### BY OLIVE HARPER.

CHAPTER IX. After the scenes related in the preceding chapter Suzanne was taken ill of brain fever, and for a long time they despaired of her life, but at last she regained consciousness and little by little her strength. As soon as it was possible she was removed to her great uncle's home in the Val Dieu, near the Ardennes mountains. Here the old man had a foundry and a large, roomy house surrounded flowed the river Meuse. The sweet, quiet and pure air soon restored the child to health, but she seemed to have forgotten all about the tragic scenes through which she had passed. The old couple told her that her passed. The old couple told her that her parents had gone away on a voyage, and she looked at them quietly without speaking as they told her, so that when they were alone they said thankfully:

"She has forgotten all that went before this sickness. Let us thank God that it is so."

Winter, always severe in the Ardennes, came, and ice and snow took the place of the

gram and fruits of autumn, and winter and summer went, and winter and summer came again. Roger had been one year and a half

in the galleys.

The snow had fallen several days and the

frost had made it hard and brittle, and travel was almost suspended in the Val Dieu, and the foundries seemed silent as the heavy snow deadened the noises, and the wooden sabots of the workmen were as silent as if made of wadded wool as they walked over the thick Night came, calm, cold and still, and the

moonlight gave an unearthly brilliance to the scene. As the cold was intense all the houses along the street of Val Dieu were closed, and cheerful lights showed from the open windows. The rigorous cold seemed to throw the whole viliage into a state of torpor. The street was descrited, though it was but 10 o'clock, except at the great foundry, where they worked night and day.

At 10:30 a man appeared near the tunnel of the railroad, on the jetty by the river side. He had come in on the late train. He was tall, though he walked bent as if be bore a heavy weight on his chealthers and its really as the second of the railroad. along the street of Val Dieu were closed, and

heavy weight on his shoulders, and he walked direct toward the foundry belonging to M. Bernardit, and when there his feet refused to carry him and he leaned against an up-turned cart, as if not knowing what else

A few moments he stood thus and then felt a heavy hand clasp his shoulder and a voice my somewhat rudely:
"Who are you and what are you doing

"You are M. Adrien Bernardit, are you "I am, and who are you!"

The unknown looked about him timidly, and then said in a low voice that seem broken by emotion:

"Alas, I am Roger Laroque!" "You, in France and free!"
"Yes, I am here," said Roger, lifting his hat so that M. Bernardit could see him clearer, and then he continued: "And Suzanne, my child! You do not tell me if the lives."

she lives. She lives and is well, and is with us." Roger sighed as if a great weight was lifted from his heart. There was a short si-

"Come, come home with me. We can talk there at our ease, for you want no one to see

you, I suppose?'

They walked in silence to the house, where

the old lady was still sitting before the fire. When she saw her husband come in with that pale, ragged man, with his long hair and beard in disorder, she rose with a look of fright. Bernardit closed and locked the door and then coming close to his wife said:
"It is Laroque, the child's father."

"You here and free!" said the old lady, trembling, and using almost the same words as her husband had.

Roger bowed without speaking, and sank tion enough to ask to see Suzanne. The couple looked pitifully at each other. Had he come to take their child?

"She is asleep," said the old lady.
"I will not disturb her. Only let me look ather. I never hoped to see her again. Oh,

They opened a door and signed him to follow. There was a dainty little room, a little bed with snowy curtains, and on the white bed slept Suzanne, the light falling softly upon her rosy face and her shining safety upon her rosy face and her shining hair. He knelt beside the bed and kissed the dimpled hand that lay outside the cover, but so softly that the sleeper knew nothing.

With his heart relieved Roger retired from
the room and returned with the old couple to

the fireside, and then be wept in silence for a few moments. His heart was rent with sorrow, and by the sight of that little form he loved to well and from whom he had been so cruelly separated a year and a half ago. Suddenly he gasped for breath and seen attacked by vertigo, and was falling from his chair when Bernardit caught him, and Roger murmured as if ashamed: "Give me a little bread, for pity's sake; I have not eaten for

three days."

After having eaten, Roger told his story of how he had escaped with three political prisoners, and they had made their way, step by step, from one place to another, working their passage as sailors until they reached America. At New York Roger had found a position in a machine shop, and as soon as he had earned enough money he had returned to Europe, but he had not enough, and at Antwerp he found himself without money to ouy food, and he dared not attempt to make be voyage in France on foot for fear of being recognized. So he paid railroad fare and had reached here almost starved. He knew from Lucien that the Bernardits would take Su tanne, and here he came, scarce daring to



Do not fear that I intend to trouble you long. I would not wish to do you any harm," answered Roger, a little bitterly.

"I had no such thought," said the good old man. "I only vished to know your plans. I man. "I only wished to know your plans. I know that you would be lost if you remain in

"I shall leave France to-night, and only ask of you that you lend me a few clothes and a little money. The money is not for myself, but for Suzanne, who could not en-dure deprivation. Be sure that I will repay

"I have come to take her." "You are going to take her from us?" "Why are you surprised! Is it not my right! I cannot live without her."

"Listen, Roger," said the old man slowly.
"Here Suzanne will live in peace and comfort, Here she will have an honored name, fort. Here she will have an honored name, which unfortunately you cannot give her now. Think twice before you drag her into a life such as yours must be lenceforth, in exile and far from her mother's grave. Roger, leave her with us. We love her well; as well as you, and it seems to me that it is

"Uncle, hear me! I am, as you say, a dis-graced and hunted man, condemned inno-cently to exile from my country. I have nothing but this child. She is everything to me. I need her, otherwise my heart will break. Listen to me and hear the true story of this crime for which I am unjustly pun ished. I have never told it before, and would not now, only that you may feel that I am not entirely unworthy the consolation of my child."

child."

And then he told them all, reserving nothing except the name of Julia; and they heard and believed him truly, and said no more against his right to take Susanne, though their poor o'd hearts bled.

"But the guilty one. Have you ever thought it was that woman?"

"Yes, but I cannot believe she did it. Had she a lover who gave her the money? Was

she a lover who gave her the money! Was it for vengeance! I am lost in conjecture.

But I shall never give up my intention to clear up this crime.

Long they talked of the past, of poor Henri-ette, whose body they found in the river, though unrecognizable, and whom they buried piously in the little churchyard at Ville d'Avray, of the machine works which the good old Bernardit still managed for Suzanne's sake. Then he gave Roger what money he had, which was some 80,000 francs, which was the profits of the past year and a half, and a suit of bis own clothes. When all this was done it was nearly 1 o'clock. Roger said: "I must go from here at 2 on the train, and

it will be necessary to rouse Suzanne and get her dressed."

With heavy hearts the old couple roused and dressed the child and wrapped her in a warm fur cloak and a bood and pulled thick woolen stockings over her shoes that she might not be cold. A small bundle of necessaries for Suzanne was made up, and then the time had come for them to go. The old aunt wept those hard wrung tears of the aged as she wrapped the little child she loved so tenderly, and then they opened the door. The weather had changed and the snow was falling in great flakes, obscuring the road and rendering it almost impossible to see a yard in advance.

"Roger," said the old man, "I forget to say that Suzanne, after the fever she had.

say that Suzanne, after the fever she had, has never seemed to remember that dreadful experience. She thinks that you and her mother are traveling. I would not try to so. I think God had pity upon her youth and tenderness and so veiled her memory."

"God grant it," said Larque. "I wish I

Suzanne had not aroused enough to know anything that was taking place, or that she

was being dressed for a voyage. But at last she opened her eyes. "Is it morning?" said she drowsily.

"No, precious one," said the old lady. "It is in the middle of the night, but we had to take you up to tell some good news." "Is it Christmas!" "No, darling, but your dear papa, who has

been away so long, has come home."

A nervous tremor passed through the delicate frame of the child, and she took on suddenly that same look she had worn during those terrible days, but she said nothing, and By and by she said slowly:

"Father has come? Where is he, then?" Then Roger stepped forward and took her in his arms and covered her with kisses, and he did not notice that she did not kiss him. Then he asked:
"Are you glad to see me, my child?"

"Yes, father."
"We will not be parted again. We are go-

ing away together.' "Going away? Going to leave Val Dieu and good uncle and aunt? Father, why cannot you stay here?'
"For reasons which you cannot understand,

"I am very sorry to leave here, father, but

we will go. "She has entirely forgotten," said he, thank fully, to himself.

At last Suzanne, muffled up to the eyes, was ready, and the old aunt, with tears streaming her withered cheeks, said:

"Go, my child, my darling. I am too old to hope to ever see you again. Take, then, my last kiss, and may God guard you and guide you!"

Then the uncle kissed the pale little face, and his heart swelled with grief, but he tried

and his heart swelled with grief, but he tried to bear up.

"My precious baby," said he, "your father needs you, and you must go. He will do all he can to make you happy. Do the same for him. If you ever come back to France, come home here, where you are our own child. God bless you. Roger, write to us, and let us know how she is, and send her photograph if you can, and as often as you want money

you, and I will love you forever," said the "Good nunt and uncle, I will never forget

Then Roger took her in his arms and wen out into the tempest of snow and icy wind, and in twenty minutes more they were speed-ing away toward the frontier, while the two desolate old people wept in their deserted

## CHAPTER X.

There was a grave in the churchyard at Ville d'Avray, and on the headstone was the name of Henriette Laroque, with the date of her death engraved upon it; but she who slept beneath was not the unhappy young wife of that still more unfortunate man. Heuriette, after that last day at the court

had fallen into such a state of mental apathy as would have caused her friends the liveliest apprehension had the poor creature had any one capable of appreciating her dangerous condition; but those who surrounded her thought this only the natural reaction after such acute suffering as she had undergone.

And so at last the poor overwrought brain gave way and she lost her reason completely. Her instinct, which now governed her movements, made her feel that this was an unpleasant place; that it was connected somehow with something that gave her pain, and she wandered off into the woods, bareheaded, she wandered off into the woods, bareheaded, in her simple black dress, which she had now adopted entirely, and with thin house slipper

est soothed her and she wandered down to the water's edge. While there a little boat came Matter's edge. While there a little boat came floating along, tenantless, and a little eddy brought it within her reach. With a child-ish, unmeaning laugh she seized it and drew it gently to her and then sprang in, and the movement gave impetus to the boat, which floated out and into the swift current. The gentle movement of the boat calmed the overwrought nerves and Henriette fell asleep and never awoke until daylight on the fol-

lowing morning.

She was far away from her home then and in the heart of a mountainous region, where herds and flocks were browsing and farming in the valleys was the principal industry. At a bend in the river some floating brushwood turned the little boat to the bank and Henri-

ette stepped ashore, with one bare foot and one foot shod with a satin slipper. Her blind instinct led her toward a habita-tion and she limped along until she reached a farm, and she went on silently, like a black shadow, and up a flagged walk to an open doorway, through the door and into a large, neat farm kitchen, where she stood smiling with childish innocence upon the astonished

The owners of this farm were an old couple named Dubois, and they were childless, and named Dubois, and they were childless, and had been very unfortunate in their crops for three or four years. They were simple, ignorant and superstitions, but possessed of good hearts. They had not heard Henriette come in, nor had they seen her until somehow they turned and there she was. She smiled and appeared so gentle, and yet so strange that they regarded her with awe, and she sat down with them at the table sad ate like a famished creature, but they saw that her soft, white hands had never done any work. They asked her questions as to that her sort, white hands had hever done any work. They asked her questions as to whence she came, who she was, but the only answer she would give was: "I know nothing about it."

At night the good old couple placed her in their own clean bed and they slept upon a pallet. They said to each other:
"We must keep her. She may be a Mas-

cotte and bring us good luck again. And so poor demented Henriette found shelter and a home with this simple, worthy couple, and she staid there contentedly, helping the old woman in many ways.

Always smiling, always gentle and amiable, and whether it was that she was a Mascotte so full and abundant and everything prospered so well with these two old people, that one might say that their kindness to a help-less stranger had brought God's blessing

But these poor creatures lived so far away from Paris, and knew so little of what passed in the world outside of their narrow valley, that they could never have imagined the truth, and as Henriette had dropped into their world without warning or knowledge their world without warning or knowledge they accepted her advent and never dreamed of making inquiries. They called her Marie, not knowing any other name, and she was treated far better than they used themselves. What work she did was done voluntarily. She fed the chickens and lambs and gather fruit, and did much sewing, her beautiful work seeming like fairy stitches to the old people. But her out door life and the pure air, and excellent food rendered her physical health much more robust than it had ever been, and her chest, which had shown tenvigor, and her beauty took a richer type, even though clouded by the impenetrable mists of insanity. Her insanity took a mild type and she seemed to have gone back mentally to the state of a child of 6 or 7, so innocent and so ignorant did she appear. She spoke very rarely, and then only in mono-

syllables, and to every question that was asked of her on any subject she replied: "I do not know," and then she might after-ward say what was desired of her, but it was indelibly fixed in that poor wrecked in-telligence that she must always disclaim any

There is no doubt that this was one of the happiest periods of Henriette's existence, for, knowing nothing, she suffering nothing. Peace and kindness were her portion and bodily health a full and precious boon. In no asylum the world affords could this poor, stricken wife and mother have had better conditions for her ultimate cure than here. There was nothing to arouse her dormant faculties, to make her remember that she was

In this peaceful if humble place Henriette Laroque lived eight long years. Barely 24 years old when this crushing blow fell upon her, she was now 32, but time was gentle with her, and the absence of wearing thought, coupled with her healthy life, left hem far fresher and younger in appearance than she had been before she became demented.

It was in 1872 that the tractic events we have narrated took place, and we take up the thread again in 1880, and follow Roger Laroque and his little girl, who eight years be-fore in a stormy night left France for

One day, quite unexpectedly, a tall man, with wide shoulders, with hair and head white as snow, though he was not old enough to have had such a mark of age, alighted from the train at a station in the charming little valley town of Chevreuse. With him was a beautiful young girl, whose age would be judged to be somewhere near 20, but who was in reality not yet 17. They were both strangers, and as such attracted considerable attention from the loungers about the

station, who were equally struck by the beauty and distinction of the young girl and the peculiar appearance of the man. Not face was horribly disfigured by what seemed

scars from a burn. They walked toward a villa which was for sale, and examined it with a view to its pur-chase, and in a few days they were installed

there as the owners.

As is usual in small villages, the people of this charming valley soon found out all about their new neighbor, who had bought the White House, as the villa was called, and they told each other that he was a rich Canadian who had come to France with his daughter. His name was William Forney, and that of the daughter Miss Suzanno Forney. Her

When they were settled in their new home M. Forney asked his daughter if she thought she should feel happy in her new home. She replied:
"Wherever you are I am happy, and I feel
"Wherever you are I am happy here."

sure that we will both be happy here."

The father bowed his bend and looked tenderly at his daughter, stifling a sigh. As the reader will have divined, this father and child were the same who had fled from France on that dreary night, Reger Laroque

When Roger had left France for the second when Roger had left France for the second time, and as a fugitive from justice, carrying his precious burden he took passage for New York, where he stayed but a short time and then went to Canada, where he went to work in a machine shop with a sort of avidity, hoping to regain fortune and return to France with the one purpose of discovering the mystery of the drama of the Ville d'Avray.

Such energetic and intelligent labor was bound to achieve its result, and one after another Roger made three important inventions in the making and management of steel. He in the making and management of steel. He returned to New York, and he succeeded with his inventions beyond his most sanguine hopes, and he found himself in the possession

of a reasonable fortune, with every reason to believe that it would grow and multiply into more than be should over need.

While here Roger met with an accident, which disfigured him so greatly that he felt almost as if it were a special providence He had rushed to assist in saving some people whose escape from a burning building was cut off, and, after having brought them down to the street in safety, a burning timber fell, striking him on the left side of the face, and burning it so that the scar which remained

almost destroyed the entire symmetry and color of that side of his face.

He moved away from that place and again returned to New York, only now he bore the name of William Forney, and Suzaune in a few years seemed to forget that she had ever had another name. But did she really for-get? Roger felt sure she had, for during these whole ten years she had never made the slightest mention, nor given one look that might give rise to a suspicion that she re-membered. So Roger's mind was easy on that score.

One day Roger caid to her quite unexpect-

"Suzanne, we are going to leave New York and go to Paris, a place you know nothing of. What do you say!" "I shall like to go whenever you do, father:

no matter where it is. She said that calmly, and nothing in her face showed a bidden thought, yet, after Roger had gone out, her face saddened, and a retrospective look came into the depths of her lovely violet eyes.

They reached Paris, and Roger went boldly about, knowing himself unrecognizable, and on a solid footing as far as his identity was concerned. He was received as a rich American Canadian who had made his fortune by inventions relating to steel.

Roger went everywhere, and no one knew him. He passed the very judges who had questioned him, he went to the concierge of his old apartment where Julia had left the fatal money, and where he had lived so long, but the concierge answered his trifling ques-tions as if to a stranger. He went to his old fac-tory. No one knew him. His uncle, Ber-nardit, had sold the factory just before his death, which took place some two years be-fore, and Roger's heart drew him toward the old place. It was the hour for dinner, and the workmen filed past him, but though they looked curiously at the man standing there, none of them knew him, though he could have called them nearly all by name.

This and the regret caused by the death of old M. Bernardit and his wife saddened Roger greatly. This noble and kind old couple had invented a story about having put Suzanne in a convent school, and the neighbors never questioned its truth. everything conspired to aid Roger in his new life.

Oue day Roger told Suzanne to not feel uneasy if he was not home as early as usual, that he wished to look at some country houses and might be dotained. This was while they were still at the Hotel Scribe. The truth was that he wished to wait until night fell and go to Ville d'Avray and kneel by poor Henriette's grave, which he had never seen, but which was holy ground to

All the late afternoon he wandered about the little village into the woods behind and beyond the house where he had lived. The house was closed and the beautiful garden had run to weeds. Desolation and neglect were marked upon the place, and Roger could not bear the sight of his once charming home thus gone to decay. He wandered to the edge of the town to the little graveyard, but until night fell be dared not go to the tomb be searched. The moon rose and by its light be discovered a grave surrounded by an iron grating, and on the marble cross, hidden by weeds that grew rank over the poor martyr beneath, he found the name of lele wife He sonk down and laving his face on the cold damp grass wept for his young wife, whose death now seemed more real to him than it ever had before. He gathered a handful of the rank, coarse weeds and kissed them and placed them in his pocket and rose to go, with a heavy heart, for she had died believing him guity. He had turned to go, when he thought he saw a woman's figure moving among the graves. His heart stood still, and he looked with wild eyes toward the phantom, if such it was. He watched and she walked from one grave to another, searching everywhere and looking at all the inscriptions on the stones as she went,

His heart stopped beating, as something in her walk or movement told him that it was his daughter, though a long cloak and hood drawn closely over her face completely hid her from view.

If it was Suzanne, then she had forgotten nothing! She knew all, and for ten long years had so dissimulated that he was entirely deceived, in spite of all the efforts he had made to discover her mind.

His emotion was so strong that he was obliged to seat himself upon a tombstone and wipe away the thick drops of cold sweat from his forehead.

"I will know if it is she," said he; "I must know. If it is really Suzanne she will go to her mother's tomb. As he was about to go back, there, near him,

stood the same dark shadow going toward the "Madame, mademoiselle, for pity's sake, one

The shadow heard, but that voice frightened her, for she began to run swiftly and

disappeared from view.
"I will know. I will be at the station and await if necessary all night. He ran all the way and reached the station, seeing no one but men on the way; but there was no one there. The train did not leave for a quarter of an hour, and he waited and watched and he waited and watched again until another one had gone. Then he decided to go home, and there he would surely find out if Suthe hotel it was nearly 11 o'clock, and Su zanne was not in their common parlor. Then the father went to Suzanne's bed room and softly tried the knob. The door opened, but

the room was dark. "She has not returned," thought be, a prey to violent agitation. Just then the voice of Suzanne broke the

"Is that you, father!" A joy beyond words beamed in his eyes as be heard that voice. She was there asleep quietly in her bed and be had aroused ber. So he was mistaken. He thanked God in his

"Yes, dear, it is I I thought I heard you "No, father, I was asleep."

"Sleep again, my darling; sleep." And so, glad and reassured, the father kissed the laughter and retired Suzanne gave a sigh of relief when he was gone, and said: "He did not know me, hap

pfly."
Roger had not been deceived, for it was Suzanne who had been in the cemetery and kissed the cold from that surrounded the grave that beld a mother's precious clay.

ITO BE CONTINUED.

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## DR. S. B. HARTMAN'S LECTURE.

On Scrofula -All About That Humor in Your Blood That Brea s Out Every Spring, Spring Blood Disorders, Dependent on Scrofula.

Scrofula is a name given to a certain bodly temperament or tendency (dyocrasia) which is quite common in childhood, being less frequent in people of middle or old age. It affects principally the lymphatic glands of the body, but it may attack the mucous membranes, especially of the eyes, throat and lungs. It is a constitutional disease, and is generally inherited.

The causes of scrofula are inheritance (heriditary.) unfavorable conditions of life, low, damp dwellings, want of light, insufficient food, mental depression and acute diseases, especially measles. In fact anything that lowers the vitality of a young child is liable to take the form of scrofula. Crowding young children too rapidly with their studies frequently results in developing latent scrofula.

Enlarged glands at either side of the neck and throat, and also in the groins, a creamy white skin, with a tendency to fleshiness, too surely reveal the presence of chronic scrofula. Lumps in the breast, many of which are mistaken for cancer, are no doubt the great majority of them scrofulitic enlargement of the mammary glands. Chronic sores on the lips, ulcerated mouth and throat, are most always due to scrofula. Ulcers on various parts of the body, particularly about the head or shins are rarely due to other than scrofulitic taints. I have known cases where the bedy was nearly covered with ulcors, which had been treated for years as syphilis or cancers, to yield at once to remedies for scrofula.

The treatment for scrofula consists of external applications, and internal medications. In regard to the external treatment of enlarged glands or scrofulitic tumors and ulcers, nothing but poultices of some kind should be applied. A flax seed meal poultice to the inflamed glands or other swellings is the proper external treatment of them, as it hastens the discharge of the pus. An open ulcer or running sore is best treated with the clay poultice as described on page 22 of my pamphlet "Ills of Life." On no account should any treatment be allowed which has the effect of hindering the free discharge of the pus.

The diet should be liberal, consisting as much as possible of animal food, such as meat, eggs, fish, milk, etc. Cod liver oil may be taken after meals, in cases where it is well borne by the stomach. I do not regard cod liver oil as a medicine, but simply as a concentrated food, and I recommend it in all cases of wasting disease, where it is agreeable to the stomach. But no food, however concentrated or nutrious it may be, will erradicate the poison from the system. La-cu-pla must be used to accomplish this result. With ordinary care as to diet and exposure, if La-cu-pi-a is taken regularly, a cure is certain.

In young children, as soon as the first enlarged gland of the neck or groin makes its appearance, the above diet should be begun and La-cu-pi-a given according to direction and such external treatment as the case seems to demand. When the gathering is in the head and the discharge is from the ears very little external treatment can be used except to syringe the ear or warm water. In such cases La-cu-pi-a must be relied on entirely, for any medicine put in the ear will only do harm. In older people, scrofula is more liable to appear in the form of boils, ulcers, carbuneles, or eruptions; also chronic inflammation of the eyelids, producing red watery eyes. The only medicine that is necessary to

use in addition to La-cu-pi-a in the treatment of any case of scrofula is a good laxative in cases where the bowels are constipated. The laxative which experience has taught me to be the best is Man-a-lin, and as it works admirably with La-cu-pl.a. I advise any who find it necessary to take any laxative while using La-cu-pi-a to get Mana-lin. After many years experience I have have never known a thorough course of the above described treatment to fail to cure even the worse cases of scrofula.

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