

The East Oregonian.

THE OLD FAIR STORY.

A mother kissed her baby,
Rocking it to rest.
And gently clasped within her arms,
It nestled in her breast.
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.
The fair-faced boy and maiden
Passed through the yellow wheat;
And their hands were clasped together,
And the flowers grew at their feet.
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.
An old man and a wrinkled wife,
Amid the fair spring weather;
"We've shared our sorrows and our joys,
God grant we die together."
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
For oh! it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

CLEAN WASHED.

"Mamma, listen! I heard a groan!"
And little Helen Hawthorne sprang from
her low seat by the warm fireplace,
the rich glow deepened on her fair cheek,
and a sudden excitement leaped into the dark
gray eyes.
"Nonsense, dear," answered the
mother, after a moment's silence. It
was your imagination. My little girl is
fanciful to-night, and she bent to stroke
back the thickly clustered curls from the
low, white brow, as she pressed a fond,
loving kiss upon it.
It was a pretty picture upon which the
fire-light danced and flickered—the warm,
luxurious room, with the tall, elegant
woman in its midst, and the little,
daintily-dressed child by her side.
Without the wind swept by, hurrying
great chunks of snow on its wings,
and dashing through the bare, leafless
branches of the trees.
The child shuddered as she listened to
its groan.
"I am quite sure I heard it, mamma.
Suppose any one were out at such a
night. It would be dreadful. Let me
open the door a moment—just a moment."

And, without waiting for the refusal
trembling on her mother's lips, she
darted forward and threw open the great
outside door.
In another instant the bell sent a
sharp rattle through the house, for, on
the very threshold lay a prostrate body,
already half buried in the snow.
Five minutes later and the lad had
been carried to a sofa and restoratives
and stimulants passed down his throat.
"Will he live, mamma?" Do you think
he will live?

But in answer to her question, the lids
slowly lifted themselves, and the great
black eye rested wonderingly on the
child's face, bending so anxiously over
him.
Had the death he thought so near in-
deed overtaken him, and was this heaven
he reached? He feared to awaken
from his dream, and find himself
again homeless and starving and cold.
With a long-drawn sigh he closed his
eyes, only to find the fascination of the
present overcome him, and impel him to
again gaze upon the marvelous surround-
ings.

But this wonder only deepened when
the reality was brought home to him—
when he discovered that it was life,
not death, and earth, not heaven, and
that he was not to be driven out again
into the cold and bitter night.
Through its long, silent hours he lay
motionless in this warm resting-place,
picturing, in the darkness, the child's
face, until it became stereotyped, both
on heart and brain.

The next day he told his story. He
was a poor lad, orphaned and friendless.
"They discovered me from my last
place," he said, "because I carried a
book about with me, and the boss said it
would teach me to dream instead of work.
I was only trying to learn something in
my idle minutes, though I couldn't find
much time, and I didn't take my em-
ployer's. However, he was a hard man
to deal with, and I had to go. I started
West. The little money I had gave out.
The storm overtook me. I struggled
on as best I could, until I grew faint
and sick. Somewhere in the distance
I saw a light. I struggled to-
ward it. You know the rest. Now I am
strong and well again, the storm is over,
and I can only thank you in a few words
for your generous kindness, and go my
way."

"Papa will be at home this afternoon,"
answered the child. He is the owner of
all the mills here. If you would like, I
will ask him to give you a place; and he
has school at night for the hands,
where you can study, too."

"If I would like!"
It was all he said, but little Helen
Hawthorne needed no other words. She
knew that a great lump in his throat
had choked his further utterance, and that
he had turned away ashamed, to hide the
tears.

The next week saw her promise ful-
filled, and Alex Vernon stood once more
a man among men. He found a place in
the night school, too. Nor did his
young patroness forget him. In some
way she discovered the books he needed,
and lent them to him, until he grew to
associate her with every good thing of
his new life. One morning she sent for
him.

"I am going to Europe with mamma,
Alex," she said, "to be gone a great
many years. When I come back I hope
to find you a man—perhaps papa's over-
seer. I wanted to tell you that if you
wished my books from the library I
would leave this key with you, and you
might come up and get them."

The sun was streaming full on her face
and the gold of her hair, as she spoke,
but to the boy, listening, a dark mist
seemed to roll between them. She was
going away for years—she who had saved
him from death, or worse than death.
The next minute she felt a little hurt,
as, without a single word of thanks, he
abruptly took the key and hastened from
her presence.

She could not know that he went out
to throw himself, face downward, on a
ground, and wept out like a very child in
his heart's bitterness.

Seven long years passed swiftly by,
and Alex Vernon had reached his twenty-
fifth winter. Helen Hawthorne's last
words had been to him a prophecy, for
she was now on her homeward way, and
he attained the position of head overseer
of the works.

A difficult piece of machinery about
to be adjusted in one of the mills which
required his superintendence. Directing
the men, he saw that not only his
eye but his hand could do better work
than the others, and so, seizing a work-
man's blouse hanging near, he slipped it
on, and in another moment had his
shoulder to the wheel.

A half-hour later, soiled and be-
grimed, he heard the rattle of a silk
dress, and the silvery ripple of a woman's
laugh.

He glanced up quickly. A gay party
were passing through the works, with
one among them seeming a princess sur-
rounded by her followers. The gold
dressed her hair, and the dark lashes
swept the cheek of purest ivory. Time
had but made her more beautiful.

She glanced idly, indifferently, among
the little group of men, of which he
formed one.
"I see no one here I recognize," she
said in the old, sweet, soft voice, and
passed on.

She had come home, then, during his
absence. He had seen her. The seven
years' waiting was over. What had they
brought?

The machinery slipped into its place,
but Alex Vernon, with a strange palor
upon his face, went out silently from the
mills. Not, as once before, to find re-
freshment in tears. He was a man now.
He only knew that something was haunting
within him—a bitter disappointment, to
which he could give no name, but could
only bring out into the air and sunshine,
lest it stifle him.

Far out into the open country he
walked with great strides, knowing
neither fatigue nor consciousness that it
was a man's walk. He should not rest.
Suddenly, on the road behind him,
came a horse's quick hoofs. He stepped
aside for it to pass, but the rider drew
rein at his side.

"It is Alex," said a sweet voice, close
in his ear; "I know that I am not mis-
taken."

And, as in a dream, he saw held out to
him a tiny gossamer hand. He looked
at his own. Not even had he washed
away the traces of his recent toil. He
would soil by his touch even her glove,
although the fair whiteness of her skin
was thereby protected.

She saw the hesitation, and drew back.
"Am I wrong?" she questioned in a
little hurt surprise. "I thought you
would be glad to see me."

"Pardon me," she answered; "my
hands are stained."
"Oh!" she said. Then, after a
moment's pause, she said: "When you
have washed them clean come and see
me."

And, cutting her horse with her silver-
handled whip, she dashed past him out
of sight.

The next evening he was invited to
dine with her father's table. He had
never before accepted an excuse.
"It is in our country an honor to be a
self-made man. I have no guest of
whom I shall be more proud."

But when he entered the elegantly-
appointed drawing-rooms, Miss Haw-
thorne gave him simply a courteous bow
of recognition, and made no effort to ap-
proach him.

Once or twice during the meal he
found her eyes fastened on his face, as
he was drawn on to speak on this or that
topic, as it was presented, while one and
another mingled in the discussion, de-
ferring in his opinions as to those of a
man who understood himself.

The ice once broken, he met her often,
but never once had their hands touched.
He was admitted even into her circle
now. He went only that he might see
her, listen to her voice.

With her, he never forgot the cold
night, the driving snow, the senseless,
inanimate form she had brought back to
life, and light, and consciousness. He
gave no name either to his pain or his
ecstasy. He was a man now, and he
was in the midst of it; let it toss him
where it would.

The summer came, and on its wings it
brought the whisper that Miss Haw-
thorne was to be married in the autumn.
The day he heard it he went out, as
once before, to walk off the sharp pang
that made his heart sore and aching.
It was a fate that, as he turned into a path
leading through the woods, he described
ahead the slight, willowy, graceful form
he knew but too well!

She was coming toward him. In an-
other minute they must meet; but even
in that minute something came between
them. There was a sudden rustling in
the bushes. He saw a low cry from
her lips as a large dog sprang into the
path, his blood-shot eyes and frothing
lips betraying his madness. The crea-
ture sprang toward her but the man was
quicker. He had thrown himself be-
tween them and grasped the dog firmly
by the throat.

"Run for your life!" he said, feeling
his strength could not hold out long
against such odds; but to his utter
amazement she stood still.
"You shall not die for me," she said.
Then he remembered that in his pocket
was a pistol, he had carried for protection
when at night he had been entrusted
with money by the firm. He told her
where it was.

"Hold him a minute longer!" she said.
The next, a sharp shot rang out on the
air, his hands relaxed, and the brute fell
bleeding at his feet.

He turned toward her. She was very
pale, and the pistol had fallen from her
hold, but her eyes were fixed on his
hands. He looked down. For the first
time he saw that they were bleeding.

"Are they washed clean?" she said.
He held them toward her.
"Yes," he answered; "though I have
saved your life for another man. I, who
have dared to love you."

She spoke no word, but looking a mo-
ment in his eyes, he stooped and raised
first one then the other to her lips.
"There is but one man," then she said,
"to whom I will belong, and he it is who
for my sake washed his hands in blood.
Alex, it needed this to lay bare our souls
one to the other."

MRS. BRIGGS'S CLERK.

He was a tall, thin, starved looking
boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of
which crept half-way up to his arms,
and a hat that was nothing but a brim,
and when he saw him he was eating a
crust out of the gutter. She was only a
poor old woman who kept a little shop
for candy and trimmings, and poor
enough itself, heaven knew; but, said
she, he looked a little like what her Tom
might be if he had grown up and been
neglected, and she couldn't stand it.
She called to him:

"Come here, sonny," she said, and the
boy came.
Before she could speak again, he
said:
"I didn't do it. I'll take my oath on
anything I didn't do it. I ain't so
mean."

"Didn't do what?" said the pleasant
old woman.
"Break your winder," said the boy,
nodding his head toward a shattered
pane.

"Why I broke that myself with my
shutter last night," said the old woman.
"I'm not strong enough to lift 'em, that's
the fact. I'm getting old."

"If I'm round here when you shut up,
I'll come and do it for you," said the
boy. "I'd just as soon. What was that
you wanted me for?"

"I wanted to know what you was eat-
ing that crust out of the gutter for?"
was the reply.
"Hungry," said he. "I've tried to get
a job all day. I'm going to sleep in an
area over there after it gets too dark for
a policeman to see, and you can't have a
good night's sleep without some supper, if
it is a little dirty."

"I'll give you some that's cleaner,"
said the old woman.
"That will be begging," he said.
"No," said she, "you can sweep the
shop and the pavement and put up the
shutters for me."

"Very well," said he. Thankee, then.
If I sweep up I'll feel better."

Accordingly, he brought him a broom
and he did the work well. Afterward he
ate his supper with a relish. That night
he slept, not in the area, but under the
old woman's counter.

He had told her his story. His name
was Dick; he was twelve years old, and
his father, whom he had never seen so-
ber, was in prison for life.

The antecedents were not elevating,
but the boy seemed good. The next
morning the old woman engaged a clerk
for a small establishment. The terms
were simple: his "living and a bed un-
der the counter."

When the neighbors heard of it they
were shocked. A street boy, whom no
one knew. Did Mrs. Briggs really wish
to be murdered in her bed? But Mrs.
Briggs felt quite safe. She had so much
time now that she was going to take in
sewing. Dick attended to the shop alto-
gether. He kept it in fine order and in-
creased the business by introducing can-
dies and chewing-gum. Pennies came
in as they never came in before, since he
had painted signs in red and blue ink to
the effect that the real old molasses candy
was to be got there, and that this was the
place for peanuts.

And in the evening, after the shop was
shut up, he began to take him into her
confidence. Her great dream was to buy
herself into a home for the aged. It
would cost \$100. She was saving for it.
She had saved three years and had \$15
of it. But it cost so much to live, with
tea, twenty-five cents a quarter, and
leaves so small, and she had been sick,
and there was the doctor and Mrs. Jones's
Maria Jane to be paid for minding her
and the shop. After this Dick took the
greatest interest in the savings, and the
winter months increased them as though
he had brought a blessing.

One night in spring she took the bag
under the pillow and counted what it
held. It was \$30.

"And I'll begin to make kites to-mor-
row, Mrs. Briggs," said the boy, "and
you'll see the custom it will bring. If a
little shaver sees the kites, he'll spend
all he has for 'em, and then he'll cost
his mother for more to buy the stick
dates and chewing gum. I know boys."

"You're a clever boy yourself," said
the old woman, and patted his head.
It was a plumper hand than it had
been when it picked the crusts from the
gutter, and he wore clean, whole gar-
ments, though they were very coarse.

"How long the neighbors were," she
said. "That boy is the comfort of my
life."

So she went to bed with the treasurer
under her pillow and slept. Far on in
the night she awakened. The room was
utterly dark. There was not a ray of
light—but she heard a step on the floor.

"Who is that?" she cried.
"There was no answer, but she felt
that some one was leaning over her bed.
Then a hand clasped her throat and held
her down, and dragged out the bag of
money, and she was released. Half suf-
focated, she for a moment found herself
motionless and bewildered, conscious
only of a draught of air from the open
door, and some confused noises.

Then she sprang to the door and hur-
ried into the shop.
"Dick! Dick!" she cried; "Dick! Dick!
help! wake up! I'm robbed!"

But there was no answer; the door into
the street was wide open, and by the
moonlight that poured forth through it,
she saw as she peered under the counter
that Dick's bed was empty. The boy was
gone.

Gone! gone! Oh! that was worse to
Granny Briggs than even the loss of the
money; for she had trusted him and he
had deceived her. She had loved him
and he had abused her love. The neigh-
bors were right; she was a fool to trust a
strange street boy, and had been served
rightly when he robbed her.

When the dawn had broke the wise
neighbors came into Granny's shop to
find her rocking to and fro; and they told
her they had told her so, and she only
shook her head. Life had lost its inter-
est for her. Her "savings was gone,"
but not with her "occupations. Money was
but money, after all; he had come to be
the only thing she loved, and Dick had
robbed her."

It was ten o'clock. Granny sat moan-
ing by the kitchen hearth. Good-
natured Mrs. Jones, from the stairs was
"singing to things" and trying to cheer
her, when suddenly there came a rap on
the door and a policeman looked in.

"Mrs. Briggs," he said.
"Yes, she is," said Mrs. Jones.
"Yes, I'm that wretched critter," said
Mrs. Briggs.

"Some one wants to see you at head-
quarters," said the officer. "There's a
boy there, and some money."
"Dick!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, I
can't look to look at him."

And not before, the policeman turned to
the two women.

"It's pretty bad," he said. "They'll
take him to the hospital in an hour. I
suppose you are prepared for that. He's
nearly beaten to death, you know."

"Did you beat him, you cruel wretch?"
said Mrs. Briggs. "I wouldn't have had
it done for half the money. Let him go
with it, if it's any comfort to him."

"I beat him," said the man. "Well,
women have the stupidest heads. Why,
if I hadn't got up when I did he'd have
been dead. He held the bag of money
tight, and the thief was pummeling him
with a loaded stick; and the pluck he
had for a little shaver—I tell you I never
saw the like."

"You shan't take the granny's money
from her, say, he, and fought like a lit-
tle tiger. If it's your money, old lady,
he's given his life for it, for all I know."

"Oh, Dick! Dick! I knew you were
good. I must have been crazy to doubt
you," and then she wrung her hands and
cried. "Oh, Dick, for just a paltry bit
of money."

And so she knelt beside the pale still
face upon the pillow and kissed it, and
called it tender names.

And Dick, never guessing her aspira-
tions of him, whispered:
"I was so afraid he'd get off with it if
he killed me, Granny, and you in such
high hopes last night."

He did not know what was meant by
begging him to forgive her. It would
have killed him if he had, for he was
very near to death.

But Dick did not die. He got well at
last, and came back to the little shop;
and though Granny Briggs had her
savings, she never went to the old ladies'
meeting for long. For a while Dick
was one of the most prosperous merchants
in the city, and his handsome home was
here, and she was very happy in it.

Backward in the West.

Western farmers are constantly
complaining that there is no home
market for their products, and that
they are obliged to send everything
they raise to the seaboard States or
to Europe in order to obtain money
for it. The cost of transportation,
they affirm, reduces the price to such
an extent that there is little or no
profit in farming. If they had a
home market for their crops they
could become wealthy in the busi-
ness of producing them. They say
all these things, in face of the fact
that this market is supplied with tur-
nips from Canada, cider from Ohio,
corn husks from Maryland, peanuts
from Tennessee, and sweet potatoes
from New Jersey.

This market is rarely supplied
with the requisite amount of buck-
wheat, or the flour made from it.
What generally passes for buckwheat
flour is a mixture, in various propor-
tions, of rye and corn meal, wheat
middlings, and a small quantity of
the article for which it is named.
The comparatively small amount of
buckwheat sold here and in other
Western cities comes principally
from New York, Pennsylvania and
Canada. There is no good reason
why the West cannot produce this
grain not only for home consumption,
but for the supply of other sec-
tions of the country. The consump-
tion of buckwheat would be doubled
if a genuine article of flour was man-
ufactured and put on the market in
packages suited to the wants of the
retail trade.

Take the seasons as they go, buck-
wheat is a profitable crop to raise.
Only a half bushel of seed is suf-
ficient for an acre. The average yield
per acre is about twenty bushels. A
machine is not necessary to cut it,
and it may be thrashed economically
with a flail and winnowed by pour-
ing it through a current of air. It
exhausts the soil less than any sown
crop that can be produced on it. It
may be raised to good advantage on
land too poor to produce paying
crops of corn, wheat, oats, rye, or
potatoes. The crop is useful in sub-
stituting tough sod and preparing it for
the growth of plants that require
thorough cultivation. The ground
may be prepared for it, the seed
sown, and the grain harvested at
times when work on the farm is not
driving. It matures quicker than
any field crop produced on northern
farms.

It is not too late to prepare land
and to sow buckwheat in most por-
tions at the northwest. A fair yield
of grain is often obtained from land
on which a crop of fall rye or grass
has been harvested before the plough-
ing was done. To produce a large
crop the soil should be good. To
give the best results it should be as
well prepared as for a crop of corn
or small grains. The reason why
small crops of buckwheat are often
produced are manifest. The land in
which it is sown is of the poorest
quality, and no pains are taken with
its preparation. The seed is often
several years old, and is scattered
over the ground by a person unac-
quainted with sowing grains. An
attempt is made to cover it by draw-
ing a harrow over a lot of turf,
stones and lumps of hard earth. No
good crop of any kind is obtained by
this kind of management.

A SOAP MINE.—A natural soap mine
has been struck in Elko county, Nevada.
It is a remarkable stratum that rests
horizontally in a steep bluff of volcanic
matter which flanks the eastern side of
Smith's Creek valley. The stratum of
steatite is from three to ten feet in
diameter. It is easily worked, and the farmers,
cattle-men and sheep-herders in that
region all use the natural article for
washing purposes. Chemically consid-
ered, this peculiar clay is a hydrated
silicate of alumina, magnesia, potash and
lime. When the steatite is first dug
from the stratum it looks like immense
masses of mottled castile soap, the mot-
tling element being a small percentage
of iron oxide. A few days ago Professor
Stewart, of Virginia City, received a
sample of the soap, prepared by a firm
in Elko, who have undertaken to intro-
duce it into market. It is similar in
appearance to the castile soap sold in large
bars. Nothing is added to the mineral
but a trifle more alkali and some scent-
ing extracts. The finished articles are
as powerful as those of any manufac-
tured soap.—(Boston Journal of Com-
merce.)

When big trees begin to shoot it's about
time for little bushes to leave.

Editors and Matrimony.

The recent visit of the journalists
of the State to your city will
naturally leave a favorable impres-
sion in point of personal appearance,
and I need hardly add that editors
bear an excellent reputation in social
life. Although some prominent men
in this profession are bachelors (like
William H. Harburt and Whitelaw
Reid), the recent leading editors
have all been married men. Gree-
ley's wife was a school teacher,
whose acquaintance he made at a
boarding house. She afterward went
South as a governess, and how
any woman could decipher Greeley's
hieroglyphics is a wonder. At last
he went to Richmond and brought
back his bride, who preceded him to
the grave only a few weeks. Ben-
nett married a bright girl whose
parents kept a thread and needle
store. It is said that their acquain-
tance was made at a fair held in be-
half of a Roman Catholic Church
which Bennett was requested to
notice favorably. This "favorable no-
tice" led to mutual notices of a more
important character, and finally a
matrimonial alliance was the result.

It was then the day of small things,
and the Bennetts little dreamed of
the immense wealth which was be-
fore them. Bennett was then glad
to go to New Rochelle as a Sun-
day resort and eat clam chowder at
the public table, where, as Pope says,
he could "damn the climate like a
lord." Dave Hale's wife was one of
the most remarkable housekeepers
on record, and although he was even
then moderately successful, she vol-
untarily opened a large and fashion-
able boarding house, which was well
known as Mrs. Hale's. This was
kept up for many years, and was a
popular resort for first class families.

Henry J. Raymond led a widow and
a family. His son has not thus far
displayed any of his father's genius.
Manton Marble, formerly of the
World, has a second wife, and lives
in a very quiet manner. It is sur-
prising how Marble can endure a life
of retirement after so many years of
incessant activity.

Hugh Hastings of the Commercial,
is not only married but has children
in the same happy condition. One
would not think this from his coun-
tenance. The late N. P. Willis, who,
as a literary man, was more success-
ful in journalism than in book-
making, was married twice and left a
family which occupies a highly re-
spectable position.—Troy Times.

HOW TO WATER HORSES.—In cold weather
give one pailful at a time three times a
day. This is enough unless you are work-
ing them regularly, then give a little
more, but not to exceed four pailfuls a
day. In warm weather when they are
brought in, first sponge out the mouth
and nostrils well with cold water. After
a few spongings they will wait for it to
be done. Then give them not to exceed
a pailful a piece before you commence
work. Don't let them go without long
enough to make them want more than
this. If allowed, a thirsty horse, when
warm, will drink too much. A common
twelve-quart pail is the size referred to
above.

From the Quaker City.

E. J. Campbell, of Philadelphia, under date
of October 1, 1891, writes to the Western
Editor of Warner's Safe Pills and Safe
Remedies, enclosing a letter from a
man named John Smith, who writes
as follows: "I have been suffering from
a liver disease accompanied by
chronic constipation and yellow skin."

An Old Man Restored to Health.
BATAVIA, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1891.
H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y.
"For thirty years I have suffered with
dyspepsia, being obliged to eat as often as
once in 24 hours, and have also been
suffering from indigestion and a great
deal of pain in the stomach. I am now
sixty years of age, and can truly say
that I feel like a new man."

Warner's Safe Pills are an immediate
stimulant for a torpid liver, and cure
constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, head-
aches, fevers and agues, and are useful
in nearly all diseases of the bowels and
regular action of the bowels. The best
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