Half Sick or Half Well

Many persons have their good day and their bad day. Others are about half sick all the time. They have headache, backache, and are restless and nervous. Food does not taste good, and the digestion is poor; the skin is dry and sallow and disfigured with pimples or eruptions; sleep brings no rest and work is a burden.

What is the cause of all this? Impure blood.

And the remedy?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It clears out the channels through which poisons are carried from the body. When all impurities are removed from the blood nature takes right hold and completes the cure.

If there is constipation, take Ayer's Pills. They awaken the drowsy action of the liver; they cure biliousness.

Write to our Doctor.

We have the exclusive services of some of the most skilful physicians in the United States. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Lots of men fall over themselves in striving to get ahead of others.

Go South This Winter.

For the present winter season the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has improved its already nearly perfect through service of Pullman Vestibuled Sleeping Cars and elegant day coaches from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago, to Mobile, New Orleans and the Gulf Coast, Thomasville, Ga., Pensacola, Jacksonville, Tampa, Palm Beach and other points in Florida. Perfect connection will be made with steamer lines for Cuba, Porto Rico, Nassau and West Indian ports. Tourist and Home-Seekers excursion tickets on sale at low rates. Write C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

The tramp would rather go to jail than be caught in the toils.

Bodily pain loses its terror if you've a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house. Instant relief in cases of burns, cuts, sprains, accidents of any sort.

Happiness often depends upon what we do with our spare time.

Eczema, scald head, hives, itchiness of the skin of any sort instantly relieved, permanently cured. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

The lazier a man is the harder it is to discourage him.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

Grain-O

It takes the place of coffee at ¼ the cost.

Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

PATENT secured or money all returned. Search free. Collamer & Colleran, 815 F st., Wash. D.C.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

The Elkhart Normal School and BUSINESS INSTITUTE, ELKHART, INDIANA. Circulars Free.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

SPANISH WAR PENSIONS! Write us. TAHER & WHITMAN & CO., Attorneys, Warder Bldg., Washington, D. C.

DROPSY A Quarter Century of personal experience in the treatment of Dropsy and its complications, has enabled DR. H. H. MARTIN CO., 652 Powers Block, Bristol, Rockester, N. Y. CURE trial treatment FREE!

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request. BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U.S.A.

CHEAP FARMS

DO YOU WANT A HOME?

100,000 ACRES Improved and unimproved farming lands to be divided and sold on long time and easy payments. Little cash down. Come and see us or write. THE THOMAS MOSS STATE FARMS, Pauline Center, Mich., or THE TRUMAN MOSS ESTATE, Croswell, Sanilac Co., Mich.

When Answering Ads Please Mention this Paper

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

A FELON'S LOVE.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Hall then went about his business and by no means hurried himself to attend upon the invalid at Sullivan's. He had such a horror of drunkards in general that the man's illness excited no sympathy within. Besides he had nothing to communicate regarding Robert Luke, the brother, and had long since ceased to take any interest in what had become of him.

Leisurely mounting his horse that afternoon, he rode down to the public-house.

There he was received by an expectant crowd of loafers, foremost amongst whom was the landlord he so much detested.

"Take Mr. Hall's horse, Bill, can't yer!" cried Sullivan. "Very good of you, sir, I'm sure, to have taken the trouble to come. This business has quite upset me—it's awful!"—and the man really did look as if his nerves were in a more shattered condition than usual. "Will you step inside, sir?" he asked respectfully. "I have a letter you had better see at once."

Mr. Hall followed the landlord into the little back-parlor, which was so far in advance of the rest of the establishment as to boast of a calico ceiling.

Closing the door, Sullivan pulled out a letter from the depths of one of his pockets. It was the letter written by Robert Luke to his brother in England.

Mr. Hall read the letter carefully through.

"I can't make head or tail of it," he remarked at last. "It is dated on the day the man disappeared, I see; but what was the trial, and what was the thousand pounds reward he seemed so keen about getting?"

"You'll remember, sir, surely! It was the great Froyles murder in England This man William Luke was taken up on suspicion. He was the butler to the old gent who was killed."

"Yes, yes; I remember now reading all about it," replied Mr. Hall, becoming more interested.

"Well, this William Luke was condemned to death, and there seemed no doubt that he committed the murder. Shortly after the execution was to have taken place, however, the police got upon another scent."

"I remember—and he was pardoned."

"Yes, sir; and the people who were wanted in his stead were two of the servants who gave evidence against him at the trial. Here is a printed handbill describing them.

Mr. Hall took the paper in his hand. It was headed "One Thousand Pounds Reward," and contained the descriptions of Edward Bartlett and Anne Dodson.

"I cannot say that this in any way enlightens me," he remarked presently. Then, referring to Robert Luke's letter to his brother, he said, "Luke seemed to fancy that he traced a likeness in Tom Baynes to the woman who is here 'wanted.' This is absurd!"

"He had his own reasons, no doubt," replied Sullivan.

"Possibly he had, or thought he had; but—which is more likely—he was carried away by the hopes of gaining the reward, and so allowed himself to suspect people without just cause."

"He may have been right, anyhow," growled the landlord.

"I don't think so, and I'll tell you why. I have seen Baynes' wife, and she in no way answers the description of the woman here."

"Oh, you have seen her?"—"Yes."

"And what was she like?"

"In the first place she was not nearly so tall as this Anne Dodson, who seems to have been much above the average height of women. Then her hair was very dark."

"That might easily be managed," argued Sullivan.

"Of course; but her features in no way answered the description here. In fact, I am certain she could not have been the same person."

"Oh!" grunted Sullivan, in a disappointed tone. "Well, perhaps, sir, you would like to see the man Luke. He is in the next room."

"You wished to see me," said the squatter, taking a seat by the bedside.

"Yes, sir," said Luke, "if you are Mr. Charles Hall."

"That is my name!"

"I have come out all this way to see my brother Robert."

"Yes; I know all about it. You have heard how suddenly he went away."

"He never went away, sir," replied the sick man.

"What, then, do you suppose has become of him?"

Raising himself with difficulty upon one arm, William Luke looked wildly about him.

"My head—my head!" he exclaimed. "Oh, don't mind me, sir! I'll think directly."

"My belief—is—that he has been put away!"

"Put away?"

"Yes, sir—murdered!"

"Nonsense, man; you are imagining things which we know cannot be true! By whom could he have been murdered?"

"By them."

"Whom?"

"Edward Bartlett and Anne Dodson."

"My good fellow," said Mr. Hall soothingly, "there have been no such people in this neighborhood. Your brother's suspicions as to Baynes were quite ridiculous. He and his wife were nothing like the people here described;" and Mr. Hall held up the printed handbill as he spoke.

"This Baynes—can I see him? Will you have him brought to me here, so that I may be satisfied?"

"Why, he was here last night," interposed Sullivan, "and you were talking to him yourself at the door."

"He was—and you never told me?"

"Told you? How was I to know then what you wanted? If people are so precious close——"

"You will bring him to me, then?" cried Luke, seizing Mr. Hall's hand as he spoke.

"That I cannot do," replied the squatter. "Tom Baynes and his wife left the station at an early hour this morning."

"Gone?" shrieked the man in an agony of excitement. "You have let them go! You are all against me. Oh, murdered, murdered!" he yelled, and struggling to the edge of the bed, he fell upon the floor in an epileptic fit.

CHAPTER XII.

By slow degrees William Luke recovered from his illness so far that he could get out and walk about a little with the aid of a stick. Nothing would now induce him to touch spirits; and Sullivan grumbled mightily at having a lodger who, he declared, not only occupied his "best bedroom," but hardly spent enough to pay for his "tucker." Still Sullivan had one consolation, and that was that, as the story of the new arrival was circulated, people were curious to see this William Luke who had been condemned for murder and pardoned.

Luke's one desire was to get strong enough to go on to Redmount and search for some traces of his brother.

"He ain't there," replied Sullivan, as he listened to his customer's repetition of the old story for about the fiftieth time. "Didn't Mr. Hall tell you for certain that the Bayneses couldn't be the ones you are after? Didn't he see Baynes' wife? And didn't the trooper and other people see her and him? And aren't they all certain you are on the wrong track?",

"But what made them go off so suddenly," said Luke, still unconvinced; "the very day I came up?"

"Bless the man," cried Sullivan, getting weary of arguing with him—"hasn't Mr. Hall told you over and over again that the chap got a letter, saying his sister was ill in Sydney? If you will make a mystery of everything connected with them, why, you will—that's all I've got to say."

But the more Luke thought, and the more he read and re-read his brother's letter, the more certain he felt that there was something about the Bayneses which no one as yet suspected.

Did not his brother say that on that very night of the 25th of May he intended to visit their hut?

"I mean to see her tonight, whether or no. Tom Baynes is away fetching some stores, and won't be home until morning. So now's my chance!"

These were the words which William Luke read as he sat beneath the shade of a gum tree on the creek side, and racked his brains to work the puzzle out.

One day—about a month after his arrival at Sullivan's, and when he had become tolerably convalescent—Luke made up his mind that he would go to Redmount; so, borrowing a horse, he started off.

Upon reaching the station, he was received with every kindness by the hands, who felt a rough sympathy for the man who had come so far to see his brother and had not found him.

Mr. Hall, too, had got over the first feeling of disgust he had entertained for "the gentleman who had been drinking and had had fits," and asked him in his kindliest manner to come up with him to the house and talk matters over.

"I wish to ask you several questions sir," said Luke, "about things that have been on my mind."

"Ask away," replied the squatter.

"First of all, I must tell you something of my own history,",began Luke nervously.

"That is unnecessary, I am sure," said Mr. Hall gently. "It cannot possibly bear upon this present question."

"No, sir; perhaps not, but still I think I'd rather."

"Go on, then; I am listening."

"Well, sir, I entered service early, and was in many a good situation; but latterly I could not keep my places. The curse of my life, as it has been the curse of many another one, was the drink. The place where I lived before I went to Mr. Hughes—who, you know, was murdered—I left on that account; I cheeked the master, and he said I had stolen his wine. That was true. However I made up my mind on going to my new situation to turn over a new leaf!"

"And you did not succeed?"

"No, sir. I went on very well for a short time; but, if it is not wicked to speak so of the dead, he was a most provoking old gentleman. Frequently he would find fault without any sort of occasion; and on that particular day of the dinner-party he had been more than unusually cantankerous. That and my old habits made me take to the liquor again. I felt annoyed and put out, and was 'nipping' pretty freely throughout the day. After the dinner was over, I took a bottle of sherry from the cellaret, and drank it up in my room."

"Yes," said Mr. Hall; "and you were not quite sober in the morning."

"I was three-parts drunk when I awoke, and could not clearly bring to mind anything which had occurred on the previous night——"

"Just so!"

"Well, you know the rest. I was convicted, condemned, and ultimately pardoned. Edward Bartlett, the footman, swore in his evidence against me at the trial that I had been often talking of how I should like to raise money enough to take me out to Australia."

"And had you done so?"

"Believe me, sir, as there's a Heaven above and as I sit here, it was he who was always speaking of coming out here. Such a notion never entered my head."

"Well, but how does this bear upon the question?"

"Isn't my new dress becoming to me?" asked the delighted wife. "Yes," replied the head of the establishment, "and I suppose the bill will soon be coming to me."

WEALTH IN LITTLE THINGS.

Great Fortunes Have Been Built Up on Small Inventions.

It has become almost an axiom with the majority that larger fortunes are to be raised from some simple invention than from difficult and expensive inventions that involve a great outlay of money to manufacture. This is to a certain extent true. A certain patent for fastening kid gloves has yielded a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars for its fortunate owner, and the inventor of a collar clasp enjoys $20,000 royalty a year as the reward for his endeavor. A new kind of sleeve button has made $50,000 in five years for its patentee, and the simple twisting of safety pins in such a way that there is no possible danger of the point sticking in the child promises to enrich its owner beyond any of his early dreams of wealth. A man one day turned a piece of wire so as to hold a cork more securely in a bottle, and forthwith somebody saw a brilliant idea, and patented the modern wire stopple holder, which is now used annually on several million bottles. The accidental bending of a hairpin by a woman to prevent it from sliding out of her hair so easily produced a fortune for her husband, who immediately saw the possibilities of a crinkled hairpin for women. Instances could be multiplied indefinitely of large fortunes being made from small inventions, but fortunately for those inventors who make a life study of intricate problems of mechanics and disdain to waste their talents upon trivial, popular articles of trade there is often also ample reward held in store for the products that take years to reduce and which revolutionize existing methods of industry and mechanics. Edison has reaped honors and riches of a princely character from his discoveries; McCormick has realized in his reaper the fortune of a millionaire; the Corliss engine brought honors and decorations to its inventor and enabled him to amass a great fortune in a few years; Professor Bell found in his telephone not only the consummation of his early hopes and ambitions, but a substantial pecuniary reward; Harveyized steel armor has become synonymous with the inventor's name, and it brings an annual income of huge proportions to its discoverer; Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, realized millions from his inventions, and Nikola Tesla, though still young and rich in promise, finds an abundance of money in his work.

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG.

Two Women Known to Have Been Pirates on the Spanish Main.

In the old days, when piracy flourished along the Spanish main and when buccaneers had headquarters in many islands of the West Indies, Mary Read and Anne Bonny sailed under the black flag. The first named was an English girl who had worn boy's clothing from childhood to hide a family secret. For a while she served on an English warship and then sailed for Cuba on a merchant vessel, which was captured by pirates. She joined the gang and thus met Anne Bonny. The latter was also disguised as a man, and, not knowing Mary to be a female, fell in love with her, revealing her own sex. Mary was then obliged to make a similar revelation. The pair served at their profession for many years. Finally they were taken prisoners by a war vessel. Mary Read was sent to a prison in Jamaica, where she ended her days. What became of Anne is not known.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A man may know love by heart and yet be unable to define it.

A sharp tongue is more essential to the modern prize fighter than a strong arm.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Some men snatch victory from defeat, but more snatch defeat from victory.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The same food that stupefies the brain by day keeps it unduly active at night.

Dr. Carter's K. & H. Tea

does what other medicines do not do. It regulates the four important organs of the body—the Stomach Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. 25c package.

When a man sings his own praise he invariably gets the tune too high.

The Medicated Croup Necklace is the only Croup safeguard known or sold. Price by mail 25c. Medicated Croup Necklace Co., Oakmont, Pa

The season is drawing nigh when the plumber will have a lead-pipe cinch.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it is less valuable in literature.

If You want to learn Telegraphy send to the CHATHAM SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Chatham, N. Y., for free catalogue.

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—C. H. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

The man who makes the most dollars usually makes the fewest friends.

There are no cross babies or sick babies in families that use Brown's Teething Cordial."

Living by one's wits has been recommended as an anti-fat remedy.

MEN AT WORK ON PLEASURE BENT are always subject to some ACCIDENTAL HURT OR PHYSICAL STRAIN.

ST. JACOBS OIL is a good friend in such times of need; it cures surely.

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED," TRY

SAPOLIO

Postage Paid in the South.

The fact has recently disclosed that the federal government expends for pensions in the state of Texas nearly $1,900,000 annually, and more than half a million in the state of Mississippi. While these states did not furnish a large quota to the federal army, they have received substantial additions to their population by the emigration of Northern men. No doubt, also, many federal soldiers in service in these states during the war retained their residences in the South at the close of the contest. No one will complain if, in the distribution of pensions, the Southern states derive a part of the advantages involved. The war with Spain will, no doubt, add to the pension list, and it is safe to say that every Southern state will be represented on the pension roll, for no braver, nobler Americans fought for the cause of humanity than the volunteers from the South.

Saved by His Quick Wit.

The foreman of a jury which lately sat in a New England court room has a ready wit, which served him well in a recent encounter with one of the brilliant lights of the legal world. The judge is a man of abrupt manner and speech, but with a quick sense of humor. The foreman of the jury was late one day; only a few moments, to be sure, but it was one of the judge's most irritable days, as he afterward owned. "I overslept, your honor," said the foreman with due meekness as he took his seat. "Fine him," said the judge testily. "May it please your honor," said the foreman quickly, "I did not dream of that." "Remit the fine," said the judge, hiding his mouth with his hand for a moment, but his eyes betrayed him for all that.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

Mrs. MARIE RACCOCK, 278 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here are her own words:

"Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I am so glad ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles are gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

AN AFFAIR OF THE NATION

It has been said of Americans that they are "a nation of dyspeptics" and it is true that few are entirely free from disorders of the digestive tract, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Stomach and Bowel trouble, or Constipation. The treatment of these diseases with cathartic medicines too often aggravates the trouble.

THE LOGICAL TREATMENT

is the use of a remedy that will build up the system, thereby enabling the various organs to act as Nature intended they should. Such a remedy is found in Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People Here is the proof.

In Detroit there are few soldiers more popular and efficient than Max R. Davies, first sergeant of Co. B. His home is at 416 Third Avenue. For four years he was a bookkeeper with the wholesale drug house of Farrand, Williams & Clark, and he says: "I have charged up many thousand orders for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but never knew their worth until I used them for the cure of chronic dyspepsia. For two years I suffered and doctored for that aggravating trouble but could only be helped temporarily.

"I think dyspepsia is one of the most stubborn of ailments, and there is scarcely a clerk or office man but what is more or less a victim. Some days I could eat anything, while at other times I would be starving. Those distressed pains would force me to quit work. I have tried many treatments and remedies but they would help only for a time. A friend induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and after taking a few boxes I found much relief and after using several boxes I was cured. I know these pills will cure dyspepsia of its worst form and I am pleased to recommend them."—*Detroit (Mich.) Journal.*

The genuine package always bears the full name, At all druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 per box, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

5 DROPS [TRADE MARK]

TOO GOOD TO BE FREE! But send 25c and we will mail you a trial treatment of "5 Drops."

Cured Nervous Prostration, Rheumatism, Catarrh and Stomach Trouble.

MOTHER AND 3 DAUGHTERS CURED BY "5 DROPS."

Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago, July 25, '98.

I think "5 DROPS" is the best medicine in the world—it has done me so much good. Before using "5 DROPS" I could hardly lie in bed long enough to go to sleep. I would have to get up and walk around, or sit up in a chair. I don't know what was the matter with me, but I was suffering all through me and my body was so tender that part of the time I could hardly lie on the softest bed. As it has benefited me so much I have recommended it to my neighbors. Three of my daughters have sent to you for "5 DROPS;" also two of my lady friends. One of my daughters was suffering terribly with her stomach, and was all bloated up until she weighed 174 pounds, but after she took "5 DROPS" her weight came down to 146 pounds—her health and she is all right again. She thinks there never was such medicine made. I myself think it is splendid. MRS. M. A. MATTINGLY, Coldbran, Col.

Mr. Ira Sargent, Dunbar (Neb.), also writes under date July 26, '98, that he is cured of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble and Catarrh. "I want to write you in regard to my case of STOMACH TROUBLE and RHEUMATISM. I commenced one year ago to take '5 DROPS' and I can tell you to-day that though I am 70 years old and past, I feel like a new person. I don't want to be without '5 DROPS.' '5 DROPS' has the praise of being the best medicine on the market. It has cured a bad case of CATARRH here and has another almost cured. Please accept the thanks for the favors I have received at your hands.

IRA SARGENT."

If you have not sufficient confidence, after reading these letters to send for three large bottles for $2.50 which will surely cure you, then send for a $1.00 bottle, which contains enough medicine to satisfy you of its wonderful curative properties. Prepaid by mail or express. This wonderful curative gives almost instant relief and is a positive, permanent cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Kidney Complaints, Liver Troubles, Sick Headache, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Croup, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, Bronchitis, and kindred diseases.

"5 DROPS" is the name and dose. Large bottle (300 doses) $1.00, prepaid by mail or express; three bottles $2.50. Sold only by us and our agents. AGENTS APPOINTED IN NEW TERRITORY. WRITE FOR TERMS.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the quick effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

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AGENTS WANTED TO SELL "Our Native Herbs"

The Great Blood Purifier and Liver Regulator

200 Days' Treatment $1.00, Containing A Registered Guarantee.

32-page Book and Testimonials, FREE.

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1,000 NEWSPAPERS Are now using our International Type-High Plates Saved to LABOR-SAVING LENGTHS.

They will save time in your composing room as they are interchangeable in all sizes and thus type.

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Send a trial order to this office and be convinced.

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