

THE MEDFORD MAIL

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Official Paper of Jackson county.

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MAN WAS BORN TO HUSTLE.

He is of few days; but quite a plenty.

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MEDFORD, FRIDAY, August 21, 1896.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

All the Albany barbershops have reduced prices to the eastern scale—shaving 10 cents and hair cutting 15 cents.

Ruth Rebeck lodge No. 4, of Jacksonville, filed articles of incorporation in the secretary of state's office on the 13th inst.

A number of milch cows from Oregon were lately shipped to China. They are scarce across the water, and the Chinese drive them through the streets and sell milk by the drink.

A jackrabbit is not a novel sight in Harney county, but the Harney Valley Item says that 2000 may be seen almost any evening about sundown, in G. W. Shaw's wheat field near Harney.

The police of Astoria have a grievance, in that they are compelled to accept pay for their services in city warrants, for which they are unable to get more than 90 cents on the dollar in cash.

The Cottage Grove Leader has ceased to exist and H. W. Ross, an experienced newspaper man, has purchased the plant and will commence the publication of a new paper this week.

Wasco county fruitgrowers promise to make some valuable contributions of fruit to the exhibit car which will leave for St. Paul August 24. Their collection will comprise the finest fruits in the county.

The editorial association of Oregon held its annual meeting at Astoria this week. An enterprising saloon keeper sent copies of the Budget to editors over the state with his saloon advertisement marked. This needs no comment.

The Wasco county sheep men who were taken to Portland charged with having herded their sheep on the Cascade timber reserve have been let out on a \$300 bail with the understanding that they should cease to commit any further trespass.

Since his vacation last year, Oregon's supreme court has written 131 opinions, on an average of nearly 44 each. In addition to the opinions, the court has heard many arguments and motions to dismiss appeals, and has rendered judgement thereon.

An Astoria dentist tried to make his wife believe he was going to commit suicide. He rushed to the Columbia and into the shallow water, his wife following and smiling. Accidentally he slipped into thirty feet of water and came near drowning before being rescued. He tried hard enough himself to get out.

A trip through the hop-growing districts around Brownsville shows that the acreage will not be quite as large as last year, but the quality has every indication of being first-class. The yards which have been cultivated show an abundance of young hops on the vines, and as yet they are free from pests of all kinds.

A Dallas telegram of the 15th, inst. says: In the competitive examinations for West Point and Annapolis, which closed this evening, Ed N. Johnson, of Portland, won the West Point honors, with Clarence B. Sewell, of Portland, alternate. For Annapolis, Huntington Johnston, of Portland, was first, with Darcy C. Bard, of Piedmont, second. The two winners are brothers.

Homer Davenport, the artist, is said to receive \$1,000 a month. That is the price of genius. Davenport is a great fellow for animals, and he always gets one or a bird in his pictures if possible. An Albany friend of Homer tells how one time his father made him a present of a \$75 gold watch. It was not long afterwards that he traded the watch for a bull dog, preferring that to a mere time-keeper.

Here is Oregon's game law in a nutshell. Paste in your hat: Game and fish can only be killed during the following seasons: Grouse, Mongolian pheasant and quail, September 1 to December 1. Prairie chickens, July 1 to October 1. Wild ducks and water fowls, Sept 1 to March 15. Deer, mountain sheep, etc., August 1 to December 1. Killing for hides or part of carcass, only, is prohibited. East of the Cascades it is unlawful to kill at any time, Chinese pheasants, quail or bob white, and the killing of Chinese pheasants in Southern Oregon is also unlawful. Trout April 1 to November 1. Salmon December 15 to November 1.

A straw stacker that blows the straw 50 or more feet away from the machine and to any height desired has attracted several Corvallisites over to the Willbanks farm, says the Corvallis Gazette, where the Hofake thresher, operating one of these stackers, has been at work. Those who have seen it declare this stacker to be a howling success. It entirely solves the question of how to get straw away from a machine, even to the point of bringing the straw back to the thresher and sending it a second time through the stacker. All the operator has to do is to poke the unthreshed grain into the front end of the thresher and so far as the straw is concerned the stacker does the rest, even though the machine thresh in the same spot for days and days.

From reliable reports received from the hopbrokers and buyers the 1896 crop will hardly reach 50,000 bales; less than half of last year's crop, says the Albany Herald. But the prospects for this year for the growers as regards prices are much better, as shortages in Eastern and European crops are reported, and for choice quality the valley hopmen are likely to reap a fair profit. For the past three weeks agents

of Eastern and coast buyers have been traveling through the valley making contracts for the output of the different yards, and these contracts are considered as being favorable in their terms. Six and seven cents are being offered for choice hops, and the contracts generally provide for the payment of 4 cents advance money for picking and baling, the balance to be paid when the hops are shipped. A considerable amount of the crop is already contracted for in this way, reports variously placing the number of bales at 8000 and upward, and additional contracts on the same terms are reported daily.

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY.

A Description of Its Soil, Climate and Products.

The following paragraphs, commendatory to the Rogue river valley, are taken from the columns of the Garfield, Washington, Enterprise. The gentleman who signs the article is a former resident of Medford and a son of A. S. Johnson of this place:

It is not easy for a person to form a correct idea of Rogue river valley, Jackson county, Oregon, without visiting it; and even then a hasty tour, although instructive, is apt to be misleading in many particulars, unless accompanied by close observation and the most diligent inquiry. In topography, climate, water, soil and products it has its own peculiar character.

Climate—Possibly no subject can interest the home-seeker more than that of climate. If such be the case, no section will bear the scrutiny of close observation or scientific investigation and give so favorable results as Jackson county. In its climate this delightful region has combined advantages of other sections, without the accompanying drawbacks. It enjoys the warmth of summer and the frosts of winter without extremes of either. Having rainfall ample for all purposes.

Soil—The diversity of soils and the admixture of the elements, composing one class of soil with those of another grade renders it exceedingly difficult to describe. The soil of all sections of this country seems to be adapted to the climate or the climate to the soil. To classify as nearly as possible, consistently with brevity, we have bottom, prairie, adobe, granite and a sand and clay soils. These soils are all good for special crops adapted to the nature of the soil.

Products—The same wide-spread variety of soils manifest itself in the products. Take for instance, any of the valley farms and on them you may grow, with a reasonable amount of industry, all that is necessary for the support of man or beast, including fruit from the semi-tropical to the most hardy varieties. The mildness of the climate and the absence of any prevailing disease among stock makes this an inviting field for stock raisers. Some of the best stock ever grown on the Pacific coast was the product of this country.

The success attending fruit culture is no longer an experiment. This country is fast becoming noted in eastern and foreign markets for its fine fruits, especially apples and pears. Ample shipping facilities give to Southern Oregon fruit growing a most inviting field for profitable industry, which bids fair in the near future, to excel in commercial importance any one if not all others of her commercial interests.

The principal game consists of black tail deer, brown bear, black bear, grizzly bear, otter, martin, jack rabbits, two varieties of quail, pheasants, grouse, wild geese and wild ducks. An abundance of fish is found in all the principal streams comprising salmon, salmon trout, speckled trout, mountain trout and other varieties of fresh water fish.

Prices of land—Some fine improved farms, from three to four miles from Medford, can be had for from \$20 to \$30 per acre and from \$1000 to \$1500 will buy a pretty good home a little farther away.

JOHNNIE JOHNSON.

Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists, etc.

The Army Departed.

The Grants Pass Courier, in recording the final movements of the God's Regular Army brigade in that city says that Wm. Purdey left on the 7th for Conyonville and Roseburg. Continuing it says:

"He went by team and took his wife, two daughters and young Chas. Winders and wife along. Alonzo Nutt drove the team and they had the big tent with them. Two of the general's daughters are left with friends in this city.

"Mr. Purdey seems to be supreme head as well as body of an independent off-shoot of the Salvation Army. This withdrawal took place at Sacramento last year and he has since been making his way north. For several weeks he managed to maintain corps of sub armies at Roseburg, Ashland and Albany but he was unfortunate in selecting his officers and people got tired of being bilked, so they quit supporting them. Purdey has lots of energy and is a great foe to the saloon, but he has a rather "rocky" time of it trying to fight without backing and against the opposition of the churches whom he appears to succeed in antagonizing as he goes along. His career in Grants Pass extended over a period of eight months and they were eventful ones to him. He lost his wife by chloroform asphyxiation, whether by accident or design is a question; he has been in the "cooler" for parading the streets with drum and flag; he sent one of his best soldiers to the penitentiary for two years and he married a young girl of eighteen some four months after becoming a widower. What will become of him it is hard to tell.

Not so Funny After all.

A juggler did a trick the other day in New York that caused a man to imagine himself a murderer, and almost sent him to the insane asylum. "I can throw this carving-knife to the ceiling," he said, "and let it descend point foremost toward the head of my son, this boy of 10. Of course I must catch it before it splits his head open. There are five of you—all strong men. When I throw the knife upward, try to hold me; prevent me from catching it before it strikes the boy. You cannot do it. The five are not strong enough." They agreed to try. Up went the knife, and as it started down, the point of the knife aiming straight at the boy's head, they caught him. "Make way! Make way! My God!" he cried. Four of them sprang away, horrified. The fifth retained his hold. "You shan't fool me," he exclaimed, staying the outstretched arm. "Oh, Lord! My boy!" the father groaned. There was a cutting sound, then a thump, as of a knife burying itself to the handle in flesh and blood. The juggler sank to the floor and the man who held him back fainted. When he came to, he raved like a maniac, and could not be made rational till it was explained that the knife was a cornstalk affair, which could not harm a fly, much less a boy, who stood beside him laughing. It is worth going a long distance to avoid seeing anything as painfully funny as that.

Fruit Growing Last.

The comparative importance of some of Oregon's industries in the judgment of the State Board of Agriculture may be inferred from the fact that the premiums offered for the coming state fair for millinery, artistic needle work, crocheting, etc., aggregate \$334.50; those offered for oil paintings and other works of art, \$321.50; those offered for flowers to \$290, while the total amount offered fruits of all kinds, including grapes, is \$136.50. The amount of the purses offered for horse races is \$6,500, which is considerably less than in former years.—Rural Northwest.

We Want a Boy.

This, Mr. Ed., you will see, if you have proper understanding of your grammar, is a simple declarative sentence. Third person, singular—spoken of; boy, masculine, because we are speaking of no one else. The mood will be only conjectural on your part—common case, we will admit—though with us just now it is objective; but let me caution you. We want a boy big enough to do chores right now—not only milk, but feed the hens and horses, pick up potatoes, sloop the pigs, chop a little wood, bring in the wood and water, make fires and in spare moments hoe the garden, etc., etc.—one who can plow and sow and hoe my row and be a useful boy. We had a boy, a good boy, too, but we could not keep him. We did most every thing to try to please him, but we failed. We used to get up at 4 a. m. feed, groom and harness the horses, pail the cows, feed the hens, sloop the pigs, then come in and eat our breakfast off of the kitchen table, go out and hoe dogfennel awhile, then about 8 a. m. we

would come in quietly and silently go up to his suite and gently tap for him to dress for breakfast. Sometimes we would in an unguarded moment speak rather loud and awaken him too suddenly, although we did never intend to be harsh; in fact, there is nothing of the kind in our nature, except, it may be we have a harsh cough, resultant from going in swimming when we were a mere boy, but as I was saying when we would awaken him too suddenly he would start in to a sitting posture and for a few moments stare in bewilderment then with one foot resting on the tiger skin on the floor he would sit for some forty or fifty minutes seeming in deep meditation as much as to say "I wonder what I had better have the old gent work at today?" Then while he was breaking his somewhat prolonged fast, I would ask, "What shall I do today?" "Are the horses fed and harnessed?" "Yes sir," says I. "Then hitch them on to the democrat. I will drive to the village and you may cut a little wood until I return." I often mildly remonstrated, pleading for him to consider my years, my gray hairs—what few I had—and my decrepid generality—but to no purpose. The other evening after I had my chores all done I asked if I could go and hunt jack rabbits a little while (8 p. m.) and he got in a passion and left me. This is why I advertise now. This time we want a different kind—one who is not too nervous—we want a boy we can call with a club at 4 a. m. and who can rise under the circumstances with a whistle on his lips and a smile in his eye, who can pail six cows, feed the stock, sloop the pigs and hoe a couple of hours before breakfast and come in singing "Sure I've nothing at all to do."

So, Mr. Ed., if you see any such boys let us hear from you at once. We want a boy—not too smart mind you—one is enough in a family—but an industrious boy is not bad, one who can take sass and not return it; one who can do almost a man's work, will be glad to get a small boy's salary. I would suggest that some nice widow's boy, (no, see I have the objective case in the wrong place again) I mean some widow may have a nice boy that would suit—I am prone to incline about 90 degrees in that direction any way—then I have a desire to walk uprightly before all such, well knowing that though my failings are many to some one "I shall be whiter than snow."

Lovingly yours,

T. H. B. TAYLOR.

Woodville, Oregon.

It is with feelings akin to nothing I know of that I recall these old familiar lines (of my own) on "THE OLD HOME DOWN ON THE FARM."

When a boy I used to work, where I had no chance to shirk, Far away among the tangled clover hay, And the stuff I had to rake, 'till I thought my back would break.

And I never heard a word of any pay. There were brothers young and gay, and if we stopped to play, Our father dear would make our jackets Thee-I passed life's verdant morn, pulling suckers from the corn, In my boyhood's sap-head life down on the CHORTS.

Many pleasant days I've passed, since I saw that old place last, Where pitching hay I almost broke my arm. Oh, the place was awful hot, and I'd rather now be shot, Than be working every day out on a farm. T. H. B.

LOCKHART, TEXAS, OCT. 15, 1896. Messrs. Paris Medicine Co. Paris, Tenn.

Dear Sirs—Ship us as soon as possible 2 gross Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic and let me have any other. In our experience of 20 years in the drug business, we have never sold any medicine which gave such universal satisfaction.

Yours respectfully, J. S. Broynne & Co

Real Estate Services.

Andrew J. Hamlin to Mrs. E. M. Denison; all of blk 8 Medford. \$ 600
N. H. Spencer to S. A. D. Higgins; lot 12 blk 21 Medford. 1100
S. A. D. Higgins to C. B. Koster; lot 12 blk 21 Medford. 200
B. F. Carter to Martha Matthews; land in sec 15 T. 35 S. 4 W. 100 acres in Oregon. 60
U. S. to O. & C. R. R. Co.; patent No 32 to 92 1/2 100 acres in Oregon. 100
U. S. to O. & C. R. R. Co.; patent No 38 to 107-88 92 1/2 100 acres in Oregon. 100
Same to same; patent No 39 to 15008 60.
100 acres in Oregon. 100
Same to same; patent No 42 to 25931 46-100 acres in Oregon. 100
Same to same; patent No 44 to 13417 7-100 acres in Oregon. 100

Mining Locations.

Fred Russell located July 15; 10 acres of placer ground in Applegate dist.
L. L. Goodwin located August 3; a placer claim in Steamboat dist.
O. F. Coiling located Oct 22, '95; 30 acres of placer mining claim in Snow creek dist.
John Kremer located July 6; 30 acres of placer ground in Jacksonville dist.
J. D. Cook, spec of Hydraulic Mining Co.; filed an affidavit Aug 4 of work done on mining property in Jackass creek dist.

Malaria produces weakness, general debility biliousness, loss of appetite, indigestion and constipation. Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic, removes the cause which produces these troubles. Try it and you will be delighted. 50 cents. To get the GENUINE ask for GROVE'S.

During a recent thunderstorm in Berlin an interesting effect on an electric train was noticed at night. All the electric lamps inside and outside the carriages were extinguished every time it lightened, and the passengers remained a few moments in complete darkness. Then the lamps relit.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is a perfect malaria liver tonic and blood purifier. Removes biliousness without purging. As pleasant as lemon syrup. It is as large as any dollar tonic and retails for 50 cents. To get the GENUINE ask for GROVE'S.

A DEADLY TRAP.

Catching a Thief with a Pocket Lined with Fishhooks.

They were discussing the best way to bring a prisoner from the place of his arrest to headquarters at the central office not long ago, says the New York Times, and the collar, cuff, and arm-grips were instanced as manual expedients, and handcuffs, nippers and pocket bludgeon things as mechanical aids.

"I know," said a detective who had been to Europe and passed some time in the society of London detectives, "how a pickpocket was once arrested without his captor seeing his prisoner's face before he got to the lockup, and without anyone putting a hand on him. It happened this way: A detective who was often detailed to gatherings, weddings, the houses of parliament, Westminster abbey, and other public places, often ran across a wiry little man who he discovered had no business where he was seen, and did nothing for a living.

"Coincidental with the man's visits to crowded places were complaints of larcenies of articles that were carried in the pockets of tails of coats, and especially silk handkerchiefs. The detectives suspected the little wiry man, but he evidently had more than one confederate to pass what was stolen so as to be 'clean,' for the officer who was watching him, and who was nettled at the proof from his superiors for his negligence in not discovering the pickpocket, had him arrested twice by other officers and 'shaken down' without finding any stolen goods in his possession.

"Strange officers were used to make the arrests in order that the suspected man might not become familiar with the principal detective's face, as he determined to get him 'by hook or by crook.' Now I don't mean this for a pun, but it came out that way. The detective belonged to one of the many fishing clubs that abound in London, and was familiar with tackle.

"Procuring four dozen unsmelled hooks of the size and strength used here for blackfish, some flax thread and a needle, he passed an afternoon in turning the tail-pockets of an old-fashioned frock coat into a thief-trap. The hooks were ringed and with the needle were sewed bent out just inside the pocket, permitting a hand to enter, but preventing its withdrawal. He knew of a book sale that would be largely attended at the east end of the Strand and made up carefully for it, so that when he left home he was a pleasant-faced old gobe-mouche.

"At the book sale he took care to be as vacuous and unmindful of his surroundings as possible, but noted the presence of the suspect and waited calmly for a bite. It came. There was a tug at his coat and a bitter oath, and he knew that his man's hand was seized by the hooks, and that he would not venture to risk the agony that tearing away forcibly would inflict. So he said quietly: 'If you follow me our surgeon will relieve you,' and attempted to walk to Scotland Yard, half a mile away, the trapped thief following with his hand in the detective's pocket.

"But such a large crowd gathered that the detective had to take a cab and he landed the man safely in the detective's office. He was held by four of the hooks and the bars had to be cut off before they were extracted. The thief confessed and went to prison for a short term, but the Scotland Yard authorities frowned on the detective's method and prohibited any further experiments of the sort for fear the newspapers would denounce the expedient as cruel. But a deadlier trap could not be baited for a 'olyfaker.'"

His Little Mistake.

A young farmer who had great conceit, little discretion and scarcely any education presented himself at a Presbyterian conference and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher. "I ain't had any great learnin'," he said, frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights runnin'; that's why I'm here." "What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders. "Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big, round ring in the sky, and in the middle of it was two great letters—P. C. I knew that meant Presbyterian conference, and here I am." There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of the farm in which his father had taken such pride. "I haven't any gift at reading visions," said the old man, gravely, "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think it's possible those two letters may have stood for 'Plant corn?'" Fortunately this version was accepted by the applicant.

Solidifies Under Heat.

A German chemist has made the discovery of a new compound body which is said to possess the peculiar quality of solidifying under the action of heat and again to revert to the liquid state at a temperature below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. To this substance the name of "crostase" has been given and it is stated to be obtained by mixing equal parts of phenol, camphor and saporine with the addition of a smaller proportion of the essence of treben-thine. It is supposed that up to the present time no body possesses this remarkable property of liquefying when cold and solidifying when hot. Certain substances, such as albumen, harden when exposed to the heat, but once they have attained this condition they cannot be made to resume the liquid state, although they may be subjected to exceedingly low temperatures.—N. Y. Sun.

The Kaiser as an Actor.

The German emperor is ambitious to win success also in amateur theatricals. This is the most difficult undertaking he has yet ventured on, and if he could be assured of absolutely unprejudiced criticism he might learn that there are meters and bounds beyond which even emperors cannot pass.

You run no risk. All druggists guarantee Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic to do all that the manufacturers claim for it. Wanted, no cure, no pay. There are many imitations, to get the GENUINE ask for GROVE'S.

RAILWAY GLEANINGS.

BALLAST of burned black-wax soil is being tried on the Texas Midland railroad, the soil being burned in the same way as clay for the same purpose.

A RESOLUTION imposing a fine of ten dollars on trolley car conductors for every failure to announce the name of a street or avenue, has been introduced in the city council of Minneapolis.

A BILL is before the New Jersey legislature providing that cities of that state above a certain population may require the elevation of railway tracks in their territory and the abolition of grade crossings.

At Logansport, Ind., a man was badly beaten by a number of railroad employes because he was suspected of being a detective, who had been going around the saloons with a kodak photographing railroad employes in the act of drinking.

GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT J. J. BYRNE, of the Southern California railway, says that the fruit crops of southern California are the finest in years. Five thousand car loads of oranges will be shipped east, of which one thousand have already gone forward.

Know All About Him.

A pupil in an English boarding school recently wrote the following composition on Sir Walter Raleigh: "Sir Walter Raleigh was a very great man. He went over and discovered America; and when he had discovered America he discovered Virginia. He discovered the potato. And when he had discovered the potato he discovered tobacco. And when he had discovered tobacco he turned to his companions and said: 'My friends, be of good cheer, for we have this day in England lit such a flame as I trust by God's grace shall never be extinguished.'"

How He Judged Character.

"So you want a situation?" said the business man.

"Yes, sir," replied the applicant.

"Hum—do you ever go fishing?"

"Occasionally."

"When were you fishing last?"

"Day before yesterday."

"Catch anything?"

"Not a thing."

"You can come to work next Monday if you like. If you keep on telling the truth like that you may be a partner in the firm one of these days."—Washington Star.

Bottled Up!

Whether in the form of pill powder or liquid, the doctor's prescription for blood diseases is always the same—mercury or potash. These drugs bottle up the poison and dry it up in the system, but they also dry up the marrow in the bones at the same time.

The suppleness and elasticity of the joints give way to a stiffness, the racking pains of rheumatism. The form gradually bends, the bones ache, while decrepitude and helplessness prematurely take possession of the body, and it is but a short step to a pair of crutches. Then comes falling of the hair and decay of the bones,—a condition truly horrible.

Contagious Blood Poison—the curse of mankind—is the most horrible of all diseases, and has always baffled the doctors. Their potash and mercury bottle up the poison, but it always breaks forth again attacking some delicate organ, frequently the mouth and throat, filling them with eating sores. S.S.S., is the only known cure for this disease. It is guaranteed purely vegetable, and one thousand dollars reward is offered for proof to the contrary. It never fails to cure Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Cancer, or any other disease of the blood. If you have a blood disease, take a remedy which will not injure you. Beware of mercury; don't do violence to your system. Don't get bottled up!

Our bottles sent free to any address. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

GROVES



MAKES CHILDREN AS FAT AS PIGS

TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1895. Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. Gentlemen—We sold last year 600 bottles of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have received three more orders already this year. In all our experience of 20 years in the drug business, we have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly, A. J. CAIR & CO.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. for their \$1.50 price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.