

## JACK-O'-DREAMS.

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY.

You see me on the crowded street,  
In some fair woman's face,  
One moment, then I vanish fleet  
And leave no hint to trace;  
You find me in the flush of youth  
I fill the niche of age,  
And all well known and forthwith  
To slumber, silent and sage.

I haunt the stars in blackest night,  
I come in moon-tide's gaze,  
And scourge along in endless flight  
The caravan of days,  
Nor cowl nor cloister shuts me out,  
In beauty's arms am I,  
And I am with you hope and doubt,  
Your laughter and your sigh.

The wind's wild wings shall waft me down,  
As long as winds do blow;  
Spring's green is mine, and autumn's brown,  
And summer's orchard snow,  
And wraith-like in its robes of mist  
My fitting form will be,  
Where cold foam-serpents writhe and twist  
In winter, silent and sage.

Now I will place where spirits stand,  
Beyond the soul's eclipse,  
As swift as when from loosened hand  
The carrier pigeon slips;  
My shadow stays, though evermore  
Mine other self it seems;  
Yet follow, but I go before,  
For I am Jack-o'-dreams.

## THE MISSING WILL.

BY LOUISE JAMISON.



WAKE up, sleepy! Wake up, I say. Great Scott! did any one ever see such a thick head? There, I thought that would bring you.

That was an extremely vigorous shake, under the impulse of which, Mr. Thomas Barton, junior partner in the law firm of Hollingsworth & Barton, raised his head from the pile of books, serving him as a pillow, and rather sleepily regarded the determined looking young man before him. "What's up now?" he inquired with a yawn. "It is too beastly hot to stay awake."

"Or to bawl as I have been doing for the last five minutes. Hurry up, Hollingsworth wants you. Old party with him. Put on your collar and coat and smooth your bristles, for heaven's sake."

The bristles referred to were Tom's auburn locks. Refractory at best, his late nap had rather increased their tendency to stand up. This self assertive quality on their part had been the sorrow of Tom's life. Long and valiantly had he labored to bring them in the way they should go, but without perceptible success. Now, between grumbings over being disturbed in a dream, at a point where he was in the act of taking his seat as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, he applied the brush with a vigor born of a determination to conquer, and after some success he donned his coat and entered the next room.

This was a small, not over cheerful, and undeniably warm apartment. Its furniture was remarkable neither for quality nor quantity. The carpet, or rather the apology for one, had seen long and active service and had now reached that point where pretensions cease to avail, and bare reality obtrudes itself beyond all evading.

Upon several low shelves were arranged books, bundles of papers, and tin boxes of various sizes. Evidently the firm enjoyed a fair share of business, though money was not flowing in any too fast, if the room and its surroundings might be taken as a proof.

A middle-aged gentleman with a shrewd, though not unpleasant, countenance, occupied a chair at the untidy desk, and close beside him sat an older gentleman.

The latter glanced inquisitively at Tom. Evidently he wished to satisfy some preconceived opinion. "Ah, Barton," remarked Hollingsworth, raising his eyes from the papers before him. "We have been waiting for you. This is Dr. Edwards, an old friend of Horton's. He comes from Oakdale."

"I am happy to meet you," said Tom, cordially extending his hand. "I have been anxious for news from Oakdale. I presume you were with Horton at the time of his death. I have been in the West for several weeks, returning only yesterday to receive the sad intelligence of my friend's untimely end. It was a great shock to me, I assure you, as I left Horton in the best of health, apparently. I fear Miss Bessie feels her bereavement keenly."

"She is broken hearted," interposed the doctor, with much feeling. "Quite broken hearted. Poor child."

"His step-daughter?" questioned Hollingsworth, looking up from an absorbing train of thought. "Yes," put in Tom. "Only a step-daughter in front of relationship, but his own child in sentiment and affection. She inherits all his property, of course."

This was less a question, than an assertion, and Hollingsworth and the doctor exchanged glances.

"There is some trouble here, Tom," said the former running his hand through a pile of books in the absent manner peculiar to him. "I thought you might possibly help us. You drew up Horton's will. You remember it, I dare say."

"As if it were yesterday. Horton came to me and said—"

"Never mind what he said," interrupted his senior, impatiently.

"About the will. You haven't it?"

"I? No. Horton was peculiar in such matters. He kept it in his own possession."

"It is unfortunate," mused Hollingsworth.

"I don't understand," put in Tom, leaving his chair, and approaching the desk, with a perplexed air. "The will can't be lost."

"It is impossible," he continued, still more gravely, as the doctor and Hollingsworth nodded affirmatively. "Horton was far too careful to have mislaid a document so important to Miss Bessie's interest. It is in some safe place, I am persuaded."

"Perhaps," admitted the doctor, gaining some little encouragement from Tom's air of conviction. "We have

searched the house thoroughly, however. Bessie has quite abandoned hope, and it was with much difficulty I persuaded her to remain at Oakdale a day or so longer. She feels her position most keenly."

"I'll find it," muttered Tom under his breath. "Who is the heir-at-law, doctor?" Willis Horton's nephew. The only relation he could boast, I believe, and quite sufficient of his kind, to my judgment. He's a conceited puppy, and a thoroughbred scamp."

"I remember," mused Tom. "Horton couldn't bear the fellow. You know him, Hollingsworth. Is he at Oakdale?"

"Yes, carrying things with a mighty high hand, too. He evidently considers the loss of the will an assured fact."

"Take my word for it, he has something to do with its loss."

Hollingsworth made this remark with an assurance that brought a smile to the doctor's face, and set Tom to thinking.

"He is none too good for it," responded the former, "but I can see no evidence of his hand in this. We had discovered the loss before he made his appearance."

"I shall go down to Oakdale," said Tom with sudden resolution. "I suppose you will return to-day, doctor?"

"Yes, by the 5:10 train. Will that suit you?"

"Excellent. I'll run up to the house, get my grip, and meet you at the depot."

Several hours later, the two men alighted from the train at a lonely country station.

Night had fallen, and a few stars were visible in the somewhat over-cast sky.

"We'll have a storm before morning," said the doctor, "but in the meantime we may enjoy this delightful breeze. Rather a contrast to New York, isn't it? How a man can stand that everlasting din is beyond my comprehension."

"This is certainly a relief," laughed Tom, "but your Katy-dids give us quite a melancholy concert, I think."

During the ride to the house, the doctor said but little, and Tom fell into a train of reflections, not altogether unpleasant, as was evidenced by the half smile, which frequently drove all graver expressions from his face.

"Here so soon!" he cried in some surprise, as they pulled up before an old-fashioned house sitting some distance from the road. "I wonder where my valise has got to? I can't see a wink in this darkness. Look out for that step, doctor. Ah, a light at last."

The opening of the front door called forth this last observation. The next second a girlish face peered out into the shadows, and Tom found himself holding a soft little hand, and gazing into a pair of misty blue eyes.

"I am so glad Dr. Edwards brought you," said Bessie in a somewhat faltering voice. "You loved him and—"

She turned away with trembling lips.

"Come, come," cried the doctor with cheery authority. "Don't let the sight of an old friend unnerve you, my dear. I have brought him down in the hope that three heads may be better than two, in this emergency. He should thank heaven for a breath of country air. I know I do. You here, Willis? The devil!"

"Beg pardon," observed the new comer, a handsome, though somewhat effeminate-looking man. "I disclaim all relationship. Who is our friend here? Pray, present me, Miss Reynolds. Never had the honor, I am sure."

The tone, more than the words, sent an angry flush to Tom's brow, and it was with difficulty he managed to answer coolly.

"I will present myself, sir. I am Mr. Barton of the law firm of Hollingsworth & Barton. I drew up the late Mr. Horton's will, and am here to see what has become of it."

"Ah, indeed. Thanks for the information. I am happy to meet you, Mr. Barton, of the law firm of Hollingsworth & Barton."

"I am sure you are hungry. Won't you come in and have some supper?" interposed Bessie, as Tom's countenance showed unmistakable signs of angry passion. "He isn't worth your notice," she added in a lower key, "I despise him."

This assurance seemed to console Tom immensely, and without so much as a glance at Willis, he followed Bessie and the doctor to the dining room where supper was being prepared for the travelers.

"Confound it," muttered Willis, with a savage glance at their retreating figures, "what in the devil brought him here. I believe she likes the fellow. He'll not have a finger in my pie, with all his airs. No danger of the will being found, I'll warrant. Meantime, my proud lady, it behooves you to be a trifle more humble."

While Willis was thus communing with himself, the travelers were disposing of their supper, and discussing the probable whereabouts of the all-important paper, the loss of which would make Bessie penniless.

After his late encounter with Willis, Tom was more than ever determined to succeed where the others had failed. He questioned Bessie closely without, however, eliciting any new or practical information. She could only repeat what she had told Dr. Edwards.

She knew that her father had made a will in her favor. He had told her as much. She also knew that the document was in his possession. She had thought little about it, supposing, of course, that it was in the safe with his other important papers. Search on the day after the funeral had not revealed it, and for the first time a serious doubt of its existence began to fill the minds of those most interested.

When Bessie had first been told of this, she offered no comment. Grief for the loss of one dear to her so wholly absorbed her faculties that she felt wholly incapable of any other emotion. But with the advent of the obnoxious Willis, a reaction set in. He inspired her with a dislike, none the less real because seemingly unreasonable. His assiduous politeness could not hide his insinuating manner, nor the masterful airs which he quickly assumed.

By law he was master of Oakdale, and she but an inmate on sufferance. It required but little time to make her realize this.

"I cannot stay here," she declared tearfully to Dr. Edwards. "Everything belongs to Mr. Willis. I hate to spend one hour under his roof."

"It is not his yet," asserted the doctor, unwilling to resign hope, though he felt there was little room for it. "We won't abdicate just yet. I'll run up to the city and consult Hollingsworth and Barton. They must know something of the matter."

He smiled reassuringly, but Bessie looked pitifully dubious.

And so Barton had come. Though his coming seemed to have brought no particular enlightenment, yet he devoted himself to the search heart and soul.

The house was rigorously overhauled. From garret to cellar, not a square inch of space was overlooked.

"I'm completely puzzled," was Tom's mental conclusion. "Horton never hid that will, I'm willing to swear to it. Now the question is: How did it get out of his safe, and where is it at the present moment? Confound Willis, I'm tempted to believe he knows more than he ought to about this matter. That smile of his means something."

But in spite of suspicions Tom could find no evidence against Willis. He liked him none the better for this, and took no pains to disguise his feelings.

"What have you come for?" he cried quite angrily one morning as Willis came upon him in the library.

"Rather strange, isn't it?" questioned Willis ironically. "Most unheard-of, that a man should think of entering his own library. I'm the most long suffering fellow alive to put up with all this business. Now you know as well as I do, that will won't be found. I'm tired of this muck, if you are not. It is my opinion Uncle John recognized my claims, and destroyed it himself. Rather an idea, isn't it. Enough to make the old man rise out of his grave. What do you think?"

"That you are a heartless scoundrel," cried Tom aroused to resentment by this unfeeling allusion to his dead friend.

"So, so," repeated Willis, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "Better not get too warm over it. Take things coolly as I do, and follow my advice. Don't exhaust your energy in hunting for what will never turn up. Just go quietly back to the city. I'm sure it must be pining for your presence, and Bessie, if she knows which side her bread is buttered on, (and she's a shrewd one, I tell you), will marry me. Then—"

"You cowardly scoundrel," burst out Tom in wrathful tones. "How dare you—"

"Well that's good," rejoined the imperturbable Willis. "Very good indeed. How dare I suggest such a thing? I suppose you were about to say, very daring, truly. Here I am, young and good looking, as some of my fair friends have been kind enough to declare. Lifted with a fair share of brains, and a large share of money. Not a saint, you think. Oh no, far from it; but my dear fellow, the world holds many a greater sinner. Now I offer these advantages, not to mention my heart, to a girl who is eating the bread of charity, I may say. Keep cool. I have the floor. If she becomes my wife she'll have the best money can buy. If she refuses—"

"If she refuses?" repeated a scornful voice.

Both turned with a start, to see Bessie standing in the doorway.

"How dare you!" she cried with curling lips and flushing eyes. "How dare you!"

Unable to proceed further, Bessie bestowed upon the slightly discomfited Willis a glance of ineffable contempt, and rushed from the room. Tom followed precipitately.

"Where are you going?" he asked, feeling his heart in his throat.

"To Dr. Edwards," she replied, turning her tearful eyes from his sympathetic face. After that I—"

"Never mind," he said, reassuringly, "I am going with you. Shall I thrash the scoundrel. Just say the word, and one of us will have a broken head in two minutes."

"Oh no. Please don't have any words with him. He isn't worth it."

"All right, I won't. I must get my hat, however."

"Well," sneered Willis when Tom returned for his property, "what do you intend to do?"

"Not waste any time on you, certainly. I shall return for my traps presently. After that Hollingsworth & Barton desire to resign the management of this estate."

"Let Hollingsworth & Barton go to the devil."

Ten minutes later Tom and Bessie were walking in the direction of Dr. Edwards' home. There were traces of tears on Bessie's cheeks, but Tom seemed highly elated and was talking in this wise:

"I'm not rich, dear, and I'm not handsome, but I do love you dearly. We could be very happy you and I. We'd have a nice home in this very neighborhood if you like. I can imagine it now. A dear little cottage with a lawn in front, and honey-suckle over the piazza, and you sitting there, and me coming home and—"

Tom's imagination was getting the better of his grammar, so he went back to his starting point, and after remarking for the second time, that he was not rich, followed it up with the philosophical axiom, "riches cannot bring happiness."

"Now Bessie," he entreated, "make me the happiest fellow in creation. Say you'll be my wife. Do darling."

Bessie shook her head, though the warm color dyed her cheeks.

"No, Tom," she said softly, "it can't be. I understand thoroughly. You are sorry for me. My loss and unpleasant position make you exaggerate your feeling for me. I appreciate your generosity. But sympathy is not love. I cannot marry a man because he pities me."

"Bessie," was all Tom managed to say, but the reproach he put in that one word would have filled sentences. "Look in my eye, you doubting girl," he added after a second. "Right straight in my eye, and tell me if you see only pity there. Ah, you can't do. You stand convicted. You know

so well I love you truly. I think of you constantly, dear."

Bessie looked pleased, but not convinced. "You see," said Tom, with a logic peculiarly his own. The case stands thus. I'm as sure as heaven I'll be miserable without you, and I'm equally sure I can accomplish almost anything within the range of human possibility with your aid and encouragement. Therefore the question is, should you not consider me, and the future I must make for myself. I believe you do like me, too. Just a little, now, don't you dear?" By some maneuvering, Tom had gotten possession of Bessie's hand and managed to retain it despite her somewhat feeble protestations.

"You will be my wife," he whispered, growing momentarily bolder.

And Bessie—But there is no necessity to repeat Bessie's answer, nor Tom's subsequent remarks. When they reached the doctor's house, nearly an hour later, congratulations were in order.

As soon as Tom could escape, he returned to Oakdale to get his traps together, as he expressed it.

Entering the library to get some papers which he had left in the desk, he found Willis, with his feet on the table, and his face bearing unmistakable evidences of ill-humor.

"Back again, I see," came the rather surly greeting.

"I'm back again to leave in short order," returned Tom with imperturbable severity.

Willis shrugged his shoulders.

"Glad to hear it, I'm sure. I suppose I'm to be left in undisturbed possession. The sensation will be quite novel. Is it possible you have actually given up that will?"

"Yes," began Tom, with his eyes fixed upon the next room, Horton's former study. "No," he added under breath, rushing precipitately from the room.

"I believe the fellow is mad," soliloquized Willis, who had not seen a small object spring through the open window of the study, glance cunningly around him, and snatching up some old letters, depart as quickly as he came.

Tom had seen the whole performance, and the deft appropriation, betokening long practice, was an inspiration to him. "Horton's monkey, by Jupiter! The very beast Bessie has been longing for. I never suspected either."

Thus he soliloquized, as quite hatless he followed in the monkey's track. The cunning little animal came to a stop in an old unused barn, and two minutes later Tom, having secured a ladder, had succeeded in finding amidst the rafters, a veritable treasure hole.

"Keep quiet you beast," he commanded between his whistles of excitement and delight, to the monkey screaming exultation at this appropriation of his ill-gotten goods. "Ah, ha," he continued, bringing to light scissors, spoons of cotton, thimbles, bits of ribbon, old letters, and last, but not least, the all important last will and testament of Edward Horton.

"Oh ho, you scamp. Didn't know what a deuce of a row you were raising, eh? I'd like to wring your neck."

Tom paused for no such performance, however. Instead he rushed to the doctor's house, the precious paper clutched tightly in his hand.

"I've found it! I've found it!" he cried bursting in upon the assembled family. Then he sat down quite exhausted, and allowed them to question him.

"To say they were glad, but poorly expressed their feelings. No one could tell how the monkey had secured possession of the will, but as it had been found, Bessie said they could afford to forgive the unconscious cause of their trouble."

Tom had the pleasure of seeing Willis depart from Oakdale and Bessie re-established in her old home.

It was, however, with rather a rueful countenance, that he said to her. "I am going back to New York to-morrow. You are rich now, dear, and can have your pick of husbands, if you wish to take back your promise."

"Don't be a goose Tom," interrupted Bessie, briskly. "I cannot abide geese nor ganders either."

"But I thought," persisted Tom, "you only consented to marry me, because I forced you. You remember you said something like that."

"Why, dear Tom," she answered sagely, "I was not forced against my will. Be sure of that. No man can make me do what I do not wish to do. You are a good boy, Tom, even if you are not the handsomest man in the world. I think your dream may very probably come true, and you will be Chief Justice some day. Any way, I like you, Tom."

After such a speech what could Tom do but—

Short Chapter on Heads.

"The heads of men are growing larger," said a Broadway hatter to a New York Telegram reporter, as he sold a 7 1/2 hat to a small man. "Thirty years ago," he continued, "when I first went into the business the average size ranged from 6 1/2 to 6 3/4. Of course, there were plenty of men with larger heads, but that was the average size. Most of our customers buy hats nowadays in size from 7 to 7 1/2, and yet the men thirty years ago seemed to have just as much brains as the men of to-day. The most singular thing about the hat trade is the ability of a first-class salesman to judge of the nationality of his customer by the shape of his head. We Americans have long, narrow heads. It used to be that when an American head came in for a hat, it was long enough for him it would be very likely too wide at the sides, or if it fitted at the sides it had to be pulled out at the ends. But we now have hats for heads of all nationalities."

"When a German head comes in we jump for the boxes filled with hats especially made for round heads. The heads of Englishmen are irregular in shape, notwithstanding the conservatism of the nation. Irish heads are the most easily fitted. They are oval in shape. Most small men require large hats, and there are a great many large men who wear small tiles. It is a noticeable fact, however, that as the world grows older the heads of English-speaking people are growing more and more alike, and the shape is tending toward the long-headed American head, all reports to the contrary."

**SOUTH DAKOTA WILL BE THERE.**

Steps Taken to Raise \$100,000 for a State Exhibit at the World's Fair.

The sentiment was unanimous at the convention at Yankton that South Dakota must be appropriately represented at the world's fair. After discussing various plans it was decided to ask Gov. Mellette to call a special session of the legislature to appropriate \$50,000 after a majority of the members had been pledged to vote that sum. Another \$50,000 is to be raised by private subscription, expecting some time in the future to ask the state to refund the subscriptions. After the adoption of this report a commission to carry out the provisions of the report was appointed, consisting of the following delegates:

First Circuit—Bartlett Tripp, Yankton; F. C. Hale, Scotland.

Second Circuit—Col. C. E. Baker, Sioux Falls; Oliver Gibbs, Jr., McCook county.

Third Circuit—Charles Keith, Volga; H. L. Loucks, Clear Lake.

Fourth District—J. K. Smith, Mitchell; Chas. E. Huns, Woonsocket.

Fifth Circuit—F. A. Burdick, Aberdeen; C. W. Burlinger, Huron.

Sixth Circuit—T. H. Coniff, Pierre; S. O. Seppelman, Gettysburg.

Seventh Circuit—F. T. Evans, Fall River; J. M. Woods, Pennington county.

Eighth Circuit—Chas. Enos, Lead City; Wm. Solbie, Deadwood.

At Large—Porter Warner, Deadwood; R. B. Coddington, Blunt.

The commission began business by electing Judge Tripp temporary chairman and authorizing him to name his own clerk to serve until such time as the commission is ready to permanently organize and elect a secretary. The commission voted to hold its next meeting in Yankton and adjourned. Judge Tripp has named Emmet M. O'Brien temporary secretary of the state world's fair commission. Mrs. H. M. Baker, of the state board of lady world's fair managers, was made a member of the convention. She made a stirring speech, asking that the women of South Dakota be permitted to assist in getting up this exhibit.

**White Moon Attempted Suicide.**

An attempt of White Moon, the Cheyenne scout, to commit suicide during the last day of the trial of Plenty Horses, caused great excitement among the Indians. It seems that White Moon has been brooding for the past two years over the attempt of the defense to impeach his testimony upon the statement claimed to have been made by him and shot during the trial that he had shot twice at Plenty Horses the day of the murder. Some one had told him that there was a severe penalty for perjury, and, believing that he was liable to be arrested, he retired to his room in the hotel, having purchased a new jackknife. He inserted the large blade at the base of his neck its full length and a few moments afterwards two Sioux, He Dog and Woman Dress, came into his room and found the knife still sticking in the wound. The Cheyenne was bleeding profusely, but the physicians were able to stop the flow and save his life.

**Dakota Sheep Breeders.**

The second annual meeting of the South Dakota Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' association will be held at Huron June 2, 3 and 4. An invitation to all interested in the sheep and wool in the northwest to be present has been extended. Railroads will give reduced rates to all who attend. Among those named on the program to address the gathering are Hon. O. O. English, of Jerauld county; Hon. E. L. Spurling, of Brookings; D. Roberts, of Faulk; Hon. C. A. Fowler, of Badger; Dr. Silas Hall, of Potter; Hon. M. F. Greely, and G. M. Sheppard, of Deuel, and Prof. C. A. Cary, of the State Agricultural college. A number of important questions will be discussed.

**To Investigate the Indian War.**

Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, has been notified by Chairman Dawes that the senate committee appointed to investigate the cause which led to the recent Sioux Indian outbreak in South Dakota and Nebraska will meet and organize at Chicago on July 8, then proceed to the scene of last winter's Indian war, where there will be a thorough inquiry. It is believed that the committee will report in favor of disarming all Indians on the reservation, providing against seditious utterances before them by any one, and for giving the savages lands in severity.

**No Money to Survey.**

South Dakota will not be able this year to select the lands in the Sisseton military reservation as a part of the lands to which the state is entitled under the enabling act. Senator Pettigrew worked a bill through the last congress turning these lands over to the state, but it is discovered that there is no money to survey them and the state will have to wait until after the next congress meets before it takes the 80,000 acres in this military reservation. The buildings go to the militia of the state.

**Short Shots.**

THE Aberdeen Soap company has assigned to J. W. Todd. The plant moved there less than a year ago from Fond du Lac, Wis. The liabilities exceed the assets. Increased cost of material and poor collections are responsible for the trouble.

The three-story brick block of the Northwestern National bank, the costliest and handsomest in Aberdeen, was damaged to the extent of \$4,000 by a fire, the origin of which is unknown, but some indications point to incendiarism. Kearney & Boyler, grocers, lost about 50 per cent. of the value of their stock by reason of smoke and water. The insurance on the stock and building fully covers the loss. The office of Police Justice Ackley, in the rear of the building, was wrecked, and Chief of Police Curtis, who used an adjoining room for a sleeping apartment, narrowly escaped suffocation by jumping through a heavy plate glass window.

It is thought by some that the sudden death of Letus Brown, of Scotland, on Tuesday, was caused by a mistake in medicine.

REGISTER BAILEY says the new addition in area to the Pierre district will give that office jurisdiction over 300,000 acres more land.

THE state treasurer is receiving the first remittances from the sale of school lands, which forms the nucleus of the permanent school fund.

MORE soldiers will be removed from the Sioux reservation in a few days.

A CITIZEN of Lead City got gloriously drunk in Deadwood and was robbed of \$300. A fellow named Carl Rivers, who left the city suddenly, was suspected of the crime and captured in Omaha with \$275 of the money.

ELI ATLEWORTH is 99 years of age, but he reaches his desk in the Bank of Providence, R. I., at 11 a. m. each day, and carries on business with all the shrewdness of his earlier years.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—it's chance is with every one, it's season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend.

The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on trial.

That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, every cent of it.

That's what its makers call taking the risk of their words.

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or exposure in **MALARIAL REGIONS**, will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

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