Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH.

Mr. McSwat Makes an Invasion Into the Lower Regions.

"Hark! What's that?"

Mrs. McSwat sat bolt upright in bed and listened.

"Billiger!" she exclaimed in a horse whisper, shaking her snoring husband, "I hear a noise!"

"Wh-wh-what? Where?" said Mr. McSwat, waking with a jerk. "What's the matter, Lobelia?"

"'Sh! Listen! There it is again! It's down stairs. Billiger, there's somebody in the house!"

Billiger listened a moment.

She was right.

There was a noise down stairs—a shuffling, stealthy kind of noise, as if made by somebody who was unacquainted with the premises and had no business there.

He rose and dressed himself by thrusting his feet in a pair of slippers and pulling on a dressing gown. Then he lighted a dark lantern he had purchased for emergencies of this kind, armed himself with a patent carpet stretcher—one of the deadliest weapons known to science—and turned to his wife.

"Lobelia," he whispered huskily, "remain here. You can do no good. I will meet this invader alone. But stay! If there should be more than one," he continued, grinding his teeth, "and you hear me call out, you may come to the top of the stairs and yell. Make all the noise you can. It will convey the impression that we are expecting them and are prepared."

With his dark lantern in one hand and the deadly carpet stretcher in the other he started slowly down the stairway, coughing loudly as he went.

Mrs. McSwat listened with painful eagerness. She could hear Billiger rasping his terrible weapon against the balustrade and coughing with a violence that increased every moment.

Presently the noises ceased. It was evident that Billiger was searching the house with a view to slipping upon the marauders unawares.

Then there came a wild yell.

Without waiting to assure herself whether it came from Billiger or the burglars Mrs. McSwat seized a chair, ran to the head of the stairs, screamed with all her might, tumbled the chair down to the floor below, rushed back for the washbowl and pitcher, sent them flying after the chair and hurled down a broom, another chair, a small trunk, a bootjack and several other articles of a portable nature that stood or lay within reach, her voice ringing out all the time in a series of wild, blood curdling shrieks.

While the din was at its height Mr. Billiger McSwat appeared at the foot of the stairs.

"Lobelia!" he shouted, dodging nimbly as a towel rack flew past his head, "what on earth do you mean by this infernal racket? You've broken $100 worth of furniture and roused the neighborhood! The police and the fire department will be here if you don't stop!"

"Wasn't there any burglar, Billiger?" asked Mrs. McSwat.

"Burglar!" snorted Billiger, climbing over the ruins in the hallway and bounding up the stairs three steps at a time. "Burglar! No! It was only the cat. Didn't you hear it screech when I kicked it out of the parlor? Burglar!" he exclaimed contemptuously, throwing the patent carpet stretcher under the bureau, extinguishing the dark lantern and crawling between the sheets again. "Lobelia, if you hear any more burglars or thieves or robbers in this house tonight and wake me up again there's going to be trouble, madam. Go to bed!"

And all the rest of the long, weary night Lobelia lay abed, wide awake, and listened to the deep, regular, ceaseless snoring of Mr. Billiger McSwat.—Chicago Tribune.

Humiliating.

The duchess stamped her foot.

"My lord," she cried, dashing the hot, blinding tears from her eyes, "I must insist that you make no further reference to my father's avocation."

"Darling"—gasped his grace in bewilderment.

An impatient gesture waved him to silence.

"After all I have said about"——

Her ladyship's voice trembled.

——"I think it is positively cruel for you to mention your armorial crest and almost in the same breath to speak of the quarterings of our family as if"——

She bit her lip fiercely.

——"you wanted all the world to know I am a butcher's daughter."—Detroit Tribune.

A Sensitive Plant.

The company are seated at the dinner table. Enter Baptiste (a servant), haggard, excited and exclaiming:

"Quick, quick—a glass of wine!"

People stare at each other, and at last the wish is complied with. Baptiste drinks off a glass of wine which has been poured out by the mistress of the house, who inquires what has happened.

"Oh, madame, I've been dreadfully upset! Ah, that wine has done me good! I feel better now. Only fancy, I have just managed to break both the large Sevres china marmalade dishes!"—Voltaire.

"Room For One More."

—Brooklyn Life.

One on Baby.

Mr. Noopop—My baby cries all night. I don't know what to do with it.

Mr. Knowitt—I'll tell you what I did. As soon as our baby commenced to cry I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad daylight and went to sleep.—Truth.

A Limit.

Charley Hardup—What will you have first?

Ada—Oh, please order for me. I eat everything.

Charley Hardup—Not when you're out with me, my dear!—Puck.

Evidence.

"Your husband is so magnetic a man!" said the visitor.

"I know it," responded the wife. "I found a steel hairpin sticking to his coat collar the other day."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cruelty.

Prosecuting Attorney—What is your age, Miss Sere?

Miss Sere (appealing to judge)—Does a witness have to testify against herself?—

City Girls in the Metropolis.

One cannot help noticing in passing through Broadway or Fifth avenue, or when attending the opera or the theaters, that the metropolis has never known so many beautiful women as at present. I stood in the windows of a Fifth avenue clubhouse the other day and saw the procession file by for an hour or more. It was bewildering, inspiring.

But these were not all New York women, although the dames of the city are fair enough in good sooth. In the shopping neighborhood and on the promenades now you will see women from Boston, from Chicago, from Philadelphia, from St. Louis, from New Orleans and San Francisco. More than this, you will see fair dames from Paris and London. Some of the more experienced critics say they can tell a woman from Boston from one from Chicago, and one from St. Louis from one claiming San Francisco as her home. There is a good deal of humbug about this, and yet there is a modicum of truth in it too. A Boston woman has of course an individuality of her own. She has somewhat lost faith in Howells, but she still worships idols of an intense sort and in an intense way. But she is handsome, and if she does wear dainty glasses on a pretty nose, and largely for effect, you must admit that the effect is good.

The Chicago girl used to be described as being breezy and loud. As a matter of fact she is now very like her New York sister, since the latter has gone in for open air sports. The New York and Chicago girls now have physiques not inferior to those of their brothers. Indeed, this is in many cases putting it mildly. As for beauty, they are in that quality what the New York gamin pronounces out of sight. The southern beauties are not brunettes to the same extent as formerly, and any one who expects the San Francisco woman to be very different from her eastern cousins expects too much. To admire all these you must see them together, and then note the picture, and if you do not admire it I pity you.

How a Stout Bride Dressed.

It is no easy matter to make a wedding dress for a lady with a 32-inch waist. A few dressmakers, however, manage to do it.

The dress I am now going to put before your mind's eye was gray brocade, with a pattern running in stripes—you are well aware that stripes give height to the figure—and was made with a red-ingote of bengaline falling in straight lines to the edge of the dress and fastening in front with cut steel buttons. There was not a wrinkle anywhere, and the only trimming on the front of the dress was a ruche of silk.

The bodice was softened with a jabot of gauze at the neck. I think the lady showed good sense in choosing to be married in a dress of this kind. Another gown was black satin, trimmed at wide intervals in front with narrow stripes of jet. It had two bodices. The one for evening wear was cut square in front and V at the back and was outlined with jet. It had a lace vest and loose, open sleeves, falling in a point just over the elbow frilled with lace. The day bodice had no trimming, and was fastened down the front and at the wrists with small jet buttons.—Pall Mall Budget.

Nearsightedness and Blonds.

A floating semiscientific paragraph tells of the discovery that nearsightedness prevails to a larger extent among blonds than among brunettes. The discoverer refers to the number of spectacles worn in Germany as a proof of the correctness of his statement. His deduction, however, is wrong. In German schools the fact is well known that of the wearers of glasses the number of Jewish children, who are almost invariably brunettes, is much larger than that of blond German pupils. The same condition is observed here. Blindness reaches the highest point in civilized lands (216 persons to 100,000 of population) among the Spaniards, who are, proverbially and conspicuously, brunettes, while it is much smaller in Sweden (91 per 100,000, or less than half), the land of stalwart and rosy cheeked blonds. The United States, by the way, has the lowest ratio of blind population in the world. Egypt has the highest.—New York Sun.

An Evil Women Can Correct.

There is a serious invasion of everybody's comfort at the theaters here. It is the indefensible habit of grabbing hats, shoes and wraps as a performance nears the end, and the moment, or frequently before the moment, when the bell for the final curtain sounds, to rush for the door. Unfortunately this bad habit is not peculiar to Indianapolis, as any one will testify who goes to the theater in any other city. In churches also in this city it is the custom of many unthinking men to annoy every one around them by putting on their overcoats while the benediction is being pronounced. Their object can't be to save time, for they don't get out a moment sooner on account of their unmannerly haste.—Indianapolis News.

A Bright Girl of Ten.

A little girl in England, aged only ten, has rewritten the book of Euclid, supplied it with new examples and proved all her propositions. The book has created great surprise in learned societies where it has been discussed, and in the favorable criticisms and reviews of the press the work has been accredited to a clever man. The child is the daughter of Professor Hudson, and a brilliant future may be prophesied for her from this remarkable achievement.—London Letter.

The Professional Entertainers.

The professional entertainer is the go just now. The hostess considers that it saves her an immense deal of wear and tear, as she is not obliged to consume her time and lessen her own enjoyment by endeavoring to make people have a good time. This fad is an importation from England, where it has long been practised.

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER I.

He told all this with such freedom.

It was an enormous wheat field in the Santa Clara valley, stretching to the horizon line unbroken. The meridian sun shone upon it without glint or shadow, but at times when a stronger gust of the trade winds passed over it there was a quick, slanting depression of the whole surface that was, however, as unlike a billow as itself was unlike a sea. Even when a lighter zephyr played down its long level the agitation was superficial, and seemed only to momentarily lift a veil of greenish mist that hung above its immovable depths. Occasional puffs of dust alternately rose and fell along an imaginary line across the field, as if a current of air were passing through it, but were otherwise inexplicable.

Suddenly a faint shout, apparently somewhere in the vicinity of the line, brought out a perfectly clear response, followed by the audible murmur of voices, which it was impossible to localize. Yet the whole field was so devoid of any suggestion of human life or motion that it seemed rather as if the vast expanse itself had become suddenly articulate and intelligible.

"Wot say?"

"Wheel off."

"Whar?"

"'N the road."

One of the voices here indicated itself in the direction of the line of dust and said "Comin'," and a man stepped out from the wheat into a broad and dusty avenue.

With his presence three things became apparent. First, that the puffs of dust had indicated the existence of the invisible avenue through the unlimited and unfenced field of grain; second, that the stalks of wheat on either side of it were so tall as to actually hide a passing vehicle, and third that a vehicle had just passed, had lost a wheel and been dragged partly into the grain by its frightened horse, which a dusty man was trying to restrain and pacify.

The horse, given up to equine hysterics, and evidently convinced that the ordinary buggy behind him had been changed into some dangerous and appalling creation, still plunged and kicked violently to rid himself of it. The man who had stepped out of the depths of the wheat quickly crossed the road, unhitched the traces, drew back the vehicle, and glancing at the travelers' dusty and disordered clothes said with curt sympathy:

"Spilt, too—but not hurt—eh?"

"No, neither of us. I went over with the buggy when the wheel cramped, but she jumped clear."

He had made a gesture indicating the presence of another. The man turned quickly. There was a second figure—a young girl standing beside the grain from which he had emerged, embracing a few stalks of wheat with one arm and a hand in which she still held her parasol, while she grasped her gathered skirts with the other, and trying to find a secure foothold for her two neat, narrow slippers on a crumbling cake of adobe above the fathomless dust of the roadway. Her face, although annoyed and discontented, was pretty, and her light dress and slim figure were suggestive of a certain superior condition.

The man's manner at once softened with western courtesy. He swung his broad brimmed hat from his head and bent his body with the ceremoniousness of the country ball room. "I reckon the lady had better come up to the shanty, out o' the dust and sun, till we kin help you get these things fixed," he said to the driver. "I'll send round by the road for your hoss, and have one of mine fetch up your wagon."

"Is it far?" asked the girl, slightly acknowledging his salutation, without waiting for her companion to reply.

"Only a step this way," he answered, motioning to the field of wheat beside her.

"What! In there? I never could go in there," she said decidedly.

"It's a heap shorter than by the road and not so dusty. I'll go with you and pilot you."

The young girl cast a vexed look at her companion as the probable cause of all this trouble and shook her head. But at the same moment one little foot slipped from the adobe into the dust again. She instantly clambered back with a little feminine shriek, ejaculated, "Well, of all things!" and then fixing her annoyed blue eyes on the stranger asked impatiently: "Why couldn't I go there by the road in the wagon. I could manage to hold on and keep in."

"Because I reckon you'd find it too pow'lful hot waitin' here till we got round to ye."

There was no doubt it was very hot, the radiation from the baking roadway beating up under her parasol and pricking her cheek bones and eyeballs like needles. She gave a fastidious little shudder, furled her parasol, gathered her skirts still tighter, faced about and said, "Go on then." The man slipped backward into the ranks of stalks, parting them with one hand and holding out the other as if to lead her. But she evaded the invitation by holding her tightly drawn skirt with both hands and bending her head forward as if she had not noticed it. The next moment the road, and even the whole outer world, disappeared behind them, and they seemed floating in a choking green translucent mist.

But the effect was only momentary; a few steps further she found that she could walk with little difficulty between the ranks of stalks, which were regularly spaced, and the resemblance now changed to that of a long pillared conservatory of greenish glass that touched all objects with its pervading hue. She also found that the close air above her head was continually freshened by the interchange of currents of lower temperature from below, as if the whole vast field had a circulation of its own, and that the adobe beneath her feet was gratefully cool to her tread. There was no dust, as he had said; what had at first half suffocated her seemed to be some stimulating aroma of creation that filled the narrow green aisles, and now imparted a strange vigor and excitement to her as she walked along. Meantime her guide was not conversationally idle. Now, no doubt she had never seen anything like this before? It was the ordinary wheat, only it was grown on adobe soil—the richest in the valley. These stalks, she could see herself, were ten and twelve feet high. That was the trouble, they all ran too much to stalk, though the grain yield was "suthen pow'ful." She could tell that to her friends, for he reckoned she was the only young lady that had ever walked under such a growth. Perhaps she was new to California? He thought so from the start. Well, this was California, and this was not the least of the ways it could "lay over" every other country on God's yearth. Many folks thought it was the gold and the climate; but she could see for herself what it could do with wheat. He wondered if her brother had ever told her of it. No? The stranger wasn't her brother—nor cousin—nor company—no, only the hired driver from a San Jose hotel, who was takin' her over to Maj. Randolph's. Yes, he knew the old major; the ranch was a pretty place, nigh onto three miles further on. Now that he knew the driver was no relation of hers, he didn't mind telling her that the buggy was a "rather old consarn" and the driver didn't know his business. Yes, it might be fixed up so as to take her over to the major's. There was one of their own men—a young fellow—who could do anything that could be done with wood and iron—a reg'lar genius—and he'd tackle it. It might take an hour, but she'd find it quite cool waiting in the shanty. It was a rough place, for they only camped out there during the season to look after the crop, and lived at their own homes the rest of the time. Was she going to stay long at the major's? He noticed she had not brought her trunk with her. Had she known the major's wife long? Perhaps she thought of settling in the neighborhood?

All this naive, good humored questioning—so often cruelly misunderstood as mere vulgar curiosity, but as often the courteous instinct of simple, unaffected people to entertain the stranger by inviting him to talk of what concerns himself rather than their ownselves—was nevertheless, I fear, met only by monosyllables from the young lady or an impatient question in return. She scarcely raised her eyes to the broad, jean shirted back that preceded her through the grain until the man abruptly ceased talking and his manner, without losing its half paternal courtesy, became graver. She was beginning to be conscious of her incivility and was idly trying to think of something to say when he exclaimed, with a slight air of relief, "Here we are," and the shanty suddenly appeared before them.

It certainly was very rough—a mere shell of unpainted boards that scarcely rose above the level of the surrounding grain, and few yards distant was invisible. Its slightly sloping roof, already warped and shrunken into long fissures that permitted glimpses of the steel blue sky above, was evidently intended only as a shelter from the cloudless sun in those two months of rainless days and dewless nights when it was inhabited. Through the open doors and windows she could see a row of "bunks," or rude sleeping berths, against the walls, furnished with coarse mattresses and blankets. As the young girl halted, the man, with an instinct of delicacy, hurried forward, entered the shanty, and dragging a rude bench to the doorway, placed it so that she could sit beneath the shade of the roof, yet with her back to these domestic revelations. Two or three men who had been apparently lounging there rose quickly and unobtrusively withdrew. Her guide brought her a tin cup of deliciously cool water, exchanged a few hurried words with his companions, and then disappeared with them, leaving her alone.

Her first sense of relief from their company was, I fear, stronger than any other feeling. After a hurried glance around the deserted apartment she arose, shook out her dress and mantle, and then going into the darkest corner supported herself with one hand against the wall, while with the other she drew off one by one her slippers from her slim, striped stockinged feet, shook and blew out the dust that had penetrated within and put them on again. Then perceiving a triangular fragment of looking glass nailed against the wall, she settled the strings of her bonnet by the aid of its reflection, patted the fringe of brown hair on her forehead with her separated five fingers, as if playing an imaginary tune on her brow, and came back with maidenly abstraction to the doorway.

Everything was quiet and her seclusion seemed unbroken. A smile played for an instant in the soft shadows of her eyes and mouth as she recalled the abrupt withdrawal of the men. Then her mouth straightened and her brows slightly bent. It was certainly very unmannerly in them to go off in that way. "Good heavens! couldn't they have stayed around—without talking? Surely it didn't require four men to go and bring up that wagon." She picked up her parasol from the bench with an impatient little jerk. Then she held out her ungloved hand into the hot sunshine beyond the door with the gesture she would have used had it been raining, and withdrew it as quickly—her hand quite scorched in the burning rays. Nevertheless, after another impatient pause she desperately put up her parasol and stepped from the shanty.

Presently she was conscious of a faint sound of hammering not far away. Perhaps there was another shed, but hidden like everything else in this monotonous, ridiculous grain. Some stalks, however, were trodden down and broken round the shanty; she could move more easily and see where she was going. To her delight, a few steps further brought her into a current of the trade wind and a cooler atmosphere. And a short distance beyond there certainly was the shed from which the hammering proceeded. She approached it boldly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A decided boom in industrial circles begins with the new year at the Pittsburg mills. About 3,000 hitherto idle men have started to work.

The annual income of the Czar is computed at $12,000,000.

Jefferson's Louisiana Home.

The winter home of Joseph Jefferson is on Orange island, New Iberia, La. The house is one of the old manors, remodeled and refurnished by the actor. Its conservatories abound in tropical fruits and flowers. Artificial ponds teem with trout and black bass. Lake Simonette, near by, affords the finest fishing, while one has to step but a few yards from Jefferson's fireside to find wild fowl in abundance. Luxuriant groves, containing thousands of trees of the mandarin and Brazilian varieties, surround the house. Fully one hundred pecan and the same number of orange trees yield succulent corps yearly. In the pastures are the finest specimens of Holsteins, while in the stables are a number of the fleetest roadsters in the south. The apartment of which Mr. Jefferson is proudest is the Japanese room. It is of marvelous beauty, and visitors come from miles about to gaze on the gorgeous furnishings.—Charleston News and Courier.

The Shape of the Earth.

Here are some answers given by young scholars in an examination:

Question—What is the shape of the earth? Give reasons for your answer.

Answers—The shape of the earth is round, because you can see it, and secondly because the map tells you.

The shape of the earth is like an orange, and it has a pole through the middle.

The shape of the earth is like an orange, and if you put a pole through the middle of the earth you will see it is like an orange.

The shape of the earth is like an orange, and I prove that it is so shaped, because when a year passes it comes back again.—London Tablet.

WHEN WAR IS DECLARED

Against a man's happiness by his stomach, the enemy may be pacified and brought speedily and easily to terms. That potent regulator of digestion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, disciplines the rebellious organ thoroughly. Indigestion arises from weakness of the stomach, and the food in it, for want of the power to digest, decomposes and acidifies, giving rise to heartburn, flatulence and pain, besides a multitude of symptoms both changeful and perplexing. But peace soon reigns when the great stomachic is resorted to and used with persistence. Dyspepsia gives rise to morbid discomposure of mind, and even sleeplessness and hypochondria in chronic cases. To the complete dismissal of these the Bitters is fully adequate. Liver complaint, constipation, debility, rheumatism and malaria are completely subdued by this genial medicine.

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

EXERCISE.

One reason for the fact that the general health of the community is growing better every year is that more people take regular exercise. Exercise, however, has its difficulties. If indulged in a little too long, or so violently as to make one liable to take cold, it results in stiffness and soreness of the muscles and joints.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are invaluable in such cases. Placed on the back, the chest, on the limbs, they afford instant relief and leave the muscles free from all soreness. Some athletes cut them into strips and apply them to parts of the limbs where they could not put a whole PLASTER and find that they are a great relief and assistance.

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Many a man who is anxious to reform the world has a gate that is hanging by one hinge.

For coughs, sore throat, asthma, catarrh and other diseases of the bronchial tubes no more useful article can be found than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

A man mad with whisky naturally uses intemperate language.

"The best thing yet." That is the way a young man put it who made arrangements to work for B. F. Johnson & Co. of Richmond, Va. You can get further information by dropping them a card.

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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 obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

THE WEAKEST SPOT in your whole system, perhaps, is the liver. If that doesn't do its work of purifying the blood, more troubles come from it than you can remember.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts upon this weak spot as nothing else can. It rouses it up to healthy, natural action. By thoroughly purifying the blood, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system.

For all diseases that depend on the liver or the blood—Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, the "Discovery" is the *only* remedy so unfailing and effective that it can be *guaranteed*.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

On these terms, it's an insult to your intelligence to have something else offered as "just as good."

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Possessed by Hood's Sarsaparilla are almost beyond mention. Best of all, it purifies the blood, thus strengthening the nerves, it regulates the digestive organs, invigorates the kidneys and liver, tones and builds up the entire system, cures scrofula, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Rheumatism. Its career of unequalled success proves beyond a question that

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, sick Headache, Jaundice, Indigestion. Try a box. 25c.

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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.

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My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

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these and every kindred disease arising from impure blood successfully treated by that never-failing and best of all tonics and medicines,

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ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They act mildly, neither gripe nor sicken as other pills do. To convince you of their merits we will mail samples free, or a full box for 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Bosanko Med. Co., Philadelphia. P

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