They were sisters, these two, and they had lived alone in the little cottage on Blackheath since the death of their parents, nearly thirty years before. Nothing further could be possible from the borah was the elder; she was a plump, rosy-faced little woman, with kind and motherly eyes, and although her forty-fifth birthday was not very far distant, she was as bright and energetic as any maid of twenty. Miss Janet was a younger, weaker edition of her sister, and had been considered very beautiful in her early days. There was little similarity in the sister's charact- to no purpose. Miss Janet completely ers. Miss Deborah was determined and headstrong, despite her petite figure and womanly face. She was never known to swerve from her word when while, with youthful naivete opinions ing that he was returning, and that ed to know you, and I-I never forget found all over the world united in one once she had made up her mind. She had taken the lead from childhood, and although Miss Janet inwardly rebelled, ed to see two cross-grained, sour-faced for the sake of peace and quietness she old maids, and he was pleasantly surinvariably gave way to her sister's imperious moods.

them that the Misses Grey had never and he lighted his pipe and made himmarried, and indeed it was an enigma that the ladies themselves could not thawed under his fascinating manner, solve. Miss Deborah was passionate- and before long was making a third ed she preferred the companionship of men to that of members of her own sex. Miss Janet did not go as far as this, but if there was one animal she disliked with more than ordinary aversion, it was-a cat.

Miss Deborah had never made a conquest; Miss Janet but one. It was in the person of a local butcher, who occupied an adjacent seat at churcha case of love at first sight on the gentleman's part, and as Sunday after Sunday passed, and no opportunity occurred wherewith the infatuated man might make known his passion, he grew desperate, and sent a humble, though lover-like, offer of his hand, heart, and chattels, by the boy who called for orders. Miss Deborah was furiously indignant, and said she would like to know tion; but Miss Janet was more grieved than angry. She was one of those gentle little woman who could never wilfully give pain to one of the smallest of God's creatures, and as the butcher by no means came under this category, she evidently thought that certain amount of consideration was due him, for a few days later a very delicately worded and scented epistle of regret found its way through the letter-box of the honest suitor's residence. The Misses Grey changed their

Hope Cottage was a quaint enough little piece of architecture. It had been a small legacy in the Grey family, and had been handed down from one generation to another for a considerable number of years, Moss had collected thickly upon the roof, and ivy hung in bewildering masses over the oldfashioned balcony and lattice windows. It was almost hemmed in and petizing discussions followed. In this hidden from view by thick-spreading manner the summar passed pleasantly chestnuts, and was picturesque enough enough, but as autumn advanced, with to charm the most critical eye, none its chilly winds and fading daylight, the less so for the care and attention the situation changed. Mr. Temple it received at the hands of its fair and was staying very late at the office, invigilant owners. The Misser Grey al- deed so late, that he rarely entered the most idolized their home, and consequently it was an evil day for them when a portion of its sacred dimensions had to be sacrificed to the merciless usage of a "common lodger." It was inevitable. The expenses of the past years had been so great that the ladies mutually agreed-for very fear of the great demon-debt, to crush down those rising feelings of sentimentality, and give away to fate with little show of reluctance.

sitting at church, and the butcher epi-

sode ended.

ment in the local paper, but they did not have a superabundance of replies. requiring the two front and best rooms, and use of the domestic offices; the rent for good accommodation. The Misses Grey gasped at this; fond as they were of children, they did not court half a dozen rampaging about and destroying everything that they could lay their hands upon. No! it wouldn't do. The wording of the advertisement must be altered. After a little struggle with propriety on Miss Deborah's part, and a few demurs on Miss Janet's, it read in bold black letters: "Apartments to let for a single of the summer. Yes! I'll let the mangentleman engaged during the day." An answer came-from a city clerk seeking rooms in the locality of Blackheath; and, as his terms entirely met with the ladies' satisfaction, arrangements were made and two of the rooms in Hope Cottage were duly prepared for the convenience of the new comer.

The day came when the stranger was expected. Neither of the ladies had interviewed him, and naturally they were anxious to know what he was like, and how he would conduct himself. At midday two eager faces might be seen peering from the best room window at frequent intervals, and at every sound of carriage wheels in their direction. After many disappointments he came, and Miss Deborah almost gasped as she went forward to receive him. He was a singularly handsome man, strong of face and form and fea-

with eyes as blue and limpid as a girl's. Miss Deborah quickly recovered her usual presence of mind, and welcomed ference sprang up between the two him in a quiet and dignified manner. sisters. Doughnuts did not go down so She conducted him to his rooms, and

ly awaiting her. ed the gate. He's just about the fin-est specimen of a man I've ever seen." pamphlet on the "Language of Flow-est specimen of a man I've ever seen." pamphlet on the "Language of Flow-thoughts of the sweet young girl he reported that the native

val at Hope Cottage.

discreet kick under the table, but all civil word to each other. ignored her sister, and after vouchsaf-

Mr. Temple was charmed. He expectprised to find that his surmise been incorrect. Here instead were two comparatively young-looking women; It was a wonder to all who knew one at least had proved interesting, self as comfortable and as affable as he possibly could. Even Miss Deborah

Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into monins, and still the lodger did not go down in the estimation of his fair landladies.

The sound of a man's voice broke the excessive stillness of the house, the monotony of their quiet lives, and the Misses Grey found themselves actually looking forward to the evening, when the tread of his feet would be heard on the gravel outside, and the sound of his hearty voice in the hall.

Never was Mr. Temple so well cared for in his life. Flowers were invariably seen upon his table. His slippers were always at hand, his gloves mended, his hat and coat neatly brushed every morning; in fact, all his wishes studied before he uttered them, and every injunction faithfully carried out. The situation was novel to him; he had not been accustomed to the society of women of this kind, and their delicate attention flattered his vanity delightfully. By and by the seclusion of his what the man meant by such presump- own rooms palled, and at his own special request the house and garden were made common to all, and meals were partaken of together.

> Mr. Temple's pet hobby was the study of botany. Miss Janet was passionately fond of flowers, so fond, indeed, that she would sit for hours listening to lengthy and descriptive discourses in the arbor at the back of the garden. A place admirably selected for the discussion of such flowery language. It was astonishing, too, how rapidly she progressed in the science, and how patiently she sowed the first seeds of this newly acquired knowledge.

Another of Mr. Temple's studies was the art of cookery; he was possibly more enthusiastic upon this subject than any other. This was more in Miss Deborah's line. She was of a more practical turn of mind than her sister, and always called a spade a spade, and a flower by its simple name. Miss Deborah's specialty was a novel kind of doughnut, thickly sprinkled with shreds of cocoanut, and containing in the centre a layer of raspberry jam.

Mr. Temple was much interested in the manufacture of this particular doughnut, and many agreeable and apporch of Hope Cottage until the hall clock had struck the hour of midnight; week after week passed, and still no reprieve came.

The Misses Grey were justly indig-

"it's a crying shame," said Miss Deborah, "for those fat, indolent managers to overwork their clerks in such a preposterous manner." "Yes, indeed," agreed Miss Janet.

'He's getting quite thin and careworn Miss Deborah inserted an advertisealready.j'

Here the victim indulged in a longsuffering sigh, and then a good oppor-The first was from a married couple tunity occurred to him. He declared that both ladies were quite right, he had been feeling far from well of late, next from a struggling artist with a and the thing was going too far-twelve small family, willing to pay half the hours a day was too much to expect of any man, and he must have a rest, complete change of thought and scenery, or he would succumb to the strain. Miss Janet sighed and looked thoughtful; Miss Deborah asked what

he proposed to do. "Oh, I must take part of my annual leave," said Mr. Temple, "and go for a good blow at the seaside. It would be a good idea to go at once, and catch what fine weather there is left ager know to-morrow, and the fol-

lowing day I'll start.' And start he did, much to the ladies' chagrin. Miss Deborah declared that for a man to go and seclude himself in some little watering place was the height of foolishness; what he wanted was cheerful company, plenty of good food, and rest at home. Miss Janet thought that a week or two spent in the garden among the flowers would be a far better tonic than the biting

winds of a September by the sea. Mr. Temple listened to these various prescriptions with attentive and courteous deference, but gently insisted upon his own plan, and on the day indicated he went, taking with him a shower of blessings, to the bracing atmosphere of-the north of London.

A cloud had fallen upon Hope Cotture, with the bearing of a soldier, yet tage. Day after day passed, and still it was enveloped in depressing gloom, and under its influence a difwell with Miss Janet as they had with the enthusiastic Mr. Temple, but that room, where her sister was impatient- was no reason why that lady should wondered if it were her own voice or awaiting her.

"Oh, Deb! Isn't he handsome? I just pressions of distaste, and refresh her
"Mr. Temple did not notice much difcaught a glimpse of him as he enter- self with a paragraph or two from a ference in his landlady's manner. He Miss Janet was gushingly enthusias- perceptibly and make a few inoppor- was about to make his wife. He took tic, and had evidently forgotten the tune sisterly remarks. Things went the photograph from her and looked great sorrow she had exhibited at the on in this little trifling manner for at it long and tenderly.

"I am going to get married as soon tercation took a more decided turn. as possible," he said, "and shall want

"Nonsense!" said Miss Deborah, sharp- About a week after the departure of to live nearer Violet's home. It's an She did not wish her sister to see Mr. Temple, Miss Janet had occasion awfully shabby way of leaving you. I that she had been favorably impressed to enter that gentleman's apartment know, but I can't help it. Of course, with the personal appearance of the for certain domestic purposes. As she I shall pay according to our agreement, gentleman in question. "He's not bad opened the door she saw something for the quarter in advance, as I haven't A looking, nothing out of the way. Now which astonished her very much. Miss given you notice, and that will make mind, Janet, you are to keep your place Deborah was there, seated at a little matters right." with him, and not run on in your us- table, holding something before her at ual frivolous manner. Remember, he is which she was gazing with fervent and Miss Deborah knew it was of no use our lodger, and that a certain amount passionate intensity. Miss Janet—a to argue. She must take his money, alappearance of two old maids. Miss De- of respect and deference is due to us." vague suspicion entering her heart— though she felt she would rather die Miss Janet made a grimace, but no crept softly up to her and looked over than do so. She listened, while he talkreply. She was used to these little lec- her shoulder. As she did so her shad- ed chiefly about himself and his plans tures; they were administered on ev- ow fell, and Miss Deborah started up for the future, in a kind of dull ery possible occasion; nevertheless, Mr. with a faint scream, dropping in her apathy, scarcely taking in what he was Charles Temple had not been in the fright the full-length portrait of Mr. saying, and yet bravely battling with future, it may be amusing, if not inhouse an hour before they were chat- Charles Temple. Neither spoke, but, as her emotion, and endeavoring to speak ting together as confidentially as if their eyes met, each shot at the other and act in as indifferent a manner as they had known each other for years. a look of malignant fury, that was far possible. Miss Deborah tried to catch her sis- more eloquent than words. From that ter's eye, and winked and blinked, and day the sisters drifted further and furfrowned, and even went so far as a ther apart, until they scarcely spoke a

ing graphic descriptions of the place most given up hoping for news of his poor return for all your kindness to and its inhabitants, actually gave him whereabouts, when one day-one bright, me. You must come and see us when permission to smoke, expressing mean- happy day-a letter came, briefly stat- we are settled. Violet will be delighton the relative values of certain kinds they might expect him any time during old friends. I have said good-by the afternoon.

In their excitement they almost go to my rooms and pack?" forgot the breach that existed between Miss Deborah nooded assent; them, and actually smiled at each oth- could not speak. er before they had time to think. At noon they went up stairs to dress for almost affectionately. the evening. Miss Deborah lingered a little longer than usual. She stood be- once more. If I had been your son sibility, it would consist of not more fore the long pier glass and ruminat- you could not have treated me than one hundred members. It would ed silently. Not a bad looking little with more consideration," His voice not always meet in England, but somewoman was reflected there, but she war broke. "Good by, and God bless you!" times in different parts of the colnot satisfied. Her dress was simple and He was gone! Miss Deborah sank back onies, and now and again, as an honorly fond of children, and honestly avow- in the conversation, and was as cordi- tastefully made. It looked bare about into an arm-chair, half-dazed. How ed privilege, in New Zealand. The the neck. Miss Deborah went to a cab- long she sat there she never knew, She inet and drew from its depthsa hand- heard him moving about in the room some lace collarette. This she fasten- above for some time, then footsteps ed on. Each sister possessed one; they descending the stairs; heard the front had been sent as presents many years | door open and shut, and the next thing ago, and neither of the ladies had worn | she was aware of was her sister's presthem, always waiting for some oppor- ence in the room. tunity to arrive when such an addition to their toilet would not seem out of toward her as she entered. She walk-

> the glass. She looked at herself again | Presently she turned. and again; and then a bright idea occurred to her; taking a comb from the couple of fools." table, she drew a few light tendrils of hair upon her forehead. It as as- the first light touch of frost. tonishing what an improvement it and alter it, but after a moment's con- bewildered brain. sideration determined to face the worst, Janet had her collarette on also, and sideration." where it fastened in front a cluster of pink-tipped chrysanthemums peeped out from among its lacy folds.

The sisters turned away in rather a shame faced manner. Miss Deborah took un a piece of embroidery which lay near, sat down, and began to work furiously.

A loud double knock came to the Both started, and turned pale, but it was Janet who hastened to answer it. Miss Deborah did not move, her fingers relaxed, and the work fell from them. She heard the front door open and shut, the mingling of voices in the hall, and then—what an age it seemed—steps coming toward the room in which she sat.

Mr. Temple entered. He looked warm and flurried, and exchanged greetings and views upon the weather in a curiously nervous manner.

Presently, after an awkward pause, during which Miss Deborah's pink cheeks assumed an unusually pinker hue, he burst desperately into the subject which was disconcerting him. portance to me. I have passed a very dra happy summer here, and you and your sister have done all in your power to make me comfortable; but you must

up the cares and responsibilities of a home of his own." Miss Deborah's heart seemed to give a sudden gambol. She tried to look unconcerned, and failing, bent still lower over her work.

know that there is a time in a man's

life when he feels he wants to take

"You see," continued Mr. Temple, by way of explanation, "when I went away I had no idea of staying so long. ought to have written and stated where I was, and what I was doing, but you forgive me, I know. When a man loses his heart his movements are very erratic, and I'm about as much in love as ever man was."

Miss Grey dared not look at him. Her face was suffused with blushes. Joy tingled through her veins, and made her, head swim in its wild ecstasy. It had come at last. This long-hoped-for moment when doubt and uncertainty would be cast away forever. She sat for some seconds in happy delirium. Then she thought of her sister. She imagined herself telling her the great news, and seeing the great agony in those eyes which had long read the secret of her own. A keen sense of remorse came over her and nearly deadened those other feelings; the tears filled her eyes as she thought of it. But what was this? What made Miss Deborah start as if she had been electrified, that drove the blood from her cheek, the brightness from her eye? Mr. Temple had taken something from his pocket—a photograph.

"This is the girl I love," he said "Perhaps you will like to see it, and just tell me if she isn't about the prettiest you've ever seen."

Miss Deborah took the proffered card almost mechanically. It represented a very young girl in evening dress. The face was sweet and innocent in its youthfulness, framed in a mass of fair curls, which tumbled over forehead and neck in careless luxuriance. The figure was slight, and extremely girlish. She could not have been more than been more severe than any that have me on my accident insurance policy. I twenty years of age at the most. Miss shaken that island since 1784. In the fell down a long flight of steps the Deborah's eyes grew dim as she looked at it, and the fierce beating of her heart slackened and almost stopped. She got up and congratulated him in ing the worst shock landslides rushtones so low and subdued that she

He smiled beamingly as he spoke, and

took her hand and shook it heartily, given of the British Empire in the "I am sorry for some things that I am going, he said. "I have become Mr. Temple had been absent nearly very much attached to the old house, About the year 2050, he told a Lona month, and the Misses Grey had al- and to leave you so abruptly seems a don audience recently, the British Em-Miss Janet, and have told her why I What a fluster the two ladies were am leaving, and now-I suppose I can

He shook her hand again, this time taken the place of the House of Com-

Miss Janet did not give a glance ed to the window, and remained there The collarette was just the thing. motionless. Her tiny round figure was Miss Deborah stepped back a little to drawn up to its full height, her usualsee the effect, and yet she did not leave ly mild face was hard and composed.

"Deborah," she said, "we've been a Her tone was as keen and biting as

Miss Deborah did not answer, made. She gave a sigh of content, was not looking at her sister, but beand then taking a last look turned | youd into the fast fading daylight away, and walked slowly down stairs. where the trees, now bare of their Now the thing was done, she felt afraid summer covering, moaned and sighed of herself, and wondered if her sister in the chilly breeze of a November evenwould notice it, and what she would ing. Certain words were repeating She almost turned to go back themselves again and again within her

"If I had been your son you could She entered the drawing room. Miss not have treated me with more con-

### HE PLAYS WITH WORDS.

### He Got Into the Habit Long Ago and Can't Shake It Off.

"I often amuse myself," said a philologist, "by trying to ascertain how many words I can make out of the letters of any word that I may happen to think of and may use for experiment. Take for example, a short word, such as 'rat' and you will at once notice that the letters of it give art, at, tar, and if you like, tartar. There came to my mind last night the long word 'comprehensive,' and I suppose that nearly a hundred other words can be formed from the thirteen letters contained in it. The various words took shape very rapidly in my mind, and I seized a pen to jot them down. Here a device. It is to be applied for the "Miss Grey," he said, "I know you are is the sheet of paper. As you run purpose of breathing renewed life into kind enough to take interest in my through them I would like you to keep bodies which are lifeless or apparently concerns, and I want to talk with you in your mind's eye the word 'compre- lifeless. To use the words of the inupon a subject which is of vital im- hensive, from which all of them are ventor, it is an aero-therapeutical

awn:			
prehensive	spin	hen	mire
pensive	spine	hope	men
prove	sheen	hone	move
prone	scene	home	nip
prose	sense	heep	rip
prim	sieve	hire	snip
prime	shove	him	ripe
pin or pins	seven	his	rope
pine	some *	her	rove
repine	sip	cope	vim
spine	sire	cover	vice
peevish	shire	cove	verse
pare	sheer	cone	vine
pen	simper	come	yein
shop	horse	mop	over
ship	hive	mope	ever
sheep	hie	mine	even
sin	hire	mere	nose
shin	hem	more	open

"Any one can carry on the experiment with this fertile word comprehensive as much further as he pleases. It is no better word for the purpose than a thousand other words in the English

"I got into the habit of practising with words in this way when I was a boy, and I can't get out of it. It often helps to put me to sleep at night, and it sometimes takes up my mind when I am walking in the street, or dining at my club, or holding a conversation. It is a bothersome habit. When I was introduced the other day to a man named Wilson I set to work at once upon the name, out of which I got 'win,' 'won,' 'sin,' 'son,' 'now,' sow, 'soil,' 'no,' and 'on,' and I also sought to justify myself in getting 'wo,' because the word 'woe,' was often spelled that way in old times.

"The habit bothers me in reading; for many a time I cannot help stopping to indulge in it. I stand ready to warn every person against falling into it; for I do not believe that any one who takes it up can ever shake it off. That's my experience."

# ICELAND'S EARTHQUAKES.

The terrible earthquakes which have recently occurred in Iceland, beginning in the last week of August, have extent of country affected they are the greatest ever known there. Dur- come. ed from the mountains, huge rocks fell from the steeper peaks, pastures were buried, farmhouses destroyed-though fortunately with little loss of lifenew geysers were formed, and old ones ceased to flow, and deep chasms and reported that the natives earnestly hope that one of the great volcanoes will break into activity, as they believe that would put an end to the earthquakes by relieving the subterranean stress.

GLOWING FORCAST OF THE YEAR A. D. 2050.

Hon. W. P. Reeves, Agent-General for New Zealand, Indulges in Prohhecy-The Empire Will be United.

If one may turn complacently from

a period 2,000 years distant in one direction to a time 150 years off in the structive, to read of the prophetic forecast which the Hon. W. P. Reeves. At last Mr. Temple arose to go. He Agent-General for New Zealand, has middle of the twenty-first century. pire would not be extinct but flourishing enormously. Sections would be to friendly federated union. Local matters would be settled in local parliaments, but important questions would she be discussed in the British Imperial Federation Council, which would have mons. Unlike the latter, however, and "Good by," he said, "and thank you notwithstanding the increased responpresent great question of the

> IMPERIAL DEFENCE would be settled, and ancient, barbarous and bloody warfare would not be thought of by any sensible nation. The great military and naval powers of the continent would be federated with us for the purposes of arbitration. By that time few nations would remain unfederated, so that those in the union would only be required each to keep up a small military and naval power, so that tax-payers would not be burdened in this respect. International arbitration was a difficult matter to carry out, but, just as clever men now devoted themselves to the science of warfare, they would then devote their time to the science of peace. here would also be courts of arbitration for international matters, so that there would be no strikes or lock-outs. The idea of one man being able to turn 1,000 others into the streets to starve, or of 1,000 leaving work because of a quarrel with the one, would never be dreamt of. There would be a far greater number of public servants. There would still be private enterprises and private exploitation, but a considerable number of the industries would be under State control. The empire would work upon socialistic principles, but not such as were held by a certain extreme party. There would only be a few individuals, and a few would be kept in a museum.

# TO GIVE LIFE TO THE DEAD,

### Instruments Recently Patented for Which Strange Claims Are Made.

Doubtless the most interesting of new inventions are several instruments for rewinding the delicate machinery of life after it has run down, or, more literally speaking, for bringing the dead back to life. Heretofore such mechanisms have existed only in fiction or in the visions of those who have craved for earthly life eternal.

A French physician has patented such apparatus. A vessel into which water is poured is surrounded by an air chamber, and has fixed in it an upright tube surmounted by a globe. In the center of the tube is a vacuum gauge. When the proper valve is turned, water in the upright tube moves upward and downward, producing alternate inhalations and exhalations in another tube leading to the free air. By suitable mouth or nasal pieces the latter tube is to be attached to the body of the subject. The instrument being attached and put into operation, the lungs will be filled with air and emptied at alternate intervals, corresponding in regularity with the natural expansion and contraction of the chest in normal breathing. Thus the blood may be supplied with its necessary oxygen, and unless decomposition has set in life may be kindled anew.

Still another invention of this class is that of an air-tight chamber, suitable in size for the accommodation of a man's body. It is connected with an air rarefier and compressor, the controlling mechanism of which is worked by a rotary shaft and crank. It is claimed that the subject inside may be made to breathe when the interior atmosphere is alternately rarefied and compressed, his lungs, as well as the chamber itself, being filled and then emptied as the valves are kept work-

Still another such invention is a bellows and tube, the latter to be connected with the mouth and nostrils. The tube, before reaching the subject, passes through a small stove, which heats the air to the proper tempera-

An odd apparatus, which may be included in this category, is a sort of corset, which, while encircling the chest, may be made to automatically compress and let free the muscles of the thorax which control respiration.

NO CLAIM. Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)-I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to

President of the company-Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You knew the young woman's father was at home.

Weak boards for cistern covers in good repute as thief catchers in Wabash, Ind., since a burglar fleeing with jewelry from F. W. Wood's house fell through one and was hauled out of the water and arrested.

WHAT THE FLOWER The calla lily is emblemat

ne beauty. The arbour vitae is indica changing friendship. The primrose is in Engla

lem of inconstancy. The China aster is set d dicative of remembrance. The oat plant is in Ita as emblematic of music.

The red carnation is Spain as an emblem of The myrtle plant has regarded as an emblem The pink is considered of France symbolic of pu The lotus in India is en

life; in ancient Egypt it flower. The purple columbine, i land and Scotland, is syr termination.

In the south of France of a sweet pea by a your a young man is a polite ing that she is tired of

## FLORIDA WINTER

The Southern Railway ida Central and Penins are now operating the York and Florida Lim New York and Jackson Augustine. This train i Pullman's latest impr ment cars, dining cars, sleeping cars and librar cars, leaving New York Sundays, at 12.10 noon, ton 6.20 p.m., running to Savannah, Jacksonvil gustine, via., Lynchbi and Columbia, reaching 11.20 a.m., Jacksonville, St. Augustine, 4.43 p.m. This train also carries er New York to August nection at Trenton, S. S. C.

This train is in add gular double daily limit ing Washington daily and 10.43 p.m., arrivi ville at 9.00 a,m., and tively the next day. For further informat and sleeping car resen B. P. Fraser, No. 19 1 Buffalo, N.Y., or write General Agent, Passen Southern Railway, Wa

THE FRENCH Of 67 Queens of Fra died without leaving t record of misery. Ele ed, two executed, ni seven were soon widow treated, three exiled; t

broken-hearted make Piles Cured in 3 to Burning Skin Dise One day. Dr. Agnew's Cintmen

of itching piles in from One application brings cer bleeding piles it is peerles sait rheum, eczema, ba eruptions of the skin.

"I hold to the the has the right to do with his own money." You are single. For Constipation to

Root Tea, the great Cures Headache, N tions on the Face, an olear as a bell. "Dorothy is much her literary ambitio

she sold anything? handwriting is g worse. CATARRE CANN with LOCAL APPLICA

lood or constitutional d cre it you must take int Catarrh Cure is taken in rectly on the blood a Hall's Catarrh Cure is It was prescribed by on in this country for year scription. It is con tonies known, combine purifiers, acting direct faces. The perfect com gradients is what pro results in curing Catarr als free. F. J. CHENEY & Bold by druggists, price

His mood was very No matter what He sighed for suns And then abused

You Have Sallow 6 tions, Discoloration Cosmetics And P Effects? Dr. Agnew's Liver System and Re

WOMAT

the Healthful Ro Blush of Youth. Disorders like th gish liver. Fram dose, will clarify plexion in short pills at all druggi

what you ask for. Van Duder-"I thing, Miss Amy, thought for years, that was just wha

