THE AMADOR LEDGER.

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THE AKOUND OF SWAT

HE CALLED FOR THE MOON, BUT IT DID NOT COME DOWN.

An Experiment Which Opened His Eyes to the Difference Between the Theory and the Practice of Things and Incidentally Shortened His Grand Secretary.

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One day, as the akound of Swat had returned from a trip around town, during which thousands of his subjects had knelt to do him homage, he called for his grand secretary and said:

"Remshen, I'm a good deal of a feller, ain't I?"

"You are, O heaven born!" was the reply.

"Would you call me the biggest thing on earth?"

"Truly, but you are!"

"While I'm around on this earth there can be no other boss, eh, Remshen?"

"All other things are but a fly on a bull wheel compared to your extra highness."

"But how about the heavens, Remshen?" continued the akound after chuckling his satisfaction. "I am satisfied that I boss the earth, even to the mountains and rivers thereof, but I'm not exactly clear as to the sun, moon and stars. Don't they come under my rule as well?"

"Dost not remember, O mighty ruler, that your title is Akound the Mighty,

CRIED OUT FOR THE MOON TO TAKE A DROP.

boss of the earth and owner of all the planets above? Your humble slave assures you that the sun, moon and every star will hustle to do your bidding."

"Thanks, Remshen. I must be a daisy for sure. Not being clear on the subject, I haven't given much attention to celestial matters, but now I think I'll give them a whirl. If a feller is going to be boss at all, he might as well be a boss on wheels."

"That is true, O akound, and when you get ready to command the moon to come off her perch I will issue proclamation and gather the people."

Old Remshen was a fawning sycophant on skates. He had a good thing and wanted to keep it. He had said the same fulsome words to his master a hundred times over, but nothing had come of it except to make his position more solid. A day or two after the above conversation and while he was going around the palace with a molasses grin on his face the bell jingled, and he was called into the presence of his master.

"By the way, Remshen, do you remember our little conversation the other day?" queried the akound.

"Can a slave forget his master's words?" asked Remshen as he lifted his hands in protest.

"I've been thinking. I'm a heap of a feller, and you know it, and I know it, but there may be a man or two on the outside who differs with us. I want to do something big to knock 'em all out."

"Will it please thee to behead a thousand men?"

"Well, yes, it would, but as it is just about tax time we'd better leave their heads on their shoulders until they have paid in the sugar. I think I'll go for the moon, Remshen. She'll be full tonight, and I'll order her to come down to earth."

"But, O ruler, she might be damaged in the fall," protested Remshen, beginning to quake with fear.

"I'll look out for that. We'll spread a feather bed for her to light on. Just issue a proclamation for the people to gather on the east side of my palace at 10 o'clock tonight."

"The moon, O ruler, is sometimes obstinate," suggested Remshen as he felt a pain. "She has even been known to disobey mighty potentates."

"But she'll tumble for me, or I'll know the reason why! Is it not in my title that I am owner of all the planets above? Get along, old boy, and issue that proclamation. When my subjects discover that I can wallop old Luna around at will, there'll be no more kicking about high taxes."

Old Remshen was boxed up and couldn't say another word. He went away and issued his proclamation and then beseeched the grave of his father, the bones of his mother and his lucky stars to send a dark night to knock the experiment on the head. He was looking bilious when night came and the old York state cheese arose in all her glory. Everybody in town was out, and the odds were five to one that the akound would win. At the hour named he appeared on the steps of his palace and lifted his hands and cried out for the moon to take a drop. It was a dead failure. He cried out again and again, but the moon continued her gait.

"Remshen," said the boss of earth when he realized that he was knocked out, "dismiss the populace and come with me."

The populace went away with their tongues in their cheeks, and when the akound had reached his library he said:

"How is this, Remshen? Why didn't the moon come down?"

"O ruler," replied the old sycophant as his heart tunked his ribs, "there is a difference between theory and fact."

"I see. Theoretically I am owner of the planets. Practically I am an ass. I ought to have got on to this, but being so busy it never occurred to me. Remshen, old boy, come out in the back yard with me."

"O mighty ruler, but what would you?"

"I'm going to give another illustration of theory versus fact. Theoretically you are my grand secretary and one of the most eminent men in the kingdom. As a matter of fact you are a head shorter, and your bones will go to enrich my gooseberry bushes!"

M. QUAD.

The Eagle Got the Fish.

At this junction of the thoroughfare and Island lake on a dead pine more than 100 feet high sat a white headed eagle. In the air a large fishhawk was sailing over the water looking for his dinner 200 or 300 feet below him. What penetrating orbs of vision nature has endowed this bird with! There, he gives his lightninglike shot to the water, seems almost submerged, only to reappear with a four pound pike in his talons. Slowly he rises, going toward the woods, where he hopes to enjoy his well earned meal, but he has reckoned without his host. The king of birds has been watching his every movement and, if found successful, is in readiness to exact that tribute which the stronger always demands and compels from the weak.

Almost quick as thought the eagle is pursuing the hawk, and for a little while a merry chase it is. But the eagle is the master, and the hawk instinctively feels it, as after a sudden, violent swerve, only just to evade the terrible claws of the now enraged eagle, he drops the prize and slowly flies to the other end of the lake.

There is no need for haste now, as the master was after tribute, not the hawk. Payment having been made by relinquishing valuable property, the eagle once more displays his wonderful activity by catching the pike before it strikes the water and then as leisurely to cover to gormandize.—Forest and Stream.

Under Water.

Strange acquaintances are to be made under water. H. Phelps Whitmarsh, who for a time adopted the calling of pearl fisher in Australian waters, tells this story of meeting a submarine monster:

"It was a muddy day, and everything in consequence looked blurred and exaggerated. In the yellow distance I saw an immense dark object moving slowly toward me. As it came nearer I made out a central body with several great arms, or feelers, waving rhythmically. My heart was in my mouth.

"I felt sure it was an octopus. Then, when I was about to stir up the mud at my feet to avoid being seen, I discovered that the enemy was nothing more than a fellow diver. The feelers I had imagined were his arms, legs and lines.

"A shadowy giant about 12 feet high, with huge hands and a head like a small barrel, was approaching. He walked slowly, his heavy boots raising the mud behind him like a cloud of dust, and his great central eye gleamed darkly. Although I knew him to be a man, it was with difficulty that I refrained from taking to my heels. At sight of me he, too, was startled, but he quickly recovered, and we shook hands. Then we nodded, grinned, showed each other the state of our bags and parted."

THE BREAD WAS AN EXTRA.

An English Cafe Charge That Surprised an American.

"One of the strangest things about the management of English restaurants," remarked a gentleman who has recently returned from a visit to London to the writer, "is the custom of charging diners for every slice of bread which they eat. For instance, a day or two before my departure from the British capital I, as a mark of esteem, invited several English friends to dine with me at one of the most celebrated of the fashionable west end restaurants. Well, the repast was served in a private room, and everything went off splendidly until the coffee and cigar stage was reached and I asked that my bill be brought to me. There, to my utter astonishment, the head waiter, in the hearing of the assembled company, approached me and in a loud voice asked, 'And how many breads 'ave you 'ad, sir?'

"This question I could not answer, as I had not been engaged in counting the number of slices consumed, but one of my guests, who had evidently kept track of the bread, noticing my embarrassment, said in my behalf, 'Four plates.'

"'Ah,' muttered the waiter, 'that's 1 shillin hextra.' And after adding the amount to my bill he handed it to me for inspection.

"Of course I paid for the bread, but I have been wondering ever since I did so why the American custom of not charging for 'the staff of life' is not introduced over there."—Washington Star.

Ancient Origin of Military Salute.

When did the military salute come into use? It certainly dates from the earlier half of the fifteenth century, says the London Chronicle. In the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," which was issued before the invention of printing by movable types, there is an exceedingly quaint illustration in which Abraham is represented as saluting Melchisedec. The patriarch is in mediæval armor and apparently on guard, and it would seem that Melchisedec is bringing him refreshments of water, and the salute is distinctly the military one still in use.

The Earth's Shadow.

The earth has a shadow, but few ever see it except in eclipse of the moon. Nevertheless many of us have noticed on fine, cloudless evenings in summer, shortly before sunset, a rosy or pink arc on the horizon opposite the sun, with a bluish gray segment under it. As the sun sinks the arc rises until it attains the zenith and even passes it. This is the shadow of the earth.

His Gigantic Intellect.

She—What are you thinking about, Harry?

He—Nothing.

She—Aren't you afraid of overtaxing your brain, dear?—Detroit Free Press.

"De man who talk de mos' erbout he fightin qualities," remarked Uncle Eph, "usually got mighty long laigs."—Atlanta Constitution.

It is said that mate, the South American tea, will sustain life many days without the pangs of hunger.

ARMORED COFFINS.

They Were Once Used In a Churchyard In Scotland.

In the earlier half of the nineteenth century the practice of stealing bodies from the churchyards for the purpose of sale as subjects for dissection, which was known as "body snatching," was for a time very rife.

Various plans were made to defeat the nefarious and sacrilegious proceedings of the "body snatchers," or "resurrectionists," as they were sometimes called, a very common one being the erection of two or more small watchhouses whose windows commanded the whole burying ground, and in which the friends of the deceased mounted guard for a number of nights after the funeral.

A usual method of the grave robbers was to dig down to the head of the coffin and bore in it a large round hole by means of a specially constructed center bit. It was to counteract this maneuver that the two curious coffinlike relics now lying on either side of the door of the ruined church of Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, were constructed. They are solid masses of cast iron of enormous weight.

When an interment took place one of these massive slabs was lowered by suitable derricks, tackles and chains on to the top of the coffin, the grave was filled in, and there it was left for some considerable time. Later on the grave was opened and the iron armor plate was removed and laid aside ready for another funeral.

These contrivances still lie on the grass of the lonely little churchyard, objects of curiosity to the passing cyclist and tourist.—Scientific American.

Curious African Customs.

Among the human sacrifices of the delta of the Niger, says Count de Cardi, young girls occupy the most honored place. They are at regular periods offered up to the gods, and instead of shrinking from this horrible doom they accept it with pride and gratitude. Nothing is refused to these girls while they are alive. If one of them sees a handsome dress or ornament on a woman and expresses a desire to have it, the woman must give it to her. Men are also sacrificed, though not for religious reasons, and they welcome death as eagerly as the girls. Count de Cardi once tried to save one of these victims, but instead of thanking him, the man reviled him so bitterly for interfering and scolded the bystanders so heartily for delaying to carry out the sentence that they promptly stopped his mouth by killing him.

The worst insult which one woman can offer to another is to hold out the right hand in front of her with the index and middle finger forming the letter V. This means, "You will become the mother of twins." When twins are born in this region, they and their mothers are killed, as a rule, and when a mother dies in giving birth to a child the latter is also killed and buried with her. It is not superstition which impels the negroes to dispose of motherless infants in this heartless fashion, but the great difficulty of rearing them. Altogether, the information which Count de Cardi has gathered during his residence of many years in this portion of Africa is of rare value, especially to anthropologists.

He Remembered Them.

"By the way," said the man who had stopped at a farmhouse to water his horse, "15 years ago a poor boy came this way, and you took him in."

"Yes?" queried the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"You were kind to him," went on the stranger; "you fed him, gave him words of encouragement and an old suit of clothes, put a dollar in his pocket and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time that he never would forget your kindness. Am I right?"

"I reckon you are," replied the farmer.

"He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor, struggling lad."

"Land's sakes!" exclaimed the farmer's wife excitedly. "It sounds almost like a fairy tale, don't it? Why, you must have seen him."

"I have," said the stranger, "and he sent a message to you."

"What is it?" they both asked expectantly.

"He told me to tell you that he is still poor."

As the stranger drove away the farmer went out and kicked the pump viciously, while his wife threw a rolling pin at the chickens.—New York World.

What They Deserved.

Not very long since an exceedingly well dressed man about 35 was charged in a north London court with being drunk. He promptly paid his 10 shillings' fine and went away. A fortnight later a stylishly dressed woman was charged with a similar offense. As she gave the same name and address I concluded they were husband and wife. So I called on them, and my visit was repeated several times. They had a very nice home, kept two servants and had four children. I noticed a bonny lad of 8, as I saw him several times. Some months later I got a letter as follows:

Dear Mr. Holmes—You know my Jack, the 8-year-old. I am sorry to say that he has got into bad ways—steals money from us, stops out late and is very disobedient. Can you get him into any training home or institution of any kind, where his evil propensities will be cured? Kindly oblige us in this.

I could not resist the temptation to reply as follows:

Dear Sir—I know of but one cure for Jack's evil propensities, and that is a thorough application of the horsewhip to both parents.

—Contemporary Review.

The Explanation.

One morning the readers of a certain newspaper were perplexed to see in type the announcement that "the Scotus handed down an important decision yesterday." The afternoon paper of the town, with which the morning paper for years had held a bitter controversy, interesting none but themselves, laughed that day, as the poets say, "in ghoulish glee," and it was up to the morning paper the next day to explain that "the types" made them say that the Scotus did so and so when the telegraph editor should have known that that word was merely the abbreviation of the telegrapher for supreme court of the United States.

Mistakes In Christening.

At Ramsbury Manor, England, there once resided a poulterer's family of the name of Duck. The third son was to be christened, and the mother wanted the name to be William. Just before starting for church the nurse ran up stairs to the father, who was laid up with gout, to tell him they were off. "What be going to call un, nurse?" "Missus says it's to be William," was the reply. "William be blowed!" said the invalid. "Call un plain Bill!" In accordance with these laconic instructions the nurse gave the name of Plainbill to the clergyman, and the infant was christened accordingly.

In an even funnier way is the queer Christian name of Mr. Ono Tichiner of Peckham accounted for. When his parents and sponsors arrived at the church, his name had not been settled upon, and when the clergyman said, "Name this child," one of the friends said "John," and another said "Oh, no!" meaning not John, and, as no one else spoke, the clergyman thought that was to be his name and baptized him Ono. The full account of the baptism is contained in Blanck's "History of Camberwell."

A clergyman's son vouches for the following: "My father was baptizing a boy of 6 years of age. The names given were Benjamin Joseph. After the ceremony he said to the boy, 'You have two very good names, and you ought to be a good boy. How did you come by them?' 'Please, sir,' said the boy, 'we was twins, and the other died!'"

Easy For Him.

"You understand, of course," pursued the lawyer, "what is meant by a 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Yes, sir," replied the man whom he was examining with reference to his qualifications as a juror.

"Let me have your idea of it, if you please."

"I understand it, I tell you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, anybody can understand that."

"I would like to have your definition of it."

"I know what it is, all right. When I tell you I know what a thing is, I know it. That's all there is about that."

"Well, what was the question I asked you?"

"You ought to know what that was. If you've forgot your own questions, don't try to get me to remember them for you."

"I don't want to hear any more of that kind of talk," interposed the court. "Answer the questions addressed to you by the counsel."

"Judge, I did. He asked me if I knew what it was, and I said I did."

"Are you sure you understand what is meant by the term 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Of course I am, judge."

"Well, let us hear your idea of it."

"It's evidence previously pondered."—Chicago Tribune.

A LITTLE KNOWN ART.

The Tobacco Flavorer Has Short Hours and Draws Big Pay.

"A high grade position of which but little is known, except to the trade," observed a prominent tobacco manufacturer to a Washington Star reporter, "is what is known as the 'flavorer,' the man who is responsible for the flavor of all the grades of goods made and who sees to it that the flavor is kept the same year in and year out, it matters not where the tobacco that goes in them comes from or the conditions under which it has grown. Of course tobacco manufacturers endeavor to use the same kind of tobacco all the time, but circumstances at times render this impossible.

"As an illustration, our company had bought up and stored away enough tobacco to make up all our brands of smoking tobacco and cigarettes for the year, when all of a sudden our storehouses were destroyed by fire, and our stock went out of existence. There was no more tobacco of that particular grade to be bought, and we were driven into new fields. The tobacco being raised on a different soil and being slightly different as far as seed and stem were concerned, the flavor was also different. Smokers, and chewers as well, insist on the same flavor all the time.

"Here is where the flavorer comes in. By his art and skill he can make tobacco that grows on low lands taste and smell the same as that grown on high lands. He can make tobacco grown during a dry season take the same flavor as that grown during the rainy season. Tobaccos grown at different ends of the same state or in different states are by his treatment the same, as far as the consumer is concerned. He draws big money; but, though he comes high, as the traveling show companies say, 'we must have them.'

"As may be imagined, there are not many who are competent to do the work, and as a result they range in salaries all the way from $8 to $10 per day of about one hour's actual work. They are employed, however, but about nine months in each year."

A Gem of London Humor.

"Well, goodby, Mr. Green. It was so nice of you to come. It does father such a lot of good to have some one to talk to."

"I was delighted to come, Miss Brown, but I'm afraid I'm not much of a conversationalist."

"My dear Mr. Green, don't let that trouble you. Father's ideal listener is an absolute idiot, with no conversation whatever, and I know he has enjoyed himself tremendously tonight!"—London Punch.

Didn't Know Dore.

In discussing the want of comprehension of one branch of art for another Mr. Sutherland Edwards says that when Gustave Dore began to illustrate the "Idylls of the King" Tennyson did not even know him by name.

"I wonder what they are going to do with my 'Idylls' next," he said to a friend. "They have now got a man called 'Dore' (without the accent) to illustrate them."

There is a basis for the claim of the epicure that he can distinguish between American made and French or Italian made macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, nouilles, etc. The Italian and French makers employ in their manufacture a special hard wheat grown only in Taganrog, Russia.

THEY GOT FRESH AIR.

The Door Remained Open After a Very Forcible Argument.

An old story is told of Joseph Robidoux, the founder of St. Joseph, that had its origin in Holt county in the early settlement of that section. The trader who started the city was returning to St. Joseph with a number of red men, and they stopped with an acquaintance of Robidoux's close to the house, and Robidoux went in to remain overnight as the guest of his friend.

The settler closed the front door after they had retired, and Robidoux, who was used to sleeping in the open air, went softly to it and opened it. The owner of the house waited until Robidoux was in bed again, and the settler closed it. That was repeated a dozen times. "The next time that door is closed there will be trouble," said the man who had founded St. Joseph. He resumed his couch with that.

The owner of the house closed the door, and Robidoux met him as he was returning to his bed. They clinched and fought by the light of the moon that came in through the window. It was a hard fight and lasted a long time, but at last Robidoux had the settler on his back and sat astride of him. He tangled his hands in his hair and bumped his head against the puncheon floor. "Open or shut?" he asked. The settler struggled, but did not say a word. His head was bumped many times, and the question was repeated.

Finally the settler was exhausted. His head was bumped again, and Robidoux asked, "Open or shut?"

"Open," answered the settler, and they went to bed with the door standing wide open, admitting the fresh air.—Kansas City Journal.

Strategy In a Street Car.

"In the matter of strategy a woman can get the better of a man every time in minor affairs, at least," said a man who is in business down town and who rides home in a West Philadelphia car during the rush hour every evening, "I usually get a seat, for I take the car away down at Fourth street. The other evening I was busily reading my paper when a woman got aboard at Twelfth street. I glanced up slyly and saw that all the seats were occupied. Hasty as my glance was, she caught my eye, and that was my finish. Smiling broadly, she came over to where I was sitting and exclaimed: 'Why, how do you do? How are all the folks?'

"I couldn't place the woman to save my life, but I lifted my hat and replied that we were all well. 'She must be some friend of the family,' I argued with myself, so I folded up my paper and gave her my seat. After she had settled herself comfortably she looked up at me in a queer sort of way and said: 'Really, I must beg your pardon. I took you for Mr. Jones. You look so much like him.'

"But she had the seat, and she kept it. It was a clear case of bunko."—Philadelphia Record.

He Knew the Spot.

An amusing anecdote is related of General Sherman, who, as commanding general of the army, visited West Point one June for the graduation exercises. He accompanied the commandant on his Sunday morning tour of inspection of barracks, and on entering a certain room he walked over to the mantelpiece. Stooping down, he pried up a brick from the middle of the hearth with his sword scabbard and revealed a hollow space about a foot square, in which was nicely packed a considerable quantity of tobacco and other contraband articles. Meanwhile the cadets occupying the room stood by mutely watching and wondering what sort of man the general was to have been able to discover the only "cellar" of its kind in barracks. Turning to the commandant, the general remarked:

"I have been wondering if that hole was still there. I made it when I was a cadet and lived in this room."—New York Tribune.

Idiocy In Numbers.

The Contributor—The 2thake may be perfectly cured without pain.

The Editor—We 1der if the specific is hard 2 take. If not, we will try it 4thwith.

Subeditor—If cured, it will be a 1der indeed!

Assistant Sub—10derly, gentlemen, 'tis a sore subject.

Deputy Assistant Sub—Yes, and requiring 40tude 2 bear.

Correspondence Editor—This is carrying the matter as far as 80quette will bear.

Office Boy—Those who are so 4-2n-8 as to do the above will find each paragraph 2 contain a slight 11 of humor.

Printer's Devil—5-4 shame, gentlemen—5-4 shame!—Pearson's.

He Ought to Marry.

Miss Antique—You ought to get married, Mr. Oldchapp.

Mr. Oldchapp (earnestly)—I have wished many times lately that I had a wife.

Miss Antique (delighted)—Have you, really?

Mr. Oldchapp—Yes. If I had a wife, she'd probably have a sewing machine, and the sewing machine would have an oil can, and I could take it and oil my office chair. It squeaks horribly.—Exchange.

Cutting Watch Glasses.

In the production of common watch glasses the glass is blown into a sphere about a meter in diameter, sufficient material being taken to give the desired thickness, as the case may be. Disks are then cut out from this sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg. There is a knack in detaching the disk after it has been cut. A good workman will, it is said, cut 6,000 glasses in a day.

This Offer Interests Every Reader.

If you *knew* that you need never again be kept awake by a croupy or "whooping" child, it would be a relief. Well, it is so. Scott & Gilbert of San Francisco tell you that Dr. Gill's Botanic Cough Syrup will stop any cough and they prove it. First ask your druggist or storekeeper for a full size bottle; if he offers something else, send us 25 cents (stamps) and we will prepay a trial bottle to prove that Botanic, which is a pleasant, harmless, vegetable syrup will quickly stop any cough.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, my beloved. To sleep and dream is best.
The night to us is peace, the day unrest,
For day, while parted, brings to us but pain;
In dreams we live the dear past o'er again.

We weep not in our sleep;
Our tears are for the day,
Which smiles, while I but weep,
For thou art far away.

Hushed be the voices of the garish day,
Its frets and cares and sorrows swept away;
Forgotten quite the interval of years
Since last we met, with all their bitter tears.

Sleep, love. To dream is best.
Our waking is but pain;
In sleep alone we rest
And live the past again.

Sleep, my dear love, and be thy dreams of me!
Waking or sleeping, I still think of thee,
But dreams make present time of all the past;
The night restores thee—would my dreams might last!

Dream, dear, till the day breaks
And earthly shadows flee,
Where morn to grief ne'er wakes
And I be one with thee.

—Nell Macdonald in Harper's Bazar.

Had It Lowered.

Sir Augustus Harris once settled the pitch question in his own offhand fashion. A famous prima donna of his opera company came to him complaining that the piano used for vocal rehearsals was too high and asking that it might be lowered.

"Certainly," replied Drurlolanus, with a bow. "Here, Forsyth, have a couple of inches sawed off the legs of this piano."

Genetus the Actor.

Some English investigator has discovered that actors have a patron saint who was an actor in the days of Diocletian and won his place by proclaiming before a heathen audience his belief in Christianity. He was put to death and for many years afterward was considered by Christian actors as their patron saint. His name was Genetus.

Rascality would have a much harder row to hoe if it were not for fools waiting to be victimized.—Chicago Democrat.

"Could Not Sleep."

Sleeplessness marks the very climax of human suffering. It is only a step removed from insanity. When sleep no longer restores the exhausted nature, the struggle with disease cannot last long. The starting point of the nervous disorders which produce ill-health and sleeplessness, is generally a diseased condition of the womanly organs. Restore these organs to sound health and the appetite comes back, the day's work no longer wearies, and sleep is sound and refreshing. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures diseases of the womanly organs. It stops the drains which weaken women; it heals the inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription" and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. It is a temperance medicine.

"My health has been poor for many years and I had taken a great deal of medicine, but it did me no good," writes Mrs. Rose Kennedy, of Springbluff, Adams Co., Wis. "Last August my health was very poor; I had no appetite and *could not sleep*. I wrote to Dr. Pierce and he kindly advised me to take his 'Favorite Prescription.' I took five bottles of the 'Prescription' and one bottle of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I feel like a new woman."

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Ledger and Weekly Examiner, one year	3 60
Ledger and Daily Examiner, one year	8 30
Ledger and N. Y. Weekly Tribune, 1 ye'r	3 00
Ledger and N. Y. Tri-Weekly Tribune, 1y	3 50
Ledger and Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1 yr	3 35
Ledger and S. F. Weekly Post, one year	3 00
Ledger and McCall's Magazine, one year	2 75
Ledger and St. Louis Globe-Democrat, 1y	3 00
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