THE QUICKENING

BY

FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XI.

There was no one at the station to meet the disgraced one, news of the disaster at Beersheba being as yet only on the way. Thomas Jefferson was rather glad of it; especially glad that there was no one from Woodlawn—this was the name of the new home—to recognize him and ask discomforting questions. But Ardea was expected, and the Dabney carriage, with old Scipio on the box, was drawn up beside the platform. Tom put Ardea into the carriage and was giving her hand luggage to Scipio when she called to him.

"Isn't there any one here to meet you, Tom?"

"They don't know I'm coming," he explained. Whereupon she quickly made room for him, holding the door open. But he hung back.

"I reckon I'd better ride on the box with Unc' Scipio," he suggested.

"I am sure I don't know why you should," she objected.

He told her straight; or at least gave her his own view of it.

"By to-morrow morning everybody in Gordonia and Paradise Valley will know that I'm home in disgrace. It won't hurt Unc' Scipio any if I'm seen riding with him."

It was the first time that he had been given to see the Dabney imperiousness shining star-like in Miss Ardea's slate-blue eyes.

"I wish you to get your hang-bag and ride in here with me," she said, with the air of one whose wish was law. But when he was sitting opposite and the carriage door was shut, she smiled companionably across at him and added: "You foolish boy!"

When he reached the house there was an ominous air of quiet about it, and a horse and buggy, with a black boy holding the reins, stood before the door. Tom's heart came into his mouth. The turnout was Doctor Williams'.

"Who's sick?" he asked of the boy who was holding the doctor's horse, and his tongue was thick with a nameless fear.

The black boy did not know; and Tom crept up the steps and let himself in as one enters a house of mourning, breaking down completely when he saw his father sitting bowed on the hall seat.

"You, Buddy?—I'm mighty glad," said the man; and when he held out his arms the boy flung himself on his knees beside the seat and buried his face in the cushions.

"Is she—is she going to die?" he asked, when the dreadful words could be found and spoken.

"We're hoping for the best, Buddy, son. It's some sort of a stroke, the doctor says; it took her yesterday morning, and she hasn't been herself since. Did somebody telegraph to you?"

Tom rocked his head on the cushion. How could he add to the blackness of darkness by telling his miserable story of disgrace? Yet it had to be done, and surely no hapless penitent in the confessional ever emptied his soul with more heartfelt contrition or more bitter remorse.

Caleb Gordon listened, with what 'n-ward condemnings one could only guess from his silence. It was terrible! If his father would strike him, curse him, drive him out of the house, it would be easier to bear than the stifling silence. But when the words came finally they were as balm poured into an angry wound.

"There, there, Buddy; don't take on so. You're might' nigh a man, now, and the sun's still risin' and settin' just the same as it did before you tripped up and fell down. And it'll go on risin' and settin', too, long after you and me and all of us have quit goin' to bed and gettin' up by it. If it wasn't for your poor mammy——"

"That's it—that's just it," groaned Tom. "It would kill her, even if she was well."

"Nev' mind; you're here now, and I reckon that's the main thing. If she gets up again, of course she'll have to know; but we won't cross that bridge till we come to it. And Buddy, son, whatever happens, your old pappy ain't goin' to believe that you'll be the first Gordon to die in the gutter. You've got better blood in you than what that calls for."

Tom felt the lightening of his burden to some extent; but beyond was the alternative of suffering, or causing suffering. He had never realized until now how much he loved his mother; how large a place she had filled in his life, and what a vast void there would be when she was gone. He was yet too young and too self-centered to know that this is the mother-cross: to live for love and to be crowned and enthroned oftenest in memory.

The fifth day after his home-coming was Christmas Eve. Late in the afternoon, when the doctor had made his second visit and had gone away, leaving no word of encouragement for the watchers, Tom left the house and took the path that led up through the young orchard to the foot of Lebanon.

He was deep within the winter-stripped forest on the mountain side, plunging upward through the beds of dry leaves in the little hollows, when he met Ardea. She was coming down with her arms full of holly, and for the moment he forgot his troubles in the keen pleasure of looking at her. None the less, his greeting was a brotherly reproof.

"I'd like to know what you're thinking of, tramping around on the mountain alone," he said, frowning at her.

"I have been thinking of you, most of the time, and wishing you could be with me," she answered, so artlessly as to mollify him instantly. "Is your mother any better this afternoon?"

"She is just the same; lying there so still that you have to look close to see whether she is breathing. The doctor says that if there isn't a change pretty soon, she'll die."

"O Tom!"

He looked up at her with the old boyish frown pulling his eyebrows together.

"She's been good to God all her life; what do you reckon He's lett'ng her die this way for?"

It was a terrible question, made more terrible by the savage hardihood that lay behind it. Ardea could not reason with him; and she felt intuitively that at this crisis only reason would appeal to him. Yet she could not turn him away empty-handed in his hour of need.

"How can we tell?" she said, and there were tears in her voice. "We only know that He does everything for the best."

"I wish you'd ask Him to let my mother live!" he said, brokenly. "I've tried and tried, and the words just die in my mouth."

There is a Mother of Sorrows in every womanly heart, to whom the appeal of the stricken is never made in vain. Ardea saw only a boy-brother crying out in his pain, and she dropped on her knees and put her arms around his neck and wept over him in a pure transport of sisterly sympathy.

"Indeed and indeed I will help, Tom! And you mustn't let it drive you out into the dark. You poor boy! I know just how it hurts, and I'm so sorry for you!"

He freed himself gently from the comforting arms, got up rather unsteadily, and lifted her to her feet. Then the manly bigness of him sent the hot blood to her cheeks and she was ashamed.

"O Tom!" she faltered; "what must you think of me!"

"I think God made you—and that was one time when His hand didn't tremble," he said, gravely.

They had picked their way down the leaf-slippery mountain side and he was giving her the bunch of holly at the Dabney orchard gate before he spoke again. But at the moment of leave-taking he said:

"How did you know what I needed more than anything else in all the world, Ardea?"

She blushed painfully and the blue eyes were downcast.

"You must never speak of that again. I didn't stop to think. It's a Dabney failing, I'm afraid—to do things first and consider them afterward. It was as if we were little again, and you had fallen down and hurt yourself."

"I know," he acquiesced, with the same manly gentleness that had made her ashamed. "I won't speak of it any more—and I'll never forget it the longest day I live. Good-by."

And he went the back way to his own orchard gate, plunging through the leaf beds with his head down and his hands in his pockets, struggling as he could to stem the swift current which was whirling him out beyond all the old landmarks. For now he was made to know that boyhood was gone, and youth was going, and for one intoxicating moment he had looked over the mountain top into the Promised Land of manhood.

CHAPTER XII.

It was until late in the afternoon of Christmas Day that Ardea was able to slip away from her guests long enough to run over to apprise herself of the condition of things at the Gordon house.

Tom opened the door for her, and he made her come to the fire before he would answer her questions. Even then he sat glowering at the cheerful blaze as if he had forgotten her presence; and she was womanly enough, or amiable enough, to let him take his own time. When he began, it was seemingly at a great distance from matters present and pressing.

"Say, Ardea; do you believe in miracles?" he asked abruptly. "How do you account for them. Did God make His laws so that they could be taken apart and put together again when some little human ant loses its way on a grass stalk or drops its grain of sugar?"

"I don't know," she confessed, frankly. "I am not sure that I ever tried to account for them; I suppose I have swallowed them whole, as you say I have swallowed my religion."

"Well, you believe in them, anyway," he said, "and that makes it easier to hit what I'm aiming at. Do you reckon they stopped short in the Apostles' time?"

"You are the queerest boy," she commented. "I ran over here just for a minute to ask how your mother is, and you won't tell me."

"I'm coming to that," he rejoined, gravely. "But I wanted to get this other thing straightened out first. Now tell me this: did you pray for my mother last night, like you said you would?"

"You can be so barbarously personal when you try, Tom," she protested. And then she added: "But I did."

"Well, the miracle was brought. Early this morning mother came to herself and asked for something to eat. Doctor Williams has been here, and now he tells us all the things he wouldn't tell us before. It was some little clot in one of the veins or arteries of the brain, and nine times out of ten there is no hope."

"O Tom!—and she will get well again?"

"She has more chances to-day of getting well than she had last night of dying—so the doctor says. But it's a miracle, just the same."

"I'm so glad! And now I really must go home."

"What's your rush? I'm not trying to get rid of you now."

"I positively must go back. We have company, and I ran away without saying a word."

"Anybody I know?" inquired Tom.

"Three somebodies whom you know, or ought to know, very well: Mr. Duxbury Farley, Mr. Vincent Farley, Miss Eva Farley."

"I'd like to know how under the sun they managed to get on your grandfather's good side!" he grumbled.

"Why do you say that?" she retorted. "Eva was my classmate for years at Miss De Valle's."

He made a boyish face of disapproval, saying bluntly: "I don't care if she was. You shouldn't make friends of them. They are not fit for you to wipe your shoes on."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom Gordon! Less than an hour ago, we were speaking of you, and of what happened at Beersheba. Mr. Farley and his son both stood up for you."

"And you took the other side, I reckon," he broke out, quite unreasonably. It had not as yet come to blows between him and his father's business associates, but it made him immeasurably dissatisfied to find them on social terms at Deer Trace Manor.

"Perhaps I did, and perhaps I did not," she answered, matching his tartness.

"Well, you can tell them both that I'm much obliged to them for nothing," he said, rising and going to the door with her. "They would be mighty glad to see it patched up again and me back in the Beersheba school."

"Of course they would; so would all of your friends."

"But they are not my friends. They have fooled my father, and they'll fool your grandfather, if he doesn't watch out. But they can't fool me."

"That is the first downright cowardly thing I have ever known you to say!" she declared. "And I wish you to know, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Gordon, that Mr. Duxbury Farley and Mr. Vincent Farley and Miss Eva Farley are my guests and my friends!" And with that for her leave-taking, she turned her back on him and went swiftly across the two lawns to the great gray house on the opposite knoll.

For the first fortnight of his mother's convalescence Tom slept badly, and his days were as the days of the accused whose sentence has been suspended. The time drew near when his continued stay at home must be explained to his mother.

Ardea had gone back to Carroll the Saturday before New Year's and there was no one to talk to. But for that matter, he had cut himself out of her confidence by his assault on the Farleys. Every morning for a week after the Christmas-day clash, Scipio came over with the compliments of "Mawsteh Majah," Miss Euphrasia, and Miss Dabney, and kindly inquiries touching the progress of the invalid. But after New Year's Tom remarked that there were only the Major and Miss Euphrasia to send compliments, and despair set in. For out of his boyhood he had brought up undiminished the longing for sympathy, or rather for a burden-bearer on whom he might unload his troubles, and Ardea had begun to promise well.

(To be continued.)

AROUND THE TICKER.

Strange Characters Gather on the Outskirts of the Curb.

"Half a dozen years of financial writing have brought me into contact with many of the strange and interesting characters who may be found around the ticker," says a contributor to Moody's magazine.

"Men who have been failures elsewhere trying for a stroke of good luck; graduate physicians, lawyers, former clergymen, an ex-motorman turning the wheel of fortune; several who have done time, race-track followers, a former chief who buys stocks with his left hand and small restaurants with his right, hotel waiters by the score sorrowfully watching the tips garnered in the dining room vanishing in the bucket shops; card gamblers, club men, society lights, athletes fascinated by the game of chance have rubbed elbows some time or other in the different brokerage offices.

"Two of the most picturesque characters of Wall street hung on the outskirts of the curb market a few years ago. One was formerly an expert telegrapher who had lost his mind after an illness. He was a thoroughly harmless fellow, giving to cracking two stones alongside his head, saying that he wanted to drown out the shouts of the noisy brokers. He seemed to have an idea what the brokers were doing and occasionally they would good-naturedly go through the form of trading with him.

"The other character was a tramp. The only thing missing in his equipment was the proverbial tin can. But notwithstanding his lowly station in life he was a sport. Nickels and dimes were bestowed upon him by the brokers at various times and then this hobo would circle the crowd to find some one to match coins with him.

"'See that man there,' the head of a large stock brokerage firm said to me the other day. The man was leaning against the ticker. The click, click of the wheel appeared to be music in his ears. Through his fingers the thin, white strip of printed quotations was sliding in the manner natural to all tape readers.

"'Well, he's a paradox in Wall street,' said the broker. 'He doesn't speculate. He is a strict and sincere church member, strongly opposed to anything that smacks of gambling, yet there is something in his blood that has made him come to our office almost daily for ten years, rain or shine, and never has he used the 'buy' or 'sell' pad. He turned up one day with a friend well known to us and hardly before the introductions were over he had made himself at home. The first day he annexed the stool beside the ticker, read the prices to our board boy and seemed in every way familiar with the market.

"'A week passed and to our surprise we had received no orders from him. We had an active market for several months, and the omission of orders was overlooked. In the meantime he really made himself valuable by giving unusually accurate market opinions, keeping a record of prices and statistics, so we felt that he was evening up matters. To this day he has never told us to buy or sell anything for him, but were he to go away he would be sadly missed for his friendship, his peculiarites and his singular ability to live in the atmosphere of a broker's office and never speculate.'"

English Names for Towns.

Many names of towns in England have been appropriated for a similar use in this country. These names frequently indicate in themselves the origin of the towns. For instance, names ending in "chester" or "cester" or "caster," such as Dorchester, Worcester and Lancaster, undoubtedly apply to sites of old military settlements or camps, and the termination is derived from "castra," the Latin word for camp. If the name of a place ends in "coln," like Lincoln, then it, too, is of Roman origin, because the Latin word for colony is colonia. When the syllable "by" ends the word, like Rugby, we then know that the Danes are responsible for the name, for the Danish word for town is by.

Family Joys.

"When you were courting me," said his wife, "you declared there wasn't another woman in the world like me."

"Yes," replied her husband, "and I'm glad of it—for the sake of other men."

All the Same to Him.

Wife—John, there's a burglar going through your pockets. John—All right! You two fight it out between yourselves.

It isn't every family tree that bears desirable fruit.

The World's Wonders

STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

Ainu Woman of Japan

At the big Anglo-Japanese exhibition in London the Ainus are objects of especial interest. They are the aboriginal inhabitants of Japan. The women tattoo the lips in the manner illustrated. The men regard their hair as sacred and never trim it or their beards.

DOG THAT CATCHES FISH

Jack, a brown pointer owned by Hugh Morris of Tahlequah, Okla., would have delighted the heart of Izaak Walton. At the rear of the Morris home, almost within casting distance of the kitchen door, is a lively little stream fed by springs of clear, cold water, in which abound crawfish and minnows. Here and there are riffles and then come pools under shady trees. When Jack grows tired drowsing on the blue grass lawn he trots down to the little stream and goes fishing.

Stealthily and cautiously he steals

into the water, alert to every movement beneath its surface. From under a stone a crawfish darts away and splash! Jack has pinned him down with one foot. Mr. Crawfish is then carried ashore and laid wriggling on the grass, whereupon Jack returns and resumes his piscatorial pleasures This time a minnow flashes past and Jack grabs with his mouth. Rarely he misses a catch. Hour after hour Jack fishes in the little stream. He knows the places—beneath overhanging roots and under big stones—where crawfish like best to hide. There he will stand rigid as an iron dog on a lawn watching for a crawfish to venture out.

DOG IS A MAIL CARRIER

Uncle Sam has a mail carrier which covers a definite route twice every week day, rain or shine, in the mountains near San Bernardino, but receives no pay and makes no complaint because she does not receive official recognition. The carrier is a dog belonging to J. H. Wagner, a county employee, who lives two miles up Waterman canon. She is half collie and the other half of doubtful origin. Her master has named her Topsy.

Wagner raised the animal from a puppy. As he was too busy to go for his mail, he conceived the idea of teaching the dog to do this duty for him. He had a blanket, with pockets on each side, made for her.

For several years she has carried his mail. In the morning the blanket is buckled on her. Without waiting for a caress or a word, she starts off. She covers the round trip of four miles in a few minutes. She performs a similar duty in the afternoon.

On one side of her blanket is printed "U. S. Mail. Please Don't Bother Me." The request is needless, for any person who attempted to molest her would probably be taught a lesson. She seems to feel the importance of her mission. She never gives another dog a look as she speeds along.

The postmaster has grown so accustomed to having the animal come at an appointed hour that he worries if her master has been a few minutes late in starting her. She waits patiently while the mail is put on her back and then dashes away. It would be useless for the official to attempt to detain her.

CURE FOR CIGARETTE HABIT

The schoolmaster in the mixed village school of Munzenschwil, in the canton of Argovie, Switzerland, was shocked to find his pupils, boys and girls, smoking cigarettes secretly near the school. At the beginning of the lessons he sent out a servant to buy a quantity of strong Swiss cigars, and when the lessons came to an end he distributed the cigars freely among the scholars, and, in order to give them a good lesson, insisted upon their smoking in his presence. Many of the scholars of both sexes returned home ill, and their parents lodged a protest.

CURIOUS FUNERAL

The Viscomtesse de Vaugelet, who recently died in Frances at the age of seventy-seven, left the bulk of her fortune, estimated at $100,000, various minor legacies being deducted, to the town of Riom on certain curious conditions, which were all, or nearly all, complied with. She insisted on an entirely "white" funeral, with white trappings, white flowers and white horses. No white flowers were discoverable in the country, but in other respects her wishes were obeyed. The late viscomtesse seems to have been particularly musical, for she bequeathed $200 to the local band on condition it played Chopin's "Funeral March" continuously during the obsequies all the way from the house to the church, and from the church to the graveyard, a distance of 16 miles. The result was that the band played Chopin's "Funeral March" 57 times, and then retired almost inanimate to a village inn, where a portion of the $200 was consumed in drinks.

SWALLOWS INK, TURNS BLUE

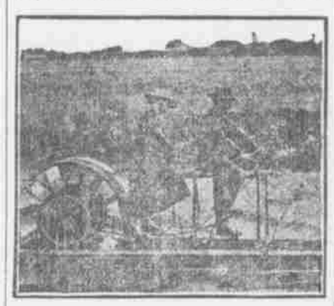
After swallowing indelible ink, Arthur Floyd, two years old, son of J. C. Floyd of Austin, Tex., has turned blue. His case is the first of its kind to come to the notice of local physicians. The skin of the body turned blue within three days after swallowing the ink and according to medical theory will remain that color as long as he lives.

The physician diagnosed his affliction as argyria, produced by a poisoning of the skin with nitrate of silver contained in the ink he drank.

The child was found playing with a bottle of ink by his parents and the physician called in. Soon he began changing color and before night his skin was a shade between blue and black.

INGENIOUS CRAFT FOR TWO

On the streams of Denmark is occasionally to be seen the peculiar vessel here illustrated—a two-man-power paddle-boat. It is the invention of a



Danish engineer and, as may be noted, is constructed to carry two people, who drive it forward by means of pedals that turn paddles.

BORED NEEDLE LENGTHWISE

An expert workman in one of the great British needle factories, in a test of skill, performed one of the most delicate feats imaginable. He took a common sewing needle of medium size, an inch and five-eighths in length, and drilled a hole through its entire length from eye to point, the opening being just large enough to permit of the passage of a very fine hair.

THEIR TWELVE-YEAR TASK

Two Italians started one year ago to wheel a barrel around the world from Venice, and they are still at it, attracting much attention wherever they appear. This tedious task, it is believed will take the men 12 years, but if they carry it through they will each win a wager of 150,000 francs.

COST OF BRITISH CENSUS

Taking the British census costs about $750,000. About 40,000 enumerators will take next year's census.

Call Mistletoe a Pest

Government Experts Find the Christmas Decoration Is Death to the Trees.

Persons familiar with the mistletoe only as a sentimental adjunct of Christmas decoration will be surprised to learn that in many parts of the country it is an injurious pest of sufficient magnitude to lead advocates forest conservation to consider ways and means of suppressing it.

Under the direction of the department of agriculture, William L. Bray, forest pathologist, has made a careful investigation of the havoc wrought by this particular parasite, which grows upon many species of broad-leaved trees throughout the southern states, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Oregon and Washington. He says that "there are localities in which mistletoe becomes so abundant upon the trees, and so harmful to them, as to make the control of it or its extermination a serious practical question."

The species of mistletoe which has played so important a part in the world's literature and romance is found only in Europe, where it grows upon the apple, hawthorn, sycamore, poplar, locust and fir trees. It is occasionally (but very rarely) found upon oaks. The oak, as is well known, was the sacred tree of the Druids; and when the mistletoe was found growing upon an oak this strange priesthood believed that tree to be especially designated by the gods for religious uses. Elaborate religious ceremonials were celebrated under such trees, ending with the sacrifice of two white oxen, after which the mistletoe was cut down. The ancient Germans also held the parasitic plant in superstitious veneration, and the Celts regarded it as possessed of magical properties.

Probably the only way of getting rid of the mistletoe, in regions in which it is so abundant as to a real menace to the forests, is to cut down all trees that are badly infected, and to cut the branches to which the parasite has attached itself from others. This would be a herculean labor, and would prove so costly that it is not likely to be soon attempted.

HORSE EATS $2,200.

Hoke Scott, a farmer of Seattle, Wash., sold 11 acres of his Renton farm recently for $2,200. He received the money in greenbacks, which he stuck in the breast pocket of his coat. On his way home he stopped to tell of his good luck sale to a neighbor, and while talking the old horse he had been leading reached over and pulled out the greenbacks and masticated them before the farmers could pry open the horse's mouth. The animal swallowed a good portion of the money, but the irate farmer saved a bunch of small pieces he managed to pull off a corner of the roll. Hoke is now wondering if the treasury department will redeem the money with the aid of the few remnants he has collected.

THIRD OPERATION PREVENTED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill. — "I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was so sick that two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation. I had already had two operations, and they wanted me to go through a third one. I suffered day and night from inflammation and a small tumor, and never thought of seeing a well day again. A friend told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her, and I tried it, and after the third bottle was cured."—Mrs. ALVENA SPERLING, 1468 Clybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

If you are ill do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until an operation is necessary, but build up the feminine system, and remove the cause of those distressing aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal—harsh—unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membranes of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

GENUINE must bear signature: Brent Good

WESTERN CANADA

What Governor Deneen, of Illinois, Says About It:

Governor Deneen, of Illinois, owns a section of land in Saskatchewan, Canada. He has said in an interview:

"As an American I am delighted to see the remarkable progress of Western Canada. Our people are flocking across the boundary in thousands, and I have not yet met one who admitted he had made a mistake. They are all doing well. There is scarcely a community in the Middle or Western States that has not a representative in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta."

125 Million Bushels of Wheat in 1909

Western Canada field crops for 1909 will easily yield to the farmer $170,000,000.00 in cash.

Free Homesteads of 160 acres, and pre-emptions of 160 acres at $3.00 an acre. Railway and Land Companies have land for sale at reasonable prices. Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Splendid climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates, wood, water and lumber easily obtained.

For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlers' rate, apply to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the following Canadian Gov't Agents: W. H. Rogers, 2d Floor Traction Terminal Building, Indianapolis, Ind., and H. M. Williams, Room 20, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio. (Use address nearest you.)

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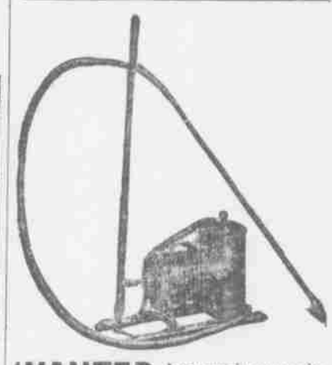

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

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