

LONG-JAWED JOE.
BY CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.

OE was lazy. There was no denying the fact. The odor of new-mown grass was sweet to him, but he would rather have some one else should do it for him. Nothing was prettier in his way, he admitted, than green corn waving in the morning breeze; but the work necessary to produce the corn was not congenial to his taste. His brother had the job of weeding the potatoes, but his own team often stood idle at the end of a row while he sat on the fence, his chin in his hands, wishing it were dinner-time. They called him "Long-Jawed Joe" on account of the unusual length of his face. It was also painfully thin, but this was relieved by a clear, wholesome color and light-blue, placid eyes. He was stout natured, and was never known to be angry.

"I tell you now, Joe," said his brother, as they were unloading at noon. "I'm not goin' 'er stan' 'til no longer." "That's what I've been thinkin'." "Bill," replied Joe; "this work's awful hard."

"You know what I mean, an' you can't turn it off that way."

"What do you mean, Bill?"

"I mean I won't work myself to death while you loaf half the time."

"Do I loaf half the time? No. I never get you know you do."

"That's arguin' why I should loaf, Joe."

"How?"

"Well, if I didn't loaf half the time you'd work yourself to death."

"You're a fool," said Bill, pettishly lashing his mule with the plow-line.

"Maybe I am, Bill, but I never hit my mule when I git the worst of an arguin'."

"You're too lazy to do anything."

"O, no, I ain't. I fixed old man Brayton's silver bull's-eye last night when you was asleep, and set it runnin' right straight along."

"That you got ergin! Because you're disposed to tink, pap bought you a lot of tools that only he keep your mind off'n workin'." "No, I never bought no nothin' in my life, but he humors you—because you're lazy, I reckon."

"I never had my mind on plowin', Bill, so them watch-makin' tools can't keep my mind off it. If pap never bought you nothin', p'rhaps it's because you never asked him. But if you want anything five dollars can buy, here's the money. I made it last week, tink-er-in."

"I don't want your money," said Bill, knocking his brother's hands away and scattering the coin over the ground.

"But if you ain't too lazy you can let down the bars."

Joe picked up the money and let down the bars; Bill passed through, down the lane, to the horse-lot.

"Bill's a good boy," he mused, slowly putting up the bars, "but he's awful tight-tempered. I wonder how a man feels when he's right mad?" His mule, kicking at a fly, struck his shin.

"Look out, Rhodom, that's my leg you're hittin'." There ain't much meat on it, but what it wants in flesh it makes up in bone.

When Joe went to his "tinkerin'" tools, as Bill called it, that night, his tools were gone. He said nothing. Next morning Joe was gone. He left a letter, which read:

"Dear Bill: A week is about laid by. I leave you five dollars to pay somebody to do the rest of my work. I wasn't cut out for a farmer, but I think I can make a livin' tinkerin' watches. Your brother, Joe."

His father looked solemn, but said nothing. His mother went into their bedroom, smoothed down Joe's pillow, and cried. Bill said:

"He'll come back when he gets hungry; which won't be more'n a week, at furthest."

Weeks, months, years passed. The bluebird built its nest in the hollow stump; the crow, with one eye on Bill's gun, helped himself to the early planting. The June-bug "dodged" the woodpecker among the tall corn. The quail made its "mallow" under the cow-pewees, and filled its crop with the ripened grain the coon had thrown down. The possum, grown fat on persimmons, fell asleep to hunters when frost glistened in the star-light, and might have been proud of his appearance when, garished with sweet potatoes, he graced the farmer's table. But Joe came not, nor any tidings of him.

On a bright spring morning when the bees were busy among the honey-suckle blossoms around the door and Bill was busy in the field, a letter came to Joe's mother. It said:

DEAN MOTHER: Five years seems a long time to me, and I know seems a long time to you, because you haven't heard from me. When I left home I made up my mind to do something for myself. I wrote back, but I wasn't no good in the field, and as I had a knack for watch-tinkerin', I thought I'd try it. I come to the city, and worked up to it. To make a long story short, I ain't much with the pen, I have done something for myself. I've got a good business of my own, and a good deal to see you an' us; that my long face and long legs don't make no difference to her. She is my wife. Don't think now, she can't brook or keep her eyes. You may 'er bring, but she can make almost as good corn-bread as you can; and, as to cookin' greens down to the proper season, you will be surprised. She proposes to prove this with cookin' the first dinner after we come. So, if you see a gawky young man in 'bad-dittin' city clothes and a short little woman in calico that fits her to a 'T' get out of a hack before the gate, don't think they are strangers; they will be us. Tell Bill I am yet too lazy to plow, but knowin' he's not, I've bought him a splendid mule. Did he ever find my tinkerin' tools? Your son, Joe."

When Joe and his wife retired at night after their first day at the old home, they found the "tinkerin'" tools lying on the table. They were in a neat box which Bill had bought for the purpose, and with them was this note:

Here they are, Joe. I'd ask you to forgive me if I didn't know you never thought I did you wrong when I took 'em. But I never thought they'd bring it, me in five years. Your brother, BILL.

—Chicago Ledger.

Old Legends Proved True.
It has not infrequently been discovered of late that some of the statements of ancient writers, which we have regarded in our fancied wisdom as too marvellous to be believed, are nevertheless true. The geographer Ptolemy, for instance, wrote that the source of the Nile was in a mountain range, known as the Mountains of the Moon, because of the snow upon them. Modern geographers scoffed at the

idea that there could be such lofty mountains under the equator, but Stanley, in his now famous "march to the sea," skirted the foot of a range of snow-clad mountains, called by him Ruwenzori, from whose streams is formed the newly discovered Lake Albert Edward, the extreme source of the Nile. Herodotus, the Father of History, repeatedly asserted that the Phoenicians thought that they originally came from the Erythraean Sea or Persian Gulf. This statement modern scholars have found very difficult to believe—the writers of the article Phoenicia in the last edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica style it "a mere blunder." An English traveler, however, has very recently made discoveries in the Bahrain Islands in the Persian Gulf which render it almost certain that the great historian was right.

These islands are a small group lying about twenty miles off the Arabian coast, and were formerly of great commercial importance. The inhabitants, besides possessing a pearl fishery which was noted in the days of Alexander the Great, and now produce the finest pearls in the world, carried on an important trade with Arabia and Persia. This they have almost entirely lost, but with the construction of the Euphrates Railway it will doubtless spring up again.

One of the two principal towns has a singular water-supply in a spring which at high water is six feet below the surface of the sea. Water is brought up either by divers who go down with skins, or by pushing a hot bamboo down into it. At low tide there is very little water over it, and women with large amphors and goat skins, which look very real and life like, though headless, wade out and fetch what water they require. The Arabs believe that this and several other similar springs on the coast come from the Euphrates, which they think flows beneath the Persian Gulf in an underground channel, a legend as old as the days of Phoenicia.

In the northern part of the largest island, which is twenty-seven miles long by ten broad, there is a very remarkable collection of sepulchra mounds, covering an area of many miles. Some of these are elevated only a few feet above the level of the desert. Others are more than forty feet high, and about four hundred feet in circumference. Several of these have been recently excavated by Mr. J. Theodore Bent, a well-known English traveler, who has given an account of his discoveries to the Royal Geographical Society.

He says that they consist of two chambers, one above the other, as in the case with the Phoenician tombs just uncovered in ancient Carthage. In the upper chamber of one which he examined were the bones of an animal, presumably a horse, and innumerable fragments of ivory-boxes, ornaments bits of small statues. Many of these fragments were ornamented with patterns which bear a close and unmistakable resemblance to ivories found in Phoenicia, and on the Mediterranean coast. Our readers will doubtless remember that King Solomon got ivory by means of the ships of Hiram, the Phoenician king of Tyre.

The lower chamber was more carefully constructed than the upper, and contained human bones together with the remains of drapery which had been hung around the walls, another Phoenician custom. The ivory fragments here were deposited in the British Museum, and one of the officials has recently publicly said that "as far as the evidence went at present, he thought the Museum authorities were prepared to admit that the Bahrain Islands probably represented a primitive site of the Phoenician race."

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A LEPER ISLAND.

FACTS ABOUT THE AFFLICTED OF MOLOKAI.
They Dwell in a Pretty Village Where Perpetual Summer Reigns—Origin and Symptoms of the Disease.

Such an astonishingly inaccurate impression has been spread abroad regarding the condition of the lepers on the island of Molokai, said a gentleman yesterday who has spent fourteen years of official life in the Hawaiian group to a Washington Star reporter, "that it is high time popular misinformation concerning them was corrected. The civilized world is largely ignorant of the nature of this afflicted colony, lodged upon a bleak and solitary rock in the midst of the South Sea, is stretching out its hands with a despairing appeal to the charity of other lands for help in its lonely and unadorned misery. Within the last few months advertisement has been made all over two continents of the intention of an English nun called the Mother of Mercy to go out and devote her life to these hapless outcasts of the far Pacific. She did go, but is employed at the receiving station for lepers on Hawaii. She has not been sent to Molokai, and in all probability will never get there, simply for the reason that there is no necessity whatever for her going so, inasmuch as there are already at the leper settlement six Sisters of the Order of St. Francis, from Syracuse, N. Y., who are taking care of the people for half a dozen years past.

"How do the lepers live?" "They dwell in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of the world, where the entire year is one perpetual summer, the temperature varying not perceptibly from one season to the other. Their village is of pretty houses built expressly for them by the government, and the meanest pauper leper is provided there with a comfortable home, good food, medicines, medical attendance and all necessities. Resident in the colony are a physician, a member of the Hawaiian board of health, and a superintendent to see that the settlement is as well taken care of as any hospital. Few of the lepers are without relatives and friends outside, who send them whatever they like best, and vessels are constantly making trips to Molokai with whole cargoes of all sorts of delicacies and luxuries. The village of the stricken is on the shore of the sea, encircled at the back by a cliff 3,000 feet in height and so precipitous as to be only passable in one narrow gorge, which is always guarded by soldiers. Save for the mortal illness of the inhabitants one might almost compare the place to the happy valley of Kasels, out of which there was no escape, save by one hidden path reserved for Imlac to discover. The lepers cannot get away from Molokai, the sea hemming them in on one side and the mountain on the other. Of liberty they are deprived, but they can perceive that their condition is very much otherwise than has been represented, in so far as the material comforts of life are concerned. The civilized world at large need not be concerned in their behalf; they have all the care that is necessary or useful."

"Do the lepers suffer pain very greatly?" "Hardly at all. At the beginning of their disease they have severe aches in their arms and legs, similar to rheumatic pains, but these disappear after awhile, and from that point on until death, they suffer not at all. In many cases this physical insensibility is the first symptom of the complaint that shows itself. One instance I remember of a Honolulu boy who discovered one day, to his surprise, that he could not apply the wax seal to the flame of a candle that his flesh was scorched, and yet without feeling the heat a particle. Curious to know the reason he kept on with the experiment until a frightful burn had been made, and yet there was no sensation. His mother took him to a doctor, who at once perceived that leprosy was indicated, and the boy was soon after sent to Molokai, where the doctor's case exhibits itself first ordinarily in a swelling of the face, the lines of which become drawn and hard; the expression becomes fixed and the eyes watery, the eyelashes and eyebrows dropping out. Swellings appear on various parts of the body, turning into sores; it is death by inches, in fact, but painless to the last. Seven years is the average time from the first appearance of the disease to the burial of the patient; there is no such thing as a cure. This is tubercular leprosy, and not to be confounded with the leprosy of the Scriptures."

"How did it originate on the islands?" "As to that there is much dispute. The natives say that it was imported with the Chinese, but it seems quite certain that before the coming of the white men the Hawaiian group for lepers in 1851 leprosy had been known there for some time as the 'chiefs' disease,' because many of the great men were afflicted with it. Good authorities are of the opinion that it was actually introduced by Captain Cook's crew, when that distinguished explorer visited the island in 1793. The primitive conditions under which the natives lived were singularly favorable to the propagation of disease. Living and sleeping together in one room for a family, eating their food with their fingers out of common dishes, and passing around the same pipe from hand to hand, contagion had the best possible chance to operate. In 1793 Captain Cook found 200,000 people on the islands; when the missionaries went there in 1820 there were 130,000. Now there are but 45,000 natives left, including half-castes. The balance of the 85,000 population is composed of Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Americans and Europeans. No white man need be afraid to go to the Hawaiian Islands on account of the leprosy; there have not been as many as a dozen white lepers there in the history of the country."

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

Experiences of French Prisoners in Central Asia.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Geographical Society, Dr. William Capus, who has been the fellow-traveler of M. M. Bouvalot and Pepin in their Central Asia tours, gave an interesting account of the Pamir, or "the roof of the world." In the course of the lecture he described an incident which occurred to the French travelers in Chitral. He said: "After the Afghans at Sarhad had endeavored in vain to detain us, partly by persuasion and partly by force, we crossed the Hindoo Koosh by the Baroghil Pass, which is only 10,800 feet high. Without guides, pack-horses, and almost without food, we reached the Fort of Mastuj, where the Chitralis opposed our going further in the direction of India. While Bouvalot remained at Mastuj I went with Pepin to Chitral, the capital of the country, situated three or four days' march to the southwest. The King of Mehtar, named Amman ul Mulk, made us prisoners the very moment we entered his town, and he thus explained his action: 'You wear Russian boots, Russian money, you speak Russian to your servant and you speak Russian to me, and you must be Russian spies.' And he caused us to be closely watched, stopped our correspondence and sent for instructions to Lord Dufferin, for the English make use of this chief as a sentinel in the direction of the Pamir.

"During the long days of our incarceration, when we could only walk on the grass in front of our tent under the eyes of our guard, we saw the king pass daily to take part in the much-loved game of polo, accompanied by a grotesque cavalcade, and placed in the midst of his courtiers, who surrounded his horse, and whose heads he made use of to support himself, as we do a cane. The king has thirty wives and sixty children. He is sixty-five years old. I acquired a great medical reputation by extracting a worm from a boy's ear, and the king sent to consult me about his favorite wife. She had broken her leg, but the king would not let me see it, asserting that the European tahl, or doctor, had powders that cured everything. To give him pleasure, if not his wife, I gave him some quinine and mercurial ointment."

MORE OR LESS AMUSING.

KNIGHT OF THE BATH—Saturday night.
HE—I like seats with arms. She—So do I.
If love is blind there is no use wast ing gas on it in the parlor.
"DOCTOR, what will remove superfluous hair?" (Gruffly)—"A razor, sir."
The difference between a liar and a hypocrite is that the liar is not always inebriate.
TURKEYS are the most innocent of birds. The most silly woman in the world can stuff one.
McGOGGINS calls his room on the tenth floor a princely apartment, on account of its royal highness.
"HE never had but one genuine case in his life," said a lawyer of a rival, "and that was when he presented his studies."

MR. GIBBS—So you reject my suit? Miss Tailor—I do, though pap probably would not if you sent it to him, as he said you had not settled for it yet.
SHE—But why is Miss C. wearing black? He—She is mourning for her husband. She—Why, she never had a husband. He—No; that is why she mourns.
ANGRY Customer—Mr. Clerk, I want you to reimburse that cash of yours. He insulted me. Merchant—Sir! Mr. Clerk, I can't. I owe him a month's salary now.

WEeping relative (of very sick statesman)—Doctor, is there no hope? Experienced physician—Only one. We must induce the newspapers to put his obituary in type.

REV. STRAIGHTOUT—Roger, did you have anything to do with that disagreeable grab-bag business last evening? Roger Straightout—Yes, father; I must confess that I had a hand in it.
TOMMY (bursting into the parlor)—Say, Mr. Threadbare, what rate of interest do pawnbrokers charge? I asked father, but he couldn't tell, and advised me to come to you.
FIRST Girl—Working now? Second girl—Yes, I work at Mrs. Lean's boarding-house, washing dishes. "Do you have to work hard?" "No, indeed; the boarders clean the dishes pretty well at the table."

OF COURSE SHE IS.
As Peter sat at heaven's gate, A maiden sought permission, And begged of him, if not too late, To give her free admission.
"What claims hast thou to enter here?" He cried with earnest mien, "Please, sir," she said, "twixt hope and fear, 'I'm only just sixteen."

"Enough," the hoary guardian said, And gave the maid one open throw; "That is the age when every maid Is girl and wife, and too."

—Detroit Free Press.

Shaving the Widows.

Shall the widows be shaved? That is the great question that is at present causing agitation among the hankers of Bombay. To Western ears the subject sounds a trifle comic, but in the land of the Orient it has a very different and a very serious meaning. In India it has always been customary to shave the heads of widows immediately upon the death of their husbands. Of late murmurs and protests have been heard, and the native journals have been calling for reform. The barbers have commenced to coincide with these more enlightened views, and it is expected will refuse to perform the required tonsorial operation.
The Brahmins have threatened that they will use the scissors themselves, but this is believed to be impossible, as it would result in their losing caste—a very important consideration with a religious self-respecting B. Rajin. Up country, says an Indian contemporary, the practice of shaving the widow's head is not so persistently enforced as in Bombay. The hair is allowed to grow again, and the widow has only to submit to a renewal of the unwelcome operation when she visits a shrine of special sanctity.
In Bombay widows are shaved regularly once a week, and this causes them deep distress. It would really appear as if the widow in India was regarded with the same touching affection and reverential regard as the mother-in-law in lands that lie more in the direction of the setting sun.

Fresh strikes are reported from Austria.

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Crabs of Chesapeake Bay.

Crisfield, Md., furnishes most of the crabs all the year around for the markets of the leading cities of this country. The crabs are caught in Chesapeake Bay, and are packed in crates or barrels for shipment. Over half the inhabitants of the town make their living out of crabs. There is a secret about the success of Crisfield crabbing. The crabber here never ships a female crab. When one of the female sex is scooped up in the crabber's net it is always thrown back into the bay. Crabs are caught during every month of the year and in all stages of development.

The crabs are dormant from fall until spring, even in the Gulf of Mexico, where they are more abundant than anywhere else on this country's coast. In the spring, when they come out of the mud and masses of seaweed, they go right into the business of shedding. Really, it seems as if the crab had little else to do in summer but shed his shell and get a new one of larger caliber. The hard crab first puts on a leathery under-

Range of Modern Rifled Guns.

The distance that modern rifled guns can cover is approximately one mile for each inch of calibre. It is generally assumed, owing to the navy mounts not being arranged so as to attain the extreme ranges, that even the sixty-seven ton guns of 13.5 inch calibre could not be depended upon for a range above ten miles, and that the range of smaller guns would be proportionately reduced. It is said not only that the deck beams of ships carrying guns of ten-inch calibre and upward would not stand the strain of firing at extreme elevations, but also that the guns could not be normally elevated to such an extent. Commander Folger shows that neither of these objections is well taken. The sixty-seven ton gun throws a shell weighing 1,250 pounds and containing a bursting charge of fifty pounds of powder, enough to destroy two-thirds of the largest building in the city if exploded therein. Few people realize what such a missile is. It is about as large as the largest hot water boiler usually attached to the range in a private house. It is more than a foot in diameter, and when standing on end it would come up as high as the average man's chin. The powder for this class of guns comes in blocks. The cartridge is not dissimilar in shape to a bed bolster and is about as large.—New York Herald.

The World's Favorite Food.

Rice is, no doubt, the most extensively used article of food the world over. Hundreds of millions of people subsist on it, and its consumption is increasing. It is the principal diet of at least one-third of the human race, forming the chief food of the native population of India, China, Japan, Madagascar, many parts of Africa, and, in fact, of almost all Eastern nations. The Burmese and Siamese are the greatest consumers of it. A Malay laborer gets through fifty-six pounds a month; a Burmese and Siamese forty-six pounds in the same period. The Eastern nations chiefly obtain their rice from the plantations of Java and the Philippines. Siam, Japan and China, Saki, or rice beer, is produced in Japan to the extent of 150,000,000 gallons annually. Although rice is such a universal article of food, it is not as nourishing as wheat and some other grains. More than nine-tenths of its substance consists of starch and water. Consequently it forms more fat than muscle.—New York Dispatch.

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