

# The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN  
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

## SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods, is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Fribble, occupying Mrs. Fribble's old hermit's cabin. Her father, his wife, nephew, and Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Fribble. Journey of Fribble's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Fribble, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Fribble's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi are returning from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amzi and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenville, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenville, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's, made so especially by Hannah. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who had been speaking about the cave. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Bolduc finds McGuire and the two fight to the death. Ray returns to Greenville and finds Chip waiting for him. Ray wants Chip to return to the woods with him, but she, feeling that the old comradeship with Ray has been broken refuses. When the party leaves from Aunt Comfort's and finds another home with Judson, named Vera Raymond, Aunt Mandy Walker's sister, visits them, and takes Chip home with her to Christmas Cove.

she had heard Old Cy describe so often; the name she knew was really his; the almost startling resemblance to Uncle Jud in speech, ways, and opinions; and countless other proofs. Surely it must be so. Surely Old Cy, of charming memory, and Uncle Jud no less so, must be brothers, and now it was in her power to—and then she paused, shocked at the position she faced.

She was now known as Vera Raymond, and respected; she had cut loose forever from the old shame of an outlaw's child; of a wretched drudge at Tim's Place; of being sold as a slave; and all that now made her blush.

And then Ray! Full well she knew now what must have been in his heart that last evening and why he acted as he did. Hannah had told her the bitter truth, as she had since realized. Ray had been assured that she was an outcast, and despicable in the sight of Greenville. He dared not say "I love you; be my wife." Instead, he had been hurried away to keep them apart; and as all this dire food of shame that had driven her from Greenville surged in her heart, the bitter tears came.

In calmer moments, and when the heart-hunger controlled, she had hoped he might some day find her and some day say, "I love you." But now, so soon, to make herself known, to tell who she was, to admit to these new friends that she was Chip McGuire with all that went with it, to have to face and live down that shame, to admit that she had taken Ray's first

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"I was born close to the wilderness," she said, "and my mother died when I was about eight years old. Then my father took me into the woods, where I worked at a kind of a boarding house for lumbermen. I ran away from that when I was about 16. I had to; the reasons I don't want to tell. I found some people camping in the woods when I'd been gone three days and most started. They felt pity for me, I guess, and took care of me. I stayed at their camp that summer, and then they fetched me home with them and I was sent to school. Somebody said something to me there, somebody who hated me. She had been pestering me all the time, and I ran away. Uncle Jud found me and took care of me until you came, and that's all I want to tell. I could tell a lot more, but I don't ever want those people to find me or take me back where they live, and that's why I don't tell where I came from. Then I felt I was so dependent on them—I was twitted of it—that it's another reason why I ran away. I wouldn't have stayed with Uncle Jud more than over night except that I had a chance to work and earn my board."

"But wasn't it unkind of you—isn't it now—not to let these people know you are alive?" answered Aunt Abby. "They were certainly good to you."

"I know that they were," returned Chip, somewhat contritely; "but I couldn't stand being dependent on them any longer. If they found where I was, they'd come and fetch me back; and I'd feel so ashamed I couldn't look 'em in the face. I'd rather they'd think I was dead."

"Well, perhaps it is best you do not," returned Aunt Abby, sighing; "but years of doubt, and not knowing whether some one we care for is dead or alive, are hard to bear. And now that you have told me some of your history, I will tell you a lifelong case of not knowing some one's fate. Many years ago my sister and myself, who were born here, became acquainted with two young men, sailor boys from Bayport, named Cyrus and Judson Walker. Cyrus became attached to me and we were engaged to marry. It never came to pass, however, for the ship that Judson was captain of, with Cyrus as first mate, foundered at sea. All hands took to the two boats. The one Judson was in was picked up, but the other was never heard of afterward. In due time Judson and my sister Amanda married. He gave up a sailor's life, and they settled down where they now live. I waited many years, vainly hoping for my sweetheart's return, and finally, realizing that he must be dead, married Capt. Bemis. That all happened so long ago that I do not care to count the years; and yet all through them has lingered that pitiful thread of doubt and uncertainty, that vain hope that somehow and somehow Cyrus may have escaped death and may return. I know it will never happen. I know he is dead; and yet I cannot put away that faint hope and quite believe it is so, and never shall so long as I live. Now you have left them, who must have cared something for you in much the same pitiful state of doubt, and it is not right."

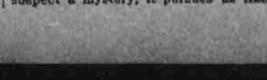
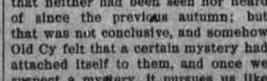
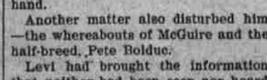
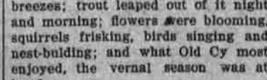
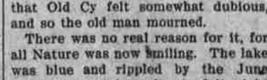
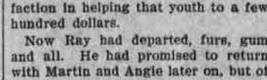
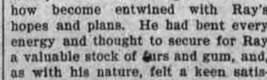
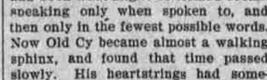
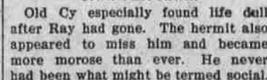
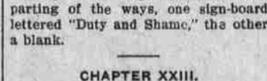
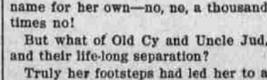
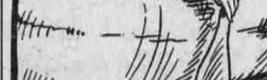
For one moment something almost akin to horror flashed over Chip. "And was he called—was he never—I mean this brother, ever heard from?" she stammered, recovering herself in time.

"Why, no," answered Aunt Abby, looking at her curiously, "of course not. Why, what else you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Oh, nothing," returned Chip, now more composed; "only the story and how strange it was."

It ended the conversation, for Chip, so overwhelmed by the flood of possibilities contained in this story, dared not trust herself longer with Aunt Abby, and soon escaped to her room.

And now circumstances came trooping upon her: the shipwreck, which



a phantom. He did not fear either of these renegades, however. He had never harmed them. But he felt that any day might bring a call from one or the other, or that some tragic outcome would be disclosed.

Another problem also annoyed him—who this thief of their game could be, and whether his supposed cave lair was a permanent hiding spot.

Two reasons had kept Old Cy from another visit to that sequestered lake during the fall trapping season: first, its evident danger, and then lack of time. But now, with nothing to do except wait for the incoming ones, an impulse to visit again this mysterious spot came to him.

He had, at the former excursion, felt almost certain that this unknown trapper was either McGuire or the half-breed. Some assertions made by Levi seemed to corroborate that theory, and impelled by it, Old Cy started alone, one morning, to visit this lake again. It took him until midday to carry his canoe, camp outfit, rifle, and all across from the stream to stream, and twilight had come ere he reached the lake where he and Ray had left the main stream and camped. Up here Old Cy now turned his canoe, and repairing the bark shack they had built, which had been crushed by winter's snow, he camped there again.

Next morning, bright and early, he launched his canoe and once more followed the winding stream through the dark gorge and out into the rippled lake again.

Here he halted and looked about. No signs of aught human could be seen. The long, narrow lakelet sparkled beneath the morning sun. The bald mountain frowned upon it, the jagged ledges just across faced him like serried ramparts, an eagle slowly circled overhead, and best indication of primal solitude, an antlered deer stood looking at him from out an opening above the ledges.

"Guess I'm alone here!" exclaimed Old Cy, glancing around; "but if this ain't a picture worth rememberin', I never saw one. Wish I could take it with me into 'tother world; an' if I was sure 'o' findin' a spot like that, I'd never worry 'bout goin' when my time comes."

After a long wait, as if he wanted to

observe every detail of this wondrous picture of wildwood beauty, he dipped his paddle, crossed the sheet of rippled water, and stepped ashore at the very spot where he and Ray had landed over eight months before.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, glancing around, "if that ain't a canoe, bottom up! Two, by ginger!" he added, as he saw another drawn out and half hid by a low ledge.

To this second one he hastened at once and looked into it.

It had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two

He had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two

He had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two

He had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two

He had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two

He had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two

He had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two

He had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two

He had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two

He had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two

He had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an ax were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

paddles leaned against this ledge, and near by was another setting pole. All three of these familiar objects were brown with damp mould and evidently had rested there many months.

"Curis, curis," muttered Old Cy again. "I called I'd find nothin' here, 'n' here's two canoes left to rot, 'n' been here all winter."

Then with a vague sense of need, he returned to his canoe, seized his rifle, looked all around, over the lake, up into the green tangle above the ledges, and finally followed the narrow passage leading to where he had once watched smoke arise. Here on top of this ledge he again halted and looked about.

Back of it was the same V-shaped cleft across which a cord had held drying pelts, the cord was still there, and below it he could see the dark skins amid the confusion of jagged stones.

Turning, he stepped from this ledge to the lower one nearer the lake, walked down its slope, and looked about again. At its foot was a long, narrow, shelf-like projection, ending at the corner of the ledge—Old Cy followed this to its end and stepped down into a narrow crevasse.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, taking a backward step as he did so.

And well he might, for there at his feet lay a rifle coated with rust beside a brown felt hat.

Had a grinning skull met his eyes he would not have been more astounded. In fact, that was the next object he expected to see, and he glanced up and down the crevasse for it. None leered at him, however, and picking up the rusted weapon, he continued his search.

Two rods or so below where he had climbed the upper ledge, he was halted again, for there, at his hand almost, was a curious doorlike opening some three feet high and one foot wide, back of an outstanding slab of slate.

The two abandoned canoes had surprised him, the rusty rifle astonished him, but this, a self-evident cave entrance, almost took his breath away.

For one instant he glanced at it, stepped back a step, dropped the rusty rifle and cocked his own, as if expecting a ghost or panther to emerge. None came, however, and once more Old Cy advanced and peered into this opening. A faint light illumined its interior—a weird slant of sunlight, yet enough to show a roomy cavern.

The mystery was solved. This surely was the hiding spot of the strange trapper!

"Can't see why I missed it afore," Old Cy muttered, kneeling that he might better look within, and sniffing at the peculiar odor. "Wonder if the cuss is dead in thar, or what smells so!"

Then he arose and grasped the slab of slate. One slight pull and it fell aside.

"A nat'ral door, by hokey!" exclaimed Old Cy, and once more he knelt and looked in.

The bravest man will hesitate a moment before entering such a cavern, preface, so to speak, by two abandoned canoes, a rusty rifle, human head covering, each and all bespeaking something tragic, and Old Cy was no exception. That he had come upon some greswome mystery was apparent. Canoes were not left to rot in the wilderness or rifles dropped without cause.

And then, that hat! Surely here, or hereabouts, had been enacted a drama of murderous nature, and inside this cavern might repose its blood-stained sequel.

But the filtering beams of light encouraged Old Cy, and he entered. No ghastly corpse confronted him, but instead a human, if cramped, abode. A fireplace delfly fashioned of slate occupied one side of this cave; in front a low table of the same flat stone, resting upon small ones; and upon the table were rusty tin dishes, a few mouldy hardtack, a knife, fork, and scraps of meat, exhaling the odor of decay. A smell of smoke from the charred wood in the fireplace mingled with it all. In one corner was a bed of brown fir twigs, also mouldy, a blanket, and tanned deerskins.

The cave was of oval, irregular shape, barely high enough for Old Cy to stand upright. Across its roof, on either side of the rude chimney, a narrow crack admitted light, and as he looked about, he saw in the dim light another doorlike opening into still another cave. Into this he peered, but could see nothing.

"A queer livin' spot," he muttered at last, "a reg'lar human panther den. An' 'twas out o' this I seen the smoke come. An' here's his gun," he added, as, more accustomed to the dim light, he saw one in a corner. "Two guns, two canoes, an' nobody to hum," he continued. "I'm safe, anyhow. But I've got to peek into that other cave, I'm sure," and he withdrew to the open air.

A visit to a couple of birches soon provided means of light, and he again entered the cave. One moment more, and then a flaring torch of bark was thrust into the inner cave, a mere crevasse not four feet wide, and stooping, as he now had to, Old Cy entered and knelt while he looked about.

He saw nothing here of interest except the serried rows of jutting slate, across two of which lay a slab of the same—no vestige of aught human, and Old Cy was about to retreat when his flare burning close to his finger tips unnoticed, caused him to drop it on the instant, and drawing another from his pocket he lit it while the flame lasted in the first one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Carry Big Sticks in London.

Johnnie Carrying Canes of 46 Inches and Size is Growing.

The London "Johnny" has a new fad. This time it concerns his walking-stick, which has now reached the extraordinary length of 46 inches, and is still growing.

Of course it is impossible to make much use of such a stick as an aid to walking. The London dandy carries his horizontal, much to the annoyance of other pedestrians before and behind, and especially at crowded crossings.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that the New York "Willie Boy" is

going to follow in the footsteps of London's "Johnny" in this matter of walking-sticks. Neither New York nor any other busy American city would stand for them.

Imagine one of these walking canes, carried horizontally, attempting to board a subway or Brooklyn bridge train or to turn a busy Broadway corner during rush hours. Everybody who has attempted to board a train carrying even a small package can imagine the fate of the walking-stick.

—N. Y. World.

A careless husband will cause a woman almost as many heartaches as a careless dressmaker.

## FOUND THE CAUSE.

After Six Years of Misery and Wrong Treatment.

John A. Enders, of Robertson Avenue, Pen Argyl, Pa., suffered for six years with stinging pain in the back, violent headaches and dizzy spells, and was assured by a specialist that his kidneys were all right, though the secretions showed a reddish, brick-dust sediment. Not satisfied, Mr. Enders started using Doan's Kidney Pills.

"The kidneys began to act more regularly," he says, "and in a short time I passed a few gravel stones. I felt better right away and since then have had no kidney trouble."

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

## INTERMITTENTLY.

Tourist—What are you jumping up like that for, me good man?  
Howling Dervish—Yew! Dog of an unbeliever, I'm elevating my mind.

## SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now 80 years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months but did not get much help. During this time a severe itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository Syringe. It took six months of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

Suggestive.

Towne—There was a spelling-bee down at our church the other night. The pastor gave out the words. Did you hear about it?  
Brown—No; was it interesting?  
Towne—Rather. The first three words he gave out were "Increase," "pastor," "salary."—Stray Stories.

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

Before Ananias.

Adam had just finished naming the animals.

"Wait till I start on the fish," he exclaimed, gleefully.

Thus we learn he was preparing to tell some whoppers even before the fall.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the linen.

Forgiveness.

"The state!" sneered the convicted anarchist. "What do I care for the state?"

"The state," replied the court, "is not inclined to repay your harshness in kind. It will care for you for a year."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Immense Pig Iron Production.

In the last eight years the three great iron countries have produced 10,300,000 tons of pig iron, of which over half has come out of the United States.

Do You Eat Pie?  
If not you are missing half the pleasure of life. Just order from your grocer a few packages of "OUR-PIE" and learn how easy it is to make Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies that will please you. If your grocer won't supply you, go to one who will. Put up by D-Zertys Co., Rochester, N. Y."

Woman Owner of Large Ranch.

Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the marquess of Alibury, owns and operates a horse ranch at Calgary, Alberta, on a stretch of land nearly 40,000 acres in extent.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for itchy, swelling, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Physical culture is excellent, but don't neglect to exercise your discretion.—Pool Richard, Jr.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and colic.

A lazy man will not work himself so long as he can work others.

If an Advertisement Convinces You, Stay Convinced

When you read in this newspaper the advertisement of a manufacturer who has paid for the space used to convince you that it is to your interest to buy his goods, and you go to a dealer where such articles are usually handled for sale, do not let the dealer or any one of his clerks sell you something else which he claims is "just as good." If an advertisement convinces you, it was because of the element of truth which it contained.

INSIST ON GETTING WHAT YOU ASK FOR.

In the Free Vaccination Ward.

A Lithuanian woman was getting her fifth baby vaccinated the other day.

"I am glad," said the young surgeon, "that you recognize the importance of vaccination."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I often wonder," she added pensively, "what it's done for, though. It's to show you're a free citizen, the same as naturalization papers, ain't it?"

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

French Sculptor Complimented.

M. Rodin, the celebrated sculptor, has been asked to paint some frescoes for the new art gallery at the Luxembourg palace.

Garfield Tea is of particular benefit to those subject to rheumatism and gout. It purifies the blood, cleanses the system and eradicates disease. Drink before retiring.

The world belongs to those who come the last. They will find hope and strength, as we have done.—Longfellow.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Do your duty and let the other fellows do the explaining.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
RHEUMATISM  
BRIGHT'S DISEASE  
DIABETES  
\$75 GUARANTEE

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

They regulate the bowels.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nervousness, Headache, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, and all Bilious Affections. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.