STEALING DIMPLES.

"I was going to kiss the the dimples from out the little cheeks.
Where they ripple and they dance every time she laughs or speaks;
She said I should't do it, but I held her fast and tight,
And kissed and kissed the rosy little face with all my might.

And then a pair of eyes twinkled very gravely out.
And a pair of little lips gathered up a doeful pout,
With little drooping corners—no wonder, you will say,
To see such bonny, bonny dimples stolen all away.

I thought I should have kept them for just a little while;
But little teeth were soon peeping through a little smile,
And then a laugh like sunshine was over her face,
Ane every dimple I had stolen was back again in place."

"That Tramp."

"Wy, Ella, child, what have you been doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Winters, raising her hands and eyebrows in mild surprise as a slight, blue-eyed girl entered the breakfast room with a huge armful of flowers. Great crimson roses mingled their dark loveliness with pure white buds, and rich velvet pansies lay half hidden in a tangle of heliotrope and smilax.

"These are for Willie, mamma," replied her daughter, as she laid her precious burden on a table, and, picking out a yellow rosebud, which well deserved its name, "gold of Ohir," pinned it lovingly on her mother's bosom—an act which immediately disarmed her of all anger, Ella's occasional depredations among the flowers being a cause of serious disquiet to the good old lady.

Mrs. Winters had been a widow for many years, her husband—a California pioneer—having, in mining parlance, "passed in his checks," leaving her in comfortable circumstances. Mother and daughter lived in quiet seclusion, seldom appearing in society, and Ella, at eighteen, was as sweet and innocent as the flowers, which verily seemed kith and kin of her own.

They had few relatives. Mrs. Winters sometimes spoke of a cousin who lived away up in the mining districts, whose family she had never seen, and Ella was secretly in love with a handsome, bold face, which looked at her saucily from an old deguerreotype case upon the mantel piece, whose laughing mouth she had often furtively kissed, and wondered if she should ever see him. And now, oh, joyful news, there was a letter from John Gaynor saying that his eldest boy, Willie, wonld pay them a visit. "I trust, dear Margaret," ran the letter, "that he will be the link which shall again unite the chain of our old-time friendship." Ella was very happy. At last she would see her girlish ideal. To her fervid imagination he must be a pleasant realization of the "honest miner," whose primitive habits and manner are so graphically described by Twain and Miller.—To-day was undoubtedly the very happiest in her life. The sun never seemed so bright, the very flowers appeared to have gained more radiant colors, and certainly emitted a stronger and sweeter perfume. The glamour of loving expectation enveloped and beautified all things in her eyes. This post is sure to bring a letter apprising them of the time his train would arrive. Ella pays but little attention to her breakfast, and frequently casts an expectant look toward the window. She is awarded at last by the appearance of the gray-coated postman, whose homely but goodnatured face looks positively handsome in her eyes this particular morning. With a dexterous twist of finger and thumb, begotten of long practice, he sends a letter flying up the garden path, and as Ella runs lightly to meet him it lands softly and significantly against her lips and drops at her feet, when she picks it up with a blush which puts all the pretentious pink flowers in the garden to shame.

The letter is for her this time, the first she has ever received from her cousin, and her hand trembles as she tears open the envelope. She walks back slowly through the garden, and as Mrs. Winters comes to the window, she is just in time to see the joyous look die out of the bright face, and an expression of deep disappointment settle upon it.

"Oh, mamma, Willie says he cannot leave for a month yet. I'm so sorry."

There was a touch of cadence after the "sorry" which would have been very sweet music to Mr. Willie Gaynor's ears could he have heard it. A big sigh accompanied her words as she looked regreatfully at the flowers which had been gathered especially for him, and which now seemed to drop their lovely heads in unison with sorrow.

But young hearts are made of strong material, and blithsome Ella was soon absorbed in her household duties, and now not a shade of trouble appeared upon the smiling face.

Let not my readers find fault with Miss Ella when I disclose the fact that she had a strong penchant for pet dogs. They were her playmates and faithful protectors in childhood, and all the dignity of young ladyhood lacked power to wean her affections from them now. Great shaggy fellows with affectionate brown eyes were her special favorites, but every canine, from the puny pug to the slim and graceful greyhound, found a place in her affections. They had, as she herself expressed it, "afforded solid comfort and consolation," all her life, and she never had the least occasion to find fault with them until to-day, when her most particular pet covered her with shame and humiliation.

This is how it happened: Donning her large sunbat, and calling her pet Nigger and a similar satellite named Ruby, she sailed forth for her usual evening walk, which eventually ended in a race or scramble on the way home. All went well until Nigger encountered a causual acquaintance in the shape of a a pugilistic looking black cur, who was evidently on the warpath. He snuffed around Nigger, which proceeding must in dog language have meant a challenge, for Nigger, to his enternal disgrace, immediately threw down the gloves, so to speak (lending the while a very unwilling ear to the agonized entreaties of his young mistress), wavered a moment and then went for his opponant with a vim that promised to make things lively all around. Ruby made a few spasmodic dashes toward the combatants, but deeming prudence the better part of valor in this instance, sat down at a safe distance and watched the fight uneasily. Miss Ella was in despair, and looked around in vain for assistance; espying a stick she picked it up and poked aimlessly in futile effort to separate the angry animals. She had just given up the attempt when, to her great relief, a man appeared on the scene. He was grimy and fagged, but she took no notice of that, and begged him earnestly to save her pet from the monster, who was seemingly bent on devouring him. An amused smile flickered around the man's mouth for an instant as he looked at her, then, grasping a dog with each hand, he flung one of them clear over the fence, and was about to fling the other in an opposite direction when Ella grasped him by the coat sleeve and claimed her pet, all dirty and disgraced as he was.

"I'm sure I'm very grateful, indeed," stammered our distressed heroine, as she held out her hand toward the stranger with some money. To her astonishment, he took no notice of her action, and, lifting his hat with a grace which would have done honor to a Chesterfield, walked quickly out of sight.

A few days after, that identical tramp—in truth, he looked a typical specimen of the tramp, from his shirt button, conspicuous by its absence, his dirty shoes—called at the cottage. Now, Mrs. Winter's pet aversion was a tramp; the very name suggested visions of murder, fire and robbery. When, perchance, she did give employment to such people, it was under the pressure of some stern necessity, and always with fear and trepidation

'He wanted some kind of work, m'm;" that was the tenor of Jane's message from the kitchen. A hurried and anxious consultation with that ancient and worthy domestic, disclosed the fact that the "kindling was most out." Relying upon the assurance of the intrepid Jane, who promised to keek an eye on him, she was told to show him to the wood pile. Later on, Jane set him down to dinner in the kitchen, and, acting upon pre-arrangement, took the liberty of giving Mrs. Winters a wink, whereupon that wise and cautious woman ensconced herself behind a convenient ambush, and proceeded to study Mr. Tramp.

For the first time in her life, her opinion wavered. The cap which half concealed his face when she had first seen him, was now laid aside, disclosing to view a broad, white forehead, surrounded by a handsome crop of brown curls. His face was sunburnt, but there was no mistaking the beauty in every line of it—a youthful face with not even the shadow of a mustache to hide the clear-cut refined mouth. He came and saw, and was almost conquered. There could be nothing bad, she argued, in that comely young face. She had seen honest brown eyes like these before, somewhere. He certainly could not be one of the class which she detested so much. Yes, she would get him to give the flower garden a hand, also.

They are busy every day now among the flowers and weeds, Ella and Mrs. Winters taking a hand. The tramp proves a valuable acquisition. His taste and knowledge about matters horticultural surprise them. He preserves a stolid silence except when spoken to, and to Ella's surprise never once recalled the incident of the dog fight. Owing to her secluded life, Ella Winters' ideas of men and things were mostly gathered through the medium of the modern novel; therefore she could not be blamed if her imaginative mind found ample exercise in the study of this brown-eyed youth who so badly played the role of tramp. His age might be twenty-one or twenty-two, and an expression that crept over his face sometimes in a furitive manner, reminded her of the pictured face upon the mantlepiece.

"What do you think of our gardener, now, mamma?" inquired Ella, over her teacup one morning.

"My dear, I think he is just splendid," answered her mother, looking radiantly through her glasses at Ella.

"What do you think I found him doing yesterday,?" went on Ella, with a peculiar smile.

Mrs. Winters looked up now with a shade of alarm upon her face. Was she wrong after all to allow herself to be so so easily divested of her fears? But her anxiety was allayed by the smile upon Ella's face.

"I surprised him reading this mamma," holding up a pocket edition of "Les Miserables," in triumph. "In French, too," continued Ella, nodding her little head in a wise manner.

Ella is helping him to tie up some rose bushes to-day, and tries to draw him into converastion. His usually reticent manner changes a little, and he astonishes her by his knowledge of books and their authors. His language and manner evince the greatest taste and culture but he soon checks himself, as if by an effort, and relapses into almost sullen silence. To her surprise he came to the parlor window one day and presented, her with an exquisite half blown rose, and she accepted it from the handsome vagabond with as much grace and thanks as if it had been given by a prince—ay, and blushed, too, under his gaze, as she pinned it to her bosom. Willie Gaynor is expected in a week, but there is little said about his coming, and Ella seems to have lost much of the fervor with which she had awaited his prompt arrival a month ago. A great change had come "o'er the spirit of her dream" in that one short month, and she dared not question her heart, which even now could tell her a strange story could it give voice to the truth.

Mrs. Winters, whose fears had been sleeping all this time began to feel some slight qualms of sconcience, and was glad when the work of improving the garden was nearly at an end. Just now she is holding a serious consultation with Jane in the kitchen, regarding the advisability of dispensing with the "hired man."

"Things are in the best of order, Jane averred, winding up with an emphatic assurance of his being to her mind a perfect gentleman, never asking a question, and always speaking to her (Jane) as if she were a "a born lady."

The warmth of the girl's defense showed plainly enough that he had captured that side of the citadel.

Willie Gaynor's arrival is close at hand. Ella was restless and nervous to-day, and resorted to the invariable panacea for all her troubles—the dogs. Calling Niggers and Ruby she held up a warning forefinger, and administered a lecture upon the evils arising from fighting with strangers. Nigger and Ruby winked in an apologetic manner, and wagged their tails in a way suggestive of comprehension and compliance, and Ella bravely tried to divest her mind of tramps, troubles, and cousins for the nonce. She walked quickly, her nerves at the highest tension, until she became oblivious of time or distance. Even Nigger and Ruby showed signs of weariness, and looked up appealingly to their young mistress, who as yet showed no signs of returning. She was walking down a steep incline, an old waterhouse, where rough stones and fragments of rock made every step hazardous. She was in deep thought, and, taking little heed of her surroundings, stepped upon a bowlder, which looked firmly enough imbedded in the ground. It turned treacherously, and she was thrown heavily forward. In attempting to rise she found to her dismay that her ankle was sprained.

There was little prospect of help in that desolate place, and she wondered despairingly what would become of her. In her extremity she clung to Nigger, who whined piteously in sympathy with her. As if he realized the helplessness of the case, he soon changed his whine to a dismal and prolonged howl, which was—had he known it—the most effectual mode of assistance he could have rendered, for it luckily reached the ears of a solitary person who was about to betake himself to his quarters for the night. For a moment he stood still. Again came the melancholy wail, this time more distinctly on the night breeze. me started quickly in the direction ofHe sound, and was soon beside our unlucky heroine, who looked up gratefully to find the tramp bending over her.

"Oh! I'm so glad you came," she began brokenly. "I think I should have died here all alone."

"You are hurt?" he asked with tende

compassion in his voice, as he knelt beside her and lifted her to an easier position with a womanly tenderness in his touch that filled her with a sense of rest and protection. She was absolutely obliged to lean against him. No thought of her compromised dignity ever entered her head. Looking up at him wonderingly, she noted now a great contrast between him and her whilom gardener.

Together they discussed the best means of getting home. She suggested that he go to the cottage for the basket carriage, to which he agreed after some remonstrance. Then she illogically refused to be alone, and finally consented to be carried home in his arms.

If there is any one virtue in this mundane sphere of ours sufficient in itself to make a saint, it is the self-abnegation of the ordinary young man who could bear such a precious burden for fully two miles, and not tighten his hold even the smallest perceptible bit. Whether Ella took this fact into consideration or not did not transpire, but when he laid her tenderly and almost reverently upon her mother's lounge a little later she thanked him with a look in her eyes which spoke plainer than words her deep respect for him.

Willie Gayor is coming to-morrow. Ella is confined to her bed. Mrs. Winters feels anxious and worried. Next morning Jane says the "hired man" is not to be found, but at the same time declars that everything is in the best of order. Mrs. Winters draws a sigh of relief, and Ella says nothing. No one suggests a fresh flower for the parlor and there is every thing but a spirit of gladness in the house.

They have to carry Ella to the parlor lounge, where they prop her up with pillows. She looks like a sad, sweet picture, with her golden brown hair floating loosely, and forming a frame work for the fair young face.

At five o'clock a grinding of wheels was heard on the gravel outside, and a minute later Mrs. Winters was holding out both hands to a tall, gray-haired man—Willie's father. The greeting over, he looked around as if expecting to see some one else, and at last, to every one's surprise, asked, "Where is Willie?"

"Just what I was going to ask you?" replied Mrs. Winter.

"I suppose the young rascal will want an extension of leave," continued Mr. Gaynor, not seeming to notice Mrs. Winter's remark, and with a sly glance at Ella, who returned his glance with one of blank bewilderment, and while they were all looking askance at each other, the door bell received a very peremptory tug, which nearly startled them to their feet.

"That's his ring," said Mr. Gaynor; "he always will turn it into a fire alarm."

Jane opened the door promptly, but stood rooted to the spot in astonishment as a young man stalked past her, and went, sans ceremony, toward the parlor door.

Then, turning to her domain in a sort of stupor, which took away even the power of thought, she sank helpless into a chair. Meanwhile the cause of her perplexity was endeavoring to explain how his irrepressible love of adventure had prompted him to adopt the role of tramp, and try to look as contrite as the laugh in his mischievous brown eyes would permit.

"I should have cautioned you against him, Margaret," said Mr. Gaynor, trying to look severe. "I might have guessed that he would play some trick on you. Even his own father is not free from his jokes," continued the old man, trying to concentrate a ferocious glare on the culprit.

Mrs. Winters protested valiantly that "she knew him all the time." As for Ella, she just flashed one reproachful glance at him, and then buried a very crisom face among the pillows.

Willie Gaynor sat down beside her, made an unsuccessful effort to obtain her hand, and tried to read her face, which was not an easy task owing to the different feelings which had been depicted thereon during the last half hour. But her heart, which had been eddying round in distress for the past month, was fast settling down to a sense of rest, and a great peace was stealing upon her. A little throb of vengeance marred this happiness. She registered a silent and determined little vow to have satisfaction for the joke, of which she had clearly been the victim.

"He shall never, never know that I cared for him; he shall not think that I fell in love with a tramp," she thought, with a determination which was clearly emphasized by the firm closing of the small, red lips, and her face grew crimson at her own thoughts.

"You will not send me away?" said Willie; in a low tone, as he tried to take her hand. "I claim pardon on the merits of at least one good turn. What would have become of you if I had not been playing my role the evening of your accident? Even tramps can be useful sometimes," he added, with mock humility."

Her color came and went beneath his glance. She was sorely nonplussed—vanquished.

"Shall I go home with father to-morrow, Ella?" he inquired, looking straight into the eyes which vainly sought to evade him.

"You ought to," she replied, petulantly. "You've lost a whole month for nothing, and scared us almost to death into the bargain."

"I don't think it was time lost," he answered, musingly, half to himself. "And I think I saved one little girl from dire destruction."

"What will people think?" she went on, not deigning to notice his last words. "What will Jane say?" Here a faint smile betrayed itself around the corners of her mouth as the extreme ludicrousness of the situation became more apparent.

Young Mr. Gaynor made a desperate effort to assume a contrite expression, but at this juncture he laughed outright.

"As for Jane," he answered, "I think I have a stout ally there, and am sure that she, at least, will have none the less welcome for me."

There is little more to be said. The mischief-loving tramp had so far won his way into all hearts at the cottage, that he did not leave it until he carried away the owner of the most rebellious heart but withal the most lovable one.

DICKENS' DEMISE.

His Last Moments Touchingly Described by His Daughter.

Miss Dickens thus describes her fathers last hours:

On Monday morning the sisters were to leave for London. Charles Dickens had an intense dislike to, and shrinking from, all leave taking. He never used the word "good by" if he could help it, and generally left us for any short absence with a kiss or nod. But on this day his daughter Kate said:

"I must say good by to papa," and went over to the chalet where he was busy writing. As a rule when he was busy he would just put up his cheek to be kissed. But this day he took his daughter in his arms, saying:

"God bless you, Kate!"

And there among the branches of the trees, and the birds and butterflies and scent of flowers, she left him. All that day and the next he was well, but soon tired—an unusual thing for him. On Wednesday morning he was in excellent spirits, talking to "auntie" about his book, "Edwin Drood," and as he was to go to his office in London the next day he would work in the chalet and take no drive or walk until the evening. He once came to the house in the middle of the day, smoked a cigar in the conservatory, which "improvement" he took intense delight in, and went back to the chalet. It was not until he and his sister-in-law, the only member of the family home just then, sat down to dinner that she noticed a change in his color and expression. She asked him if he was ill, and he said:

"Yes, very ill; I have been very ill for the last hour." She was going to send immediately for the doctor, but he forbade her, saying that he would go on with the dinner, and to London afterward. He struggled against the fit that was coming on, and she, becoming seriously alarmed, entreated him to come and sit down.

"Yes, on the ground," he answered, quite distinctly, and, on her going to assist him, he slid from her arms and fell on the floor. A couch was brought into the dining room, on which he was laid. Telegrams were sent to his children and to his London doctor, and a messenger sent for the doctor at Rochester, and the faithful friend and companion set alone, for a time watching. The two daughters and Mr. Beard arrived that evening, the eldest son the next morning, and his son Henry from Cambridge the evening of the 9th—too late, alas! We watched all through the night and all through the next day, but he never once opened his eyes or showed one sign of consciousness. It was better so for him. The last "good by" would have caused him such pain and sorrow. But we could tell the moment—ten minutes past 6 o'clock—when his spirit took flight. A shadow stole across his face, a tear rolled down his cheek, he gave a deep sigh, and he was gone from us.

Last Week We Published

The annual announcement of the YOUTH'S COMPANION. No other illustrated weekly paper attempts to present its subscribers with such a variety of attractive and entertaining reading. This is the reason why it has 340,000 subscribers—the largest circulation in the United States. Every family should take it. By sending your subscription now, with $1.75, you will receive it free to Jan. 1, 1886, and a full years subscription from that date.

The unkindest thing that has recently been said about the legal profession is embodied in the remark made in a French provincial court the other day to a lawyer who was called as a witness: "Look here, Brother X," he said, "just lose sight of your professional character for a moment and tell us the truth."

"Rough on Caughs."

Ask for "Rough on Caughs," for caughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

The great advantage of being rich is that a man can wear his old clothes without exciting remark.

PILES, Itching or Bleeding, relieved and permanently cured by Cole's Carboli salve. Get the Genuine. 25 cents and 50 cents at druggists or by mail. J. W. COLE & Co., Prop's, Black River Falls, Wis.

The man who went to the country for "rest and change" says the waiters got most of his change and the landlord the rest.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

MEN look slovenly with run-over heels. Lyon's Heal Stiffners keep boots straight. 25c. a pair.

Nothing tries the patience of a man more than to listen to a hacking cough, which he knows could easily be cured by investing 25 cents in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

There Shall be no Alps.

When Napoleon talked of invading Italy one of his officers said: "But, sire, remember the Alps." To an ordinary man these would have seemed simply insurmountable, but Napoleon responded eagerly: "There shall be no Alps." So the famous Simplon pass was made. Disease, like a mountain, stands in the way of fame, fortune and honor to many who by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" might be healed and so the mountain would disappear. It is specific for all blood, chronic lung and liver diseases, such as consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs,) pimples, blotches, eruptions, tumors, swellings fever-sores and kindred complaints.

Two steamers will navigate the Missouri between St. Louis and Atchison regularly next season.

Despise Not the Day of Small Things.

Little things may help a man to rise—a bent pin in an easy chair for instance. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are small things, pleasant to take, and they cure sick headaches, relieve torpid livers and do wonders. Being purely vegetable they cannot harm any one. All druggists.

Only about 800 of the 450 dentists in the state have registered; therefore, fully 100 now practicing will be barred from further doing so by law.

Save time and money by using Stewart's Healing Powder for cuts and sores on animals. Sold everywhere, 15 and 50 cts. a box. Try it.

Patrick H. Coney, secretary of the Grant monument association, reports the receipt of five subscriptions to the fund from Kirksville, Mo.

"Rough on Pain."—Liquid.

"Rough on Pain" Liquid, 20c. Quick cure. Neuralgia, rheumatism, aches, pains, headache, cramps, colic. "Rough on Pain" Plaster, 15c.

She—"I don't like my bonnet now that I've got it. It doesn't match my hair at all."

He—"You ought to have thought of that before you bought it."

She—"My bonnet?"

He—"No, your hair."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

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The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

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"Rough on Catarrh"

corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases; also unequalled as a gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

The Purcell house at Wellington was burned down recently. An eighteen months old infant was rescued heroically from the second story by an onlooker.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

Wendell *Champion:* There are many old soldiers in this part of the country, and we believe it would be of mutual benefit to organize a post of the Grand Army of the Republic at Wendell. We believe a post of at least fifty members could be organized here in a short time with very little effort—one that would be both pleasant and profitable

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Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
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Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

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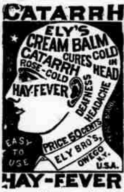

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Listen to Your Wife.
The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 5th, 1883, says:
At one of the
"Windows"
Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendroms and great masses of May blossoms!!! "There was an interesting group.
It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so
Paralyzed!!!
That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.
This refers to my case.
I was first attacked twelve years ago with "Locomoter Ataxy"
(A paralytic disease of nerve fiber rarely ever cured)
and was for several years barely able to get about.
And for the last five years not able to attend to my business, although
Many things have been done for me.
The last experiment being Nerve stretching.
Two years ago I was voted into the
Home for incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.
I am no "Advocate;" "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines!
And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—
Consented!!
I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could
"Walk!
So started across the floor and back.
I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any
"Stick!"
Or Support.
I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester
"Royal Exchange"
For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going into the room on Thursday last. Very gratefully yours, JOHN BLACKBURN, MANCHESTER, Eng., Dec. 24, 1883.
Two years later am perfectly well.

Prosecute the Swindler!

If when you call for Hop Bitters the druggist hands out anything but "*Hop Bitters*" with a green cluster of Hops on white label, shun that druggist as you would a viper; and if he has taken your money for a bogus stuff, indict him for the fraud and sue him for damages for the swindle, and we will reward you liberally for the conviction.
See U. S. Court injunction against C. D. Warner, Reading, Mich., and all his salesmen, agents, druggists, and other imitators.

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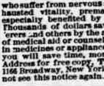

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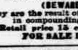

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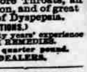

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