The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Double," Etc.

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"What do you think it is, captain?" Paul asked his companion.

"It is not a stoke, Crack-lash."

"No, I can see it move."

"That is why I know that it is an animated object."

"Perhaps it is a horse."

The old man shook his head, saying:

"No horse could climb these steeps."

"Then it may be a polar bear."

"More likely that than a horse, and yet I think it is neither, as a polar bear is white, and this object has some black spots on it."

They journeyed on until nightfall, and went into camp in a spot somewhat screened by rocks. Next day they resumed their weary march through the most desolate country. The skies became overcast, and the snow began to fall in great white flakes, which rapidly covered the ground.

When night came they halted under the shelter of some rocks and thick, bushy top spruce pine. A blanket was stretched over them, forming a partial shelter.

"We are almost out of food," the captain said as they ate a small portion of the dried moose meat.

"How are we to replenish our stock?"

"I don't know."

It was a painful subject to discuss. Their chances of ever reaching a civilized camp were gloomy indeed. Paul's fortitude was tried to its utmost when, weak and faint, he was continually spurred on by the remembrance that Laura was in the wilds of Alaska.

About the middle of the afternoon the snow ceased falling, and the two men trudged on, sinking into the white covering almost to their knees.

Suddenly the hermit stopped and said:

"Do you see that?"

He was pointing to a trail made in the snow by some animal, and Paul answered:

"Yes; what made it—a bear?"

"No; it is either a dog or wolf."

The thought of a supper on either was repulsive, and the two trudged on in silence. A mile farther they saw a white dog with black spots on the side of his head drinking at one of the lakes. Paul reached for his rifle, but the captain said:

"No, don't shoot him; he may prove our friend."

Paul began to call and whistle to the dog, using terms like the Esquimaux. The animal gave them a look of surprise, and then bounded toward them, yelping in his joy at meeting a human companion.

"He has a collar about his neck," said Paul.

"I say, captain, if we release him he will go back to his master, will he not?"

"Certainly."

"Then we may make a courier of him. Let us write a message, tie it to his collar and send him away."

"An excellent idea."

Paul had a small strip of seal skin, and under the embankment he dug out a bit of red chalk, or ochre, usually called keel, and, dressing one end to a pencil point, wrote:

"We are in the forest, out of food and starving. Follow on the trail at once and find us.

"PAUL MILLER AND COMPANION."

When this had been fastened about the dog's neck, he was released and sent bounding away through the forest.

When the dog courier had been dispatched with his message, the two men trudged on a mile or two farther and halted. Evening was approaching, and they were on the banks of a lake in a marshy ground covered with a thicket of bushes. Here they built a small fire and made a supper on a part of their slender stock of food.

Suddenly they were startled by a crashing in the bushes, accompanied by a snort half of terror and half of defiance. Paul seized his rifle and both leaped to their feet.

"A moose."

The captain nodded.

"It is our only chance for life."

Again the captain nodded. Paul gave him an inquiring glance, and the captain made a sweeping motion with his left hand at the same time disappearing on the right.

Slowly and carefully through the melting snow and tangled thickets Paul groped his way, holding his rifle in one hand and parting the bushes with the other. Hour after hour he trudged on, pausing occasionally to listen. At last he was about to give up and return to the camp, when the crashing of the bushes not far off again aroused his hopes.

Suddenly a dark object loomed up through the night. He only caught a glimpse of it, and before he could raise his rifle to his shoulder it was gone.

Wet to the waist, tired out and despairing, he sank down upon a stone to rest. A dense fog had settled over the low ground, and Paul felt damp and chilly. He was stunned and confused, and only half conscious when there came on his ears the sound of splashing feet.

Next he was conscious of a large, dark object coming through the woods. A large animal was drinking at the lake. He roused himself in a moment, raised his gun, brought it to his shoulder, and without hardly taking aim, fired.

There was a wild, spasmodic leap, a splashing and plunging. He fired again and again at the struggling beast. With a snort of agony it made a few plunges blindly into the thicket and fell.

Paul roused himself in a moment and rushed to its side. Despair quickly gave way to joy, for here was food. The moose was a giant in size, and would furnish them with food for days. He cut its throat with his knife and then for the first time thought of his companion. He called aloud, and fired a shot in the air, but only the echoes answered him.

"He will get on my trail and follow me," thought Paul, and began to skin the dead moose without feeling in the least uneasy. Having at last completed his task, he built a fire, and, cutting off some of the choicest steaks began to broil them over it. Paul had been on short rations a long time, and never steak tasted better.

Paul wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down by the fire to warm himself and dry his clothing. The night passed in troubled dreams. When he awoke it was broad daylight.

When it was noon and Paul's companion did not come he began to feel uneasy. Could it be they were lost? To become separated he thought would be fatal to both. He roasted and packed away all the moose meat he could carry, and after another restless night started out to return to the spot where he had last seen his companion.

The lowering skies portended another storm, and before he had gone five miles the snow was falling in blinding fury, completely obliterating the trail. For hours and hours Paul staggered on until he came upon a great, high wall of stone, which barred his farther progress and partially sheltered him from the driving storm.

He spread his blanket above him, and, finding some dry pine sticks, kindled a little fire, over which he stretched his half-frozen fingers. His suffering throughout that night was intense, and it is a wonder that he did not perish.

But morning came and, cold and hungry and in despair, he crept away from the great cliff under shelter of which he had passed such a miserable night.

He reached a deep ravine in which was a great deal of dry pine wood, and he proceeded to make a fire. The fire blazed and roared and gave out a generous heat. He was soon warmed, and, wrapping his blanket about him, slept throughout the day. Night came, and he awoke, and, building another fire, slept throughout the night.

Next day the sky was clear, and he started on his wandering, going in the direction of the Yukon. He slept that night in the shelter of a rock, and the next morning started again on his journey.

About the middle of the forenoon he saw a party of men coming toward him, and shouted and danced for joy. He ran to meet them yelling like a madman.

At last he came up with them. The leader was a tall man about his own age. He gazed on the being whom hardship, exposure and toil had so completely metamorphosed that he was unrecognizable, and asked:

"Who are you, and what are you?"

Paul started back with an exclamation of horror, and well he might. He was face to face with his most bitter enemy, Theodore Lackland.

It is necessary at this point in our story that we take leave of Paul for the time being and return to the brave girl whom we left hastening to the dangers and wilds of the polar world for the man she loved.

Laura kept up bravely so long as she could discern the form of Mrs. Miller on the dock, but when it faded from view she fell upon a steamer chair and burst into tears. A hand hardened by toil and softened by love was laid upon her shoulder and a low, gentle voice whispered in her ear:

"Don't cry, pretty one. It's a hard lot ye've chosen, but there's a rich promise in the future for ye."

Looking up she saw the kind face of the woman called Kate Willis bending over her.

"I know, child, it's tough on ye t' go away from friends and relations, perhaps, but ye'll find friends where yer goin' that'll be true to ye."

"I don't doubt you, my good woman, I don't doubt you," Laura declared. "Pardon this weakness and let me assure you that it will not last long. The knowledge that I shall perhaps never see the face of that dear friend has quite overwhelmed me for the time being."

"Oh, it's nothin', my dear, after ye git used to it; but gittin' used t' it's the trouble, I tell ye, Laura, I'll look after ye when we git to Alaska. Ye shan't work. I'll do it for ye. Then pretty little hands shan't do any thing to spoil 'em."

"I am not going to the Klondyke to work," answered Laura.

"Not goin' there t' work?"

"That is, I am not going to dig gold from the mines."

"Well, what are ye goin' for?"

"It was a long, sad story, but Laura was a confiding creature and told her.

When she had finished tears were trickling down the furrowed cheeks of her companion.

"Ah, child, yer story is so like my own I can but believe yer livin' over my own sad life. When I was young like you, and some said pretty, I had a lover, a gallant young sailor lad. He always told me how he loved me and wouldn't never marry another. We were goin' t' be married when Jack came back from the next cruise. He was tired o' the sea, and I was tired o' havin' him go away so much, so we decided that it was to be the last voyage. He sailed t' the north in the Arctic seas somewhere an' never came back." She sobbed a moment in silence and resumed:

"A long time I couldn't give him up. Didn't believe that he was dead, but at last I had to give in that he was. Two years after a sailor came into port who had been in Jack's crew and he told how Jack and his captain had been led out into the forest by savages on promises o' findin' a great amount o' gold, and both killed."

Laura, who was very much interested in her sad story, asked:

"Why are you going to the Klondyke?"

"I am goin' where I kin' make money; where I kin git rich, and help young people, so they won't suffer as I have.

From that time on they became the best of friends. They were together most of the time and exchanged hopes and fears, and both kneeled at night to ask God for guidance in their course in the future.

Their long voyage was at last ended. The great engine was slowly puffing as the vessel was driven slowly into the bay.

The vessel ran to within three-fourths of a mile of the shore and dropped anchor.

They had been discovered by the people on shore, who were waving handkerchiefs and hats, firing guns and pistols in the air. The boats were lowered and men climbed into them.

"Don't be in a hurry to go, child," whispered Kate, who exercised a sort of motherly control over the girl. "There's another ship in."

"Where did it come from?" Laura asked.

"San Francisco, I'm thinkin'. Fact, I know it's from San Francisco."

Poor Laura little dreamed who had come on that vessel, starting after she did, but beating her to the land of gold. Even had she known whom the vessel brought she would not have been able to guess his object in coming to this country.

They went out on deck again to find it cleared of passengers. Another boat was lowered, and they were asked if they wished to go ashore.

"Certainly," said Laura. They descended to the rocking boat, and were pulled ashore by eight sturdy oarsmen. A porter came from the boat with her pretty white bag, which seemed in harmony with the spotless purity which surrounded them.

She thanked him and gave him a silver dollar for his trouble. Then she turned to go with Kate to the hotel when she suddenly stopped, started back, and, with a cry of alarm, fell into the arms of Kate Willis. Before her stood Theodore Lackland, a smile on his contemptible features.

Kate Willis was dumbfounded at the conduct of her charge. She knew the girl had unexpectedly met some one, and the meeting was highly disagreeable, but could not, of course, understand the true cause. Kate knew the man before her was the cause of the trouble, and, at once began to berate him.

"You unprincipled scoundrel," she cried. "What do you mean by comin' here to frighten this poor child to death?"

In a moment Laura had recovered her self-possession, while Kate continued:

"You ugly, hatchet-faced, spider-legged kangaroo! You flanned-mouthed red-headed idiot! You minute's milk eyes! You three-card monte, faro bank shark, with a tongue as black as your heart! You—"

"That will do, Kate," interrupted Laura, regaining her speech. "This man's sudden appearance startled me."

(To be continued.)

A CROWN IN THE SKY.

Virginia Newspaper Tells of a Remarkable Appearance.

With the setting of the sun the other day there appeared in the eastern sky a beautiful golden crown, which drew the attention of many of the inhabitants of this city, who watched with intense interest and excitement the phenomenal movements of something that has never been seen here before and which it is very likely will never appear again.

When first seen it was in the south, and at the time was only a shapeless spot of light, but gradually it grew until it formed a perfect crown of gold, over which twinkled a bright star of unusual proportions which lighted up the sky for some distance. The crown glittered as though made of perfect gold and set with magnificent stones which shed their radiance. From the south it traveled slowly eastward, leaving a gleaming track of fire behind it, until it faded from view.

At the time of the appearance the sky was clouded with a bank of dark clouds in the east and south, and the sun shone dimly through a mist that overhung the western heavens. In the midst of the dark overhanging clouds there was one with a snow-white cap, and upon the very top of this snowy bank rested the golden crown.

For fifteen minutes the crown threw its brightness over the earth, but as the sun sank in a cloud beyond the horizon it gradually faded from view.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

As to Two Evils.

Theodore Hallam, one of the most celebrated of local practitioners, once defended a burglar, and the case gave him a story that he never tired of telling. The prosecuting attorney was fighting vigorously, and had the defendant's wife on the stand.

"You are the wife of the prisoner?" he asked her.

"Yes," she replied.

"Did you know his mode of life when you married him?"

"I did, sir."

"Will you tell us, then," went on the prosecutor, surprised by this admission, "how you came to contract an alliance with one of his kind?"

"Well," she answered, ingenuously, "I was getting on, the other girls had all been married, and I at last had no choice but between him and a lawyer who was courting me."

Look Out for Your Pate.

So "pate" is slang for head, eh? Wherefore? Surely the word is used in a trivial or derogatory sense, as noodle, noggin, cranium, brain-pan, etc., but its origin is eminently respectable. Shakespeare says "the learned pate ducks to the golden fool." Pope's epigram is good—

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

We have "bald pate" and "shave pate." Why, the word is used once in the Bible, and by David, in Psalm vii., 16: "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate." Accurately, pate does not mean the head, but the crown of the head.

Preventing Lead Poisoning.

Improvements in the arrangements of two large factories in England reduced the number of cases of lead poisoning in one year from 173 to 74.

Russia's Mercantile Marine.

The Russian mercantile marine has 745 steamers and 2,293 sailing vessels.

SHOWING THE WAY.

Most of our readers know all about the aches and pains of a bad back, very few people are free from sick kidneys, as the kidneys are the most over-worked organs of the body and "go wrong" at times no matter how well the general health may be. The trouble is so few understand the indications of kidney trouble. You are nervous, tired out and weary, have stitches, twinges and twitches of backache pains, but lay it to other causes; finally the annoyance and suffering attendant with urinary disorders, retention of the urine, too frequent urination makes you realize the seriousness of it. At any stage you should take a remedy that will not only relieve but cure you. Read the following and profit by the lesson it teaches:

C. J. McMurray, a resident of Freeport, Ill., address 41 Iroquois St., says: "I have greater faith in Doan's Kidney Pills to-day than I had in the fall of 1897, when I first took that remedy and it cured me of an acute pain across the back and imperfect action of the kidneys. Since I made a public statement of these facts and recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to my friends and acquaintances, thoroughly believing as I did both from observation and experience that they would do just as they were represented to do. I am still pleased to endorse my statement given to the public shortly after I first began to use the remedy."

A FREE TRIAL of this great Kidney medicine, which cured Mr. McMurray, will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

WHEN KENDALL WAS BOSSED.

Popular Actor Tells of His Experiences With a Printer.

Ezra Kendall was once the editor of a small up-state paper, which was saved from untimely death, so Kendall says, many times by the foreman of the composing room. "He was a good man, a very good man, that foreman," Kendall affirms, "but he could never understand me. Darlings! Never was a man laced by any one as I by that compositor. He said I was worthless, lazy, a fool, a blockhead, a shiftless do-nothing, fit for nothing on earth but to talk and go to ball games. I told him a man could not be well fitted for any higher missions, but somehow that didn't seem to improve his opinion of me. He went right on lacing me, and to this day the poor man cannot understand how in the name of common sense I have been judged with a star part, or how I can have made a success as an actor. I tell him I didn't do it in the name of common sense, but by invoking the opposite divinities. But he only retorts that I was the biggest stick that ever tried to edit a paper, with that air of finality a man assumes when he ends a scientific argument with a quotation from Genesis or Revelations. You can feel some of the sting of all of the time, but you can never fool your valet or the foreman of your composing room."

An Embarrassing Situation.

What a situation that must have been at a recent reception in London, where a lady appeared in a gorgeous gown looted from the imperial palace at Pekin, and later in the evening found herself face to face with the Chinese ambassador! It may be described as "curdling." The ambassador, for a moment, apparently thought some lady of the royal family of China had suddenly appeared in a London drawing room, for the material of the gown had never been worn by any but Chinese royalty. He couldn't conceal his agitation in meeting an English lady thus arrayed, but she fortunately had the tact to leave the reception, and thus somewhat relieve the embarrassment, but the incident, it is reported, will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. One cannot envy or pity a woman who would wear a looted gown, transformed though it might be by the fashionable dressmaker.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color Silk, Wool and Cotton at one boiling.

Anyone may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperament.—Sterne.

THE APOLOGY WAS SINCERE.

But Under No Circumstances Could It Be Called Flattering.

A philanthropic lady visited the asylum at Kingston, Canada, not long ago, and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly gained her compassion.

"And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired.

"Twelve years," was the answer.

"Do they treat you well?"

"Yes."

"Do they feed you well?"

"Yes."

After addressing a few more questions to him the visitor passed on. She noticed a broad and broadening smile on the face of her attendant, and on asking the cause heard with consternation that the old man was none other than Dr. Clark, the superintendent.

She hurried back to make apologies. How successful she was may be gathered from these words:

"I am very sorry, Dr. Clark. I will never be governed by appearances again."

Spoke From Experience.

A man who tries to uphold all his statements with the prop of personal experience is pretty sure sooner or later to find himself in difficulties.

"What kind of posts should you say I'd better have for my piazza?" asked a summer resident of the oracle of Bushville. "Cedar?"

"No," was the instant reply, "not less you want to pay for poor stuff. Gi, pine. Pine will last ye a hundred years."

"Are you sure?" asked the summer resident, doubtfully.

"Sure!" echoed the oracle. "I never state a thing without I can prove it. I've tried 'em both. Tried 'em twice on my south porch, I tell ye!"

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Because Jesus Christ has been in the grave, every man who will may have eternal life.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cures Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25 cents. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

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The inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands are among the most expert tattooers on earth.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

The man who will take a dollar that is not his own will do a mean thing if God is for him he had the power to do it.

'Tis not safe to be a day without Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil in the house. Never can tell what moment an accident is going to happen.

It is often more beneficial to a man to remind him of something he knows than to tell him something he doesn't know.

Everybody's kinds to irritating piles. Rich and poor, young and old, terrible the torture they suffer. Only one sure cure, Doan's Ointment. Absolutely safe, can't fail.

The only human, a species of sheltered small, has innumerable eyes on its back.

Don't forget to have Mrs. Austin's Pancakes for breakfast. Your grocer can supply you.

Cherubini, the great Italian opera writer, was the son of a theater violinist.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Eckenrath, Vanburen, Ind. Feb. 15, 1896.

The man who asks God for his daily bread will get try to get the whole loaf.

Nothing half so fine as Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour. Ask your grocer for it.

Edmond is from the Saxon, meaning A Happy Peace.

PE-RU-NA NECESSARY TO THE HOME.

A Letter from Congressman White, of North Carolina.

PE-RU-NA IS A HOUSEHOLD SAFEGUARD.

HON. GEORGE H. WHITE.

No Family Should Be Without It.

PERUNA is a great family medicine. The women praise it as well as the men; it is just the thing for the many little catarrhal ailments of childhood.

The following testimonials from thankful men and women tell in direct, sincere language what their success has been in the use of Peruna in their families:

Louis J. Scherrinsky, 103 Locust street, Atlantic, Iowa, writes:

"I will tell you briefly what Peruna has done for me. I took a severe cold which gave me a hard cough. All doctors' medicines failed to cure it. I took one bottle of Peruna and was well.

"Then my two children had bad coughs accompanied by asthma. My wife had stomach trouble for years. She took Peruna and now she is well.

"I cannot express my thanks in words, but I recommend your remedy at every opportunity, for I can conscientiously say that there is no medicine like Peruna. Nearly everyone in this town knew about the sickness of myself and family, and they have seen with astonishment what Peruna has done for us. Many followed our example and the result was health. Thanking you heartily, I am."—L. J. Sherrinsky.

Mrs. Nannie Wallace, Tulare, Cal., President of the Western Baptist Missionary Society, writes:

"I consider Peruna an indispensible article in my medicine chest. It is twenty medicines in one, and has so far cured every sickness that has been in my home for five years. I considered it a special value to weakly women, as it builds up the general health, drives out disease and keeps you in the best of health."—Mrs. Nannie Wallace.

Peruna protects the family against coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, catarrh of the stomach, liver and kidneys. It is just as sure to cure a case of catarrh of the bowels as it is a case of catarrh of the head.

Congressman George Henry White, of Tarboro, N. C., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman in regard to the merits of the great catarrh cure, Peruna:

House of Representatives,
Washington, Feb. 4, 1899.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—"*I am more than satisfied with Peruna, and find it to be an excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh. I have used it in my family and they all join me in recommending it as an excellent remedy.*"

Very respectfully,
George H. White.

Peruna is an internal, scientific, systemic remedy for catarrh. It is no palliative or temporary remedy; it is thorough in its work, and in cleansing the diseased mucous membranes cures the catarrh.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

10 YEARS PROVES THE MERITS OF DOWNS' ELIXIR

"I have used Downs' Elixir 10 years and always found it all you represented it to be for breaking up colds."—Wesley Rockwell, West Brattleboro, Vt.

Downs' Elixir never disappoints the user.

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ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

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You are doing what Christ would do when you are trying to lighten the burden of another.

No trouble to get breakfast quick if you have Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour.

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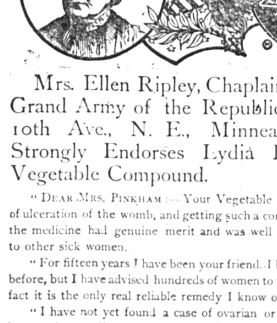
There was no better remedy then for Man or Beast, and there never has been a better remedy since. Keep it in the house.



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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your Vegetable Compound cured me of ulceration of the womb, and getting such a complete cure I felt that the medicine had genuine merit and was well worth recommending to other sick women.

"For fifteen years I have been your friend. I have never written you before, but I have advised hundreds of women to take your medicine, in fact it is the only real reliable remedy I know of for a sick woman.

"I have not yet found a case of ovarian or womb trouble which has not been relieved or cured by the faithful use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"You have brought health to hundreds of women in Minneapolis as you have no doubt to others over the country."—MRS. ELLEN RIPLEY.

$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

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Prevented by shampoos of CUTICURA SOAP, and light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollient Skin Cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, healthy scalp when all else fails.

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