Mr. Meeson's Will

CHAPTER XIX.

"I believe," said Eustace to Augusta, counting the heads, "there are twenty-three counsel against us. What will that unfortunate James do against so many?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Augusta, with a sigh. "It doesn't seem quite fair, does it? But then, you see, there was no money."

Just then John Short came up. He had been to speak to his brother. Augusta being a novelist, and therefor a professional student of human physiognomy, was engaged in studying the legal types before her, which she found resolved themselves into two classes—the sharp, keen-faced class and the solid, heavy-jawed class.

"Who on earth are they all?" she asked.

"Oh," he said, "that's the attorney general. He appears with Fiddlestick, Q. C., Pearl, and Bean for the defendant Addison. Next to him is the solicitor general, who, with Playford, Q. C., Middlestone, Blowhard, and Ross, is for the other defendant Roscoe. Next to him is Turphy, Q. C., with the spectacles on; he is supposed to have a great effect on a jury. The next—" but at this moment Mr. John Short was interrupted by the approach of a rather good-looking man who wore an eyeglass continually fixed in his right eye. He was Mr. News of the great firm of News & News, who are conducting the case on behalf of the defendants.

"Mr. Short, I believe?" said Mr. News, contemplating his opponent's youthful form with pity, not unmixed with compassion.

"Yes."

"Um, Mr. Short, I have been consulting with my clients, and—um, the attorney and solicitor general and Mr. Fiddlestick, and we are quite willing to admit that there are circumstances of doubt in this case which would justify us in making an offer of settlement."

"Before I can enter into that, Mr. News," said John, with great dignity, "I must request the presence of my counsel."

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. News, and accordingly James was summoned, for the first time in his life to find himself in consultation with an attorney and a solicitor general.

"Look here, Short," said the first of these great men, addressing James as though he had known him intimately for years, "don't you think that we can settle this business? You've got a strongish case; but there are some ugly things against you, as no doubt you know."

"I don't quite admit that," said James.

"Of course—of course," said Mr. Attorney; "but still, in my judgment, if you will not be offended at my expressing it, you are not quite on firm ground. Supposing, for instance, your young lady is not allowed to give evidence?"

"I think," said a stout gentleman behind, who wore upon his countenance the very sweetest and most infantile smile that Eustace had ever seen, breaking in rather hastily, as though he was afraid that his learned leader was showing too much of his hand, "I think that the case is one that, looked from either point of view, will bear settlement better than fighting—eh, Fiddlestick? But then, I'm a man of peace," and again he smiled at James.

"What are your terms?" asked James.

The eminent counsel on the front bench turned round and stuck their wigs together like a lot of white-headed crows over a bone, and the slightly less eminent, but still highly distinguished juniors on the second bench craned forward to listen.

Then Mr. News gave a paper to Mr. John Short, who glanced at it and handed it on to his brother, and Eustace read it over his shoulder. It was very short, and ran thus:

"Terms offered: Half the property, and defendants pay all costs."

"Well, Short," said Eustace, "what do you say? Shall we take it?"

James removed his wig and thoughtfully rubbed his bald head. "It is a very difficult position to be put in," he said. "Of course, a million is a very large sum of money; but there are two at stake. My own view is that we had better fight the case out; though, of course, this is a certainty, and the result of the case is not."

"I am inclined to settle," said Eustace; "not because of the case, for I believe in it, but because of Augusta—of Miss Smithers; you see, she will have to show the tattooing again, and that sort of thing is very unpleasant for a lady."

"Oh, as to that," said James, loftily, "at present she must remember that she is not a lady, but a legal document. However, let us ask her."

"Now, Augusta, what shall we do?" said Eustace, when he had explained the offer; "you see, if we take the offer you will be spared a very disagreeable time. You must make up your mind quick, for the judge will be here in a minute."

"Oh, never mind me," said Augusta. "I am used to disagreeables. No, I shall fight. I tell you they are afraid of you. I can see it in the face of that horrid Mr. Addison. Just now he positively glared at me and ground his teeth, and he would not do that if he thought that he was going to win. No, dear; I shall fight it out now."

"Very well," said Eustace, and he took a pencil and wrote, "Declined with thanks" at the foot of the offer.

Just at that moment there came a rush over from the passage beyond which doors of the court were being opened. Another second, and in rushed [illegible] forty seconds the court was crowded to its utmost capacity and still there were hundreds of white-wigged men behind it. It was a fearful scene.

"Good gracious!" thought Augusta to herself, "how on earth do they all get a living?" a question that many of them would have found it hard enough to answer.

Then suddenly an old gentleman near her, whom she discovered to be the usher, jumped up and called silence in commanding accents. Then in came the officers of the court; and a moment afterward everybody rose as the judge entered, and looking, as Augusta thought, very cross when he saw the crowded condition of the court, bowed to the Bar and took his seat.

CHAPTER XX.

The registrar rose and called on the case of Meeson vs. Addison and Another, and in an instant the wretched James Short was on his legs to open the case.

"What is that gentleman's name?" Augusta heard the judge ask of the clerk.

"Short, my lord."

"Do you appear alone for the plaintiff, Mr. Short?" asked the judge, with emphasis.

"Yes, my lord; I do," answered James, and as he said it every pair of eyes in that crowded assembly fixed themselves upon him, and a sort of audible smile seemed to run round the court.

"And who appears for the defendant?"

"I understand, my lord," said the learned attorney-general, "that all my learned friends on these two benches appear, together with myself, for one or other of the defendants, or are watching the case in the interest of legatees. I may add that the interests involved in this case are very large indeed, which accounts for the number of counsel connected in one way or other with the defense."

"Quite so, Mr. Attorney," said the judge; "but, really, the forces seem a little out of proportion. Of course, the matter is not one in which the court can interfere."

"If your lordship will allow me," said James, "the only reason that the plaintiff is so poorly represented is that the funds to brief other counsel were, I understand, not forthcoming. I am, however, well versed in the case, and, with your lordship's permission, will do my best with it."

"Very well, Mr. Short," said the learned judge, looking at him almost with pity; "state your case."

"May it please your lordship," began James Short, and then his mind became a ghostly blank, in which dim and formless ideas flitted vaguely to and fro. There was a pause—a painful pause.

"Read your pleadings aloud," whispered a barrister who was sitting next him, and realized his plight.

This was an idea. One can read pleadings when one cannot collect one's ideas to speak. It is not unusual to do so. The counsel in a case states the substance of the pleadings, leaving the court to refer to them if it thinks necessary. But still there was nothing absolutely wrong about it; so he snatched at the papers and promptly began:

"(1) The plaintiff is the sole and universal legatee under the true last will of Jonathan Meeson, deceased, late of Pompadour Hall, in the County of Warwick, who died on the 23d of December, 1885, the said will being undated, but duly executed on, or subsequent to the 22d day of December, 1885."

Here the learned judge lifted his eyebrows in remonstrance, and cleared his throat preparatory to interfering; but apparently thought better of it.

"(II)," went on James, "on the 21st day of May, 1886, probate of an alleged will of the said Jonathan Meeson was granted to the defendants, bearing date of the 10th day of November, 1885. The plaintiff claims:

"(1) That the court shall revoke probate of the said alleged will.

"(2) A grant of letters of administration to the plaintiff with the will executed on or subsequent to the 22d day of December, 1885, annexed.

(Signed) "JAMES SHORT."

"May it please your lordship," James began, again feeling dimly that he had read enough pleadings, "the defendants have filed an answer pleading that the will of the 22d of December was not duly executed in accordance with the statute, and that the testator did not know and approve its contents, and an amended answer pleading that the said alleged will, if executed, was obtained by the undue influence of Augusta Smithers"—and once more his nervousness overcame him, and he pulled up with a jerk. Then came another pause even more dreadful than the first.

James could not go on. He could only wish that he might then and there expire, rather than face the hideous humiliation of such a failure. But he would have failed, for his brain was whirling like that of a drunken man, had it not been for an occurrence that caused him forever after to bless the name of Fiddlestick, Q. C. For Fiddlestick, Q. C., who was one of the leaders for the defendants, had been watching his unfortunate antagonist, till, realizing how sorry was his plight, a sense of pity filled his learned breast. Anyhow, he did a noble act. As it happened, he was sitting at the right hand corner of the queen's counsel seats, and piled upon the desk before him was a tremendous mass of law reports. Throwing his weight suddenly forward as though by accident, he [illegible] his first arm against the pile with such force that he sent every book over the edge of the desk, right on to the head and shoulders of his opponent, Mr. Addison.

Down went the books with a crash and bang, and carried away by their weight, down went Mr. Addison, on to his nose among them—a contingency that Fiddlestick, Q. C., had not foreseen.

The judge made an awful face, and then, realizing the ludicrous nature of the scene, his features relaxed into a smile. Mr. Addison bounded up off the floor, books slipping off his back in every direction, and came skipping right at his learned adviser.

"You did it on purpose!" he almost shouted, quite forgetting where he was; "just let me get at him. I'll have his wig off!" and then, without waiting for any more, the entire audience burst out into a roar of laughter.

James saw the whole thing, and, forgetting his position, laughed, too; and, for some mysterious reason, with the laugh his nervousness passed away.

The usher shouted "Silence!" with tremendous energy, and before the sound had died away James was addressing the court in a clear and vigorous voice, conscious that he was a thorough master of his case.

At last he ceased, and amid a little blaze of applause, for the speech had really been a very fine one, sat down. As he did so he glanced at the clock. He had been on his legs for nearly two hours, and yet it seemed to him but a very little while. In another moment he was up again, and had called his first witness—Eustace Meeson.

(To be continued.)

FAMILY TREE DE LUXE.

Illuminated and Decorated Genealogies for Wealthy.

The family tree de luxe is the latest development in the ever-increasing interest which rich New Yorkers are taking in their ancestors, according to the New York Tribune. A few years ago society was content to talk about its notable forbears, to assert that they could trace their family back to such and such a year, or to this duke or that lord. Mere assertion no longer suffices. Any one could assert that he came from such and such a stock, but not every one could prove it.

The demand now is for an absolute and undoubted record, without any missing threads, and written down in such form that there can be no doubt about it. An artistic woman of Baltimore, who is an officer in a number of Maryland historical societies and the author of a book on Maryland history, conceived the idea of working out the family histories of the rich old families of that state after the style of the old illuminated missals in the British museum and the Vatican.

Her first effort is to work out the family history from the old records of the South and to follow them back to their English or French origin. This is a work of several months for each family. Some times one puzzling ancestor will require weeks to searching before his place and position can be fully established. Again the thread which she follows backward will snap, perhaps because some county courthouse was burned years ago and the records destroyed, as has happened in a number of Maryland counties. This means more trouble.

Once the record is complete, the task of putting it into de luxe form begins. The history is written by hand on sheets of vellum, a hand so perfect that it reads like engraving. The paragraphs are punctuated by illuminated lettering. There are water-color illustrations also, showing the old houses that figure in the family history.

Such a book only the rich may hope to possess. The afternoon caller glancing through its pages cannot fail to be impressed, and as it is a work of art there is more of an excuse for showing it than some of the printed volumes which have been issued in such numbers.

One of the first of these hand-made genealogies to come to New York is the property of Mrs. Francis Lemoine Loring of 811 Fifth avenue. It is a manuscript record of the Holland family of Maryland and England, of which Mrs. Loring is a direct descendant.

Now They Don't Speak.

Maude—Congratulate me, dear. Jack proposed last night and I accepted him.

Clara—Yes, he offered to bet me a pair of gloves you would.

Maude—What!

Clara—But I declined the wager. I told him it wasn't sportsmanlike to bet on a sure thing.

Satisfying His Curiosity.

Dinguss—What's that string tied around your finger for?

Shadbolt—I am glad you called my attention to it. I put it there to remind me, if I saw you, to mention the fact that you haven't paid that last $10 you borrowed of me.

Strange, Indeed.

Belle—Do you believe in second sight, my dear?

Eva—Sometimes.

Belle—Speaking from experience?

Eva—Yes, I have often told Jack that he needed a shave when it was too dark to see his face.

Alack! Alas!

Gray—Hello, Smith! How did you yet your eye blacked in that artistic style?

Smith—Labor troubles.

Gray—With the union?

Smith—Yes; my wife went on a strike.

From Experience.

Russian Duke—I had to leave Russia. You don't know how you feel when thousands of people wait the chance to hit you with something.

Correspondent—Oh, yes, I do. I used to be baseball umpire in America.

A Hard Hit.

"Yes, I weighed myself yesterday out at the stock yards. How much do you s'pose? Give it up? Two hundred and eighty-three."

"On the hoof, or dressed?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

More than Likely.

She—A female suffrage advocate says women should get men's wages.

He—A friend of mine who is married says they do.

As It Sometimes Happens.

Greening—I suppose you are giving your son a liberal education.

Browning—Yes; and he's giving me an education in liberality.

GOING HUNTING.

You don't know why you woke up so early, for it is still dark, and sleep is precious to a farmer's boy of 14. Then you suddenly remember that you are going a hunting, and you hustle into your boots, homespun pants and shirt and dad's coat, borrowed because it has big pockets.

Down in the kitchen shed you find the old muzzle-loading rifle, the box of caps, the wad of woodchuck skin patches, the handful of silvery bullets, which you molded last night over the fire log with molds like a pair of pincers, with corcobs in the handles.

The old dog rises, shivering, from his place on the door mat, as you go out, and is warned to stay at home. Already the unseen sun is making things gray and the swinging leaves on the silver maple in sister's garden show white undersides. In the milkyard the cows get up and stretch. Down in the pasture are layers of mist that feel warm and moist against your face. The edge of the woods is a mere black line, as you go down the long, narrow, crooked cowpath, circling stumps about which the poke berries, mullein and briars grow, leaping little moist hollows that are checked with marks of the cattle's feet, and wondering if those hard wrinkles in your cowhides will wear the skin off your ankles. Gosh! but they begin to smart already!

As you enter the woods the sun comes up with a rush. Long lanes of gold spring out between the tree trunks. The broad oak leaves in the hollows sparkle with moisture. The moss on the north side of the white beeches look like ink. A chipmunk whistles and scurries into his hole at your feet. A red squirrel springs his rattle furiously from a nearby limb. A crow pitches from the bare top of a dead elm, with a horrible "Caw!" None of these is your game to-day. To-day you are a hunter. There's no fresh meat in the house. It has been codfish or salt pork pretty much all summer, and to-day your gun is loaded with necessity.

What's that? Something run down that maple! Thump! thump! goes your heart. Pshaw! It was only a falling leaf, but you step softly and the humming of the bumble-bee, who has been drunk all night on that thoroughwort, over at your left, sounds like the beating of a bass drum. There! Stand still! Don't move a muscle! A small head of gray, with two alert ears, two bright eyes and a mouth full of something, is peeping around the trunk of that shag-bark hickory. It's an awful small mark! Stand like a statue. Don't move an eyelash. Mosquitoes, stirred up from the nettles in the wet spots at your feet, alight on your nose and ears. Don't stir! That's a gray squirrel on that hickory. Down he comes and perches confidently on the base of the tree, with his fine bushy tail curled gracefully over his back. Crack! That's one.

There's a stream of shucks pouring down from that beech over yonder. Crack! That's two.

There are two more from the chestnut trees in the fence corner, and another from a rail of the corn lot fence. The four miles' tramp and two hours' time pass for nothing. You string the squirrels by passing a withe through a slit in their lower lips, tie the string conspicuously on your person, regardless of blood and dirt, and walk back to the house full of pride, triumph, self-glory and most other vanities save food. And Lord! how hungry you are!

You take your game to the chip pile. You chop off head, feet and tail of each. You slit the hide on the back, insert a finger at either side of the slit, give a pull in opposite directions, and there you have the skinning done.

While you are helping at the milking mother mixes squirrel and dough and gravy over the stove, and at 8 a. m. you sit down to a feast that the gods might well fight for.

You haven't, like Emperior William and other royalty, sat in a chair and slain twenty deer that were driven past you. But you have had what they never had, and what is only possible for a boy who can wonder at the sun, see majesty in the great trees, feel the comforting solitude of the deep woods and have somewhat of love for all that is in them.—Cincinnati Post.

THE COSSACKS SEEM ROYALTY'S LAST HOPE.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

REMEMBERS "VALLEY FORGE."

Granny McDonald Claims She Saw the Continental Army.

The oldest woman in the United States celebrated her 134th birthday at Philadelphia recently. The authenticity of her claim that she was born at Valley Forge in 1771 has been established by the Philadelphia papers. "Granny" McDonald is a negress. Although she has lived nearly twice the allotted three-score years and ten, and is reduced to a mere shadow, all of her faculties, with the exception of sight, are as keen as those of a person half her age. She is now totally blind.

"GRANNY" MCDONALD.

Her four grandsons, ranging from 60 to 70 years in age, come to see her regularly, and until his death occurred, about a month and a half ago, her son-in-law, who was past 90, came to see her whenever he could.

"Granny" was born in Frogtown, near Valley Forge, Nov. 14, 1771, and when 4 years old went to live with a family named Howell, growing up in their service. She has outlived all of them and their sons and grandsons.

She remembers distinctly incidents connected with the Continental army's terrible winter at Valley Forge, and the correctness of her statements was proved recently by one of the Daughters of the Revolution, who investigated them.

She is deeply religious, and of such a sunny, gentle disposition that she is the favorite of the home. For hours at a time she will croon old hymns, and when asked which is her favorite, says:

"It don't make no difference, so long as it's all from the Lord."

After each meal she smokes her pipe, and has done so nearly all of her life.

"I hate to be ordered around," said an Atchison man to-day. That's nothing; so does everyone.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Church Members.—Many people are ready to unite with a church who are far from willing to love their neighbors as themselves. It is one thing to confess that we are sinners and quite another to forsake our sins.—Rev. L. A. Crandall, Baptist, Chicago, Illinois.

Affections.—No man has a moral right to swear before the altar of God that he will be true to one woman unless he believes he is absolute master of his affection. If he disbelieves, and takes one woman to wife, he is a liar and a hypocrite.—Rev. Frank Crane, Congregationalist, Worcester, Mass.

Essentials.—In our ignorance and folly we make secondary things to be essential and we make first things to be subordinate. Men talk about tariffs and the form of money, and political parties, and horses and equipages, as if these things were really great.—Rev. N. D. Hillis, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Humbugs.—If labor unions and employers' associations would both cast out from their membership infidels and socialistic humbugs, and take in a few level-headed preachers they would learn more in six months than they have learned in the past ten years.—Rev. F. E. Hopkins, Congregationalist, Chicago, Ill.

Whipping.—A good teacher will no more think of whipping a pupil nowadays than a physician will think of blistering or blood-letting. The teacher who favors whipping except in extreme instances is a blunderbuss and should be denied a place in modern school rooms.—Rev. G. F. Hall, Independent, Chicago, Ill.

Depravity.—Man is not totally depraved. Every man, no matter how degraded he may be now, has had a childhood; and during child life holy things were stored up in his soul. These are never lost. It is this golden side of human life the church must reach.—Rev. T. A. King, Swedenborgian, Cleveland, Ohio.

News.—The newspaper sells news precisely as a merchant sells goods. Its columns correspond to the shelves in a dry goods store; and it can no more afford to put in its columns reading matter which will not sell than can the merchant afford to put unsalable wares on his shelves.—Rev. Charles Scudding, Episcopalian, La Grange, Ill.

Real Manhood.—When men cease to be for sale—when they have decency enough to refuse to be bribed, common honesty enough to be true to their vows, and courage enough to do their duty, then we can say that men are more precious than gold—then shall they take on real manhood.—Rev. N. W. Stroup, Methodist, Cleveland, Ohio.

Valuation of Man.—A new valuation of man has arisen from the teachings of the Bible. Man is no longer a thing. The intense realism of the age is reflected in realistic fiction and painting of modern authors and artists. It is the duty of the modern preacher to learn of life from life itself and know God at first hand.—Rev. H. H. Paine, Methodist, Worcester, Mass.

The Drama.—The church has erred in ignoring the drama. The dramatic instinct is as universal as the religious. We see the dramatic expressing itself among children, the girl putting on long dresses and imitating her mother and the boy in some other way mimics father. Wherever you find man he paints and plays as well as prays.—Rev. John Thompson, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

Dangers of Maturity.—Maturity is headstrong and dominant. It is quick tempered and brooks no restraint. It has the wilfulness of conscious strength. It presents opportunities that no other age presents and so temptations from within are abetted by circumstances from without, and there is but one result that can come to the unguarded.—Rev. C. L. Goodell, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marriage.—In the absence of suitable conscientiousness on the part of parents, the State should intervene and make a rigid examination of all couples intending to marry, and give licenses only to those who are healthy and fit to be fathers and mothers. The State has a right to place restrictions on marriage for the welfare of its future citizens.—Rev. J. L. Scudder, Congregationalist, Jersey City, N. J.

Profit.—In the industrial and commercial world it is supposed that each man can exercise his peculiar gift for his own profit alone. Here we are told it is every man for himself. But even here the law of mutuality reigns in spite of the hardness of men's hearts. No one can grow wealthy himself without in some degree enriching the community in which he lives.—Rev. A. S. Crapsey, Episcopalian, Rochester, N. Y.

The Pessimists.—There are people who are patterns of good morals and yet steal away the enjoyment which other people have in their surroundings and possessions. A man's happiness is one of his richest possessions and there is no greater menace to society than the cynics, pessimists, and those gloomy morbid persons who make a business of robbing other people of the music and sunshine of life.—Rev. J. M. Markley, Congregationalist, Denver, Col.

India's Cotton Industry.

In 1883 the cotton goods industry of British India was represented by sixty-two factories, with 1,554,000 spindles and 15,000 looms. Now there are Factories, 205; spindles, 5,164,000, and looms, nearly 44,000. The capital invested is $60,000,000, and the workers number over 1,000,000.

Wales Has No Capital.

Wales wants a capital, but, though the search has been going on for years, no city has yet been found preeminently suited for the honor.

How About "Es"?

No two people in the world have precisely the same idea as to what constitutes the highest enjoyment of which they are capable. Mrs. Jennings had an ideal which did not appeal at all to the person who should have been in fullest sympathy with her.

"Go to the picnic? No, I guess not!" and the energetic woman looked scornfully at the acquaintance who had ventured to suggest such a mishap. "I don't enjoy lugging my food three or four miles into the bush for the sake of letting other folks criticize it, and get all eat up with gnat-flies into the bargain. My notion of pleasure is something quite different."

"What is your notion of pleasure?" inquired the visitor, curiously.

"Well, I expect to have about as good a time this afternoon as ever I need," said Mrs. Jennings, briskly. "We've got a load of Josiah Pond's elegant stove-wood coming this morning, and when my work's done this afternoon, I'm planning to take my crochet work out into the shed, where it's cool and shady, and watch Ez saw and split for a couple of hours. That's what I like about as well as anything I can think of. I do admire to see things going on!"

Words of Wisdom.

Westfield, Ill., Dec. 18th (Special)—All who are suffering with Bright's Disease, should read carefully the following letter from the Rev. G. L. Good of this place. He says:

"I feel it is my duty to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I am a Minister of the Gospel, and in my work, I am frequently exposed to all weathers. Six years ago, I was laid up sick. I doctored with a number of physicians, and finally consulted a specialist, but without success. They all told me I had Bright's Disease. I was in a bad way and almost helpless when, thank God, I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They saved my life. I took sixteen boxes and now I am cured. The first day I took them I felt relief. When I began I weighed only one hundred and five pounds, now I weigh one hundred and sixty-five and I am the picture of health. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all my friends who have Kidney Trouble and I pray to God that other sufferers will read these words and be helped by them."

Those Girls.

"I hate him!"

"Gracious, Jeanette."

"And when he calls on me I never fail to let him know it."

"Really?"

"Yes, and I tell him a dozen times I could never love him."

"Goodness! When is the wedding going to be, dear?"

Have used Piso's Cure for Consumption nearly two years, and find nothing to compare with it.—Mrs. Morgan, Berkeley, Cal., Sept. 2, 1901.

Unfortunate Public Men.

"I understand," said the guileless constituent, "that some of you public men in Washington have difficulty in keeping out of the newspapers."

"Some of us do," answered Senator Sorghum, "but more of us have trouble in getting into them."—Washington Star.

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO SUFFER

From Constipation, Bowel and Stomach Trouble.

Q. What is the beginning of sickness?

A. Constipation.

Q. What is Constipation?

A. Failure of the bowels to carry off the waste matter which lies in the alimentary canal where it decays and poisons the entire system. Eventually the results are death under the name of some other disease. Note the deaths from typhoid fever and appendicitis, stomach and bowel trouble at the present time.

Q. What causes Constipation?

A. Neglect to respond to the call of nature promptly. Lack of exercise. Excessive brain work. Mental emotion and improper diet.

Q. What are the results of neglected Constipation?

A. Constipation causes more suffering than any other disease. It causes rheumatism, colds, fevers, stomach, bowel, kidney, lung and heart troubles, etc. It is the one disease that starts all others. Indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, loss of sleep and strength are its symptoms—piles, appendicitis and fistula, are caused by Constipation. Its consequences are known to all physicians, but few sufferers realize their condition until it is too late. Women become confirmed invalids as a result of Constipation.

Q. Do physicians recognize this?

A. Yes. The first question your doctor asks you is "Are you constipated?" That is the secret.

Q. Can it be cured?

A. Yes, with proper treatment. The common error is to resort to physics, such as pills, salts, mineral water, castor oil, injections, etc., every one of which is injurious. They weaken and increase the malady. You know this by your own experience.

Q. What, then, should be done to cure it?

A. Get a bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic at once. Mull's Grape Tonic will positively cure Constipation and Stomach Trouble in the shortest space of time. No other remedy has before been known to cure Constipation positively and permanently.

Q. What is Mull's Grape Tonic?

A. It is a Compound with 40 per cent of the juice of Concord Grapes. It exerts a peculiar strengthening, healing influence upon the intestines, so that they can do their work unaided. The process is gradual, but sure. It is not a physic, but it cures Constipation, Dysentery, Stomach and Bowel Trouble. Having a rich, fruity grape flavor, it is pleasant to take. As a tonic it is unequalled, insuring the system against disease. It strengthens and builds up waste tissue.

Q. Where can Mull's Grape Tonic be had?

A. Your druggist sells it. The dollar bottle contains nearly three times the 50-cent size.

Good for ailing children and nursing mothers.

A free bottle to all who have never used it because we know it will cure you.

138 FREE BOTTLE 1223-5

FREE. Send this coupon with your name and address, your druggist's name and 10c to pay postage and we will supply you a sample free, if you have never used Mull's Grape Tonic, and will also send you a certificate good for $1.00 toward the purchase of more Tonic from your druggist.

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO., 31 Third Ave. Rock Island, Ill.

Give Full Address and Write Plainly

50 cent, 70 cent and $1.00 bottles at all druggists. The $1.00 bottle contains about six times as much as the 25 cent bottle and about three times as much as the 50 cent bottle. There is a great saving in buying the $1.00 bottle

The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.