

Highest of all in Leavening Power—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON."

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve.
It is walled with the money we meant to have
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken
And many a coveted boon
Are stowed away there in that land some-
where—
The land of "Pretty Soon."
There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust.
And, oh, this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon.
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get
There—
The land of "Pretty Soon."
The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining
strand
Have skeletons on their decks.
It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
And farther at night than at noon.
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Cincinnati Commer-
cial.

BRUIN JONES.

"Captain, who was the best soldier you ever knew?"

This question was propounded recently to Captain Bronaugh, the present coal oil inspector of St. Louis and a man who has seen enough of war to make his judgment in regard to soldiers worth something.

"Well, I hardly know," was the reply, "but I can tell you very easily who was the best fighter I ever knew."

"What's the difference?"

"There's a great deal of difference. To be a good soldier one must have courage, patience and endurance, discipline and a great many other things. To be a good fighter one only needs to have plenty of the devil in him. I can't say in regard to the best soldier, but the best fighter I ever knew was undoubtedly a man named Jones. I have no idea what his first name really was, but our men all called him Bruin, for reasons that I think you can guess when you hear the story. He was a member of my company, but I have no recollection of how or when he joined us. The first day I remember ever to have seen him was the 15th of August, 1862, just the day before the awful fight at Lone Jack."

It seems that on that date all the companies in Lewis' regiment were reorganized, and that the voting for officers was all done by ballot. When it came to Bronaugh's company, every vote read was cast for him for captain, except the last one. To the surprise of every one, the last vote was called out in stentorian tones:

"The devil!"

At the announcement of this unexpected vote the men stared around at each other in amazement.

"Say," remarked the wit of the company at last, "that fellow ought to have better manners than vote for himself."

In the laugh that followed all the company joined, except Jones. He stood stiff as a ramrod, with a countenance like that of Mephistopheles, until the laugh had subsided, and then he remarked:

"He voted for a blamed sight better man than Bronaugh, anyway."

I think that the reader will concede that when the captain compliments Mr. Jones' fighting qualities it is not because of any special personal friendship for him. He was a man of about 30 years of age, below medium height, slender, clean shaven, dark complexion, and was very much like a hawk in the keenness of his eyes, the curvature of his nose, the muscularity of his voice and the general amiability of his disposition. The captain sums up the case by saying:

"He was sored on the world and all the rest of mankind."

He was never known to agree with anybody on any subject that could be mentioned. The nearest he ever came to it was one day in camp, when the soldiers happened to be discussing the character of Abraham Lincoln, and one of them forcibly expressed the opinion that he was the greatest scoundrel that ever lived.

"Yes!" exclaimed Jones, with a profusion of lurid language. "There's only one more contemptible hound in the universe than Lincoln."

"Who's he?"

"Jeff Davis," he replied, with all the withering contempt he could crowd into the words. From this speech it may be imagined that while Mr. Jones hated the Union he did not adore the Confederacy. The boys in camp suggested that he wore the gray merely because he had more men to shoot at than if he wore the blue. There was no duty too hard for him, no night too cold or rainy for him to stand guard, no fight too dangerous for him, provided only he was allowed to have his fill of profanity and abuse for the world in general. Once when it was hinted that the artillery was not strong enough to dislodge a certain battery belonging to the enemy, some one suggested:

"Put old Jones up in front and let him cuss 'em. If that don't clean 'em out, there's no use to try bombshells."

He would not only cuss the Federals, but the Confederates also, the officers as well as the men. Several times he was known to knock his messmate down with the flat side of a spade, and then if he was so inconsiderate as to remonstrate to threaten him with the edge. Owing to such traits in him as these, the men gradually grew unwilling to eat with him, so that for months he was a veritable hermit, though surrounded by men.

No one spoke to him or had anything of any kind to do with him when it could in any way be avoided, and this seemed to be exactly what he wanted. About this time he was nicknamed "Bruin," not only on account of his bearlike temper, but also because the solitary figure, squatting about by his campfire, eating his own food and holding converse with no one was very much like that of a bear caged by itself to prevent it from injuring anything.

In this way things worked tolerably smoothly for awhile, but before long

Captain Bronaugh and his men decided that if it could be done they would like very much to get Bruin transferred to some other company. There were just two difficulties in the way of this. In the first place, no captain who knew him very well would consent to take him, and, in the second place, if Bruin knew that Bronaugh and his men did not want him he would insist most strenuously on staying. Both these difficulties were circumvented by a little strategy. In the company of Captain Boles there was a man named Eph Goff, a Henry county man, a brave soldier and an ardent friend of Bronaugh. He is at present living on his farm near Clinton and is said to be as rollicksome and as fond of his joke now as he was then. One day Bronaugh approached Boles, explained the situation and asked that Goff be transferred to his company.

"All right," said Captain Boles. "Who can you give me in his place?"

"Well, I've got a man named Jones you can have."

"Is he a good soldier?"

"The best fighter I ever saw."

"Done," said Captain Boles, and that part of the matter was settled. The only thing now remaining was to get Bruin's consent to be transferred, and this was done in the following manner:

"Mr. Jones," said Captain Bronaugh one day, "I understand you are trying to get out of my company and into Captain Boles'."

I want you to understand, sir, that I don't propose to permit you to do anything of the kind. If any officer has got to be losing his men for every little fool reason that may come up, there's just as well not be any officer at all."

Bruin looked a little dazed at this statement of the case, and then remarked that he'd be dashed blank dashed if he would stay in any such double dashed company any more—just so if he would. In this manner his consent was won, and the next day he applied to Captain Boles for a transfer. The application should have been sent to certain superior officers, but Captain Bronaugh was unwilling for this to be done, for fear he might lose his trade.

"No use to bother Colonel Lewis about a little thing like that," he said to Boles. "Just let 'em wait till the thing has about had time to go through the rounds and then just swap the men ourselves."

Accordingly, some two weeks later, Bruin was informed that his transfer had been granted, the two captains exchanged the names and the trade was settled.

The next time the two captains met was several months later in Bossier parish, Louisiana, and—shall I confess it—at a dance. If this statement should meet the eyes of any of his church officials, they are respectfully requested not to turn him out on account of it. The offense was committed over 30 years ago, and I do not really think he makes a practice of dancing today. However, he and Boles were both on the floor and dancing, when the latter exclaimed:

"Say, Bronaugh, I've got a crow to pick with you."

"What is it?"

"You remember that fellow Jones you traded off on me? What did you mean by telling me he was a good soldier?"

"I never said it, Boles. I said he was the best fighter I ever saw."

"Oh, that was it, was it? I believe you were right about it too. He's whiped every private in my company already, and they say he is going to begin on the officers next. There's no discount on his being a fighter."

The last time Captain Bronaugh ever saw Bruin was in the hospital at Memphis. The first face he noticed when he entered the ward was his, and it was pale and still as death. Hoping to be of some service to one of his former men, the captain stood at the bedside for a moment. Just then the closed eyes opened, the face lighted up with its old expression, and in the half stifled accents of death the old stream of profanity began to flow. Bruin was Bruin to the last.

Hundreds of old Confederate soldiers in Missouri will recall poor Bruin with a glimmer about the eyes that is half smile and half a tear. Nobody knows what his first name really was; nobody ever knew where he came from. It used to be asserted that he was from Arkansas, but perhaps this was merely from a humorous desire to lower the reputation of that state. No one knows who his people were or what his past history was. Let us hope, though, that he who knows all about him saw something in his early life that could account for the hardness of heart of this Timon of Athens of the Confederacy and made some allowance accordingly.—P. W. Horn in St. Louis Republic.

Popularity of the Bicycle.

Some definite idea of the growth of the bicycle business in this country may be gained from the fact that whereas the total number of bicycle manufacturers in the United States was but six in 1885, with an output of only 11,000 wheels, and in 1890 but 17, with an output of 40,000, at the present time there are 136 factories, which will make an aggregate of nearly or quite half a million machines this year. The increase in the last five years has been nothing short of marvelous, and it is probable that the next five years will see a very great advance upon the present product of these fast multiplying concerns. And now that bicycling is becoming so much more general than hitherto there is added reason why we should improve our country roads. If road reform was necessary five years ago, it is far more necessary and desirable now.—Providence Journal.

Angling For Him.

Johnny Smart—I say, Mr. Cashley, are you a fish?"

Mr. Cashley—No, Johnny. Why do you ask?"

Johnny Smart—Oh, nothing. Only I heard sister tell mother that she intended to land you the next time you called.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

IMPERIAL MILLIONS

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

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"You have told me an interesting story," remarked the count, "and because I appreciate it I will buy some of the young lady's pictures myself. You shall give me the name of the shop where they are to be sold. She shall also paint a picture to order for my house."

"That's right good of you," said Tom heartily. "She's a nice girl, but deserves a bit turn of the wheel. But I beg your pardon for getting off the track of the house; you happened to touch me on a spot right over my heart. What rent would you like to pay?"

"I want to buy the house."

"To buy it! That'll cost you something. You might get it at a reasonable rent, as the house is under a cloud just now, as I was telling you; but when it comes to buying, it's another thing. Property up there is rising, and I doubt you would buy the house for less than it cost to build it—and that's not far off half a million."

"Who owns the house?" asked the count.

"It'll be his widow, I think—Sally Matchin that was."

"I wish to say no more than is necessary; but I must have the house for my own in any case. It is probable I may desire to make alterations in it. And if property becomes more valuable then I could sell it afterward perhaps."

"Yes; that's true. You'll pay half a million, then, if it's not going for less?"

"You will have the power of attorney; you can draw for whatever is needed," said the count, buttoning up his coat.

"If you please, let it be done by tomorrow. The season is now near, and I wish to be at home this winter."

"Very well. Here is the receipt for the ten thousand dollars. I'll say nothing about thanks, but I'll do my best to keep my end up. The power of attorney will be at your hotel for your signature this afternoon. I'll step over to Cartage Browne's office and see about the house before lunch, and here's the address of the dealer where the pictures are for sale. It's not far from your hotel."

"What is your own private address, Mr. Bannick?" inquired the count.

"It won't be long in the place where it is now," returned the Irishman, his eyes twinkling, and indicating by a nod of the head the little pile of banknotes that lay on the desk. "I shall move this week, and give my wife and our friends the Ravens some elbow room of their own. But we shall be happy to see you, sir, wherever we are, and whenever it suits you. I'm in East Thirteenth street just at present."

The count rose slowly. "I thank you; I will not inconvenience you until you are settled," said he. "If I can, I'll add, with some hesitation, that if I find the pictures of this young lady to have merit, and I therefore decide to give her an order for one, it would be necessary for me to have a personal interview with her. Would that be convenient to her?"

"Indeed, then, I think it would," exclaimed Tom with a chuckle. "And you'll find her acquaintance as well worth making as any girl's in New York."

The count bowed. "And if," he added, "you should find any obstacles in the way of obtaining possession of the house—any, I mean not with reference to the price—it would give me pleasure to wait upon Madame Trent. She and I could, perhaps, come more quickly to an understanding than through the medium of an agent."

"It's quite on the cards she may find a reason for seeing you," Tom returned, rubbing his chin; "but as for the money, I fancy she'll take it, so there's enough of it. However, you'll get a full report this evening."

"Then I will detain you no longer," remarked the count, stepping toward the door.

"Before you put on your gloves I'd wish to shake hands with you, Count de Lisle," said Tom, advancing with his hand outstretched. "There's four of us at least that you've made happy today, and if that's your custom all I have to say is New York will be sad to part with you!"

De Lisle took the Irishman's hand and gave it a powerful grasp.

"I have had enemies," said he. "I have felt the hostility of the world. Now that I have power, it is my wish to make friends. Not to buy them, Mr. Bannick, I know how to exact the value of my wealth, when that is my cue. But I should be glad for a few people to feel that there is something in me to like and respect besides my money. It is a great deal for a rich man to hope that he may be thought of as anything except a rich man; it is a penalty of great riches. But I have ventured to hope it this morning."

"And by George, you were right!" replied Tom, with tears in his eyes. "There's stuff in you better than ever came out of a gold mine. So good luck to you!"

"To you also," returned the count; and then the door closed, and he was gone.

The rest of that day passed very pleasantly to Tom Bannick. He deposited the ten thousand dollars in the bank and then drew out one thousand dollar in the form of twenty dollar bills. One of these he presented to his office boy surprising the latter out of cynicism on the spot. The remaining forty-nine he deposited in the hip pockets of his trousers. He would have preferred the jingle of gold in California fashion; it seemed so much more like real wealth, he said, but the bills were new and he took a subtle delight in crumpling them out of their crispness.

After attending to the count's business he walked to his tailor's and was measured for a couple of the best suits to be had. On his way upstairs he stopped in at various purveyors of fashion and bought such things as lady's sealskin coat, full length; a couple of dozen pairs of the finest silk stockings, half a dozen changes of ladies' cambric and silk underwear; handkerchiefs, gloves and scarfs in quantities to suit, and of quality extra superfine; and he came near buying a lot of bonnets and boots, but reflected, in time, that it is wiser to leave those mysteries to women. There being still a couple of hours before dinner, he visited a new apartment house above Madison square, and finding a handsome suit of a dozen rooms vacant he engaged them then and there. Returning home he looked in at a florist's and spent ten dollars in a profusion of rich color and fragrance, which he

ordered sent to his address, and then home he went with one twenty dollar bill in his pocket, a joyful heart, and a countenance studiously grave.

He played the silent and serious role all through dinner; but not so cleverly as to satisfy his wife.

"Seems to me you're very queer this evening, Tom," she said at length. "Don't you think so, Olympia? Is anything the matter, dear?"

At that moment Tom heard the door-bell ring, and knew that his various purchases were beginning to arrive.

"I suppose I ought to tell you, my dears," he said, addressing the three ladies in a solemn tone, "that we shall be obliged to vacate these lodgings next week."

Mrs. Bannick gave her husband a sympathetic look, as much as to say, "It's an outrage, their persecuting you so, but don't worry about me." Olympia said "Perhaps I have money enough to pay your rent, Mr. Bannick. I'm sure I have!"

"I can't stand this much longer," said Tom to himself. "Why don't they bring that confounded parcel up stairs?" But he compelled himself to shake his head and sigh as if all hope were vain.

"I've spoken for other rooms already," he remarked.

"Well, we shall feel more comfortable in some less expensive place," said Mrs. Bannick, with a smile that made Tom long to jump up and hug her.

"Mamma, and I have been thinking that we are able now to take lodgings by ourselves," began Olympia, "and—"

Tom could not have held in another moment; but just then the door opened, and in came the servant girl with a big paper box, addressed to Mrs. Bannick.

"To me!" exclaimed that lady. "Why, what in the world—who can have sent me anything?"

"Open it and let's see what it is," said Tom, thrusting his hands in his pockets lest, in his impatience, he should tear it open himself.

Mrs. Bannick opened the box, unfolded some tissue paper and disclosed a magnificent sealskin cloak. "Oh, this is evidently a mistake," she said. "The idea of my having a sealskin! But oh, how lovely it is!"

"No," put in Olympia; "here's a card pinned to it: 'To Mrs. Bannick, with the best love of—' Why, my dear, it's from your husband himself!"

"Hurrah! Ha! ha!" cried Tom, "it's all right, girls! The new rooms we are to move into are a palace! We're as rich as Croesus! I spent nine hundred and eighty dollars this afternoon, and here's the other old twenty!" And springing to his feet he embraced first his wife and then Olympia and her mother amid a chorus of exclamations and questions and a scene of excitement impossible to describe. And before they could settle down to any sort of composure the bell rang again, and more bundles and boxes appeared, until the little dining room looked like a hatter's shop and costumer's store. The four young ladies talked so fast that they would have thought there were a dozen of them, and between the outbursts of admiration and delight at the new things Tom interlarded his account of the morning's adventure with the millionaire count. Finally the flowers arrived in two divisions, one for Mrs. Bannick and one for Olympia and her mother.

"This is too glorious!" exclaimed Tom's wife, kissing him. "I couldn't bear another thing—tonight! Tom, you are an angel, and so is the count! What sort of a looking man is he?"

"Oh, French style," replied Tom; "blonde, with dark eyes; a handsome fellow, Miss Raven! He's a bit stiff in his manner, but that's only outside. We got to be quite chums before he left, and by the by, I caught myself half a dozen times feeling toward him as if he were an old acquaintance, though I never met any one a bit like him before. I suppose all good fellows will be like one another, somehow. But it was odd, all the same."

CHAPTER X. ALONZO GARCIA.



"And this is your first visit to America!"

Tom Bannick and his wife soon moved into their new quarters, and Mrs. Raven and Olympia accompanied them. Olympia, indeed, had felt somewhat sensitive about keeping up such intimate relations with people now grown wealthy, but she yielded to the Bannicks' obviously sincere protestations. Besides, the price given for her pictures by Count de Lisle and his promise to order another made her feel almost rich herself.

One morning while she was painting in the little room set apart for her studio, and her mother and Mrs. Bannick were out shopping, the Count de Lisle's card was brought in to her. "He's come to give me the order," she said to herself, and reflecting that it would be business-like to receive him in her studio, palette in hand, she bade the servant conduct him in.

He presently appeared, filling up the doorway with his tall, military figure. Olympia, rising, glanced at his yellow, upright hair, his shining eyeglasses, and his short, pointed beard, and feared she would find him tiresome. But he had been so good to her friends and herself, and rumor made him out so extraordinary a personage, that she was disposed to make the most of any promising traits he might display.

"I interrupt you at your work," said he, bowing, and looking so very French, and with so marked a French accent, that Olympia unconsciously replied to him in the Gallic tongue, which she spoke really as well as her own. "Mais non, monsieur," said she; "vous ne m'incommodes pas le moins du monde; au contraire, c'est de mon ouvrage que nous avons a causer, restez pas?"

[To be continued.]



Harry—I cannot offer you wealth, Marie; my brains are all the fortune I possess.

Marie—Oh, Harry, if you are as badly off as that, I am afraid papa will never give his consent.—Scribner's Magazine.

A Story of Monte Carlo.

In the good old days of M. Blanc it was the custom, so the story goes, directly a suicide was found to stuff his pockets full of bank notes. This was done to prove that his losses at play were not the cause of his hurried departure from the shores of time. The last person who received this generous treatment was, I believe, an American.

He was found lying in one of the quiet alleys of the beautiful grounds, with an empty bottle labeled "Poison" by his side. The secret agents of the bold Blanc instantly stuffed his pockets full of gold and notes, preparatory to giving information to the police. No sooner had they filled him as full of lucre as he could hold than the suicide leaped to his feet, raised his hat, exclaimed, "Thank you very much!" and went off to enjoy himself with his newly acquired wealth.—G. R. Sims in "Daggonet's Dauntner's."

Just Like a Man.

Mrs. Somebody, who lives in Thirteenth street, has an infant son who is just beginning to walk. Last week he fell down stairs, so his mother bought a gate to put at the top of the stairs. There is a little metal socket screwed to each side of the stairs, and the gate fits into these. It was put up one day.

Wednesday, I think. It was Mr. Somebody's night at the lodge, and Mrs. Somebody remembered after he had left the house that he had not been told of the gate. She was so exercised for fear he would fall over it when he came in that she sat up for him. He was late, very late, and she was very tired. And yet when he did come, and realized how devotedly she had waited up in order to save him a tumble, what do you think the heartless man said?

"Why, my dear," said he, "why didn't you just lift the gate out?"

Wasn't that just like a man?—Washington Post.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Swelling and Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles—yields at once to Dr. BOWEN'S PILE REMEDY. It cures the most stubborn cases of hemorrhoids, and is a positive cure. Guaranteed and free. Price 50c. Druggists or write: DR. BOWEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimulants as identical with or possessing properties similar to those of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. These scamps only succeed in foisting their trashy compounds upon people unacquainted with the genuine article, which is as much their opposite as day is to night. Ask and take no substitute for the grand remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

Cabby—Come along and get in, if you want to drive home. To-day's—Well a minute! I've got to bring this lamp post along to hang on to when I try to get out.

HOW'S THIS?

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

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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.

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FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No other remedy so sure. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$3.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 261 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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GLADDING McBEAN & CO. MANUFACTURERS ARCHITECTURAL TERRA COTTA WORK—LOWEST PRICES—SEWER AND CHIMNEY PIPE, PRESSED BRICK, DRAIN TILE, ETC. 1358 & 1360 MARKET STREET S. F. MANUFACTORY AT LINCOLN, CAL.

THE T. G. C. Y.

If we take up a modern atlas and look over the map of the United States, we see the traceries of rivers and railroads so intertwined as to be confusing. But main stems and main streams are plainly lined.

It is very much like a chart of the human system, with nerves and arteries well defined. Particularly do we see the G. S. N. (great Sciatic Nerve), main stem, which can carry to the square inch more pain than some railroads carry in freight. A prominent business man in a big city was attacked by Sciatica. The pain was awful. He hurried home in fear that he would be crippled by it. In half an hour he was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. He now takes big stock in that famous remedy, and travels on the T. G. C. Y. (take good care of yourself) plan, keeping a bottle of the great pain cure always at hand.

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