Literature

POEMS EVERYBOBY SHOULD KNOW.

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

Give im a lift! Don't kneel in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair;
The man is down, and his great need
Is ready help—not prayer and creed.
'Tis time when wounds are washed and healed
That the inward motive be revealed;
But now, whate'er the spirit be,
Mere words are shallow mockery.

One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tomes of saintly lore.
Pray, if you must, within your heart,
But give him a lift, give him a start.

The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer and praise and preaching nice;
But generous souls who aid mankind
Are like a diamond, hard to find.

Give like a Christian, speak in deeds;
A noble life's the best of creeds;
And he shall wear a royal crown
Who gives a lift when men are down.

St. Louis Star.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he, the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil
Under, or above, the soil
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields,
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make it virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Makes the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;
Wait a little longer.

—By Charles Mackay.

NOTES.

Lord Byron's hair has become a rare commodity. A considerable price has to be paid even for small locks at Putnick's. Shortly one will be put up there to be sold with a letter from his sister, Augusta Leigh, which accompanied the lock when she sent it to her friend. Many pounds are expected to be realized from the sale. This is a rather amusing indication of the "Byron Revival" in England. In America, its most striking symptom at present is the success of "The Castaway." Miss Rives' glowing romance based on the facts and fancies of his life. Byron's career seems made to the hand of the novelist, for it is filled to the brim with mystery, adventures, genius, and love affairs. "The Castaway," moreover, is interesting, not only as a story of color and incident, but as a generous estimate and an ingenious defense of a man much hated and much misunderstood. If it attains the vogue prophesied by early readers and indicated by early sales, shall we not look for "The Byron Collar," "The Byron Limp," "The Byron Two-Step," and "The Byron Five Cent Cigar?"

* * *

Gelett Burgess, co-author with Will Irwin of "The Picaroons" and "The Reign of Queen Isyl" (McClure-Phillips), has so identified himself with the amusing side of literature that no one would suspect he had made his literary debut as a writer of melancholy verse. But he did. In the following original manner he broke into print. When he was a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, having engaged in a competition with a friend as to who could write the most mournful poem, Mr. Burgess won the prize with some stanzas, which began: "The dismal day, with dreary pace, hath dragged its tortuous length along." It was decided that this must be printed. To effect this, Mr. Burgess' friend wrote a letter to the "Notes and Queries" column of the Boston Transcript, saying: "Can you tell me the name of the author who wrote the poem beginning 'The dismal, etc.'?" The query was printed and the obliging friend responded promptly with the following answer: "The poem asked for in Query No. 2416 is by Frank Gelett Burgess. The whole poem runs as follows:" and gave it in full.

* * *

Mr. Francis Lynde, the author of that sterling story, "The Grafters," bears a unique distinction among modern novelists: he does not claim to be a born writer. After a slight education, he began life in earnest as a railroad man, and in the course of years worked steadily, slowly up in his business. But he says his heart was never in it. In a hotel writing room one night he wrote a short story. He sent it to an editor. It came back promptly without a word besides the printed slip. Many another suffered a like fate. But he had begun—he liked it and stuck to it. Entering upon the new vocation when he was 35 years old, at the advice of a wise friend he spent the first years in study. He wrote constantly to learn how. He succeeded not through brilliant moments, but by the Stevenson plan—by patient study of men and things and books. He found while he was succeeding that he longed for the quiet of the country—away from the city home in Chattanooga—and so he went. He lives now at St. Elmo Station, far up on Lookout Mountain. The morning finds him regularly in his study, reading and writing; the afternoon finds him on his farm or in his workshop, as a carpenter or a stonemason—anything, so it is work and he is accomplishing something. Mr. Lynde published several books but without attracting much popular attention until "The Master of Appleby" appeared in the fall of 1902. This was a Revolutionary romance, so full of spirited action that it won enthusiastic praise everywhere. Into "The Grafters," his latest book and his best—so far, Mr. Lynde has worked his practical experience in the railroad shops and offices. He knows more about a locomotive than Mr. Kipling—which is saying a good deal. And he knows more about politics than a Tammany judge—which is saying even more.

* * *

Miss Margery Williams' clever novel, "The Price of Youth," may perhaps be seen on the boards. The reviewers suggested that it contained a capital play, and people interested in the stage have it under consideration. The Critic for this month ranks it second among the year's novels.

* * *

Henry Seton Merriman, author of "Barlasch of the Guard," (McClure-Phillips), was an extremely slow and careful writer, chiefly because he felt that he must know his ground thoroughly before he dared to put pen to paper. It took him nearly a year and a half to write a book, and when he engaged on such a story of "Barlasch of the Guard," he worked just as hard as if he were "boneing up" to pass a stiff historical examination in the period.

* * *

Barbara's new novel, "The Woman Errant," went into its second edition on the day of publication. The odd title of this new novel by the author of "People of the Whirlpool" has given ris to much speculation. It is explained by Dr. Russell, Barbara's father: "The woman errant, God help her, it seems to me, is she who either from choice, hazard, or necessity seeks a cause outside the protecting wall of her natural affections." Chiefly she enters business life for the fun of it, or to try her wits, reckless how her competition reduces the pay of others.

* * *

A new, illustrated holiday book by Onoto Watanna, after the manner of "A Japanese Nightingale," is announced for publication in the autumn by Dodd, Mead and company. Onoto Watanna, as is well known, is the author of "The Heart of Hyacinth." Her new book, like its predecessors, will be illustrated with full-page pictures in color by a Japanese artist.

The tale tells of the love of an American missionary for a Japanese maiden, of their marriage, the accidents that separate them, and their final happy reunion. It is told with all the author's power and skill, and is, in the words of one of its critics, "a beautiful prose poem." From its very nature, it lends itself happily to the odd conceits and pretty designs of the Japanese artist.

* * *

Oddly enough it has remained for a corporation lawyer, William Augustus Smith, to produce a satire on the trusts, and to write an extravaganza in which King Monopoly seeks to enslave Liberty and America. The book is called "His Pseudoic Majesty," and will be brought out this summer by the Liberty Publishing company. Readers of advance pages say that the perils of caste spirit, gold-worship and monopoly are not presented in academic argument, but in the spirit of a farce, and compel laughter rather than any other emotion. Yet the book leaves in the mind a definite feeling that "His Pseudoic Majesty" has to be dealt with by the American people.

* * *

Marmaduke Pickthall, whose tale of the Orient, "Said, the Fisherman," gives such a vivid picture of Palestine fifty years ago, says that the most humorous book in the world could be written about Jerusalem today and the half-demented Christian pilgrims who make it their stopping-place. Most of them believe themselves to be reincarnations of the Apostles or the Savior Himself. "A more diverse set of maniacs I never met in my life," says Mr. Pickthall. "One dear old lady I met used to ascend the Mount of Olives every day with a tea-basket, 'so that,' she said, 'when the Apostles came I may refresh them.'"

* * *

In writing about "The Penobscot Man," Fannie Hardy Eckstorm is on familiar ground, for her family came to the Penobscot as pioneers more than a century ago, and ever since have been in close touch with the life of the fields and the woods. For seventy continuous years her father and grandfather (Hardy) were engaged in the fur trade, and on intimate terms with most of the hunters of northern and eastern Maine. Her father, moreover, is a well known woodsman and naturalist. Born in Brewer, Maine, June 18, 1865, Mrs. Eckstorm not only had a chance to learn all that went on in the woods but enjoyed an environment that was, for those days and that region, decidedly artistic and literary. She went to Abbott Academy for a year in 1833 and after studying at home, entered Smith college in the fall of 1885. Graduating in 1888, she was for two years school superintendent in Brewer, and then obtained a position in a Boston publishing house. In the fall of 1893 she went to Oregon to be married to the Rev. Jacob A. Eckstrom, an Episcopal minister. After the deaath of her husband at Providence, R. I., in 1899, she went back to her old home on the Penobscot, where she now lives. Besides being the author of several scientific papers, she already has had two books published—"The Woodpeckers" and "The Bird Book.' In writing "The Penobscot Man" she has had the aid and approval of several of the best-known guides and rivermen of the Maine woods.

* * *

Is America or is England the literary center of the English writing world? Edgar Jepson, the author of "The Admirable Tinker," himself a distinguished representative of the English school of novel writers, seems to think that leading honors lie with us. He says: "I have been for a long time watching the vigorous development of American fiction, and reading much of it with no less pleasure and assuredly more profit than I derive from the most widely read novels of my countrymen and countrywomen writing today. Indeed I have been forced to the conclusion that the Americans are beginning to leave us behind, and that sound fiction, and by that I mean the genuine interpretation of life and character, receives a more hearty and wider welcome in the states than it does here; chiefly, of course, the interpretation of American life and character."

* * *

Word comes from London that Mr. Thomas Hardy has entirely given up writing fiction. He is devoting himself to the second part of his drama, "The Dynasts," of which the first part was recently published by the Macmillan company.

A THOROUGH SUCCESS

A TRIUMPH WON BY THE TONIC TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION.

A Sound Principle—Strengthen the Stomach To Do Its Proper Work and Permanent Relief Follows.

The tonic treatment for indigestion is having remarkable success in curing obstinate cases of that distressing malady. It is based on the principle that remedies which digest the food for the stomach really weaken its powers through disuse, and that the digestive organs can never do their work properly until they are strong enough to do it for themselves. The strength which they need must be supplied through the blood to the muscles and nerves. The entire system then aids in the digestive process and recovery is rapid and thorough.

A striking illustration of the soundness of this principle is given by the recent cure of Miss May Briggs, of No. 7 Alma Place, Rochester, N. Y., after her case had become truly desperate. "A year ago," says Miss Briggs. "I was all run down and I neglected myself in regard to eating. My stomach got in terrible shape, so I could not eat anything but a little dry toast. I could not keep milk down.

"During the year I had four doctors but all failed to help me and I made up my mind I should never be any better. My friends, too, gave up all hope for me. I could fairly see the flesh leave me every day. I had no strength and was very pale, and could scarcely drag myself around the house. I had great soreness and fearful cramps in my stomach and the agony was so great that I could not sleep at night.

"I made up my mind that I would take no more medicine after that which the doctor had left me was used up. In the meantime one of the advertising books of the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People was thrown in at my door. I picked it up, and read it and decided to try the pills but without ever thinking that they would help me as they have, because I had taken so much medicine without benefit, and had even been made worse by a trip to Florida which was undertaken for my health.

"I began to get relief while I was taking the first box and when I had taken three boxes I was like a new person. My friends began to say, with surprise, 'How well you are looking,' and to ask, 'What are you taking to make you look so much better?' Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have performed wonders on me. I can eat anything now. I am strong again and entirely cured. I feel very thankful and I hope my testimonial will do some one else some good." These pills are sold by all druggists throughout the world.

HUMORIST RETURNS.

Mark Twain will return shortly to America, where he will spend the Summer at Tyringham, Mass. Mr. Clemens recently lost his wife in Florence, Italy.

BOOKS.

"The Grafters," by Francis Lynde is one of the most readable books of fiction published in recent years. Its story deals with a piece of railroad chicanery, deftly interwoven with love, politics and other general affairs, while its incidents are of a kind to keep the interest of the readers at thrilling pitch. The plot is celeverly conceived, the characters sufficiently natural and the entire story one that should not be missed by any lover of a good tale, original in motive, stirring in action, and exceptionally well told.—Bobbs, Merrill company of Indianapolis are the publishers.

* * *

"The Cost," by D. Graham Phillips is another novel of American life, telling the story of two young people who become enamored in early school life, to the misfortune of the heroine, who consents to a secret marriage and meets afterward another man who more truly answers the ideals of her soul. Her life with her husband and discovery of the double character he assumes, with incidents showing the methods by which great moneyed corporations control legislation to their interests, makes the body of the tale, which is filled with good material in the way of character and incident. It ranks with the best stories of American fiction of the year. —Bobbs, Merrill Co., Indiana.

* * *

"Strenuous Epigrams" is the title of a little volume published by H. M. Caldwell, containing some of the terse utterances of President Roosevelt, in various speeches, public and private. The book has a good portrait of the author, and will doubtless be popular with a number of readers during the coming presidential campaign.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

In the leading article in the July Suggestion, a magazine of the new psychology, (4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago,) the editor makes an attempt to give a scientific explanation of the cures made by Christian Scientists. He admits the genuineness of these cures, but claims they are all due to natural laws which are easily understood and that the same laws explain all cures, whether made by regular physicians, faith healers, witch doctors of Christian Scientists, etc.

The other articles relate to psychic research, hypnotism, power of mind over disease, rational hygiene and practical psychology, and will be interesting to those thinking along advanced lines, and to original thinkers. Dr. Gigliotti tells how he came to write "Opportunity," the famous sonnet which is universally believed to have been composed by Jno. J. Ingalls. There is a department devoted to the discussion of the cure of consumption by natural methods within the reach of all. Also a review of a very remarkable book by Dr. Isaac K. Funk, entitled "The Widow's Mite and Other Psychological Phenomena." The contents are as follows: Scientific Explanation of Christian Science Cures, by Herbert A. Parkyn, M. D.; Optimism, by O. Spencer; The Origin of "Opportunity," by Nicola Gigliotti, M. D.; Drugs and Witch Cures, by E. W. Black; Edison's Idea of Radium; Scientific Basis of Miracles, by J. B. Brumfield; Law of Mental Medicine, Thomson J. Hudson, LL. D.; Psychic Forces, by Dr. C. O. Sahler; Psycho-Therapy, by Henry W. Robey, M .D.; Return of Nature, by Dr. J. J. Lawrence; Editorials; Communications; Our Letter Box: Book Reviews; Psychic Research: Queries; Nature cure for Consumption, etc.

* * *

The National Magazine for July opens with a remarkable group picture of 11 distinguished western university presidents. Homer Davenport, greatest of American cartoonists, contributes his very best picture—a labor of love—a noble and beautiful portrait of his father, holding in his arms Gloria, the tiny daughter of the famous artist. Joe Mitchell Chapple, chatting about affairs at Washington and at the World's Fair, tells how Davenport has won success on the lecture platform.

A curious interest attaches to the group of schoolboy essays written by John D. Rockefeller, Celestia Spelman (Mrs. Rockefeller) and Mark Hanna, 50 years ago, when they, with ex-Senators Wolcott of Colorado and Jones of Arkansas, were fellow students in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Rockefeller wrote on the "Character of St. Patrick," on "Freedom," on "Education" and on "The Recollections of the Past," while Hanna's themes were equally prophetic of his later career. Facsimiles of essays in the handwriting of Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller are shown.

"Birds Nests in Strange Places," "A Summer Vacation at Home," and "A Woman's Way in the Garden" are out of door features of the number.

The fiction ofthe number includes "The Prince and the Girl," a sparkling story of modern city life; "How Gib Turner Got His Fourth," a rattling "boy" story; "Tanikalang Guinto," a dramatic Philippine episode with a moral; "June's Wedding," last of the delightful June Winston stories, and "Tough Jake Bills," a vivid sketch of a boy soldier's return.

Yone Noguchi dissects "The Character of the Coreans" and Frank Putnam introduces "America's Newest Humorist," William F. Kirk of Milwaukee, whose portrait appears above a group of his funniest verses. Michael A. Lane in his "New Dawns of Knowledge," proceeds to "Man, Individual and Race." Mr. Lane, one of the ablest social philosophers of his time, makes the new scientific view of man and his life on the earth as readable as a story.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 36 books will be added to the public library Monday morning, July 11:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Baker—Roads and Pavements.
Byrne—Highway Construction.
Carpenter—Heating and Ventilating Buildings.
Clerk—Gas and Oil Engine.
Crocker—Electric Lighting, 2 vols.
Folwell—Sewerage.
Foster—Wooden Trestle Bridges.
Hazen—Filtration of public water Supplies.
Hiorns—Practical Metallurgy and Assaying.
Iles—Lead Smelting.
Metcalfe—Cost of Manufactures.
Ogden—Sewer Design.
Parr—Electric Engineering Measurements.
Poole—Calorific Power of Fuels.
Preston—Theory of Light.
Rhead and Sexton—Assaying and Metallurgical Analysis.
Rickard—Ore Sampling.
Rose—Complete Practical machinist.
Rose—Pattern Maker's Assistant.
Sewall—Wireless Telegraphy.
Stetefeldt—Lixiviation of Silver Ores.
Thomson—Discharge of Electricity Through Gases.
Vanderwoort—Modern Machine Shop Tools.
Raymond—Topographic Surveying.
Woodbury—Fire Protection of Mills.

FICTION.

Adams—Texas Matchmaker.
Dudeney—Story of Susan.
Hichens—Woman with the Fan.
James—Two Magics.
Marchmont—Snare of Love.
Mighels—Bruvver Jim's Baby.
Morris—Left in Charge.
Page—Bred in the Bone.
Powell—Byways of Braithe.
Stephens—Bright Face of Danger.

Author of "Paul and Virginia" Was Not a Very Good Lover.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 1.—Although everybody knows that Bernadin de St. Pierre was a far from ideal character, one would have expected the author of "Paul and Virginia" to make, at all events, a sufficiently impassioned lover. And this even at fifty-six, when he was courting his twenty-year-old fiance, Felicite; for that was only half a dozen years after the publication of his famous love-story. But St. Pierre's letters to his betrothed, which have just come to light in Paris, contain little of the stuff of which "Paul and Virginia" was made. Their tone is almost as unimpassioned as if the author had been writing to the merest friend, though it is possible the fact that the fair one was the daughter of St. Pierre's publisher had something to do with this. "I lay aside an important memoir," he begins one epistle, condescendingly, "in order to answer at once your kind letter," and in absolutely none of his missives does the author of one of the most beautiful of love-stories really "let himself go." He spends a lot of time, however, in assuring his lady-love that the difference in their ages really matters little. "Socrates," he says, "was older than I when he married a young woman, and he had even two wives at one time, after the custom of the country. Seneca married Pauline when he was very old, and yet she was so much in love with him that when he committed suicide she did not wish to survive him." And in another letter, St. Pierre leaves off quoting Epictetus—of all people—to exclaim, "Oh, what a wonderful book is Nature!"

He is material enough, too, in his many instructions to his fiance as to how she may merit more completely his devotion. Excessive embonpoint is, he tells her, distasteful to him, and he asks her to avoid it by eating less! Nor is her spelling what it might be. "En grace," he says, she should write in asking a favor, and not "en grasse." Her costume also requires regulation. Her "coeffure" causes people to turn round to look at her and she should not wear her brown hair without powder together with red shoes and a yellow neckerchief.

But then it always has been believed that St. Pierre was more or less "cracked." Both his son and his brother died mad. He began life as an army officer on foreign service, but at thirty-five was kicked out of the service, and turned up in Paris without a cent in his pockets. He had discovered by this time that he could write, however, and the publication of two works on the study of Nature kept him out of the poor-house until, when his years numbered half a century, the book appeared that made him world famous and—it is said—brought him offers of marriage from half the maiden ladies of the great world of Paris. It is said that the unfortunate girl to whom he wrote his chilly "love letters" he eventually beat.

* * *

Hogarth's house at Chiswick, in the suburbs of London, has been opened to the public just in time to permit the army of American visitors this year to add another to the long list of literary shrines in England that our countrymen seldom miss visiting. Hogarth, whose London house—destroyed years ago—stood in Leicester square, used the Chiswick cottage as a summer home. Visitors will be able to see his grave, too, which is in the cemetery near by. The opening to the public of the famous satirist's abode is due to the generosity of its owner, Lieut.-Col. Shipway, of Chiswick, who also had the place, which had fallen into decay, thoroughly restored. This work was under the personal supervision of Frederick Peel, the distinguished architect, and the greatest care was taken to make the building look exactly as when Hogarth lived in it. By the way, in Chiswick, too, Americans should remember, stands the original of Miss Pinkerton's select school, in "Vanity Fair," which was attended by Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley.

There seems no chance, unluckily, that the house in Wandsworth, another suburb of London, where George Eliot once lived, will be available soon as a literary "shrine." It is about to be marked, however, with a commemorative tablet, stating that the authoress made her home there during 1859 and 1860. This house, "Holly Lodge," it is called, was visited often by both Herbert Spencer and Charles Dickens, and it was there that "The Mill on the Floss" was written. In the garden stands a tree planted by George Eliot.

* * *

J. M. Barrie is not overfond of presiding at dinners, but his well-known enthusiasm over cricket would not permit him to refuse to occupy the chair at the banquet given the other evening to the team that was victorious at the Antipodes. In the course of his brief speech, Mr. Barrie declared that cricket was undoubtedly the most divine game ever invented by man, and said he thought the man who invented it did a bigger thing than the man who wrote "Hamlet." Indeed, the author went on, it was not certain that the same had not done both. He probably invented the game during that year or two, when even Sidney Lee did not seem to know what he was about.

* * *

Cuthbert Hadden, the biographer, writing in the Fortnightly Review, says he has heard many suggestions that there should be a tax on novels in order to check the ever-increasing flood of romantic rubbish that pours forth here as persistently as it seems to in the United States. Mr. Hadden expresses the opinion, however, that an imposition of this kind would be of no service. "No tax," he asserts, "would restrain a novelist who was assured of the ultimate success of his own work. As matters stand at present, the publisher may quote him a bill of $400 for the production of a $1.50 novel. Supposing that $100 more were to be added by way of a tax, would that prevent the publication of the author's story? Not a bit of it. The $500 would be paid as cheerfully as the $100 by a writer who expects to get it all back, and something more, when the merits of his novel have at last dawned upon a generally undiscerning public."

HAYDEN CHURCH.

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80 acres, good water right, 2 roomed house, small orchard, 25 acres in alfalfa, 15 acres grain, 5 acres beets, 3 acres potatoes, price $2,000.00 without crop, 1,500.00.
80 acres, 40 acres plowed, 4 acres in beets, 7 acres potatoes, 2 acres orchard, good water right, $2,500.00.
40 acres, good water right, all fenced, $600.00.
40 acres, 30 acres cultivated, good water right, all fenced, price, $1,000.00.
210 acres, 50 acres alfalfa, 30 acres wheat, 5 acres beets, team, wagon, harness and some machinery, good water right, $3,700.00.
40 acres, cultivately land, house, stable, corrals, 18 acres grain, 5 acres alfalfa, orchard, team, harness wagon, buggie and harness both almost new good water right, $1,800.00.
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Cures quick and radical in 20 to 60 days, by my own famous method.

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Every vestige of poison removed from the system without aid of mercury or potash.

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"PRINTER'S INK"

The National Authority on Newspapers, says in its issue of August 19th: "The Semi-Weekly Deseret News has a higher circulation rating than is accorded to any other paper in Salt Lake City or in the State of Utah."

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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
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