

Through the Deep Waters

"Jinx, honey, don't say that word again, don't!"

The woman's voice rose in sharp earnest entreaty.

"Yes, I will say it again, for I mean it. Ye think because I lay here all day long, like a worn-out hulk, I don't know the kind of a man he is, or the ways he has with women. Kind, is he, an' perlie? Oh, yes, he's kind enough an' perlie enough to a han'some woman, an' nobody's denyin' ye're that."

The brown face among the pillows worked convulsively, and the deep voice, weakened by illness, quivered and broke. In a moment the woman was by his side.

"Jim, darlin', don't be worritin' an' a makin' yersef worse for nothin'. Ye know that thar ain't a drop o' blood in my body but I'd shed it for ye willin'. I don't never think of no man but you. How could I, when ye was always the han'somes an' the braves, an' the bes? Jes be patient a leetle longer, honey. Ye're a-gettin' better right along, an' 'twon't be no time till ye'll be out an' stirrin' ef you'll jest quit worritin', an' let me do the best I kin for ye willin'."

"Ye're a good woman, Mollie," he said brokenly. "I don't never mistrus' ye. But it's hard to lay here day in an' day out—no use to nobody—an' hev the woman ye love workin' her life out in that cussed mill, with sich a man as him for her boss. Sometimes I wisht the fever had clean done for me stead o' leavin' me here, as weak as a newborn baby, an' a mighty nigh as helpless."

His wife bent over him, gathering his head into her arms and pressing it against her breast with a beautiful maternal motion.

"Don't never wish that agin', darlin', my darlin'!" she said passionately. "Remember as how ye're all I've got. Other women has fathers or mothers or kinfolks o' some kin', but I ain't got nobody. Ye know how 'twas, Jim—how mammy an' pappy died when I was a little mite of a thing, an' how I was kicked from pillar to post 'till I got big enough to work in the mill an' look arter mysef. Then ye come, an' ye've been the bes' man to me a woman ever had for five year. I've had a good home, an' I ain't wanted for nothin'; an' now jest because ye've had a tech of the fever, an' hev had to lay up for a couple of months, ye're wishin' ye were dead, an' a tryin' to make yersef believe ye're in the way! Now I leave it to ye, ain't that foolish, when ye know how proud an' glad I am to work for ye? Not that it'll be for long, for 'twon't be no time now till ye'll be comin' in with a boat full o' fish, an' a hollerin', 'Mollie, woman, what's for supper?'"

A faint smile at the picture her words had conjured up crossed Jim's face. She noticed it, and rattled on gayly.

"An' speakin' o' supper, it's high time ye were hev'in' yours. I'll hev the fire lit and the kettle bilin' before ye know it. Hev ye drunk any of your wine to-day? An' what did Granny Smith give ye for dinner? They say she's a great han' at cookin', but I'll lay she kaint beat me. Kin she, honey?"

Stirring the fire into cheer, a blaze and lighting a couple of lamps, Mollie hung her bonnet on a nail and passed into the kitchen. Jim watched her through the open door as she went about her work with the swiftness and ease that characterized her motions. The fire soon blazed good-naturedly, and the kettle bubbled with self-importance under her deft hands. She paused now and then to nod and smile at him. It seemed, but a few moments before she appeared in the doorway, bearing a tray covered with a white cloth, on which was a bit of steak, a dropped egg on toast, and a cup of fragrant coffee.

"Now I'm goin' to sit right by ye," she announced, "till ye've swallered the very last mouthful."

And so she did, watching with the frank pleasure of a child his evident enjoyment of his meal, and urging on him "jest a leetle bit" of the steak broiled to a turn, or a bit of the delicately browned toast.

Jim, having obediently finished the last crumb, smiled at her with a grateful "Granny Smith ain't in it with ye, Mollie," then, seized with sudden compunction, exclaimed disgustedly, "Well, if I ain't a hog! Here ye air, with nothin' but a bit o' col' bread an' meat from five o'clock in the mornin' till night, an' me jest a layin' here all day long, an' eatin' steady, an' I've gone an' let ye git my supper first! Go an' cook yours this mornin', an' then sit by me while ye eat it."

She smiled at him merrily, but shook her head.

"Kain't do it," she said. "This here room's for the quality. Common people like me mus' eat in the kitchen. An' don't worrit yersef about me waitin' fifteen minutes for my supper, for I didn't feel a mite hungry till now. But seein' ye eat has made me that sharp-set that I'm a goin' in the kitchen an' shud the door so ye kaint laugh at me for eatin' so much."

Having closed the bedroom door behind her, she whisked the coffee pot from the stove and put the remainder of the steak carefully away on a high shelf. Then she mixed and baked a cake of corn bread and fried a couple of slices of "middling," which, with a glass of buttermilk, forced her fugal meal. She ate hungrily and with relish, but when she had finished and cleared away in the wooden chair beside the kitchen table, and leaned her head upon her hand.

As Jim had said, there was no denying that she was a handsome woman. She had the length of limb and generous curves which kindly Mother Nature so often gives to the working woman, who, leading a simple, useful life, has no time for the dissipation or ailments of her fashionable sisters.

Her head and neck had something of the statuesque in their fine, strong, lines, and her hands and feet were slenderly though strongly made. The face itself was oval, and the skin a clear, pale olive, while the features were well moulded and defined, the nose being straight and the mouth wide, yet sweet. Her eyes, however, were Mollie Phelps' chief beauty. They were large and dark, and full of pathos—due partly to her lonely childhood, and later to her passionate and unsatisfied longing for the child that had been denied her.

As she sat alone and very tired, despite her youth and strength, for she had been at work since the first dawn of the dreary February morning, her mind went back over the events of the day. The crawling out of bed in the dark to get Jim's breakfast, and her own, then the two mile tramp to the mill, where a rich man ground as much work as he could out of several hundred wretched fellow beings. She had noticed how the girl next to her had coughed—the women always contracted that cough if they stayed long enough in the cotton mill—and she had taken off her own shawl, and wrapped it about the bent and thinly clad shoulders.

Then the mill owner had gone through it on a tour of inspection. It struck Mollie that these tours came much more frequently than they used, and it seemed to her that she caught a sly smile on the faces of some of her neighbors when he stopped, as he always did, beside her. He had uttered a few commonplace words, something in the nature of a compliment to her quickness and dexterity, and she had answered him in a monosyllabic, while her hands flew back and forth with all the old-time cunning that was in her in such good stead when doctors' bills and medicines had combined to exhaust the little fund she and Jim had laid up for a rainy day.

Mollie Phelps was no fine lady, but a working girl, who had learned in the hard school of experience that it is wiser to take no notice of an insult so long as it is unexpressed in words. And Chester Archibald had said nothing that could offend her. It had only been the look in his eyes as they rested upon her that even now made her grow hot with shame and anger.

And yet—and yet she could not afford to give up her work. As far as she herself was concerned she would have suffered any hardship rather than pass through the ordeal which was becoming daily. But there was Jim. The money she earned meant a nurse and doctor, and the comforts and nourishment he needed. She set her teeth and determined to bear it—to bear anything to make Jim well again.

She told herself, too, that she ought to be grateful to Chester Archibald, for he had given her work after the former had refused to engage her. But her gratitude was somewhat embittered by the remembrance that the had paid no heed to her timid note of application until after her fever had broken. The wash of the river a few feet below came to her ears. She saw the window, and pushing aside the curtain looked out over the turbulent waters. It had been a hard winter, and the melting snows and heavy rains of February had combined to raise the river higher than it had been for years. Day in and day out there were rumors of a flood. But Mollie had very little time to attend to them; never within the memory of living man had the river risen nearer the snug cabin on its shore that she believed with all the hopefulness of youth, that high-water mark had been reached, and the ebb would soon begin.

Returning from the window, she saw from her patient longer than she intended to be. Remorsefully she extinguished the lamp and hurried to the bedroom, when she smiled happily to find that she was already sleeping, breathing deeper and more strongly than she had done since the fever left him. Then, having said a grateful prayer to the Father of the lowly, she undressed, and crept noiselessly into the cot at her husband's feet.

When she awoke it was with a vague sense of alarm and foreboding. The fire had gone out, which struck her as unusual, for with the instinct of one who has watched for many nights, she divined that it could not be later than twelve o'clock, and it had been her last waking thought that there could be no necessity of covering that fire, as it would easily last till morning. Fearing lest the change of temperature might affect Jim unfavorably, she sprang hastily out of bed to rekindle it, only to find herself standing almost knee deep in ice-cold water.

In an instant she realized what had happened. The long talk of flood had come. Even as she stood there, horrified and uncertain what to do, she could feel the water creeping like a snake further up around her knees, and the frail cabin trembling on its supports. Outside the wind was blowing a hurricane, and the rain falling in sheets.

She thought rapidly. Must she or must she not wake Jim? His bed was a high four-poster, and it would be some time before the water could reach him. It was not impossible, that he might sleep until she could return with assistance. If she woke him it would be to an agonized sense of helplessness, to terror for her on her perilous errand, and to the prospect of a sudden and dreadful death for one or perhaps both. She decided not to rouse him, and resolutely closed her mind against the possibility of his awakening to find himself alone in the midst of darkness and danger.

The next question was how and where to seek aid. The cabin, on its wooden supports stood on the ground slightly elevated above that of the surrounding "bottom." Mollie knew that the water in this bottom must be over her head. She remembered with a pang that their tight little boat was securely tied to a stake now many feet under water. There was nothing but to swim for it, and Chester Archibald's fine brick mansion, a quarter of a mile away on a bluff overlooking the river, was the nearest house. This was no time for squeamishness. She must try to reach it, and secure the aid of the two men servants and light skiff for the rescue of her husband.

(To Be Continued.)

PLEASANT FOR THE CREDITOR.

Sam—Yes, I can lend you a ten.

Bob—Thanks awfully. I'm indebted to you for more than I can ever repay.

IN THE COILS OF A PYTHON.

THE THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A WASHINGTON SCIENTIST.

He Started Out to Capture a Big Snake, But the Snake Came Near to Making a Captive of Him—A Terrible Struggle in the Wilds of Florida.

A huge Brazilian boa constrictor which has ruled Black Point Key, Fla., for a long time has been captured by Prof. Walter Ralston, of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, who went to Florida for the purpose. The snake measured fifteen feet in length and weighed fully seventy-five pounds. It is supposed to have killed several persons who landed on Black Point Key, and have never since been heard of.

Prof. Ralston tells a thrilling story of his adventure with the snake, and it seems almost a miracle that he lived to relate it. He watched the python without food or sleep for twenty-four hours before the opportunity came which enabled him to try to master it with some possibility of success. The professor has prepared the following statement, which tells in graphic language exactly what his fortunes and misfortunes were:

"I have been working twenty-six years in the interest of science, and in all that time never experienced an adventure so perilous as the one that befell me on Black Point Key. I had heard of a great snake being there, and made up my mind that it must be a specimen worth looking after. The story as it came to me was that a ship containing specimens from South America for a circus in the United States had foundered off Florida coast and it was supposed that this snake, which was really king of Black Point Key, had been a part of the cargo of the ill-fated vessel.

"Black Point Key lies just off the coast and at the edge of the Everglades. It is a low ridge topped by a growth of pines. While an island now, it originally was a neck of land. The people who lived on the adjacent keys were

IN A STATE OF TERROR

regarding the snake, and in constant fear that it would leave the key on which it had been for so long, pay them a visit, and possibly eat them before they could do anything about it. The length of the snake, they declared was phenomenal, and it is an actual fact that a number of men who said they had seen it were willing to make affidavit that it was fully thirty-five feet long.

"I knew that no snake from South America could be of that size, and so fancied there must be a good deal of exaggeration. I made up my mind I would at least take a look at the monster if I could not capture it, and made two trips to Black Point Key for the purpose. I could not even catch a glimpse of the snake, and not being desirous of placing myself in such a position that it could catch me unawares if it really proved to be as horrible as my informants had stated, I kept out of the underbrush and avoided places where it could drop on me from trees.

"I heard of the snake again soon after my second trip, and so decided to make a third attempt. I went to that portion of Black Point Key that is known as the Prairie, being that section of it nearest the land. If I could find the snake there, I knew I would have a better fighting chance to attack it. Fortune seemed with me this time, for I had barely landed when I found traces of the snake. I trailed it for half a mile and at last came within sight of it. It was a big one and no mistake, but there did not seem any opportunity for me to capture it. I realized that it would be impossible to get it alive, for though I could crowd a pretty big snake into the canvas bag I carried, this one was altogether too large for anything of that sort.

"I thought the situation over and concluded that the only thing for me to do was to

WATCH AND WAIT

for my chance. I knew I was fifty miles from the nearest person, and that might try for help as loud as I liked without the slightest probability of any response. This was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It seemed as if it knew I was watching it, for it kept sharp an outlook as any snake I ever saw. I waited until darkness came. It was impossible for me to do anything at night. Still I was afraid to go away, lest the snake should disappear, and it might be weeks before I would find it in a place so favorable to capture.

"So I got into my canvas bag and remained where I was. When daylight came I resumed my watch, but the snake was as wary as ever. The hours wore away until it was nearly 2 o'clock. I had been watching the snake twenty-four hours, and in all that time had not slept a wink or eaten or drunk anything. Presently I saw the snake move. A short distance away was a rabbit, and almost as quickly as I can write this the snake went after him and seized him. Then began the process preliminary to the swallowing of food by a boa. This completed, the snake began to swallow its victim.

"I waited a few moments until the rabbit had gotten fairly into the snake's throat, and then I went after the boa. I seized it by the neck and tried to shove it head first into the canvas bag. I had underestimated the powers of my adversary. I had supposed the snake would be in such a state, owing to the meal it was making, that there would be little trouble in handling it, but before I knew it I felt the snake folding around my

limbs. In a marvelously short space of time the snake was about me as far as the abdomen. I clung to its throat desperately, realizing that if I once lost my hold it would be like

SIGNING MY DEATH WARRANT.

I would be squeezed to jelly.

"It is impossible for me to describe with a pen such a frightful position. The snake turned its head towards me and hissed in my face, darting out its forked tongue as if it would pierce me with it. I expected to be slowly squeezed to death, but to my surprise the folds did not tighten, and then I realized that owing to the position of the rabbit in the snake's throat, the pressure of my hands thereon was having an effect. Besides this, the snake was not seemingly in the possession of its full powers. My hands are rather well muscular, and I doubt if this fact will ever stand me in better stead. I squeezed the snake's throat as vigorously as possible, and it kept up a continual hissing, glaring at me with the most malevolent look it is possible to imagine.

"This sort of thing went on for a few moments, and then I made up my mind to try to break the snake's hold. So I choked it with all the strength of which I was capable. To my joy, I felt the hold of the snake upon me relax, and the coils slipped down as they loosened. I pushed the head and neck to the ground, still keeping one hand and my knee thereon. I managed with the other to gain possession of the knife at my belt. With this I soon ended his snakeship's existence. It writhed about to a considerable extent and during its contortions thrust the end of one leg of my trousers. Another movement of the tail split that leg up to my waistband. At last the snake died, and I took it to Miami.

"The snake is unlike any I ever saw before, but I am satisfied it is a Brazilian python. It is of a dull brown in color, with black spots. Its head is about four inches long, and three and a half inches wide. Taken altogether, it is as ugly a customer as I ever encountered.

"The snake is being prepared for preservation, and before long will be one of the curiosities of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

MALADIES OF GEMS.

Among infirmities to which precious stones are liable is one common to all colored stones, that of adding or losing color, when long exposed to the light, says a contemporary. The emerald, the sapphire and the ruby suffer the least, their colors being as nearly permanent as colors can be, yet experiments made a few years ago in both Paris and Berlin to determine the deterioration of colored gems through exposure showed that even these suffered, a ruby which had lain for two years in a show window being perceptibly lighter in tint than its original mate, which was kept in darkness.

In the case of the garnet and topaz the change is more rapid than in that of the ruby and sapphire, but there is a curious difference in the result in topaz and garnet; for, while the latter grows lighter, the former appears to become cloudy and dull in hue, losing much of the brightness characteristic of a newly cut gem.

For ages the opal has had the unenviable reputation of being the most unlucky of gems, and it is believed that the jewels themselves are originally responsible for many of the superstitious stories connected with them, since the polishers and setters it is one of the most troublesome gems on their list. Microtonists say that the prismatic colors and fire of the opal are due to myriads of minute cracks in the body of the stone, the edges of which reflect the light at different angles and give the hues so much admired. Opals that have successfully passed the ordeals of grinding, polishing and setting do not often crack afterward, but it is best not to expose them to even the moderate heat involved by the wearer sitting in front of an open fire, for the opal is composed principally of silicic acid, while from 5 to 13 per cent of water is a combination which renders them very treacherous objects.

A volume would not contain the stories told by expert jewelers of the misfortunes of pearls. Consisting almost entirely of carbonate of lime, they are easily damaged, and when once injured cannot be restored. Thrown into a fire, at an ordinary red heat, they are converted into a pinch of lime dust; accidentally touched with any corroding acid, they are affected precisely as bits of marble or limestone would be affected under similar circumstances. They are easily cracked and broken, sometimes they lose their luster through handling while the acids contained in the perspiration of the skin have been known to affect them.

BRITAIN'S BENEFICENT RULE.

Testimony of a Missionary who for Eighteen Years has Served in India.

One of the passengers to New York on the Germanic was Dr. C. J. R. Ewing, of Lahore, India. Eighteen years ago Dr. Ewing went out as a missionary of the Presbyterian church.

He is now at the head of the mission churches of Northern India, but has devoted a good deal of his time of late years to the political and economic problems that have grown out of the English rule in India.

"No one with any sense," he said, "can question that English rule in India has been the best thing that ever happened that country. The famine the bubonic plague and the other woes from which India is suffering at present would have been a hundred times more terrible had England not been the controlling power."

"No one who has not been in India can realize what the horrors of the bubonic plague have been. I believe that the worst is over now and the progress of the disease has been checked.

HANDICAPPED.

You are too to be a prima donna?

Yes, you are too pretty; I shall have to put you in the chorus.

THEY SNEER AT HIS GIFTS.

BRITISH PUBLIC DOES NOT LIKE HOOLEY'S CHARITY.

He Calmly Gives Away Millions—Makes Money Faster Even Than Barney Barnato, and Has Money Unlimited.

The abuse of Ernest Terah Hooley, London's newest millionaire, continues to ring throughout England. His latest sensational contribution to charity is the peg on which they are just now hanging all the unpleasant things they are saying about him.

The Prince of Wales suggested that the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne would best be celebrated by the devotion of sums of money by the rich towards the relief of those of the Queen's subjects who are in want and misery. Mr. Hooley, who makes millions while other people are making pounds, acted upon the suggestion. He gave outright the sum of \$2,000,000, the income of which is to be distributed to the aged poor, the widows and the infirm of that part of Derbyshire with which Mr. Hooley is most identified. The money is distributed to towns in proportion to their population. A town of 10,000 inhabitants will get \$5,000 per year, while a village of 3,000 population will get \$1,500, and so on. The beneficiaries do not receive the money outright, but in the form of orders for supplies upon distributing stores, the orders being issued by a

COMMITTEE OF TWELVE,

in each district, the twelve being made up of men of all shades of creed and opinion.

Not long ago Mr. Hooley gave St. Paul's Cathedral, London, a sacramental service of pure gold, and at that time there was a great outcry and much ridicule, just as there is now over the \$2,000,000 charity gift. Mr. Hooley is accused of "putting a premium on idleness," "fiddling for popularity," "Fishing for royal recognition," in the form of a title, and so through the whole carping gamut.

Mr. Hooley's offense seems to be twofold. He has made money so fast that he has bewildered even Barney Barnato. He buys things that cost a million or more as calmly as another man buys a cigar. Then again, among the things he has bought are a number of historic estates belonging to money-poor aristocracy. Among the estates he has bought are those of Lord Ashburton, Lord Churchill, the Countess of Warwick and Lord Sudley's great property at Tedington, which had been in the family since the Norman conquest. This prosperity and this moneybags vandalism are things not easily forgiven.

Mr. Hooley has made much of his money as a promoter of companies, particularly bicycle and bicycle tire concerns. He says he is making his land purchases because he believes five years will see a great rise in lands which are now absurdly cheap. When in London he lives at the Midland Grand Hotel, where he has the whole first floor for which he pays a rental of over \$50,000 per year.

THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.

He Finds Himself, in One Respect at Least, Like a Man Whose Means are Ample.

"It," said the man of moderate means "I dwell too long upon a word or apprehension of it is likely to become dull. The word may even cease to look familiar; and we may find ourselves unable even to tell whether it is correctly spelled or not, though it may be a very simple word indeed. It comes to us all right again the next time we look at it, when we view it with an unclouded vision.

"I suppose that this is a common experience, though it almost seems as if some persons ought to be exempt from it. I met, for instance, once, a man who is worth I don't know how many millions, but a lot of 'em, who over some matter we had occasion to discuss, spoke of this temporary mental obtuseness concerning a word as an experience of his own.

"It seemed kind of strange that a man with all his millions should ever find himself unable to spell just a simple little word, but that respect we were just alike. I could wish that we were more nearly so in certain others."

GREAT RIVERS.

The Amoor, the great stream of China and Siberia, is 1,500 miles long and is frozen for nearly nine months of the year.

The St. Lawrence river is only 775 miles long, but if the lake system is counted in it reaches for 2,000 miles.

The Volga, the great river of Russia, is 2,300 miles long and drains nearly one half the European dominions of the Czar.

The Mackenzie, the principal river of the Dominion, is 2,500 miles long and drains an area equal to one half of the United States.

The river Thames is only from a quarter to half a mile wide at London, but has more commerce than any other stream in the world.

The Euphrates is 1,780 miles long. Most of its lower course is through a sandy desert, and for several hundred miles it has no tributaries.

The Po, in North Italy, is 300 miles long. The deposits at the mouth have gained so rapidly upon the sea that a point which in the time of Augustus was a seaport town is now eight miles from Adriatic.

A PRIMITIVE LIGHT.

Recent experiments by the curious at Portland, Ore., have revived recollections of a primitive light used in the early days of the settlements along the Columbia River, where the residents called smelts candlefish. The dried smelts burn as well as candles and give off an appetizing odor.

A RUSSIAN TELEPHONE.

According to L'Electricien, of a Russian scientist has invented a telephone far superior to any hitherto used. With it a man can talk to more than one of his at a time, provided they are in the same room, for it is not necessary to stand near the receiver in order to hear the sound. The voice from a metallic funnel, and the head at some distance, the telephone has other advantages transmitted through it lose of their intensity by reason of their imperfections made. Moscow and Rostoff, a distance of several hundred miles could be clear songs and music could be clear present at the experiments. A large number of official reports of the experiments, and an official report was full of praise for the new telephone.

"I HAVE HAD

Rheumatism for years, and is the only remedy that has any good." So writes The Goshan, North Pelham, an attorney who has experienced a wonderfully penetrating and powerful power of Nerviline—the great pain cure.

The Duke of Fife keeps to going at the same time, and wears the same clothes two same week.

LET'S LIVE LO

Why Die a Lingering Direful Diabetic

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Other Medicines never touch Pills Infallibly Cure—Expel Pain—Preserving Strength—Don't Die! Get Who would not live could?

More men shorten their over-indulgence in food and over die from starvation be maintained by eating just what is good for us less.

But most of us don't. In health the body doesn't require, and needs. In disease it doesn't expel the poison retain what is needed to the disease called Diabetes expel sugar. Its presence is detected in the urine. In sugar. In Diabetes there is a lingering death.

Until recently Diabetes was said to be incurable. Dr. Day says that Diabetes, the kidneys may be restored. Instead of filtering good that is in the food, may be made to filter With poison goes Pills.

Diabetes disappears! DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. If you have cured quickly. Don't medicines that do not will stand up to be those who have been cured by taking DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mr. Fred Stokes, H. I. I have been promoted by a few boxes of Pills. Diabetes weight forty-five lbs. have regained."

Mr. D. Rodin, B. Dale, Ont., says: "I had no relief for my Diabetes until I got my DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Mr. Chas. Gilchrist says: 'For ten years I have suffered from Diabetes. Suffered from passing water. My weight from taking a few boxes of Pills.'"

Mr. James K. Neagle, Stable, Stayer, Ont., says: "I was a victim of Diabetes, and I cured with the first box of Pills."

KNEW WHAT

Young Higgins said on ten dollars a nerve, anyhow. V. at Nothing. It was earning the ten dollars.

George I. of the English language

COMPON

MILES (Can.) and Miles

For sale by all Drug Retailers and Grocers. "M. H. H." is the name of the Compound. It is a simple, useful, and safe remedy for all ailments. It is a true and reliable medicine. It is a true and reliable medicine. It is a true and reliable medicine.

Orders filled promptly. A. M. C.

A. M. C.