

# THE CLARION.

RAYMOND BREAUX, Editor and Business Manager.  
OPELOUSAS, LA. LOUISIANA.

## IRA IN THE CITY.

I wonder what they're doing these delightful days out there, where the good old crisp feelin' comes a-stealin' through the air; I can almost taste the elder that is pourin' from the mill. Seems as though I hear the rustle in the corn shocks on the hill. I can seem to see the pinkies gleamin' yellow on the ground, and the blossoms of the buckwheat with the bees a-buzzin' round.

I wonder if the apples of the old tree by the gate have gathered yet? They always used to ripen rather late; And, gee whizz, how good they tasted, and what lots of juice they had, and the smell that there was to 'em—that alone 'ud make you glad.

Oh, I'd like to be out yonder, where the colts kick up and play, and the folks keep on belivin' that the Lord ain't far away.

I wonder if they ever, as they're workin' in on their feet, Get to thinkin' of where I am—wonder if they ever care?

Oh, I s'pose the old spring bubbles just as cool as ever, As it use to 'fore I ever dreamt of comin' way up here, And the path down from the kitchen, s'pose it's there the same to-day.

And wore down as smooth and bare as though I'd never come away.

I wonder if they ever notice my initials where, Long ago, I cut 'em into all the stable doors out there? And I wonder when they see 'em if they ever think of me, And would like to see me back there where the wind's a-blowin' through the trees, and the Lord's still near the people and they still believe in Him?

I s'pose the summa's crimson and the maple's turnin' red, Just as though I'd never left there with his notion in my head, And the cows I'll bet go wadin' in the middle of the stream, And stand there of solemn, and look fur away and dream, Not a thing has stopped out yonder just because I left one day, And if I'd go back the city'd never know I'd been away.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Wrong Woman.

By Winifred Graham.

I AM quite a young girl, and a lady-librarian by profession. While traveling to various country houses, I have met with many strange adventures, though indexing musty old libraries sounds dry as dust to the casual ear.

Being one of a large family, I revel in the relaxation of work, by which I escape "the trial round, the common task," though often I pine for riches, ease, and idleness.

One bright sunny morning I met an old friend of my father's—Mr. Jessop—who often recommends me to book-collecting "trips."

"My dear," he said, "I've a little job for you, if you like to take it on." My eyes glistened, for at the moment I was "out of work."

"I have mentioned you to a delightful old lady," he continued, "living in a beautiful country house. She is anxious to have her splendid library catalogued by a professional. I warn you she is eccentric, but in a very nice way—so good and kind to everybody, and especially fond of girls."

I thanked him heartily, declaring I loved eccentric people. "Then I will ask her to write to you," he said.

Sure enough, a few days later I received a request to visit Stanley House. But the letter brought with it a sense of disappointment, for Mrs. Shepperton informed me she was going for a short tour abroad, so I could not see her.

"I have a very nice housekeeper," she wrote, "who will look after your comfort. I hope you will make yourself quite at home. The carriage shall meet you at the station."

On my arrival I was greeted with a pleasurable surprise. A lady in purple velvet, with a beautiful lace mantilla swathing her white hair, came across the hall to greet me. She had quaint side curls, and a benign expression. One or two exquisite jewels glittered in her hair.

"My dear," she said, drawing me to the fire, "I never expected to have the pleasure of seeing you, but I have had great trouble with my servants the last day or two. My housekeeper, upon whom I absolutely rely, has been called away to the bedside of a dying friend; and, owing to an unfortunate disagreement amongst the domestics, I find myself very short-handed. I have therefore put off my visit until to-morrow, when my housekeeper returns. I felt it was not quite safe to leave this establishment with no one to keep order."

I tried to be very sympathetic, for the old lady attracted me. She looked at me very admiringly, now and again dropping a compliment that sent the blood tingling to my cheeks.

She told me I talked well, declaring it was a pity I had not seen more of the world. I said that I was one of a large family, and therefore unable to travel. She drew from me involuntarily many of my hopes and aspirations.

"We will have our coffee," she said, "in the Venetian chamber. You are sure to lose your way at first in this house, it is so queerly built. There are strange passages in the walls, which would lend themselves very conveniently to burglars. They are well supplied with small doors in the panels of the rooms. See," she said, drawing a curtain aside as we entered the Venetian chamber, "here is a little door you would hardly observe, even were the curtain absent. The passage behind runs the whole length of the house. It is dark and dusty, and I should not advise you to venture on a voyage of discovery."

"It certainly looks very ghostly," I said, as we sat on a low sofa, comfortably sipping our coffee. The old lady's eyes rested upon me benignly.

"I feel so happy to-night," she murmured. "You have made me realize how lonely my life is." She took my hand and stroked it softly. I half expected to hear her purr. Then came one of the most startling moments of my life.

Mrs. Shepperton, whom that very day I had seen only for the first time, made an amazing proposition. She told me I reminded her very forcibly of a daughter she had lost long years ago. She expressed an intense desire for my company, and begged me to go abroad with her on the following morning.

"It won't be for very long," she declared soothingly. "And I will buy you some lovely Parisian clothes if your wardrobe is insufficient. I will write to your mother to-morrow, and explain what I have done. I am sure she could not possibly mind, especially as we were introduced by a mutual friend."

Somehow I still felt under a spell, and the delightful suggestion proved too tempting. I have always been impressionable and somewhat hot-headed. I fear, assuring myself that my family could have no objection, I joyfully consented to accompany Mrs. Shepperton on her pleasure trip.

As we talked over the many delights of foreign travel, I suddenly started forward, grasping her elbow. "What is the matter, child?" she asked.

"I saw a figure," I gasped, "hiding in that curtain opposite. I could have declared the form of a man stood behind the velvet. The outline of his shoulder showed quite distinctly."

Mrs. Shepperton started up, trembling. "It must have been your fancy," she cried, begging me to look behind the curtain; but, of course, this was useless. Had anyone been there, he would have retired through the panel door into the long, dark passage beyond.

I tried to forget what I had seen, telling myself it was only imagination; but the memory haunted me as I went up to bed.

"Never mind," I thought. "To-morrow you will be far away from the lonely building." I dreamt of the pleasure of wealth and of the many luxuries I was about to enjoy.

The following morning Mrs. Shepperton appeared somewhat depressed at breakfast.

"I want you, if you will, my dear," she said, in her soft, cooling voice, "to do an errand for me on the way to the station. I shall drive in a closed carriage, but you must go round by the town in the victoria, which will be at the door in a few minutes. I need a little spare money for our traveling expenses. Please go to the bank and change this check for £100, which you must bring me in notes."

I took the check, and drove away cheerfully, glad to feel I could do her a service.

The drive was a very hilly one, and the little town nestled at the foot of a steep descent. As the carriage proceeded at a slow pace, a well-dressed man sprang forward, apparently from the hedge, and took off his hat to me.

I felt myself turning very red, for I hardly knew what to do, since he was a total stranger. Before I had time to think, he jumped into the carriage, and seated himself beside me. I nervously grasped the precious check in my hand.

"What do you want?" I asked sternly, quivering with indignation at his impertinent action.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, "but I want that check for £100 which you are going to cash at the bank."

"You may want it," I said, convinced that this was a case of highway robbery, "but you won't get it." "Don't be alarmed," he answered, reading my thoughts. "After all, you are quite right not to give it up. I suppose you are unaware that you are being made the victim of a very cruel trick? I saw you arrive yesterday, and judged by your looks you were not an accomplice, though the accomplices are many of the Mrs. Shepperton, you know. One has played her false, and a very large scheme is about to end in failure."

The old lady who received you so affectionately last evening, and tempted you to accept her invitation of foreign travel, was, strange to relate, the housekeeper, who should have received you according to Mrs. Shepperton's orders. This intriguing woman has effected a most startling disguise, not only annexing her mistress' clothes, but making her appearance absolutely similar. Having cleared the house of every honest servant, she had arranged to leave England under Mrs. Shepperton's name, taking with her a large quantity of jewelry and plate of immense value.

"Should suspicion have fallen upon her, you were to have been the scapegoat. For that reason she sent you to change the check this morning, which, of course, has been forged, with many others lately paid. I was hiding in the house last night, and heard your conversation in the Venetian chamber. Had you gone away with her, it is terrible to think of the position in which you might have been placed."

As I listened to his words, my blood froze in my veins.

"How can I know whether you are telling me the truth?" I asked, still suspicious of the stranger.

"You cannot tell," he replied, "until you are given proofs. We are going to drive to the police-station, where you will find the real Mrs. Shepperton, who has been recalled to the neighborhood, and warned of the intrigue."

I began to tremble violently, but still kept fast hold on the check, determined to give it to no one but the real Mrs. Shepperton herself.

In a little room I espied a pale, trembling figure. An old lady in costly array, with exquisite furs and and dainty laces, eyed me curiously as I entered. For a moment I stared at her open-mouthed—the white side curls, the arched eyebrows, were all so like the Mrs. Shepperton with whom I had conversed not an hour ago.

Until I had arrived, she had still hoped there might be some mistake; but my amazement at seeing her proved the truth of the detective's story.

"Why do you look at me so strangely?" she asked. "Perhaps you have seen somebody like me?" She placed her shaking hand on my arm, and I noticed a tear rolling down her withered cheek. I spread out the check on the table before her, and she peered at it curiously through her glasses. In a few words as possible I explained what had occurred.

"Then it is true?" she gasped, in a broken voice. "And I would have trusted her with my life!" She staggered to the door.

"We have to go to the railroad station," she said, "it will be an awful moment indeed." I turned to the inspector pleadingly.

"May Mrs. Shepperton not return to Stanley House without seeing that wicked woman again?" I begged. "Surely you and your men can arrest this impostor without giving this poor lady the pain of an encounter?"

She threw me a grateful glance as I made the suggestion.

"Of course, if Mrs. Shepperton prefers it," said the inspector, somewhat aggrieved that she should wish to forgo the excitement of catching the thief red-handed.

"I am very grateful to you," said the tremulous old voice, as, seizing our reprieve, we were drawn slowly back up the long, steep hill. "I feel you have had a great disappointment; but, remember, at the same time you have been mercifully delivered from very grave things."

I bowed my head at the solemn words. My heart was too full at that moment to speak.

A restful sensation came over me as we turned in at the old stone gateway. It was to be duty, not pleasure, and I began to think perhaps duty was the better after all.—London Answers.

## AN EASY PROBLEM.

Something That Should Have Been Perfectly Plain to Anybody Who Could Figure.

Hubbard Lawton, familiarly known as "Hub," was by common consent the most shiftless man in Pineville. He had been known to "saw and split" in a desultory way for a few of the summer visitors, but beyond that Hub and labor were strangers, relates Youth's Companion.

The most easy-going woman in the town was Lucy Harmon, who did a little dressmaking when the fit seized her; but as a rule she sat tranquilly on her front doorstep in summer, and in her front window during spring, autumn, and winter, doing nothing whatever, with great contentment of mind and body.

Hub required financial aid from his relatives every month, and it was understood that Lucy received contributions from her neighbors without any false pride. When it was announced by Hub that he and Lucy were soon to be married, a plain-spoken neighbor asked a pointed question.

"How are you and Lucy expecting to live?" she inquired. "Who's going to earn your bread and butter, Hub? Lucy's folks nor her neighbor's won't feel any call to feed her when she's married to an able-bodied man."

"Why," said Hub, reproachfully, "I don't know what folks are thinking of! Half a dozen people have asked me the same question. I can almost support myself, and Lucy can almost support herself, and I should think anybody with a head for figures could see that when we fine forces there'll be something left over for a rainy day."

## THE TERROR OF A NIGHT.

A Traveler in Scotland Got Into Bed with Something That Gave Him a Fright.

I will never forget the terror that filled me one night 30 years ago. I was traveling in the center of Scotland and formed one of a large company traveling on a coach. I was a good distance from my destination when our conveyance was upset. Fortunately no one was injured, and we adjourned to a neighboring inn, where we remained over night.

I had intended stopping at a village some miles away, where there was a post office to which I had arranged to have my letters sent, says a writer in the Scottish American.

Accordingly, after tea, I informed my landlady that I intended walking to this village for my letters, and that I could not return till late.

I was back shortly after 12, went to my room and scrambled into bed. Oh, horrors! What was that? My feet had touched some warm beast sleeping in the bed. In shorter time than it takes me to tell you I was out on the floor, holding down the bedclothes with one hand, in case the thing, whatever it was, should spring out at me, and with the other trembling limb groping about on the toilet table for matches. When I got a candle lit I cautiously began lifting the bedclothes, cold perspiration breaking out all over my body and my knees knocking together. I could stand it no longer, and with one jerk I threw them back to find—a hot water bottle.

## A Comprehensive Verdict.

Not long ago a coroner's jury in Ireland delivered the following verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had recently failed in business: "We, the jury, find from the new doctor's statement that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, superinduced by business failure, which was caused by speculation failure, which was the result of failure to see far enough ahead."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## A WALL STREET VICTORY.

The Administration Throws Open the Treasury Vaults to the "Captains of Industry."

When a granger gets to meddling with the stock ticker trouble usually results. When a country lawyer or banker is introduced to the Wall street variety, he is likely to be an easy mark for our "captains of industry," as President Roosevelt calls them.

Captains of industry of the Wall street stripe are like three-card-monte men, the only difference being in degree. They are all gamblers, trying to make something out of nothing.

When President Roosevelt discovered Mr. Shaw he was a banker in a small town on the Iowa prairie. He knew the price of hogs, he had a keen appreciation of the advantage of good crops and the prosperity that followed when nature showered her favors upon that fertile state.

When Mr. Shaw was selected as Secretary of the treasury, his first step after being sworn in was to visit the government building in New York. That government building is in close proximity to Wall street, and when the bankers and stockholders heard that Shaw was in town, they called on him and showed him with invitations to banquets and entertainments. He held conferred with the leading financiers, and a programme was fixed up to aid the waning fortunes of what is now known as the money market.

The bankers said their stock of money was fast being depleted by the calls for money from the west, "to move the crops." This is the usual and simple calling for the money the banks had on deposit in New York,



THE WALL STREET EXPEDITION.

which the New York bankers had loaned to the Wall street gamblers. Secretary Shaw, from his experience as a country banker, knew that this fiction of Wall street furnishing the money to move the crops, was merely a blind to cover up the operations that were to transfer the treasury surplus to his new-found friends. He was anxious to aid them and "save the country" and his party, for Shaw is a partisan.

The Chicago Chronicle, which cannot be said to be antagonistic to the money power, in its issue of October 8, gave a full account of the connection of the administration with the New York bankers, in which it said:

"The secretary of the treasury extended a favor to these men, which it is admitted saved Wall street from a disastrous panic. The favor was all the more valuable because the secretary was compelled to put aside some of the most sacred traditions of the treasury department, and place constructions on laws that may not hereafter be sustained by the courts. The favor was not the secretary's. It was the administration's. Wall street can charge it directly to President Roosevelt."

From this it will be seen that the extraordinary aid to Wall street that has stretched the law in favor of Morgan and the trusts to the point, "that may not hereafter be sustained by the courts" was a well-concocted scheme to aid the stock gamblers at the expense of the people.

The country banker, who had hardly warmed his chair as secretary of the treasury, has been introduced to the Wall street game, and had at once fallen in love with it. Perhaps he had a tip in return on how the market was going. Like many an unwary granger seeking gold bricks in Gotham, he may later be a wiser but a sadder man.

## PRESS COMMENTS.

Secretary Shaw says the law gives him discretion in the matter of bank reserves. This is fortunate. He needs it.—N. Y. World.

"The republican editor is a hard-worked mortal these days trying to reconcile the existence of strikes, trusts, tariffs and high prices with the plea of universal prosperity."—St. Paul Globe.

It is to be hoped that the humorous features of most of the campaign speeches in defense of tariff-protected trusts and monopolies are not escaping the notice of the long-suffering voter.—Chicago Chronicle.

"When the republican party is in power labor strikes, and when the democratic party is in power capital strikes. Labor, however, never strikes except when it is safe and capital never strikes except when it is unsafe." Thus is Senator Foraker, of Ohio, quoted.

Some of the grand sachems of the republican party still insist that the Dingley tariff is too holy to be touched by anyone, even by the chief priests in the protection temple. But the most of them seem to have heard from Iowa in the west and Boston in the east and to have made up their minds that it is not safe to preface the sacredness and inviolability of all the Dingley schedules too strenuously.—Chicago Chronicle.

## GROVER CLEVELAND'S VIEWS.

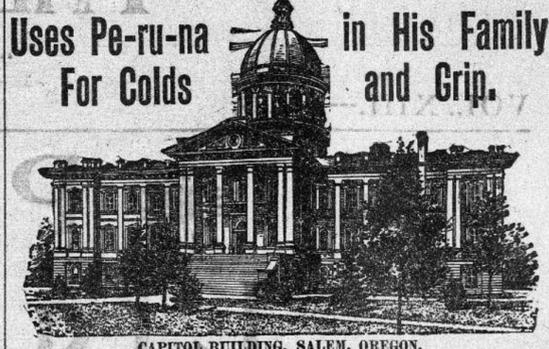
Democrats Must Make a Strong Fight on Its Old-Time Doctrine of Tariff Reform.

To a representative of the New York Evening Post who asked him his views in regard to the outlook for and the duty of the democracy in the approaching congressional elections, ex-President Grover Cleveland, on October 14, said:

"It seems to me that if the democracy is really earnest it cannot fall largely to increase its representation in the next congress, but in order to do so I think that there must be a constant and stalwart insistence upon the things which are recognized as the true democratic doctrine. Of course, by far the most important of these is tariff reform. On this issue, I am satisfied that the democracy is faced with a great opportunity. All of the signs of the times point to a recognition, far beyond all party lines, of the benefits which would accrue to the people by a readjustment of the tariff and it would be worse than folly for the party under the stress of any temptation or yielding to any allurements to permit this to be subordinated to or overruled by any other issue."

"The present restlessness in republican circles on this subject, often amounting to protests against republican protective duties, should warn the democracy of an impending danger. I mean by this the possibility that our opponents may crowd us from our position on this subject if we allow them to do so by our lukewarmness and indifference, and to occupy our ground, just as we permitted them to crowd us from the ground that belonged to us on the question of sound money. I am very much pleased with the deliverance of the New York democracy on the tariff issue, and it was fit and proper that the Empire state should sound the right note. It is my clear conviction that the best assurance of success for the democracy in the next national campaign will be found in a sincere and unremitting insistence upon its old-time doctrine of a fair and honest tariff readjustment. This insistence should be now on. It need hardly be said that success will depend upon the presentation of tariff doctrine, not only recognized as soundly democratic by those who may be termed veterans in the party, but also commending itself to the hosts of

# GVERNOR OF OREGON



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A Letter From the Executive Office of Oregon. Usually in the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he says:

STATE OF OREGON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SALEM, May 9, 1908. The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

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