

THE TWIN BALLOTS.

Along in November when chill was the weather,
Two ballots were cast in a box together,
They nestled up close like brother to brother,
You couldn't tell one of the votes from the other.

CHNRUS—They were both rum votes,
And sanctioned the license plan,
But one was cast by a jolly old brewer,
And one by a Sunday-school man.

The Sunday-school man—no man could be truer—
Kept busy all summer denouncing the brewer;
But his fever cooled off with the change in the weather,
And late in the autum they voted together.

The Sunday-school man had always been noted,
For fighting saloons except when he voted;
He piled up his prayers with a holy perfection,
Then knocked them all down on the day of election.

The foxy old brewer was cheerful and mellow;
Said he, "I admire that Sunday-school fellow;
He's true to his church—to his party he's truer;
He talks for the Lord, but he votes for the brewer."

The fellow who controls the money of a community also controls its prosperity and the banker is that fellow.

A man who believes the credit of the government is good enough to float a bond, but not a greenback, is either a banker or a fool.—Nonconformist.

Holland's

Chicken Hog Cholera Cure!

Having secured the agency for sale of this valuable Recipe and Family Right, I wish to say to all parties that I am prepared to mail this formula and family right to any one on receipt of \$1. It is a Positive; Sure, Tried, Proved and Guaranteed Cure for Hog and Chicken Cholera.

Address all orders to

Mrs. M. C. Turner, Ellensburgh, Wash.