

A PECULIAR CASE.

PHYSICIANS PUZZLED BY THE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. BOWEN.

The Episcopal Hospital Said She Had Consumed.

From the Record, Philadelphia, Pa. Last July the Episcopal Hospital admitted a woman whose pale and emaciated face and racking cough proclaimed her the victim of consumption. She gave her name as Mrs. Sallie G. Bowen, wife of Wm. G. Bowen, residence, 1849 Meighan street, Philadelphia. The case was diagnosed and she was told plainly that she was in an advanced stage of consumption. The examining physician even showed her the sunken place in her breast where the cavity in her lung was supposed to exist. She went home to her family a broken, disheartened woman with death staring her in the face. That was the beginning of the story; the end was told by Mrs. Bowen, who no longer expects to die, to a reporter who visited her home.

"The first symptoms of consumption came in the form of terrible sweats, both night and day. From April until September I was constantly cold and kept wrapped up in blankets through the hottest weather. A terrible cough took possession of me, my breast was sore to the slightest touch, and my limbs were like cold clay. The hardest rubbing with the coarsest towel would not create the slightest flush, and the least exertion would so exhaust me that I could barely gasp for water.

"I went to the hospital in July and they diagnosed my case as above stated. It was when the clouds were the darkest that the first glint of sunshine came. Mr. Rhelmerdine, a friend, who lives around at 1844 Clemeatine street, said to me one day: 'Mrs. Bowen, did you ever try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People? I had never heard of the medicine, but in my condition could not turn a deaf ear to anything that offered relief. It was after considerable thought and investigation that I concluded to discontinue all the medicine I was taking, including cod liver oil, and depend entirely upon Pink Pills. I began to take the pills, at first with but little encouragement. The first sign of improvement was a warmth and tingling sensation in my limbs. Finally the cough disappeared, my chest lost its soreness and I began to gain flesh until I was fifteen pounds heavier. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cannot praise them too highly.

Mrs. Bowen is a kindly-faced lady of middle age, a church member, well known and highly esteemed. She looks to-day well and strong, and it seems almost impossible that she was ever given up by eminent physicians as an incurable consumptive. Yet such is the case beyond all dispute.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

The Haughty Don. Spain may bully the Cubans, but when it comes to Uncle Sam, "hands off," is the policy she will have to adopt.—Philadelphia Press.

Spain is an old offender in this master of firing on the American flag. She deserves to be made an example of for the benefit of other hot headed nations.—Boston Journal.

The only satisfaction the American people have so far out of the firing of the Spanish cruiser Conde de Venadito upon the Alliance is that she never touched us.—New York Advertiser.

Trying to Atone. A sea-captain who lived in Washington during his stays on land had a great fancy for rows of all sorts and especially prized an old gobbler which had been long in his possession. From one cruise he brought home a mischievous young monkey, which made as much trouble as the proverbial "white elephant."

One day, hearing a terrible commotion in the henry, the captain entered and found Jocko with the gobbler under his arm, while he was deliberately pulling out the poor bird's last tail-feather. The captain rescued the turkey and punished the monkey severely, who knew very well why he was chastised.

The next day again hearing a commotion among the feathered tribe, the captain went to the scene of the action and there sat Jocko with the much persecuted gobbler between his knees, while he was trying to put the feathers back. His intentions were good, but the turkey seemed unable to appreciate them.—Harper's Young People.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Apothecian, Ills., April 11, 1894.

For Shade or Ornament. Where a tree is desired for shade or ornamentation, the advantages of the nut bearing trees should not be overlooked, as many of them are symmetrical in form, give a dense shade, are hardy and the nuts after ten or twelve years of growth will more than compensate for the interest on the land they occupy. Plant only the kinds that are known to do well in the section where they are to be grown. The chestnut, hickory, walnut and butternut are hardy fruit trees will produce the desired shade and give an abundance of fruit at the same time—important considerations.

THAT LEMP in a man's stomach which makes him irritable and miserable is caused by indigestion. Indigestion, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. The trouble may be in stomach, liver, bowels. Wherever it is, it is caused by the presence of poisonous refuse matter which Nature has been unable to rid herself of, unaided. In such cases, wise people send down a little health officer, personified by one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, to search out the trouble and remove its cause.



CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"How pretty your cousin, Miss L'Estrange, looks to-night," said Mrs. Ruthven, as soon as she took breath, when they paused after the first two or three turns. "Why has she such a fancy for that cold, hard, gigantic Mr. Winton?" "A fancy for Winton?" said Marsden, turning sharply to look at Nora, who was standing nearly opposite, her arm through her partner's, but her head half turned and raised in a pretty attitude to speak to Winton, who stood behind. There was an indescribable expression of pleasure and liking in her pose, which somewhat justified Mrs. Ruthven's remark. "Oh, no," continued Marsden, "she has better taste than to care for such a piece of perfection." Besides, he is an old flame of the step-mother's, and is, I fancy, pining court in that quarter. No matter, these refrigerated machines are not in our line; you and I are children of the sun, though chance has made us English. Are you rested? Let us have another turn."

When next they stopped Marsden bent over her and said, with an air of tender interest: "I am afraid you are fatigued, you tremble! Come, there is a charming retreat at the end of the conservatory, where you can rest and be quiet; you look pale. The waits will not be over just yet, and I can bring you an ice there." Draw-servant and I began to gain flesh until I was fifteen pounds heavier. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cannot praise them too highly.

Mrs. Ruthven was unusually disturbed. Her prominent thought was: "He has made this opportunity to propose for me. To-morrow I shall be the mistress of Eveleigh Manor," so, leaning slightly toward her host, as if needing his support, she willingly accepted his guidance. The dance finished, Nora, escorted by her partner, an officer of the regiment quartered at Oldbridge, mingled with the stream of guests thronging to the buffet, and while talking together over their ices and lemon squash with Mrs. L'Estrange and Winton, she noticed Marsden breaking away from a proxy master of fox hounds, who had buttonholed him.

"I really cannot stay," he said, loudly and impatiently. "I want to take an ice to Mrs. Ruthven, who is feeling faint."

He went on to the buffet, and spoke to one of the waiters. "No, I will take it myself," he replied to something the man said. Nora thought he looked really anxious and disturbed.

"Is Mrs. Ruthven feeling unwell?" she asked, as Marsden passed. He shook his head, with a smiling glance toward the bore from whom he had just escaped, as if to intimate it was an excuse for leaving his guest, and went on quickly into the next room.

Winton looked after him. "The rooms are not hot enough for fainting," he said. "You have not seen the tent yet, Mrs. L'Estrange; come and inspect it."

He offered her his arm, Nora and Lord Alfred Hartcutt following. As soon as they entered the morning room they saw a group of men around the door leading into the conservatory.

Next to it stood Marsden, a look of puzzled surprise on his face. "The lock must have slung of itself," Captain Lethbridge was saying, as Mrs. L'Estrange and Winton drew near. "It is unaccountable."

"What is the matter?" asked the latter. "The door is mysteriously locked, though I passed through it only now," said Marsden, shaking it violently.

"It looks as if the fair widow did not want you back," cried Lord Alfred with a foolish laugh. Marsden gave him an angry look. "See if the key is in the door."

"Break it open." "Cut out a pane," were some of the suggestions rapidly offered.

"Is there not some other way into the conservatory?" asked Winton. "Yes, of course; through the east corridor," cried Marsden. He rushed away.

In another moment they saw him pass the door and disappear, only to return more rapidly, and burst into the room, exclaiming: "Where is Lady Dorrington? Mrs. L'Estrange, come for God's sake! The key is gone, and Mrs. Ruthven is lying insensible! Call her maid! Look for the servants who were about. 'Bring some water. Come, Mrs. L'Estrange,' and in evident agitation he led the way, through a part of the house not thrown open to the general company, through the conservatory to the tent.

Winton, Nora and one or two of the others followed to see if they could be of any use. Mrs. Ruthven lay apparently lifeless, stretched on the divan, one arm hanging down inertly, her deadly pallor contrasting with her splendid dress and gay surroundings.

"Is she dead? Oh, is she dead?" whispered Nora, in awe and terror. "No, no," returned Mrs. L'Estrange, taking the hand which hung so helplessly "she is not cold—she breathes—give me your fan—she must have air—do not come too close—send for Dr. Weldon; I saw him just now."

"I will go for him," said Winton, "but look, Marsden, her jewels are gone."

"What can have happened?" cried Marsden. "Has she been robbed? Good God, and perhaps injured!" Call Weldon."

"Turning toward the door, he met Lady Dorrington coming in, and with her the chief doctor of Oldbridge, one of the guests.

"Well, well, what's the matter? Hot rooms; too much dancing?" exclaimed Dr. Weldon, a short, stout, authoritative man. "Pooh, pooh! don't look frightened," to Nora, as he took Mrs. L'Estrange's place. "That's right; all she wants is air," he laid his hand on her side. "Heart beats; it's just a swoon; keep fanning, please—can you get her clothes loosened?—all fasten at the back—un-irrational! You had better get out, gentlemen. Are you here to get a smart little Frenchwoman, who came in followed by the butler

carrying a carafe of water and a goblet. "Oh, mon Dieu! I never saw madame so bad before," cried the maid. "Then is she subject to these attacks?" "Yes, sare—a little—not often."

"Try and loosen her dress. Here, give me the water! Stand back, Mr. Marsden. 'cannot leave till I see her revive,' cried Marsden. "There is something mysterious in this seizure. She may be hurt. As her host, I feel responsible for her."

"Ha! she is coming to," said the doctor, as a deep sigh parted the lips they watched so anxiously. "Get some brandy—don't let any one come in here, there are too many already."

"Let us go, then," whispered Mrs. L'Estrange to Nora, adding to Lady Dorrington: "I shall be in the conservatory should you want me."

Another long shivering sigh broke from Mrs. Ruthven; she slowly opened her eyes, which met those of Lady Dorrington, who was bending over her. For a minute or two she did not seem to recognize any one, then an expression of piteous alarm came into her face, as she feebly stretched out her arms and exclaimed in gasps: "Save me! don't leave me!" "Dear Mrs. Ruthven, you are perfectly safe; no harm shall come to you," said Marsden, coming forward.

"There—there; don't agitate her. You drink this, my dear madame," cried the doctor, offering her some brandy and water. "You are all right now."

some reason when she was in Paris on her way home," said Shirley, "very foolish of her, but she told me so."

"Ha! I thought you might give us some hint from your more intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Ruthven; any assistance you can give."

"Is entirely at your service," returned Shirley, drawing a long breath.

Here Dr. Weldon entered, and without speaking sat down to the writing table, and proceeded to write rapidly. Winton, in a low tone, described the position of the opening cut in the side of the tent.

"Will you dispatch one of your grooms with this prescription to my assistant, Mr. Marsden?" said the doctor, without looking up. "Mrs. Ruthven will hardly get any sleep without a composing draught."

"Certainly, doctor. I have already ordered a horse to be saddled, and I shall send a report of this extraordinary occurrence to the head of the police at Oldbridge. The local men must have the managing of the matter in the first instance. I will write a brief message, and then we will examine the terrace and grounds."

"Where, I fear, we'll find but little," said Winton.

"Given a quarter of an hour's start, and it will be almost impossible to catch the ruffian," observed Shirley.

"The only chance is that some accomplice may split. A thundering big reward is the thing," said Lord Dorrington.

"On such a night, with numbers of people going about, any stranger would pass unnoticed," returned Shirley.

"The entrance of the butler interrupted. 'The man and horse are ready, sir.' 'Wait,' said Marsden.

"There is my note," said Dr. Weldon. "Tell your messenger to keep ringing the night bell till some one comes. He knows my house?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

Then Marsden rose and gave full directions as to giving his message into the hands of the inspector at Oldbridge.

"Who are you sending?" "Tom Harris, sir, on Brown Robin."

"Good. Tell him to ride like the devil; then bring me a lantern in the conservatory. Quick. We will see if there are any tracks."

"It is almost incredible that in such a place, with crowds of people at hand, such an outrage could have been committed," said Shirley, who seemed dazed by his astonishment and concern.

"Is done, however, and very effectually. I am utterly confounded! It seems a sort of personal disgrace that such an outrage should have been perpetrated on a guest at Eveleigh."

"Come on," said Winton impatiently. "Dorrington," said his host, pausing. "I wish you would take Lady Blankford in to supper and keep the people going. If the truth is known there will be such an infernal row. Every one will be panic-struck, and I want them to get their supper in peace. Tell the marchioness what you like. Say I am looking after Mrs. Ruthven. Tell Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora not to talk about the theft."

"Very well," said Lord Dorrington, obediently, and hurried away to do his brother-in-law's bidding.

Winton's cool head and practiced intelligence made him the natural guide in such an investigation.

The gravel on the terrace without was hard and dry, and, save two faint, scarcely perceptible impressions which might be footprints, there was no sign that the robber had lain in wait there.

Near the spot where Winton and his host stood was a short flight of steps leading to the pleasure ground beneath, which here ended in a thick growth of evergreens, through which a walk led to a gate opening on the high road to Oldbridge. This gate was usually locked, but was a favorite means of egress to pedestrians going to and from the town.

"Let us have a look along here," said Winton. "Hold the lantern lower."

Soaking carefully as they went, they examined every inch of ground at either side of the path, and had proceeded about a hundred yards when Winton uttered an exclamation, and snatched the lantern from the bewildered butler.

"What's this?" he cried, stooping to drag a dark bundle from under the low-growing branches of some thick laurels. Marsden eagerly assisted, and they quickly unrolled a short, wide, foreign looking black cloak, from which fell a mask and a long knife, something like a booby knife.

"The scoundrel east his skin here," said Marsden, "making sure there would be no pursuit till the conservatory door was opened and his victim recovered. Good God! that poor woman had a narrow escape. If fright and chloroform together had not made her insensible, he would have murdered her!"

"Professional thieves in Europe seldom shed blood, I believe," returned Winton. "Let us break a couple of branches to mark the spot where we made the find." (To be continued.)

"The Great Terror." During the long days of June and July there raged again a carnival of blood, known to history as the "Great Terror." In less than seven weeks upward of 1,200 victims were immolated. The unbridled license of the guillotine broadened as it ran. First the aristocrats had fallen, then royalty, then their sympathizers, then the hated rich, then the merely well-to-do, and lastly anybody not cringing to existing power.

The reaction against Robespierre was one of universal fear; but dictator as he had wished to be, he was formed of other stuff, for when the reckoning came his brutal violence was cowed. On July 27 (9 Thermidor) the convention turned on him in rebellion. Extreme radicals and moderate conservatives combined for the effort. Terrible scenes were enacted. The sections of Paris were divided, some for the convention, some for Robespierre. The artillerymen who were ordered by the latter to batter down the part of the Tuilleries where his enemies were sitting, hesitated and disobeyed; at once all resistance to the decrees of the convention died out. The dictator would have been his own executioner, but his faltering terrors stopped him midway in his design. He and his brother, with their friends, were seized, and beheaded on the morrow. With the downfall of Robespierre went the last vestige of social or political authority; for the convention was no longer trusted by the nation—the only organized power with popular support which was left was the army.—Century.

Everything in the way of decoration this season is gay, brilliant and lavish. The quantity of trimming that will be used by the milliner will be limited only by the extent of the space allowed by vario sized headcoverings and the length of the buyer's purse.—New York Post.

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"I have received more benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla than from all other medicines or remedies. For years I suffered terribly with a creaked stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and general debility. Life was a burden. On taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, together with Hood's Pills, my health began to improve. Formerly anything I ate caused me great distress. Now I can eat heartily and am greatly improved in flesh and health. I most cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. GRACE PARKER, Cazenovia, New York.

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It creates an appetite and overcomes that tired feeling. Be sure to get Hood's.

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Hot Springs, South Dakota. At a meeting of fifty prominent Illinois physicians, held during their recent trip of investigation to Hot Springs, South Dakota, it was resolved that a committee of five be appointed to draft suitable resolutions, voicing the sentiment of the meeting concerning the Dakota Hot Springs, as viewed from the physicians' standpoint. The following is the report:

"The members of the visiting delegation of Illinois physicians, assembled in the town hall at Hot Springs, S. D., desire to express their hearty appreciation of the opportunity thus afforded them to become practically acquainted with the great advantages of this place as a health resort. The sheltered location of the Springs upon the southern slope of the Black Hills, in a valley that is protected from the blasts of winter and from storms of summer, the dryness and salubrity of the atmosphere and the moderate elevation above sea level (3700 feet) combined with easy access from all directions, render the place peculiarly attractive to all who find their advantage in an escape from extremes of heat, cold, damp and atmospheric pressure. The purity of the waters, and their decided medicinal quality also commend the Springs to the medical profession and to all invalids who suffer with cutaneous arthritic diseases and with such disorders of the digestive and eliminative organs as need for their relief a continued gentle stimulation of the liver and kidneys. For the relief of the different forms of chronic rheumatism the magnificent plunge bath in which active elimination, together with sufficient exercise of the affected joints and muscles, are happily combined, cannot be too highly praised. "Taking into consideration the ease of access the ample and comfortable accommodations that are provided at moderate cost, and the healing properties of the mineral waters, it is evident that the Hot Springs of South Dakota afford opportunities for rest, recovery and recovery of health that are not surpassed by any similar resort in the country. To the members of the medical profession who are seeking for their patients a location that shall combine the advantages of northern and southern climates, eastern and western levels of elevation, attractive scenery and the comforts of civilization, associated with social simplicity of life, this place can be most confidently recommended."

HENRY M. LYMAN, Chicago. E. P. COOK, Mendota. J. W. POWELL, Peoria. WILLIAM A. ELDER, Bloomington. E. STILLMAN BAILEY, Chicago. Committee.

For a beautifully illustrated folder descriptive of this famous health and pleasure resort, and also for information about the Burlington Route's rates and train service to Hot Springs, write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

Nature's Wonders Barrier reef is a coral reef extending along the northwest coast of Australia for nearly 1,300 miles.

The Sierra Nevada range of mountains in California is nearly 500 miles long, 70 wide and from 7,000 to nearly 15,000 feet high.

There is a gigantic "rocking stone" or balanced boulder on the pinnacle of Tandil mountain, Buenos Ayres. It is 24 feet in height, 39 feet long and will weigh 25 tons.

Crepsons and all sorts of craped fabrics will remain in highest favor for both spring and summer gowns. The wool crepons are a safe and serviceable investment and have in a degree usurped the place of serge and chevrot.

The American turf congress has ruled that a jockey can weigh in with any amount of overweight, but underweight is limited to two pounds.

You Don't Have to Swear Off. says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. No cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

It is becoming more apparent every day that the successful bank robber is the one who draws a salary from the institution.—Chicago Post.

The polling of the registrar on presidential candidates has begun. It tickles the vanity of the legislators, but it doesn't settle the question.

If adermanic votes are really marketable, isn't it about time to inaugurate a system of advertising for bids, so that all can have a fair chance?

KNOWLEDGE Bring comfort and improvement and tend to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value of health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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