The faded gown she used to wear.

I feel her timid hand grow cold Within my own, and hear again Her shy, sweet whisper as of old:

'No, not good by' Auf wiederschen! The gnaried, gray apple trees, astir With little winds, let fall a rain Of pinky bloom all over her, Home stepping thro' the long green lane. The 'hrush pipes nobilly, and see!

She pauses with a wistful smile To wave a last farewell to me, Still lingering by the trysting stile. Ah, sweetheart! that was years ago, And Time soon tangut us to be wise, To laugh at Love's poor, painted show,

And look at Life with clearer eyes. I joined long since the cynic crowd. You in a palace overseas, A silken beauty, pale and proud.

Have no such memories as these. And yet, somehow, I'd like to be A fool again, and just live thro

The days when you believed in me, he days when you or need in you!

And I, poor ind, believed in you!

—M. E. W.

OLD BRIX.

The Battle of the Flowers, the first act In the Carnival drama at Nice, was at its height Not entirely a bloodless battle as Harry Prescott's nose testified, hit by the stem end of a bunch, of box and bedraggled gilly flower

Saucy, audacious Lady Carriston held her handkerchief to one eye, but the other was wickedly unabased as usual, and she seemed in a fair way to avenge her injuries by the vigor with which she sent volleys of stocks, hyacinth and narcissus pelemele into the passing carriages, the crowd, the tribune, and even into the respectable midst of the municipal jury. In the crowded tribune, lavishly decor-

ated with red calico, garlands, and flags of all nations, a thin young man, with a grand profile, sat with a half emptied pasket of pale Parma violets on his knees. In the long procession of gayly adorned carriages, he had eyes for one only, a dainty little Victoria transformed into a fragrant bower of mimosa and mauve byacinths. It enshrined an elderly lady and an exceedingly pretty girl in white cashmere and pale gray fur, the latter tossing her bouquets, and avoiding the strokes of those thrown en revanche. with charming grace and vivacity. Although her aim was no surer than that of most of her sex, many of her pansies found their way into the garrison of the young man with the lamed nose, perceiving which he, with ecstatic delight, squandered more than one gold piece upon roses and violets with which he raked the Victoria fore and aft.

As a farewell burst of music and a cold wind creeping up from the sea announced that the revel was over Mr. Sydney Neal, of the statuesque features, was in a state of mind to feel no astonishment had a rosy cloud descended to whish his goddess away to her native Elysian fields. As she seemed about to take her departure from the promenade like ordinary mortals, Mr. Neal collared a gamin picking up bouquets from under the horses heels, and bade him follow the Victoria out of the throng, and report the hotel at which it set down its precious freight.

Avenue Victor Hugo, No. 53," announced the young waif half an hour later, his eyes big as saucers at the unusual sight of a five franc piece in his

Misses Eynner, plain, elderly and eminently prudent in deportment and style of dress, sudgeled their well balanced brains for the next three days to guished looking young gentleman found the contemplation of their garden and front windows so particularly engrossing. Alas! for the carelessness of street Arabs the world over-this young valet of Mr. Neal's selection had followed home the wrong carriage, a discovery which plunged that gentleman into the deepest despair. Doubtless while he was making a fool of himself staring the Bynner establishment out of countenance his divinity had spread her wings and vanished to parts unknown. In vain he searched for her on the prome-nade, at the Casino, at Monte Carlo and all the rallying places of fashionable idleness. Try as he might to forget them, the girl's levely brown eyes haunted him with their half mocking, half caressing winsomeness Waking or sleeping, he saw only her graceful, slender figure in its soft, white dress, enthroned in fragrant masses of flowers Find her again he must, and break the spell she had cast about him, or become her willing bond slave for life, if she so wished And yet how could be hope to find her, not even knowing her name? The thought was maddening *

"Aunt Helen, let us do the Corniche road to morrow if it is fine?" said Miss Margery Moore, the object of Mr. Nea's intemperate admiration "Oh, Margery dear, not during Carnival

week! You have no idea of what prices these rascally conchmen ask now, and such tricks they play upon us poor for-eigners. Carnival time excuses every-thing, you know. Why, Lady Bellaby told me ber donkey man made her pay double fare for going up Monte Fabbro, and then winked at the donkey and made him lie down till she promised to pay three francs pourboire to have him encouraged to get up Everybody says it is very imprudent to go anywhere till next week.

"People always have a great deal too much to say about affairs not their own, and Lady Bellaby is always floundering among breakers where other people find only smooth sailing." replied Miss Moore, with decision. "Procrastination is such a mistake; we have put off this trip dozens of times, and I mean to go to-morrow or

"Very well: if you insist we will go, but I think it very imprudent for two ladies alone to take such a trip during the one lawless week of the year.

"Nobody is so safe as the unprotected female abroad, my dear aunt; the whole world feels itself in duty bound to take care of her. Trust to me and you will come to no harm."

Mr. Sydney Neal, feeling that a canter over the hills in the delicious February sunshine might calm his troubled spirits betook himself to the remise of Aristide Jolicour & Son to engage a horse. At the door of this establishment, patronized by the elite of Nice, Mr. Neal became aware of a furious palpitation of his heart and a sudden weakness at his knees. Issuing forth from the authetically furnished salle d'attente he beheld the vision of his dreams, his goddess Fiora, with a great bunch of carnations in one hand and a Directoire parasol in the other. She gave Mr. Neal a swift, comprehensive glance which seemed to the credulous young man to speak volumes; she remembered him, and was glad that fate brought them

together again, if only for a brief mo-

"Remember, 10 o'clock promptly tomorrow morning. Monsieur Joliceur, said the young lady, as she stepped out into the bright sunshine

"Without fail, madame, you may al-ways trust the promises of Aristide Jolicœur, your humble servant," replied the horsey Adonis, with his hand on his stomach and a ravishing smile tilting up the ends of his waxed mustache. "Ah! these American ladies; they are indeed angels of loveliness," the remise proprietor continued, as Miss Moore and her companion disappeared through the massive stone gateway "Such grace, such esprit, and so well bred! None of the petty bicker ing over a fair price that people of other nations permit themselves

This eulogy was uttered for Mr. Neal's benefit, whom the master of the remise regarded with benignant snavity, knowing that he had egregiously cheated two of the handsome young stranger's countrymen, and scenting further prey in this third representative of the rich republic. "These ladies, Mme Lee and her charming niece, are going to drive to

Mentone to morrow, over the Corniche road. I hope they will have a fine day. Paolo shall take them over by the lower road and return by the Col du Tigre. There is still snow up there, but to-mor row's sun will melt it, and it will be safe enough for the return trip "

You are a garrulous, specious old rascal," Mr. Neal concluded, mentally; "but I'm hamensely obliged to you for your in-formation." Then, after agreeing to an extortionate price for his borse the follow ing day, he took his departure in the wake of the fair bearer of the carnations.

The next morning at 10 o'clock sharp a roomy barouche drawn by a well conditioned pair of white horses drew up be fore the Hotel des Palmiers. A dignified looking old coachman occupied the box, with a 10-year old boy humbly ensconced among the horse blankets at his feet.

Mrs Lee and Miss Moore made themselves theroughly comfortable in this vehicle, and set off upon their drive over the magnificent highway, for the building of which the world owes a lasting debt of gratitude to the Corsican hero

Now, you dear, crosking old thing. confess that you are glad I persuaded you to come today," said pretty Margery, patting her aunt's plump, white hand coax-

One should not sing before one has fairly entered the woods," replied the

elder lady, oracularly 'You are really incorrigible, aunt What more could you desire? We have good, gentle looking horses with sound legs; a patriarchal coachman with sobriety and honesty graven on his serene brow; and the weather-could anything be more perfect? Look at that gentian blue sky, and the violet and pale green shades in the sea, and the grim gray ribs of the rocks, and the snow on the mountains beyond, and-oh, everything!

The girl's eyes and cheeks glowed with this purest, most of healthful pleasuresthe enjoyment of an exquisite, varying landscape seen for the first time. angry, volcanie crags peering over into the placid, deep bine sea, the silvery pallor of the olives contrasting with the dark, polished green of the fig trees; the daring sweeps of the road leading along the stony spine of the mountains Quaint little villages clinging like a collection of wasps' nests to the rocks; vehicles of all sorts, picturesque and elegant, passing to and fro. Here, a tiny, tinkling donkey laden with green and yellow crockery jars; there, the four horse break whisk ing its load of curious strangers over to taste the fascination of Monte Carlo.

Jeannot, the little boy, jumped down roads. Ah, me! old Brix, the king of understand why a well dressed, distin- from the box and applied a primitive but drivers on the Riviera, has lost his crown effective drag to the wheels-a pair of old shoes tied to stout ropes.

"I believed that young person was brought along solely for ornament: I see now that I was mistaken." said Margery. with a gay laugh at the shockingly bad old shoes. It was so easy to laugh this brilliant, invigorating morning

After luncheon at Mentone, in a pretty garden close to the sea, they began the homeward journey over the highest part of the road so appropriately named, clinging to the serrated rock as a cornice fol lows the irregularities of a dentated roof Always higher, past the village of Rocca Bruna, said to have slipped down en masse from a plateau above to its present position Past Esa, with its melancholy cluster of deserted cottages. Here and there the ruins of a fortress perched proudly aloft as an eagle's nest At La Turbie, the tower built ages ago for the worship of Jupiter. Jeannot clambered down again, and, pulling off his cap, loosening at the same time a crop of glossy, dark curls, bade the ladies good night. Here, a branch road led away from the sea, over the Col du Tigre, with a view over a white world of snewy mountains. Though carefully mended and kept, after the manner of all French roads, this branch was rarely used except for return carriages to Nice, the slope be ing a long, steep pull for upward bound

The dusk and quiet of evening became very impressive among these silent heights, and Margery drew closer to her aunt in vague distrust of the deepening shadows. Patches of balf melted snow began to appear on each side of the way; not a living creature was in sight, or sound audible, save for the occasional whir of a bird's wings.

Alas, for Mr. Neal's plan for a canter over to Mentone as discreet outrider to the object of his silent devotion, Miss Margery Moore. The horse promised him for the occasion was brought home lame, and owing to the press of the carnival season, another animal such as Mr. Neal required was not forthcoming.

"A power o' worrit with hosses and men just now." said the English hostler at the Jolicœur stables, in reply to Mr. Neal's strong language when he found his plan defeated. "I would not be surprised if the padrone sent out old Brix with a fare,

"Who the deuce is old Brix?" "The best driver in the whole maritime Alps region, but he is getting pretty old now. He has driven over the road be tween Nice and Mentone for a matter of forty years or more, and knows every inch of the way as well as he knows the in-side of his snuffbox. He is still as safe as a church, but there is a kind of prejudice against him because since the past five

years he has been stone blind." "Rather a drawback in a Jehu, particularly if his horses happened to be frisky."
"If I was a party of fidgety old women,"
continued Mr. Toggery, with solemn emphasis, "I would rather trust myself with old Brix, blind eyes and all, than with the usual half tipsy rogue who tells a pack of lies about the locality, and goes to sleep on the homestretch—but you can't make those old women think so."

"No, I fancy not," assented Mr. Neal.
"I you want a good horse, sir, you are sure to find one at Martory; go there by

train, ride across the valley and up over the Col du Tigre-it's a pretty bit of

"I might ment her on the way home, thought Mr Ned, as he took leave of Mr. Toggery and the remise

"I wish there were not so many holes and caves in the rocks," said Margery; "they are such convenient hiding places for brigands.

Try to think and talk of something a little more cheering, my dear," said Mrs. Lee, whose mantle of timidity seemed to have fallen on Margery's shoulders. At that moment there was a sudden roar like thunder, and a huge piece of

rock, dislodged from the mountain above, came crashing down upon the road. It stopped not fifty yards ahead of the carriage, making a formidable barrier where the space was too narrow to turn back with safety.

The ladies screamed, the frightened horses hung back trembling and restive, while the old man urged them forward close upon the great block of stone.

Margery, is the old fellow mad? He seems to be trying deliberately to upset us!" said Mrs Lee, half under her breath. 'Stop! stop! not a step further, or you will have us all over the precipice!" cried Margery, seizing the coachman's arm.

Never till the day of their death will those two women forget the horrified expression of that white haired old man as he turned his face toward them and said. in awestruck tones:

Madame, for God's sake tell me what to do; I am stone blind, and I cannot see the danger before us. The good Lord forgive me for risking your lives. It was indeed a trying situation; to ad-

vance was impossible, and to turn back a great danger for a blind man and two frightened women. No human being nor since Koch's operations began, and conhabitation was in sight; darkness was sequently they demand from the governdescending, and help hardly possible ment free lymph. from other carriages at so late an hour. What shall we do?" was the mute ap-

peal in the eyes of the three unfortunates. To spend the night on the mountain, in the intense cold, without food and in danger from highway marauders was a dreary prospect.

"Oh, that I had been willing to stay quietly at home during carnival week! cried Margery, dolefully.

"How dared you run such a great risk in undertaking to drive us down the mountain when you cannot see an inch before your face?" asked Mrs. Lee, indig nantly, of the now abject old man.

"Lady, I earnestly beg your pardon, undeserving though I am. The fault is all mine; M. Jolicœur is not to blame. My grandson, Paolo, was to have driven you over to Mentone, but last night a gentle man offered him twenty francs to go to Cannes instead. Paolo had a dream last week that No. 303 would win the prize in the Marsac lottery; twenty francs was needed to buy the series containing No. Paolo let himself be tempted, but I the above complaints in a very few days. am worse than he-I, with my white hairs, who ought to be telling my beads in a corner, instead of driving over the hills as I used to long ago. But Signora mia, the delight of feeling the reins in my hands again, and the fresh wind blowing

"So you let Paolo go to Cannes and you risked our lives for a paltry twenty francs
-for one of those iniquitous lotteries. too!" exclaimed Mrs. Lee.

Yes, madame; I'm & very wicked old Paolo drove away from the Joli cour remise this morning with this carriage. On the way to your hotel I took his place, with little Jeannot to guide me The road after La Turbie is usually safe and quiet as a country lane, so I let Jean not off there, as his mother is ill in a cottage near by. These horses and I have At the first descent of any importance steady heads and are at home on these now and proved himself an old rascal. But, madame, the demand for men was great; these carnival days make fools or villains of us all. I have never played the rogue before, and, the blessed Madonna helping me, I will not do it again."

In the meantime we are to stay here on the mountain to-night, carching our death of cold, if no worse fate overtakes us," said Margery, hopelessly.
"Is not that the sound of a horse's

hoofs?" suddenly interrupted old Brix, whose ears were sharper than those of people blessed with sight.

The old man was right, and presently a horseman was seen approaching at a spanking pace round the brow of the hill It was Sydney Neal, who had ridden across the valley as Mr. Toggery had advised, and by inquiring at La Turble, had followed the carriage, instead of com-ing to meet it, as he had at first planned. Margery sprang forward to meet him

with a welcome as eager as if he had been an old and valued friend for years. After ward only, she blushed a little at the memory of how she had seized his arm with both her hands, and begged him to contrive some means of rescue.

With a man's nerve, cool head and fortunately sharp eyes, it was no very difficult matter to unharness the horses turn the carriage round, by the united efforts of the company, reharness and go back to the first comfortable lodging for the night

Thanks to the intervention of the big stone. Sydney Neal was enabled to as sume in one short hour the role he so coveted, that of protector and friend, to the beautiful girl he had learned to love. Old Brix escaped the punishment he de-

served; nay, worse, Neal was weakly indulgent enough to send the old fellow a favor, to wear at his wedding with Margery, three months later.-Lucy Blake in

A Visit to Gibraltar.

Before saying adieu to Spain the trav-eler should pay a visit to Gibraltar, that wonderful key to the Mediterranean. The fortifications, which are almost impregnable, were begun in A. D. 711 by Takik, the Moorish conqueror of Spain, and have been added to and improved on from time to time ever since.

There is always an English regiment stationed at Gibraltar, and a good deal of pleasant gayety goes on, but the place is under martial law and the gates are rig-igly closed at 8 p. m. Perhaps if the season is winter or early spring the traveler may cross over to Algeria and Tunis, to feast on dates and the little mandarin oranges and to gaze wonderingly on the cosmopolitan population, the wandering Bedouins, fresh from the desert, the half wild looking Zouaves, the swarthy Moors, and amongst these eastern personages a goodly sprinkling of European ladies, in the most elegant of Parisian tollets, and men in light and airy costumes.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

College "Tree Planting." Ivy planting and tree planting make Some love for trees may graduating classes.

"Higher Than Gilderoy's Kite."

To be "hung higher than Gilderoy's kite" means to be punished more severely than the very worst of criminals. "The greater the crime the higher the gallows' was at one time a practical legal axiom Haman, it will be remembered, was hanged on a very high gallows. The gallows of Montrose was thirty feet high. The ballad says:

> Of Gildercy sae fraid they ware They bound him mickle strong, Tuli Edinburrow they led him thair, And on a gallows hong; They bong him high abone the rest,

He was so trim a boy. They "hong him high abone the rest" because his crimes were deemed to be more heinous. So high he hung, he looked like "a kite in the air."—Notes and Queries.

Advantage of Experience.

Exchange Editor-William E. Curtis says that South American musquitoes will attack a boat and drive captain and crew from the deck, besides breaking windows by their fierce onslaughts. Shall I make a note calling attention to the absurdity of that story?

Able Editor-N-o; it might be true. Guess you never visited an eastern summer resort.-Omaha World

If you have ever used Dobbins' Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you know that it is the best and purest family scap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your greer for it now. Don't take imita-tion. There are lots of them.

A Ha f-Memory - Teacher - "Who discovered America" Street Gamin (after deep thought) -"I disremember his name, but he was a Dago."

The physicians of Berlin assert that their practice has fallen off 25 per cent.

'I'm hoping for something to turn up," he said, As he entered her house to propose, And scarce had be made her an offer to wed Than she spitefully turned up her nose

THEIR ONLY MEDICINE CHEST.

William W. B. Miller, Deer Lodge, Mon-

"I have been using BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the last thirteen years, and though I have had nine children, I have never had a doctor in the house except three times, when we had an epidemic of scarlet fever, which we soon banished by a vigorous use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I have used them for myself, two or three a night for a month, for liver complaint, dyspepsia and constipation. In diarrhea, cramps, wind colic, indigestion, one or two brandreth's PILLS fixed the children at once. A box of pills is all the medicine chest we require in the house. We use them for rheumatism, colds, catarrh, liliousness and impure They never have failed to cure a l

A Proper Correction.-"When you date a letter wrong do you rub out the error or rewrite the letter." "Neither When I find 1890 at the top I simply write --- I.

IF YOU HAD A FRIEND

About to visit some section of country where malarial disease, either in the form of chil sand fever or bilious remittent, was particularly rife, what would be about the best advice you could what would be about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along or procure on arriving that potent medicinal safeguard. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, known throughout malaria-plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disaming the miasmatic scourge and robbing it of its fell destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamma, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels, and counteracts the unfavorable effects of overexertion, bodily and mental exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedenure in rough weather, or occupation too seden-tary or laborious, loss of appetite and excessive nervousness. The functions of alimentation, billous secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary.

"I've been waiting here awake three hours till you came home." "And I've been waiting three hours in the saloon, until you were asleep."

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal dis-eases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Ad-dress for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

"What are the agricultural products of Ire-id?" Tommy—"Potatoes and Irish bulls."

The good reputation of "Brown's Bron-chial Troches" for the relief of Coughs, Colus and Threat Diseases has given them a favorable notoriety.

One Point of View.—"Mr. Miller died last night." "He was really right. It costs too much money to live nowadays."

Beware of Imitations of the celebrated Seal of North Carolina Plug Cuj Tobacco. TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Don't chase a lie, but pursue the liar with all

Let every enfeebled woman know it! There's a medicine PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO., Petaluma, Cal. that'll cure her, and the proof's positive!

Here's the proof — if it doesn't do you good within reasonable time, report the fact to its makers and get your money back without a word-but you won't do it!

The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—and it has proved itself the right

The cheapest thing in the market for houses, below and outbuildings. Write for catalogue and samples.

PACIFIC ROLL PAPER CO., Pacific Coast Agent remedy in nearly every case of female weakness.

It is not a miracle. It won't cure everything—but it has done more to build-up tired, enfeebled and broken - down women than any other medicine known.

Where's the woman who's not ready for it? All that we've to do is to get the news to her. The medicine will do the rest.

Wanted - Women. First to know it. Second to use it. Third to be cured by it. The one comes of the other.

The seat of sick headache college commencements the true time of is not in the brain. Regulate be the result of the ceremonies, and arbor day orators may be produced from the Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the little regulators.

READ AND BE CONVINCED.

COQUILLE CITY, Or., Dec. 31 1890. J. Eugene Jordan, M. D., Seattle, Wash. DEAR SIR: It has been some time since wrote a letter to you, but I have been so well that it has not been necessary. You temember when I flish wrote you in May, complication of troubles. I could not stand on my feet five minutes at a time unless walking around; it seemed as though my back would break apart. You rememier that I had an enlarged long or a bunch under my short ribs on the left side and it seemed to me as though I would smother to death. I also had liver and stemach trouble. In fact, my hea'th was completely broken down so that I would have been much better dead than alive. Could not do any housework at all. Now I am getting so stout; my side does Now I am getting so stout; my side does eases." not trouble me, and I can do all my house. 25 Pinches, blackbads, chapped and only 32 skin prevented by Curretta Soar. 32 work, washing and all. Please publish my testimony in any of your books or papers, as I was just as bad as any one could be and get well. There are a great many weakly people be e hat I know your medicines would cure if they had them to take, and I am sure if it was near here so that it could be produced they would take it, as all know how much I have suffered. 1 beg to remain

Very respectfully, MRS C. C. MEYERS.

DR. JORDAN's office is at the residence ex-Mayor Yesier, Third and James,

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genetic system. CAUTION. -The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histegenetic Medicine," Every other device

It Will Recover -- "He's a disgrace to his name." "What is his name?" "Smith."

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As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from repurable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfoid to the good ou can possibly derive from thom. Hall's Catarra Cure, maanfactured by F. J. Chenev & Co., Tolego, O., sc. utains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarra Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co.

200 Sood by druggists. Price, 75 cents per bottle. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of

THAT'S IT. CURES



18 Hill Street, San Francisco, Cal., April 23, 1890. "Having been sore-ly afflicted with rheu-

and daughter with sore throat, we have, by the use of St. Jacobs

PAIN, LOUIS IMHAUS. CURES NEURALGIA.

matism, my mother

Ellenville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1890. "I suffered with neuralgia, bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and soon recovered. I treated a sprained ankle with same results." THOS. M. VAN GORDER.

CURES SCIATICA.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19, 1889. I suffered a long time with sciatic pains in the hips: found no relief till I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me. CHAS. A. FUEDA.

ALSO CURES Promptly and Permanently LUMBACO, SPRAINS, BRUISES. Can be made easily by raising chickens. Ou

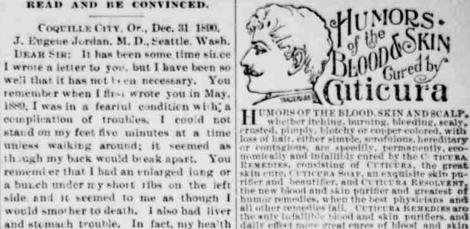
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Rackache, kidney pains, weakness and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated Curreuma ANTI PAIN PLANTER. 25c

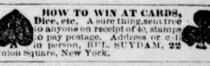


CAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL

- MULSION

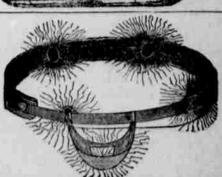
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