What 'smatter with Skinner? He's all right! Sells more Groceries for the money than any store in town

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BEFORE she was eighteen Helen Tryon married for love. At twenty-five she found herself bankrupt of every thing. She lived, and with the stubborn tenacity of her nature she braced herself to endure existence, but she neither hoped nor feared anything. She ate and drank and slept, the mechanical routine of the days repeated itself, but she had come to a dead stop. She had lost all courage, all faith; a bare, blank wall faced her. There was nothing more to be enjoyed nor suffered. She had had every thing and lost every thing.

If she had consciously recognized all this there might have been some hope of reaction. When one appreciates the dramatic effect of circumstances, a new interest in new circumstances is apt to be not far off. But Helen was capable of no such attitude toward herself. One saw it in her face—dark and thin and changeless as a statue's. She had great dark eyes, but they never varied their dreamy, unheeding look. Her voice was low, soft and monotonous. And yet she was not at all a dreadful person to live with. It was impossible that her story should not cast its shadow over the household, but when it was once settled that Helen's experience had exempted her from all the ordinary rules that bound the others, matters adjusted themselves, as they always do, and the happy current of commonplace living flowed around her undisturbed.

She was slender and graceful, strong, too, as these slight-built New England women are often enough. At seventeen she had not been handsome, but she had had that air of any possibility of beauty that is better than defined prettiness. She was shy, reserved and cold, with the positive, repelling power of strong natures with the Puritan traditions of training superadded. Under it she was willful, hea strong and passionate, never capable of seeing more than one side of a subject, and always glorifying that side with the whole force of a tropical imagination rigidly repressed and totally ungoverned.

It was just then that in a school vacation she visited a friend in one of the shadiest and oldest and stanchest of Connecticut villages. While she was in the house there came out of the vague Southwest a young man that claimed blood relationship with the family. It was just in the days when Bret Harte's heroes stood foremost in the ranks of popularity. The inborn rebellion against conventionalities in Helen's blood caught eagerly at the picturesque freedom and wildness of these characterizations. She could not realize that one redeeming trait may not suffice to make a whole life tolerable. Payne Morse was as handsome in his blonde way as a young demiged. He had the slow, soft speech of the plainsman; he swore no oaths, in her presence, at least; he conformed to the requirements of a community to which a revolver and a lariat-rope were alike uncalled-for and outlandish, with a good-natured toleration that had in Helen's eyes immense piquancy and magnanimity. Then he rode like a centaur, and the accomplishment was so novel in that corner of the hills that it seemed almost like something unlawful and ungodly. Somebody in a wild fit of speculation had shipped East a trainload of mustangs, with the illusive hope that they might be broken for use among the quartz ledges. They kicked, they bucked, they sat on their haunches and squealed their wrongs aloud in every variation of the equine tongue, and at last Payne Morse was appealed to as being only a little less savage than the mustangs, to see if he could do anything with them.

He found himself able, and apparently enjoyed the work. His fearless riding, his quiet, merciless mastership of the untamed brutes, completed the conquest of Helen's fancy.

That was in leafy June; in September she went back to school. A month later she left the recitation-room one day, put on her hat, walked out of the house and to the railroad station. In the next city Payne Morse awaited her. They were married within the hour, and before sunset they told the story in the Tryon sitting-room.

Helen was not defiant. She was quiet, rather sad, but no more repentant or regretful than a block of marble. Mr. Tryon recognized the trait by sympathy, perhaps. He looked at the two as they stood in the middle of the room. Mother and sister had withdrawn a little; Helen's will was a thing that most of the household did withdraw from. She stood by her husband's side, slight, erect, her hand on his arm, but not leaning on him at all.

"You are aware, sir," Mr. Tryon said, "that this child is a minor—by the law I could take her from you."

"But you will not?" The question was half assertion.

"No, I shall not. She has chosen; she must learn life in her own way. I shall try and make no difference between her and the others—and may the Lord have mercy on you both," he added, half under his breath.

For a month the two staid under the home roof. Helen's mother put down tuition and instinct with a strong hand, magnified the superficial charms of the man, and was able at last to say: "It was irregular—improper—wrong, but we can't help liking him."

Helen's sisters—two of them—really did like him. The careless, easy, unconscious dash of his manner, his unfailing, elaborate, if somewhat florid courtesy, the air of vague romance that seemed to make the atmosphere in which he breathed, all appealed to their ideal of the chivalric and poetic. He did not talk much of himself, but his half impersonal stories of wild adventures and reckless daring opened vistas into a limitless wonderland. Mr. Tryon treated him politely always, and never said a word for or against him.

Then Helen took the few thousands of dollars, for which by right she should have waited till she had reached her majority, and went with her husband into the then half-savage depths of the Colorado cattle ranges.

For four years her letters came regularly. From the very first there had been little of personal record in them. What she hoped or feared, enjoyed or suffered, no one had any way of guessing. It was the kindest thing to read nothing more than appeared on the surface. But at the end of that time Payne Morse was tried and sentenced to confinement for life for participation in a daring train robbery. She simply sent the papers in which the matter was recorded.

Mr. Tryon followed his telegram with all the speed possible. And so Helen Morse came home again, a statuesque shadow of herself, she and her baby, of whom the whole family made an object of worship.

One more blow remained to fall. A year later the baby died. The copy of the newspaper that told its death told, too, the death of its father, shot dead while trying to escape from the prison in which he was confined.

Helen wore black after that—perhaps for her baby's death; perhaps for the memory of the man who had treated her with a cruelty she never told nor hinted at; perhaps for herself, because she had outlived every thing. At any rate she went in somber garments, and no one questioned or remarked.

And so up to this night—the night of her twenty-fifth birthday, when they were all sitting about the tea table and talking of Harry's prospects. Harry had bought a share in a Texas ranch, and he and his partner were going to rough it alone in their cabin among the grass and sheep. Harry was enthusiastic, forestalling a little and unconsciously the character he was to assume by and by.

"Now, Mr. Micawber!" Grace said, mockingly. "Mother, you ought to give him a tin plate and cup; and keep silver forks out of his sight. And Harry, you'll have to cut the acquaintance of boiled shirts, unless you boil them yourself, and then you'll have spasms over the starch."

Helen looked up, and said, in her slow, impassive way: "Why couldn't I go and keep house for you, Harry?"

Silence fell about the table. The idea had never presented itself to one of them, but now all at once it did not seem so impracticable. No fancy of Helen's ever did for Helen.

"I have seen something of the life," she said. "There is nothing in it that I

SHE STOOD BY HER HUSBAND'S SIDE.

can not face. I do not mind the solitude, and a house is more comfortable with a woman in it."

And so it was settled. She went about her preparations with a straightforward, unhurrying readiness that admitted of little assistance. In ten days the brother and sister started, and the family felt somehow as if there had been a death, as well as a departure.

In those days the railroad lines were everywhere incomplete. Helen, alighting from the low train at its furthermost point of advance, found herself with five hundred miles of stage-riding before her. With her usual silence, she did not even comment on the discomforts of the journey. She was the only woman in the great swinging coach. The other passengers were men, bronzed and bearded, in flannels and sombreros, and with more or less of the furniture of an armory about them. They paid her a good deal of deferential attention, and were assiduous in supplying every want, real or imagined. And Helen took it as she did every thing else, with a gentle kind of half-unobservant gravity, that seemed to be very puzzling to their minds.

On the second day well among the mountains, swinging down a long incline among the dark shadows of the pines, there was a sudden, abrupt report of fire-arms, a plunging, lurching motion of the coach, a sudden uproar of voices without; and Helen, crushed down into the lower corner of the vehicle, with a smothered impression of several tons of kicking humanity over and above her, heard "road agents" uttered somewhere in the mass, and knew what had befallen them.

One by one the passengers were extracted.

"There's a lady in there," a voice said.

"We'll come to her presently. Seat yourselves on that log, gentlemen. Here she is! Now, madam," offering a diamond-ringed white hand.

Up rose Helen, as little dishevelled as possible for a woman to be under the circumstances, and was assisted up and out by a masked man with the easiest elegance of demeanor.

"We are sorry to incoruenience a lady," a quiet voice said, "but it is one of the unpleasant necessities of business. I suspect we have made a mistake. We took this to be the paymaster's trip down to the mines."

Helen bowed composedly, and took her seat beside the others, and then, under cover of half a dozen revolvers, there was a rapid and exhaustive collection of valuables from the party. Helen was not molested; no one spoke to her. In the first minute of the attack some one had thrust a heavy wallet in her hand; she held it carelessly, with her handkerchief and the gloves she had

THERE WAS A RAPID COLLECTION OF VALUABLES.

taken off, and a book, to which she had clung unconsciously through all the confusion. None of her belongings were touched or looked at.

"The Pine Valley coach will be along before morning. We can only say we are sorry for the blunder," and with a courteous gesture of farewell to Helen, the party rode away.

Both leaders lay dead in their tracks. Clearly there was nothing to do but to wait for the Pine Valley coach. Helen was made comfortable with shawls and wraps on a bed of pine boughs, and fell asleep quietly under the stars. She did not wake even when the coach came up.

"Now, Helen," a voice said, and she opened her eyes to find Harry standing beside her, and with him a tall figure dark in the starlight.

"Another road agent?" she said, half asleep.

Harry laughed. "We don't know what he may develop into. At present he is Frank Bronson."

Helen rose to her feet, broad awake at once.

"You've had a stirring introduction to your new life," a pleasant voice said, "and popular report makes you out a heroine."

Helen flushed a little resentfully. He might have been talking to a girl of sixteen in that voice of easy patronage. She was silent. Harry, used to that peculiarity, did not notice.

Frank Bronson began again: "I'm afraid you'll be inconveniently crowded, Miss Tryon."

"I beg your pardon," in her slow, cold way. "I am Mrs. Morse."

They came out just then into the glare of the lamps. Bronson looked at her curiously.

"Harry did not tell me," he said, with a sudden air of constrained bashfulness.

At the journey's end the passenger whose pocket-book she had saved took a great solitaire diamond off his little finger. "A memento, madam, simply a memento. The ring was in the wallet. You saved me fifteen thousand dollars last night by your presence of mind."

She would not take it, but a few weeks later there came to her through the post-office the stone reset in another ring heavy enough for an armlet. She smiled, slipping it over her slender finger. Then she met Bronson's eyes watching her.

"My good deeds pursue me. I am 'the heroine of Pine Gulch.' Would you have suspected it? And there is no address." She dropped the ring into his hand and walked away.

They were settled now in their new home. A very sketchy sort of home it was, but enough for the needs of a climate where a house is not needed much more or much oftener than an umbrella. They had camped with the luxuries of wall tents, while the young men did their own building. A sitting-room, two sleeping-rooms and a kitchen—that was all; and the canvas of the tents made an awning under which a hammock might be swung. The new pine boards were aromatic in the hot sunshine; the conventional requirements of living were reduced to their very simplest form.

It was a solitary enough life for a woman. One of Harry's experimental gang of Chinese workers had been detailed to kitchen duties, and the peace of the house was profound. But Helen liked it. Dreamy and silent she was still, but somehow little by little she seemed to come back toward human sympathies and interests. Half unconsciously her black garments were laid aside as oppressive in the heat of the long, bright days. The young men coming home at night found a white-draped presence awaiting them. Harry thought without spoken comment that something of her girlhood as he remembered her was coming back into her face and into the rounding outlines of her figure. Once or twice he heard an echo of the old imperious inflections of speech, when something went wrong in the simple programme of their housekeeping; once or twice she laughed aloud at some of Sam Lee's achievements. At least, the old, monotonous calm was broken; she had fits of depression, felt keenly in the sensitive household atmosphere.

It was the evening after the coming of the ring. Helen found herself at the very bottom of her register of feeling. They were all out of doors in the large-starred, dewless Southwestern night. The two men outstretched on their blankets lay silently smoking. Helen, swinging in her hammock, was speechless, too. By and by Harry asked her some trivial question, and the voice that answered him was hoarse with tears. He took no notice, and a minute after she went into the house. Harry followed her, and came back after awhile, his own voice not over steady.

"That girl has broken down at last. It's the first time in years, and not easy years either. I doubt if any one has seen her cry since she came home."

"Mrs. Morse?"

"Who else?" testily. "How I hate the name—I never even think of it if I can help it. You don't know the story?"

"I have guessed—that is, I mean I couldn't help knowing there was something painful. Mrs. Morse is young to be a widow."

"She is twenty-five," brusquely. "Helen always would have her own way. She had it when she was seventeen, and married a scoundrel. He got a life sentence for train robbery, and was killed trying to make his escape from prison. She got the news the day her only child was buried."

Bronson gave a half-groan, a sound almost like a sob, as Tryon paused in his blunt recital.

"That was two years ago. She never whimpered under it, and to-night she is crying as if she would kill herself. And I don't know but she will. Think of a woman's life going to wreck like that."

Whatever Bronson may have thought, he said nothing. There was a long silence and much tobacco smoke.

"Don't they take something?" he said, hesitatingly, after awhile. "A cup of tea or something. I'll broil a quail, if you like."

"That's so," accepting the suggestion cheerfully. Then they went out into Sam Lee's shining little kitchen, and pottered about with the best of intentions, but with much disturbance of small, jingling movables. Helen's crying was over now. She lay prone and nerveless with the exhaustion of such tears. She heard the uproar among the pots and pans, and wondered faintly about it.

Harry opened the door finally, with a laden tray in his hands.

"I made the tea," he explained, breathlessly, "and Bronson cooked the bird, and we couldn't find the bread."

Helen sat up and pushed the damp hair back from her face.

"Bronson thought of it," he said, persuasively. "I'd try and eat a little." And Helen drank her tea, and nibbled her bird with an unsmiling sense of the unfitness of things when meat and drink were offered as a remedy for such troubles as hers.

But it did her good. She slept dreamlessly that night, and if she came out to breakfast with heavy shadows under her eyes, the sad-lipped mouth had lost a little of its rigid lines of pain.

There had been an epidemic of lawlessness through the country for the last few weeks. The particular manifestation of the disease was horse-stealing. Now, to take a man's horse was generally worse—for the community—than taking his life. The public sense of justice did not always wait for the slow and rather uncertain action of the law. Harry rode away that evening without defining his business, and Bronson found Helen alone, in her hammock as usual.

These two did not find talk necessary. They had reached that grade of acquaintanceship where long silences are unmarked. A soundless half hour passed. Helen lay with half-shut eyes, watch-

A SOUNDLESS HALF-HOUR PASSED.

ing the broad flood of sunset light die out of the sky. Bronson was smoking. When the cigar was quite done he rose deliberately and stood beside her. In the faint light, in her white gown, her twenty-five years rolled back and left her in girlhood again.

"Helen!" he said, touching a fold of her dress with softly reverent hand.

She looked up at him with an instant's surprise, then her eyes fell.

"Forgive me," he said, humbly. "I have not seen many women. When you came it was like a revelation. And now I know that I love you."

She opened her lips to speak, but he stopped her.

"I know," he said. "Harry told me your story. Would you dare trust another man?"

There was something very childlike in the simplicity of the question. She half-smiled. Then all at once the past rushed over her.

"No," she said wildly, rising to her feet. "All that has gone by forever. You do not know what you are saying—a woman who has lived through such a degradation of ill-treatment and cruelty as I—who has so utterly mistaken herself and all the meaning of her life, has no right to listen to such words as you have spoken."

They were standing face to face. She put out her hands with a helpless, strengthless air of repelling protest. Perhaps he misunderstood the gesture; he took them in his own and held them firmly and gently. She did not resist the clasp, standing mute and miserable. Perhaps until that hour it had never occurred to her that any renewal of that old story could be possible. She had felt herself set apart from all the common lot of women. That he seemed so innocently and completely to ignore such tragic facts as her life held beat down all her guard, swept away the landmarks that had been the dreary reminders of her past folly and sin.

He was what that other had been—plainsman reared among the influences of an almost lawless community. Always on the edge of the advancing wave of civilization, where the other had grown reckless he was grave and self-contained. He knew books better than many who had lived among them; there was a gentleness in his speech that meant something better than mere sweet temper; and Helen was woman enough yet to feel the fascination of his muscular strength—the very clasp that held her, gentle as it was, was irresistible if he chose to have it so.

"At least, I love you," he said at last. "You know it now," with a long breath as of relief, "I have not my secret to keep; and shall never love any one else."

She smiled again through all her trouble. He believed it himself with such manifest faith.

He released her hands. She went back to her hammock and he to his blanket, and silence fell again between them.

Harry came back while they were still in their places.

"We're getting it down fine," he said, abruptly, to Bronson. "I've been over to Morgan's. We know how many there are in the gang, and we have descriptions of the principal leaders. It's a regularly organized taing. The leader is a Captain Gordon. He'll find himself captained with a short rope if the league gets hold of him. We know pretty well their headquarters."

Helen turned languidly.

"What makes you involve yourself in such a thing?" she said. "It's so much easier to keep out than to get out."

"Suppose you should lose Rebecca some night?"

"I shouldn't like it. But, O! Harry, you don't want blood on your hands."

"And I don't want to lose my horses," he said, doggedly. "If it comes to that it's their own fault. They know the risks they take."

Helen said no more. Bronson had not spoken at all. He asked an unimportant question or two and then the subject dropped.

That night every horse worth taking was stolen from the Tryon and Bronson ranch, and with the rest Helen's Rebecca. But the third day afterward Rebecca was found in the morning tied before the door with as handsome a bridle and lady's saddle as the country afforded, and with a card appended: "Captain Gordon's compliments to Helen Tryon."

"He ought to have said to the heroine of Pine Gulch," Harry said, with deep disgust.

"Perhaps Mrs. Morse is in it, too," Bronson suggested, slyly. "You're quite sure that Captain Gordon isn't a friend of yours? Appearances are against you. First the diamond—" and he stopped short as the tears rose in Helen's eyes.

"I didn't mean any thing," he explained humbly to Harry afterward.

"Whoever supposed you did? Do you imagine you are ever going to understand what a woman finds to cry about?" he said, wrathfully. "They don't know themselves half the time."

But, after all, it was not Helen at whom he was storming. An extra meeting of the Horse-Thief League was summoned. No results followed, and a month wore away peaceably.

Time did not stand still for Helen and Helen's lover. He did not again refer in words to that declaration of his, but not an hour spent in her society did not plead his cause. He took it completely for granted that his love for her was a thing complete of itself without hope of return. Perhaps that attitude was his strongest plea. Something in his patience seemed wonderful to her. She could as soon have built the pyramids. She was one of those positive people to whom no half-way measure is possible. That a man should make such an avowal as that, and then should let the days go on in such commonplace, cheerful, unmarked fashion, roused a new wondering interest in her mind.

Little by little, unconscious of the gradations of feeling, her whole mental attitude changed. She owned now with a shudder that if Payne Morse were to cross her path for the first time she would probably be repelled rather than attracted. She had fallen in love with an ideal, and the living, breathing facts did not bear out the fancy. And the next shock was to realize that she had not yet done with ideals, and to-day's hero was in no wise like yesterday's.

It gave her a dreadful feeling of unreliance in herself. That she, who for years had lived in a dead calm of unexpectant exhaustion of emotion, should again be allowing herself to dream of sunshine. She made amends to herself by never acknowledging that Frank Bronson had any thing to do with such fancies.

Clearly Helen Morse's days of passive suffering were over. She was silent still, but her silence was dreamy, instead of coldly hopeless. And most unwonted bursts of petulance stirred the even tenor of the days.

"What has happened to Helen?" Harry asked wonderingly one day. "Well, any thing is better than seeing her go about like a galvanized corpse, as we did for three years."

But Harry was too much absorbed in devising schemes whereby Captain Gordon's band might come to grief to heed such small bits of melodrama as falling in love, hopelessly or otherwise.

One night it came to pass that after one of the brief, tremendous storms of wind and rain peculiar to the latitude, Helen answered her brother's hail from the outer darkness, and opened the door to find him and one of the herders holding between them a motionless dead weight, and recognized the white face as Frank Bronson's.

"Is he dead?" she asked, quietly

"I don't know; only stunned, I fancy. Set Sam Lee to heating water and rummaging our flannels. A tree fell as we were coming through the timber and knocked him out of his saddle. What a mercy you are not of the screaming, fainting kind!"

Harry was giving explanations and orders in a sort of running accompaniment that barely vailed his own anxiety. Helen, pale, silent and helpful, obeyed implicitly. When Bronson opened his eyes at last, her face was the first he saw as his swimming vision steadied itself. He put out his hand and she laid hers within it. There was a good deal in the act—she was not a woman prodigal of such expressions. The heavy blue eyes opened with eager inquiry.

"You must be very quiet," she said, with a smile. She did not withdraw her hand, and with a long sigh of relief he turned toward her and fell asleep.

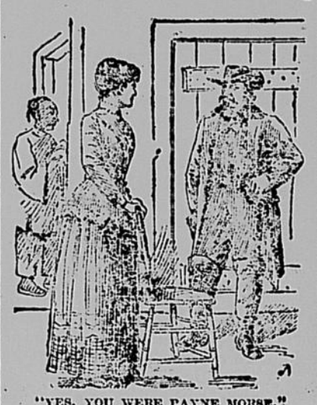
He was out and about his business next day, though in rather a shaky fashion. All day Helen went about with a half guilty, half happy strain of feeling on her heart. As the time came for his return she went and stood before her glass, for the first time, perhaps, in years, with a critical and anxious look at the reflection therein. She was too pale; sorrow and loss had left her face scarred with their traces—what had she to do with love? The fit of self-distrust left a tremor in her manner that even Harry noticed.

"I believe you are living back again," he said. "At this rate, Helen, you'll be a school-girl again before you know it."

Her lips quivered in a painful half smile. He plunged on:

"Did you ever see any one change so, Frank? No, you are not living back; you are going to begin over again, my girl," and he stooped and kissed her.

They were not a demonstrative family, the Tryons. She flushed with a pleased surprise. And dinner being



"YES, YOU WERE PAYNE MORSE."

over, he and Bronson rode away in pursuance of some of their horse-thief plans.

They had not gone many minutes when there came the sharp clatter of a horse's hoofs up to the door, and Bronson flung himself out of the saddle.

"Is it true?" he asked, eagerly.

"It is quite true," slowly and almost solemnly.

"Oh, my darling"—he had her in his arms; she felt his tears on her face, his kisses on her lips—"what have I done to deserve such happiness?"

She clung to him then with a little cry. "O, Frank, every thing failed me once. If that comes again I shall die."

He held her close against his breast.

"It shall never come again," he said, softly.

And then in a minute more he was gone.

All of this out of doors, where any one might have seen and heard every word. But who was there to see in that wide, green, empty world? The silence was absolute. She stood listening to the clank of his horse a little before she went back into the house, thinking with a happy smile how the world had changed.

She sat sewing the next day swinging lazily in her low rocker. Sam Lee was pattering softly about on the bare boards of his kitchen floor. The south wind sweeping through the wide-open door tossed her hair about her forehead. Outside the green and sunny silence seemed rhythmical in its boundlessness.

A shadow fell across the doorway. Helen, looking up, saw a tall man standing there, clad in all respects as the other men of the region were. The wide hat, the blue flannel shirt with its white ornamental stitchings, the jangling spurs and high riding boots were all common enough. But Helen's heart beat a little faster as he addressed her after the stereotyped fashion:

"Are the bosses here?"

"Both are on the range. They will not be home before night."

She had risen to answer him, and stood with her hands on the back of her chair—a little paler than usual, and a growing look of terror in her widening eyes. He had not removed his hat, and his face was heavily bearded. They stood silent for a little space, and then he bared his head with a sudden gesture.

"Helen, don't you know me?"

She neither cried out nor fainted, she stared at him with a fixed horror in her face.

"Yes," she said in a dull sort of way; "you were Payne Morse."

"Were? Do you take me for a ghost? No; I'm all alive. You don't ask me to come in—no matter," crossing the threshold—"no matter, I've something to say, and now's the best time to say it."

He crossed the room and closed the door that led to Sam Lee's domain; she stood watching him with bloodless face and staring eyes.

To be Continued.

ALARMING MORTAL STATISTICS

A Destroying Epidemic Abroad in Our Land.

La Grippe and Its Consequences More Destructive than War and Famine Combined.

Synopsis of a Lecture at the Surgical Hotel by Dr. S. B. Hartman.

Reported for the Press.

It was stated by the great recorder of Jewish history, speaking of the land of Egypt after the seventh plague had been sent upon them: "And there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not some one dead."

Not quite so tragic an utterance is true of our own country at the present time, but certainly it is true that a great plague is abroad in the land; that the first born and last born has been slain in countless households; that parents and infants, without regard to station or circumstances, have fallen a prey to the fell destroyer, La Grippe. Never was there a plague so insidious, so omnipresent, to defy the skill of the physician and the strength of the patient as this pestilence. It does not seem to spread like an ordinary epidemic; it seems to spring from the ground spontaneously everywhere at once. It finds its victims at mid-day; or, like the destroying angel in Egypt, it unsheathes its sword to strike the unwary asleep in the dark watches of the night. It enters the hovels of wretchedness and poverty, and easily crosses the threshold of wealth and luxury. Doctors seem to be wholly unable to prevent its onset, to stay its ravishes, or mitigate its consequences. Is there no balm in Gilead? No succor for the oppressed?

Without hesitation or fear of successful contradiction I answer: there is a preventive for those who have remained, as yet, untouched with this disease, a cure for those who are already its victims, and a complete and permanent restoration for those who have lately escaped its clutches with weakened and deranged bodies from which recovery seems impossible. To those who have thus far escaped this dreadful ailment, but are trembling with constant fear of it, I desire to say that a tablespoonful of Pe-ru-na, taken before each meal, is absolutely reliable as a preventive against La Grippe; and no one need have any fear of an attack of this disease so long as this treatment is continued. It is absolute recklessness, for which there is little or no excuse, for any one, during the unsettled weather at least, to omit to take this precaution. To those who are already attacked by this disease I would advise: At the appearance of the first symptoms treatment should be begun at once, and keep strictly to the house for a few days.

No treatment, however effectual it may be, will always prevent quite a long siege with this disease, but no other medicinal treatment is necessary than Pe-ru-na. The directions, as they are given on the bottle, are more applicable to chronic diseases, and it is advisable, during the acute stages of the disease, to take smaller doses, but oftener. I would direct a tablespoonful of Pe-ru-na every two hours for adults, and a correspondingly less dose for children, until the acute stage is ended. There are a great multitude of people in this land who have [illegible] health as a result [illegible] have recovered from an attack [illegible] find themselves with weakened [illegible] deranged digestion, and with b[illegible] little of their former powers. [illegible] is no disease known to man that [illegible] the system in such an outrageous [illegible] exasperating condition. The student finds it is [illegible] return to his books, the [illegible] man to his routine of [illegible] the working man [illegible] anything like their [illegible] even worse with the [illegible] devotee of fashion, [illegible] employments make recuperation slower. For this class of sufferers Pe-ru-na is a specific, and I do not hesitate to guarantee that if anyone will take Pe-ru-na according to the following directions that in a few weeks they will be entirely restored to their accustomed health: Add two ounces of rock [illegible] to each bottle of Pe-ru-na before [illegible] Take a tablespoonful before each [illegible] and at bed-time. Gradually inc[illegible] this dose until, at the end of one mo[illegible] you are taking two tablespoonfuls [illegible] dose. This dose should be conti[illegible] until every vestige of the symp[illegible] disappear.

Anyone desiring further partic[illegible] should write. The Pe-ru-na [illegible] Manufacturing Co. of Columbu[illegible] for a free copy of The Family [illegible] No. 2—a most admirable tre[illegible] Grippe, acute and chro[illegible] coughs, colds, a[illegible] diseases of wi[illegible]