DENTON JOURNAL.

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SPRING IS HERE!

AND EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE A NEW SPRING HAT OR BONNET TO WEAR

these bright days. Our stock is now complete with all the novelties of the season. We have made an extra effort this season to give our increasing trade more for their money than ever before, not alone in this department but in every department in our store.

Our Dress Goods Department

Is full of new Spring Novelties, and our prices, as you will see, are a very attractive part.

Every lady this season wants one or two Silk Waists. We have them and at city prices.

A Beautiful Line of Wash Silk at 25, 35, 39, and 45 cents.

A Beautiful Line of Novelty Silk at 62, 75, 87½, and 95 cents.

Wool Dress Goods, Plains and Novelties.

Regular $1.00 Dress Goods,		*now 75 Cents.*	
" 90	"	" 62	"
" 75	"	" 50	"
" 50	"	" 39	"
" 37½	"	" 25	"
" 30	"	" 19	"
" 18	"	" 12½	"
" 15	"	" 10	"

And a few Jobs in 50c. Dress Goods as low as 29c. and 35c.

Our Domestic Department is filled with all the Staples and Novelties of the season. Several of the old reliable brands at 10c. muslins now 7 and 8c Good yard wide bleached and unbleached muslin, 5 and 6c. A good 10-4 bleached Sheeting at 19c.; 9-4 bleached Utica Sheeting, 21c., and all other brands and grades proportionately cheap. Percales, 8, 10 and 12½c. Crepons, all colors, 12½c.

☞ Ask to see our 5c. Line of Ginghams.

Our Notion Department is filled with everything belonging to the line. As we are crowded for space we will just mention a few special numbers in Hosiery We have a line of Fast Black in Ladies' and Children's Hose at 5c. per pair. The best regular made 15c., 2 for 25c., you ever saw; the regular 25c. Ladies' Hose, 19c, and something extra fine for 25c. We have a special number, the regular 50c. kind, put up 3 pairs in a box for $1.00. We have added to our stock a handsome line of Matting, and the cheapest you ever saw in Easton. Also Oil Cloths and Window Shades.

T. H. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.,

Odd Fellows' Building, EASTON, MARYLAND.

Oehm's great rule of business stands out in bold black:
"Your money's worth always or your money back."

For Father & Son,

Little and big, short and tall, we've Clothing for them—bright, bonny Spring wear that has the freshness of apple blossoms about it. Moving a mountain of merchandise from our three great stores every year—doing the greatest outfitting business of any house in the South—there is always newness here. No stocks accumulate—everything is up to the times.

Boys' Clothing.

While planning your shopping trip to Baltimore for this Spring clip out this advertisement, and check off what you need for the little fellows.

Shopping List,

Fast Black Long Stockings	18c
Yacht Caps, Girls' or Boys'	23c
Windsor or Teck Scarfs	25c
Unlaundered Shirt Waists	49c
Tam O'Shanters	50c
Crush Hats	50c
India Linen Blouses	50c
Fancy Turbans	50c
Extra Fine Eton Hats	75c
Star Laundered Waists	75c
Alpine Hats	75c
Blue Sailor Suits	98c
Bombay Blouses—very fine	$1 00
Blouses for Linden Suits	$1 25
Boys' Invincible Shoes	$1 50
Boys' Derby Hats	$1 50
Boys' Steel-Clad Shoes	$1 75
Youths' Shoes, steel-clad	$2 00
All-Wool Suits for Boys	$3 50
Norfolk Suits	$3 75
Reefer suits	$4 00
Junior suits	$4 50
Fine All-Wool Suits	$5 00
Long-Pants Suits	$8 50

Men's Clothing,

We've the largest and handsomest stock in Baltimore, and can and do save our customers 15 to 20 per cent. on their purchases.

Very elegant Suits of Black Cheviot, Vicuna Cheviot and Black Thibet, cut and made and trimmed in a superior manner, and sold by many houses at $12 and $15, marked here at $10.

A most fashionable and beautiful line of Widewale Cheviot Suits, half-lined with satin, very stylish, and could not be duplicated by an exclusive tailor for less than $25, marked this spring at $15.

Pin-head Worsted Suits, with four button sack coats, every detail of cut and make as carefully attended to as the merchant tailor devotes to his $20 and $25 suits, marded here as a leader at $15.

All-Wool Cheviot Suit as low as $7.50.

We have low-priced Overcoats—$7 50 to $10—with as much style and as much service in them as in the ordinary $12 Overcoat. Higher priced Overcoats, too—$15, $18, $20, $25. Can please any man.

Our Spring stock of Furnishings, Shoes and Hats for men and boys is the finest and most complete in the city.

For Men and Boys. Head to-Foot Outfitters { OEHM & CO. } Three Stores: Baltimore and Charles Sts.

FOR THE BLOOD

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR — The Best Spring Medicine

Just now everybody is thinking about taking something for the blood. A Spring medicine as we speak of it. And it's a good thing to do, but you want to get the proper medicine. If you consult your physician he will tell you to

Take a GOOD LIVER MEDICINE

and that, because the liver has everything to do with the blood. If the liver is sluggish the system is clogged, the blood becomes impure, and the whole body suffers. Every medicine recommended for the blood is supposed to work on the liver. Then get at once the "KING OF LIVER MEDICINES,"

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

It does its work well, and tones up the whole system. It is "Better than Pills," and can be had in liquid or powder.

DAVID SHAW, HERO.

The savior, and not the slayer, he is the braver man,
So far my text—but the story? Thus, then, it runs:

From Spokane
Rolled out the overland mail train, late by an hour In the cab
David Shaw, at your service, dressed in his blouse of drab,
Grimed by the smoke and the cinders.
"Feed her well, Jim," he said
(Jim was his fireman). "Seattle sharp on time!"

So they sped.
Dust from the wheels upflying: smoke rolling out behind;
The long train thundering, swaying; the roar of the cloven wind;
Shaw, with his hand on the lever, looking out straight ahead.
How she did rock, old six-forty! How like a storm they sped!

Leavenworth—thirty minutes gained in the thrilling race.
Now for the hills—keener lookout or a letting down of the pace.
Hardly a pound of the steam less! David Shaw straightened back.
Hand like steel on the lever, face like flint to the track.

God! Look there! Down the mountain right ahead of the train,
Acres of sand and forest sliding down to the plain!
What to do! Why, jump, Dave! Take the chance while you can.
The train is doomed—save your own life! Think of the children, man!

Well, what did he, this hero, face to face with grim death?
Grasped the throttle—reversed it—shrieked "Down brakes!" in a breath.
Stood to his post without flinching, clear headed, open eyed,
Till the train stood still, with a shudder, and he—went down with the slide!

Saved? Yes, saved! Ninety people snatched from an awful grave.
One life under the sand, there. All that he had, he gave.
Man to the last inch! Hero? Noblest of heroes, yes,
Worthy the shaft and the tablet, worthy the song and the bay!

—James Buckham in Youth's Companion.

PRIVATE BARKER.

Bang, bang, bang! went the thundering guns, twenty-one of them in succession, at regular intervals. A Russian warship had just arrived in the harbor of Hongkong and was saluting the British admiral, and as it was certain that the new comer would next proceed to salute the garrison, the men of the Royal artillery were now turning out of their barracks and falling in on parade, to be in readiness to return the compliment. This maneuver, however, was not accomplished without some loud altercation in one of the barrack rooms, but this quickly ended as the men hurried out at the trumpet call and fell in in rear of the saluting battery, which lay along the water's edge in front of the parade. The second salute was duly fired from the warship, and its last gun was still echoing among the hills behind the city when two perspiring coolies came striding through the entrance gate of the barracks with a rapid, swinging step, carrying between them a sedan chair, in which reposed Lieutenant Cunningham, the artillery officer on duty for the day. The chair was set down in the middle of the parade, and the officer, stepping out, hastened forward to his men.

"All present, sir, except Private Barker," the sergeant major reported, standing erect at "attention," his hand raised to his helmet in salute.

"Barker!" repeated the officer. "Where is he?"

"He's in the barrack room, sir," answered the sergeant major, "and won't come out. He says he'll be blowed, sir, before he comes on parade."

"Very well," said the lieutenant after a moment's pause, and then he gave the word to the men. "Take post on the guns! Right turn! Double march! Prepare for action!" he shouted as the detachment filed on the guns, and immediately the men dispersed to bring up the necessary ammunition and stores.

While they were engaged in this duty the officer slowly sauntered to the rear, across the parade, with a thoughtful and abstracted air. He was pondering deeply on the case of Private Barker. As the sergeant major had remarked to himself with some surprise, Mr. Cunningham had given no order to send the defaulter to the guardroom, though, in point of fact, no such order was necessary, the guardroom being the inevitable consequence of insubordination. Young, generous and impulsive, the lieutenant meditated, with profound pity for the misguided Barker, on the ruin which that individual was recklessly bringing on himself. Mr. Cunningham knew and liked the young soldier, who belonged to his own battery. There was a mystery, too, about the private that excited much curiosity and intensified the interest which the officer felt in the young man.

It was more than suspected that Barker was not his real name, and it was currently rumored in the garrison, and believed by many, that he was a cadet of a good—some said noble—family, who had gone to the dogs by some process best known to himself—a rumor sustained, and probably in the first instance originated, by his aristocratic manner and appearance. It was certain that he had received a thoroughly good education, and, barring technical knowledge, knew as much on most subjects as any officer of the regiment. On this account he had been detailed for duty in the battery office on his first arrival, but his restless spirit soon revolted against what he considered the drudgery of "paper work." He worked hard at his own duties, the details of which he mastered with marvelous facility, and he had fully qualified himself for promotion ere he was a month in the garrison. It was generally understood, and indeed he made no secret of the matter, though he never alluded to it in words, that he had enlisted in the hope and expectation of some day receiving a commission. And he would have gained it, too, in time, but for the proud, haughty, intractable disposition which had earned for him the sobriquet of "The Count," and which, though in no small degree it qualified him for command, at the same time particularly unfitted him for the prompt and willing obedience which is essential in a soldier. He had come out to the colony with the last batch of recruits only a few months before, and already he had had numerous altercations with and made many enemies among the noncommissioned officers of the battery.

Turning these facts over in his mind, Lieutenant Cunningham, slowly sauntering across the parade while the gun detachments were bringing out the stores, found himself all at once at the steps that led up to the barrack room above. Here he was out of sight of the gunners around the saluting battery. He paused a moment in evident irresolution. Then muttering to himself, "A word in season, how good it is!" he suddenly turned to the steps with a doubtful and somewhat shamefaced air and hurried impulsively up to the barrack room. The room, with its double row of beds neatly folded, strapped and turned up, contained but one occupant—Private Barker. He was sitting at the table, his head leaning on his hand, in an attitude expressive less of depression than of sullen defiance. Thus seated with his back toward the door, he could not see who it was that entered, nor apparently did he care to know, for he never raised his head or varied his attitude.

"You here, Barker?" said the officer, with feigned surprise.

The private sprang up instantly to attention and saluted. He was a fine young fellow, about the officer's own age, tall, handsome and well proportioned. He looked every inch a soldier and no less unmistakably a born aristocrat "to the tips of his fingers." Flushed with pride and anger, his face now flushed deeper still as he perceived the officer and instinctively recognized the motive that brought him there.

"You should be on parade," Mr. Cunningham continued. "The men have fallen in long since."

He spoke with embarrassment, for he was well aware that his well meant interference was highly irregular. Barker was aware of it, too, and he understood also the kind motive that prompted it.

"I have refused to go on parade, sir," he answered resolutely in the clear, well modulated voice of an educated gentleman.

"Why, how's that?" said the officer, with more confidence now that the ice was broken.

"I have unfortunately had an altercation with Corporal Jennison, sir," returned Barker in the same haughty and resolute tone, "and I have determined to resent it in the only way I can. He has been my steady and persistent enemy ever since I joined the garrison. He loses no occasion for provoking my temper, which, I am afraid, is none of the mildest. 'Twould ill become me to go whining to the orderly room with my complaints like a schoolboy, and now I am resolved to bring the matter to a head and show him up."

"But have you considered," said the officer earnestly, "that the end of it will be a court martial, and that no provocation you may have received will excuse insubordination? Looks like cutting off your nose to spite somebody else's face," he added lightly.

The private made no answer, but showed no sign of yielding.

Mr. Cunningham was turning away with apparent carelessness, but secretly irritated and embarrassed at finding himself thus silently but unmistakably repulsed, when he stopped and made another attempt.

"Take a friend's advice, Barker," he said, "and think better of it."

"If I could take advice, however well meant," he answered steadily, with a kind of subdued sadness in his tone, "I shouldn't be here now. But, all the same, I am deeply grateful, believe me, sir, for your kindness and sympathy," he added, with a short, proud glance of sincere feeling.

Mr. Cunningham, abashed and ashamed at finding his well intentioned intervention completely futile, turned away without saying anything more, and hastened back to his men.

Two days after Barker was brought to trial for insubordination. He made a spirited defense, which, though unavailing, produced much of the effect he desired. He did not deny the act of insubordination he was accused of, but confined his efforts to showing that the wanton and persistent persecution of Corporal Jennison was the occasion of the crime. This defense could not affect the verdict of the court, and the prisoner was sentenced to 28 days' imprisonment, with hard labor, half of which, however, were remitted by the general in command. The corporal was ordered to the orderly room and there received a wigging from the colonel that made his hair stand on end, and this was followed by another of the same from me—who was in command of the battery—to the like effect. Jennison had but little reason to feel proud of the part he had borne in the transaction.

Lieutenant Cunningham for some time was nervously apprehensive that his irregular and humiliating though benevolent attempt to advise the erring Barker to his own good might get abroad, and he consulted me on the subject. We both agreed, however, that Barker was not likely to speak of the matter, and no one else knew of it at all, and, in fact, not a word was ever heard on the subject. When Barker was released from the military prison and returned to duty on the expiration of his sentence, he neither by word nor sign showed any recognition of or gratitude for Mr. Cunningham's good will in his behalf. A singular change appeared in him on his discharge. He went about his duty in sullen, dogged manner, altogether unlike the soldierly smartness for which he had been distinguished before. He grew more haughty and impracticable than ever, and as a necessary consequence reckless and insubordinate to a degree. It seemed as though the taint of the prison cell had penetrated and poisoned his whole being. He no longer made any effort to rise in his profession. He rather went downward with ever accelerating velocity. From the best soldier in my battery he became the worst. As might be expected, he was continually in trouble, and his "defaulter sheet" grew longer and blacker day by day. On one occasion he threw away his carbine on parade, on another he struck Corporal Jennison, and underwent long terms of imprisonment for each offense. At last he gave way to habitual intemperance, and then his degradation was complete.

One evening, when the heat of the day was passed, Lieutenant Cunningham left his quarters and went for a walk in the refreshing coolness of the evening. Striding through the city in the direction of the north, he passed by the arsenal, and farther on, turning to the right, he took his way through the "Happy Valley," an oval vale, with the race course in the middle, and surrounded by hills, where, in their separate cemeteries — Catholic, Protestant, Parsee and Mussulman—the "dead uns" of Hongkong, "each in his narrow cell forever laid," sleep their last long sleep. Toiling upward continually along the footpath leading to Stanley, on the Pacific coast, he traversed the Happy Valley, and entered the deep ravines which lie beyond. The road seemed entirely deserted. He neither met with nor saw a single traveler on the way. But on turning around a curve in the path he perceived a couple of Chinese approaching, making for the city at a rapid steady pace. They were evidently of the cooly class, for one of them bore on his shoulder a long bamboo some 12 feet in length and 4 inches in diameter, such as are used for carrying weighty packages in the far east. They saluted him in a friendly manner with "Chin, chin," as they passed by, which saluation Mr. Cunningham, in deep abstraction, as duly returned, but the moment they had passed one of them—he with the bamboo—wheeled suddenly round, raised his weapon aloft and brought it down with a sweeping blow that instantly stretched the officer senseless on the ground.

Stooping over their unconscious victim, the Chinamen proceeded to rifle his pockets, and then drawing their knives were preparing to silence him forever on the principle that "dead men tell no tales" when they were startled by a sudden interruption in the lonely pass.

"Hoi, hoi!" shouted a voice on the right, and looking up they saw an artillery private—"a blue soldier man," as the Chinese say—come rushing down from the heights above, leaping from rock to rock with the daring and surefootedness of a chamois. "Hoi, hoi!" he roared again as he sprang into the roadway and went for the heathen Chinee. The newcomer was tall, stalwart and powerful, and for a moment the robbers quailed before his threatening aspect, but then they recollected that he carried no arms, while they had their knives and the bamboo. But the assailant did not wait to reckon chances. He had his military belt for his only weapon, and with that swinging aloft in his powerful hand he charged the enemy without a moment's hesitation.

The Chinamen stood their ground unflinchingly, and the one with the bamboo aimed a deadly stroke at the assailant as he approached. By a dexterous spring to one side the soldier avoided the blow, but narrowly, and ere the ponderous weapon could be raised again its owner had his face cut open from forehead to chin by the buckle of the belt. He dropped the bamboo and staggered back and attempted to draw his knife. But the artilleryman closed with him instantly, seized his hand and tore the knife from his grasp by main force. At the same moment the other Chinaman attacked him from behind and planted his knife up to the hilt between his shoulders. With the roar and the fury of a wounded lion, the soldier turned fiercely on the new assailant, caught him by the flowing pigtail as he tried to escape, drew him back, and with the last effort of his strength sent the knife he held home to the ruffian's heart. The dead man and the dying man fell headlong together to the ground.

When Mr. Cunningham came to his senses after a long swoon and looked about him with his head still swimming from the blow he had received, he found himself alone with the dead Chinaman and the dying soldier. Staggering to his feet with difficulty, the officer hastened to the latter's assistance. It was Barker. The hue of approaching dissolution was on his face, but he was fully conscious, and even cheerful. At the approach of death he seemed to become his old, true self again, gay, smiling, debonnaire, as men of his class have often before faced the dread destroyer on the scaffold or the field. In a few words he related what had occurred and spoke but lightly of his own heroism, though he smiled with evident pleasure at the thanks which the officer, with much emotion, faltered out to his rescuer.

"Don't trouble, Mr. Cunningham," he said as the lieutenant was about to hurry away in search of medical assistance, "I'm booked for the down train, I know, and return tickets are not issued on that line. A good riddance, too, I should say," he went on, with a smile. "Nothing in life became me like the leaving of it. Nothing has ever prospered with me since the time I left school up to the present day. I couldn't even make a decent soldier, you see, though you did your best, Mr. Cunningham," he added, with a grateful look, and his eye dimmed for a moment, "to save me from my own folly. But it was not to be. But, believe me, I was not ungrateful, and one good turn deserves another."

The officer asked if there was any one to whom he wished to send a last message.

"No," he answered after a little hesitation; "there is no one I particularly care about, or who particularly cares about me. There is one"—and he paused with a faraway look in his eyes. "But she is happy now with another, and living or dead I will not come between her and the happiness she deserves. No, let her be."

The whole garrison attended his funeral, with the officers and men of his battery as chief mourners. But he kept his secret in death as in life. Among the few things he left behind there was nothing that could afford even the slightest clew as to who he was or what was his real name.—Million.

It Will Take 6,340,000 Years.

The figures in the head line denote the number of years which it will take, if present wear and tear are kept up, for the rivers and other streams to smooth down all the dry land of the globe and transport the same into the oceans. John Murray of the Challenger expedition, in his learned monograph entitled "The Height of the Land and Depth of the Ocean," calculates that our globe's total area of dry land is equal to 55,000,000 square miles, and that the area of the ocean is 137,200,000 square miles. He estimates the volume of dry land above the level of the sea at 23,450,000 cubic miles, and the volume of all ocean waters at 323,800,000 cubic miles. He also gives figures to prove that the mean height of the land above the sea is 2,250 feet and the mean depth of all oceans 12,480 feet.

It is estimated that the rivers and other streams carry into the ocean each year sediment to the amount of not less than 2½ cubic miles, and that they also carry away not less than 1,183 miles of matter in solution. Murray, Peterman, Von Gosse and other noted geographers, hydrographers, mathematicians and civil engineers have spent much time figuring on the above estimates and find that, according to the calculations given, it will take 6,340,000 years to transport the whole of the solid land into the oceans.—St. Louis Republic.

Hoot, Toot, Hue and Cry.

Hoot is to make the noise of an owl, huette or chouette, as howl is owl aspirated, ululare. Hoots, or hootes, plural, requires only the addition of ium as a common ending to make hutesium, and we get the very word wanted in Borel, huz-crierie. If we write it hu-tes, we have only added a euphonic "e." To hoot brings us to toot, and the tooting horn of the old mail coach and so to the hootes and huz above arrived at.

To toot is to hoot through the long horn; to tout is only another spelling of the same word, meaning to advertise by blowing a horn. In "hue and cry" it is further cut down still, but it brings us back, all the same, to the common law and vivid description of a hasty pursuit "with horn and voice." It is not often that the law is so picturesque and verisemblable.—Notes and Queries.

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HIGH GRADE **FERTILIZERS.**

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Insula Guano for Corn and Oats,
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Are the best and cheapest goods offered. Try them and you will be fully satisfied with the results from their use.

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THE MT. AIRY MANUFACTURING CO.,

Successors to PIEDMONT GUANO & FERTILIZER CO.,

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Estimates Furnished. Send for circulars, samples and price-list.

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Improved Punctureless Bands FOR NEUMATIC TIRES WILL DO!

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Results of Riding, are 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8,000 Miles Without a Puncture.

Over 15,000 riders will say, with the inventor, here is a device through which no man will puncture his air tube in legitimately riding the roads or streets; one that does not affect the speed of the tire when pumped to the proper tension, and adds but 7 ounces more weight to the machine; one that can be applied in a few minutes to any form of a "Pneumatic" that has an Air Tube, rendering it as safe in riding as a solid or cushion tire. These "Bands" are composed of chemically treated fibrous material, light and pliable, and in size to fit any tire made when size is given. Always in stock, to fit 26, 28 and 30 inch wheels.

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T. W. SMITH, Ag't.

for the Monarch & Crawford Wheels, Ridgely, Md.

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Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

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Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

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DROPSICAL CONDITION

of the system, caused by heart disease, from which I had suffered for years. I have been taking your Kidney and Backache Cure and seem to be entirely relieved. I never had a medicine help me so completely and quickly."

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Cures all diseases of the kidneys, bladder, urinary passages. Female Weaknesses, Bed Wetting in children, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Skin and Blood Diseases, Swelled Limbs, Bright's Disease, Gravel or Stone in bladder, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sample free.

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Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief. A specific in any inflammation. Relieves burns, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, or any pain in 1 to 20 minutes. Cures colic, dyspepsia, dysentery and flux; also bronchitis and consumption. One dose cures La Grippe.

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Sizes, shapes and shades for all ages, features and complexions, but only one quality—the best.

Extracting, 25c. With Zono or gas, 50c. Cleaning, 75c. Silver fillings, 75c. Platina, $1.00. Gold, according to size. Solid gold Crowns, $7.50.

$8.00—VERY BEST TEETH—$8.00

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