INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

The eyes of the two old men met; the minister flushed slightly, while Solomon's dry lips assumed the shape generally taken when one is about to give a prolonged whistle; but no sound followed.

"Whaur did your reverence find the bairn? On the doorstane, did you say?"

The minister nodded. Thereupon Solomon walked over to the chair, put on a pair of brass-rimmed spectacles, and inspected the child much as his master had done, but with prolonged and dubious shakes of the head.

"Lord preserve us a'!" he muttered.

"Solomon," cried Mr. Lorraine impatiently, "what's to be done?"

Solomon scratched his head, then his face lightened with sudden inspiration, as he answered:

"Put the thing whaur ye found him, on the doorstane. Lea' him there—he's nane o' oors. Maybe the mither will come back and take him awa'."

The minister's face flushed indignantly.

"On such a night as this! Solomon Mucklebackit, if you have no more Christian advice than that to offer, you can go back to bed."

Solomon was astonished. Seldom had he seen his master exhibit such authority, tempered with indignation. Not knowing how to reply, he effected a diversion.

"See, sir" he said, still inspecting the child as if it were some curious species of fish, "the cratur's wringin' wat!"

Such was the fact, though it had escaped the minister's agitated scrutiny. The shawl and under-dress of the infant were soaked with rain or melted snow.

"Bless my soul!" cried Lorraine, bending down by Solomon's side; "and its little body is quite cold. Fetch Mysie Simpson at once."

Solomon shook his head.

"Mysie's away the night wi' her kinsfolk at the Mearns."

"Then there's only one thing to be done," cried Mr. Lorraine, with sudden decision. "We must undress the child at once and put him to bed, and in the morning we can decide how to act. If we leave him like this he will die of cold."

"Put him to bed!" echoed Solomon. "Whaur?"

"In my room, Solomon, unless you would like to take him with you."

"Wi' me! I'm no used wi' bairns. I couldna sleep a wink!"

"Then he shall stay with me. Look, Solomon, how pretty he is, how bright his eyes are! Fetch me a blanket at once, and warm it by the fire."

Solomon left the room. The minister lifted the burden in his arms, and sat down by the hearth. Then, nervously and awkwardly, he undid the shawl and put it aside; loosened the baby's outer garments, which were quite wet, and drew them gently off. Thus engaged, the good man was indeed a picture to see—his soft eyes beaming with love and tenderness, his face puzzled and troubled, his little plump hands at work with clumsy kindness.

Solomon entered with a blanket, warmed it for a minute at the fire, and then placed it softly under the child, which now lay mother-naked—as sweet and bright a little cherub as ever drew mother's milk.

Suddenly the sexton uttered an exclamation.

"Lord preserve us all. It's no a man-child ava! It's a wee lassie!"

Mr. Lorraine started, trembled and almost dropped his load; then, bashfully, and tenderly, he wrapped the warm blanket around the infant, leaving only its face visible.

"Lad or lassie," he said, "the Lord has left it in our keeping!"

Stooping to the hearth-rug, Solomon lifted from it a tiny chemise which had fallen there, and examined it with ludicrous horror. Suddenly his eyes perceived something which had escaped Mr. Lorraine's nervous gaze. Pinned to the chemise was a piece of paper with some writing upon it.

"Look, meenister!" cried Solomon, unpinning the paper and holding it up; "there's a letter addressed to yoursel' here. Will I read it?"

"Certainly."

Then Solomon read, in his own broad accent, which we will not reproduce, these words, which were written in a clear though tremulous female hand:

"To Mr. Lorraine—By the time you read this, the writer will be lying dead and cold in Annan Water. You are a good man and a clergyman. Keep the child, as a gift of God, and as you use her may God use you!"

That was all. Solomon stammered through the words in horror, while Mr. Lorraine listened in genuine astonishment.

"There, meenister!" exclaimed Solomon, indignantly. "Did I no' tell ye? It's a scandal, an outrage! Keep the bairn, indeed, and a woman-bairn! Absurd notion!"

"Hush, Solomon," interposed the minister solemnly. "I begin to see the hand o' God in this."

Opening the bedclothes, he placed the infant in a cosy spot, and arranged the blankets tenderly around it.

"Look, Solomon! Is she not bonny?"

Solomon gave a grunt of doubtful approval.

"Good night, Solomon," continued the minister.

A word of protest was on the sexton's tongue, but he checked it in time; then with one last stare of amazement, perplexity and surprise he left the room.

"The warl's comin' to an en'," he muttered, as he ascended the stairs to his room. "A woman-bairn in oor house!—a lassie in the minister's ain bed! Weel, weel, weel!"

Meantime, Mr. Lorraine sat by the bedside, looking at the child, who had almost immediately fallen asleep. Presently he reached out his arm and took one of her little hands into his own, and his eyes were dim and his soul was traveling back to the past! Hours passed thus, and he still sat in a dream.

"Marjorie, my bonny doo!" he murmured aloud again. "Is this indeed a gift from God—and you?"

CHAPTER III.

AT FIVE o'clock the next morning, when Solomon Mucklebackit, candle in hand, descended the stairs, he found the minister sitting by the bedside fast asleep, with his gray head resting on the side of the pillow, and his right arm outstretched over the counterpane above the still slumbering child. At the sound of Solomon's entrance, however, Mr. Lorraine awoke at once, rubbed his eyes, and looked in a dazed way around him; then his eyes fell upon the infant, and his face grew bright as sunshine.

"Bless me, meenister! Hae ye been watching here a' nicht?"

"I fell to sleep," was the reply, "and I was dreaming, Solomon, such bonny dreams! I thought that I was up yonder among the angels, and that one of them came to me with a face I well remember—ah, so bright!—and put a little bairn—this bairn—into my arms; and then, as I held the pretty one, a thousand voices sang an old Scotch song, the 'Land o' the Leal.' Dear me! —and it is nearly daybreak, I suppose?"

Solomon did not reply in words, but, pulling up the blind, showed the outer world still dark, but trembling to the first dim rays of wintry dawn, while snow was thickly falling, and the garden was covered with a sheet of virgin white. The minister rose shivering, for the air was bitter cold; his limbs, too, were stiff and chilly.

"What's to be done now?" asked Solomon, gloomily. "I maun awa' an' feenish the grave, but Mysie will be here at six."

"I will watch until Mysie comes," answered Mr. Lorraine; then, bending over the bed, he continued: "See, Solomon, my man, how soundly she sleeps, and how pretty she looks."

Soloman grunted and moved toward the door.

"Will I put on the parritch mysel'?" he demanded. "Ye maun be wanting something after sic a night."

"Nothing, nothing. Go on to the kirkyard."

An hour later, when the old woman appeared, having let herself in by a key at the back door, she was at once apprised of the situation. Having learned by old habit to keep her thoughts to herself, and being of kindly disposition, and the mother of a large grown-up family, she at once, without questioning, entered upon her duties as nurse. The child having wakened, crying, she took it up in her arms and hushed it upon her bosom, where it soon became still; then, passing to the kitchen, she warmed some new milk, and fed it with a spoon.

By this time day had broken, and when he had seen the child comfortably cared for, the minister put on his cloak and walked forth to make inquiries.

The village consisted of one straggling street with numerous small cottages, a few poverty-stricken shops, and a one-storied tavern. Jock Stevens, who kept the latter, was standing on the threshold with a drowsy stare, having just thrown open the door; and on questioning him Mr. Lorraine gained his first and only piece of information. A woman, strange to the place, had entered the inn over night, carrying an infant underneath her shawl, and asked for a glass of milk, which she had drunk hastily and flitted away—like a ghost. Her face was partially hidden, but Jock was certain that she was a stranger. Stay! yes, there was something more. She had inquired for the manse and the inn-keeper had pointed out the direction of the church and the minister's abode.

Further inquiries up and down the village elicited no further information.

Perplexed and weary, the good man trotted back to the manse. Here, in the rudely-furnished kitchen, he found a bright fire burning, his breakfast ready, and Mysie seated by the ingleside with the child in her lap, in voluble conversation with the old sexton.

The wretched mother, whoever she was, had indeed chosen wisely when she had resolved, while determining to abandon her infant, to leave it at the gentle minister's door. Days passed, and in spite of Solomon's protestations, it was still an inmate of the manse. Mysie Simpson understood the rearing process well, and since the child, as she had surmised, had never known the breast, it throve well upon "the bottle." The minister went and came lightly, as if the burden of twenty years had been taken from his shoulders; had it indeed been his own offspring he could not have been more anxious or more tender. And Solomon Mucklebackit, despite his assumption of sternness and indignation, was secretly sympathetic. He, too, had a tender corner in his heart, which the child's innocent beauty did not fail to touch.

One morning, some seven or eight days after the arrival of the infant, when the storms had blown themselves hoarse, and a dull black thaw had succeeded the falling and drifting snow, news came to the manse that the body of a woman had been found lying on the brink of the Annan, just where its waters meet the wide sands of the Solway, and mingle with the salt stream of the ocean tide. Greatly agitated, Mr. Lorraine mounted his pony, and at once rode along the lonely highway which winds through the flat reaches of the Moss. Arriving close to the great sands, he was directed to a disused outbuilding or barn, belonging to a large sea-facing, and standing some hundred yards above high-water mark. A group of fishermen and peasant men and women were clustered at the door; at his approach the men lifted their hats respectfully, and the women courtesied.

On making inquries, the minister learned that the body had been discovered at daybreak by some salmon fishers, when netting the river at the morning tide. They had at once given the alarm, and carried "it" up to the dilapidated barn where it was then lying.

The barn was without a door, and partially roofless. Day and night the salt spray of the ocean was blown upon it, incrusting its black sides with a species of filmy salt; and from the dark rafters and down the broken walls clung slimy weeds and mosses; and over it a pack of sea-gulls wheeled and screamed.

The minister took off his hat and entered in bare headed.

Stretched upon the earthen floor was what seemed at first rather a shapeless mass than a human form; a piece of coarse tarpaulin was placed over it, covering it from head to foot. Gently and reverently, Mr. Lorraine drew back a corner of the tarpaulin and revealed to view the disfigured lineaments of what had once been a living face; but though the features were changed and unrecognizable, and the eye-sockets were empty of their shining orbs, and the mouth disfigured and hidden by foulness, the face was still set in a woman's golden hair.

With the horror deep upon him, the minister trembled and prayed. Then, drawing the covering still lower, he caught a glimpse of the delicate hand clutched as in the agonies of death; and sparkling on the middle fingers thereof was a slender ring of gold.

"God forgive me," he murmured to himself; "if this is the mother of the child, I did her a cruel wrong."

He stood gazing and praying for some time, his eyes were dim with sympathetic tears; then, after replacing the covering reverently, he turned away and passed through the group which clustered, watching him, at the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Mashonaland Doll.

No doubt the earliest manufactured toy of all was the doll. Little girls play with dolls everywhere, and have always done so. Indeed, among the Bechuanans and Basutos at the present time married women carry dolls until they are supplanted by real children. There is for its possessor a curious individuality about a doll, altogether unaccountable to other people. How often may it be observed that a child will neglect the splendid new five shilling waxen beauty, with its gorgeous finery, and cling faithfully to the disreputable, noseless wreck of rags that has been its favorite hitherto! Something causes other children, besides Helen's babies, to dislike "buyed dollies," even in the presence of an article made of an old towel. This something, whatever it is, is doubtless a great comfort to the small girls of Mashonaland. It is an innocent, armless sort of affair, without any such disfigurement as waist or shoulders might cause, no knee joints to get unfastened, and nothing at the end of its legs to cause expense at the shoemaker's. As regards dress, it is inexpensive, the whole suit of apparel consisting of a piece of string threaded through a hole humanely bored through the head.—The Strand.

Novelty in Type Material.

A new idea in type material is the combination of glass with celluloid or hard rubber. The body of the type is made of rubber or celluloid upon which glass-topped letters are firmly cemented. In order that the face of the type in the form may not touch, the extreme face is a trifle smaller than the body portion. Great advantages are claimed for this sort of type, among them being that glass will wear very much longer than metal, and the print will therefore be sharper and clearer. With the slightly elastic base and the small sections in which the letters are made there is but little danger of breakage, even with very rapid work.

COOKING AMONG POOR.

M[illegible] DRAWBACKS FORCE [illegible] LIVE WASTEFULLY.

[illegible] of a Teacher—A Young Woman Connected with One of the City Settlements Talks of Her Work in the Tenements.

A young woman who is connected with one of Greater New York's settlements and has devoted three years to trying to teach the poor how and what to cook, has been able in the course of her work to gather much interesting knowledge regarding this particular department of tenement life and has learned to be extremely tolerant of many of the criticised ways of the poor, says the New York Tribune.

"One of the things which I realize most clearly now," she said the other day, "is the great extent to which one must modify one's ideas about methods of teaching in order to make them successful. When I first came here I had firm convictions on most of the points of my work and carefully laid plans, from which I should then have considered it impossible to depart. I should have held up my hands in horror at many of the practices which I now not only countenance, but actually engage in myself every day. I have been gradually finding out how absurd it is to expect the very poor to conform to ways of doing things which would appeal to housewives with more comfortable incomes.

"For one thing the poor have not and cannot get the utensils to work with, and for another, they are invariably crowded for space. Besides these hindrances they are always busy, and must get their meals ready in the quickest and least troublesome way. As soon as you begin to teach them anything hard or complicated they become discouraged. It's too 'fussy,' they say, and they are right. It would not pay for them to spend the time upon it.

"Simplicity in cooking instruction has become such a constant and growing motto with me that I sometimes wonder where I shall stop. But the results of the work show me that it is a step in the right direction. The classes are interested, and they learn rapidly just in proportion to the hopeful aspect of the task set before them.

"I learned more by going around among the homes of the poor to teach them cooking than I ever could have done in the classes here at the settlement. Any one who has tried to work in the average tenement-house kitchen will ever afterward sympathize with the women who are discouraged at sight of elaborate preparations. Sometimes I become almost convinced that I would have fared better had I remained at home and minded my own business and not other people's. You need not ask there for different kinds of pots and pans. The entire stock of utensils will be on the table or stuck away in a small, dark closet, and you will find that the same dish will have to serve several purposes. Such an article as a rolling-board is absolutely unknown in most places. When there is any dough to be rolled it is laid upon the piece of dirty oilcloth which covers the table. I wage an unceasing war against the oilcloth habit, but I have a hard time trying to induce people to give it up and keep their table tops scrubbed clean and white.

"Another difficulty is always met with in the miserable stoves of the poor. I have never found an oven fit to bake in. One woman, whose house I went to the other day, told me she had just got 'a new second hand stove' that she thought would be very good for cooking. I didn't like to disappoint her, but after trying it I couldn't see that it was much better than the rest. You can't blame them for not making bread when, no matter how carefully it is put together and kneaded, it is sure to be ruined in the oven.

"It is customary to blame the poor for buying things in small quantities, thereby paying more for them, but in most cases this is absolutely unavoidable on account of lack of storeroom. Of course, some of the people are naturally improvident, and never save money enough to live in anything but this hand-to-mouth fashion, but it has been my experience that the majority would buy more wisely if they had any possible place in which to keep a stock of provisions."

A western editor, commenting on this mania among young women and women of unknown age, for seeking prominence by interfering with other people's business, says: "They ought to stay at home where they would find plenty of good to do. There is always plenty of room for a young woman to do good in her own home—if she really has the good in her heart that she tries to advertise by attending to other people's private affairs. But the truth of the matter is that very few true hearts or sound heads are found among this species of the gentler sex. There is often some selfish design at work, but more often the subject is a pitiable victim of the "strong minded" habit. She is suddenly overcome with a hallucination that she is to become a great reformer. After a year or two of this kind of madness she learns that the old world is much the same as ever and that the Great Creator's plan is being worked out in His own grand way. Her nothingness manifests itself She quits the path she ordained for herself. She seeks to re-enter the pathway that God ordained for woman. Sometimes she succeeds, but she never reaches the end. Her life is an echoless tomb."

To escape from Ceuta jail a prisoner must swim the Strait of Gibraltar.

INDIAN SPIRITUALISM.

Simon Pogagon Writes of the Strange Seances Held by the Redskins.

There is a tradition among the Ottawa branch of the great Algonquin family, believed to this day, that centuries ago, their first parents migrated westward from the seacoast, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence river, and settled in the valley of the Ottawa river in Canada, where they lived for untold centuries, and that their main village was at a place they named Ketchi-nebis-sing, which name it still bears. There a daughter of the chief of the village went down to the lake to bathe one morning, leaving her infant boy tied to a flat piece of wood, as was the custom. On returning to the spot where she had left her child, he could nowhere be found. Distracted she ran back to the village, frantically screaming that her child had been stolen. The villagers turned out and searched long and well, but not a trace of the child could be found.

A few days after this two young lovers sat on a mound near the spot where the child had been lost, and while they were kissing and making love, they were startled by hearing deep in the ground beneath them, an infant crying and sobbing as if its heart would break. They ran in great haste to the village and reported what they had heard. All the inhabitants believed that it was the lost child which had been heard crying under ground. The old chief called together all the magicians—as is the custom to this day, where the Indians are not under the influence of Christianity—to hold a seance for communion with the unseen spirits, to divine what had become of the child. I will here briefly describe the manner in which Indians proceed to receive communications from the spiritual world, as I have myself witnessed.

Poles 10 to 12 feet high are set in the ground in the form of a circle from six to eight feet in diameter. The top of the lodge is left open. The sides are tightly covered with birch bark or the skins of animals. A fire is built close to the lodge for the purpose of enabling the spectators to light their pipes, as they generally smoke during the strange performance. All being ready, a low tinkling sound is heard like several small bells at a distance. With a rush, on comes the leading performer, carrying a magician's little flat rattlebox, somewhat like a tambourine. He sits down by the fire and begins by telling his audience how he can call up spirits of the dead, as well as those yet living in the world, and that any present can ask them questions and receive true answers thereto. He next sings a peculiar song, which can scarcely be understood. He then either goes into the lodge by crawling under or sits outside with the audience, throwing his blanket or some other clothing over the top of it. Immediately the lodge begins to shake, like a creature of life with an ague chill. Then is heard in the lodge a sound like that of a distant, strong wind sweeping through leafless trees and intermingled with strange voices. When questions are asked by any one present they are always answered in an unknown tongue, but, luckily, among the spirits there is always a special interpreter to explain what the spirits say.

According to the tradition above referred to, when the performance closed a party was sent to the lake to dig near where the lost child was left by its mother. They did so, and, as deep down in the ground as they were tall, they found the remains of the child in a cavern from which fled, through an underground channel into the lake, a spirit monster. The magicians then declared that the country was ruled by Mau-tchi Mantito, the evil one, who was an enemy seeking to do them all the harm possible; that all the misfortunes which had befallen them came from that source alone, and that their only means of safety was to seek a new land toward the setting sun. Thus it was that those tribes of the great valley of the Ottawa was moved westward along the northern limits of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, and all about Ot-chip-we ki-tchi-gami (Lake Superior), where many of them remain to this day.—Simon Pokagon, in the Forum for July.

SIFTED AND WINNOWED.

The working classes form 69 per cent, the middle class 28 per cent, and the upper class 3 per cent of the population of this country.

In the Crimean war 95,615 lives were sacrificed, and at Borodino, when the French and Russians fought, 78,000 men were left dead on the battlefield.

The new Randall dining hall for Harvard, which will soon be built, is paid for from funds bequeathed the college by J. W. and Belinda L. Randall.

No one can tell where the diamond goes to in combustion. Burn it and it leaves no ashes; the flame is exterior, like that of a cork, and when it has blazed itself out there remains absolutely no trace of it.

The only conveyance Col. William J. Bryan has at Fort Omaha is an old army wagon drawn by white government mules, and Col. Bryan and his staff ride back and forth therein between the street car line and the fort.

The first article made in aluminium was a baby's rattle intended for the infant prince imperial of France, in 1856. Its lightness, brightness and ring fitted it admirably for such a purpose, but only a prince could afford such a rattle in those days.

An improved plaster for walls is formed of the composition of plaster of paris, cement, sand, cream of tartar, borax, lime, hair and water in certain quantities, the preparation being patented.

Nervous People

Are great sufferers and they deserve sympathy rather than censure. Their blood is poor and thin and their nerves are consequently weak. Such people find relief and cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla because it purifies and enriches the blood and gives it power to feed, strengthen and sustain the nerves. If you are nervous and cannot sleep, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its nerve strengthening power.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Wanted His Diploma.

"But, think," urged Brutus, who hesitated to line up in the plot with the Sugar Trust Senators, "how Caesar crossed the Rubicon!"

"I don't believe he ever crossed the Rubicon," argued Cassius. "If he did, why doesn't he produce his diploma and a copy of his commencement oration? Really, I don't imagine he was ever inside a college, let alone graduating from one."

The noblest Roman of them all was clearly moved.—Detroit Journal

Important to Mothers.

The manufacturers of Castoria have been compelled to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to familiarize the public with the signature of Chas H. Fletcher. This has been necessitated by reason of pirates counterfeiting the Castoria trade mark. This counterfeiting is a crime not only against the proprietors of Castoria, but against the growing generation. All persons should be careful to see that Castoria bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, if they would guard the health of their children. Parents and mothers, in particular, ought to carefully examine the Castoria advertisements which have been appearing in this paper, and to remember that the wrapper of every bottle of genuine Castoria bears the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, under whose supervision it has been manufactured continuously for over thirty years.

Bright Prospect.

Watts—I am in favor of America joining hands with Great Britain in policing the world.

Potts—There is a lot of money in the police trade, if properly followed.—Indianapolis Journal.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

He Knew Stiggins.

Stiggins—Bromlert is a man I can't bear.

Wiggins—What did Bromlert ever do for you?—Indianapolis Journal.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last W[illegible] Northwestern Inventor[illegible]

Peter Benson, Minneapolis, Capo tasto; Peter Benson, [illegible] lis, Minn., guitar; John Bigelo[illegible] neapolis, Minn., cigar-holder and co pipe; Oscar K. Sletto, Fergus F[illegible] Minn., belt-regulator; Nicholas Ha[illegible] den and C. F. C. Wurst, St. Pa[illegible] Minn., calendar-casing (design); Lizz[illegible] A. Hines, Minneapolis, Minn., [illegible] makers' rule (design); Natha[illegible] Shields, Stevenson, N. D., Spring[illegible] Claes [illegible] I. Bye, Hilsborough, [illegible] music holder.

Merwin, Lothrop & Johnson, Patent Attorneys, 910 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

When a girl tells a young man that she dreamed of him the night before he should begin to save up money for the furniture.

Her Dilemma.

"Nan is worried to death."

"What's the trouble?"

"She can't tell whether she's in love with Lieut. Jimber or with his uniform."—Chicago Record.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly, bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,— beauty for 10 cents. All druggists. Satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

It's hard to gather a woman's meaning from her words, but nature has saved a few of them the trouble of making themselves plain.—Chicago News.

Wheat 40 Cents a Bushel.

How to grow wheat with big profit at [illegible] cents and samples of Salzer's Red Cross [illegible] Bushels per acre) Winter Wheat, Rye, Oa[illegible] Clovers, etc., with Farm Seed Catalog for 4 cents postage. JOHN A. SALZ[illegible] SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. w.n.

Homeopathists tell us that like cures [illegible] but they fail to suggest a cure for dis[illegible]

COSMO BUTTERMILK TOILET S[illegible] makes the skin soft, white and heal[illegible] Sold everywhere.

Summer girls think there should be an[illegible] naval engagement to go round.

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

With a Leiter purse, flour by any other na[illegible] would smell as wheat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Kissing may not be dangerous, b[illegible] causes palpitation's of the heart.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Sy[illegible]

For children teething, softens the gum[illegible] flammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. [illegible]

Drop a secret in the average wo[illegible] and her tongue begins to work.

To Cure Constipation F[illegible]

Take Cascarets Candy Cathart[illegible] If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists [illegible]

The shoemaker who fits a woman's [illegible] her satisfaction performs a heroic [illegible]

For a perfect complexion and healthy skin, use COSMO BU[illegible] SOAP. Sold everywhere.

It's always easier to lo[illegible] an[illegible] you get the better of him.

I know that my life was sa[illegible] Cure for Consumption.—Joh[illegible] Au Sable, Michigan, April [illegible]

His first love and his first [illegible] of the things that occurs in [illegible] man which he never forgets.