THE LOST LOVER

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

By HARRY LEON WILSON, Author of "The Spoilers"

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CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

It was a love story; again that strangely moving love of one man for one woman, that seemed as sweet as it was novel to her. But there was war between the houses in the play, and the young lover had to make a way to see his beloved, climbing a high wall into her garden, climbing to her very balcony by a scarf she flung down to him. To the young woman from Amalon, these lovers' voices came with a strang compulsion, so that they played with her heart between them. She was in turn the youth, pleading in a voice that touched every heartstring from low to high; then she was the woman, soft and timid, hesitating in moments of delicious doubt, yet almost fearful of her power to resist,—half-wishing to be persuaded, half-frightened lest she yield.

When the moment of surrender came, she became both of them; and, when they parted, it was as if her heart went in twain, a half with each, both to ache until they were reunited. But when the acts she awoke to reality, only to say to herself: "So much, I shall have to think about—so much—I shall never be able to think about it enough."

Reverishly she followed the heart-breaking tragedy to its close, suffering poignantly the grief of each lover, suffering death for each, and feeling her life desolated when the end came.

But when the dull curtain shut her back into her own little world, where there was no love like that, and beside the little bent man she went out into the night.

The next morning had come a farther delight, an invitation to a ball from Brigham. Most of the day was spent in one of the shops, choosing a gown of wondrous beauty, and having it fitted to her. When she looked into the little cracked mirror that night, she saw a strange new face and figure; and, when she entered the ballroom, she felt that others noted the same strangeness, for many looked at her until she felt her cheeks burn. Then Brigham arose from a sofa, where he had been sitting with his first wife and his last, and came gallantly toward her; Brigham, whom she knew to be the most favored of God on earth and the absolute ruler of all the realm about her,—an affable, unpretentious yet dignified gentleman of 70, who took her hand warmly in both his own, looked her over with his kindly blue eyes, and welcomed her to Zion in words of a fatherly gentleness. Later, when he had danced with some of his wives, Brigham came to dance with her, light of foot, and full of zest for the measure as any youth.

Others danced with her, but during it all she kept finding herself back before the magic square that framed the land where a man loved but one woman. She remembered that Brigham had sat with four of his wives in one of the boxes, enthusiastically applauding that portrayal of a single love. As the picture came back to her now, there seemed to have been something incongruous in this spectacle. She observed the seamed and hardened features of his earliest wife, who kept to the sofa during the evening beside the better favored Amelia, whom the good man had last married, and she thought of his score or so of wives between them.

Then she knew that what she had seen the night before had been the truth; that she could love no man who did not love her alone. She tried to imagine the lover in the play going from balcony to balcony, sighing the same impassioned love-tale to woman after woman; or to imagine him with many wives at home, to whom would be taken the news of his death in the tomb of his last. So she thought of the play and not of the ball, stepping the dances absently, and, when it was all over, she fell asleep, rejoicing that, before their death, the two dear lovers had been sealed for time and eternity, so that they could awaken together in the Kingdom.

They went home the next day, driving down the valley that rolled in billows of green between the broken ranges of the Wasatch and the Oquirrh. It was no longer of the Kingdom she thought, nor of Brigham and his wives; only of a clean-limbed youth in doublet and hose, a plumed cap, and a silken cloak, who, in a voice that brought the tears back of her eyes, told of his undying love for one woman—and of the soft, tender woman in the moonlight, who had trusted him and let herself go to him in life and in death.

The world had not ended. She thought that, in truth, it could not have ended yet; for had she not a life to live?

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Lion of the Lord Sends an Order.

They reached home in very different states of mind. The girl was eager for the solitude of her favorite nook in the canyon, where she could dream in peace of the wonderland she had glimpsed; but the little bent man was stirred by dread and chilled with forebodings. To him, as well as to the girl, the change in the first city of Zion had been a thing to wonder at. But what had thrilled her with amazed delight brought pain to him. Zion was no longer held inviolate.

And now the truth was much clearer to him. Not only had the Lord deferred His coming, but He had set His hand again to scatter Israel for its sin. Instead of letting them stay alone in their mountain retreat until the beginning of His reign on earth, He had brought the Gentiles upon them in overwhelming numbers. Where once a thousand miles of wilderness lay between them and Gentile wickedness, they were now hemmed about with it, and even it polluted the streets of the holy city itself.

One morning, a few weeks after he had reached home from the north, he received a call from Seth Wright.

"Here's a letter Brother Brigham wanted me to be sure and give you," said this good man. "He said he didn't know you was allowing to start back so soon, or he'd have seen you in person."

He took the letter and glanced at the superscription, written in Brigham's rather unformed but plain and very decided-looking hand.

"So you've been north, Brother Seth? What do you think of Israel there?"

The views of the Wild Ram of the Mountains partook in certain ways of his own discouragement.

"Zion has run to seed, Brother Rae; the rank weeds of Babylon is a-goin' to choke it out, root and branch! We ain't got no chance to live a pure and Godly life any longer, with railroads coming in, and Gentiles with their fancy contraptions. It weakens the spirit, and it plays the very hob with the women. Soon as they git up there now, and see them new styles from St. Looey or Chicago, they git downright daft. No more homespun for 'em, no more valley tan, no more parched corn for coffee, nor beet molasses nor unbolted flour. Oh, I know what I'm talkin' about. That reminds me, you had Prudence up to Conference, and I guess you don't know what that letter's about."

"Why, no; do you?"

"Well, Brother Brigham only let a word or two drop, but plain enough; he don't have to use many. He was a little mite afraid some one down here would cut in ahead of him."

Joel Rae had torn open the big blue envelope in a sudden fear, and now he read in Brigham's well-known script:

"Dear Brot. Joel:

"I was uncus to see more of your daughter, and would of kept her hear at my house if you had not hurried off. I will let you seal her to me when I come to Pink valle next late this summer or after Oct. conference. If anything happens and I am to busy will have you bring her hear. Tell her of this and what it will mean to her in the Lord's kingdom and do not let her company with gentiles or with any of the young brethren around there that might put Notions into her head. Try to due right and never faint in well doing, keep the faith of the gospel and I pray the Lord to bless you.

"BRIGHAM YOUNG."

The shrewd old face of the Bishop had wrinkled into a smile of quiet observation as the other read the letter. In relating the incident to the Entablature of Truth, subsequently, he said of Joel Rae at the moment he looked up from this letter: "He'll never be whiter when he's dead! I see in a minute that the old man had him on the hark."

"You know what's in this, Brother Seth—you know that Brigham wants Prudence?" Joel Rae had asked, looking up from the letter, upon which both his hands had closed tightly.

"Well, I told you he dropped a word or two, jest by way of keeping off the Princess of Israel down here."

"I must go to Salt Lake at once and talk to him."

"Take her along; likely he'll marry her right off."

"But I can't—I couldn't—Brother Seth, I wish her not to marry him."

The Bishop stared blankly at him, his amazement freezing upon his lips, almost, the words he uttered.

"Not — want — her — to marry — Brother Brigham Young, Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in all the world!"

"I must go up and talk to him at once."

"You won't talk him out of it. Brother Brigham has the habit of prevailing. Of course, he's closer than Dick's hat-band, but she'll have the best there is until he takes another."

"He may listen to reason—"

"Reason?—why, man, what more reason could he want,—with that splendid young critter before him, throwing back her head, and flashing her big, shiny eyes, and lifting her red lips over them little white teeth—reason enough for Brother Brigham—or for other people I could name!"

"But he wouldn't be so hard—taking her away from me—"

Something in the tones of this appeal seemed to touch even the heart of the Wild Ram of the Mountains, though it told of a suffering he could not understand.

"Brigham is very sot in his ways," he said, after a little, with a curious soft kindness in his voice,—"in fact, a sotter man I never knew!"

He drove off, leaving the other starting at the letter now crumpled in his hand. He also said, in his subsequent narrative to the Entablature of Truth: "You know I've always took Brother Rae for jest a natural born not, a shy little cuss that could be biffed around by anything and everything, but when I drove off he had a plumb ornery fighting look in them deep-set eyes of his, and blame me if I didn't some way feel sorry for him.—he's that warped up, like an old water-soaked sycamore plank that gits laid out in the sun."

But this look of belligerence had quickly passed from the face of Joel Rae when the first heat of his resentment had cooled.

After that, he merely suffered, torn by his reverence for Brigham, who represented on earth no less a power than the first person of the Trinity, and by the love for this child who held him to a past made beautiful by his love for her mother,—by a thousand youthful dreams and fancies and wayward hopes that he had kept fresh through all the years; torn between Brigham, whose word was as the word of God, and Prudence who was the living flower of her dead mother and all his dead hopes.

Presently he saw Prudence coming across the fields in the late afternoon from the road that led to the canyon. He watched her jealously until she drew near, then called her to him. In a few words he told her very gravely the honor that was to be done her.

When she fully understood, he noted that her mind seemed to attain an unusual clearness, her speech a new consciousness; that she was displaying a force of will he had never before suspected.

Her reply, in effect, was that she would not marry Brigham Young if all the angels in heaven came to entreat her; that the thought was not a pretty one; and that the matter might be considered settled at that very moment. "It's too silly to talk about, she concluded.

Almost fearfully he looked at her, yielding a little to her spirit of rebellion, yet trying not to yield; trying not to rejoice in the amused flash of her dark eyes and the decision of her tones. But then, as he looked, and as she still faced him, radiant in her confidence, he felt himself going with her—plunging into the tempting wave of apostasy.

He Lifted His Broad-Brimmed Hat to Her in a Gracious Sweep.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A New Face in the Dream.

Prudence had to be alone to dream her dreams of a love that should be always single. Brigham's letter, far from disturbing these, had brought them a zest hitherto lacking. Neither the sacrilege of refusing him, its worldly unwisdom, nor its possible harm to the little bent man of sorrows, had as yet become apparent to her. Each day, when such duties as were hers in the house had been performed, she walked out to be alone,—always to Box canyon, that green-sided cleft in the mountain, with the brook lashing itself to a white fury over the boulders at the bottom. She would go up out of the hot valley into its cool freshness and its pleasant wood smells, and there, in the softened blue light of a pine-hung glade, she would rest, and let her fancy build what heaven-reaching towers it would. On some brown bed of pine-needles, or on a friendly gray boulder close by the water-side, where she could give her eyes to its flow and foam, and her ears to its music,—music like the muffled tinkling of little silver bells in the distance,—she would let herself go out to her dream with the joyous reckless abandon of falling water.

It was commonly a dream of a youth in doublet and hose, a plumed cap and a cloak of purple satin, who came in the moonlight to the balcony of his love, and sighed his passion in tones so moving that she thought an angel must have yielded—as did the girl in the balcony who had let down the scarf to him. She already knew how that girl's heart must have fluttered at the moment,—how she must have felt that the hands were mad, wicked, uncontrollable hands, no longer her own.

There was one place in the dream that she managed not without some ingenuity. It had to be made plain that the lover under the window did not come from a long, six-doored house, with a wife behind each door; that this girl, pale in the moonlight, with quickening heart and rebellious hands on the scarf, and arms that should open to him, was to be not only his first wife but his last; that he was never even to consider so much as the possibility of another, but was to cleave unto her, and to love her with a single heart for all the days of her life and his own.

There were various ways of bringing this circumstance forward. Usually she had Brigham march on at the head of his great family and counsel the youth to take more wives, in order that he should be exalted in the Kingdom. Whereupon the young man would fold his love in his arms and speak words of scorn, in the same thrilling manner that he spoke his other words, for any exaltation which they two could not share alone. Brigham, at the head of his wives, would then slink off, much abashed.

She had come naturally to see her own face as the face of this happily loved girl in the dream. She knew no face for the youth. There was none in Amalon; not Jarom Tanner, six feet three, who became a helpless grinning child in her presence; nor Moroni Peterson, who became a solemn and ghastly imbecile; nor Ammaron Wright, son of the Bishop, who had opened the dance of the Young People's Auxiliary with prayer, and later tried to kiss her in a dark corner of the room. So the face of the other person in her dream remained of an unknown heavenly beauty.

And then one afternoon in early May a strange youth came singing down the canyon; came while she mused by the brook-side in her best-loved dream. Long before she saw him, she heard his music, a young, clear, care-free voice ringing down from the trail that wound over the mountains to Kanab and into Kimball valley; one of the ways that led out to the world that she wondered about so much. It was a voice new to her, and the words of his ballad were also new. At first she heard them from afar:—

"There was a young lady came a-tripping along,
And at each side a servant-O,
And in each hand a glass of wine
To drink with the Gypsy Davy-O.

"And will you fancy me, my dear,
And will you be my Honey-O?
I swear by the sword that hangs by my side
You shall never want for money-O.

"Oh, yes, I will fancy you, kind sir,
And I will be your Honey-O,
If you swear by the sword that hangs by your side
I shall never want for money-O."

The singer seemed to be making his way slowly. Far up the trail, she had one fleeting glimpse of a man on a horse, and then he was hid again in the twilight of the pines. But the music came nearer:—

"Then she put on her high-heeled shoes,
All made of Spanish leather-O,
And she put on her bonnie, bonnie brows
And they rode off together-O.

"Soon after that, her lord came home
Inquiring for his lady-O.
When some of the servants made this reply,
She's a-gone with the Gypsy-O.

"Then saddle me my milk-white steed,
For the black is not so speedy-O,
And I'll ride all night and I'll ride all day
Till I overtake my lady-O."

She stood transfixed; something within her responding to the hidden singer, as she had once heard a closed piano sound to a voice that sang near it. Soon she could get broken glimpses of him as he wound down the trail, now turning around the end of a fallen tree, then passing behind a giant spruce, now leaning far back while the horse felt a way cautiously down some sharp little declivity. The impression was confused,—a glint of red, of blue, of the brown of the horse, a figure swaying loosely to the horse's movements, and then he was out of sight again around the big rock that had once fallen from high up on the side of the canyon; but now, when he came from behind that, he would be squarely in front of her. This recalled and alarmed her. She began to pick a way over the boulders and across the trail that lay between her and the edge of the pines, hearing another verse of the song almost at her ear:—

"He rode all night and he rode all day,
Till he came to the far deep water—
Then he stepped and a tear came a-trickling down his cheek,
For there he saw his lady-O."

Before she could reach a shelter in the pines, while she was poised for the last step that would take her out of the trail, he was out from behind the rock, before her, almost upon her, reining his horse back upon its haunches,—then in another instant lifting off his broad-brimmed hat to her in a gracious sweep. It was the first time she had seen this simple office performed outside of the theater.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Northern Democratic Senators.

After March 3 the only Democratic senators, who do not represent southern states, will be Newlands of Nevada and Teller of Colorado, and their terms will expire in 1909. Newlands is a native of Mississippi, and is a radical Democrat of the modern school. Teller has been a Republican most of his life.

THREE BOYS HAD ECZEMA.

Were Treated at Dispensary—Did Not Improve—Suffered Five Months —Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"My three children had eczema for five months. A little sore would appear on the head and seemed very itchy, increasing day after day. The baby had had it about a week when the second boy took the disease and a few sores developed, then the third boy took it. For the first three days I took them to the N— Dispensary, but they did not seem to improve. Then I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and in a few weeks they had improved, and when their heads were well you could see nothing of the sores. Mrs. Kate Keim, 513 West 29th St., New York, N. Y., Nov. 1, 5 and 7, 1906."

Both Kept Busy.

Prof. Burgess, of Boston, is filling the Roosevelt chair in the University of Berlin and while he is pursuing his duties his wife is devoting much time to the pictures in the Kaiser Frederick museum, copying pictures by Greuze and Franz Hals.

TACK THIS UP.

Simple Advice Which May Prove of Untold Value.

At the first sign of backache or pain in the region of the Kidneys, or weakness and Urinary trouble, the following simple prescription should be used:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

Any good prescription pharmacy will supply these three ingredients at small cost, which can easily be mixed by shaking well in a bottle. This is said to force the Kidneys to filter the sour acids and poisons from the blood, overcoming the worst cases of Rheumatism.

THE ARTISTIC WALL.

One of Solid Color Will Always Give Best Effect.

The dearest, daintiest, most artistic wall is a solid colored wall. It furnishes a perfect background for all kinds of pictures, it throws them out in their correct proportions, and does not detract from their artistic value. The solid colored wall is also much better as a background for furniture, and harmonizes much more artistically with carpets and rugs than any other method of wall treatment. The less breaking up of color on a wall the more artistic it is.

The most successful form of the solid colored wall is an alabastined wall. There is as much difference between tinted walls, as there is between shoddy and all-wool gowns. The shoddy gown holds its color for a few days, while the all-wool keeps its color to the very last thread, so also in solid colored walls, there are shoddy walls and permanently colored walls which retain their color down to the very last particle. The ideal wall coating never rubs off, never flakes nor chips off and is always ready for a fresh coat. If there is wallpaper on the wall, soak it off with warm water, then go over the plaster after you have removed the paper with warm water to remove every trace of paste. Have the wall thoroughly clean for a clean wall cannot be built on an unclean foundation. If there are any particles of foreign matter adhering to the wall scrape them off with a putty knife. Then if there are any discolorations on the wall, size it with a material made from cheap varnish, thined down with benzine and japan added for a drier, then cover your wall with your tinting material.

Be sure your man uses a tinting material mixed with cold water. If he comes to you and asks for warm water, you can make up your mind that there is glue in the material which he proposes to put on your wall, and you can be certain that you are going to have a shoddy wall, for glue means shoddy. Glue means that it will hold its color long enough for the man to collect his bill and not much longer. Insist on your tinting material being mixed with clear, cold water. Be sure that your wall is made from pure materials, then you will have a permanent, artistic, sanitary wall. A wall that will be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

FOOLED THE PREACHER.

A Boster's Brother Thought Postum Was Coffee.

A wise doctor found out coffee was hurting him, so he quit drinking it.

He was so busy with his practice, however, that his wife had to write how he fooled his brother, a clergyman, one day at dinner. She says:

"Doctor found coffee was injuring him and decided to give Postum a trial, and we have used it now for four years, with continued benefit. In fact, he is now free from the long train of ills that follow coffee drinking.

"To show how successful we are in making Postum properly I will relate an incident. At a dinner we gave, Doctor suggested we serve Postum instead of ordinary coffee.

"Doctor's brother, a Clergyman, supposed it was old fashioned coffee and remarked, as he sailed for his second cup, 'If you do prench against coffee, I see you haven't forgotten how to make it.'"

This goes to show that well-made—fully boiled—Postum has much the flavor and richness of good coffee although it has an individuality all its own. A ten days' trial will prove that it has none of the poisonous effect of ordinary coffee, but will correct the troubles caused by coffee. "There's a reason." Name furnished by Postum Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

FADED TO A SHADOW.

Worn Down by Five Years of Suffering from Kidney Complaint.

Mrs. Remethe Myers, of 180 South Tenth St., Ironton, O., says: "I have worked hard in my time and have been exposed again and again to changes of weather. It is no wonder my kidneys gave out and I went all to pieces at last. For five years I was fading away and finally so weak that for six months I could not get out of the house. I was nervous, restless and sleepless at night, and lame and sore in the morning. Sometimes everything would whirl and blur before me. I bloated so badly I could not wear tight clothing, and had to put on shoes two sizes larger than usual. The urine was disordered and passages were dreadfully frequent. I got help from the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and by the time I had taken four boxes the pain and bloating were gone. I have been in good health ever since."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

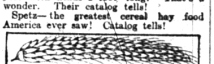
Secret of Japan's Success.

Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton of the British army wrote the evening after one of the great battles which he had witnessed between Russians and Japanese in the recent war in Manchuria: "To bed! Although it is with reluctance that I prepare to lose my grip of the exciting consciousness that I have to-day seen the most stupendous spectacle that it is possible for mortal brain to conceive—Asia advancing, Europe falling back; the wall of mist and fire, the Great Unknown. That is the meaning of this retreat of Europe before advancing Asia: "The more I think the more certain I am that it was not strategy or tactics, or armament or information, which won the battle of Liaoyang for Oyama, but that it was rather the souls of the Japanese troops which triumphed over the less developed, less awakened, less stimulated qualities of the Russians."

Oats—Heads 2 Foot Long.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., are bringing out a new oats this year with heads 2 feet long. That's a wonder. Their catalog tells!

Spetz—the greatest cereal hay food America ever saw! Catalog tells!



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Our mammoth 148-page Seed and Tool Catalog is mailed free to all intending buyers, or send 6c in stamps and receive free samples of new Two Foot Long Oats and other cereals and big catalog free.

John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box W, La Crosse, Wis.

Valuable Rubber Plant.

A German maid with a knowledge of English just sufficient to get things mixed was much interested in the house plants of her mistress, who possessed, among others, a rubber plant. One day while sweeping the room she had occasion to move this particular plant, when she remarked that she had read in the paper that a rubber plant worth $200,000 burned in Woonsocket, and she thought it must have been a beautiful plant to have cost so much money.

Take Garfield Tea, the herb remedy that has for its object, Good Health! It purifies the blood, cleanses the system, makes people well. Guaranteed under the Pure Food Law.

Growth of Europe's Population.

At the present rate of increase the population of Europe will double itself in a century.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

All philosophy lies in two words—"sustain" and "abstain."—Epictetus.

THOUSANDS CURED!

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has cured thousands in every walk in life. For over thirty years it has been wonderfully successful. Its cures have been permanent, and thousands of grateful people add their praises. Not a "patent" medicine, but a prescription used by Dr. David Kennedy in his large private practice long before he introduced it to the public. It remains to-day the best and surest medicine for Kidney and Liver diseases, some of the most common symptoms (or results) of which are: Headache, aching eyes, backache, inability to regulate the flow of the bladder, burning and scalding pain in the affected parts, pale or discolored or cloudy kidney secretions and "brick-dust" deposits, swollen ankles, swelling under eyes, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout and sickness peculiar to women. Large bottles $1.00, at all druggists.

FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE. Write Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle and medical booklet.

Profitable Pearl Fisheries.

The pearl fishery of Ceylon, leased by the British government, involved an expenditure of only $73,510 last year, with a net profit of $401,883.

SCIATIC TORTURE

A Locomotive Engineer Tells How He Was Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Pain that seems almost unbearable is a characteristic of sciatic rheumatism. In some cases the pain is knife-like, sharp or shooting; in others it is dull and aching. Sciatica is stubborn in resisting treatment and the patient frequently suffers for years. This was the case with Mr. Herbert E. Spaulding, a locomotive engineer on the Claclamati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railway, whose home is at Longview, Texas.

"While running an engine some years ago," he says, "I fell off and hurt my knee and spine and I have always considered this to be the cause of my illness. The sciatica took hold of me from my heel to the back of my head. The pain was the worst I ever suffered in my life and my leg and back were twisted out of shape. I was under a physician's care for several months and for six months could not get out of bed. I also went to Hot Springs but came back in a worse condition than when I went.

"It was when I was down in bed that I heard of the case of a Mr. Allison, a much older man than myself, who had been cured of sciatica by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking the pills and soon was able to get out of bed. When I had taken six boxes I was able to work about the house and yard. I kept right on with the pills until I was cured and I have never had any return of the trouble. I have been running an engine ever since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

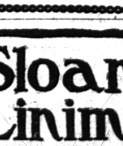
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA



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