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CURE FOR  
CONSTIPATION

ALMOST all pills and medicines produce constipation. Some are so strong that they cause biliousness, rheumatism, indigestion, and generally are a heavy and oppressive burden without giving or having any benefit. CONSTIPATION, which is the prime cause of all sickness, because it poisons the blood and circulates with you, see to it in time; these pills will cure you.

THE PRENTISS RECTIFYING PILL, because it is so mild and so sure a remedy that it will BEAUTIFY the COMPLEXION.

Clear the skin and remove all blemishes from the face. Try a box and see for yourself. 25 Cents a box.

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Prentiss Rectifying Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered bowels.

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Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you SUFFER FROM HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If you are BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED, or have LIVER COMPLAINT, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If your COMPLEXION IS SALLOW, or you SUFFER DISTRESS AFTER EATING, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

For OFFENSIVE BREATH and ALL DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules Regulate the System and Preserve the Health.

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Take the place of  
A COMPLETE  
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Best for Churches and Public Buildings.  
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Restores vitality and cures all nervous ailments, such as Neuritis, Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, etc. It is a powerful tonic and stimulant, and is the only medicine that will cure all these ailments. It is sold by all druggists.



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Manager of Waite's Celebrated Comedy Co.,  
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**DR. MILES' NERVINE**  
and in three months I was perfectly cured. In my travels each year, when I see the thousands of physical weaklings, suffering from nervous prostration, taking prescriptions from local physicians who have no knowledge of their case, and whose death is certain, I feel like going to them and saying, "Get Dr. Miles' Nervine and be cured." In my condition, when I was there, there were thousands of physical weaklings, suffering from nervous prostration, and I was unable to do any work.

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**SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION**

The Shiloh's Consumption Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists sell it. It is a powerful tonic and stimulant, and is the only medicine that will cure all these ailments. It is sold by all druggists.

**PILE'S**

**A Country Schoolmistress.**

from The Family Story Paper  
CHAPTER II.

Dr. Huntleigh set the limb, and Leslie March helped him wind the bandages, and it was surprising what a deal of assistance he needed. Their eyes met and their hands touched, and the young doctor's blood coursed swifter in his veins, and Leslie wondered how it was that she could be so happy, and poor Mrs. Patson suffering so much pain in her arm, and so much anxiety in regard to the little turkeys which might get wet in the dewy grass, and the butter which would be likely to spoil before it would get salted.

A week went by, and Leslie was nurse in chief, and she performed her task so well that Dr. Huntleigh complimented her on her success, and, with her sweet, serious eyes looking into his she asked him if he thought she stood any chance of getting employment as a nurse. "For I have to earn my own living," she said, "and I do not want to go back to Aunt Hargrove's." A light flashed over Dr. Huntleigh.

"Is Mrs. John Hargrove of New York your aunt?" he asked. "Yes; I used to live with her before I came to Pine Ridge. But I had rather not be dependent on any one." One day about sunset Mr. Hargrove arrived at Mrs. Patson's. He had driven up from the station in a hack, and he wanted to see Leslie.

He was pale and nervous, and his eyes were bloodshot, and his hands trembled as he offered to shake hands. Mr. Hargrove had never troubled himself about Leslie when she had in his house, and she was a good deal surprised at his seeking her out. Some powerful reason must have brought him to Pine Ridge.

"Are you alone?" Can I speak to you without fear of being overheard?" he asked anxiously, glancing apprehensively about him. "Yes, we are alone. But, uncle, what is the matter? Has anything happened to aunt or the girls?" "Hear what I have to say, Leslie!" he cried excitedly. "I throw myself entirely on your mercy! Just as I would throw myself on your father's mercy if he were here. Leslie, I know I ought not to ask it of you, I know I have wronged you and him; but I am an old man, and it would kill me to have it known. Leslie, when the Hargrove bank failed, and it was supposed your father had embezzled the funds, the world was deceived. I was the guilty party, but your father had acted under my instructions, and I wrought upon his fears, and made him believe that the law would hold only him guilty. I did not think he would do anything so desperate as to take his life—I give you my word that I never anticipated anything so terrible—but I hoped he would leave the country and allow me to enjoy my ill-gotten gains. Well, he died, and I had the money safely invested, and it was the foundation of the fortune I have amassed. Now, oh, Leslie! that it should ever come to pass—your father's old friend, Thomas Cortland, whom I bribed to silence, and who was our confidential clerk, lies on his deathbed, and he has been converted, as he

phrases it, and he cannot die without revealing this terrible secret. He holds in his possession papers which will establish my guilt. If he speaks, I shall be ruined, my family will be ruined, and I shall be cast into prison. Leslie, you are kind hearted—my wife and the girls say you are. We have not always treated you just right, I am afraid, but you shall have the best of everything in the house. You shall be an honored inmate of my family always, if you will only be merciful now. I am a poor old man, and but a few more years remain to me. You will not send me down to the grave in shame? Oh, Leslie, Leslie!"

Leslie had grown very pale and rigid, and there was a sternness all unwonted on her young face. "What is it that you wish me to do?" she asked frigidly. "I want you to stop Cortland's mouth. He has said that if you desired it—if you thought it best—he would bury this secret with him, but he has thought it was required of him to speak, in justice to you. Go to him, and tell him that you will leave my name from dishonor. Oh, Leslie, I beg it of you! He is on my knees I implore you to have pity on me!"

And the wretched man fell at her feet and clasped her knees with his weak and trembling hands. Leslie's blue eyes dilated, her lips tightened, the demon of revenge was grappling with her better nature. "You had no mercy on my poor father!" she cried bitterly. "How can you expect me to have pity on you?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

**DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?**

Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application. It has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original source as this one. Everyone will exclaim, "What that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white creature can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite beauty.



"I'M A DAISY."

which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pina-sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and hung aside with a triumphant coo. The fish tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of Ida Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life) are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine during 1891. The reproductions cannot be made for less than \$4.00, which cost \$4.00, and are the same size (17x21 inches). The baby's life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1891, other great pictures by such art masters as Perry Moran, Paul Humphrey, Louis Dauchamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year, "A Yard of Fabric" and "A White House (French)" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1891 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep every one posted on all the topics of the day, and all the facts and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only \$2, and you will really get over \$25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

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