A Queen's Flower.....

An Episode in the Captivity of Marie Antoinette.....

I.

Imogen Clark, in New York Evening Post: Gervaise, who had but just returned after all those years of absence, was recounting his adventures as only Gervaise knew how. For when he talks, look you, he has the words of a magician. He can make you see things with your very eyes—the desert sands, the green of the jungle, the snow on the high peaks and—more than all else—the great sea itself, now calm and shining like some giant's mirror of polished steel, now full of sounding fury. It matters not. And as for men—why, they are but puppets in his hands—they laugh or cry, swear or sing, as he wills, each so different from the other that you would declare 'twas not Gervaise at all who was speaking. You may ask any one if this is not so.

It was hard, therefore, in the midst of his marvelous story when all his hearers—from Pere Duval in the corner to little Tony, who should have been in bed hours before—were craning forward breathlessly so as not to lose a single word, that there should be an interruption. From without there came the clatter of sabots and before any one could turn, suddenly in the dimly lighted room a strange, distorted shape was flung upon the wall reaching from floor to ceiling. The group of listeners huddled closer in dismay, the bobbing shadow was like some fatal genius that for the moment made them icy cold with fear; even the speaker himself was constrained to silence.

And after all it was only Marie Picquard with her shawl drawn over her cap to give her the appearance of a bat and incidentally to keep herself warm. Just commonplace, bustling Marie Picquard full of that air of importance which, the whole village knows, is as much a part of her as her skin. A sigh of relief went up as she advanced into the circle, though her coming under the circumstances was not particularly welcome. Tony, in the noise that followed her entrance, slipped eel-like beneath the settle and lay there, blinking out with his bright, black eyes, but his mother had no thought of him. She looked around like one who has great news to communicate and delays imparting it to make it the more appreciated in the end. That was always her way.

"Old Jean has come to be a little child again," she said at last; "for the rest he knows nothing—but there is no pain."

"And is that all?" Pere Duval grumbled testily. "As well say the sea is wet by reason of the water. He has been a child this long time."

"He has not. He has been both child and old man, but more the latter, as any one will bear me witness. Now, he has lost his grasp completely on today, it has slipped through his fingers like a knotless thread. For, look you, one can't hold shadows, and his life has been late twilight these many years, shut away from the world as he has been, chained to his bed. But he cares not, it is morning again to him. He! he can run now if he will. Step out briskly, old Jean—petit Jean—it's a short play time thou'lt have, mon enfant, before thou'rt called home."

She sat down laboriously and rubbed her work-knotted hands together, disregarding the fact that her companions had met for other purposes of entertainment.

"Who is Veuve Capet?" she demanded, after a moment.

There was no response to her question, though she scanned the faces of those around her for some sign. Gervaise, alone of all the company, appeared to have heard her; he met her glance with a bright smile as he shook his head. He was a nice lad, that Gervaise!

"I tried to think as I came along, but not one Capet have I known. It is not a name of this village, or this canton even. And yet he says it again and again, and always with that same slow smile. Some early love, perhaps—who knows?"

Pere Duval chuckled over his pipe.

"Old Jean in love," he croaked, "old Jean! 'Tis thou, Marie Picquard, who hast come into thy second childhood to say such a thing."

"And why not he as well as another? Is he so different from us, though he is old—old? Where there are ashes there must have been fire once. Besides, you men write many names in your hearts, while it is true we women bear but one to the end. Old Jean is a man after all."

"I had forgotten him completely," Gervaise said; "there was no word concerning him this noon from any of you when I asked for the home news, and you mentioned all the others. I thought he was dead years since, he was always so old and feeble when I went away."

"'Tis the creaking door hangs longest, as every one knows. We had almost forgotten him, too, and the good God likewise, it seemed. Always in his attic he stayed from year to year, making so little noise that one scarcely remembered he was there. He was so still, like the mere shadow of a man. And there was no one belonging to him, no, not one. Well, he's going soon. A few days now after waiting all this time will not seem long."

"It is not long anyway," Gervaise interrupted softly.

Pere Duval laughed.

"Because thou art young and in love with life thou sayst that. Well, well, short or long, it's done with sometime, thank God. Go on with the tale, lad."

But Gervaise, it seemed, had lost all interest in his adventures and the adoration they evoked about him. It was as if a chill hand had gripped him, closing about his heart. The brightness of his home-coming was marred by this omen. He crossed himself hurriedly.

"Another time, another time, I am tired now and indeed it is the turn of some one else. Tell us instead of old Jean, if there be aught to tell. When I was a boy I used to jeer at him as he sat in the sun, but he had no reproaches, perhaps he did not heed—I know not."

"It was all one to him, the boys always mocked him, I did myself, and I am of thy father's day. Well, what would you? He was good for naught with the mind of a child, despite what the woman has said. He plaited a few baskets and dreamed dreams, that's all. Long as his life has been, 'tis but a dot upon the page of God—there is no record. He lived apart from all of us, and he had no kith nor kin——"

"But who was Veuve Capet?" Marie Picquard interrupted. "He was talking of her when I came away, I tell you. I had to come, I was so dog-tired, and there was, indeed, no reason to remain longer. In the morning early I shall go again and Ursule will look in during the day, if he lasts so long. In the meantime he wants nothing and he does not know one; it is all of that other he talks. 'Tiens,' he says, 'I must gather the primroses for Veuve Capet.'"

Pere Duval, his slow wits kindling at last, struck the floor impatiently with his stick.

"Will the woman never leave off?" he cried, "chatter, chatter, chatter, so that a man may not even think. Like the noise of the sea yonder is that voice of thine, Marie Piquard, never ceasing, never resting! 'Twas on my tongue to tell you concerning this person of whom he speaks; there was some story. Well, it's gone, and yet he told me word for word when I was a youth."

"Old Jean—a story? Nay, 'tis likelier that the sea will become dry land before morning than that that could be. Thou art dreaming."

"But it is so, I swear. Wait, let me think; I have not thought of it for years. Ah! it comes back, it comes back. It was in the spring-time of the year that I was sixteen, not yet a man, but with a man's thoughts in my breast, and I was coming home from my uncle's, he lived in the next village; thou'll remember. Michel, he died in the Black Plague—God rest his soul! My way lay through a strip of woodland, and there I saw old Jean—he went by that name even then, he was so bent and white—sitting on a log. I was for passing without speaking—I'd outgrown the time of jeering at him—when he called to me and bade me tarry. It was an unusual thing for him to do, he scarcely ever had a word for a soul; but I suspect that something in the soft air, which opens all men's hearts, made him long for companionship. So I sat down by him, glad enough to rest, and spoke of the spring's coming through the land, and how welcome it was after the hard winter. At that he smiled as if I had found the key to his thoughts, and stooping he picked up the basket which lay at his feet and took thence a little flower which he held towards me. It was as if he were showing me the riches of the world; I could tell that by his face. But the flower was like a weed to me. I know no more of flowers to this day than a child unborn; one is just like the other, I have no use for them. A potato, look you, or a cabbage—ah! there is some sense in their being. They nourish man's body, but the flowers are the overplus of God's kindness—the embroidery on the robe where others are the warmth. Give me the warmth, I say, and let them that will, the simple, and women and children, have the fripperies, I care not for them! All that was in my mind that day, but because it had not come to maturity I did not speak, and something else, perhaps, kept me silent. Old Jean was so happy it would have been like knocking down a child's house of shells if I had spoken; I saw that myself, and so I held my peace. Besides, it was as if he was showing me his inmost heart, and the sight—I know not why—made me tender as a woman.

"'It is a primrose—the first primrose,' he said softly, 'but I call it her flower—'

"'Whose?' I asked.

"'Why, hers—Veuve Capet, you know.'

"But I did not know, and so he told me very slowly, very simply. It was his hour. And this is what he said, though not in his own words, for I have not thought on them these many years; yet the story is clear in my mind from start to finish.

II.

"He was Breton-born, old Jean, and his mother before him; his father—nay, he knew naught of him, save that he was some gay nobleman from the court (for it was in the days of kings), who, being a few idle weeks on the coast, made a pastime of love and won the heart of her whom Jean called mother, used her for his pleasure, and then left her to be the mock of the country round. Well, she would believe no ill of him, for she loved him—some women are fools like that! But when two years had passed, and he did not return as he had promised, she took her little one and went to find the father in that wonderful city he had told her of—the pulse of France. All this was long ago, before this century was born, you understand. She was many months in making her journey and she never came back again. No. She found him she sought, but he pretended that he knew her not, and laughed her to scorn before his companions when she accosted him at his door. So she crept away with her child and lived—God knows how—in that strange city. Those were hard days, bitter days then. It was a time of oppression throughout the land and riots and turbulence such as never had been before, but a child eats little, and a mother, who works for his bread, eats less. Moreover, they were together and one was happy. Is not that enough?

"So they lived until the boy, Jean, was nine years old; then there came a change. The mother sickened and died without a struggle, went out like a lamp that lacks oil. He did not understand; here one day, gone the next; his crying could not wake her. They tore him away from her and carried him to her brother, who was in the same city. It was her wish. He had not been good to her in her life, he had taunted her with her shame, but what would you? He was her brother after all. In death one forgets many things, and the child had to live. Besides, the mother had said: 'There is nobody like my little Jean; he has a face like one of God's angels—so pure—his uncle will love him for that.' Imbecile! As if she could tell. The uncle was a busy man, and had no time for loving. He was a soldier and belonged to the National Guard, which made him of much importance, as any one with sense would have known. And when Jean went to him he had just been appointed to keep watch over a woman in prison—this Veuve Capet, for it was she."

"Veuve Capet in prison! Mother of God, what a wicked woman she must have been. What had she done?"

"Nay, I know not, nor did Jean know. Something wrong, of course, else she'd not have been there. But let that pass; 'tis not our concern. As I have said, the soldiers kept guard night and day; there were three of them—the uncle of Jean and two other men. I leave you to think how busy they were. The boy himself met with not much unkindness, save when his uncle was drunk, which happened sometimes, and when the uncle perceived that the little lad could be of service to him, then he was, indeed, made welcome. It became his duty often to bear a pitcher of water to the prisoner.

"The first time Jean saw the woman his heart ceased beating in his breast, he said. The three soldiers with the boy, entered the little room, and he shouted, 'Hola, Veuve Capet!' as his uncle had taught him. It was so still that the walls seemed to give back his mocking cry and the laughter of the men—ha-ha-ha. He was all agog with curiosity, like a child at a fair; he looked up eagerly. And what do you think he saw? He had expected—he knew not what—a monster at the very least! But there, fronting them, she whom he had called stood with her head flung back and her eyes blazing out of her white face, an old, old woman, with hair like snow, and frail, so that you could have seen through her, almost. As her glance fell on him a little quiver, like the trembling of a leaf in the faintest breeze of summer, passed through her, gone in a moment, and her face was stone again as she looked at them as though they were made of air.

"Suddenly Jean was filled with a great sense of shame that came whence he knew not, and he bent his head, and another feeling came also, making him think he was in some holy place, so that he would have dropped to his knee only that he did not dare. It was as if he was in the presence of a sorrow as deep as that of the Crucified One! Then his uncle stepped up behind him and put his hand on the boy's curls—soft, golden curls they were, that the young mother had kissed again and again, so that Jean did not like any one to so much as touch them, but the man, uncaring, gathered them away from the little throat, laughing the meantime in the woman's face. Now, why he did that thing Jean did not understand, no more than I understand to this day, but only he knew that 'twas done to hurt the woman in some wise. And she stood still, unseeing, as it were, with not so much as a muscle stirring—she was like one frozen.

"The next day, when Jean went again with the soldiers, he would have been dumb, save that his uncle prodded him fiercely in the side, and he must call aloud. But he said the words more gently, so that they were almost like a caress, and he, looking, saw a little flush of rose like that the dawn casts upon the rocks yonder, shift quickly across her face, and soften it, even as the glow softens the boulder with its beauty. Yet there was no other sign. And in the days that followed there was no least recognition on her part; she never seemed to see him. Nor did he know that she even heard his call, though always he let it slip from him on the wings of love. He was not like other children, you understand; it hurt him to see any one, anything, suffer, a bird with a broken wing, or—or—anything. He had a heart like that. Moreover, he felt a great pity for the woman in her loneliness. He knew not what wickedness she had committed, but that it was some black thing he was sure, for so his uncle declared again and again. His uncle hated her and cursed her, calling her 'Aristocrate!' and he and his fellow-soldiers would drink to the speedy coming of the day of reckoning, until they could drink no more. Now, it is true, another child, with stronger wits than Jean, would have been guided by the men, but instead he felt tenderer somehow, so that each time he spoke to her, though he only said those three words, he tried to put what was in his thoughts into his voice. Sometimes it meant 'I am sorry,' and other times it meant 'Be of good cheer,' and still other—but this more softly—'I love you, unhappy one.'

"But how could he tell that she understood, when the men listened to him with indifference and did not bid him cease? He was like one crying through a heavy fog; still he kept on crying, hoping to be heard at last. And ever something grew within him, why, he knew not; how, he knew not. She was like stone, and yet, because of that something in his breast, he could see the heart-break spreading over her face that was so shrunk and white, and he would have comforted her even as he had often comforted his mother. There had been heart-break in her face, too, you understand, but it had lightened under the touch of his clinging fingers. If he had dared he would have touched Veuve Capet in that fashion. Perhaps—he knew not—she seemed so very old. Still, there must have been a little child to love somewhere in her past.

"But he did not stir his hand, and that for two reasons—one, because he feared the men, and the other, because, though she was so near, she seemed so far away. It might have been her sorrow that kept them asunder, he could not tell, and yet sorrow had driven him closer to his mother. But this was different. He wanted to kneel to this woman, to serve her as if she were a queen, though she did not look like one in her poor dress, with her old, old face. Once, when he was much younger, he had seen the queen go riding by all glitter and sparkle like a dream out of a fairy world——"

"Not so fast, Duval, not so fast. A queen, didst say? Thou canst not mean it, and Jean, old Jean—there's some mistake, I——"

"Peace, woman. Yes, he saw the queen; there was such in those days; but what would you? He was no more to her than the dirt of the road, and she was a vision to him that passed away like the mist in the morning. It is of this other I am telling you. Constantly he carried the pitcher to her and spoke those words on entering, and she seemed to neither see nor hear him. His uncle was often drunk as time went on, and harsh—Dieu, how harsh!—and once old Jean, petit Jean he was then, thinking to escape from his anger, roamed out into the country. It was almost like a mother to him, the country. He loved the trees and the birds, they had voices for him alone. Child though he was, he would have stayed away always, but that something stronger than all else drew him back to the city, so that he only tarried a little space.

"The land was waking into beauty, for it was spring, and suddenly he spied a tiny flower growing near a pool. He fell upon it in his joy, and kissed it for very gladness; it was like a friend, and he had no friends. Then there came to him the thought of that other, lonelier far than he, for he could move about on God's earth beneath the sky. 'Tiens,' he cried, 'I will take this little primrose to Veuve Capet.' So he plucked it, and searching round he found two others. These he slipped into his shirt, and hurried back to his uncle with a proud heart.

"When next he visited the prisoner he carried the flowers in his hot little fingers, waiting his chance to give them to her. The soldiers were more drunk than usual that day, and none of them regarded him closely, but the fear of them was like a chain about him, and he could not act. The moments flew, and it was almost time to depart; then he became bold. Unnoticed, he touched her hand softly. Veuve Capet started and looked at him coldly; but when she saw what was his will a smile broke over her face, making the room seem full of light, and she took the flowers swiftly, and hid them in her breast as if they were jewels of great price. The next moment she began to sob. Parbleu, that is the way with women; do them a kindness, and they will oftenest return you tears for recompense as though it were a hurt. Jean was frightened at her grief; but he felt she was not angered at him; her smile had told him otherwise. She cried because—because she was a woman; he would have cried too but that he was a man-child. He stood trembling amid the fierce shouts and laughter of the drunken soldiers, which fairly shook the room; they seemed to find a pleasure in the woman's tears.

"'So you can weep, cityoenne,' one of them said; 'you have not wept since we took your brat away; good—good—the people shall know of this.'

"In an instant the woman faced them, calm, but for the beating of her heart, that rattled loudly against her gown, and after a little the men passed out of the room with noisy jeers. Jean, close at their heels, full of wonder and shame, stole one parting look at the stern, set face, and suddenly it broke again into that smile of summer as she met his eyes. He went out happy. Her heart had spoken to his heart."

Pere Duval stopped speaking, and reached for his pipe.

"What next?" demanded Tony, who, unheeding the maternal presence, now boldly made himself known.

"There is no next, son of thy mother; that is the end. Jean never saw the woman again. A change was made in the guard that night, and his uncle, having no love for the boy, and no mind to be burdened longer with him, sent him off with some peasants to the north. That is all. He is to-day what he has always been—half-witted, good-for-naught. And still he lives. Mon Dieu! It has been the life of a log—useless—useless——"

"Shame, Duval, who art thou to judge? For myself, I say this: the hand that gave those primroses to that lonely one, wicked though she was, will not knock in vain at the gate of Paradise. Is it not so, Gervaise?"

ENTOMBED MINER

Lived Three Days on Chalk and the Oil of His Lamp—Kept a Diary, Telling Where He Was—Finally Succumbed.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 18.—The body of William Galloway, fire boss at the Kamaska William mine of the Dodson Coal Company, who was entombed on December 18, was recovered to-day. The search for Galloway alive was persistently continued until after the lapse of days it was concluded he must have died. His entombment was due to a fall of coal while he was inspecting the mine workings. While he lived Galloway kept a diary on sheet iron with a piece of chalk and subsisted on the oil in the lamp until it was exhausted. The diary is now being deciphered.

Galloway wrote on a plank on the side of the chute in which the fall occurred the following words: "I am in the chute No 11½. Signed, William Galloway."

This was a clue to his whereabouts and the rescuers worked more diligently than ever and before the body was found these words were discovered written on sheet iron on a brattice door. They were addressed to his wife:

"I think I am gone. Good-bye, Janie. Be good boys, Guy and Willie. I don't think you will see your father any more. I think this is Wednesday."

The figures 7, 2 and 5 follow. What they have reference to none can conjecture. It is believed that he lived but three days. His body lay prostrate in the chute.

Superior Knowledge.

A high school girl said to her father the other night:

"Daddy, I've got a sentence here I'd like to have you punctuate. You know something about punctuation, don't you?"

"A little," said her cautious parent, as he took the slip of paper she handed him.

"A five-dollar bill flew around the corner."

He studied it carefully.

"Well," he finally said, "I'd simply put a period after it, like this."

"I wouldn't," said the high school girl. "I'd make a dash after it!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Salvation of the Family.

Atlanta Constitution: "Yes," said the c'ld, before-the-war-darkey, "dey didn't fergit me in de Chris'mus, I tell you. I got seven secon'-hand long-tail coats, seven pa'r britches, seven ol' beaver hats, en Lawd knows des how many collars."

"And what did you do with 'em all?"

"Well, suh, my oldes' boy jumped into one er dem, en no sooner did he jump dan he felt a call ter be a missionary. Den de next ter him hopped into n'er one, en he felt a call ter be a perfesser in a school house. En den n'er one rigged himself out, en he felt a call ter be a lawyer, en he's hangin' 'roun' de justice courts. N'er boy put on a suit en feel a call ter be a congressman—do' he never took a drink in his lifetime.

"And how do you feel about it?"

"Well, suh, to tell de truth about it, en no lie, I all mix up 'bout it. Fer de life er me I dunno whether I a preacher, a politician, or desde same fool nigger dat I been ever sence freedom broke out."

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TRADE MARK

TONGALINE has been prescribed freely by physicians during the last twenty years for the most painful and extreme cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia and related diseases. There is nothing at all mysterious about TONGALINE or the way it cures. Every skillful physician on seeing the formula for TONGALINE is favorably impressed by it. Its record of remarkable cures has led many physicians to declare TONGALINE to be a specific for these conditions. Its action is rapid and always beneficial because it reaches the source of these diseases.

TONGALINE banishes pain. That is the first thing essential for a cure although it constitutes only a small part of the cure. The real cure follows, when the poisonous waste materials which cause the disease are separated and driven from the body by the concurrent action of the skin, kidneys, liver and bowels, the functional activity of which is restored by TONGALINE. The control of pain by TONGALINE is not based on the power of morphine or opium. It contains neither.

The quieting results of TONGALINE are due partly to the anodyne action of Tonga, the product of medicinal plants which grow in the Tonga or Friendly Islands; another ingredient, cimicifuga is also quieting and anti-spasmodic; salicylate of soda, an important part of the prescription, likewise removes pain and eliminates poisons. TONGALINE also contains colchicin, which is cathartic and diuretic; and pilocarpin, which is diaphoretic—that is, causing the expulsion of poisonous waste from the body through the action of the skin.

The action of the ingredients is harmonious. The disease is corrected almost without the patient being aware of the action of the medicine. There are no disastrous or unpleasant after-effects. All the salicylic acid in TONGALINE is made of the pure Oil of Wintergreen in our own laboratories.

Considering its record of cures, its high endorsement by physicians and its ease and safety of treatment, no one who is suffering or whose health is impaired can afford to neglect taking TONGALINE.

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TONGALINE can be used externally as well as internally. It is of great value as a preventive. It should be taken on the first appearance of rheumatic symptoms, or of neuralgia or nervous headache when it will effectually ward off the attack and free the system from the tendency to disease. Fuller information concerning TONGALINE can be obtained by writing for the free booklet telling of its cures. Sold by all druggists for $1.00 a bottle.

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Gold Collar Button.

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A bright, cheery picture.

For 8 lion heads and a 2c. stamp.

A bright, cheery picture, representing a little girl playing with her chickens and her rabbits. The predominating colors are rich reds and greens. Size, 14x25 inches.

For 10 lion heads and 2-cent stamp we will mail it framed, ready for hanging.

Stylish Belt-Buckle.

Handsomely gold-plated, with Roman finish, and set with ruby colored jewel in the center. This will be welcomed for "dressed-up" occasions by the ladies who like to wear different colored sashes. The gold-finish goes well with any of them. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Ladies' Apron.

Made of good quality lawn, with alternate revering and tucks; broad hem at bottom, and is neatly gathered at waist; a very superior and stylish article. Size, 36x40 inches.

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For 10 lion heads and a 2c. stamp.

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A collection of nice outline pictures bound into book form with sheets of tissue paper between the leaves. On these tissue pages the children can trace the pictures beneath, thus affording enjoyment, as well as instruction to the hand and eye. These drawing books and the box of crayons go very well together. There are six different kinds, and each drawing book requires 6 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

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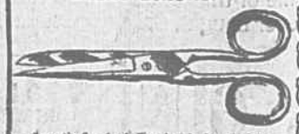
Frame beautifully finished with gilt. Stands 6 inches high. A beauty and good time-keeper.

Alarm Clock.

Sent by express, prepaid, for 80 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. When ordering either clock, please name your nearest Express Office, if there is no express office located in your town.

Ladies' Scissors.



Length, five inches, suitable for cutting, trimming and general household use. Given for 12 lion heads and a 2c. stamp.

Razor.

Given for 35 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. A first-class razor, made of best English steel, and extra hollow-ground.

Rubber Dressing Comb.

For 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Length, 7 inches, full size and weight. Made of genuine India rubber, finely finished. Appropriate for a ladies' dressing-case or for use in the household.

Game "India."

Similar to "Parchesi," which has been played in eastern countries since before the dawn of history. The illustration shows plan of the game, with usual counters, dice and dice-cups accompanying it. A game which people never tire of playing. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Every time you buy a pound package of LION COFFEE you have bought something else, too. Don't overlook it! You have bought a certain portion of some article to be selected by you from our new Premium Lists!

THE ABOVE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE LION COFFEE PREMIUMS. Another list will shortly appear in this paper! Don't miss it! The grandest list of premiums ever offered!

You always know LION COFFEE by the wrapper. It is a sealed package, with the lion's head in front. It is absolutely pure if the package is unbroken. LION COFFEE is roasted the day it leaves the factory.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

When writing for premiums send your letter in the same envelope or package with the lion heads. If more than 13 lion heads are sent, you can save postage by trimming down the margin. Ask your grocer for large illustrated premium list. Address all letters to the

WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.