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The temptations to interfere with Americans at Manila and with Englishmen at Apia are calculated to make the German emperor wish there were not quite as many of the Anglo-Saxon race.

It is estimated by the American Agriculturist that there are 75,000,000 horses in the world, Europe being credited with 38,000,000, North America with 17,000,000, and Asia with 9,000,000.

A good deal of discussion has been called forth by a new order of the Chicago board of education requiring city teachers to live in the city.

Bishop Cheshire (Episcopal) of North Carolina, who is at present in the North to secure funds in aid of his work in the South, says: "It would probably astonish a great many northern people to know that the only town in North Carolina where no negro may either live or own a foot of ground is settled entirely by New Englanders, and that there is not a Southern-born adult among its citizens."

General Henry's order prohibiting the foreclosure of mortgages on Porto Rican plantations is a good illustration of the beneficent despot so necessary to do things while others are wrangling as to how they shall be done.

That the new bankruptcy law is doing well is testified by the fact that many petitions in bankruptcy already filed in New York state relate to failures that occurred from two to 10 years ago.

More British Perfidy. It is now beyond doubt that Don Carlos is encouraged and supported in his insurrectionary schemes by English bankers, who are but the representatives of the British government.

Why the Job Stretcher. Merchant—What are your qualifications for this business? Applicant—I can't get anything else to do.—Puck.



SINCE LOVE IS GONE.

Since love is gone, will everything seem dear In day or night or season of the year, The autumn twilight or the first spring dawn?

Yet, when I sought them in the solitude Of field, and hill, and overlapping woods, They smiled at me in quite the same old way.

BETH'S TEA PARTY.

HILE the tea party was ready, no guests had come. So that was the reason Beth looked over the wall.

Under the wall crouched a beary-looking man. Beth hadn't really been looking for this kind of a guest, but he was in the hedge, that was certain, so she said: "Won't you please come to my tea party?"

"There's more coming," Beth hastened to say. "Bridget is baking cookies and lots of good things; and there's always bread and milk, but Angie and me pretend first and eat second."

"I'll come when you are through pretending," said the man. "But Angie hasn't come, and I have come into the highways and hedges and found you. Father preached to do it, and he never told us what to do if the hedge people would not come, either."

"I'll go right up to the house, now, and get the real tea," she said, "and—and if you should want to wash your face and hands, there's a brook in the hollow, and I'll bring a towel."

"You'd better, I reckon; I'm out of practice," said the man, grimly. "Make us good and thankful, please Lord," said Beth with folded hands. Then she served her guest.

"Have you moved?" "Goin' to," he replied, pulling his hat down over his eyes. "I've met with bad luck," he continued.

"You see, I've got a pard, a boy, my nephew really, an' him an' me's been keepin' switch over to the bend. He's got a thing the matter with his leg, not just now happened, like mine, but grewed so from trouble with his hip. That boy is smart an' all that, but he'd ruther walk 'em anything. So we found out what it 'ud take to fix him up, an' we saved fur it, scrimped and saved on every corner, an' the boy he trapped some animals and got some birds and stuffed 'em, an' it brought him in right smart, so at last we had enough, an' Dick he fixed it. I was to go to town—'cause his lame—an' get the money put together in a note or something like that, an' he'd keep switch till I come back. Then we'd go to the city together and I'd leave him with the doctors an' I'd come back and wait till he'd git well."

"So I took the box, with it all in, an' I started." There was a pause. Then he went on slowly: "You see, miss, I used to drink, but Dick—his name—never thought I'd do it again, and I wouldn't, I reckon, if so be I hadn't turned my ankle down the road there close to Bob's half-way house, an' I limped in, an' the smell an' all made me wild, beside the pain. An' he filled me up with whisky, an' I never knew nothin' more till I woke up this mornin' with

the box clean gone an' my boy waitin' an' trustin' me—that's why I'm goin' to move. I ain't never going back to face his big blue, trustin' eyes again."

"How did you lose the box?" asked Beth, much interested. "Did you spend it all?" "No, I don't recollect opening it, or even seeing it, after I got to Bob's, but I reckon he or some of 'em that uz there seen it, 'cause it's gone."

"Might be it's lost," suggested Beth. "I've joggled things out of my pocket stubbin' my toe, sometimes. Did you look?" "No, miss, if you knew Bob's place an' the men that's there, like I do, you'd not look either."

"Where did you fall?" "Out in the timber right near Bob's, might 'a' been a trap. Old oak with roots just a sprawlin', an' me a lookin' kindy longin' an' kindy 'dreadin' at Bob's windows, so I fell like a plumb gawk over them trip-ups."

"If father was here he'd help you, 'cause he knows Bob and everybody. Father's a minister, but everybody likes him, only he's away this afternoon. I'll ask mother if I can go on my wheel down to the timber and I'll try and find the box. You wait here while I go."

So Beth went up to the house. "I've got some highways work to do, mother; can I go on my wheel to the timber?" she asked. "Highways?" "Yessum—an' hedges. I'll be good and not be gone long."

"All right, dear," said her mother, who was used to what they called Beth's queernesses, but knew she was to be trusted. The man lying on his back beside the flat rock saw the pink sunbonnet flash by on the other side of the hedge and knew she had started on her errand.

It was not very far away—Bob's place—or the poor fellow with the lame ankle could not have reached their hedge. She rode straight past it to the old oak with sprawling roots and there, sitting quietly reading, was Bob's only treasure, his young son Bob junior, a delicate-looking lad, who seemed too refined for such a home.

He looked up and smiled at the small figure, bent over the handle bars, came flying up, for he knew Beth, as almost every one did who lived about there. "Oh, Bob, I'm so glad you're here—you'll help me, won't you?" she said, and then she plumped down beside him and told her story.

Bob junior looked sober over parts of it, but when she got through he said: "You were right, Beth, he lost it out here, and I found it and have it upstairs in my room. I know Dick and his uncle right well, and—and I'm awful sorry about his getting things to drink here. We are going away soon. Father has promised. I am going to school, and I'm so glad. Father isn't so bad, Beth; he wouldn't steal or anything, and he is good to me. He hadn't even thought about it being wrong to sell such stuff, till your father came down when I was sick and talked to him. He thinks lots of your father."

"Fathers as fathers," remarked Beth, wisely, "are good any way you find them, aren't they, Bob? But I'm so glad you found the box." "So am I; and I'll tell you one thing," said Bob slowly, "I'm afraid Dick's uncle isn't to be trusted with it. He intends to do right, and does, when Dick is around. But you tell him it's all safe, that I have it and will give it to your father, who will fix it all up for Dick. Don't you think that is best?"

Yes, Beth thought it was, so she rode toward home again to tell the man and to wait until her father had come in from the country. She heard her father's buggy wheels rattling down the road before she reached home, however, and she stopped to wait for him.

He was somewhat surprised over the outcome of the highways and hedges sermon, but he said nothing about that, only to the man when he met him he stretched out a friendly hand, and after supper the three drove out to where blue-eyed Dick was anxiously waiting.

"Must you tell Dick 'bout this?" asked the man anxiously as they neared the bend. "No, not now," said the minister, "for I think you have learned a lesson, that for the sake of your nephew, and my little daughter, if for no other, you will try to keep it."

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Saved the Cruiser Buffalo. BY REV. D. D. BARBOCK.

[This story wins the prize of \$50 offered by the New York Voice for the best true tale of heroism submitted by a preacher.]

A motherless boy of eighteen obtained the reluctant consent of his father—an advocate of the peace principles of the Religious Society of Friends—to enlist for the war to liberate Cuba. Being a fine shot and something of a "rough rider," he joined a company of cavalry. Not long afterward he made application, and was transferred to the navy and given the appointment of assistant electrician on the cruiser Buffalo, named after his home city.

He worked himself through the various departments of an electrical manufactory, and had served some time in the adjusting room for the finished products of the factory. So, as assistant electrician, he had charge in his watch of the electric lights of the six decks and of the great flashlight.

His boyish imagination had pictured a patriotic company of young men, the ship's crew with whom he should find noble fellowship. When he found them all given to the use of intoxicating drinks, tobacco, profanity and obscenity, he suffered great disappointment, and was much inclined, to let down his standard a little to find sympathy and fellowship. He had smoked cigars for a week, when one day he stood alone with a cigar in his mouth, thinking of his brothers and sisters and the sainted mother whom he could scarcely remember. He took the cigar from his lips, and, as he wrote his father, "I threw it away and made up my mind to go thru alone."

On November 6, 1898, the Buffalo left New York with a crew of 350 men and 400 extra sailors for Dewey's fleet at Manila. When about 600 miles out, the great November gale struck them, and about midnight "all hands" were called out, and the assembled men were informed that the ship had received such damage that she was filling, with the prospect of foundering unless some means could be devised to stop the leakage.

Most of the men fell into a panic, and with cries of childish terror many ran to provide themselves with life-preservers and to secure control of the ship's boats. A few heroic men set resolutely about the work of plugging the leak and repairing the damage.

The young electrician looked for a moment at the strange conduct of the unthinking mass, and turned away to find something to do in the dynamo-room. As he reached the hatch the chief electrician rushed past him crying frantically, "The ship is sinking! The ship is sinking!" and disappeared among the life-preservers.

In the dynamo-room he found the machinery deserted, and devoted himself to the task of keeping up the ship's lights. For twelve anxious hours he worked on without seeing a human being, or hearing from the workers who were trying to save the ship. Some time after 12 o'clock the executive officer made a visit to the dynamo-room to thank the electrician for the splendid service of the lights which had made it possible to save the ship with the human freight. Then he learned that a hungry and sleepy boy who had determined "to go thru alone" would like to be relieved.

The electrician was found hiding in one of the ship's cutters, surrounded by a pile of life-preservers, not yet free from the terror of the night. He was court-martialed and dismissed from the service in disgrace. The Buffalo returned to New York, and after repairs in the dry-dock, started again for Manila.

Drawing Water Under Fire. The following breezy anecdote of the Santiago campaign is sent to the Youth's Companion by a Rough Rider. He was wounded in the blockhouse fight, but lives to tell the story.

A fruitful source of suffering, and one of the principal causes of the disease which later assailed our ranks was the lack of good drinking water. During the lurid first of July the San Juan River, roiled and muddied by constant fording, furnished our only means of liquid refreshment; and indeed it continued to be our chief source of supply throughout those weary days spent in the trenches before the surrender of the city.

On the night of the first, under cover of darkness, Spanish sharpshooters took up commanding positions in trees near all the principal fords, and made the task of filling canteens extremely dangerous. However, we of the Rough Riders discovered a well near the blockhouse on the hill we had taken and were holding, and from it we drew our supply of water during the days we remained in this position. The location of the well was an exposed one, and was commanded by the fire of the sharpshooters posted well within the Spanish lines, where it was difficult to dislodge them.

Already several men had been hit while drawing water, so that when, on the morning of the third, I was ordered to take a pail and accompany a colored trooper from the Tenth Cavalry to the well, I knew I was setting out on a rather hazardous undertaking. In the army, however, orders are orders, so I took my pail and started.

When my comrade stopped me for a consultation. "Der haint no use both we-uns gwine up ther' and gittin' shot at at the same time," he remarked, and I readily assented. "Well, den, I see gwine up first and get my pail of watab, and den you git yours."

I agreed to this arrangement, and we both started, crawling forward on our stomachs and trying to keep the stone coping of the well between us and where we thought the Spaniards were posted. By going slowly and keeping down in the grass, without, so far as we knew, exposing ourselves to view, we gained the well.

Then my companion sprang to his feet, grasped the rope, lowered the pail into the well, and began drawing it up, filled. From the moment he leaped up he was exposed to the plain view of the sharp eyes across the valley, and in a moment a Mauser whistled past. Nothing daunted, the brave fellow kept at his task, despite the fact that another bullet whistled by still closer to him, until he had filled his pail. Then he dropped down beside me, and my turn had come.

Without waiting for the second thought which always weakens a man under fire, I sprang to my feet and lowered away. "Z-s-s-s!" sang a Mauser, and I leaped a little lower down the well. "Z-s-s-s!" hissed another, and I was tugging at the rope like mad. With hands trembling with excitement, I filled my pail and dropped down just as the third bullet went over my head.

We had got our water, and all that now remained for us was to crawl off with it. This was no easy task, but we accomplished it, and the men from troop D had hot coffee for breakfast that morning.

Chased With \$100,000. "There died in Kansas City, Kan., the other day," says George Martin, "a quiet, unobtrusive, modest and never-boastful citizen. He came from a Pennsylvania regiment in 1864, and he became a messenger for the Holiday Express Company, running from Leavenworth to Santa Fe. W. H. Bridgens, the messenger referred to, on one of his trips had \$100,000 in greenbacks strapped about his person and secreted in his clothes. There was no one but him and the driver in charge of the coach, and for days they proceeded along their lonesome journey without seeing a human face. When yet many miles from Santa Fe they were overtaken by a howling band of Indians and a fierce battle was fought. Bridgens and his companion exhausted their ammunition and continued the fight with their knives. Finally they succeeded in unloosing their horses from the stage, and, quickly mounting them, fled through the timber. The savages gave chase and succeeded in separating the two men, but did not capture either of them. Mr. Bridgens still retained his treasure but he lost his way among the crags and canons, and it was more than two weeks before he found his way to the house of a white man. During all this time he subsisted entirely upon berries and herbs. His long absence caused his employer to believe that he had been robbed and killed by the Indians, and before his return they had made good the money they had given up as lost. When Mr. Bridgens returned with his precious burden still intact they were amazed, and so grateful were they that they presented their young agent with a handsome token of their appreciation."

A Belgian Hero. The Belgian State Railway possesses a brave hero in the person of Jules Campion, a porter. On January 11 he suddenly observed that the signal-light at the Auveriat-Namur Junction was extinguished. As he hurried to the post to rekindle it, he was seized by two men, thrown to the ground, and stabbed in several parts of his body. His assailants then made off, leaving their victim helpless, as they supposed. But Campion, knowing that the international express from Paris was nearly due, in spite of his wounds, managed to make his way back to the station, and roused his colleagues, urging them to examine the line, as he suspected mischief. It was found that the two escaped scoundrels had placed a huge bar of iron across the line, with the evident intention of wrecking the international express. The passengers in the train, as it dashed past the junction, never dreamed that they owed their safety to the wounded man lying in the station.—London Daily News.

A Brave Woman. The tragic story of the beautiful and talented Scottish woman, Helen Irving, is not, perhaps, well-known, although it has been celebrated in song. She had been for some time courted by two gentlemen whose names were Bell and Fleeming. Bell told the girl that if he ever found her in Fleeming's company he would kill him. She, however, had a strong regard for Fleeming, and one day while walking along the romantic banks of the Kirtle, she observed his rival on the other side of the river among the bushes. Conscious of the danger her lover was in, she passed between him and his enemy, who, firing, shot her dead. Fleeming crossed the river and killed the coward. A heap of stones was raised on the place where the brave woman fell, and she was buried in the near churchyard. Fleeming, overwhelmed with love and grief, went abroad but soon returned, and stretching himself on her grave, expired. He was buried by her side.

A Photograph Restored Reason. Samuel Remington, a Philadelphia druggist, who lost his memory and reason recently, had them restored by the photograph of his baby boy. He recalled his name the moment his eyes met the picture.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

73.—Twelve Anagrammatic Cities and Towns of the United States. 1. Lion stew. 2. Tin choppers. 3. Oil jet. 4. Tar pole. 5. Lion car. 6. Large bugs. 7. Evil Land. 8. Ten blue veils. 9. Brown tails. 10. Labor time. 11. Farrville. 12. Lively Sam.

74.—A Drop-Vowel Quotation. B-t-r -t-ck t-n sh-d-ws th-n b-r-bb-d-b-n-th-f.

75.—Five Behendments. 1. Behead to form, and have aged. 2. Contracted, and have a dart. 3. Cost, and have a kind of food. 4. Hasty, and have a kind of tree. 5. Closed, and have a humble dwelling. 6. To reproach, and have a relation.

76.—An Arithmetical Problem. A engaged B to labor 20 days, with the understanding that he was to receive \$5 a day for every day he worked, and to forfeit \$2 a day for every day he was idle. At the end of the time he received \$86; how many days was he idle?

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES. 69.—Six Behendments—H-air; s-hare; l-aid; y-our; s-hut; s-pin. 70.—Four Famous Women—Rosa Bonheur; Grace Darling; Jenny Lind; Joan of Arc. 71.—A Charade—Carnation. 72.—A Square—S H I P H I D E I D E A P E A R

NO MORE SIXTEEN-INCH GUNS. First and Probably the Last For Uncle Sam Will Be Tested This Year. The first and probably the last monster gun to be built in this country is nearing completion at Watervliet arsenal, and, if nothing goes amiss, may be submitted to its firing tests in the fall. The finished gun will be five feet three inches at the muzzle. Its total length will be a few inches under fifty feet. The powder chamber will be eighteen inches in diameter by nine feet in length and will hold for a full charge over half a ton of brown powder. The projectile will weigh 2370 pounds. It will leave the muzzle with a velocity of 2000 feet per second, and at this velocity the flying mass will have a striking energy of 64,084 foot-tons, or sufficient to lift sixty-four of the biggest freight locomotives ten feet in the air. At the muzzle the shell would punch a sixteen-inch hole through an iron plate over a yard in thickness, and at two miles distance it would pass through a twenty-seven and a half-inch plate.

Notwithstanding its great power Uncle Sam will probably never build another, for while the superiority of this kind of gun was incontestable eight or ten years ago, it does not compare in efficiency with ordnance of the modern type. For a given appropriation Uncle Sam can, by building twelve-inch guns, secure over twice as many guns of much greater penetration and efficiency.

A French Pickpocket. There is a dilettantism even in thieving. A Parisian pickpocket who is now enjoying a well-earned rest from the excitements of his profession, has revealed some of his very curious methods. At one time he donned the uniform of an officer of marines, decorated with the Legion of Honor, and found his way into the society of naval officers, much to their detriment and to his own enrichment. At another time, in the guise of a priest, he visited ecclesiastical establishments, and under the pretext of charity relieved the holy fathers of their little superfluous cash. Then again he would array himself in ordinary civilian dress, representing himself as a silk merchant, and would have sales of that commodity sent to his address. Then the dealer in bicycles became the victim of this versatile swindler. At last, as his repertoire necessarily became limited, and as his fame had preceded him to one of his intended victims, he had the misfortune to be recognized and handed over to the police.—Westminster Gazette.

The Beggars' Queen. Mendicants are to have their nominal queen at one of the forthcoming carnival masquerades. The person selected to act as Reine des Gueux is not, however, of the begging fraternity, and her title only symbolizes an old-fashioned custom, which is to be revived. She is a young woman of eighteen, or thereabouts, who, every day, helps her parents to sell cow-beef and calves' heads in the central markets. Her reign is to begin and end on the Mi-Careme festival, when she will shut up shop, and, arrayed in gala robes, will be carried in triumph around Paris, with an accompanying king and maids of honor. Such fetes, with their symbolic attractions, form the chief amusements of the Paris market people, who rise early and work hard throughout the year.—Paris Correspondence of London Telegraph.

The Place For Advertisements. The newspaper is the legitimate place of the advertisement. Custom has established it, and the successful advertisers, without exception, are those who use its columns. People are educated to search the newspaper, and because this is so it is the one proper place for the advertisement. Circulars, handbills, dodgers, etc., are but makeshifts and unclean imitations of the original article.—Newspaper Maker.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. I, CLAYTON K. CHERRY, County Clerk, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the original of the same, as the same appears from the records of the office of the County Clerk of said county, to-wit: FRANK J. CHERRY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of J. CHERRY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. A. W. GRASSON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by DRUGGISTS, etc. CHERRY & Co., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Hartford Courant has arrived at the conclusion that in this country there is no West at all. "The people that take the trains at the Jersey City station of the Pennsylvania road," it says, "are very much angered when they hear the announcer shout: 'Express for Pittsburg and the Far West!' They don't like it. The people of Chicago point to Wisconsin as being the West of California, Oregon and Washington. When you go and ask those people if they are Westerners they look at you with surprise and tell you that they live on the Pacific Slope."

Fits permanently cured. Nofts or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nervine. Dr. R. H. KLINE, 161 Arch St., Phila., Pa. A shark's egg is one of the oldest looking things imaginable. It is unprovided with shell; but the contents are protected by a thick, leathery covering almost as elastic as india rubber. The average size is 2 inches by 3/4 inches, and the color is almost pure black.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bismuth Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. Plants protect themselves by terrificly attacking insects as do the movements of the sensitive plant is to frighten animals. A venturesome browsing creature coming near it is afraid to touch a plant which so evidently is occupied by spirits.

A Sudden Turn. By a sudden turn we may give a twist and bring on lumbago. By a prompt use of St. Jacobs Oil the twist lets go and the muscle becomes straight and strong. A New York lawyer charged a counsel fee of \$250 and a bondsman fee of \$50 to defend a boy who was held for the larceny of 90 cents' worth of groceries.

Educate Your Bowels With Sarsaparilla. Candy Coughs, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. H. C. C. Co., druggists refund money. Several weeks ago John Coffield, a bachelor, of Perkins, Okla. started for Joplin, Mo., with a big load of peanuts to sell to farmers in that State. Near Carthage, he stopped at a house, where he met Mrs. Margaret Fry, a widow, with seven children. It was a case of love at first sight. He proposed and they were married next day, all returning to Perkins in his wagon.

"Love and a Cough Cannot be Hid."

It is this fact that makes the lover and his sweetheart happy, and sends the sufferer from a cough to his doctor. But there are hidden ills lurking in impure blood. "The liver is wrong," it is thought, "or the kidneys." Did it ever occur to you that the trouble is in your blood?

Purify this river of life with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thin illness will be banished, and strong, vigorous health will result. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best known, best endorsed, and most natural of all blood purifiers. Catarrh—"I suffered from childhood with catarrh. I was entirely deaf in one ear. Hood's Sarsaparilla, cured me and restored my hearing." Mrs. W. Brock, Midland, Tex. Sore Eyes—"Humor in the blood made my daughter's eyes sore, so that we feared blindness. Hood's Sarsaparilla made her well." E. B. Gyles, Henniker, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascarets I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." J. T. Smith, Philadelphia, Pa. 578 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC CASCARETS

Pleasant, Palatable, Eaten, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. PURE CONSTITUTION. ... Stealing Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 314

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