PE-RU-NA NECESSARY TO THE HOME

A Letter From Congressman White, of North Carolina.

PE-RU-NA IS A HOUSE-HOLD SAFEGUARD.

No Family Should Be Without It.

Peruna is a great family medicine. The women praise it as well as the men; it is just the thing for the many little catarrhal ailments of childhood.

The following testimonials from thankful men and women tell in direct, sincere language what their success has been in the use of Peruna in their families:

Louis J. Scherrinsky, 103 Locust street, Atlantic, Iowa, writes:

"I will tell you briefly what Peruna has done for me. I took a severe cold which gave me a hard cough. All doctors' medicines failed to cure it. I took one bottle of Peruna and was well.

"Then my two children had bad coughs accompanied by gagging. My wife had stomach trouble for years. She took Peruna and now she is well.

"I cannot express my thanks in words, but I recommend your remedy at every opportunity, for I can conscientiously say that there is no medicine like Peruna. Nearly everyone in this town knew about the sickness of myself and family, and they have seen with astonishment what Peruna has done for us. Many followed our example, and the result was health. Thanking you heartily, I am."—L. J. Scherrinsky.

Mrs. Nannie Wallace, Tulare, Cal., president of the Western Baptist Missionary society, writes:

"I consider Peruna an indispensable article in my medicine chest. It is twenty medicines in one, and has so far cured every sickness that has been in my home for five years. I consider it of special value to weakly women, as it builds up the general health, drives out disease and keeps you in the best of health."—Mrs. Nannie Wallace.

Peruna protects the family against coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, catarrh of the stomach, liver and kidneys. It is just as sure to cure a case of catarrh of the bowels as it is a case of catarrh of the head.

HON. GEORGE H. WHITE.

Congressman George Henry White, of Tarboro, N. C., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman in regard to the merits of the geat catarrh cure, Peruna:

House of Representatives,
Washington, Feb. 4, 1899.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—"I am more than satisfied with Peruna, and find it to be an excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh. I have used it in my family and they all join me in recommending it as an excellent remedy."

Very Respectfully,
George H. White.

Peruna is an internal, scientific, systemic remedy for catarrh. It is no palliative or temporary remedy; it is thorough in its work, and in cleansing the diseased mucous membranes cures the catarrh.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Friendly Tip.

Homer—I don't know what on earth I am going to do with that boy of mine. He's the biggest liar in seven states.

Nextdoor—Oh, don't let that worry you; when he is a little older you can get him a job in the government weather bureau.—Chicago News.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa

His Real Grief.

"It's a great comfort to me, doctor," said the bereaved wife, "to know that you are made sad by my husband's death."

"Yes," said the physician reminiscently, "he was good pay."—Ohio State Journal.

Hamlin's Blood and Liver Pills cure constipation and all ills due to it; 25c at your druggists.

Dead Man's Check Refused.

A few days ago a man presented a check to William H. Rogers, cashier of the Nassau bank, demanding payment.

"But I can't pay that," said the cashier; "that man's dead."

"But," protested the holder of the check, "he was alive when he signed it."

And, in face of all Mr. Rogers' explanations, the man left the bank convinced that he had a grievance.—New York Times.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

How Wonderful.

Fudge—This is a most remarkable case. A paper relates that a connoisseur of art, passing an old junk shop, saw a dusty painting lying among the rags in the window, and, taking a fancy to it, purchased it.

Judge—What's remarkable about it?

"The painting turned out to be neither a Rubens nor a Rembrandt."—Baltimore Herald.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le-Roy, N. Y.

Pharaoh's Fate.

The Pharaoh of the Book of Genesis was long supposed to have been drowned in the Red sea, but examinations of his mummy showed that he had been killed by having his skull split open.

How He Got It.

"Sam Johnsing 'lows he's got dis yuh "ping-pong ankle," observed Mr. Darkleigh.

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Snowball. Laik ter know how dat niggah got it. He never played no ping-pong."

"Well, he say he cotch it f'um bouncin' back an' fo'th ovah Mr. Jones' fence las' Monday night, wid dem two bulldogs ping an' pongin' on each side er de fence, jes' kase he try ter see ef de chicken coop wuz locked."—Judge.

WISE BROS.

These Portland Dentists Are Rapidly Becoming Famous.

Drs. T. P. and W. A. Wise, the popular Portland dental firm, are making a new era in local dental methods. Their offices in the Failing Building, Washington and Third Streets, are bright and cheerful, and all their customers smile instead of cry, for pain is never known in the tooth-pulling and teeth-repairing going on constantly at the Wise Bros. establishment. Wise Bros. advertise clearly and energetically, charge very reasonable prices, use the latest modern appliances, never hurt a patient, and the consequence is the people flock to them.

Then He Went.

"Do you know," remarked the young man, as the mantel clock indicated 11:30 p. m., "that of all the songs I ever heard, my favorite is 'Home, Sweet Home?'"

"Indeed?" rejoined the fair girl, as she endeavored to suppress a yawn, "I never would have suspected it."—Chicago News.

What Did He Mean?

She—Good-bye! Remember me to your wife. She hasn't forgotten me?

He—Oh, no! She has an excellent memory for old faces!

No Satisfying Her.

"Women are hard to understand."

"Think so?"

"Yes; I told her she carried her age well and she was offended."

"You don't say?"

"Yes; and then I told her she didn't carry it well and she wouldn't speak."

A Choice of Evils.

"But why does he allow his wife to be so extravagent if he can't afford it?"

"Oh, well, I suppose he would rather have trouble with his creditors than with his wife."—Sketchy Bits.

SCROFULA

I bequeath to my children Scrofula with all its attendant horrors, humiliation and suffering. This is a strange legacy to leave to posterity; a heavy burden to place upon the shoulders of the young.

This treacherous disease dwarfs the body and hinders the growth and development of the faculties, and the child born of blood poison, or scrofula-tainted parentage, is poorly equipped for life's duties.

Scrofula is a disease with numerous and varied symptoms; enlarged glands or tumors about the neck and armpits, catarrh of the head, weak eyes and dreadful skin eruptions upon different parts of the body show the presence of tubercular or scrofulous matter in the blood. This dangerous and stealthy disease entrenches itself securely in the system and attacks the bones and tissues, destroys the red corpuscles of the blood, resulting in white swelling, a pallid, waxy appearance of the skin, loss of strength and a gradual wasting away of the body.

S. S. S. combines both purifying and tonic properties, and is guaranteed entirely vegetable, making it the ideal remedy in all scrofulous affections. It purifies the deteriorated blood, makes it rich and strong and a complete and permanent cure is soon effected. S. S. S. improves the digestion and assimilation of food, restores the lost properties to the blood and quickens the circulation, bringing a healthy color to the skin and vigor to the weak and emaciated body.

SSS

Write us about your case and our physicians will cheerfully advise and help you in every possible way to regain your health. Book on blood and skin diseases free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

PRUSSIAN STOCK FOOD,

the Greatest Conditioner and Stock Fattener known.

HORSES do more work on less feed. COWS give more and richer milk. HOGS grow and fatten quicker if given this food.

MAKES PIGS GROW. GOOD FOR STUNTED CALVES.

I have been feeding Prussian Stock Food to my thoroughbred swine. It gives them an appetite and makes the pigs grow. I also tried it on stunted calves with satisfactory results—F. W. GROOME, Elgin, Neb.

Pails, $3.50; Pkg. 50c, $1. FREE: 68-page Hand Book. Prussian Remedy Co., St. Paul, Minn.

PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Ore., Coast Agents.

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter IV—Continued.

One fine morning John Ferrier was about to set out for his wheat fields, when he heard the click of the latch, and, looking through the window, saw a stout, sandy-haired, middle-aged man coming up the pathway.

His heart leaped to his mouth, for this was none other than the great Brigham Young himself. Full of trepidation—for he knew that such a visit boded him little good—Ferrier ran to the door to greet the Mormon chief. This latter, however, received his salutation coldly, and followed him with a stern face into the sitting room.

"Brother Ferrier," he said, taking a seat, and eyeing the farmer keenly from under his light-colored eyelashes, "the true believers have been good friends to you. We picked you up when you were starving in the desert, we shared our food with you, led you safe to the chosen valley, gave you a goodly share of land, and allowed you to wax rich under our protection. Is not this so?"

"It is so," answered John Ferrier.

"In return for all this, we asked but one condition; that was, that you should embrace the true faith, and conform in every way to its usages. This you promised to do; and this, if common report says truly, you have neglected."

"And how have I neglected it?" asked Ferrier, throwing out his hands in expostulation. "Have I not given to the common fund? Have I not attended at the temple? Have I not—"

"Where are your wives?" asked Young, looking round him. "Call them in, that I may greet them."

"It is true that I have not married," Ferrier answered. "But women were few, and there were many who had better claims than I, I was not a lonely man; I had my daughter to attend my wants."

"It is of that daughter that I would speak to you," said the leader of the Mormons. "She has grown to be the flower of Utah, and has found favor in the eyes of many who are high in the land."

John Ferrier groaned internally.

"There are stories of her which I would fain disbelieve—stories that she is sealed to some gentile. This must be the gossip of idle tongues. What is the thirteenth role in the code of the sainted John Smith? 'Let every maiden of the true faith marry one of the elect, for if she wed a gentile she commits a grievous sin.' This being so, it is impossible that you, who profess the holy creed, should suffer your daughter to violate it."

John Ferrier made no answer, but he played nervously with his riding whip.

"Upon this one point your whole faith should be tested—so it has been decided in the Sacred Council of Four. The girl is young and we would not have her wed gray hairs, neither would we deprive her of all choice. We elders have many wives, but our children must also be provided. Stangerson has a son and Drebber has a son, and either of them would gladly welcome your daughter to their house. Let her choose between them. They are young and rich and of the true faith. What say you to that?"

Ferrier remained silent for some little time with his brows knitted.

"You will give us time," he said at last. "My daughter is very young—she is scarcely of an age to marry."

"She shall have a month to choose," said Young, rising from his seat. "At the end of that time she shall give her answer."

He was passing through the door when he turned with flushed face and flashing eyes.

"It were better for you, John Ferrier," he thundered, "that you and she were now lying blanched skeletons upon the Sierra Blanco than that you should put your weak wills against the orders of the Holy Four!"

With a threatening gesture of his hand, he turned from the door, and Ferrier heard his heavy step scrunching along the shingly path.

He was still sitting with his elbows upon his knees, considering how he should broach the matter to his daughter, when a soft hand was laid upon his, and, looking up, saw her standing beside him.

One glance at her pale, frightened face showed him that she had heard what had passed.

"I could not help it," she said in answer to his look. "His voice rang through the house. Oh, father—father! What shall we do?"

"Don't you scare yourself," he answered, drawing her to him and passing his broad, rough hand caressingly over her chestnut hair. "We'll fix it up somehow or another. You don't find your fancy kind o' lessening for this chap, do you?"

A sob and a squeeze of his hand was her only answer.

"No, of course not. I shouldn't care to hear you say you did. He's a likely lad, and he's a Christian, which is more than these folk here, in spite o' all their praying and preaching. There's a party starting for Nevada tomorrow, and I'll manage to send him a message letting him know the hole we are in. If I know anything o' that young man he'll be back here with a speed that would whip electro-telegraphs."

Lucy laughed through her tears at her father's description.

"When he comes he will advise us for the best. But it is for you that I am frightened, dear. One hears—one hears such dreadful stories about those who oppose the prophet; something terrible always happens to them."

"But we havn't opposed him yet," her father answered. "It will be time to look out for squalls when we do. We have a clear month before us; at the end of that, I guess we had best shin out of Utah."

"Leave Utah?"

"That's about the size of it."

"But the farm?"

"We will raise as much as we can in money, and let the rest go. To tell the truth, Lucy, it isn't the first time I have thought of doing it. I don't care about knocking under to any man, as these folk do to their darned prophet. I'm a free-born American, and it's all new to me. Guess I'm too old to learn. If he comes browsing about his farm, he might chance to run up against a charge of buckshot traveling in the opposite direction."

"But they won't let us leave," his daughter objected.

"Wait till Jefferson comes, and we'll soon manage that. In the meantime, don't you fret yourself, my dearie, and don't get your eyes swelled up, else he'll be walking into me when he sees you. There's nothing to be afeared about, and there's no danger at all."

John Ferrier uttered these consoling remarks in a very confident tone, but she could not help observing that he paid unusual care to the fastening of the doors that night, and that he carefully cleaned and loaded the rusty old shotgun which hung upon the wall of his bedroom.

CHAPTER IV.

On the morning which followed his interview with the Mormon prophet, John Ferrier went in to Salt Lake City, and, having found his acquantance who was bound for the Nevada Mountains, he intrusted him with his message to Jefferson Hope.

In it he told the young man of the imminent danger which threatened them, and how necessary it was that he should return.

Having done this, he felt easier in his mind, and returned home with a lighter heart.

As he approached his farm he was surprised to see a horse hitched to each of the posts of the gate. Still more surprised was he on entering to find two young men in possession of his sitting room.

Both of them nodded to Ferrier as he entered, and the one in the rocking chair commenced the conversation.

"Maybe you don't know us," he said. "This here is the son of Elder Drebber, and I'm Joseph Stangerson, who traveled with you in the desert when the Lord stretched out His hand and gathered you into the true fold."

"As He will all the nations, in His own good time," said the other, in a nasal voice; "He grindeth slowly but exceedingly small."

"We have come," continued Stangerson, "at the advice of our fathers, to solicit the hand of your daughter for which ever of us may seem good to you and to her. As I have but four wives and Brother Drebber here has seven, it appears to me that my claim is the stronger one."

"Nay, nay, Brother Stangerson," cried the other; "the question it not how many wives we have, but how many we can keep. My father has now given over his mills to me, and I am the richer man."

"But my prospects are better," said the other, warmly. "When the Lord removes my father I shall have his tanning yard and his leather factory. Then I am your elder, and am higher in the church."

"It will be for the maiden to decide," rejoined young Drebber, smirking at his own reflection in the glass. "We will leave it all to her decision."

During this dialogue John Ferrier had stood fuming in the doorway, hardly able to keep his riding whip from the backs of his two visitors.

"Look here," he said, at last, striding up to them, "when my daughter summons you, you can come; but until then, I don't want to see your faces again."

The two young Mormons stared at him in amazement. In their eyes this competition between them for the maiden's hand was the highest of honors both to her and her father.

"There are two ways out of the room," cried Ferrier; "there is the door, and there is the window. Which do you care to use?"

His brown face looked so savage, and his gaunt hands so threatening, that his visitors sprang to their feet and beat a hurried retreat.

The old farmer followed them to the door.

"Let me know when you have settled which it is to be," he said, sardonically.

"You shall smart for this!" Stangerson cried, white with rage. "You have defied the prophet and the Council of Four. You shall rue it to the end of your days."

"The hand of the Lord shall be heavy upon you," cried young Drebber. "He will arise and smite you."

"Then I'll start the smiting," exclaimed Ferrier, furiously, and he would have rushed upstairs for his gun had not Lucy seized him by the arm and restrained him.

"The young, canting rascals!" he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "I would sooner see you in your grave, my girl, than the wife of either of them."

"And so should I, father," she answered, with spirit, "but Jefferson will soon be here."

"Yes. It will not be long before he comes. The sooner the better, for we do not know what their next move may be."

It was indeed high time that some one capable of giving advice and help should come to the aid of the sturdy old farmer and his adopted daughter.

In the whole history of the settlement there had never been such a case of rank disobedience to the authority of the elders. If minor errors were punished so sternly, what would be the fate of this arch-rebel?

Ferrier knew that his wealth and position would be of no avail to him. Others as well known and as rich as himself had been spirited away before now, and their goods given over to the church.

He was a brave man, but he trembled at the vague, shadowy terrors which hung over him. Any known danger he could face with a firm lip, but this suspense was unnerving.

He concealed his fears from his daughter, however, and affected to make light of the whole matter, though she, with the keen eye of love, saw plainly that he was ill at ease.

Upon rising next morning he found to his surprise a small square of paper pinned on to the coverlet of his bed, just over his chest. On it was printed, in bold, straggling letters:

"Twenty-nine days are given you for amendment and then——"

The dash was more fear-inspiring than any threat could have been. How this warning came into his room puzzled John Ferrier sorely, for his servants slept in an out-house, and the doors and windows had all been secured.

He crumpled the paper up and said nothing to his daughter, but the incident struck a chill to his heart.

The twenty-nine days were evidently the balance of the month which Young had promised.

What strength or courage could avail against an enemy armed with such mysterious powers?

The hand which fastened that pin might have struck him to the heart, and he could never have known who had slain him.

Still more shaken was he next morning. They had sat down to breakfast when Lucy, with a cry of surprise, pointed upward.

In the center of the ceiling was scrawled, with a burnt stick, apparently, the number 28. To his daughter it was unintelligible, and he did enlighten her.

That night he sat up with his gun and kept watch and ward. He saw and heard nothing, and yet in the morning a great 27 had been painted upon the outside of his door.

Thus day followed day and as sure as morning came he found that his unseen enemies had kept their register, and had marked up in some conspicuous position how many days were still left to him out of the month of grace. Sometimes the fatal number appeared upon the walls, sometimes upon the floors; occasionally they were on small placards stuck upon the garden gate or the railings.

With all his vigilance John Ferrier could not discover whence these daily warnings proceeded.

A horror, which was almost superstitious, came upon him at sight of them. He became haggard and restless, and his eyes had the troubled look of some hunted creature.

He had but one hope in life now, and that was for the arrival of the young hunter from Nevada.

Twenty had changed to fifteen, and fifteen to ten, but there was no news of the absentee. One by one the number dwindled down, and still there came no sign of him.

Whenever a horseman clattered down the road or a driver shouted at his team, the old farmer hurried to the gate, thinking that help had arrived at last.

At last, when he saw five give way to four and that again to three, he lost heart, and abandoned all hope of escape. Single-handed, and with his limited knowledge of the mountains which surrounded the settlement, he knew that he was powerless.

The more frequented roads were strictly watched and guarded, and none could pass along them without an order from the council. Turn which way he would, there appeared to be no avoiding the blow which hung over him.

Yet the old man never wavered in his resolution to part with life itself before he consented to what he regarded as his daughter's dishonor.

He was sitting alone one evening pondering deeply over his troubles, and searching vainly for some way out of them.

That morning had shown the figure two upon the wall of his house, and the next day would be the last of the allotted time. What was to happen then?

All manner of vague and terrible fancies filled his imagination.

And his daughter—what was to become of her after he was gone? Was there no escape from the invisible network which was drawn all around them?

He sunk his head upon the table and sobbed at the thought of his own impotence.

What was that? In the silence he heard a gentle scratchingg sound—low, but very distinct, in the quiet of the night. It came from the door of the house.

(To be Continued.)

Amusing Errors of Speech.

Bridget, who came to this country last year, has a limited vocabulary, and while she is learning fast, some of the words and expressions she has acquired do not always fit, her ear not having been accurate in getting the rigat term. Thus the other day she said to her mistress:

"Shall I fix that Kansas back duck for dinner?"

Again, Bridget was telling a tale of a missing friend in this city, when she exclaimed:

"Do you know, I believe when Katie turns up she'll be found in the Potash field!"

While at work on Friday a tremendous blast near by in the subway rattled the dishes in the kitchen and the girl cried out:

"There goes that rapid transom again!"

Courtroom Repartee.

An expert does not always relish being tackled by an oversharp lawyer. Yet in such verbal duels the former frequently scores. A mining expert was giving evidence in connection with an important mining case, and he was being exposed to a galling fire of cross-examination. The questions related to the form that the ore was found in, generally described as "kidney lumps."

"Now," said the sharp lawyer, "how large are these lumps—are they as long as my head?"

"Yes," was the ready reply," "as long, but not nearly so thick."

The court roared, and a beautiful smile shone upon the face of the expert.

Bear More of an Attraction.

Parson (who has just arrived for the first time at his new country living)—I say, porter, my arrival seems to have caused a great deal of excitement in the village.

Porter—Yes, sir; but it's nowt to when the dancing bear was here yesterday.—London Tit-Bits.

Logical.

Bridget—Oi can't stay, ma'am, onless you give me more wages.

Mrs. Hiram Often—What! Why, you don't know how to cook or do house work at all.

Bridget—That's jist it, ma'am, an' not knowin' how, sure the work is all the harder for me, ma'am.

The Selfishness of Men.

He—Darling, what do you suppose I have done today?

She—I couldn't guess in a hundred years.

He—I have had my life insured.

She—That's just like you, John Mann. All you seem to think of is yourself.—Boston Transcript.

Analysis.

She—After all, what is the difference between illusion and delusion.

He—Illusions are the lovely fancies we have about ourselves, and delusions are the foolish fancies other people have about themselves.—Life.

The Old Story.

Harold — And so their marriage turned out unhappily?

Mildred—Yes; she was a hard ice cream soda drinker, and he married her to reform her.

No Hair?

"My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once."—Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.

The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

YOU'LL BE SORRY WHEN IT RAINS IF YOU DON'T HAVE

THE GENUINE TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING TO KEEP YOU DRY. MADE FOR WET WORK IN BLACK AND YELLOW. SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS AND BACKED BY OUR GUARANTEE. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

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Best Imported and American leathers, Heyl's Patent Calf, Enamel, Box Calf, Calf, Vici Kid, Corona Colt, Nat. Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets used.

Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS' name and price stamped on bottom. *Shoes by mail, 25c. extra. Illus. Catalog free.* W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Changed His Mind.

"I don't care if I die," said the patient, despondently.

"Oh, you may linger several weeks!" replied the physician comfortingly.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the man, who had visions of a prodigious doctor's bill: "in that case I'll get well at once."—Ohio State Journal.

A Twice Told Tale.

The statement will bear repeating that if you want to use the purest and most fragrant spices manufactured, you'll ask your grocer for the Monopole brand. If you want to prove our assertion before asking your grocer, send us a single two-cent stamp and we will send you a full weight two-oz. tin of any variety you may select. Be sure, also, to tell us your grocer's name. Address Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Mfgrs., Portland, Ore.

A Division of Labor.

Mike—How much farther does the soign say it is to Noo Yor-rk, Patsy?

Pat—Twinty moiles.

Mike—Well, thot's only tin moiles apiece.—Judge.

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A Home School for Boys.
Military and Manual Training.
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Best on Earth—

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Why—not get the best?—A MITCHELL.

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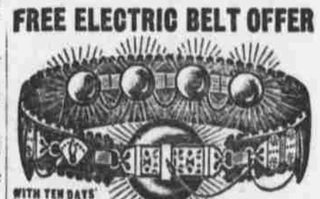

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