No Chance in That Profession.

Mr. Shollicks was very angry. Some one had broken his favorite meerschaum, and replaced it in its case. He questioned his wife and the servants about it, but they alike professed to be unaware that it had happened.

Presently his only son came in.

"George," said his excited parent, "do you know anything about his broken pipe?"

"Father," sobbed the lad, "I cannot tell a lie. Forgive me, father! It was I who did it. I cannot tell a lie. Forgive me, father! It was I who did it. I cannot tell a lie!

Mr. Shollicks patted the boy's head, in intimation that the offense was forgiven, and then rushed from the house to melt into an agony of tears.

But it was not the shattering of his meerschaum that distressed him now. He had quite forgotten it. A worse thing had befallen him.

"Heaven help me!" he moaned. "Ever since my son was born it has been my ambition, my dearest wish, to rear him for my own profession; and now—and now—! Oh, it is a cruel blow!"

For M. Shollicks was a lawyer!

Not Enough.

There are seventy-six homeopathic hospitals in this country.

Never Too Late or Too Soon.

There is more lost in life from putting off from to-day till to-morrow what might be done on the instant than from any other cause. Fortune and fame have been thus wrecked, and in minor things it will not do to delay or trifle. A man hobbling on crutches for the rest of his life, caused by sprain, would have been a well, sound man, out of misery, if he had used St. Jacobs Oil when the mishap occurred. It is never too soon to get it; never too late to use it. The great remedy for pain never tarries; it will do its work in ten minutes if it is allowed to do so. Treat pain as you would a mosquito—knock it out as soon as it bites.

Religious tolerance is making rapid strides in Hungary.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Labratory Binghampton, N.Y.

There are 100 women sugar planters in Louisiana.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Pure Blood

Gives Perfect Health—Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes Pure Blood.

"I became troubled with **sores** which broke out on me from the lower part of my body down to my ankles, dark, flat and

Very Painful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cleared my system and healed the sores in a short time. It also improved my

Appetite

and benefited my general health. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all." L. P. Thomas, Postmaster, Burton's Creek, Va.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are the best. 25 cents per box.

PNU 44 '94

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

ONE DISEASE THAT BAFFLES THE PHYSICIANS.

The Story of a Woman Who Suffered for Nine Years—How She Was Cured.

(From the Newark, N. J., Evening News.)

On the summit of a pretty little knoll in the heart of the village of Clifton, N. J., stands a handsome residence about which cluster the elements of what is regarded by the country people round about as little short of a miracle. The house is occupied by the family of Mr. Geo. Archer, a former attache of the police department of New York City, but who now holds a responsible position with the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Archer's family consists of his wife, a sprightly little woman, who presents a picture of perfect health, and a son, twenty-seven years of age. No one would suppose to look at Mrs. Archer now that she was for nearly nine years, and less than two months ago, an invalid so debilitated that life was a burden. Yet such was the case, according to the statements made by Mrs. Archer and her relatives to a reporter who visited her pretty home recently.

In 1885 she strained herself in running to catch a boat. Then ensued a long spell of illness, resulting from the tax upon her strength. Doctor after doctor was consulted and while all agreed that the patient was suffering from a valvular trouble of the heart, none could afford her the slightest relief.

"Oh, the agony I have suffered," said Mrs. Archer, in speaking of her illness. "I could not walk across the floor; neither could I go upstairs without stopping to let the pain in my chest and left arm cease. I felt an awful constriction about my arms and chest as though I were tied with ropes. Then there was a terrible noise at my right ear, like the labored breathing of some great animal. I have often turned expecting to see some creature at my side. The only relief I obtained was when I visited Florida and spent several months there. On my return, however, the pain came back with renewed force.

"Last July," continued Mrs. Archer, "I was at Springfield, Mass., visiting, and my mother showed me an account in the *Springfield Examiner*, telling of the wonderful cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My mother urged me to try the pills, and on November 25th last I bought a box and began taking them, and I have taken them ever since, except for a short interval. The first box did not seem to benefit me, but I persevered, encouraged by the requests of my relatives. After beginning on the second box, to my wonder, the noise at my right ear ceased entirely. I kept right on and the distress that I used to feel in my chest and arm gradually disappeared. The blood has returned to my face, lips and ears, which were entirely devoid of color, and I feel well and strong again.

"My son, too, had been troubled with gastritis and I induced him to try the Pink Pills, with great benefit. I feel that everybody ought to know of my wonderful cure and I bless God that I have found something that has given me this great relief."

Mr. Archer confirmed his wife's statement and said that a year ago Mrs. Archer could not walk one hundred feet without sitting down to rest.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams's Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Success in Life

depends on the little things. A Ripans Tabule is a little thing, but taking one occasionally gives good digestion, and that means good blood, and that means good brain and brawn, and that means success.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

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

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on Constipation (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.

A SONG OF HARVEST

Reap, O reap! gather and reap.
Where golden ripples laugh and run,
For the hush of noontide, still and deep,
Lies on the ripened ears like sleep,
Where cornlands greet the sun.

Lift up your weary eyes, behold
The golden fields, the golden air;
The west wind flecks the swaying gold
With light and shadow manifold,
And gold gleams everywhere.

Reap, O reap! while the sickles sing
The harvest song of the world at rest;
Reap with a rhythmic sweep and swing
Till silence falls with evening,
And peace is manifest.

Lift up your joyful eyes and see
The silver night, with gliding feet
Move from the sunset glimmeringly,
And, priestess of God's ministry,
Hallow the garnered wheat.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

A KIDNAPPED LORD.

BY ISABEL MC ELHENY.

"SADDLE the horses and scour the country at once," said the Duke of Devon, as the servant finished telling him the news. The Duke was in deep distress, and much agitated. The Duchess sat in the rocking chair, with her lace handkerchief at her eyes. The servants were running in all directions. They had already searched every corner of Devon castle for little St. Clair, the Duke's oldest son; but he was not in the attic, nor in the watch tower, nor had he been found in the waters of the moat, nor yet in the shrubbery about the castle. Nobody knew just how long he had been gone. Certain it was, however, that even the twenty guinea gold piece, which the Duke offered to the man who should find him, still lay on the table unclaimed.

And now it was discovered that Rolla, the big bull dog and inseparable companion of the little lord, was also nowhere to be found. Had they wandered beyond the walls and been lost in the immense woods that lay stretched many miles between them and London? That was what everybody now feared. It was even worse than this, for the Duke had scarcely ceased to explain this to the boy's mother when a servant entered the room breathlessly. "Please, your Honor," he exclaimed hastily, touching his hat, "the gypsies have been about here. Traces of them have been seen on the edge of the forest. Goeffrey and Thomas, the stable boys, found the ashes of a fire at the border of the small clearing. The knaves were all gone, but it would seem that they can't have been gone very long. I mistrust, your Honor, that they have the boy."

At these words the Duchess gave a cry of fright and horror. The gypsies of that time were a wild, wandering, lawless, predatory race. Outlaws to society, banished proscribed, they still moved in roving bands through the country, stealing poultry and horses, telling fortunes and not infrequently retaliating for some bit of malice or persecution by the abduction of a child.

Unhappy was the fate of such a child. Either it grew up a wild and fierce Ishmaelite, like its captors, or, what was more common, was conveyed secretly to the city and sold for so much gold to a stranger. For in those days there was constant need of children to sweep the chimneys, and the numbers were often recruited by kidnapping and cruelty. The life was hard and short. Some fell victims to the harshness of their masters: while others in climbing up the chimneys, lost their hold and fell, sometimes breaking their bones, and sometimes meeting an awful death in the flames that were burning in the fireplaces below.

It was the thought of the wretchedness that might befall her child in such a life that made the Duchess cover her face with her hands and sob bitterly. It was this thought too, which made the Duke, mounted on a magnificent horse, ride forth from the castle at the head of his servants to beat up the country and find the child if possible before it should be too late. Hope, vengeance, determination displayed themselves in his countenance and bearing.

The Duke's utmost efforts, however, were of no avail. All day they searched through the forest, asking among the charcoal burners, inquiring of the gamekeepers and seeking a trace, but they found none, and at night returned to the castle full of despondency and tired out by their long and unsuccessful hunt. The Duchess gathered her other children more closely about her and sat weeping with red eyes and heavy heart. The search was renewed the next day and the next. The case was laid before the neighboring magistrates. It was all in vain.

The gypsies had disappeared, and all further hope of finding the little lord vanished completely, while the twenty-guinea gold piece lay on the table covered with dust, a painful reminder of the lost child.

Meanwhile little St. Clair, who had been decoyed by the gypsies out of the castle grounds to the edge of the woods, was seized and hurriedly carried away. When the boy first found himself out of sight of the castle in the power of rough captors he was seized with fear, not unmixed with wonder, at their strange dress and manners. But, like a true little Englishman, he did not falter nor cry. He expected soon to see the servants and the officers come to his rescue. Time passed, however, and he began to recognize that he was helpless and alone. Only Rolla, the faithful old bull dog, was with him, of all the favorites and pets that he had known. The journey was made a-foot through the thickest and darkest parts of the woods, and as he saw himself dragged a prisoner through his father's domains, faint with hunger and weary with the long tramp, the tears at last welled into his eyes, but by a strong effort he kept them from overflowing.

It was long past noon when they reached the hut of the old gypsy crone where he was to stop. She was a tall, skinny, very black old woman. Her long arms bare and lean, her eyes piercing and sharp, while a gay-colored 'kerchief wound about her head made her look like the picture of some old dusky Egyptian queen.

As Bill and Foxy, the two kidnappers, drew near with their charge, she stood in the hut door, a sparkle of joy in her dark eyes, but did not utter a word until they stopped quite close beside her.

"Well, here we are," said Bill, "and the young 'un with us."

"The Duke will want to be makin' some new laws against us now, that's certain," said the crone, with a malicious laugh. "Perhaps somebody else will have as hard a time as we do. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. How did you manage to steal him?"

"Oh, the easiest in the world," replied Foxy. "We just lay down in the bushes behind the castle wall and when the little chap came out to play and ramble about with his dog I squealed like a pig. The dog came tearing into the bushes and the boy followed him to see what was the matter. Bill then reached to ketch him and shut him up so we wouldn't hev all the castle after us. That's the way he hurt his arm, there. As soon as he took hold of the boy that beastly dog made a spring and nipped him with his teeth. Bill still held on to the young 'un and I grabbed the dog by the collar and pulled him off. Everything was done in a minute. Bill got a pretty good pinch in the arm and I clapped a gag on the boy and the muzzle on the dog. He's a good 'un and we need a watchdog.

The old hag cast a glance on Rolla, who sat beside his little master placidly surveying the situation. Then turning to Bill: "Let me see your arm," she said. He drew up the sleeve of his jacket and showed a considerable wound. The old woman muttered something and went into the hut, from which after a few minutes she came out with a poultice of herbs that she bound about the hurt.

While this was going on Foxy had gone into the hut, and was cutting slices off a haunch of roast venison and sticking them greedily into his mouth. St. Clair and Rolla were still outside. When Bill's arm was dressed they all went within and began to eat. Presently Foxy spoke up: "We shall have to jog. We can't stay here. They will be after us. It is neck or nothing. We will be back in a few days and get the young 'un."

"And what will granny do with the little chap if the officers come?" asked Bill.

The eyes of the old beldame glittered like steel as she answered, "Look to yerselves,

Lead will swim in the river,
Corn grow on the rocks,
When the knaves of the Devon
Catch the sly gypsy fox."

"That's right, granny. You're a cute one," said Bill. "Those that read the stars needn't fear men."

"It seems to me," said Foxy, holding a long, sharp knife he had in his hand end up on the table, "it would be as well to cut the young chicken's head off and have done with it. Dead folks don't tell tales." The old woman gave a sort of grunt, Rolla a low growl and St. Clair turned a little pale. Then the steely shine flashed again in the beldame's eyes.

"Not that. We will do more; we will sell him—sell him for a chimney sweep! The Duke's son! The Duke of Devon's son sweeping soot out of chimneys! His face as black as the bottom of a kettle. He! he! he! Boy, hold out that pretty white hand!" She grasped the little, white, timidly extended fingers harshly in her long swart talons, and, opening the hand, gazed earnestly on the palm. "Humph," she muttered, and her face clouded. "Accidents, privations, hardships suffered—they are overcome—humph! Joy, wealth, friends, and yet—perhaps not—one line is not clear."

She dropped the palm and said: "You must sell him in London for a sweep. The price of the Duke's chicken shall boil the gypsy's pot. The son of the great Duke of Devon, who tried to hang the gypsies, shall be a sweep meaner than any scullion in England," And a smile of gratified revenge flitted across the dark face.

So it was settled, and so in time little Lord St. Clair was taken up to London and sold to old Grimes, the master of the chimney sweeps. After the purchase he was taken to his new home, a great, coarse hovel in the lowest district of the city, where there were thirty or forty boys of nearly his own age, grimy, hungry and cowed.

When St. Clair was brought in they were taking a wretched supper in a squalid and cheerless basement. As he entered they began to shout and ridicule his white face and hands, but the moment the stern face of the master was seen every voice was hushed and they scarcely dared to raise their eyes from their food.

"Move up there," said Grimes as he thrust the little lord on a bench between two dirty sweeps, but it was in vain that St. Clair attempted to eat. The tears rushed to his eyes and fell on the crust that was all his supper. He could not help remembering the dining hall at Devon.

Even old Rolla used to have a nice dinner, a good chunk of bread and a piece of meat from the big roast and a bone, all laid together in the pewter platter on the floor, where he dined almost in the style of a gentleman. And now even Rolla, his faithful friend was separated from him. The good old dog had followed him all the way to London, but to-day he had been lost. When the little lord thought of all this he began to cry outright.

"Cry baby," whispered a bigger boy, who sat near him, but a cuff on the side of the head proved that the white-handed little stranger gentleman was expert with the use of his fist and no coward. Ever afterward these two were the best of friends. So the days dragged along dark and wearily enough, and St. Clair, who used to be praised by the chaplain, because he was so bright, and by the coachman because he was so strong, and by the ladies because he was so pretty, became a miserable, grimy little sweep, who had to get up before daylight and crawl up and down sooty chimneys all day long.

Almost a year had passed when one day little St. Clair, now an accomplished chimney sweep, sat out with Master Grimes to clean chimneys in the house of a great Lord who had just returned to town for the opening of Parliament.

All the chimneys had been thoroughly cleaned except that of the hall, where the family sat at dinner, and St. Clair was hurrying up, as Grimes had told him he should have nothing to eat until the job was finished. Suddenly a brick in the chimney on which his foot rested gave way, and scrabbling, scraping, scratching, black with soot, and looking more like an imp than anything human, little St. Clair found himself at the bottom of the chimney in a battered but not badly damaged condition.

"Oh!" cried the Duchess turning her head.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the Duke, and all dropping their knives and forks sprang from their seats in agitation and alarm.

"What's the dirty little fellow doing here?" said the Duke.

"Don't be too hasty," cried the Duchess. "Perhaps the child may be hurt."

The little black sweep was already standing on his feet in the huge fireplace, looking around him, astonishment in wide open eyes. There sat his father, and there sat his mother, and there in the corner was old Rolla, who, alarmed at the occurrence, had half risen to growl at the intruder. In an instant the young sweep was at the knee of the Duchess, who, fearful of the contact of the dirty sweep, was screaming lustily for him to keep back.

"Take him away!" cried the Duke to the butler.

"Give him to me," cried old Grimes at the door, and, catching him by the shoulder, he shook him roughly. "I'll teach yer how to hact before the haristocracy. Wot do you mean?" and he was about to drag the boy away, when Rolla, barking furiously, began to lick the boy's face. St. Clair by this time having overcome his fright, found his voice and began to shout, "Papa—Mamma! Don't you know me?"

"Lady Amelia," cried the Duke, "it is Lord St. Clair, our lost son."—Mail and Express.

The Seven Bibles of the World.

"The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zandavesta of the Persians, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, and the Scriptures of the Christians.

"The Koran is the most recent of all, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments, and from the Talmud.

"The Tri Pitikes contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ.

"The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the 'kings' meaning web of cloth. From this it is presumed they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced further back than the eleventh century before our era.

"The Zendavesta of the Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ.

"Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ; therefore that portion of our Bible is at least three hundred years older than the most and ancient of other sacred writings.

"The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was given to the world in the fourteenth century."—Missionary Review of the World.

Voices Pitched to Order.

A foreign scientific journal gives the results of some recent experiments upon the vocal chords which will prove interesting to singers. A baritone who wished to become a tenor succeeded by taking a course of inhalations, beginning with benzoin, going on to cafeine and chloroform and ending with curacoa; while the voice was deepened by using volatilized Norwegian tar.—Louisville Post.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the Royal.

Geo. Edson

Com'r of Health, New-York City.

What He Would Do.

Lord Aberdeen once left London at midnight in a sleeping-car for the north. In the morning, he saw a stranger opposite him. "Excuse me," said the stranger, "may I ask if you are rich?" Somewhat surprised, his lordship replied that he was tolerably well to do. "May I ask," continued the stranger, how rich you are?" "Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds." "Well," went on the stranger, "if I were as rich as you and snored as loud as you, I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."

Some men seem to have been made out of dust that had gravel in it.

MOTHERS and those about to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its torture, terrors and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding Nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and also the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child. During pregnancy, it prevents "morning sickness" and those distressing nervous symptoms from which so many suffer.

Tanks, Cottle Co., Texas.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I took your "Favorite Prescription" previous to confinement and never did so well in my life. It is only two weeks since my confinement and I am able to do my work. I feel stronger than I ever did in six weeks before.

Yours truly,

Cordia Culpepper

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

South Bend, Pacific Co., Wash.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I began taking your "Favorite Prescription" the first month of pregnancy, and have continued taking it since confinement. I did not experience the nausea or any of the ailments due to pregnancy, after I began taking your "Prescription." I was only in labor a short time, and the physician said I got along unusually well.

Mrs. Baker.

We think it saved me a great deal of suffering. I was troubled a great deal with leucorrhea also, and it has done a world of good for me.

Yours truly,

Mrs. W. C. Baker.

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Large Collection of Small Books.

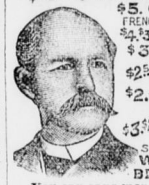
The largest collection in existence of the smallest books in the world is said to be that owned by M. Georges Salomen, a Parisian amateur, of whose 700 little volumes none is larger than 1 inch wide by 2 high.

Marvelous Industry.

South American ants have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a labor for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

Every establishment ought to have a foolishness clerk, to meet the people who have schemes, and want positions.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.



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SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

PNU 44

"I wish I had not eaten that salad."
"Why? I thought it excellent."
"So it was, but it has given me indigestion. It distresses me fearfully."
"Oh, that's nonsense. Swallow this. You'll be all right in ten minutes."
"What is it?"

"A Ripans Tabule!"

"Do you carry them around with you?"
"I do, indeed! Ever since I heard about them I keep one of the little vials in my vest pocket."

MARLIN Model 1893 Made in 32-20 and 38-55 calibres. The only repeater on the market for these cartridges. Light Weight. **REPEATING RIFLES** Easy Action. Solid Top, Side ejection. Made in "Take Down." Write for catalogue to The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

Bear in Mind That "God Helps Those Who Help Themselves." Self Help Should Teach You to Use

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Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

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