

## THE FAR BLUE HILLS.

Lift my eyes, and ye are ever there,  
Wrapped in the folds of the imperial air,  
And crowned with the gold of morn or  
Evening rare,  
O far blue hills.

Around you break the light of heaven all,  
There rolls away the Titans splendid ball,  
And there the circling suns of midnight  
fall,  
O far blue hills.

Wild bursts the hurricane across the land,  
Loud roars the cloud and smites with  
blazing brand;  
They pass, and silence comes, and there ye  
stand  
O far blue hills—

Your spirit fills the wide horizon round,  
And lays on all things here its peace pro-  
found,  
Till I forget that I am of the ground,  
O far blue hills—

Forget the earth to which I loved to cling,  
And soar away as on an eagle's wing,  
To be with you a calm steadfast thing,  
O far blue hills:

While small the care that seemed so great  
before,  
Faint as the breeze that fans your ledges  
o'er;  
Yes, 'tis the passing shadow, and no more,  
O far blue hills.

—(The Critic).

## MISS RUMY'S VACATION.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

A square of sunshine lay unheeded on Miss Ruhamah Battle's new sitting room carpet, and two flies buzzed unmolested about her green paper curtains.

Miss Ruhamah sat darning stockings in her old-fashioned rocking-chair and rocked uneasily as she darned.

An odor of burning from the kitchen grew very pungent before it reached her usually vigilant nostrils. When at last she dropped the stocking she was darning and hurried to the stove, her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Priscilla Peet, met her at the kitchen door.

"Good land, Rummy! I says to M'ria, 'If can't be,' says I. 'I've lived near neighbor to Rummy Battles for most thirty years, and I never smelled anything burnin' in her kitchen.' You must have something more'n common on your mind."

"If I hadn't I shouldn't never have baked that pie," said Miss Rummy as in a kind of patient dismay, she drew a blackened mass from her stove oven. "I don't set much by pastry. It comes so odd to do for one that I don't know what to do."

Miss Rummy was a large woman and slow of motion. Mrs. Peet, who was angular and wiry, watched her as she moved heavily about, taking thrifty care of all that remained of her pie.

"It must be a real relief to have nobody but yourself to do for," she said. "I tell you what it is, Rummy, you're all wore out. If I was you I'd go off somewhere and take a good long vacation. It's time you had a chance to be like other folks."

The two women had moved into the sitting room by this time; and Mrs. Peet, in neighborly fashion, took up the stocking Miss Rummy had dropped, and went energetically to work upon it.

Miss Rummy looked about for it vaguely, and then folded her hands in her large lap with a helpless gesture, and the heavy folds of her chin quivered.

"Why, Rummy, you be all wore out!" said Mrs. Peet, sympathetically. "You ain't had anything new to upset you?"

"Nothin' but what you was talkin' about. I've got to have a vacation! The doctor he's been sayin' so ever since I had the influenzy in the spring and Nahum's folks they're set upon it; but I'm sure I don't see how I can manage it. It's a dreadful upsettin' idea."

"Land sakes, Rummy Battles, you can go just as well as not! I should like to know what's to hinder you, with no men folks, nor hayin' nor anything on your mind, nor Nahum's got the farm; and you've earned a vacation if ever anybody did."

"Josiah's folks up to Hebron have always been wantin' me to come," said Miss Rummy; "but seems as if 'twas a good ways, and my second crop of peas is comin' on, and the fastenin' is broke on the buttery window, and my hens—"

"Now, Rummy, if you begin to reckon up hindrances like that, you'll never go. I know just how 'tis with some folks; and some can go off and leave everything at sixes and sevens, and never think anything about it. There was Emerette Smalledge, that kept school here when we was young. Do you remember how she went off to England in a sailin' vessel that some of her relations was captain of, and never waited to close her school?"

"Emerette never did seem to have a realizin' sense," said Miss Rummy.

"Why, I never thought, Rummy, that she was the one!"

"I don't know as it makes any difference that she was the one that Luthar Merridew married," said Miss Rummy, with a faint glow upon her soft and seamy old cheeks.

"Rummy Battles, Lizzy Ann and I was talkin' yesterday, and we both of us said we never see anybody that had done so much and give up so much for other folks as you have!"

Mrs. Peet spoke impulsively, and held her needle suspended above her stocking in an impressive pause.

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Rummy, smoothing out imaginary folds in her purple calico lap.

"'Tisn't that I think it's such great things to get married, good-sweet knows! But when a girl has a

good chance, and has been keepin' company for a long time, it does seem hard to give it up for the sake of takin' care of the old folks. And then your sister M'randy gettin' bedrid. I ain't sayin' that could help it; but we all know that some gets bedrid easier'n others; and your havin' to bring up her children, and then their clearin' right out and lookin' out for nobody but themselves when times was the hardest with you."

"They're all real well provided for, and that's a comfort," said Miss Rummy.

"Some folks always is," said Mrs. Peet, crisply. "M'randy, she was one of that kind. Now, Rummy, amongst neighbors, I be goin' to say—that, up or abed, M'randy was a real trial."

"I'm dretful lost without her," said Miss Rummy, wiping a moisture from the wrinkled corner of her eye.

"And then Nahum bringin' his folks right on to you when he got all run out and had a slack wife and, then gettin' the farm away from you, Lizzy Ann says when we was talkin' yesterday, says she, 'we've all fit and struggled, but there ain't none of us that's been such a slave to other folks as Rummy Battles; and it does seem real good that she's got to a breathin' place at last, with nobody to do for but herself, and enough to live on with what little preservin' and button-hole makin' she likes to do.'"

And says Lizzy Ann, says she, 'I shouldn't wonder a mite if she was better off now than she would 'a' been if she'd got married; for Luthar Merridew was one of them that fares out.' (I know it don't hurt your feelin's to have me sayin' it, Rummy, now that we're all of us along in years, and have got a realizin' sense of what men folks are.) Of course Luthar w'n't to blame for havin' a sunstroke, so'st he had to give up studyin' to be a minister, nor for havin' school keepin' disagree with him, nor for gettin' burnt out when he tried to keep store; but that kind of men that can't seem to bring anything to pass ain't dretful wearin' to their women folks. If he'd had a real smart wife like you, Rummy, things might have been diffrunt—beats all how queer things turns out! Well, if Emerette Smalledge hadn't wished her cake was dough before this time, I'll miss my guess! You never heard anything of 'em after they moved out West, did you, Rummy?"

"No," said Miss Rummy, "except a year or two after they went I heard they were kind of movin' round."

"Well, now, Rummy, you'd ought to feel how well off you be at last. And if I was you I'd go right off and take my vacation. I'd lock up and not come home till I was a mind to. Seems queer that you should feel as if you couldn't, now that your hands ain't full for the first time in your life."

"I wish I was real reckless like some," said Miss Rummy. "Seems as if I must be here to look after things; and there's dreadful things happenin' on railroads, all the time, and there's nothin' like your own victuals and your own bed, come night. But I ain't one to flinch when duty calls. The doctor says I'd ought to go, and I'm goin'. I ain't been through so many tryin' things to give out now."

"Beats all how you feel about it," said Mrs. Peet. "Now if I had your chance! And I'm one that's real care-takin', too."

"We ain't all got the same gifts, Priscilla," said Miss Rummy, with a little touch of dignity.

Mrs. Peet hastened to make neighborly offers of care of the second crop of peas, the hens, the canary bird, and to give practical advice about the buttery window.

"I haven't written to Josiah's folks. I thought I'd like to take 'em by surprise, and, besides, you can't never tell what may happen. I calculate to start next Monday. Seems as if 'twas a good time, because you can get all ready Saturday and have the Sabbath to kind of compose your mind."

But Monday came and poor Miss Rummy had not composed her mind. She was in such a state of perturbation that she packed and unpacked her great, old fashioned carpetbag a dozen times—not even her grim determination and sense of duty could fortify Miss Rummy to the extent of taking a trunk, and three times after everything was settled she went over to Priscilla Peet's to give her more minute instructions about the care of the hens, and the vigilance necessary to guard them from marauding skunks.

And, after all, she was ready, with her castle well defended, an hour before stage time. It seemed to Miss Rummy that in all her anxious, toil-some life she had never known so long an hour as that.

The stage left her at the Carmel Station. It was a hundred miles to Hebron, and there were two changes upon the way. For a while the perils of the journey absorbed all Miss Rummy's thoughts; but by the time she reached Cherryfield Junction, where the first change of cars was to be made, her anxious mind had returned to the dangers that had threatened her deserted dwelling, and she longed wearily for a cup of her own tea.

There was another woman waiting in the station at Cherryfield Junction. She was "very much of a lady," Miss Rummy said to herself, regarding with a little doubt her own attire, which had been chosen for durability and made after a fashion that would last.

In the sewing circle at home she had been earnestly advised not to make acquaintances on her journey; but she was nevertheless very glad when the lady spoke to her, beging with a comment upon the weather and the unpleasantness of traveling alone, and she was sorry to hear that

they were not to travel in the same direction. Miss Rummy's overcharged heart was longing for sympathy.

There was an hour and a half to wait, and Miss Rummy invited her companion to share the substantial lunch which, with much thought and advice from her friends, she had provided. Under the influence of the luncheon, and of some tea which they procured from the station restaurant, the stranger, who had been somewhat reserved, grew confidential. She had not been in this part of the country for years; she was going to Corinna to visit relatives, and she hoped they would remember her.

"Land sakes! Why Corinna joins Carmel where I live," exclaimed Miss Rummy, conscious of a pleasing bond.

"Then perhaps you know Cap'n Bijah Lord's folks?"

There was a quiver of anxiety in the woman's voice; and as she suddenly threw up her little dotted and frilled veil her eyes looked, as Miss Rummy afterward said, like "a hunted creturer's."

"Land, I guess I did. But Cap'n Bijah, he died a consid'able spell ago, and his wife, she was took blind and went off to Vermont to live with her nephew. The boys, they followed the sea, and Laban settled way off in New Zealand, and nobody ever knew what become of Timothy."

"They're all gone?" faltered the woman. "I'd ought to have found out before I come clear on here."

Now that her veil was raised, Miss Rummy could see that her face was wrinkled and worn, and its bloom, which had impressed Miss Rummy as very beautiful, was too evidently artificial to deceive even her guileless eyes. Her black silk was worn almost threadbare, and all her little careful fripperies of lace and jewelry were cheap.

"Ambrose Richey's folks, they ain't all gone? Ambrose is my cousin, and I expect they think hard of it that I ain't been to see 'em before."

There was keen anxiety in the stranger's voice, although she tried to speak easily.

"Well, Ambrose, he kind of took to drink," said Miss Rummy, trying to express herself delicately, in the matter of her new friend's relatives. "And Mary Olive has had a terrible hard time to keep her seven children off from the town; and this summer her mother's there a-dyin' with a cancer. They ain't what you could call in real good trim for company."

The woman's face changed color so that the pink and white powder looked like a mask upon it.

"I guess they'll be glad to see me—or somebody will," she said, rallying with a forced laugh. "I used to visit in Corinna considerable when I was a girl, and I kept school in the North Carmel district."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Miss Rummy, in a flutter of excitement. "I've been a-thinkin' all along that you kind of favored somebody—you ain't?" she that was Emerette Smalledge?"

"Why yes, I am! But you've got the advantage of me. You see I've been about considerable, and seen a good many people," returned the other, reassuming the fine lady air which had been gradually slipping from her.

"I'm Rummy Battles," said Miss Rummy, flushing all over her gentle old face.

"Well, it seems queer that I didn't remember you—you look so natural now," exclaimed her friend. "Luthar, he always spoke of you." She raised her lace-trimmed handkerchief to her eyes. "He passed away seven years ago. Luthar wasn't so high-spirited as I am; but he always made a real good appearance. I've been livin' with my son; but he married beneath him, and his wife ain't one that I can get along with. I ain't been well since last winter; this cough hangs on to me—a raspy cough interrupted her at intervals—"and I felt as if Maud was wearin' on me, so I'd better go a-visitin' for a spell. There was—was considerable many mouths to feed, too," she looked piteously into Miss Rummy's face; "and Luthar didn't leave me real well off."

"I wish 'twas so I w'n't goin' on a vacation," said Miss Rummy. "I should be real pleased to have you come and make me a good long visit."

"I was 'lottin' on makin' you a visit," said her friend. "Seems real unfortunate that I've come so far; and I don't know as I've got money enough—with me—"

"It's what I'd ought to do to take you right home with me!" cried Miss Rummy, joyfully; and there arose before her eyes a serene and lovely vision of her own cup of tea and her own bed. "Now, don't you feel a mite bad about my losin' my vacation, because I don't. Come to think of it, I couldn't go on, anyhow, because I've forgot the pleurisy pills that I made for Josiah; nobody can make 'em but me; and Josiah's wife wrote that he was needin' 'em. I can send 'em right along. There's more'n an hour now before the train goes back"—consulting the time table on the wall—"and we'll take a walk over to the cemetery there,—pointing across the railroad track and a stubbly field to where some white stones gleamed through the trees. "Lyman Peter's folks that used to live at Carmel moved over here, and I shouldn't wonder if some of 'em was buried there. Anyway, it's always real pleasant to walk in the graveyard."

They spent an hour delightfully, finding the graves of Lyman Peter's and his first wife, and speculating upon the probable fortunes of his second wife, and in reminiscences of other mutual acquaintances of their youth. As they settled themselves in the train Miss Rummy said that she "had had a beautiful vacation."

She repeated that sentiment to Priscilla Peet when that good woman's astonishment had sufficiently subsided to allow her to listen. Miss Rummy had established her visitor in her cool and dainty spare chamber, where she was speedily resuming all the airs and graces which had struck Miss Rummy on their first meeting.

"You do beat all, Rummy Battles!" was Mr. Peet's breathless exclamation. "She's got old-fashioned consumption, and you've got her to do for as long as she lives! You'll toil and slave for her jest as you did for all the rest!"

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Rummy, vaguely. But as she bustled about her cheerful house her face was full of serene joy.—(The Independent).

## A Famous Old Clock.

The Grand Lodge of Masons in this city has just come into possession of a very interesting relic in the shape of a grandfather's clock that struck the hours for Yorktown Lodge in the troubled days when George Washington, Lafayette and other officers of the Continental Army used to visit it and attend its sessions. The lodge ceased to exist in 1812, and the old clock was probably sold with the rest of the furniture. It was unearthed in a Baltimore pawnshop by Dr. A. B. Lyman, of Lyman, Md.

The Doctor, who is a prominent Mason in his vicinity, had his attention attracted by the figuring on the dial, which showed it to be a Masonic clock. He traced back its history and established beyond doubt that it was made for the Yorktown Lodge in 1781 by John Fisher, whose name and home town are engraved on the dial. Remembering the historic associations of that lodge he was not slow in rescuing it from the junkshop.

The clock has been placed in the east end of the library in the Masonic Temple. It is an eight-day clock, in a mahogany case, and stands about eight feet high. On the brass dial are engraved the Masonic square and compass, the columns and the mosaic pavement, with the name, "John Fisher, Yorktown." It shows the day of the month and the phases of the moon correctly. The moon is represented by the face of a young damsel with very ruddy cheeks, that is alternately hiding behind a brass earth and a brass sun, while the stars of the firmament stare in wonder.

Despite its 112 years the old clock keeps good time. It strikes 12 sometimes when it should strike 1; but the grand officers consider this nothing against it. Modern clocks have been known to be as erratic. A Broadway clockmaker, has been charged with investigating its interior mechanism to see what causes it to stray from the path of strict sobriety. As to the phases of the moon, it is said that they have not varied from the almanac five minutes in two years.—[New York Sun.

## How Ice Forms.

On the surface of a river or water exposed to the air ice is made by the coldness of the air against the top of the water. When water is cooled thus it at first shrinks in size, and, therefore, sinks below the less cold water next to it. This in turn gets cooler, and shrinks and sinks, and so on, till the water from the top to bottom is lowered to four degrees above centigrade zero. As soon as the water gets colder than this it begins to swell, and, therefore, no longer sinks as before, but stays on the top, and, if the cooling still goes on till zero centigrade is reached, it begins to turn into ice. When, by the colder air a-top of it, as much heat is taken away from this water at zero as would have raised a pound of water at zero to a pound of water at seventy-nine degrees centigrade, a pound of ice is formed; and when twice as much, two pounds, and so on, till, if the air above the water keeps cold enough, the whole of the water will in time be made into ice.

Perhaps the most satisfactory way of all for producing ice in large quantities is that of compressing dried air by means of a force-pump into strong wrought iron cylinders. As the air is forced into the cylinders it gives out the heat it contains to surround-objects colder than itself. When again allowed to expand the air requires this heat once more and takes it from anything it touches. If, therefore, a vessel of water is held in the stream of air issuing from such a wrought-iron cylinder, the water loses its heat to the expanding air and gets frozen. This process is in use on vessels bringing the carcasses of sheep and bullocks from Australia and America.—[Atlanta Constitution.

## American Timber Becoming Scarce.

The supply of timber available for lumber purposes will be entirely exhausted within a few years. It is becoming very difficult to buy really desirable tracts of timber land now, and if the ratio of building operations during the past twenty years is kept up for the next twenty, the present woods cannot be obtained. There is no section where there is any considerable extent of virgin forest, and, while as yet a second cut on lands once culled is fairly profitable it is because trees are taken now that would not have been deemed worth anything a few years ago. Walnut and cherry are practically gone, and pine has been very perceptibly decreased and the poplar is rapidly disappearing. There is no replanting done and no attention paid to improving the size and quality of the smaller growth of trees.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## AMBER AND AMBEROID.

### Hardened Gums of Trees that Flourished Millions of Years Ago.

A. Becker, of East Prussia, a member of the firm who own and operate the greatest amber mines in the world, the Anna and the Palmnicken, located on the north coast of the Baltic Sea, said recently:

"Our firm supplies over 90 per cent. of the amber and amberoid sold in the markets of Europe, Great Britain, Asia, Japan, China, and America. Amberoid is the result of small pieces of amber compressed into one solid mass by hydraulic pressure. We employ in our mines and manufacturing processes about 2,000 people, who prepare our products for the market, ready for the manufacturer. We make no manufactured goods. Our output is the crude material and amounts annually to about \$1,000,000." Mr. Becker then exhibited an elegant cigarette holder of whitish amber ornamented with gold. "This holder," said he, "exclusive of its mounting, is worth \$8." Continuing, he said, "Very little of the real amber is shipped to the United States. Most of that which is called amber here is only amberoid.

"Amber is the gum of a conifer, but of what species no one knows. It belonged to the first period of vegetation of the earth. No one knows in what climate these trees grew, and no fossil traces of them are left for the geologist. It is not improbable that they produced amber and were stately trees millions of years ago. Dr. R. Klebs, of Konigsberg, the highest authority on this subject in the world, says there are 2,000 different varieties of insects found imprisoned in amber, and this gives us a pretty correct idea of the fauna in the remote age in which they lived. They give us besides evidences of that period of which we have no other trace. It is very interesting to compare these insects with those now existing, as the common fly, for example. Others, again, are entirely different, showing extinct species. Dr. Klebs's theory is that the amber was carried to East Prussia during the glacial epoch and imbedded in the blue earth where it is found. This blue earth is very heavy clay, and the strata vary in thickness from three to twenty-seven feet. Dr. Klebs considers that this imbedding process occurred in what geologists term the tertiary period.

"The right to mine amber or to take it from the sea dates back to the first knights who colonized East Prussia appeared—in the fifteenth century. They had the primary right to mine. Subsequently the right merged in the Government, which granted the privilege to private parties for an annual consideration. My firm pays to the Prussian Government every year 1,000,000 marks for the right, which equals about \$250,000 in your money. We mine and market between eighty and ninety different sizes of amber for shipping. The largest and most perfect specimens are made into mouth pieces for pipes, etc., and the smaller pieces are made into the interior of steamships, railroad coaches, and on fine furniture.—[St. Paul Globe.

## Reaching for Columbus' Laurels.

Captain Gambier goes a step further than the assertion that Columbus did not know what he was discovering, and denies him the merit of having discovered at all. The first sight of America, he says in the Fortnightly, was obtained by one Jean Cousin of Dieppe in 1488, four years before the arrival of Columbus at San Salvador. Cousin actually sailed up the Amazon River, which he called after the native name "Maragnon." On board his vessel was a man named Pincon, who was tried and punished for insubordination on the return to Dieppe. Being banished from France this Pincon made his way to Palos, in Spain, and though there is no direct evidence that Columbus sought him out and obtained information as to Cousin's voyage it is a remarkable fact that one of Columbus' vessels was actually commanded by a man of this name, who was accompanied by two brothers. The principal thing to be said in opposition to Captain Gambier's theory is that France, which assiduously lays claim to every scientific invention and discovery that can be named, has never been known to put forward a pretension to the discovery of America. Perhaps after this she will.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

## The Canary's Mirror.

Not long ago my wife purchased a canary at a bird store. It had been accustomed to companions of its kind at the store, but at our house it was entirely alone. The pretty little songster was evidently homesick. It would not sing, it would not eat, but drooped and seemed to be pining away. We talked to it, and tried by every means in our power to cheer the bird up, but all in vain. My wife was on the point of carrying the bird back to the store when one day a friend said, "Get him a piece of looking-glass." Acting on this suggestion, she tied a piece of a broken mirror about the size of a man's hand on the outside of the cage. The little fellow hopped down from his perch almost immediately, and going up close looked in, seemingly delighted. He chirped and hopped about, singing all the pretty airs he was master of. He never was homesick after that. He spends most of his time before the glass, and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down as close to the glass as he can, thinking, very likely, that he is getting near to the pretty bird he sees so often.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## DEATH ON CHOLERA GERMS.

### Tobacco Soon Destroys the Bactilli of the Deadly Oriental Plague.

Some interesting investigations have been made on the vitality of cholera organisms on tobacco by Wernicke, says Nature. Small pieces of linen soaked in cholera-broth cultures were rolled up in various kinds of tobacco, and the latter were made into cigars. At the end of twenty-four hours only a few bacilli were found on the linen, and none on the leaf. On sterile and dry tobacco leaves, the bacilli disappeared in one-half to three hours after inoculation. On moist, unsterilized leaves they disappeared in from one to three days, but on moist and sterile leaves in from two to four days. When introduced into a 5 per cent. tobacco infusion (ten grams of leaves to 200 grams of water), however, they retained their vitality up to thirty-three days, but in a more concentrated infusion (one gram of leaves to two grams of water) they succumbed in twenty-four hours. When enveloped in tobacco smoke they were destroyed in broth cultures, as well as in sterilized and unsterilized saliva, in five minutes. Another authority describes a series of experiments in which he prepared broth cultures of different pathogenic microbes, and conducted through them the smoke from various kinds of tobacco. Out of thirty-three separate investigations, in only three were the cholera organisms alive after thirty minutes' exposure to tobacco fumes. But in actual experience the apparent antiseptic properties of tobacco have not frequently been met with; thus, during the influenza epidemic in 1889, Visall mentions the remarkable immunity from this disease which characterized the operatives in tobacco manufactures; that in Genoa, for example, out of 1,200 work people thus engaged, not one was attacked; while in Rome the numbers were so insignificant that the work was never stopped, and no precautions were considered necessary.

## A Folly of Fashion.

The quantity of rouge worn during the recent Ascot week was the subject of much comment. The fashion of painted cheeks and lips has been revived with much intensity this season, and the coloring seems to be applied without discretion, so palpable is the artifice. It has been suggested that the very numerous and brilliant tints combined in dresses and on hats have induced this method of playing up to them, in order to prevent the face from being completely extinguished by the bright colors. The effect, however, is far from pleasing.

## Man's Fall.

Since the original fall of man we have had some signal examples of great falls—not to include Niagara or the immense fall in values which the times have brought about—in the nature of accidents which waylay man at all times. One such is that of Mr. George W. Lord, Olanta, Pa., who says he fell down stairs and suffered four weeks with a sprained back. The use of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured him. Mr. G. Boeder, 609 E. 17th St., Omaha, Neb., relates that he jumped from his engine in collision and sustained a very bad sprain to his ankle; he had to use a cane for weeks, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Never fall out with so good a thing.

## Six Tons of Hay Per Acre.

That is seldom reached, but when Salzer's Extra Grass Mixtures are sown this is possible. Over fifty kinds of grass and clover sorts. Largest growers of farm seeds in the world. Alsike Clover is the hardest; Crimson Clover is the quickest growing; Alfalfa Clover is the best fertilizing clover, while Salzer's Extra Grass Mixtures make the best meadow in the world.

## Blood Poison

After Approach of Death, New Life by Taking Hood's.



Mr. Wm. E. Greenholts, Baltimore, Md.

"For four years I was in intense suffering with an abscess on my thigh. It discharged freely and several times.

## Pieces of Bone Came Out.

Last February I had to take my bed for four weeks, and then I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I soon got on my feet, but was very weak and went to the Maryland University Hospital, where they said my trouble was chronic blood poisoning and gave me little hope. I returned home and continued taking Hood's. I have used six bottles and the abscess has entirely disappeared, and I have been in

## Fine Health Ever Since.

I know it had not been for Hood's Sarsaparilla I should be in my grave. I have gained in weight from 15 a year ago to 170 pounds to-day. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures liver ailments, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures. I praise Hood's Sarsaparilla for it all. Wm. E. GREENHOLTS, 1812 Hanover St., Baltimore, Md.