroeder is a barber on Niagara street, and knew nothing of the character of the concern which he represented. When he learned it through the *Times* and his experience in the Fellows matter he dropped them quick, and has warned all those who formerly purchased tickets of him not to do any more business with them or their representatives.

Mr. Fellows is an honest, industrious citizen, who has a right to believe that he should receive what they acknowledged was his. There are those, however, who are of the opinion that, as this is the same company that swindled the late Julius Haas out of a like amount, Mr. Fellows stands a very small chance of ever getting a penny from it.

Just what success Lawyer Stone will have for his client Mr. Fellows, of course, cannot tell, but he hopes for the best. People who have been investing their money in this concern are of the opinion that, if this company is the fraud it seems to be, they should be exposed in all sections of the country. Their game, like that of the green-goods man and the bunco man, is one of fraud.

In the first account of the fraud practiced on Mr. Fellows it was shown that in St. Paul and other cities the same game had been played on the unsuspecting. Some people think there may be a compromise through Lawyer Stone, but those who have read and heard more of this concern than they, say that he (Fellows) is out the $1 he paid Schroeder for the ticket, out of the $30 he paid to send it to Kansas City and out $7,500, which his ticket called for as a half-winner of a capital prize.

There are lotteries which are said to pay, and pay promptly, but it is plain to be seen that this the Little Louisiana—so called—run by E. Fox & Co., Kansas City, is not one of them.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Times, Sept. 15.*

To preserve health is a moral and religious duty, for health is the basis of all social virtues. We can no longer be useful when not well.—Johnson.

A Maine farmer is making a good income by breeding swans, the market rates for which range from $40 to $75 a pair.

Friendly Regard

is never entertained by the children for a medicine that tastes bad. This explains the popularity among little ones of

Scott's Emulsion,

a preparation of cod-liver oil almost as palatable as milk. Many mothers have grateful knowledge of its benefits to weak, sickly children.

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

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

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.

Blood Vessels of the Eye.

Purkinje discovered a very simple and highly entertaining experiment by means of which the retina, with all its veins and blood vessels standing out in relief against it, can be thrown into the air before one's eyes. It is called the aborescent figure, to its likeness to a many branched tree, and is produced in the following manner: In a dark room at night move a candle backward and forward before the eyes. After a few seconds the air will assume a reddish appearance, and running over it in all directions may be seen the veins and blood vessels in bold relief, while toward the center of the figure there rises up a dark trunk, from which the veins branch out on all sides.

The trunk is visible where the optic nerve enters the eye, and this experiment is chiefly interesting to the student as proving that the parts of the retina which actually receive and produce the sensation of light must lie behind the blood vessels, since these cast their shadow on to it and can be seen as clearly as any other object externally.—New York Telegram.

An Insurance Curiosity.

"Did you ever stop to consider," asked Lemuel Hunter, "why it is that when a man is burned out he always overestimates his loss about 200 per cent? This is more particularly the case with fires in frame building towns, where the loss to the building is generally assessed at between three and four times what it cost to erect it. I raised this question not long since with a man who was burned out. He said the loss to his building was $3,000, but he proposed to rebuild at an expenditure of $1,200 and have a better building. When I questioned the logic of his calculation, he promptly corrected me by pointing out that the real estate on which the building stood was worth fully $2,000, and although he didn't pretend to argue that the site had been burned up he seemed to think himself perfectly justified in including the value of the 25 feet frontage in his estimate of loss. No one was injured by the calculation, and the good man was perfectly justified in making it if he desired, but if his idea is a general one it is not surprising that losses generally are greatly overestimated."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

When the World Falls to Pieces.

The leading English scientists, Jones, Hilton, et al., are figuring on the probabilities of the earth finally collapsing as a result of the modern craze for tapping nature's great gas retorts. They argue that the earth is a huge balloon held up, in part at least, by heat and internal gases, and that when nature's great gas main is eventually exhausted the earth's crust may break in and fall into millions of fragments! Ugh! The very thought of such a calamity is startling. They argue that the steady belching forth of millions of feet of gas every hour of the day and night is surely causing a great vacuum somewhere not far beneath the surface, and that sooner or later the thin archway of earth crust will give way. Then will occur the grand climax of all earthly calamities.—St. Louis Republic.

Would Abolish the Ten Commandments.

Once, when being heckled during an election, a man suddenly shouted from the gallery, "What is Mr. Merry's opinion of the decalogue?" The candidate, turning to his agent, whom he always kept handy at such times, asked, "What on earth does the fellow mean by the decalogue?" The agent explained that the man probably meant something about Sunday trains and Sunday traveling, upon which the candidate replied to his questioner as follows: "I beg to inform my friend in the gallery that so far as I am concerned I would abolish the decalogue altogether."—Leeds (England) Mercury.

A Room In Buckingham Palace.

One's respect for the accommodations at Buckingham palace is considerably enhanced to read that over 200 women waiting to be presented to the queen were gathered in the apartment adjoining the throneroom on the last drawing room. When it is recalled that each of these women was accompanied by her court train, or rather that each accompanied her court train, it is seen how noble must be the dimensions of a room to accommodate 200 women and 200 court trains.—Exchange.

The denuding of the mountains of France of their covering of trees has caused destructive torrents to sweep over the neighboring plains, laying waste rich agricultural lands and producing immense losses.

On retiring let the air into the room by pulling down the window a short distance from the top and raising it equally from the bottom. This permits that free circulation most beneficial to health.

THE RED TENEMENT.

I think the person in whom was centered my greatest interest for a number of months, although I knew nothing of him except his name, was Simon Webber. I became interested the first time I saw him and my interest never waned for the next fifty-two weeks. There was a rustic seat on the corner of the street just opposite to where I lived, and on this he was seated the first time I saw him. By his side was a dark haired, brown eyed child—the only person whom he looked at the second time and the only thing that seemed to have any attraction for him, except something in the direction of my house. He sat there for about three hours, then, taking the child's hand in his, walked away and I did not see him again for two weeks.

It was on Sunday morning, as it was before, and near the same hour when he seated himself in the same place, and divided his attention between the child and what I thought to be my house. He staid there for about two hours, then went away as he did before. After he had turned the corner I stepped out on the banquette and surveyed my premises to see if I could discover wherein lay the attraction for the man, but I failed, so went indoors no wiser than when I came out.

I pondered over it for some time, and just as I concluded to give it no more thought I saw Simon again in his usual place and as much occupied as ever in house gazing. And there he came with the child always on Sunday—twice a month for the next ten months. He had a good looking, though a very serious face, and the child was quite pretty. Many a woman smiled at the little one and threw a second glance at him.

My housemaid, a girl of sixteen, became very absentminded, and my powder box and pinching irons were far more frequently in her room than in mine. This made me think of something else, and after noticing her more closely I saw her sitting at the window, considerably bedecked and adorned, coquetting with or at Simon Webber.

I thought at once that she was the magnet which had such a drawing effect upon the man, but in this I was mistaken, as I afterward found out, for not once did he nod his head to her, and long after she left he continued to come at regular intervals. And I continually wondered what his business was—if my house was haunted and he on the lookout for the ghost. This was not a very soothing thought, so I determined to put the question to him and rest easily or uneasily, according to his answer.

When I did he looked at me calmly for a moment, then replied: "Your house haunted? Not that I know of," and without saying another word he turned the corner, leading the child, and I went back wondering if he was altogether right in his mind, and this I continued to think over until one day several months later.

There had been a severe storm the night before, particularly damaging to the electric wires. Many of the poles were split from end to end, others bent, and most of them lying flat on the ground. Wires were kinked, twisted in knots and scattered all over the streets. Betimes the next morning men were busily engaged in setting new poles and putting the fixtures into proper condition. As I glanced down the long line of men working like so many bees my eyes fell on the familiar face of Simon Webber, whom I had not seen for several weeks, and his little companion.

The little one sat on the lower step of a cottage, swinging her feet and seemingly perfectly contented with herself and the world in general. It was too cold, I thought, for a child of such tender years to be so long without fire, so permission to bring her indoors was granted me reluctantly by Simon.

When the work had reached completion, he stood at my door waiting for the child, but at my earnest solicitation he came in and partook with great zest a cup of steaming coffee. As he returned to me the cup, he said gravely: "You some time ago asked me a question which I answered rather uncivilly. I was very unhappy that morning. Knowing this, I hope you will pardon me."

After I replied he dropped his eyes to the floor, and allowing them to follow the outlines of a figure in the carpet, he in his slow, measured tone went on.

"I think you must have seen me many times on this street, looking intently at something which you no doubt for a time imagined to be this house, but it was not. The red tenement sits one block back of there. To avoid the publicity that would have been the consequence of going on the street on which it was built I came here, where a pretty fair view of it is to be had by looking between 475 and 477, a little westward, which gave you the impression that I was watching your house. Three years ago I was a lineman and had been since I was quite a youth. One evening just about dusk, I went up to a pole that hadn't been in order for quite awhile. While I was examining some of the wires a voice asked me, almost in a whisper, to come down a minute. Of course my first impulse before moving an inch was to look for the person, and I saw a young woman standing at the base of the pole.

"In one moment I was beside her, looking into her pretty face and wondering who she was and what her business could be with a lineman. She looked around a little nervously, then said: 'Won't you please lend me your spurs for one moment? I stayed out a little late so I dare not climb the stairs, and there's but one other way to reach my room—by climbing the pole. I must hurry or he'll see me. Please don't refuse.'

"I was so astonished at the request that I took no time to ask myself whether she was risking her life or not, but went back up the pole as fast as I could, marking with chalk where she should put her hands, and quicker than it takes to tell it, I strapped my spurs around her feet and watched her ascend that pole almost as well as I could.

"When she reached the top she gave a spring, and clinging to the window for one moment to regain her breath she made a swinging motion and landed safely in her room. She disappeared for a few seconds, then tossed into my hands my spurs wrapped in a thick towel, together with a slip of paper on which was written: 'Don't think strangely of me. I will explain first opportunity. I thank you a thousand times.'

"That pole was on the right hand corner of the red tenement looking north. I had been there many times, but had never seen her before, but that may have been attributed to the fact of my never looking to the right or left, or ever having paid any attention to anybody's windows, or even any one on the street. I walked a few blocks up and returned just in time to see a rough looking fellow dart in a back alley just as an old man climbed the steps and entered the room in which the young woman had gone.

"I turned my steps toward my lodging quarters, but I was thinking all the time of that girlish face, the gray old man and the rough looking chap, and wondering who they were. I never went near the red tenement after that without glancing up at her window, an act I had never been guilty of before, and was usually awarded with a smile. I saw her, I think, a half dozen times in as many weeks, but only from the street, while she seemed always busy in her room with her household duties. One morning while I was on duty she attracted my attention by rapping sharply on the window pane with her thimble.

"As I looked up she said just loud enough for me to hear, 'If you've time, come through the back alley, up the steps at left entrance at 11 o'clock this morning.'

"At the appointed hour I was sitting in an entry leading to the stairway, and she was with me. 'As you may know,' she began, 'there's a dreadful mixture of people in this house, with whom I have nothing to do, and they in turn hate me for it. One under this roof is an unpleasant looking man, whom my father wishes me to marry on account of his business prospects, and I suppose, his attachment for me. He has annoyed me so with his attentions that I almost hate him, and he knows it. He is jealous and has a very mean disposition. I dare not go out at any time without his knowing it and speaking of the fact in such a way that my father, who is dreadfully strict, hears him and gives me a lecture. If he sees me walking home with a young man, or sees me get a letter or hand one to the postman, he tells it; then, of course, father wants to know all about it.

"'The rest of these delightful people are forever spying too. The consequence is I am forever in hot water. Now on Lehigh street, 586, there's a man whom I like very much. Robert Baring is his name. He knows you quite well by sight. I will thank you exceedingly if you will give him this note and stop there when you're on your way here, so if he has any message for me he will give it to you. You see, father doesn't allow him to visit me, so we don't see each other very often—only when I can slip out for an hour or so, when he joins me and we take a walk. If you'll be our letter carrier we'll get along much better. Then by being a little careful George Birch will be so nicely outwitted. When he has no more tales to tell I wonder what he will do. Well, I suppose you are willing to be our mutual friend, aren't you?'

"She was standing there and had laid her hand in mine. I promised to serve her, then left her by the way I'd come. In the months that followed I saw her many times and carried to and fro many messages between the sweethearts. I had been their mail carrier for six months and had given her a start up the pole almost as many times, when her father died. Of course her lover went to see her then as often as he liked, so there was no more need of me. One morning about two months after her father's death she ran down stairs and overtook me as I turned the corner. She told me she was to be married that night at the minister's residence and that she and Robert wanted me to be one of the witnesses.

"I consented, though wondered if she didn't know what a hard request she'd made of me. I stood up there bravely, though it took all my power to do so, and saw Katie Allen give herself to Robert Baring, and I wondered if he did then or ever would love her as devotedly as I did. Shortly afterward I doubted it very much. He was not overly kind to her, staid out at clubs late and was not as considerate for her feelings as he should have been. I saw her just often enough to know she was very unhappy, though only a bride of ten months.

"George Birch became very sullen. He never spoke to Baring except to tantalize, and when he'd been married one year Birch so grossly insulted him that there was an altercation in which both were wounded. Baring died within twenty-four hours, but Birch lived to suffer awhile.

"He had a lingering spell, then improved, only to get worse later. Katie had been a widow for a year, when she sent for me to tell me that George was dying and wanted to see her. She was very nervous and miserable; she dreaded going, yet had no wish to refuse. I advised her to go and went also, at least as far as the steps. I wouldn't go in the room. When she came out there were tears in her eyes and she looked pale and frightened. She told me in a low voice, almost in a whisper, that he was dead. I walked with her to her door, then left her alone with her unhappy thoughts. Her husband left her but little wealth, so she went back to the northwest room of the red tenement, the one in which I'd first seen her, which she rented quite cheaply and managed very well, with her baby girl for company and a small hired girl for help.

"I visited her only occasionally until she left off her garb of mourning, then I went there more frequently. In time she promised to be my wife, but three years went by without her setting our wedding day. She told me that George Birch had said that if she married me or any one else he'd give her no peace, but haunt her day and night. She did not want to believe that he could, but weeks before the day set for our marriage she was in a terribly nervous state, and declared she'd seen George in her door every night for a month.

"The evening before we were to be married I was sitting in the room holding her child on my knee and thinking of the bright morrow when the back door opened suddenly and she screamed: 'Look at George Birch! It is not his ghost, but him, himself. See how he looks at me! My God! I can't stand it! I can't marry you, Simon—I can't—I can't. Save my child; don't let her see that face!' She moaned, wrung her hands and looked mad.

"I went two blocks for a physician, but when I returned Katie was gone. I looked for her, and others, too, but we never found her or heard any tidings bearing on the subject. The general opinion was that in her fright and excitement she had destroyed herself. But how, without there being some evidence afterward, I am puzzled to know.

"I sold my new home, or the place that was to have been our home, and taking her child I took up my abode in my same old lodging house and there I've lived ever since for this child, who will be a second Katie Allen in beauty. God grant her a happier life.

"I gave up my position as a lineman. I could not climb a pole without thinking of her. Since then I've been knocking around, doing anything that came to my hand, until today, when I was called into service through necessity.

"The red tenement is sold and is to be taken down. Hearing this I've been coming here now and then, each time thinking 'twas the last, to look at the house where I first met and loved my beautiful"——

Simon passed, looked fondly at little Katie, then gathered her in his arms, tucked her feet within the front of his coat, bowed silently, crossed the street and walked slowly, with eyes full to the brim and quivering lips, to the room in which he lived with every crevice of his heart open to admit the light from baby eyes and the music of childish prattle, hoping it would in time overcome the somber dreams of blasted hope.—Virginia Payne Henrichs in Philadelphia Times.

Neighborly Maine Folks.

They are neighborly in Bucksport. A capitalist having given an industrious citizen an old house if he would move it from the lot, the folks turned out with 11 pairs of horses, 7 yokes of oxen and 200 boys and had a moving picnic, pulling the structure in the old fashioned way on shoes, by sheer strength. The poor but honest citizen got a home for nothing, while the town had a taste of excitement at slight expense.—Lewiston Journal.

Those Flannel Suits.

"This isn't my flannel suit," said Harkins to the pawnbroker. "This is a half dozen sizes smaller than mine."

"You are mistaken," said the pawnbroker. "That is your suit, but it has been in soak so long that it has shrunk."—Truth.

An Afterthought.

"Our taycher says that ivery man should thry to get to the top," said little Mickey Dolan.

"Thrue for the taycher," responded Mickey's father, "onless yez happen to be startin to dig a well."—Washington Star.

What Puzzled Him.

Sydney (on his first introduction to a centipede, and in wonder at its numerous legs)—And what does he say after right leg and left leg, mother?—London Truth.

Honest Praise.

An honest compliment was that paid to M. de Vendome, who, while commanding the French army in Italy, dispatched a young nobleman to announce to his master the victory which he had gained at Suzzara. The latter, while attempting to describe the battle, became several times much confused in his narrative, when, although the king preserved his gravity, the Duchess of Burgundy, who was present, laughed so heartily that at last the young gentlemen said, "Sire, it is easier for M. de Vendome to win a battle than for me to describe it."—London Standard.

A Grateful Tribute.

Wing—Poor Futilites is dead, but in his time he was a leading actor in many moving scenes.

Flies—Yes, he was the best scene shifter I ever met.—New York Epoch.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF STRENGTH

When we recollect that the stomach is the grand laboratory in which food is transformed into the secretions which furnish vigor to the system after entering and enriching the blood; that it is in short the fountain head of strength, it is essential to keep this important supplying machine in order and to restore it to activity when it becomes inactive. This Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does most effectually, reasonably, regulating and reinforcing digestion, promoting due action of the liver and bowels. Strength and quietude of the nerves depend in great measure upon thorough digestion. There is no nervine tonic more highly esteemed by the medical fraternity than the Bitters. Physicians also strongly commend it for chills and fever, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, sick headache and want of appetite and sleep. Take a wineglassful three times a day.

"George, father has failed." "That's just like him! I told you all along, darling, that he was going to do all he could to keep us from marrying."

INSPIRE COURAGE.

For more than thirty years ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have been doing their beneficent work, relieving pain, inspiring men, women and children with new hope and new courage.

Pain is a great discourager. When all the muscles are sore, it is hard to keep up hope. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and pain have no affinity for each other, one or the other must yield, and pain is the one to be defeated.

Placed high up between the shoulder-blades and on the chest, they are a sure cure for coughs; on the pit of the stomach they relieve indigestion; over the muscles they relieve strains and stiffness. Wherever there is soreness, they soothe and cure.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS do not injure the system.

Some men would not mind being shot accidentally if they could be insured that the reckless gunner took them for lions instead of hares.

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 is 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, 75 cents.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

The Testimonials

We publish are not purchased, nor written up in our office, nor are they from our employes. They are facts, proving that HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA CURES.

Mrs. Burt.

Three Enemies

"For over twenty years I have suffered with neuralgia, rheumatism and dyspepsia. Many times I could not turn in bed. Several physicians have treated me and I have tried different remedies, but all failed. Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has done me a vast amount of good. I am 72 years old and enjoy good health, which I attribute to Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. E. M. BURT, W. Kendall, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache. 25c.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts., 50cts., and $1.00 per Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER 25c.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50 cts. Injector free.

TRADE **S.S.S.** MARK

S.S.S. ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAINT.

SEVERAL bottles of Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) entirely cleansed my system of contagious blood poison of the very worst type. WM. S. LOOMIS, Shreveport, La.

S.S.S. CURES SCROFULA EVEN IN ITS WORST FORMS.

I HAD SCROFULA in 1881, and cleansed my system entirely from it by taking seven bottles of S. S. S. I have not had any symptoms since. C. W. WILCOX, Spartanburg, S. C.

S.S.S. HAS CURED HUNDREDS OF CASES OF SKIN CANCER.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

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ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE,

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood. By this means, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system. For every blood-taint and disorder, and for every disease that comes from an inactive liver or impure blood, it is the only remedy so sure and effective that it can be *guaranteed.*

If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

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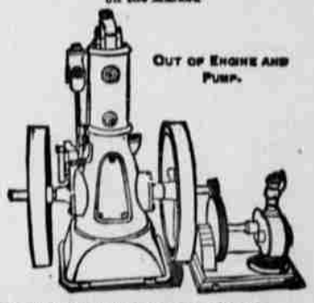

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