

WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

When the shadows gather, And the night grows deep, And the weary eyelids Cannot close for sleep...

When the morning clouds spread, O'er the azure sky, And the howling wild winds Tell the storm is nigh...

When disease has stolen Strength and cheer from thee; And the weary eyelids Write in agony...

Years are gliding onward; Ah, how fast they fly! Wasting life's fountain, It will soon run dry...

Watching, watching, watching! Lord, how long, how long! When shall break the shadow? Without a gleam of light...

What is it, Tom? A bear, or mountain sheep? "Wide of the mark, as usual. It looks more like a black ant."

"What is it, Jim? Indians? "Indians nothing! Je-hos-o-phat? Wimmen! as I hope to live, and bearing right down on this camp."

"Right from Arkansas, probably," remarked Tom, coolly. "Mormons," I suggested.

"Bet your life, no. Quality folks!" insisted Jim. "We had no time for further conjecture for the party, consisting of two ladies and a gentleman, were now in sight..."

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton," she exclaimed, "how can I thank you?" "One deserves no thanks for simply doing one's duty," said Tom.

Annette was of that golden age, half child, half woman, and the assurance that Tom regarded her act as a caprice of childish gratitude, silenced her own misgivings.

The elder lady was now introduced as Holland's widowed sister, and the young man hastened, with vigorous handshaking, to introduce himself as his son, and to declare his everlasting gratitude to Tom and me.

Mrs. Belden, the widowed sister, a lady of great intelligence and of that quiet, self-possessed repose of character as lovable as it is rare, now explained the sudden appearance. When they received her brother's letter announcing the accident they were very much alarmed, and both Annette and George, who was home spending his vacation, were determined to go at once to their father. They had not telegraphed him because they knew that it would take several days for a message to reach him from the nearest station, and feared that he might attempt to move further east to meet them.

During their short stay Tom and I did little work. It was our one bright holiday for years. Always leaving one to care for our crippled friend, we took the visitors each day to some new scene in that grand and romantic region. Now it was a majestic waterfall that had sung its weird song for ages to the rocks and trees of some solitary gorge; now a cascade, dashing down thousands of feet, from rock to rock, foaming white as drifted snow; and sometimes it was to look down stupendous chasms, or to behold somber depths of forests, or climb the snow-seamed summits.

How dream-like was this episode in our hard miner's life! But it was brief; for a short time sufficed to make the invalid sufficiently strong to be removed to his eastern home.

A year passed; a year of hardship and toil to us. Occasionally a letter came from Holland, always referring to his stay with us, with expressions of gratitude for our attention. At the close of one letter he wrote:

After hours of herculean effort he deposited his helpless burden on a bed of soft boughs in our cabin. The danger signal—three rapid shots—rang echoing out among the wild crags, and I came rushing into camp.

Now, as the little story is about Tom, and not about myself, I have not previously mentioned that I had been launched upon the world as a "medicine man," and although I had an inherent antipathy to drugs, I prided myself on my surgical skill. I soon found that the damage to our scientific friend consisted of a broken leg, fractured below the knee, and some ugly contusions about the neck and jaw, the latter luckily without fracture, but the injury was so severe as to cause the rapid swelling that rendered him for a time unable to articulate.

In a short time we had the limb set and the inflammation reduced, and with the volunteer aid of our few but whole-souled neighbors a comfortable room was added to our restricted quarters for the accommodation of the invalid. It did our hearts good to hear the offers of assistance and see the tokens of sympathy and good will that poured in from the scattered camps. Venison, elk meat, grouse and trout were almost daily received, while newspapers (often of remote date), and even an incongruous collection of book were among the donations, including Gulliver's Travels, the New Testament and Hayden's Reports.

Thanks to the healthful surroundings and the absence of drugs, our patient progressed as rapidly as possible to convalescence, and we felt more than compensated for our care, in listening to his conversation.

On Sunday a few weeks later, while sitting in front of our cabin, Holland having so far recovered as to be able to recline in a rustic armchair constructed by the combined talent and executive ability of the firm, we were greatly astonished by the sudden appearance of Lanky Jim, our next neighbor rushing toward us with mind and body greatly agitated by some unusual excitement.

Without saying a word, puffing and blowing from exertion, he seated himself on a block. Resting his hands upon his knees and craning out his long neck, he at length gave utterance to this one word:

"Je-hosaphat!" "What is it, Jim? Indians? "Indians nothing! Je-hos-o-phat? Wimmen! as I hope to live, and bearing right down on this camp."

As at that time none of the gentler sex were known to have penetrated within a hundred miles of us, we very nearly shared his astonishment. Neither Tom nor I spoke a word, but I am ashamed to confess that our first thoughts were of our shabby costumes, clearly, to be sure, but coarse and fearfully frayed.

"Right from Arkansas, probably," remarked Tom, coolly. "Mormons," I suggested.

"Bet your life, no. Quality folks!" insisted Jim. "We had no time for further conjecture for the party, consisting of two ladies and a gentleman, were now in sight, and the younger of the ladies surged ahead of the others and came down upon us at a dashing gallop. A girlish figure, at that time and in that place, she seemed like a vision of celestial beauty, with her golden locks streaming in the wind, her cheeks blanched with anxiety and her eager blue eyes fixed upon the central figure in our group. Oblivious of all else, she sprang unaided from the saddle, and casting her arms around the invalid, exclaimed, "Oh, father! father!" and burst into tears.

"Annette," said Mr. Holland, looking up to Tom, who stood near him, "this is Mr. Hamilton, the gentleman of whom I wrote you, and to whom I think you should show some gratitude."

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton," she exclaimed, "how can I thank you?" "One deserves no thanks for simply doing one's duty," said Tom.

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"Many thanks for the rare specimens of Pleurotoraria Taggarti received. I find they are mentioned in Hayden's report of 1875. Was unable to visit Colorado this season. Indeed, I do not know whether I shall ever dare to visit my old haunts again, unless accompanied by my daughter, for since my unfortunate accident that young lady seems to think that I am not to be trusted far from home without a guardian."

"By the way, Annette wishes me to ask Mr. Hamilton if he will be kind enough to send her a few of those tiny blue, sweet-scented arctic flowers, such as he gathered for her from the summit of Bellevue last summer."

A month later, Tom Hamilton to S. C. Holland:

"CAMP SKY-HIGH, Sept. 10. "Respected Friend—I take the liberty to send you by express the antlers of an elk, in the velvet, for a specimen which I remember you expressed a desire when here. The wearer of the horns was shot by the writer a few days since in one of the little parks on the Mount of the Holy Cross."

"I send the flowers as requested by Miss Annette. I send also for her acceptance some specimens of peculiar rose-colored crystals from Crystal mountain, near the head of Rock Creek. These are called amethyst by the miners, but they are not very valuable, being rare only because of their peculiar tint."

Another year passed, and it was an eventful one to us. The great carbonate discoveries had been made and the mountains were overrun with prospectors, while the mountain villages swarmed with speculators. We sold our claims for ten-fold the sum we had ever hoped to realize. Although neither Vanderbilts nor Astors, we still had capital enough to start an important business in Denver and looked back to our years of manual labor as prospectors with that true American pride that regards no honest toil as degrading.

Meanwhile our friend "Stovepipe" was back in his old field, and one day the following letter came:

"EAGLE RIVER, Aug. 15, 187—. "Mr. Thomas Hamilton, Denver, Col. Dear Friend—My daughter is expected to arrive in your city the first of September, en route for Twin Lakes, where I am to meet her. Will you kindly see her safely embarked for that point, and oblige, yours truly, S. C. HOLLAND."

The effect of this letter on Tom was extraordinary. He was first seized with a conviction that certain speckled beauties were swimming about in those beautiful mountain ponds known as Twin Lakes that could only be coaxed ashore by the seductive colors of some artistic flies of his own skillful preparation, and he sat up late for several successive nights, engaged in their manufacture. These preparations concluded, it occurred to him, that it would be quite unsafe for Miss Annette to take her mountain journey alone, and that as he happened to be going in precisely the same direction, there was no reason in the world why he should not make the date of his own departure from Denver coincide with hers.

We met her at the depot. She was the same little Annette, as beautiful as ever, but more thoughtful and womanly. She gave me a hearty welcome, and as she extended her small hand I noticed on her wrist an elegant gold bracelet set with rose crystals. She seemed a little embarrassed as Tom grasped her hand, and both colored, as on their first meeting. Perhaps it was the memory of her rash act then that sufficed her cheeks, and as for Tom—well, perhaps Tom blushed from sympathy.

The night was calm and mild, and mountain and valley were brilliant under the rays of the full moon as the coach, filled with many passengers, slowly ascended the last rise in the Park Range, preparatory to descending into the picturesque valley of the upper Arkansas, when a sudden halt was commanded. The driver was commanded to throw down the cash box, and the passengers to get out, form a line and throw up their hands. Under the persuasive influence of three leveled revolvers this request was promptly complied with.

"The lady can keep her seat," said the leader. "But the lady did not choose to keep her seat, and was already by Tom's side on the road."

The passengers all submitted without a murmur to the loss of their coin, and the whole affair would have passed away as quietly as such business transactions usually do, had not one of the ruffians, apparently more than half drunk, made an insulting remark to Annette.

This was too much for Tom. Forgetting the odds, he dealt the rascal a blow that sent him reeling to the ground. It was a rash act. In an instant the leader felled Tom by a crushing blow with his revolver.

Tom's existence would have ended then and there, as the first villain had regained his feet and was bringing a six shooter to bear upon his chivalrous head, when like a flash Annette stood over the prostrate form, her eyes blazing, her little fists clenched, crying out in a tone that would have done honor to a Siddons:

"You villain! I dare you to shoot!" "She's game by—!" exclaimed the leader, himself checking the leveled pistol. "No shooting, boys. We are bound to perdition fast enough without that."

Saying this, he bowed politely and ordered the passengers to get in and move on.

ed and cared for me through all those days and nights of delirium, and to see the joyous smile that lighted her careworn face when assured that all danger was past—that fully paid for a dozen broken heads! And when I asked if I had made a fool of myself in my wanderings, she confessed that I had uttered some very silly words, and she turned her back to me and looked out of the window, and I could see that her ears were pink as sea shells. O, Fred, she is an angel—no, not that! She is an adorable little woman."

Tom's next letter was dated some weeks later, when he had fully recovered his health. He still said nothing of the piscatorial interests that had drawn him thither, and wrote chiefly on business topics. He added a significant postscript, however, saying:

"It is all arranged, dear friend. I am going to introduce a new partner into the firm. The transaction will be completed on Christmas day."

Annette makes a glorious house-keeper, and insists that I shall always make my home with them, declaring that she will not part two such friends as Tom and I have been. A happier couple cannot be found.—New Orleans Picayune.

False to Labor. The Minority Report of Secretary Caffrey of the K. L. Committee.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 16.—The report of the Knights of Labor executive committee recently published by Messrs. Butler and Wright does not meet with the favor of P. F. Caffrey, the secretary-treasurer and third member of that committee. When Chairman Butler prepared his report to the Knights of Labor, secretary Caffrey refused to sign it, declaring it to be inaccurate and biased. To-day Mr. Caffrey gave out a statement of his own which he says he can substantiate by the official report of the sessions of the last legislature. He says: "The report of the Knights of Labor investigating committee, signed by Messrs. Wright and Butler, is so unfair, inaccurate and incomplete in its treatment of the subject, that in justice to friends of labor, to both sides of the house, to the order and to myself, I propose to issue a report upon the action taken on all bills."

The votes published in the so-called Butler report contradicts his own comments and conclusions in several instances. Here are a few samples: On page 16 of that report, the working-men are told that Senators Robinson, Gobin, Penrose, Lemon and Lieutenant-Governor Watres were "friendly" on the republican side. The recorded votes in the appendix to the report show that Senator Robinson was "absent and not voting" upon the anthracite mine bill and the factory inspection bill. At a later stage of the proceedings Senator Robinson voted to indefinitely postpone the factory bill, using the very expressive appeal to his colleagues: "Let us bury this bill," and they did kill and butch it without ceremony on the evening of May 27.

"The old Roman," Senator Brant, is recorded as voting for all our bills. He made a gallant fight for ballot and tax reform, and yet in the brilliant report spread broadcast his name does not appear among those specially and honorably mentioned. That is a fair sample of the whole report.

Senator Gobin, who, according to this report, was "friendly," denounced ballot reform of every description and displayed his knowledge of public men and political events by saying that he would never accept a system coming as it had from a "land of convicts"—Australia.

The report is full of excuses for the action taken upon the defeated labor bills. For instance, A. C. Robertson of Pittsburg, who was not a member of either house or senate, is held responsible for the failure to secure a genuine eight-hour law. Whom will the people hold responsible, these outsiders or the men who were elected to represent their rights and interests.

The report says little or nothing about the house committees on railroads and corporations which killed Burke's anti-Pinkerton bill, Wherry's safety coppler bill and the road fence bill, general and local. It names Walter E. Ritter among the "uncertain" friends of labor, yet he is recorded as voting for almost every measure of reform demanded by the masses. It does not name the Democrats and Republicans who opposed in the house the amendments intended to give the mechanics and laborers a lien for work performed. It fails to inform us that the Wherry and Brown constitutional convention bills were the ones approved by the Knights of Labor, and it does not give the vote by which either was defeated; neither does it tell the toilers that the minority party in joint caucus endorsed those bills, calling a convention of the sovereign people by direct enactment. It does not give the vote by which the anti-Standard oil bill was defeated in the senate and house. It does not give a record of votes taken on the anti-discrimination bill. It does not tell who opposed giving the miners majority representation on the mine commissions. It has time and space to devote to an old omnibus bill which was defeated in the house, but does not give a letter or word about an infamous measure, from the labor standpoint—house bill No. 102—introduced by a member from Mercer, which if passed would allow the incorporation of numberless Pinkerton associations. Its bad character was exposed and denounced by Messrs. McNelis, Wherry and Ferrell, and was born of its bad features by amendments. Why was that omitted? These are but a few of the report's defects, sufficient at this time to indicate reasons for refusing to sign it. It is unfair, inaccurate and incomplete.

A fall of about thirty feet between Lake Superior and Lake Huron at Sault Ste. Marie gives probably one of the greatest water-powers in the world. It is to be utilized on the Canadian side by a race and on the American side by a canal 1000 feet wide and giving 230,000-horse power of force. Around this propheticly observes the Boston Cultivator, will inevitably grow a great manufacturing city whenever the country around is sufficiently settled to sustain it.

A Sheep Parade. Shearing Scenes on Santa Cruz Island.

Travelers who pass up and down the Southern coast of California never fail to notice with interest the group of islands to the seaward side of the Santa Barbara channel. Their peculiar outlines, their isolation, and the apparent absence of human life, render them objects of curiosity so long as the vessel remains within sight. They are by no means, however, so desolate and uninhabited as one might suppose from a passing glance. That is about all, by the way, the most people are able to obtain. The company that controls the largest and the very strict in its enforcement of a long-established rule that strangers shall not land thereon, while the difficulty of access is such that few except those who have business there ever care to undertake the journey.

The islands of Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa and San Miguel are utilized as sheep ranges, and are finely adapted for that purpose. There are no coyotes, lions or other animals which are so destructive to sheep on the mainland, while the cockle burr, which is such a pest and deteriorates the value of the wool so largely on the shore ranges, is unknown at least on Santa Cruz island. There being no danger from any source, the sheep on the islands are allowed to wander at will without herders, the only care bestowed upon them being at the semi-annual shearing.

On Santa Cruz island, which, by the way, is of considerable size, being from twenty-seven to thirty miles in length by about four in width, the sheep-rang business is carried on upon an extensive and systematic scale. The shore line of this island is marked by ranges of hills, which afford pasturage, the moist atmosphere of the ocean promoting a heavy growth of natural grasses and affording an abundance of feed, which keeps green much later than on the main land.

Between these parallel ranges of hills is a lovely valley of large extent, where are located the headquarters of the company, and in which is a large extent of arable land upon which hay is raised by the thousands of tons for use in periods when the natural feed runs short. This hay is stacked up under shelter, and sometimes kept for two or three years in readiness for any demand that may arise. This idea was evolved years ago by the occurrence of a season of extraordinary drouth, during which it became necessary to kill thousands of sheep for their destination is to round up the sheep or at least so many of them as it is desired to keep in shearing corrals at one time. These corrals are located near the island headquarters, in the center of two great interior valleys.

When everything is in readiness for operations to commence, horses are saddled and bright and early in the morning the party of a hundred or more waquero shepherds starts for one end of the island. Arrived there they string out so as to make a cordon extending across the island, and then, with much hallooing and spurring of horses and scrambling over rough hills and across rugged barrancas, they work their way back toward headquarters, driving the constantly increasing band of sheep before them. It is an interesting spectacle both to watch and to participate in as the sheep are driven in dozens and hundreds and thousands toward the point where they are to be shorn of the great masses of wool which cumber their backs and make travel in the hot sun a grievous task.

Arriving at the great corral the sheep are driven, the horses unsaddled and turned loose and the riders proceed to the shearing shed, which quickly becomes a scene of the greatest animation. From the great corral open a number of small pens, and into these are driven enough sheep to keep the men busy for an hour or two. The shed is open at the sides, but as the sun is hot overhead the dust and odor from the sheep is almost stifling. The men strip to the buff, frequently wearing nothing but a pair of overalls strapped about the waist and a hankerchief tied around the head. Their bodies glisten with perspiration, and there is a perfect babel of talking, swearing and other noise.

The work is done by the piece, 5 cents being allowed for each sheep. Consequently the men work at the top of their speed. A sheep is grasped by the hind leg, thrown on his back a firm hold taken by one and both legs of the shearer, and in an incredibly short time the fleece is removed. The writer timed a number of shearers, and found that the most expert consumed just four minutes and a half in taking a fleece, while the average time was about seven minutes.

As soon as the fleece was taken off the sheep was turned into a pen with his shorn mates. The shearer, with the fleece to the end of the room, put it on a bench, called out his name and was given a brass check representing 5 cents in value. The tally-keeper also entered a record opposite the name of each shearer as the fleece was deposited.

Another man seized the fleece, weighed it, called out the weight, which was also entered in a book, rolled up the wool, tied it up and then tossed it into a bin, whence it was removed subsequently and packed on the great sacks used on this coast for such purposes.

Through the shearers an overseer moved continually, taking note of the manner in which the work was done. If any were too careless in their haste and cut the flesh of the sheep they were handling more frequently than was unavoidable they were admonished in such language as one may perhaps imagine but could scarcely be repeated, and if the warning was not heeded a fine was imposed, or if the carelessness was too gross the shearer was discharged. Occasionally a fleece was deposited on the bench that was almost dyed with blood, and then a volley of profanity would be hurled at the head of the off-

ender that added materially to the solidity of the atmosphere.

So it went all day long, the men working on the jump and only stopping when the setting of the sun and the coming of night made it impossible to continue. Then the bell rang for supper, and the shearers, stopping for a hasty wash, poured into the messhouse and devoured a hearty meal, into which frijoles, chille and "sheep meat" largely entered.

No sooner was the meal dispatched and the rough dishes cleared away than a new feature of the shearers' existence was brought to light. Candles were lighted, greasy decks of cards produced, and soon two or three monte games were in progress. As eager as the men were to get the pieces of brass during the day that represented their earnings, they seemed even more eager now to get rid of them. No coin is given out until the close of the shearing season, and therefore the brass checks are the only currency that is used meantime on the island. These are piled up on the table, and as the game goes on by one the players see their stacks diminish and drop out, until at last all the checks are in the hands of a few professionals and the game sheets down for the night.

The next day the same operation is gone through with, and at night the game goes on again. More than one of the shearers, when settling time comes will not have a single brass check to be cashed, although he may have sheared hundreds of sheep and worked as hard as it was possible. On the other hand quantities of checks will be cashed for men who have not touched a sheep but have put in their days smoking cigars and watching their comrades sweating in the shearing sheds, knowing full well that they would be able to win all their earnings over the gambling table.

The Yellowstone Park Line.

The Northern Pacific Wonderland embraces a list of attractions simply unequalled.

The twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis at the head of navigation on the Mississippi, Duluth, Ashland and the Superiors at the head of Lake Superior; to the westward the Lake Park Region of Minnesota, the Red River Valley wheat fields, Valley of the Yellowstone, Yellowstone National Park, Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley, Helena and Butte, Missoula and the Bitter Root Valley, Clarks Fork of the Columbia, Lake Pend d'Oreille and Couer d'Alene, Spokane City and Falls, Palouse, Walla Walla, Big Bend and Yakima agricultural districts, Mt. Tacoma, Seattle, Puallay Valley, Snoqualmie Falls, Puget Sound, the Columbia River, Portland and the Willamette Valley, Gray's Harbor and City, Willapa Harbor and City of South Bend, Victoria on Vancouver Island, Alaska on the north, and California on the South.

The Northern Pacific runs two daily express trains with Dinner car and complete Pullman Service between St. Paul and Tacoma and Portland, via Helena and Butte with Through Tourist and Vestibule Pullman Sleepers from and to Chicago via the Wisconsin Central, and first class through sleeping car service in connection with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Passengers from the east leaving St. Louis in the forenoon and Chicago in the afternoon, will make close connections with the morning train out of St. Paul at 9:00 a. m. following day, leaving Chicago at night in connection with Paul & Chicago via Train No. 1, leaving St. Paul 4:15 the next afternoon.

Yellowstone Park Season, June 1st to October 1st. District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying information, rates, maps, time tables, etc or application can be made to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Write to above address for the latest and best map yet published of Alaska—just out.

Old Sailors Get Sea Sick, Too.

"Seafaring men often suffer from seasickness," said a retired navy officer. "I used to get a touch of it every voyage. Not the long continued and sometimes deadly illness of the landsmen, but decidedly uncomfortable, nevertheless. It usually lasted a day with me—sometimes only a few hours. It would repeat itself as soon as we left next port. The only time I ever missed it was when we were chasing a Confederate blockade runner. I got so excited that I forgot all about it. Curiously enough when the excitement was all over I felt a tinge of it, as usual."

"It is the bilious temperament. I've been so humiliated over it that I could shed tears. No, I wouldn't dare go off the coast fishing because I know I'd be sick. There is really no sure remedy for seasickness, though the best precaution against a violent attack is to go without eating or drinking on the day you sail. Most people inivate seasickness by over-loading the stomach with their friends just before sailing."—New York Herald.

A colony of twenty-five Poles sailed from New York recently for their old homes, stating that they were disappointed with the country. They had been told that it was studded with gold mines, and free homes were ready for them with easy ways to make money. They thought they were coming to a sort of Eden, where they had only to pick the fruits. Those who were responsible for their coming ought to pay their way back. This country is not adapted to the easy-going people who do not know what it means to hustle.

The Leprosy Commission in India is making some interesting discoveries as to the origin of the disease and methods of suppressing it. In one instance it found a family that had been leprosy for five generations. The females of the family remain apparently free from the taint until about fifteen years of age, and are usually very attractive. As they get married about twelve the taint is spread to other families, and the plague has thus been carried through an extensive district.

Economy: "100 Does One Dollar." Merit: "Peculiar to Itself." Purity: "Hood's Sarsaparilla."