

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER III.

Allan Norwood, with a few hardy adventurers, had floated down the Ohio and Kentucky in boats and reached, after encountering innumerable perils, the vicinity of the new settlements. Leaving his comrades to refresh themselves after nights and days of toil and danger, our hero took his rifle and sallied forth to explore the country a little and learn how near they might be to Boonesborough and Harrodsburg, when he accidentally became a party to the scene between Rosalthe Alston and Le Bland.

Allan was the son of a wealthy farmer and received a very liberal education. Naturally bold and adventurous, he felt a strong repugnance to any of the learned professions. He longed for a life of activity. Accounts were daily reaching Ohio, through various channels, of the offerings and romantic adventures of Daniel Boone, Benjamin Logan, John Harrod and other pioneers; and those remarkable stories made Allan conceive the bold design of penetrating to that wild region, to share in the excitement and danger of a backwoodsman's life.

This resolution being formed and a plan of operation matured, the requisite material, in the shape of enterprising young men, was speedily found to cooperate with him, and the perilous undertaking was achieved.

As Allan walked toward Boonesborough with its daring founder he could not refrain from observing him with deep interest; and he truly appeared to him the most remarkable man of the age; for he had explored alone the mighty forests of Kentucky, braving singly the fury of the exasperated savages, who followed his footsteps day and night to destroy him and prevent him from carrying back to his countrymen the history of the most delightful country under heaven. But thus far he had escaped the deadly hostility of the wily savages, and the man of sleepless nights and weary days, ordained by God to carry life and civilization into the distant wilderness, now stood beside our hero with firm foot and lofty brow.

When they reached Boonesborough Norwood paused to examine the manner in which it was constructed. It consisted of a dozen cabins built of heavy logs, ingeniously interlaced at the ends, and separated from each other by partitions of the same material. These cabins formed one side of the fort, being highest on the outside, the roofs inclining inward. Strong stockades were raised around these at suitable distance, and in the angles of the cabins block-houses of the most substantial kind were erected. These projected about twenty fathoms beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades, and were amply provided with loopholes. Allan, after making these observations, remarked: "That the whole must have been the work of considerable labor."

"You are right, young man, but it was not only a work of much labor, but a work often interrupted by sudden attacks of the savages. It reminded me of Nehemiah repairing the walls of Jerusalem, when his workmen wrought with one hand and held the spear with the other," replied the pioneer; and then led the way to a large gate of slabs, upon which he struck a few blows with the butt of his rifle. Directly footsteps were heard, and a voice asked:

"Who dar?"

"It is one of our colored fellows," remarked Boone to Allan, and then replied to the negro's reasonable inquiry: "It is me, Andrew."

"I doesn't know any sich white feller," was the immediate response.

"Come, don't keep us waiting; hurry," rejoined Boone.

"Dat you, Massa Boone?" asked Andrew, in more respectful tone.

The forester replied that it was; the negro opened the door, and the parties entered the inclosure. Allan glanced at Andrew while he was closing the gate, and perceived that he was considerably advanced in life, his woolly hair being gray with age, though his figure was not bowed by the weight of years.

"A faithful, but rather eccentric fellow is Andrew," observed Captain Boone. He then lifted the rude latch and ushered the young hunter into his cabin. A respectable-looking female met him on the threshold, whom he introduced to Allan as Mrs. Boone. A young woman of eighteen or twenty he presented as his daughter Elizabeth. Norwood had entertained a hope that the maiden whom he had seen in the morning might prove to be the daughter of the famous pioneer, but when his gaze rested upon Elizabeth Boone, although she was fair, he could not so far master his feelings as to realize no disappointment at the discovery. A lad of about fifteen years of age was cleaning the tube of a rifle, and was the forester's son.

Captain Boone informed his family that his guest, who was from the State of Ohio, had come to examine the country, and hoped he would receive such hospitality as their poor dwelling could afford; to which Mrs. Boone responded in an appropriate and kindly manner, and set about making preparations for dinner.

While the meal was being prepared, Allan proceeded to relate the particulars of the morning's adventure, to which his host listened with earnest attention.

"Did you hear any portion of the conversation that passed between the young woman and the Frenchman?" he asked.

"I am quite certain that I heard the latter refer to some danger of an imminent and pressing kind that menaced this settlement, or the neighboring one."

"And you say, moreover, that he wished to extort a promise of some kind from her?" continued Boone.

"It was that which caused me to interfere in her behalf; and the promise of secrecy I doubt not had reference to the danger which threatens you," rejoined Allan.

"This matter may be of the greatest importance to us, Mr. Norwood. Were there any names mentioned, that you can remember?" resumed the forester.

"Yes, a name was mentioned which I

now recollect. Du Quesne, I think it was."

Daniel Boone sprang from his seat with a sudden and angry impulse.

"Du Quesne, did you say, sir?" he exclaimed. "Then there is indeed danger, for he is an instrument to do us harm. The Indians will rally around him to crush us. I have heard his name; he acts under the authority of the British posts, and has been active in distributing arms and ammunition among the savage tribes."

"Allow me to inquire who this Le Bland is who came so near sending a bullet through my body?" rejoined Allan. "That question is not easily answered, young man. I need information on the subject myself. He came among us about four weeks ago. He has managed to make himself peculiarly agreeable to Esquire Alston, and that he loves his handsome daughter Rosalthe is no secret among us. The girl fears him. What the secret of his influence is, I have not been able to discover."

"Does Mr. Alston favor the pretensions of the Frenchman?" asked Allan, earnestly.

"Most decidedly. Esquire Alston was formerly a man of wealth, and could indulge in the luxuries of refined life. He also has indubitable claims to a noble ancestry. He married into a distinguished family, and his daughter received an education far superior to that which usually falls to the lot of young ladies. Having lost most of his wealth by an unfortunate investment, he turned his attention to this new country, and had the courage to dare a pioneer's life, but if Esquire Alston has any weak point, it is that his sweet daughter should marry a gentleman."

The conversation was interrupted at that moment by the entrance of Simon Kenton, a man whose name is honorably mentioned in the annals of Kentucky history. His face had a frank and honest expression which served as a passport to the good opinion of Allan. The brief ceremony of introduction had scarcely been finished before another individual made his appearance in the cabin of the pioneer. This was Joel Logston, a man of extraordinary muscular power, and of whose wonderful exploits tradition is yet eloquent. He was followed by one of the largest and ugliest dogs that ever aspired to the friendship of a human being.

On account of the explosive and fiery nature of his disposition his master had bestowed upon him the name of Vesuvius. Vesuvius was a snappish and fretful cur, given to sudden, violent and dangerous eruptions of the lava of wrath, when it became imperatively necessary for all within a certain area to withdraw themselves speedily to escape instant torment with tooth and nail. This ungente mastiff always walked about six inches behind Joel Logston, except when engaged in his favorite pursuit of hunting, for on these occasions he was invariably in advance of everything in the shape of quadruped or biped.

Joel Logston was quite as celebrated for his marvelous narrations and extravagant style as for his physical strength. No man of the three settlements could tell with such incomparable self-possession and coolness such stories as he did. With this strong propensity to exaggeration was combined a rough drollery and good nature that made him at all times a very agreeable companion. If Joel had any malice in his heart it manifested itself in putting Andrew in mortal fear by causing Vesuvius to show his teeth and draw in such a threatening manner toward him. Nor was Andrew the only subject of these curish persecutions. Mr. Alston's colored man, Esquire Ebony, was another martyr to Joel and his mastiff.

While Allan was partaking of the substantial hospitality of the pioneer in the form of excellent venison and other wholesome and palatable viands, Logston amused all the parties by relating one of his recent adventures, in which he asserted, with much modesty of manner, that he had no doubt slain fourteen Indians with his own hand, besides doing to death a litter of bears of six months, with their sire and dam. For the truth of this reasonable statement he appealed to Vesuvius, who answered with a short, sharp and expressive yelp, and then fixed his fiery eyes upon Andrew in such a threatening manner that the latter retreated to the farthest corner of the room, rolling his eyes in great alarm.

Simon Kenton, though a braver man in the hour of danger never held a rifle so silent and reserved as a young maiden; but Allan observed that his eyes sought the neat figure of Lizzie Boone, as she moved lightly about the dwelling.

CHAPTER IV.

Rosalthe returned to the fort much perplexed and agitated by the singular conduct of Le Bland. Notwithstanding the high place which he occupied in the estimation of her father, she had never valued him as an acquaintance; on the contrary, she had never felt at ease in his society. The cause of her aversion to the insinuating Frenchman she could not herself understand fully; but it was not the less genuine for that reason. Encouraged by her father's good opinion, he had made declarations at various times of the nature and tendency of which she could not affect to misapprehend. Rosalthe, on all such occasions, had given no word of hope, and with a careful regard to his feelings endeavored to make known her sentiments without wounding his pride.

The conversation which had transpired on the bank of the river appeared abundantly confirmatory of her fears and suspicions. To the young stranger who had so opportunely appeared to assist her she felt truly grateful; but the reflection that she had possibly involved him in a quarrel with a dangerous man added much to the anxiety of her mind. She was on the point of making known the state of her feelings to her father, in respect to Le Bland, when he com-

menced to speak highly in his praise, dwelling particularly upon his gentle manners and the frankness which characterized him in every act in life.

"I esteem him," added Mr. Alston, "for his numerous good qualities—for the kindness of his heart, for the dignity and refinement of his manners and for all those noble traits which constitute true manhood."

Rosalthe felt her blood mounting tumultuously to her cheeks, and tears of regret filling her eyes. She was much pained that a man of her father's discrimination should be so egregiously deceived in the Frenchman's character. But she was misapprehended; for Alston, observing her confusion, attributed it wholly to another cause, and remarked, with a meaning smile, that "she need not be confused about the matter, for he fully appreciated her feelings and should not reproach her for anything that might have passed between Le Bland and herself, of whose honorable intentions he was entirely persuaded."

And to make Rosalthe's position more mortifying, Mrs. Alston observed in relation to the subject of her husband's eulogy: "That he was a very pleasant gentleman, and she hoped her daughter would be so fortunate as never to form any acquaintances less respectable; and she should not object to her preferences when they were so judiciously made, as in the present instance."

Mr. Alston then hinted that he was a man of wealth and was about to make a large purchase of land lying on the opposite bank of the Kentucky river. He stated that the idea was a good one, and would prove exceedingly profitable, as it would doubtless quadruple in a few years the capital invested. Rosalthe perceived at once that her father's mind was filled with a splendid bubble, which would burst sooner or later and end in a cruel disappointment. Whether her fears magnified the danger and trial in reserve for her or herself, time only could prove; but it was plainly apparent to her that the wily Frenchman exercised almost unbounded influence over her father's events.

It appeared to her that the time had come to speak boldly and reveal all that her promise did not oblige her to lock within her own bosom. She could assure her father that he had completely mistaken her sentiments in regard to Le Bland, and that she disliked him with more real intensity than she was supposed to love him.

While thoughts of this nature were passing rapidly through her mind, the door was opened by Ebony, the colored servant, and the subject of her thoughts entered the cabin. He glanced quickly from one to the other, greeting them with his accustomed snavity. He took a seat near Mr. Alston and conversed with him in that peculiar, agreeable, easy and confidential manner which had so won upon his esteem.

Rosalthe could overhear but little of what was said, but she often caught such words as "land, loans, investment," which induced her to believe that the land speculation was the one under discussion.

Le Bland finally arose and approached our heroine and said to her in a low voice:

"Pardon my earnestness this morning. My desire to save you from what appeared a pressing danger made me, I fear, somewhat rude. I am happy to say now that I was not correctly informed in regard to Captain Du Quesne and his intentions. You may sleep in safety, fair Rosalthe, and rest assured that there is one who will shield you from Indian cruelty."

"Then you free me from my position?" returned Rosalthe.

"No, gentle Rosalthe," he answered, in his most engaging tones. "I cannot absolve you from your promise; for speaking of the subject might produce unnecessary alarm. Moreover, I design to make further investigation of the matter and learn the real extent of the danger, if any exists, your father shall be duly and properly informed of everything. Take your accustomed walks as though nothing had happened, being careful not to go too far away from the fort, and I promise not to interrupt or you, or speak in relation to any subject not agreeable to you. Deal with me fairly and truly, and you shall not have an occasion to regret it. I assure you."

(To be continued.)

Reason of It.

Gebhart—What, so hard at work just before Christmas?

Carson—That's just why. My wife threatens to buy me some absurdly expensive Christmas present, so I'm making a little extra working overtime.

Undoubtedly.

Her—What a pity it is that women cannot do the proposing instead of the men.

Him—What would be the result?

Her—Fewer engagements and more marriages, I imagine.

On the Banks of the Styx.

Shade of Noah—Say, Sol, how did you manage to acquire your reputation for wisdom?

Shade of Solomon—By not attempting to give my wives satisfactory answers to their questions.

His Qualifications.

Senior Partner—I think that office boy of ours would make a good policeman.

Junior Partner—Because why?

Senior Partner—Because he's never around when wanted.

A Dubious Compliment.

"What do you think of Miss Shreeke's voice?"

"What do I think of Miss Shreeke's voice? Why, I'm circulating a subscription paper to send her abroad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Heard in the Asylum.

"Is dere anything you wouldn't eat fer dinner?"

"Uh-huh."

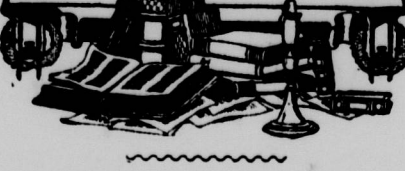
"What?"

"Breakfast."—Cleveland Leader.

Don't tack a fancy name on a kid. It makes him a target for his companions.

The Bank of France is four times as large as the Bank of England.

NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS



M. Jusserand has finished the new volume of his literary history of the English people.

Eveleigh Nash is to publish a work on some of the famous beauties of the reigns of Charles II and George III.

William Dean Howells says there is no money in literature. Maybe William Dean doesn't write that kind of literature.

The son of the late Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Bayard Boyesen, has written an allegorical drama entitled "The Marsh," and Richard G. Badger is publishing it.

A million people are said to have visited the congressional library in Washington last year. It would be interesting to know what proportion of the number opened one of the 1,344,618 books that line the walls of our greatest library.

Dr. S. Wier Mitchell is 75 years old, yet he spent his summer in writing a short novel which the Century editors consider one of the cleverest things he ever produced. The scene is laid in Paris forty years ago, and the narrative is said to be both absorbing and amusing. It is in the vein of the author's "Adventures of Francois" and "A Madeira Party."

The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos is publishing a book of stories for children which are a tradition in her family history. The tales are real children's stories which have been handed down from generation to generation. The author, who says she can remember them word by word, has written them down as they were told, first to her grandmother, then by her to the duchess's mother, who in turn passed them on to her children and grandchildren.

The year 1905 saw the loss of the following twenty members of the literary profession: George Rossiter, Guy Boothby, Sir Wemyss Reid, Sarah Woolsey (Susan Colledge), Allison W. Tourange, Charles Henry Webb (John Paul), Dr. William R. Alger, Mary Mapes Dodge, Frederick Lawrence Knowles, Jose Maria de Heredia, W. C. Prime, Lew Wallace, Jules Verne, Juan Valera, Emerson E. Bennett, Dr. John William Streeter, Walter Kittredge, Hezekiah Butterworth, George MacDonald, Rudolf Rumbach.

One of the most entertaining chapters in William O'Brien's volume of "Recollections" of the political and popular disturbances in Ireland during the years of the Parnell movement narrates how the author edited United Ireland for months while he was actually confined in Kilmainham jail. The police of England, arresting every one whom they could accuse of complicity, even the newsmen, and smashing up the printing offices whence it issued, but never could discover its author and editor, who meanwhile was under their very eyes in the jail into which they had put him.

Andrew Lang doesn't want to see the old-time fairy story sidetracked, and a writer in the Chicago Tribune agrees with him: "There are grown-up children who now and then relieve their longings for the good old times by going back to the adventures of Robinson Crusoe and the entertainments of 'Arabian Nights,' enjoying their substantial fare. There is something wrong in the makeup of the man who would not be delighted at an opportunity to witness a dragon fight. Mr. Lang is right. Give the children back the ogres, the giants, the monsters, and the enchantments. They will soon have enough of the stern realities."

HER SHATTERED ILLUSIONS.

She "Did" Europe and She Found It Far, Far Too Modern for Her.

"Well, I've done Europe," remarked the girl who had come into money, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and Asia and Africa—and I've done with them forever!"

"What?" cried the other girl. "I thought your one desire was to keep traveling for the rest of your life. You said so when you came into—"

"Oh, don't remind me of what I said," exclaimed the other one, bitterly, "and don't remind me of my dead dreams. I'm wide awake now, anyhow."

"Tell me all about it," urged the other sympathetically.

"Of course I will. I am dying to sob it out on somebody's shoulder. You know how I used to dream and dream of seeing Rome—and the Coliseum? You remember how I used to plan what I should do when old Uncle William should leave me my fortune? You recollect how I used to keep pictures around my room of the Coliseum by moonlight and of the Sphinx and St. Peter's and all of that? Well, I got to Rome and the moment I had unpacked my grip at one of their unromantically comfortable hotels I went down to the clerk and inquired where I could get a carriage to the Coliseum—and what do you think he said?"

"I don't know," replied the other in an awed tone.

"You'd better take a trolley, miss. That's what he said! Fancy! A trolley car running to the Coliseum! When I had recovered from the shock I comforted myself with the thought that I might forget that trolley in the joy of viewing that grand old ruin by moon-

light; so I did get on the clanging thing and went in it."

"And was it beautiful by moonlight?"

"I don't know and I never shall know. There was a great big arc light hanging right in the middle of the thing—and if there was any moonlight you couldn't see a sign of it."

"Oh!" breathed the other, sadly.

"But that wasn't the worst," moaned the girl who had been to Europe. "I got out of Rome as soon as I could. I was afraid to go to St. Peter's, my dear, for fear his holiness should address the congregation through a megaphone; so I hurried to Venice. I had longed all my life to ride in a gondola on those ghost-haunted, moonlit canals. My soul had sighed for the sound of a guitar tinkling in the distance and the soft splash of the oars in blue Venetian waters. I wanted to float past Browning's palace and palaces of all those dead dukes and poets and painters. It was with nerves tingling with anticipation that I arrived in Venice—to be met by a jaunty, puffing, fiendish little steam launch that carried me all around the canals and past the palaces before I had even time to think much less to dream, while a guide with a megaphone told us all about it in a voice that should have raised the royal dead from the graves."

"But the sphinx," pleaded the other girl. "Surely they haven't mutilated the sphinx?"

"I don't know," replied the traveled girl wearily. "By the time I had arrived in Egypt I had lost my appetite for romance and I was perfectly calm when they put me in a trolley car bound for the sphinx. And I never even bothered to climb it, because the guide assured me that I could do that much more easily a year or so hence, when they had finished building the electric elevator now being constructed in it."

"And Mecca?" sighed the other, hopefully. "Surely you went to Mecca, as you had planned?"

"No," was the caustic rejoinder. "Our party decided not to go to Mecca this time. They are building a steam railway, so that pilgrims to the tomb may go quite comfortably in a year or so. Won't that be delightful?"

"I should have died," groaned the other.

"So should I—right then and there," declared the disillusioned one, "but I was afraid to. I was afraid somebody would suggest that I ought to wait until they finished an airship line to heaven."

A NEAT SWINDLE.

How Two Thieves Victimized a Prominent New York Physician.

"What do I think of kleptomania?" asked William Pinkerton of a New York reporter, in reply to a question. "Well, let me tell you a kleptomania story. This story fits, I hold, about nine cases out of ten."

"A New York specialist got, on a certain morning, the card of one of the richest of our western millionaires. He went down instantly and found a well-dressed man, who said:

"I am here, sir, on a delicate and painful matter. My wife is a victim of kleptomania, and, knowing your skill in mental diseases, I have brought her on for treatment under you."

"Bring the lady to see me to-morrow morning," said the physician.

"It will be best, perhaps, not to bring her to your office," faltered the millionaire. "The sight of other patients might excite her. I suggest—"

"I'll receive her in my drawing room. Will that be better?" asked the physician.

"Oh, much better," said the other, in a relieved tone.

"And the next day the western millionaire led into the physician's drawing room a young woman of singular beauty. She was magnificently dressed, but her eyes were furtive and restless, and when she thought no one was looking at her she secreted under her coat three or four valuable ornaments. The physician and the westerner smiled slightly at one another.

"The physician, after his examination of the patient, told the husband to return the next day alone."

"And when I come," the husband answered, "I'll bring back these things that she has taken."

"Do," said the physician.

"I will," said the westerner.

"But he didn't. He won't. He and his wife are thieves, and they have worked their kleptomania dodge in nearly every city in America."

Freedom of Speech.

"You are a liar," shouted an angry citizen.

"Sir, but for my knowledge of your constitutional rights," said the one addressed, "I would resent your remark."

To such as were inclined to think him cowardly he explained that freedom of speech must be maintained even at the cost of personal dignity.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Out.

"See here," began the merchant. "You've been very impudent to customers to-day—"

"Well," growled the surly clerk. "I've felt out of sorts to-day."

"I'm! You'll feel out of place to-morrow. Go to the cashier and see what's coming to you."—Philadelphia Press.

A man can't fool his wife with the same promise oftener than three times but her son can fool her with the same promise three hundred times, and it will not show a sign of wear.

There are some people who are such gossips that if they talk in their sleep it is about somebody.

Is It Your Own Hair?

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.

"I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hair-grower that I ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truthfully say that I am greatly pleased with it. I cheerfully recommend it as a splendid preparation."—Miss V. Brock, Wayland, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.



Dr. Koch, the famous German scientist, is to take charge of an expedition to investigate the sleeping sickness in German East Africa. The German colonial department has, it is said, given a great sum of money toward the expense of the expedition.

Prof. Frederick Soddy of Glasgow University holds the theory that gold is gradually disintegrating into other materials. He has visited the gold deposits of western Australia and New Zealand and he expresses his conviction that in all probability gold, like radium, is at once the product of some other parent element and is itself changing to produce "offspring" elements. The professor laments the inadequacy of his resources in the way of gold upon which to experiment, and points to the tons of gold perhaps disintegrating in the vaults of the Bank of England.

After several years' experimenting, officers of the Pennsylvania Railway have come to the conclusion that directly behind a locomotive is a bad place for sleepers or any other cars which are used by passengers. For this reason an order has been issued that "in all instances a baggage car, whether the car is needed for baggage purposes or not, must be the first car of the train." This is the first official acknowledgment from a railway company that the middle of a train is the safest place to ride. Recent accidents have convinced many railway men that not only the front end of passenger trains, but also the rear, should be protected by a baggage car, whether used or not.

The gigantic animals of the so-called age of reptiles, whose remains are especially abundant in some of the lands bordering the Rocky Mountains, appeal so powerfully to the imagination that an exaggerated notion of their size and weight is frequently entertained. It has more than once been pointed out that, as far as paleontology shows, the earth never contained more bulky creatures than the whales of to-day. A recent comparison between the probable weight of the huge Brontosaurus excelsis, a skeleton of which is in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and that of a large sulphur bottom whale, strengthens this statement. After prolonged study of the probable contours of the animal when in the flesh, W. K. Gregory concludes that it weighed about 38 tons. This is surely an immense weight, but the weight of a 75-foot whale has been estimated at no less than 63 tons. The length of the brontosaurus skeleton is 66 feet and 7 inches.

In the latest volume of the Smithsonian reports Prof. S. P. Langley gives the first authoritative statement concerning the experiments with his aerodrome in 1903. The experiments were paid for by the War Department, and in consequence of their apparent failure Prof. Langley has been unable to get another appropriation of money to continue them. But he asserts, and produces photographs in support of his statement, that on both occasions when his machine failed to make a successful flight, the real flying capacity of the apparatus was not tested at all. Accidents in the launching prevented the aerodrome from getting free in the air. Prof. Langley believes that further experiments would result in perfecting the launching apparatus, and that then the aerodrome would prove its capacity to fly. "It is at the moment of success, and when the engineering problems have been solved that a lack of means has prevented a continuance of the work."

Scrofula

Fee are entirely free from it. It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood.

It may then produce dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption, before manifesting itself in much cutaneous eruption or glandular swelling.

It is best to be sure that you are quite free from it, and you can rely on

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to rid you of it radically and permanently. Accept no substitute, but insist on having Hood's. Liquid or tablets. 100 Doses \$1.