

Do not allow yourself to be imposed on by the many novel schemes, advertising new and untried so-called cough remedies; but stick to the old reliable, Dr. Williams' Cough Syrup, the only one that cures all affections of the throat and chest.

LONG ISLAND has a Chinese farmer.

Put in all the time and money that you can spare for Dr. Williams' Cough Syrup. It is the only one that cures all affections of the throat and chest.

PUT TO FLIGHT
—all the peculiar troubles that beset a woman. The only remedy that cures for them is Dr. Williams' Favorite Prescription. For women suffering from any chronic "female complaint" or weakness; for women who are run-down and overworked; for women expecting to become mothers, and for mothers who are nursing and exhausted; at the change from girlhood to womanhood; and later, at the critical "change of life." It is a medicine that safely and certainly builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures. If it doesn't, it is even fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

What you are sure of, if you use Dr. Williams' Cough Syrup, is either a perfect and permanent cure for your Cough, or \$500 in cash. The proprietor of the medicine promises to pay you the money, if they can't cure you.

DO NOT COUGH
DON'T DEAR TAKE
KEMPS
BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It cures Coughs, Sore Throats, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma, a certain cure for Consumption in early stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

ADWAY'S
PILLS
Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, etc.

LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
INDIGESTION,
DIZZY FEELINGS,
BILIOUSNESS,
TORPID LIVER,
DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Adway's Pills. They are a purely vegetable preparation that stimulate the liver in the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the intestines. These pills in doses of from two to four will regularly regulate the bowels, and give the patient from these disorders. One or two of Adway's Pills taken daily by those who are bilious, peevish and torpid of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure the most perfect health.

Price, 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

ADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

Signs of Health.

You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action. Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Bile Beans
Small.

Guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick Headache and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price, 15c. For sale by druggists.

Picture "F. 17, 70" and sample dose free.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, NEW YORK.

EPILEPSY CAN BE CURED.

FITS
Dr. J. Phelps Brown—the noted Epilepsy Specialist and Hereditary Diseases Specialist—has cured many cases of Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, etc., by his special treatment. He has cured many cases of Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, etc., by his special treatment. He has cured many cases of Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, etc., by his special treatment.

J. GIBSON BROWN, JR.
Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED
Mrs. Alice May, Oregon, Mo., writes: "My weight was 220 pounds, now it is 120. I am a happy, healthy woman. I am a happy, healthy woman. I am a happy, healthy woman."

HIGH FIVE OR EIGHT PARTIES
should send at once to J. GIBSON BROWN, JR., Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J., for circulars and sample cards. For each card you will receive five or eight parties.

DISKING SUN
STONE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED
This is the only Stone Polish that cleans, brightens and polishes all kinds of stone, marble, granite, etc., and leaves them as bright as new.

SHILOH'S CURE
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc.

Garfield Tea
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Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

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DRIVE AS STEEL

THE MYSTERY
BY ALMA JOHNSON GARTHE

CHAPTER XIV.
FALSE!

"There, there, dear! don't be alarmed. You've just woke up from a nice, long sleep."

"Sleep! Then the bridge, the storm, Raymond! No, no! It was all a dream. Oh, where am I? Who told me that? How came I here, in this strange place?"

"You are among kind, true friends, dearie—kind, true friends, and you must not get excited, the doctor says."

Kind-hearted, motherly Mrs. Blake, the farmer's wife, sat beside Edna. Deane's brow as she spoke, and her startled charge sank back among the pillows, moaning with weakness, mystification, and anxiety.

A long sleep, indeed, had it been: for two weeks had passed away since honest Farmer John had dragged her from the snowdrift at his cottage door, ran for the doctor, and, with his solicitous wife, had worked all night long to revive her well-nigh exhausted vitality.

Since then, in dose and delirium, the poor child had lain, and this was the first awakening to consciousness.

She listened with a shudder to the story that her motherly nurse told her of their finding her that weird snowy night. She cried softly as she told her, too, how they came to love her bonny, innocent face—how, if she was homeless, friendless, they would gladly make room for her in their home and their hearts, bereft only of a short year since by the death of their own darling child.

They asked her no questions as she grew stronger daily, and Edna did not enlighten them. It seemed as if a pall, never to be lifted, hung over her young life. She remembered all that the messenger her father had sent for her had imparted to her—the past life, and placed her at the seminary years ago, and with him had perished the mystery of her young life, all hopes of establishing her identity, of finding her father.

She had been cast up on the world alone, with no claim upon her past life, and the mystery of her true identity was a mystery still.

No claim, save one—Raymond! Her heart beat anxiously as she thought of him. How he would worry over her sudden departure, her long silence. She must write to him, to her dear friend Beatrice Mercer, at once. No, she remembered all her guide had told her. She must never communicate with any of her old friends until she saw her father. It might mean her ruin—ruin for him. Oh! how the perplexities of her situation fretted her.

A week passed by. She was strong once more. All one day Edna reflected seriously. That night, glancing lovingly at the faces of her kind friends, she told them of her resolve.

"You have been like an own father and mother to me," she murmured, gratefully. "I can never forget you—never cease to love you, but—I am going away."

"Going away!" sighed the kindly Mrs. Blake.

"Yes! I must see some friends. Then I will return, then I may be glad of your happy, happy home. Please do not question me, but I must go."

Reluctantly they bade her good-by the next morning. The farmer drove her over to the railroad station. In the new garments with which her old torn and bedraggled attire had been replaced, no one recognized her as the suppliant who had begged for food, an event strangely told her. The farmer had not heard of Edna had a few dollars in her pocket. She bought a ticket taking her half way to Hopdale, kissed the fatherly farmer good-by, promised to write within a few days, and the train whirled her away.

At the terminus she sold her watch. This gave her ample means to continue her journey. All the way she was thinking of what she should do. Something of the mystery of her guide's strange warning about the mysterious clouded her father's life impelled her to secrecy in all her movements, and when she reached Hopdale at noon she trusted to her attire and a heavy veil to conceal her identity.

She haunted the vicinity of the seminary. She would try to get word to Beatrice. Finally, she addressed a strange student. The reply to her questions chilled and disconcerted her. Miss Mercer had left the seminary two weeks previous.

Then Raymond—she must find him now. She could tell him everything. While he endeavored to get some trace of her father, she would return to the Blakes and make her home with them. It was just what she finally rang at the door-bell of the Marshall residence.

A servant informed her that Mr. Marshall was not at home. He had gone to the hotel with his father, the colonel.

"What shall I do? Oh, I am so fearful of making a mistake, but I must see Raymond. Who else can I appeal to in my uncertainty?"

Dubiously, undecidedly, Edna walked towards the village hotel. It was quite dusk, and she was very tired when she reached the place.

Mechanically, almost, she ascended the stairs leading to the ladies' parlor, and sank to a cushioned chair, thinking, wondering, hoping she was doing what was eminently proper, and for the best.

Footsteps on the stairs brought her to her feet. If it was a servant, she would ask her to try and find Mr. Raymond Marshall and his father, and send them to her—but it was no servant. The familiar form of Doctor Simms passed the door, and following him was a clerical-looking man, and the former was saying:

"Mr. Marshall is waiting for us. This way, sir."

Mr. Marshall—Raymond! He was in the hotel, then? What meant the words of the Doctor? Why was the ministerial-looking man here? For a few moments the perplexed girl lingered. Then, involuntarily, she stole from the room and down a corridor.

The sound of voices through the open door of a darkened room drew her to its threshold. It was the parlor of the suite occupied by Beatrice Mercer. The half-open door of the communicating apartments admitted the sound of solemn, impressive words.

Was she dreaming? Half-stunned she staggered across the room and peered into the next.

Beatrice—Raymond—a minister—Colonel Marshall. The two former with hands united, one lying on a couch, the other, she fancied, bending tenderly toward her.

Oh! surely, this was some delirium of the senses, her old fever returned. No, for just then came the solemn,

Bruno! Once she called the name of the latter, but she decided she must be quite a distance from the spot she had started from, for the usual prompt appearance of the latter, until a final response came, such a call was not to be expected.

Throwing down her leaves she ran through the bushes straight ahead, came to a high stone wall, and catching sight of the towers of a pretentious structure beyond it, lined the moss-covered battlements, she came to a broken gate set in the wall.

All was silent and forbidding about the old structure, but there was evidence of occupancy in the curtained windows, and she fancied she caught the glimmer of a dress on the lawn some distance away.

"I will find some one about the house and inquire my way to the road," reflected Edna, timorously.

She picked her way across an uneven, ill-kept garden, once so heavily falling into a trap with great extending leaves, evidently set for tramps or thieves, that she shook with apprehensive terror.

"Oh! there is a lady. I see her now. I will ask her. Mercy!"

On the verge of some pit or excavation in a garden, Edna, of course, had to draw back, and then, losing her balance, plunged forward.

She fell fully fifteen feet. Her head grazed the board side of the pit, and half stunned her. Dimly realizing that the hole, covered with branches, was a trap for intruders, she looked blankly up at the top with a shudder, comprehending that she could never scale the steep.

"Help! help! help!"

Thrice the cry rang out, with all the strength of her bell-like voice. Hopefully Edna looked up as the branches overhead were parted.

"Who is there?" spoke a woman's voice.

"I have fallen here," cried Edna; "please help me, Mercy! It cannot be!"

Her gasping ejaculation died to a hollow, frightened murmur as she peered at the face that looked down upon her. For its fair, false, owner was—Beatrice Mercer!

TO BE CONTINUED

Unanswerable.
Sometimes a debate may be won by avoiding it, and in cases where arguments promise to be long and intricate, such a method is worth trying. Mr. de Kinkadee, in an account of a visit to Egypt, relates a story of a Mussulman controversy.

He called on a mollah, a learned member of the Persian clergy, and found him an affable, unaffected person, unlike some of the Persian priests, but in his eyes, as if they were mentally reciting prayers, or the ninety-nine names of the prophets.

"My host assured me of the perfection of the doctrine of the Shaites, his own belief, and related this incident, which he de Kinkadee relates as follows:

A quarrel arose at Bagdad between the two sects, the Shaites and the Sunnites. The dispute disturbed the public peace, and the caliph summoned the doctors of the two sects before him for a decisive debate.

The Shaites, who entered the audience-room carrying their sandals in their hand, instead of leaving them at the door, as was customary.

The caliph inquired why he did this, and the Shaites replied: "We always do so, because we have learned of our prophet, Is it not written that in the time of the prophet a Hanafite doctor stole the sandals of a Shaita doctor?"

The representative of the Hanafite division of the Sunnites hastened to protest that this could not be true, since there were no Hanafites in the time of Mohammed.

The Shaita apologized for his blunder. "Possibly," he remarked, "the theft was committed by a Malekite."

The Shaita representative of Sunnism promptly protested that his sect did not exist in the time of the prophet, and the Shaita doctor then in succession attributed the misdeed to a Hanbalite doctor, and then to a Chafite doctor. But the Hanbalites and Chafites, too, protested that they had never existed, and the Shaita doctor, in innocence as the other Sunnites had done.

Thereupon the Shaita rose and addressed the caliph:

"These Sunnites doctors," said he, "have used the excuse that in the time of the prophet there were no Hanafites, no Malekites, no Hanbalites, and no Chafites; then Sunnism did not exist; and all good Mussulmans, including the prophet, were Shaites."

The debate was ended.—Youth's Companion.

How Talmage Does It.
Many Americans abroad are exceedingly annoyed at their lack of skill in the use of the European languages. writes the Rev. DeWitt Talmage in the Ladies' Home Journal. After a vain attempt to make a Parisian waiter understand French they swear at him in English. But I have always remembered the words of the prophet: 'The art of the physician who put all the remains of old prescriptions into one bottle—the oil, and the calomel, and the rhubarb, and the assafetida—and when he found a patient with a complication of diseases, he would shake up his old bottle and give him a dose. And I have compounded a language for European travel. I generally take a little French, and a little German, and a little English, with a few snatches of Chinese and Chactaw, and when I find a stubborn case of water or indigestion, I will not understand, I simply shake up all the dialects and give him a dose. It is sure to strike somewhere. If you cannot make him understand, you at any rate give him a terrible scare."

I never have heard of anyone in a strange land about getting things to eat. I like everything in all the round of diet except animated cheese and odoriferous codfish; always have a good appetite; never in my life missed a meal save once, when I could not get any, and knowing that "eine gastele rindfleisch sohebe" means a beefsteak, "eine messer" a knife, and "eine gabel" a fork, and "eine serviette" a napkin, after that I feel perfectly reckless as to what I can or cannot get.

Far-Seeing Influence.
Kindness and sympathy are rarely wasted on the unfortunate, as the following touching story shows. A wealthy young lady, anxious to be of some use in the world, made a practice of taking flowers to women in prison. One day she encountered a particularly abandoned character, and replied to her torrent of profane abuse by handing her a white rose. As she turned away she heard one heart-breaking cry, and the voice that had breathed imprecation moaned over and over again the one word, "Mother! mother! mother!"

The next week she came again. The jailer met her, saying, "That woman whom you saw last week is now in jail constantly. I never saw a woman so changed." Upon the two were alone in the cell, and the penitent, her head resting on the shoulder of her new friend, told with sobs her sad story. "That white rose was just like one which grew by our door at home in Scotland, my mother's favorite flower. She was a good woman. My father's character was stainless, but I broke their hearts by my wicked ways, then drifted into the vilest of pleasures, and that is how I better day dawdled for one erring soul."

33 per ct. difference.

Royal Baking Powder

Strongest, Purest, Most Economical.

As to whether any of the baking powders are equal to the "Royal," the official tests clearly determine. When samples of various baking powders were purchased from the grocers, and analyzed by the United States Government Chemists and the Chemists of State and City Boards of Health, the reports revealed the fact that the "Royal" contained from 28 per cent. to 60 per cent. more leavening strength than the others, and also that it was more perfectly combined, absolutely pure, and altogether wholesome.

As most of these powders are sold to consumers at the same price as the "Royal," by the use of the Royal Baking Powder there is an average saving of over one third, besides the advantage of assured purity and wholesomeness of food, and of bread, biscuit and cake made perfectly light, sweet, and palatable.

The official reports also reveal the presence, in other powders, of alum, lime or sulphuric acid, by which their use is made a matter of grave danger to the consumer.

Whenever a baking powder is sold at a lower price than the "Royal," or with a gift, it is a certain indication that it is made from alum, and is to be avoided under all circumstances.

A Reformed Virginia Town.
The recent hanging of the Virginia desperado, Talton Hall, has brought into prominence a remarkable little town called Big Stone Gap, situated among the mountains, twenty miles from Wise County. It was the scene of the courageous judge who tried Hall, eight of the jury who convicted him, and the captain and two-thirds of the guard who saw the sentence executed. Three years ago Big Stone Gap was the worst place in this part of the State. It was then a young blue grass Kentuckian and Eastern Virginians, "furnish," as the mountain people call them. They represent the best blood in both States, and most of them are graduates of the three big Eastern colleges and one Southern university. It was the habit of "toughs" to come into the town and gallop through the streets, firing their pistols right and left, while the storekeepers shut up shop and went to the woods. These young Kentuckians and Virginians settled at Big Stone Gap, organized themselves into a volunteer police force, equipped with revolvers, bills, and whistles. They fought the toughs with Winchester pistols, and for a time street fights came daily. They maintained the law, however. To-day a whistle anywhere in the town, at any hour of the night or day, will bring a dozen men to the spot in as many minutes. It is the one place in all the Cumberland Range where a feud or a fight is now impossible—the one place where the law is enforced with Spartan sternness, and in which there reigns the peace of a Quaker town.—New York Sun.

An Enemy Hatred.
There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives, because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffectual weapons. Home remedies, however, will battle it. Pure purgatives will not reform a disordered condition of the liver induced, not by constipation alone, but also by sick headaches, yellowness of the skin and irascibility, nausea, furred tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure on the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives which gripe and irritate the intestines, and substitute this world-famous and bilious cordial, which likewise removes malarial, stomachic and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. A laxative of the bowels, painless and efficient, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to do work. It is a standard tonic.

Queer "Bone of Contention."
A Frenchman died not long ago and left a large estate, which was divided among the heirs without quarrelling—all but an umbrella which had been in the family for over fifty years. This was fought for in a lively way, and the aid of the court had finally to be invoked to quiet the disturbance.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.
By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. The inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be restored. Nine cases out of ten are cured by this method. It is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness cured by catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

In the eleventh century both English and French dandies covered their arms with bracelets.

Do a favor rather than receive one, if you would be free.

A Mother's Story
When my boy was 2½ years of age, a fall brought on his disease, which gradually grew worse until, when he was 6, he could not walk, and we had him treated nine months at the Children's Hospital in Boston. But when he came home he was worse, and the doctors said nothing could be done. I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved at once. The fourteen abscesses on his hip healed up, his appetite improved and he could walk, at first with crutches, then without. He is now perfectly well, lively as any boy." Mrs. EMMA V. RUDD, Walpole, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but promptly, easily and efficiently. See.

FREE
By return mail, full descriptive circulars of Hood's Pills, and a copy of our new book, "The Great Value of Hood's Pills," will be sent to you on request. Write to J. C. HOOD & CO., 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SHILOH'S CURE
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc.

Garfield Tea
Cures Sick Headache

OPHIO
Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

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DOUBLE
Brush-Head
\$7.50
NIFLE-AN
WATER

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"German Syrup"

Regis Leblanc is a French Canadian store keeper at Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Quebec, Can., who was cured of a severe attack of Congestion of the Lungs by Boschee's German Syrup. He has sold many a bottle of German Syrup on his personal recommendation. If you drop him a line he'll give you the full facts of the case direct, as he did us, and that Boschee's German Syrup brought him through nicely. It always will. It is a good medicine and thorough in its work.

JAY GOULD.
After all, Jay Gould, died of consumption. The doctors said he had neuralgia, and Jay offered a million dollars to anyone who would cure him of his trouble. It turned out that he did not have neuralgia at all, but simply consumption. Don't you make this same mistake. If you feel that your lungs are weak, or that you are subject to colds and coughs, or if your throat be sore and tender, get a bottle of REID'S GERMAN COUGH AND KIDNEY CURE and take it freely. It contains no poison, and it is the only cough remedy on the market that ministers to all of the excretory organs. The small bottles cost twenty-five cents; large size fifty cents. Every druggist has it.

SYLVAN REMEDY CO.,
PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

AT
BEDTIME
I TAKE
A
PLEASANT
HERE
DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND I AM ABLE TO GET UP AND MOVE THE HOUSEHOLD. I ORDER TO BE KEPT IN MY HANDS. I ORDER TO BE KEPT IN MY HANDS. I ORDER TO BE KEPT IN MY HANDS.

LANE'S MEDICINE
All druggists sell it at 50c and \$1 per gallon. If you want to know more about it, send for a free sample. LANE'S MEDICINE is a sure cure for all ailments. It is a sure cure for all ailments. It is a sure cure for all ailments.

MOTHER'S FRIEND
A remedy which, if used by a mother, will cure all ailments of her children. It is a sure cure for all ailments. It is a sure cure for all ailments. It is a sure cure for all ailments.

ST. JACOBS OIL
Cures RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, SPRAINS, BRUISES, BURNS, SWELLINGS, NEURALGIA.

MUSIC
Anyone can play the Piano or Organ WITHOUT A TEACHER!

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE GENTLEMEN.

THIS IS THE BEST \$3. SHOE IN THE WORLD.

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