

# CAVANAGH FOREST RANGER

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

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## CHAPTER XXII. OUT OF QUARANTINE INTO HEAVEN.

WHEN Cavanagh awoke it was noon, and Swenson, the guard, was standing over him. "I'm sorry, but it's time to be moving," he said. "It's a long ride over there."

"What time is it?" inquired Cavanagh, with some bewilderment.

"Nearly noon. I've got some coffee ready. Want some?"

"Do I just watch me?" And he scrambled out of his bed with vigor and stretched himself like a cat, exclaiming, "Wow, but it does feel good to know that I am out of jail!"

Going down to the stream, he splashed his face and neck in the clear cold water, and the brisk rubbing which followed seemed to clear his thoughts as well as sharpen his appetite.

"You seem all right so far," hazarded the guard.

"I am all right, and I'll be all right tomorrow, if that's what you mean," replied Cavanagh. "Well, now, pack up, and we'll pull out."

For a few moments after he mounted his horse Cavanagh looked about the place as if for the last time, now up at the hill, now down at the meadow and last of all at the stream. "I hope you'll enjoy this station as much as I have, Swenson. It's one of the prettiest on the whole forest."

Together they zigzagged up the side of the hill to the north, and then, with Cavanagh in the lead, followed by his pack horse, they set up the long interlarded moraine which led by a wide circle through the wooded park toward the pass. The weather was clear and cold. The wind bit, and Cavanagh, scantily clothed as he was, drew his robe close about his neck, saying: "I know now how it feels to be a blanket Indian. I must say I prefer an overcoat."

A little later the keen eyes of the guard, sweeping the mountain side, were suddenly arrested. "There's a bunch of cowboys coming over the pass," he called.

"I see them," responded Cavanagh. "Get out your glasses and tell me who they are."

Swenson unslinging his fieldglasses and studied the party attentively. "Looks like Van Horne's sorrel in the lead, and that bald face bay just behind looks like the one Gregg rides. The other two I don't seem to know."

"Perhaps it's the sheriff after me for harboring Edwards," suggested Cavanagh.

But Swenson remained sober. He did not see the humor of the remark. "What are they doing on the forest anyhow?" he asked.

Half an hour later the two parties came face to face on a little stretch of prairie in the midst of the wooded valley. In the sheriff's party were Gregg, the deputy and a big man who was a stranger to Cavanagh. Their horses were all tired, and the big civilian looked saddle weary.

"Good evening, gentlemen," called the sheriff in southern fashion as he drew near.

"Good evening, Mr. Sheriff," Cavanagh civilly answered. "What's the meaning of this invasion of my forest?"

The sheriff for answer presented the big stranger. "Mr. Cavanagh, this is Mr. Simpson, the county attorney."

Cavanagh nodded to the attorney. "I've heard of Mr. Simpson," he said.

Simpson answered the question Ross had asked. "We were on our way to your station, Mr. Cavanagh, because we understand that this old man Dunn who shot himself had visited you before his death, giving you information concerning the killing of the Mexican sheep herders. Is that true?"

"It is."

"When did he visit you?"

"Two days ago or maybe three. I am a little mixed about it. You see, I have been pretty closely confined to my shack for a few days."

Gregg threw in a query. "How is the old man?"

"He's all right. That is to say, he's dead. Died last night."

The sheriff looked at Simpson meaningfully. "Well, I reckon that settles his score, Judge. Even if he was implicated he's out of it now."

"He couldn't have been implicated," declared the ranger. "For he was with me at the time the murder was committed. I left him high on the mountain in the Basque herder's camp. I can prove an alibi for him. Furthermore, he had no motive for such work."

"What did Dunn tell you?" demanded the sheriff. "What names did he give you?"

"Wait a moment," replied Cavanagh, who felt himself to be on his own territory and not to be hurried. "There's a reward offered for the arrest of these men. Is there not?"

"There is," replied the attorney.

"Well, before I make my statement I'd like to request that my share of the reward, if there is any coming to me, shall be paid over to the widow of the man who gave me the information. Poor chap, he sacrificed himself for the good of the state, and his family should be spared all the suffering possible."

"Quite right, Mr. Cavanagh. You may consider that request granted. Now for the facts."

"Before going into that, Mr. Attorney, I'd like to speak to you alone."

"Very well, sir," replied the attorney. Then, waving his hand toward the others, he said, "Boys, just ride off a little piece, will you?"

When they were alone Cavanagh remarked, "I don't think it wise to give these names to the wind, for if we do there will be more fugitives."

"I see your point," Simpson agreed. Thereupon rapidly and concisely the ranger reported what Dunn had said.

and the attorney listened thoughtfully without speaking to the end. Then he asked, "That tallies with what we have got from Ballard?"

"Well, Ballard in it?" asked Cavanagh.

"Yes. We forced a confession from him."

"If he was in it it was merely for the pay. He represented some one else."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because he was crazy to return to the show with which he used to perform and desperately in need of money. Have you thought that Gregg might have had a hand in this affair? Dunn said he had, although he was not present at any of the meetings."

"This seemed to surprise the attorney very much. 'But he's a shepman!'" he exclaimed.

"I know he is. But he's also a still partner in the Triangle cattle outfit and is making a lot of trouble. And besides, he had it in for those dogs, as he calls them, because they were sheeping territory which he wanted himself."

"I don't think he's any too good for it," responded Simpson. "But I doubt if he had any hand in the killing. He's too cunning and too cowardly. But I'll keep in mind what you have said, and if he is involved in any degree he'll be to go down the road with the others. His money can't save him."

As they came back to the party Cavanagh thought he detected in Gregg's eyes a shifting light that was not there before, but he made no further attempt to impress his opinion upon the attorney or the sheriff. He only said: "Well, now, gentlemen, I must go on over the divide. I have an appointment with the doctor over there; also with a bed and a warmer suit of clothes than I have on. If I can be of any service to you when I am out of quarantine I hope you will call upon me."

"It is possible that we may need you in order to locate some of the men whose names you have given me."

"Very good," replied Cavanagh. "If they come upon the forest anywhere the supervisor and I will find them for you."

So they parted, and Cavanagh and his guard resumed their slow journey across the range.

**CONCLUSION.**

In her career as the wife of a western rancher Eleanor Redfield had been called upon to entertain many strange guests, and she made no very determined objection when her husband telephoned that he was bringing Lize as well as Lee Virginia to stay at Elk Lodge for a few days. The revelation of the true relation between the two women had (as Lize put it) made a "whole lot of difference" to Mrs. Redfield. It naturally cleared the daughter of some part of her handicap, and it had also made the mother's attitude less objectionable.

She had seen Lize but once, and that was in the disturbing atmosphere of the restaurant, and she remembered her only as a lumpy, scowling, loud voiced creature with blowsy hair and a watchful eye. She was profoundly surprised, therefore, when Lee Virginia introduced a quiet spoken, rather sad faced elderly woman as her mother.

"I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Wetherford," Eleanor said, with the courtesy which was instinctive with her.

"I'm mighty obliged for the chance to come," replied Lize. "I told Reddy—I mean the supervisor—that you didn't want no old timer like me, but he said, 'Come along, and Lee she fixed me out, and here I am.' She uttered this with a touch of her well known self depreciation, but she was by no means repulsive or common.

Ross had not yet arrived at the cabin, but Redfield had warned Lee not to expect him till after dark. "He probably slept late, and besides, there are always delays on the trail. But don't worry, Swenson will ride to the top of the divide with him and if it seems necessary will come all the way."

This feeling of anxiety helped to steady Lize, and she got through the meal very well. She was unwontedly silent and a little sad as well as constrained. She could see that Lee fitted in with these surroundings, that she was at home with shining silver and dainty dishes, and she said to herself: "I could have been something like her if I'd had any sort of raising, but it's too late now. But, Lord, wouldn't Ed like to see her now!"

It was not yet dark when they came out on the veranda to meet the doctor, who had come to meet Ross, and Lee's anxiety led her to say, "Can't we go up to the cabin and wait for him there?"

"I was about to propose that," replied Redfield. "Shall we walk?"

Lee was instant in her desire to be off, but Lize said: "I never was much on foot, and now I'm hoof bound. You go along, and I'll sit on the porch here and watch."

So Lee, the doctor and Redfield went off together across the meadow toward the little cabin which had been built for the workmen while putting in the dam. It was hardly a mile away, and yet it stood at the mouth of a mighty gorge, out of which the water sprang white with speed.

But Lee had no mind for the scenery, though her eyes were lifted to the meadow's wall, down which the ranger was expected to ride. It looked frightfully steep, and whenever she thought of him descending that trail, with and perhaps ill, her heart ached with anxiety. But Redfield rambled on comfortably, explaining the situation to the doctor, who, being a most unimaginative person, appeared to take it all as a matter of course.

At the cabin itself Lee transferred her interest to the supper which had been prepared for the ranger, and she went about the room trying to make it a little more comfortable for him. It was a bare little place, hardly more than a camp (as was proper), and she devoutly prayed that he was not to be sick therein, for it stood in a cold and gloomy place, close under the shadow of a great wall of rock.

As it grew dark she lighted a lamp and placed it outside the window in order that its light might catch the ranger's eye, and this indeed it did, for almost instantly a pistol shot echoed from the hillside far above signaling his approach.

"There he is!" she exclaimed in swift rebound to ecstasy. "Hear him shout?"

His voice could indeed be heard, though faintly, and so they waited while the darkness deepened and the voice of the stream rose like an exhalation, increasing in violence as the night fell.

At last they could hear the sound of his horse's feet upon the rocks, and with girlish impulse Lee raised a musical cry, an invitation as well as a joyous signal.

To this the ranger made vocal answer, and they could soon see him moving athwart the hillside, zigzagging in the trail's fashion, dropping down with incredible swiftness. He was alone and leading his horse, but his celebrity of movement and the tones of his voice denoted confidence and health.

The doctor laughed as he said, "I don't think a very sick man could come down a mountain like that."

"Oh, he isn't sick yet," said Redfield. "What we are afraid of is a possible development."

Lize was on the veranda when Lee and Redfield returned. "Did he get through?" she asked.

"He's all right so far," returned Redfield cheerily. "We left the doctor about to fly at him. We'll have a report soon."

They had hardly finished telling of how the ranger had descended the hill when the doctor arrived. "He hasn't a trace of it," was his report. "All he needs is sleep. I cut him off from his entire over the range outfit, and there is no reason why he should not come down to breakfast with you in the morning."

Mrs. Redfield thanked the doctor as fervently as if he had conferred a personal favor upon her, and the girl echoed her grateful words.

"Oh, that's all right," the doctor replied in true western fashion. "I'll do as much more for you any time." And he rode away, leaving at least one person too happy to sleep.

The same person was on the veranda next morning when Cavanagh, dressed in the supervisor's best suit of gray cassimere, came striding across the lawn, too impatient of the winding drive to follow it. As he came, his face glowing with recovered health, Lee thought him the god of the morning and went to meet him unashamed, and he took her to his arms and kissed her quite as he had promised himself to do.

"Now I know that I am delivered," he exclaimed. And they entered the new west together.

**THE END.**

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

**GOV. WILSON AS FOE OF BOSSISM**

Utterly Routed Smith in Fight Over U. S. Senatorship.

**SMASHED ONE MAN POWER.**

**New Jersey Executive's Determination Yielded Victory and Was Conspicuous Evidence of His Purpose to Show No Quarter When His Conviction of Right Met Opposition.**

Hon. Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey, has come very sharply into the political limelight in the last few months by reason of his fearless and effective advocacy of the rights of the people to govern themselves without interference from the great corporations and vested interests. Governor Wilson is a native of Virginia, having been born at Staunton Dec. 28, 1856. He is the son of a Presbyterian minister of Scotch Irish descent. As a boy he lived in the south and at the age of nineteen entered Princeton university, from which he was graduated in 1879. He took a course in law at the University of Virginia and was admitted to the bar. He practiced law in Atlanta for two



GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON OF NEW JERSEY.

years and then took a postgraduate course in political economy, history and jurisprudence at Johns Hopkins university, Baltimore. His writings on political subjects while at Johns Hopkins attracted much attention, and he was offered the professorial chair at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, which he remained for three years. From Bryn Mawr he went to Wesleyan university, at Middletown, Conn., as professor of history and political economy, and in 1890 he joined the faculty of Princeton university as professor of political economy and jurisprudence. The title of his chair was later changed to professor of jurisprudence and politics. In 1902 Professor Wilson was chosen president of Princeton university and occupied that position for eight years. His incumbency of the office was a continual fight against special privileges and an effort to make the university more democratic than it had been in the past. In 1910 President Wilson was nominated as the candidate of the Democrats of New Jersey for governor and was elected by a plurality of nearly 50,000 after a speaking campaign that was remarkable in rousing the people of the state from one end to the other and swinging to his support thousands of Republicans who were dissatisfied with the present conduct and management of the Republican party.

Governor Wilson has more than fulfilled his pledges. He promised the people of New Jersey that he would be their representative at the state capital and would guard the interests of the whole people to the best of his ability. Among the specific promises which he made were that he would do all in his power to secure the enactment of the public utilities bill for the control of railroads and other public service corporations; a revised primary law that would give the people absolute control of the nominations for all officers, including delegates to presidential conventions, and take the selection of candidates out of the hands of the bosses; a corrupt practices law that would make bribery and the use of money of corporations in elections difficult, if not impossible; a law providing for the commission government of cities by the votes of the citizens and including the features of the initiative and referendum and the recall; an employers' liability law which would protect the interests of the workers automatically without making it necessary for them to go to court to obtain their rights in case of injury while at work and several reform laws of great local importance in his own state.

Although the legislature of New Jersey was Democratic on Jim Heflot, the senate was Republican, and at first it seemed to every one that Governor Wilson had undertaken a hopeless task of endeavoring to force these reforms through an unwilling legislature. People declared that he would find practical politics something entirely different from the academic the-

**THE GRANGE**

Conducted by J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y., Editor of the New York State Grange Review.

**A TIMELY TOPIC.**

The Grange Attitude Toward Canadian Reciprocity.

A Prominent New York State Grange Official Gives Reasons Why the Grange Should Oppose the Treaty With Canada—He Considers It as Discriminating Against the Farmer.

Query—Is the grange position on Canadian reciprocity right or wrong? If right, how shall we reconcile the position taken by Secretary Wilson, who is at the head of the department of agriculture and supposed to have the interests of all farmers in mind, with the position taken by the national grange, endorsed by most of the state granges?

Answer by State Secretary Giles.

"Is the grange position on Canadian reciprocity right or wrong?"

"It is right."

"If right, how shall we reconcile the position taken by Secretary Wilson?"

"It is irreconcilable, because, according to Secretary Wilson's report in discussing the high cost of living, he says that it is not because of the high prices paid to farmers, as the farmer gets the minor fraction of the consumer's dollar. This being the case, it is illogical to cut another slice off the farmer's dollar and not provide that that reduction be carried to the consumer, because making wheat free must reduce the price paid the farmer, but retaining a duty upon flour must preserve the present price to the consumer. The same condition prevails through all the schedule as it is now presented; hence the grange position is right because it is aimed to retain the little protection the farmer now enjoys until such time as its removal may be so complete as to be of advantage to the consuming public, which the present treaty wholly fails to do or even promises to do.

The grange position is right because if the treaty is ratified as it now stands without the farmer getting some benefits from the Canadian agreement he would be shut out absolutely as he could not hope for better treatment on a general revision.

Two great schools of thought have contended over the tariff schedules of this country—protection for the business interests and free commercial relations with all nations. These principles we are not now discussing, but Canadian reciprocity as now pending belongs to neither. It is a miserable apology by protectionists that their theory in the past has been wrong and they must make discriminations for the favored few. It is not free trade, as it makes free the finished products of one class and retains protection on all other classes. The free trader who stands for this treaty betrays his position and shows that he is not honest in his contentions.

The farmer has tolerated the unjust discrimination against his business because of his honest belief that the whole country was benefited, not for a moment conceding that his business was proportionally protected by the present schedule of tariff rates on agricultural products. But when it comes to strike that protection off from the only nation that does or can to any appreciable extent compete with him he revolts.

The grange position is right because it does not teach the assassin's method of a stab in the back to redress a wrong, fancied or real, after it has been committed, but, rather, it believes in a fair fight, with ample warning as to results, that it will not tolerate this awful injustice. This treaty strikes a blow at the great agricultural interests of America, and in the arguments in Canada it is only made tolerant by the fact that Canada is a great agricultural nation, and this movement is intended to give the Canadian farmer the full benefits of American markets and American prosperity. The American farmer will return that blow when opportunity presents itself. That statesman will rue the day when by his vote he shall

have alienated the respect and the confidence of the American farmer by this unwise, unfair and grossly discriminating treaty.

The argument that American farms will soon be unable to feed the rapidly increasing population is absolutely fallacious, for American agriculture is conceded far short of her possible production, according to Secretary Wilson's report of abandoned farms and farms inadequately tilled. Should it not rather be the true American policy to encourage and build up her agriculture rather than to tear down and discourage the same? This the grange stands for and will ever continue to do. This is why the grange contends with all its might against a measure that is intended to demean, to cheapen and belittle American agriculture.

W. N. GILES.

Skaneateles, N. Y.

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**DISCARDING THE LABELS.**

Woodrow Wilson Comments on the Breaking Down of Party Lines.

"The country is awakening to a degree of civic consciousness known before only in the period when the country was born," said Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey in a recent address. "We are scrutinizing the men who are conducting the government. We know we are living in an age of complicated conditions. From all our cities man after man tells me that never before have the citizens been so awakened to public questions—to the question of public degeneration.

"The interesting thing of our politics now is that men are not labeled. You cannot tell from the way a man voted last time how he will vote the next time. Men are beginning to find out that the safe line is the right line.

"The mere moral impulse in me is of no force unless it can be translated into action. It is immoral to propose for the United States something that is not of benefit to the whole United States. It is immoral to promote legislation for your business unless it is also for the interest of the rest of the country. Our government is not a paternal institution."

**A Dreadful Wound**

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, fireworks, or of any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Bucklen's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poisoning or gangrene. It's the quickest, surest healer for all such wounds as also for burns, boils, sores, skin eruptions, eczema, chapped hands, corns or piles. 25c at Huntley Bros. Co., prescription druggists, Oregon City, Hubbard, Molalla.

**He Was Wise.**

Her—What, going already? I don't suppose it would be any use to ask you to stay a little longer? Him—Not in that tone of voice. —Milwaukee News.

**One is rich when he is sure of tomorrow—Chevalier.**

**A Charming Woman**

is one who is lovely in face, form, mind and temper. But it is hard for a woman to be charming without health. A weak, sickly woman will be nervous and irritable. Constipation and kidney poisons show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. But Electric Bitters always proves a godsend to women who want health, beauty and friends. They regulate stomach, liver and kidneys, purify the blood; give strong nerves, bright eyes, pure breath, smooth, velvety skin, lovely complexion and perfect health. Try them. 50c at Huntley Bros. Co., prescription druggists, Oregon City, Hubbard and Molalla.

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If you have a dear desire for a splendid private car, Raise a pig.

If your daughter yearns for jewels that will make a lurid blaze, Raise a pig.

If your wife would be a leader where one other matron sways; Raise a pig.

If you wish to give up tolling and in comfort spend your days, Raise a pig.

There's a way—don't overlook it—Raise a pig.

If you're sick of serving others and are longing for a change, Raise a pig.

If you wish to gaze at wonders that are far away and stange, Raise a pig.

If you son would like to squander money on a chorus girl, Raise a pig.

If you yearn to own a castle having walls laid with pearls, Raise a pig.

If your darling daughter wishes to be married to an earl, Raise a pig.

There's a way—don't overlook it—Raise a pig.

If with a sonate chamber you would like to hold a seat, Raise a pig.

If you wish to be untroubled by the rising price of meat, Raise a pig.

If you wish to get from under the big burdens which you bear, Raise a pig.

If you wish to go to Wall Street and create a furor there, Raise a pig.

If, in short, you have a longing to become a millionaire, Raise a pig.

There's a way—don't overlook it—Raise a pig.

—Chicago Record Herald.

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