

ducted to the chairs set for them at the south side of the communion table. The noblemen bearing the regalia, excepting those with the swords, presented their burdens to the archbishop who delivered them to the dean of Westminster to be placed upon the altar.

The litany, sung by two bishops, followed and the communion service began. During the litany and the first part of the communion service the king sat bareheaded, but at the beginning of the sermon—a short one preached by the archbishop of York—he resumed his crimson cap.

The bishop of Durham and the peers with the swords stood at his majesty's right and the bishop of Bath and Wells and Earl Carrington at his left. The queen had the bishops of Norwich and Oxford at her right and left and was supported by her train-bearers and other attendants.

Standing in front of the king, the archbishop of Canterbury asked: "Is your majesty willing to take the oath?"

King George replied, firmly and clearly: "I am willing."

"Will you solemnly promise and swear," inquired the archbishop, "to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dominions thereunto belonging, according to the statutes in parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?"

"I solemnly promise so to do," said the king.

"Will you to your power cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all your judgment?" continued the archbishop.

"I will," said the king.

"Will you," said the archbishop, "to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and the protestant reformed religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England and the doctrine, worship, discipline and government thereof, as by law established in England? And will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of England and to the church committed to their charge all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?"

"All this," said the king, "I promise to do."

Coronation Oath Taken.

This formula concluded, the king arose from his seat, and preceded by the sword of state, stepped to the altar, where he uncovered and knelt, while the archbishop presented to him the great Bible, open at the Gospels. Laying his right hand on the book, his majesty said: "The things which I have heretofore promised, I will perform and keep, so help me God." Then he kissed the Bible and formally signed the parchment upon which the oath was set forth.

Then the king returned to his chair and waited until the choir and orchestra had rendered the hymn, "Veni Creator," a prayer and the anthem, "Zadoc the Priest." Afterward, having with the Lord Great Chamberlain's assistance, taken off his cap of state and crimson robes, he took his seat in St. Edward's chair.

Four gentlemen in black brought forward the golden canopy and four knights of the Garter advanced and held it over the royal head. The dean of Westminster poured a few drops of holy oil from the ampulla into the quaint old spoon held ready to receive it, the archbishop of Canterbury dipped his finger into the bowl and then, turning to the king, he marked the cross in oil on the crown of the latter's head, on his breast and on the palm of each hand, saying in conclusion: "And as Solomon was anointed King by Zadoc, the priest, and Nathan, the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed and consecrated King over this people, whom the Lord



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your God hath given you to rule and govern."

Having knelt for the archbishop's blessing, the king then reared himself in St. Edward's chair and, the canopy having been removed, the dean of Westminster threw over his shoulders the kingly vestments—the "colobium sindonis" and the "supertunica"—respectively a sleeveless surplice of fine white cambric, trimmed with lace, and a short-sleeved tunic of cloth of gold over which a swordbelt was worn.

Then the dean brought the "great spurs" from the altar and handed them to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who knelt, touched the king's heels with them and returned them to the altar.

The nobleman with the sword of state next advanced and surrendered the weapon to the Lord Great Chamberlain. The latter buckled the belt around his majesty's waist and the archbishop, having blessed the sword itself, placed the hilt in the royal hand, with the words: "With this sword do justice and stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are come to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss and confirm what is in good order."

At the conclusion of this exhortation, George ungirt the belt and going to the altar, offered the sword there, afterwards returning to his chair. As he took his seat, the blade's original

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bearer, Lord Londonderry, advanced to the altar to "offer the price of it and redeem" his charge. He handed to the dean a purple velvet scabbard sword previously given to him by the Lord Great Chamberlain, received the sword of state in exchange, unsheathed it and, during the rest of the ceremony, carried it drawn before the king.

Ceremony of Investiture.

Then the monarch rose to be invested with the armilla or bracelet and the imperial mantle of cloth of gold and when he had resumed his seat, the archbishop placed the orb in his right hand, saying: "Receive this imperial robe and orb and the Lord your God endow you with knowledge and wisdom, with majesty and wit, power from on high, the Lord clothe you with the robe of righteousness and with the garments of salvation. And when you see the orb set under the cross remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our redeemer."

At this the king returned the orb to the archbishop, who replaced it on the altar and slipped the ring upon the fourth finger of his majesty's right hand. "Receive this ring," he said, "the ensign of kingly dignity and of defense of the Catholic faith."

As the two scepters were next brought up, the Duke of Newcastle stepped forward to discharge his duty, as Lord of the Manor of Workshop, of placing an embroidered glove on the king's right hand. Into the same hand the archbishop thrust the scepter with the cross, the Duke of Newcastle kneeling meanwhile and supporting the king's arm. Then, in his majesty's left hand was placed the scepter with the dove.

"Receive the rod of equity and mercy," said the archbishop. "Be so merciful that you be not too remiss. So execute justice that you forget not mercy. Punish the wicked, protect and cherish the just and lead your people in the way wherein they should go."

Now the dean of Westminster brought St. Edward's crown from the altar. The archbishop took it, showing plainly in every movement, as he did so, despite his brave efforts to conceal his agitation, how deeply the preceding trying ritual had affected him. After a short prayer he placed the circlet gently but tremblingly upon the king's head.

Instantly every electric light in the Abbey was turned full on, the silver trumpets brayed the royal salute, the peers clapped their coronets upon their heads and the Abbey fairly rocked with the shouts of: "God save the king."

Outside the sacred edifice, the roll of the drums was quickly drowned in the roar of cheering from hundreds of thousands of throats.

George V has been crowned king of England.

BEAUTIES OF THE SIERRAS

John Muir Eloquenty Describes the Charms He Finds in That Mountain Region.

Here with bread and water I should be content. Even if not allowed to roam and climb, tethered to a stake or tree in some meadow or grove, even then I should be content forever. Bathed in such beauty, watching the expressions every varying on the faces of the mountains, watching the stars, which here have a glory that the lowlander never dreams of, watching the circling streams, listening to the songs of the waters and winds and birds, would be endless pleasure. And what glorious cloudlands I would see, storms and calms—a new heaven and a new earth every day, aye, and new inhabitants. And how many visitors I would have. I feel sure I would not have one dull moment. And why should this appear extravagant. It is only common sense, a sign of health, genuine natural all-awake health. One would be at an endless Godful play, and what speeches and music and acting and scenery and lights—sun, moon, stars, auroras. Creation just beginning, the morning stars, "still singing together and all the sons of God shouting for joy."—John Muir, in the Atlantic.

Arriving breathless at the top, Dunne helped her to a high seat upon a shelf of rock, and remained standing beside her, while the eyes of both rested upon the beauty of the woodland scene until normal respiration should make conversation feasible.

"I have not told you the latest," by way of beginning conversation, his face beaming with enthusiasm. "We have laid a trap for Boss Tank. The plans are perfected. The ruse is absolutely sure to succeed. We'll have him before night—at this very moment, may be. It will end the whole miserable struggle. We are upon track of the most remarkably convincing array of evidence—evidence that no jury can get away from. We'll have Tank, Mack, Donnelly, Manning, Halloran, and all the rest of that brood securely caged this time."

As Dunne's words touched the subject of the graft prosecution, he saw her face tighten, and by a sort of involuntary movement, she swung both hands back, and flattened them on the rock, slightly thrown forward, her teeth almost clenched, and her eyes looking away up the river. Her face was set and pale. It dawned upon Dunne that this talk of his beloved graft prosecution was distasteful to her.

—Read The Daily Gate City.

The Heart of Dan Tank

By P. C. Macfarlane

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Who knew that Dan Tank had a heart? Outwardly, he was just the ordinary type that obtains in many of our American cities, hulking, crafty, courageous, compelling. But really, that does not matter so much, right at the beginning, since for a little while we are concerned rather with the heart of Richard Dunne, millionaire journalist, and passionate reformer. And Mr. Dunne himself was not suspected of very much in the heart line. Notwithstanding youthful enthusiasms retained to the late thirties and a personality that could be most agreeable, bachelorhood seemed to have become his settled habit. But when Miss Kathryn Moore, beautiful, poised, mysterious, appeared in the social heavens, Mr. Dunne suddenly began to take observations. He observed that she lived alone with a maiden lady, understood to be her aunt; that she was endowed with wealth, breeding and social graces, and that her presence at the Vestibule, which she had inherited from her father, was a veritable oasis in his breast. People did not know just where she came from so suddenly nor how within a few months, as if by magic, she had settled into a reigning position in the most exclusive society.

Dunne did not even himself discuss these questions. He offered his heart, frankly, unreservedly, almost with the same heading dispatch that a new story was plunged into the columns of *The Morning Sentinel*. Miss Moore liked Dunne, and made no secret of it. She admitted him promptly to a complete sort of friendship, but did not allow him to touch her hand, and just then complications entered by the doorway of the Graft Prosecution campaign which Mr. Dunne was conducting, at first through *The Sentinel*, and afterward in person as the head and front of an organized effort to place Daniel Tank, Boss, and a whole coterie of wealthy city-bred politicians in the bars. Things happened swiftly. Dunne was lauded to the skies. Tank and his ilk were branded in the face by an outraged public opinion. Dunne collected evidence, supervised detectives, strengthened weakening official weaknesses, gathered an immense prosecution fund and set the battle roward along an extended front. But Tank, the Boss, and the heads of the public service corporations most deeply involved, fought back desperately. Victory hovered uncertainly.

Dunne's aim was nothing less than the complete and final overthrow of the man whose remarkable political machine, bred in corruption and sheltered in corporate greed, had so far defied justice. Entrapped, indicted, all but convicted, the big, greasy, grippy figure of a man wrigled out and stood defiant. Once a wedge was driven between Tank, the Boss, and his friends, the higher-ups, who were the right hands of his power. Like savage beasts they turned and rent each other, and Dunne, stepping in adroitly, made capital of the internal strife. But in the end, each wrenched free of the trap, and the overthrow of the helm of his machine, they held the city, and the public service interests stood by hungrily, licking their chops. Dunne knew it wanted but a few passing months till all were in together again, snarling over the carcass. Meanwhile, each fought Dunne, the common enemy, and Dunne himself battled fiercely, unflinchingly.

At the same time, with unflinching zeal, Dunne prosecuted his suit against the heart of Miss Kathryn Moore. Often when his brain was mistled over with the confusing perplexities of the great legal battles in which he was involved, he turned his back on it all, and with Miss Moore by his side sent his powerful car skimming up and down the long river road for hours at a time. On one of these delicious afternoons when the combat was at its height, they stopped the car in a bend of the road to rest themselves by climbing to a point of rocks which offered a rare view of the river and the lake. Dunne stood on the ground with extended arms to help Miss Moore alight. Her rosy cheeks, her laughing eyes, her poised head framed by the graceful sweep of her hair as its wild edges were caught at its edges by the long veil softly knotted under her chin, all together made a ravishing picture.

"What an absurd position that would be for you!" she taunted, avoiding his gaze, but with a blush of pleasure as she led the way swiftly up the rocky hillside.

"None at all," answered Dunne, stonily, offering her his hand for the descent of the hill.

"The way of the reformer is hard. The battling months had dragged themselves into a year that to Dunne seemed a century long. He was beaten and he knew it. Tank was right when he said: "You can't send money to jail." Dunne had ridden high on the crest of a great wave of public sentiment. Suddenly he found himself poised for a plunge into the depths. He was in the depths now. Depression hung over him like a dismal halo. Worst of all, financial ruin threatened him. He had made his money in the newspaper business.

The Morning Sentinel, with its great circulation, with its butter cream advertising patronage, with its clean record and wide influence, was all Dunne had. He had made it. It was a choice property. When he involved himself in the graft prosecution, he took the *Sentinel* in with him. Hence, reprisal was not against the person of Dunne, but against his physical resources—against the paper. And that precious oligarchy of corporate grafters, aided and abetted until their grasp with Tank by the boss's own versatile genius, had turned this great money-making property into a losing venture within sixty days.

And this state of affairs had continued for a year. Twice he had

"Why, Miss Moore!" he exclaimed, chidingly. She spoke with a slightly sarcastic drawl.

"It seems to me that you are always just going to do something wonderful, but you never quite do it. I've heard you make that speech, I'm sure, at least a dozen times. Do you know, Mr. Dunne, sometimes I grow weary of all this hunting of one's fellow beings? Things have been going a long time as they are, I'm sure. If people did not wish them that way they would not be so."

"Kathryn!" he gasped.

It was the first time that he had ever addressed her by her first name. She turned her gaze full upon him and saw the pain and perplexity on his face. Her own eyes rounded quickly, big with sympathy and sudden, womanly remorse.

"Oh, forgive me, Mr. Dunne," said she with sudden emotion. "I did not mean to hurt you; but sometimes you—you would me very deeply without knowing it. Her chin quivered. Her blue eyes filled. She dashed an impatient hand across them.

Dunne, too, was all remorse and amazed surprise.

"Kathryn!" he exclaimed again, but this time in the deep tenderness of serious self-reproach. "How can I have hurt you?"

He had reached for her hand. But she withdrew it.

"By addressing me so familiarly," she said, with a quick turn of mood and a mocking toss of the head, and yet her tone had in it something of serious meaning so that Dunne knew he must not trespass again in this regard, and knew also that she had swiftly concealed from him something that she had meant him never to see in the first place.

Just then the sputter of a motorcycle far down the river road attracted Dunne's attention. He had left the battlefield for an hour of delicious rest in the cool of the woods and hills, but arrangements had been made for communications of importance. So strenuous was the campaign that he might not get out of reach for even a single hour.

As he suspected, the motor cyclist stopped at the empty motor car, dismounted and looked about him.

"Here," shouted Dunne, from the hilltop.

"Do you mind if I leave you alone for a few moments, Miss Moore?" he asked.

"Oh, no, I wish you would," she stammered, as Dunne turned on her a look of reproach. "I wish you would feel at liberty to do so. Companionship is more agreeable if there is some liberty of individual preference accorded at all times."

"Thank you," he said, and dashed down the hillside.

In five minutes he was back again, leaping impatiently up to her.

"Oh," he stammered, "I have to tell you. We have got Tank."

"Got Tank," she murmured, in a dazed kind of a way, lifting her hand, and groped with it uncertainly in the air, while her eyes closed, and a peculiar blueness appeared on her temples.

Exclaiming his dismay, Dunne caught the swaying figure in his arms, her head drooped helplessly, and then, with an "Oh, thank you, I did not feel faint," she pushed him away from her and doggedly set upright once more the car, struggling to fix her eyes steadily upon him, although their gaze wandered most riotously.

"Funny, wasn't it?" she said, at last, passing her hand over her eyes. "It must be the altitude, I guess."

"Hardly, but it might have been the climb, or perhaps," he added playfully, "the sudden leap from the car."

"You are joking with me," she said, brightening, "and I deserve it—such weakness! Only fancy! What was it you were saying? Something about Tank, wasn't it?"

Mr. Dunne looked at her searchingly. Her self-control was admirable, so admirable that it deceived him completely. She had, he thought, experienced a mere moment of dizziness, and now in the most natural way her mind came back to the point of interruption.

"What was it you were saying about Tank?"

"Oh," he answered, exuberantly, "we have caught him! Isn't that great?"

"Yes," she said, listlessly, dubiously, "perhaps it is. I suppose it is, but somehow I seem to be thinking of the other side."

stopped the gap with a great mortgage. He started out now to arrange for another.

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Dunne's face turned white and then red.

"Think they've got me beat, don't they?" he flashed. "Well, I'm not judging by the *Morning Sentinel* is not for sale."

He turned upon his heel and walked out. His hands were clenched. He passed people in the street without knowing them. His gathered his department chiefs around him and planned a campaign that involved an expenditure of one hundred thousand dollars more in the next three months than the income of the paper would be, judging by the past. That was his defiance to fate.

The department chiefs opened their eyes. "The old man's got his nerve with him," murmured one to another. "Baldy Dunne outlived his scheme. 'Go to it now,'" he said, and left the office.

On the street a copy of the first edition of an afternoon paper was placed in his hand. "Grand Jury Falls to Indict Tank," said the black headline. Dunne ground the paper in his hands and cast it into the gutter. Once more the wily boss had dodged the issue. It was Dunne's last play. The Grand Jury reflected the public apathy. They had gone so far as to refuse to indict upon evidence that Dunne knew was sufficient to get a verdict from a trial jury.

With his hand on the wheel of his powerful motor he spun in and out and around on the river road for an hour till his brain was cool and his heart was staid. He stopped by the turn of the road, where the point of rocks ran up, that point of rocks upon which a year before, he had stood with Miss Moore, and told her of the completion of his plans for the overthrow of Boss Tank, and the conviction of the wealthy privilege-grabbers. He remembered what she said, how she looked and all, even to the little fainting spell. He remembered how the next day, after the public indignation meeting at which Tank spoke and almost turned the crowd his way, he pressed his suit, and how she seemed half yielding, but put him off.

Well, he was thinking the graft prosecution was done. The cases on the docket could only drag themselves wearily through a few more law suits, some of them tried resolutely, some of them postponed indefinitely, all to be finally dismissed and forgotten.

Yes, the prosecution was at an end. She, just now, was his bright, particular hope. If she said yes, all the rest was as nothing. If she said no—well, if Tank said yes, he lived. It came now, when he had become inured to disappointment. This was the time for such a word.

So he looked at the point of rocks, and at his watch. It would take a twenty-minute spin to reach the home of the crown his way, and if she were in, he could be back here within the hour, and there upon that spot with the glory of the sunset hour upon the earth he would hear his fate, would know whether darkness would settle on his soul, with the going away of the orb of day, or whether the million myriads of stars would be twinkling round him in the new glory that had come to him with the soft hand and the warm heart of a truthful woman, whom from the bottom of his soul he loved.

As he threw in the clutch and prepared to turn back, a warning horn sounded behind him and in an instant the huge red car of Boss Tank sped by him going like the wind. So fast that Dunne could not make out who was in the car. He only saw that there were two people. One of these was driving, and the other was a woman, except once, away back in the days when Dunne was a cub reporter, something about a tragedy in the early life of Tank, that had to do with a woman, but that was all.

But now here was Tank on the day of his final and complete escape from the coils of the prosecution, motoring on the river road with a lady. As they sped down the road in front of him, Dunne, far from being a spy or an eavesdropper, and yet, somehow given to close observation by his experience of the past year, found himself driving down the road behind Tank, instead of turning back as he had intended. Speeding up his own engine, he was soon coasting along just behind. Above the back of the tonneau appeared the huge light derby hat of the boss, and a gracefully rakish feminine hat, veil-bordered and plumed with a single feather.

(To be continued.)

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