

# Eyes

Ears and nose are all more or less affected by catarrh. The eyes become inflamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy pains between them; there are roaring, buzzing noises in the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its constant, uncomfortable discharge. All these disagreeable symptoms may be removed by the use of

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

**Hood's Pills** cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness, 25 cents.

**How We Should Sleep.**  
In the matter of sleep, says a physician, there are as many peculiar things as there are about eating—what is one man's food is another's poison. This much is generally known and accepted by standard authorities on the subject, that tall or bulky people require more sleep than others and that women can get along on much less sleep than men. As with animals, human beings sleep much longer and heartier in the winter than at any other times. People of extreme old age require as much sleep as infants, and it is beneficial to both classes if they can sleep one-half the time, or even a greater proportion. There is one thing I would like to impress upon everyone, and that is, it is positively injurious for any one to sleep longer than is actually necessary.

**Mystery of the St. Lawrence River.**  
For seven years the St. Lawrence river gradually decreases in depth; then for seven years it gradually increases in depth, the difference in level being about five feet. Why it does so no one has yet discovered.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It speedily relieves irregularity, suppressed or painful menstruations, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhoea, womb trouble, flooding, nervous prostration, headache, general debility, etc. Symptoms of **Womb Troubles** are dizziness, faintness, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, fatigability, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all this trouble as sure as the sun shines. That **Bearing-down Feeling**, causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. It is wonderful for **Kidney Complaints** in either sex.

P. N. 45

## Here It Is!

Want to learn all about a Horse? How to Pick Out a Good One? Know Imperfections and so Guard against Fraud? Detect Disease and Effect a Cure when same is possible? Tell the Age by the Teeth? What to call the Different Parts of the Animal? How to Show a Horse Properly? All this and other valuable information can be obtained by reading our 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK, which we will forward, post-paid, on receipt of only 25 cents in stamps.

BOOK PUB. HOUSE,  
131 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

**PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.**  
JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Bureau.  
5 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, etc., since.

**MONEY GOLD, SILVER, FREE.**  
Dan Danahy, Columbus, O.

**OPIUM** and WHISKY habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. R. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

**PISOS CURE FOR**  
DUMS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Cures in 10 min. Sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

## WANDY CATHARTIC

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### CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS

10¢ 25¢ 50¢

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal Laxative. Free, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 217.

The Pot Called the Kettle Black Because the Housewife Didn't Use

# SAPOLIO

## THE HISTORY OF ONE GIRL.

True Story of a One-Time Servant at a Summer Resort.

Great lessons of life lie hid in the homely incidents which occur in shops and kitchens, as well as in the loftiest rooms. Here is a true little story which may be a word in season to some of our readers:

A few years ago, among the waiters at a summer hotel in New Jersey was a girl whom we shall call Jane. She was strong, neat and quick-witted, but she had spent all of her life in a kitchen, scrubbing and washing dishes, and was impatient to do different, and as she thought better, work in the world. She could barely read and write, and she was poor. When the hotel closed, and the lonely coast was deserted by the summer boarders, there was no way by which she could earn a dollar.

She did her work in the hotel thoroughly, and was quick and attentive, but her discontent showed in her face and manner. There were times when she hated the idle, richly dressed women whom she served, and she took no trouble to hide her dislike.

There was one young girl whose eyes often rested thoughtfully on her face. Jane resented her "curiosity," as she called it, and one day left her unscrupled. When she was mildly reproved, she answered insolently, and left the room trembling with rage.

"I will have her discharged," said the young girl's father, angrily.

"No, father, no. Leave her to me," his daughter entreated.

The next morning Jane was standing by her chair when Miss B. appeared. She was very pale, but her voice was steady. "I wish to beg your pardon before these ladies. I insulted you before them yesterday. You might have reported me, but you did not. I will leave the hotel. I am not fit to be here."

"Go on with your work, Jane," said Miss B., gently, "and favor me by coming to my room this afternoon."

"When she saw her alone, she said, 'There is good stuff in you, or you could not have conquered yourself as you did to-day. You are fit for higher work than that you are doing. I have watched you for some time. You are intelligent, neat, and have warm sympathies. You would, I think, succeed as a trained nurse.'

"I have thought of that!" cried the girl. "But I have no education. How can I get the training?"

Miss B. used her influence to give her a year's schooling, and then procured her admittance to the New York training school.

This woman is now the head of a private hospital in New York, to which surgeons send patients who require unusual care and skill in treatment. She herself told this story.

How few apparently among the many unhappy, poor girls give such faithful work as to attract notice! How few also among the many happy, rich girls give notice or help to those who serve them!

**The Judge's Stupidity.**  
Justice—You are charged with stealing Col. Julep's chickens. Have you any witnesses?

Uncle Moses—I heb not. I don't steal chickens befo' witnesses.—Amusing Journal.

Wheat will not grow in a country the mean temperature of which is below 57 degrees.

When Dobbin's Electric Soap was first made in 1853 it cost 25 cents a bar. It is precisely the same ingredients and quality now and doesn't cost half. Buy it of your grocer in a press or your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

Five hundred men are engaged in pear fishing along the Mexican coast.

Flowers love the Sunlight and always turn to it. The modern housewife learns to love

## Sunlight Soap

and always turns to it to help her out on "wash day" or any other day when she needs a pure, honest soap which cleanses everything it touches and doesn't injure anything, either fabric or hands.

Less labor Greater comfort

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N. Y.

## ARIZONA'S STAGE ROBBERS.

STORIES OF TWO MEN WHO TERRORIZED THE SOUTHWEST.

One Man "Holds Up" a Stage Load of Eight Passengers—Tracked to Their Hiding Place by Apaches.

DAN ELKINS is remembered as the original lone bandit of the Southwest, because, single-handed, he once held up a stage load of eight passengers, besides the driver, all of whom were armed. For weeks the exploit was the talk of the men in and about Tombstone. Judge Bennett, now of San Gabriel, Cal., was one of the passengers, and he tells how the robber worked his desperate game.

"We on the inside of the coach had just been talking," says the Judge, "of the robberies that Elkins and his partner, Wilbur, had committed in the Territory, and the shame it was that an organized effort was not made to go and keep after the villains until they were killed, even if it took a year, when we heard a rifle crack, and a man shout to the driver:

"Come, now, stop those horses or you'll drop dead."

"We were traveling through a rocky region along the foothills, and each of us knew instantly that all were in for a hold-up then and there. Every one wondered what his neighbor would do with his pistol.

"I'll be hanged," said a big man from Texas, "if I'll stand this nonsense," and he snatched his big shooting iron up from the seat at his side.

"The driver put on the breaks and the stage was stopped at once, when we heard a voice outside saying:

"Now you fellers on the inside get out on this side. The first man who gets out on the other side will drop dead as a smelt. Don't be lazy. All of you throw down your shooters as you file out of the coach, for there's a lot of sure rifle shots that's got their eyes on you and are hiding in these here rocks to lay you out cold dead if you don't mind what I'm telling you."

"When I got out of the stage I noticed that the highwayman wore a wire mask contrived over his face, and had a big black beard and a whole arsenal of weapons in a belt about his waist. He stood on a commanding height, and kept his Winchester repeater moving slowly over us. I took particular pains that he saw I threw down my two pistols on the ground, and I noticed that every one of us, including the Texan, did the same thing.

"Throw up your hands, gents," said the masked robber, when we were all on the ground and our pistols lay there in a pile by the side of the coach wheels. "Now get in line there, quick and face this way. Keep your hands above your heads, don't move; keep your mouths shut or you'll know how quick a man can go plumb to death."

"We got in line facing our commander in a moment, and none of us could extend his hands quite high enough.

"Now, you young fellow with the monkey whiskers," said the highwayman, "you just shell out there where you stand. Turn your pockets inside out, so me and my pard can see that you're dealing fair. That's right. Now, while me and my pards keep you in gun range, you search that next man, turn his pockets out. Keep your hands up high, gents, and save trouble. Don't speak."

"In a few minutes that seemed like ages of an awful silence, each man was searched, and we all stood there in a row with our pockets turned out and flapping in the morning breeze, our hands a full foot above our heads, and a small pile of wallets, watches, little pocket leather and cloth bags of coin lay at the feet of the young man of our party, who had been compelled to search his companions.

"Now, you driver, throw that money box off quick, while my pards keep you in range," said the robber when we had been searched. "There; that's right. Be lively. It may cost you your carcass. Get that ax under the back seat and chop the box open. Hurry up. Don't speak, and don't get behind that coach, or you'll drop."

"The ax was got, and the driver chopped open the box near us while we stood there like metal forms in front of clothing stores. When the box had been split apart and the valuables thrown out, the highwayman, all the time keeping his rifle slowly moving up and down our line of silent, hand-uplifted men, said:

"Now, driver, get up on your seat. You gents get into your coach. Don't let me hear you peep. Driver, lick your horses up fast and get out of this."

"Now, gents," said he, as the last of us had got back into our seats, weaponless, "you can brag that you've been held up by a singlehanded man in the profesh. I don't mind telling you that I'm all alone to-day and that I need your money awful bad. Tell them Tombstone fellers that Dan Elkins has a new trick in his line of business."

"The horses were whipped up, and the last we saw of Dan Elkins he stood there on that big boulder keeping his head still on us until we turned in the foothill road a mile away. I think the rascal must have got \$1000 that day. You see we did not carry much money on our persons in those days when there was danger of highway robbery."

During the winter of 1879 and 1880, the recklessness and bravado of Elkins and his partner, Wilbur, became unbearable, and people began to see that the stage robberies were hurting the name of Arizona, so an unusual effort was made to get the rascals. An extra reward for their capture was offered, and two or three detectives from Los Angeles, Cal., began work. Several half-breed Apache Indian trailers were hired, and after a few weeks the trail to the bandits was found. These Apache trailers are the most wonder-

ful of their kind. They sometimes follow a man's tracks across a desert of sand, even after a windstorm, when the tracks have become obliterated to white men's eyes. They can follow at break-neck speed on a horse the trail of a man who has run in moccasins and taken pains to leave only the faintest traces of his course. They see signs of a trail through cactus and sage brush that no white man would recognize.

After a short period of more trailing and questioning of the few white settlers in the region Elkins and Wilbur were located. Their hiding place was thirty miles south from Benson, among the granite foothills, where no white man but they had probably ever been. Indians were hired to go to the spot, and to act as if they were out hunting and had unwittingly stumbled upon the bandits. Then when the Indians had engaged Elkins and Wilbur in conversation they were to give a signal. A posse of twenty men was to ride at once to the scene. Each man in the band was to take his chances of getting shot by the robbers.

The plan worked well. The bandits were asleep when the Indians came to them one warm afternoon. The Apaches asked for food, and while Wilbur went to get a knife to cut a slice from a deer hanging in the mesquite brush near at hand one of the Indians, pretending to be interested in one of the white stranger's pistols, discharged it. A few minutes later the posse rode up pell mell from behind a low foothill that impeded the view half a mile away.

"We're trapped! we're trapped!" shrieked Elkins as he jumped from his couch of leaves and saw the horsemen encircling about his hiding place.

In a second he and Wilbur were behind two great oaks, and were prepared to fight for their lives. They forgot the Indians at their rear, and no sooner had they turned their faces toward the advancing posse than they were shot dead in the back by the Apache trailers.

There is good reason to believe that if the men had been captured alive they might have been induced to tell where they had hidden the greater part of their stolen money and gold. For no one thinks that, living as they did, they spent more than a small part of their ill-gotten gains. Both the robbers were buried where they were killed, and to this day there are people who go out from the now well-populated town of Benson every little while to the scene of the old camp of Elkins and Wilbur in the hope of finding the secret storehouse of stolen riches among the boulders and foothills that surround the spot.—New York Sun.

## Care of the Eyes.

Avoid "squinting."

Shade the eyes from the full glare of sunlight.

When the eyes are weak, sleep all that is possible.

Keep soap and all patent eye washes out of the eyes.

As you value your sight, avoid all quack eye doctors.

Never read nor use the eyes for fine work during twilight.

Whenever an eye is injured, call in an experienced oculist at once.

Never expose the eye needlessly to dust or flying particles of any kind.

Have an abundance of good, steady light for any work you may have on hand.

Let the light come to your eyes from one side or from above, not from in front.

Do not work in a poor light, and avoid a glaring light, as it may be as bad as too little light.

Do not use a flickering light for reading or sewing; use a lamp with a large burner, and use good oil.

When the eyes are hot and heavy, bathe them in cold or tepid water, and do not confine them too closely to any sort of work.

Whenever the eyes ache, or are easily fatigued, use them as little as possible, and look up from the work frequently to rest them.

When reading, hold the head erect and at a distance from the light, and do not bend the head over the needle work any more than is possible.

Avoid poorly printed books, with poor paper and poor type, and do not read when riding in the cars or carriage, nor when walking nor when lying down, nor when convalescent from a protracted illness, nor when the whole body is in a weakened state.

Has an Uncontrollable Appetite.

A young Russian woman of uncontrollable appetite recently was admitted to the "Ladies Hospital" to be treated for violent pains in the stomach. Medicinal treatment did not have any beneficial effect, and the doctors decided to perform an operation with a view to ascertaining the cause of her trouble. Great was their surprise when the woman was found to contain two teaspoons, a good-sized key, a small piece of iron, a piece of crochet work with a crochet needle in it, a button hook and a man's trouser button. All those articles are now on show in a glass case, and the woman is recovering.

Has Ruling.

One of the most remarkable pieces of mechanism in the world is possessed by Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. It is a ruling machine used to make "gratings" for spectroscopes and it can rule on spectrum metal with a diamond point 15,000, 40,000 or 125,000 lines to the inch.—Rams' Horn.

\$600,000 Badge.

The badge of office worn by the Lord Mayor of London contains diamonds to the value of \$600,000, and the temporary owner of it has to give bonds for it before he is sworn in.—Chicago Chronicle.

## WISE WORDS.

Know and grow.—T. J. Villers.

Pride is the greatest danger because the greatest lie.

Eminent respectability and arctic frigidity.—T. J. Villers.

When God made woman at the first, it was the embodiment of his own wise purpose.—Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson.

Life is a struggle, a glorious struggle, and if the right means are employed it is sure to be a victorious struggle.—Rev. George H. Hepworth.

We are the baby of Nations, one of the family of the world, and are answerable to the others of the family for our acts as a Nation.—Rev. Dr. Houghton.

When you have done a kindness, and your neighbor is the better for it, why need you be so foolish as to look any further and gaze for reputation and requital.—Marcus Aurelius.

The horse, no sooner is his head turned homeward, than it trots, and goeth cheerfully. And shall not we, who deem ourselves wiser than the horse, go to our home cheerfully?—Ivan Parris.

Politeness is a kind of anesthetic which envelops the asperities of our character so that other people be not wounded by them. We should never be without it, even when we contend with the rude.—Joubert.

Some men know a cure for all diseases. The best cure in this world for unrest is good and orderly living.

The best cure for any panic is for the people to settle themselves down, and then go ahead. There never was a time in the history of the world that any suddenly invented medicine cured the world of its ills.—T. B. Reed.

## Born in New York.

New York City is the birthplace of several expressions that have been for many years current all over the world. These expressions are not the outcome of scholarly thought and culture. Although our professional men have dutifully and generously aided in the circulation and ennoblement of neologisms foreign born, the apt yet unstudied offerings of the untutored workman have had their own literature as well as in every day speech, while many labored results of learned, mind-workers and would-be mind-masters of words have lived but long enough to be named.

The word boss, which came into common use during the regime of William M. Tweed, is the Dutch bass—a master. In the language to which it belongs it is much used in composition. Thus, timmerman bass is a master carpenter; and a preacher is in Dutch merely a church boss.

Only a few years ago public attention began to be called to the prevalence of the various forms of vice in what was then considered the choicest residential part of the city. A newspaper reporter named the region the "Tenderloin District," and as such it is destined to be known for a long time to come, while the name tenderloin will do duty similarly in other towns as they grow more like the city in their notable characteristics.

Porter is the name given in London more than a century ago to a very dark and heavy beer much fancied by porters and other out-door workmen. The word and the thing came to New York in due time, and porter was soon in demand as a beverage among the wharfmen, truckmen, and longshoremen engaged on the river fronts of the east and west sides of the city.

One taverner in Burling Slip became famous for the porter he sold, and his place gradually gained the distinction of being the porter-house of the town. In course of time he added all the facilities of a hotel to his "public," and increased its reputation by furnishing his customers a steak such as they could get nowhere else. They called it the "porter-house steak," and by that name a particularly choice cut of the steak part of a steer is known everywhere.—Harper's Weekly.

## Premature Taking Off of a Pint.

Johann Cleveland, the Piute Indian recently killed at Reno, Nev., was looked upon as the coming chief, and is being vigorously mourned. A sort of tent has been erected especially to mourn in, and here through the hours sit a dozen Indian women, their hair disheveled and their faces painted with black earth. The mourning chant or wail is led by the aged mother of Johann Cleveland. She sits and runs her fingers through her long, matted hair. She sways to and fro, and at regular intervals commences in a high key and wails down the whole gamut, ending in almost guttural sounds. She commences the wail as a solo, but when she gets about half way through it the other squaws take up the cry in the same note that she did, only they howl in faster time than their leader, and the whole chorus ends up the wail together. The effect is a combination of sounds more hideous than anything civilized ears ever hear.—New Orleans Picayune.

## No Way of Stopping.

An English canon, in his capacity as magistrate, was once visiting the county jail, and expatiated to a friend who was with him on the virtues of the treadmill. Warming with his theme, he declared that he often wished he had one at home to give him the gentle exercise he requires, but was too lazy to take except under compulsion; and, to remove his friend's scepticism, he asked the warden to give him a turn. Round went the wheel, the canon declaring that the movement was delightful; but after two minutes of it he had had enough, and called upon the officer to stop the mill. To his honor, the officer answered: "Very sorry, sir, I can't. It's timed to go fifteen minutes, and won't stop before."

## Argonaut.

Argonaut.

## SICK NEARLY THIRTY YEARS.

BRILLIANT SERVICE IN THE WAR FOLLOWED BY PROLONGED SUFFERING.

High Private Briggs Brings His War-time Valor Into a Life and Death Combat—He Speaks of His Struggles Since the War.

From the Tribune, Hornellsville, N. Y.

There is no man in Oneida County, New York, who stands higher in the community than Mr. William H. Briggs, a wealthy farmer, and resident of Bridgewater, and a prominent member of the G. A. R. His statement will not be news to his friends, as they all know whereof he writes, but it is commended to the consideration of the public.

Mr. Briggs writes as follows:

"It gives me great pleasure and satisfaction to be able to give honor where honor is due, and to that end I make this certificate, hoping it may be the means of others being benefited as I have been.

"I am a farmer residing near Bridgewater, Oneida County, New York; my name is William H. Briggs, and I am 56 years old. I am an old soldier, and member of the G. A. R., having served as high private in Co. A, 1st New York Artillery, during the whole four years of the Rebellion. Though I am no longer a soldier, I have been occasionally temporary relief, but the good effects of their treatment quickly disappeared, and left me more despondent and wretched than ever.

"I did not believe in giving up, and was about to send to Utica for another physician, when Mr. H. Seibert, the blacksmith who attends to my horses, recommended me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as he assured me they had done wonderful things for him. I had read of these pills before and felt somewhat inclined to try them, before Seibert spoke of them, but in a moment I had settled the matter, and I became Dr. Williams' patient. I took Pink Pills steadily until I have consumed four boxes, growing better and better every day, my liver working freely, my kidneys acting normally, my heart no longer troubled me, and I could digest my food. All that water brash, heart burn, buzzing in the head, as if there were a great empty space in my cranium, disappeared, and life began to be worth living, which it had not been since my army service. I was cured in less than one year from the time I began to take Pink Pills in 1894, and have been in fair health ever since. Of course, I have to be careful, as I easily catch cold, and it is apt to settle in my right side, but a dose or two of the Pink Pills soon set me to rights again, and I never feel without them, unless something very unforeseen occurs.

"I do not want it understood that I am a radical cure in all cases arising from mental distress against those who are pessimists. If I were needy I should certainly ask for what I am entitled to, but being amply provided with this world's goods, I do not require it. My old comrades can testify that I have helped many a one of them to get a pension.

"The above statement is true in every particular. I certify on honor. Wm. H. Briggs." (Signed) Wm. H. Briggs.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

In Maine an acre of wheat costs \$21 before the wheat is placed on the market.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We are undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALKING, KISSAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 40,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist. Under absolute guarantee to cure. Book and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The yearly importation of pearls to London reaches \$5,000,000.

Fit Stopped free and permanently cured. He ate after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great New Remedy. Free 25 cent booklet and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 611 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The most voluminous composer was Haydn.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain; cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

The most profound of modern historians was Gibbon.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FRANK, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascarets, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c., 25c.

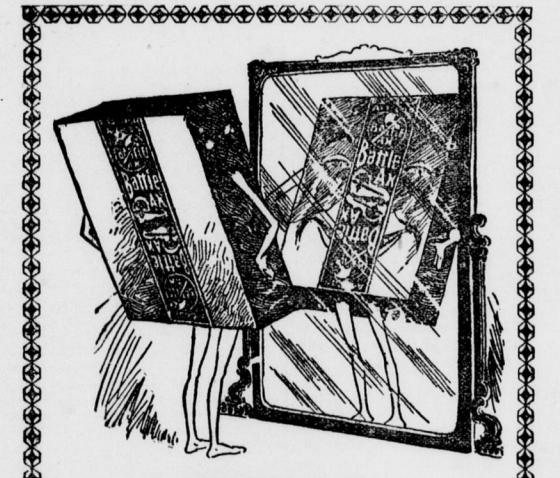


## Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is there, we all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

P. N. 45 90



"I am Bigger than the Biggest; Better than the Best!"

# Battle Ax Plug

What a chewer wants first is a good tobacco; then he thinks about the size of the plug. He finds both goodness and bigness in "Battle Ax." He finds a 5 cent piece almost as large as a 10 cent piece of other high grade brands. No wonder millions chew "Battle Ax."