

THE NINETY AND NINE.

BY MRS. M. S. SMITH.

There are ninety and nine that live and die,
In hunger and want and cold,
That none may revel in luxury,
And be lapped in its silken fold;
The ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
The one in a palace with riches rare.

They toil in the fields, the ninety and nine;
For the fruits of our mother earth;
They dig and delve in the dusky mine,
And bring its hid treasures forth.

But the wealth released by their sturdy blows
To the hands of the one forever down,
By the sweat of their brows the desert blooms,
And the forest before them falls;
Their labor has built humbly homes,
And cities with lofty halls;

But the one owns estates and homes and lands,
While the ninety and nine have empty hands,
But the night so dreary and dark and long
At last shall the morning bring;
And over the land the victor's song
Of the ninety and nine shall ring
And echo afar from zone to zone,
Rejoice! for labor shall have its own.

AUNT MEHETABEL'S COURTSHIP

BY LORA S. LA MANCHE.



"OR the land's sake, girls, what are you doing?" exclaimed Aunt Mehetabel in astonishment, as she found her two pretty nieces, from the city, sitting in the shady corner of the farm-house piazza busily snipping away at the obstinate threads that held fast the plumes and flowers of their hats. "Yes, best Sunday-go-to-meetin' hats too, continued she, 'what air you rippin' them up for? Don't they suit you as they air?"

The two girls looked at each other in a half-ashamed way, then pretty Maude answered apologetically, "we have other hats, Auntie, when we want to wear them, and the fact is, we were so mortified last night at the lecture, there was Mrs. Hopkins' hired girl with a coarse hat, bent into that new shape like mine, and a bunch of cheap roses drooping over one side of the brim, just exactly as Madam Lovelle, arraigned my silken poppies and ribbon-grass, in the latest French style; and in front of us there was a freckled-faced, red-headed girl, wearing a grass-green dress, trimmed with red ribbons, and a hat that was the queerest imitation of Cousin Ada's Gainsborough hat. I wish you could have seen those old tips, dyed a bright-blue, sticking up around that old hat a la Ada's white plumes."

Aunt Mehetabel sank down into the depths of the great gilt-bottomed rocking-chair, giving a little sigh as she did so.

"Well girls! I did think you had more sense than to let a little thing like that upset you. 'Tain't no disgrace to be a hired girl, nor a freckled-face one either. I take it as a compliment, when folks try to look like me. Fact is, if it hadn't a been for another girl trying to look like me, and a gettin' every thing to wear just like my things, I'd never have got your Uncle James, and I alius think of that when I see a girl trying to get herself up just like some other girl she thinks is sorter stylish."

"Oh, do tell us all about it," cried Ada; "you do tell such charming stories?"

"Yes, do," chimed in Maude, "I like to hear love stories, especially true ones that you know are sure to turn out well."

"Well," said the aunt, complacently, "if I tell you the story to please you, you must stop your snipping to please me. I don't want my niece so high-fly that they can't bear to see any one else have anything like them."

"To begin with my story, though, I hadn't ought to tell it, seein' its myself I'm talking about."

"I was about the best looking girl in Tipton Center, and I had lots of beaux. Girls used to like to flirt them days, same's they do now, but there was one beau used to come to see me, and he kept a-comin' so steady like that by-and-by the rest quit hanging around, and it was the talk of the neighborhood—country places are awful for gossip, you know—that we were to be married. His name was Silas—was Melton. He was tall and pretty fair-looking, with his curly hair and black eyes, and for them days he put on a heap of style. He would bow and scrape and palaver until I begin to think right smart of him."

"Father and mother they didn't like him much, but for all that it would be a match if it hadn't a'been for Lydia Perkins."

"She was a soft, silly thing, anyway, and she was that near dead after Silas that she would sigh and roll her eyes at him for all the world like a dying calf. The other boys teased him a'most to death about her, and Silas couldn't bear her, or speak peaceable to her hardly, but she got worse and worse, sighin' and lookin' at him. He was mighty fond of style, and she kept thinkin' the reason he went with me was because I had better clothes than most of the girls, I had an aunt in the city and she used to send me patterns sometimes. So she fell to borrowin' my patterns, and makin' all her clothes like mine, even to her aprons and sunbonnets."

"One spring Aunt Sarah sent me a new Leghorn bonnet trimmed with blue striped ribbon. Leghorn was just comin' into style then, and none of the other girls had one for a month or more. Then Lydia had a chance to send to the city, and of course she ordered one like mine. The first time she wore it was to prayer meetin' at the old Center church. She came in late, and as Deacon Smith was prayin', she sat down by the door, and hardly anyone saw her. Now the young folks used to have a standing rule of politeness that if a young man wanted to escort a young lady home, he must ask her for her company in the entry of the church—he musn't ask her in the church, that looked forward—nor after she reached the steps, that was too slow and backward; so the boys used to make a break for the entry the moment meetin' was over, and stand in a row from the inside door to the steps. The entry didn't have any light, 'cept from the open door, but every boy watched sharp, an' when the right girl come along, he would step up and bow, and say, 'Can I see you home to-night?' an' off they would go, arm in arm. Some-

times a poor fellow would get the mitten, which was kind of hard, 'long as the other boys were listening, but that is the way they used to do."

"Well that night, I was a going slowly along, not hurrying, for I knew Silas was a' waitin' for me, so what does Lydia do but just push ahead, and when she was good in the entry, Silas saw her wide bonnet, and he walked up as grand as you please and asked for her company, never knowin' his mistake till she says with a little simper, 'Why, of course, with pleasure.' And there he was with her hangin' on his arm, and the boys a laughin' fit to kill."

"I was close enough to see and hear it all, and I was so mad and mortified I could have cried. Some one stepped up to my side as though he was goin' to speak to me, and as we passed through the door, and out on the steps, I saw it was 'bashful James Richards,' as we always called him. There wasn't a better young man in the country, but he was so bashful that he would turn red as a piney if any girl spoke to him. You see, he had wanted my company a long time, but hadn't dared to ask me, and though he saw Silas was out of the way for that night, it took him so long to get his courage up, that we were out of doors before he managed in a very quavery voice to offer to escort me home. Now, I was so mortified by the way things had gone, that I would have said yes right on the spot, but then I heard Julia Simons snicker right behind me. I never could bear that girl, and I thought I would show her I could be as independent as Miss Anybody, if I did have to go home alone, so I answered quite crushingly, 'No, sir! Not after I get out on the steps.' He was that scared he never heard the first part of my answer, and thought I said 'Wait until I get off the steps,' so when we reached the walk he took my arm before I could say a word, and Julia snickered again. I was bound to show Miss Julia that I didn't care, so I laughed and chatted my liveliest, and James' bashfulness wore off a little, an' if I hadn't a' been so mad about Julia capturing Silas in that ridiculous fashion, I'd a' been quite happy."

"Ah, me! what a little thing will change a person's whole life sometimes. The boys teased Silas unmercifully about his mistake, and he never did speak to poor Lydia again. He was awfully jealous, and was hopping mad when he heard James had taken me home and never came near me for a week, to punish me. When he did come, my dander was up, and the upshot of it was, we broke friendship then and there. Maybe we would have made up, but your uncle James, when he once got started, didn't let any grass grow under his feet, and after he had come to see me awhile, I wondered what I could have seen in that silly Silas Melton. Father and mother liked James, too, and he came to see me, as regular as clock work, three times a week for over four years."

"Dear me!" cried Ada, "did it take him that long to propose?"

"He never did propose," answered Aunt Mehetabel, with a merry tinkle in her eye.

"Why, Aunt Hetty, you didn't ask him to marry you, did you?" asked Maude in surprise. "How did you come to marry him, if he never asked you to?"

"Listen and you will find out. He kept coming week after week, and year after year, but never a word of love-making out of him. Bless your hearts! I knew all the time he was in love with me, but you never seed such a bashful man. Mother at last told me I must kind of help him out, and let him see he had nothing to fear; so I showed him how many quilts I had pieced, and told him about the pretty gray coat father promised to give me when I was married, but the more I hinted, and the easier I made it for him, the more scared he was, and the less he said. So it went on until nearly Christmas."

"Christmas came on Saturday that year, and two of my cronies, Mary Jones and Sallie Hodge, were to be married on that day. On the Sunday night before Christmas, which was the 19th of December, James was at our house on his regular Sunday visit. We always sat in the family sitting-room, and father and mother, my big brother Fred, and the younger boys and girls, stayed there, too, until half-past eight, which was our regular bed-time. At ten, James always went away, for our folks were very strict. This particular Sunday night we were all sitting around the big fire-place—my little sister Frances in James' lap, and little Henry leaning over his shoulder, for he always liked to play with the children. We were all talking about the weddings that were to come off that week, when wicked Fred, who delighted to tease me, spoke up suddenly: 'I say, sis, why don't you and Jim get married the same time with the others—it would be jolly fun.'

"Now, if he had said that to me when we were alone I would have boxed his ears, and that would have been the end of it, but it sort of frustrated me when James was there to hear, and him so easy plagues, but I says as easy and careless-like as I could to turn the matter off—'Oh, I'll never get married till the tail end of the week, Christmas or no Christmas.'

"Be married on Sunday, then," said Fred, tantalizingly.

"No, nor on Sunday either," said I, getting more and more confused, but trying hard not to show it. 'Do you s'pose I am going to put off my good clothes the very day after I am married, and go into the wash-tub? Not much! I'll wait until the washing and ironing are both out of the way.'

"How would Wednes—" began Fred, but father shut him up with a stern 'Hush, we've had enough nonsense!' When father spoke in that tone we children always minded; that is, all of us but little Frances; she was the youngest and father had spoiled her until she wasn't a mite afeared of him. She had been listening to every word, and the minute Fred hushed, she turned round on James' knee, so she could look straight into his eyes, and there she says in her quick, sharp way, 'Is you and Hetty truly going to get married?'

"I didn't dare to take but jest one peep at your uncle, but I declare, I never

seed such a red face before. He looked awfully plained, but Frances was looking him square in the face, and at last he stammered out—'I—why I—yes, I guess—I expect—that is, if Hetty'll have me—' and then he begin moppin' his face with his handkerchief."

"Oh, she'll have you quick, I know she will," says Frances, bobbing her head up and down. "And air you goin' to get married Wednesday, as brother said, and is Hetty—"

"Child! child!" cried mother, trying to lift her off from James' lap, to carry her from the room; but Frances was so spoiled she was bound to have her own way, and she threw both arms around his neck, and says to mother: 'I'm not a going one step till he tells me. James, James!' and she almost screamed as mother tried to pull her away from him. 'Tell me quick, air you going to get married Wednesday? Air you? Air you? Air you?'

"Yes I am," answered James, desperately, loosening her hands from his neck, and then mother carried Frances off, her kicking and screaming every step. Father looked at Fred so hard, he didn't dare to say a word, and then he muttered something about its being bedtime, an' left the room, an' the boys all followed. I s'pose father thought we didn't need any extra company just then."

Aunt Mehetabel paused a moment to fan herself, and to listen smilingly to her niece's impatient remarks.

"Oh Auntie, please don't stop right now, in the very best part of the story! Did you get married the next Wednesday and—oh, tell us! what did he say, and how did he look, and how did he act, after the rest had gone away."

"Umph!" said Aunt Mehetabel slowly. "He said—well it was something rather foolish I expect, though I didn't think so then. Wait until your own lovers come, and then you will know all about it. Anyway, the end of the story is, we were married the very next week, and I ain't never been a mite sorry I took him either."

General Greene's Strategy.

In his article, "From King's Mountain to Yorktown," in the *Atlantic*, speaking of General Greene's last campaigns, John Fiske writes:

Coming upon the scene under almost every imaginable disadvantage, he had reorganized the remnant of Gate's broken and dispirited army, he had taken the initiative from the first, and he had held the game in his own hands till the last blow was struck. So consummate had been his strategy that, whether victorious or defeated on the field, he had, in every instance, gained the object for which the campaign was made. Under one disadvantage, indeed, he had not labored; he had excellent officers.

Seidom has a more brilliant group been seen than that which comprised Morgan, Campbell, Marion, Sumter, Pickens, Otho Williams, William Washington and the father of Robert Edward Lee. It is only an able general, however, who knows how to use such admirable instruments. Men of narrow intelligence do not like to have able men about them, and do not know how to deal with them. Gates had DeKalb and Otho Williams, and put them in places where their talent was unavailable, and one of them was uselessly sacrificed, while he was too dull to detect the extraordinary value of Marion.

But genius is quick to see genius, and knows what to do with it. Greene knew what each one of his officers would do, and took it into the account in planning his sweeping movements. Unless he had known that he could depend upon Morgan as certainly as Napoleon, in after years, relied upon Davoust on the day of Jena, and Auerstadt, it would have been foolhardy for him to divide his force in the beginning of the campaign—a move which, though made in apparent violation of military rules, nevertheless gave him the initiative in his long and triumphant game. What Greene might have accomplished on a wider field and with more ample resources can never be known. But the intellectual qualities which he showed in his Southern campaign were those which have characterized some of the foremost strategists of modern times.

How to Court Sleep.

Continued wakefulness is a crying call to review one's habits, and see what is wrong. Be sure the shoe pinches somewhere, and soon its effects will be felt in the life centers of the body. There is, perhaps, mental unrest, irritation, or overwork, in which laziness is to be assiduously cultivated. We may depend upon it there is some want of balance. One chord is played upon too much, others are silent, and so the mental mechanism is all out of tune. Wisdom then dictates a reconstruction of habits. At all events the wise persons will not resort to opium, chloral, or any other sedative that steals away his life while soothing it, and fixes habits which cannot be overcome.

Much depends upon the power of dismissing thought, and becoming almost a blank. Napoleon had this faculty and many another noted person. The late Lord Napier was believed by the British officers to owe his immense strength and power of endurance to the faculty of going to sleep at any moment when not particularly engaged. One of the famous politicians of Massachusetts, now an old man, yet with the vigor of a boy, has the same gift. In all these, and in similar cases there is both concentration and determination.

By an effort of the will thought is withdrawn from its accustomed channels, and allowed to trifle with fancies that come and go like soft clouds in a summer sky, like the lapse of an indolent tide upon the beach, or the breathing of a slumbering infant. In fact, to let thought drift upon any of them has a somnific influence. There must be a passive determination to follow these gentle undulations out into space and lose one's self there. It is a cultivable tendency, and becomes a habit.

A Cheap Gymnasium.

The cheapest and best gymnasium in the world—one that will exercise every bone and muscle in the body—is a flat piece of steel, notched in one side; fitted tightly into a wooden frame and, after being greased on both sides with a bacon rind, rubbed into a stick of wood laid lengthwise on a sawbuck.

STATE NEWS.

The citizens of Washington county have numerous signed a petition asking for a grand jury.

Judge O. Miller, of Wyandotte county, has sent his resignation of the office of judge of that district to the governor.

At Leavenworth the linseed oil mill is running night and day, making about 1,200 gallons of oil every twenty-four hours.

Lawrence has, by entertainments and other means, accumulated a fund of \$257.70 for a park fountain, to be placed in the south park.

In the re-organization of the American National bank at Kansas City, Mo., a Kansas man, Major Calvin Hood, of Emporia, has been tendered the presidency.

At Topeka the third annual farmers' institute was held at Oak Grange hall. Subjects pertaining to farming and the good and prosperity of the farmer were discussed. A basket dinner was enjoyed on the second day.

Kansas City, Mo., Star: It is understood that if Major Hood, of Emporia, removes to Kansas City to take the presidency of the American National bank, Senator Plumb will purchase the major's home, which is the finest in Emporia and one of the best in Kansas.

Wichita.—H. C. Hadley, Missouri Pacific claim agent here for several years, and formerly a resident of Chicago, died suddenly to-night from hemorrhage of the lungs. He was standing at the door of his house bidding adieu to some visitors, and was dead within three minutes afterwards.

LaCrosse Chieftain: J. W. Coughnour, of McCracken, says that things are looking up and that he has over a hundred acres of fine-looking wheat. He reports several sales of farm lands at good prices, and believes land will be a better price in the next year than it has been for a number of years.

At Halstead a fire totally destroyed the flouring mills of Hoover & Bonham, together with their contents, including two cars of flour. The flames started in the engine room and quickly obtained such control that the appliances at hand were powerless to subdue them. The loss is about \$25,000; insurance, \$9,000.

Topeka Capital: Captain Jacob B. Chase, who was a member of the party of four which selected the site for the city of Topeka, died, last week, at his home in Newburyport, Mass. The other three members of this remarkable quartette, which, on November 23, 1854, first set foot on the ground where the metropolis of Kansas now stands, died several years ago, Captain Chase being the last survivor.

The ferry boat that runs on the Missouri river at Leavenworth when the pontoon bridge is not in working order, was tied up by Deputy United States Marshal Murphy arresting Vinton Stillings, the proprietor of the boat, for running it without a government license. It is said, too, that the boat was not properly manned, and that some of those attempting to run it are sometimes under the influence of liquor.

Atchison.—Frank Woodyard, a respectable colored farmer, who lives four miles south of town, was fatally shot. He was out hunting with a companion and coming to a vacant house in a field he opened the door, when both barrels of a shotgun were discharged into his breast. The owner of the house has it stored with corn, and having been bothered by thieves set the death-dealing trap. The owner of the house is also a colored man.

A. J. Grover, of Muscotah, died of paralysis, caused by a clot of blood on the brain. Mr. Grover was 64 years old and one of the prominent men of the state. He was an extensive farmer, very wealthy, and a man of great ability. Before coming to Kansas he practiced law in Chicago a number of years, and gained considerable prominence. He was a writer of some note, contributing to the press a great many articles on economic topics. The body will be taken to Earlville, Ill., for burial, and the funeral will probably occur there.

Coffeyville Journal: Judge Peffer has selected his eldest son, W. A. Peffer, jr., until quite recently connected with the journal, to be his private secretary at Washington. An acquaintanceship covering a period of six years, most of which time we were partners in business, enables us to say that Mr. Peffer has the qualifications for an excellent secretary, and we congratulate the senator-elect on his wise selection of a confidential scribe, and the younger Peffer on his being raised to a position of such eminence and responsibility.

The territorial district court and the regular term of the United States district and United States circuit courts for the second Kansas district convened at Wichita the first Monday in March. Judge C. G. Foster will be unable to preside, owing to ill health, and E. J. Dundy, United States district judge for the district of Nebraska, will hold court in his stead. There will be six or eight murder cases and forty or fifty other criminal cases from the territory for trial. There will also be 100 or 150 cases from the second division. United States District Clerk J. C. Wilson and Jury Commissioner Mileham will draw the grand and petit jurors for this term.

Topeka Grand Army Journal: There are so many "youngest soldiers" coming to the surface now and then, that we are tempted to claim that we have found him or someone not much his senior. Comrade E. F. A. Clark, of this city, called on us this week and gave us some very interesting facts in regard to his service during the late war. He enlisted as a drummer in the 127th Penn. Infantry at the age of thirteen years and seven months, but carried a musket instead of a drum for

four months. His first enlistment was for nine months. He served from August 13th, 1862, till May 29th, 1863. In February, 1864, he again enlisted, in the three-years' service in a cavalry regiment, and was a participant in some of the hardest battles—Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and several others. At one time he, with nine others, was captured; but he, "boy-like," outwitted the "Johnnies" and got back to his regiment, with his face so badly powder-burnt that he lost the sight of one eye; but as he cannot produce a "hospital record," the one thing so often lacking with our plucky "boys in blue," he has, as yet, been unable to secure a pension.

The Star, of the Kansas institution for the deaf and dumb, says of itself: "This paper is set in type by deaf boys, locked up by deaf boys, run through the press by deaf boys, and the type afterwards distributed by deaf boys. They work about three hours and a half at their trade and go to school about five hours. There are in this class about twenty-five boys learning the printer's trade. There are besides in the industrial department of this school about thirty-five boys learning the cabinet-makers' trade, fifteen learning the shoemaker's trade, and eight learning the baker's trade. When these boys have completed the course given them here, they become producers, and add to the revenues of their state. They have inculcated industrious habits, and become self-supporting."

Kansas Odd Fellows.

FR. SCOTT.—The second day's proceedings of the Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons in this city resulted in the election of the following named officers: Grand high priest, Matthew M. Miller, of Clay Center; deputy grand high priest, John C. Postlethwaite, of Jewell City; grand king, Bestor G. Brown, of Topeka; grand scribe, R. E. Nichols, of Salina; grand secretary, John H. Brown, of Kansas City; grand treasurer, Christian Beck, of Leavenworth; Walter Sprling, grand captain of the hosts; John C. Spencer, grand royal arch captain; Samuel E. Busser, grand chaplain; grand sentinel, Fritz Magers, of Leavenworth.

In the grand council of royal and select masters of Kansas the election of officers for the ensuing year took place and resulted as follows: Most illustrious grand master, James H. McCall, of Wichita; deputy grand master, John H. Spencer, of Independence; grand principal conductor of work, George C. Kenyon, of Wichita; grand treasurer, Christian Beck, of Leavenworth; grand recorder, John A. Brown, of Kansas City, Kan.

STOCK AND FARM.

The Topeka Horse Police association is taking steps to organize a state association and combining all the organizations throughout the state having for their object the protection of horses and the apprehension of horse thieves.

The Kansas City Live Stock Indicator reports that the principal cattle-feeding districts in Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska show that very few cattle are being fed compared with last year, and that it is the intention of feeders to ship those being fed to market before June. The number is estimated at less than half that of last year.

LaCrosse Chieftain: E. S. Chenoweth put in between 300 and 350 acres in wheat this year, and expects to break out more each year. If everyone would take such an interest in the development of this county, it would not be long until the entire country was broken out and yielding a good crop each year. Every acre broken out on a quarter section of land makes it easier to grow a bushel of wheat on the adjoining quarter.

Manhattan Republic: Jacob Springer, a prosperous farmer and stockman who lives up the Blue, says farmers are mistaken in charging the Hessian fly with the injury done the wheat in some localities. He says it is due to an overgrowth of the blades in wet weather and the dry weather that followed. The spears are brown and dead, but the roots and stools are in good condition, as one will find upon examination. The fly always begins at the roots. Again, wheat in this section was sown too late to be affected by the fly, which here attacks only volunteer wheat that grows up during the hot weather. If Mr. Springer's diagnosis is right, the wheat which is thought to have been injured by the fly will come out all right in the spring.

KANSAS RAILROADS.

Kansas City letter: The general offices of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas cannot come to this city, even if they go to the Kansas side of the boundary line, as they must be located on the main line of the road. This is the information that has been sent to the mayor of Kansas City, Kan., by the general offices of the road. The offices will go to Parsons as soon as the road passes from the receiver.

John E. Martin, cashier at the Santa Fe depot, succeeded R. E. Torrington as station agent of the Santa Fe at Emporia, February 16. Mr. Martin is a well-known young railroad man and has been connected with the company in various capacities for several years. He was station agent for a long time at Strong City before taking his present position in Topeka. He is a son of Judge John Martin, of Topeka.

H. R. Nickerson succeeded Geo. L. Sands as general superintendent of the Santa Fe on February 16. Mr. Sands has not yet determined what he will engage in. After shaping up his official and private affairs, he will go to Texas the first of March, to look after his ranch. He has 1,700 acres of land sixty miles north of San Antonio. He does not contemplate taking charge of the ranch personally, as he was not "out out" for a ranchman, he says.



ONE ENJOYS

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The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

DRICKLY ASH BITTERS

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