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Mr. U. G. King, foreman of the Leetonia Democrat, Leetonia, Ohio, writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN, Columbus, Ohio, Gentlemen: Some time since, I had occasion to doubt the genuineness of most of the articles that appear in different papers in regard to your wonderful PERUNA, and my curiosity was so great that I determined to write to one of the many people that claimed to have been cured by this medicine, and accordingly wrote to Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, of New Lisbon, this county, and received the following reply." "I received your letter this evening, and in reply would say that PERUNA, I believe, saved my life, and I can not recommend it too highly; for all complaints it is the best medicine in existence. It seems to help you as you swallow it. I would advise any one suffering from my complaint to take PERUNA and be convinced. Yours truly, Mrs. J. W. Reynolds." Now, that's her card, word for word, and as I am well acquainted with the lady, I do not believe she would lie. It is truly wonderful how your medicine does do good.

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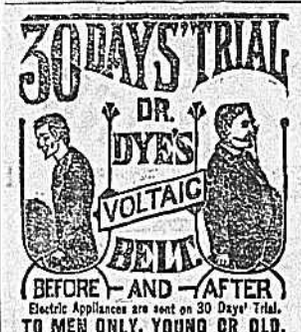

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"NOW I LAY ME."

When I pass from earth away,
Palsied though I be, and gray,
May my spirit keep so young
That my falling, faltering tongue,
Lisp that prayer so dear to me,
Whispered at my mother's knee:

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—
Passing to eternal rest
On the loving parent breast.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep"—
From all dangers safe and calm,
In the hollow of His palm.

"If I should die before I wake"—
Drifting with abated breath
Out from slumber into death—

"I pray the Lord my soul to take."
From the body's chains set free,
Sheltered in eternity.

Simple prayer of trust and truth,
Taught me in my early youth.

Let my soul its beauty keep
When I lay me down to sleep.

DIED FOR SUSY.

It was a favorite jest, upon old Farmer Collingwood's farm, to call Joe Ellison Susy's admirer. And Susy when she heard the half-taunting joke, only smiled softly, and at their next meeting only gave Joe a kinder word or sweeter smile.

She was the orphaned daughter of a country clergyman, whose sole legacy to her had been the best education his own profound learning enabled him to give her. When she was but a little girl her mother died, and she had been her father's housekeeper, scholar and companion until her nineteenth birthday, when the Rev. Stephen Cole was likewise taken from the child to his last, long rest. The good people of the parish, knowing Susy's advantages for study, had put her at the head of the district school, and her old home being the parsonage, she had removed her personal possessions and taken up her abode at farmer Collingwood's, he having for years "boarded" the school ma'am.

It was a merry, happy farmer's household where Susy lived. Julia and Mollie Collingwood were strong-armed, blooming damsels, full of coquettish grace, and with loud voices and active habits. Charlie and James, the sons, were fine specimens of young farmers, and the old man and his wife were kind-hearted, homely country-folks.

But the young girl, brought up in her father's study, his companion for years, had developed more mental than physical strength, was sly in manner, reserved in speech, and craved intellectual food entirely out of her power to obtain. She was slight in figure, with large black eyes, delicate features, a pure, colorless complexion, and masses of nut-brown hair. The parsonage having always had a servant, Susy's little hands were unspoiled by rough work, and beside the rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed Collingwood girls she looked like a little pale nun, her deep mourning contrasting strongly with their gay attire, in which all the colors of the rainbow struggled for supremacy.

She had been but a little time in her position as instructress to the tow-headed youngsters of Brent Hill, when, coming up the road from school late on a summer's afternoon, she heard wailing and groans in one of the cottages, where often before she had heard the same sounds.

"Poor Joe!" she whispered, pitifully. For she knew a deformed idiot was being beaten by a cruel task-master. But on that afternoon, as she drew near the cottage, the door suddenly flew open, and the idiot limped, howling and speeding as fast as his infirmities allowed, out of the opening, while, following him, was a strong, brutal man, half drunk, flourishing an immense cowhide.

The man, cursing and swearing, held the whip over the cowering, shrinking lad, but when it fell it struck, not Joe, but Susy, who bent over him, with one arm raised to ward off the blow. Brute as he was, the half-drunken wretch stood aghast when the heavy lash cut across Susy's slender arm and shoulders.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said. "I did not see you in the way."

"How can you?" she cried, her pale cheeks crimson with womanly indignation—"how can you, a strong man, strike a poor trembling boy like that—a boy whose infirmities should appeal for protection to any man who was not an arrant coward!"

"Well, come now, that's pretty strong," said the man. "Don't I feed and lodge him for what he does, and ain't I got a right to beat him if he does everything wrong? He don't earn his salt, he don't."

"Don't keep him, then."

"I guess you're right. I won't. Joe, you may go to the mischief, but don't come here again."

So saying, the idiot's tormentor turned on his heel and re-entered his house, shutting and noisily bolting the door. Susy stood half-terrified at the result of her well meant interference. Joe was a waif from the alms-house, lame, deformed, idiotic, and she had deprived him of his only refuge.

"Oh! Joe," she said, crying, "I am so sorry! What will you do!"

But Joe was only able to realize that his brutal task-master had ceased to beat him, and that a long red welt across Susy's hand had fallen there upon its way to his cowering shoulder. He only pointed to the mark half crying:

"It was better for me to take it as you!" he said, whimpering; "the pretty white hand? Oh? Joe is sorry you got before him. Joe don't mind beating!"

All the chivalry in the poor, dull brain asserted itself in that speech, for Joe did mind a beating very much.

"You can't stay here in the road all night," said Susy. "Come with me and I will ask Mr. Collingwood to give you a place to sleep."

The good people at the farm looked rather astonished when Susy appeared, followed by the stooping, limping figure of the village idiot. But the farmer broke into hearty laughter when she told of her interference and begged a shelter for the boy.

"Stay here? Of course he can stay here," he said. "We'll find something for the poor beggar to do. But to think of your spunking up to Bob Carter after that fashion. I'd ha' given my best cow to see it. A little white bantam pecking a mad bull would be nothing to it. And he run off? Well! Well! Here, Charlie, show Joe the room over the barn. He can sleep there, and he'll soon learn where to come to meals."

So the idiot found his hard bed on the floor replaced by the cosy barn chamber; his scanty food exchanged for generous plenty; and for blows, kicks and curses, hard work overtasking his brain, he had kindly words and light labor suited to his comprehension.

And under this treatment he brightened visibly, performing his simple task willingly and well. When winter came Susy herself altered a suit and overcoat of her father to clothe the boy comfortably for the cold weather, and knit him scarf, cap and mittens. She never passed him without a word of encouragement, and in his darkened mind the fair, sweet face stood for a religion—something to be worshipped, poor Joe's special Providence.

He never forgot the falling of the cruel lash upon her slender figure, bent to protect him, and he understood perfectly that Susy's intercession had procured for him his happy, comfortable home.

And his gratitude expressed itself in such offerings as were within his reach—bouquets of wild flowers, clusters of delicate ferns he knew she loved, baskets of wild cherries or nuts, and an eager offer to lift any obstacle from her path. And the good-natured, jesting country folks called poor Joe Susy's admirer.

But while winter snows were yet upon the ground there came to Brent Hill a new clergyman—one Cyrus Portman, who had been a pupil of Susy's father when he was a youth of 19, she a girl of twelve. Having fitted himself for college under the Rev. Stephen Coyle's instructions, he had gone to Harvard, had studied for the pulpit, and, having preached in Boston, had accepted a call to Brent Hill.

It was quite natural that he should seek Susy and the old servant at the parsonage was warm in her praises. He was a wealthy man, having inherited a fortune from his father, and he was eager to help the poor in his parish. Susy, having the children under her control, was able to point out to him many avenues for his charity, and thus added another link to the associations that bound them together.

He was a grave, studious man, refined in taste, and of quiet manner, and he shrank a little from the noisy demonstrations of the country people around him. It rested him, after a round of calls or the services of the Sabbath, to talk with Susy, to hear her low, sweet voice, and to see her quiet, refined movement. He heard of the gentle charities she performed whenever he visited the cottages of the very poor, and memory told him what a little household fairy she had been, even when a child.

So, in the winter evening evenings, in the spring walks, he let his heart go out to Susy and gather her image into its deepest recesses, while she, unconscious of her own secret, felt that there was no happiness so profound as Cyrus brought by his mere presence. It was a quiet, uneventful courting for six long months, but it bound two hearts firmly together for life. And Joe, looking on, understood vaguely that Susy was happy when Cyrus was near, that a service performed for Cyrus pleased Susy well. And as events progressed he understood that Cyrus would one day take Susy to the parsonage as his wife, and that Susy would be happy there. All this was firmly rooted in poor Joe's clouded brain; and he knew that trouble to Cyrus would be sore grief also to Susy.

So, with an allegiance that was touching, Joe transferred some of his devotion to the young clergyman, and when he was at the farm would mutter often:

"Susy likes him; Joe must be good to him, because Susy likes him."

He was grateful for the kindly words of Cyrus, his many gifts of clothing and money; but the great claim that he held over Joe was the fact that to please him was to give Susy pleasure.

Summer sunshine was ripening the grain, and the berries were in richest clusters, when Susy had an entire month of leisure for the school holiday, and Cyrus won from her a promise to resign her place and be his wife in September. Her simple outfit became her daily task, and the Collingswoods lent willing hands to prepare for the wedding. Joe was made entirely happy by a promise of a home at the parsonage, and the long summer days seemed too short for the happiness that filled them.

It was nearly two miles from the parsonage to the Collingwood farm, but there were few evenings when Cyrus failed to walk from his home to Susy's for an hour or two of the sweet companionship he loved. And his way led him through a lonely stretch of country, where the farms were scattered far apart, for Mr. Collingwood had bought a farm at some distance from the village.

By what instinct Joe knew that there might be danger lurking in the road, I can not explain, but it became his habit, solely of his own will, to follow Cyrus Portman out of sight himself, till he saw him safely within his house, and then limp back again to his own barn chamber. It may have been that the talk of the farm hands about some of the crimes perpetrated by tramps conveyed a warning to his weakened mind. But, whatever the motive, he was constant in his unsuspected attendance.

The Rev. Cyrus Portman, secure of his place in the love of his congregation, thinking his village home ever secure from danger of robbery, or even the fear of theft, was careless of the fact that it was known he carried about him large sums of money. He drew his income quarterly from a Boston bank, and was apt to carry large rolls of bank notes in his pocket-book, ready for his own expenses and charities. He wore diamond studs and finger ring and a heavy gold watch and chain.

All these facts becoming known to Bob Carter, Joe's tormentor, led to the fact that proved the idiot's deepest devotion to Susy. One of the tramps seeking employment at Brent Hill, proving a congenial companion for Bob Carter in his drinking frolics and idle life, became his guest, and the two, under the influence of liquor, resolved to rob the parson.

"He's bound to have a pocket full of money," Bob said, "and we're half starved! We'll make it more equal like!"

So it befel that one August night, when there was no moon, Joe, faithfully trudging upon his self-appointed task of seeing Susy's lover safe in his own home, saw two men spring upon him as he passed a high hedge.

Taken entirely by surprise, Cyrus Portman turned to his assailants and fought for his possessions with the courage of a truly brave man. But they were two to one, and had thrown him down, when Bob Carter, lifting a formidable club of wood, ordered him to give up his money and watch. Instead of complying he struggled more fiercely to free himself from the grasp of the other ruffian.

"You will have it, then," growled Bob, lifting the club, and surely there would have been an end of all of Susy's dreams of happiness had not Joe, with a cry utterly indescribable, flung himself between the heavy murderous weapon and Cyrus Portman.

Down came the wood with a sickening crash upon the idiot's back and head, and Cyrus Portman with a sudden wrench, freed himself as the tramp dodged back to avoid the blows. At this moment the voices of a party of village merry-makers were heard coming up the road and the would-be-robber and assassins turned and fled.

The calls of the clergyman hurried the steps of the farmer lads fast coming home, and the well-known voices of the Collingwood boys were soon heard in eager exclamations.

In hurried words the young clergyman explained the situation.

"Poor Joe," he said, looking up as he knelt to examine the prostrate body. "I am afraid his devotion has cost him his life. I cannot feel his heart beat."

"We'll carry him home," Charlie Collingwood said. "Come, boys, it is not half a mile to the farm."

Willing, strong hands lifted the still insensible figure, and tenderly poor Joe was carried to the farm again. Susy, sitting still upon the wide porch, thinking of her lover, saw the procession enter the gate, and ran quickly down the path. Her tears fell fast as Cyrus told his sad tale, but she opened the door of the spare room on the lower floor, wakened Mrs. Collingwood, brought light, water and bandages, while James saddled a horse and rode back to the village for the doctor.

But the doctor could not help poor Joe! The blow was a death blow, and before morning there was only a cold, stiff form where the poor idiot's life had existed. But before he died he was brought back to consciousness, to know that Susy was bending over him, her tears falling fast over his white, death-stricken face.

"Don't cry," he whispered faintly. "It was because you loved him. I didn't forget," he said, while a smile brightened his poor face. "Joe didn't forget when you took a lashing for him. Joe remembered. And he put his head under Bob Carter's club to save the parson. Is the parson here?"

"Yes, Joe, I am here."

"All alive, and Joe did it! Joe did it for Susy!"

And so, with Susy's name upon his lips, poor Joe died.

COMPOSED of genuine French Grape Brandy, Extract of Smart-Weed and Jamaica Ginger, with Camphor Water, Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed excells as a remedy for colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux, or to break up colds, fevers or inflammatory attacks.

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WHIMS IN DRESS.

All Sorts of Novelties in Feminine Attire and Ornament.

Philadelphia Times.

The bow-like drapery at the back is rapidly replacing the loose pleats and waterfalls lately so fashionable. Usually two square flaps or tabs of the material are placed below the loops of the bow, taking the place of pleated back drapery, while the loops of the bow give required puffiness.

A stylish hat of soft felt has a rather narrow brim and high crown; it is trimmed with a wide band of velvet ribbon and has a ribbon cockade and a bird's wing in front.

Fancy aprons are used for full dress and often give finish to plain skirts. One of pink Ottoman silk is covered with Oriental net lace, with edges to match. A cascade of the lace decorates the right side and the apron is fastened on to a girdle formed of braided chenille cord, with tassel-trimmed ends.

A lovely little apron of pale blue surah shop bib and apron in one piece. It is pleated on waist portion to fit the figure, while the right side of the skirt is draped with a long, flat bow. The entire apron is edged with rich embroidery and it is trimmed with bows of blue ribbon.

Something entirely new is the sailor fichu of colored linen, edged with white embroidery. The fichu is of plain white linen, in folds, and edged with embroidery, while the pleated sailor collar is of striped linen, laid in pleats, and edged with a narrower embroidery than that on the fichu.

The Hamper hats for young ladies has lattice crown of brown interlaced twigs. Above the brim is draped a scarf in embroidered muslin, over which is a bunch of sweet pears and fruit.

Pretty bonnets of black lace have the fronts made of open jet trellis and are to be worn flat on the hair.

A new material is called "Suede." It is a fine velvet, resembling in color and appearance the kid bearing that name.

A novelty in bonnet trimming is the curled feather, shot with mother-of-pearl tints in all shades.

Moss green, deep blue beige, a new shade of red and a heliotrope violet are the colors of the season.

Jackets of colored cloths are trimmed with colored ornaments, cut in quaint designs and outlined with gold or silk cord.

A "lazy" glove suited for dressy occasions has no buttons, the necessary width is given at the wrist and is filled with elastic, which stretches as required and then settles in place. It is made of Suede kid.

The Argosy glove fastens with a lace tipped with tassels, which is held by a spring clasp so that the lace need only be drawn to fasten the glove without tying or any trouble, while the tassels prove most effective finish.

While the colored wool guipures are either plain or interwoven with very fine gold or silver.

A hat of black straw for fall wear is ornamented with a golden pheasant and a tuft of green and ripe oats.

Very pretty on evening dresses is the new trimming of cords arranged so as to form outlines of leaves and flower with centres of pearls and crystal beads.

IN hundred of instances where Hot Springs and other treatment failed to cure scrofula and syphilitic disorders, the sufferer has sought and found a cure in Dr Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It enriches the blood, strengthens the urinary and digestive organs, and quickly removes all indications of ill health and blood disease, from a pimple to a running sore, from a headache to a rheumatic pain. Its superiority over all other blood purifiers and strengthening medicines is admitted by all who test its curative effect and influence. DAW

"THE Want" Soap is the biggest of all, the best five cent bars.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammations, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. MWSAW

STRUNZ'S Genuine Wax Soap will not color the clothes yellowish.

Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Ann Lacour, of New Orleans, La., writes: "I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians, but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence, that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement. We administered it and he was instantly relieved." TTHSaw

"The Want" Soap is the biggest of all, the best five cent bars.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Logan & Co.

"The Want" Soap is the biggest of all, the best five cent bars.

A COUNTRYMAN, who is camping with his wagon and team in the suburbs of Austin, missed one of his horses. "Why don't you apply to the police?" suggested a city friend. "Do you think they stole him?" was the innocent response.—*Peck's Sun.*

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram shop beverage, but are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the Liver and Kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. Sold by druggists. $1.00. Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment—the greatest blessing that has been discovered in this generation. A sure cure for Boils, Burns, Sores, Cuts, Flesh Wounds, Sore Nipples, Hard & Soft Corns, Chapped Lips and Hands, Pimples and Blotches. Price 50c. Sold by druggists. Frazier Medicine Co., proprs., Cleveland, Ohio. Wholesale agents: Logan & Co., Wheeling, W. Va., and J. C. Dent & Co., Bridgeport, Ohio. D&W

STRUNZ'S Genuine Wax Soap will not color the clothes yellowish.

NO, Elfrida, we have too high a regard for you, both as a poetess and a refined young lady, to print your verses on a damsel who, having become smitten with a young journalist, alluded to him as her *papier mache.—Puck.*

Bed-bugs, Flies:

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

STRUNZ'S Genuine Wax Soap will not color the clothes yellowish.

"I HEARD the other day that Snifkins was engaged in criminal practice. Is he a lawyer?" "No; but he is almost as bad. He was caught stealing a pair of boots."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Trust No Others.

Why endure the agonies of neuralgia, when Benson's Capcine Plasters will quickly relieve it. 25c. W&SW

STRUNZ'S Genuine Wax Soap will not color the clothes yellowish.

Stop that Cough!

By using Dr. Frazier's Throat and Lung Balsam—the only sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Sore Throat, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Do not neglect a Cough. It may prove fatal. Scores and hundreds of grateful people owe their lives to Dr. Frazier's Throat and Lung Balsam, and no family will ever be without it after once using it, and discovering its marvelous power. It is put up in large family bottles and sold for the small price of 75 cents per bottle. Frazier Medicine Co., Prop's., Cleveland, Ohio. Saratoga High Rock Spring Water for sale by druggists. Wholesale Agents: Logan & Co., Wheeling, W. Va., and J. C. Dent & Co., Bridgeport, Ohio. DAW

A sweet feeling of gorgeous triumph permeates the sensitive mind as it draws the blankets up tighter around the chin these mornings when awakened by a cry that has lost its terrors of "Ice! ice!"

Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

The fond father of a pretty daughter has found that it is easier to miss a train than to train a miss.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Piles! Piles!! Piles!!!

Sure cure for Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of twenty years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after using Williams' Indian Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays itching, acts as poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, nothing else. Sold by druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1. Frazier Medicine Co., Proprietors, Cleveland, Ohio. Wholesale Agents: Logan & Co., Wheeling, W. Va., and J. C. Dent & Co., Bridgeport, Ohio. D&W

Fitting costume for the social parasite—Fawn. A simple contract—Wager between two fools as to which is the greater.—*Life.*

"Rough on Corns."

ASK for Wells' "Rough on Corns," 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

A Boston female school teacher has been fined $225 for inhuman cruelty toward a male pupil. She kissed him with her spectacles on.—*Troy Times.*

THE blessings of life are many. Live long and be happy. Don't neglect a cough or cold. Keep yourself well clothed in changeable weather, and always keep a bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry in the household. A single spoonful will cure an ordinary cough or cold. Its continued use will cure consumption. DAW

An old batchelor who has selfishly worn out life entirely upon himself, is like a corncob that has passed through a sheller—the only kernel that is left to him is a titular one by courtesy.

THE tenacity with which people abide by their early faith in Ayer's Sarsaparilla can only be explained by the fact that it is the best blood medicine ever used, and is not approached in excellence by any new candidate for public favor. DAW

THE Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure."

Are you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yelow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, and Canker Mouth.

Sold by Logan & Co., A. T. Young and Chas. Menkemeller. EOW

DISEASE, Propensity and Passion brings mankind numberless ailments; foremost among them are nervousness, nervous debility, and unnatural weakness of generative organs. Allen's Brain Food successfully overcomes these troubles and restores the sufferer to his former vigor. $1.—At druggists, or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First Ave., New York city. TTHSaw

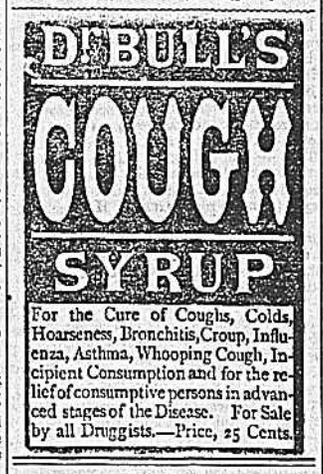
THE most delicate persons enjoy taking Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, give a wholesome appetite, puts new life in a broken-down body.—15 cents. TTHSaw

An elderly Newport maiden having had several teeth extracted, and being asked by a female companion if it hurt much, replied: "Well, I suppose it did, but I was so excited because he had his arm around my neck that I didn't feel but very little pain.

Horseford's Acid Phosphate as a Refrigerant Drink in Fevers.

Dr. C. H. S. Davis, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it." TTHSaw

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.



For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 Cents.

Roofing.

DO YOUR OWN ROOFING!

I have in stock a large lot of the
Asbestoes Roofing,
Which is cheap, and can be applied by any one, as it requires no skill to do it, and is just the thing to do a quick job cheap and good. One man can