

SHE SMILES!

For miles an' miles the country smiles, An' all the skies are blue; Both night an' day it's just that way— So we'll be smilin', too!

When the bells are ringin', An' all the birds are singin', It's joy the country's bringin'— So we'll be joyful, too!

Year in an' out, in hope an' doubt, The country's standin' true; It's faith is strong—it rolls along; So we'll keep rollin', too!

With all the sweet bells ringin', An' all the willows singin', It's joy the country's bringin'— So we'll be joyful, too!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

A GENTLE BOOMER.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

She was the widow of Ansel Hubbard, an old, original Oklahoma boomer. She was a sweet-spoken, girlish looking little woman, with a round, rosy chin, and big, soft eyes. A type of the Southern woman whose appealing dependent expression and gentle accents concealed much indomitable resolution and courage.

Hubbard hailed, originally, from Vermont, and married her four years before, in Louisiana. When he died, leaving her very helpless with her three year old twins, named Peach and Honey, a few hundred dollars, and a camping outfit, she had come to her sister's at Arkansas City, and there, six months after his father's death, another baby was born, which was now nearly a year old.

Ansel Hubbard had been fifteen years the senior of his pretty young wife. A keen trader but an inveterate boomer and prospector, he had made a good living for her and the children, but her four years of married life had been passed mostly in a wagon. She had learned to make home of the spot where the wagon stopped, to contrive a wonderfully dainty and appetizing meal from the most unpromising materials and amid the most unfavorable surroundings, and to bring to all the vicissitudes of that nomadic life always the same unquenchable joyousness, indomitable hope, and buoyant trust.

And she had not lived this life and made the best of it for four years without being somewhat infected by the prospector's spirit; without coming to believe, in a vague way, that all their troubles would be over, the sun would not smite them by day, nor the moon by night, when they were established on that hundred and sixty acres in Oklahoma.

But now Hubbard had been more than a year in a land where—though it is fairer than a prospector's dream of Oklahoma—there are neither booms, boomers, nor border rushes; and his widow, scarcely more than a child herself, was left to grapple the hard problem of how the children were to get that quarter section which their father had picked out ten years before, and upon which he had annually promised her, since their marriage, she should eat that homecoming feast of the typical Yankee—Thanksgiving dinner.

Now the horses were gathering for that historic rush when, on the morning of the twenty-second of April, 1889, ten thousand crossed the line into the Territory at the sound of the bugle. The little town of Arkansas City, lying on the southern edge of Kansas, almost due north of Oklahoma, was full of prospectors, boomers, gamblers, toughs, waiting the day and the word to overrun the new lands. The prairie for miles around was dotted with white covered wagons, moving in or standing camped.

Upborne by the pathetic trust in a mob of humanity from which no strong man would dare expect favor, the little woman had her team and wagon gotten ready, and leaving Peach and Honey with her sister, set forth with her baby in her arms for the promised land.

On the first day out the eighteen-year-old boy she had brought along to drive deserted her—bound, probably, on border-rushing enterprises of his own—and Myra, the baby and the big mules were left to make what way they could in the throng. Myra put Boy in a nest of quilts and bravely took her place on the high driver's seat. It seemed to her that the whole world was driving in wagons across the plain. As far as she could see to the south, until it disappeared in the dim, level line of the horizon, stretched that broad, straggling line of white-topped wagons, fringed with galloping, shouting horsemen; and when she looked back the picture was the same—wagons, horsemen, stragglers. They issued from the northern horizon as though a mighty nation were emptying itself through the funnel of the Ponca trail, upon the upper border of Oklahoma.

And this vast concourse was but a portion of the expectant throng. To the south, up to the Cimarron trail toward the Canadian, beside the regular settlers, large bodies of armed cowboys were coming, crowds of town boomers from Texas, and companies of war veterans.

All were bent toward one goal, swayed by one emotion. As they neared the twenty-second, the day of formal opening, when those on the ground would be allowed to cross the line into Oklahoma, anxiety ran up to fever heat. Sometimes a shudder and a hoarse swell of excitement went down the line with the news that they were letting them in by hundreds on the southern border, and that all the best places were already taken. Scouts brought back word that the soldiers under Colonel Miles were turning everybody back; that the Salt Fork was unfordable; and that the temporary bridge thrown across it by the boomers and soldiers was unsafe; and later, that it had gone down, carrying nobody knew how many people to death with it; that they were going in by train-loads on the Santa Fe, sworn in as deputy United States marshals for the sake of dodging the regulations, and were pre-empting everything worth having. The helpless fury raised by such news—often untrue—added its sting to the bitterness of that frightful journey.

Poor Myra! In the terrible press to hold the trail every moment was a crisis. It took the skill and nerve of an ocean pilot to guide the tall mules safely; the myriad hoofs and wheels either raised a red, stifling dust or churned the hub-deep mud to the consistency of mortar. Where the roads were roughest, Myra's skillful, sun-burned little hands were not strong enough to hold and guide her powerful team; and the little foot that ran so lightly all day about her work, that was so untrusting on the most wearisome errands, was but a feather upon the brake. She had no time to stop and comfort Boy, nor even feed him, and he cried continually. Myra was almost as helpless and bewildered as he, and the two pairs of big, soft, black eyes, that seemed about alike for age and knowledge of the world, overflowed together.

Just beyond the Arkansas River the forlornly offered outfit came to grief. The wheels stuck immovably in the mud, and all the plunging and floundering of the mules failed to budge them. After willing helpers had pried them out and set them fairly on the way again, there remained upon the driver's seat a tall, broad-shouldered, blonde young fellow, who, with his partner, had been driving just behind Myra.

He had offered to help her over the "bad piece," but it seemed to his generous, boyish heart cruel to desert her for his own welfare, even after they were in what seemed, by comparison, moderately good road. His partner could manage their outfit; he, after all, if he lost anything by lingering to befriend her—why, let it go!

So the two wagons stayed together, Myra cooking for both outfits, providing such fare as the boys had never dreamed of on a camping-trail, and breaking out into girlish gayer now that the strain was removed, and the responsibility where every genuine Southern woman religiously believes responsibility belongs—on masculine shoulders. And so it came about that Myra's wagon went over the Oklahoma line, on the momentous twenty-second, well at the front, and with Dave Anderson on the driver's seat.

Everybody, as Myra had expected, was kind to her and to her baby, but these two boys—little older than herself—seemed, in a manner, to have adopted them. It was found that Hubbard's special quarter section, which he had picked out and attempted to take possession of, in defiance of the whole United States government and all its minions, in the old booming days, had been entered by some one else before Myra got in. "Never" mind," said the boys; "what could you do with a quarter-section ranch, anyhow? Couldn't live there all alone with the kid. We'll rustle you a town lot in Guthrie, you can enter it, and get your wagon and a tent on it, and keep boarders. There'll be need for lots of such places right here, and if you cook for them like you cooked for us, you'll make your fortune."

A suitable lot which had not been entered was found (she will never know just how) and Myra, her baby in her arms, stood wedged in the

crowd about the land office, waiting to register it. The dust, stirred by weary, impatient feet, rose chokingly; the sun beat down, bright and hot as July. The press became closer and closer as the throng increased in number; it was not so much a jostling and elbowing, as a steady, irresistible push forward toward the window.

Down in Myra's arms, away from any chance of air, Boy began to breathe in little choking gasps. She struggled to raise him to her shoulder, but that shoulder was such a small elevation that it availed little. "Here," called Dave's big voice behind her, and Dave's big paw reached over and lifted the baby, awkwardly but securely, above the heads of the crowd. But it was into the scorching eye of the sun, and when Boy began to whimper Myra searched vainly for something with which to cover him.

"Put something over him," she said in a voice faint from exhaustion. The baby was attracting plenty of attention now, and more than one bandana was offered; but suddenly Dave's partner, in a burst of inspiration, drew out and pitched up over the little figure the flag that he and Dave had brought along to wave over their quarter section when they should have gotten it entered.

As the silken folds, gay with the red and white and blue—which, as there combined and proportioned, meant so much to that hot, dusty, waiting crowd—fell over the little white dress and bare feet, with a corner covering the small head and bobbing yellow curls, and its fringes barely escaping a pair of astonished black eyes, and a bit of mouth whose corners didn't know whether to turn up or laugh, or down and cry, a big roar went up: "Rah fer young America! Send him up to the window, an' let him git his papers signed!"

"Put your papers in his hand, ma'am, quick, an' let 'em pass him up while they're in the notion," whispered a shrewd-looking old fellow to Myra. The papers were held in front of him, the wandering little hands clutched them, and amid cheers and laughter he traveled from hand to hand over the heads of men who would have hours yet to wait.

Any objections were silenced with cries of "Rah fer young America! It's fer the widder and the orfins!" and like expressions. What toil-hardened or crime-solded palms lifted the baby on his way, whether he went mostly head or heels foremost, right or wrong side up, whether he saluted heaven with howls or smiled up to its smile on that memorable journey, are things that cannot be found out. Nothing but a murmuring of laughter, good-will and cheering marked his progress, and he came back to Myra's arms laughing, kicking his white legs from the gay folds of the flag, and crowing over the paper duly signed and sealed.

Myra's venture was a great success. Her genius for cooking and homemaking under unfavorable conditions was phenomenal, and it could not have been taken to a better market. It was the luckiest of happenings that took Hubbard's cherished quarter section out of her reach and gave her a town lot and a business at which she could excel instead.

Many better equipped than she failed at farming. Dave and his partner had hard work to make a go of it; but, whoever succeeded or failed, Myra, through the darkest, the gloomiest and bloodiest times in Guthrie, prospered, and, as the boys put it, made money hand over fist.

On the night of November 10th, 1889, the barrel-stove in Ferguson's store had its regular circle of loungers around it. The approach of Thanksgiving stirred old memories of home, and raised doubts as to whether this game of hardship, difficulty and danger were really worth the candle of hope consumed in playing it.

"I presume, gentlemen," said Ferguson, one of Myra's earliest boarders, known to be hopelessly smitten by her charms—as, indeed, were most of the others—and only restrained by constitutional bashfulness from declaring himself, "that all here are invited to the little widder's Thanksgiving dinner—and how many of you know what the surprise is she promised us after it?"

A man from Connecticut looked exceedingly knowing, but nobody answered, so Mr. Ferguson was compelled to explode his sensation without delay.

"Well," he said, "she's a-goin' to leave; that's it, and it's our fault if we let her."

"I don't see how you make it our fault," said a fat man; "we've done the best we knowed. I hate to lose the widder as had as any boarder she's got. At least"—with a humorous look at Ferguson's blushing, elderly face—"I'd hate it as much as most; but I think we've done our best to content her. When she loved she could cook better in a house than in a tent, the night after the big blow, we all turned out and put her up the shack, by lantern-light, between two days. That fellow, Dave Anderson, does fer her like a hired man. Shucked out, when she got lonesome for the kids, and piled over to Arkansas City and brought back Peach and Honey, you know."

"It ain't kids an' shucks keeps a woman like her contented," opined Ferguson, scornfully. "It's sassiness she pines for, an' admiration, an' an'—courin'—a husband!"

"Well," said the Connecticut man, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "so far as I c'n hear there's no need fer her to pine for anything o' that sort. If you think she's really lonesome, say we go up an' call—mebby we'll find out what her surprise is,

an' where she's a-goin' to when she leaves us."

Ferguson was only too glad to have a supporter for his blishes, and acceded readily. As they came in sight of the little shack its gayly fire-and-lamp-light windows looked very inviting; but the Connecticut man knowingly insisted that it would be best to reconnoitre before rapping. They slipped quietly across the bare little yard and looked through the window. Inside, glorified by freelight, lamplight, and that magical beautifier and spring of perpetual youth, happiness, they saw Myra—Myra, the children tucked away in bed, sitting by her own fireside—but not alone.

Dave Anderson's arm was around her trim, slender waist, her curly dark head rested, as though it were used to and loved the resting place on Dave's shoulder, and as they paused they heard her sweet, soft voice through the window.

"No, Dave, honey; I cain't be good ready befo' Thanksgiving anyhow, an' I've promus' the bo'nders a good Thanksgiving' dinner—don't know when else they'd get one if I left befo' then. I'm awful sawry yo' so lonesome out on the ranch, but it ain't fo' leave. I got ev' thing in awd to leave Thanksgiving' evenin', an' we'll jus' surpris' 'em then."

Ferguson fled from the sight—though it was a very pretty one. As the Connecticut man followed him to the gate he chuckled. "Say, Ferguson, I don't think the widder's much lonesome, ner pinin' no way. She seems right well content to me." —[Frank Leslie's.]

BIG BUILDINGS.

The Army of Employees Required to Keep Them in Repair.

Of the many large office buildings in New York some thirty-five are "up to date" in every respect and represent the highest development of modern architectural skill, while new tower-like buildings are rearing their heads every month, each surpassing its predecessor in splendor and modern improvements. Comparatively few people, even among the tenants themselves, have any right sense of the enormous cost and labor devoted to "caretaking" in these structures and supplying the occupants with all the conveniences they enjoy in common.

The highest of these buildings has twenty-six floors on twenty-two stories. It contains enough brick to build 250 ordinary brick houses and sufficient iron to construct twenty-nine miles of railroad. It has more than 140,000 feet of floor space and 1,000,000 feet of woodwork.

Another of these buildings, which covered an area of nearly an acre, contains over 500 rooms and over 1,000 windows, for which three miles of sash chain are required. This is the largest building in existence.

The head janitor here has fifteen assistants to help him keep the structure in order. This is no small undertaking, for, in addition to the regular routine work, a great number of odd jobs requiring attention is sure to crop up every day in the year.

In addition to these men a force of thirty women is required to clean out the offices, sweep the corridors and wash down the stairs daily. They work from 6 until 9 in the morning and after 6 o'clock in the evening. This cleaning, scrubbing and burnishing runs in regularly appointed grooves, or it would never be ended.

Most large office buildings have a special corps of plumbers, steam fitters, carpenters and painters among their employees. In the building of which I am speaking there are no less than fifty men on the staff of the chief engineer. These include assist engineers, electricians, oilers and coal passers.

Their wages run from \$25 a week, the salary of an assistant engineer, to \$10 a week, paid to the coal passers. The electricians and oilers receive from \$12 to \$18 a week each. By a new method the exhaust steam from the engine is used in heating the building.—[Boston Herald.]

An Indian Burying-Ground.

On the Thacker farm, a little over a mile north of Wolcott, N. Y., several boys were playing the day before yesterday, when, in digging for a ground-hog, they brought a number of human bones to the surface. This scared them away and they went for help, returning soon afterwards accompanied by A. D. Griswold and Wesley Cole of this place. The digging was continued, and soon an Indian skeleton, surrounded by a number of decaying relics, was uncovered. The body had been buried seated on a flat rock, facing the gorge of Wolcott Creek, a few rods away. The location of the grave was in a narrow hollow. Stones had been piled in a pyramidal form over the corpse and earth heaped on top, leaving a surface nearly level with the knolls on either hand. A French army musket, doubtless a gift from Canada, had been buried with the body, but with the exception of the flintlock, had rusted entirely away. On that lock, however, making clear its origin, was the place of manufacture, Versailles, together with a portion of the date, 171-, and the coat-of-arms of France. Some roughly cut stone beads, besides traces of brass beads eaten up by vermin. All except the stone ornaments and the lock fell into the palpable dust after exposure to the air. This site is, no doubt, a Cayuga or Seneca burying-ground, and will be carefully explored in the near future.—[Syracuse Standard.]

WHY HE FLED TO HIS CLUB.

"I believe now that you married me for my money!" "Impossible, my dear? See how I've thrown it away."—[Vogue.]

AN OVERLAND ROUTE.

FROM PARIS TO NEW YORK BY RAIL.

A Railway Across Siberia, and a Tunnel Under Behring Sea—A Colossal Undertaking.

From New York to Paris by overland route; no change of cars necessary. It sounds absurd, but certain operations are in a final progress which brings such an achievement just within the range of future possibilities. The main factors towards this result are the Siberian Railway and a tunnel under the Behring Strait. The one is in steady progress of construction; the other has only been talked about.

The Tiumen-Omsk section of the Siberian Railway, which has just been opened for passenger traffic, formed the first instalment of this colossal work which is to dwarf all the longest continental lines of the world. It is to be 6,700 miles in length, and as yet only 800 miles are in actual use. From Omsk, which is in the extreme west of Siberia, it is to extend in an eastward direction to Crasnoinarski, a distance of nearly one thousand miles. The embankments and cuts forming this division are already made, and work is already being actively conducted towards completion. From this point the road will follow a more southerly course to Irkutsk, go along the southern shore of Lake Baikal and through the valley of the Seluig River, cross the valleys of the Lena and the Amur to Lake Colan, where excellent coal has been found. Thence it runs eastward to the steamboat station of Szejetinsk, on the Amur River, and follows the course of that stream south-eastward to Khabarovka. There it will turn southward along the right bank of the Ussuri, run to Grahskiy, and terminate at Vladivostok, on the Sea of Japan.

From this port operations have been commenced in a northwesterly direction for some two hundred miles, and the road is actually running to Grahskiy. Thus it will be seen that about one thousand miles, or nearly one-sixth of the entire distance, is virtually accomplished. But innumerable and almost insurmountable difficulties surround the bridging of the gap between these two extremities.

Siberia is a big country. It is twice as large as the whole of the United States. Nine-tenths of its territory has never been explored. The route of the railroad is near the fifty-fifth parallel, that is, as far north as Southern Alaska, and consequently the climate is very cold. The difficulty of procuring and transporting men and material is considerable. The iron will come largely from the Ural Mountains, near the western terminus of the road.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered so far is the lack of building stone. In some places it has to be brought more than three hundred miles, and where the rivers do not serve the cost of carriage is enormous. Ballast is also very scarce on the western part of the line. The natives, at best not very numerous, will not go far from home to work; and the climate is such that operations are confined to a period between the middle of May and the end of September. Deducting the numerous Russian holidays and the rainy days available for pushing on progress each year.

Rails are shipped from England through the Arctic to the mouth of the Yenisei, a somewhat venturesome undertaking, and from there they are carried up the river by two steamboats, one drawing eight feet of water, and the other, for service on the Angura, which drains Lake Baikal, having a draught of only three feet six inches. These vessels are fitted as they are for an Arctic expedition.

On the eastern portion of the line the labor of convict exiles is being employed to a considerable extent, and 25,000 of these are said to be now at work upon the railway. The Russian engineers estimate that the cost of the line will vary from \$30,000 to \$67,000 a mile, according to the difficulties to be overcome, but the entire sum cannot be less than \$300,000,000. This enormous expense will be entirely defrayed by the imperial treasury.

It is not supposed that the road will pay for a great number of years, but the Car is fully aware of its strategic value. It will enable him to command the northern boundaries of his political neighbors with a very much smaller military force than is required to-day.

When this railway is completed, and official surmises fix the year 1901 for its opening, a journey about eight thousand miles long can be made from Paris to the Pacific at Vladivostok. It will probably require about three weeks of continuous travel to make it. The Behring Strait is only a few miles wide at its narrowest point, and the possibilities of a tunnel are now being seriously discussed.

Our ocean greyhounds may cut down their records and annihilate time as much as they will, they cannot stamp out seasickness. There seems to be a bare possibility that the opening of the twentieth century may see timid old ladies, to whom time is of no consequence, taking their annual trip to Europe over nearly fifteen thousand miles of ground instead of braving one-fifth that distance at sea.—[New York World.]

There are about 1,500 theaters in Europe. Italy possesses most.

Cocoa and chocolate are large mixed with starch and sugar.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

ONE DISEASE THAT RAFFLES THE PHYSICIANS.

The Story of a Woman Who Suffered for Nine Years—How She Was Cured. (From the New York, N. J., Evening News.)

On the summit of a pretty little knoll in the heart of the village of Clinton, N. J., stands a handsome residence about which cluster the elements of what is certainly by the country people read about as little short of a miracle. The house is occupied by the family of Mr. Geo. Archer, a former attaché of the police department of New York City, but who now holds a responsible position with the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Archer's family consists of his wife, a sprightly little woman, who presents a picture of perfect health, and a son, twenty-seven years of age. No one would suppose to look at Mrs. Archer now that she was for nearly nine years, and less than two months ago, an invalid so debilitated that life was a burden. Yet such was the case, according to the statements made by Mrs. Archer and her relatives to a reporter who visited her pretty home recently.

In 1885 she strained herself in running to catch a boat. Then ensued a long spell of illness, resulting from the tax upon her strength. Doctor after doctor was consulted and while all agreed that the patient was suffering from a valvular trouble of the heart, none could afford her the slightest relief.

"Oh, the agony I have suffered," said Mrs. Archer, in speaking of her illness. "I could not walk across the floor; neither could I go upstairs without stopping to let the pain in my chest and left arm cease. I felt an awful constriction about my arms and chest as though I were tied with ropes. Then there was a terrible noise at my right ear, like the labored breathing of some great animal. I have often turned expecting to see some creature at my side. The only relief I obtained was when I visited Florida and spent several months there. On my return, however, the pain came back with renewed force."

"Last July," continued Mrs. Archer, "I was at Springfield, Mass., visiting, and my mother showed me an account in the Springfield Examiner, telling of the wonderful cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My mother urged me to try the pills, and on November 23rd last I bought a box and began taking them, and I have taken them ever since, except for a short interval. The first box did not seem to benefit me, but I persevered, encouraged by the requests of my relatives. After beginning on the second box, to my wonder, the noise at my right ear ceased entirely. I kept right on and the distress that I used to feel in my chest and arm gradually disappeared. The blood has returned to my face, lips and ears, which were entirely devoid of color, and I feel well and strong again."

"My son, too, had been troubled with gastritis and I induced him to try the Pink Pills, with great success. I feel that everybody ought to know of my wonderful cure and I bless God that I have found something that has given me this great relief."

Mr. Archer confirmed his wife's statement and said that a year ago Mrs. Archer could not walk one hundred feet without sitting down to rest. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, carious eruptions, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as irregularities, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in their original form in the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred.

Not Practicall.

It is proposed that postage stamps be numbered, so that when stolen from postoffices the rogues may be traced.

Cataract Cannot Be Cured.

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, cataract is a constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best oculists in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifier, and acts directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing cataract. Send for testimonials free. Dr. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Self-confidence is an excellent thing if there is good reason.

In Olden Times.

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

It's a good plan when you get the worst of it to make the best of it.

Dr. Kline's Swamp-Root cures all Kinds of Bladder troubles, Catarrh and Gonorrhea. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Hollow glass building bricks are in use.

Pure Blood

Gives Perfect Health—Wood's Sarsaparilla Makes Pure Blood.

"I became troubled with sores which broke out on me from the lower part of my body down to my ankles, dark, flat and Very Painful. Wood's Sarsaparilla cleared my system and healed the sores in a short time. It also improved my Appetite and benefited my general health. I recommend Wood's Sarsaparilla to all." I. P. THOMAS, Postmaster, Burton's Creek, Va.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are the best. 25 cents per box.