

HER ONE ERROR.

OR THE FISHERMAN'S BRIDE.

CHAPTER XLII.—CONTINUED.

The lady ascended a few more steps, then stood still on the landing close to the door of the room whence the sound issued. She held her hand up, as if soliciting silence, while she listened with the most profound intentness and evident delight, though she now and again knit her brows and drew in her breath when false notes fell on her ear.

She tapped once very lightly at the door; then, as no answer came, the lady opened the door and entered.

The song was just coming to a close with a humble imitation of an original bravura, at which the lady smiled, gazing around the room in amazement, for at her entrance she believed it empty.

Advancing, she espied, in a corner opposite to the window, a childish figure seated on a stool, dressed in a blouse or pinafore of white holland, and a black sash. It was stooping forward, in such a posture that the face was hid by the long dark curls, which the one ray of sunshine lit with a gleam of gold.

Advancing on tiptoe again, she crossed, and saw that the child's fingers were moving deftly over some long strings of pearls which lay in her lap.

"What a bonnie picture she'd make!" the lady thought to herself; and, indeed, the new comer herself would have been no bad subject for the artist's study. She was dressed in black velvet—dear to artists—trimmed with sable; she wore a bonnet of rich white silk, with a snowy feather lightly tipped with scarlet; her hair was of the purest flaxen, and clustered in such a rich profusion of thick, massive curls, that, although worn in the very simplest mode of nature, it gave her an appearance of singularity.

Her eyes were dark and sparkling, her face pale, her features not particularly attractive, the mouth rather large, but with such an expression of winning good humor upon it, that none could fail to be favorably impressed. Her figure was rather inclined to fullness, but she moved with lightness and alertness, if not grace.

Such was the apparition which met the astonished gaze of Ida, as she lifted up her head at the conclusion of her song and her work together.

"Don't be frightened," the visitor hastened to say. "Where is your mother?"

"At home, ma'am," replied the child; then a sudden fear seizing her, she exclaimed, "Is she ill, ma'am? oh, is anything the matter with her?"

"What do you mean? how should I know?" the lady said, half laughing. "If she's at home, where is she?" she added, looking around.

"My mother, ma'am, here?"

"Isn't Mrs. Stocker your mother, then?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," Ida replied, much relieved, "but she is out, and—"

"And you are threading my pearls, and singing my song, you old-fashioned little mortal, you!"

The lady burst out laughing at the evident dismay which spread itself over the countenance of the child, as she retreated a step or two backward, and repeated the words, "Your song, ma'am!"

"Yes; where did you hear it, you extraordinary wretch of the world, you? Why one would not imagine so much sound could be contained in that mite of a body. Where did you hear it, I say?"

"If you please, ma'am, at the playhouse, where Tom and Mrs. Stocker took me one night."

"And who sang it?"

"A lady."

Ida paused; her large eyes opened wider, she gazed again at the figure before her, looked more particularly at the masses of fair hair that hung down before, and behind, and around the lady's face.

"Ma'am, she had your hair."

"Had my hair, had she! Like her impudence, I think."

"It was you, ma'am! Oh, it was!"

At that moment Mrs. Stocker ran, out of breath into the room.

"Oh, madame! oh, dear! I saw your carriage at the end of the street; oh, dear! I ran all the way; I've been to your house, madame. To think—to think of your coming here—oh, dear!"

"Pray take breath, Mrs. Stocker, take breath—though, in faith, here's one here has enough for any two. You just interrupted a very interesting communication of what Tom—what was it about Tom?"

She turned to Ida, but the child had apparently forgotten all but the fact of who stood in the flesh before her. She stood with parted lips and cheeks flushing, her eyes fixed in a sort of adoration upon the singer whose power had enchanted her in that art which was already the passion of her life.

"Do you know I caught this young lady singing away here to herself as if she had got a whole audience in the chairs and table? At least, I saw none here; but she may have the power of calling them up at her pleasure, for such a weird, old-fashioned, little piece of mortality I never saw."

"Who and what is she, Stocker?"

great eyes?—come here, and tell me now—quick!"

CHAPTER XLIII. THE RULING PASSION.

"Ah, ah! capital! Let her be—let her be, my good Stocker. Nonsense! proper, indeed it's perfectly refreshing to find such a bit of downright naturalness. Sing? to be sure I will, you blessed little brownie, or whatever you may be—for human child I never saw like you in my life. There, just close that window, please, Stocker; I need not beatify all the good folks of your neighborhood with my quaverings."

So the gay Madame Annina ran on, as she threw back her mantle, and, loosening her bonnet strings, prepared to gratify the request of the child, which, with all her efforts, she had, apparently, been unable to withhold, that the lady would "sing."

In a more subdued fashion, and with less display of her favorite trills and roulades, the good-natured singer repeated the very air which had charmed the fancy of the girl some weeks before at the theatre—where, as the greatest favor, Tom had been permitted to escort her—under the care of Mrs. Stocker. Nelly, since the terrible shock of that visitation of her husband's apparition, never could be persuaded to allow herself the indulgence; but she yielded to the representations of her child's well-wisher, that it was hard one should be deprived of the few amusements which were obtainable in her monotonous life; and, though against her own desire, permitted Ida to accompany them.

It was a study, to any who had seen it, the child's face while the song was sung. Every sense seemed centered in the faculty of listening; with dilated eyes she gazed upon the lady, her parted lips and heaving chest appeared to pant with the desire to burst forth in imitation, and at those passages, more especially, where she had herself failed, she inwardly marked the difference, and seemed longing for the instant trial for improvement.

Finally, as the close of the melody approached, she drew nearer, impelled by some irresistible impulse, till her hand lightly touched the dress of the lady, as if by actual contact she might hope to gain some portion of the divine afflatus of that talent which her young soul was beginning to adore.

As the last long-drawn notes ceased, she took a deep breath, almost a sigh, but she never thanked the lady who had so singularly obliged her, nor made any demonstration of her delight.

Mrs. Stocker hastened to supply the omission.

"Well, Ida, you should thank Madame Annina—I'm sure you've been honored—and so fond of singing as you are—haven't you a word to say?"

"Let her be, my good Stocker," said Madame, who indeed, was at that moment enjoying a tribute to her powers as delightful as it was rare.

She had marked the rapt, devout attention, the intensity of admiring wonder, that was almost worship, kindling in those most expressive features; she felt the thrilling touch of the tiny hand upon hers; saw that as the dark eyes were raised, in answer to Mrs. Stocker's admonition, they beamed with a new light which might have lain latent in those quiet depths, but which had now awakened and spoke more eloquently than any words could have done—she saw and could interpret all aright.

"Let her be," she said again; "I know, I know, my fairy," as the girl opened her lips to speak; "no thanks, no thanks! You love singing, don't you? and so do I. Will you give me a glass of water, Stocker? No, no, thank you—nothing else—a glass of water, please! Will Ida get it?" as the willing little creature sprang to her feet, and anticipated the woman in hurrying with a jug from the room.

"That is a remarkable child," she continued; "where did you pick her up, Stocker?"

"The latter told her briefly."

"She is worth looking after," Madame Annina went on. "You don't often meet with a child with such an ear, let alone the voice. And did she string these pearls?" looking at the work upon which Ida had been employed.

"Yes; and indeed, madame, that is nothing extraordinary—she is the handsomest little mite over I came across," said Ida's employer, as she proceeded to exhibit further specimens of her small assistant's skill, for Stocker was wholly free of the awe which elsewhere "hedged" the presence of the famous singer, whose employ she had years ago quitted to become Mrs. Stocker, with whom she had been ever a favorite, and to whose patronage she owed her present employment.

Then a committee of taste sat upon certain points connected with some costumes for characters, in which the madame was to appear, she being particularly in the slightest details relating to such matters—like a wise woman, leaving not one to chance, and keenly aware how much may depend upon some so small as to be too often neglected.

"It is all very well," she would say, "it may not be noticed being there, yet the want of it, though even not recognized in itself, must affect the whole. I grant it cannot make, yet it may mar; and the mere fact of feeling that all as it should be, gives one the confidence and the certainty—leaves one at ease to the full exercise of one's powers. There, there, Stocker, I shall make you vain; if I let you know how much depends upon you, you will take advantage of it some day—strike, perhaps—and leave me in the lurch."

Deep in the mysteries of the matters on which she had come to give her directions to Mrs. Stocker, the lady took no further notice of Ida till she was about to depart, when she turned to the corner where the industrious child had resumed her employment.

"Good-bye, little syren," she said, laughing, "I shall see you again, and they must bring you again to hear the singing, good-bye!"

She laid her gloved hand on the shoulder of the little girl as she went on. Ida looked as if she could have liked to cover it with kisses, but she

only curtsied her best, and, as she reached the door, Madame Annina stopped.

"Where did you say the mother lives?"

Mrs. Stocker, with a slight hesitation, repeated the address; the lady noted it, then nodding again to Ida—

"I shall see you again," she said, and, as she passed out, followed by the woman, the room seemed to darken to the charmed vision of the enthusiastic child, through whose brains still were wandering the thrilling cadences to which she had lately listened.

"Well, I declare," cried Mrs. Stocker, as she returned to the room, "I think you have been honored ladybird, above a bit. And that the tip-top singer of the Little Jewel—you should have seen her ducks of ponies, Ida, at the top of the street—and once she was no better off than me. I think of that; and now we'll have dinner."

"I wonder what she's after now," soliloquised the woman, as she sat over her work. "She was quite taken with the girl; I could see that; and I should not wonder if she should do something for her; but there's no knowing how her mother may take it."

The day seemed long to Ida, who was burning with impatience to relate the adventure of the morning to her friend Tom.

He, though far from sharing her ecstasies of admiration, was amused and surprised at the recital; less so, perhaps, at the emphatic exclamations of his young companion.

"Oh, Tom, if I could but sing like that when I am a woman—and if they would give me money for it—I would have such a house! and mother and you, Tom, would live there; and then you should only work as much as you like at bookmaking, and be able to come home early on Saturdays, and go home when you pleased—eh, Tom?"

"Ah! I daresay," was the rejoinder, more candid than civil; "you'd just forget all about me, with all those fine people and grand houses. I know how it 'ud be then."

Grown in after years did the lad, often a man, recall to mind their childish talk of that evening.

We have left Nelly all this time in an unpleasant position, standing midway in the dark alley, which the burly form of the stranger almost blocked up. The lamp which threw its light upon her features left his in total shade; and though the terror of his sudden address left her still power to discriminate, by his stature, that it was not he whom, of all earthly creatures, she dreaded, that there was that in the tones of his voice which vaguely recalled to her that horrible nightmare of her existence. He was not Meghorm, she knew; yet something in his address, in his aspect, in his voice, seemed to assure her that Meghorm was close at hand.

Her heart stood still; she gasped for breath; and by intense terror alone was prevented from shrieking. The man hastened to speak.

"Easy!" he said, in a hoarse whisper; "don't go to raise a shindy about us. I don't want to hurt ye. I could just as well throttle ye with a grip of my fingers with the cry in yer throat before a soul could reach us, if I wanted to. But I don't want to hurt ye; there's nothing to be got by it, as I know of. If I could tell now where he was, it 'ud be a good night's work to fetch him down, eh?—bring him to his pretty wife and baby, ha! ha! as we was to have carried off in the Daredevil, the pirate craft, ha! ha!"

She uttered a faint scream.

"For mercy's sake!"

But he checked her.

"Easy again, ma'am, if you please. None of that! I don't want the police down upon me, to ask this and that of my bearings. There's nought to fear of the Daredevil now; blast her timbers, say I, and him that ever caused me to set foot abroad here! There, now, just you take me in tow, and let me sit down, and get me a mouthful to eat. I would have a word or two with you. I'm an old friend of your husband's, ma'am, the last, I mean, and you won't refuse that much to an old mate of the man as made a lady on ye."

Slowly she had been tracking that vague memory, which the presence of the man awakened; yes, she recalled it now; it was the voice of one who had passed her as she lay hid with her child that night of their flight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

How She Keeps Rosy.

"I don't understand how you can work so hard and yet grow so plump and rosy," was the remark made to a woman who arrived in the city no long time ago, worn out by mission labor in the far west, and who, against the advice of friends, immediately took up work in a downtown mission house.

"I think it is because the sisters take such good care of me," was the laughing reply.

"You know when I was at home and when I was working in the west I would keep on for hours and hours without eating. Here I can't do so, for the sister in charge just comes and sends me to my lunch."

"On two mornings of the week I rise at 6 o'clock. I always have a cup of coffee and a roll at once. Breakfast is at 8:15. We have oatmeal, eggs, rolls and coffee. Sometime between 10 and 12 o'clock they make me take a glass of milk and bread or a sweet cracker. At 1:30 we have our dinner of meat, vegetables and plain pudding. In the middle of the afternoon there is a cup of tea and a cracker, and at 6:30 a nice light supper of cocoa or tea, graham and white bread, croquettes of some sort or cold meat, lettuce and prunes or baked apples."

"At 9 o'clock, just before going to bed, I have another glass of milk and a roll. You see this way of doing gives one some sort of nourishment at intervals of two or three hours all through the day, and I am beginning to think it a very sensible rule, especially for hard working people like myself," and away tripped a brisk little woman with a rejuvenated complexion.—New York Recorder.

FISH AS FOOD.

The Idea That the Eating of Fish Produces Brain Power Error—neous.

Though "fish days," as they were once understood, are now optional, the question discussed by a writer in Temple Bar under the above heading, is still a very important one. Regarding the properties of fish as food there is still much to learn. The working classes entertain usually an utter contempt for it, and very few of them go beyond "a bloater for breakfast," or "two pennyworth of shrimps or winkles" as a supplement for their Sunday afternoon tea. "One popular fallacy," says the author, "in connection with fish may be noticed—namely, the oft-repeated assertion that the eating of that particular food increases brain power! No one who has studied the subject can possibly believe the assertion. A man might eat a huge portion of fish every day of his life, and on the day of his death, if the quantity of phosphorus (the brain invigorator) consumed were to become visible, it would not amount to more than might suffice to tip a couple of lucifer matches. Communities have existed that lived almost solely on fish, but these Ichthyophagists were certainly not famous for intellectual attainments. Nor are our fisher villages, in many of which much fish is presumably consumed, the seats of any great amount of brain power. None of our fisher folks are remarkable for genius, or even for what is called common sense; their views of life and its responsibilities being shrouded in a haze of superstition, which they lack sufficient strength of mind to see through." It is interesting, too, to note that in this expert's opinion "fishing is a profitable occupation. The sea is vast, no seed or manure is required to force the great harvest, which brings to the fish captors at first hand a sum of six millions sterling, and in all probability costs the consumer thrice that sum. No toll is exacted for leave to fish, no rent is required for permission to gather the harvest of the sea; the teeming waters of the mighty deep are free to all who choose to cast their lines or nets into them."

ARSENIC AND AMMONIA.

Remarkable Contrast in the Effect of Two Poisons on the Complexion.

The slow absorption of many poisons changes in some more or less modified form the complexion, but arsenic and ammonia show their effect about as quickly as any. The popular belief that arsenic clears the complexion has led many silly women to kill themselves with it in small, continued doses.

It produces a waxy, ivory-like appearance of the skin during a certain stage of the poisoning, but its terrible after effects have become too well known to make it of common use as a cosmetic.

The effects of ammonia upon the complexion are directly the opposite to that of arsenic. The first symptom of ammonia poisoning which appears among those who work in ammonia factories is a discoloration of the skin of the nose and forehead. This gradually extends over the face until the complexion has a stained, blotched, and unsightly appearance. With people who take ammonia into their systems in smaller doses, as with their water or food, these striking symptoms do not appear so soon. The only effect of the poison that is visible for a time is a general unwholesomeness and sallowness of the complexion.

Many people are slowly absorbing ammonia poison without knowing it. The use of ammonia in the manufacture has greatly increased of late, and it is unquestionably used as an adulterant in certain food preparations. Official analysis have plainly showed its use even in such cheap articles of every day consumption as baking powders. The continued absorption of ammonia in even minute quantities as an adulterant in food is injurious not merely from its effect upon the complexion, but because it destroys the coating of the stomach and causes dyspepsia and kindred evils.

Professor Long of Chicago, is authority for the statement that, if to fifty million parts of water there is one part of ammonia, the water is dangerous.

A King's Ambition.

The little King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., has his boyish ambitions, it seems, even though he is a king. He is now five years old, and is no longer a "baby king." Recently, it is related by a correspondent at Madrid, the celebrated sculptor, Senor Querol, was engaged to make a statue of the young king.

The sculptor had great difficulty in finding a pose for his subject which should be at once spirited and natural, and sat one day in a brown study, regarding the boy as he looked out at the window.

All at once the sound of a band of music was heard on the street. The king sprang up, and brought his hand to his forehead in the military salute. "The flag, sir! the flag!" the boy exclaimed. "Salute it!"

The sculptor had found the pose he sought, and made his statue represent the king in the act of saluting his country's flag.

As he was at work, the boy asked the artist:

"Are you going to make me big?"

"The statue will represent your majesty a little larger than you are," said Senor Querol.

"Well," said the five-year-old, "I want you to make me very big, with a long moustache!"

SHAKESPEARE IN AMERICA.

He Is More Popular Here Than In Any Other Country.

An exceedingly interesting and exhaustive article upon the Shakespeare Year appeared in a recent issue of the Birmingham Daily Post, in England, which, although unsigned, is undoubtedly the work of the indefatigable and accomplished "Shakespearean," Samuel Timmins. The article comprises a survey of all the contributions to literature and criticism and all forms of Shakespearean activity during the year in all parts of the world, and the copious references to America are of especial value, because nowhere else, so far as we know, is such a careful and thorough statement accessible.

It appears that the number of American pilgrims to the birthplace, home and grave of Shakespeare at Stratford far surpasses that from other countries. There were probably not fewer than twenty thousand American visitors during this last year, and every year there are more. The article pays just tribute to the American editors, specifying Richard Grant White, whose "Shakespeare's Scholar," in 1854, introduced the active modern interest of this country in the poet's works. Dr. Howard Furness' Variorum is well called "the greatest of all editions of Shakespeare's plays," and Dr. W. J. Wolfe's article refuting the "cryptogram" theory of Mr. Donnelly the article holds to be conclusive. Preston Johnson's theory of Hamlet as James I. does not escape the eye of the author, who pronounces the claim "not proved."

The labors of the New York and Philadelphia Shakespeare societies are mentioned with great commendation. The Shakespeareana, a serial publication issued by them, is described as one "which America was first to establish, and which Shakespeare's own land has not tried to rival or surpass." Alvey A. Ade, of Washington is called the article "perhaps the most learned among Americans on all questions of the English drama," Chicago proposes to erect a Shakespeare hall including a theatre, library, and museum, and the picture of American activity in the study of Shakespeare, and not as Bacon, must fill the mind of Mr. Donnelly with dismay.

HOW TO TRAVEL COMFORTABLY.

Hints About Handling Clothing and Toilet Articles in a Sleeper.

In taking a long journey it is well to make oneself as comfortable as possible, especially at night. When taking your place in the sleeping-car berth, do not, for fear of various emergencies, which seldom arise, attempt to sleep in all your clothes. Undress sufficiently to be at perfect ease in any position you may assume during sleep. This freedom of lungs and limbs will assure you rest at least, even if you fail to sleep. In wintertime always carry a light woolen wrapper to avoid colds.

You should have a neat little case or bag of linen into which you slip your purse, jewelry, hairpins, etc., and put this under your pillow in the corner nearest the window. In the rack or net which hangs above you place all small articles of apparel. You will then know, on awaking, just where to put your hand on anything you wish to find.

If you wake and go early to the dressing-room you may make a complete and refreshing toilet before the other folks are up. Have in your satchel all appliances, such as soap and tooth-brush in celluloid cases, a sponge in its bag of oiled silk, brushes, combs, whisk, etc., etc. Be sure to provide your own towels.

The dress can be well brushed and hung up till needed on a convenient hook. Carry also a bottle of lavender or Florida water, and pour some of this into the bowl. It rests and refreshes one wonderfully.

After this careful toilet and a good breakfast, served hot, you can stand with but slight additional fatigue a second day's journey.

So much seems to be provided for our comfort and enjoyment during the day while traveling that it seems necessary to have thought for the night only, as the nights rest or unrest will most always make or mar the day before us.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

How Insects Breathe.

If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can see even with the naked eye, that a series of small, spot-like marks run along the side of the body. These apparent spots, which are eighteen or twenty in number, are in fact the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance. Sometimes, says the Lutheran observer, they are furnished with a pair of horny caps, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff interlacing bristles forming a filter, which allows air, and air alone, to pass; but the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to injure the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as spirits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid and then placed beneath the receiver of an air pump. The apertures in question communicate with two large breathing tubes, which extend the entire length of the body. From these main tubes are given off innumerable branches, which run in all directions and continually divide and sub-divide, until a wonderfully intricate network is formed, pervading every part of the structure and penetrating even to the antennae.

DID NOT KNOW HIM.

Amusing Incident Caused by a Beard.

A writer in the New York Star comments upon the bewildering change in a man's appearance which is often brought about by shaving the beard or letting it grow, and cites a story related to him by a lawyer. The lawyer was then wearing a heavy beard, which he had been cultivating, as he said "since last October."

The other day I was riding on the front platform of a street-car, as I was smoking, when I saw a cousin of mine, with her husband and baby, get aboard. I had not seen her since the day she was married in the summer of 1888, and had never met her husband except on the night of the wedding. At that time I had only a moustache.

When they were seated in the car I nodded to her, but she did not return the salutation. I repeated it, but still there was no response. Evidently she did not recognize me, but for the fun of the thing I kept on nodding and smiling.

She began to be disconcerted, and pretty soon I saw her whispering to her husband, who at once rose and made his way to the rear platform, where he spoke excitedly to the conductor. That worthy came through the car, and, opening the front door, said to me:

"You must either stop insulting the lady in the car or get off. Her husband has complained of your conduct."

I assured him that I had no wish to insult any one, and as he began to get excited I passed into the car, and, taking hold of a strap, leaned over the lady and said:

"Why, Minnie, how are you?"

She looked at me for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Cousin Eddy! How do you do? I didn't know you with your whiskers."

The car was pretty full, and as all hands had understood that I was complaining of, there was a general laugh at this unexpected turn of affairs.

WHAT KIND OF BIRD WAS IT?

Two Men Made a Bet in City Hall Park and Didn't Find Out.

There was a new bird in City Hall Park recently. Its first notes were heard about 4 o'clock, just as the lucky dogs began to get away from the banks and law offices and to ride uptown in the Broadway cars along with the nice girls that had been downtown to "see papa" or "brother George." Opinions varied among the pedestrians along Broadway as to the nature of the bird. The chirping was shrill but rather faint, and when one man pointed to the bough of the Elm domesticus and insisted that the little songster was there, another was equally insistent that the piping came from the leafy boughs of the Fraxmus excelsior further on.

One by one a crowd gathered, only to disintegrate and go off with a rush when their patient eyes failed to discover a feather or a wing, scarlet, yellow, or dingy brown. At last there were left only the two who first heard the chirruping, each still with an ear aloft.

"It's a sparrow," said one.

"It's an oriole or I'll eat my hat!"

"Impossible," said the first.

"I was born within four feet of an oriole's nest. I'd order know," said the second.

"Why, an oriole goes 'chip-chip-chirp!'"

"I beg your pardon. An oriole goes chirp-chirp-ch-chirp."

"Why, my dear man—"

"Excuse me, sir—"

"I'll bet you a box of cigars."

"I'll take it. An oriole goes 'chirp. Just then the oriole came into view—a tawny head, with a long beak, black body, and lavender legs."

"Chirp, chirp, ch-chirp! Here's de fina bird whistle, fiva cents piece. Ch-ch-chirp!"

When one man has a little prejudice against another, suspicion is very busy in coining resemblances.

EVERY SKIN SCALP, & BLOOD DISEASE Cured by CUTICURA

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, itching, blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczema, or humors of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA the Great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, a new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful and unflinching efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

62 Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, and weakness relieved in one minute by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, 25c.

SICK HEADACHE! Positively cured by the Little Liver Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER'S MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

FREE CURE For Weak Men, whose restored I have found a certain cure which I will gladly send FREE to any fellow sufferer. It cured me after all other remedies failed. R.T. Hamilton, Box 43 Albion, Mich.