## The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOOKE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Birectorp.

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Office and residence: -At the bead of Frederick

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PHYSICIAN, SCHORON, ACCOUNTED. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE-Dr. McGarvin's an corner Mill and Frederick streets

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MILL ST. .

A Little Talk About SHOES+

Figures may lie and facts distorted be, But seeing is believing, come and see.

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Our Planing Mill Lumber dressed while you wait: Monldings &c., n ade to order. We have also a quantity of founter for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful

Shop at foot of River Street. THOS. EBBAGE, Manager Poetry.

HOW JOHN PROPOSED. "Good evenin", John," said good old Farmer

His broad moon face with wrinkles running Lookin' the soul of goodness, "How de deau; I thought I board for tread. It must be year. Son I: but somethin' alls our John. Yer tred Was kinder like unsartin. One who hed Our best respect'. John, wouldn't bar fumbled

In comin' thro' our great hall door, yer know. "But, lay yer bat saide, and take a chair; The evenin's cool, John. Yes, right over there I once proposed to Nancy's mother. Start, I see yer doau; but there she gave her heart. Just where yer set. I soo yer blueh; o'eu l Was bashful then. But there I did it. Try? I came here twenty times or more. At last I mustered courage. Parson tied us fast.

"And then the world was Paradise. A cow Nes all she had as dowry. Lord knows how We kep' the wolf eway. But I was strong: And you believe md. John, it wasn't long Afore we had this leetle farm on tick; And twere a puzzle, too, e'eu to old Nick, How fast the morigage melted. But, friend

She was a very Queen with apara on ! "And Nancy. She, John, came to bely us boar Our burdens. Bindin beart to heart. The care Of her had taught us practice, and our love Grew stronger-Nancy! You, a lettle dove rom out the sky. And you'll agree, of course ; For as a friend of Farmer Brown, the source Of love were fountin false that could not see All homely virtues in their lovely Nancy.

"But, John, yer sick. The' maybe what I say stiria'. Naucy's ma is out. To-day She went to Descon Bland's. If Nancy'll deau, [7] bitch the old mare up. Auf she and year Can kinder keep the cradle trimmed; and John. You'll stay till I git back. With bubbles on. The cider's in the mug. I'll call my Nau .-And here are apples picked by her own han'.

Now, Nanny, bere is John, our neighbor's boy; An honest lad. You'll take my place. I loy To see an upright man fir these fast days; But every age bas its poculiar ways -The fire. It won't go out. If so it should,

You'll find right there some logs of hard oak So, now good-by."- And down the antumn road The loud "Bul-up's" sound where the brooklet

And Farmer Brown went jogging on. A tune His love-days knew, brought back an old-time When Nancy's mother was a fair young maid He wooed and won when corn was in the biade; And gray old Boss kept time with th' old time While he and she went jogging slow along:

The wind grew strong. The air was cold and As farmers will, the hour was somewhat late. When "Whos !" stopped the old mare right at

the gate : But dark as pitch was Farmer Brown's abode; He scarce could see the grass that lined the And Nancy's ma said "Hush!" as Farmer

And caught his left foot in the tangled reins. Muttering that some folks didn't have any fickering match soon lighted up the room; And there, O dear! across the partial gloom, Proud Farmer Brown and Nancy's cood old Indulged together in a loud "ha-ha?" For do believe it, all the Ericas out:
The candle fickered from its place.
And Brown said something then

Uttered a "by-word" as be clambered down.

-Horace Ealos Liker. Select Family Reading.

For there sat Nan and John, both saleen!

Old Uncle Bill.

Any one who visited Mr. Norris at his fine place on the Hudson would be sure to notice, after a while, that an old man wandered about the place dressed all summer in a white shirt and linen vest and trousers and a fisherman's hat, and all winter woollen dressing-gown. He was a tall, bald old man, and people at first him for a superannuated old server finally, his nice linen, his neat hand a certain well-bred tone of voice. chance they heard him speak, make

thing!"

If they asked the would reply at person has no author "One of the blessis law brought with her my daughter. Conside miserable ne'er-do-well of a relation. K the question

4.20

wife's a ne'er-do-well. The black meen of the Mock, you know. Always is one every family. For her sake-she was very benevolent woman-we' let him stay

fine. Tord McTab paid great attention to about. He prefers eating by himself. He's very stopid, version she wanted him here. and she had her way, poor soul. I grudged her nothing. Yes, that's poor Bill." But if it was Miss Phemie of whom the question was asked, she always answered "Why, that is Uncle Bill. He's a little little eccentric, but the dearest old soul

I'm very, very fond of him, and he of 'me. Dear old Uncle Bill. Certainly Phemie was the old man's only friend in that pompous household. She was who went up to his little room with his meals, and sat with him while he ate them; who saw that he had the news papers and his pipe; who had fixed that little, out-of the way place with a pretty carpet, book shelves, a student's lamp, lots of pretty ornaments in worsted and painted silk; who never received her monthly allowance without buying something for him. His pretty, snow white shirts were her

gift, and she saw that they were done up properly. The flannel dressing-gown he wore in winter was of her contrivance. In fact, up in that dormer-roofed room there were boars that were more home-like than any spent in the great parlors, or the big dinner-room, where Miss Belle was only affectionate to "pa" when she wanted him to give her more money to spend ; and Miss me, sir ?" Norris, the elder sister of the master of the house, made bitter speeches in the pauses of the needle-work in which she was per. beggar." petually engaged, sometimes directed at The old Style Wooden Pump to the her brother, sometimes at Belle, sometimes at Phemie, but all worded so circumspectly

and clothed in such a guise of piety that no one dared resent them. "What a comfort you are, Uncle Bill." Phemie would say, as she poured out the old man's coffee. "And what a comfort you are, Phemie," old Uncle Bill would say. " If I was a rich

uncle, just home from India, like those in the plays and novels, you wouldn't make more of me." "I shouldn't make so much, uncle," Phemie would answer, "for you'd be a of St. John: Old Uncle Bill, in his old-

stocks to worry about like poor pa; and Norris family. And after the wedding you're not irritable, and you are like they were to go upon a little trip. Phemie's

mamma, too. You have her eyes." day that you came to the hospital with cumstances, but at home no one had

poor that he's in a hospital.' Then we And then Fred held out his hand. came and I saw you in bed, and after a "Uncle Bill," he said, "we shall live you well again."

"And died herself, just as I got about," and shall be happy ourselves." said Uncle Bill. "And your father and the - "Will you be so, boy?" cried Uncle F rest did not like a shabby old man around the house. Well, I was lucky to get a home I supposed, and luckier still to find such joy. disinterested love as yours. You're like Susan. She was the dearest girl that ever

lived. Yes, you're like Susan." But they did not always talk thus. They were very busy often, over books; over Phemie's embroidery, for which he designed patterns; teaching her little dog a thousand tricks; feeding the blind kittens Phelan saved from drowning; making a little well, from which the canary drew buckets of water. And Phemie and the old man would wander off to the river side, where he would fish, seldom catching any-

thing, and she would read or knit. None of the family knew of these intimacies. Belle, older than Phemie by six years, preferred that she should cousider herself a child until Miss Norris was married. And Aunt Marcia detested her for her resemblance to the sister-in-law who

had never been congenial. not of the household did and shared at

times in them. would take his place near him-a handbrightest eyes in the world; and there the hours went by like hours in a dream, and Bill laughed and told fishermen's stories. And came the stars, and blinked upon the As for the young man, silent or talkative, he was always charming. So thought Phemie. She was well-read in romantic fore. What happened was only to be expected. In a little while two lovers sat beside old Uncle Bill on the banks of the pretty stream, and walked together as far

as the little gate in the hedge that nobody else used, and did not hide from the old man that they parted with a kiss. Fred Howard was not a fashionable man, the only son of a poor widow who had made a bookkeeper of aboy. What holidays he had he spent at home. This was his pass; we are happy together and what need mid-summer vacation. He was bright and

good and handsome, but Mr. Norris surely would have had hews for his younger daughter were talking topast, remained her husband; "Hiram. and those who truly loved her lived contenttake my for it, them's beaus." Mr. bedly together for many long, pleasant years. op behind the pair, and

florid ghost between thetine hodneed to my daughter." inshed by abswered:

Riemie looked at Fred. Fred looked a

It too late, sir," the latter said. r daughter, and hat won her heart. She has promised to be my wife. Mr. Borris stared at him, lifted his eye brows; stared again through his double eye-glass, and spoke sternly: "I have one daughter who is a credit to

her lost winter. He has written to ask my consent, to their nuttals, which I shall give, and he will return in the fall to be married to her. An English Nobleman would hardly like a brother-in-law who makes, perhaps twenty dollars a week. My cldest daughter, Mrs. Timpkin Trotter, has married a gentleman who is esteemed the wealthiest man in Mineville. My son is with my brother in New York-a man I am proud of. Now I shall never make a luss about Phemie. I only tell you this I she marries you, I disown her. You can take her if she chooses. I shall never give her a penny. She may have her clothes and trinkets, and go. If she obeys me, she shall be, married or single, well provided for. She is plain and unprepossessing; but I know a young clergyman who will attain eminence, who only needs my permission to propose. She might do very well with a proper portion for him. She has a thick waist, a large mouth, and ordinary

features," continued Mr. Norris, turning his eye-glass on his daughter: "but i clergyman should not look for beauty." "She is the prettiest girl I know, and if " may earn her bread and butter, I can do it." said Fred Howard. "You give her to

"No," replied Mr. Forris. "She may

give herself to you if she chooses to be a

Then he walked away. As Phemie and Fred stood looking at cach other, old Uncle Bill's head arose above the shrubbary. "I give my permission," he said, with more than usual dignity; "And I am her

mother's brother. I think you will make

The maiden aunt and the sister, who was to be the bride of an English nobleman, led Phemie a sad life of it for a while; but one morning she walked out of her home in her simple church-going costume, and was married in the little chapel

her happy, young Fred Howard."

victim of liver complaint, and that would fashioned broadcloth suit, went with them, make you ill-natured and you'd soold me and gave the bride away. Mrs. Howard and say naughty words. They all do, you was there, and a school friend of Phemie's, know. Now you haven't any money or and a fellow clerk of Fred's. None of the

trunks had been sent to Fred's mother's "You are sister Susan's image," the old little house. The bride was not as happy man would say. "Do you remember the as she might have been under other cirloved her or considered her since her moth-"Yes," said Phemic. "I was just twelve er's death; and Fred loved her, and she years old, and mamma was crying over the loved him. Her only trouble was that she telegram." 'My only brother, Phemie, must leave old Uncle Bill. "That is hard," she said. 'So sick that he may die, and so the old man said, "very hard, Phemie."

while we brought you home, and ma nursed a very plain way, but if you will live with us, we will do our best to make you happy, "A poor old man like me-ch! really?"

"Really!" cried Phemie, dancing with "Really and truly, heaven knows And Fred grasped his hand and shook You brought us together, Uncle Bill,"

hatred of the descon, and would not listen. "It's lucky," answered Uncle Bill, " fo brother-in-law Norris has turned me out his house for aiding and abetting you-told me that I might be town poor if I liked. didn't, I just said, "Very well, I'll go." "I'll get your things and take them mother's," said Fred. "You'll be company

for her while we're gone; after-that. home for all of us." Then the old man looked at them with smile; looked at Mrs. Howard with an other, and laughed his sweet, good-natured

"You're two good, honest, generous chil-

dren," he said. "And you're Fred's mother, ma'am. But I've an explanation to make. Five years ago my sister Susan No one in the house knew, but some one heard that I was sick and at a hospital, and took me to her house. She nursed me back to tolerable health and was very good to Sometimes when the old man's rod me. Then, sweet angel, she died. She daugled over the water, a younger angler thought that being in a hospital meant poverty. I was paying fifty dollars a week some young fellow with black hair and the there. I have a fortune that even Mr. Norris would respect, but seeing what he was, I took a fancy that I'd find out what Phemie felt happy as she had felt when a his children were. I have. I have lived child by her mother's side. And Uncle about the place as Uncle Bill, a poor relation. I wasn't wanted, even at the table I was despised by all but Phemie. She, dear little soul, has been a daughter to me.

I told sister Susan the truth on her death-

bed, and promised to do my best by this sweet girl; and my money has been growing under good care for five years. Why, had I been the beggar they thought me, I'd have gone to an alms-house rather than eat Norris' bread all these years. As it was, I enjoyed the joke. To think how he would have respected me if he had known the truth. How he scorned me for being poor, when I was a wealthy man; but let all that

of general interest, and then Levi broached There was great excitement at the Norris mansion when the news reached its inhabi tants, and Mr. Norris sent a formal forgive ness to his daughter. She was a good girl and felt glad that this was so, but she only began to know what real happiness was in the home where she

NEW YORK STREET INCIDENT. His lawyer will enter a nolle prosequi, be mear the city as the give bear shire, and cannot help it; and that's the end of the little fellow came rather sorely for one whole whole whole whole that lively guild, and planted his box down

uder the reporter's foot. Before he could snipperty map of a la Yer something !" get his broshes out another larger boy ran ip, and, calmly pushing the little one, aside, Here, you go sit down, Jimmy." reporter at once became judignant help himself." the took to be a piece of outrageous ng, and sharply told the newcomer to man for my money! And, be sure,

b, that's all right, boss," was the reply

roin' to do it fur him. You see, he's " Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, torning to the smaller boy.

Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy; and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it for me, if "Certainly; go shead." And as the The nearer you are to the jubillee year, the bootblack plied the brash the reporter plied cheaper they were to sell the land. So the

"You say all the boys help him in themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and help him, 'cause be ain't very strong "What percentage do you charge him on L job !"

"Hey?" queried the youngster.

ion't know what you mean.' "I mean, what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it? "You bet yer life I don't keep none. in't no such sucak as that." "So you you give it all to him, do you "Yes, I do. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy, I would." The shine being completed, the reporter

guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep ten cents and give the rest to Jimmy "Can't do it; eir; its his customer. Here, Jim. He threw him th coin and was off like a do it." was the excellent reply. shot after a customer for himself, a vertiable rough diamond. In this big city there

are a good many such lads with warm and

generous hearts under their ragged coats.

handed the urchin a quarter, saying, "I

GEMS OF THOUGHT. Think more of what a man is the what he has. Temper is so good a thing that we should

.Do not waste strength in fretting at unalterable evils. Do right by others, whether they do right by you or not. Beauty, unaccompanied by virtue, is a

to better work.

flower without perfume.

A smile is better than a growl as a spur

To have a course marked out before-hand to be prepared for difficulties. Perseverance is often not only a substitute | the door belf rung, the youth cried but, for ability, but it is something more. purpose, and live in its fulfillment. Forget the past, it comes not back again -act in the present-hope for the future. The path of duty is near, yet people seek His confusion as he beheld his master

PRICE THREE CENTS.

"WE'VE BEATEN HIM!"

Village, Oxford County, Maine, more than

half a century, and during all that time he

had never took a case which could do vio-

lence to his conscience, and he never suf-

fered a case to go to trial if it lay in his

power to lettle by a friendly understanding

at some time. But the man was filled with

who was eager enough to take his fee.

yer's table, at the same time exclaiming:

"There! There's a lawyer's letter from

that-that- But never mind; it's from

the lawyer at the other end of the village.

-the rascal! O! I think I see him work.

ing for me again! But, Whitman, I want

titter end. He will never have that three

"No, it isn't and houset debt, or, least-

It was understood when he went to work

" leu't it an houest debt, Descon ?"

Wise it ist't an honest way of calling for it

dollars if can help it."

left me ig the furch."

"Why did he leave?"

around his own door-yard."

and I think we will beat him off."

We've driven the plaintiff to the wall.

WORK NOW.

Young man, do not leave it to a future

day, but do it now. Man of middle age.

you have a vivid sense of rapidity with

will go just as rapidly in the future as

The ancient law concerning the sale

thy years thou shalt diminish the price."

near you come to the end of your days, you

ought to hold earthly things more loosely.

and prize heavenly things more highly

When your basiness is drawing to a close

you hasten to conclude your work dispatch

ing sometimes in an hour more than all

When Napoleon went on the field

he saw that the battle was really lost ; but

looking at the western sup. he said

"There is just time to recover the day

and giving out his orders with rapid and

characteristic energy he turned defeat into

victory. So although your sun is near to

setting there is time to recover the day

Avail yourself of the eventide, lest your life

60d in eternal failure .- Rec. W. M. Taylor,

ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.

"I wooldn't do that," said one clerk to

another whom he saw doing a disagreeable

"It must be done, and why shouldn't I

In a few minutes the wouldn't-do-it-clerk

ashamed of his remark, was assisting the

In Scotland there is a branch of legal

profession known as " writers of the signet."

A young gentleman was apprenticed to one

self a very fine person, much above the

of these writers. The youth thought him-

One evening the master desired him

carry a burnile of papers to a lawyer whose

the master saw a porter enter the outer

The lawyer's house being reached and

clerk who was not above his business.

piece of work.

ordinary apprentices.

looking around.

Marengo, it was late in the afternoon, and

that went the day before.

haste-you have no time to lose.

shan't forget you."

help his fellows.

"TO MANY OF WE." Levi Whitman practiced law in Norway Mamma, is there too many of we?" The little girl asked with a sigh.

erhape you wouldn't be tired, you see, If a few of your childs could die." Sho was only three years old-the one Who spoke in that strange way, As she saw her mothers's impatient frown At the children's boisterous play.

or compromise. In short the whole end here were half a dozen who round her stood, and aim of his professional labors seemed And the mother was sick and poor. to be to troly and honestly and substantially Worn out with the care of the noisy brood And the fight with the wolf at the door Once upon a time in his younger days, For a smile or a kiss no time, no place: Mr. Whitman was waited upon by a

For the little one, least of all; crotchety old fellow, named Sawyer, who And the shadow that darkened the mothe . O'er the young life seemed to fall.

wanted to sue Deacon Stimple for three dollars due him for work done in having More thoughtful than any, she felt more care. And pondered in childish way Whitman saw that the man was angry How to lighten the burden she could

and learned also that he had demanded the pay of the deacon "rather obstreperously," Growing heavier day by day, and he refused to take hold of such work. Only a week, and the little Chir. dustead thereof, he earnestly advised Saw-

In her tiny white trundle bed. yer to go to the deacon kindly and be Lay with her blue eyes clesed, and the sunny patient. He would be sure to get his pay Cut close from the golden head. Don't cry," she shil-and the words were

He went away and easily found a lawyer Feeling tears that she could not see-You won't have to work and be tired so ". A few days later and Descon Aaron When there ain'tis many of we." Sumple appeared in Whitman's office, But the dear little dogater who went away literally boiling over weeth and indignation. From the home wist for once was stilled. He cast down a folded paper upon the lawbhowed the mother | beart, from that dreary

What a place she had always filled.

John Sawyer has seed me for three dollars THE DOCTOR AND HIS COACH Not a physician, but a doctor of divinity, cood old Doctor Hendricksen, whom a few you to attend to the thing. Fight it to the of the octogenarians of New York may remember. He was of the genuine old Datch stock, and his leading trait, aside from his sterling manhool, and unquestionale Christian walk and conversation, was his absence of mind. I think the story of his life gives a few of the most wonderful instances of that peculiar mental idiosyn-

that he would work all through haying, but he only worked three days, and then crasy that are to be found anywhere. Here is one of them : During the early years of the good man's "Why, he pretended that he was sick, life, and even to the turning of the sere and but I guess he could have worked, if he'd yellow loaf, he had never owned a coach; been as anxious to work as he was to hang nor had he even kept a horse. He had walked when he could; and when he most "Then you are determined to push this go beyond that, he had hired. But, late in thing! You want me to starve him off, as life, a relative Patroon, on Long Island, died and left him a snug little fortune. Even "Exacly, Squire. That's just what I then he would not have had the bother of want. Do you want any money down !" of a coach and horses, if his wife and chil-"Yes; I most take a few legal steps, dren had not urged him so strongly that he and they will cost. Give me five dollars, forced to do it for harmony's sake. However, he had his couch at length, with "Good! Do it, Squire, and I'll be much horses, and coachman; and money enough

Deacen Stimple gave the lawyer a five-One day shortly after he had become dollar bill, and went his way. Mr. Whitowner of the coach, he ordered the vehicle shortly thereafter put on his bat, and took to convey him a distant part of the city his cane, and walked down to the other end where he wished to visit a sick parishloner. of the village and called upon his brother He had taken his cane for the purpose of lawyer. A pleasant chat on passing topics walking and would have started off on foot, if his wife had not reminded him of his

his business. He wished to settle that little matter between John Sawyer and Yes .- he took his couch and rode to the Deacon Stimple. The whole amount was house of his friend, and made his visit; at three dollars and fifty cents. The prosethe conclusion of which he prepared to cuting attorney would charge fifty cents for leave. He had, prayed with the sufferer, the letter we had written. The bill was and given him such consolation as he could paid a receipt taken, and Whitman returnfind in his heart; and he left with the feeling that he had performed a sacred On the following day he met the deacon. duty, and that he had gained profit to "Aha, Deacon! We've beated him!

The house of his friend occupied a corner

spontwo streets, with an outer door open-

ing spon each of them; and upon leaving

the sick room he was conducted by a dif-"Good ! I suppose you had to pay that ferent servant from the one that had admitted him, and conducted to the other "Of course, a trifle. The had to settle the door. During his stop a storm of rain had thing with him, you know. But I redriven set in, and the drops were falling copiously: him to a notic prosequi, and he cannot now During his life he had borrowed and tost morellas than he could count; and Whitman, you're a brick! You're the be list long ago firmly resolved that he had retired and closed the door, leaving him standing in the porchadle looked up and down the street for a coach and saw one. The thought that his own coach was

all the while standing around the corner

never occured to him's lty and by he

plucked up his courage. That his teeth, butwhich your years have gone, but they toned up his coat to the chiu, and set forth and so reached his horses the past. Man of old age you have to nake And there his wife and daughters met him in blank amagement. Where was his coach?. Sprely he rode away in it. an estate : "According to the number of

" Bless me so I did !-Well, well, I hope poor Coachre won't get very wet !" On another occasion the doctor's youngest bild fell from the top of the front stairs to the bottom, and it was feared that bones had either been broken, or put out of joint so he harriedly called to his coachman, and bade him harness a horse, and be ready to take a note to the family physician, which he would write while the horse was being

the door of his sanctom, with smiling face. appopuling that Katie was all right. No boues had been broken : nor had there been serious injury of any kind. The old divine with thankful heart, opened the missive, which he had folded and directed, and added this postscript :

" P. S .- The child is all right! for which

And signed it, and refolded it, and maye

Heaven be praised ! - you need not come."

He had just got the letter finished, des.

cribing the fall, and begging the doctor, to

come quickly, when his wife appeared at

it to his servant to take to its destination One man's evergy builds a church; another man's eloquence fills it with admiring hearers. Each will have his reward, and that reward will be according to the underlying motive. We mean the final

reward, not newspaper notoriety. We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun. residence was not far off. The packet was Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a received in silence, and shortly afterward bottle and try it -try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one is taken office. In a few minutes the youth walked | you'll know that there's a remedy to help out followed by the porter carrying the you. Then you'll keep on and a cure'll come. But if you shouldn't feel the help, Seizing his hat the master followed, over- should be disappointed in the results -you took the porter relieved him of the 'packet, | will find a guarantee printed on the bottleand walked in the rear of his apprentice. wrapper that'll get your money back for

How many woman are there who'd "Here fellow! give, me the 'parcel!", and | rather have the money than health? Life is always interesting when you have slipped a sixpence into his hand without "Pavorite Prescription" produces hearb. Wouder is that there's a woman willing to "Here it is for you !" exclaimed a -toice | suffer when there's guaranteed remedy in which caused the youth to turn arounds the rearest drug store.

t efar off. The way is wide; it is not hard | made him specchies. Never after that was Dr. Pierce's l'ellets regulate the atomach, he above his business .- Youth's Companion. liver and bowels. Mild and effective.