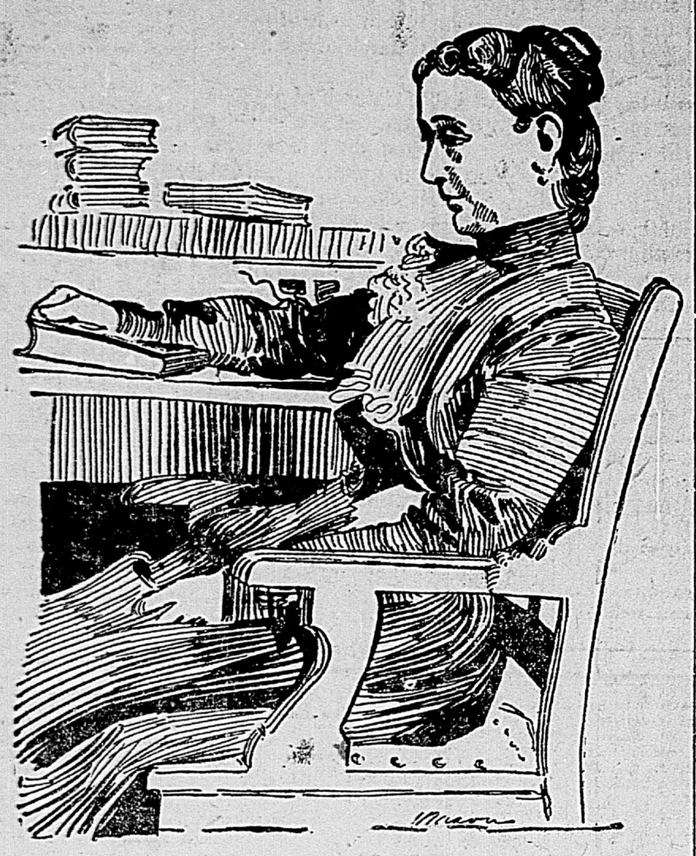
Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson.



The Above Cut is from a Photograph of Mrs. Wilson, Taken in the Library of Her Home in Mobile.

Speaking of her recent novel, "A Speckled Bird," Augusta Evans Wilson says:

"The incidents connected with it, which have given me most pleasure, are its mention on two accasions from the pulpit, and its being deemed worthy a place in Sunday school libraries."

It was also quoted by an Alabama judge in his charge to a grand jury; has already been reprinted in England and Canada; while the American edition of 100,000 copies, gives the publisher's estimate of the author's popularity.

During the sixteen years' silence which preceded it, Mrs. Wilson was frequently urged to re-enter the literary field, declining an application for a serial story at her own price, and an offer of $25,000 for permission to bring her book out in paper-back form.

At the most productive period, however, she was never a prolific writer; and with her initial effort, published at 15, and her latest at 67, has only written eight books.

Unlike the proverbial authoress, she is a careful, systematic housekeeper; with a conscientious realization of the claims upon her as the head of a household, and member of a community, and her literary work has always been made subservient to these.

She is also a delicate woman, and like Grace Greenwood (who asserts that she has "rehearsed the death agony for more than thirty years"), is a martyr to hay fever, with all of its distressing concomitants.

After her husband's death, in 1891, she abandoned her beautiful country home near Mobile, where twenty-three years of ideally happy married life were passed, and, with an unmarried brother as companion, has since lived in town. Two colored servants of the old type serve her with affectionate faithfulness, assisting her in the care of her green houses, with their wealth of plants.

"Still," she says, "city life doesn't suit me, and I pine for my waving grain fields, pastures of cattle, flocks of milk-white poultry, and all the rest of the country interests and pleasures."

The authoress was born in Columbus, Ga., in 1835, and being frail, was educated at home by her mother, who made a companion of her, reading aloud to her and thus rapidly developing a mind of unusual natural strength.

Goldsmith said of Dr. Johnson that if he were to write a fable about little fish, he would make them talk like whales; and the books in the old library to which she had access during the plastic period, being of this ponderous, bombastic type, influenced her own style, branded by the critics as "stilted, pedantic and obsolete."

When she was 10 years old her parents removed to San Antonio, Tex., the headquarters, during the Mexican war, of the troops sent to assist General Taylor. The exciting incidents of the period, the brilliant uniforms, and martial music, together with the romantic scenery which surrounds the town, strongly impressed her, inspiring "Inez, A Tale of the Alamo." It was brought out by Harper, the author receiving a royalty of 10 per cent. on all copies sold. The returns from it were discouraging, however, and four years later, when "Beulah," was written, Miss Evans carried the manuscript to New York, that she might personally negotiate its sale.

She told Mr. Derby, to whom she offered it, that her first book had been unsuccessful, and that the one under consideration had been refused by Appleton; and, pleased with her frankness, he promised to submit it to his wife and daughters. It was read aloud in the family circle, and the verdict in its favor being unanimous, Derby & Jackson at once arranged for its publication. It sold rapidly, running through edition after edition, and from its appearance dates a literary career of unusual financial success, Mrs. Wilson's receipts in royalties being considerably over $100,000.

During the civil war Mr. Derby heard occasionally from her through the lines, and in 1863 she sent him, by a blockade runner, a copy of "Macaria," printed upon coarse brown paper, and published by West & Johnson, of Richmond, Va. It was "entered according to the Confederate States of America," and "dedicated to the brave soldiers of the Southern army."

Of it, Mrs. Wilson says: "It faithfully reflects life at the South during the Confederacy. Much of it was written at night and in a hospital at Camp Beulah, near Mobile, I jotting it down with a pencil as I sat by the cots of sick soldiers, and my heart throbbed in every one of its pages, coarse and yellow though they were."

It was immensely popular in the army, and during the retreat from Chattanooga to Atlanta, saved the life of a Southern soldier. Called suddenly into battle while reading it, he thrust the volume into his breast pocket, a bullet, which, unarrested, would have entered his heart, being afterwards found buried in its leaves.

Many of the Confederate copies of "Macaria" were destroyed by order of a Federal general stationed in Kentucky. When the book reached Mr. Derby's hands, he arranged with Lippincott for its publication; and it was advertised as in press, when it was discovered that a New York firm had an edition almost ready to put upon the market. No provision had been made for copyright, rebels not being entitled to such emoluments, and being apprised of the situation, Lippincott inveighed against such injustice. The result was that, upon his generously withdrawing his edition, the New York publisher promised to pay Derby & Jackson a royalty in trust for the author on all copies sold.

In the summer of 1865, Mr. Derby was sitting in his office one morning, when a lady was announced. She was closely veiled, but he recognized the voice to be that of Augusta Evans. She was accompanied by her brother, who had been wounded, and with the assurance that his wife was an excellent nurse, the good publisher insisted that both should go at once to his house. He also ventured to hint that a change in the fashions since they had last met, made additions to her wardrobe desirable, and being informed that she had lost everything by the war, told her of the large amount subject to her order from the sale of "Macaria."

Miss Evans' next venture was "St. Elmo," the clever travesty, "St. Twelvemo," which it elicited (in which the author endeavors to account for the conjunction of culture and rusticity in the barefooted heroine upon the supposition that she had "swallowed a dictionary"), accentuating its success. Its sale was tremendous, and hamlets, hotels, steamboats, and country seats were named in its honor. It contains a description of the Taj Mahal at Agra, in India; and a traveller visiting the tomb, discovered a Parsee boy in its shadow, reading the London edition of the book.

For "Vashti," which followed, the author received a check for $10,000 while it was still in manuscript. Soon after its appearance, she married Mr. M. L. Wilson, a prominent citizen of Mobile, and during her married life, wrote "Infelice," and "At the Mercy of Tiberius." The last, which she thinks contains her best work, called for much criticism, on account of an electrical phenomena (lightning photography), which she introduces. Of late, however, the author has received letters from strangers, both in England and America confirming the truth of the statements which had been ridiculed by her reviewers as "scientifically impossible."

Of her literary method, Mrs. Wilson says: "I never begin a story until it has completely unfolded itself in my mind; and I could write the last chapter as easily as the first. As a rule, I work slowly, revising and re-revising, and my manuscripts, when sent to the publisher, are free from erasures."

Although she has withdrawn from society, she is at home every Tuesday to her friends, when strangers, too, are warmly welcomed. Many of these bring from distant points cheering accounts of the good her books are accomplishing; and no visitor of distinction ever leaves Mobile without having paid his respects to the noted writer. While not a member of any club, she is fully abreast of the times, taking an interest in all of the issue of the day. Together with the better class of the women of her section, she is opposed to female suffrage, "desiring no rights which have not always been the dowry of Southern womanhood, and is in short, a refined, cultured, unaggressive, womanly woman, not in revolt against manhood, nor against any law, human or divine."

Since the publication of her last book she has had a severe illness, from which she has only partially recovered, and whether she will continue her work, so successfully resumed, will depend upon the state of her health.

The letters which pour in upon her from all quarters, however, together with the phenomenal sale of her novels, convince her that the public heart is still true to her, and prove—were proof necessary—that the principle which insures perpetuity of existence, eludes alike the dissecting knife of critic and anatomist.

GILBERTA S. WHITTLE.

The Richmond

STARTS ITS

First Semi-Annual Sample Shoe Sale To-Morrow.

The United Shoe Manufacturing Company make hundreds of pairs of sample Shoes each season. Their drummers use them for a short while, and then they are divided amongst their stores. These samples are truly models of beauty, the highest art in shoemaking, and the very finest in materials are only used.

$4 would sell them slowly, but that is not our intention. We want to dispose of them quickly, make hosts of new friends, and add to our good record, and so we offer 750 pairs of Gentlemen's finest samples, $4 values, at

$2.50.

The Richmond,

611 East Broad St.,

Your Best Men's Shoe Store.

JAC. WILSON, M'g'r.

A New Store

With an Expertly Selected Stock of

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Wall Papers, Upholsteries. Etc.

It is not altogether as strangers that we seek the patronage of the people of this city, because many of you have long been customers of our big establishment in Washington.

We have simply brought the goods you admire—the goods you have learned to have confidence in—nearer to you for your greater convenience and better satisfaction in dealing with us.

The New Store's stock includes all that's best and newest in Carpets, Rugs, Mattings, and other Floor Coverings, Draperies, Lace Curtains, Wall Papers, Upholsteries, etc.; also, Antique and the Arts and Crafts Furniture.

The same price advantages enjoyed by the Washington public will be extended purchasers at this store, and those advantages are such as only a house of our great purchasing facilities can extend.

We ask of you all a share of your patronage, and hold forth every possible assurance of satisfaction.

W. B. Moses & Sons.

808 East Main Street.

Florida's Orange Crop.

(New York Commercial.)

An important piece of news is contained in the Commercial's dispatches from its Tampa (Fla.) correspondent this week. "The acreage is increasing rapidly," he says, "and a great many new orange groves are being put out all over South Florida."

Prior to "the year of the freeze" Florida's orange crop went up to 6,000,000 boxes a season. It fell to a few hundred thousand, and our correspondent estimates that this year's production will be 1,500,000. The demand for Florida oranges, which were the particular joy of epicures before the California navels reached their present degree of perfection, still continues uninterruptedly and they find a ready market at good prices. Confidence is being gradually restored in the Peninsula as a fruit-producing State, and no doubt much of its ancient glory and prestige will be regained.

Our correspondent reports that the production of grape fruit this season is the largest the State has known either before or since the freeze, and that more attention will be devoted to this popular fruit hereafter.

Dr. Van Dyke's Prayer.

(Philadelphia Medical Journal.)

We have heard a good story—and one that seems to be well authenticated—about Rev. Henry Van Dyke, the novelist and poet, and Mr. Bok, the editor of a well-known, popular journal in Philadelphia. It seems that Mr. Bok wanted to find some one to write him a prayer, suited for the Christmas season, for publication in the Ladies' Home Journal; and, not unnaturally, he selected Dr. Van Dyke, who has an enviable literary record. The prayer was written and published, and Mr. Bok remitted for it with a check for a goodly sum. But the author of the prayer returned the check, not because he was dissatisfied with the amount, but because he did not wish to be paid for saying his prayers. Whereupon Mr. Bok, not wanting to keep what he apparently considered to be another man's conscience money, handed it over to the Home for Crippled Children in this city.

It is to be supposed now that all parties to this transaction are happy (especially the crippled children), and even the most confirmed skeptic will not deny that that particular prayer bore fruit. The incident is highly creditable both to Dr. Van Dyke and Mr. Bok.

Pink Carnations.

85c. per dozen. Roses, cut flowers, violets, etc. Bouquets, Designs, and Cut Flowers shipped to any point.

W. A. HAMMOND,
No. 107 east Broad street.

You Can't Make a Silk Purse Out of a Sow's Ear

Nor can you make good flour out of damaged, unsound wheat. The year 1902 will go down in history as the year when the wheat crops of the world suffered by a wet harvest. The wheat crops of Europe and South America, as well as this country, were badly damaged by excessive rains during harvest time. Good, dry wheat is scarce and commands a premium. We have carried large stocks of it—have hustled to get it and paid the premium for it. We cannot afford to use inferior wheat, as we have the reputation of "DUNLOP PATENT" flour to maintain.

The users of it are so accustomed to the delicious bread and pastry it makes, that it would be suicidal for us to risk using unsound wheat, even in the smallest quantity.

DUNLOP PATENT is the very best flour made. It makes more bread, whiter bread and more wholesome bread than any other flour. It is sold on four continents, and is made right here in Richmond. Your grocer sells it. Accept no substitute.

GOSSIP IN MONTEREY

THE STAUNTON AND PARKERSBURG TURNPIKE TO BE REPAIRED.

POCAHONTAS TO HELP.

This is a Bid for Highland Traffic and Will Have Its Effect—Death of Peter Michael—Rev. Stuart Ryder Ill—Personal News.

MONTEREY, VA., January 24.—(Special.)—The people of Pocahontas county, through their officials, have indicated some appreciation of the Highland trade by entering into a contract with J. Hull Kramer, a former citizen of this county, for repairing and keeping up that portion of the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike from the line between the counties—top of Alleghany—westward to Travellers' Repose, or Durbin, the point on the Greenbrier Branch of the Chesapeake and Ohio, which bids fair to become one of the shipping points for the counties lying along the State line. Since the toll-gate system was abolished in West Virginia, that portion of the old 'pike from the State line to the western base of Cheat mountain has been almost totally neglected. Across Cheat mountain it is said to be practically impassable, with stones of a half-ton in weight lying in the roadbed, making travel not only uncomfortable but dangerous.

The steps just taken by Pocahontas, looking to the improvement of the Alleghany section, is a bid for Highland traffic, and it will unquestionably have great weight with our people, as well as some of those in Pendleton, whose claim for a better road to Harrisonburg has been disregarded by the authorities of Rockingham county. The difference in distance for the Franklin trade is but a few miles, with a down-hill grade on the "home-stretch," which is decidedly in favor of Durbin.

MANY OLD PEOPLE DYING.

The indications are that when this winter's mortuary list is completed the larger proportion of the names will be those of our oldest people. Already several have been called, the name of Mr. Peter Michael being added to the list this week. He was a very old man, honored and respected. His home was in Bullpasture mountain, and the funeral took place from McDowell Presbyterian church.

Rev. Stuart Ryder, an octogenarian, whose home is near the Bath Highland line, is critically ill, and the announcement of his death would not be a surprise at any time.

Another death, the report of which was somewhat belated, was that of Mr. John Botkin, also an eastern Highland citizen and an ex-Confederate, who had passed the limit of three-score and ten.

The concert, gotten up by local talent and billed for Friday night, came off as advertised, and was a success. The receipts were about $45.

Will Simmons, a youth of this neighborhood, who was indicted for disturbing religious worship at Thorny Bottom last fall, was examined before Justice Wilson on Thursday. The charge was not well sustained and the fine imposed was only $2.50 and costs.

THE HOLINESS PEOPLE.

Revs. Heironimus and Brown, "Holiness" leaders, are holding services three miles south of Monterey, in a tenant house, on the land of Mr. Don Sullerberger.

Rev. J. C. Johnston, for several years pastor of the McDowell and Williamsville Presbyterian churches, left to-day for the new field to which he has been called—Richmond church, Greenbrier Presbytery. Mr. Johnston's pastorate of the two churches in eastern Highland has been acceptable in the fullest sense, and our people are grieved at parting with him.

Miss May Slavin, after a month's visit to her parents here, has returned to Princeton, W. Va.

Miss Abbie Fleisher, of Meadow Dale, in this county, is now in Staunton, and will visit Culpeper county before returning.

THAT POINT TO POINT RACE.

Warrenton Horse Lovers Already Preparing for the Great Event.

WARRENTON, VA., January 24.—(Special.)—While no formal notice has been given of the annual point-to-point race which will mark the close of the hunt season, yet even at this early date, it is being discussed in horse circles with no little degree of interest, and the event promises to add still greater fame to the Warrenton Hunt Club, under whose direct control it will be held. The necessary qualifications for entry in this great sporting contest is membership in the Warrenton Hunt Club. No others are admitted, except farmers over whose lands the members of the club have ridden. The latter class always close the day with what is known as the "Farmers' Race."

It is generally ludicrous to the extreme, and yet, too, not without considerable interest. It often happens that it introduces to the horse connoisseur a green hunter whose promising qualities are not visible to any except the trained eye, and in the event of such happening, a sale generally follows, and at a satisfactory price to the farmer, who, perhaps, would not have realized as much had it not been for this opportunity to show his horse before such an appreciative and large gathering. The prizes in the hunt races are generally handsome silver cups to the winner in the heavy-weight and light-weight hunter classes. In the farmers' race, a small entry fee is required, the total of which goes to the winner. "Clifton," the magnificent country estate of Major Robert P. Barry, will no doubt again be the scene of this exciting and interesting event. The rolling hills and various commanding eminences, from which a fine view can always be obtained, causes this point to be admirably suited for a cross-country run. The course, as formerly, will be about four miles. The event will not lack its social features. Already numerous coaching parties are promised, and prominent visitors in social circles from far and near will be here in larger numbers than on any previous occasion of this character.

On this gala occasion, which will be no exception to the rule, the day's gayeties will come to a close with a brilliant german at night. It is now whispered that in beauty and splendor it will be a social event that will long live in the memories of the society-going folks. It is to be given by two of Warrenton's most popular society leaders. Of one it can be said that her charms do not end as a favorite in social circles, but as an equestrienne she has few equals. In the show ring she has long since been prominent, and on her great hunters, not a few blue ribbons have been awarded her at the leading shows in the East. Mr. Charles H. Hurkamp, of Fredericksburg, has in training at R. W. Daniel's, near here, several of his fine hunters, including Hornpipe, a blue-ribbon at many shows. His horses will figure prominently in the great race.

Marconi's Latest.

(New York Tribune.)

Marconi's performance on Monday differs from that of a month ago in degree, not in kind. He has increased the distance over which he has sent messages from 2,300 to 2,500 miles. That, however, as the world now realizes, was only a matter of additional horse power. He has not yet shed any new light on two important phases of the subject. The experiments at Cape Cod do not reveal the possibility of excluding accidental or intentional interference from outside. Neither do they prove that communication by wireless telegraphy will be absolutely secret. These things may come in time, and, in view of the rapid progress made in the last two years, no one has a right to be impatient. Still, the utility of the system is going to depend largely upon the clearing up of uncertainties like these. Just now, therefore, it is difficult accurately to outline the field of usefulness that this great invention is likely to occupy.

HAIR GROWTH

Promoted by Shampoos of Cuticura Soap

And Light Dressings of Cuticura

This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, destroys hair parasites, stimulates the hair follicles, loosens the scalp skin, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

TORTURING DISFIGURING HUMOURS

Speedy Cure Treatment.

Bathe the affected parts with hot water and CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without hard rubbing, and apply CUTICURA OINTMENT freely, to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and lastly take CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, to cool and cleanse the blood. This pure, sweet, and wholesome treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure of the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humours, eczemas, rashes, and irritations, from infancy to age, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN USE

CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

TO BE FREED MONDAY.

TERM OF THE REV. J. E. RIDDICK EXPIRES TO-MORROW.

WILL ENGAGE IN FARMING.

So Says Report in Brunswick County—A History of the Unfortunate Affair in Which Dr. Temple Lost His Life.

LAWRENCEVILLE, VA., January 21.—(Special.)—The release of the Rev. J. E. Roane Riddick on Monday next from the penitentiary has awakened the keenest interest in the awful tragedy in which he figured more as a mad man than as a rational being, and our people, who once knew and loved him as their spiritual adviser, are wondering how he will start life anew—what are his plans for the future. At the time of his deadly assault he was the minister in charge of the South Brunswick Methodist circuit, and was honored and respected. About 7 o'clock in the morning Sunday, March 11, 1900, he rode to the residence of Dr. William H. Temple, his family physician, and knocked at the front door. The Doctor, who was still in bed, arose, opened the door, and extended him his hand. Instead of receiving it Mr. Riddick drew a pistol and fired at the Doctor as he retreated down the hall; then following the Doctor, overtook him in the back yard, and shot two or three times, mortally wounding him. He then rode to the home of Dr. R. S. Powell and informed him of what he had done, after which he went back to the parsonage, where a little while before had left his sick wife.

Dr. Powell found the wounded man in a most critical condition, and, though he and other eminent physicians did what could be done to relieve the sufferer, he died one week later.

TOOK HIM TO THE WOODS.

Mr. Riddick was arrested immediately and brought to this place, but his crime had aroused such feeling that the court officers deemed it advisable not to confine him in jail, but to have him guarded somewhere unknown to the infuriated friends of Dr. Temple. So the sheriff and guards took him to the woods and there kept him several nights.

GREAT LEGAL BATTLE.

After the excitement had somewhat abated he was brought to jail and kept until his trial at the May term of the county court. The trial lasted two weeks, and was the most brilliant legal battle ever witnessed here. The lawyers were evenly matched, and among the ablest of the State. The defence pleaded insanity. The Commonwealth contended that the prisoner was sane and guilty of a wilful, premeditated murder. The trial resulted in a hung jury, nine being for a verdict of murder of the first degree and three for acquittal. This announcement was made Saturday morning, June 7th. The jurymen were ordered to their room, and told that they would be kept together several days before they were discharged. Monday morning they again reported to the court that they were unable to agree. The leading counsel for the defence asked them, if possible, to reach a verdict; that the prisoner had exhausted his means, and that a compromise verdict would be much more acceptable to his client than no verdict. The jury retired, and soon brought in the anomalous verdict of guilty, "and we ascertain his punishment at three years in the penitentiary," in justice to the attorney for the Commonwealth, I will state that he protested against a compromise verdict.

WILL ENGAGE IN FARMING.

Mr. Riddick is now believed to be perfectly sane, but what prompted him to commit the brutal crime will probably never be known. He is very deaf, and may have misunderstood what his wife or the doctor said. Your correspondent is informed that he recently said he made a fearful mistake, that if he had only known then what he now knows he would never have acted as he did.

The verdict caused much comment, and was most unsatisfactory. Even in the court-room there were threats of lynching. But time has softened public sentiment, and the punishment which seemed so inadequate then, now, when it is remembered that a minister of education and social position has been for three years striped as and confined with the lowest and worse criminals of the State, appears terrible. His crime was awful—his sufferings more than any can understand.

His brother, I learn, has purchased a place for him near Richmond, and he will farm after his liberation.

THE GORDONSVILLE PEOPLE.

Sale of "Breitstein"—Newton Lockwood Buys Some Fine Horses.

GORDONSVILLE, VA., January 24.—(Special.)—It is reported on what seems good authority that Mr. Strother Newman has bought the fine estate known as "Breitstein," owned by the heirs of the late General James G. Field, near town. It is understood that the price paid was $10,000.

Surveyors are still at work making surveys in and around town. Rumor has it that the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company contemplate making Gordonsville an end of a division.

Mr. Newton Lockwood purchased a very fine span of sorrels at the Newman sale on Tuesday. He also purchased "General," the fine imported hackney stallion, formerly owned by Mr. Newman.

Miss Nellie Carpenter is visiting her cousins, Misses Josephine and Norma Faulconer, and will later visit relatives in Madison.

Captain J. W. Lockwood, of the American Bank of Orange, visited his brother, Mr. Newton Lockwood, of the Gordonsville Bank, on Wednesday.

Mr. W. L. Beckham has been spending the week with relatives in Washington.

Mr. Lawrence Wright, after a protracted visit to Essex county, has returned to the home of his father, Captain George Wright.

Captain C. L. Scott, of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway, has been spending the week with his father, Major W. C. Scott, in the city.

Mr. B. F. Weaver has been quite sick several days this week.

Miss Gertie Davenport has been somewhat indisposed several days this week.

Mrs. E. W. Bowen, who has been sick for some days, is much improved.

Mr. E. W. Bowen is on a visit to his mother and sister in Knoxville, Tenn.

Mr. L. H. Riney, of Grafton, W. Va., is here on a visit.

Mrs. F. Brisco is sick.

Drunkenness

IS A DISEASE!

"Will-Power" Will Not Cure It.

Drink is the greatest curse of mankind. Many a young man of greatest promise has found the dishonored grave of a drunkard instead of an honorable place in society.

Physicians have long recognized that continued indulgence in alcoholic stimulants causes the stomach and digestive organs to become diseased. In the vast majority of cases, therefore, habitual drunkenness is a physical disease, and no amount of mental resolve or "faith cure" will cure it.

"OBRINE" WILL POSITIVELY AND PERMANENTLY CURE THE DRINK HABIT. We guarantee this and will refund the money should the remedy fail. But it never does fail. "OBRINE" is tasteless, odorless and harmless, and can be given without the patient's knowledge in tea, coffee, water or food. Restores up the shattered nerves and gives a hearty appetite and good digestion.

Members of the W. C. T. U. and temperance people and public men all over the country endorse this wonderful remedy.

Rev. Tom G. Ryan, D.D., of 3 Grant Place, Washington, D. C., writes: "I can say that I have found Obrine a most powerful remedy for the drink habit. I have recommended it to many and have never had one to return for a second treatment."

IS YOUR SON, HUSBAND, FATHER, BROTHER, SWEETHEART, OR FRIEND INTEMPERATE? Do you want him to be? Do you want to be the means of his going to a drunkard's grave? Do you want to be the means of his being a miserable, worthless, whiskey-soaked, brain-addled, heart-broken, disease-racked, nerve-wrecked, money-less, home-less, friend-less, hope-less, God-less, soul-less drunkard? If not, why not help him to be a sober, industrious, upright, Christian gentleman, a loving husband, a kind father, a dutiful son, a true friend, a good citizen, and a joy to his family and his friends? Why not help him to be all this when you can do so by simply giving him a few doses of Obrine in his tea, coffee, water or food, without his knowledge, and be sure that he will be all this? Why not do this when it will cure his drunkenness and when he will not know you have done it? Why not do this when it will cure your husband, father, brother, sweetheart, or friend of the awful curse of drunkenness, when it will make him a sober, industrious, upright, Christian gentleman, and when he will never know that you have given him the means of becoming all this? Why not do this when it will cure your husband, father, brother, sweetheart, or friend of the awful curse of drunkenness, when it will make him a sober, industrious, upright, Christian gentleman, and when he will never know that you have given him the means of becoming all this? Why not do this when it will cure your husband, father, brother, sweetheart, or friend of the awful curse of drunkenness, when it will make him a sober, industrious, upright, Christian gentleman, and when he will never know that you have given him the means of becoming all this?

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