

## FOURTH COUSINS.

BY CHARLES D. WILLARD.

Something had happened! There was such a rosy flush on her cheek, so bright a gleam in her eye, and on his face such an utter abandon of joy, that anyone—even a man—could have guessed the truth.

Fortunately they had chosen the hill road, the least traveled of all the ways that lead down from the Montecito valley into Santa Barbara, and for the first half-hour after the event they met no one.

It was what the inhabitants of the Channel City call a "genuine Santa Barbara day." The sun shone warm and bright, and a soft perfumed breeze came out of the west. There was June in the air, although the calendar was set for midwinter. The birds sang in the trees above them, the squirrels chirped from the hillside, and their horses, wandering at times from the road, sank to the knee in a waving sea of flowers.

"First of all," she said, breaking the silence of a whole minute, "you must tell me your name."

"Certainly," said the young man. "Who's afraid?"

"You have never seen papa do the role of the cruel parent," said the girl; "he can be quite a dragon. As you are a kinsman, however—"

"A fifth cousin," cried the young man, with a laugh.

"Well, fifth cousins are better than nothing, aren't they?"

"Truly; how else should we be here to-day?" Then the young man added with peculiar and significant emphasis: "I am inclined to pride myself on that little scheme."

The girl brought her horse to a sudden stop and turned her clear brown eyes, half opened under their long lashes, upon her companion.

"That little scheme," she repeated, slowly. "I don't understand."

The young man laughed uneasily. "Why, Catherine," said he, "you don't mean that you have believed in the entertaining fiction about our great-great-grandfather?"

"Old Ebenezer Strong?" exclaimed the girl. "How dare you call him fictitious, when I saw his portrait at my own grandfather's?"

"As your ancestor, my dear one, he is an undoubted reality—but as mine, I regret to say, he is merely a figment of your worthy father's imagination. In short—I would fain break it to you as gently as possible—we are not fifth cousins at all, but just plain ordinary—"

"Not fifth cousins?"

"No, darling; and if you are going to faint please fall on this side, with your head right here on my shoulder."

"I won't! Wretched boy, how could you deceive poor papa so?"

"I didn't deceive him. He deceived himself. From the very beginning of our acquaintance he seemed determined to locate me somewhere on the Weston family tree, and you aided and abetted him in the attempt."

"Ebenzer Strong, how can you!"

"I have a sweet and gentle disposition, and when he asked me if I was not descended from Ebenezer Strong, of West Brighton Center, and you looked at me so appealingly—"

"I didn't say anything!"

"Why shouldn't I assent? I have doubtless had several hundred ancestors named Strong, and I took the chances that some one of them rejoiced in the phenomenon of Ebenezer. It is just the sort of a name that my forbears were given to putting upon themselves, as an effective and continuous qualification of the flesh. A horsehair shirt, now, would be nothing to it."

"You may laugh, if it pleases you," said the girl, severely, "but if papa had known you were not a relative he should not be riding alone together. He generally disapproves of the eastern people who spend the winter at the hotel."

"If you really feel that I have been guilty of false pretenses," said the young man, drawing his horse a little nearer, "suppose we begin all over again."

"Keep your distance, sir!" exclaimed the girl, steering to the opposite side of the road. "If we are to start afresh, let it be from the very beginning, three weeks ago."

"Now, as to your father," resumed the young man. "I think I understand him pretty well, because my one and only parent, the governor himself, is constructed on much the same plan. Wherever he goes he is continually in search of the lost tribes of the Strong genealogy. The last letter I had from him in Colorado, where he is spending the winter, contained the announcement that he had unearthed four or five new cousins—choice specimens, I doubt not, that he will expect me to meet and embrace on my way home."

"Perhaps it was wrong," he continued, after a moment of reflection, "to play upon that little peculiarity of your father's, to get into his good graces, but you must consider the extraordinary provocation, dear. It seemed like my only chance—are you sorry I took it?"

"She looked her answer, but did not speak it, and then, avoiding the hand extended to seize her own, she struck her horse a light blow and dashed down the road ahead."

A long, even canter in silence followed, and they were again well into town before the conversation began again. Then, fearful of observation, they spoke in commonplace.

They turned into State street, and stopped at the post office, the morning's mail having constituted the chief cause for the trip to town. Richard Strong dismounted and presently appeared with a letter in his hand.

"None for you," he said. "This is for me, from the governor. I'll wager it has something in it about cousins."

"Let me see," said the girl, holding out her hand. He tore the letter open and gave it to her. Then he swung himself into the saddle, and they started slowly down the street.

Suddenly the girl gave a faint cry.

"Papa has been writing to him!" she exclaimed.

"Writing to him? What for?"

"He has asked him to pay us a visit on the score of relationship, and your father—"

"Well?" said the young man, excitedly.

"He says he will start immediately—the very next day."

"Let me see the date of the letter. Ye gods, it has been delayed! He must have got here this morning."

"The train has been in two hours," she said, glancing at her watch.

"I must see him immediately," said her companion, nervously turning his horse first one way and then another.

"Who would have dreamed that both the old boys would take that cousinship so seriously?"

"I did, sir. I knew from the very beginning that it would make trouble some time."

"From the very beginning?" repeated the young man, pausing in his excitement long enough to note the force of this chance admission. "So you acknowledge, do you?"

"There's the hotel 'bus," cried the girl, hastily changing the subject. "Perhaps the driver can tell us something."

A long, empty vehicle was passing them on its way up the street. Strong called to the driver and he stopped.

"Did you bring up a tall gentleman this morning, with a white mustache and goatee and gold eyeglasses?"

"Yes, sir. Your father, don't you mean?"

The young people exchanged startled glances.

"How did you know?"

"He was inquiring for you, sir, as soon as ever he got to the hotel; and when he found you had gone, he went and hired a buggy."

"A buggy—what for?"

"He asked the way to Judge Weston's place in the Montecito. He said the judge was a near relative of his."

"We must hurry," said the young man, spurring his horse to a canter. "The less time they have together before explanations are made the better."

"What do you think they will do?" asked the girl.

"I don't dare to think. You see, on everything except this family tree business our respective parents are as far apart as civilized humans can be. Your father, now, is an elder in the church, while mine has lost all the religion he ever had; and he has never recovered from the habit of using swear words acquired during years of service in the regular army."

"Heavens! Let us ride faster. Papa will have slain him before we get there."

"Really, Catherine," said the young man, when they had slackened their pace to climb the hills, "it would not surprise me if they positively refused to enter into partnership as fathers-in-law."

"Never mind, Richard," said the girl, smilingly. "Father has never yet refused me anything, when my happiness was at stake—as it is now."

Strong shrugged his shoulders. "Mine has," he answered. "He is made of flint, the old general; and if he should take it into his head to say no, it would be awkward in ways I don't like to mention."

"Never mind," said the girl, smiling again and lifting her veil to the rim of the jaunty sailor hat.

And a moment later the young man felt much encouraged, and the gallop was resumed.

On a slight knoll surrounded by a grove of live-oaks and faced with an avenue of old palms, there stood the ample residence of Judge Weston. As the young people came through the gate and entered upon the gravelled roadway, they observed two elderly gentlemen emerge from a small forest of rose bushes and start briskly down the path toward them. Presently the shorter of the two took his companion's arm and they walked along in evident peace and amity.

"They haven't found it out yet," the young man whispered.

Judge Weston assisted his daughter to alight. "Catherine," said he, "this is Gen. Strong, the father of our young friend."

The general bent low, in an old-fashioned obeisance, and Miss Catherine instinctively made him a courtesy out of the minut.

"Father!"

"Dick, my dear boy!"

"See here," exclaimed the judge, suddenly. "You were mistaken, Richard, in what you told me about old Ebenezer Strong."

The young man braced himself for a struggle.

"And to think, Dick," cried the general, reproachfully, "that you never once mentioned to the judge that your great-great-grandfather, Hezekiah Strong, married a Weston."

"And that brings us even nearer than we had supposed," added the judge. "Fourth cousins instead of fifth."

"It was stupid of me to forget that," said the young man, huskily.

"And now that I have seen Miss Catherine," said the general, taking her hand and passing his arm about her waist, "my only regret is that the relationship is not several degrees nearer yet."

Then Catherine looked at Richard, and he told what had happened on the way to town. Straightway there was a great amount of handshaking and a good deal of kissing done in broad daylight under the palms.—The Land of Sunshine.

**Pie and the Yankees.**

Southerner—I understand that you New Englanders have pie for breakfast every morning.

New Englander—It's an infamous lie! We have it for dinner and supper and that's all.—Roxburg Gazette.

—Peter the Great was an unspeakable boor. When at table, if a dish displeased him, he threw it on the floor, or sometimes at the head of one of the attendants.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

### IMPROVING ROADS.

Even the Worst of Our Highways Can Be Made More Passable.

Road improvement in this country is passing from the theoretical to the practical. But the transition is a long one. We have very few really good roads, although the issue has been kept before us in the form of road taxation almost from the beginning of the republic. The dreams of optimists that our earth roads were soon to be succeeded by something better, and finally by the application of several years' standing. We feel quite sure that it will be many years yet to come before the majority of rural dwellers cease to travel on earth roads. If this is the case, there is good reason, under present legislation and conditions, to consider the possibilities of such a road.

Without unreasonable expense the common roads can be made much more passable for ordinary traffic. Nearly every township in this section has a road machine, and thereby the maintenance of an earth road is made more practicable. These machines are built of iron and steel, can resist rough usage and the weather, and cost about \$200. In order of importance I would place maintenance first and reconstruction second.

As soon as the roads are fairly dried in the spring, the machine should be passed over them to repair the damages of the winter. Avoid incompetence here. Do not hitch more than four horses to the machine, which will prevent the unthinking operator from sinking the blade too deeply into the grade and thereby bungling the job.

Let the blade touch rather lightly and pass along often. This is the only way that any except a very skilled operator can smooth the grade up nicely. I have seen grading done by all kinds of persons, but rarely have I seen a neat job done by one who thrusts the machine in at full capacity.

A few days of such smoothing will transform the roads of an entire township. Holes will be filled, grades rounded, and the road fitted for that most luxurious driving—summer travel on an earth road—a road as much different from one not treated as happiness is different from misery.

After the grade is smoothed, the side ditches should be examined. There should be a suitable outlet to the ditch wherever the water collects. It looks incongruous at this season to see little canals of standing water beside the road. If this must be, why have a ditch at all? The road machine, if properly manipulated, can be put to good service in opening these ditches. Culverts should be wide enough to prevent clogging by debris and sod growths.

In building a road that is to be earth from surface to foundation, it is especially desirable to do the work early in the year, so that the earth will become as compact as possible before winter. Of all the farces in road-building that have come under my notice, the most ludicrous is that of improving a stretch of earth road just before winter.

Inevitably the place so treated becomes a terror to every teamster whenever there is a thaw.

The ability to throw up the highest grade is a false virtue in this kind of road-building. High grades mean much of the subsoil on the surface. Ordinary subsoil is the poorest material for a road service in wet weather. The surface soil is much better. The best earth road I ever saw is carcerous clay which has never been touched by a scraper or plow. It is flat from fence to fence, but it does not become soft. Were the subsoil dug up from the sides and placed in the track, making a grade, the road would be spoiled.

As a rule, only the surface soil from the side ditches should be used for grading. This contains more humus and will not be as impervious to water as the subsoil is. In case the side ditches are not deep enough, the subsoil should be thrown outside altogether. It is necessary to have good drainage, but ordinarily the side ditches will furnish this. The sides should slope sufficiently to allow grass to grow upon them, which will prevent washing of the grade.

A cheap substitute for the road machine is the "road hoe." This is made by attaching a tongue and whiffletrees to an oak plank, which is edged with a strip of steel. The plank should be one foot wide, eight feet long and two inches thick. The pole should have a hinged joint to allow a change of angle, which will pass the earth to one side as desired. If used extensively, provide a seat for the driver and use three horses. This tool will soon pay for itself in the betterment of the track surface. It will not answer so well for grading. There are certain soils that can never be made into good roads, but scarcely any will not form a better road if the surface is kept smooth, the water drained off and the best earth selected for the track. At any rate, no road is so hopeless that the holes cannot be filled when the weather is dry.—Robert L. Dean, in Country Gentleman.

**Age at Which to Plant Trees.**

The age at which trees should be bought must be governed by circumstances and by variety. There is a general tendency to buy trees too old rather than too young. When varieties are new and scarce, it may be economy to buy young stock. Some of the freer-growing apples and pears are large enough when two years old if grown from buds; but these fruits are usually set at three years from the bud or graft. Dwarf pears may be set at two or three years, preferably. I think the former age. Quinces are set at two and three years. Peaches are always set at one year from the bud.—Prof. L. H. Bailey, in Bulletin 69.

Use well-bred cattle, the best are none too good; it takes good cattle to make good beef or butter and there is no money in any but the best grade of product. Mediocrity is the shoal on which most men strand.

## PORCUPINE GRASS.

Said to Give Good Yields of Hay of a Fair Quality.

Latin name, *Stipa Sparta*. Stems stout, erect, smooth, more or less bunched, one and one-half to three feet high, from tough perennial roots; leaves more or less involute, thick and hard, rough on the margins, usually a foot or two long, root leaves numerous, and long; panicle about six inches long, contracted; spikelets an inch or more long, borne at the end of the slender branches of the panicle; empty glumes lanceolate, with long arm-like points, one to one and one-half inches in length, the upper one longest; flowering glume very hard and sharp pointed at maturity, thickly hairy above the point; awn rough, stiff, four to six inches long, twisted and bent.

A bulletin of the South Dakota experiment station says: "This grass is most common in the eastern part. It is largely replaced in the western part of the state by needle grass (stipa comata), which may be distinguished from either porcupine grass or feather bunch grass by its shorter leaves and loose, open panicle, the lower part of which is more or less included in the uppermost sheath. Both porcupine grass and needle grass give good yields of hay of fair quality. As the spear-like fruits of these grasses sometimes injure stock, they should not be cut until after the fruits have fallen, which usually occurs in time for haymaking. When these grasses occur in pastures or ranges in sufficient quantities, to be dangerous, they should be kept from

going to seed by close grazing or by mowing. Late burning will be found useful in keeping them down, and also in keeping many early growing weeds in check. Specimens analyzed were cut at Brookings on the 30th of June, 1891. Dried in the air they gave: Water, 9.93; ash, 5.43; ether extract, 2.34; crude fiber, 31.92; crude protein, 7.57; nitrogen free extract, 42.81; total nitrogen, 1.51; albuminoid nitrogen, 1.61.—Farmer's Review.

**VIENNA KOHL-RABI.**

A Vegetable Which is Not Seen Often Enough in Our Gardens.

Once more I wish to mention a vegetable that is too seldom seen in our American gardens, and yet deserving of a place in all—kohl-rabi. There are few persons who have any taste whatever for turnip, who would not like and prefer the more refined flavor of a well-grown kohl-rabi. It succeeds well in the early part of the season, and can

be had in prime condition during mid-summer, or at a time when the atmospheric conditions are most unfavorable to the development of best quality in turnips. It must be grown quickly, in good soil, and used while young and tender. A good specimen of the White Vienna, as we grow it at Woodbanks, is shown in the accompanying picture. We prefer this variety (or Improved Imperial) to the later and larger "large white," with its comparatively much larger leaves and thicker leaf stalks. A common paper of seed will be more than enough for repeated sowings, and to supply an average family with kohl-rabi during the entire season. Sow thinly in drills, a foot apart, as you would sow turnips. Thin to three or four inches apart, and keep free from weeds, and soil well stirred about the plants. If you happen to have nitrate of soda (some gardeners like ourselves are never without it), scatter a little of it, say a pound or two to the square rod, broadcast over the ground when the plants are still small. The application will help kohl-rabi as well as it does cabbages.—American Gardening.

**Fertilizers for Hoed Crops.**

The large amount of labor required in cultivating hoed crops makes it all the more important that they should be pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and also in ways that will not lessen the moisture in the soil. For this reason the concentrated fertilizers containing available nitrogen are preferable to stable manure. There is always in coarse manure a great amount of vegetable matter which will only rot when the soil is wet. Under the furrow this manure holds up the soil, creating air spaces which dry out both the manure and soil so that the manure will not rot. The commercial fertilizer furnishes nitrogen without making the soil dryer. This often means with a hoed crop the difference between failure and success.

## Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

### ABSOLUTELY PURE

Two Pairs of lips once chanced to meet  
Behind a friendly door,  
And both exclaimed: "It seems to me  
That we have met before."  
—N. Y. Herald.

### TO USE THE KNIFE

And Submit to a Painful Operation—This the Doctors Advise as the Only Hope, the Case Being a Critical One—The Happy Termination of a Deep-Rooted Fungus.

Mr. Lincoln Nelson, of Hartsville, Mo., had an interesting experience with the doctors recently, and was on the verge of a painful surgical operation. He writes: "I hereby add my unqualified endorsement of your excellent remedy, S. S. S. For six years I have been a sufferer from a serious affection of the glands of my neck, and all efforts of physicians in Washington, D. C., Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis failed to reduce the enlargement. After six months' constant treatment here my physician urged me to submit to a removal of the gland. At this critical moment a friend recommended S. S. S., and laying aside a deep-rooted prejudice against all patent medicines, I began its use. Before I had used one bottle the enlargement began to disappear, and now it is entirely gone, and I am almost cured. I had not through with my second bottle yet. Had I only used your S. S. S. years ago, I could have escaped years of misery and saved over \$100. If this endorsement will serve you in any way, use it."

This experience is like that of all who suffer with deep-seated blood troubles. The doctors can do no good, and even their resort to the knife prove either fruitless or fatal. S. S. S. is the only real blood remedy. It gets at the root of the disease, and forces it out permanently.

**THE UNVARNISHED FACT.**—He—"Arctic explorers are the safest men in the world to trust yourself to." She—"Why so?" He—"With a saw-haw!" "They are always cold in the time of greatest danger."—Detroit Free Press.

**Cheap Excursion Rates to the East and West.**

For the various Annual Conventions announced for the summer of 1895 The Northern Western Line (C. St. P., M. & O. Ry.) will make cheap excursion rates from Minneapolis and St. Paul. Tickets to be on sale on dates as follows:—

National Republican League—Annual convention at Cleveland, O., June 17th. Round trip rate, \$21.50.

Epworth League—Annual convention at Chattanooga, Tenn., June 25th and 26th. Round trip rate, \$28.75.

National Educational Association—Annual convention at Denver, Col., July 4th to 7th. Round trip rate, including membership, to N. E. A., \$27.90.

Christian Endeavor—Annual convention at Boston, Mass., July 5th to 8th. One lowest first-class fare for round trip, via route traveled.

Baptist Young People's Union—Annual convention at Baltimore, Md., July 15th and 16th. Round trip rate, \$29.00.

American Pharmaceutical Ass'n—Annual convention at Denver, Col., Aug. 11th and 12th. Round trip to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou or Pueblo, \$25.90.

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Cheap excursion tickets also on sale daily to principal Canadian and New England points and to Denver, Salt Lake and California.

For further information about these cheap excursions and for particulars as to train service and superior accommodations offered by THE NORTHERN WESTERN LINE call on or address the following agents: J. A. O'Brien, Minneapolis; B. Nicollet, Houn Block; T. J. McCarty, St. Paul, corner Robert and Sixth streets. T. W. TEASDALE, General Passenger Agent.

Mrs. JACKSON—"Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as stone." Cook—"Yes, mum, that's the way a sponge is before it is wet. Soak it in your tea."—Truth.

Don't forget to write the Estes & Wood Co., St. Paul, Minn., to send you samples of their twine—600 ft. Manila, 5-8c; Standard Twine, 4-8c. It will soon advance.

If the balloon sleeve is to be a part of the surf costume this summer the ocean will have to be enlarged.—Nashville American.

MERELY REPOSEFUL.—Hardworker—"Idle-ness is as fatiguing as repose is sweet." Tramp—"That's why I ain't never idle."

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Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not of every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

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A. N. K.—G. 1559.

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