THE LOG OF A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

By HARRY LEON WILSON, AUTHOR OF THE SPENDERS

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CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

But Prudence was not there, and he wondered with dismay if she had joined the rest of the village and gone out to meet the prophet. He had seen the last of them going along the dusty road to the north, men and women and little children, hot, excited, and eager. It did not seem like her to be among them, and yet except for those before him working about the bowery, and a few mothers with children in arms, the town was apparently deserted.

But even as he waited he heard the winding alarm of a bugle, and saw a scurrying of backs in the dusty haze far up the road. The Wild Man of the Mountains gave a few hurried commands for the very final touches, called off his force from the now complete bowery, and a solitary Gentile was for the moment left to greet the oncoming procession.

Presently, however, from the dark interiors of the log houses came the mothers with babies, a few aged sires too feeble for the march, and such of the remaining housewives as could leave for a little time the dinners they were cooking. They made but a thin line along the little street, and Follett saw at once that Prudence was not among them. He must wait and see if she marched in the approaching procession.

Already the mounted escort was coming into view, four abreast, captained by Elder Wardle, who, with a sash of red and gold slanted across his breast, was riding nervously, as his seat could be kept only by the most skillful horsemanship, a white snake that he was known to treat with fearful disrespect on days that were not great. Behind the martial Wardle was Peter Peterson, Peter Long Peterson, and Peter Long Peter Peterson, the most martial looking men in Amalon after their leader; and then came a few more fours of proudly mounted Saints.

After this escort, separated by an interval that would let the dust settle a little, came the body of the procession. First a carriage containing the prophet, portly, strong-faced, easy of manner, as became a giant who felt kindly in his might. By his side was his wife, Amelia, the reigning favorite, who could play the piano and sing "Fair Bingen on the Rhine" with a dash that was said to be superb. Behind this float of honor came other carriages bearing the prophet's counsellors, the apostles, chief bishop, bishops generally, elders, priests and deacons, each taking precedence near the prophet's carriage by seniority of rank or ordination. Along the line of carriages were outriders, bearing proudly aloft the banners upon which suitable devices were printed:

"God Bless Brigham Young!"

"Hail to Zion's Chief!"

"The Lion of the Lord."

"Welcome to our Mouthpiece of God!"

Behind the last carriage came the citizens in procession, each detachment with its banner. The elderly brethren stepped briskly under "Fathers in Israel"; the elderly sisters gazed proudly aloft to "Mothers in Israel." Then came a company of young men whose banner announced them as "Defenders of Zion." They were followed by a company of maidens led by Matilda Wright, striving to be not too much elated, and whose banner bore the inscription, "Daughters of Zion." At the last came the children, openly set up by the occasion, and big-eyed with importance, the boy who carried their banner, "The Hope of Israel," going with wonderful rigidity, casting not so much as an eye either to right or left.

But Prudence had not been in this triumphal column, nor was she among any of the women who stood with children in their arms, or who rushed to the doors with sleeves rolled up and a long spoon or fork in their hands.

Then all at once a great inspiration came to Follett. When the last dusty little white-dressed girl had trudged solemnly by, and the head of the procession was already winding down the lane that led to Elder Wardle's place, he called himself a fool and turned back. He walked like a man who has suddenly remembered that which he should not have forgotten. And yet he had remembered nothing at all. He had only thought of a possibility, but one that became more plausible with every step, especially when he reached the Rae house and found it deserted. Whenever he thought of his stupidity, which was every score of steps, he would break into a little trot that made the willows along the creek on his left run into a yellowish green blur.

He was breathing hard by the time he had made the last ascent and stood in the cool shade of the comforting pines. He waited until his pulse became slower, wiping his forehead with the blue neckerchief which Prudence had suggested that she liked to see him wear in place of the one of scarlet. When he had cooled and calmed himself a little, he stepped lightly on. Around the big rock he went, over the "down timber" beyond it, up over the rise down which the waters tumbled, and then sharply to the right where their nook was, a call to her already on his lips.

But she was not there. He could see the place at a glance. Nothing below met his eye out the straight red trunks of the pines and the brown carpet beneath them. A jay posed his deep shining blue on a cluster of scarlet of sumac, and, cocking his crested head, screamed at him mockingly. The canyon's cool breath fanned him and the pine-tops sighed and whispered. At first he was disheartened; but then his eyes caught a gleam of white and red under the pine, touched to movement by a low-swinging breeze.

It was her hat swaying where she had hung it on a broken bough of the tree she liked to lean against. And there was her book; not the Book of Mormon, but a secular, frivolous thing called "Leaflets of Memory, an Illuminated Annual for the Year 1847." It was lying on its face, open at the sentimental tale of "Anastasia." He put it down where she had left it. The canyon was narrow and she would hardly leave the waterside for the steep trail. She would be at the upper cascade or in the little park above it, or somewhere between. He crossed the stream, and there in the damp sand was the print of a small heel where she had made a long step from the last stone. He began to hurry again, clambering recklessly over boulders, or through the underbrush where the sides of the stream were steep. When the upper cascade came in sight his heart leaped, for there he caught the fleeting shimmer of a skirt and the gleam of a dark head.

He hurried on, and after a moment's climb had her in full view, standing on the ledge below which the big trout

"I Never Would Have Given You Up—I'm Never Going To."

lay. There he saw her turn so that he would have sworn she looked at him. It seemed impossible that she had not seen him; but to his surprise she at once started up the stream, swiftly footing over the rough way, now a little step, now a free leap, grasping a willow to pull herself up an incline, then disappearing around a clump of cedars.

He redoubled his speed over the rocks. When she next came into view, still far ahead, he shouted long and loud. It was almost certain that she must hear; and yet she made no sign. She seemed even to speed ahead the faster for his hail.

Again he sprang forward to cover the distance between them, and again he shouted when the next view of her showed that he was gaining. This time he was sure she heard; but she did not look back, and she very plainly increased her speed.

For an instant he stood aghast at this discovery; then he laughed.

"Well if you want a race, you'll get it!"

He was off again along the rough bed of the stream. He shouted no more, but slowly increased the gain he had made upon her. Instead of losing time by climbing up over the bank, he splashed through the water at top places where the little stream was wide and shallow. Then at last he saw that he was closing in upon her. Soon he was near enough to see that she also knew it.

He began at that moment an extended course of marveling at the ways of woman. For now she had reached the edge of the little open park, and was placidly seating herself on a fallen tree in the grove of quaking aspens. He could not understand this change of manner. And when he reached the opening she again astounded him by greeting him with every manifestation of surprise, from the first nervous start to the pushing up of her dark brows.

"Why," she began, "how did you ever think of coming here?"

But he had twice hurried fruitlessly this hot morning and he was not again to be baffled. As he advanced toward her, she regarded him with some apprehension until he stopped a safe distance away. She had noted certain lines of determination in his face.

"Now what's the use of pretending?—what did you run for?"

"I?—run?"

Again the curving black brows went up in frank surprise.

"Yes,—you run!"

He took a threatening step forward, and the brows promptly fell to a serious intentness of his face.

"What did you do it for?"

She stood up. "What did I do it for?—what did I do it for?"

But his eyes were searching her and she had to lower her own. Then she looked up again, and laughed nervously.

"I—I don't know—I couldn't help it." Again she laughed. "And why did you run? how did you think of coming here?"

"I'll tell you how, now I've caught you." He started toward her, but she was quickly backing away into the opening of the little park, still laughing.

"Look out for that blow down back of you!" he called. In the second that she halted to turn and discover his trick he had caught her by the arm.

"There—I caught you fair—now what did you run for?"

"I couldn't help it." Her face was crimson. His own was pale under the tan. They could hear the beating of both their hearts. But with his capture made so boldly he was dumb, knowing not what to say.

The faintest pulling of the imprisoned arm aroused him.

"I'd a followed you till Christmas come if you'd kept on. Clear over the divide and over the whole creation. I never would have given you up. I'm never going to."

He caught her other wrist and sought to draw her to him.

With head down she came, slowly, yielding yet resisting, with little shudders of terror that was yet a strange delight, with eyes that dared give him but one quick little look, half pleading and half fear. But then after a few tense seconds her struggles were all housed far within his arms; there was no longer play for the faintest of them; and she was strained until she felt her heart rush out to him as she had once felt it go to her dream of a single love,—with the utter abandon of the falling water beside them.

His voice came to her in a dull murmur, and the sound of the running water came again like the muffled tinkling of little silver bells in the distance. Both his arms were strong about her, and now her own hands rose in rebellion to meet where the kerchief was knotted at the back of his neck, quite as the hands of the other woman had rebelliously flung down the scarf from the balcony. Then the brim of his hat came down over her hair, and her lips felt his kiss.

They stood so a long time, it seemed to them, in the high grass, amid the white-barked quaking aspens, while a little wind from the dark pines at their side, lowered now to a yearning softness, played over them. They were aroused at last by a squirrel that ran half-way down the trunk of a near-by spruce to bark indignantly at them, believing they menaced his winter's store of spruce cones piled at the foot of the tree. With rattle after rattle his alarm came, until he had the satisfaction of noting an effect.

The young man put the girl away from him to look upon her in the new light that enveloped them both, still holding her hands.

"There's one good thing about your marriages, they marry you for eternity, don't they? That's for ever—only it isn't long enough, even so—not for me."

"I thought you were never coming."

"But you said"—he saw the futility of it, however, and kissed her instead.

"I was afraid of you all this summer," he said.

"I was afraid of you, too."

"You got over it yesterday all right."

"How?"

"You kissed me."

"Never—what an awful thing to say!"

"But you did—twice—don't you remember?"

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. If I did it wasn't at all like—like—"

"Like that—"

"No—I didn't think anything about it."

"And now you'll never leave me, and I'll never leave you."

They sat on the fallen tree.

"And to think of that old—"

"Oh, don't talk of it. That's why I ran off here—so I couldn't hear anything about it until he went away."

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"I didn't think you were so stupid."

"How was I to know where you were coming?"

But now she was reminded of something.

"Tell me one thing—did you ever know a little short, fat girl, a blonde that you liked very much?"

"Never!"

"Then what did you talk so much about her for yesterday if you didn't? You'd speak of her every time."

"I didn't think you were so stupid."

"Well, I can't see—"

"You don't need to—we'll call it even."

And so the talk went until the sun had fallen for an hour and they knew it was time to go below.

"We will go to the meeting together," she said, "and then father shall tell Brigham,—tell him—"

"That you're going to marry me. Why don't you say it?"

"That I'm going to marry you, and be your only wife." She nestled under his arm again.

"For time and eternity—that's the way your church puts it."

Then, not knowing it, they took their last walk down the pine-hung glade. Many times he picked her lightly up to carry her over rough places and was loth to put her down,—having, in truth, to be bribed thereto.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Rise and Fall of a Bent Little Prophet.

Down in the village the various diners of ceremony to the visiting officials were over. An hour had followed of decent rest and informal chat between the visitors and their hosts, touching impartially on matters of general interest; on irrigation, the gift of tongues, the season's crop of peaches, the bourgeoning out of the Spirit abroad, the best mixture of sheep-dip, on many matters not unpleasing to the practical-minded Deity reigning over them.

Then the entire populace of Amalon, in its Sunday best of valley tan or store-goods, flocked to the little square and sat expectantly on the benches under the green roof of the bowery, ready to absorb the droppings of the sanctuary.

In due time came Brigham, strolling between Elder Wardle and Bishop Wright, bland, affable, and benignant. On the platform about him sat his Counsellors, the more distinguished of his suite, and the local dignitaries of the Church.

Among these came the little bent man with an unwonted color in his face, coming in absorbed in thought, shaking hands even with Brigham with something of abstraction in his manner. Prudence and Follett came late, finding seats at the back next to a generous row of the Mrs. Seth Wright.

When they had settled into their seats, the Wild Ram of the Mountains arose and invoked a blessing on those present and upon those who had gone before to rest; adding a petition that Brigham be increased in his basket and in his store, in wives, flocks, and herds, and in the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

They sang another hymn, and when that was done, the little bent man arose and came hesitatingly forward to the baize-covered table that served as a pulpit. As President of the Stake it was his office to welcome the visitors, and this he did.

There were whisperings in the audience when his appearance was noted. It was the first time he had been seen by many of them in weeks. They whispered that he was failing.

The words of official welcome spoken, he began his discourse; but in a timid, shuffling manner so unlike his old self that still others whispered of his evident illness. Inside he burred with his purpose, but, with all his resolves, the presence of Brigham left him unnerved. He began by referring to their many adversities since they had first knelt to entreat the mercy of God upon the land. Then he spoke of revelations.

"You must all have had revelations, because they have come even to me. Perhaps you were deaf to the voice, as I have been. Perhaps you have trusted too readily in some revelation that came years ago, supposedly from God—in truth, from the Devil. Perhaps you have been deaf to later revelations meant to warn you of the other's falseness."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Settled by the Waiter

All Doubt About the Pineapple Forever Set at Rest.

William C. Whitney, Jr., who has spent a year in Indian Territory learning practical mining at Quapaw, described at a dinner party in New York a Quapaw restaurant.

"At this restaurant one evening," he said at his description's end, "two miners near me got into a botanical argument about the pineapple, one claiming that it was a fruit and the other that it was a vegetable.

"In the midst of their argument the waiter entered in his shirtsleeves and looked about to see what was the cause of the loud talking.

"The miners decided to let the waiter settle their argument, and accordingly one of them said:

"'Pete, what is a pineapple? Is it a fruit or a vegetable?'

"The waiter, flicking the ashes from his cigar, smiled at the two men with pity.

"'It's neither, gents,' he said. 'It's an extra.'"

VERONICA'S CAPTIVE

By E. K. PUNSHION.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Pride made a brave stand, but at last it gave way, and Veronica slipped to the head of the stairs.

"Andrews!" she called softly, "Are you there?"

"Eh, miss, is that you?" came a sleepy voice. "Lor'! I believe I should have been asleep in another moment."

Veronica gave a little gasp at this. That anyone should sleep under such conditions—they two, alone in the house and a storm howling outside—appeared to her very marvelous.

"I'm not frightened either, Andrews," she remarked presently.

"I think I'll go to bed, miss."

"Oh, will you?" said Veronica in a dismayed tone.

"Yes, miss."

"If you are at all nervous, Andrews, you can come and sit with me in the drawing room."

"Lor'! miss, if you like," said Andrews cheerfully.

"It was just such a night as this," she remarked cheerfully, as a particularly wild gust of wind drove the rain rattling against the window panes, "as I remember my aunt Jessica Eliza-

She Made No Reply.

beth telling how two poor lone women had their throats cut by—"

"Oh, Andrews!" screamed Veronica; "Don't—"

"It is quite true, miss," said Andrews in an injured tone; "my aunt Jessica Elizabeth saw the blood—"

"Andrews," said Veronica, desperately, as she tried in vain to keep her teeth from chattering, "how is your rheumatism?"

"Which it is bad enough," said Andrews, gloomily, a little surprised at the change of subject. "That there shooting pain in my left arm"—and Andrews went on in full flood till, all of a sudden, they heard quite distinctly a heavy footstep on the gravel path just below the window.

Veronica hastily extinguished the lamp, as they heard the footsteps pause for a moment and then go on again.

"Oh, miss, miss," said Andrews weeping, "if we are to be killed and murdered, let it be in the light, miss."

"Father told me once," explained Veronica, "that was the best thing to do, because then the burglar can't see you, and you can see him if he has a lantern."

Gathering up her skirts and slipping off her shoes Veronica crept to the head of the short flight of stairs that led to the kitchen. Andrews had left the lamp burning, and by its dim light Veronica saw a man crawling in through the window. She held her breath in deadly terror while the intruder wriggled his way on to a table and thence to the ground. She wondered whether he would go away quietly if she offered him everything of value in the house. Meanwhile the intruder turned up the lamp, so that she had a good look at him.

She saw that he was both young and good-looking, with crisp, curly hair, frank gray eyes, and an open, pleasant countenance.

"Now the first thing," observed the stranger aloud, "is to get something to eat."

He walked straight to the pantry and, with a sudden leap of the heart, Veronica saw that he was fairly inside and that the key was in the lock on the outside.

"Dare I?" she thought. "Oh, I daren't, I daren't;" but none the less she darted swiftly across the kitchen, clutched the door handle, banged the door, turned the key and tearing it out flung it far away.

"Oh, Andrews!" she screamed, "I've got him, I've got him!"

From within the pantry came a low whistle of dismay. Then silence, broken only by Veronica's sobbing.

"I've locked him up in the pantry. Come down and bring father's big—loaded—gun with you," called Veronica, pronouncing the last few words very loudly and distinctly, and at the same time making desperate faces at Andrews for fear she should proclaim that there was no such thing in the house.

"Excuse me," said a meek voice through the key-hole of the pantry door, "may I explain?"

"Certainly not," said Veronica; "not on any account."

"But if you will just listen for one moment," pleaded the meek voice.

"If you just say a word," she announced, "I'll fire this big gun through the key-hole."

"You are jolly rough on a fellow," said the voice, and Veronica almost thought she heard a sound remotely like a chuckle. "May I have something to eat?"

She made no reply, and presently sounds that reached her showed the prisoner was making good use of his opportunities.

Presently she began to entertain a feeling of some compunction as she saw a little trickle of water issuing from beneath the door and remembered how extremely wet his clothes had been.

"He'll catch his death of cold," she said to Andrews.

"A good job, too," said Andrews, with an audible sniff.

"He had rather a nice face," observed Veronica. "I daresay he wouldn't really have hurt us."

Andrews sniffed again.

"Are you very wet?" inquired Veronica, tapping on the pantry door.

"It's not what I call exactly a dry night," observed the prisoner.

"Well, I am going to give you a change of things," announced Veronica. "We will put them through the little square window in the wall."

"That's awfully good of you," said the captive gratefully.

"Only mind," added Veronica in her deep voice, "I have still got my big loaded gun."

Grumbling, Andrews departed to obtain the necessary apparel from the room of Veronica's father; but had scarcely gone when she was back again, trembling in every limb, her face ashen.

"Dear Lord, have mercy on our souls," she said; "there's two more of 'em in the dining room."

"What do you mean?" stammered Veronica.

"There's two more burglars in the dining room," groaned Andrews, "for the lamp is lit and I hear 'em talkin' and plannin' how to murder us. Oh! our throat's as good as cut already."

Veronica crept to the foot of the stairs and heard, indeed, a low murmur of voices and saw a gleam of light from the dining room. Her heart almost stopped beating and her tongue literally clung to the roof of her mouth till a persistent knocking at the pantry door forced itself on her attention.

"Excuse me," said the captive's voice, "is anything wrong?"

"Oh, I had forgotten you," said Veronica despairingly; "it's only some more burglars. Oh! whatever will become of us?"

"Under those circumstances," said the captive, with a low whistle, "I think I had better come out," and putting his shoulder to the door he burst it open with a vigorous push.

Veronica gave a little cry, but, after all, things could not be any worse than they were already.

"I didn't want to frighten you," he remarked apologetically. "Where are these burglars?"

"In the dining room," she answered.

"Then may I trouble you for the poker?" he asked, and taking it he ran swiftly up the stairs, with Veronica hard at his heels.

They burst together into the dining room, where two mild-faced elderly people were having some wine and biscuits.

"Father! Mother!" screamed Veronica, wildly, from the background.

"Dear me," said the elderly gentleman, "we thought you had gone to bed, Veronica. Captain Forestier, is that you? This is an unexpected pleasure, but why are you endeavoring to hide that poker behind you?"

"Captain Forestier!" gasped Veronica. "It's not; it's a burglar I have had locked up in the paptry, and I thought you were burglars, too. Oh, mother!"

Then she burst into tears, while her father looked in mild inquiry at Captain Forestier. But he recognized Veronica's father as a Mr. Lathom, whom he had several times met in the company of his uncle.

"You see," he said, "my uncle, Mr. Copping, used to live here."

"I took the cottage over from him three months back," said Mr. Lathom.

"I was coming down to pay him a visit," continued Captain Forestier, "but my bicycle broke down and I was late getting here. Just as I arrived I saw the light go out in the room across uncle used to use as a bedroom, so I thought that instead of knocking him up on such a wild night, I would just camp out in the kitchen. I was in the pantry getting something to eat when Miss Lathom appeared and locked me in. Of course, I guessed at once how badly I had put my foot in it."

"Dear me," said Mr. Lathom, "we ourselves returned rather unexpectedly, as my wife thought Veronica might be nervous about being alone so much. So she locked you in to try, eh?" Then he began to chuckle. "Well, you must stay the night now, Captain," he continued, "and, Veronica, you will have to try to make amends to your prisoner."

"It was my fault," said Forestier hastily.

"He never was my prisoner," said Veronica, "for he could have got out any time he liked."

"But I didn't like," said Forestier in a low tone under cover of the laughter that Mr. and Mrs. Lathom had been politely endeavoring to repress. "I am quite content to remain your captive all my life, for you are the pluckiest girl I ever knew."

"Oh, but you are set free," said Veronica, laughing.

"But I won't be set free," retorted Forestier; and he and his wife appear so happy together that there is no reason to suppose he has ever regretted his determination to surrender his liberty and remain permanently "Veronica's Captive."

Dog Steals a Ride.

A sagacious dog is able to beat the railroads and the anti-pass legislation if men cannot.

A story is told by railroad men about a dog which boards passenger trains on the Boston & Maine and, concealing himself under a seat, rides to Boston. After a run about the streets of the city, frequenting his favorite haunts, he returns to the North station, plays his trick once again and lands home safe and happy. How he is able to pick out the right trains and why he does not get aboard an express and get carried by his home station is a mystery.

Perfume Burners.

An innovation in the way of perfume business is an urn of old porcelain set in gilt bronze. The lid is perforated and within is a glass vessel with a wick, wherein may be burned simple perfume or a liquid ozone. These burners are decorative, even in the most elaborate drawing-rooms.

It has become something of a fad to choose one perfume and delicately scent the entire house with it, but it is obvious that such a scent would need to be most delicate and unobtrusive.

"THE MARRYING SQUIRE."

Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., Has Married 1400 Couples.

Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., has fairly earned the title "The Marrying Squire," by which he is known far and wide, having already married some 1400 couples. Ten years ago he was Deputy County Treasurer. "At that time," said Justice Law, "I was suffering from an annoying kidney trouble. My back ached, my rest was broken at night, and the passages of the kidney secretions were too frequent and contained sediment. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in 1897, and for the past nine years I have been free from kidney complaint and backache."

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

STUDENT MADE HIS POINT.

No Doubt the Policeman Understood What He Meant.

W. H. Mallock, the well-known English writer and political economist, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of a new definition of socialism: "I find that definition rather confusing. It reminds me of the young Oxford student's badinage with the policeman. 'Officer,' said the youth late one night, 'I'd like to ask you a question.'

"'Very well, sir.'

"'Does the law permit me to call you an ass?'

"'You move on,' the officer growled.

"'But stop a bit,' continued the youth. 'Does the law permit me to call an ass a policeman?'

"'The law don't say nothing about that,' was the gruff reply.

"'Then,' said the youth, 'good-night, Mr. Policeman.'"

Where She Lost Interest.

"Automobiling does tousle one's hair so!" said the beautiful young creature as they descended from the machine and started up the dark walk toward the house where they were to call.

"It does?" he inquired politely.

"Yes; it gives it the same effect as though one had been struggling to avoid being kissed," she gurgled.

"Indeed? I fancy you should carry a small hand-mirror and some hair-pins when you go automobiling," he suggested, moving right on up the dark walk.

Some way or other, by one of those unexplainable psychological impulses, at that very moment she began to realize he was not the man she would select as an affinity.—Judge.

EVEN IF DISCOURAGED

TRY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR YOUR RHEUMATISM.

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Mrs. Ellen A. Russell, of South Goff St., Auburn, Me., says: "I had been sick for fifteen years from impure blood, brought on by overwork. My heart was weak and my hands colorless. I was troubled with indigestion and vomiting spells, which came on every few months. I had no appetite and used to have awful fainting spells, falling down when at my work. I frequently felt pains all over. My head ached continuously for five years.

"About two years ago I began to feel rheumatism in my joints, which became so lame I could hardly walk. My joints were swollen and pained me terribly.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me by a friend, after I had failed to get well from the doctor's treatment. When I began taking the pills, the rheumatism was at its worst. I had taken only a few boxes, when the headaches stopped and not long afterward I felt the pain in my joints becoming less and less, until there was none at all. Thestiffness was gone and I have never had any return of the rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured such diseases as nervous and general debility, indigestion, nervous headache, neuralgia and even partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia. As a tonic for the blood and nerves they are unequalled.

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