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We know that it sounds quackish to talk about the Electropoise curing incurable diseases, but bear in mind the fact that it is the old treatment which has pronounced the case incurable. We do not make the claim that we can cure all so-called incurable diseases, but we do maintain with all earnestness that a case pronounced incurable by your family physician, is a splendid field for the operation of the Electropoise. It may be just the treatment necessary, and is quite likely to be so. If it fails, this is no argument against the "Poise," but in such a case, the fact of the physician's statement is proven to be true. But man's patient who has been given up by his physician who has again received life through treatment of the Electropoise.

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BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

CHAT'S PERIL.

A Story of Panther Hollow.

Written for the Press by Robert C. Hayes, Author of "Fent's Christmas," etc.

CHAPTER V.
JOHN DEE'S STORY, (continued.)

"Why don't you pull the strings?" I yelled.

"The best, Fent, as a rule. To pull the strings and spare the rod, in dealing with that mule."

"On, on dashed Fent right straight ahead."

"On followed Chat and I. While he and I, roused from repose, Took fright as we passed by."

"Let's overtake him, John, said Chat. And gave his beast a whack— Our steel are just as fast as his. Why need we whip them back?"

"All right, just let him out," said I. However fast that may be, I'll follow on, and keep up too— Or I'm not Johnny Dee!"

"So on, with still increasing speed. Tip bill and down we went— Through valleys dark and deep we creviced. We followed after Fent."

"Just as we came in sight of him, And much to our surprise, I saw Fent's mule brought to a halt. To how we could not surmise."

"I was soon, however, plain to us: A hunter, strong and bold, Had firmly clutched his bridle rein— More quickly done than thou."

"Is that you, Carter?" Fenton asked. As I rode up with Chat, I thought you were a highwayman— A daring one, at that."

"I would take a very daring one. To hold up us," said I. Would be destruction swift and sure. He'd surely have to die."

"That all depends, John, answered Fent. As to just what would follow. But let that go, boys—how came you out here in Panther Hollow?"

"We'd started down to church, said Chat. And doubtless we'll be late: I fear the meeting will be over— Be so decided by fate."

"And I've got an engagement, too. Down there—I'll tell you that— One that can't be explained away. At all," continued Chat.

"I don't mean to discourage you. Said Dave Carter, still. You've taken the wrong road, my boys. The good one is this way."

"Oh, we can find the way, said I. So now, boys, let us go. There is, of course, no time to lose. For we've been bothered so."

"Get up behind me, Dave," said Fent. I'll share my beast with you; You've been a good Samaritan, So now I'll be one too."

"No, thank you Fenton," Dave replied. You're neighborly indeed; Must hasten on—my dogs, I think, Have got a wild cat tread."

"We started on—Fent, Chat and I— Bound for the meeting still, Shaping or course, as best we could, Toward the water mill."

"We travelled thus it seemed for hours. Scarce knowing where we went: The darkness—'twas so intense, Could scarce see Chat or Fent."

"Well, soon by there, boys, Chat spoke up. Look, under is a light! And it comes from the Harber too— Look, yonder to our right."

"That's true, said I, let's hasten on— For us no detour— And listen! is not that Franks now Hearing the benediction?"

"Believe it; it sounds like Franks. Although it may not be. It may be Belt—what matters it? What shall we do, John Dee?"

"Why, we shall not dismount, said I. The meeting's over, you see; When Laura comes you go with her, And I, with Cart Lee."

"And Fenton—he can follow on! He's not in it, you see; For Laura's yours and Cart's mine, Or I'm not Johnny Dee!"

"But Fent, of course, will want to go. With Laura, whispered Chat. I simply say it can not be. How can we manage that?"

"It's easily done; that mule you know, Fent can not hold him back; When he rides up to Laura's side, You give old Jude a whack."

"The mule will then run off with Fent. There'll be no Carter there. I simply say it can not be. Your way will then be clear."

"Ha, ha! I had not thought of that. Laughed Chat; you're clever, John; All's fair in love, as well as war! Let Laura dear come on."

"The congregation soon dispersed; Went north and east and west, As well as south, by ones and twos, Laura among the rest."

"How do, Miss Laura, we spoke out. Each bowed and raised his hat; How are you Johnny Dee, she said, And you too Fent and Chat."

"I'm glad to see you out to-night. A splendid sermon that; It seemed to me that Brother Franks Just tried himself, said Chat."

"Ere Laura could reply to this, A crowd in passing by

"They'd hide along the river bank— Dense thickets in that day— And fall upon all travelers. Then sink the bodies out of sight— For dead men tell no tales."

"By doggies, boys, many a man In this way lost his life— Sent out into the Great Beyond, From children home and wife."

"And early bedtime offenders, For old equality, would fall— Mike Fink, the last of us."

"And some of these field marauders— For many a time were found— Would seek for victims every where, Through all the country round."

"Two of the worst, if such could be, So wily, shrewd and sharp— Were two whose deeds had spread Called Big and Little Harpe."

"They'd murder from the love of it, With no prospect for gold, I could murder in cold blood the young, The helpless and the old."

"My grandfink, as I've just said, Lived upon Wild Cat Hill; Though he built in such a place Is somewhat puzzling still."

Sometimes he'd hear the wildest scream Then, echo like, would follow. The panther's angry, piercing shriek, Coming up from the Hollow."

"But then he heeded not their cries; He thought of danger near; He slept the sleep of innocence, And never knew a fear."

"At that time, boys—the strange to tell— Their salt had to be Brought from the Illinois side— For old Equality."

"From old no steamboats then, ye Nor railroads, as to that; And all our commerce then was done With mules, like that of Chat."

So grandfink sat out one day Upon a favorite mule of his— I think its name was Flee. He'd kissed his wife a fond good-by; She'd left a father's side, Her childhood home, a mother's love, That she might be his bride.

"She knew the dangers of the route; Tears gathered fast, and fell Upon his cheek as, with a kiss, She bade grandpa farewell."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Snipped in the Hood.

Mr. Simeon Frost was a man of considerable property. I often see things that I think I'd like to have, but I don't get 'em, and that's how I have a dollar, he would say when asked how he had come to be so "well off." He was a frequent visitor at the village store, but his purchases were only of household necessities, and the storekeeper was naturally surprised one night when he saw Mr. Frost lingering near the small case filled with candy.

"How much do you ask for that pink and white stuff?" he asked, pointing to a new installment of sweets recently received. "I dunno as I ever saw any candy like that. I believe I'll take 3 cents' worth. P'raps Miss Frost might like a taste of it."

The storekeeper gave him the small package and received the 3 cents, and while the loungers commented on this unusual extravagance Mr. Frost went slowly homeward.

The next morning he was at the store at an early hour, and laying small package on the counter he said:

"Well, Mr. Hobbs, here's that candy I bought last night. 'Tain't been touched, ain't even been looked at. I happened to think goin' home that candy was dreadful bad for the teeth. So, being as Miss Frost ain't but two teeth, I never mentioned it to her, and I didn't care 'bout it very much myself, so I brought it back to get my 3 cents."

The money was promptly refunded, and Mr. Frost placed it carefully in his purse. Then he said, with a smile:

"I've had my lesson, and I've got out of it cheaper than most. Everybody is led into some extravagance, some time or other, and I s'pose mine might as well be candy as something else. Anyway I guess I got out of it pretty easy."—Youth's Companion.

He Had Traveled.

A Windham county man, who rounded out 75 years of his life without ever going more than 20 miles from his birthplace, was one day answering the questions of a distinguished western visitor who had come on to the old town from far beyond the Mississippi valley to learn of the childhood of his father and mother, who were born in Windham county. The old native gave the westerner just the details the latter was seeking.

"And I suppose you have always lived around here," said the man from beyond the Mississippi.

"Oh, no," replied the native; "I was born two miles from here"—Hartford Times.

Very Like Him.

Elderly Gentleman—This is a remarkably good photo of my son, very like him indeed. Has he paid you for it yet?

Photographer—No, sir.

Elderly Gentleman—Ah, very like him indeed—London Quiver.



Dyspepsia

Mrs. Judge Peck Tells How She Was Cured

Suffers from Dyspepsia should read the following letter from Mrs. H. M. Peck, wife of Judge Peck, a Justice at Tracy, Cal., and a writer with the Associated Press:

"By a deep sense of gratitude for the great benefit I have received from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, I have been led to write the following statement for the benefit of sufferers who may be similarly afflicted. For years I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia and

Heart Trouble.

Almost everything I ate would distress me. I tried different treatments and medicines, but failed to realize relief. Two years ago a friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle I noticed helped me, so I continued to take it until I was cured. I have since had several attacks of the same kind, but they have not returned since I have been cured.

Glady Recommend It.

I now have an excellent appetite and nothing I eat distresses me. It also keeps up my strength and gives me a good complexion.

Hood's Pills are made and packed in proportion appearance, etc. a box.

A Japanese Mother.

A picture of Japanese home life is given in "The Chautauquan" by Taiso Shimida. In it he describes his ideal woman, who proves to be his mother. He says:

Without knowing why, my heart was full of such love and confidence toward her that I did not seem able to live without her. While I was still too young to attend any school this loving little lady took such a deep interest in me that she was always ready to play with me, using all her influence to keep me away from the band of small urchins whose chief delight was in playing war or wrestling when they were not engaged in "frog hunting" or the execution of the black cat condemned without process of law. Whenever those young samurai (knights) would call on me to enlist me in their dark plots of mischief, the same little lady used to come in with dainty sweetmeats, pictures and toys and in most fascinating way persuade me to give up such expeditions and to sit close around her while she would tell me stories. Oh, what blissful days were those in the old home and how well I remember those stories! Old, old tales of "Prince Poaching" and the like, yet so fresh and interesting, especially when told by this lady of mine! What was there in them to make us feel ashamed of killing frogs and persecuting black cats? It was surely only the charm of her exquisite tale which made me feel as though we were good, big and strong men—chivalrous defenders willing to be kind to every one.

Constipation & Biliousness

Sick-headache, Pains in the back, Sallow complexion, Loss of appetite and Exhaustion.

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One Pink Pill touches the liver and removes the bile. One Tonic Pellet nightly, acts as a gentle laxative in keeping the bowels open, restores the digestive organs, tones up the nervous system and makes new rich blood. Complete treatment, two medicines, one price, 25c. Treatise and sample free at any store. **BEWYN MFG. CO., New York.**

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From indigestion, sour stomach, headache, flatulency, distress after eating? Or is it a case of lost appetite, want of energy, weakness, debility? Are you nervous, restless, sleepless, worn out in body and in mind? Have you pains in the back, hips, side, head, arms, shoulders, chest? Are you filled with malaria—sallow complexion, coated tongue, night sweats, dry cough, chills and fever? If any of these troubles are yours, the thing you need is DR. KING'S

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Ar Henderson	12:10 A. M.	1:30 P. M.

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