

A VISIT FROM A BEAR

AN OLD MONSTER INVADED A YELLOWSTONE PARK HOTEL.

No Shooting is Allowed on This Government Reservation They Had to Put the Big Grizzly on Flight by Turning the Hose on Him.

In his "Biography of a Grizzly" in The Century Mr. Seton Thompson describes the singular experience of a Yellowstone park hotel keeper.

"Many years ago a wise government set aside the head waters of the Yellowstone to be a sanctuary of wild life forever. In the limit of this great wonderland the ideal of the royal sinner was so realized, and none were to harm or make afraid. No violence was to be offered to any bird or beast, no ax was to be carried into its primitive forests, and the streams were to flow on forever unpolluted by mill or mine. All things were to bear witness that such was the west before the white man came.

The wild animals quickly found out all this. They took the boundaries of this unfenced park, and as every one knows, they show a different nature within its sacred limits. They no longer shun the face of man, they neither fear nor avoid him, and they are even more tolerant of one another in this land of refuge.

"Peace and plenty are the sum of earthly good; so, finding it there, the wild creatures crowd into the park from the surrounding country and are found there in numbers that are not elsewhere to be seen.

"The bears are especially numerous about the Fountain hotel. In the woods, a quarter of a mile off, all the kitchen garbage is dumped, and each year a greater number of bears gather there during the months that the hotel is running for the sake of the abundant feed on the garbage heap. It is a common thing now to see a dozen bears feeding there at once. They are all kinds—black, brown, cinnamon, grizzly, silverton, roachbacks, big and small, families and rangers, from all parts of the vast surrounding country. All seem to realize that in the park no violence is allowed, and the most ferocious of them have here put on a new behavior. Although scores of bears roam through this choicest resort and quarrel among themselves perhaps over the best feeding and drinking places, there has never yet been a man hurt by any one of them.

"One day the owner of the Palette ranch came through the park. During his stay at the Fountain hotel he went to the garbage dump to see the bears. There were several black bears feeding, but they made way for a huge grizzly that came about sundown.

"That," said the man who was acting as guide, "is the biggest grizzly in the park, but he is a peaceable sort, or Lud knows what'd happen."

"That!" said the ranchman in astonishment, as the grizzly came hulking nearer and loomed up like a load of hay in the pine woods. "That! If that is not Metetsee Wahh I never saw a bear in my life. Why, that is the worst grizzly that ever rolled a log in the Big Horn basin."

"It ain't possible," said the other, "for he's here every summer, July and August, and I reckon he don't live so far away."

"Well, that settles it," said the ranchman; "July and August is just the time we miss him on the range, and you can see for yourself that he is a little lame behind and has lost a claw of his left front foot. I know now where Wahh puts in his summers, but I did not suppose that the old reproach would know enough to behave himself away from home."

"The old grizzly became very well known during the successive hot seasons. Once only did he behave ill, and that was the first season he appeared, before he fully knew the ways of the park.

"He wandered over to the hotel one day and in at the front door. In the hall he reared up his eight feet of stature as the guests fled in terror; then he went into the clerk's office. The man said: 'All right. If you need this office more than I do, you can have it.' And, leaving over the counter, he locked himself in the telegraph office, to wire the superintendent of the park: 'Old grizzly in the office now.' Seems to want to run hotel. May we shoot?"

"The reply came: 'No shooting allowed in park. Use the hose.' Which they did, and, wholly taken by surprise, the bear leaped over the counter, too, and ambled out the back way with a heavy thudding of his feet and a rattling of his claws on the floor. He passed through the kitchen as he went, picking up a quarter of beef, took it along.

"This was the only time he was known to do ill, though on one occasion he was led into a breach of the peace by another bear. This was a large black bear and a noted mischief maker. She had a wretched, sickly cub that she was very proud of—so proud that she went out of her way to seek trouble in his behalf. And he, like all spoiled children, was the cause of much bad feeling. She was so big and fierce that she could bully all the other black bears, but when she tried to drive off old Wahh she received a pat from his paw that sent her tumbling like a football. He followed her up and would have killed her, for she had broken the peace of the park, but she escaped by climbing a tree, from the top of which her miserable little cub was apprehensively squealing at the pitch of his voice. So the affair was ended. In future the black bear kept out of Wahh's way, and he won the reputation of being a peaceable, well behaved bear. Most persons believed that he came from some remote mountain where there were neither guns nor traps to make him sullen and revengeful."

"Marriage and Reformation. 'He's a bigamist,' we urged. 'I shall marry him to reform him,' replied the girl steadfastly.

"Here we burst into derisive laughter. 'Reform a bigamist by marrying him?' we exclaimed. 'A bigamist is as likely to be reformed that way as anybody,' said the girl, with quiet dignity.

"Ah, perhaps she was right after all!—Detroit Journal.

"Nautical Information. 'By the way, captain,' said the sweet young thing on the second day out with a sculling attempt to be chummy, 'where does Mother Carey feed her chickens?'

"In the trough of the sea, young woman," replied the captain of the ocean liner with solemn dignity.—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENCE OF DREAMS.

Results of a Series of Experiments by German Professor.

Sleep is not "the brother of death," as the poets have said from Homer to Shelley; but, on the contrary, "sleep is the brother of life." So Professor Baschide asserts, who, in an article in the Naturwissenschaften Rundschau, gives an account of his "experiments upon 36 dreamers." His subjects were of various ages, from 1 year to 80 years.

In some cases his observations were continued during the whole night and in others for a great part of the night. He watched and recorded every change of physiognomy, every movement of the limbs and every speech or sound uttered by the unconscious dreamers. The depth of the sleep was also carefully measured, while from time to time the dreamers were awakened, but without their own perception that the awakening was intentional.

The professor obtained, as he writes at length, the following results: (1) We dream throughout the whole of our sleep, even in that deepest sleep which we imagine to be "dreamless." (2) There is an intimate connection between the depth of our sleep and the character of our dreams. The deeper the sleep the further back travels the retrospect into the past experiences of life and also the more remote are the contents of the dream from reality. In a light sleep, on the contrary, the subject of the dream relates to the experiences and excitements of the day and has a character of probability. (3) In a comatose sleep the professor thinks there may perhaps be no dreaming. (4) Persons who assert that they do not dream "are the victims of physical delusion." (5) Dreams of a moderate character remain longest in the memory. The wilder the dream the sooner it is forgotten.—London News.

THE STONE OF GRATITUDE.

An Old Roman Legend That Treats of the Topaz.

The topaz is called the stone of gratitude, and the old Roman books record the following legend from which the stone derives its attribute:

The blind Emperor Theodosius used to hang a brazen gong before his palace gates and sit beside it on certain days, hearing and putting to rights the grievances of any of his subjects. Those who wished for his advice and help had but to sound the gong, and immediately admission into the presence of Caesar was obtained.

One day a great snake crept up to the gate and struck the brazen gong with her coils, and Theodosius gave orders that no one should molest the creature and bade her tell him her wish. The snake bent her crest lowly in homage and straightaway told the following tale:

Her nest was at the base of the gateway tower, and while she had gone to find food for her young brood a strange beast covered with sharp needles had invaded her home, killed the nestlings and now held possession of the little dwelling. Would Caesar grant her justice?

The emperor gave orders for the porcupine to be slain and the mother to be restored to her desolate nest. Night fell, and the sleeping world had forgotten the emperor's kindly deed, but with the early dawn a great serpent glided into the palace, up the steps and into the royal chamber and laid upon each of the emperor's closed eyelids a gleaming topaz. When Emperor Theodosius awoke, he found he was no longer blind, for the mother snake had paid her debt of gratitude.—Exchange.

Doesn't Travel For Fun.

Far from being the great autocrat, the arbiter of things of magnitude, the president of a railway system, be it great or small, is a dealer in trifles, with a consideration for everything. Every accident, large or small, every occurrence by which the road is to lose a dollar or to make a dollar, comes to the notice of the president. The successful head of a railroad is the one who considers the details. He is the man who makes the profits, and he is the man who has to face the music at the directors' meeting.

When you see the bright, smooth running traveling palaces of the railway president trailing along behind the long string of passenger coaches, you can be safe in the opinion that the occupant has not the softest snap on earth. You can also rest assured that if he is a success in his sphere he is not traveling for fun.—Omaha World-Herald.

A Question in History.

Some strangers, apparently hailing from the far west, were looking at the statue of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat. Said one of them: "So this is the man who got up the steamboat, eh? Well, it only goes to show how a feller can be mistaken. Now, out in Punkin Ridge we always thought St. Jones fixed up the first steamboat ever run, in the year 1876. The whole county was out to see the Nancy Ann pass the Ridge, and everybody about there said as how St. Jones had surely made himself famous by building the first boat ever known to run."—Washington Times.

Too Businesslike.

Stella—Why on earth did Miss Pechie reject Mr. Boomer? He's making lots of money in the advertising business.

Bella—Yes, and he proposed to her by mail in this fashion: "I can place in a few good papers of guaranteed circulation at a minimum cost the following notice (pure reading, top column): 'Engaged—Miss Birdie Pechie to Mr. Howlett Boomer.' If this proposition meets your approval, kindly sign and return by first mail."—Philadelphia Cross.

Paris is capricious even in the matter of her public statues, which are being constantly dethroned and others set up in their places. The deposed ones are stowed away, and there are yards at Auteuil full of them.

THE OCEAN PEDDLER.

IN CONTRABAND GOODS HE FINDS GREATEST PROFITS.

Methods of Trading Vessels That Go to Many of the Way Corners of the World—How the Captain Disposes of His Cargo.

The man with a pack on his back, trudging from village to village and offering for sale at cottage and farmhouse a miscellaneous collection of wares, has his counterpart in the ocean peddler, ranging in size from a schooner trading among the islands of the Pacific to a steamer of 1,000 to 2,000 tons burden.

The ocean peddler starts out from Hamburg or San Francisco, the chief home ports of the trade, with a definite object in view. Sailing from the former city the course is generally laid either to the coast of Africa or South America, having in the hold a varied assortment of goods likely to be marketable in the regions visited—cotton fabrics, trinkets, arms, ammunition, liquors and all spare room filled up with coal.

As the largest profits are often derived from the sale of contraband goods, such as munitions of war to insurgent bodies, and as detection by regular authorities would lead to confiscation, several thousand rounds of cartridges are probably done up in innocent looking cases stamped "Canned Beans" and a few stands of discarded German army rifles in packages labeled "Glass, With Care."

The captain of such a vessel must possess not only ability as a navigator, but an expert knowledge of the requirements of his trade in addition to a plausible tongue wherewith to barter and win over the good will of an ill disposed official. If he does not own an interest in the ship, it is generally required that he shall be a cargo.

Trudging along over the ocean at a seven or eight knot gait, saving his cash as much as possible, the peddler opens his trade by casting anchor in, say, a South or Central American port, when, having squared the commandant, he invites merchants and others on board to inspect his stock. Duty, of course, has to be paid by the purchaser, but in certain cases that difficulty is often overcome by the visitor to the ship going ashore swollen out perhaps to three times his normal size by as many new suits of clothing.

The greatest good fortune that can fall in the way of an ocean peddler is for an American or British man-of-war to put into some out of the way port in which he is lying, short of coal. Then from his spare stock he sells a few hundred tons as at hard a bargain as the necessity of the purchaser permits him to drive.

On the Central American coast the peddler usually times his visit at about the opening of the coffee season—that is, early in the new year—so that when he has sold out his wares he is able to load up, almost to the water line, with the principal export of the country.

That the ocean peddling trade is not without its dangers is illustrated by a story told by a mate of one of those vessels. In order to preserve his respectable character the contraband goods are, sometimes stored in places likely to escape the vigilant eye of the customs officer, and in the case in question the mate's bunk was chosen as the safest repository for certain packages of dynamite consigned to the leaders of a Nicaraguan revolution.

All went well until the night before the ship was due to arrive at her destination, when a thunderstorm occurred, the lightning playing about the masts in an alarming manner. The mate confessed that the idea of turning in upon a bed of dynamite under such circumstances was not conducive to peaceful repose even to one accustomed to sleep through all manner of dangers, but with the reflection that if a flash found its way to his bunk he would not be likely to be made aware of the fact he slumbered serenely through his watch below and next day delivered the "canned tomatoes" safely to the consignee.

The ocean peddling trade on the Pacific has been shorn of much of its profit since the interisland passenger traffic in natives, who too often were carried as passengers, much against their will, to die for pearls on the great Australian bank, has been effectually suppressed. Still a considerable trade is carried on in small articles of hardware, old clothes, personal trinkets and an occasional case of "dry goods," which, if seized, would turn out to be remarkably wet.—New York Sun.

Old German Wash Lists.

The old German housewife had a strange way of keeping track of the clothes she gave out to be washed. It was nothing less than a pictorial and perpetual wash list. There was no possibility of making such an error as to mistake the abbreviation Sh. for shirts or St. for stockings. She had pictures of each article and simply wrote down the number of each thing opposite its picture with a piece of chalk, which was erased when the thing was returned and used again on the following week.

Newspaper Gripes.

Wendell Phillips struck the keynote in modern influences when he said: "Not one man in ten reads books; the newspaper is parent, school, college, pulpit, theater, example, counselor, all in one; every drop of our blood is colored by it. Let me make the newspapers, and I care not who makes the religion of the laws."

Paris is Capricious.

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A LUNATIC'S IMITATION.

It Lacked Finish and Got Himself and a Thief Into Trouble.

A Paris correspondent tells an interesting story of how a shop thief was captured recently at the Bon Marche in circumstances that in all probability are unique. One of the private detectives in the pay of the establishment noticed a man who, with the most barefaced effrontery, was appropriating articles of every description. The individual indeed seemed to make little or no attempt to keep his operations secret. He simply walked from counter to counter and filled his pockets with whatever attracted his fancy.

In spite of the strangeness of the man's proceedings there was nothing to be done but to have him arrested, and he was given into custody. His indignation was extreme. He protested that it was most unjust that he should be interfered with in this way when other people who were behaving in exactly the same manner were left unmolested, and he pointed to a stout gentleman of most respectable appearance who he asserted had been laying his hands on all sorts of goods without respecting the formality of paying for them.

The policeman to whom he had been given in charge had been accustomed to listening to unconvincing explanations and took his prisoner to the station. A few minutes later the stout gentleman, also in the care of a policeman, arrived at the same destination. The detective, whose curiosity had been aroused, had watched the personage and had found it to be true that he was perpetrating theft after theft with the utmost dexterity.

After a short investigation he was recognized to be an expert and notorious shoplifter, whereas the prisoner first arrested proved to be a lunatic but recently discharged from an asylum, whose mania took the form of imitating any person who might happen to strike him. The professional thief was beside himself with rage at what he described as the bad luck of getting into trouble through the vagaries of a madman.

GLASS BULB BOMBS.

Scared the Man Who Used Them; but Vanquished the Burglar.

"Of all the outlandish weapons ever employed in a fight," said a business man of the south side, "I think I brought the most fantastic on record into play one night last week. My family is away on a visit at present, and I am keeping bachelor hall out at the house. On the night to which I refer I was aroused at about 5 a. m. by a noise somewhere in the region of the dining room, and, thinking I had shut up the dog there, I jumped up very foolishly and came down stairs in my nightclothes without so much as a pocketknife.

"When I opened the dining room door, I was startled to see a big, rough looking man bending over the sideboard at the far end of the room, and after we had stood there on tableau for a moment the fellow made a rush at me. I leaped back into the hall and glared around for a weapon. On a table near by were a dozen incandescent light bulbs, which I had brought home to replace some that had burned out, and purely by instinct I grabbed one of them and threw it at the burglar. It hit the door casing close to his head and, to my amazement, exploded with a noise like a young liddie shell.

"I suppose it was a still greater surprise to the other fellow, for he let out a yell and broke for the rear, followed by a rapid fire bombardment of 16 candle power incandescents, which I continued to chuck at him as long as he remained in range. They smashed against the furniture with a series of crashes that alarmed the whole neighborhood, and I have been gathering up fragments of broken glass ever since.

"The burglar must have thought I was chasing him with hand grenades. It was the first time I ever knew incandescents made such a row when they broke. An electrician tells me it is caused by the air rushing into the vacuum."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Useless Half Dime.

"It isn't safe to start out without a pocketful of pennies any more," remarked a member of the house the other day. "Yet I can remember that when I came down into this section of the country in army blue in 1803 a 5 cent piece was very small potatoes. We were camped awhile near the mouth of the Virginia, and my headquarters were in the big plantation house. A son of the house and myself became good friends, although he was 5 and I nearly 35. One day in lieu of the candy which I had forgotten to bring him from the nearby town I gave him a silver half dime. I had forgotten all about the incident, when some two weeks later he came into my room and, opening his hand, held out to me on his little pink palm the silver piece I had given him. 'Heah, Mr. Captain, you can have it back,' he said plaintively. 'It won't buy nuffin.'"—Washington Star.

Ruskin's Generosity.

The late John Ruskin gave away a great deal of money during his life. Many years his annual income from his pen alone was \$30,000, but he lived on less than a tenth of that amount. Indeed, he used to say that a gentleman ought to be able to live on \$5 a day. If he could not, he deserved speedily to die.

A Way Out of It.

"A pretty lot of children you are for a minister to have!" exclaimed a West Side pastor whose children were misbehaving at the dinner table.

"Then why don't you change your business papa?" asked 4-year-old Nellie.—Chicago News.

WELL DRESSED MEN.

ORDER OF THE CITIES IN WHICH THEY MOST ABOUND.

An Expert Says Denver Heads the List, With San Francisco Second, Chicago Third, Washington Fourth, and New York Trails Along Fifth.

"I'd probably be discharged, mobbed and have all sorts of things happen to me if I said this over in the big town, but I can name you at least four American cities the men of which are better dressed year in and year out than the men of New York," said a man who travels for a New York merchant tailor's supply house and whose territory is the whole continent. "I'll name them in the order of their standing as communities inhabited by the best dressed men: Denver, San Francisco, Chicago and Washington. How do I like it? Just according to the rule of eight, that's all. I don't profess to know much about Egyptology, but I do know a well dressed man when I see him.

"Mind, I don't say that all of the men of those four cities are better dressed than all of the men of New York, but I do maintain and say any impartial man who knows the four towns mentioned as they are now will uphold me in maintaining that in ratio to their respective populations the men of Denver, San Francisco, Chicago and Washington are very much better dressed than are the men of New York. Of course this has been the case only in very recent years. New York was until, say, five years ago away ahead of all its rivals as a city of the best dressed men. At that time if you wanted to see hundreds of perfectly dressed and perfectly groomed men engaged in doing business all you had to do was to take an elevated train up town in the neighborhood of 10 o'clock in the morning and watch the men, young, middle aged and old, who boarded the train for the downtown financial district.

"Of course you'll still see slews of thoroughly got up men down in the financial district of New York, but not so many by 75 per cent as formerly. On show occasions, such as Easter Sunday afternoon, New York will still turn out a finely clad batch of men, but I'm not talking about show occasions now. I'm talking about men who are well clad year in and year out, and it is in this respect that New York has fallen into the 'also ran' list.

"When you meet up town in New York a genuinely swagger man—not a flashily dressed man, but one who is thoroughly and properly rigged out from his hat to his shoes—you are liable to turn around to get a rear view of him, and then the fact is liable to be slowly borne in upon you that he is some member of a theatrical profession whom you have seen upon the stage. There are still plenty of flashily dressed men circulating around New York, but a flashily dressed man never will be a well dressed man.

"The reason why the men of Denver are such a well dressed lot isn't entirely clear to me. It can't be especially because there are so many well off men in that town, because there are myriads of well off men in New York. Maybe it is because, in proportion to the population, there are probably more men with large incomes in Denver than in any city on the continent, not excepting Helena, that used to bear that distinction. You scarcely ever see a badly dressed or an over-dressed man in Denver. Shabby men there are in plenty, of course, but I don't call a shabby man a badly dressed man. A badly dressed man is one who, while having plenty of means to equip himself with a good make up, hasn't the taste to do it and therefore makes his appearance as a slouch—that's the word for it—slouch. A shabby man is simply a man who is on his uppers and makes no pretensions.

"The clerks and other men of very moderate incomes in Denver, men who can't afford to 'keep in the push' as far as correct dressing goes, don't make any effort whatever to top themselves out in cheap, dismal imitation of the men with plenty of money; but, like the young woman in the song, 'they always dress in black.' The business men who run places of retail trade, however, seem to pay just as much attention to the job of getting themselves ready for business on weekday mornings as they do to the task of arraying themselves for social functions or evening appearances.

"Easterners who have gone out to the coast have often commented upon the swiftness of the average well fixed San Francisco man in the matter of clothes. The San Francisco man with an income certainly gets himself up 'proper,' as we say, and he's got the right kind of a make up for every occasion. Take the race tracks around San Francisco, for example. Every man who goes to the races out there goes in a regular racing rig, from padlock coat to fieldglass and from the top of his flat crowned derby to the soles of his 'downs' boots, and so do the Frisco women, for the matter of that. Another thing, I'll venture to assert that nine out of ten men in San Francisco whose incomes are \$2,000 a year or over rig out in evening clothes every night in the year, summer included. A great many more men of moderate incomes in Washington don't evening clothes than men of similar incomes in New York. The men of Washington dress with singular neatness, many with notable elegance. The excellence of the Washington average, I suppose, is to be accounted for, however, by the absence of a large laboring class.—Washington Post.

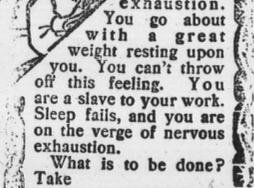
"I Got Right."

"I got right," said a man who had been talking to a minister. "I got right when I saw that you were misbehaving at the dinner table."

OVERWORK

You know all about it. The rush, the worry, the exhaustion. You go about with a great weight resting upon you. You can't throw off this feeling. You are a slave to your work. Sleep fails, and you are on the verge of nervous exhaustion.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla

For fifty years it has been lifting up the discouraged, giving rest to the overworked, and bringing refreshing sleep to the depressed. No other Sarsaparilla approaches it. In age and in cures, "Ayer's" is "the leader of them all." It was old before other sarsaparillas were born.

Ayer's Pills aid the action of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. They cure biliousness. 25 cts. a box.

"I have used Ayer's medicines for more than 50 years and have said from the very start that you made the best medicine in the world. I am sure your Sarsaparilla saved my life when I first took it 50 years ago. I am now past 70 and am never without your medicines." FRANK THOMAS, F. M. Jan. 24, 1899. Eton, Kansas.

Write the Doctor.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

MEET HIM WITH A SMILE.

A Rule That Elicits a Protest From Married Women.

"I do wish some one would write a few rules for men," said a young married woman recently. "I'm awfully tired of reading in magazines and newspapers that I must meet my husband when he comes home from his office 'pleasantly and cheerfully,' that the house must be like a new pin, I must be prettily gowned, the dinner must be daintily cooked and served and that he mustn't be worried with a recital of the troubles of the day, no matter if delirium supervenes for me."

"These precepts are all right theoretically and under ordinary circumstances are practical. Every woman follows them instinctively who wishes to retain her husband's admiration, but why aren't there a few laws of this sort laid down for men to follow?"

"Why isn't there some one to tell them to look cheerful when they come in and to forbear to grumble if dinner is a trifle late for any good reason, to be a little sympathetic and affectionate and remember that theirs are not the only troubles in the house?"

"According to the ordinary writer, a woman's whole married life should be spent in practicing expedients to keep her husband's love from growing cold, while he apparently may pursue any course he pleases, civil or uncivil, tyrannical or gentlemanly, and be sure of retaining hers."

"This may not be the masculine idea of the case at all; the sterner sex may not really expect to get the whole globe and give nothing in return, but it is not the writer's fault if they don't. I sedulously keep all such articles away from John, for he's a very good husband, and I'm afraid such literature would put ideas into his head and spoil him."

"Now, poor unenlightened soul, he has an idea that my side of the partnership has its own worries, and he tries to help me straighten them out, but who knows how he would change if he ever discovered that he is really made of china and has to be handled with care to keep from being broken?"

"Great Haste is Not Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good." Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier. Rheumatism—"I had acute rheumatism in my limb and foot. I commenced with Hood's Sarsaparilla and I scolded and in a short time was cured."—J. B. Brantford, Ont. I had with scrofula at on my arm. Sarsaparilla was taken three times. ROBINSON, 62 1/2 St. Sarsaparilla appoints the non-irritating and best Sarsaparilla.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION