"Casabianca" in Prose.

A lad named Casabianca stood on the burning deck of the Orient after everybody else had played the great act and deserted her, while the flames that lit the battle's wreck shone round him o'er the dead. It was an uncomfortable position for the young fellow to be placed in, yet beautiful and bright he stood, as born to rule the storm or burst a flue. You will doubtless be surprised to hear it, but though the flames rolled on, some of them scooting up the mainmast as a repairer would scoot up a telegraph-pole, some performing monkeyshines on the yardarm, others licking the name off the sides of the vessel, etc. Notwithstanding all this business, the boy would not go without his father's word, for the very good reason that his back was still ringed, streaked and striped from the last lambasting he received for disobeying the old man.

He called aloud: "Say, father, say if yet my task be done, for if I don't get out of this pretty quick I'll be done myself, and done brown, too; and don't you forget it."

You see he was ignorant of the fact that the chieftain lay unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he yelled, "if I may yet be gone!" and just then the enemy's vessel sent a broadside into the burning wreck, and fast the flames rolled on. He felt their breath on his brow, and thought to himself that it was getting almost as hot as a ward caucus. The boy continued to look from that lone port of death, while he rattled the marbles, spools, tops, brass buttons, dog-knives and a few other things in his pocket, with more or less despair depicted on his countenance.

He shouted but once more aloud: "Father, what's the use of me standin' here?" While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud, the wreathing flames made way, with not a pump in working order, and nobody to work it. In order to make this thing very graphic, it is necessary to state that the fire-fiend wrapped the ship in splendor wild, painting it in grander colors than the band-wagon of a circus; he also caught the flag on high, swallowed it and blew more ribbons of fire out of his mouth than a street peddler. After this he stood on top of the jackstaff and made an incendiary Fourth-of-July speech to the sea-gull. But in the midst of life we are in death. There came a burst of thunder sound; the boy, oh! where—

To tell the great North American truth, there was no boy in the case. Captain Casabianca had no son, and, even if he had, it is not likely he would have taken him along when he was expecting this battle on the Nile, to say nothing of the absurdity of supposing a father would expose his little son on the deck of a vessel during an engagement.

Remarkable Vitality.

There are two cases under medical treatment in Newark, N. J., just now, which puzzle the attending physicians and excite the wonderment of the whole community. One is that of Dr. Trevonian Haight, who, on Thursday, February 27, put a bullet in his head during a fit of melancholia, caused, it is said, by financial troubles. The ball took a transverse course through the substance of the anterior lobes of the brain. Its effect has been merely to occasion partial derangement, showing itself chiefly in absence of mind. There has been no marked physical change, the doctor's pulse beating at its average rate and its temperature remaining as usual. During the first few days there was some engorgement, but that has subsided and a healthy suppuration has set in. Total physical recovery is hoped, but full restoration to intelligence is despaired of.

Charles Hoehle, a robust German, twenty-three years old, attempted to commit suicide by shooting on Thursday evening, February 20. The bullet entered the head a little to the left of the center of the frontal bone, and lodged somewhere in the brain. On the following day the young man's respiration, temperature and pulse were normal; but not so his appetite. In violation of his physician's orders to keep perfectly quiet, he arose several times and went to the kitchen for something to eat. Finally, that he might be more carefully attended, he was removed to St. Michael's hospital, where he now lies.—*New York Herald*

A Bird that Would not Sing.

There was in Berlin a prima donna who, whenever anything or anybody displeased her, invariably became too hoarse to sing. One day an opera in her repertory was to be performed. At the appointed hour the manager came forward, and announced that owing to a sore throat she was unable to appear. The audience prepared to leave, but the king rose and commanded them to keep their places, which they wonderingly did. A few minutes afterward an officer and four dragoons entered the capricious lady's room. "Mademoiselle," quoth the officer, "the king inquires after your health." "The king is very good; I have a sore throat." "His majesty knows it, and has charged me to take you at once to the military hospital to be cured." Mademoiselle, turning very pale, suggested that they were jesting, but was told that Prussian officers never indulged in such a thing. Before long she found herself in a coach with the four men. "I am a little better now," she faltered out; "I will try to sing." "Back to the theater," said the officer to the coachman. Mademoiselle thought she had receded too easily. "I shall not be able to sing my best," she said. "I think not." "And why?" "Because two dragoons in attendance behind the scenes have orders to carry you off to the military hospital at the least *couac*." Never did the lady sing better.—*The Theater.*

Chrystal's "Xylophonics."

A rep-tile—A hat made from the old cloth of a parlor sofa.

A canalboat mule and a baby's shoe generally wear out on the toe.

Isn't the band of gold which encircles a young man's scarf a near ring?

A man whose knees are callous may be far from being devout—he may be a sailmaker.

A light-running Domestic—The hired girl who skips around with a blazing kerosene lamp.

Whene'er a printer planes a form
And batters down his fingers,
The pain may disappear; but warm
The mallet-diction lingers.

The spirited debate in the kitchen on the merits of a savory dish, suddenly ceased when the master of the house peremptorily ordered the chief cook to lay the matter on the table.

A young man's nose is out of joint in more than one sense, when he sees his girl going home from church with another fellow, and, as he follows them afar off, suddenly strikes the bridge of his olfactory organ against the trunk of an unyielding tree.—*Hackensack Republican.*

DROWNED PERSONS NOT DEAD.

How Persons Apparently Dead Have Been Restored by the Application of Heat—An Interesting Statement.

Dr. T. S. Lambert, of New York, maintains that persons who have been drowned or suffocated are only in a state of suspended animation, and can be restored to life by applying heat in almost any shape to the body. He has an article in the *Evening Post* on this subject, and gives the following interesting cases illustrating how heat has been applied:

Dr. Lynch, of this city, when living, several years ago, restored a man who had been in the water about half an hour, and had been carried so far that about another half hour elapsed before the doctor began to operate upon him, by putting about him strips of carpet torn up from the floor, and soaking them with hot water, tea, coffee, etc., which the neighbors had. The man "came to" in about an hour.

Dr. Davis, of this city, when living in Ohio, restored in half an hour a boy thirteen years old who fell off a horse into the river, and was under water half an hour. The doctor put around him hot dry blankets, frequently changed. He prefers dry heat. It will often be best. It makes the least muss.

A colored Cuban boy was restored simply by being accidentally "laid in the sun" on the "terrace roof" after the efforts of two physicians, attending to the ordinary means, had failed, and they had pronounced the boy dead.

Some years ago a man was taken out of the East river at Forty-fourth street, having been under the water some time. As he apparently had no friends and had no directions about him, he was fortunately placed upon a plot of grass near by, under the blazing sun of a summer's afternoon. But the police did not come for several hours, and then it was found that his heart was beating. A brisk rubbing of his ears excited him to complete activity. Why that form of rubbing was used I cannot guess.

Upon a steamboat leaving Cleveland for Buffalo, July fourth, eight P. M., 1848, a hand fell into the water, and soon sunk, just as the boat was starting. They got him on the deck and started about nine. A little before ten the captain came to my room and asked if I would go down and see if anything more could be done; the man had been rolled on a barrel, etc. I went. He was cold and apparently lifeless. In a flash, suggested probably by the heat near by, experiments tried a few years before upon fowls, a dog and a cat—restored by heat alone—came into my mind, and I said to myself: "Why not try the experiment on this man? Here are plenty of means; it will do no harm; it may restore him." I said to the captain that if he would order a mattress, some sheets, a pail of hot or cold water, and shut off the current of air, I would go to work. He said it would do no harm to try. The sheets, wrung out as hot as my hands would bear, were wrapped about him nude, his head inclusive except mouth and nose, and changed as often as they were a little cooled. To-day, with those abundant resources, I should wrap the sheets about him with clothes on, and keep the whole soaked with hot water. About eleven his pulse was first noticed, feeble and infrequent; after about five minutes a gasp came, and in seemingly long while another. I then set back, contented to watch the increased frequency of pulse and breath. At twelve o'clock he was conscious and spoke. The captain and the men looked as if one had come from the grave, and it seemed much that way to me. About one he put on his clothes and walked off to bed. So did I. The next morning he was helping to unload the boat, very mad. Such a temper is usually, I believe, attendant upon resuscitation. Why I cannot guess.

Several years after, two children under water, one under ice, each about the same time, from fifteen to twenty minutes, were by hot wet sheets restored in less than half an hour under my suggestion when they had been declared to be dead. A fourth case was of a young man in the Tombs, this city, last winter. He had suffocated (hung) himself by a partial hanging. When he was taken from his cell and I was called to him he was breathless, and his pulse and heart beatless; his hands and feet only were cold. I ordered hot wet cloths to them, which were immediately applied. In five minutes his heart was beating; breathing soon followed, and in a quarter of an hour he was talking. No effort was made in any of these four cases to restore animation, except by the application of heat, and in each case the most convenient way was by means of hot wet cloths.

The professor asks: "Did you originate the hot water method?" Not "hot water," but heated method is the better form of question. But the application of heat in the restoration of the drowned is not new; it has, however, been considered as subordinate, whereas it is the principal (also principle). But I cannot say that I originated this idea. It seems to have originated itself. I blundered into it accidentally, and then did not see it at first. When about eighteen years of age, and pretty well read in medical works, I found in the water tub of the barn a hen, partly on the ice and partly in the water, partly frozen and partly not. I took her in and laid her upon the kitchen stove, in which I had a little while before made a fire. I then went out, and after a little time returned, and was much astonished to see her walking about the floor, since I had not an idea that she was alive. I thought upon reflection that there must be some mistake. I therefore drowned another hen sure, and laid her on the stove, not warm enough to scorch her feathers, and watched her. She "came to" systematically, and so did another; and I made up my mind that that was the way with hens. But I did not generalize the idea. The next summer, one hot day, as I was watching the first hen with a brood of chickens, and wondering how she could have been so much frozen without injury, it occurred to my mind that when I was a small boy my mother told me to put the cat and three or four kittens into a bag and take them to Bare Hill brook and drown them. When there I tied a stone and a long cord to the bag and pushed the whole off the stone bridge into the water. When there was no more motion in the bag I hauled it out, emptied its contents upon the broad stone, and started for home. It was a hot summer's day, and the "old oak" by the wayside tempted me with its cool shade awhile, and when I reached home my mother said: "Why did you not drown the cat, as I told you?" She knew that I did not wish to do it. I replied, and insisted that I did. "There is no use in telling that story. Go and look out of the back door and see what you have to say." I was astonished, if ever a boy is in that state of mind. Sure enough, the same cat I left on the bridge as dead was sitting there licking her fur and that of the kitten left at home. But I spoke the truth with so much earnestness that my mother was nonplussed, and let it pass with apparently a strong impression that something ought to be done. The cat performance had always haunted me, and, brought to mind in connection with the then mystery about the hens, I asked myself if there might not be a like cause in both cases, and as I had a few days before obtained a large dog for experiments, I forthwith bagged him and subject him to the water ordeal. He was no wizard, but drowned easily. I did not dare to risk him long under water, but as soon as he was quiet and his pulse had stopped he was taken out and laid in the hot sun on the hot boards leading into the barn doors. In a short time I had the pleasure of feeling his pulse and seeing him breathe. I tried the experiment the next day with full faith, and for a long time, as I then thought, leaving him under water full twenty minutes, and in about half an hour the dog and myself were equally happy in his complete restoration—the dog over a large piece of meat that I gave him as a kind compensation, a kind of Bergh memorial for his instrumentality in the successful experiment; and I because—well is there any merited gratification equal to that arising from an experiment that confirms a scientific education? I thought I would make it sure by drowning the cat. She proved to be of the same nine-lived race with the one I left on the bridge, equally faithful to the master power of the sun's rays. I was now prepared to commend the conclusion I had reached to my mother's attention; as I had always supposed that a suspicion yet lurked in her mind about the cat story. But I was again surprised to hear her say that she did not remember anything about it, but thought I had better not be trying any more experiments with the cat, as she was a good mouser and could not be spared. Her poor memory was not long after explained by a farmer's wife happening to remark: "Mothers forget dreadful easy the bad doin's of their boys."

"Pizun and Ki-nine."

She wasn't after hair-dye, cosmetics, scented soap or any of those gimcracks; but when the druggist had finished putting up a prescription to cure a long-faced boy of a hacking cough, she turned from the stove and asked:

"Do you keep drugs and medicines and pizuns and so on?"

"Oh, yes; we keep all such things."

"And ki-nine?"

"Yes, we have quinine."

"Well, I called in to see about gittin' some pizun and some ki-nine, but I dunno. So many folks have been slaughtered by druggists' mistakes that I'm e'enamost afraid to even ask for camfur-gum, tho' I suppose I can smell camfur-gum further off than any other woman in Michigan. Have you ever killed anybody by puttin' up morphine for bakin' powder?"

"Never."

"Been in the business long?"

"Only twenty-one years."

"Well, you orter know gum'rabic from sweet oil by this time; but some men are awful keerless. I've had a brother pizuned by wrong medicine, and I'm a little shaky. Where is your ki-nine."

"This is it," he replied, as he took down the jar.

She wet her finger, pushed it into the jar, and then rubbed it on her tongue.

"Tastes like it, but I dunno. Sure that ain't morphine?"

"Yes, very sure."

"Sure your clerk washed the jar out clean afore he put the ki-nine in?"

"Oh, I washed it myself."

"If this shouldn't be ki-nine, you'd have the law put to you the worst kind. We've got money in the bank, and we'd never settle for no ten thousand dollars!"

"I know it to be quinine."

"Well, then, gimme fifteen cents' worth, and I want down weight, too. If I'm treated well I'm a great hand to trade at one place; but the minnit I see any stinginess or cheatin', a yoke of oxen couldn't pull me into that store again."

He weighed out the drug, labeled it with great care, and then she said:

"Now I want ten cents' worth of pizun to kill rats."

"What kind?"

"Why, the pizun kind, of course. Pizun is pizun the world over. Don't seem as you were used to handling 'em."

"Do you want arsenic?"

"Certainly; but you want to be powerful keerful! I'm a woman of fifty-nine, and I've nuss'd the sick ever since I was a girl; but I never handle pizun without a chill creepin' up my back. Where is it?"

He handed down the jar, and she smelt of the stopper, shook her head, turned the jar around and whispered:

"That looks a powerful sight like cream-a-tartar!"

"Oh, no—that's arsenic, and no mistake."

"Well, I've got to take the chances, I 'spose. I'll take ten cents' worth—down weight. Any one who will be stingy sellin' pizun will be stingy in other things; and I do hate a stingy person. My first husband was powerful stingy, and he was struck by lightning."

When the poison had been weighed and labeled, she carefully took up the package and said:

"Now, then, write on this that it is to be kept in the old china teapot, on the third shelf in the pantry, and that it's for rats. Then write on this ki-nine that it is to be kept in the old coffeepot in the cupboard, and that it's for chills."

The druggist followed orders, and the old lady put the "pizun" in her pocket and the "ki-nine" in her reticule, and went out, saying:

"It may be all right, but I dunno. If my old man is took off instead of the rats, I'll begin a lawsuit the next day after the funeral!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to Treat Nervousness.

First, remove the cause; restore the tone of heart, improve the blood. All injurious habits must be given up; late hours and intemperance in eating abandoned; smoking, if practiced, stopped. This done, the patient is on the road to a cure; for nature is very kind when she has a chance, though she is dreadfully cruel when abused.

The food is most important. It must be abundant and wholesome—neither too much nor too little. It should not be sloppy, and soups had better be avoided so long as solid food can be taken. Rise from the table feeling you have had enough, but not oppressed with what you have eaten. Many a man has lived to old age by following this rule. The bread should be stale, and no very heating food taken.

Eight hours' sleep should be taken every night if possible. This alone will nearly cure. "Early to bed and early to rise" should be the motto. Sleep is the salvation of the nervous system. When there is strength, a cool bath, short and quickly over, with much friction under a sheet, should be taken every morning, and a reaction secured. Without a reaction much harm results.

The exercise should be moderate and pleasant. Riding, driving, rowing, light physical labor, are all good. Those who live in cities and cannot enjoy out-of-door labor or riding, should adopt systematic habits of exercise. Some form of gymnastics will be very serviceable. The lifting cure, if rightly used, has great value in the cure of nervousness. It seems to be able to restore the lost equilibrium of the system, and bring the weak parts of the body up in strength to a par with the strong parts. The passive exercises of the movement cure are also excellent, and any one may learn from books how to apply it to himself, if he will. Breakfast early; dine at one or two, and sup two hours before going to bed; drink no tea. Take no narcotics to make you sleep. A few raw oysters before bedtime are worth all the narcotics in the world, are easily digested, and furnish material for restoring nervous tissue and blood. If you wake up in the middle of the night and cannot go to sleep, eat slowly a crust of bread; this will often help a nervous person to go to sleep again. Avoid physic—it exhausts the tone of the system, which you ought to restore. Above all, keep up a good heart.—*Holbrook's "Hygiene of the Brain."*

Wanted to Purchase.

The bells had just struck three o'clock in the morning when there came a faint knock at the humble door of the humble cabin of the humble Widow Laybold on Woodbridge street. The widow turned in her sleep and muttered:

"'Tis some child of woe and sorrow
Come thus early here to borrow
Tea or coffee for her breakfast."

The next knock wasn't so faint. It made the door shake and the dishes rattle, and the widow sat up in bed and cried out:

"'Tis some loafer who is pounding:
Ah! I hear his voice resounding;
And I'll chase him from my door."

The third knock was a kick, and the humble Widow Laybold opened her door with that prompt, decided action which alone saved the battle of Waterloo. Before her stood a tall, distinguished stranger, and he said:

"Lady fair, excuse this knocking,
Pray o'erlook this conduct shocking—
Kicking on your door.
Is your name Mirandy Taylor,
Widow of a gallant sailor
Dead upon Lake Erie's shore?"

The widow gracefully inclined her head and deluged the stranger with a pail of water, and he was running away when he fell into the arms of a policeman. He was permitted to sit by a hot stove for the next five hours. Yet when court opened the only dry spot about him was his throat.

"Did you have the least idea that randy Taylor lived there?" inquired honor.

"Well, I don't remember whether I had the least idea or not. I thought I'd inquire and see. I'm a great hand to inquire."

"You are, eh? Well, when you come in sight of the house of correction the driver of the Maria will answer all inquiries. I shall book you for thirty days."

"Judge, does it seem possible that a man as wet as I am is to be incarcerated in a bastile for simply inquiring for Mirandy Taylor? I'm amazed and astounded."

"Thirty days is the sentence, wet or dry. If you go up there wet they can pack you closer."

"And may I inquire, your honor, if this is the nineteenth century?"

"You may, sir; and you may get your sentence doubled if I hear any more talk."

"I'm too wet to run any risks," said the prisoner to himself, and he went in to hug the stove and wait for the carriage to back up.—*Detroit Free Press.*

There were $10,000,000 worth of paper stock imported into New York last year, nearly all from Russian and Mediterranean ports.

A Facetious Judge.

A mirth-loving judge, Justice Powell, could be as thoroughly humorous in private life as he was fearless and just on the bench. Swift describes him as a surpassingly merry old gentleman, laughing heartily at all comic things, and at his own droll stories more than aught else. In court he could not always refrain from jocularity. For instance, when he tried Jane Wenham for witchcraft, and she assured him she could fly, his eye twinkled as he answered: "Well, then, you may; there is no law against flying." When Fowler, bishop of Gloucester—a thorough believer in the superstitions—was persecuting his acquaintances with silly stories about ghosts, Powell gave him a telling reproof for his credulity by describing a horrible apparition which was represented as having disturbed the narrator's rest on a previous night. At the hour of midnight, as the clocks were striking twelve, the judge was roused from his first slumber by a hideous sound. Starting up he saw at the foot of his uncompanioned bed a figure—dark, gloomy, terrible, holding before its grim and repulsive visage a lamp that shed an uncertain light. "May heaven have mercy on us!" tremulously ejaculated the bishop at this part of the story. "Be calm, my lord bishop; be calm. The awful part of this mysterious interview has still to be told. Nerving myself to fashion the words of inquiry, I addressed the nocturnal visitor thus—'Strange being, why hast thou come at this still hour to perturb a sinful mortal?' You understand, my lord, I said this in hollow tones—in what I may almost term a sepulchral voice." "Ay, ay," said the bishop, "I implore you to go on. What did it answer?" "It answered in a voice not greatly different from the voice of a human creature, 'Please, sir, I am the watchman on beat, and your street door is open.'"

A twelve-years-old boy in Evansville, Ind., who went to bed apparently well awoke in the morning deaf and dumb.

Not Symptoms, but the Disease.

It would seem to be a truth appreciable by all, and especially by professors of the healing art, that to remove the disease, not to alleviate its symptoms, should be the chief aim of medication. Yet in how many instances do we see this truth admitted in theory, ignored in practice. The reason that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is successful in so many cases with which remedies previously tried were inadequate to cope, is attributable to the fact that it is a medicine which reaches and removes the causes of the various maladies to which it is adapted. Indigestion, fever and ague, liver complaint, gout, rheumatism, disorders of the bowels, urinary affections and other maladies are not palliated merely, but rooted out by it. It goes to the fountain head. It is really, not nominally, a radical remedy; and it endows the system with an amount of vigor which is its best protection against disease.

Clock-work is not more regular than the liver, the stomach, and the bowels when they are put in order with Dr. Mott's Vegetable Liver Pills, a supremely effective and safe alterative, cathartic and blood depurent which promotes thorough bilious secretion, a regular habit of body, sound digestion and nervous tranquillity. It is the best possible substitute for that terrible drug, mercury. For sale by all druggists.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

A Deadly Fight with Burglars.

Mr. John P. M. Richards of the firm of John P. Moore's Sons, gunsmiths, has had an exciting encounter with two burglars in his house, No. 305 East Eighty-sixth street, New York, in which he captured one and shot the other dead. At 8 o'clock P. M. he heard noises down stairs and felt cold air as if the front door were open. He seized a seven-chambered revolver and went down stairs. On his way he could see that the front parlor door and the vestibule door were both open, and by the light which streamed into the front room from the street lamps on the sidewalk he saw two men at the wardrobe busily emptying it of its contents. A pile of clothing already taken out lay at the parlor door. The thieves heard the footsteps of Mr. Richards as he reached the space between the rooms, and both made a bolt for the rear windows of the back parlor. Mr. Richards fired three shots at one of the thieves, who, after finding that he could not open the blinds, turned and ran toward him. Mr. Richards then fired the fourth shot, striking the thief in the left breast and killing him instantly. The other thief surrendered, and soon after Captain Robbins and other policemen arrived. The prisoner and the body of his accomplice were removed to the station-house. The dead man was found to be Timothy Casey, aged twenty-two years, of Ninety-second street, between Second and Third avenues. He was known to the police of the Twenty-third precinct as a sneak-thief who was out on $1,000 bail for a burglary committed in Madison avenue several months ago. The prisoner was recognized as an ex-convict named David Dargon, who pretends to be a bricklayer. On the 29th of March, 1876, Dargon pleaded guilty to a charge of burglary committed at No. 71 East Eighty-fifth street, and was sentenced to State prison for a term of two and a half years, which he served.

Coroner Ellinger was summoned and at once discharged Mr. Richards from custody.

There are 33,300 retail tobacco dealers in France.

Somebody's Child.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face and an indescribable yearning to live and take an honored place in the world beside the companions of his youth. And somebody's mother is thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—when her heart and home will be left desolate—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late: Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day, aged, robust men, whom the physicians pronounced incurable at the age of twenty-five, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a most efficient alterative for separating the scrofulous matter from the blood and lungs, and imparting strength to the system. It has cured hundreds of consumptives.

The Grand Central Hotel, on Broadway, New York, is a big house, and it takes a great many people to fill it. In order to do the latter, and to please everybody, the hotel is now kept on both the plans; the American at $2.50 to $3.00, and the European at $1.00 and upward per day. An elegant restaurant, at moderate prices, is conducted by the hotel.

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TRUST TO Hunt's Remedy. HUNT'S REMEDY Cures Dropsy, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Gravel. HUNT'S REMEDY Cures Pain in the Side, Back or Loins, and all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs. Hunt's Remedy encourages and creates an appetite, braces up the system; and good health is the result of using Hunt's Remedy. Send for pamphlet to WM. E. CLARKE, Providence, R. I.

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