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WHAT SHE SAID.

"Darling," she said, and her white hand fell
As lightly as an angel's on my brow;
"I will be true to one I love so well
As I do you—and for the rest,
Fond heart, believe me, when I tell you now,
You are the one that I love best!"

"For why? I could not tell you if I tried,
So, fond heart, be content with what I say—
I would not love another man—be satisfied,
And quiet all your fears and heart's unrest,
For all the time, forever and a day—
You are the one that I love best!"
—George Wilmot Harris.

THE MEDALLION.

Some thirty years ago I had a room in a building which used to stand on a narrow street not far from Washington square. The building was one of the lairs of Bohemia. My windows, which reached almost to the floor, opened into a sort of balcony. This balcony stretched along the entire rear of the house. Originally it had been separated into as many parts as there were rooms, but gradually these partitions had been torn away, and the balcony became a general thoroughfare by which we went to each other's rooms, always through the windows, as there were no doors opening upon it.

One cool autumn night there was a rap at my window.

My visitor was a newcomer, who was called Mr. Harry by everybody. He was a handsome fellow, tall and slim, with finely cut features and small hands. His dark complexion, his deep brown eyes, his blue black curly hair, proclaimed him of southern blood. He had a small exquisitely shaped black mustache, which heightened the delicate and refined appearance of his face.

His teeth were dazzlingly white, and showed as he talked or laughed.

He was rather reserved, I think, but the coincidence of our needs that night aroused an accidental sympathy between us which afterward grew into a steadfast friendship.

He told me that he was working in the studio of a sculptor.

"I've only a dilettanti sort of a talent, though," he added, "but then I can earn my living at it. And, besides, I rather like to model Venuses, Phrynes and Dianas."

He told me that his immediate family were all dead; that he had been brought up in luxury, knew all the old aristocratic people of the city, and that, as the family estate melted away after his father's death, he had to cultivate his one small talent to get bread. He told this in the liveliest manner and did not seem at all affected by the recital of the downfall of the family fortunes. This struck me as rather strange. I puzzled over it from time to time, as our conversation lapsed. At last it flashed upon me.

"You are in love!" I exclaimed, "I've found you out!"

"Perhaps I am," he replied with one of his happy smiles, which showed his beautiful white teeth. And then he started up.

"It is almost 2. It's time to go to bed." He stretched out his hand and I took it.

"What is really your name?" I asked as he pressed my hand warmly.

"Harry Capelli. Good night!"

From this time he was often in my room and I in his. It was strangely furnished, for a number of costly and beautiful curios presented a striking contrast to the dingy furniture, which looked as if it had passed through the hands of several owners. And there were several rich and exquisite little things which betrayed the touch of a lady's hand, such as an embroidered tobacco pouch, a leather portfolio with finely worked initials and a few other such things. On a little table stood an exquisite Sevres vase, and in it there was always a fresh yellow rose.

One evening Harry rushed into my room.

"Do you want to go to the theatre tonight to hear the new play?"

That was precisely what I did want to do, but had thought it impossible because of the low state of my finances.

"Why do you ask such a question?" I replied.

"Well, get ready. Some one has sent me a couple of parquet seats."

We were soon off. In one of the boxes I recognized Miss Harpleigh, who had been pointed out to me the year before. She resided in Washington, but usually spent part of the season in New York. She was wonderfully beautiful, and seemed to be very gracious and charming.

I watched her opera glasses follow the rows of parquet seats back and forth. She was evidently searching for some one. Suddenly as the glass pointed toward the spot where we sat it stopped—she appeared to have found the person she was searching for. I looked about at Harry. His eyes were fixed on the stage. It was impossible that she was gazing at the burly broker on the other side of me. I blushed, as an instant flush of vanity suggested the idea that I was the object of her attention. Soon I saw her take a yellow rose from the bouquet she carried and slowly raise it to her lips. Involuntarily I thought of Harry's vase, and turned toward him questioningly.

He quickly raised his eyes toward the galleries and ineffectually tried to appear as if he had noticed the questioning look I gave him. But the lady still held the glass pointed toward us and pressed the yellow rose to her lips. I noticed the gentleman standing back of her bend a trifle forward and follow the line of her vision. A slight scowl spread over his features. He evidently recognized the person she was looking at, and felt vindictive toward him. He leaned further forward and said something to the lady. She started, dropped the rose, and let the glass fall into her lap. She sat still a moment, then shrugged her shoulders slightly, and turned to talk with those next her. She did not again look down at the parquet.

After the curtain came down for the first time I spoke to Harry in an indifferent way of Miss Harpleigh and the gentleman who paid her so much attention. I asked him if he knew who the man was?

"Yes!" he said, with a fierce sort of bravery. "I know him; he is Walter Herrick, and I should be sorry for the woman who was attracted by him. He was once the betrothed of my sister."

He seemed disinclined to say any more and I did not urge him.

We had gone to the smoking room after the act. I went over to speak to several persons of my acquaintance and when the bell rang went back to my seat. Harry did not return and I saw no more of him that evening. I felt strange and uneasy, as his sudden departure was inexplicable.

When I reached home, I did not feel like going to bed, and so as usual sat down to my writing. From time to time I got up and walked back and forth, searching for the right word or expression. Whenever I approached the window I put my head out to see if there was a light in Harry's room. Finally I saw the gleam from his windows. I waited a few minutes, as he always came into my room at night after he had been out, and his strange departure from the theatre made me more certain that he would be in at once. But when he did not come, I concluded to go and find the reason of it all. As I stood in front of his window on the balcony, several shadows moved across the curtain. There was something so unusual in this that I hesitated a moment, and then knocked lightly on the window pane. No one appeared to hear. There was the sound of deep voices and heavy steps within. I rapped harder.

"Wait a minute!" called a strange voice. And soon the curtain was drawn and the window raised.

The sight which met my eyes made me gasp for breath for a moment, the shock was so strong.

Harry lay half undressed on the bed, pale, apparently unconscious, with closed eyes and yellow lips, slightly opened. He drew in his breath with a gasp. His left hand clutched at his heart, and on his shirt were great patches of dark red.

At the head of the bed stood a cab driver and beside him the janitor of the building, who had opened the window. The room was dimly lighted by a single lamp.

"In heaven's name, what has happened?" I cried.

From the reports I learned that the coachman had been stopped in Fifth avenue about a half an hour before, and directed to drive up to a certain house door. There the gentleman now lying on the bed had come out, accompanied by two men. One had wished to get into the carriage with him, but had been refused. The gentleman had given the street and number himself, but in a very weak voice, and ordered him to drive as carefully as possible. When he stopped and opened the carriage door the gentleman was in a dead faint. He had aroused the janitor and together they carried him up stairs to his room, laid him in the bed and removed some of his clothes.

"Go at once for a doctor and I will wait here," I said to them as soon as I learned these facts.

I looked at Harry after they had gone, and tears came to my eyes at sight of his white, motionless face. I took his hand in mine and began to stroke it gently. After awhile he opened his eyes, and looked at me in bewilderment, then he smiled and weakly pressed my hand. I could not utter a word. Harry tried several times to speak, but only succeeded after several ineffectual efforts; and then I could scarcely distinguish the words.

"Everything is all right—I have fixed it." He closed his eyes; but after a moment gasped:

"My coat!"

I handed it to him. He tried to put his hands into the pockets, but his strength gave out and he shook his head and smiled again faintly. I searched the pockets and took out several articles, among them a small folding leather card case. He took this up as I laid it on the bed near his hand and reached it toward me.

"For you!" he murmured.

As I took it he smiled the same old, hearty, tender smile.

As I spread his coat out on a chair a yellow rose fell from a buttonhole. I picked it up, a little startled, as I knew Harry had not worn any flower the previous evening. When Harry noticed the rose, he motioned me to give it to him. He pressed it to his lips, and two great tear drops rolled down his cheeks. His arm fell down and he again sank into a half unconscious state. His face twitched as if with pain. His left hand lay across his heart, and the fingers opened and closed convulsively. Pretty soon he opened his eyes again and stared with a look of feverish longing at one corner of the room. I followed his glance.

"Bring that," he said, with an effort.

I went to the spot indicated. There, upon a little table, lay a board of moderate size, in the middle of which was a slight elevation, covered with a damp cloth—apparently an incomplete piece of modeling. Beside it lay a few simple modeling tools.

I carried the board to the bedside.

"Do you mean this?" I asked.

Harry nodded. He tried to raise himself and I lifted him up to a sitting position. After I had done this he rested his right hand, in which he still held the rose, upon the cloth, and exerting all his strength, pressed his fist down into the yielding clay. I watched the soft earth slowly creep out from beneath the cloth edges under the pressure. As Harry noticed this he gave one strong push and then fell back on the pillow. He did not open his eyes again, nor did he speak. He drew a few deep struggling gasps and then all was still.

I sat some minutes staring at his pallid face and hardly dared to breathe.

I gave a great sigh of relief when the sound of footsteps on the stairs broke the spell by which I seemed bound. I opened the door in answer to a light rap.

"I am Dr. Van Horn," said an elderly man, as he entered the room and walked briskly up to the bed. With quick, dexterous movements he cut away Harry's shirt and laid his hand upon his breast. Then he beckoned to me to help him and we laid the body of my dead friend down from the sitting position.

"I have nothing to do but to certify to the death of this person," said the doctor after he had arranged everything.

"Did he say anything?"

"Only a few words."

"Is suicide probable?"

"No."

"Probably a duel! What do you think?"

"That is possible."

The doctor seated himself at a table, took out paper and pencil and wrote name, age, etc., of my dead friend.

Then he wrote further: "Cause of death—paralysis of heart in consequence of a stab or thrust. Suicide not probable. More likely duel. Opponent unknown."

Then he left the room. I held the lamp to light him down stairs, he thanked me courteously and bade me good night."

I went back into the room. The impulse to speak to Harry, to awaken him was almost irresistible. I could not believe that the beautiful, attractive smile had faded from his lips forever.

I took up the modeling board which lay beside him on the bed and removed the cloth. I tried to make out what shape the crushed mass had once had. Harry had been entirely too weak to entirely obliterate it. I finally made out that it had been a medallion, with a woman's head upon it in relief. The face was indistinguishable, but the hair was almost uninjured. I also examined the card case which Harry had given me, but it contained only a few cards and a receipt or two, as far as I could judge from my hasty glance.

Again there was the noise of steps, and the janitor entered, followed by a gentleman.

"The doctor!"

I looked at them in astonishment.

"The doctor has been here already," I said.

"Doctor who?" I went directly to the nearest surgeon and came back with him myself.

Meanwhile the doctor went up to the bed and convinced himself that his services came too late for aid.

I told them what had happened, and handed the physician the paper the other doctor had left.

"Ah, ah! Dr. Van Horn? The favorite of New York 'society'! How did he happen to come here?"

"Who knows?" I said in reply.

"Perhaps the man who gave him this thrust sent to discover if it was mortal."

The janitor agreed to watch the rest of the night and I went to bed.

About noon the next day I was awakened by an officer summoning me to appear before the coroner's jury.

I told what had occurred under my observation, but made no reference to the medallion or the card case out of respect to Harry's evident wishes. The coachman could not be found.

Dr. Van Horn testified that his servant had given him directions, which had been received from another servant. Who had sent for the doctor could not be discovered, and there could be found no clew to solving the mystery.

Two days later we buried Harry Capelli. A few distant relatives and a little group of fellow Bohemians followed his body to the grave.

The next morning in The Times appeared the local note:

"Mr. Walter Herrick, who has been missed at the Apollo club for the last few days, is out again, though still compelled to carry his arm in a sling. He slipped on the steps of the club house a few nights since and sprained his wrist badly."

Not far from this among the society notes were the lines:

"Miss Helen Harpleigh, one of the most charming of the ladies who enliven the social season for a month or two each year, has gone back to Washington and will not return this season."

There were also a few lines devoted to Harry's death and burial.

I was firmly convinced that Miss Harpleigh's departure and Mr. Herrick's indisposition were connected with Harry's death.

But I did not attempt to establish my suspicion. I should have felt guilty in doing so contrary to Harry's wishes.

A few months later I happened to pick up the card case, which had lain in a drawer in my desk. A small picture fell out of it. It had evidently been slipped in behind the lining and had escaped my notice. I saw at a glance that it was a tiny photograph of Helen Harpleigh. As I looked at it an idea struck me. I covered the face with my hand, and then I saw clearly that the hair was the same as that on the crushed medallion.—John Ritchie in New York News.

Why the Eyes Grow Tired.

People speak about their eyes being tired, meaning that the retina or seeing portion of the eye is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina hardly ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and other muscles attached to the eyeball and the muscle of accommodation, which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far distant objects. The usual indication of strain is redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, accompanied with some pain. Sometimes this weariness indicates the need of glasses rightly adapted to the person, and in other cases the true remedy is to massage the eye and its surroundings as far as may be with the hand wet in cold water.—Herald of Health.

Von Ranke, the Historian.

When Andrew D. White was a student in Germany he attended the lectures of Von Ranke, the historian. In a recent article Mr. White says of Ranke: "He had a habit of becoming so absorbed in his subject as to slip down in his chair, holding his finger up toward the ceiling, and then, with his eyes fastened on the tip of it, go mumbling through a kind of rhapsody, which most of my German fellow students confessed they could not understand. It was a comical sight—half a dozen students crowding around his desk listening to the professor as priests might listen to the sibyl on her tripod, the other students being scattered through the room in various stages of discouragement."—New York Sun.

Where the Edelweiss Grows.

The Emperor William has always regretted that he has never been able with his own hands to pluck an edelweiss. A loyal Styrian now tells him that there is a spot, probably the only spot in the world accessible by carriage, where the edelweiss grows. In a charming country at the foot of the Hochechwab mountain lies the little town of Aflenz, whence by a comfortable carriage road the traveler can easily reach the spot where the finest edelweiss is found in surprisingly large quantities.—New York Tribune.

Serpent skin is coming into fashion as a covering for boxes.

THE LAWS OF HABIT.

The Daily Drill and Its Effects—Habits the Flywheel of Society.

Dr. Carpenter, from whose "Mental Physiology" we have quoted, has so prominently enforced the principle that our organs grow to the way in which they have been exercised, and dwelt upon its consequences, that his book almost deserves to be called a work of edification on this account alone. We need make no apology, then, for tracing a few of these consequences ourselves:

"Habit a second nature! Habit is ten times nature," the Duke of Wellington is said to have exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one can probably appreciate as well as one who is a veteran soldier himself. The daily drill and the years of discipline end by fashioning a man completely over again, as to most of the possibilities of his conduct. "There is a story, which is credible enough, though it may not be true, of a practical joker, who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out, "Attention!" whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and lost his mutton and potatoes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in the man's nervous structure.

Riderless cavalry horses, at many a battle, have been seen to come together and go through their customary evolutions at the sound of the bugle call. Most trained domestic animals, dogs and oxen and omnibus and car horses, seem to be machines almost pure and simple, undoubtingly, unhesitatingly doing from minute to minute the duties they have been taught, and giving no sign that the possibility of an alternative even suggests itself to their mind. Men grown old in prison have asked to be readmitted after being once set free. In a railroad accident to a traveling managerie in the United States come time in 1884, a tiger, whose cage had been broken open, is said to have emerged, but presently crept back again, as if too much bewildered by his new responsibilities, so that he was without difficulty secured.

Habit is thus the enormous flywheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance, and saves the children of fortune from the envious uprisings of the poor. It alone prevents the hardest and most repulsive walks of life from being deserted by those brought up to tread therein. It keeps the fisherman and the deck hand at sea through the winter; it holds the miner in his darkness, and nails the countryman to his log cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already at the age of 25 you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveler, on the young doctor, on the young minister, on the young counselor at law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character; the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the "shop" in a word, from which the man can by and by no more escape than his coat sleeve can suddenly fall into a new set of folds. On the whole, it is best he should not escape. It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of 30, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again.—William James in Popular Science Monthly.

Forms of the Bank Bill.

The American bank bill has followed the form of the American letter envelope. For paper money, if paper money must be used, it is the most convenient possible. But there is a prejudice against that form in Europe. The notes of the Bank of England and the Bank of France are scarcely less in size than an old fashioned blanket newspaper sheet. A draft given by an English or French bank is still larger. Your tailor in Paris gives you a receipt that, after several times folding, you manage to cram it into your pocketbook. A queer idea of business attaches to these huge pieces of paper. They will tell you that small drafts, bank bills and receipts do not look business like—that is to say whether there is business or not, it is desirable to make a show of it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cancer a Local Disease.

Cancer is essentially a local disease and can be cured by operation, in spite of recurrence. Operation, when it does not cure prolongs life and diminishes the total amount of suffering. Operations should be repeated as often as there is any chance of entirely removing recurrent growths. The earlier and the more thoroughly the operation is performed the better. The disease, when it recurs, is generally of a milder type than that of the original growth, less painful and less exhausting. Antiseptic surgery makes more radical operations possible, with better ultimate results than formerly obtained.—Dr. Shrady in Medical Record.

Photographing a Midnight Landscape.

The fact has been satisfactorily established by various scientific researches, that many substances absorb luminous rays during the day, and at night emit these rays in such a manner as to impress photographic plates, although they may not be perceptible to the naked eye. Artists have not only succeeded in photographing the visible night phosphorescence of Mont Blanc's summit, but have even secured an impression of a midnight landscape—invisible to the eye—on the terrace of the observatory at Prague.—New York Sun.

Learning Without Study.

The acquisition of learning without study is like the acquisition of wealth without labor. It is as necessary for the mechanic to study out his problem when it comes to him to be studied as it is for him to finish his task by his handicraft.—Scientific American.

A Work for Somebody.

Inquiries concerning how the masses live; concerning sanitary conditions and their relation to the virtue and vice of the people; concerning the causes of pauperism and crime, have seldom been started by professional reformers.—Andover Review.

GLUTTONS OF BYGONE DAYS.

Some Distinguished Cases of Tremendous Appetites—From the Records.

Elizabeth Charlotte, the Duchess of Orleans, writing under date of Dec. 5, 1718, says: "The late king, monsieur the dauphin, and the Duc de Berri were enormous eaters. I have often seen the king eat four plates of different kinds of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a dish of salad, two thick slices of ham, mutton flavored with garlic, a plateful of pastry and finish his repast with fruit and hard boiled eggs." There was a good old German from Wittenberg, where my Lord Hamlet attended the university, who had a fine faculty for storing away provender. His case is well attested. For a wager he would eat a whole sheep or a whole pig or put out of sight a bushel of cherries, stones and all. He lived until he was about 80 years of age, a great portion of the time supporting himself by exhibiting the peculiarity of his appetite, which, to say the least, must have been a very eccentric one. Thus, he would chew glass, earthenware and flint into small fragments. He had an especial preference for caterpillars, mice and birds, and when these were not procurable he would content himself with mineral substances. Once he put down his "maw and gulf" a pen, the ink and the sand pounce and he would have gobbled the inkstand, too, had he not been restrained.

Taylor, the water poet, tells of Nicholas Wood, of the county of Kent, in England, who was a tolerably good trencherman. On one occasion he got away with a whole sheep; at another time with several rabbits; at a third with three dozen pigeons—well grown pigeons, not squabs; again with eighteen yards of black puddings, and on other occasions 60 pounds of cherries and three pecks of damsons. Dr. Copland, in speaking of two children who had wonderful appetites, the youngest, 7 years old, being the worst, said: "The quantity of food devoured by her was astonishing. Everything that could be laid hold of, even in its raw state, was seized upon most greedily. Other articles, an uncooked rabbit, half a pound of candles and some butter, were taken at one time. The mother stated that this little girl, who was apparently in good health otherwise, took more food, if she could possibly obtain it, than the rest of her family, consisting of six beside herself.

A trifle over a hundred years ago a London youth ate five pounds of shoulder of lamb and two quarts of green peas in fifty minutes; and a Polish soldier, who was presented at the court of Saxony, succeeded in one day in getting outside of twenty pounds of beef and half a roast calf, with the appropriate "fixings." When George III was king, a watchmaker's apprentice, 19 years of age, in three-quarters of an hour devoured a leg of pork weighing six pounds and a proportionate quantity of pease pudding, washing all down with a pint of brandy, taken in two "tots." The tall Nick Davenport, the actor, is known to have eaten a seven pound turkey at a single sitting. Instances of depraved appetite are numerous, and men have been known to swallow fire, swords, spiders, flies, toads, serpents, cotton, hair, paper, wood, cinders, sand, earth, clay, chalk, flint, musket balls and earthen ware. One man could swallow billiard balls and gold watches.

In the New York medical journals for 1822 a record is made of a man who could swallow clasp knives with impunity. One day he overdid the business by swallowing fourteen and it killed him, which well it might. In 1870, in England, two men of Wiltshire wagered with each other as to which could consume the greatest quantity of food in the shortest space of time. One of them blotted from existence six pounds and a half of rabbit, a loaf of bread and two pounds of cheese in a quarter of an hour, and he was so pleased with the approbation he received from the bystanders that he finished off with a beefsteak, a pint and a half of gin and a half pint of brandy.—Good Housekeeping.

The Railway Postal Clerk.

Now the train starts. The postal clerk has been pulling heavy pouches around or throwing letters into the boxes for half an hour, and if he is unused to the work his muscles begin to feel tired. But he must not quit or take rest, even for a moment, because his labor has just begun. He must brace himself up and enter upon a desperate game of follow my leader—the leader being a man who has been in the service for years and has worked himself up from an apprentice to the high and mighty office of chief clerk in charge of the car, whose power is for the time as absolute as that of the czar of all the Russias. As the train dashes along all these clerks must continue their work, now made 100 per cent. harder by the swaying of the car. They must brace themselves first one way and then another, always keeping up that ceaseless throw, throw, throw, not for one hour or two, but for eight or ten hours, taking on additional pouches as the train flies through the country at a breakneck speed, and throwing off other pouches as the stations are passed, all the while in a state of uncertainty as to whether the pouch knocked out the small boy standing on the station platform, or landed in the middle of the cornfield near by.

The train does not stop at any but important towns, and the postal clerks must take chances on the pouch they throw off to the rural postmaster striking the ground anywhere within a quarter of a mile of him. By the time the clerk has got to the end of his run, the place being Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Grafton, Cleveland, as the case may be, and having been kept in a violent motion, legs, arms and mind, all the time, it is only reasonable to suppose that he feels tired, and he does.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Silence That was Grand.

"It was so still in the hall," said Dobbins, speaking of the concert, "that you could have heard a pin drop." "Was there a large audience?" asked Peterby. "The house was half full." "Is that all? Huh! you ought to hear the silence there when there is a full house. Oh, it's something grand!"—Tid Bits.

To Drink or Not to Drink.

"Yes," says Jenkins, "I am one of those fellows that can drink or let it alone. When I am where it is I can drink; when I am where it is not I can let it alone."—Detroit Free Press.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

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