

Mis' Hitt's Husbands.

The young schoolmaster who presided during the spring term over the seven-teen barefooted children of District No. 10, East Centreville, Johnson county, did not find the social element of the neighborhood congenial.

There was no lack of society and social gayeties. The schoolmaster had attended a surprise party, a warm sugar party and a "sociable" during the first week of his residence in District No. 10; he had been stared at by red-hand- ed, hair-oiled, tongue-tied youths; danced several Virginia reels to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel," rendered on a shrieking fiddle or a hoarse melodeon; been kissed by scores of buxom girls in innumerable osculatory games; and had since refrained from East Centreville festivities with a sternness which had been looked upon as "stuck up," and which may, indeed, have been due in some degree to that complacent self-esteem in which young schoolmasters are not usually deficient.

He was fond of entertainment, however; and being thus thrown back upon himself, his chances seemed small. The comfortable old couple who boarded him were meek, industrious, deserving and commonplace, and he was not hopeful of discovering anything more exciting in District No. 10. He was roused to a mild interest, therefore, when he found the "settlin' room," one morning, in the possession of an odd and somewhat startling old woman.

She was whitewashing the ceiling. She stood on top of a stepladder, and covered its cracked and yellowish surface with long strokes of her stubby brush. She wore a bright new calico dress with a short skirt which exposed her heavy masculine boots. Her hair, which was gray and scanty, was drawn back over frequent patches of baldness and fastened in a candid knot of the size of a hickory-nut. Her face was brown and wrinkled, with bright eyes, and she held a pipe between her lips.

The schoolmaster inquired concerning her as he sugar and vinegar were the approved salad dressing at East Centreville.

"That's Mis' Hitt," his hostess rejoined. "She kind of jobs around—lays carpets and whitewashes and papers and helps housecleanin' times. She's master hand, Mis' Hitt is."

"Mis' Hitt—she is unmarried, then?" said the schoolmaster.

"Law!" the old lady responded, while a faint blush stole into her faded cheeks: "she's been married four times. Hitt," she added, scrupulously, "wa'n't her last husband; but we didn't never git into the way o' callin' her Mis' Doty. It don't make no odds, as I know ef—Doty, he's dead."

A week later the schoolmaster who had conceived a liking for the outdoor aspects of District No. 10, wandering in the dusk of the evening through an empty pasture lot which copious spring rains had developed into a swamp, came suddenly upon a small red wooden building set into the corner of the pasture and backed by a piece of woods.

Its unstable appearance, produced by the piles of stones upon which its four corners rested, and its several prows, made it obvious that it had been moved hither from its native spot, where it might have been a corn or hen house. In a chair in the open doorway, leaning forward on her elbows and smoking, was Mis' Hitt.

The schoolmaster went nearer and raised his hat. The old woman took her pipe from her mouth and eyed him with a furtive suspicion; then she got up and shoved her chair back hospitably.

The schoolmaster stepped inside and sat down on an anonymous object near the door, while his entertainer lighted her lamp.

Its light showed a cramped interior of one room. The walls were covered with newspapers, tacked up; an unreasonable store retained its place, for lack of other refuge. There were a few attempts at adornment, which the hardened fingers and belated tastes of the inventor had not served to render successful. The schoolmaster's seat proved to be a nail-keg, whose hardness was not helped by its frill of brown cambric.

Mis' Hitt, from the one chair of the room, looked at her caller over her pipe with no visible curiosity.

"Saw ye t'other day," she observed. "Teachin' here, aint ye?" And, when the schoolmaster assented, relapsed into silence with a nod.

"You are pleasantly situated," the schoolmaster ventured, looking out somewhat doubtfully over the shadowy pasture lot.

"I don't know as I be," said Mis' Hitt, apathetically. "I git along."

The schoolmaster made a second and a bolder attempt.

"I have lately received the news of the death of an aunt," he remarked. "It is exceedingly sad to lose one's friends, is it not? But, perhaps—very

possibly—you have had no experience of the sort?" Mis' Hitt removed her pipe, with a face wholly unresponsive. Her eyes shone in its darkened and withered surface with a suddenly increased brightness.

"I've buried four husbands," she said. Her expression was a mixture of solemnity and exorable pride.

"Ah?" the schoolmaster murmured. "The great consolation for death," he continued, "is the remembrance of the felicitous hours passed with the deceased. Young married life—lives—were they not?"

"Wal, I don't know," said Mis' Hitt. She crossed her knees and clasped her knotty hands around them. "I didn't have such powerful good luck gittin' husbands."

"Indeed!" said the schoolmaster. "One might judge, from a casual view, that you had been highly successful."

Mis' Hitt's seriousness did not alter. Apparently a joke was not in the line of her comprehension.

"Thar wa'n't none o' my men what ye might call likely," she said, without disturbance from the recollection of her time-softened troubles. "They was a pretty o' nary set, I call 'em."

She puffed away in silent rumination. "Your first husband, for example?" the schoolmaster suggested.

"Wal, he wa'n't much—like Heyward wa'n't," the old woman responded. Her eyes were fixed unseeingly on the blank stretch of sodden land; her face was intent with the absorption of reminiscence. "I was nigh on to 16 when I married Ike, he was some what round 20. I hadn't been calculatin' to marry Ike Heyward: wa'n't lookin' to a week aforehand. I'd had it fixed up with Rastus Carter for a considerable spell; we'd got the day sot, and Rastus he'd spoke to the preacher. I don't know as I recollect jest what sp'iled it; Rastus, he flared up at somethin' er 'nother; consid'able techy, Rastus was—sandy-topped, freckly folks 'most gen' all be. Wel, I didn't git him," said Mis' Hitt, brightening the bowl of her pipe with a puff or two. "And Ike Heyward he stepped in, and we were jined."

"Lived with his folks, Ike did; I don't know as I should 'a had no trouble with Ike ef it hadn't been for that. Had the wing, Ike and me, and the rest o' the house was the ole folks; but ole Mis' Heyward was into that wing enough eight more'n she was to hum, fustain' and noisin' round. She'd come in afore breakfast, and set watchin' me gettin' it, and tellin' as how I couldn't cook no more'n a cat, and didn't know no more 'bout fryin' pancakes 'n I did 'bout flyin', and as how I wa'n't savin', and my washin' looked yell'er and my soft soap wa'n't half biled; and she'd go round cryin' 'bout Ike gittin' such a poor shiftless piece. She was a pesky ole creature."

Mis' Hitt spoke placidly. Her long-ago grievances had developed with years into impersonal facts.

"And Ike, he was jest as chicken-hearted as I ever see; he wa'n't no more 'count 'n a dishrag. He didn't really know who to side with, all he flattered on was to get out of the muss. He'd take his fishpole and go off and stay all day; onct, when we'd ben havin' it pretty tough, his ma and me, he staid off a week long; and spindlin', Ike was, and saller; alwus snortin' round with a cold, and wheezen' up with asthmy, aillin'; twan't no more'n I was lookin' fer when he started in to cough."

The schoolmaster, listening with gratifying interest, looked in vain for any softening of the old woman's calmly narrative tone. The tragedy of fifty years ago had become a casual memory, interesting only for its harrowing details.

"He was jest skin and bone when he died; his arms wa'n't no bigger round 'n a broomstick, and his cheeks was sunk in so 't it fairly scairt ye; he was a dretful-lookin' corpse." Mis' Hitt turned her eyes upon her listener in pleasurable anticipation of the effect of these items. "He was buried up in the old north buryin' lot—he was took up afterwards and put in the new one—and I went hum again. I was powerful glad to get sht o' ole Mis' Heyward, now I tell ye."

"Our most poignant sorrows have their alleviating features," the schoolmaster observed.

Mis' Hitt puffed at her pipe. The chirping of frogs filled the purse.

"You were induc'd to repeat the matrimonial experiment?" said the schoolmaster. "You married again, I infer?"

"I was a widder for six months," Mis' Hitt responded; "but I could ben married afore that ef I'd a min' to—Rastus Carter, he come round soon as Ike was put in under. He'd scraped up enough to git a place—pretty forehanded. Rastus was—and he was calculatin' to buy up to the corners, olus to the ole tannery. Wal, I told him ef was goin' to live round that ar tannery I wa'n't, and all the powers couldn't make me; the smell was fit to knock ye down, jest about . and as to livin' with it right under my nose—it made me sick as a dog, the idee on't. Rastus, he was mad as a hornet; he went off a rampagin', and

twan't a week afore I heard he'd ben married Pauliny Wiswell. She was gettin' along. Pauliny was, and she was terrible glad to git him."

"Wal, I didn't lay out to wait for ever to git another man, but I vow I was clean sot back when Elihu Wilder come aidgein' round. Ole bach'ler, Elihu was; must 'a ben nigh onto 40. He'd ben livin' by himself fer a long spell, over in the holler. I hadn't never see him more'n onct or twisct. I declar I didn't know but I was gittin' 'lony an' 'sasin' 'pperrits, when he come nippin' in. Wa'n't much higher'n a yardstick, Elihu wa'n't—seemed to ben stunted; and he was so kind o' dried up, thar didn't look to be nothin' to him."

"Wal, ef I'd a-know what 'twas keepin' house fer a bach'ler, I wouldn't never undertook it. Fustiest, narrowest little creature I ever come within forty mile of, Elihu Wilder was. He'd lived thar by himself till he'd got as noticin' al as a witch; he wa'n't no ways used to folks, and, come to the pint, he didn't reely know how to stan' it havin' me thar. I guess he'd a give consid'able git unbitched agin, and I wouldn't 'a held off nuther."

"It was a sight to behold, thar ar hose o' hian. Thar hadn't ben a ham-mer teched to it sence twas put up, and o' all the tarnal ole holes. The front steps was all rotted away. Thar wa'n't a hull winder in the house, and the ruf o' the keepin' room leaked like a sieve. Elihu, he wouldn't hear to fixin' it up—tight as the bark of a tree, Elihu was. With all his naggin', he wouldn't do nothin' but put an old sawhorse by the front door, place o' steps, and board up some o' the winders. He'd ben strung up sooner'n git shingles fer that ruf. Used to set tubs in thar when it rained and ketch water fer washin'; said 'twas handy. 'Bout as close-fisted as I ever come across, Elihu Wilder was. And what with his bein' so notional, I don't know how I stood him as long as I did. He was wuss'n any old woman I ever see. Had the foreroom all crammed full of a sight o' ole truck he'd ben scrapin' up and avin', the goodness knows what fer—dried yorbs and ole tin pans and pieces o' rope and wazon wheels and legs of bedsteads; wouldn't have 'em teched. He was sot in his ways as even a bein' was created—jest. Went to bed at 8 o'clock, year in and year out, and got up at 4 to the tick, and 4:30 of a Sunday, and all the saints couldn't 'a made a minute's odds. Ef thar was anybody thar when the clock pinto to 8 he never made no bones o' startin' 'em fer hum. Ef the heavens had a fell 't wouldn't 'a stirred him out o' his tracks. Ef I'd a know what 'twas livin' with a bach'ler, I reckon I'd a steered clear o' Elihu Wilder."

"Wal," Mis' Hitt pursued, with a greater tranquility of tone, "he didn't live but three years, Elihu did'n't. He was took off with dropsy, fer all he'd never looked to have a pint o' blood in him. Wouldn't git no doctor ner have nothin' done fer him; he jest steeped up them ole yorbs o' his'n, and set round the stove stirrin' an' drinkin' o' 'em. Wouldn't give up till the last minute; then he did give in to lettin' the doctor tap him. Thar was 'most a pallon took o' him. He wa'n't a natural lookin' corpse; he swelled up so you wouldn't a know him."

Mis' Hitt leaned over to drop the ashes of her pipe on the ground outside. Then she got up and filled it from a saucer in the cupboard, lighted it by means of a match and the lamp chimney, and sat down, recrossing her knees.

"Did Mr Carter reappear?" the schoolmaster inquired.

"Rastus Carter, he'd went west a spell back. Pauliny Wiswell, she'd died o' the fever—twan't no wonder, nuther, livin' so clus up to that ar tannery—and Rastus, he'd picked up and went off to Injany. It come back that he'd got married agin out thar."

"And you followed his example?" said the schoolmaster.

"Yes; I took up with Hitt fer the next one. Hitt, he hadn't ben livin' round here a gret while; but I declar I might 'a know what he was by his courtin'; he was hangin' round sich an ever-lastin' time afore he come to the pint. I reckoned I shouldn't never git sht of him."

"Wal," said Mis' Hitt, musingly, "thar wa'n't much to Hitt, one way or 'nother. He was as lazy as all git out use to set out whar 'twas sunny, sort o' dozins' off fer a hull day to a time; and that was pretty much all he did do."

She smoked silently for a moment. The lapse of time and the feebleness of Hitt's characteristics seemed to have well nigh effaced him from her memory.

"Hitt," she added, without emotion—"Hitt was run over on the railroad; struck by the injine and histed forty foot in the air; wa'n't a hull bone left in his body. Folks did say he was too pison lazy to git out the way when he saw the injine comin'."

Mis' Hitt's pipe was reinstated. The hooting of an owl in the near wood sounded at slow intervals amid the drowsy clamor of the frogs. The schoolmaster watched the oddly angular figure, whose masculine effect was not much detracted from by the vivid calico dress.

Mis' Hitt's bright eyes toyed in his dis-section. "Rastus Carter 'd got back from Injany," she said. "He'd buried his last wife out thar, and he was lookin' round fer another, and when Hitt was took off he came spearin' round. Abram Doty, he was steerin' my way, and Rastus he fired up; jest as high tempered as ever, Rastus was. He pinto out west agin, and I haint' never heard no more on him."

"Wal, I'd lived with a curious set o' men enough, the land knows; but Abraham Doty was jest about the cur'usset. He was gittin' long towards 70 when I took him and he was broke down consid'able, I don't know as he was jest right in his mind. He was so terrible pious thar wa'n't no livin' with him."

Mis' Hitt's tone had no trace of apology. "Piety, seemin'ly had lain with-out the bounds of her experience, and therefore of her understanding."

"It 'peared to 'a struck in; he was clean possessed. Used to set round the house readin' the Bible and meditatin' on his sins—that ar's what he give out to be doin'—'most the hull time. They was havin' meetings thar at the grove, and Doty he was thar reglar twice a day. He over pursued me to go 'long onct, and I wouldn't 'a ben got 'long agin fer no money. Sence a set o' loons I never see; and Doty, he was 'bout the craziest on 'em. He got up thar and pranced round and screeched out as how he was lost in the ways o' sin and give over to the powers o' darkness and jest a-totterin' on the aidge of eternal justice; and then he bust out a-singin'—couldn't sing much more'n a crow, Abram Doty couldn't. I declar ef 'twan't ridiculous; seventy odd year he was, and bald as a squash."

"Wuss'n ever after that, Doty was. He couldn't ber to see me lookin' no ways decent; he laid down that ribands and fixin's was instruments o' the devil; he chucked two o' my bunnets into the stove and tore up an alpacy gowd. He'd go without tasin' a mouthful for a day to a time—fastin', he give out that he was—dear knows what fer; he was skinny as a rail to begin with. He got so worked up 'cause I stirred up a mess o' fried cakes of a Sunday onct, that he went off to the woods and stayed thar fer a consid'able spell. Ketched his death thar, too; he come back clean sick. Neutrality 'twas to the fust," said Mis' Hitt, with an increase of interest in her tone; "but a dretful lot o' things sot in—pnumony and the janders and blood-poisonin' and the swellin' o' the jints; the doctor give in 'twas the wust case he'd ever come nigh. Laid thar fer six weeks, Doty did; out of his head the hull time, and undergoin' sich sufferin' as I never hurd the like of; ye could hear him hollerin' and groanin' clean out to the big road. Made consid'able of a stir, being such a terrible bad case; had as big a funeral as I ever was to, Doty did."

Mis' Hitt's pipe was out; the pasture had grown quite dark, and the noise of the frogs was lessening. She got up and put her chair against the wall and closed the one small window near the ceiling by means of a broom-stick. The schoolmaster, conscious that an ignoring of these signs would not avail him, rose from his nailkeg.

"I presume you do not consider it probable that you will marry again?" he lingered to remark.

Mis' Hitt put up a bony hand to remove the hairpin from her diminutive knot, which was apparently to be reconstructed for the night.

"I don't know but what I've had 'bout enough o' gittin' married," she responded, with undiminished gravity.

She waited, unimpressed, while her visitor bowed, to shut the door behind him.

The schoolmaster paid another visit to the isolated little domicile toward the close of his sojourn in District No. 10, in consequence of a rumor which had come to his ears. It was to the effect that Rastus Carter had come back, and that he and Mis' Hitt had gone promptly to the justice and been made man and wife.

The rumor appeared to have substantial foundation. There were two figures in the doorway—Mis' Hitt's stock of chairs having been added to by one. The old woman sat quietly smoking, her arms folded on her knees and her eyes resting vaguely on the near field. The change in her condition, possibly owing to its lack of novelty, did not appear to have affected her. The little old man at her side, pale in comparison with her withered darkness, struck the schoolmaster with his resemblance to a mushroom beside a blackened toadstool. He had a round, shining crown, with a fringe of white hair surrounding a faded pink face. Its placid meekness might have led one to believe that his "techiness" and high temper were things of the past.

The schoolmaster, with a haunting certainty of being relegated to the nailkeg if he went in, contented himself with a bright impression of the small red house with the woods for a background and the swampy pasture for an unlimited front yard, and with Mis' Hitt and her last husband sitting in tranquil

silence in the doorway.—Emma A. Opper in Frank Leslie's.

Personal Appearance.
A Little Timely Advice to the Young Ladies.

Girls, if your skin be dark, be satisfied to be in the category of the nut-brown maidens, if for no other reason than that "the leopard cannot change his spots."

Let the sun kiss the dusky cheek and add to it the ruddy glow that belongs to the dark skin, and which the rouge pot cannot supply.

Of course you cannot change your features. But you need not trouble yourself much on that score. Some person has said that if our Mary could put some of her beauty of feature into real every-day prettiness she would be loved where she is now admired.

The lowering-nosed maiden among the proud daughters of the Nile was the beauty of Solomon's day, as was the woman with no nose at all in the time of Tamerlane. In the land of the free there is no standard of beauty on the nose question. The American nose is a type all to itself. But at all events your nose is a foregone conclusion, and all the sleeping in clothespins to pinch down the too prominent nostrils, or stroking with a lead pencil to subdue the obnoxious bump, is so much labor thrown away. But when it comes to the mouth, the would-be beauty has a more promising subject to deal with. Although the shape of the feature cannot be altered, if the lips be kept fresh and the teeth in perfect condition, very much is gained. If the spot where love seals its vows be of an exaggerated size, don't be constantly on the grin, as that keeps the muscles on the stretch. Cultivate a classical repose of feature. Keep the mouth shut when asleep for more reasons than one. Don't snore. Don't bite the lips to make them red, or for any other reason. Bathe them occasionally in water, with a little dissolved alum or borax, and apply glycerine in tincture of benzine. This will keep the lips fresh looking. The only harmless way to keep them red is by contrast with the teeth, which should be milk white.

A good tooth beautifier is powdered sulphur, which is also an excellent tooth preserver. This may be used daily, for occasional use, say once a week, the following is good: Pounce stone, one ounce; bicarbonate of soda, one-half ounce; powdered talc, one-half ounce. Fresh-looking lips, clean, white teeth and a breath like sweet frankincense, aloe and myrrh will make up for many a deficiency in feature.

If the ear be big and obtrusive, a loose arrangement of the hair or a few curled locks brushed carefully back will help the objectionable organ wonderfully. Never comb the hair tight back from an ugly ear.

As for the eyes, better leave them alone. Trimmed lashes often refuse to grow again. Dark eyebrows and lashes are a great promoter of beauty, and if yours happen to be lighter than your hair, especially if that is red, I think you might just touch them lightly with a sponge dipped in black walnut bark boiled in water with a little alum, or apply simple walnut juice. The eyebrow may be given a slight arch and the fine line so much sought by simply pinching the hairs together between the fingers several times a day.

But it is through the complexion that you have the greatest scope for beautifying. If every pore in your skin is stuffed full of "filthy white," you must expect those dreadful pimples and horrid black specks. To the girl with the ugly skin I say, you must take a two or three mile walk every day; you must wear shoes big enough for perfect comfort, and, if the skin be thick and oily, you must eschew fats and pastry.

In the spring it would be well to try the sulphur remedy, and at the same time you may rub sulphur in a little glycerine on the face at night, washing it off in warm water and a few drops of ammonia in the morning.

A little camphor in the water will remove all shine. And remember, girls, all face powders are snares and delusions.—St. Louis Chronicle.

In Good Repute.
James McMurdoch, writing from Kingsale, says: "B. B. B. as a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience, as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it."

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The Fatal Fry.
"I see you fry your beefsteak," remarked the tramp, with his mouth full. "Yes," said the woman shortly; "how would you have it cooked, roasted?" "No, certainly not; broiled, Madame, broiled; I may be a tramp," he added, plaintively, "but I'm no stretch."—Life.

Source of Danger.
The frequent source of danger attending hollow complaints during the summer and fall is the liability to check the diarrhoea too suddenly. Dr. E. J. Allen's Extract of Wild Strawberry will not do this. Inflammation of the bowels does not follow its use, as is too often the case with powerful opiates and astringents. It cures promptly and in a natural manner.

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Mr. Goode, druggist, is not a book agent, but has the agency in Goderich for Johnston's Tonic Bitters, which he can heartily recommend for any complaint to which a tonic medicine is applicable. This valuable medicine has been with most astonishing good results in cases of general debility, weakness, irregularities peculiar to females, extreme paleness, impoverishment of the blood, stomachic and liver troubles, loss of appetite, and for that general wear-out feeling that nearly every one is troubled with at some part of the year. Don't forget the name Johnston's Tonic Bitters 50c. and \$1 per bottle at Goode's drug store, Albion block, Goderich, N. B.

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I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has so equal a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. 12, Lindsale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but have never secured any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured. I have taken it for Scrofula, Catarrh, and Salt Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Miss Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in a few months was cured. I can testify that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Catarrh, and Salt Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Miss Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

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