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Whether or not you are going to do any papering now—whether or not you buy anything from us—we want to show you our

New Wall Paper Stock

All the newest designs, colorings and patterns are included in this finely diversified collection of elegant wall paper. Won't you come in?

Edward T. Lomas
Cresco, Iowa

The Desire of This Bank is to Help the Child.

We still have \$1.00 each for every child in Howard and adjoining counties, not having an account with us, who will open a savings account of \$2.00 or more; the account to be left at least one year. We pay 4 per cent on all savings accounts and furnish a dandy savings bank with each account. Do not wait, start now, make the first deposit today.

Cresco Union Savings Bank
Capital \$100,000.00
ROBERT THOMSON, Cashier

IF

a check account enables YOU to save only sixty dollars more than you otherwise would each year it means to you as much as the income from a one thousand dollar loan at six per cent. interest.

Isn't that well worth while? Many who are not now saving anything would find a check account the means of accumulating more than sixty dollars a year. Why don't YOU try this plan of getting ahead? Let us help you.

THE BANK OF CRESCO
JOHN FARNSWORTH, PR.



The Cattle Specialist
DR. DAVID ROBERTS, Wisconsin State Veterinarian, 1906-7-8
Do you want a Live Stock Paper a whole year FREE? Do you want the best Veterinary Book published, cloth-bound and fully illustrated, FREE? Do you want FREE the veterinary advice of Dr. David Roberts, State Veterinarian of Wisconsin, 1906-7-8? About these free offers and Dr. David Roberts Veterinary Medicines, ask
For Sale by Edward T. Lomas, Druggist, Cresco

G. MEYER DEN
Dealer in
Furniture, Carpets and Mattings
Undertaking in All its Branches

Dr. John J. Clemmer
DENTIST
Martin Building
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN

Gold Filling.....	\$1.50 up
Silver Filling.....	.75c
Cement Filling.....	.75c
Gold Crowns....	5.00 up
Porcelain Crowns	5.00
Bridge Work \$5 a tooth	
Plates.....	7.50

104 Plain Dealers for \$1

THE FOURTH ESTATE

Novelized by
FREDERICK R. TOOMBS
From the Great Play of the Same Name by
Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

Copyright, 1906, by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

CHAPTER V.
YEAH passed since the eventful night for Wheeler Brand when Nolan made him managing editor of the Advance. In these months Brand made a showing with the paper that was never dreamed of by the owners preceding as being within the range of possibility. Made absolute master of the paper and consequently dictator of its policy, the young man set a pace that the paper's rivals found difficult to equal, much less to outstrip. His exposure of the scandals in the exclusive world of high life insurance finance has thus far proved the most vital reform of his administration. As a result of this crusade, which drove a half dozen leading officials from almost as many companies, the president of the United States stated publicly that "the vast life insurance business of this country is now on the soundest financial basis it has ever had."

But Wheeler Brand in the press of stirring events had not forgotten Judge Bartelmy. In fact, certain activities of that estimable individual were just now under close scrutiny by the one time reporter, who, if he could be prevailed on to speak concerning it, might possibly observe that the judge was very soon to have an opportunity to make a few explanations which would be received with undoubted interest by the public. The young editor's suit for the hand of Judith Bartelmy might be said, since we are dealing with a judge's family, to be in statu quo. She was still waiting for him "to become sane." As she had expressed herself to him. A girl of lofty principles and of decided strength of character, she could not see his duty from his viewpoint. Perhaps it was all quite natural, quite womanly, quite dangerously, that she should subscribe absolutely to her father's side in the momentous case of "JUDGE BARTELMY VERSUS THE PEOPLE, WHEELER BRAND AND THE ADVANCE."

She was loyal to her father, and she was trying to be loyal to her lover, and the task was becoming more and more difficult. Yet she waited, and Wheeler Brand waited, and each prayed that the other would end the ordeal and heal two breaking hearts.

Today we find Wheeler Brand proceeding toward the luxurious Nolan home on a fashionable residential thoroughfare to visit the proprietor of the paper to hand him a statement of the Advance's progress, to discuss matters of editorial policy and to confer regarding a certain development concerning Judge Bartelmy.

At the Nolan home a reception had been announced, hundreds of invitations sent out, but the responses did not encourage Mrs. Nolan in her social aspirations. Society passed her by. That was the whole story in brief. Society, as usual, was ever so much pleased with itself and was too busy to include Mrs. Nolan, Phyllis and Sylvester in its diversions. The husband and father cared very little for society, and no time for it, but he fondly loved the courageous, warm hearted woman who had uncompromisingly shared with him the onerous hardships of his early days, and it was his desire to gratify her ambitions as well as those of his daughter. The fortune he had plucked from Nevada's flinty bosom enabled him to be generous, and he smiled approvingly on every new extravagance of Mrs. Michael Nolan. Therefore if she was socially ambitious she must have her way and be allowed to carry on her campaign for recognition in whatever fashion she chose. Certainly the home he had established was a fitting vantage ground from which to wage a war of dollars against the precipitous embattlements with which the city's Four Hundred had encircled its camp. Palatial in size, the Nolan residence was equally palatial in its furnishings, and only the angle word from the magic lips of a single member of the magic realm of "the aristocracy" was necessary to send monogrammed coaches in long lines to the Nolan doors, to fill the costly rooms with distinguished faces, to fill to overflowing with happiness the yearning heart of Mrs. Michael Nolan.

But the word had not yet been spoken. It was now late in the afternoon at the Nolan home. Phyllis walked across the drawing room, irritation plainly marking her pretty pink and white face. The music of a string orchestra stationed in the conservatory ceased. She addressed a servant who stood at attention at a door at the right which led to the dining room. "Pitcher," she said discourteously, "I don't think any one else will come, so tell the musicians they can go."

"Yes, Miss Phyllis."

At this point Mrs. Nolan came storming in, carrying a huge bunch of hot-house grapes in her hand. "Pitcher, I noticed those caterer men are drinking all the champagne, and I want it stopped," she ordered loudly. Pitcher bowed and went out. "If our guests won't come here to drink it, at least we will drink it ourselves," Mrs. Nolan announced to Phyllis. "Well, we have done it—sent out 400 cards, and who's been here that anybody wants to see? This is the second time we've gone to all this trouble and expense for nothing and nobody, and if you'll take my advice it will be the last."

"Mamma, Pitcher will hear," the girl protested.

The mother bit a grape from the bunch. She dosed the skin and stones in a Sevres vase on the marble mantel.

"Phyllis, what did you have to pay that musician?" she asked.

"Well, his price is a thousand dollars."

"Good gracious!"

"But I got him for \$750. I promised the Advance would help him."

"Seven fifty for playing twice, I'd rather hear the band," Mrs. Nolan bit off another grape.

"You don't understand, mamma. Everybody's wild over that violinist."

"It seems there wasn't nobody wild enough to come here."

"There wasn't anybody," spoke Phyllis, correcting her mother.

"Well, was there?" retorted the mother as she dropped the grape skin in another vase.

"Oh, dear," Phyllis wailed disconsolately as she sent herself before a small stand, "don't rub it in, mamma! I can't help it."

"Now, who's blaming you, child?" consoled the mother. "There, don't cry. I'm not so disappointed about myself, but I can't bear to see you snubbed right and left. You are good enough to go with any of these people, and you shall too. It's that newspaper that's at the bottom of it. People won't have it, or us because of it, and I mean to tell your father so too. And that's why these 'at homes' is no good."

"Are no good, mamma," tearfully.

"Well, are they? It would have been better to put your \$750 into suffragettes. That's what gets you in with the right people—not that I care to vote, but I don't want the men to say I can't."

Sylvester Nolan interrupted the conversation between mother and daughter by appearing before them with his bosom friend, Max Powell, who he believed himself to have the makings of a master poet. It was with deepest pride that the Nolan son presented Powell, long haired, sallow faced and scowling, to his mother and sister. Sallow faced? Indeed, his countenance had that sickly greenish yellow hue that comes from long devouring of the nuses and long abstinence from the devouring of food.

"Hello, mamma!" he cried ecstatically. "Here's a friend of mine I want you to know—Mr. Powell, the poet."

"How do you do, Mr. Powell? You look as if it would be easy for you to write poetry. Do you know, poetry is just sets me wild!"

Sylvester patted Powell on the back.

"Well, this lad's going to make a big noise in poetry some day. Phyllis, you must have heard of Powell. My sister, old man!"

"Won't you have a cup of tea, Mr. Powell?" invited Mrs. Nolan, visibly impressed by the presence of a poet at her home.

Powell started confusedly to utter his thanks. He did not seem over-delighted at the offer.

Sylvester saw the difficulty. "Tea," he exclaimed. "Absolutely for Powell!" Mrs. Nolan expressed her regret at not having any absinth and left the room, followed by Phyllis, to arrange for something for Powell to eat. "Poor fellow! He looks hungry," she whispered to Phyllis.

Sylvester caught the poet by the arm.

"One minute, Powow," he cautioned. "Be sure you don't mention anything to the folks about my little actress friend. I don't want them to know that I am going to take a crack at uplifting the stage. The little girl will be all right. She'll just make your libretto hum. She'll fill it with personality. Build up all those weak places. You know, Powow, there are some. Where's that poem for her? Finished yet?"

"Yes, it's here somewhere," fumbling in a pocket.

"Have you made it amorous for the little girl?"

"Judge for yourself. Of course I tried to write in your vein as well as I could, so that there would be no doubt to the authorship."

Sylvester read the lines:

Oh, Guenevere, now sweet my dear!
My spirit soars in dreams denied,
Worlds beyond worlds with thee, my bride—

"I don't like that much," he announced when he had finished. "Bride! Is it necessary to put that in writing? Besides, it don't sound as if I wrote it. Now, does it, Powow, old chap? Fess up."

"I hope it doesn't sound as if I wrote it."

"I thought you'd see it. Now, change that and it's a knockout drop. Can't you change it now? And I'll send it to the little girl tonight on a bed of orchids. Make it something beginning with 'ruby lips'—you know the sort of guff—and then here and there 'eyes like night, full of delight, something of that order."

Powell sat and wrote for a few minutes. "Here," he finally said.

"Ruby, ruby—rougey lips!" Sylvester glanced over the shoulder of the rising young genius, who read aloud these inspiring words:

So bright and beaming are thine eyes
The very stars twinkle in surprise,
Thy hair so like the dusky night,
Thy kiss so vibrant with delight,
I thrill unto my finger tips,
Oh, ruby, ruby—rougey lips!

Powell literally writhed in agony as he listened to the doggerel.

"It's grand!" cried Sylvester ecstatically. "And now come get your tea. Gee, I'd like to take a crack at being a poet!"

The two conspirators hurried into the dining room as Wheeler Brand and the owner of the Advance came into the drawing room.

"You're right, Wheeler; you're right," Nolan was saying. "This is a better showing than I hoped for. Look in your stocking next Christmas. There'll be something for you. When I got into the newspaper business, Brand, they told me it was the beginning of my finish, that it sucked ten fortunes down for every one it built and no middle aged man ever went into it and came out again without teeth marks all over him. But look at that. He held on to a typewritten statement. 'I'm

pleated for going in twice as much advertising as last year at this time.' Nolan settled himself on a settee. "The big advertisers never get their ads, so long as they are getting returns from them," put in Brand. "Look at Dupuy. Remember how he threatened us and how his clients took their ads. out for two months?"

"Yes, but they put them back again."

"Why? Because they need us more than we need them," Brand laughed.

"Well, he's got something else up his sleeve now," remarked Nolan. "He telephoned that he would come to see me this afternoon."

"Are you going to see him?" Brand asked curiously.

Brand drew a deep breath, stood up erect in the middle of the drawing room and daringly explained the situation to the owner of the paper.

"Bartelmy handles people better than any man in town," he declared. "He has studied the Advance, dissected its position and I will be frank with you—discovered its weaknesses. He knows he can't reach you through your cupidity or political ambition because you lack those qualities. He now realizes that his only hope of influencing us lies in an appeal to us." He hesitated.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Nolan ominously.

Brand found the courage to complete the sentence.

"His only hope lies in an appeal to your family's social desires." Phyllis rose from her seat, her cheeks red with anger—and that's the only reason he has for taking you up."

Mrs. Nolan gave a scream of wrath. Nolan himself, regretting that the unpleasant scene had occurred, rose from the settee and advanced to calm the ruffled waters, but his face was clouded. His serious expression indicated that he was deeply concerned over the frank statements of his managing editor, and one could instinctively feel that he was convinced that Brand had spoken the truth.



"Nobody was wild enough to come here."

"I thought I might as well. He'll be here. Maybe he wants to fire you again." The newspaper owner looked up at Brand and laughed heartily.

Mrs. Nolan and Phyllis re-entered the drawing room, and Brand became the special object of their attentions.

The mother desired to have him print the list of her invited guests who had never attended the reception. Phyllis requested him to print a story about the violinist and was vastly annoyed when Brand informed her that the subject was a matter for the musical editor to attend to.

"And there's something else, Mr. Brand." A look of despair came into Brand's face. "Phyllis went to Miss Bartelmy's musicale the other day, and you didn't even include her name among those present." the mother said.

"Why, I'm sorry. That was an oversight. I assure you, I suppose they made up the usual list in the office."

"I hope it won't happen again," remarked Phyllis indignantly.

"Yes, and the way it's handling this Loris divorce case is all wrong," snapped Mrs. Nolan. "I know Mrs. Loris. She is no better than she should be, and people who live in iceboxes shouldn't throw hot water."

"We have no policy in the Loris

Minneapolis, April 13.—One thousand or more men and women, representing every evangelistic denomination in Minnesota, gathered at the Wesley M. E. Church, Grant street and First avenue south, and amid a baptism of song and prayer opened the fifty-second annual convention of the Minnesota Sunday School Association. Badges and pennants of many colors added a picturesque effect, and bubbling enthusiasm gave token that the session probably will be the most successful in the history of this, one of the oldest state organizations in Minnesota. The association runs back to 1859.

J. H. Martin, Minneapolis, president of the association, presided. The opening song service was led by C. W. Mountain. The song service, which is going to be one of the big attractions during the convention, is to be led tomorrow by Prof. E. O. Excell. Many of the world-famous hymns composed by Prof. Excell will be sung.

The opening session was divided into three parts, the principal meeting being held in the church, while two other sessions were held in the Sunday School room. Both the side meetings were well attended. The main meeting was given over to a three-cornered symposium on "The Sunday School in the Twentieth Century." In which Prof. Geo. W. Davis, of Macalester College, read a paper on "Its Place in Religious Education"; Rev. J. E. Freeman, of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Minneapolis, a paper on "Training Its Workers," and Rev. W. B. Riley, First Baptist Church, Minneapolis, a paper on "Its Value for Evangelization."

In the evening the chief feature on the program was the address of Gov. A. O. Eberhart, who welcomed the delegates. The response to Gov. Eberhart's address will be made by Rev. H. P. Dewey, of this city. To complete the program for the evening W. A. Brown, a noted missionary worker of Chicago, will address the convention on "The Sunday School and the Great Commission."

Dr. Meyer Speaks Tomorrow.
Wednesday, Dr. F. B. Meyer, of London, Eng., president of the World's Sunday School Association, and one of the greatest evangelists of the day, is scheduled to talk on the "World Wide Vision of Sunday School Work." Dr. Meyer has just returned from a long tour of foreign lands and his talk is certain to be of great interest. In London, Dr. Meyer is connected with the same organization that sends Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, out on tour.

First Step in Albany Probe.
Albany, April 13.—The senate finance committee authorized the appointment of a sub-committee to draw up a resolution providing for a general investigation of alleged legislative corruption as recommended by Governor Hughes in his special message.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared for the evening by Electric Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.

Don't let the baby suffer from eczema, sores or any itching of the skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggists sell it.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetite, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunbury, Ohio.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"Judge Bartelmy is first and last a politician," explained Brand.

Michael Nolan bent forward intently. The conversation had now reached a point where he realized an issue of vital importance to himself and to the Advance had been touched on.

"Well, I suppose he has been meddling up to us a little," he began, then paused.

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(To be continued)

MINNESOTA S. S. LEADERS CONVENE

DEVOTIONAL SERVICES MARK OPENING OF GATHERING OF SUNDAY SCHOOL FOLK.

ANNUAL MEETING AT MPLS.

Hundreds of Delegates Assemble To Discuss Religious Endeavors—Governor Eberhart Speaks.

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Kidney Pains In the Back

And all symptoms of kidney disease are cured by DR. A. W. CHASE'S KIDNEY and LIVER PILLS

You have pains in the small of your back. Then you may depend upon it, the kidneys are deranged. Have you any idea of the pain and suffering to which kidney disease leads or of its deadly fatality?

This letter tells of backache suffering, and of cure effected by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills, the only treatment having direct and combined action on the liver, kidneys and bowels.

Mr. A. Fillingim, Wheeler, Ill., writes: "I was a great sufferer from liver and kidney derangement for several years. The pains in the back were almost more than I could endure, and the whole digestive system was upset. Though many medicines were tried, I never obtained permanent relief until I used Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills."

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medical Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by P. A. Clemmer, Druggist

ORIGINAL NOTICE.

In the District Court, Howard County, Iowa, C. P. Nash, Plaintiff.

Robert Brownell and Maria Brownell, his wife, Loretta M. Brownell and her unknown heirs and grantees; Bernhard Cohn and his unknown heirs and grantees; M. Lowentritt & Bros. and their unknown heirs and grantees; S. H. Brown and wife, Mrs. S. H. Brown, and their unknown heirs and grantees, and the unknown claimants and owners of the Northwest One-quarter of Section 7 Township 29 Range 24 and of the North One-half of Northeast One-quarter of Section 12 Township 29 North, Range 12, West of the 5th P. M., Defendants.

You and each of you are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the Clerk of the Court of the said Howard County, Iowa, the Petition in Equity of C. P. Nash claiming that he is the absolute owner in fee simple of the Northwest One-quarter of Section 7 Township 29 Range 24 and of the North One-half of Northeast One-quarter of Section 12 Township 29 North, Range 12, West of the 5th P. M., Defendants.

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And that the defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them, or either of them, be forever barred and estopped from having or claiming any right, title or interest adverse to plaintiff in and to said premises; that the Clerk of this Court be authorized and directed to satisfy said mortgages of record herein referred to, and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable; and also asking to have the costs of this action taxed against any or all persons claiming adversely.

And that unless you appear and answer thereto, on or before noon of the second day of the May, 1910, term of said court, to be held in Cresco, Howard County, Iowa, commencing on Monday, May 16th, 1910, your default will be entered and judgment and decree rendered against you thereon, in accordance with the prayer of said petition.

W. L. BARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

The foregoing Notice is hereby approved and ordered published in the Twice-Week Plain Dealer, a newspaper published at Cresco, Howard County, Iowa, for four consecutive weeks, the last of which shall not be less than ten (10) days prior to the May, 1910, term of said Court.

Dated April 13, 1910.
L. E. FELDPAUS,
Judge of the 5th Judicial District of Iowa.

To Piano Contest Subscribers.
From this time until June 15th, a large number of subscriptions turned in during the piano contest will expire. It has always been our custom as it is with all country newspapers, to continue sending the paper to names upon our list, residents of the county, until notified to discontinue, and this we shall do with subscriptions turned in during the contest. Contest subscription for those at a distance will be discontinued as they expire unless we are requested to continue them.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Feltner*

The Call Of The Blood
for purification, finds voice in pimples, boils, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, all signs of liver trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills make rich red blood; give clear skin, rosy cheeks, fine complexion, health. Try them. 25c at P. A. Clemmer's.

Constipation causes headache, nausea, dizziness, languor, heart palpitation. Drastic physics gripes, sicken, weaken the bowels and don't cure. Doan's Regulents act gently and cure constipation. 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Busy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A Specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Itching Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. Its Rocky Mountain Tea is a double form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER'S DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE