

## THE SONG I NEVER SING.

As when in dreams we sometimes hear  
A melody so faint and fine,  
And musically sweet and clear,  
It flavors all the atmosphere  
With harmony divine  
So often in my waking dreams  
I hear a melody that seems  
Like fairy voices whispering  
To me the song I never sing.

Sometimes when brooding o'er the years  
My lavish youth has thrown away,  
When all the glowing past appears  
But as a mirage that my tears  
Have crumbled to decay,  
I thrill to find the ache and pain  
Of my remorse is stilled again,  
As forward bent and listening,  
I hear the song I never sing.

A murmuring of rhythmic words,  
Adrift on tones whose currents flow  
Melodious with the thrill of birds  
And far off lowing of the herds  
In lands of long ago;  
And every sound the truant loves  
Comes to me like the coo of doves,  
When first in blooming fields of spring  
I hear the song I never sing.

The echoes of old voices, wondrous  
In limpid streams of laughter where  
Theriver Time runs bubbly crownéd,  
And giddy eddies ripple round  
The lilies growling there:  
Where roses, ben'g o'er the brink  
Drain their own kisses as they drink,  
And ivies climb and twine and cling  
About the song I never sing.

An ocean surge of sound that falls  
As though a tide of heavenly art  
Had tempest the gleaming halls  
And crested o'er the golden walls  
In showers upon my heart  
Thus, thus, with open arms and eyes  
Uplifted toward the alien skies  
Forgetting every earthly thing,  
I hear the song I never sing.  
James Whitcomb Riley.

## A MONTEREY PASTORAL.

By KATE P. SIEGHOLD.

Father Gaspard was selected by the Father Superior at Monterey to carry a message to the Mission San Juan, forty miles away. He was offered a horse to ride, but refused it, and started on foot.

It was May, the most delightful month in the year, and Father Gaspard, free from the restraint of the mission, beguiled the way by singing and soliloquizing something after this wise:

"Indeed no; I feel far safer on my own legs than on the back of an impish bronco that plants his four feet all together in one small spot and humps his back like a fiend incarnate. Did not I myself see the Father Superior's face blanch when he mounted him to ride down the coast?"

Father Gaspard was strong and in good health, barring a threatened obesity and a shortness of leg, but with the aid of a stout oaken staff he made good progress. A light reflection at midday and a short siesta so refreshed him that he almost seemed to trot, so fast did the ups and downs of the mountain trail speed under his feet.

He passed the night with a herdsman, who shared with him his simple fare, and in the morning, after giving the man his blessing, proceeded on his way through the mountain pass, to the edge of the Salinas River. Tucking his gown around his waist and carrying his sandals in his hand he forded the stream in a shallow place, mounted the bank, and drew long breaths of delight at the view before him.

The valley stretched leagues away to the south, where the mountains seemed to meet the sand dunes separating it from the sea on the west. There were no landmarks of any kind, not a tree, shrub or rock—only an unbroken prairie of verdure and flowers, azure sky overhead, and a gentle breeze moving the grass.

The good father hastened on. Well he knew that later in the day these great Salinas plains were the very nozzles of the bellows through which the trade winds swept, and toward evening a terror to travelers from the fog that rolled in from the sea, enveloping, drenching and bewildering them so it was folly to continue their journey. They must stop where they were until the next morning, when the welcome trade winds once more arose and drove the fog away in fantastic clouds over the mountains.

It was the good priest's intention to cross the plains and reach the ranch of Don Manuel on the Gabilan, where he would pass the night, sure of a kindly welcome and good cheer. But about noon, suffering from heat, fatigue and the pangs of hunger, he bethought himself of a shepherd who tended the sheep of Don Manuel, with whom he had stopped once or twice when overtaken by the fog, and who had the knack of frying frijoles most deliciously.

Yes, there to the right was the hut, and a short distance away the flock. So the priest turned from his course, and soon reached the shepherd's hut. He sat down on a bench by the door until he recovered his breath. Then putting his hands to his mouth, called loudly, "Pedro! Oh, Pedro!"

The sheep were huddled together in groups, heads to the ground, their woolly backs resisting the heat of the sun. At his call some lifted their heads, but the shepherd did not rise from his sleep on the ground, as Father Gaspard expected. Instead, the black head of a shepherd dog lifted itself on the further side of the flock. Then circling around it, he came bounding and leaping toward the priest. On reaching him he ran around and around, barking, jumping and trying to lick his face.

Father Gaspard laughed and said: "Is it thou, Domingo? This is a cordial greeting, but where is thy master, Pedro? Is the sluggard asleep in the grass?"

The dog showed all his teeth, and bent himself almost double first one side the other in the violent wags of his tail. He ran a little way, then lay down and rested his head on his paws an instant, then ran up to the priest again, omitting sharp, quick yelps. He repeated this again and again, but as the priest only laughed the dog took hold of his gown with his teeth, and backing off tried to pull him along.

"Oh, well, then; I come," said the priest indulgently, and followed the dog, who trotted toward a clump of tall grass, looking back every few steps to see if Father Gaspard was close behind.

"Is it a fox hole thou wouldst show me? Or only a squirrel's? Oh, it is the lazy shepherd. Awake, Pedro!" said the priest, reaching down to shake the prostrate form, but he started back, for it was not that of a sleeping man, but a dead one.

"How is this?" cried Father Gaspard, in distress. "Pedro dead? and of what ailment?" He turned the body over. "Thou hast lain here many days, my poor Pedro. Already the fog and sun have rotted thy garments and disfigured thy face. Thou art offensive and must be buried. And who has guarded the flock?"

He looked at the dog, who wagged his tail.

"Thou, Domingo! by thyself? Truly, thou art a noble fellow, and shalt have thy reward. The man must be buried, at least temporarily."

Father Gaspard scanned the valley in all directions. No one was to be seen; no traveler or vaquero that could be called to help.

He went back to the hut and opened the door. It was in good order, showing that the shepherd had not lain there sick. Looking around he found a small spade, and took a blanket, which was folded on a pile of dry grass, to wrap the body in. Then he went back to the dead man.

It was no easy task to dig the grave alone and get the body in it, but he went bravely to work, and cheered by an occasional visit from the dog, by the time the first harbingers of the fog—in the form of a fleecy mist—floated over the sand dunes, it was accomplished.

Father Gaspard went back to the hut, worn and weary, indeed, and cooked some frijoles, and found some meat, of which he made a cake and baked it in the ashes of his fire. He offered some to the dog, who only sniffed at it and would not eat. The priest, seated at the door of the hut, saw Domingo round up the sheep and lead them toward the corral.

There were many hundreds, and he drove them carefully and without haste safely inside, all but one lagard, a half grown lamb, which came bleating and running to join the others.

The dog stood at the entrance of the enclosure, but instead of letting the lamb pass he sprang at his throat and bore it to the ground, lapping eagerly the warm blood that flowed from the lacerated wound. As soon as it ceased its struggles he tore the flesh from its bones and ate ravenously.

Father Gaspard was angry, and shouting to the dog tried to drive him from the lamb, but Domingo growled and would not obey.

Having finished the meal, he dragged the body away from the corral and began to dig a hole. When he considered it deep enough he pushed the lamb in, but dragged it out again and dug the hole a little wider. In the lamb was flung again—once more and turned around. Then, apparently satisfied, he pushed it in and covered it up, shoving the earth over it with his nose.

Then he went to the gate of the corral, selected a place to rest, licked his paws, turned around and around several times, lay down, and rolling himself up went to sleep.

Father Gaspard watched this wantonness on the part of the dog with great distress; then, too weary to set up longer, he entered the hut, and on the shepherd's bed of grasses slept the sleep of fatigue and innocence.

In the morning he was awakened by the barks of the dog and the tramp of the sheep as they were driven out to graze. After eating the remains of the beans and meal cake he sat on the bench and wondered what was best to do. Should he remain there and guard the flock from the dog, and await someone's coming, to send word to Don Manuel, or should he hasten himself to the ranch and have a shepherd sent with other dogs.

He felt a cold nose on his hand and looking down saw Domingo wagging a cheerful good morning. Father Gaspard pushed him aside and said:

"Away Domingo, thou art no more a friend of mine. Thou art an unfaithful servant; even now thy jaws are red with the blood of that innocent lamb. No wonder thou disdainest the frijoles I offered thee for thy supper, thou hast something better in store. Thou shalt be dealt with according to thy crime. I will tell Don Manuel of thy treachery and thou shalt be shot, an ignominious death for a dog. Or if thou shouldst escape, as I have no rope to tie thee, thou shalt drag out a miserable life in the mountains, like the thievish coyote, and like him be hated and hunted. It is a true saying that once a shepherd dog tastes the blood of a sheep he is never more to be trusted. It is worse than the thirst of men for wine."

Domingo sat on his haunches be-

fore the priest and listened to this tirade, his head on one side, his eyes fixed on those of his denunciator, and his tongue lolling out of his mouth, except when the priest paused, then he drew it in and swallowed. His sharp ears stood up and pointed forward and back from the priest to the sheep. Occasionally his eyes would roll toward the flock, and the little brown spots above them seemed also to move. Ever on the alert, he now dashed away to see if they were safe.

Father Gaspard grasped his staff and arose to go, hoping to reach the ranch and send a shepherd back before night. Suddenly a thought struck him, and he sat down again.

"What would have kept the dog from starving since the shepherd died, if he had not eaten a lamb now and then. Yes, it had to be, for the good of the flock the dog must be fed. He killed the lamb quietly, not alarming the rest."

Father Gaspard called him by name, and when he came running up stroked his head tenderly.

"Domingo mio, I was overhasty and have done thee injustice. Dost forgive me for my blindness and harsh words? Yes, I see no malice in thy honest face. Thou needst no words to express thy forgiveness, it is shown in thy clear brown eyes, and the vocabulary of thy tail and ears. I will tell the Don of thy faithfulness and thou shalt be canonized among dogs. Thou art no longer young, I myself, have known thee a number of years. Thou shalt be relieved of the care and labor of the field, and live at the rancho, where the Don will give thee a place by the fire, and will stroke thy head like this, as he tells the story of thy sagacity."

Light of heart, Father Gaspard started once more on his way toward the Gabilan. At evening he reached the edge of the mountain, and looking back saw nothing but a sea of fog. But had it been clear he might have seen a shower of dirt and grass flung high in the air, caused by Domingo in the act of resurrecting the remains of the lamb for his supper.

### HOW GRANT WHEELER DIED.

#### A Notorious Bandit Chose Suicide Rather Than Captivity.

With officers of the law hard upon his trail Grant Wheeler, the train robber, avoided capture recently by sending a revolver bullet through his brain. Wheeler was a desperate character and the wildest of the ruffians with whom he associated. The robbery in which he figured and for which he was hunted to his death occurred on Thursday, January 31, when the West bound overland mail was stopped near Wilcox, Arizona Territory. Two masked men, one of whom was Wheeler, forced the brakeman to divide the train, afterward taking charge of the section to which the express car was coupled. The messenger in charge made his escape and gave the alarm to the authorities at Wilcox. The safe was blown open with dynamite and the contents, aggregating a large sum, carried off in a sack.

A rigid investigation followed, and the crime was fastened with considerable certainty upon Wheeler and a cowboy named Joe George. Suspicion also lighted, though not quite so directly, upon two other men, named Trainor and Davis. The most promising clew obtainable put Special Officer Breckinridge, of the Southern Pacific Railway, Deputy Sheriff Jos Smith and L. C. Williams hard on the track of Wheeler. They surprised him just as he was cooking breakfast in a ditch near the little town of Manco, in southern Colorado. Williams talked within a few feet of the train robber and ordered him to throw up his hands. He refused and started to run. Williams pulled the trigger of his Winchester, but the weapon missed fire. Wheeler turned at bay in a small ravine, whence he sent a revolver bullet whistling past Williams' head. The latter, with his companions, advanced upon Wheeler, who immediately killed himself. Wheeler was 27 years old and of medium stature, but athletic in build. His confederates in the train robbery are still at large, though there is an even chance of their capture. After they looted the train they separated, each, it is supposed, taking different routes to avoid capture. When Wheeler's person was searched after death but 30 cents was found in his pockets. A peculiar incident connected with the robbery was the fact that the bandits, when laying their explosives on the safe, piled over them eighteen sacks, each containing one thousand Mexican dollars. The terrific explosion scattered the coin in all directions.

### CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

#### His Force Overwhelmed By Sitting Bull's Braves.

On June 25 Custer struck Sitting Bull's main trail and eagerly pursued it across the divide into the Little Big Horn valley. Expecting battle, he detached Major Reno with seven of his twelve companies to cross the Little Big Horn, descend it, and strike the foe from the west; but Reno was soon attacked and held at bay, being besieged in all more than twenty-four hours. Meantime, suddenly coming upon the lower end of the Indians' immense camp, the gallant Custer and his braves, without an instant's hesitation, advanced into the jaws of death. Balaklava was pastime to this, for here not one "rode back." "All that was left of them," after a few minutes, was some 200 mostly unrecognizable corpses. Finding himself outnumbered twelve or more to one—the Indians mustered at least 2,500 warriors, beside a caravan of boys and squaws—Custer had dismounted his horses, who, planting themselves

mainly on two hills some way apart, the advance one held by Custer, the other by Captains Keogh and Calhoun, prepared to sell their lives dearly. By waving blankets and uttering their hellish yells they stamped many of the cavalry horses, which carried off precious ammunition in their saddle bags. Lining up just behind a ridge they would rise quickly, fire at the soldiers, and drop, exposing themselves little, but drawing Custer's fire, so causing additional loss of sorely needed bullets. The whites' ammunition spent, the dismounted savages rose, fired, and whooped like the demons they were, while the mounted ones, lashing their ponies, charged with infinite venom, overwhelming Calhoun and Keogh, and lastly Custer himself. Indian boys then pranced over the fields on ponies, scalping and re-shooting the dead and dying. At the burial many a stark visage wore a look of horror.

### ABOUT THE BLUE JAY.

#### A Handsome Bird Which Is a Bully and a Coward.

From tall, straight chestnut trees a strong, vigorous note sounds afar, jay! jay! jay! The note moves about, falling successively from different but not very distant spots. In a few moments the eye lights upon its source—it is the blue jay, the handsomest and most mischievous of our birds. His pale blue crest distinguishes him at once; so do the white bars on wings and tail, brilliant dark blue wings and tail, pale throat decorated with a trim black collar; sharp black bill that carries a menace to the timid, set firm in front of the strong, erect head. It is a large bird, nearly twelve inches long, or about the size of the blackbird.

The bluejay has had a great share of attention from our writers. Long ago Audubon watched its habits closely as he followed it from its winter quarters in Carolina to its summer breeding places at the North. He says little good of it, for it is a predatory creature, robbing every nest it can find and sucking the eggs like a crow or tearing in pieces and devouring the young. "One of my friends," he says, "put a flying squirrel into the cage of a blue jay, merely to preserve it over night, but on looking into the cage the next morning he found the squirrel partly eaten." A jay destroyed all the birds in an aviary belonging to a man in Charleston. One after another had been killed; the rats were suspected, but no crevice could be found large enough to admit one. Then the mice were accused and war waged against them, but still the birds continued to disappear, first the smaller, then the larger, and finally the large Key West pigeons. At length the jay was found to be the destroyer. He was taken out and placed in a cage with a quantity of flour and several small birds which he had just killed. The birds he soon devoured, but the flour he would not touch, and refusing every other kind of food, he soon died. Audubon undertook to naturalize these birds in England. He went to the trouble of purchasing twenty or more of them to be sent to England and turned out in the woods there as they were slowly gathered into the big cage he had ordered.

"I was surprised," he says, "to see how cowardly each newly caught bird was when introduced to his brethren who, on being in the cage a day or two, were as gay and frolicsome as if in the woods. The newcomer, on the contrary, would run into a corner, place his head almost in a perpendicular position and remain silent and sulky, with an appearance of stupidity quite foreign to his nature. He would suffer all the rest to walk over him and trample him down without ever changing his position. If corn or fruit was presented to him or even close to his bill he would not so much as look at it. If touched with the hand he would cover, lie down on his side and remain motionless. The next day, however, things were altered; he was again a jay, taking up corn, placing it between his feet, hammering it with his bill, splitting the grain, picking out the kernel and dropping the divided husks. When the cage was filled it was amusing to listen to their hammering, all mounted on their perch, side by side, each pecking at a grain of maize like so many blacksmiths paid by the piece. They drank a great deal, roosted very peacefully close together and were very pleasing pets."

They bore the sea voyage apparently well, but all died soon after reaching Liverpool. These birds are very expert in discovering any quadruped hostile to birds. They will follow a cat or a fox, making a great outcry, as if they would bring every jay and crow to their aid. They are more tyrannical than brave, domineer over the feeble, dread the strongest, fly even from their equals. In many cases they are downright cowards. The cardinal bird will challenge a jay and beat him off his ground, though a much smaller bird; but with birds as with men, a little honest courage goes a long way against a thief. He creeps silently to the nests of absent birds, will go the rounds from one nest to another every day and suck the newly laid eggs, as regularly as a physician would call upon his patients. But the advantage is not always on his side, for on his return he sometimes finds his nest upset, the eggs all gone and his mate in the jaws of a snake.

Ready for the Cholera.

Two years ago there was an outbreak of cholera in France, and instructions were forwarded to the maire of a certain village to take all necessary precautions, as the epidemic was rapidly spreading.

At first our worthy magistrate did not know what to do. After a while, however, he reported that he was ready to receive the dread visitor. Upon inquiry being made, it was discovered that by his orders a sufficient number of graves had been dug in the local cemetery to bury the entire parish if required.

A Marine Velocipede.

Last winter a young Chicago genius took out a patent for an ice bicycle and now there is another at work on a marine bicycle. A machine of this nature has been patented within the last few weeks by a New Orleans man. He calls it a marine velocipede.

### THE REAL TROUBLE.

#### Why Kingley Did Not Like His New Home.

Bingo—Didn't you have some trouble in building your house?  
Kingley—Oh, a little. The architect made a slight mistake in the estimate, and it cost me \$1,000 more than I counted on.

Bingo—Was that all?  
Kingley—All? No, sir! The carpenters forgot there was such a thing as specifications, and left out a hall; but of course one shouldn't mind a little thing like that.

Bingo—Certainly not.  
Kingley—Then the pipes were put in wrong, and had to be replaced.  
Bingo—That usually happens.  
Kingley—Oh, yes. Then I neglected my business for three months trying to find the architect, and that cost me a pretty penny.

Bingo—But you expected that.  
Kingley—Certainly. After the place was finished I found my old furniture wouldn't do, and I had to get a new outfit! Then my cellar flooded, the roof leaked and the piazza warped; but these things aren't anything to the trouble I'm in now.

Bingo—What's the matter now?  
Kingley—I can't sell the house.

### Miles of Solid Ice.

The front of the glacier is about three miles wide, but the sheer middle, berg-producing portion that stretches across the inlet from side to side, like a huge green-and-blue barrier, is only about two miles wide, and its height above the water is from 250 to 300 feet. But soundings made by Captain Carroll show that 720 feet of the wall is below the surface, while a third unmeasured portion is buried beneath the moraine detritus, that is constantly deposited at the foot of it. Therefore, were the water and rocky detritus cleared away, a sheer precipice of ice would be presented nearly two miles long and more than a thousand feet high. Seen from a distance, as you come up the fjord, it seems comparatively regular in form; but it is far other-wise; bold, jagged capes jut forward into the fjord, alternating with deep re-entering angles and sharp, craggy hollows with plain bastions, while the top is roughened with innumerable spires and pyramids and sharp, hatted blades leaning and toppling, or cutting straight into the sky.

### A Hint to Husbands.

A significant occurrence is reported from Louisville. Matt Schmidt had occasion to stay out later the other night than usual, and his wife, who is a nervous woman, became very much alarmed for fear of burglars, or something. She locked up the house tightly and went to bed, and when Mr. Schmidt came home and tried to get in he could not. He rang the bell, and as there was no response he forced the door and went upstairs. His wife was apparently sleeping peacefully, so he went to bed. In the morning he discovered that she had heard him trying to get in, and it had frightened her so that she had entirely lost the use of her voice. It is to be feared that there will now be an epidemic of men coming home late and frightening their wives by forcing the door. Possibly, however, it may not have the same effect on every nervous woman.

### An Unfortunate Admission.

"You began practice in Arkansas, did you not, Doctor?"

"Yes," replied the physician, "I did. I would have gotten along all right, if it had not been for my diploma. It occurred to one of the natives to ask what it was. 'My diploma,' I answered, 'is from one of the best schools in the country.' 'You don't mean to tell me,' said the old man, 'that you had gone to school to learn your trade, but certainly,' said I. 'That is enough for me,' said the old man; 'my feller that hain't got no more nateral sense that he has to go to school to learn to be a doctor, an' him a grown man, ain't no man for me,' and he jammed his hands into his pockets and walked out. I stayed six weeks more and gave it up."—Indianapolis Journal.

### He Was Earning Big Money.

"How much you say de fine wuz, boss?" asked a hard-faced negro who had been convicted of gambling, as he peeped from behind the bars in the window of the prisoner's room in the city court.

"Fifty dollars and costs," I replied.  
"How much is dem costs?"  
"About twenty-five dollars."  
"Den dat ud be seventy-d' dollars?"  
"Yes."  
"An' ef I doan pay hit, how long I gott'er wuk?"  
"Six months."  
"Shew, white man, you knows I'm gwine ter wuk it out," he cried, and, turning toward his wife on the outside, he said: "Honey, you go on home an' tell de chillun I'll be dar in six munnis time. You knows I'm gwine ter wuk, wen I kin make seventy-d' dollars an' my rashuns in six munnis time; coorse I is. Go long home, ole' man, an' tell de chillun wat I dun tole you bout."—Atlanta Journal.

### To Cleanse the System.

Effectually yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Dr. King's Kidney Pills.

A—He is a relation of yours by marriage, I believe? B—Yes, he married my sister.

### Tobacco Destroys Vitality.

Nervous system paralyzed by nicotine means lost manhood, weak eyes, and a general all gone look and feeling that robs life of its pleasure. Tobacco is the root of many an impotent symptom, and No-To-Bacco a guaranteed cure that will make you strong, vigorous and happy in more ways than one. No-To-Bacco guaranteed and sold by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Take Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," Ad. Sterling Bismuth Co., New York or Chicago.

In the bicycle business the driver's number of sales the faster the falling off.

### Adjust Family Differences.

Bad temper is often merely bad digestion. Many quarrels attributed to nervous dispositions are due to disordered liver. Ripon's Tablets adjust family differences, and would prevent quarrels, would it were taken in time.

Ripon's Tablets, taken after meals, morning and evening, for a while, regulate the system and sweeten the temper.

Think how a man wearing blue whiskers would look in a marie monument.

Dr. Kimmer's Swamp Root cures all kidney and bladder troubles. Lumbago and Constipation Irea. Laboratory Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. Olden—'I'd like to see any man alive like me! Mr. Sharpe—I guess you would.

Everyone knows how it is to suffer with corns, and they are not conducive to walking; remove them with Misouris direct to furniture makers in Scotland.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22 '91.

Laura—The riding is lovely, but—Rag—Oh—But what! Laura—Am I on the horse or—Mrs?

Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

I ask you—ren't you spruced up a good deal, Uncle Ebony—Yes, sss. Mah wife, I was gone go work.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts direct ly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for constitutional, Trine, Massachusetts.

F. J. CHESEBURY & Co., Toledo, O.

Brazier—How did that bank clerk friend of yours come to be crooked? Lazey—He a-ed to ride a bicycle.

Many Infirmities Combine to Reduce Health to the danger limit. The revival properties of Parker's Ginger Tonic overcome those ills.

Professor—Johnson, did Willie Jones leave the room? John a (smart 10y)—Yes, sir. Did yer's pose he took it with 'im?

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Ethel—Do you allow Charles to kiss you when you are not engaged to him? Maud—I-i-i-t's allowance. He calls it a pre-quelite.

### If You are Tired

All the time, without special exertion, as tired in the morning as when you retire at night, you may depend upon it, your blood is impure and is lacking in vitality. That is why it does not supply strength to nerves and muscles. You need

Hood's Sarsaparilla

To purify and enrich your blood. A few bottles of this great medicine will give you strength and vitality because it will make pure blood. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents

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