# THE SLAPPING SAL

By CONAN DOYLE.

"Call back the boats," he cried in his thin, creaking voice. "Clear away for action there. Cast loose those main deck guns. Brace back the yards, Mr. Smeaton, and stand by to go about when she has way enough."

Round the curve of the estuary was coming a huge vessel. Her great yellow bowsprit and white winged figurehead were jutting out from the cluster of palm trees, while high above them towered three immense masts, with the tricolor flag floating superbly from the mizzen. Round she came, the deep blue water creaming under her forefoot, until her long, curving, black side, her line of shining copper beneath and of snow white hammocks above and the thick clusters of men who peered over her bulwarks were all in full view.

Her lower yards were slung, her ports triced up and her long guns run out all ready for action. Lying behind one of the promontories of the island the lookout men of the Gloire upon the shore had seen the cul de sac into which the British frigate had headed, so that Captain de Milon had observed the Leda as Captain Johnson had the Slapping Sal.

But the splendid discipline of the British service was at its best in such a crisis. The boats flew back, their crews clustered aboard, they were swung up at the davits and the fall ropes made fast. Hammocks were brought up and stowed, bulkheads sent down, ports and magazines opened, the fires put out in the galley, and the drums beat to quarters. Swarms of men set the headsails and brought the frigate round, while the gun crews threw off their jackets and shirts, tightened their belts and ran out their 18 pounders, peering through the open portholes at the stately Frenchman. The wind was very light. Hardly a ripple showed itself upon the clear blue water, but the sails blew gently out as the breeze came over the wooded banks. The Frenchman had gone about also, and both ships were now heading slowly for the sea under fore and aft canvas, the Gloire 1,000 yards in advance. She luffed up to cross the Leda's bows, but the British ship came round also, and the two rippled slowly on in such a silence that the ringing of the ramrods as the French marines drove home their charges clanged quite loudly upon the ear.

"Not much sea room, Mr. Wharton," remarked the captain.

"I have fought actions in less, sir."

"We must keep our distance and trust to our gunnery. She is very heavily manned, and if she got alongside we might find ourselves in trouble."

"I see the shakos of soldiers aboard of her, two companies of light infantry from Martinique. Now we have her! Hard a-port and let her have it as we cross her stern!"

The keen eye of the little commander had seen the surface ripple which told of a passing breeze. He had used it to dart across behind the big Frenchman and to rake her with every gun as he passed. But once past her the Leda had to come back into the wind to keep out of shoal water. The maneuver brought her on the starboard side of the French man, and the trim little frigate seemed to heel right over under the crashing broadside which burst from the gaping ports. A moment later her topmen were swarming aloft to set her topsails and royals, and she strove to cross the Gloire's bows and rake her again. The French captain, however, brought his frigate's head round, and the two rode side by side within easy pistol shot, pouring broadsides into each other in one of those murderous duels which, could they all be recorded, would mottle our charts with blood.

In that heavy tropical air, with so faint a breeze, the smoke formed a thick bank round the two vessels from which the topmasts only protruded. Neither could see anything of its enemy save the throbs of fire in the darkness, and the guns were sponged and trained and fired into a dense wall of vapor. On the poop and the forecastle the marines, in two little red lines, were pouring in their volleys, but neither they nor the seamen gunners could see what effect their fire was having. Nor indeed could they tell how far they were suffering themselves, for standing at a gun one could but hazily see that upon the right and left. But above the roar of the cannon came the sharper sound of the piping shot, the crashing of riven planks and the occasional heavy thud as spar or block came hurtling onto the deck. The lieutenant paced up and down behind the line of guns, while Captain Johnson fanned the smoke away with his cocked hat and peered eagerly out.

"This is rare, Bobby," said he as the lieutenant joined him, then suddenly restraining himself, "What have we lost, Mr. Wharton?"

"Our main topsail yard and our gaff, sir."

"Where's the flag?"

"Gone overboard, sir."

"They'll think we've struck. Lash a boat's ensign on the starboard arm of the mizzen cross jackyard."

"Yes, sir."

A round shot dashed the binnacle to pieces between them. A second knocked two marines into a bloody, palpitating mass. For a moment the smoke rose, and the English captain saw that his adversary's heavier metal was producing a horrible effect. The Leda was a shattered wreck. Her deck was strewn with corpses. Several of her portholes were knocked into one, and one of her 18 pounder guns had been thrown right back onto her breech and pointed straight up to the sky. The thin line of marines still loaded and fired, but half the guns were silent, and their crews were piled thickly around them.

"Stand by to repel boarders!" yelled the captain.

"Cutlasses, lads, cutlasses!" roared Wharton.

"Hold your volley till they touch," cried the captain of marines.

The huge loom of the Frenchman was seen bursting through the smoke. Thick clusters of boarders hung upon her sides and shrouds. A final broadside leapt from her ports, and the mainmast of the Leda, snapping short off a few feet above the deck, spun into the air and crashed down upon the port guns, killing ten men and putting the whole battery out of action. An instant later the two ships scraped together, and the starboard bower anchor of the Gloire caught the mizzen chains of the Leda upon the port side. With a yell the black swarm of boarders steadied themselves for a spring.

But their feet were never to reach that blood stained deck. From somewhere there came a well aimed whiff of grape and another and another. The English marines and seamen, waiting with cutlass and musket behind the silent guns, saw with amazement the dark masses thinning and shredding away. At the same time the port broadside of the Frenchman burst into a roar.

"Clear away the wreck!" roared the captain. "What the devil are they firing at?"

"Get the guns clear," panted the lieutenant. "We'll do them yet, boys!"

The wreckage was torn and hacked and splintered until first one gun and then another roared into action again. The Frenchman's anchor had been cut away, and the Leda had worked herself free from that fatal hug. But now suddenly there was a scurry up the shrouds of the Gloire, and 100 Englishmen were shouting themselves hoarse.

"They're running! They're running! They're running!"

And it was true. The Frenchman had ceased to fire and was intent only upon clapping on every sail that she could carry.

But that shouting 100 could not claim it all as their own. As the smoke cleared it was not difficult to see the reason. The ships had gained the mouth of the estuary during the fight, and there, about four miles out to sea, was the Leda's consort bearing down under full sail to the sound of the guns. Captain de Milon had done his part for one day, and presently the Gloire was drawing off swiftly to the north, while the Dido was bowling along at her skirts, rattling away with her bowchasers, until a headland hid them both from view.

But the Leda lay sorely stricken, with her mainmast gone, her bulwarks shattered, her mizzen topmast and gaff shot away, her sails like a beggar's rags and 100 of her crew dead and wounded. Close beside her a mass of wreckage floated upon the waves. It was the stern post of a mangled vessel, and across it in white letters on a black ground was printed "The Slapping Sal."

"By the Lord, it was the brig that saved us!" cried Mr. Wharton. "Hud-

*"They're running!"*

son brought her into action with the Frenchman and was blown out of the water by a broadside."

The little captain turned on his heel and paced up and down the deck. Already his crew were plugging the shotholes, knotting and splicing and mending. When he came back, the lieutenant saw a softening of the stern lines about his mouth and eyes.

"Are they all gone?"

"Every man. They must have sunk with the wreck."

The two officers looked down at the sinister name and at the stump of wreckage which floated in the discolored water. Something black washed to and fro beside a splintered gaff and a tangle of halyards. It was the outrageous ensign, and near it a scarlet cap was floating.

"He was a villain, but he was a Briton," said the captain at last. "He lived like a dog; but, by God, he died like a man!"

THE END.

## ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

**The Familiar Stable Call Brought the Stampeding Horses Back.**

The editor of Thierfreu relates the following story of his own personal experience of the sagacity of military horses. In the year 1872, during a skirmish with the Sioux Indians, "the Third cavalry regiment had formed an encampment in a valley on the southern border of Dakota. At nightfall the horses were tethered by a long line to the ground. Toward daybreak a violent storm of rain and hail burst over the valley. The terrified animals broke loose from their fastening, and in their fright tore away up the steep sides of the valley into the territory of the enemy. Without horses, at the mercy of the enemy, we should be lost. Yet it was impossible, in the half darkness, to go after them into an unknown country, probably full of Indians. The captain, as a last resource, ordered the stable call to be sounded. In a few minutes every horse had returned to the encampment, and we were saved."

A gentleman who was a finished musician resided some years ago at Darmstadt and kept a dog, which was the terror of all the singers and instrumentalists in the place, for it had the fatal habit of raising its face to heaven and howling whenever a false note was emitted. It never made a mistake, and well known singers were said to tremble when they saw their unwelcome judge, seated by his master's side, at concerts or at the opera, for Max was a regular first nighter and a great friend of the theater director. He was never known to miss a new opera. Max was no respecter of persons, and when the singing was but a shade out he would attract the attention of the whole audience to it with a terrific howl. One tenor went so far as to refuse to sing unless the dog was removed, but Max was so great a favorite with the Darmstadt public and such a well known frequenter that the singer might as well have requested to have the director himself removed from the stalls, and he was obliged to give in with as good a grace as possible. The dog's master stated that he had trained him when he was quite a puppy, and by the time he was 3 years old the dog was as good a judge as his master of a false note.—Boston Transcript.

A foot of common measure is equal to 30 centimeters or hundredths of a meter.

## JACKETS OR NO JACKETS.

**This Is Not a Fashion Article, but Is Interesting to Womankind.**

It is rarely in this country that potatoes are boiled before they are peeled, or, in the old-fashioned way of expressing it, in their "jackets," and yet in Ireland the very headquarters of this vegetable, such a thing is scarcely known as pre-peeling them. Those who have never tried them in this way are advised to do so some day, when they can make sure they are brought to the table the moment they are done, and not allowed to stand any length of time before they are eaten. Select those of equal size, allow them, after washing and scrubbing thoroughly, to stand covered with cold water for half an hour, then throw into plenty of boiling water, and after boiling twenty minutes prick to the heart with a two-pronged fork; if not soft, cook a little longer, drain, sprinkle with salt, return to the range, and when the saucepan is hot, toss them, to allow the salt to shake evenly through and to dry well, place in a warm napkin on a red-hot plate and serve with good, sweet butter. The flavor of the snowy, fleecy morsels, taken from the jackets and buttered as they are eaten, will be found to be much better than if peeled before boiling; indeed, epicures declare they can detect the difference at once, and as the most nutritious part of a potato is next to the skin none of this is lost.

Potatoes in their jackets make a suitable adjunct to oysters baked and served in the shell. Wash and scrub the oysters, put them in a large baking pan in a hot oven, and in five minutes or less they will begin to open and must be sent to the table at once, six apiece on hot plates. It is well to have a small red dolley at each plate with which to grasp the oyster while opening. Grilled sardines are also particularly good with these same potatoes; they are very savory, yet easily prepared. Grilling is merely another name for broiling, and unless one possesses a perforated broiler, not expensive, however, shaped like a waffle iron, which comes on purpose to cook articles that would slip through the ordinary gridiron or broiler, they may be cooked easily, quickly and satisfactorily by proceeding as follows: Make the frying pan or chafing dish sizzling hot, drop in a teaspoonful of sweet butter, or use the oil in which the sardines are packed as preferred. The pan must be kept very hot, when the fish will brown almost instantly on one side, then turned, browned on the other, and they are ready to be served on toasted crackers or squares of toast softened with bouillon.

The butcher will supply marrow bones on purpose for grilling, and they, too, fit in excellently with potatoes in their jackets, as would scallops, done to a golden brown in boiling olive oil, fried shrimps, roasted crabs and the like.

People who have an open grate with a glowing fire of hard coal, possess the means, with the addition of a chafing dish, that make possible the most savory suppers imaginable, and may delight their friends by novel invitations to sup, with the words "potatoes in their jackets" added, instead of "dancing," "cards," or what not.

**No Idea of Music.**

Colonel Burr, of Virginia, was a mighty fox-hunter, and loved the sport beyond words. He owned a fine pack of hounds, and, during the season, thought of nothing but his hunters, his dogs, and the weather. He was once entertaining an army friend from Texas, whose ideas of hunting any animal involved the use of fire-arms, and who had never seen a fox-hound. He had been with difficulty persuaded to go forth one morning with the colonel and some friends to a meet, and they were waiting impatiently for the hounds to take the scent. Presently there burst upon their listening ears the din of thirty canine voices in full cry. The colonel's eyes gleamed, and, as he settled his feet in the stirrups and stretched his arm toward the yelping pack, he cried: "Major, listen to that heavenly music!" The major pricked up his ears for a second or two, and then replied: "I can't hear a thing. Those dogs are making such a noise." The colonel put his spur savagely into his horse's side and dashed away, leaving his guest to his own devices.

**For Advertising Purposes.**

Experiments have lately been made in Switzerland with a view to putting the beautiful lakes of that country to some practical account.

Hitherto these waters have been admired merely because of their natural beauty, but now some enterprising business men have devised a scheme by which they may be made useful for advertising purposes.

The plan is to paint the words of the advertisement in big white letters on a black background.

When sunk and securely held at the bottom of the lake, the advertisement is perfectly legible, the reflection of the light on passing through the water bringing the words near the surface.

It is announced that hitherto the experiments that have been made have been very successful.

**One Way to Break Glass.**

It is scarcely credible, but it is a fact, that a glass can be broken by the voice. If you strike a thin wine glass while you hold it by the stem it will emit a certain note—in most cases a pretty deep one. On approaching the glass rapidly to your mouth, and shouting into it the same note as loudly as possible, the vibrations of the glass being thereby extended, it will be shivered into fragments. This used to be a favorite experiment of Lablache, the renowned singer, who would thus break, one after the other, as many glasses as were handed to him.

**Slept a Year.**

In Blanchet's curious book, "Comptes Rendus," mention is made of a girl who at the age of 18 had a peculiar "spell," which the physicians pronounced "constitutional lethargic slumber," which lasted for forty days. Again at the age of 20 she slept for fifty days. Her last recorded "long sleep" lasted almost a year—from April 20, 1862, until March, 1863.

A lobster's skin when shedding splits down the back and comes off in two equal parts. The tail slips out of the shell like a finger out of a glove.

## TARIFF AND TAXES.

Whatever the new order of things may be in tariff and taxes, business is already better, and there are sure signs of its being rapidly improved. Infirmities and ailments are the tariff and taxes on physical strength. Lumbago is a complaint that taxes our best endurance. It cripples and unfits one for anything like active exertion. It is a sudden backache, but no matter how sudden, St. Jacobs Oil is quick and sure enough in its prompt cure to break it up and restore strength. In paying the taxes on our health the best currency is the best remedy for pain, and its prompt use the surest way of getting back to business.

## CALENDARS AND COUPONS.

So many beautiful calendars and entertaining novelties have been issued by the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that we are hardly surprised to receive this season not only one of the very prettiest designs in calendars, but with it coupons which entitle the recipient to attractive novelties. Every one who gets a Hood's Sarsaparilla calendar for 1897 secures something that will prove interesting and valuable as well as a beautiful specimen of the lithographer's art. The calendar is accompanied this season by an amusing little book on "The Weather." Ask your druggist for Hood's Coupon Calendar, or send 6 cents in stamps for one to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. H. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ills.

## ELEPHANTS IN INDIA.

**No One Allowed to Shoot Them Without Special Permission.**

Nobody may shoot an elephant, says the London Telegraph, on the Annamulle or Tipperah hills or anywhere else throughout India and Ceylon without permission unless it be a "rogue," or plainly dangerous and destructive. The capture of the wild elephant and his careful training are things carried out under an admirable and scientific system, which gives to the administration in all its branches and to the native courts a superb staff of massive and faithful servants, the commissariat and artillery elephants.

Although they will seldom or never breed in captivity, the grand creatures are easy to keep and manage, invaluable for many special purposes, and at their demise whatever tusks they may carry go to the world's stock of ivory. The older it is the better generally its quality. But, in any case, how senseless it seems to extirpate the living source of this beautiful commodity, as the reckless hunters and ignorant native chiefs and merchants are still allowed to do in central Africa! When shall we see the governments of these various regions sensible enough to perceive and proclaim that live elephants are very much more valuable even commercially than dead ones, and that the preservation of these stately and serviceable animals shall be henceforward a fixed policy for African benefit?

It has been truly remarked that directly the native and foreign hunters are convinced that one live elephant is worth dozens of tusks they will be as keen to preserve the animal as they now are to exterminate him. We might plead earnestly, even upon the ground of æstheticism and natural science, for the protection in future of the noble beast, whose majesty and tranquillity of mien so well become his silent haunts and philosophic, harmless existence. The ears of those, however, who massacre the innocent giant to cut from him 20 or 30 pounds of material for paper knives and shoe horns would be closed to such remonstrances. The best hope of all who understand the value of the elephant for Africa is that even the most ruthless of his assassins may come to learn that they are destroying their own markets. The rest is for official authorities to do. But certain it is that if decided measures be not promptly taken there will be no elephants to save and, we shall see in another continent the shameful human sin and folly perpetrated which has stripped America of every free living vestige of her noble droves of bison.

**The Irish Potato Not Irish.**

"The peculiarity of the Irish potato, so called, is in the fact that it is not Irish," observed one of the potato experts of the agricultural department. "The potato originally grew wild in the fields of Chile, Peru and Mexico. Sir John Hawkins did not take it to Ireland until 1565. Sir Francis Drake took it to England 20 years afterward. It did better, however, in Ireland than anywhere else and got its name, no doubt, because of its early and extensive cultivation in Ireland. Botanically it was originally known as the Batata virginiana, but in after years it was properly identified and classified as the Solanum tuberorum. As the winter stock is now being laid in, it may be well for the inexperienced to be able to select good potatoes.

"Cut the raw potato in two and rub the halves together. If the moisture on rubbing is soft and liquid enough to drop, the potato will be soggy and set when cooked. Rub the halves briskly around on each other. A potato that will be dry and mealy when cooked will give out a good, rich froth, while a poor one will show only a watery froth by the same action. The pieces will stick together if the potato is a good one. Of course the whole thing is to test the amount of starch in the potato, for the more starch the better the potato. If, however, a person intends to lay in a very large supply, the best plan, of course, is to cook them, and there will be no chance of a mistake."—Washington Star.

BEST with a big B. Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham is in a class by itself. You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of

**Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco**

Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.


## THE TIPPING QUESTION.

**How It Is Practiced at Home and Abroad and the Need For a Reform.**

The question of "tipping" seems small enough in detail, but rather important when exaggerated.

A woman who spent last winter in one of the most sumptuous of New York hotels says she invariably gave a quarter to her waiter at breakfast and luncheon, those being meals taken alone. At dinner time she was joined by her husband, who always handed the servitor 50 cents.

The latter sum seemed to evenly fill the man's idea of what was due him, and his "Thank you, sir!" was bland and gracious, but the lady's modest quarters always found their grave in the black waistcoat pocket, with no expression of gratitude from the recipient's face, which wore a meaning look, as of one who says, "Women are mean, an never knows 'ow to do the right thing by a man, but one 'as to put up with 'em."

It is only in reckless, good natured America that optional fees are so much larger than they ought to be. A dollar, which is a common enough sum for a man to give at dinner in a fashionable restaurant, would make a French waiter stare, although he would have the presence of mind to pocket it quickly.

In Paris there is an unwritten scale which apportions 5 per cent on the amount of a customer's bill as a tip. Thus a person ordering a dinner that costs $2 would, on settling his bill, add 10 cents for the attendant.

It is time we had either a legal or informal rule governing tips in this country, and it is to be hoped that some rich persons will help on the reform.

It will never be done by those whose means are really small enough to feel the tax, for it is one of the errors of the impecunious to feel obliged to show as much liberality as a millionaire, even if, like the guest in "Charley's Aunt," he has to borrow half a dollar from the butler with which to tip him.—Illustrated American.

A fly is almost invincible. It will survive long immersion in water and will sustain the odors of sulphur and other disinfectants without apparent injury. Only turpentine, chloroform and ammonia can get the better of a fly.

Thirty days are required for mail to travel between New York and Bushire.

**DANGER ENVIRONS US**

If we live in a region where malaria is prevalent. It is useless to hope to escape it if unprovided with a medicinal safeguard. Wherever the endemic is most prevalent and malignant—in South and Central America, the West Indies and certain portions of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has proved a remedy for and preventive of the disease in every form. Not less effective is it in curing rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, biliousness and nervousness.

Cobwigger—Look here, Freddie, the man next door says you fired a small stone through a $2 pane of glass in his window. Freddie—Pshaw! If that pane is worth $2 I broke about 10 cents' worth of it.

**MILLIONS OF COOK BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.**

There is one large house in this country that has taken business on its turn and means to ride in on the rising tide. Alive to the signs of better times and to the best interests of the people, they are now circulating among families a valuable publication known as THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY'S COOKERY BOOK AND BOOK OF COMFORT AND HEALTH, which contains very choice information on the subject of cooking. Receipts for the preparation of good, substantial and dainty dishes, prepared especially for it by a leading authority, will be found in its pages. Much care has been taken in its preparation and distribution, with the hope that it will be just the thing needed for housekeepers, and just the thing needed also for the care of the health and household. As a Cookery Book it will be invaluable to keep on hand for reference.

It also contains full information in regard to the great remedies of this house, which prove a boon against bodily ailments, especially the Master Cure for Pains and Aches, St. Jacobs Oil.

To give some idea of the labor and expense of this output, more than 200 tons of paper have been used in its publication, and at the rate of 100,000 a day, it has taken several months for the issue.

The book can be had of druggists everywhere, or by enclosing a 2c. stamp to The Charles A. Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Md.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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# MIRACLES IN MEDICINE.

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### Diseases That Our Mothers Thought Incurable Now Cured by Paine's Celery Compound.

It is difficult, almost impossible, to overestimate the importance of recent advances in medicine and surgery.

In surgery there is the application of the X-ray in determining complicated fractures.

In medicine there is the serum-treatment for germ diseases, and more important still, the extended use of Paine's celery compound in the treatment of the many diseases that arise from a faulty or impaired nervous system.

This class of ailments causes more suffering and earlier deaths than all others, and that is why so much public prominence was at once given to Paine's celery compound when its discovery was first announced by Prof. Phelps of Dartmouth college.

The rapid and sure way that Paine's celery compound cures neuralgia, rheumatism and nervous debility is marvelous even in the eyes of this wonder-working quarter of the century.

Ancient miracles were contrary to natural laws, whereas the remarkable power of Paine's celery compound to make people well, comes from a better understanding of the natural causes of disease.

That wonderful set of nerves known as the "sympathetic nervous system," that knits every part of the body together and harmonizes all, is understood today as never before. Many persons are not aware that any such nerves exist. They do not know that nothing goes on in any part of the body that every other part does not instantly "know of." The closeness of this sympathy is familiarly illustrated by headaches, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc. About every case of sleeplessness, nervousness and dyspepsia is a "sympathetic strike" by brain, nerves or stomach, induced by the lowering of the general health.

People who think to get rid of these troubles by some medicine that disregards the general health of the body are on the wrong track. In getting such diseases as neuralgia and rheumatism out of the system Paine's celery compound proceeds at once to restore a normal appetite and regulate the nerves, as the foundation for building up the health and vigor.

It regulates the bowels without delay, and sees to it that the poisonous humors that are bursting through the skin, in what are, for purposes of classifying, called skin diseases, are given a ready outlet. On this basis of purified blood and regulated nerves the permanent cure of every form of blood diseases, such as eczema, salt rheum, bad complexion, is now assured by this really wonderful remedy.

If the reader of this is not in perfect health let him simply try a first bottle of Paine's celery compound and carefully note the results.

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The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given it the name of Woman's Friend. It is uniformly successful in relieving the backaches, headaches and weakness which burden and shorten a woman's life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

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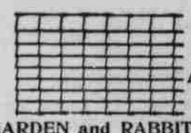

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