

THE GATE CITY
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E. F. SKIRVIN, Manager

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Keokuk, Iowa, July 19, 1911

SAWYER AFTER SALOON MEN

Dry Attorney Announces He Will Continue the Prosecution of the Saloonists Under the Moon Legislation.

CASES IN IDA COUNTY

Makes an Effort to Secure a Supreme Court Ruling—To Appeal From the Decision of Judge De Graff.

TO STUDY FACES OF CRIMINALS

New York Police Officer Goes Abroad to Investigate Lombroso's "Marks of Degeneracy."

NEW YORK, July 18.—Prof. Cesare Lombroso's marks of degeneracy, which the famous Italian scientist worked out in his forty years of study, will be adopted by the police department of New York if Capt. Joseph Faurot, in charge of the bureau of criminal identification, shall find the scheme practical in an investigation of it which he will make in European capitals.

The captain departed this week to make the study of the adoption of Lombroso's marks by the European detectives. This is the way he will spend his vacation, and he may bring back to New York a system which will be used in conjunction with the Bertillon system of measurements and the finger-print methods of identifying culprits.

"I have no idea," said the captain, as he stood on the deck of the liner, "that the finger-print system will be superseded by the new method, nor that the Bertillon system will be done away with. They will be used together. What we propose to learn is a method of reading faces. Until you begin a scientific study of this method you can't imagine how varied are the marks and differences in the faces of different persons.

"While many noses look alike, few are alike. While few persons find differences in the ears, there are great differences. So with the eyes and the mouth, and even the size of the face and the size of each side of the face."

TO KEEP COOL WORK, SAYS CANNON

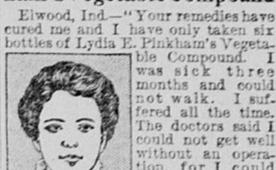
Golons at Washington Differ as to the Constant Riding on the Water Wagon.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 19.—Former Speaker Cannon said: "I don't think there is any safe and sane recipe for keeping cool. Good, consistent, hard work that will make you forget the heat for the time is a sort of counter irritant. Stimulants won't help, but I don't hesitate to say that if I were invited to a midsummer dinner that was to be more or less of a function, with rich food and richer conversation, I might indulge in a Martini—just one. Then, along with the dinner, if you didn't want the food to disagree with you, a little Bourbon or real good rye in a high glass, with lots of ice and some carbonated water, might help—not too much."

WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. S. M. MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.



Correcting Biography. To the Editor of The Gate City: WAYLAND, Mo., July 13, 1911.—On behalf of those of the Cowgill blood would be glad to correct your account of the life history of Mrs. St. Clair Liscomb, by interweaving, at Canton, Mo., of a marriage of Miss St. Clair (pronounced Shinkler) to Jas. Cowgill, one of Clark county's (Mo.) foremost lawyers, and at one time a newspaper man, I think, at Alexandria, to whom no issue was born. Think it likely, the 40 acres on which Canton town is laid out was owned by her father and heired by her and a brother, Tully, was up to that time the boat landing and town, but the flood of '57 moved the center of business south and west to Canton. Jas. Cowgill died, I guess, in Alexandria; date forgotten.

It is suggested to me to correct the write up by saying Mrs. B. P. Hagerman was a sister to Jas. Cowgill, first husband of Mrs. Liscomb, should be Mrs. St. Clair-Cowgill-Liscomb, etc. Respectfully,
GEO. E. LEWELLYN,
Wayland, Mo.

Sprains require careful treatment. Keep quiet and apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely. It will remove the soreness and quickly restore the parts to a healthy condition. For sale by all dealers.

INDIA TEA

Iced or Hot. The Pure Food Tea

A scant teaspoon makes two cups. Steep five minutes only.

Published by the Growers of India Tea

Pollyooly and the Lump

Pollyooly Plays the Changing

By Edgar Jepson

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"By the time he had finished his leisurely breakfast Captain Croome had slumbered down just enough to discuss intelligently the manner of Grisel's evasion. He was for motoring her out of London to some quiet Surrey village for their honeymoon. But the Honorable John Ruffin would not hear of it.

"Owing to the efforts of the common road-hog, the motor car is so easily traced nowadays," he said. "But there is a practical station in London, called Fenchurch Street, from which nobody ever goes, though trains do. From there you can go to the village of Piteas; and it will be weeks before your pursuers learn that there is a village called Piteas, much less that you are there. Your first evasion, from Prince's Gate, will, of course, be made in a taxi-cab.

Captain Croome accepted this plan with enthusiasm. He committed as much of it as was necessary to writing, filled up the letter with gratitude and devotion; and Pollyooly bore it safely to the Imperial Grisel.

That afternoon the Honorable John Ruffin devoted to assisting his friend to procure the special license and the wedding ring.

At ten o'clock the next morning the Honorable John Ruffin said to Pollyooly: "Take your brother to your friend Mrs. Brown and leave him in her charge. Then put on your finest attire and prepare to accompany me to the church. Young women in the process of getting married like to have one of their own sex with them; and Lady Grisel knows you. You will therefore be an excellent person to discharge the function of bridesmaid."

Pollyooly made haste to carry out his instructions. Her best dress, indeed, changed to be the black dress she had bought for the funeral of the aunt with whom she had lived before she faced the world with the lump, and it was not of the most fitting hue for a bridesmaid's wear. Indeed, the Honorable John Ruffin observed that it was fortunate that the redness of her hair relieved its gloom.

They reached the church at a few minutes past eleven, and after ascertaining that the person was waiting, the Honorable John Ruffin and Pollyooly took up their stand in the porch.

Pollyooly and the Honorable John Ruffin had not long to wait. The taxi-cab was quick bringing the flying lady to the church. Grisel, pale and flushed by turns, was rushing to the eye. Captain Croome, once out of the steady taxicab, presented every appearance of a man who had not the slightest idea whether he was standing on his head or his heels.

The ordeal at an end, the bridegroom under the spur of his new responsibilities recovered some control of himself; and after a short stern discussion the Honorable John Ruffin decided that he might trust him to get his bride to Fenchurch Street station without falling out of the taxi-cab. He hailed one; Grisel kissed Pollyooly with very much the air of a drowning man clutching at a yet another straw; the Honorable John Ruffin shook hands with them and wished them happiness; they got into the taxi-cab and slid away.

The Honorable John Ruffin wiped his forehead with an air of extreme relief. "Marrying people is a serious job," he said, shaking himself like a dog which has just emerged from the ocean.

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly in polite assent.

Pollyooly topped up the high stair-case of 75 The King's Bench Walk, bearing on her back that red-headed cherub, her little brother Roger. By the time she reached the fourth-floor landing the clear pale cheeks of her angel face were faintly flushed; and her little brother's nickname of the Lump was not seeming at all inappropriate. She let herself into the chambers of the Honorable John Ruffin, whose housekeeper she boasted herself, with a sigh of relief; and as they entered, her employer called from his sitting-room.

"Tea, Pollyooly—tea for two, please."

Pollyooly hurried the Lump up to the attic where they lived, set him among his simple toys, bade him be a good boy, hurried down to the kitchen, and set about getting the tea. It was soon ready; and she carried it into the sitting-room.

A lady, a beautiful lady, beautifully dressed, sat in the arm-chair, facing the door. But she did not look up till Pollyooly was setting the tea on the table. Then her eyes fell on that angel child, opened wide in a wild amazement; and she cried: "Why—why—why—Marion! However did she get here—in that dress?"

"No, no, this is Mrs. Bride, my housekeeper," said the Honorable John Ruffin. "I call her Mrs. Bride in spite

of her tender years because she is my housekeeper; and it is a position of dignity. It is only in moments of unbecoming that I call her Pollyooly.

"But she's the very image of Marion."

"Now you point it out, she is. She has always reminded me of someone; and I could never make out who it was."

"But how comes she to be so like Marion? Marion's a red Deeping."

"And that's what Pollyooly is. I see it now," cried the Honorable John Ruffin. "Her great-aunt was Lady Constantia Deeping's housekeeper at Mistle-Deeping. It's wonderful how the old strains crop up among the village people. You're a red Deeping, Pollyooly; that's what you are."

"What is a red Deeping, please, sir?" said Pollyooly, puckering her forehead.

"The red Deepings have always been renowned for the fierceness of their hair and their tempers—a truculent, cantankerous set. I must beware, I see. I must certainly beware," said the Honorable John Ruffin.

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly.

Pollyooly spread a little tea-cloth on the end of the table, and set the tea-things, the bread-and-butter, and the cake on it. The lady's eyes never left her face.

Presently she said, "The got a splendid idea, John. I'm going to get Marion after all."

The Honorable John Ruffin frowned, and said in a tone of extreme severity, "No, Caroline; you are not. You are not even going to try. The wigging you got from Mr. Justice Buffle last time you carried off Marion has forever deterred you from the attempt."

"Has it?" said the lady; and her eyes flashed.

"Yes, it has," said the Honorable John Ruffin. "You have made up your mind that a Duchess cannot give the happy Press of her country occasion to blaspheme twice."

"But this is a dead snip," said the Duchess. "This time I am going to get Marion out of the country."

"You failed before; and you'll fail again," said the Honorable John Ruffin.

"Oh, no, I shan't. And if they do catch me, I shall only get the same old wiggling. They dare not send a Duchess to prison. The thingumbobs—the middle classes—wouldn't stand it. They'd scream," said the Duchess cheerfully.

"But you can't get Marion out of the country. The moment she's missing, Osterley's agents wire to the police of every port. You can't do it," the Honorable John Ruffin insisted.

"But the joke is that she'll have been out of the country days and days before she is missed," said the Duchess, with sparkling eyes.

"How?" said the Honorable John Ruffin.

The Duchess turned to Pollyooly and said, "Would you like twenty pounds, Pollyooly? Twenty golden sovereigns."

"Yes, please, ma'am," said Pollyooly. "Well, if you'll be another little girl for a fortnight, I'll give you twenty pounds. And you'll live in a beautiful house in the country and have lots of pets; and all you'll have to do will be to pretend that you're another little girl—my little girl—Marion, Lady Deeping. You'll have just to keep quiet, and let everybody think that you're her. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Pollyooly, looking at her with shining eyes.

Twenty pounds was an immense sum—affluence. It was more; it was a safeguard against that evil day when the Honorable John Ruffin should succumb to his creditors, and the jaws of the workhouse should again gape for the Lump. Always there lurked in the depths of Pollyooly's mind this horrid dread, rising up terrible and menacing in her moments, rare moments, of childish depression. Twenty pounds would slay the monster; twenty pounds meant that they could live for months, till she found other work.

"By Jove!" said the Honorable John Ruffin softly; and he laughed.

"But what about the Lump, sir? I can't leave the Lump," said Pollyooly.

"The Lump's her little brother," said the Honorable John Ruffin.

"Don't you know someone who could look after him? I'll pay a pound a week," said the Duchess.

"There's Mrs. Brown, the policeman's wife, where we lived with Aunt Hannah. She'd look after him quite well," said Pollyooly.

"You say that with her. Mind you only tell her that you're going into the country. You mustn't tell her why; you mustn't tell anybody why," said the Duchess.

"No, ma'am," said Pollyooly.

"And you mustn't mind if they make a fuss at Ricksborough Court when you tell them who you are. They won't do anything serious," said the Duchess.

"Why should she tell them? She has only to slip away from Ricksborough; and they'll start hunting for Marion from the time and place at which Pollyooly disappears," said the Honorable John Ruffin.

"That's a ripping idea," said the Duchess.

"But how are you going to change the children? That will be an awkward business," he said.

"Well, tomorrow, that fussy old

creature Mrs. Hutton brings Marion to spend her weekly afternoon with me. She takes her back to Ricksborough by the 6:15 from Waterloo. I'll tell Marion to look out for you at Waterloo; as soon as she sees you, she gives Mrs. Hutton the slip; and you bring her here."

"Me? Me?" interrupted the Honorable John Ruffin in a terrible voice. "Me? After all the years I've kept out of your quarrel with Osterley? Me?" And he hammered with both fists on his chest in the resounding fashion of an excited gorilla.

"Yes; of course you'll help me, John," said the Duchess calmly.

"Blas! a promising career by getting indicted for conspiracy? Never!" he cried; and again he hammered away on his chest.

Pollyooly was much impressed by the action; she had never seen him do it before.

The Duchess seemed unaffected by it; for she only said again, "Of course you'll help. No one will ever know." The Honorable John Ruffin looked at her smiling animated face, and smiled himself: "It would be a great game—a great game, Caroline," he said.

"Won't it?" said the Duchess.

"I should like to see Osterley's face, if ever he tumbles to it," he said; and he laughed.

"So should I," said the Duchess in a vindictive tone.

"Well, well, I've always thought it an infernal shame that you didn't get the custody of Marion. This is a chance of a lifetime to repair a miscarriage of justice. I'm with you, Caroline."

"If you'll stand by me, I'm sure we shall pull it off," said the Duchess joyfully.

They fell to discussing the details, and had perfected the Duchess's plan, when the Honorable John Ruffin clasped his hand to his head, and cried in a tone of horror, "Good heavens! I was forgetting! My bacon!"

"Your what?" said the startled Duchess.

"My bacon. Pollyooly is the one person in England—in the world—who can grill bacon properly. I am losing her for a fortnight—a whole fortnight—fourteen breakfasts."

"There are other things besides bacon," said the Duchess.

"There are no other things besides bacon—not for breakfast," said the Honorable John Ruffin sadly. Then by a violent effort he pulled himself together, and said with an air of manly fortitude: "But no matter; I am a martyr—a martyr in the cause of justice."

The Duchess smiled in a womanly, unseeing way; and he escorted her down to her motor car with an air of proud gloom.

On his return he said to Pollyooly, who was clearing away the tea, "You've taken on a difficult job, Pollyooly. But I believe that you're the only child in England who could carry it through. You don't get hurried."

"Yes, sir, I shall try, sir," said Pollyooly with the smile of a resolute angel.

"And if it was a less serious matter than giving back a child to her mother, I wouldn't let you attempt it," he said gravely.

"Now, the thing for you to do is to sit tight and keep your eyes wide open—very wide open."

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly; and she opened her eyes very wide, as if to practice.

"You let the other people do the talking."

"Yes, sir; I hope I shan't have to tell a lot of lies," said Pollyooly anxiously; for her Aunt Hannah had brought her up very strictly in the matter of telling the truth.

"You won't, if you let the other people do the talking."

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly with an air of relief.

Next morning Pollyooly arranged with Mrs. Brown that she should take charge of the Lump and act as housekeeper to the Honorable John Ruffin and Mr. Gedge-Tomkins, Pollyooly's other employer, for the next fortnight. At five o'clock in the afternoon she took the Lump to her, said good-bye to him, and came away with a very sad heart. In all his life she had never been parted from him for a day; and now that she had faced it, a fortnight seemed indeed a long time. The shining vision of the twenty pounds was blurred.

At a quarter to six the Honorable John Ruffin took a cab to Waterloo; at five minutes to six the Duchess arrived. She was anxious, nervous and excited. She walked up and down the sitting-room, restlessly; she kept going to the window; and again and again she said, "Oh, I do hope he won't make a mess of it."

state of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1906.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is an internal remedy and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for descriptive free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

COLONEL RICKEY WAS FROM HERE

Attempt Made by Missouri to Steal the Honor, is Promptly Headed Off by That Authority "Veritas."

OUR CROWN OF GLORY

Keokuk is Not to be Robbed of Her Greatness by Any Chicago Newspaper—Not by a Jug Full.

Colonel Rickey, inventor of the now famous "gin rickey," was a Keokukian and don't you forget it.

Also don't forget that the term "stand-patter" originated in Keokuk, and several other things.

It remained for a Keokuk citizen to "call down" the Chicago Record-Herald for making a false statement about Col. Rickey, the following from this morning's issue telling the glad news, the item being headed: "Keokuk's Crown of Glory."

KEOKUK, Iowa, July 19.—To the Editor: A recent editorial on the fine, new St. Louis library contained the casual statement that Colonel Rickey was a Missourian. The historical fact is that Colonel Rickey was a product of Keokuk. This city is jealous of its reputation for producing great men, having given the world one justice of the supreme court, five cabinet officers, some United States senators, governors galore, a minister to Portugal, several major generals, twenty-three authors, scientists of national or international reputation in various fields, some preachers, a number of musicians and five-sevenths of the leading railroad conductors of the middle west, besides the leading lawyers of the Standard Oil company in recent litigation.

Just now Keokuk is having built the largest power dam and the greatest single electric installation in the world, and is in a state of transition as a producer from the field of intellect to the sphere of commercialism. Hence it is of the more importance to exercise jealous care that Keokuk does not allow to be stolen from her long, illustrious list of sons so bright a star as Colonel Rickey, whose work lives after him, perhaps, more than that of any of the others.

Apropos, the political term "stand-patter" originated in Keokuk when Washington Galland told Colonel Dick Root that he believed in standing pat, adding: "I'm a stand-patter." Colonel Root took the expression with him to Washington, where he was a senate doorkeeper, and passed it on to Mark Hanna, and the latter put the new definition in the dictionaries of the future.

WILL SHOOT FIFTEEN MILES

New Gun for Battleships Will Throw Projectile Beyond the Horizon.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—A gun that will carry its projectile clear out of sight is the type that is to be placed in the turrets of the new battleships of the New York type. One of these guns has been made at the Washington factory and a dozen others are to follow as rapidly as the great lathes can turn them out.

The gun has been tried out at the proving grounds and has shown that it is without doubt the most powerful naval weapon in the world. With a muzzle velocity of 2,400 feet per second the shell will have a range of about 14 or 15 miles; consequently it will land far beyond the horizon at extreme elevation. It might hit a ship that the gunners could not see, a friend or an enemy, perhaps. Hence the ordinance officers will be unusually careful when ships mounting these guns go out for target practice.

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Happiest Girl in Lincoln

A Lincoln, Neb., girl writes, "I had been ailing for some time with chronic constipation and stomach trouble. I

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DR. O. W. ROWE, Assistant State Veterinarian. 218 Blondeau street, Keokuk, Iowa. Iowa phone 294-Red; Hub, phone 1351.

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REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD. Mrs. WINGLAW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS, FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHO TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAINS, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winglaw's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

began taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and in three days I was able to be up and got better right along. I am the proudest girl in Lincoln to find such a good medicine." For sale by all dealers.