

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, : : : KENTUCKY.

An American woman living in Manila writes that the two greatest deprivations that she and her American friends have to undergo are fresh fruit and sweet milk. There is no berry of any sort to be had and no small fruit. There are plenty of bananas, but they have an insipid taste.

The present population of the province of Tumase, Fern, is 5,000 souls, in sad contrast with its former prosperity, when 300 miles of canal on either bank of that river furnished occupation for 80,000 agriculturists alone. Vestiges of roads and aqueducts are found throughout the country.

Senator Harris, a member of the committee on privileges and elections, rarely speaks out in meeting. Days pass without a comment falling from the lips of the Kansas statesman. He is said to be even taciturn among his close friends. Senator Harris was born in London county, Va., and was graduated at Columbian college.

The population of India is about four times that of the United States, while the latter has about double the area of the former. The bulk of the people are employed in agriculture. Each man rears, generally, but a few acres. There are, of course, occasional large plantations run by a rich man or Rajah, but they are exceptional.

Some curious secrets as to matrimony are seen in the following statistics: May and November are the most marrying months. Fewer people are married in March than in any other month. When bachelors marry widows the widow is generally the older, but when widowers marry maids the maid is usually the younger.

Sunny Slope, Cal., enjoys the distinction of being the largest vineyard in the world. It is situated amid the most beautiful scenery of that favored land, two miles from San Gabriel. Of a total of 1,900 acres, 735 are devoted to grape vine, the remainder being distributed among orange trees (of which there are 12,000), lemon and olive trees.

The first electric launch to be used in the canals of Venice, Italy, has been delivered from England. The launch, which is called the Alessandro Volta, will accommodate fifty passengers. Its length is about fifty-six feet and width ten feet. It is equipped with a storage battery of 100 cells and will travel at a speed of about nine miles an hour.

In Berlin the police authorities control many little things about which the police of American cities would not concern themselves once in a thousand years. Three courts decided recently that if the Berlin police judged any particular color scheme of a house to be improper or too gaudy or in bad taste, otherwise they could order the painter to change it.

No member of the house is more particular with his correspondence than Representative Bradley, of New York. He makes it a point to answer every letter the same day it is received. The letters he receives are carefully filed away. He believed in preserving all correspondence no matter how insignificant, for, as he says, it often happens that what may appear as a trifling note may at some time be of great value in more ways than one.

After nearly half a century of newspaper and literary work in this country Mrs. Jennie June Croly will soon leave for England, the land of her birth, where she intends to pass the remaining years of her life. Mrs. Croly began her newspaper work in New York in 1855, was one of the founders of Sorosis in 1868, was twice elected president of that organization and in 1880 founded and became president of the woman's press club.

Sir Isaac Pitman invented the "vegetarian bed," composed not of feathers, but of mosses, ferns, flowers and hay. This bedding material, commended as healthy and health-giving by many doctors and others, has become famous in vegetarian circles, and deserves to be more widely known. "It smells like ozone," is the testimony of more than one physician, and many say that sleeping upon it "gives rest to brain and mind."

Coal and wood will be superseded by electricity in the twentieth century kitchen. The electric oven bakes bread ideally, and meats prepared by it do not require watching or basting, while broiling or frying may be done in superior style. The electric chafing dish is attachable to an ordinary light wire; the current is turned and immediately the cysters begin to stew or the eggs to frizzle. In the electric kitchen there will be no coal, no ashes, no smoke, no fuel, and not even a battery.

Not many authors have had a larger income from their books than the celebrated English author, John Ruskin. For the past thirteen years his copyrights brought him an average of \$20,000 a year. They must continue a valuable property, though the earlier writings will, of course, be anybody's in seven years. A careful estimate shows that Ruskin's best selling book has been "Sesame and Lilies." After it would come "A Crown of Wild Olive," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Unto This Last."

MY FARMER LAD.

We may be poor in worldly goods,
My farmer lad and I,
But I am one who envies none
That live beneath the sky.

I never sailed a foreign sea,
Nor trod an alien shore,
But who has soul to read the whole
That lies about his door?
The wind that ripples through the wheat,
The shadows in the brook,
The flight of birds; they all are words
In God's great spelling book.

And these are ours, to love and learn,
Although our farm is small;
The best things need no title deed,
The sunshine is for all.

Beside our hearthstone dwells content;
No luxuries have we;
If I am glad to please my lad,
It is enough for me.
Two sturdy little folks are mine;
Who romp and laugh and grow;
One stops her play, to come and say:
"Mamma, I love you so!"

Their father pauses, hoe in hand,
To watch his darlings, too.
Come kiss me, lad, my heart is glad
While I have them and you.
—Fanny Petree Iddings, in Farm Journal.

FOUND IN THE PHILIPPINES
A stirring story of Army Life in the Philippines
[Copyright, 1899, by F. Tennyson Nesley.]

CHAPTER III.

A day had dawned on the Presidio Heights as brilliant as its predecessor had been dismal. A soft south wind had kept the fogs of the Pacific far out to sea and cleared the summer sky of every wisp of vapor. The sun of early August shone hot and strong upon the sandy wastes between the western limits of the division camps and the foamy strand beneath the low bluffs, and beat upon the canvas homes of the rejoicing soldiery, slacking cloth and cordage so that the trim tent lines had become broken and jagged, thereby setting the teeth of "Old Squeers" on edge as he gazed grimly from under the brim of his unsightly felt hat and called for his one faithful henchman, the orderly. Even his adjutant could not condone the regimental commander's objectionable traits, for a crustier old villain of a veteran lived not in the line of the army.

"Old Canker" the troopers had dubbed him during the few years he had served in the cavalry, transplanted from a foot regiment at the time of the reorganization, so-called, of the army in '74; but a few years of mounted duty in Arizona and later in the Sioux country had sickened him of cavalry life and he gladly accepted a chance to transfer back to the infantry. Now, 20 years after, risen by degrees to the grade of lieutenant-colonel, he found himself in command of a famous old regiment of regulars, whose colonel had donned the stars of a general officer of volunteers, and the pet name—save the mark—of cavalry days had given place to the unflattering sobriquet derived from that horror of boyish readers—the ill-favored schoolmaster of Dotheboys hall. He had come to the—teenth with a halo of condemnation from the regiment in which he had served as major and won his baleful name, and "the boys" of his command soon learned to like him even less than those who had dubbed him "Squeers," because, as they explained, there wasn't any privilege or pleasure he would not "do the boys" out of if he possibly could. Gordon had promptly tendered his resignation as regimental adjutant when his beloved colonel left the post to report for duty in the army destined for Cuba, but Lieut.-Col. Canker declined to accept it, and fairly told Gordon that, as he hadn't a friend among the subalterns, there was no one else to take it. Then, too, the colonel himself added a word or two and settled the matter.

A big review had been ordered for the morning. An entire brigade of sturdy volunteers was already forming and marching out by battalions to their regimental parades, the men showing in their easy stride and elastic carriage the effects of two months' hard drill and gradually increasing discipline. The regulars were still out in the park, hidden by the dense foliage and busy with their company drills. The adjutant and clerk were at their papers in the big office tent, and only the sentries, the sick and the special duty men remained about the body of camp. There was no one, said Private Noonan to himself, as he paced the pathway in front of the colonel's tent, after having scrupulously saluted him on his appearance: "No wan for the old man to whack at, barrin' it's me," but even Canker could find nothing to "whack at" in this veteran soldier who had served in the ranks since the days of the great war and had borne the messages of such men as Sheridan, Thomas and McPherson when Canker himself was sweating under his knapsack and musket. Like most men, even most objectionable ones, Canker had some redeeming features, and that was one of them—he had been a private soldier, and a brave one, too, and was proud of it.

But life had little sunshine in it for one of his warped, ill-conditioned nature. There was a profound conviction in the minds of the company officers that the mere sight of happiness or content in the face of a subordinate was more than enough to set Canker's wits to work to wipe it out. There was no doubt whatever in the minds of the subalterns that the main reason why Squeers was so manifestly "down on" Billy Gray was the almost indestructible expression of good nature, jollity and enthusiasm that had shown in the little fellow's face ever since he joined the regiment. "If we call the old man Squeers we should dub Billy Mark Tap-

ley," said Gordon one day, when the lad had laughed off the effect of an unusually acrimonious rasping over a trivial error in the guard report book. "He's no end kind when a fellow's in a fix," said Gray, in explanation, "and all the time he was soaking me I was thinking how he stood by Jimmy Carson in his scrape"—a serious scrape it was, too, for young Carson, detailed to escort certain prisoners to Alcatraz and entrusted with certain funds to be turned over to the chief quartermaster of the department, had unaccountably fallen into a deep sleep aboard the train and awoke to find both funds and prisoners gone. Explanations were useless. The commanding general would listen to no excuse; a court-martial was ordered, and a very worthy young officer's military career seemed about to close under a cloud, when "Old Canker" threw himself into the breach. He had long suspected the sergeant who had accompanied the party in immediate command of the little guard. He hated the commanding general with all his soul, and how it came about no one could thoroughly explain, but one day Canker turned up with indubitable proof that the sergeant was the thief—that he was bribed to bring about the escape of the prisoners, and that he had drugged the fresh spring water he brought in to the young officer after the burning heat of the desert was left behind in the dead of the summer night. Canker even recovered most of the stolen money, for there was a woman in the case, and she had safely stowed it away. Carson was cleared and Canker triumphant. "See what the man can do when his sense of justice is aroused," said the optimists of the army. "Justice be blowed," answered the cynics. "He never would have raised his finger to help Carson but for the joy of proving the general unjust, and a regimental pet, the sergeant—a thief."

Yet Gray reverted to this episode as explanation of his tolerance of Canker's harshness and thereby gave rise to a rejoinder from the lips of a veteran company commander that many a fellow was destined to recall before the regiment was two months older: "In order to settle it, somebody's got to find his life or his commission in jeopardy. Maybe it'll be you, Billy, and I'm betting you won't find Squeers a guardian angel."

Yet on this sunny summer morning, with hope and sunshine and confidence in his handsome, boyish face, Lieut. Gray came bounding up to the presence of the regimental commander as though that sour-visaged soldier were an indulgent uncle who could not say him nay. A stylish open carriage in which were two remarkably pretty girls and a gray-haired, slender gentleman, had reined up in the street opposite the entrance to the row of officers' tents and Canker had ripped out his watch, with an ugly frown on his forehead, for three of his companies had just marched in from drill, and three of their young lieutenants, on the instant of dismissal, had made straight for the vehicle and he half-hopped to find they had lopped off a minute or so of the allotted hour. The sound of merry laughter seemed to grate on his ears. The sight of Gray's beaming face seemed to deepen the gloom in his own. Instinctively he knew the youngster had come to ask a favor and he stood ready to refuse.

"Colonel, I'd like mightily to go over and see that review this morning, sir; and Mr. Prime is good enough to offer me a seat in his carriage. May I go, sir?"

"You can't go anywhere, sir, with the tents of your company in that disgraceful condition. Just look at them, sir! as ragged as a wash line on a windy day," and Canker scowled angrily at the young fellow standing squarely at attention before him.

"I know that, colonel, but the sun did that while we were out at drill, and the men will straighten everything in ten minutes. I'll give the order now, sir," and Billy looked as though refusal were out of the question.

"You'll stay and see it done, sir, and when it's done—to my satisfaction—will be time enough to ask for favors, Mr. Gordon, send word to the company commanders I wish to see them here at once," continued the senior officer, whirling on his heel and terminating the interview by so doing. It was in Gray's mind for a brief minute to follow and plead. He had made it tell many a time with an obstinate universality, but he knew the carriage was waiting—the carriage load watching, and deep down in his heart there was keen disappointment. He would have given a big slice of his monthly pay to go with that particular party and occupy the seat opposite Amy Lawrence and gaze his fill at her fair face. He well-nigh hated Squeers as he hurried away to his first sergeant and give the necessary orders before daring to return to the carriage and report his failure. His bright blue eyes were clouded and his face flushed with vexation, for he saw that the rear-most regiment was even now filing into the Presidio reservation near off to the north, and that no time was to be lost if his friends were to see the review. The distant measured boom of guns told that the general in whose honor the ceremony was ordered was already approaching the spot, and away over the rolling uplands toward the Golden Gate a cavalry escort rode into view. Billy ground his teeth. "Run and tell them I cannot get leave," he called to a fellow sub. "Squeers has set me to work straightening up camp. Turn out the company, sergeant! Brace the tent cords and align tents," and a mournful wisp of his forage cap was the only greeting he dare trust himself to give, as after a few minutes of fruitless waiting, the vacant seat was given to another officer and the carriage rolled rapidly away. A second or two it was hidden from his sight behind the large tent tents upon the line of fence, then shot into full view again as he stood at the end of the company street look-

ing eagerly for its reappearance. And then occurred a little thing that was destined to live in his memory for many a day, and that thrilled him with a new and strange delight. He had never been of the so-called "spoonery" set at the "varsity. Pretty girls galore there were about that famous institute, and he had danced at many a student party and romped through many a reel, but the nearest he had ever come to something more than a mere jolly friendship for a girl was the regard in which he held his partner in the "mixed doubles," but that was all on account of her exuberant health, spirits, general comeliness of face and form, and exquisite skill in tennis. But this day a new and eager longing was eating at his heart; a strange, dull pang seemed to seize upon it as he noted in a flash that the seat that was to have been his was occupied by an officer many years his senior, a man he knew only by sight and an enviable reputation, a man whose soldierly, clean-cut face never turned an instant, for his eyes were fixed upon a lovely picture on the opposite seat—Amy Lawrence bending eagerly forward and gazing with her beautiful eyes alight with sympathy, interest and frank liking in search of the sorely disappointed young officer. "There he is!" she cried, though too far away for him to hear, and then, with no more thought of coquetry than a kitten, with no more motive in the world than that of conveying to him an idea of her sorrow, her sympathy, her perhaps pardonable and exaggerated indignation at what she deemed an act of tyranny on the part of his commander, with only an instant in which to convey it all—her sweet face flushed and her eyes flamed with the light of her girlish enthusiasm—in that instant she had kissed her hand to him, and then Col. Armstrong, turning suddenly and sharply to see who could be the object of interest so absorbing, caught one fitting glimpse of Billy Gray lifting his cap in quick acknowledgment, and the words that were on the tip of Armstrong's tongue the moment before were withheld for a more auspicious occasion—and it did not come too soon.

It was only four days after that initial meeting in the general's tent the foggy evening of the girl's first visit to camp, but both in city and on the tented field there had been several occasions on which the colonel had been in conference with Mr. Prime and in company with the young ladies.



It thrilled him with a new and strange delight.

Junior officers had monopolized the time and attention of the latter, but Armstrong was a close observer and a man who loved all that was strong, high-minded and true in his own sex, and that was pure and sweet and winsome in woman. A keen soldier, he had spent many years in active service, most of them in the hardy, eventful and vigorous life on the Indian frontier. He had been conspicuous in more than one stirring campaign against the red warriors of the plains, had won his medal of honor before his first promotion, and his captaincy by brevet for daring conduct in action long antedated the right to wear the double bars of that grade. He had seen much of the world, at home and abroad; had traveled much, read much, thought much, but these were things of less concern to many a woman in our much married army than the question as to whether he had ever loved much. Certain it was he had never married, but that didn't settle it. Many a man loves, said they, without getting married, forgetful of the other side of the proposition advanced by horrid regimental cynics, that many men marry without getting loved. Armstrong would not have proved an easy man to question on that, or indeed on any other subject which he considered personal to himself. Even in his own regiment in the regular service he had long been looked upon as an exclusive sort of fellow—a man who had no intimates and no many companions, yet, officers and soldiers, he held the respect and esteem of the entire command, even of those whom he kept at a distance, and few are the regiments in which there are not one or two characters who are not best seen and studied through a binocular. Without being sympathetic, said his critics, Armstrong was "square," but his critics had scant means of knowing whether he was sympathetic or not. He was a steadfast fellow, an unswerving, uncompromising sort of man, a man who would never have done for a diplomat, and could never have been elected to office. But he was truthful, just, and as the English officer reluctantly said of Lucretia, whom he hated: "Yes—damn him—he is brave." The men whom he did not seem to like in the army and who disliked him accordingly, were compelled to admit, to themselves at least, that their reasons were comprised in the above-recorded, regrettable, but unmistakable fact—he didn't like them. Another trait, unpopular, was that he knew when and how to say no. He smoked too much, perhaps, and talked too little for those who would use his words as weapons against him. He never gambled, he

rarely drank, he never lent nor borrowed. He was a bachelor, yet would never join a "mess," but kept house himself and usually had some favored comrade living with him. He was 40 and did not look 35. He was tall, erect, athletic, hardy and graceful in build, and his face was one of the best to be seen in many a line of officers at parade. His eyes were steel gray and clear and penetrating, his features clear-cut, almost too delicately cut, thought some of the best friends he had among the men. His hair was brown, sprinkled liberally with silver; his mouth, an admirable mouth in every way, was shaded and half-hidden by a long, drooping mustache to which, some men thought and some women said, his tapering white fingers paid too much attention, but I doubt if a knowledge of this criticism would have led to the faintest alteration in the habit. Generally the expression of Armstrong's face was grave, and on duty a trifle stern; and not ten people in the world were aware what humor could twinkle in the clear, keen eyes, or twitch about the corners of that mobile mouth. There were no five who knew the tenderness that lay in hiding there, for Armstrong had few living kindred and they were men. There lived not, as he drove this glorious August morning to the breezy upland beyond the camps, one woman who could say she had seen those eyes of Armstrong's melt and glow with love. As for Amy Lawrence, she was not dreaming of such a thing. She was not even looking at him. Her thoughts at the moment were drifting back to that usually light-hearted boy who stood gazing so disconsolately after them as they drove away, her eyes were intent upon an approaching group that presently reclaimed her wandering thoughts.

Coming up Point Lobos avenue strode a party of four—all soldiers. One of these, wild-eyed, bareheaded, disheveled, his clothing torn, his wrists lashed behind him, walked between two armed guards. The fourth, a sergeant, followed at their heels. Miss Lawrence had just time to note that the downcast face was dark and oval and refined, when it was suddenly uplifted at sound of the whirring carriage wheels. A light of recognition, almost of terror, flashed across it, and with one bound the prisoner sprang from between his guards, dove almost under the noses of the startled team, and darted through the wide open doorway of a corner saloon. He was out of sight in a second.

Puzzling Orders.

A chemist is making a collection of the queer orders he receives from people who send children to the store for things they need. Here are a few samples of them: "This child is my little girl. I sent you a penny to buy two six-less powders for a grown up adult who is sick." Another reads: "Dear dochter, ples gif beater pennies worse of Auntie Toxya for to garble babi's throte, and oblige." An anxious mother writes: "You will please give the little boy pennut worth of opcae for to throw up in a five months' old babe. N. B.—The babe has a sore stummick." This one puzzled the druggist: "I have a cue pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it." Another anxious mother wrote: "My little baby has cat up its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote quick as possible by the inclosed little girl." The writer of this one was evidently in pain: "I haf a hot time in my insides and wich I wood like it to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it? The inclosed sixpence is for the price of the extinguisher. Hurry, ples."—Pearson's Weekly.

The First He'd Seen.

A captain in a regiment stationed in Natal when paying his company the other day happened to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which, as one would naturally expect, bears the image and superscription of President Kruger. The man brought it back to the pay table and said to the captain: "Please, sir, you've given me a half-crown." The officer took the coin without looking at it, rang it on the table, and then remarked: "It sounds all right, Bagster. What's wrong with it?" "You look at it, sir," was the reply. The captain glanced at the coin, saying: "It's all right, man. It will pass in the canteen." This apparently satisfied Bagster, who walked off, making the remark: "If you say it's all right, sir, it is all right; but it's the first time I've seen the queen with whiskers!"—London Answers.

A Woman's Tear.

The tears of a lovely woman had been a mystery through the ages, but James Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian institution, determined that the secret should be a secret no longer. One day he saw a tear slipping down a lady's cheek and instantly sought to catch it in a small vial which he carried constantly with him. One-half the precious drop escaped, but, having preserved the other half, Mr. Smithson submitted it to reagents, and next day published to the world the fact that it was simply microcosmic salt, with muriate of soda and three or four saline substances held in solution.—Youth's Companion.

Where the Trouble Lay.

"Do you think you can clear him?" asked the devoted wife of the lawyer. "I hope so, ma'am," replied the lawyer, "but I'm afraid—"

"Why, he has lived here all his life," she interrupted, "and knows every one."

"Yes, and every one knows him," rejoined the lawyer. "That's what worries me."—Chicago Daily News.

Locating the Storm.

Benedict (with glance at the heavens as they are leaving the club at two a. m.)—I feel it in my bones that there is a storm brewing.

Bachelor—That's a sensation that we bachelors know nothing about.—Boston Courier.

Blood Humors

Are Cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I always take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is the best blood purifier I know of." Miss Pearl Griffin, Baldwin, Mich.

Eruptions that came on my face have all disappeared since I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured my father of catarrh." ALFRED HAMMILL, Bloomington, Ind.

"I had scrofula sores all over my back and face. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few weeks I could not see any sign of the sores." OTTO B. MOORE, Mount Hope, Wis.

SCORE FOR THE MENU.

He Guesst at the French and Struck Nothing But Eggs and Toothpicks.

Gilson—Next time I take a girl to a French restaurant I won't be so all-fired smooth. I don't eat a dum whether she believes I talk French in my sleep and take a French newspaper, or whether she thinks I don't know a French puddle from a dashboud!

Willits—What's the matter now?

Gilson—Last night I thought if I'd go right down the card and pick out something every couple of inches I'd strike it about right. If there's one thing I can't eat it's hen feet. Well, the first round, we got soup with a dropped egg in it.

"Well, you didn't have to eat it!"

"The next prize package I drew was a plain omelette. I fought shy of it and said I was waiting for the real solid dishes."

"Yes."

"Well, next I got eggs broiled in butter and then egg sandwiches! I couldn't play off forever, and I had to eat 'em."

"Poor old chap!"

"Then I got mad and jumped clear to the last thing on the list for dessert. And what do you think the waiter brought us? Toothpicks!"—N. Y. Press.

"Oh, How Happy I Am."

Writes Mrs. Archie Young, 1817 Oaks Ave., West Superior, Wis.: "I am one more free from that terrible scourge, rheumatism, suffering with over five years. I am so thankful, and pleased to say your '5 DROPS' is the best medicine I ever got in my life. I received it last November, used it right away, the first dose helped me. Many a day I thought I would die before my husband returned from his labor. Since I am free from pain many of my friends are surprised, and say they will send for some of the '5 DROPS'. Sample bottles will be sent to anyone on receipt of 25c. Large bottles, containing 200 doses, \$1.00. For information write, Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 104 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

No Wonder They Fled.

An authority upon chemistry was lecturing before a well-known woman's club and illustrating his remarks with experiments. All went well until he paused a moment and then said: "I'm very sorry, but I must ask any of the ladies who use face powder containing bismuth to leave the room during this experiment, as the gases I am about to set free have a peculiar affinity for bismuth and turn it purple."

Whereupon the entire audience save three courageous sisters rose and fled from the room.—St. Paul Globe.

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Wee are the people—the Bushmen.—Yale Record.

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