MILES OF VARYING LENGTH.

Measures of Distance Differ Greatly in Several Localities.

Among the English-speaking peoples of the earth there are four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical mile of 6,085 feet, making a difference between the two of about one-seventh; then there are the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet—four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its standard mile. The German mile today is 24,318 feet, more than four and a half times as long as ours. The Dutch, Danish and Prussian mile is 18,499 feet, three and a half times as long as ours, and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five of ours, for their mile is 9,153 yards long.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

New Zealand Dairy Business.

The dairy business is increasing rapidly in New Zealand, and the government is doing all in its power to boost the trade.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Bobrikoff Gets Sensitive.

Governor General Bobriakoff has commanded the Finnish local government to make extensive preparations for the Northern Scientific congress, as it would be most regrettable if anything should occur to give the foreign visitors an unfavorable impression of the conditions in Finland. The local government is quite willing, however, that the visitors should realize fully what Bobrikoff has done for Finland.

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.

Rough on Pa.

"What is a vacuum, ma?"

"That part of your father that is directly under his hair."

Raising Eagles.

Nils Dvag, a farmer living some miles from Rorvik, earns some extra money by capturing eagles. He knows where the nests are and scales the high cliffs and takes the young, which he sells for good prices in Christiania. He has had many fights with the parents, but never harms or kills them, as by their death his source of revenue would be gone.

His Occupation.

"Haven't you any occupation?" asked the woman at the kitchen door, after listening to his tale of woe.

"Yes, ma'am," said Tuffold Knutt, "I am a hunter."

"A hunter? Of what?"

"Grub, ma'am."

Agree to Norway's Demands.

The Swedish-Norwegian commission to draft a plan for the revision of the consular system of Sweden and Norway, proposes separate services for the two kingdoms. This was generally expected in both cos, and in untieNorway no other solutf the difficulon olt question would havn acceptable.e bee

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

What Had He Done.

Husband (reading the paper)—What fools some men will make of tqemselves.

Wife—Now, H enry, dear, what have you done this time?

Water in Wood.

Green wood contains fully 45 per cent of water, and thorough seasoning usually expels 36 per cent of this fluid.

Millions of sufferers use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for pain every year and call it blessed. Ask your druggist; he knows.

Heard in a Book Store.

"I suppose that work in sixty volumes is an encyclopedia?"

"No; it is called 'The Love Letters of a Mormon Elder.'"

Unforseen Results.

Dolly—I believe Julia Gibbs is a mesmerist.

Polly—Why?

Dolly—I went to sell her a ticket to our piacnica nd she sold me one.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Brent Good
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION
Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good
CURE SICK HEADACHE.
PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VI.

The papers next day were full of the "Brixton Mystery," as they termed it. Each had a long account of the affair, and some had leaders upon it in addition.

There was some information in them which was new to me. I still retain in my scrap book numerous clippings and extracts bearing upon the case.

Here is a condensation of a few of them:

The Daily Telegraph remarked that in the history of crime there had seldom been a tragedy which presented stranger features.

The German name of the victim, the absence of all motive and the sinister inscription on the wall all pointed to its perpetration by political refugees and revolutionists.

The Socialists had many branches in America, and the deceased had, no doubt, infringed their unwritten laws and been tracked down by them.

After alluding airily to the Vehmgericht, aqua tofano, Carbonari, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, the Darwinian theory, the principles of Malthus and the Ratcliff Highway murders, the article concluded by admonishing the government and advocating a closer watch over foreigners in England.

The Standard commented upon the fact that lawless outrages of the sort usually occurred under a Liberal administration.

They arose from the unsettling of the minds of the masses and the consequent weakening of all authority.

The deceased was an American gentleman who had been residing for some weeks in the metropolis. He hda stayed at the boarding-house off Mme. Charpentier, in Torquay Terrace, Camberwell.

He was accompanied in his travels by his private secretary, Mr. Joseph Stangerson. The two bid adieu to their landlady upon Tuesday, the 4th inst., and departed to Euston station with the avowed intention of catching the Liverpool express. They were afterward seen together on the platform.

Nothing more is known of them until Mr. Drebber's body was, as recorded, discovered in an empty house in the Brixton road, many miles from Euston.

How he came there, or how he met his fate, are questions which are still involved in mystery.

Nothing is known of the whereabouts of Stangerson. We are glad to learn that Mr. Lestrade and Mr Gregson, of Scotland Yard, are both engaged upon the case, and it is confidently anticipated that these well-known officers will speedily throw light upon the matter.

The Daily News observed that there was no doubt as to the crime being a political one. The despotism and hatred of Liberalism which animated the Continental governments had had the effect of driving to our shores a number of men who might have made excellent citizens were they not soured by the recollection of all they had undergone.

Among these men there was a stringent code of honor any infringement of which was punished by death.

Every effort should be made to find the secretary, Stangerson, and to ascertain some particulars of the habits of the deceased.

A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded, a result which was entirely due to the acuteness and energy of Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard.

Sherlock Holmes and I read these notices over together at breakfast, and they appeared to afford him considerable amusement

"I told you that, whatever happened, Lestrade and Gregson would be sure to score."

"That depends on how it turns out."

"Oh, bless you, it doesn't matter in the least. If the man is caught, it will be on account of their exertions; if he escapes, it will be in spite of their exertions. It's heads I win, tails you lose. Whatever they do, they will have followers. A fool always finds a bigger fool to admire him."

"What on earth is this?" I cried, for at this moment there came the pattering of many steps in the hall and on the stairs, accompanied by audible expresions of disgust on the part of our landlady.

"It's the Baker-street division of the detective police force," said my companion, gravely; and as he spoke there rushed into the room half a dozen of the dirtiest and most ragged street arabs that ever I clapped eyes on.

"'Tention!" cried Holmes, in a sharp tone and the six dirty scoundrels stood in a line like so many disreputable statuettes. "In future you shall send up Wiggins alone to report, and the rest of you must wait in the street. Have you found it, Wiggins?"

"No, sir, we hain't," said one of the youths.

"I hardly expected that you would. You must keep on until you do. Here are your wages." He handed each of them a shilling. "Now, off you go, and come back with a better report next time."

He waved his hand, and they scampered away downstairs like so many rats, and we heard their shrill voices next moment in the street.

"There's more work to be got out of one of those little beggars than out of a dozen of the force," Holmes remarked. "The mere sight of an official looking person seals men's lips. These youngsters, however, go everywhere and hear everything. They are as sharp as needles, too; all they want is organization.

"Is it on this Brixton case that you are employing them?" I asked.

"Yes; there is a point which I wish to ascertain. It is merely a matter of time. Halloo! we are going to hear some news now with a vengeance! Here is Gregson coming down the road with beatitude written upon every feature of his face. Bound for us, I know. Yes, he is stopping There he is!"

There was a violent peal at the bell, and in a few seconds the fair-haired detective came up the stairs three steps at a time, and burst into our sitting-room.

"My dear fellow," he cried, wringing Holmes' unresponsive hand, "congratulate me! I have made the whole thing as clear as day."

A shade of anxiety seemed to me to cross my companion's expressive face.

"Do you mean that you are on the right track?" he asked.

"The right track! Why, sir, we have the man under lock and key!"

"And his name is?"

"Arthur Charpentier, sub-lieutenant in her majesty's navy," cried Gregson, pompously, rubbing his fat hands and inflating his chest.

Sherlock Holmer gave a sigh of relief and relaxed into a smile.

"Take a seat and try one of these cigars," he said. "We are anxious to know how you managed it. Will you have some whisky and water?"

"I don't mind if I do," the detective answered. "The tremendous exertions which I have gone through during the last day or two have worn me out. Not so much bodily exertion, you understand, as the strain upon the mind. You will appreciate that, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, for we are both brain workers."

"You do me too much honor," said Holmes, gravely. "Let us hear how you arrived at this most gratifying result."

The detective seated himself in the armchair and puffed complacently at his cigar. Then suddenly he slapped his thigh in a paroxysm of amusement.

"The fun of it is," he cried, "that that fool Lestrade, who thinks himself so smart, has gone off upon the wrong track altogether. He is after the secretary, Stangerson, who had no more to do with the crime than the babe unborn. I have no doubt that he has caught him by this time."

The idea tickled Gregson so much that he laughted until he choked.

"And how did you get your clue?"

"Ah, I'll tell you all about it. Of course, Dr. Watson. this is strictly between ourselves. The first difficulty which we had to contend with was the finding of this American's antecedents. Some people would have waited until their advertisements were answered or until parties came forward and volunteered information. That is not Tobias Gregson's way of going to work. You remember the hat beside the dead man?"

"Yes," said Holmes, "by John Underwood & Sons, 129 Camberwell road."

Gregson looked quite crestfallen.

"I had no idea that you noticed that," he said. "Have you been there?"

"No."

"Ha!" cried Gregson, in a relieved voice, "you should never neglect a chance, however small it may seem."

"To a great mind nothing is little," remarked Holmes, sententiously.

"Well, I went to Underwood and asked him if he had sold a hat of that size and description. He looked over his books and came on it at once. He had sent the hat to a Mr. Drebber, residing at Charpentier's boarding establishment, Torquay Terrace. Thus I got at his address."

"Smart — very smart," murmured Sherlock Holmes.

"I next called upon Madame Charpentier," continued the detective. "I found her very pale and distressed. Her daughter was in the room, too—an uncommonly fine girl she is too; she was looking red about the eyes, and her lips trembled as I spoke to her. That didn't escape my notice. I began to smell a rat. You know the feeling, Mr Sherlock Holmes, when you once come upon the right scent—a kind of thrill in your nerves. 'Have you heard of the mysterious death of your late brother, Mr. Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland?' I asked.

The mother nodded. She didn't seem to get out a word. The daughter burst into tears. I felt more than ever that these people knew something of the matter.

"'At what o'clock did Mr. Drebber leave your house for the train?' I asked.

"'At 8 o'clock,' she said, gulping in her throat to keep down her agitation. 'His secretary, Mr. Stangerson, said that there were two trains—one at 9:15 and one at 11. He was to catch the first.'

"'And was that the last which you saw of him?'

"A terrible change came over the woman's face as I asked the question. Her features turned perfectly livid. It was some seconds before she could get out the single word 'Yes,' and when it did come it was in a husky, unnatural tone.

"There was silence for a moment, and then the daughter spoke in a calm, clear voice.

"'No good can ever come of falsehood, mother,' she said. 'Let us be frank with the gentleman. We did see Mr. Drebber again.'

"'God forgive you!' cried Madame Charpentier, throwing up her hands and sinking back in her chair. 'You have murdered your brother!'

"'Arthur would rather that we spoke the truth,' the girl answered, firmly.

"'You had best tell me all about it now,' I said. 'Half confidences are worse than none. Besides, you do not know how much we know of it.'

"'On your head be it, Alice!' cried her mother; and then, turning to me, 'I will tell you all, sir. Do not imagine that my agitation on behalf of my son arises from any fear lest he should have had a hand in this terrible affair. He is utterly innocent of it. My dread is, however, that in your eyes and in the eyes of others he may appear to be compromised. That, however, is surely impossible. His high character, his profession, his antecedents would all forbid it.'

"'Your best way is to make a clean breast of the facts,' I answered. 'Depend upon it, if your son is innocent he will be none the worse.'

"'Perhaps, Alice you had better leave us together,' she said, and her daughter withdrew. 'Now, sir,' she continued, 'I had no intention of telling you all this, but since my poor daughter has disclosed it I have no alternative. Having once decided to speak, I will tell you all without omitting any particular.'

"'It is your wisest course,' said I.

"'Mr. Drebber has been with us nearly three weeks. He and his secretary, Mr. Stangerson, had been travelling on the Continent. I noticed a "Copenhagen" label upon each of their trunks, showing that that had been their last stopping place. Stangerson was a quiet, reserved man, but his employer, I am sorry to say, was far otherwise. He was coarse in his habits and brutish in his ways. The very night of his arrival he became very much the worse for drink, and, indeed, after 12 o'clock in the day he could hardly ever be said to be sober. His manners toward the maid servants were disgustingly free and familiar. Worst of all, he speedily assumed the same manner toward my daughter, Alice, and spoke to her more than once in a way which, fortunately, she is too innocent to understand. On one occasion he actually seized her in his arms and embraced her—an outrage which caused his own secretary to reproach him for his unmanly conduct.'

"'But why do you stand all this?' I asked. 'I suppose that you can get rid of your boarders when you wish.'

"Mrs. Charpentier blushed at my pertinent question.

"'Would to God that I had given him notice on the very day he came,' she said. 'But it was a sore temptation. They were paying a pound a day each—14 pounds a week, and this is a slack season. I am a widow, and my boy in the navy has cost me much. I grudged to lose the money. I acted for the best. This last was too much, however, and I gave him notice to leave on account of it. That was the reason of his going.'

"'Well?'

"'My heart grew light when I saw him drive away. My son is on leave just now, but I did not tell him anything of this, for his temper is violent and he is passionately fond of his sister. When I closed the door behind them a load seemed to be lifted from my mind. Alas! in less than an hour there was a ring at the bell, and I learned that Mr. Drebber had returned. He was much excited and evidently the worse for drink. He forced his way into the room where I was sitting with my daughter and made some incoherent remark about having missed his train. He then turned to Alice, and, before my very face, proposed to her that she should fly with him. "You are of age," he said, "and there is no law to stop you. I have money enough, and to spare. Never mind the old girl here, but come along with me now straight away. You shall live like a princess." Poor Alice was so frightened that she shrank away from him, but he caught her by the wrist and endeavored to to draw her toward the door. I screamed, and at that moment my son Arthur came into the room. What happened then I do not know. I heard oaths and confused sounds of a scuffle. I was too terrified to raise my head. When I did look up I saw Arthur standing in the doorway laughing, with a stick in his hand. "I don't think that fine fellow will trouble us again," he said. "I will just go after him and see what he does with himself." With these words he took his hat and started off down the street. The next morning we heard of Mr. Drebber's mysterious death.'

"This statement came from Mrs. Charpentier's lips with many gasps and pauses. At times she spoke so low that I could hardly catch the words. I made shorthand notes of all that she said, however, so that there could be no possibility of a mistake.'

"It's quite exciting," said Sherlock Holmes, with a yawn. "What happened next?"

"When Mrs. Charpentier paused," the detective continued, "I saw that the whole case hung on one point. Fixing her with my eye in a way which I always found effective with women, I asked her at what hour her son returned.

"'I do not know,' she answered.

"'Not know?'

"'No; he has a latch key and let himself in.'

"'After you went to bed?'

"'Yes.'

"'When did you go to bed?'

"'About eleven.'

"'So your son was gone at least two hours?'

"'Yes.'

"'Possibly four or five?'

"'Yes.'

"'What was he doing during that time?'

"'I do not know,' she answered, turning white to her very lips.

(To be continued.)

Things That May Interest You.

In mtaters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution.—Tillotson.

A Tippecanoe monument will be erected in memory of General William Henry Harrison's defeat of his savage adversary, Tecumseh, November 11, 1811, at the confluence of the Tippecanoe and Wabash rivers in Indiana. Congress is to be asked to appropriate $50,000.

The White Star line steamer Cedric, 21,000 tons, the largest liner afloat, was successfully launched at Belfast a few days ago. Her carrying capacity is 18,400 tons, and she has accommodations for 3,000 passengers. It is said the Cedric will be ready for service in the autumn.

Herr Most, the anarchist, who has enjoyed an international experience of prisons, sums it up in the epigram: "The freer the country the worse the jail." "I was first imprisoned in Austria," he says. "There I was treated like a gentleman. In Germany they set me to work at book binding. That was easy. In London they made me pick oakum. That was very hard. The first time I was imprisoned in America I had to fire a furnace. That was hades."

TO STUDY EARTHQUAKES.

Leading Nations of the World Invited by Kaiser to Meet in Conference.

An international investigation of earthquakes will probably be the next great inquiry jointly taken up by the leading nations of the world. Emperor William is taking the lead in this movement, doubtless not desiring to have the czar of Russia suggest all the propositions having a tendency to bring the civilized peoples closer together.

Germany has invited the United States, all the European countries, Mexico, Japan, Brazil, Argentine, and Chili, to participate in a conference for the study of seismological problems. The invitation to this government was given directly to the state department by Count Von Quadt, German charge d'affaires. He acted under instructions from Berlin. It is proposed to hold the international conference some time next spring.

All the countries invited to participate are expected to send delegates. They will naturally be scientists of high standing and especially those whose duties bring them in contact with the general topic of earthquakes and disturbances of the earth's crust. No action looking to the calling of the convention will be taken until a considerable number of the nations requested to send delegates has replied to the invitation sent by Germany.

Officials here are much interested in the proposition advanced by the German government. Its importance is materially enhanced by reaction of the recent eruption on the islands of Martinique and St. Vincent. It is expected this government will accept the invitation, although no definite decision will be reached until the return of Secretary Hay.

In the event of participation expert scientists will be designated as delegates.

Half-Sick
"I first used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the fall of 1848. Since then I have taken it every spring as a blood-purifying and nerve-strengthening medicine."
S. T. Jones, Wichita, Kans.
If you feel run down, are easily tired, if your nerves are weak and your blood is thin, then begin to take the good old standard family medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
It's a regular nerve lifter, a perfect blood builder. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.
Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

THREE STORIES IN ALL.

How a Witty Guide Described Mr. Cleveland's Boathouse.

During Clevealnd's first term as president he had built for himself a handsome boathouse on the shore of Upper Saranac lake, near the Saranac Inn. It was a long, low affair, with a deep excavation beneath for the storing of boats and fishing tcakle. Dave Kronk, a famous guide of the region, never tired of describing the glories of the president's boathouse, which he regarded as the real wonder of the neighborhood. On one occasion Richard Harding Davis, then a reporter in Philadelphia, visited the president socially, and was met at the station by a native, who said he had been sent with his wagon to drive the guest to the inn.

"There is Mr. Cleveland's new three story boathouse," he said, passing the structure.

"Three-story?" asked Mr. Davis. "I see but one."

"Well," said the native, "there's the story you see, the story underneath, and the story Dave Kronk's allus tellin' about it."

Positive Proof.

Judge— hat proof have you that this man s absent minded?

Attorney—Why, he actually stopped his automobile at a wtaering fountain.

SLICKERS?
WHY TOWER'S FISH BRAND OF COURSE!
THE STANDARD BRAND OF WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT
Made in black or yellow of the best materials and sold with our warrant by reliable dealers everywhere.
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS. ESTABLISHED 1856.

Take Time for the "Good Things."

Come back into the life of thought again! Read and converse with family and friends. Get out your music, and practice again at the piano and organ. Go to church on Sunday even if the Sunday dinner must be plain as a consequence. Take time to think. Concentrate into little time the necessary home work; master it, and do not let it master you. Choose what shall occupy your thoughts, what shall engage your tongue and what shall take up your time. Stop living in the small tea-cup round of house-work and neighborhood society. Live with your children. That is the only way you can live for them. Enter into their higher life. Learn to foster the first sparks of generous ambition, and to fan into a glow the early and feeble glimmerings of deep feeling. Give up what is small, and see that you learn to know great from small and to choose wisely. Art, literature and music, all the refinements of intellectual and emotional being, stand ready for those who invite them in.—Woman's Home Companion.

Pigmy Camels.

The western portion of Persia is inhabited by a species of camel which is a pigmy of its kind. These camels are snow white, and are on that account almost worshipped by the people. The shah presented the municipality of Berlin with two of these little wonders. The larger is 27 inches high and weighs 61 pounds. The other is four inches less, but the weight is not given.

Air.

"I tell you," said the landlord of the summer resort near the top of the mountain, "a man can't get too much of this pure air."

"No," gasped the tenderfoot, who was unused to the elevation. "I can't get half enough of it!"

Rheumatism

The liniment bottle and flannel strip are familiar objects in nearly every household. They are the weapons that have been used for generations to fight old Rheumatism, and are about as effective in the battle with this giant disease as the blunderbuss of our forefathers would be in modern warfare.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid, sour condition of the blood. It is filled with acrid, irritating matter that settles in the joints, muscles and nerves, and liniments and oils nor nothing else applied externally can dislodge these gritty, corroding particles. They were deposited there by the blood and can be reached only through the blood. Rubbing with liniments sometimes relieve temporarily the aches and pains, but these are only symptoms which are liable to return with every change of the weather; the real disease lies deeper, the blood and system are infected. Rheumatism cannot be radically and permanently cured until the blood has been purified, and no remedy does this so thoroughly and promptly as S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and sends a stream of rich, strong blood to the affected parts, which dissolves and washes out all foreign materials, and the sufferer obtains happy relief from the torturing pains.

SSS

S. S. S. contains no potash or other mineral, but is a perfect vegetable blood purifier and most exhilarating tonic. Our physicians will advise, without charge, all who write about their case, and we will send free our special book on Rheumatism and its treatment.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Partly Familiar With It.

"How do you manage to make two kinds of apples grow on one tree?" asked the alderman, who was on his vacation.

"I don't know as you'd understand it if I was to tell you," said the owner of the orchard, "but it's done by a process of graftin', and—"

"Oh, I know all about grafting," interrupted the alderman, impatiently. "What's that got to do with it?"

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Don't endanger it by using questionable or adulterated foods. Ask your grocer for Coffee, Spices, Baking Powder and Canned Goods called
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About the first thing the doctor says--
Then, "Let's see your tongue."
Because bad tongue and bad bowels go together. Regulate the bowels, clean up the tongue. We all know that this is the way to keep and look well.
You can't keep the bowels healthy and regular with purges or bird-shot pills. They move you with awful gripes, then you're worse than ever.
Now what you want is Cascarets. Go and get them today--Cascarets--in metal box--cost 10c. Take one! Eat it like candy, and it will work gently--while you sleep. It cures, that means it strengthens the muscular walls of the bowels, gives them new life. Then they act regularly and naturally. That's what you want. It's guaranteed to be found in
THE TONIC LAXATIVE
Cascarets
LIVER TONIC
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
10c. 25c. 50c.
ALL DRUGGISTS.
NEVER SOLD IN BULK.
CURE all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS to-day, for you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice; start with CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. 460
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