

HUGH AND KITTY.

An Idyl of the Hill Country of Tennessee.

Kitty McKissen looked at her brother and sighed, and the sigh was accompanied by a glance of admiration. Hugh McKissen was certainly a fine specimen of young mountain manhood. Tall and muscular, with a lithe and sinewy form, whose graceful proportions even the half coat, half sack, called "a hunting shirt," could not disguise; a frank and pleasant expression, and a voice that, in spite of a rather nasal tone when its owner was excited, was full and musical—Hugh was worthy of feminine admiration. He was singularly ignorant of his attractions, and, though bold in peril, fearing neither man, bear nor catamount in single fight, was timid in the presence of women, his mother and his sister excepted. The owner, subject to his mother's life right, of a thousand acres of mountain land, of which one-third was rich "bottom," or level land, with horses in stall, cattle in meadow and steers on the hill range, he was at seven-and-twenty a bachelor, while his fellows were heads of families by the time they had come to manhood. He loved his mother and sister, who worshiped him, and he was content.

Kitty McKissen was not his sister, however, nor was she his kinswoman. Eighteen years before, John Markham came there from the east, and bought a little "bottom patch" of sixty acres, and settled on it with his wife. He built a log cabin, set to work awkwardly to cultivate a few girdled acres, and tried to accommodate himself to an unusual position. Folks around, naturally suspicious of strangers, thought he must have done something wrong to make him leave home. He brought books, not over a hundred in number, which the neighbors deemed to be a great library. His house was neat, owing to his young wife's taste. The neighbors said: "It's stuck round with thing-a-majigs till it's a plum sight!" Markham worked hard, and so did his wife, and, soon after their coming, Kitty was born. She was christened Catharine Burnett. Three months after her birth her mother died, and Mrs. McKissen, who had just lost a child of nearly the same age, offered to nurse Kitty—an offer thankfully accepted. But John Markham caught cold by exposure, it settled upon his lungs, and in less than a year he died, leaving his little possessions to his child. Kitty thrived and soon became known as a McKissen, the circuit rider's baptismal certificate to the contrary notwithstanding. She and Hugh, who was a nine-year-old boy when she came, had been brought up together. When she was half grown Peter McKissen was killed by the fall of a girdled tree, and Kitty became the mainstay of the house, for old Mrs. McKissen, who was ten years senior to her husband, had been half paralytic for years, and passed her time hobbling between her bed, the kitchen table and the fireside, where she comforted herself with her cob pipe, frequently refilled. As foster mother, she was the only one Kitty had known, and the love between the two was strong.

Frank and good natured, as well as athletic, Hugh was a popular young man—his fellows accepting his lead and young women receiving his attentions courteously. But he never threw the handkerchief at any particular fair one, treating all with a shy deference. They did not come up to the standing of Kitty, who had inherited some of the refinement of her mother; and who, having read her father's books over and over again, was credited with a vast amount of learning. That kind of knowledge did not interfere with her housewifely qualities, for she was known to be the best cook and baker as well as the best butter maker and neatest housekeeper in the county. Hugh measured all other girls by her Procrustean standard. Besides, Hugh was not matrimonially inclined. His home was too comfortable, and he was in no hurry to bring a strange woman there.

But Mrs. McKissen thought it high time for her son to marry, and spoke to him about it. "What's the need, mother?" he responded. "I'm comfortable, and so are you. Why should I bring a strange girl here—one that ain't used to us and our ways, upsetting things?" "You needn't do that, neither," said his mother.

But Hugh was too obtuse to take the hint and went out to salt the cattle. But he commended with himself as he went. "I might spark Lucy Campbell," he thought. "She's been east to school, and she's a sort of high flyer, but she's pretty. Old Jim Campbell's well off, and he has only young Jim and Lucy. I dunno. I'll speak to Kitty about it. And there she is at the cows, now."

Kitty was there with her milk pails, and Hugh broached the subject at once. She looked up, blushed a little and then looked down and listened. "Lucy Campbell!" she cried. "So, boss! Why don't the cre'tur keep still? Lucy Campbell's a nice girl; a little sharp-tempered, but you're not; and she never turns a hand to anything around the house; but you're not looking for a housekeeper. Give down, boss!"

"Well, there's Nancy Stallins. Nancy's people are not so well off as Lucy Campbell's; but they do say that Nancy is the most industrious girl in the neighbor'd."

"Yes," said Kitty; "yes, she's a worker. She never cleans up her dirt, though; and she—she chews snuff. You don't like tobacco in that way, do you, Hugh?"

me to marry, and I declare, except the two, I can't think of a girl I'd like to have, unless—well, there ain't one." "You stupid!" said Kitty, pettishly. "Eh?" "This Boss is the most stupid cow I ever saw. Now, Bullface!" Aad Kitty stooped with her pail, and began a fresh milking. "See here," said Hugh. "Did you ever see such an uncertain chap as that Si Doss? He's been here four times this week about buyin' a cow, stays around hours at a time, and ain't made up his mind yet. 'Pears to me he don't know a good thing when he sees it."

"There are a good many young men in the same fix, I allow," said Kitty. "Si Doss appears to me not to be one of that kind. He knows what he wants, I fancy." And then, with her filled pail, Kitty moved off to the spring-house. Hugh stood a minute, salt-bag in hand, forgetful of his cattle, when he saw Si Doss riding up, and then dismounting. Si tethered his horse to the pendant limb of a beech tree, and then strode forward. He had the reputation of being the most forward young man in the county; but he had a very embarrassed air now.

"Howdy, Hugh." "Howdy, Si." "Folks all well?" "Yes. Your'n?" "Fus-rate, thank y'. Our best brood sow's sort o' limpish. I allow she's been eatin' somethin' afore we brought her outen the woods."

"Likely." And then the two stood like exhausted receivers. At last Doss broke out: "I've been allowin' to git married." "Yes?" "I'd like you to put in a good word for me."

"Me? Who's the girl?" "Kitty McKissen." "Not-our-Kitty?" "Yes. I'm not quite sure whether she favors me or not. I've been around some, but somehow I ain't got the nerve to speak out. Couldn't you soun' her an' find out?"

"Our Kitty! Why, Si, she's a little girl. She's too young." "She's eighteen year old. I hear Miss McKissen say so. You know, though, I'm to'rabile well-to-do, an' don't owe no man a dollar. I love the very ground she walks on."

"Well," said Hugh, after a pause, "we'll see about it. Anything new?" "There just is. There's a fellow down to the town—a furrier from the east—got up in store clothes an' mighty sassy-lookin', an' he's been inquirin' about John Markham's folks. Sez he's a kin to 'em an' s' gwine to come and hunt up Kitty."

"No! What's his name?" "Calvin Burnett. He's a lawyer where he lives." "Burnett! Must be kin to Kitty's mother. You told him wher she is?" "Yes; and that he comes now, on Sol Dingess's claybank mar'. Can't ride worth shucks, nuther."

It was a sprucey-dressed stranger who rode up, and, leading his mare, came toward them. It was not necessary to tell his kinship, for he "favored" Kitty, as they say in the hills. The same eyes and forehead, but he had a square chin. He explained his business.

"Come into the house, Mr. Burnett," said Hugh. "Kitty will be back from the spring house, presently." Doss was anxious to learn everything, but as no one asked him to remain, went off reluctantly. Presently Kitty came in, and the newcomer introduced himself as her first cousin, the son of her mother's brother.

"Of course," said Burnett, "I am very glad to know a near relative, especially when she's a pretty girl; but I did not come for that. I am here on business. Do you know anything of your father's history?" "No, sir."

"Oh, don't 'sir' me, Kitty; we are own cousins. Call me 'Cousin Cal.' Your father ran off with my aunt, having married her against grandfather's command. Grandfather disowned her, and was very bitter. But when he died, he left one-half of his property to father absolutely, and the other half in trust. The nature of the trust was explained in a sealed paper, not to be opened until after father's death, and to be carried out by his executor. I believe father knew its nature. The trust money increased under my father's prudent management, and that share of the estate amounts to more than what I inherit. It is nearly twice as much. I opened the paper, and the instructions are that I am to pay it over to the heir or heirs of Catherine Markham. I am satisfied, from inquiry, that you are the heir, Kitty, and I am ready to transfer to you, under the proper legal forms, nearly ninety thousand dollars. I congratulate you, Kitty. You will be able to live at the east, as comfortably as possible, on an income sufficient, I suppose, for a single gentleman."

Ninety thousand dollars! The amount dazed Kitty, and struck the McKissens dumb. It was a fairy tale, and the young lawyer looked like an enchanter. Hugh was considered rich there, with less than a fifth of the sum; but ninety thousand dollars! At last Kitty asked: "Mr. Burnett—Cousin Calvin—must I live there to get the money?" "No. You can live where you like; but if you want to enjoy life, the east is the place for you. You are your own mistress, or, at least, will be at twenty-one. In the meanwhile, the court here will probably let you name your own guardian and trustee." "Thank you, cousin. I am glad to know you; glad to have this unexpected fortune, and would be glad to see a place that I've heard so much of. But the only kin I ever knew, though not of my blood, are dear to me. This is my only home. I may visit the east, but I could not stay there." The news of Kitty's wonderful inheritance soon spread. Rumor increased it by an additional cipher. It was heard of with a thrill of awe and envy. It was said that the dashing young "furriner" was to marry Kitty,

and take her away immediately; and Josiah Doss was in the gulf of despair. Hugh knew better, so far as Kitty's views went, but he felt a sinking at the heart. Kitty would stay, but with such a fortune in possession she seemed out of the common sphere.

Burnett, while the legal forms were going on, amused himself by studying this cousin, who was so readily accommodating herself to circumstances and the McKissens, especially Hugh. It required no penetration to see that the latter was in love with Kitty, but seemed not to quite realize his own feelings; and that Kitty loved Hugh, and knew it.

"That young man is bright enough in some things, but very stupid in this," said the lawyer to himself. "I'll play the good genius, for the fun of the thing."

The court, at Kitty's instance, appointed Hugh McKissen her guardian and trustee, to the scandal of the young folk, who thought she should have chosen some older man. Hugh and Burnett had divers conferences, before affairs were over. At one of these the lawyer said:

"What a pretty girl Cousin Kitty is! Don't you think so, Mr. McKissen?" "Ye-es." "She'll make a figure when she gets into society, too. She is one of the rough gems that take to polish kindly."

"M-m!" "The fact is, I admire her more I know her. I must try and persuade her to leave the mountains."

"Kitty McKissen ain't one of that kind," said Hugh. "You heard her say that she would stay here, and she is the one to keep her word."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. McKissen," said Burnett. "Her proper name is Catherine Markham, and she is not likely to change it—in this place. No offense to you; but the name is a good one, and sounds well; but it would sound better if it were changed to Burnett, in my judgment."

And then Burnett walked off, to take a stroll through the hills, leaving Hugh confused and indignant. "Confound his impudence!" cried Hugh. "Mrs. Burnett! He's after Kitty's money. Kitty marry him!"

Hugh walked out to cool himself and met Kitty coming from the spring-house; for Kitty was born to love cows and chickens, and her money had not changed her ways. She nodded. Hugh kept at her side, and as she reached the porch he said:

"I—I want to have a talk with you, Kitty."

"All right. Sit down on the porch, then, and I'll listen."

"Kitty—I—the fact is—"

"Yes?" "The fact is— You don't care for Burnett, do you?"

"Care for him? Of course I do. He brought me good fortune; he's my own cousin, you know, and he's a very nice man, too."

"Are you—going—to marry with him?" "What a question! I suppose you can ask it, as you're my guardian. I don't see how I could; he's not a Mormon, and he has a wife already."

"Oh, Kitty, you know I—"

"Well, I don't know, till I know what it is I know."

"Kitty, I love you." "Of course you do; we were brought up together."

"It's not that, Kitty; but why can't we marry?"

"You never asked me, Hugh."

Hugh asked then with a vengeance. He poured out his feelings in a flood of words. Kitty didn't interrupt him. She liked it. But when he paused for sheer want of breath, she quietly put her hand in his, and said:

"You ought to have known that I loved you, Hugh."

When Burnett came back he divined the state of affairs at once.

"Mr. McKissen," he said, dryly, "I presume that Miss Burnett will have the approval of her guardian in this matter."

Kitty did go to the east, but it was as Kitty McKissen, and with her husband. After their return there was a house put up on the McKissen place, which was the wonder of the neighborhood, both of itself and furnishings.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—For navigating a chain of lakes in Sweden a novel idea is being used in what is called a locomotive steamboat. Between the lakes are rapids. The boat has wheels and a screw propeller, and the power can be applied to either.

—The extraction of oil from grape stones promises to develop into a permanent industry. For a long time it has been known that oily matter was present in considerable quantities in the stones of various descriptions of grapes, but only recently has the question been definitely investigated.

—In Nicaragua the statues of the gods were generally placed at the top of the pyramids, while the natives farther north placed theirs at the summit or in temples. While hieroglyphics are common on idols, walls and pottery, yet the patient researches of our archaeologists have recovered but little of the manners and habits of these aborigines.

—A comparatively new system of construction, the invention of M. Monier, is being applied to the building of houses, bridges, fortifications, reservoirs, sewers, etc. It consists of a network of iron rods covered with cement concrete, and the most remarkable feature in connection with it is the great strength of the constructed material relatively to its weight.

—Algol, the variable star in Perseus, has long been a mystery. Its light remains constant for two and a half days. It then begins to fade, and in less than four hours diminishes to an insignificant star, remaining thus for about twenty minutes, when it regains its former brilliancy. It has long been suspected that a dark body revolved about Algol, and which, coming between us and that star, intercepted more or less of its light.

—The syndicate that was formed in Germany last summer for the purpose of establishing colonies of German farmers in Alabama has procured a tract of land in that state. The work of enrolling the colonists is in progress in Germany, and it is reported that a body of them will be ready to take their departure for Alabama next month. If the first colony, which is to be in Washington county, is successful, other colonies will be rapidly organized, so that within a few years the state may have a large German population.

—A wonderful mystery has always been connected with the propagation of eels, nor is it yet solved. To distinguish the sex of an eel is only possible by means of a microscope. All that is known is that eels are hatched or born in salt water. The shores, bays and inlets swarm with young wigglers, and they are found in great abundance in places like Niagara river, being unable to wriggle up the falls. Unlike the shad and salmon, which go up fresh water streams to spawn, they go down to the salt water to produce their young.

—The largest beekeeper in the world is Mr. Harbison, of California, who has 8,000 hives, producing 300,000 pounds of honey yearly. In Greece there are 30,000 hives, producing 3,000,000 pounds of honey; in Denmark 80,000, producing 2,000,000; in Russia 110,000, producing the same; in Belgium 300,000, producing 5,000,000 pounds; in Holland 240,000, producing 6,000,000 pounds; in France 350,000, producing 23,000,000; in Germany 1,450,000, and in Austria 1,550,000, each producing 40,000,000 pounds of honey. But in the United States there are 2,800,000 hives belonging to 70,000 beekeepers and producing 93,000,000 pounds of honey yearly.

—Prof. Baird, of the Fish commission, thinks that salt-water fish are migratory. If they are reared at a given spot along the shore they will flourish there. The fishermen near Gloucester, Mass., where some experiments were conducted, found that in those places where eggs of cod had been hatched large quantities of this variety, and of about the size which these fish would naturally attain in two years, were to be had in two years after the eggs had been placed there. They came to the conclusion that the fish had returned to their old haunts, and they gave them the name of "The Fish Commission Cod."

THE CANDLE-FISH.

A Wonderful Provision for Lighting the Homes of the Far North.

Of course where it is night people must have some sort of light to see by. Among us, lamps, gas and so on, are used. But what do you suppose people do where there is nothing of this kind? Why, in some places they use one thing; in others, another. In Alaska and other far away lands to the north all they have to do is to set a candle-fish on fire, and they have a good, clear light, which will last more than an hour.

The candle-fish is about ten inches long, and somewhat the shape of our slender smelt. It is very fat, and just the thing to make a lamp of. The natives fasten it in a rude kind of candle-stick, made of strips of white oak, and set it on fire. They light it at the head, and it burns steadily away down to the very tail.

Of all the queer ways to make a lamp to read or sew by, I think this is the queerest. Nature seems to provide almost everything needed by the people in the place where they live. The candle-fish is so oily that it can not be preserved even in alcohol. The nights at the far north are very long, and if it were not for this fish the people would be most of their time in entire darkness. —Our Little Ones.

A Parable For the Times.

An ostrich one day found a bald head lying on the grass, and, not noticing that it belonged to a sleeping middle-aged gentleman who always sat next to the orchestra in the theater, took it to be an ostrich egg and determined to hatch it out at once. The big bird was sitting quietly on the supposed egg and making plans for the education of the little ostrich soon to be born, when, all at once, there was hatched out, not a little ostrich, but a blonde chorus girl, dressed in lilac tights and a green belt. MORAL.—This fable is intended to give a dim and nebulous hint of the varied and fanciful appointments which often stock the interior of a sedate and philoprosopitean.—Jury.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"You say your present boss treats you better than Mr. Smith did?" "Yes, sorr, and oftener."—Epoch.

—She Had Read Them.—Post—"Some fool stole my book of poems." Wife—"He will not carry them far."—Yankee Blade.

—He—"You didn't know I was color blind, did you?" She—"I suspected it from the neckties you wear."—Clothes and Furnisher.

—Texas cowboys recently forced off a train a man who wore a red necktie, which leads us to regret that we haven't any cowboys in the north.—Rochester Post.

—He (deeply smitten and trying hard to interest her)—"Have you—any interest at all in this fad of collecting spoons?" She (wearily)—"I'm trying to get rid of them."—Club.

—Mrs. Slimdier—"Is there anything I can put in your room to add to your comfort?" New boarder—"I notice there is no thermometer on the stove; how do you tell when it is going?"

—Friend of Playwright—"Tell me, now, what do you consider your greatest work?" Playwright—"Getting my plays accepted after they are written."—Boston Transcript.

—"I see you are advertising again for a runaway dog. This is the third time in a single month!" "Yes, bother it! Since my daughter has begun taking music lessons I can't keep a dog in the house."—London Tid-Bits.

—"So you want me to move you?" said the expressman. "Yes." "Does your servant girl know you are going to move?" "Yes." "Well, I'll come around to-morrow and get what she has left."—Washington Star.

—Mr. N. Peck—"I should think you would be ashamed to wear the hair of another woman on your head." Mrs. N. Peck—"Shame yourself, for you wear the skin of another calf on your feet."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Two Likenesses.—Young Billops (feeding his best girl after the theater) "Let me give you a little more of this pudding." Best Girl—"Yes. It so reminds me of you." Young Billops—"Because it's so sweet? Tee-hee!" Best Girl—"And so soft." (Solemn silence). —Brooklyn Eagle.

—A Thoughtful Suggestion.—A group of men stood about an individual who had just been pulled out of the river as he was going down the third time. "Give him some whisky," said one. A marmar came from the nearly drowned man. Some one put his ear down and listened. He said: "Roll me over first and get some of this water out. It'll weaken the liquor."

—An anecdote is related of a certain Methodist parson who was loudly inveighing, before a ministerial assembly, against schools of theology, and finished by thanking God that he had never "rubbed his back up against one." "Do I understand the brother to say that he thanks God for his ignorance?" asked the bishop. "Well, yes, if you want to put it that way," he replied. "Then all I have to add," said the bishop, unctuously, "is, that the brother has a great deal to be thankful for."

WHAT AUTHORS EARN.

A Calling That Does Not Always Yield Rich Returns.

The simple fact is this: Select at random one hundred modern authors, and, unless you hit upon an unusual list, not twenty-five will you find who, if they would tell you, are earning over two thousand dollars a year by their pen. This may sound discouraging, but I think the truth of the assertion will be borne out by any well-posted literary man. The author who earns more is either a particular genius in his line or he resorts to other and incidental kinds of work, such as reading for the publishing houses, editing books or writing advertisements. But let him confine his pen to purely legitimate literature, and he must be industrious and clever to earn the sum stated above. I know it is the fashion to quote fancy figures as the income of certain authors, and in some cases the figures are undoubtedly true. But when figures are cited as the income of the author of good ability and average reputation, be assured that they are biased when they exceed two thousand dollars or at the outside, two thousand five hundred dollars per year. Men like Mr. Howells, Frank Stockton, Robert Louis Stevenson, Bret Harte, Dr. Holmes, of course, are not referred to here. They are exceptions and unquestionably have large incomes. But the rank and file of authors of good repute, having names that are frequently seen and have become familiar, is the class I speak of in this paragraph. I have been taken into the confidence of but a few, and I am not abusing that confidence when I say to the young author: Don't be led into the belief that the literary waters are green with bank notes, or that the average author bears nothing but the clink of the dollar.—Epoch.

Men With Doubles.

Carruthers, a Scotch editor, looked so much like Thackeray that upon one occasion when Carruthers called upon Thackeray the maid who met him at the door laughed in his face because she thought her master in a fit of absent-mindedness had come home and asked for himself. The likeness must have been less remarkable, however, than that between a southern presbyterian minister and the elder of a neighboring flock. The two were constantly mistaken for each other, and finally one day when the elder was in New York he excused himself from an acquaintance upon the plea that he must go and speak to his friend, the minister, advanced toward a large mirror, and was actually about to hold out his hand when he discovered that he had mistaken his own reflection for his flesh and blood double. Both parson and elder have injured their reputation for veracity by telling this unquestionably true story.—N. Y. Sun.

A Promising Youth.

Teacher.—Do you know the difference between right and wrong? Boy.—Now. "If you were to take your little brother's cake from him what would you do?" "Eat it up."—Texas Sitings.



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