

# HER ONE ERROR.

## OR THE FISHERMAN'S BRIDE.

CHAPTER XLIII—CONTINUED.

"What do you want with me?" she faintly asked.

"An oath was the reply, and the man again laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Haven't I told you?" he said, savagely; "I want food for one thing, and such help as you can give me."

"I have nothing to give, I am so poor."

"You have at least shelter," he said, with another oath. "You do at least sleep under a roof, and that's a luxury, when one has for five nights never closed one's eyes but on heaps of rotting vegetables, or with stones for a pillow. Look here, mistress, you are Saul Meghorn's lawful wife." He raised his voice.

"Hush! oh, hush!" she cried, imploringly—and he lowered his tone as he went on.

"I have only to find him, and just by a word to let him know where you are, and before twelve hours are over your head, he will have you in his arms."

She uttered a faint cry, and caught at the railings for support.

"It's coming down fast; are you going no stand here all night?" he asked, roughly.

"Cannot you say what you have to say in there?" She pointed to the door of a poor beer-shop, a few doors off.

"I tell you I want rest for the night; besides, I do not care to be seen by too many—the police aren't over-partial to me. No, I shan't go in there."

"I have but a poor place, and but one bed—my child's and mine."

"I daresay you can make a shift, to oblige an old friend, mistress." The ruffian laughed, grimly. "I ain't particular, and I won't trouble you long."

She saw that further resistance was vain. The meshes of inexorable consequences were about her. In the dire tangle of results she saw herself inextricably involved—result of that one error.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CONFESSION.

In silence, she turned and led the way to her lodging. His hat still slouched close over his eyes, the stranger followed hard behind.

She ascended the stairs, opened the door of her room, where all the little preparations she had made for receiving poor Agnes yet remained untouched. Mechanically she stirred the fire into a blaze, then lighted the candle, and as the light filled the room she stole a glance at the man who had thus thrust himself upon her.

We need not here repeat the description which has been elsewhere given. It was Yawmans, not improved by the lapse of time. His hair and beard were grizzled; a huge sabre-cut, badly healed, seamed his brow; no vestige of the nautical attire, which had redeemed somewhat of his ruffianly coarseness, remained; and his ill-fitting garments were a medley of all kinds and various sizes. His once robust form was bloated by the result of hard drinking, his features inflamed by the same cause, and horribly disfigured by past disease. Dirty and repulsive to every sense, even that air of reckless daring which had formerly sat not ill, even upon him, had given place to a savage ferocity, which might well repel every one whose gaze chanced to fall upon him.

Such was the man who threw himself unceremoniously into the chair which only an hour ago Nelly had, "on hospitable thought intent," set for her poor friend Agnes.

"Hey! that's better than the rain and the paving-stones, any way; and now—with a horrible oath—"give me something to eat, mistress."

"You see all I have before you," Nelly said, with difficulty controlling her disgust; "help yourself and go, for mercy's sake!"

"Help myself I will; go? no, my good mistress; I have told you I have nowhere to go, and you must give me shelter."

"I tell you I have but this one room—my child and I sleep here—it is impossible!"

"Hey, hey!" the fellow said, grimly his mouth already busy with the food before him. "Impossible is it? Well, you are particular, my fine marm, for a woman as didn't stand for marrying the man that killed her husband."

She uttered a cry.

"What do you mean?" she gasped; "how do you know? What can you tell?"

"Ah! then you do care to hear what I have to tell. Well, I thought you might, and, if you care to hear, I do suppose it is worth a mouthful of victuals and a night's lodging, eh?"

"Tell me if your words have any meaning; do you know anything? tell me, quick!"

"Talking and eating is dry work; have you nothing for a fellow to wet his throat?"

"I have nothing but what you see. I tell you I am poor; I drink nothing myself but that is on the table."

"For old acquaintance' sake you might give a fellow something a bit stronger than this wash," said Yawmans, as with an oath he poured out the tea and drank it; then he went on:—"And so you want to know something of your old sweetheart, eh? You treated him but shabby, though, for that matter."

"Is he dead? tell me," she exclaimed, "tell me, is he dead?"

"Nay, nay, don't you fret yourself; he's not dead, nor likely to be, as I know of. Leastways, he wasn't when I see him last."

"But you said just now—what did you mean? I entreat you—oh you, surely you did not help in the murder of—"

"Easy, mistress easy; I said nothing of murder. Murder's one thing, fair stand-up fight and go down is another. And if Saul wasn't the man I took him for, or, if he come

to be bewitched, as I believe, I'm not the man to be saying what's false, nor speaking to more than I know."

"But tell me, you will tell me. I have had my own doubts and fears, horrible ones; but no certainty, no certainty."

"Certainty enough, as you are standing there, and for the matter of that, when a man's attacked it's all right and fair enough, and I wouldn't have been the man ever to speak a word agin it, or to let on of what I see, but—"

"You saw—you saw my husband killed? oh, Heaven! and you never—"

"Stepped in? Nay, mistress you forget which side I should have been taking, and as I say it were Master Franklen as gave the first blow, leastways as far as I see."

"When and where?" "Tell me, for mercy's sake! tell me, and ask for what you will."

"It was the night of the great storm, as you'll remember, of course, by what happened."

She made a hasty gesture of assent.

"I have been up and down the coast, on and off—no matter on what business of my own—it took me, however, into the Chine, and a precious dreary spot it was at such times. I had a mate with me, but his party lay more down below."

"I had a reason for noting who might be stirring—there wasn't many, you may be sure, such a night; so I noticed the more when I marked the figure of a man coming with long strides down the face of the upper cliff, like from the direction of the fisherman's cottage as stood in the cleft. He came right along to where the Chine sloped off from the Deepgang, and I watched him, thinking he might be on the look-out, but he wasn't in that way, I soon made out. He walked to and fro, and up and down, like a man out of his mind, and with his hands clasped above his head. Once he went to the edge of the cliff, and made as he'd have thrown himself over where the sea boiled up like a thousand devils' cauldrons below."

Nelly groaned and hid her face in her hands. Without varying tone or manner, the ruffian went on—

"In a bit, as I watched from my hiding-place, I see another come along from the Deepgang way, and I knew in a minute 'twas our captain, Saul Meghorn. He came slowly up to where the other was hurrying to and fro; I could not hear what words were spoken, but I saw the first man turn sharp round upon Saul. Which spoke first, or what was said, I couldn't tell; but in two minutes I see the first—Franklen it was—aim a blow at Saul. I couldn't tell whether he was struck, but the capt'n wasn't one to stand nice about that, and he returned it with interest, I do expect, for the fisherman reeled, and then they closed and struggled like two demons. Well matched they were, and for a bit it seemed to me that one had as good a chance as the other. But Meghorn, with a quick wrench and a turn, all in a moment, flung the other over the edge, and with the force he reeled and stumbled himself. Franklen grasped his leg and in another moment would have drawn him over. I was startled at seeing the captain's danger, when he drew his sword, and, quick as lightning, drew it across the other fellow's hand."

Nelly uttered a loud shriek and dropped backwards in her chair.

"Oh, merciful Heavens!" she cried in an agony of grief.

But Yawmans went on—

"There was no cry that I heard, but the man fell back from the edge of the cliff, and I heard the crashing of the ferns and bushes as he fell and plashed into the water below."

"Saul drew back quickly, for it was a near chance for him, but he looked down and saw that all was over; then he hurried away, and I made off to where I knew he'd expect to find me."

"Oh, man! you saw all this and never made one attempt to save him, or for justice," she said, faintly.

"Bah!" said the ex-smuggler, with an oath, "was it likely? It was a troublesome customer got rid of. He lived too near our own run to be pleasant. Ye may be sure which side I took in the matter; though I didn't speak of course, for it wasn't my place to meddle in the capt'n's private matters. I did go down when the tide was out, to see if there was aught to be seen, but I expect the sea made short work of the body."

"And he?" Nelly asked, after a pause in a broken voice, "where is that horrible man, and why are you here?"

"It's a long story, mistress, the way I'm here; but where he may be I don't know; and what I do know won't give you much clue, though you're welcome to it, for I owe the capt'n nothing, now; and it's little good and much harm I've come to through him."

"You may have heard, perhaps, of the skirmish that we got into with the coast-guard bullocks, as we was leaving the coast after he'd recked about the country like mad a-sacking of you and the child?"

"Saul got badly hit in the fray; it went hard with him, for the wound rankled as I never saw mortal wound to rankle afore, and he give way like any one but himself. However, we did get clear of the land sharks, and once out to sea, the capt'n rallied, and after a bit got round in a degree, though I say he never was the same man as in old times."

"The lads found it out, too; he was forever stepping in between them and their dues, with a pack of sermonizing stuff as they gave no heed to, and wasn't likely. Fellows as risked their necks and lives wasn't likely to be balked of their rights quietly. Women was woin'n with them, and it was not natural in the capt'n to be breaching of this and that forbearance, and mercifulness, and such like; he might as well ha' preached the vine-casks least the lads should get groggy, once in a way."

"It's no good making the tale a long one, mistress, and it won't make much odds to you, I daresay; but Saul did go on at this kind of game much too strong for the temper of our fellows, and, though we had his own good luck

that time, and made rich prize, and easy, too, the men began to murmur among themselves, and, all I could do for the capt'n was the capt'n, and I'd know him afore, as I say, he was bewitched—they rode rusty, and I could see a storm was brewing. I made bold to warn the capt'n, and to speak a bit of my mind as to what was ranking with the men, but, bless my eyes, I might as well have whistled to a hurricane. He had got so used to having his very wink taken for law, that he would credit nothing of it, but laughed in my face."

"Well, to make a long story short, it come to a head, and, though I did prevail on 'em to spare his life, it was all I could do, and it was as much as they would, for, when the time come, they seized him in his cabin, and he fought like a thousand devils; then, when he saw what was meant—they sent him adrift in his own boat—he just stood up and cursed the little Daredevil from fore to stern, with that scornful glare of his, that turned a man's blood in his body."

"Twelve hours after that storm fell, that beat all over I saw, at sea or ashore, and our craft went to the bottom, with every soul aboard but myself."

"His curse maybe, didn't stick so tight to the spar as helped me; but I'd a fearful time of it; bruised and battered, and more dead than alive, when I was thrown upon the rocks, where I laid for four-and-twenty hours, with just enough life to make me wish I had gone to the bottom, like the rest. Starvation was the next thing, for not a thing in the shape of food could I find on the blessed island but a few roots, that I did not know but they might be poison."

"Nigh a fortnight I dragged on in this way, and was at last took off by a Dutch trader, that had suffered a loss of hands herself in the storm, and wasn't sorry to pick me up."

And from her I got to another berth, and another, but Satan's own luck has clung to me, and I've made no way but was downhill; and, from one thing to another, I made my way up to London, and was on as a witness for a friend of mine that had got into trouble, when I saw you at the police-court a bit since and heard who you was."

"You can't blame me, I think, mistress, all things considered, that I should do my best for to find you out and learn how the land lay; I should have done it sooner, but have been laid up myself since."

Yawmans forbore to say that Newgate had been the scene of his temporary indisposition. He had, we may well suppose, softened many passages of his narration which related to himself, for the most hardened ruffian shrinks from full confession.

"You said you knew that he, Saul Meghorn, was still living?" Nelly said, as the brief history was concluded.

"Oh, ay, I forgot to tell you it was at Batavia I came upon him, and I wasn't more scared to see him than he was to set eyes on me, for he knew the brig was lost and thought all had perished. Of course I told him how I had striven for to be let go with him, and had fought for it, but the fellows would not let me go; but he scowled at me and seemed so inclined to bear malice, that I made myself scarce and slipped my cable of the ship which I belonged to, and that was the very same he was coming off to England in the next voyage."

"Is he in England, then?" asked the woman, still mastering the revulsion the fellow inspired by the desire she felt to learn all that might affect her destiny.

"Oh, ay; no doubt of that," was the reply; "but it matters not to me; we've squared all accounts; enough, if he could do me an ill turn, he would, for he never forgets—not he;" and the fellow glanced at the trembling woman from under his shaggy black brows.

"But now, mistress, I've been trudging the streets these ten days past, and am footsore and aching to boot; I'd be glad to know what is the lodging you'll give me for the night."

"I can offer you none," said Nelly, fearfully. "I have said so—this is my only room; my child will be home in a short time; I would not even have her see you here. If you insist on remaining, I shall be compelled to call in help."

"And have me put out, eh?" he sneered, "and in ten days past from farthest you shall be claimed by your loving husband, who, be sure, marm, hasn't given you up—not by any means."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sea-sickness on Shore.

Coincidences are among the oddest things in life. The other day I tried to dine at a restaurant where they had a lot of fan things hanging from the ceiling and swinging slowly back and forth to keep the air and the flies moving. The fans, all gilt and glitter, kept up their long slow motion so steadily that soon I felt that I was on board ship and without an appetite for food, and the feeling so grew upon me that finally, to avoid an unseemly exhibition, I was forced to make my exit to terra firma and fresh air. Just as I was about restored to an even keel I came pop upon a full page picture in one of the illustrated papers of dinner food on an ocean steamship, and off again went my stomach. It was only a coincidence, but it served the purpose of a conspiracy.—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Carry Dead Weight.

A pretty young girl, leading an ugly pug dog weighing not less than ten pounds, walked into a Market Space drygoods house recently. The little brute acted sulkily and did not want to remain in the store. After a time, however, the lady was able to make her purchase, which was a fan and some handkerchiefs. These she ordered delivered at her home, and, picking up her pug, departed, while the clerk remarked: "Can't take home a package weighing less than a half pound, but will lug that infernal dog around for hours. I wish I were the dog catcher."—Washington Post.

## THE AGRICULTURAL WORLD

### WORDS OF ADVICE FOR THE FARMER.

#### About Milking—Feeding Value of Whey—Thoughts About Sheep—Salt the Cows—Result of Rough Treatment.

##### About Milking.

The first thing in milking is to see that the udder is clean. Wipe the udders of all the cows to be milked with a flannel cloth wrung out in lukewarm water and dry them immediately. The milker should then wash and dry his hands and see that there are no long or broken nails. Commence now to stroke gently the teats and udder a few seconds, to excite the flow of milk and to relax the muscles which close the mouth of the teats. Now grasp the two furthest off teats in such a way that the little finger is just out of reach of the milk as it issues from the teat. For it is absolutely necessary that the hands are kept dry from start to finish. The milk cannot be kept perfectly clean when the hands are wet, no matter how carefully both udder and hands have been washed and dried; and milk, as all know, readily absorbs any dirt or dirty smell and imparts it to butter or cheese. But a yet weightier consideration is that diseases of the teats and udder, especially sore and cracked teats, are to a very large degree attributable to nothing else than wet milking, while the danger of infection being conveyed from one animal to another is increased enormously. Taking care, therefore, to keep the little finger away from the milk, proceed to drive the milk out of the teat by a steadily increasing pressure (remember not by pulling), commencing the pressure with the thumb and first finger and following rapidly with second, third and fourth fingers. Now loosen your grasp and raise the hand into the udder, as it were, giving a gentle shove or blow so as to bring the milk down into the lower portion of the udder. Then repeat the squeeze, but take care never to stretch the teat the least bit beyond its natural length, or serious internal ruptures might result; besides, this stretching the teats makes milking very unpleasant to the cow. Even at the end, never resort to stripping—that is, sliding two or three fingers down the teat, which is kept lubricated with milk, but continue squeezing the milk out till no more will come, and even then go on for a few seconds to encourage the flow of blood to the udder; then do the same to the two near teats. The quick, soft push into the lower portion of the udder is exactly what a calf does when suction no longer brings it any milk. It opens its mouth slightly so as to take in a larger portion of the udder, and gives it a gentle poke with its nose, whereupon it resumes sucking.

Too rapid and violent milking is not enjoyable to the cow and will cause her to "hold up" her milk, and slow milking makes her wearied. Conversation among the milkers should most strictly be forbidden. The position of the milker is often such that he cannot see whether all the milk goes into the pail or not, and he must consequently trust to his hearing. And an interesting conversation is not conducive to attentive listening to the sound of the milk pail.

##### Feeding Value of Whey.

Four trials were conducted at the Wisconsin experiment station during the fall of 1890-91, for the purpose of ascertaining the value of sweet whey for pig feeding. The results of these trials show: First—We are not successful in maintaining pigs on whey alone. Second—Pigs fed on corn meal and shorts with water required 552 pounds of the mixture for 100 pounds of gain. Third—When whey was added to the corn meal and shorts mixture, it produced a marked saving in the amount of grain required for good gain. This was true for mixtures varying from two pounds of whey to one of grain, up to ten pounds of whey to one of grain. Fourth—It was found when using whey as a partial substitute for grain, that 760 pounds of whey effected a saving of 100 pounds of the corn meal and shorts mixture. Fifth—Using these figures, if corn meal and shorts are valued at \$12 per ton, then whey is worth eight cents per hundred pounds; at \$15 per ton for the corn meal and shorts, they would be worth ten cents per hundred weight. Sixth—Shorts, pea meal and oil meal, or like foods, should be mixed with whey for growing animals. Some corn may be fed at all times, the proportion increasing as the animal approaches maturity.—Ohio Farmer.

##### Salt the Cows.

It is hardly necessary to tell people who handle stock that they should be salted regularly. It seems to be as necessary as food itself, judging from the way they will beg for it. Not only is it relished, but observation and experience teach that salt is necessary to the best health of a cow. Prof. Robinson, of the Guelph experimental station, Ontario, says, after experimenting along that line, that "to deny cows salt for even one week reduces their flow of milk 14% to 17% per cent in quantity and lowers the quality." Milk given when the cows are deprived of salt, he says, "will sour 24 hours sooner than that given when they have a full supply of it. It is greatly relished by all animals, which is a strong presumptive evidence in its favor, and there cannot be a reasonable doubt at this late day that salt is beneficial to milch cows."

##### Thoughts About Sheep.

Some people seem to think that sheep can live anywhere. They will

turn them into the road where the grass is covered with dust, forgetting that a sheep is as dainty about its food as its master.—Others will keep them in a briar patch, where grass must struggle for existence, let them run here all summer, and in the fall they will come out thin and gaunt, and with their fleeces ruined. Others stock their fields too heavily. Sheep are like other animals—put too many on a field and they will crop it too close, ruining the pasture. They want frequent changes of pasture, to do well. They like hill lands the best, and seem to do better on them. They should be salted twice a week. In winter, sheep should be well sheltered in bad, stormy weather, with plenty of good clover hay and pure water. Then they will thrive. If you allow them out in storms, with poor or insufficient food, they will grow thin and the wool becomes dead. Ewes with lamb, under such treatment, do not pass yeasting time safely, and will lack nutriment for their puny lambs. There is loss in all such sheep husbandry.

Ewes should not have much grain before lambing, but what they do have should be bran, oats and corn ground together. After a ewe drops her lamb put her in a place by herself. Have a shed for this purpose, where you can bunch them in lots of ten or fifteen. You can oversee them better, and detect anything that goes wrong, and when you go in among them they haven't room to run around, as in a large shed, tramping on their lambs, etc.—Ohio Farmer.

##### Result of Rough Treatment.

Among the brute creation man has no better friend than the horse. With them, however, as with human beings, much depends upon early training. An exchange speaking upon this subject, says that "a gentle horse is more than it would be if not gentle. What is termed viciousness in horses is frequently nothing but sheer timidity, and almost invariably is the result of rough treatment. Horses would not give way to fear when man approaches them if they had been accustomed to receive always kind and humane treatment. Now that the season for putting the young colts into the hands of trainers is at hand, it is a good time to commence teaching them not to fear the approach of a human being. They are fond of being petted, and with constant kindness will become quite docile. A nubbin of corn, a handful of grain or a little sugar offered occasionally will gain their confidence, and they will gradually lose all fear of mankind. The spirit of trustfulness thus inspired, and the resulting gentleness of disposition, will last through life, unless adverse influences are allowed to intervene."

##### Pinkeye Contagious.

Dr. Fleming, principal veterinary surgeon of the British army, is of the opinion that the veterinary authorities of this country are correct in regarding "pinkeye" in horses as a contagious and infectious specific fever transmissible directly from animal to animal. He said, further, that persons passing from a sick animal to a healthy one would convey the disease. It was undoubtedly due to one or more germs, there might be two or three germs producing it; but there were grounds for believing that the germs could develop not only in the animal body but outside it—in the atmosphere. Only on that behalf could they account for certain outbreaks. Although the mortality attending the latest outbreak has been greater than in any other, they would have to schedule the whole country to stop it; and he thought the time had not yet arrived for that. He advised those who had horses to observe closely the prevalence of the disease, and, if they saw symptoms of it, to rest the horses at once.

##### Farm Notes.

Growing stock should not be kept too fat during hot weather. With working machinery of all kinds the best oil is the cheapest. Pond water is about the poorest that can be supplied to stock, especially during the summer. Our advantage in growing roots for winter feeding is, that very large yields can be secured. The cultivation of tobacco in British North Borneo is rapidly increasing. The output for last year was 1,500,000 pounds. Whenever a plant runs to vine, it is nearly always at the expense of fruit. The better plan is to pinch back the running shoots. French parents possessing seven or more children have certain exemptions from taxation. In France there are 150,000 families so exempted. Good, fat mutton makes one of the best fresh meats for the farmers' table. In a majority of cases, it will be found cheap as well as wholesome. The practice of washing the sheep before shearing has to a very large extent, been abandoned as being unprofitable; the difference in prices are not sufficient to pay for the work and loss of weight. Last year the executive committee of the Illinois state grange offered a prize of \$10,000 for a device that could be attached to a self binder, to use straw instead of wire for binding twine, and it is claimed that they "have it."



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#### Pearls in Oysters.

The pearl oyster is a valued member of the family. Some produce pearl for buttons and ornamentation, and some the gem. The latter is simply a result of the oyster's attempt to protect itself from some foreign substance. Thus, if a minute grain of sand finds its way into the shell, the animal will immediately envelope it with a nacreous or pearly coating, which if continued results in a perfect gem. The pearls attached to the shells and layers of nacre heaped up to prevent the onward march of a boring parasite seeking entrance from without. In Ceylon 17,000,000 pearl oysters were destroyed lately to produce \$80,000 in pearls.—San Francisco Chronicle.



## SYRUP OF FIGS

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