

THE FOOLED ELM.

The bold young Autumn came riding along
One day when the elm tree grew.
"You are fair," he said, as she bends her head,
"Too fair for your robe's dull hue.
You are far too young for a garb so old.
Your beauty needs color and sheen;
Oh, I would clothe you in scarlet and gold,
Defining the grace of a queen."

"For one little tree on your lips, sweet Elm,
For just one kiss—no more.
I will give you, I swear, a robe more fair
Than ever a princess wore.
One little kiss on those lips, my pet,
And let you shall stand, I say,
Queen of the forest, and better yet,
Queen of my heart away."

She tossed her head, but he took the kiss
(Tis the way of lovers bold).
And a gorgeous dress for that sweet careen
He gave her the robe was old.
For a week and a day she ruled a queen
In beauty and splendid attire;
For a week and a day she was loved, I ween,
With the love that is born of desire.

Then told-eyed Autumn went on his way
In quest of a tree more fair,
And soon found one that was more lovely
Her dress more rich and more rare.
Poor and faded and ragged and cold,
She looked and moaned in distress,
And longed for the dull green gown she had sold
For a lover's fickle caress.

And the days went by, and the winter came,
And his tyrannous tempests beat
On the shivering tree whose robes of shame
He had trampled under his feet.
Now her reach to the mocking skies
Her poor arms bare and thin
Ah, well-a-day, it is ever the way
With a woman who trades with sin.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BRIMSTONE.

The scene is the old wagon trail between Kansas City and Denver, near the dividing line between Kansas and Colorado, the time, the summer of 1866, when the plains Indians east of the Rocky mountains were in general outbreak against the whites. A large wagon train, under charge of that veteran and noted freighter Pete O'way, was on its way westward to Salt Lake City.

At that time the plains stretching between eastern Kansas and the Rocky mountains were a barren waste, unbroken by abodes of civilized men save an occasional military or trading post, and the stations of the Ben Holliday overland stage line. Civilized men might cross and even hunt on its dreary expanse, but it was regarded as a fit home only for Indians, buffaloes, antelope and coyotes.

The train had proceeded so far on its journey without misadventure. The grass was good, and there had been no Indian attack. Signs of the hostilities, however, were not wanting, and some were ominous enough. But two or three days before, the freighters had come up with a wagon train which had left Kansas City a little ahead of them.

It was a dismal sight. The mules were gone, and the wagons a plundered wreck. The teamsters lay about dead, all scalped and mutilated with every freak of savage barbarity.

All this tended to produce reflections the reverse of cheerful in the minds of the finders. After burying in one grave the mangled bodies, the teamsters returned to their wagons, and the train moved on.

But scenes even as appalling as this do not long depress men accustomed to ever present dangers. The expedition was strong in men and equipment, and to guard against surprise by Indians, a vigilant watch was kept night and day.

It happened that on this June day, after the noonday halt, three men whose duties did not call them to the wagon seats lingered after the train moved on, to let their horses graze on the luxuriant new grass.

I have said horses. To be exact, there were two horses and a mule. The mule, an important figure in my story, was the special saddle animal of Frank Sanger, a daring young rider, who was making his third trip across the plains. "Brimstone," the animal's name, indicated both the quality of its temper and its peculiar yellow color.

Brimstone had joined the expedition in this wise: A lank, discouraged-looking Missourian brought him to the wagon train as it was about leaving Kansas City. The man wanted badly to sell, and offered the beast at a price far below his seeming value. He showed proper vouchers of his ownership, and Pete O'way bought the animal for a song.

When Pete tried to use the mule, he thought that he had paid far too much. He first harnessed him in a team, but no sooner did the traces begin to draw than the beast fell to kicking and plunging, and finally turned short round and faced the wagon. He so mixed up the entire eight mule team that parts of the harness had to be cut to get them clear. He was excused from further service as a draught animal, and remained for the time being to a halter.

He kicked, struck and bit at whom or whatever was about him. There seemed to be no bounds to the reach of his hind legs and his accuracy in locating his hoofs. It was commonly believed that he could kick round a corner. That he was worse than useless Joe Dubbs was free to assert, as he came limping from the corral, holding his knee with both hands and hunting for a revolver; he was vowing in the first transports of pain and rage, to kill the malevolent brute, which had assumed a lack of extreme innocence to lure him near enough for a telling kick; but Brimstone lived and kicked on serenely. He had a destiny to fulfill that no blusterings of infuriated teamsters could avert.

Biggame Bill, who claimed to be a bronco breaker, offered to ride him. "I'll make a saddle mule of him, or git broke up a-tryin'," he said, with an air of determination, as he posed heroically in Mexican pantaloons, set off by spurs like rising suns.

All hands turned to and helped, and Brimstone, with much ado, was saddled and bridled. Four men held him. Bill got in the saddle.

"Now turn him loose, boys," he said. The men at the mule's head let go. Brimstone's head went down to his fore legs, his back rounded and he went into the air. When he came back to earth Bill, who had gone some feet higher, remained astride the high corral fence

on which he had fallen, and which he seemed to prefer to his late seat in the saddle. Brimstone kicked for him hopelessly, whereat Bill slipped down on the other side, and, with clanking spurs, made rapid tracks for safety.

For a time after this no one undertook to handle the yellow mule, which lived at ease, toiling not in the long day's march, except to follow leisurely the wagon to which he was tied. Pete O'way became disgusted. "I don't know what to do with the brute," he said. "I hate to give up for useless a young mule with as fine print as he has."

He made this remark to Frank Sanger. The two were looking at Brimstone, who stood tied to a wagon, and with head erect and a white gleam in the corner of his eye was waiting for whoever might come near. A beaten path which circled behind him at least ten feet beyond his heels was religiously followed by every one who passed.

"Sell him to the Mormons when we get to Salt Lake City," said Frank. "It'll serve 'em both right."

"Spose I give him to you to ride?" "Thank you for remembering me," said Frank, "but I don't need him. The horse I have suits me."

"I know it, Frank, but jes' look at the matter square now. You know we can't be carryin' along idle stock this way. We've got to put him to some use, and there's nobody with the train kin back that brute unless it's you. He's got the makin' of a mighty fine saddle animal if you kin master him."

"Well, Pete, to help you out, I'll try him."

So the next morning Frank, with much care and patience, got a saddle and bridle on Brimstone, and at a propitious moment vaulted into the saddle, where he stayed. The mule bucked viciously, and made a long, violent struggle, which he renewed at intervals during that and several succeeding days. Finding that he could not unseat his plucky rider he at length gave up trying, and settled into his natural gait, a long, easy lope. His pace was wonderfully swift and strong, and Pete's prediction of what Brimstone could do under a saddle was verified.

Thereafter Frank rode the yellow mule regularly, and in time they got on terms of mutual toleration. To be sure, Frank had still to keep a lookout whenever within reach of his steed's teeth and heels, and Brimstone made it a matter of principle always to buck a while when first mounted for the day.

But he recognized an equally constant tendency of his master to spare at these times neither whip nor spur, with the variation of a hickory club. Putting all facts together, and not being in the least a "fool mule," he began to regulate his conduct so as to secure the fewest of these attentions. Under wise handling and firm control, the animal on the whole improved in docility.

It was through this chain of events that Brimstone came to be feeding by this little party of three, who loitered at midday under the blue sky. The saddles and bridles lay where they had been thrown down. The young men were stretched on the curly grass enjoying rest after long riding. The animals grazed contentedly at the end of their lariats.

There was no sign of danger on the broad plain. Nevertheless, it was well for the party to have borne in mind that the swells of the rolling prairie and deep ravines might conceal the inconspicuously near approach of an enemy. The train, now a full mile distant, was all the time drawing away from them.

One of the reclining men looked round, jumped and yelled "Injun!" The others came on to their feet at once. They caught up the saddles and bridles, made for their animals, and began saddling them in haste.

There were sound reasons for doing this, for less than a mile away a band of Arapahoe Indians was coming for the party at full speed, every man urging his pony and holding his bow in readiness for use, evidently with the worst intentions.

The saddles and bridles were quickly adjusted and the men astride their steeds. The horses, filled with instinctive terror at the sight and scent of the Indians, leaped at the touch of their riders and were soon galloping after the train at a pace rivaling that of the Arapahoes.

Not so the mule. He felt well after rest and feeding and was in a mood for a tussle with his rider. Perhaps he thought he had been good over long and wanted a change. At all events as his rider headed him toward the receding train he only braced back with his forelegs, lowered his head at a similar angle and stood stock still, with an immovability that gave little hope of an early start.

Frank shouted and spurred; the mule only set back the harder. He pricked him with his hunting knife and he began to buck. When Brimstone set out to buck time was no object to him. So his rider did not urge the point. The situation was interesting and very critical.

There were the Indians coming on like the wind and already beginning to widen their line fan shaped, to cut off the hapless rider. His two companions were a third of the way to the train and safety, and, barring untoward accident, sure to make it. And he, held to the spot by a balking mule whose inaptitude to change its mind he knew by hard experience. He had no time to apply his usual arguments.

The Indians were so near that he could see the paint on their faces and hear their yells. The wind brought down to him their characteristic odor. Brimstone smelled and did not at all like them; he even showed a symptom or two of moving. Then, as if in scorn of his momentary vacillation, he set his feet more firmly than before and stood like a rock.

Frank thought that all was up with him, and made a desperate resolve. He had six shots in his revolver. He would indulge, before the end, in the brief but intense pleasure of sending a bullet through Brimstone's head. He would bestow four on the Indians, and then shoot himself to escape falling alive into their hands.

Arrows began to fly. One sang past his head so close that he felt its wind. Another passed directly in front of Brimstone's eyes, but that consistent creature only blinked and stood his ground. As Frank was about to slip off to carry his design into effect, a third arrow whistled and struck something just behind his saddle with an unmistakable "spit."

Evidence of grievous pain and astonishment appeared forthwith in the mule. His backward laid ears came suddenly forward as for a moment, his head faced round with an expression of deep and reproachful surprise. His body lumped together until it seemed as if the saddle at the apex must go over the neck or crupper. Then he headed toward the wagon train, straightened out and went.

And how he went! His first jump was so sudden as nearly to leave his rider behind on the prairie. His next was longer and his pace kept improving all the way. A line of dust explosions marked the spots where his hind feet struck. As his body lengthened in long bounds the saddle cinch fairly swept the grass, and all Frank could do was to hold on, save his breath and try to keep his toes from striking the prairie dog mounds.

His two companions when half way to the train suddenly became aware that Frank was not with them. Without stopping they looked back. They afterward told him that they saw something coming, on the dead jump, behind them. It went so fast that they couldn't well make out whether it was a mule or a panther that was making such surprising speed, but could only see that it was gaining headway at every leap. It overhauled them in no time, passed them as a yellow streak, and directly they saw a thousand yards ahead, a commotion among the wagons.

In their narration something is to be allowed for the exaggerated form of expression in vogue on the plains in that day, and which is even yet not wholly extinct. It is certain that the mule went very fast, and in the race to the train badly beat the two good horses which had a long start.

The pursuing Indians never got nearer the mule than when he started, and were quickly left far behind. They were not numerous enough to attack the train, and stopped well out of rifle range. Those who watched from the wagons said that the Redskins had followed Frank but a short distance when they stopped and sat motionless in amazement, watching his mule's performance. They gathered in a circle and remained a long time powwowing over the prodigy which had manifested impressed them as "big medicine."

Frank tried to rein in his mule near the wagons, but could not. Fearing, he afterward said, that the mule intended to keep straight on to Salt Lake City, and meant to get there that night, he as a last resort pulled him into one of the teams "head on" and Brimstone came to a full stop in a tangle of mules.

Frank kept on to a dozen or fifteen yards farther, sailing, like a frog to water, over the wagon mules and describing a parabola which he met the prairie with a thump, a ricochet and a roll. He got up, shook himself, reached behind to make sure his revolver had not been thrown out, and walked back to his mule as coolly as if that were his ordinary way of dismounting.

When Brimstone was finally extricated, the inspiring cause of his zealous run was fully revealed. Steeking from his hump was the long shaft and feathers of an arrow, the head of which was imbedded some three inches in the flesh. I have to say that the mule got no sympathy; on the contrary his plight was looked on by all hands with unconcealed satisfaction. His past conduct had not endeared him to the "outfit."

The question of getting out the arrow head was not easily met. For, while there were plenty of advisers in the matter, there was no one so little in love with life as to offer to operate surgically in the vicinity of those lightsome heels. The operation was a heroic one, as the blood had softened and loosened the deer sinew that fastened the shaft to the barbed arrow head so that they came apart at the first pull, leaving the latter in the wound.

However, as it needed to be done, Pete O'way and Frank set to work with extreme care, their instruments consisting of a sharp knife and a pair of pincers. To the astonishment of all, Brimstone remained as quiet as a lamb. A cut was made, wide and deep enough to allow the arrow head to be caught with the pincers and pulled out. The mule winced under the steel, but did not kick.

The wound soon healed—there was, in fact, no loss of Brimstone's valuable services. He was rather sensitive to approach for a time, but a remarkable effect of the wound appeared in his disposition. Strange to say, this effect was a favorable one. From that date on he was a different and a better mule. It is not to be wondered at that three inches of arrow in his haunch should have wrought painfully on his feelings, and for a time reversed his usual habits of thought; but the gratifying fact remained that the change was marked and permanent.

Frank kept him as his favorite saddle animal a full year after, and in all that time Brimstone never again balked or bucked with his rider. Nor was he ever again known to bite or kick except under circumstances generally held to justify any mule in so doing.

This is the history of the remarkable conversion of Brimstone, brought about through the arrow and twanging bow string of a murderous Arapahoe who meant anything but good to the mule and his rider.

Were I to draw a moral it would be that good may come from seeming evil, and that there is a wrong time for all things. The force of the latter precept was brought keenly home to Brimstone the last time he ever balked.—Clarence Pullen in Youth's Companion.

Cause and Effect.

Charley Gushington—I tell you, Jack, she grows sweeter and dearer every day. Jack Hyancelle—Perfectly natural, my dear boy; sugar is advancing.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE WESTERN MULE.

PECULIARITIES OF THE BURRO USED IN THE MOUNTAINS.

How They Are Broken for Pack Carrying—Strange Infatuation for Pack Carrying—Interesting, Amusing and Aggravating Characteristics.

"A man who has roughed it out among the mountains," it was said at a Broadway sales stable the other day, "remembers the mules about as well and as long as anything."

It is just about at this time, the speaker told, when asked why the mind should be particularly impressed by the familiar quadruped, that a good many are rounded up for the summer's work after being turned out all winter. As natural to expect, a mule that has had no restraint for several months is inclined to show the worst side when the hand of a would-be master begins to be felt. A drove of 100 or so in a corral fresh from the plains will carry just about as much downright "cussedness" as can be found in any brute collection under the sun. The first thing is to have them shod. Such a thing as one of them consenting to the job is unknown, but frontier blacksmiths have no fear or hesitation, and in a trice the mule is tied up and ironed.

The pack mules are smaller and inferior in every way to the riding mule, except in toughness and rascality. Like Joey Bagstock, the packers are sly. Most of them are sired by Indian ponies and are born on the open plains. A wild horse is gentleness itself beside them, but as they are usually used for carrying packs their wickedness does not so much matter.

PACKING THE "CRITTER."

The first time the pack saddles are put on a young mule the excitement surpasses description. The green beast, strong and wiry, is lassoed and led into a small open space. Before he knows what it is all about a noose of the lariar around his neck is slipped over his nose, and he makes a start for liberty. But the more he pulls the tighter the pinch on his nose, so he finally gives it up and stands still.

More ropes are brought into use, and he is finally brought to have a leather binder put over his eyes. The next step is to put the pack saddle on. The great kicking is done when the crupper is slipped under the tail. Words cannot tell the way that mule's heels flash through the air in all directions. But strategy wins and mules do tire. The pulling up of the "sitch," as the girth is called, brings out a new struggle, but it is soon over and to an extent the mule is conquered.

Mules always like company, and work especially well with a horse. With a horse on the lead they will follow steadily, and keep in the horse's company at night without attempt to wander away. They will even fight among themselves to get near a horse. At night the mules submit without moving a muscle to having the packs removed. A good roll on the grass is the first thing when relieved, and then they go to eating. At any hour of the night, if they are looked at, their noses will be seen on the ground, with their jaws industriously in motion.

"Packing" a saddle is an art in itself. In former years the Mexican sawbuck saddle was used. This invariably cut and chafed the mule's back; but now the California stuffed aparejo is the thing. This is fastened by two men, one on either side, who brace themselves with one foot against the mule's ribs and pull on the lash rope with all their might. The load is balanced properly, and the lash rope twisted and looped in a sort of network. When all is ready for the final tightening the men "give it to her." The poor mule actually groans under the pressure, but even under this tightest of tying the loads quite frequently slip out of place.

A CONTINUAL REVELATION.

The mountain mule is a continual revelation. New phases of character are continually unfolding in the most positive manner. One, for instance, will be amiable and pleasant until led up to be saddled, when all at once he will apparently be possessed of the evil spirit itself. Another will resist all attempts to saddle and pack until the others have been attended to, when he will be as docile as could be wished for. Another, perhaps used for riding, will not let a match be lighted by any one on his back without an outbreak, but will not object to smoking. Some will wade through a stream without hesitation, and another will vigorously object to wetting his feet. When in the water, if one falls down and any water gets into his big ears, he will lie and drown without a struggle. They are very private and particular about their ears, objecting to having them handled.

It is not easy to gain a mule's confidence. They are absurdly timid, and if one of a drove is scared the rest are also panic stricken. An old black dog always makes a mule shy. Snakes terrify and bears paralyze them. On the plains no spurring or whipping can drive a mule up to an Indian. Take a number of mules and throw their reins over some of the others' ears and they will stand all day in the belief that they are securely tied.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Forest Restoration.

Systematic planting on a national scale must wait, and will be sure to wait, until the little remnant of our forests shall be administered economically, and at such a profit on costs of exportation as will justify the outlay required to cover costs of replanting, but meantime millions of acres of denuded forest land may be preserved from the destruction of its soil by fire, or its erosion by water, for the trilling cost of collecting and scattering the seed over their surface. The winds and the birds annually redeem thousands of acres in this way, and we need only open our eyes to the importance of their labors to realize how much may be done in the same way by systematic, intelligent effort.—Forest and Stream.

The Topographical Instinct.

A deep-thinking Scotch skipper, seeing a whale plowing its solitary way steadily south for hours, and not deviating a point from his course, said: "A whale will often leave the pack and set out all alone in search of warmer seas, as this one seems to have done. What guides them? Ah! now you black me, lad, but not only whales, even seals seem positively to carry a compass in their brains."

Many animals and birds possess a sense which enables them to find their way unerringly over sea or land, where there exists, so far as we can see, nothing to guide them. Dogs, cats, horses and birds have found their way back from great distances to their homes, although they have been conveyed from it in a way to deprive them of all assistance from the organs of sight.

The carrier pigeon, for instance, is carried hundreds of miles from its loft. It has traveled that distance in a basket under the seat of a railroad car; but when it is thrown up, it circles about for a few minutes, and then decides unhesitatingly on the exact line of flight which brings it to its loft, though it may never have been in the country before.

The explanation which says the bird has "the homing instinct" is as lame as that which ascribes to the bird the power of seeing its loft a hundred miles away; the Scotch skipper is much better; the bird "carries a compass in its brains."

A writer in *Lecture Hour* says that a collier pup, 7 months old, was brought from Inverary to Aberdeen by rail, and from Aberdeen to Banchory by another railroad. The puppy ran away from Banchory and found its way back in a few days to Inverary, across a wooded, hilly country, with one river and several streams to go over.

The writer calls the sense by which animals are guided in finding their way the topographical instinct—which is a name, but not an explanation.—Youth's Companion.

Incongruities in Hair.

"Yes," said the hairdresser, as she pomaded and bandolined a sister's hair, "we have some curious features in our business. For example, there's 'the widow's lock.'"

"Is that a style of hair indigenous to widows?"

"It is supposed to predict widowhood. It is a lock that grows out straight at the parting of the hair and will not grow enough to be combed back with the other hair. Then there is the cowlick."

"Is that another independent lock?"

"Yes; it grows straight up from the forehead like a tuft of grass, as if a cow had licked it up—and it is so stubborn that ladies afflicted with them often part their hair on the side to avoid them. They are a great trouble and no one knows why they have them."

The hairdresser took a roll of hairpins, and put a dozen or so in her mouth.

"Ever a lover of love locks?"

"No; that hairpin went right into my brain—what are they?"

"Love locks? Oh, they are not in fashion now. They were made by cutting a lock of the hair by the ear and letting it fall straight against the cheek for about an inch. Ever see white locks? I've seen a lock of hair as white as snow growing in the black hair of a young head; and it was as ugly and contrary as sin."—Detroit Free Press.

An Unexpected Meeting.

Mrs. Carroll Smythe (to her husband)—I happened to meet Mrs. Van Kortlandt and daughter at Gridley's today. I always thought she was altogether too swell for such a place. She was even looking over the bargain counter.

Husband—And what took you there? You wouldn't like to be considered less swell than Mrs. Van Kortlandt?

Mrs. Smythe (dauntlessly)—Certainly not. I merely went to see some goods which they advertised at specially low rates.—The Epoch.

Printing in raised or embossed letters was begun at Paris, by Haury, in 1786.

True merit never found a cloud big enough or dark enough to obscure it.

Is it probable that what a million women say after daily trial is a mistake? They say that by test that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is most economical, purest and best. They have had 24 years to try it. You give it one trial.

Some of the new cannon which shoot twelve miles won't shoot anything else.

Returned prospectors to Hawthorne, Nev., from the Brevigle mines say that tortle turtles are plentiful along the road. They are exact counterparts of the salt-water turtles, and exist in the scorching sands of the desert.

Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of \$500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N.Y. They're known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their word's as good as their bond.

Begin right. The first stage is to purify the system. You don't want to build on a wrong foundation, when you're building for health. And don't shock the stomach with harsh treatment. Use the milder means.

You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act as regularly. If they do not, use a key.

The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose.

N. P. N. U. No. 391—S. N. U. No. 468

ACROSS THE DEEP, TO THE FAR WEST.

On steamboats, cars, and stage coaches, Hostetter's stomach bitters is carried as the most important item in the outfit of the traveling public. It deprives violent, brackish water of its harmful properties and exerts a flavor, roundly acts the poison effect upon the stomach. It has a bad or indigestible food, remedies cramps, hiccups and wind upon the stomach. It is a sure defense against malarial disorders, mitigates the effects of excessive heat, cold and damp, relieves sick headache, and is an incombustible cure for constiveness and biliousness. The failure of travel often tells most fearfully upon travelers, and convulsions occasionally to such an extent as to jeopardize life. Persons in feeble health, apprehensive of bad effects from travel, will find it providential with the Bitters, be far less likely to have their fears realized.

A runaway horse and a mad dog have no common sense. Never dispute the right of way with either.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

When you feel a kind of goneness about the stomach, it is a sign that your food does not sit well, and that you are about to have a fit of indigestion.

When you begin to feel nervous and are unable to sit still comfortably, when your clothes suddenly seem to lose their fit, and become too tight in places the fit of indigestion is surely upon you.

When a fit of indigestion is repeated from day to day it finally resolves itself into dyspepsia.

Chronic dyspepsia will surely make the happiest life a hell upon earth. Remember that three to ten of Braxton's Peppes will cure the worst case of indigestion or dyspepsia, or both, and that a regular course of them, say two every night for a week or ten days, will act as a preventive of either complaint.

Tommy-Pa, what is "fame?" Mr. Figg—Fame, my son, is something a man makes money out of after he is dead.

A sore throat, cough or cold, if suffered to progress, results in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Tonic" reaches directly the seat of the disease, and gives instant relief.

There never was a man who failed in business who did not claim it was because he was too honest.

THAT'S IT.

CURES RHEUMATISM.

Great Remedy 18 Hill Street, San Francisco, Cal., April 24, 1889.

"Having been severely afflicted with rheumatism, my mother and daughter with sore throat, you have, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, been cured."

—LOUIS HARRIS.

CURES NEURALGIA.

Ellenville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1890.

"I suffered with neuralgia, bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and soon recovered. I treated a sprained ankle with same result."

—THOS. M. VAN GORDER.

CURES SCIATICA.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19, 1889.

"I suffered a long time with sciatic pains in the hips; found no relief till I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me."

—CHAS. A. FULDA.

ALSO CURES

Promptly and Permanently

LUMBAGO, SPRAINS,

BRUISES

THE COWBOY KNOWS!

POWERFUL

THE COWBOY KNOWS!