

Mr. Robert W. Denvir

# **Two Christmas Dinners**

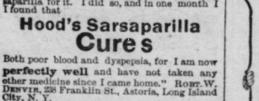
In '90 a Smell was Enough In '91 a Good Appetite

The Change Was Due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. "CHRISTMAS DAY, Dec. 25, 1891.

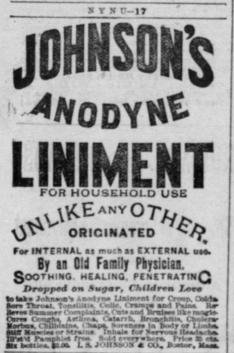
"O. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. "I have been reading in a paper to-day about Hood's Sarsaparilla being a cure for

### Dyspepsia

And I know that it is true. A year ago the smell of my Christmas dinner was enough for me, but this year I find that I want more than a smell, and I give Hood's Sarsaparilla the credit for the change in my feelings For the last two years I have been troubled with dyspepsia, and could find no cure for it. My friends told me that if I went to Europe, sea-sickness, change of air and diet would cure me. I went to Ireland and remained the three sum-mer months of this year, '91, and came back in September uncured. My blood was watery and I was told to take Hood's Sar-maparilla for it. I did so, and in one month I I found that



other medicine since I came home." ROBT.W. DENVIR, 228 Franklin St., Astoria, Long Island City, N. Y. Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic,



DROP YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE.

"Oh, ship aboy!" rang out the cry, "Ob, give us water or we die!" A voice came o'er the waters far. "Just drop your bucket where you are." And then they dipped and drank their fill Of water fresh from mead and hill; And then they knew they sailed upon The broad mouth of the Amazon.

O'er tossing wastes we sail and cry "Oh, give us water or we die !" On high, relentless waves we roll Through arid climates for the soul; Neath pitiless skies we pant for breath Smit with the thirst that drags to death And fail, while faint for fountains far, To drop our buckets were we are.

Ob, ship aboy! you're sailing on The broad mouth of the Amazon, Whose mighty current flows and sings Of mountain streams and inland springs, Of night-kissed morning's dewy balm, Of heaven-dropt evening's twilight calm, Of nature's peace in earth or star-Just drop your bucket where you are.

Seek not for fresher founts afar, Just drop your bucket where you are; And while the ship right onward leaps Uplift it from exhaustless deeps; Parch not your life with dry despair, The stream of hope flows everywhere So, under every sky and star,

Just drop your bucket where you are. -S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

## HOME FLIES THE DOVE.

BY ERNEST JARROLD.

IG Josh Demby, the the colored sexton. was tolling the Baptist church bell for the last time in 1890. Revival services were being held in the church. The echoes of the tolling went vibrating down the valley,

E HA MIL come for them to make the usual vow large, for the fervency of exhortation and the vehemence of supplication had had ever paid to a singer before. quickened the slumbering fires of piety in the hearts of the faithful and strengthened the feeble knees of many a halting zealot.

The organist was playing a dreamy voluntary, full of the tenderest expression from Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." As his fingers stole softly over the keys he muttered to himself a and in which the line, "When the bird waketh and the shadows flee" was incorporated. It was a quiet, restful scene, full of comfort for the body and goul

Just as Josh came down on tiptue from the belfry, the outer door of the church awung open and a young woman entered. She was elegantly dressed. Her form was wrapped in a sealskin cloak and diamonds sparkled in her ears. proved him with a glance that was not There was an air of elegance and refine- all reproof. ment about the woman which caused

"Oh, Dick," the new soprano said to There was no response. He shook her the tenor, as she dropped panting into gently. A small vial fell from her lap, a seat and unrolled her music, "I've got and breaking on the floor, scattered a just the sweetest little song you ever thousand pellets on the carpet. He heard to sing to-night as a solo. The touched her hand. It was as cold as the minister said he wanted something about | icicle that hung from the corner of the a dove, for he intended to preach a ser- church. As he stood beside the bowed mon about that cooing bird, and I found figure in the darkened church, Josh the very thing in a Sunday-school book. realized that there would be mourning You know Mr. Hopkins, who pays the on the morrow for the Dove that had choir bills, has not decided whether he flown. will give me the position of solo soprano,

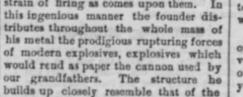
The tenor was going home with the sobut-thank you, Dick, they'll moisten prano. The snow crackled under their my throat-(Dick had passed her a handful of marshmallows)-you'll see if I feet and the stars twinkled knowingly don't catch him to-night. The song is overhead. As they loitered along the a little thing, in four parts; nothing like | way they softly sang together: the 'Green Hill Far Away,' or 'With

To the love that changes never, From its own no more to sever, Home flies the dove.

The congregation lingered on their doorsteps and listened with pleased looks; but no one realized that the sweet melody was a requiem .- New York Press

The Heart is a Pump. When pumps were first provided with

valves to direct the current of water hither or thither, the inventor was no doubt very proud of his achievement. expectantly toward the choir loft as the In the heart within his breast, in his own veins and arteries, were valves engaged above the red curtain. In a rich soprano in the same task of rightly directing the flow of blood. In the simpler kinds of pumps, which linger here and there in our farmyards, the action is jerky, the stream flowing and ebbing from moment to moment as the arm of the pump rises and falls. Quite as jerky would be the tide of the blood were not the walls of the arteries highly elastic. Their elasticity serves the same purpose as that of the air in the chamber attached to large pumps to equalize and steady their flow. Examination of the heart brings out a principle of its structure, curiouly paralleled in modern invention. So powerful are the explosive charges used in the great guns of modern warfare that no mere increase of thickness in the metal would prevent their bursting. To avoid this peril was the object of the ingenious method of manufacture introduced by General Rodman. In this process a current of water passes through the core of the gun as it lies in the mold, and the gun barrel is permitted to cool from its outer surface with extreme slowness. A gun cast in this way may be regarded as a series of cylinders, the outer ones of which are successively shrunk on the inner; as these inner ones are thus strongly mpressed the force of compression is added to that of the metal's powerful cohesion, and so tremendous explosives are safely resisted. At the same time the outer cylinders of the gun are in a state of tension-that is, they would fly apart were they of less tenacious metal. At a distance as they are from the discharging powder, they are still strong enough to withstand as much of the strain of firing as comes upon them. In this ingenious manner the founder dis-





Three hundred and sixteen American girls are teaching in China.

Ancient Grecian women had longer feet than the average man has now. Women who sew for a living are

warned against the use of cheap thimbles.

Spring fashions from Paris show some new departures and some "startling effects."

The most expert woman conductor of music in the world is Miss Clara Novello Davies.

Jetted wire and jetted net are to be used in covering frames for dressy bonnets and hats.

There are in London, so report says, over ten thousand women "connected with the press."

The famous singer, Christine Nilsson, Countess Miranda, has been visiting her childhood's home in Sweden.

Lady Sutton recently gave an entertainment in London, at which \$15,000 were expended for flowers alone.

Queen Margharita, of Italy, has promised the loan of her famous collection of laces for exhibition at the World's Fair.

Queen Margharita, of Italy, though still a very beautiful woman, is said to be growing very fat. She has been married twenty-four years.

Dr. Mary P. Jacobi, in New York, and Dr. Mary Hoxon, in Washington, are each reputed to earn \$40,000 a year at their profession.

Dr. Caroline Bertellon has been appointed visiting physician to that very important college for girls, the Lycee Racine, in Paris, France.

For the sombre taste in dress fashion has designed a large variety of flowers in brown and gray shades of silk to be worn as bonnet garniture.

The newest feature in millinery is what is called the "boulevard crown." Of course it is very broad and very flat, and rather longer than it is wide.

Queen Victoria is so fond of fresh air that she is said to keep the temperature of her apartments in Windsor Castle so low that the rooms are unpleasantly chilly for other people.

Little hats of jetted wire are almost covered by the full-blown roses and shaded poppies used as trimming, a single flower often hiding all but the edge of the brim.

Police matrons in New York and Brooklyn get \$800. School teachers begin on half that pay and work fourteen years to secure the maximum salary, which is \$750 a year.

A distinguished Methodist preacher once said : "But for the interest and devotion of the women of our churches, one-half of them would die the first year, and the other half the second."

#### A MOST GRAPHIC STORY.

#### It is Taken Direct from Real Life.

CHARMING NEW ENGLAND LADY TELLS HER EXPERIENCE BOTH ABROAD AND IN AMERICA.

The unwritten romances of life are more

The unwritten romances of life are more wonderful and far more interesting than the most vivid works of fiction. The one we are about to relate occurred in real life, and is both interesting and instructive. Mrs. Jennie Ray formerly lived in Man-chester, N. H. Her home was pleasant, her surroundings comfortable. In the year 1850 she visited England, and while in that country began to experience strange sensa-tions. At first she attributed them to the change of climate, but they continued and increased, until finally, like many another woman, she became utterly discouraged. It was while in this condition that Mrs.

woman, she became utterly dicouraged. It was while in this condition that Mrs. Ray returned to America and her home. Thousands of women who read this story can appreciate the condition in which Mrs. Ray then was, and sympathize with her suffering. Two prominent physicians were called and endeavorad to do all in their power for her relief. In spite, however, of their skill Mrs. Ray grew weaker and more depressed, while the agony she endured seemed to increase. It was at this time that a noted physician who was called declared Mrs. Ray was suffer-ing from cancer, said there was no help, and told her friends she could not live more than a week at the farthest. a week at the farthest.

a week at the farthest. And here comes the interesting part of the story, which we will endeavor to tell in Mrs. Ray's cwn words. She said: "Unknown to all these physicians, I had been using a preparation of which I had heard much. I did not tell the physicians because I feared they would ridicule me, and perhaps order its discontinuance. During all the while that the physicians were at-tending me the preparation was steadily and faithfully doing its own work in its own way, and I had faith in its power. At last the doctor said there was no use of his com-ing, for he could do me no gool. I had suf-fered so much that I was quite willing to fered so much that I was quite willing to die, but it seems I was nearer relief than I knew. One week from the day the doctor last called a false growth as large as a coffee one and which locked as the up it had here cup, and which looked as though it had been very large, left me. I sent for a doctor, and he declared it was a fibroid tumor, but and he decares it was a horoin tumor, but said he had never known one to come away of itself before. I immediately began to gain health and strength, and I unhesitat-ingly declare that my rescue from death was due solely to the marvelous effects of Warner's Safe Cure, which was the remedy Warner's Safe Cure, which was the remedy I took unbrown to the physicians, and which certainly rescued me from the grave. It is my firm belief that many ladies who are said to die of cancer of the womb are cases like mine, and if they could be induced to use Warner's Safe Cure they, like me, might be saved."

saved." The above graphic account is perfectly true in every respect. Mrs. Jennie Ray is now living at 142 West Sixth street. South Boston, Mass., and if any lady doubts the above statement she can address Mrs. Ray, who will gladly answer all questions or grant an interview of a confidential nature to any laiy who may choose to call upon her. It is said that "truth is stranger than fiction," and when the thousands of suffer-ing, helpless women who are upon the road ing, helpless women who are upon the road which physicians say leads only to death, consider the story as above given, there is reason for hope and joy, even although they may be now in the depths of despondency and misery. To such ladies the above truthful account is willingly given.

#### Largest Olive Orchard in the World.

The largest olive orchard in the world belongs to Mr. Ellwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara County, California. Mr. Cooper purchased the land occupied by this mammoth grove of Oriental trees away back in 1871, the entire orchard, includiug the portions of it which are devoted to the culture of English walnuts, Japanese persimmons, almonds, etc., comprising 1700 acres. The orchard now has 10,000 olive trees, 8100 in full bearing, the remainder being young trees set out during the past year and a half. Besides the olive tree there are 3000 English walnut trees, 10,000 almond trees and about 4000 other fruit and nut trees. The 10,000 olive trees yielded 40,000 quart bottles of olive oil last year, which found a ready market at \$1.25 per bottle; the nut trees bore thousands of bushels of nuts, to say nothing of the Japanese persimmons. Taken all in all, it has been calculated that Mr. Cooper's orchard brings an income of not less than \$800 per acre every year .- St. Louis Republican.

From the transient and the fading, Home flies the dove; To the sky no cloud is shading, Home flies the dove; To the longed for, happy meeting, All the well beloved greeting. From the vain and false and fleeting Home flies the dove. As the mellow cadence arose and fell the old deacon in the front pew felt that the time of refreshing had indeed come. The tenor leaned forward and listened to the delicate shading with a trained ear. "By George!" he muttered to himself.

freighted with the words:

Verdure Clad,' but just simple and melo-

dious enough to appeal to his limited

musical conceptions. I've been working

hard on it all the week, real hard, two

hours a day. I can almost feel tears on

my cheek when I sing it, and you know

that feeling always improves the timbre

of your voice. What is that Haweis

The flow of her comment was cut short

by the organist. With a lizard touch,

as if he were loth to let it go, the latter

had finished the voluntary, and the gen-

tle prelude to the new soprano's song

came from the keys. The congregation

were all seated and everybody looked

head of the new soprano rose gracefully

the melody floated out into the church

From the transient and the fading,

says about\_"

"I'll have to take lessons of her teacher." telling the sinners A smile of grateful vanity spread over the face of Mr. Hopkins, the banker, as that the time had he inwardly congratulated himself on his judgment in the selection of a soof renunciation from the thraldom of the prano, and even the fat grocer kept his flesh. The congregation was unusually eyes open while the song was in progress, which was a greater compliment than he

But on the back scat sat the one who appreciated the song the most. It was the Dove in the sealskin cloak. She had clasped both her white hands over

the back of the seat in front. Her soul shone in her eyes, and every note and word of the song fell upon her tired heart with the refreshing of rain in the face in August. Her lips parted as she stanza which fitted the air admirably whispered to herself the refrain, and a look of infinite peace overspread her face and her head fell upon her hands and rested there in the attitude of prayer. As the soprano resumed her seat, the

enor said in a whisper : "If you don't get the situation, Hop-

kins'll have to hire Patti."

Then they fell to whispering sottly to each other. The tenor pinched the soprano's cheek playfully, and she re-

The venerable pastor arose in the pul-Josh to open the inner door with more plt and, adjusting his gold spectacles, than his customary politeness. With a opened the big Bible on the red velvet gracious inclination of her head the wo. | cushion at the eighth chapter of Genesis

Where it never more shall weary, Home flies the dove; Where the day is never dreary, Home flies the dove; To the rest that is forever.

German

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCE, P. D. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

Consumption carries off many of its victims needlessly. It can be stopped sometimes; sometimes it cannot.

It is as cruel to raise false hopes as it is weak to yield to false fears.

There is a way to help within the reach of most who are threatened\_CAREFUL LIV-ING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

Let us send you a book on the subject ; free.

Scorr & Bowner, Chemists, 1 32 South 5th Avenue, New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver el-all druggists everywhere do. \$1.



man entered and took a seat, in the ex- and the eleventh verse, and read treme ead of the pew nearest the door, upon the faded red cushion.

This was the first time that Dove Jones years. There were no blushes in her earth." cheeks now such as vied with the hollyher self respect, and had earned dark circles under her hazel eyes, a pallid brown and a disease which the doctors In moments of excitement she was seized the color of ashes and made her feel as if lentlessly. And now she was on her way home to her mother, who lived in the honeysuckles bloomed in summer twilight. While passing the church on her way toward the window seat, she saw the lights in the church windows fore, and the boys on the back seat ate and heard the deep toned bell, and an impulse which she could not resist prompted her to enter. Many inquiring glancez were cast at her, but none recognized her now. But many familiar faces | sung, and made no sign that the story of met her gaze as she looked around. A the olive branch had reached her ears. few scats in front of her sat the fat grocer, whose dried apples she had so rich banker who went to the city every in his ribs that it was time for him to had paid for the new baptistry, Dove remembered. She recalled with a smile that he often prayed in meeting and each petition. He put a five dollar note on the plate every Sunday, she remem-

on the top of his head. But in the extreme corner of the paying rent. church near the pulpit, where the pews were cheap, she saw faintly, for the a hymn to the effect that they were standchurch was dimly lit, two figures. Both | ing on a narrow neck of land 'twixt two were plainly dressed and gray-haired. They were her father and mother. Her of the words. The doxology and the heart leaped in her bosom. There was an icy constriction in her breast and the perspiration started on her hands and forchead. With trembling fingers she drew out of her pocket a small vial marked "Night Blooming Cereus," poured ten pinhead pellets into her shaking palm, and quickly swallowed them. The effect was magical. In less than two minutes the constriction was gone. Up the side aisle there came a young

and beautiful girl. Dove heard a boy across the aisle whisper to his neighbor: "That's the new soprano. Ain't she a daisy !"

The "daisy" alluded to disappeared behind the red curtain that hung on a brass rod in front of the choir loft, raised about a foot above the level of the yeu to go home? Youse de only one church floor. church floor.

"And the dove came to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off. So Noah knew had been inside of a church for five that the waters were abated from off the

'Twas not an exhaustive exegesis that hocks in her mother's garden when she the gray pastor preached. He made no went away. She had lost her roses with attempt to prove that the flood had occurred as stated in the Sacred Book. But while the grocer went to sleep as usual and the banker's thoughts were far said was valvular disease of the heart, away in Wall street, and the tenor and soprano ate candy oblivious to the flight with paroxysms which turned her face of time, hedwelt on the flight of the message bird above the waste of waters. steel fingers were squeezing her heart re- He told how on tired wing she had explored the billows for an evidence of solidity, and had at last secured it. He the village, to sit by the window where drew a homely analogy between the return of the dove with the olive branch and the seent of sweet briar stole in at and the coming of the Christ. And while many of the congregation yawned because they had heard the old story bepeanuts and threw the shells on the floor to make the sexton angry, Dove sat quietly on the back seat, in the position she had assumed when the song was As the pastor closed the Good Book and resum id his seat the organist played often stolen when on an errand for her again. The fat grocer awoke with a Prince of Schaumbourg-Lippe and Duke mother. In a pew in the church sat the start as his wife inducated with her elbow Ernest, of Saxe-Coburg. morning and returned at night. He pass around the contribution box. The cents jingled into the box as he passed slowly down the middle aisle until he came to the seat where Dove was sitting. fifteen years; Wilhelmins, of Holland, He touched her gently with the box to eleven years, and Alphonse XIII., of always repeated the phase, "On this, He touched her gently with the box to this carthly footstool," fifteen times in notify her that she was expected to contribute something toward the distressed heathen, but she did not respond. The bered too, as she looked at the bald spot boys across the aisle snickered at what they thought was an attempt to avoid

> The congregation then arose and sang seas, with no conception of the meaning benediction followed, during which the banker put on his overcoat. As the congregation filed slowly out there were solicitous laquiries as to Martha Jones's rheumatism and Uncle John's lame shoulder. The concensus of opiaion on the late Sunday-school concert was heard, and the possibility of giving the pastor a donation was discussed. And when the last lingerer had gone, Josh went around the church turning out the lights. He was tired and he wanted to get home. As he came down the middle aisle he noticed that the woman in the scalskin closk was still sitting in the back seat. Putting his great black hand tenderly on

her shoulder he said :

heart. In its two inner parts the fibres of that organ are wound somewhat like two balls of twine, and these in turn are tightly compressed by a covering of other similar fibres. The heart has to resist no such explosive force as that which comes upon a gun, but in propelling the blood throughout the system it has to exert great pressure. This pressure by the organ's peculiar structure is uniformly distributed throughout every part. In the frame of an ordinary man the labor of the heart in twenty-four hours is equal to lifting 124 tons one foot from the ground .- Courier-Journal.

### Facts About Europe's Rulers.

According to the Almanach de Gotha for 1892 Europe numbers at present forty sovereigns. Of these the longest on the throne is Queen Victoria, whose reign has lasted fifty-four years. After her come the Duke Ernest, of Saxe-Coburg, who has reigned forty-seven years; the Prince of Waldeck, forty-six years, and the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, forty-three years.

In a matter of age Pope Leo XIII., is the oldest, he being the only ruler who has passed eighty. There are seven sovereigns who have passed seventy, these being: Queen Victoria, Christian II., of Denmark; the Grand Duke Frederick William, of Mecklenburg-Strellitz; Grand Duke Adolph, of Luxembourg;

The five youngest sovereigns are: William II., of Germany, thirty-two years; Carlos L, of Portugal, twentyeight years; Alexander I., of Servia, Spain, five years.

The number of monarchies in Europe has increased by one during the past year, the Duchy of Luxembourg having me a sovereign State by the death of the Queen of Holland.

#### Sugar Corn a Foundling Plant.

It is not known by whom or when sweet or sugar corn originated. So fat as known it was first mentioned in Bridgeman's catalogue of seeds, in 1832, under the name of sugar corn. Sweet corn differs from all other varieties in the increase of saccharine matter and decrease of starch. It is supposed to be one of the most nutritious of the cereals, both in its green and ripened state .---New York Sun.

#### Fossil Coral.

of fre-brick .- Chieago Times.

A new building material called "fossil oral" has been discovered in a small island in the Bay of Suva Fiji. When it was first removed it is sod and easily cut into square blocks or any other deer shoulder he said: "'Scuse me, missus, ain't it time for the air for some time it grows very hard and assumes some of the characteristics

A new wrinkle is the wearing of colored ribbons as collar trimmings; some are merely folded and set over or on the edge of the dress collar, and fastened at the back with a rosette. Ribbons are worn in every imaginable manner."

Lady O'Brien, the wife of the Governor of Newfoundland, is much absorbed in the wives and children of the men engaged along the coast in the fishing industry, and has organized a small society to work up material into suitable clothing for her proteges.

There are many women registered at the Patent Office in Washington as inventors. Their inventions range from pillow lace to locomotive appliances, though they have been especially successful in devising ice-cream freezers and sewing machine attachments.

The Duke of Westminster has been recommending young women of the middle classes to train for teachers of cookery. He says that he is convinced, by careful examination of the subject, that there is a good living for any woman who will fit herself to teach cookery.

. Senator Peffer's wife is a Pennsylvanian, and she has been matried just forty years. She is a woman of business ability, and while her husband was in the war she so husbanded the savings he sent home that when the war was over she had the nucleus of a small fortune awaiting him.

The newest muddy-weather costume consists of a skirt, perfectly plain, and umbrella-shaped. The lower edge is bound with leather. The leather extends up the outside of the skirt to form a trimming, and also lines it to the depth of six inches. A short jacket like the skirt, and trimmed with leather, is also worn.

Only forty-four women have been decorated with the blue cross of the Legion of Honor altogether. One of the youngest women who have ever received the cross is Juliette Dodu, a creole, and the cause was an act of bravery during the Franco-Prussian war. She is now an inspector of primary schools in Paris.

The little maid who has been discreet in choosing either a stylish mother or a sensible mother, is dressed in cloth, crepon, cheviot, or cashmere, and in the simple cotton fabrics, of which gingham is the prime favorite. Her skirts are short and plain. Her bodices are gath-ered and frilled or made with jaunty jackets over full silk waists.

In Harlem (New York City) women who go to their store with babies get them checked and do their shopping in comfort. If the baby is in a carriage a boy gives a check for it and amuses the youngster until its mother has finished her shopping. If it is not in a carriage it is amused in the same way inside the store. The plan is working well for both shopkeepers and mothers.

The total production of maple sugar in this country last year was 32,952,927 pounds.

In 1850 "Bronch's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been upparalieled.

The pleasant coating of Beecham's Pill completely disguises the taste without impair ing their efficiency. 25 cents a box.

For a 2c. stamp, sent with address to Lydis E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., ladie will receive free, a beautiful illustrated book "Guide to Health and Etiquette."



ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys tem effectually, dispels colds, head sches and fevers and cures habitual tches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever pro-duced, pleasing to the laste and ac-ceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities com-mand it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

mand it to all and have made in the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in 500 and \$1 bottles by all leading drug-gists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one wi wishes to try it. Do not acce any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. BAN FRANCISCO, OAL PATENTS Washington, D. C