

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., APRIL 22, 1897

Northern papers are just awakening to the fact that Mississippi is fattening a few cattle for the Chicago markets.

During the last 20 years the railways of the world have absorbed 50,000,000 tons of steel, or almost half the total product.

Recent men cashiers of several Minneapolis establishments have been replaced by women, and the action has led to a discussion whether women are more trustworthy than men.

The Boston library has 628,000 volumes, with 13,000 separate editions of Shakespeare's works. It stands second to the Congressional library at Washington in the number of its volumes.

Germany pays foreign countries about \$7,000,000 a year for fruit. The recent move against American apples may have been toward reducing expenses and not because the deadly bacillus was present in them.

President George Falloon of the Ohio fish and game commission says that the supply of fish in Lake Erie will be exhausted in two or three years unless the existing laws regulating the catch are quickly revised and thoroughly enforced.

The chief proofreader of the London Times is a Cambridge graduate, who has a salary of \$5000; but then he is a great scholar, not only in the English language, but in all ancient and other tongues, not excepting Asiatic ones. He is permitted to query and suggest excisions or additions to the work of the writers and editors.

How far the officers of militia organizations may go in punishing members is a question which has recently come before the supreme court of Minnesota. That tribunal has decided that the captain of a company of the national guard of the state when it is not acting as a military force has no authority summarily to punish a member of his company by imprisonment for refusal to obey his orders.

The jackrabbit, long regarded by the farmers of the great San Joaquin valley in California as a pest, may yet be esteemed for his fur. The hat-makers of the East are discovering that this particular kind of fur is excellently adapted to the manufacture of felt of the best quality, and in the near future we may see big shipments of the skins to the hat-making centres unless in the meantime we have the sagacity to utilize the product at our doors and engage in the manufacture of felt on our own account.

Some facts of an instructive nature relating to the stone industry are furnished by Mr. Day in the annual report of the United States geological survey. It appears from this that certain of the Southern states are gradually coming into prominence as extensive producers of stone, and also that the sorts of stone quarried have been modified of late years. An instance in point is to be found in Alabama, which in 1895 furnished more than \$250,000 worth of stone, mostly limestone, although some sandstone is worked there. A similar illustration is presented by Connecticut, which once divided the sandstone yield with New Jersey, but produced last year very little more sandstone than Massachusetts, while New Jersey showed only one-third as much as Connecticut and little more than Kansas or Michigan; and Pennsylvania, unknown a few years ago as supplying sandstone, recorded a product in 1895 about equal to Connecticut and New Jersey combined and more than any other state except Ohio. In granite production Massachusetts keeps the first place, with Maine not far off, while Vermont is rapidly overtaking Maine, and Rhode Island keeps up the output from its splendid quarries in and about Westerly to nearly \$1,000,000 worth a year. New Hampshire comes fifth on the list, with about half as much. In marble Vermont, as usual, leads all the other states, its output being about double that of Georgia, which is second in amount; Tennessee is third.

Commiseration.

Milkman—Dear me! My artesian well has burst and the water is all running to waste.

Neighbor (sympathizing)—Oh, well, don't cry over spilt milk.—New York Press.

A SONG OF GOLDEN CURLS.

Stay a little, golden curls—twinkling eyes of blue; Stay and see the violets, for they are kin to you; Linger where the frolic winds around the garden's race, & Checks like lovely mirrors where the red rose seeks its face.

"Sweet—sweet!" All the birds are singing! "Sweet—sweet!" The blossom-bells are ringing; Kisses from the red rose— Kisses from the white, Kissing you good-morning! And kissing you good-night!

Stay a little, golden curls—brightening eyes of blue; The violets are listening for the lovely steps of you; The white rose bids you welcome, the red rose calls you sweet, And the daisies spread a carpet for the falling of your feet.

"Sweet—sweet!" All the birds are singing! "Sweet—sweet!" The blossom-bells are ringing; Kisses from the red rose— Kisses from the white, Kissing you good-morning! And kissing you good-night!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

"There's Many a Slip—"

I AM very sorry to have to cause you this disappointment, Mr. Neal. I esteem and thank you for your offer, but my pledge is already given to another.

"And that other is—" exclaimed the young man, almost involuntarily, and without removing his intent gaze from the girl's beautiful face.

A vivid blush suffused Rennie's fair cheeks for a moment; then her lips parted in a frank, happy laugh.

"I do not mind telling you, Mr. Neal, since you will know so soon. I am engaged to Roscoe Farnham."

For the first time Neal's eyes dropped away from hers; but the look that flashed through them during that brief interval was as quickly veiled as he said, in tones whose slightly tremulous accent seemed quite natural under the circumstances:

"Accept my sincere congratulations, Miss Lawrence!"

Then with a pressure of the hand, he was gone.

Once outside of the house, however, the mask fell from his countenance.

"So," he hissed between his set teeth, "Roscoe Farnham, the only rival I feared, has supplanted me! But let him beware! his apparent success in no way weakens the force of my determination to win Rennie Lawrence for my wife. He has a pledge, but he has not yet the lady; and the old adage holds good, that 'there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.' What luck has won, craft may despoil him of."

But no threatening of the secretly vowed revenge was apparent for a time.

The young men met each other on apparently the most friendly terms, and Neal had promised to be best man at the prospective ceremony.

Calling upon Mr. Lawrence one evening, Neal desired a private interview, at the close of which Rennie was summoned to the library.

"My child," said her father, with manifest excitement; "you have bestowed your affections upon a man devoid of honor or principle. Tell her, Neal."

"Spare me, Mr. Lawrence," said Neal, averting his face. "You tell her. I will assist you if necessary."

Between them the story was told.

How Neal, in consequence of alleged suspicions, had been investigating Mr. Farnham's antecedents, and had learned that his love affairs in various places were quite notorious.

That, just prior to his engagement to Rennie, he had cruelly broken a previous betrothal, and finally that his employers were even then investigating grave charges against him, which were likely to lead to his dismissal from the firm.

"Now, my daughter," said Mr. Lawrence, in conclusion, "will you wait to be publicly involved in this man's inevitable disgrace, or will you act the part of wisdom by dismissing him at once?"

Rennie had listened without word or sign, but now she raised her beautiful head proudly.

"I will do this," she answered quietly. "I will send him a letter by James this very night, and by his own answer will I judge him. If he is indeed dishonorable and unworthy, no letter that he can write, no matter how skillfully worded, can hide it or disguise it from me?"

And without another word she left the room.

Twenty minutes later William Neal took his leave, walked a few paces away from the house, then returning, concealed himself at a convenient point and waited.

Presently a servant man emerged from the lower part of Mr. Lawrence's house, followed by a rosy-cheeked chambermaid.

"Is that you, James?" he called, cheerily. "Did I hear you say you had a letter to take to Mr. Farnham's lodgings? I am going that way and I'll carry it if you say so, and spare you the walk—and leave you that much longer for courting!" he added, significantly.

"Much obliged to you, sir," replied James.

And, resigning his trust with alacrity, he quickly retraced his steps to the house, knowing well that he ran no risk of betrayal from his pretty innamorata.

For two days Rennie waited for an answer to the letter.

On the afternoon of the third day her father, coming home earlier than usual, found her in a swoon upon the floor.

"My advice is to take her somewhere," said Neal, who had called in opportunely. "If you have relatives anywhere in the country, take her among them and remain with her until she recovers in a measure from this sad blow."

"But my house here—how can I manage about that in the meantime?" Mr. Lawrence asked, in a state of complete bewilderment.

"You need not shut it up. With your permission I will occupy a room here, so that I can receive and forward whatever mail matter comes during your absence," Neal answered readily.

The arrangement was concluded, and the following day Mr. Lawrence and his daughter departed from the city, leaving Neal in possession of the house.

Of the letters that came, he forwarded all but two, which after having been carefully steamed open and perused with evident satisfaction, were sealed up, enclosed in other envelopes, and returned to the sender.

At Neal's urgent suggestion, Mr. Lawrence's absence was prolonged from three months to five, by which time he felt they could be safely recalled—he having learned that Farnham was preparing for a business trip to Europe, expecting to be absent two years.

"That will do," he ejaculated. "Long before he returns Rennie Lawrence will be my wife."

When the heart-broken girl returned, Neal was the first to meet her, and became her very shadow, offering no word either of confidence or love, but rendering the thousand little attentions which sooner or later win their way.

For a while he used his influence to keep her from society, for the purpose of avoiding any chance meeting with Farnham, who was still in the city; but at last he decided upon attending a concert at which some celebrities were to appear, having been informed that the ship on which Roscoe had taken passage would sail early in the afternoon.

It required considerable importuning on his part to induce Rennie to accept his escort or indulge in any recreation of the kind; but she yielded at last, and Neal felt that he had scored his second move in the game he was playing.

For a while she sat beside him, listlessly indifferent alike to the concert and his occasional whispered remarks, Neal was searching Rennie's face with an expression of triumphant admiration, overcast, nevertheless, with a shade of anxiety, while the girl wore an absent-minded, far-away look, tinged with hopeless melancholy.

But after a while some of the music seemed to arouse her attention and interest, and she listened breathlessly to the song in which the singer, a tenor of rare power and sweetness, was throwing all the strength of artistic skill and appreciation, bringing out its subtle sentiment with a power and pathos that stirred the tenderest emotions of her heart.

And not less deeply concerned, but in a widely different sense, was William Neal. He saw that the whole tendency of the programme thus far was to lead her thoughts further away from him and back to the past from which he wished to draw her entirely; and he watched her intent face with a furtive uneasiness and perturbation, conscious that he had made a grave mistake.

Finally, as the curtain fell at the close of the first part, to be followed by a short interval, Neal rose with evident relief.

"I see a friend in another part of the house to whom I wish to speak, if you will excuse me for a moment," he said. Then with a forced laugh: "I hope they will give us something a little more cheerful in the remaining numbers of the programme. This high-strung sentiment is rather rarified for actual every-day experience."

He turned away without waiting for an answer; and Rennie was sitting with her head bowed, and her eyes full of tears, when a step sounded near her, and a voice—vibrating with earnest pathos, sincerity and grief—said:

"May I sit here and talk with you for a few moments? May I, Miss Lawrence?" and lifting her head with a sudden start, she looked into the frank but troubled face of Roscoe Farnham.

Where was doubt, mistrust, suspicion now?

Gone, before the whisperings of that truer voice, whose accents no heart could mistake or disbelieve—that voice that bade him welcome to her side.

"I thought you had gone to Europe," she faltered, scarcely knowing what she said. "Mr. Neal"—then she stopped abruptly.

"Mr. Neal told you so," supplemented Roscoe, with involuntary bitterness. "Perhaps it may prove to be not the first misrepresentation for which I am indebted to Mr. Neal." Then, with a quick movement drawing a letter from his pocket: "Tell me, Rennie, what does this mean? Did this indeed come from you? It seems impossible, and yet the writing is yours."

Mechanically Rennie took the letter he offered.

A glance at the address brought an expression of astonishment to her face. Then taking out the enclosed sheet she read it to the end.

"The writing is not mine," she said, trembling violently. "It is a clever forgery, I admit; but I never saw this letter before. I did write you on that date, but I did not direct it to that address, for I did not know you were out of the city."

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Roscoe fervently; then, more earnestly: "Rennie, it is William Neal. But as I looked at you both to-night from where I sat, I read admiration and triumph in Neal's face, but neither love nor interest in yours; and in spite of all that had passed, my heart gave a sudden bound of renewed hope and courage. So when Neal left you just now, I resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity I had found to approach you since the receipt of that cruel letter. I am convinced that there has been some terrible wrong—some shameful treachery. Tell me, did you see Neal the day this letter was written?"

For answer Rennie related briefly as possible what she knew of the whole matter.

"Neal knew that I was called away from the city by a telegram that very evening," said Roscoe. "He accompanied me to the cars, and received a message from me to you, with the promise to write in a day or two—I expecting to be absent for about three weeks. He evidently thought that would give him time for his sinister work; and having heard you make the declaration that you would send a letter and let me witness for myself, he doubtless contrived, by bribing the servant, or in some other way, to obtain possession of the letter, and imitated your handwriting in preparing this one—a very clever forgery."

"During the period you were absent, I wrote twice, begging you to explain that 'strange letter.' Those letters were returned unopened—see, here they are—we can guess now by whom. Never mind, darling, he added quickly, as he saw her now deadly pale, 'it is all right now. I will furnish your father my credentials he may require in reference to my business and social standing; as for Mr. Neal, his character is pretty thoroughly established. But see, they are preparing to go on with the entertainment."

"I will just add that I would have been on the ocean to-night, but for an accident to the machinery of the vessel; and having nothing better to do, I concluded to attend this concert, which proved, after all, the very best thing I could have done. My sailing will be delayed for a week, and a great deal can be done in that time. To-morrow I will call upon your father and invite him to accompany us—you and I, Rennie—when we do go on our wedding journey. May I?"

One glad, grateful, joyous look answered him; and as he pressed her hand at parting, a step at his side announced the return of William Neal.

A dark frown overspread Neal's face as their eyes met; but with a quiet bow Roscoe Farnham passed him and returned to his seat.

"Take me home, please!" were Rennie's first words to her escort. "I feel unable to remain any longer."

Without comment, Neal obeyed.

The carriage was called, and a short time later Rennie was at her own house.

"Good night!" she said, quietly, without offering her hand; and the next moment William Neal was standing outside the door, alone, in a very bewildered frame of mind, and inwardly cursing the imprudence that permitted him to leave her for a single moment unguarded in a public place.

Just what mischief had been done he could not determine; there was no help for it but to wait and see.

His enlightenment came very soon in the form of a brief note from Rennie, informing him that their acquaintance was at an end absolutely and forever.

Roscoe Farnham called the next day, had a long interview with Mr. Lawrence and a longer one with his daughter, at the close of which Rennie whispered, as he kissed her for a brief goodbye:

"Let us forgive him, Roscoe, for he did us one good turn in prevailing upon me to go to that concert. If I had remained at home, as I wanted to, you would have left the city without an opportunity for an explanation, and we should have missed our life's happiness forever."

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip," laughed Roscoe, unconscious that he was quoting the very expression his rival had used. "But the slip was not ours this time, darling—and so we will forgive him."—Dublin World.

A Costly Clock.

Baron Ferdinand Rothschild possesses an old "grandfather's" clock that originally cost over \$150,000.

The mechanism records the day of the week, months of the year, the phases of the moon and strikes each hour. The quarters are chimed with a different bell, and (a rare thing with these clocks) it has a second hand. The case was made by Wertheimer and stands fourteen feet high. It was originally the property of Louis XVI.

Romance of Czar and Czarina.

Russians have a popular version of the Czar's proposal to the Czarina. When the young Czarowitz popped the question he said: "The Emperor, my father, has commanded me to make you the offer of my hand and heart."

To which Princess Alix of Hesse responded: "And my grandmother, Queen Victoria, has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand; your heart I will take myself." And thus the royal troth was plighted.

SELECT RELIGIOUS READING.

The Lord of us all takes in His hand The laden hammer called Anghuis, And beats on the hearts Of His people.

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A Prayer for Preparation.

O God, our Father, whose will it is that none should perish but that all should live, enable us so to use thy gift of freedom that it shall prepare us for the eternal life of holiness with thee. When in the temptations of the world we are sated as wheat, grant us that our faith fall not. When we are in peril from the lusts that war against the soul, be thou our guard. For thine own pity and for the love of those who need us and who suffer when we fall, preserve us in the hour of weakness. For the love wherewith Christ loved us, grant us the fellowship of His spirit when we are tried in the likeness of His temptations. And Thou, who hast helped us to the victory of faith shall receive our grateful service evermore through Christ, who for our redemption was tempted and overcame. Amen.

A Prayer for Confidence.

Lord, teach us so to live with the Father that his love may be to us nearer, clearer, dearer than the love of any earthly father. And let the assurance of his hearing our prayers be as much greater than the confidence in an earthly parent as the heavens are higher than the earth, as God is infinitely greater than man. Lord, show us that it is only our unchildlike distance from the Father that hinders the answer to prayer and lead us on to the true life of God's children.—Andrew Murray.

A Prayer for Self-Abnegation.

Father, I thank thee that thy wisdom has heeded, not my desires, but my wants. I bless thee that thou art thyself, and hast hindered me from being myself. As often as I have proved myself weak to care for myself, thou hast proved thyself wise and strong and loving for me. And shall I not trust thee for the future who hast rescued from sin and folly all my past? Father, be thou my future! Not that I would lose myself in thee, but that in thee I would find myself. Be thou my future, the strength and peace of my coming years, my praise, my happiness, my work, my love, my today and my tomorrow be thou, who art my only worthy yesterday. And the song of my mouth, and the love of my soul shall be thine forever and ever. Amen.

How easy it is to tear a place of weakness along the line in which it has been formed! How easy it is to be overcome when the mind is not prepared to resist! A sin that has once been committed, is like a fold in that nature, and when the same temptation comes again, it seeks the weak point which has formerly made, and along that line it resists. We are turned from our principles and strong resolution.—Luther.

Blessedness is with God. Blessedness lieth not in much riches, but in one's conscience. In one's own conscience lieth not in any creature, but in the creature, but it lieth also in his works. Therefore I must be on God and leave on one side all that I do with my works, and first of all, I must be in like manner, all the great works wonders that God has ever done, even God himself with all his glory, as far as these things exist or are known to me, can ever make me blessed, but in so far as they exist and are loved, known, tasted and felt within me.—Theologia Germanica.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 20.

"What is True Liberty, and How to Win." John viii 30-40

Apr. 19. Liberty to do good, Matt. 23-50.

Apr. 20. Liberty to encourage, Nat. 23-29.

Apr. 21. Use liberty wisely, Gal. 5: 13-15.

Apr. 22. Free, yet a slave, Gal. 5: 13-15.

Apr. 23. Freedom from Christ, Gal. 5: 13-15.

Apr. 24. The spirit of bondage, Gal. 5: 13-15.

SCRIPTURE VERSES.—Rom. viii 1-17; Gal. v. 1; Jas. i. 25; 1 Pet. i. 9; Gal. v. 13; 1 Pet. ii. 16; 1 John i. 7.

LESSON THOUGHTS.—Christ has no slaves in his service; his servants are children, and are free from. Blind, ignorant service is not freedom; the superstitious slaves of the law; the scrupulous legal service is not freedom; the slavish Pharisees of the law; the knowledge of this truth is the key to the freedom of the Christian. Faithful service to God, through Jesus Christ, is the only way to freedom, and more clearly the love of God, and a knowledge of this truth, and indeed, for then every service is the compulsion and is only the spontaneity of grateful love.

IN ITS OWN MEASURE every truth gives us a sense of liberty. The Christian escapes from superstition, from waiting upon the opinion of others, from all that cramps the mind and stunts mental growth. Liberty is freedom from sin, and what brings that freedom is the true God the Father, and Jesus Christ who has set.

'Tis so great, yet so awful, So bewildering, yet so true, To be king in every conflict, Where before I crouched a slave. It's so glorious to be conscious Of a glorious power within, Stronger than the rays of heaven, Of a charged and marshaled host.

Jesus Christ not only gives life to those who believe in him, he also causes the Spirit to descend upon him, to set him free from all enslaving habits. "If thou art free, you shall be free indeed. If we should be freed from the bondage of sin, and have our consciences fully made real, right, and true, only way to enter into that freedom is by faith in the Son of God, and by our manifold sins, and admitted as the daughters of the Lord Almighty.

Swindled Insurance Company. C. Linford Woods, of the C. Linford Banking Company, is in jail in Pittsburg, Pa., for swindling insurance companies. His bail was placed at \$5000. He confessed to having received an amounting to \$100,000 on old notes.

The only safe fire and burglar insurance. Baco-Curo. Has cured 100,000 cases of all kinds of ailments. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold everywhere.

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