Pure Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, 25 cents.

Sheets and pillowcases should be carefully folded when dry; then ironing is made easy.

One Thousand Farmers Wanted

To settle on one thousand choice farms on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Dakota.

These lands are located in twenty different counties, and are to be had now at prices ranging from $7 to $15 per acre; a few months hence their value will be doubled.

For a home or for investment no luckier chance in the West has ever before been offered. Now is the time to travel. The better farming land exists anywhere. No greater results can be obtained anywhere.

Schools and churches abound everywhere. Nearby markets for all farm products. South and North Dakota are the banner diversified farming and stock-raising states of the West. Everything grows in Dakota except ignorance and intemperance. A new boom is on. Take advantage of the tide which leads to Dakota and to fortune.

For further information address or call upon W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Free Homes.

Another opportunity for immigrants to secure homes free. Nearly 2,000,000 acres on the best-class government lands in northern Arkansas now open for settlement. For full information write to E. M. Powell, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Arkansas, enclosing 10 cents in silver. See display advertisement in another part of this paper.

Tepid water, diluted with ammonia, is an excellent cleanser for either gold or silver.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Seashells murmur because vibrations of the air are brought to a focus in them.

FITS—All fits stopped free by **Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.** No Fits after the first day. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A shower of icy berries fell in England in 1866.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and the Old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Groton, Conn., boasts of an eel 50 years old.

Cloe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The Chan-Santa-Cruz Indians in Yucatan have never been conquered. No matter how ever seen their city which is defended by a swamp.

When a man decides to say goodbye to his wife, she look at the cross with it.

THE STUDIOUS GIRL.

An Interesting Letter From a Young Ladies' College.

Race Between the Sexes for Education. Health Impaired by Incessant Study.

The race between the sexes for education is to-day very close.

Ambitious girls work incessantly, over their studies, and are often brought to a halt through having sacrificed the physical to the mental. Then begin those ailments that must be removed at once, or they will produce constant suffering. Headache, dizziness, faintness, slight vertigo, pains in the back and loins, irregularity, loss of sleep and appetite, nervousness and blues, with lack of confidence; these are positive signs that women's arch enemy is at hand.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Pinkham in May, one month after the young lady had first written, giving symptoms, and asking advice. She was ill and in great distress of mind, feeling she would not hold out till graduation, and the doctor had advised her to go home.

——— College, Mass.,

You dear Woman:—

I should have written to you before, but you said wait a month. We are taught that the days of miracles are past. Pray what is my case? I have taken the Vegetable Compound faithfully, and obeyed you implicitly and, am free from all my ills. I was a very, very sick girl. Am keeping well up in my class, and hope to do you and myself credit at graduation. * * My gratitude cannot find expression in words. Yours sincere friend, Mary ———

P. S. Some of the other girls are now using the Compound. Its effects are all.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only safe, sure and effectual remedy in such cases, as it removes the cause, purifies and invigorates the system, and gives energy and vitality.

For narrow windows in small apartments muslin curtains, figured and ruffled, look well.

Of course it's imitated—anything good always is—that's endorsement, not a pleasant kind, but still endorsement. HIRES Rootbeer is imitated.

Made only by Chas. E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 5c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

SWAMP ROOT The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. Although, 16x48, Advice Gratis. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in war, 9 yrs practice, attyatlaw.

CRIPPLE CREEK GOLD STOCKS. Write us if you have to make big money in Gold Stocks on small investments. Reliable information mailed free. Address, The Gold Stock Investment Co., Colorado Springs, Colo. P. O. Box 587. Agents wanted.

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

Queen Bess

BY PITTERS & OWNEY

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

"Forgive!" Yes—shame on my weakness for saying so—I could forgive. I could do more; I could persuade myself, that this strong-willed man had forced her to fly with him, perhaps half against her wish. I could believe that she was unhappy, that she was penitent, that she loved me still." I could do more than forgive, I could take her—I should be forced to take her—again to my heart; even to trust her, and be proud of her glorious beauty. Yes, I could do this—after I had seen Eustace Grant lying lifeless at my feet. Weak as I was, it could not be until then.

Where was she? Where was she? Were they together? I turned again to the letter. It gave me no information as to the writer's whereabouts. The paper and the envelope were plain; the latter bore the London postmark. It was creased, which told me it had been sent under cover, to be posted in London. Sent to some friend, perhaps, this scrap of paper worked a great change in me. If I had ever been approaching that state in which a man accepts the inevitable, it lifted me out of it.

It spurred me on to make fresh exertions to discover the retreat of the fugitives. That letter—the letter written by her—I carried next to my heart day and night. False as my wife had been to me I loved her, and there were times when I recalled her sweet face and marveled how evil could have lurked beneath such a mask.

I left Herstal Abbey and took up my quarters in town. There I should be ready to start on the moment I heard where Grant was to be found. But somehow I was beginning to think that our meeting would be brought about by pure chance. London is the place where all chance meetings occur. There are few Englishmen who do not visit the capital, either at shorter or longer intervals. Something must bring Grant there; so I waited and hoped.

Chance, pure chance, brought about what I longed for, but in the way I expected. I did not stumble across my foe in the street; I did not hear a chance mention of his name, and so hit upon some one who knew him. I found Eustace Grant in this wise:

This year a book, which at once took the public's fancy immensely, made its appearance. It was but a novel, yet it took the depth and research of which, combined with its pathos and humor, arrested all readers' attention. People were curious to know who was the author. The title page bore one of those names which strike every one as being a nom-de-plume. Perhaps the book was not the less read because a certain amount of mystery was kept up as to who had really written it.

Sometimes, not often, since that crushing blow had fallen upon me, I read what happened to come in my way. This particular book was one which came in my way. I began to read it, and am bound to say that the opening chapters were written by no masterly hand. I felt that I at once experienced something of the general interest which the tale had called forth. But before I had read it half through, my interest and excitement were such as to rob me of my rest. I rose early and sat late. I was a gainer, I gave a fierce cry of triumph, I threw the book from me as if it were a reptile. I had found Eustace Grant!

For one chapter of that book contained an account of the hero's journeying through a part of Switzerland, and the account was the same as Grant had given his auditors on the night I first met him, and hated and mistrusted him. Several of the most amusing and out-of-the-way incidents which he then related, and which were sufficiently droll and strange, to impress themselves on my memory, were in these pages once more narrated. Eustace Grant was the author of the successful book. I thanked my memory, which had in a second brought his adventures back to my mind; and memory brought back more than this.

It brought back Viola, listening with smiles on her face to her guardian's (as she called him) amusing recital. It brought back the days when I wooed her; the day when I told her my love, the day when she—she—mine, as I thought, forever; the day, the black day, when she fled—when for hours and hours I waited and would not believe the truth. It brought back the last two wretched years of my life. It brought back all of which Eustace Grant and robbed me, and I laughed the laugh of a devil when I thought that the time was at hand when he should pay me for his act.

I trod his book under my foot, Hypocrite, who could write of honor, virtue and truth, yet act as he had acted! Well, his time has come at last!

But now to find him—to know where I final go, to stand face to face with him! The next morning I called on the publishers of the book. I told them I had reason for believing that its author was an old friend of mine. Would they tell me his right name?

They could not. They believed he wrote under a pseudonym; but they knew him by no other. I asked if they could show me a letter of his. Certainly. A letter was handed me. I placed it side by side with the letter which Grant had written me just before my marriage, and which I had fortunately preserved. I compared the handwriting; then returned the author's letter to the publishers.

"Thank you," I said. "I find I am mistaken. My friend is not such a fortunate man as I hoped to find him." Then I went my way. Mistaken! No, I was not mistaken, but I feared lest, in writing to Grant, his publishers might mention the fact of my having made these inquiries. No; every doubt was now set at rest. The two letters were written by the same man—written by Eustace Grant. As I looked at the second letter, I had impressed the address upon my memory. It was dated from St. Seurin, a place which, upon inquiry, I found was little more than a fishing village on the west coast of Brittany.

They had not fled very far then! The nearer the better! Every hour, which must pass before Eustace Grant and I meet will be grudged by me. In forty-eight hours we may be face to face!

That evening I left London. My preparations for the journey were soon made. Among them was included the purchase of a pair of double-barreled breech-loading pistols, which carried heavy bullets, and were warranted to shoot straight as a line. I had already learned that in a hand-to-hand struggle my foe was my superior. I laughed as my fingers closed lovingly on the handle of the weapon which placed us on an equality.

So I started to end Eustace Grant's dream as suddenly as he had ended mine.

CHAPTER VII.

THE journey to St. Seurin occupied more time than I anticipated. I reached Paris the next morning, and, without halting for rest, took the first train to Rennes. From Rennes I had to go to L'Orient, which I found, was as far as the railway could carry me toward my destination.

Rennes I reached in the evening. Here I was compelled to spend the night, and was forced to be on my feet until the next morning. The morning train was a painfully slow one; it was not until late in the afternoon of the second day that I had reached the fortified port on the Bay of Biscay.

There I inquired as to the best way of getting to St. Seurin. I found the place was nearly twenty miles away. A village where which passed it left L'Orient every other morning, at ten o'clock. I must wait and go by that.

I chafed at the time which must elapse before I met my enemy, and was on the point of engaging a conveyance and horses to take me to St. Seurin at once. But reflection told me that the arrival of a traveler in such a way, at a village so small as I ascertained St. Seurin to be, must excite curiosity. People would gossip, and the man whom I longed to meet might hear of my arrival, and once more fly and leave no trace. So I curbed my impatience, stayed the night at L'Orient, and started in the morning by the lumbering old diligence.

Why is it that, when one is burning to reach a certain place, the sole available mode of progression seems not only the slowest, but in many cases actually is the slowest that can well be hit upon. Those twenty miles, or their equivalent in kilometers, seemed longer than all the rest of the journey. True, the road was in many places steep, and the heavy vehicle not adequately horsed; and, very likely, no one save myself was in a hurry.

But the most wearisome journey ends at last. A small, ill-allowed time, will arrive at his goal. The diligence reached St. Seurin, and as I dismounted in front of a miserable-looking inn I could scarcely repress a cry of exhultation. Eustace Grant was all but within my grasp.

I entered the inn, where I was received with joyful faces. Guests were, no doubt, few, and their visits far between. I asked if I could have accommodation, and was assured I could count upon the best out of Paris. At another time, this grandiloquent assertion would have amused me. Now nothing amused me, and I cared for nothing so long as I could have food and drink, and a place to lay my head until I had accomplished my mission. I dined, for I was beginning to feel the effects of the exhausting journey. Then I walked out, and took stock of my surroundings.

St. Seurin was, as I had been informed, a small decaying village. Some of the houses were picturesque in their way, but many were half in ruins. There was a church, whose size was, of course, utterly disproportioned to the village. There were the shops necessary to supply the humble needs of the scanty population. So far as I could see, there was nothing else.

I strolled on from the dusty, sandy path. Was it for a life in such a place as this that Viola had left me? Had she given up all the comforts and luxuries with which I would have surrounded her, to idle with the partner of her flight in a wretched hole where she could see none save rough fishermen, peasants and such like? If so, her love for Grant must be more than equal to bring about such a sacrifice of all that women, from the time of Eve downward, have been credited with longing after. These questions had the only answer I could give them, did not improve the state of my mind.

It was now growing dusk. I walked back to the little inn, went to my room, and asked for lights and coffee. A broad-faced, broad-shouldered Breton lass ministered to my wants. I enjoined into conversation with her, and in spite of her patois managed to understand her.

I asked about the place and the people. She shrugged her shoulders. Ah! but the place was decaying—going down—going down. Once she had heard that people could live there and make money; but that was hundreds of years ago. Now, every one was poor as poor could be. Parents could not save their daughters dots—girls could not leave them. Besides many of the young men went away. They went to L'Orient and became sailors. It was a rare thing for a girl to get married in St. Seurin.

Were there no visitors—no English, for instance—staying in the neighborhood? No—yes. There was one monsieur—he was English. He lived at Pierre Boulay's farm—the farm just over the sea cliff yonder, the house nearest the sea.

His name? Ah! she forgot those strange names. He was tall and handsome. He had been here off and on many months. He was a heretic, but kind to the poor people. What did he do with himself in this desolate place? Ah! he knew not. True, young Jean, old Pierre's son, said that the gentleman shut himself for hours and hours, writing, and the cure, who knew him, said he was a learned man.

It was he! My journey had not been in vain. I longed to ask the girl if a lady lived with him, but I forced the question back. When I had finished with Eustace Grant, I could then think of Viola.

Where was he to be found? Was he at the farm now? She thought not. She had not seen him for some days. Most days he came down the hill, and walked along the coast—far, far along the coast. If monsieur wished to meet with him, he would surely find him there.

Yes; the coast was very fine. Sometimes artists came to paint it. Perhaps monsieur was an artist?

She glanced at me. No doubt my coming had created curiosity. The question suggested an excuse for my staying at such a place as St. Seurin.

Yes; she had guessed right. I was an artist. I had come to draw pictures of the coast. She seemed pleased at having guessed the nature of my occupation, and quickly left me, no doubt to make her discovery known to all who were interested in the matter. I needed her no longer. I had learned enough.

Fate seemed shaping everything to my hand. I had learned that Grant was dwelling within stone's throw; that nearly every day he took a solitary walk along the coast. It was on the coast, far away from fear or interruption, that I would arrange for our meeting to take place. All I now wished to guard against was a premature discovery of my presence.

The next morning I stepped out and surveyed the scene of action. Far, far away as eye could see was the stretch of smooth yellow sand running from the edge of the glorious sea to the tall, gray cliffs, in a break of which the tiny village nestled.

I climbed the hill, and from the top, looking across the valley, could see the small farm-house to which the object of my hatred lived. I dared not go near it. I turned and regained the sea-coast, and walked along under the cliff, picturing with savage rapture the moment when, utterly unconscious of our contiguity, Eustace Grant would find himself confronted by me, and called upon to reckon up the cost of his foul treachery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CROSS ROADS RELIGION.

Extracts from the Bible Find Space on Eastern Milestones.

The practice of putting up religious signs at country cross roads is becoming quite popular "down east." One sign put up recently on a milestone reads as follows:

Reader, this is what you would like to be. It is quite natural. All people want to be happy. But remember my words this day. The true Christian, the believer in Christ, the converted man is the one who is happy. Such a one is an ark. When the last fiery deluge is sweeping over all things on the surface of the earth, it shall not come nigh him. He shall be caught up, and borne securely above it all. He is in Christ. Such a one is in a hiding place. When God arises to judge terribly the earth, and men are calling to rocks and mountains to fall upon them and cover them, the everlasting arms shall be thrown around him, and the storm shall pass over his head. He shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. He is in Christ. Such a one is in a city of refuge. The accuser of the brethren can lay no charge against him. The law cannot condemn him. There is a wall between him and the avenger of blood. The enemies of his soul cannot hurt him. He is in a secure sanctuary. He is in Christ. Such a one is rich. He has treasure in heaven which cannot be affected by worldly changes. He need not envy the richest merchants and bankers. He has a portfolio that will endure when bank-notes and securities are worthless things. He has Christ. Such a one is insured. He is ready for anything that may happen. Nothing can harm him. Banks may break, and governments fall, and turned. Famine and pestilence may rage around him. Sickness and sorrow may visit his own fireside. But still he is ready for all—ready for health, ready for disease, ready for tears, ready for joy, ready for poverty, ready for plenty, ready for life, ready for death. He has Christ. Reader, this happiness may be yours. Seek Christ and be happy. Repent, believe, follow Jesus, and you will be a happy man.

Nothing to Do.

Sensible men who have been hard workers are always talking about the time when they can retire from business. They have kept regular hours and had busy lives, full of interests and cares and they imagine they want to lay these aside and rest. They do not know they have lost the ability to enjoy rest and that the great pleasure of life is in work, not in idleness. Irresponsible men carry no burdens. They go out of business. They have nothing to do and they find out for the first time how interminably long a day can be that has nothing in it and they wear themselves out trying to have a good time. Generally a man then makes the discovery that he has a liver, or the gout, or some ailment that he can name to a disease, that sits with his fingers on his pulse because he has nothing else to do; he undertakes to teach his wife how to keep house and finds he makes more no to his friends because he has nothing else to occupy his mind. It is reported that Bismarck, when he had the reins of power taken from him, chafed at inaction and said that was a curious feeling to wake up in the morning and feel that the only thing he had to do was to wind up his watch. That may be enough occupation for a half-barbarian chieftain, a man who has led a busy and useful life wants something better to do if he is to keep healthy in mind and body.—New Orleans Picayune.

Horses Will Remain.

The horseless age is a long way off. It is out of sight, and is likely to remain so, notwithstanding the arrival of the bicycle and the motor wagon. When the steam was invented pessimists foretold the starvation of the agricultural laborer. The sewing machine was bitterly fought by people who saw nothing in store for the seamstress. The world to-day knows the results. It is true that electric street railways have dispensed with the service of many thousand horses and that the bicycle has decidedly injured the livery business, and yet it is a fact that the export trade in American horses is making giant strides forward. The exports for 1895, just compiled, are $3,000,000 in value—about twice that of 1894. Europe will keep on buying American horses, and the equine which at home has survived the competition of the steam railroad and the trolley line will hold its own with the "bike" and the horseless wagon. Horses will be cheaper, just as watches are cheaper now than formerly, that is all.—New York Journal.

Poured Water in His Boots.

The Rev. Leonard B. Worth of the Baptist church has begun a suit for divorce from Elvira W. Worth in Oklahoma. The clergyman alleges that his wife asked him to deed all of his property to her and made threats that if he did not she would not live with him, but would make it hot for him all his life. On one occasion, he says, she filled his Sunday boots with water.

"Jaysam Brown" of Kansas seems less eccentric when you analyze it, and discover that it is only a blame fool way of writing "James Samuel."

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The Most Successful Medicine in the World for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

Bad Colds and LaGripes Quickly Cured by It.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

The Lives of Many Croupy Children Saved.

Cheap at $10.00 a Bottle—It Costs but 25 and 50 Cents.

Read the Following From People Who Have Been Cured by It.

Used With Great Success.

BLACK GULCH, Idaho.

I have used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family with great success and take pleasure in recommending it, especially for colds and croup.—John S. BLACK, of Black, Page & Co.

La Grippe Promptly Cured.

James Whitcomb, a well known school teacher at Grass Point, Cal., says: "I am very much pleased to testify to the efficacy of Shiloh's Consumption Cure. One bottle of which I purchased from the druggist at the place. It gave me prompt and permanent relief from a severe attack of the grip. Since then I have used it whenever attacked by any throat trouble and it has always effected a prompt cure."

How to Cure a Bad Cold.

I had a bad cold and cough for several months and tried almost everything. Finally, Mr. King, the druggist here, recommended Shiloh's Consumption Cure. A 50 cent bottle cured me entirely.—ANTHONY GREENSTOCK, Bed Rock, Ark.

Croup Quickly Cured.

WHITE PINE, Wisconsin.

Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure. It afforded almost instant relief.—WM. BONNER.

Used With Good Results.

Having used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family for bad colds and coughs with good results, I take pleasure in recommending it.—A. J. Ives Thorndale, Ohio.

When troubled with a cough or cold give this remedy a trial. You are certain to be pleased with it, for it is prompt and effectual.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is the best. Will be in use for years to come. I use no other in my family of six children.—FRANK STONE, Pratt, Kansas.

It Is Splendid.

WESTON, Ill., Dec. 22, 1895.

We have been using Shiloh's Consumption Cure and think it is splendid.—WILSON & GREEN, Publishers of THE RECORD.

Cheap at $10.00 per Bottle.

I am satisfied that Shiloh's Consumption Cure saved my boy's life on two different occasions. I would not be without it if it cost $10.00 per bottle.—S. M. HODGE, Bowie, Texas.

N. B.—Mr. Hodge's son had the croup on the occasions referred to.

Bad Case of La Grippe Quickly Cured.

All Dangerous Consequences Avoided.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Does the Work.

It Acts Like Magic—Speedy and Permanent Cure the Result.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the nature of the case it was necessary to procure the very best and most speedy cure. From the advertisement of Shiloh's Consumption Cure and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form. Its use has proved a paying investment—through a thorough and speedy cure—to us and we are sure all who use it according to directions will find it to be what we claim. Shiloh's remedies are all good—at least that is the reputation they have earned here.—The Examiner, Vincent, N. J.

The great danger from the grip as well as a severe cold is from its tendency to result in pneumonia. Shiloh's Consumption Cure prevents this.

The above remedy is manufactured by B. C. Wells, Leroy, N. Y., and sold in Birmingham by Whitehead & Mitchell.

GIVES VIM, VIGOR AND VITALITY.

"KOLA-BAC" CURES THE TOBACCO HABIT MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

IT CURES THE CRAVINGS.

KOLA-BAC is both a wonder and a welcome worker. It is a preparation of the extract of the Kola Nut, specially for tobacco users and those addicted to the alcohol habit.

This wonderful Kola Nut is the natives of Africa prize more than gold and in some regions worship it as a God, on account of its strength and courage it gives them. They have used it for ages, but it has only recently been introduced in civilized lands.

It has been adopted by the French and German governments for army use in forced marches, or under other conditions calling for especially hard and fatiguing service. The athletic clubs of Europe and America have found it invaluable as a stimulant to the greatest exertion with no after weariness. The champion bicyclists and oarsmen use it to enable them to put forth their highest efforts.

It is the latest and highest triumph of medical and chemical science. It is the greatest tonic the world has ever known. It stimulates and invigorates the most eminent physicians and the medical journals are filled with the reports of its marvelous results in its use. It increases the appetite and aids digestion.

It also has many specific uses and benefits. It is of vital and helpful service to those desirous of giving up tobacco or drink, or both.

It is a powerful stimulant, with no reactionary effects.

It is an energizing nerve food and a speedy and unfailing antidote for the tobacco, alcohol and morphine habits.

It totally eradicates the harmful taste and furnishes a potent and pleasant substitute until the cure is wrought.

It takes away all desire for tobacco, and positively and permanently cures.

KOLA-BAC is an absolute cure for all forms of nervous prostration, no matter what the cause. It cures weakness and irregularity of heart action and restores a steady and vigorous circulation of the blood.

It is the most powerful nerve tonic known, with no reactionary effects, and restores the full power of all the bodily organs. It thrills enfeebled manhood with new life.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THE MOST SKEPTICAL.

Price, 50 Cents a Box, or Six Boxes for $2.50, and a Cure guaranteed. *Ask your Druggist for it.*

OR SENT PREPAID BY

Kongo Kola Supply Co., 126 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

The "Twin Comet" and "Little Giant" LAWN SPRINKLERS, BEST MADE. Unique, Efficient, Labor Saving. Will sprinkle 4 times greater area than any other Sprinklers made. Highest award at the Chicago Exposition. Can be seen in operation at office of THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC or at residence of A. WHITEHEAD. Send for Circulars giving Testimonials and Prices. E. STEBBINS MFG. CO. Sole Manufacturers, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. For Sale by A. Blakeslee, Agent, Birmingham, Mich.

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