DENTON JOURNAL.

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MELVIN BROS.

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MY WEDDING.

How Cupid managed to send Stephen Barker after me I never could find out; but that is between themselves, and is none of my business. A man good enough for Elizabeth and Janet, and all such ornaments to their sex, to lay his honest heart at my foolish little feet! I own that for a day or two the honor almost turned my head.

Then I began to consider. I had loved Norman Strong ever since I could remember, and Norman had been my friend when no one said a kind word to me. The case stood thus: I was an orphan, left to the care of an uncle and aunt remarkable for that kind of propriety that wins our admiration and awakens our hearty desire to get away from it. I had a small fortune of $25,000; that is, I was to have it if I remained unmarried until I was thirty-five, or, if I married before, with my uncle's approval.

Now, uncle did not approve of Norman. In fact, uncle never approved of any one that I liked. But with Stephen Barker disapproval was out of the question. Stephen Barker was the great man and good man of our small town. To have insinuated that Stephen was not worthy of a saint, a beauty, and a heiress united, would have been a heresy seriously affecting my uncle's social and commercial standing. Stephen Barker's offer was therefore accepted, and the next Sunday we walked to church together.

After this public avowal of our intentions the marriage was considered inevitable by every person but me. I must do myself the justice to say that I never regarded my engagement to Stephen seriously; it was part of a plan to secure my happiness and rights. And as Stephen fully coincided in it I do not expect censure from any else.

I think it was no later than the third night after Stephen had spoken to my uncle that I frankly told him that I thought I ought not to marry him. He asked me why and I said: "All my life long, Stephen, I have been a crushed, unhappy girl. I have been afraid to speak, or laugh or sing, and no one but Norman Strong ever said a kind word to me until you came."

"And you love Norman?" he asked bluntly.

So I answered: "Yes, I love him, and he loves me, and when he got the position of cashier in your bank he wanted to marry me, but uncle said we were neither of us to be trusted with my $25,000."

"So you have $25,000."

"Papa left me that much; but Uncle Miles can keep it until I am thirty-five, unless I marry to please him, or unless he is so satisfied of my good sense that he voluntarily gives it up to me. He will never do that."

Stephen was silent a long time, and then he said, a little sadly: "You are a good girl to be so honest with me. If your uncle could be made to give up your little fortune, do you think you could use it wisely?"

"I could—with Norman to help me."

Then we had a long conversation, which it is not necessary for me to repeat; it will be understood by what follows. There was no change apparently between Stephen and I. He behaved exactly as a lover of his age and character would be likely to behave. He sent aunt presents from the hot-houses, and he made me presents of pretty jewelry. He spent the evenings at Uncle Miles' house, and sometimes we were alone together, and sometimes we went out for a walk. Norman came to me occasionally on a Sunday night, and my aunt said he had really behaved with more good sense than she expected. I think she thought that if I married the banker it might not be a bad thing for my Cousin Malvina, who was very plain, to marry the banker's cashier.

Everything went on with the greatest propriety. I had announced my intention to have an extraordinary trousseau, and this being a point on which aunt could feel with me, the next four months were pleasantly spent in shopping and sewing. Never in our little town had there been seen such dozens of elegantly trimmed undergarments, such lingerie, such hosiery, such morning dresses and evening costumes, such wonderful boots and slippers and jewelry. We held little receptions every afternoon a month before the wedding, and my wardrobe was laid out in the best bed-room for comment and inspection.

It was about this time that Stephen Barker said to my uncle: "I understand Frances has $25,000. I wish her to have it so settled on herself, and for her own absolute use, that I propose, Mr. Miles, if you are willing, to add $10,000 to it, and buy for her the Stamford estate. It is only three miles from here, the house is a very fine one, the land excellent, and then, whatever changes come, it secures her a competency, for as soon as the railway is finished it will be worth double. What do you say?"

"I think your offer extremely generous, Mr. Barker, and of course for such a purpose I am willing to hand over to you at once Frances' fortune. The interest has been applied to her own use always. Will you look at the accounts?"

"Your word is sufiicient, Mr. Miles."

So in about two weeks the transfer was safely and amicably effected, and Stamford Hall and estate were firmly and surely made over to Frances Halliday, spinster, for her and her heirs forever. I must state here that I opposed as strongly as I thought right Stephen's gift of $10,000, and his subsequent outlay of $1,000 on furniture; but both uncle and aunt said that the settlement was small enough for a man of his means and that it would be affectation to oppose it. And really Stephen managed the whole affair with such fatherly kindness and thoughtfulness that I could not bear to oppose him.

At length the wedding day drew near. It has been arranged for Wednesday morning, and we were to leave for New York immediately after the ceremony. Cousin Jose, who had prepared himself to look down on all the world from the pulpit, was to perform the ceremony. This showed in Jose a very forgiving spirit, seeing that he had once looked on me and my $25,000 with affection, and I had not appreciated the honor. However, he forgave me at this interesting epoch, and came benignly to bless my venture. He brought me as a present a black oynx seal ring, on which was set a cross in seed-pearls. He had offered me it once before, with his affections and his manse, and I had then refused it. I took it this time.

It helped to swell the list of my presents, and they certainly made a goodly show. First, there was the Stamford estate from my father and Stephen Barker, and the settled bills for $1,000 worth of new furniture which Stephen had sent to make the old rooms pretty and comfortable. Uncle gave me a set of silver, and aunt some fine china, both of which gifts I took care to send to Stamford before my wedding day. My cousins and aunts and friends gave me all sorts of jewelry and pretty personal knickknacks, and these I carefully packed in the half-dozen trunks which were already corded and directed two days before the marriage day.

For Stephen had proposed to send all my trunks to our New York hotel two days before we left, in order that we might have no concern about them, and that I might be sure to have all I wanted on my arrival. I opposed this plan at first, but aunt said it was "eminently proper and thoughtful." So all my wardrobe, except my wedding-dress and a traveling suit, arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on the last day of my maiden life.

Norman Strong called that night and was in remarkably high spirits. He wished me every happiness, and was very attentive to Malvina. Aunt thought his behavior charming—so unselfish—and I was also very well satisfied with it.

"I shall call you about 8 o'clock, Frances," said my aunt, as I bade her good night; "the hairdresser comes at 8:30."

I said: "Very well, aunt," and went to my room. The first thing I did was to pack my wedding dress in as small compass as possible, and then put on my traveling costume. This done I sat down in the dark. About 1 o'clock I heard the signal I watched for. I went softly down stairs, unlocked the back door and walked out. Norman was there. We did not speak until we were outside the grounds. There the buggy waited, and we drove rapidly to a main line about three miles off. Here we caught the 2 o'clock express, and were safe in New York and very respectably married by 10 o'clock. My trunks, which had arrived the day before, were then redirected for Washington, and after a [illegible]icious little wedding breakfast—all by ourselves—we left for that city.

In the meantime there was trouble enough in Milford. Our flight was not discovered till near 8 o'clock, and then Uncle Miles sent word at once to Stephen Barker, who secluded himself for that day entirely. My aunt and cousin's chagrin and disappointment were very great; in fact, when I considered the amount of condolence and gossip they would have to endure I felt that for all the slights and scorns of my unloved girlhood I could cry quits. And I had got my fortune also, and Norman and I were so completely happy! We had not a care, for Stephen had given him a $500 bill and a month's holiday, and told us to get all the pleasure we could out of it. We obeyed him implicitly.

During that month things settled down a little. I did not expect to be forgiven all at once, and I was not; but then I was in a position not to worry particularly about it. We returned very quietly after dark one night, very much like two children who have played truant all day and creep home at nightfall with as little ostentation as possible.

But at Stamford Hall everything had been prepared for my comfort. The fires were blazing, the gas lighted, and an excellent supper waiting. The next morning Norman went back to his desk, and Stephen took no more notice of his return than if he had never left it. People who had been speculating about his losing his position knew in five minutes that there would be no change. And every one took his tone from Stephen. We were treated very much like two children who had been forgiven, and whose fault was not to be thrown up to them.

That was the way the men took it, and Norman pretended to be satisfied. The women acted with a great deal more intelligence. They all came to see me, and though I did not give them all credit for the very kindest of motives I made them all welcome. I told them about my wedding trip, and showed them my new things, and I dare say the men talked everything over with them afterward.

But what most puzzled everybody was that Stephen Barker came so often to see us, and was so friendly with Norman. Some thought it very mean-spirited in him, and others remembered that when he was very young he loved my mother dearly. Even those who spoke kindly of him did not give him credit for half the noble unselfishness he had shown; for he would not let me tell any one that it was he himself who had planned everything about my property and my wedding.

"Just let them say you jilted me, Frances, if they please to do so. We know better, and we will keep our secret until Uncle Miles comes round."

Aunt and uncle both came round sooner than we expected. When it was known that Stephen spent so much of his time with us Aunt Miles considered the advantages of having her daughters brought familiarly in connection with him, and for their sakes she came to see me and gave me the kiss of reconciliation.

But as far as catching Stephen's heart "in the rebound" was concerned, she was just a little too late. Norman's sister, who was a teacher in one of the public schools of New York, came to spend her vacation with us, and Stephen fell in love with her in a way that convinced me that his love for Frances Halliday had only been the shadow of the love he had for her mother. Why, Norman himself never behaved more foolishly about me than Stephen about this little plain Ruth Strong; for she is plain—every one must allow that.

And the preparations that are going on for the marriage quite amuse me, who might have been the banker's wife myself. Dear me, I think Love must laugh at the kind of people he comes in contact with. But I hope Stephen will be happy; I do indeed.

That is all I have to say about my marriage. I think it was rather peculiar. Some women will doubtless say they don't believe such men as Stephen exist. But let a girl, when she discovers she does not like a man, tell him so and ask his advice and help, and ten to one she will find another Stephen. How can men be chivalrous and self-denying if women don't give them opportunities? I think that is wrong, and I intend to give Norman every chance to cultivate such noble qualities.

"JOSIE! JOSIE!"

The Cry that Went Over the Waves from Squirrel Island.

Squirrel Island is a popular summer resort in Boothbay Harbor, in sight of Sequin Light, at the mouth of the Kennebec, and a two hours' sail from this city by the way of Back River. A few days ago, on one of the coldest mornings of the winter, a fisherman sailing out of Boothday Harbar saw a man standing on the rocky shore of this island shouting at the top his voice. His cries could be barely heard above the booming of the surf, which beats against the ledge with great fury. The fisherman thought the "King of the Island," as the man in charge of it is called, must be in distress, and signalling for assistance; so he put his smack about and made for the island. When he was within hailing distance he shouted to the man on the rock, but received no reply. He was a handsome young fellow, and stood gazing to sea, paying no attention to the approach of the fisherman's boat, and occasionally uttering a loud cry that seemed full of anguish and amazed the bronzed old salt who heard it. This was the young man's call to the ocean:

"Josie! Josie!"

The old fisherman thought the young man was crazy, and after listening a few minutes made for the Cuckles and was soon hauling hake over the side of the boat.

The secret of the young man's strange communing with the breakers is now known. His is a most pitiful story. He is a graduate of Williams' College, and became a journalist in New York. Subsequently he concluded to be a lawyer, and was admitted as a student in the office of one of the leading legal firms in New York city. He has a fortune, inherited from an uncle, who died worth $2,000,000. He became engaged to a young lady in a city not far from Bath. She was beautiful, a musician and an artist. He and his affianced spent all last summer together at Squirrel Island. In October she was suddenly prostrated, and died after an illness of six days. She died at noon. At ten o'clock of the same day they were married at her earnest request. She said but a few words after the wedding ring was put on her finger, and in two hours the bridegroom was a widower.

Since that day the young man has been fading bodily and mentally. His grief has been something terrible. He went to New York, but had to return, and spent the most of his time at his wife's grave. Finally he chartered a steamer at Bath, took a box of fuel and a supyly of provisions and went to Squirrel Island. He remained three days on the island and it was he whom the fisherman saw standing on the rock where the spray splashed over him, and crying "Josie," as if he expected an answering voice to issue from the waves.—*Boston Record.*

Sewing With Hair.

It often happens that there is a small, cleanly cut place in a bolt of goods. It may not be known until after a garment has been cut out. But when it is discovered the tailor cannot afford to throw the piece away. He simply calls on his wife for several strands of hair, hands them to the best skilled workmen in the shop, and bids him mend the rent. He uses a very fine needle, and does his work so perfectly that it is never known that the cloth was cut. I once knew a tailor who got in a peck of trouble from having cut the button holes on the wrong side of a costly coat. He finally overcame the difficulty by mending them with his wife's hair. Once upon a time I cut out and had made a fine cloth coat, which was discovered before being sent home to have a defect in it which could not be remedied without sticking in a piece of cloth the size of a ten-cent silver piece. After puzzling over it for half a day, I secured a sharp turbular steel instrument, used in cutting gun-wads. With this I cut out the defect in the cloth, fitted a piece in the hole taken from a scrap of the same material, and sewed it with hair. Of course, I was careful to have the nap run right. It was so perfectly done that no one ever discovered it.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Perhaps not one in a hundred can tell off handed why a point 32° below freezing point on Fahrenheit's thermometer is called zero. For that matter, nobody knows. The Fahrenheit scale was introduced in 1720. Like other thermometer scales it has two fixed points, the freezing point, or rather the melting point of water. The Centigrade and Reaumur scales call the freezing point zero, and measure therefrom in both directions. Fahrenheit kept the principle on which he graduated his thermometers a secret and no one has ever discovered it. It is supposed, however, that he considered his zero—32° below freezing—the point of absolute cold or absence of all heat, either because, being about the temperature of melting salt and snow, it was the greatest degree of cold that he could produce artificially, or because it was the lowest natural temperature of which he could find any record.

KNITTING THE STOCKING.

JOEL BENTON.

Knitting the stocking which hourly grows,
 A grand-dame sits in her easy chair—
Her gossip talk serenely flows,
 And soft on her neck lies her show-white hair.

She speaks of customs that now are not,
 Of the pride and fashion that strut and swell;
Nothing that happened has been forgot,
 And strange are the tales that she loves to tell.

"It was the way in the days of old
 To dress in silks and laces rare,"
She said, "for we had no surplus gold,
 And life was full of toil and care.

"The homely duties that day by day
 Came steadily 'round without a miss,
Kept the idle follies far away,
 And taught us that work was the surest bliss.

"To plow, and sow, and reap, and run
 On various errands, employed the men;
While the women, whose work was never done,
 Would bake, and wash, and scrub—and then,

"When all the heaviest tasks were o'er,
 Would still have something to prepare,
If only to darn, or sweep the floor,
 Or sew or knit in some ancient chair.

"We would spin and weave in the old-time days
 And evenings after dark and tea
Our beaux would come to the fireside blaze—
 And this was the way John courted me.

"I tell you it isn't dress and show
 That make the world seem bright and fair,"
The grand dame said—and saying so
 She fell asleep in her easy chair!
—[Good Cheer.

A VALENTINE.

Awake, awake, O gracious heart,
 There's some one knocking at the door!
The chilling breezes make him smart;
 His little feet are tired and sore.

Arise, and welcome him before
 Adown his cheeks the bigs tears start;
 Awake, awake, O gracious heart,
There's some one knocking at the door!

'Tis Cupid come with loving art
 To honor, worship, and implore;
And lest, unwelcomed, he depart
 With all his wise, mysterious lore.
Awake, awake, O gracious heart,
 There's some one knocking at the door!
—[Frank Dempster Sherman.

GENTLE COWBOYS.

Not All the Bloodthirsty Brutes They Have Been Described to Be.

There was a miniature forest of long-horns and the young steers were playful. There were some little old Texas cows that were as light stepping as a deer. They were of the wild breed from the south, hardy and prolific. The cowman said the boys rarely milked, because the cows were so wild, but he should ask his visitor to try the milk of a full-blooded long-horn. It was, he said, the sweetest milk in the world. The cattle began to move off to the elevation in the distance, lowing as they went. Soon the western rim of the prairie blazed with a sunset that seemed like a distant fire, and all was still as death, except the creak of the windmill and the bleating of the young calves. "Now sling yourselves together." This was the salutation of the cowboy who acted as cook. He attended to his duty with his spurs on. The table was bare, the plates and cups were of tin, and the coffee was in a pot so black that night seemed day beside it. The meat was in the stewpan and the milk was in a tin pail. The tomatoes were fresh from a can and the biscuits were fresh from the oven. Delmonico never served a meal that was better relished. The cowboys have a way of putting sweetbreads, liver, a bit of tenderloin, marrow and some calves' brains in a dish that would do honor to the Manhatten club's chief.

Here were several genuine cowboys and more came loping into camp later. They were used to rough life, and as this was a quiet night, when there was no storm to make the cattle drift over the boundary, they ranged themselves on a bench before a cook stove, where the mesquite roots were cracking into a hot blaze, and without swagger or bluster, horse play or boisterousness, chatted quietly and good-humoredly about their rides over their ranches. They had killed panthers and grizzlies, and antelope and wildcats and rattlesnakes, but they did not talk about them. One of them accidentally referred to a recent experience when camping near a herd. He was sleeping out of doors, with his boots on, and was awakened by a wildcat that had a sheep by the throat. He leaped up and started towards the cat, when it made a spring for his throat. He had nothing to fight with except his hands and feet and couldn't run. By way of apology for relating the story, he said that he just had to fight—that that was all there was about it. He knocked the wildcat off, and it leaped back. He jumped away, and as the animal fell he gave it a kick. This knocked it over, and quick as thought he juumped upon its head. It got free, though stunned, and started for him once more. He knocked it again with effect, and getting it under his feet stamped it to death. "I was never so glad to see anything die in my life," he added, as he rolled a Mexican cigarette.

The cowboys are good friends. They love conversation, for it is what they are most deprived of. One sheep herder said that he was three months in a canyon in north Texas without hearing a human voice, and that the only thing that frightened him during his stay was a man that suddenly came upon him one day. He used to talk aloud to keep himself company. There was an educated cowboy in the ranch. He was a handsome young man, with broad shoulders and full blonde beard. His cheeks were rosy and his eyes were bright. Educated in Baltimore to be a physician, he suddenly left the haunts of men to go to the far west. He was the picture of health and seemed to enjoy his life. It was hinted that one of the brunette beauties of Baltimore could, if she would, tell why he turned his back on all society.—[*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

A NEW SWINDLE.

The Blind Beggar and the Tender-Hearted Man-About-Town.

A novel phase of buncho steering is reported in Philadelphia. As in most sharp games two men are required to fleece the innocent victims. One poses as a blind beggar, the other as a dude or man-about-town. The latter attaches himself to a group of young men in a hotel or billiard room, plays several games of pool or billiards with them, invites them to drink and generally becomes very companionable. He finally proposes to adjourn to some other saloon in the vicinity. On their way they pass the blind beggar, who at this moment wails sadly. The sharper dude is suddenly conscious stricken, turns back, throws a dollar or two into the man's hat and jocularly invites his comrades to do the same. As a rule they comply. Then in a bantering way the dude offers to bet $5 that he will contribute the most, the stake of the vanquished to be given to the beggar. A weak point in the average young fashionable is struck, the bet is accepted, the sharp dude contributes $10 or more, the bloods have their pride of birth aroused and cover that sum. At length a limit is reached, the contributions stop and the successful men, the dude probably among the number, forfeit $5 apiece to the beggar or continue to contribute. The young bloods are fleeced without knowing it, and console themselves with the idea that they have done something very charitable. It is needless to say that there is a grand divide afterward between the two sharpers.

Gen. Grant's Promotions.

General Grant entered the service in the late war as colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He was promoted to brigadier general of volunteers on the 27th of August, 1861. He was promoted to major general of volunteers in February, 1862, after the battle of Fort Donelson, and to major general in the regular army after the fall of Vickburgh, July, 1863. On the 1st of May, 1864, the grade of lieuutenant general was revived by Congress, and Grant was appointed to the position. On July 25, 1866, the grade of general of the army was created for him. He resigned the position in March, 1869, to become President.

The grades in the army are in the order indicated—brigadier general, lieutenant general, and general. W. T. Sherman succeeded Grant to the office of lieutenant general when the latter became President. Philip H. Sheridan was made lieutenant general when Sherman became general. By law the office of general expires with Sherman, and the office of lieutenant general expires with Sheridan. The highest office in the army after Sheridan's death or retirement will be that of major general.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

"What's the good of going to school?" one street boy asked of another in surprise.

"Why, I pick up lots of things in school, F'r instance, I found out to-day what a. m. means, what you see in der papers all der time."

"What does it mean, anyhow?"

"It means after midnight, of coure; and p. m. means pos' morton, and that's French for evening."

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Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

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Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

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Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns. 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

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Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side rheumatism, neuralgia.

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"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility, $1.

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If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

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Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15 and 25 cents.

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Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells Health Renewer."

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Hacking, irritating Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, cured by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

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"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruption, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chillblains.

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Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "[illegible]s' Health Renewer."

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three or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using ells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c.; Balsam, 25c.

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AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.
HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
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"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried.
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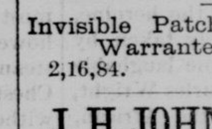

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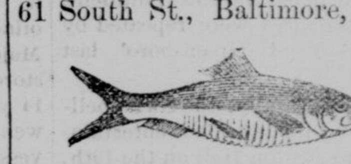

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