

THE COQUETTE'S TEARS.

WM. TIERCKEN.

Rivulets from violet eyes
Tremble down a glowing cheek;
Showers are they from summer skies;
Weeping through a bearded creek.
Weep, O maid; I from the pain
Lightly laden pleasure gain.

How I'd soothe your grief, if great!
But I know the pearls but prance
Like outsiders to the state
Of your smiling rosy glance.
Weep, O maid; for there appears
Sweetest sadness in your tears.

Were I not as you are you
I would deem the weeping sad,
Coax you as I sometimes do,
Kiss you till we both were glad;
But I'll lose a kiss to-day,
Watch you weep and waste away.

Ah, your hands now hide a laugh,
Which your voice too well betrays!
Come, then, mingled wine we'll quaff
From the cup-like lips you raise.
There, O maid—ah, now you cry—
There, then! there! and so do I!

HOW IT WAS.

"Folds of the silk and cream-colored
roses. You will have the hats just alike,
then?" asked Miss Lucinda Smith, mil-
liner.

"Just exactly alike. It will please
Hermione, and there is nothing I like so
well as to please my pretty step-mamma,"
answered Linly Thetford, lifting her
sweet eyes for sympathy to the precise
countenance of Miss Lucinda.

"Umph!—so you are very fond of her,
Linly?"

"Yes, indeed! She is my best friend
since poor papa died; and being so near
of an age, we are constant companions. I
don't know what I should do if it weren't
for Hermione; Rye lands has changed so
since his papa's death."

"You have Mr. St. Charles' company a
great deal, I hear?"

"Of course he is Hermione's cousin,
and—and like a brother to me," answered
Linly, stooping over a box of silk violets
to hide her confusion.

"Umph! yes—well, 'tis all right, of
course," remarked Miss Lucinda, pinch-
ing out a brier-leaf, and setting the little
rose more firmly on its stem. "But didn't
it ever occur to you that folks
would talk?"

"About what?" asked Linly, lifting
her clear hazel eyes to Miss Lucinda's
profile.

"His being at Rye lands so much, so
soon after your father's death. Poor
man! dead but six months; I should
think your step-mamma, as you call her,
would have more respect for his memory
than to—"

"Than to what?" asked Linly, her
bright orbs growing large and bright
with indignation. "What have you to
say against Hermione—against my
father's wife, Miss Lucinda?"

"Say?—oh, I say nothing. It's what
other people are talking about. But I
must add, that it is strange you are so
blind, Linly. Now I've known you ever
since you was a child—used to come to
Rye land every spring to make caps in
your grandmother's day, and your own
mother always bought her bonnets of
me—and you were always bright enough
about other things. It's strange you
can't see."

"What?" with a thrill in the young
voice.

"Why, of course, your step-mother
married your father for his money, and
to have a home and position. She was
only a district school-teacher, down in
Marshall, when he married her, and
everybody knew she did pretty well for
herself when she married Dr. Thetford.
But she was dead in love with her cousin,
Rupert St. Charles, and he with her; but
they were poor, and he was working his
way so slowly through college that she
thought there wasn't much chance there,
and so gave him up for your father.
And now he's a promising young lawyer,
and she mistress of Rye lands, what is so
likely?—Lor, you ain't going to faint, are
you, Linly?"

"Faint? No! The day is warm and
your store is close. It is foolish for me
to stay here listening to this gossip. I
do not feel in the least indebted to you
for repeating it to me, Miss Lucinda.
My beautiful step-mother loved my
father dearly when she married him—five
years of utter devotion to his interests,
and her crushing grief at his death,
proved it for me—nor do I believe that
she loved anyone else when she married
him. And if she chooses to marry Mr.
St. Charles now, she is at liberty, for all
in Circleville, and bowing with the
barest civility to Miss Lucinda, Linly
left the shop."

The cool air in the village streets
cooled her burning cheeks; but how her
loyal young heart ached in her bosom!
Not for worlds would she have had Miss
Lucinda confirmed in her suspicion that
she loved Rupert St. Charles; but it was
the cruel truth. She had never believed
that there was anything between the
cousins but consoling kindness and free-
dom. But perhaps others knew better;
maybe she was "blind."

A feeling of bitter desolation fell upon
her as she entered the broad gates of
Rye lands, whence her beloved father,
whose pet she had always been, had been
carried scarcely a year before.

Mr. St. Charles' beautiful mare Sul-
tana stood tied to a tree. For the first
time she gazed Linly pain instead of
pleasure. She did not wish to meet him,
and she turned away from the door, and
took the garden-path.

She saw no one, as her path wound
among the shrubbery; but soon she
heard voices, and, pausing to learn what
direction they were in, the following con-
versation forced itself upon her:

"I hardly know what to say."
"But, Hermione, surely you trust me?"

"Yes, entirely. But, Rupert, wait a
year. My husband has been dead such a
short time, and I shrink from such a re-
sponsible act."

"I cannot wait a year. You know how
lonely I have been, and now that I love
one woman with my whole soul—and she
is free, and I can at last take care of a
wife—surely, Hermione, you will not
refuse?"

"Poor Rupert, I love you so much,
how can I?"

"Then you give your consent?"

Breathless and wild with pain, Linly
tore herself from the spot. She sought
the house now, and fleeing to her own
room, cast herself across the bed,
writhing with anguish. Lost! Lost!

They had all left her! She had not
one.

The tea bell rang; she did not heed it.
Inquiring voices called her name; she
covered her face with her hands.

By-and-by, in the stillness, she heard
steps on the stair. Was Hermione com-
ing? Yes, the door opened, and Her-
mione's voice syllabled: "Dear, you are
here? Why, we thought you had not
come from town."

She advanced into the room, putting
the light she carried under a shade in the
corner.

"You have come home with a head-
ache, I know—the day has been so hot;
but you ought to have drunk some tea,
Linly, dear."

The graceful, fragrant form pressed
the couch by the girl's side; a tender
arm stole round her neck.

"I am glad we can be quiet. I have
something to tell you. Did I hurt you,
Linly, with my ring? Why did you
wince so?"

"No, Hermione, no," feebly.

"Linly, something has happened to-
day, which gives me great hope and
pleasure. Shall I tell you?"

There was a little pause—such a hard
little pause.

"You have known my cousin Rupert
St. Charles a year, and you feel quite
well acquainted with him, do you not?"

"Quite well."

"He is all he seems to be, Linly. I
think you like him."

No answer.

"I hope you do, dear, for he is just
what a young man ought to be—honor-
able, pure and steadfast—and the woman
who has won his love is fortunate, indeed—
blessed if she returns it—for he will
make a devoted husband. She could not
have a better fate than to be the wife
of Rupert St. Charles."

Hermione Thetford heard her step-
daughter's breathing, but could not see
her face.

"I walked with him this afternoon in
the garden, and—surely, dear, your
head must be very bad. I heard you
moan."

"Very bad. But never mind, Her-
mione."

"He urged me to a promise which I
was reluctant to give."

"Yes."

"I hesitated to take the step he urged
upon me, because your father has been
dead such a short time, and others might
think—"

"You need not care what others think
if you are sure of your own feelings,
Hermione."

"It is because I am sure of them,
Linly, that I at last yielded. I have
known Rupert from a child, and he is
one in a thousand. So, dear, surely
you will forgive me if you are averse to
this—"

"Forgive? What should I forgive,
dear Hermione?"

"I yielded, and gave my consent that
he should tell you his love, and try to
win yours, dear."

"Hermione, I have been told that you
and Rupert St. Charles used to love each
other."

"I have always loved Rupert as a
cousin—nothing more. It was your
father whom I loved, dear, and so you
are the next dearest to my heart. I have
promised Rupert to urge you to give
him a little sign of encouragement, and
so he has sent you this blush rose. If he
may speak to you, wear it in your hair
when he comes to-morrow night; if you
have no hope for him, you need not see
him at all, dear, as it may be painful to
you, and will surely dash his dearest
hopes to the ground."

"Give me the rose."

Hermione unfastened the cool, fragrant
thing from her own dark hair, and in the
darkness saw its whiteness lifted to the
girl's lips.

"I will wear it."

Soon all Circleville heard of Linly's
engagement, and this is the way it was.

The Tomb of Jackson.

The "Hermitage" is approached
through a long row of cedars on either
hand. Here, in this quaint old build-
ing, main rooms and shed rooms of
brick, with wooden columns and wooden
copying in front, reside Colonel Andrew
Jackson, adopted grandson of the hero,
with his wife and mother, and two old
negroes, man and wife, about sixteen
years old when purchased by Jackson
nearly sixty years ago. General Jack-
son and his wife sleep side by side in
the little garden near the residence, each
beneath a broad granite slab. Inscribed
in old-fashioned Roman letters are the
words on the slab which covers Mrs.
Jackson, composed by her devoted hus-
band.

"Here lies the remains of Mrs. Rachel
Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who
died the 22d December, 1828." The old
hero had been elected President his first
term, but did not take his seat till March
4th, following. The inscription recounts
her virtues in words forcible and tender,
and closes:

"A being so gentle and yet so virtu-
ous, vile slander might wound, but
could not dishonor. Even death, when
he tore her from the arms of her hus-
band, could but transport her to the
bosom of her God."

The day of the funeral Jackson, feeble
and heart-broken, walked slowly behind
the coffin, leaning upon a long cane he
was accustomed at that time to carry
about his farm. As the friends of the
dead gathered about to look for the last
time upon her face, General Jackson
lifted his cane as if appealing to heaven,
and by a look commanding silence, said,
slowly and painfully, and with a voice
full of bitter tears:

"In the presence of this dear saint I
can and do forgive all my enemies. But
those vile wretches who have slandered
her must look to God for mercy."

One of the most beautiful and redeem-
ing traits in all this rugged and heroic
nature was the unalterable love and
devotion he bore his wife. For seventeen
years after her death the memory of this
noble woman was cherished, until the
summer of 1845, when he was laid to
rest beside the only woman he ever
loved—loved with a romantic tenderness
and strength surpassing the dream of
fiction. [Louisville Courier Journal.

There is a story of Solomon not con-
tained in the "Book of Kings." Two of
his court damsels had a row as to pre-
cedence. Solomon looked kindly, and
said: "Let the oldest go first." And
the damsels embraced, and went back
with entwined arms.

Starving to Death in Jail.

Mary Cross, a negress forty-five years
old, while working for Robert Heming-
way, at Covington, Ky., last summer,
remarked to his little boy, "What would
your ma say if she thought I stole a dia-
mond pin?" It was then found that the
pin was gone and she was accused of the
theft. She became very angry, threat-
ened to burn the house down and kill
children, and she was imprisoned in de-
fiant of bail to keep the peace. Being
released on October 14, she demanded of
Hemingway wages for the time she had
been imprisoned, which he refused. On
November 7th she shot at him five times,
but failed to hit him, for which she was
sentenced November 27th to twelve
months in the county jail and \$500 fine.
From that time to the present the turnkey
says "she has taken no kind of nourish-
ment either food or drink." She was
born the slave of Noah Patterson, about
six miles from Cynthia, on the Lex-
ington pike, whence, during the war,
she, in company with several other slave
women of the neighborhood, dressed
herself in men's clothes and came to Cov-
ington, where she has since lived. She
has fallen off from 200 pounds to 150
pounds since November 27th, and the
physicians say she cannot hold out long
and live.

Shook Him for 'Em.

"We have had a sweeping victory,"
said a "slow-movement" man to the bar-
tender: "Democrats have carried every-
thing."

"Yes, sir."

"But what is it to me?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? An American citi-
zen, with bottles all around him, don't
know. Don't you know, sir, that I want
to drink to the success of the Democratic
party?"

"But I am Republican."

"And hope that the Republicans will
do better next time?"

"But I don't hope that they'll do bet-
ter. I've fallen out with the party."

"Got no political enthusiasm?"

"No."

"No chance to get a drink here?"

"None that I can see."

"I was merely jesting, my friend.
Have a drink with me." The saloon
man complied.

"Here, give me twenty-five cents."

The slow-movement man began to
quietly withdraw, when the bartender
seized him and shook him until his
teeth chattered. When he was asked by
company who had gone to "akirmish"
at another place if he was successful?"

"Oh, yes," he replied; "the bartender
shook me for the drinks and lost."—Ex.

NOTICE.

To the Farmers and Mechanics of Oregon,
Washington Territory and Idaho:
We wish to call your attention to the fact
that our annual Catalogue and price list for
1882-83 is now ready for distribution. It
will be found very valuable and instructive
reading, and will be furnished gratuitously.
Send your name and postoffice address to
FARMERS AND MECHANICS' STORE,
184 First street, Portland, Oregon.

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Slaven's Yosemite Cherry Tooth Paste
An aromatic combination for the preservation
of the teeth and gums. It is far superior to any
preparation of its kind in the market. In large,
handsome opal pots, price fifty cents. For sale
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sale agents, Portland, Oregon.

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Book and Music Buyers:—Send to Wiley B.
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or music published. Orders by mail filled
promptly. The "Musical Postman," a monthly
journal of music, 50 cts. a year. Send stamp for
big catalogue of music.

The male and female minstrels at the Elite
theater in Portland are drawing crowded houses.
The Tutors are the latest sensation and more
talent is on the way.

Frank G. Abell, the Portland photographer is
leading the profession in all the novelties of
the art. His work is always of the best and his
customers are satisfied with what they receive.

TURKISH RUGS.—Send to John R. Garrison
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sions I. X. L. Bitters.

The best liver regulator known, a sure cure for
Dyspepsia and indigestion is Dr. Euseby's Cal-
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Pine, Rye, Boston, Sugar and Shoe Fly crackers.
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ical analysis made of coal, mineral waters, etc. Or-
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First-class work at the most reasonable
rates.
Have both had many years experience in Oregon
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Write to Cleveland Dispensary,
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regard to the "Young Man."
See our advertisement in this issue, describing an
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our entire interest in, and transferred the agency
of the "Young Man" to Mr. J. H. Hill & Barr.
We will hereafter supply the growing demand for this
superior and popular sewing machine.
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CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT.
A Pleasant and Efficacious Remedy.



IF YOU HAVE ABUSED YOURSELF
By over-indulgence in eating or drinking; have sick
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feverish tendency; night sweats and sleepiness; by all
means use
Slaven's California Fruit Salt.

And feel young once more. It is the woman's friend.
Try it at 10¢ per bottle; 6 bottles for \$5. For sale by all
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P. O. Box 175, Portland, Ore.

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Other.
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Organettes, Melodeons and Automatic Organs.

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DECIDEDLY THE BEST REMEDY NOW IN USE.
Physicians, Druggists, and all who have used and thoroughly tested it, pronounce it "specific
for the cure of that Lethal Disease, Catarrh, and Public Syphilis, and
nothing better to improve and strengthen the voice. A cold
is broken up quicker by its use than by any other remedy."

TRY IT! YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT. PRICE, \$1.00.
The following Testimonials and Letters, taken from a mass of evidence of the same sort received by
Dr. Keck, and which, with many others not adapted for publication, can be seen at his office, at
Portland, for the encouragement of those suffering from Catarrh and other Chronic Diseases.

Statement of a Physician.
PORTLAND, OR., March 7, 1890.
I hereby certify that I am a practicing physician, and that I have used DR. KECK'S SURE CURE FOR
CATARRH, both in Oregon and California, and it has not failed in a single case to effect a speedy cure.
DR. ROBERT ALEXANDER.

From Rev. Alonzo T. Jones.
SALMON, OR., February 12, 1890.
DR. KECK, Portland—Dear Sir:—Please send by Wells, Fargo & Co., to-morrow, February 13th, one
bottle of your Catarrh Remedy to use at Salmon, and a single box of Keck's Catarrh Remedy to
Very respectfully your obedient servant,
REV. ALONZO T. JONES.

The Following Letters Speak for Themselves.
DR. KECK'S—Your medicines are helping me. I think I can get rid of my Catarrh. I have used more than
more than Catarrh, and I don't think I could write my symptoms.
MRS. MARY A. WILSON.
Again, from the same on the 24th of August, 1879.

DR. KECK—Sir:—I want another bottle of your Catarrh Remedy. I have used a few with good effect. I
think that my disease affects my throat more than my head, although my throat feels better than it ever
has after using any other Catarrh Remedy.
Yours with respect,
JOSEPH DAVIS.

DR. KECK—Dear Sir:—I have been afflicted with Catarrh over twenty-seven years, and have tried all
kinds of medicine and went to different doctors, but could find no relief until I tried DR. KECK'S SURE
CURE. I am now getting well and feel like a new person.
Extracted from a Letter from W. A. Anderson, Esq., County Auditor of Chehalis Co., W. T.
HEMALIAS, W. T., June 11, 1879.

DR. KECK—Dear Sir:—The second lot of medicine was received in due time. I have been using the SURE
CURE continuously, but have used but little of the medicine for the throat, as I have, in a great measure,
regulated them by the use of Graham bread. The deafness has, I think, almost left me. There still remains a
slight ringing in the ears, but nothing to hinder me in my work, and with six weeks ago, in fact, I do not notice it except
when I lie down. I have no pains nor itching in the ear.
I send by the Wells, Fargo & Co. Express, a box of your Catarrh Remedy, and a box of Graham bread, for
\$2.00 for another supply of medicine.
Respectfully yours,
CHAS. H. WHEELER.

Another Remarkable Cure after Ten Years of Suffering, Causing Blindness, Etc.
EAST PORTLAND, July 12, 1879.
DR. KECK—Dear Sir:—This is to certify that I have used your SURE CURE FOR CATARRH, and find it
all you claim it to be and even more. I have had Catarrh for ten years. I suffered much with pain in my
head; would take cold very easily, and in the morning I tried Dr. Keck's Catarrh Remedy. I have used it
in my throat, so I could not sleep. When asleep my throat would fill up and I would wake up and
sight was also badly affected so that very often I was unable to read the coffee and sugar on a Yamhill street
sign. I used your medicine for ten years, and it has done me more good than any other medicine I have used. In fact,
I could feel the effect of Catarrh all through my system. But these troubles have all disappeared. Now I
can go to bed and rest all night, which is something I have not been able to do for six years. I hope you will
publish this, and that the hundreds who are suffering as I have suffered will just try your Catarrh Remedy. If
this is published, I would advise any one that may be troubled with any disease, however bad or long-standing,
to call on Dr. Keck. I think he can cure you if anybody can.
Respectfully yours,
CHAS. H. WHEELER.

DR. KECK—I am happy to say to you and the suffering that I am still free from that terrible disease,
Catarrh.
A Case of 25 Years' Suffering, Deprived of Small 15 Years' Suffering.
EAST PORTLAND, July 8, 1879.
To those suffering from Catarrh, I would state that I have been afflicted with Catarrh for twenty-five years.
I had continual aching pains over the eyes, and for fifteen years have been troubled with soreness to stomach
and left side, and could not eat anything. In the morning I tried Dr. Keck's Catarrh Remedy. I have used it
for Catarrh, and other remedies recommended by friends, besides remedies from local physicians, all of
which failed to cure me, and the best I could do was to sleep. About six weeks ago I met Dr. James Keck. He said
the trouble in my side and stomach was caused by the Catarrh having extended to these points. He also said
that he had a sure cure for Catarrh, and he could cure me. About five weeks ago I began using the SURE
CURE. The pain over my eyes has now disappeared, and my stomach is gradually disappearing. I am now
able to eat and sleep, and in fact, I feel like a new man, and am convinced that I will soon be
permanently cured. Any one doubting the above statement can consult me in person or by mail, and I will
repeat to them viva voce what I have here committed to paper.
CHAS. H. HAMLIN, Engineer Railroad Ferryboat.

DR. KECK—I would state that I have not been as well in fifteen years as I have been the last year, since
you cured me of Catarrh.
C. H. HAMLIN.

DR. KECK thoroughly understands and is eminently successful in the treatment of all CHRONIC AND
DIFFICULT DISEASES OF BOTH MEN AND ALL, having made a specialty of their treatment for
fourteen years. He treats CATARRH without using the knife. His favorite prescription is furnished to
LADY PATIENTS FREE. No lady should be without it. Young, middle-aged or old, male or female, insur-
able or a life of suffering is your inheritance. Do not despair. Write to Dr. Keck, and he will send you
a pamphlet to read, and a bottle of the SURE CURE. Waste no more time or money with incompetent
attendants to deal with dispatch and are strictly confidential. Medicines sent to any part of the country.
INGREDIENTS: To those suffering from Catarrh, I would state that I have been afflicted with Catarrh for twenty-five years.
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and left side, and could not eat anything. In the morning I tried Dr. Keck's Catarrh Remedy. I have used it
for Catarrh, and other remedies recommended by friends, besides remedies from local physicians, all of
which failed to cure me, and the best I could do was to sleep. About six weeks ago I met Dr. James Keck. He said
the trouble in my side and stomach was caused by the Catarrh having extended to these points. He also said