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Our side is always the right side of any question.

About Pearline.

From Watchman, Boston, Mass., Dec. 12, 1889.

Every one knows about Pearline, almost every one uses Pearline, but we wonder if all the housekeepers who use it know half that can be done with it. We wonder if they all know what some of the bright ones have discovered, that those mountains of dish-washing—the greasy pan and kettle—may be reduced to molehills of the smallest size by the judicious use of Pearline. Fill the roasting pan, as soon as the gravy is poured from it, with cold water, shake in a little Pearline and set on the stove. By the time the rest of the dishes are washed, all the grease is dissolved and the pan can be washed as easily as a plate. Treat the kettle in which anything greasy has been boiled in the same way, and beside clean utensils you will have a clean sink, the use of the Pearline rendering it safe to pour such dishwater into it. Sinks regularly treated to a bath of Pearline and scalding water will seldom need the services of a plumber.

An average reader gets through 400 words a minute.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

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MAGIC FEMALE REGULATOR. Safe and Certain to a day or money refunded. By mail $2. Securely sealed from observation. COOK REMEDY CO., Omaha, Neb.

CANARY BIRDS that have ceased to chirp either from illness, exposure or on account of moulting, can be made to warble tuneful melodies by placing a cake of BIRD MANNA in their cages. It acts almost like a charm in restoring them to song. It is an absolute necessity to the health, comfort and hygiene of CAGE BIRDS. It is made after the Andreasberg recipe. Sold by druggists, grocers and bird-dealers. Mailed to any P. O. in the U. S. or Canada for 15 cts., by the Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Bird Book free.

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$500 for a case of LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General or NERVOUS DEBILITY, weakness of the body or mind, the effects of errors or excesses in old or young that we cannot cure. We guarantee every case or refund every dollar. Five days trial treatment $1, full course $5. Perceptible benefits realized in three days. By mail, securely packed from observation. Cook Remedy

MOTHERS' FRIEND MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY

IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.

BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. Trade Mark $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

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TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c. in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

TO DEALERS

We have the Largest Stock and Finest Assortment in the State of HOLIDAY GOODS

GAMES, CHRISTMAS CARDS, BOOKS OF ALL KINDS, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, PLUSH AND FANCY GOODS, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC STATIONERY At Lowest Wholesale Prices.

THE DETROIT NEWS COMPANY, Cor. Larned and Wayne Sts., DETROIT.

A Runaway.

Two trotters, small and restless, cantered off one summer day,
And with them, all unwittingly, they took the baby May;
O'er meads and meadows fresh and green, with morning dews yet damp,
They galloped far away from town, these ponies Trot and Tramp.

As on they sped new sights and sounds did all their thoughts beguile,
Till weary quite, said Trot to Tramp, "Let's stop and rest a while;"
And dropping down on velvet sward they in their harness lay,
Nor ever gave a thought to her whom they had borne away.

But baby May was well content, and midst the grasses sat
And gathered starry daisies white, with dimpled fingers fat,
And curls of dandelion stems she in her tresses hung,
And to the winds the golden wealth of blossoms gaily flung.

Refreshed and rested, Trot and Tramp once more went on their way,
And with them, still bedecked with flowers, was merry baby May;
With spirits high, they galloped on by rill and running brook,
And in and out, by crooked paths, their winding way they took.

But ere the noontide hour had come, said Trot, in doleful mood,
"I would I could but lay me down, 'tis naught I care for food."
Said Tramp to Trot, "In all my life I've ne'er so weary been;
Perhaps to do as we have done is something of a sin!"

Meanwhile reigned fear and anxious thought o'er loss of baby May,
For none could guess the manner strange in which she went away,
Nor ever dreamed that ponies small, like tiny Tramp and Trot,
Could bear away a little girl to such a far-off spot.

. . . .

But while the sun was set on high, unharmed in wooded glade,
Was found asleep, by mossy log, a dainty little maid,
And dangling from her shapely head, with hair of golden sheen,
Were daisies white, and wilted curls of dandelion green,
And with no room at all to spare (the oddest place to choose)
Were Trot and Tramp, all safe and sound, within the maiden's shoes.

—Good Housekeeping

ALL DOUBTS DISPELLED.

"Come to me, Robert, if you ever loved me in the old days, when we were so happy together in the quiet home that I shall never see again! Ah, if I had never left it—or you! You loved me best, after all; but, then I did not believe it!

"And the child, Robert. He bears your name, and he has your eyes, your smile! For the sake of the child, at least, come to me, for I am dying, and I must leave him in your care.

"Your unhappy
"ELOISE."

This was the note, written in a faint and faltering hand—a woman's hand, mind you!—the note that pretty little Mrs. Robert Strong picked up off the carpet of her drawing-room, where it had been dropped by her husband, in his hasty passage toward the hall and front door.

She picked it up, carelessly enough, at first. She was an honorable little lady, and would never have dreamed of ransacking her husband's private papers, or desk, or diary, as so many women would not scruple to do, if the occasion offered. Even this letter would have been laid aside till her husband's return, unread, had it not chanced to open in her hand, as she lifted it from the floor.

Her eyes fell upon the first line, and the red blood rushed instantly to her face. What woman was this, who asked Robert Strong to come to her, by the love he had once borne her years before, in the happy home she had left forever with another?

Little Mrs. Strong had a long, hard battle with herself before she could make up her mind to read that note.

But she did read it at last, and having "eaten of the apple," like her golden-haired ancestress in the garden of Eden, she instantly became as unhappy as she deserved to be.

She had been a governess in a family where Mr. Strong visited. Rich, influential, and still wondrously handsome, though he confessed to fifty-seven years of age, the stately bachelor, the great "catch" of the season passed by all the fashionable belles of his acquaintance, and actually offered his hand, his heart, and his fortune, for the acceptance of the little grey-eyed governess whom he had seen now and then at odd moments only, as she passed with her pupils up and down the grand staircase, or through the hall of his friend's house in —— street.

Of course she took him, and became Mrs. Robert Strong as soon as possible.

Yes, Mrs. Grundy was right there. Within a month of the millionaire's offer came his wedding-day; and then, after a short trip to the continent, the happy pair established themselves in Belgravia under the full glare of Mrs. Grundy's sharp and stony eye.

But one thing Mrs. Grundy never knew, and would never have believed, had you told her till you were gray.

Of course the bridegroom was desperately in love with the pretty little bride. That Mrs. Grundy was quite willing to allow.

But it also happened that the bride was even more desperately in love with the bridegroom, strange as it may seem. She was twenty, and he was fifty-seven; and every one would have it that she had married him for his money and his luxurious home. In reality, she thought him the handsomest, stateliest, and most agreeable man on earth. But the severely classic style of his really beautiful face; his stately form; his dignified manner; even the calm firm glance of his deep blue eyes, frightened and awed her, she knew not why. She dared not show her love for him, even when she was his wife. And so he fancied, at times that Mrs. Grundy was in the right. That his money had purchased for him a graceful and lovely woman to sit at the head of his table, and to take his arm in all places of public amusement; a woman in whose care his honor was safe; but in whose heart he had no share.

It was a sad and terrible mistake, and but for the coming of this mysterious *billet-doux* it might have lasted during both their lives.

Mrs. Strong, hiding that tell-tale note away, sat rocking to and fro in her own easy-chair, crying as if her heart would break.

This woman, this wretched woman! Her husband had gone to her, was with her even then. How dared he leave his wife like that. And the child! What child? whose child?

Again the red blood dyed her lovely face. They had no child. Perhaps he might have loved her better—well, come what would, she would follow him now and know the worst. "Mrs. Grundy," since their marriage, had often whispered tales to her husband's discredit, which she had refused to hear; now she would see and judge for herself.

Going up into her own room, she summoned her maid, and confided a part of the miserable story to her, not implicating her husband in any way; but inducing the girl to provide for her the disguise of a servant's dress, and to accompany her in a cab, to the address named in the note.

Leaving the girl at the foot of the stairs the unhappy little wife stole up one flight, and listened.

A tall, bony-looking woman came out of a room opposite, with her apron to her eyes. It was the landlady of the house, who had been bidding her dying lodger a last farewell, and who failed to see the intruder as she passed, weeping to her own room.

The door of the sick-room being left ajar, Mrs. Strong saw and heard without any difficulty.

On the bed lay a wasted yet beautiful woman, young and still attractive, but dying—dying fast. Beside the bed sat her husband, holding the sufferer in his arms, wiping the cold drops from her forehead with a gentle hand, and talking to her in a low tone.

"Eloise, be at rest, be at peace!" he was saying. "For our dead mother's sake I forgive you, even as she would have forgiven you, if she had lived."

"You swore that you would not, Robert!" gasped the dying woman, with a look of pain.

"Hush, dear! Forget it, as I do. I was hard, and cold, and proud in those days, and I thought I could never see you as you are now without forgiving you. But, Eloise, since then, I, too have learned to love, and I know better how to pity you. The man you married was unworthy of you, but you loved him, and for years you have suffered for his sake. I honor you for it now, Eloise, as much as I blamed you once. I only wish I had found you sooner. So much suffering, of body and of mind, might have been spared if you had only written to me before."

"I was proud, too, my brother," she said, faintly. "But, Robert, what has changed you so? You are as gentle as a woman. I hardly know you now."

"I tell you that I, too, know what it is to love, Eloise," he said sadly. "I have a dear young wife, whom I treasure like the apple of my eye. She does not love me yet; she feels only gratitude towards the man who rescued her from poverty. But, one day, I hope to win her heart. Eloise, if you live——"

"I shall not live. I shall never see your wife, Robert. But, my boy——"

"She shall be a mother to him, dear. She will love the child, even if she cannot love me, and he will be a link——"

Touched to the heart with contrition, the little wife retraced her steps, and summoned her servant, and drove towards home.

On the last moments of the dying she felt that she had no right to intrude.

But for the living—for the living who loved her—surely she might be taking thought and care.

Two hours later, Robert Strong opened the door of his own house with a latchkey, and crossed the hall noiselessly towards his study. In his arms he bore a heavy-looking bundle. His face was pale, his manner anxious, and he looked round once or twice, as if dreading the presence of some unseen watcher, though the house was still, and all the servants had gone to bed.

Turning up the gas in his study, he laid his bundle down on the sofa, and, throwing back the heavy cloak, disclosed the pretty face of a sleeping child some three or four years old. He stood looking down upon the infant for some time, with a thoughtful air.

"What will she say?" he exclaimed, at last, aloud.

And suddenly he became aware of the presence of his wife, who stood just within the study door, looking at him with a tearful, tender gaze, such as she had never dared bestow on him before.

"Say! Oh, Robert, what can she say, except that she loves you, and wishes to do, in all things, exactly as you think best," she murmured, coming nearer, with a look of timid love not to be mistaken, even by his long-blinded eyes.

His pale, calm face flushed suddenly; his deep blue eyes grew bright and full of tenderness.

"My darling, do you mean what you say?" he asked, holding her a little way from him. "Think. I have long fancied that you could not and did not love me. I am so many years older than you."

"And so many years wiser, better, dearer," she whispered. "Oh, Robert, if you had been a poor day laborer I would have married you all the same. I never loved anyone else! Is that enough?"

He opened his arms. Blushing and smiling, she flung herself upon his breast, and their lips met in a kiss such as during all the months of their marriage they had never exchanged before.

"This child is the son of my only sister, who after my mother's death, made a secret marriage that nearly broke my heart," he said, after a long pause. "Poor Eloise died, an hour ago, in my arms, forgiven and at rest. My darling, will you love the child for her sake, and for mine? I promised her that you would be a mother to the boy."

"I will be all that you ask or wish," said the happy wife, kneeling beside her husband's chair, and laying her bright head upon his knee. "But now, I, too, have something for you to forgive."

And she told him the story of the strange letter, the story of her jealousy, and of its sudden and final cure. He heard her in silence to the end, and then he raised her from the ground, and held her to his heart once more.

"You will go with me to see poor Eloise buried, my love," he said, with a gentle kiss.

And nestling quietly in his arms, with her white hand playing with his still soft curling hair, the young wife knew that she was forgiven, and that her husband's heart was all her own.

Defacing a Counterfeit Bill.

I happened to be in the United States sub-treasury on Wall street the other day, says a N. Y. *Star* gossiper, and was rather amused at a little incident I witnessed. A gentleman entered, and, approaching one of the clerks, handed him a $20 bill and asked if it were counterfeit. The clerk took it, went away, and in a few minutes returned and handed out the bill without a word. Cut across its face with a die was the word "Counterfeit." The rage of the owner knew no bounds.

"Confound you!" he shouted, "I didn't ask you to destroy the bill. I simply asked you to tell me if it were counterfeit. It's worthless now."

"It never was of any value," mildly responded the clerk, "and the rule of the department is that all bills offered in this way must be defaced when counterfeits before returning them to the party presenting them."

"Now that," remarked the examiner to me, "is an almost daily occurrence. A man gets a counterfeit bill passed on him and, being in doubt, he comes in here to ask about it, and it is destroyed for him. He is naturally indignant, as doubtless he gave value for it and would like to have a chance to pass it off on some one else. But the law is imperative on us and we must destroy all such bills under penalty. If that man had taken his bill to a bank it would have been returned to him O. K., but he made the mistake of bringing it here. The national banks are supposed to deface counterfeits as well as the treasury. They seldom do it, however—perhaps not one case out of 100. They are afraid of insulting a customer."

A Grand Old Indian.

One of our own poets, who has lately returned from a lecturing tour in the Northwest and who was as enthusiastic as any of the business men about the material resources of the country, was even more impressed with the representatives of the race that is dying in order that civilization may live. He said the most impressive sight that came under his observation was an Indian brave, who rode up on his pony as the great train of Pullman cars was stopping at a western town, and did not even look at the train, but chatted with a youth on another pony at his side. There was a natural dignity about this Indian, who was the perfection of physical manhood that seemed grander to the poet than the triumphs of the civilization that was overwhelming his race.—*Boston Post.*

Major Pond says he made a contract with Stanley to lecture in America after he has finished his tour of forty-six lectures in England.

Matrimony is of man's troubles
The end, as we plainly may see;
But then comes the serious question
Which end it may be?

Society would be a charming thing—if we were only interested in one another.

The largest silver producing company in the world is the Huanchaca de Bolivia in Bolivia, South America. The mines are 16,000 feet above the sea.

The postal-card factory at Shelton, Conn., is running to its fullest capacity night and day, turning out a daily product of 2,500,000 cards.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails; send your address. Trial package mailed free. Collins Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

It's all right to call a spade a spade, but when you speak of a red-headed type-writer girl you had better say auburn.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

What some women are longing for is fewer seats in street cars and more in congress.

Do your clothes last as they used to? If not, you must be using a soap or washing powder that rots them. Try the good old-fashioned Dobbins' Electric Soap, perfectly pure today as in 1865.

An appropriate crew for a jolly boat—rowers of laughter.

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

Pride costs a good deal more than sense and it is not half as good an article.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Time is like money—it goes fast.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Paid to date—the postage stamp canceller.

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure *everything*—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in *everything*.

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the *risk* of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., does with

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,
Favorite Prescription,
Pleasant Pellets, and
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The estimate for Canada's expenditures this year is placed at $36,000,000.

Burns or wounds should be attended to carefully, especially in cold weather. We would recommend Salvation Oil for such cases. All druggists sell it for 25 cents a bottle.

The Chicago postoffice sells over $11,000 worth of stamps daily.

What is a preferred creditor? One who never presents his bill.

Garfield Tea has cured Constipation of twenty-two years' standing; housewives will find it a priceless boon.

A hearty laugh is worth a thousand groans in business.

Do not send your daughter away for change of air till you understand her ailment. Send two 2c stamps for "Guide to Health," to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Some mucilage manufacturers have accumulated great wealth without getting stuck up.

Rheumatism SCIATICA NEURALGIA Cured by St. Jacobs Oil. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

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MEMORY

PENSIONS.

JAMES TANNER, Washington, D. C.

East Saginaw, Sept. 10th, 1889.

Having taken your POSITIVE Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Cure with the best of results, I cheerfully recommend it to persons afflicted with Stomach troubles.

A. T. WARD,
Broker, 106 South Jefferson Street.

East Saginaw, Mich., Dec. 12th, 1889.

Mr. R. Bruske, Druggist, East Saginaw.

Dear Sir—Having tried your Dyspepsia Cure in my family and finding that it proves to be just what you say of it, I can honestly recommend it. It cures where other medicines hardly give relief.

Yours truly,
R. N. R. WHEELER,
Local Ticket Agent, M. C. R. R.

East Saginaw, Mich., Nov. 4th, 1889.

R. Bruske:

Dear Sir—For some time I had been terribly distressed with Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Having tried several physicians to no effect, I was induced to try a bottle of your POSITIVE Dyspepsia and Kidney Cure, and I am happy to say that one bottle, so far as I can see, has entirely cured me.

Respectfully yours,
M. V. MEREDITH,
Supt Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

OLD COINS WANTED. If you have any plain dates before 1871, send list. We pay from five cents to $1000 premium on hundreds of kinds. Enclose stamp for particulars. May mean a fortune to you. W. T. SKINNER, P. O. Box 3046, Boston, Mass.

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Together with all Trimmings. I will attend to every part of the business in a satisfactory manner. All orders for Funerals will be attended to promptly, and the friends of the dead will be relieved of all care in arrangements. I shall keep a good stock of coffins, etc. always on hand.

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COLLINS B. HUBBARD, Pres.; R. H. FYFE, Vice Pres.; EDWIN F. MACK, Cashier.

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Surplus profits	90,000 00

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Four per cent interest is paid on savings deposits, if left three months.

Interest is credited or paid in cash the first of June and the first of December.

Deposits made on or before the fifth of the month draw interest from the first of the same month.

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Birmingham references, M. K. Taber, Alanson Partridge, Whitehead & Mitchell.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of William Hawthorne, deceased. The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Oakland, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims against said estate, and six months from the 24th day of February, A. D. 1890, having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate, in which to present them to us for examination and adjustment, notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 31st day of March and on the 25th day of August, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each day, at the store of Isaac Pearsall, in Big Beaver, Troy Township, in said county, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting such claims.

MARK HALL,
STEPHEN COOPER. } Commis'rs

Dated, February 24, 1890.

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Cash Assets	4,709,928 61
Capital and Net Surplus	3,022,345 67

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PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH. PRICE 50 CTS. IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.

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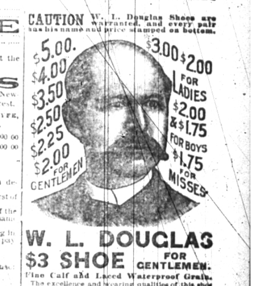

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Fine Calf and Laced Waterproof Grain.

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$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress Shoe which commends itself.

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