

The Scranton Tribune

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When space will permit, the Tribune is always glad to print short letters from its friends bearing on current topics, but the rule is that these must be signed, for publication, by the writer's real name.

SCRANTON, AUGUST 16, 1899.

Colonel Bryan is probably wondering now if a tiger can change its stripes.

Dr. Phillips' Declination.

The declination of Dr. Phillips will disappoint an overwhelming majority of the best friends of education in this community, on account both of the personal esteem in which they hold him as an instructor, a director of educational work and a conscientious and high-minded gentleman, and also because they had hoped that by remaining in the principalship of the High School he would enable them, at the next election, to undo what they regard as a malicious injustice.

His subtraction of himself from the situation occasions regret, but it does not remove the necessity for the institution of a new policy in the Board of Control's management of the High School. If Dr. Phillips' successor shall be a man fit for the place he will speedily make known to the powers that be his disapproval of the pleaing razzing and ignorant intermeddling against which Dr. Phillips has had to contend, and the change in principals will simply mean a new face in the fray. The Scranton High School is too big an institution to be run successfully on the lines of personal intrigue, and the sooner this is recognized by the Board of Control and competent professional supervision permitted by it to choose its own methods of work, the better it will be for all concerned.

No committee of amateurs sitting in caucus can run a high school. Skilled ability is needed and when secured it must be allowed sufficient latitude in details to enable it to produce the desired results. The case of Dr. Phillips is a warning that public opinion will not tolerate another man-hunt.

As one of the leading "anties," the Tammany chief may appropriately subscribe himself Croaker.

The First Cuban Census

Arrangements have been practically completed for the taking of the first genuine census of Cuba. By Jan. 1, the war department expects to have in its possession answers from each inhabitant of Cuba to the following questions: Name, age, sex, color, trade, occupation or profession, married or single, or other family relation, sanitary condition of houses, disposal of garbage and fecal matter, ability to read or write, ability to speak or understand the English language, and what elementary knowledge makes it probable that this understanding of English will be acquired, nationality, whether Cuban or Spanish, property ownership or rental, area of land cultivated, and kinds of crops, schools and number of scholars in attendance, and number of days attended.

This census is to be taken by Cuban enumerators, working under American supervision, and to guard against deception a penalty clause has been attached to their instructions. Under this the enumerator who falsifies his returns can be severely punished, and it is to be hoped that the government will take measures to enforce this penalty to the letter if it shall discover proof of guilt. The Latin-American disposition to exaggerate needs especially to be curbed in the matter of official statistics.

Early in the new year these figures will be available for the guidance of our subsequent activities in Cuba. Secretary Root is taking hold of this problem in an agreeable direct and energetic manner; he has apparently won the confidence of the Cuban representatives at Washington and it is likely that the taking of the census will be the initiatory step in a rapid succession of moves toward the organization of civil government in Cuba on the basis of internal self-rule.

The testimony against Dreyfus thus far seems to be entirely a matter of opinion.

A Place for Admiral Dewey.

One of the problems which has greatly puzzled those who like to cross bridges in advance is what to do with Admiral Dewey when he comes home. We refer, of course, to the period of time which shall follow the hero-worshipping already planned. The admiral is too modest a man and too good a sailor to wish to have the hero-worshipping prolonged. He cannot escape a good deal of this, even by means of the diplomatic plea of poor health; but when the enthusiasm of the multitudes shall have subsided, assuming that he will still desire some form of naval service, what kind of assignment shall be provided for him? He is entitled by all the rules of the game to go on shore duty; and the advisory work which he will undertake as a member of the Philippine commission will give him a period of congenial and useful occupation; but afterward, what?

Congressman Foss, of Chicago, who is now in London, offers a suggestion which seems to have merit. Mr. Foss is one of the best informed students of naval subjects in public life; he has recently been in consultation with Dewey and it is reasonable to infer that his suggestion is the result of conversations with the admiral. "From my experience on the continent," says he, "I believe we should have a permanent naval policy board, with, say, Admiral Dewey at its head and composed of leading naval officers. This board could frame a general policy of naval development on broad lines and its recommendations would be more

likely to have weight with congress than would the annual suggestions of the civilian secretary, however able he might be." Mr. Foss, in the brief interview from which this quotation is made, does not go into details, as he doubtless will when he returns to the United States; but the inference is that he believes such a board of experts could contribute greatly to coherency and system in the plans of naval growth which now are formulated by a variety of boards and bureau officials, who often work at cross purposes. The designation of Admiral Dewey as the chairman of this general board would put him in a position of advisory usefulness in keeping with his high rank and reputation, and supply for him a field of activity directly in the line of his professional education.

Mr. Foss notes, also, that the navy is to receive a great deal more attention from congress in future than it has hitherto; a fact which suggests that congressmen particularly and the public generally should study naval subjects more thoroughly than they have been wont to do. Expansion makes this an urgent necessity.

Bryan's proposed visit to Kentucky would seem to offer the inventor of the bullet proof jacket an opportunity to secure a first-class advertisement.

Protection and Business.

Mid-summer conditions throughout the business centers of the country as reflected by the records of the treasury department, says the American Economist, are well calculated to gratify all friends of the cause of protection, who predicted that the restoration of adequate protection to American industries would be followed not only by restored confidence but by a general revival of industry and trade. There are several points to which attention should be directed as furnishing proof of the fulfillment of the prophecy. We are at the beginning of the third year of the operation of the Dingley tariff, and the receipts of the treasury from customs duties continue to increase at a ratio which furnishes proof that a revenue law which affords protection to the industries of the country is the best kind of a revenue measure to bring cash into the treasury.

Not only are the conditions of the treasury gratifying, but the conditions of the people as indicated by their holdings of cash in the banks of the country, show that the full measure of prosperity is not only enjoyed by the general government but by the people in all the states.

Protectionists will be justified in talking for some time about the remarkable achievements in trade and commerce under the first full fiscal year's operations of the Dingley tariff. Although the exports of agricultural products declined slightly during the last year, it being impossible to keep up with the record of the previous fiscal year in our shipments of agricultural products because of the fact that the fiscal year of 1898 showed a tremendous exportation of these commodities by reason of the scarcity in many foreign markets, the decline in agricultural exports was not heavy, however, the round figures showing for 1898 exports of \$523,000,000 worth, against \$784,000,000 worth for the fiscal year just closed. And yet the marvelous aggregate export business done by the manufacturing establishments of the country almost made up for the loss in agricultural exports. There were sent out of the country during the last fiscal year \$329,000,000 worth of manufactured commodities, against an export of like commodities during the previous fiscal year aggregating \$291,000,000 worth. Our exports of the mines and forests also showed marked increases, and the comparative figures for the two fiscal years on these classes of products show an improvement in exports aggregating about \$4,000,000.

It is worthy of note that although the new policy of protection established by the Dingley law imposed protective duties on raw wool, one of the chief articles of production entering into manufactures, of which a large proportion is imported, the fiscal year's business in imports of articles in crude condition for domestic industry, not subject to duty, increased about \$23,000,000 worth, showing that the aggregate business on imports of raw commodities for use in domestic manufactures increased under the new tariff law. On the other hand, the measure of increased protection afforded on general lines of so-called "raw materials" made itself felt in the importation of dutiable articles of this class, and there was a decline in such imports of about \$3,000,000 worth.

The opening of the new fiscal year, with the returns for receipts at the treasury during July, shows that in respect to customs duties the Dingley law is making a splendid record. The customs receipts for July aggregated about \$16,000,000, and the first week in August shows an increase of nearly two-fold in customs receipts over the corresponding period of a year ago. The fact should not be lost sight of that the volume of money in the hands of the people, as registered by the returns of national banks to the comptroller of the currency, shows a marvelous increase over the returns of a year ago. In July of 1898 the national banks reported having in their vaults individual deposits subject to check to the amount of \$2,022,000,000, considerable comment was created by this remarkable showing of last year, because the figures demonstrated that, compared with the period of depression in 1896, the bank deposits of the people had increased about \$460,000,000. Marvelous as were these figures, the second year of restored protection witnessed a record even more noteworthy. In a single year from July, 1898, to July, 1899, the increase in individual deposits aggregated a half a billion dollars, the figures being approximately \$468,800,000.

All advices that come to the treasury from the industrial and commercial centers indicate that the fall business of this year will be the largest in the history of the country. One of the indications of this promising outlook is the pressure upon the treasury for small notes with which to transact retail business and to move the fall crops.

treasury officials to meet these conditions, and one of the plans agreed upon is to resume the issuing of gold certificates, which was suspended during the Cleveland administration. This policy will give to the country several million dollars additional in paper currency, and will thereby facilitate the transaction of the enormous volume of business, unprecedented in the commercial records of the country, which has sprung up in connection with restored protection to American labor and industries.

The Boers claim to be opposed to war, but they do not object to having their filled cartridge boxes on hand in times of peace.

Old Age Pensions.

Shortly before the dissolution of the last British parliament a committee of the commons, representing the Conservative majority, made a report favoring the giving of a government pension to every applicant who can meet certain specified requirements, namely—that he be a British subject, 65 or more years old; that within the preceding twenty years he shall not have been convicted of an offense punishable by penal servitude or imprisonment without the option of a fine; that within the same period he shall not have received poor relief other than medical relief except under exceptional circumstances; that he shall have at the time of application an income of less than \$250 a year; and that it shall be shown that he has endeavored to the best of his ability, by his industry or by the exercise of reasonable providence, to make provision for himself and for those immediately dependent on him.

In a certain sense this proposition is what we in America would consider a political gallery play. It is similar to some of the glittering promises contained in American political platforms. Its immediate mission is to attract votes. "A pension for every honest poor man." Think of the value of this cry, in a vote-winning sense, in a closely contested campaign. It almost equals in political divinity the idea which has been so successfully exploited in a number of American states, always to the benefit of the man or party popularly identified with it. Yet when so substantial a party as the Conservative party of England commits itself in detail to a proposition of this kind it must also be taken seriously. If public opinion in Great Britain shall with great vigor approve this idea it will ultimately gain expression in the forms of law.

An obvious objection to the suggestion is that it puts a premium on incapacity and opens a wide door to imposture. These objections are admittedly parried by the proposition's advocates, who point out that incapacity and imposture have to be carried anyhow, and better by the entire commonwealth, through lightly felt extra taxation, than by the philanthropic few, who have burdens enough in other directions. There is some merit in this counter argument, but the policy of state old-age pensions is not likely to appeal to the judiciary. The state should be the last resource in all matters of charity or benevolence. Where personal thrift does not suffice to safeguard the senile years the policy of industrial pensions should be tried, along the lines just laid down in this country by the Pennsylvania railroad. Each industry owes to its faithful workmen some provision for old age beyond the amount of the current wage; and it can better arrange and manage such a pension feature than a general government can, which is charged with multifarious interests covering every phase of human relations.

SOME VARIED VERSES.

God speaks. God speaks to hearts of men in many ways; Some the red banner of the rising sun, Spread o'er this snow-clad hill, has taught His praise; Some the sweet sentence when the day is done.

Some, after loveless lives, at length have won His word in children's hearts and children's gaze; And some have found Him where low rafters ring To meet the hand that helps, the heart that cheers; And some in prayer, and some in perfecting Of watchful toil through unrewarding years; And some not less are His, who vainly sought His voice, and with his silence have been taught; Who bare his chain that bade them to be bound, And, at the end, in finding not, have found. —Spectator.

Epigrams from the Chinese. Some hunts are vain—no earthly gain has he. Who searches for his needle in the sea. As the long string will let the kite go high. So a long purse a world of things will buy. Although the drum you carry be beaten in. Stick to your standard—do not yield to sin. An honest beggar is by far more fair Than the high-headed, trick millionaire. —Joel Benton, in Harper's Bazaar.

The Rain and the Bancher. The rancher gazed on his sun-patched fields with a frown on his rough, red face. And wished he could utter real wicked talk to properly fit the case. And he moped around with despondent air, his spirit all dead to pride. For gone were his dreams of the harvest cash rolling in as a tide. But the trees toads started prophetic cries, and the peafowl uttered their cries. And the roscowen told him its silent tale, and the clouds bunched up in the skies. And the rains came down in a soaking flood and his fields turned green with delight. And now you would think that he owns the earth, with every blamed planet in sight! —Denver Post.

Perfect Happiness. He never loved and lost. He never sighed in vain. To stand on heights that only those The gods love may attain. He envied not the rich. Nor coveted their gold; His bottle lay beside him—He Was only two weeks old. —Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMAN NATURE STUDIES.

Beaten by a Hair.

When Hannibal Hamlin was speaker of the Maine house of representatives, away back in the forties, there was in that body a certain gentleman of faultless attire, pleasing manners, good address and some reputation, but he had one foible. His hair was very thin, and he was highly sensitive in regard to it. To hide his approaching baldness he had a habit of carefully stroking each particular hair in its place. One day, while in the chair as speaker, Mr. Hamlin, in the innocence of a good and joke loving nature, sent for this gentleman, and, looking fixedly at his smooth and polished pate, said with a chuckle:

"Blank, old fellow, I just wanted to tell you that you've got one of the hairs of your head crossed over the other."

"You insult me, sir! You insult me!" replied the assembly with unexpected and altogether unnecessary indignation, and then, refusing to listen either to reason or explanation he left the speaker's desk and returned to his seat.

When Mr. Hamlin became a candidate for the United States senate, this gentleman was a member of the upper house of the Maine legislature. Although a member of the same party, and only one more vote was needed to secure election, the gentleman positively refused to vote for the man by whom he believed he had been insulted. Hamlin was defeated for a seat in the senate—by a hair, but when the next vacancy occurred he was elected. —"Lives of Twelve Illustrious Men."

Typical Rural Court Scene.

A couple applied to a rural justice of the peace for total divorce. The justice called the bailiff aside and asked in a whisper:

"What's the law on that point?" "You can't do it," replied the bailiff. "It don't come under my jurisdiction." "We're willin' to pay cash for it," replied the husband, not understanding the nature of the consultation. "I've got the money in this here stockin'."

The justice looked grave. Then, adjusting his spectacles and addressing the man, said:

"You knowed 'fore you come here that 'twarn't for me to separate husband and wife, an' yet, you not only take up the time of this here valuable court with yer talkin', but acckully propose ter bribe me with money! Now, how much has you got in that stockin'?"

"'bout six dollars an' a half, yer honor."

"All right then, I fine you \$5 for bribery an' a dollar an' a half for takin' up my time with a case what my jurisdiction is out of, an' may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" —Atlanta Constitution.

His Extemporaneous Effort.

Mr. Spurgeon used to tell a good story about one of his divinity students. It was his custom, in order to test the powers of the young men for speaking, to give them as they were about to ascend the pulpit a text to discourse about on their own plan and in their own words. This, of course, was not before an audience, but simply among themselves for practice. On the occasion referred to he gave a young man who as yet had not tried the ordeal the simple word "Zacchaeus." The young man, trembling from head to foot, said:

"I will divide my subject into three parts. First, we read that Zacchaeus was small of stature and I never felt smaller at the present moment; second, we read that Zacchaeus climbed a tree, which reminds me of my ascent into the pulpit; third, we read that Zacchaeus made haste to come down, which accordingly I will now do."

Whether this man ever became a great preacher or not, we are not told, but he certainly showed that he possessed ready wit. —Rams' Horn.

Fatal Loquacity.

In a new England village, rich in quaint and amusing characters, says Younkers' Companion, John Bates was renowned for his ability to hold his tongue. The gift approached a genius, but John was keenly alive to what he considered its incompleteness—although, of course, he said nothing about it.

He made mattresses for a living, and one day a native of the village came into his shop and said:

"John, what's the best kind of a mattress?" "Husks," said John, and said no more.

Twenty years later, so the tradition runs, the same man came again to the shop and asked what, in Bates' opinion, was the best kind of a mattress. "Straw," said John.

"Straw? You told me husks was the best!" John gave a despairing sigh. "I've always ruined myself by talkin'," said he.

She Knew His Footsteps.

His enemies may have originated, but his friends do not hesitate to repeat, a story about a rising young politician, who says the New York Tribune, has large feet, as well as a capacious head.

The politician's mother, a lovable old woman, is unfortunately very deaf. She lives in a flat in the neighborhood of Grand Central station and is always delighted by a visit from her son.

When the United States cruiser Brooklyn, which was anchored in the Hudson, off the tomb, on Memorial day, fired a salute of twenty-one guns, the old lady was observed to start, fix her cap and smooth down her apron.

Then she said, with a sweet smile, "George is coming. I hear his footsteps on the stairs."

Nobody Guessed It.

A lunch of railroad men standing outside the Hammond building were making guesses as to what the kind of wire cages halted by the driver at the curb were intended for.

"Some kind of a lobster pot," said a Hocking Valley man.

"Looks more like a bird trap," remarked an Ohio Central agent.

"Hats," guessed a C. & D. man. "Seems to be they're con catchers," hazarded a chap from the Northwest.

"What are those things for?" they asked in chorus of the driver when he showed up.

"Waste paper baskets for the parks," he answered. The railroad bunch broke up.—Detroit News.

Suggested a Cut.

Colonel Cody, the eminent scout, helped to build a church at North Platte and was persuaded by his wife

and daughter to accompany them to the opening. The minister gave out the hymn, which commenced with the words: "Oh, for ten thousand tongues to sing," etc. The organist, who played by ear, started the tune in too high a key and had to try again. A second attempt ended like the first in a failure. "Oh for ten thousand tongues to sing my great—" came the opening words for the third time, followed by a squeak from the organ and a relapse into painful silence. Cody could contain himself no longer and blurted out: "Start it at five thousand and maybe some of the rest of us can get in." —San Francisco Wave.

PERSONALITIES.

George W. Cable is at work upon a new Southern novel.

Sarah Bernhardt refuses to disclose her age, further than to declare that she never intends to get old.

Ex-Governor L. Bradford Prince, of New Mexico, has a collection of over 1,500 stone idols once worshipped by the Pueblo Indians.

William Durant, of Boston, who has just celebrated his thousandth birthday last week, is now the only bona fide oldest Mason in America.

While on his way to Manila, General Wheeler is preparing matter for a revised and enlarged edition of his history of the "Santiago Campaign."

Bjornstjerne Bjornson spends four hours of every day in looking after his farm after he has given the first three hours following breakfast to literary work.

Professor Koentgen, of Roentgen ray fame, is to be transferred from Wurzburg to Munich University in October next, to succeed the late Professor Lommel.

Harry Farlow, eldest son of the novelist and grandson of Joe Jefferson, has composed the music for a two-act opera, "Floretta," for which he has written the libretto, Eleanor, wrote the book.

William R. Smith, superintendent of the United States botanic garden in Washington, has promised to bequeath his herbarium to the Carnegie library at Pittsburgh.

Mrs. William B. Lowe, president of the National Federation of Women's clubs, has called for Europe to make literary arrangements for an exhibit by the women's clubs of America at the Paris exposition.

John Morley is now living at Hawarden, where he will remain for several months, in order to have ready access to the papers at Hawarden Castle, which he will use to examine in detail to complete his biography of Mr. Gladstone.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has addressed an autograph letter to Gen. von Kriegerhammer, the Austro-Hungarian minister of war, congratulating him on his service jubilee and conferring upon him the hereditary title of baron.

Daniel T. Hunt, the successor of Charles T. Yerkes as president of the Chicago Union Traction company, was born in Rutland, N. Y., 55 years ago. For 20 years he lived in Rochester, and during 12 years of that time he was postmaster of the city.

During some recent rehearsals, Sir Henry Irving was displeased with the work of one of the minor actors. "What have you been doing before you came here?" he asked of the delinquent, "and what do you do in your company?" asked Sir Henry.

W. W. Davis, of Peoria, Ill., although 72 years old, is an inveterate rider of the bicycle. He did not take to the wheel until he was 61, and since then he has ridden 60,000 miles. To commemorate his career as a cyclist, he has erected a monument over the spot where he is to be buried, and on the shaft a large bicycle is carved.

Lillookalani, former queen of Hawaii, is keeping house in Washington, just as thousands of other widows with small incomes. She now calls herself an American. She recently said to a caller: "I am a thorough American. I love the history of the country. It is the heir apparent of all that former nations have had to fight and perish for."

Lewis G. Tewksbury, the New York millionaire banker, graduated from the Manchester, N. H., high school at the age of 15 and went to college for eighteen months of the twenty-four at an apothecary's clerk at a salary of \$150 a year. When 17 he passed the examination before the state board of pharmacy, making an average of 98. He asked his employer what he would take for the store, offered two-thirds of the price asked and in two weeks had raised the money and bought the store.

Countess Tatiana Tolstol, the daughter of Count Leo Tolstol, is at present an inmate of a Vienna suburban sanatorium, where she is being treated for an obstinate throat complaint. Countess Tatiana, who is about thirty years of age, is a woman of remarkable intellectuality and individuality, and has long figured as Tolstol's right hand. She bears a strong resemblance to her father in face and features, form and limb, and when at home follows the plough and is a first-rate hand at curing piggy. Of muscular build, she threshes the corn with the best of the men, besides being a no mean limber, peer as an amateur authority in many an artistic and scientific contrivance, and with it all is neither a blue-stocking nor a man-hater.

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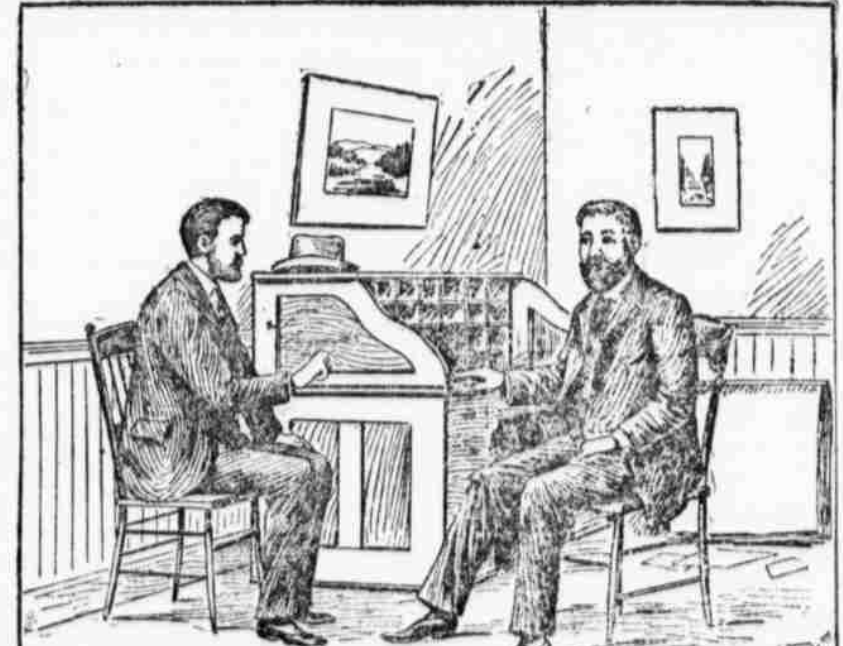
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A Kentucky editor has a friend who talks to him in this way: "I attribute all the disorders of the system to the stomach; when the stomach is all right, we are well and happy. For a long time I suffered from the worst form of habitual constipation. Sleeplessness and nervousness set in, and at times I was so melancholy and out of sorts that life was a burden. An advertisement in our local paper induced me to give

RI-PAN'S TABLETS

a trial, and they have completely cured me. I can say for Ripans Tablets, they are, in my opinion, the best medicine for constipation on earth. They accomplished for me what all other remedies failed to do. I am all right now—sleep well and life is worth living. I believe the Tablets put my stomach in shape, and the stomach did the rest. My general health is better than it was for years previous."