VUL XXII.

MARSHFIELD, COOS COUNTY, OREGON, DEC. 8, 1900.

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One there exme to my exament shouting. Loudly liking a notized stave, Merrity fleeting and madly floating. Making a mock o'ce the summer's grave. Marshfield, Oregon.

"What!" I subt. "Shall some rinnt bellow Gird at her whom I hald some dear, Some cup companion grown overmellow Scotf at the dead in my very car?" Tobacco, Cigars, Notions. Confectionery

Swiftly then to the casement faring,
While still the richous mirth upwelled,
Such I turned with a mute despairing
From one who gleaned with the succes of cld

Winter the wilful, the wild beinguer; Winter who blighted my fale one's breath, Winter the wary, the world old lenguer With him who site on the throne of death,

THE MOCKER

And now while I brood 'neath the fire lit rafter And mourn for her whom I might not save, Rightly he, with his lockstroom laughter, Makes his mork of or the moment's grave. —Cliston Scotlard in Collier's Workly.

THE OVERLAND TRAIL By M. Quad

Congright, 1900, by C. D. Leuts. 020000000000000000000000000

In the old days of the overland trail, the pony express and the lumbering broughout the length of the whole trail. After the first 30 miles from the Missouri river no coach was safe from atwere "erected." Most of them were covered with slabs of timber to support two feet of dirt. The stables were nade in the same way, while the hay was stacked. There was generally an underground passage leading from the house to the stables. House and stables were loopholed for ritles, the doors constructed of timber or covered with boller fron, and there was not one of them which was not attacked a dozen times over. The Indians could not use fire as a weapon, nor could they carry a station by assault, but they captured many of them by trickery or slege. In no case was the life of a company employee ever spared. The distance between stations, with the feeble garrison maintained at each, prevented any hope of relief in case of attack. Indeed tne orders were: "Defend your own station. Only the last man alive is to break through the Indians if he can." Never were greater hardihood and bravery exhibited than by the men se-

lected to drive the conches. | Knowing what the risks were, it seems strange that any passengers could have been found to fill them, but in the last two years preceding the opening of the Pacific road the coaches averaged five passengers each way, and many of hese were women. At a few points on the long route a guard rode for a few miles with the coaches, but for most of the distance the driver and passengers must take care of themselves. There was hardly a week without its tragedy. As the stage tolled through the heavy sand of some strip of desert or met several miles of stony and up hill trail a band of a hundred yelling warriors would suddenly appear. The driver must fight as well as guide his excited team. The passengers fired from the open doors, and if the attack was benten off it was a case of luck. It was when the Overland company finally appealed to the government to clear its route through Kansas that General Custer was sent out with a brigade of troopers. Fourteen stations had been attacked and wiped out, and stages had ceased to run over a distance of almost 200 miles. Custer could not hope to strike a telling blow against the hordes in the field, but he laid his plans to open the route and drive the Indians back from It. As we followed the trail to the west we picked up station after station showing grewsome sights. In each and every case a stout defense had been made, but the Indians had prevailed. Kegs of powder had been used to blow open the doors or tear out the roofs, and even though the warriors had lost ten to one they had destroyed the station. Burning Ifill was a relay station, with eight men to guard it and care for the extra horses. The last stage from the east had come in after a race of five miles. with the driver and three male passengers wounded-some of them twice and three times. It was one of the largest and most defensible stations on the route, and there was no thought

of anything but beating the Indians off, no matter what their force. Custer's whole command witnessed the arrival of the last stage from the west, the last for several weeks. From a hilltop three miles from the trail, with impassable guilles between, we saw the coach come up the trail with 100 Indians pursuing it. It was a running fight, which aroused every man to the highest pitch of excitement, but we were helpless to extend aid. Through the clear air of a summer's afternoon we saw the stage borses shot down and the coach overtaken. The passengers made a brave fight to the last, but not one of them escaped. It was night before we had made our detour and reached the station, and the Indians had departed long before. They had captured the station two hours before they attacked the stage. It had held out against them for three days, and it was not until 40 Indians had been killed or wounded that they got possession of it by digging under the walls and using a keg of powder.

If Burning Hill had falled to hold out, how would it be with l'awaee Flat, the next station to the west, and with White Horse, the next after that? The first was a four man station and the next a relay with eight. As we rode away through the night not a man had the slightest hope for l'aw-nee, though we knew it would have been defended as long as one of the four could lift a gun. We reached it at about 11 o'clock. It was as we had

feared. Over 200 Indians bad swarmed down out of the hills at daybreak the morning before, and, though they had lost a score of men, the dugout had been carried by assault and its defenders butchered. We waited here half an hour to give the poor corpace burial and then pushed on toward White Horse. It was not until we got within two miles of the station that our fears were refleved. Then we heard the reports of rifles and knew

that the place was still holding out.

The station was situated about mid-

way of a long, bare hill. To the west

of it was a coulee, or dry ravine, with

banks 20 feet high. We had with us a rouple of scouts who knew every rod of the overland trail, and when within a mile of the station these men were sent forward to spy out the situation. They returned after awhile to report that Spotted Horse and about 150 of his "dog soldiers," as the Cheyennes were called, were laying slege to the station and had evidently occupied the ground for two or three days. The ground around the dugout was so open that the Indians dared not "rush" the place, nor was there any show to use a keg of powder without reckless ex-With their ailies holding the posure. trail to the east, the Cheyennes had entered upon a slege in hopes to starve the employees out. Their war ponles and most of the band were lying up in stagecoach stage stations had been the dry ravine for the night. This rarected at a distance of 15 miles apart | vine had no opening to the south and

was therefore a cul de sac. The first signs of dawn were in the sky when we saddled up, mounted, and tack until it reached San Francisco. It the whole of us pushed forward, led was a misnomer to say the stations by the scouts, for the mouth of the ravine. We had the Spencer carbines, dupouts that is a hole or cellar four each with a full magnatue, and as we or five feet deep was dug and theu got the order to charge each man began shooting. When a carbine was empty, it was thrown away and a revolver used in its place. When the revolver was empty, it was cast aside for the saber. Extended from bank to bank, we rwept up the ravine, and we had nothing to do but kill. Taken by surprise, the Cheyennes thought only of getting away. We had scarcely got to work when the eight men who had been cooped up in the dugout sailled out to take a hand in, and it was made the anddest sunrise the Cheyenne tribe had ever seen. Not a pony could escape out of that trap. Numbers of the warriors scrambled up the banks and got safely away, but nearly every one left his wenpons behind. The fight did not last above 30 minutes, and our loss was only three men wounded.

Down in that ravine we harvested 78 dead Indians, and on the banks above the stage men counted up 22 more. We got upward of a bundred rides, about pistols, 139 postes and in wagon load of miscellaneous stuff. Every Indian lying there was a dead one. had said, "Shoot to kill," and there were no wounded or prisoners. Among the killed were Spotted Horse, Big Moon and White Bird, and that fight broke the backbone of the Cheyenne nation. Their part in the war was to capture all the stations west of Burning Hill, but they had only taken Pawnee Flat. They never rode to war again. Within a week they were su ing for peace, and they were the first to be gathered on a reservation.

Laurel Crowns.

The laurel crown used to decorate the brow of the victor in the old Olympian games or the head of some triumphant general was composed of bay leaves. The bay is Laurus nobilis, and thus the wreath or crown has been entied laurel or bay, according to the whim of the writer. The bay was considered by the ancients to be an antidote against poison and a security against lightning. Its leaves panse of rolling prairie stretching were used to provide a pleasing inwere used to provide a pleasing lucense, and a spray of bay was carried in the garments of all superstitious persons as a guard against all dangers. It is interesting to note how the

hurel or bay has passed down to these more prosale times. The beads on medals, coins, etc., are almost always crowned with laurel. Then we have poet laurente, or the poet crowned with laurel-that is to say, the chief port of the times. Again, the title of lachelor, won by exceptional skill in connection with art or science, takes us back to the middle ages, when young doctors were crowned inurel and received the title of bacca laurel.-London Cardener's Magazine.

Happiness.

"I was recently party to a discussion," said a doctor, "where the question of the nature of happiness arose, and a certain wise head present was asked to define it. His reply was so satisfactory that I trust you will allow me to repent it for the benefit of those

interested. "He said: 'Happiness is a state of mind-more active than contentment, less pronounced and more abiding than joyfulness; whose principal and permanent source is in a temperament disposed to make the best of what is: whose immediate occasion is in a consciousness which, pleased with the present, is without neute regret or undue apprehension."

"What better definition could one have than this?"-New York Sun.

The Best He Could Do. "Mr. Blaine," says the Washington correspondent of The Chicago Record, used to tell a story of an eccentric individual in Maine who was never known to express an opinion on any subject. Being called as a witness to a lawsuit to testify concerning the reputation of the defendant, the lawyers on both sides failed to obtain a direct answer to any of their questions and finally appealed to the court.

Regarding the man sternly, the judge said in his most impressive tones: "Witness, I am going to ask you a question, and I want you to give me a direct answer. Is the defendant a good

man? "Them that likes him says be is; them that don't says he ain't,' was the

THEY MOVE US.

The teach of a hand, the glance of an eye, Or a word exchanged with the passetty; A gliftpae of a face in a crowded street, And streward life is incomplete. A picture painted with honest scal, and we lose the old for the new ideal; A chance remark or a song's relrain, and life is never the same again.

A triendly emfle and love's embering spark Lespe into fame and illumines the dark; A whispered "Be brave" to our fellow men, and they pack up the thread of hope again. Thus never an act or a word or thought But that with ungreased importance is frau for small things build up eternity and blazes the way for destiny.

Answer

1010101010100101010101010101 A Turn at Plowing

The Boy Didn't Like the Work, but Enjoyed the Attendant Sport.

By Ernest McGaffy.

......................... "Do you really want to try your hand at the plow?" was Uncle Tom's remark after breakfast was over.

"I'd like to see if I could," said the boy, "even if I get sick of it before

"All right," was his uncle's reply. "But you can't carry the gun with you. The mules would stampede."
"Why, what would there be shoot?" said Aunt Fanny.

"Oh, there's blackbirds and by the barrel," said Uncle Tom. "I'll take my bean shooter," said the

boy, "and get enough birds for a potpte

So, with a pocketful of buckshot and

his rubber weapon, be was ready for the fray. The farm was one of It was rolling country and fenced in by the aid fashioned barbless wire fences. The soil was dark loam and easily worked. There was sand enough so that a plow would scour fairly well, and there were no rocks. The boy had watched his uncle plow day before, and it did not seem very hard work. So, with a light plow and the old team, he started in with considerable confidence. The reins were crossed over his shoulder and under his arm, and the novelty of the job appealed to his curiosity. He grasped the handles and started the team with an assuring "Git up?" His instructions were not to hold the plowshare too deep in the soil or he would be hoisted into the air by the combination of the lines around him and the leverage of the earth's surface, and for the first

200 yards he gingerly scraped along al-most on top of the ground.

Then he remembered that this was not plowing, and he "h'isted" up the handles and dug into the bowels of the earth. It was a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together as he, re abered it afterward, and it ended by his being along over the tops of the plow handles and deposited in the dirt. The plow had been turned upside down in the furrow, and his hat had been ped off by the lines. The near mule beamed on him pityingly, and his back felt as if part of it had been pulled out and thrown away. Then he recollected about not digging in too deep. So he braced himself and took hold of the plow handles again. A long stretch of comparatively level ground assisted his efforts, and all went well for some time. It was a vast and awful dis tance across the field for the first furrow, and his uncle was a mere speck at the other end. When he got to the

end of the furrow, he found the wire funce, and beyond was a limitless exriver. Outside of the fence were several furrows, which, his uncle had explained, were to keep the prairie fires from coming in and burning the fence

turned the mules and started back on the plowing. The loose loam broke under his bare feet, and the furrow crumbled down and arched ahead of the plow like the back of an angey hog. There was a steam, light, misty, almost impalpable, that rose up from Far in the west a bank of white clouds lay furled in the blue skies. He held the plow more steadily now, and when share began to sink too deep he eased it up without jerking the point free from the furrow.

The turning point was reached again, and again he halted. From the line of cottonwoods that flanked one side of the field came down a troop of blackbirds, clacking and gossiping, in their quest for grubs, bugs and angleworms. First in size and importance were the gorgeous purple grackles, or crow blackbirds. They were the autocrats of the blackbird tribe and most important and busy when engaged on foraging expeditions such as these. They were followed by the more soher hued cow blackbirds in great numbers, and as the team drew away and the furrow's line lengthened out the scouts of the expedition came in close to the plow The boy had already got his bean phooter within easy reach, and as the birds lined along the furrow he stopped the mules.

The nearest blackbird was a big purple grackle. The boy drew the rubbers ck. a bullet flew as the rubber bands snapped, and the blackbird doubled up the furrow with a bullet in his breast. Putting in another bullet, the boy took another shot at the next bird. which had not noticed the almost noiseless effect of the shot. Fair and true the second bullet went to its mark, and a second blackbird dropped to the shot. Going back, the boy picked up the two birds, and the rest scattered back along the furrow. Putting along the furrow again. Again the birds drew up, and again he got two except locally, and where there is a shots at them, getting one bird and daily bath there is little need for it, just grazing another. When he got to let that be used before retiring at the opposite end of the field, he found night.

a couple of inquisitive kildees rummaging about and winged one of them with his first shot. A long chase over the drying furrows of the previous

day's plowing secured the bird.

Going back he had several more shots at the blackbirds, which seemed to grow bolder and bungrier as the day advanced. He seldom missed them and in one instance killed two at one shot, the bullet striking one bird a glancing blow on the neck and winging second bird in the bunch.

The plowing grew more and more tedious as the day lengthened out, and the boy was never hungrier in his life. He had brought his dinner along, with a bottle of milk to wash it down, and he could tell pretty well from the sun when noontime came. From his line of furrows he could see his uncle tolling across and back, never stopping for anything, a brown figure in the brown stretches of upturned earth.

He made up his mind that plowing was desperately monotonous work and that to plow a straight furrow was something that only came from long practice. He had a stake stuck up fo his benefit at each end of the field, but his plow either wabbled or the mules "wee-wawed" frightfully, for before noontime came he found it necessary to lift the plow up and gash down certain inlets and estuaries of land which had not been cut on account of the perversity of the furrows. By the time the sun had swung into line for about 12:30 he had come to the conclusion that all a boy needed to plow well with was a pair of iron legs and a knowledge of how to draw a furrow straight. He unhitched the team with some difficulty and gave them a feed of oats on the bottom of the sack. Then be got out his own dinner of bread and butter, meat and pickles, and fell on it like a famished coyote. He was very tired. The dirt had got into his finger nails, crept into his curly brown hair, grimed his neck, filled his care and em bittered his boyish soul. His curiosity was thoroughly satisfied. He had become satisted with the exercise; be

However, he remembered that I would be cowardly to give up until night. So he started in to hitch up the mules again after taking a decent rest. Fortunately he could do this without having to summon his uncle, and he congratulated himself on being able to hitch and unhitch a team. The plow again was driven into the loam, and once more the burden of hanging on to a pair of slippery plow handles with a couple of energetic mules striding along in front was begun. The black-birds and kildees, allured by the feast of pale grubs and salmon tinted fish worms, came again to the furrows, but the boy only took a shot now and then. He was doggedly, sullenly, silently plugging along in the furrow, with the sand gritting between his teeth. wooldn't offer to plow again for Uncle Tom. Uncle Tom knew what he was talking about when he said it was hard work and dirty work until you got used to it. Well, be didn't want to get used to it, that was all. What was that story about eels getting used to

wanted to hunt.

being skinned? Whoa, Jinny; you old yellow crate, you! At sundown and not until be saw Uncle Tom turn for the house did the boy give over. But he had seen the error of his way. Plowing wasn't what it was cracked up to be. There were too many sand burs and roots and crooked furrows and dirt and wrenches and backaches about it. There was too much work about it. Why, when you saw a man who was used to it you could believe that he might strap himself to a plow and go to sleep on the job. But for a new beginner at the business it was like Jordan, "a bard read to travel."

Uncle Tom smiled at the grimy, dusty figure of his nephew as he met him at the house. "How'd you like the plowing?" be inquired quizzically.

The boy took nine blackbirds and three kildees from his pockets and, holding them up, said, "I like that part. of it, Uncle Tom, and all the rest I didn't like worth a cent."-Chicago Record.

Why His Coat Was Unbuttoned, The thermometer stood at 10 degrees above zero. fie had on an overcoat, undercoat

and a vest. His other garments cut no ice here. Although the wind blew a Greenland gale, his overcoat and undercoat were

both unbuttoned and flapped like the sails of a schooner set wing and wing. Why did he not button his coats on this piercing day?

Because he was the Man With a

By leaving his conts unbuttoned People could see that on his vest was displayed his vested right to wear a Badge, and who ever saw a man with such authority, when off duty, who didn't display at least the rim of his

No one, because power is sweet to us all, from the President to the Peasant. -Washington Star.

Proper Bathlug. Every person, old or young, sick or

well, ought to have a daily bath. Immediately after arising in the morning is the best time. A quart of water and a bowl-there ought to be two-is all that is necessary. The water need not be cold or hot; from 70 to 80 degrees is preferable. The young and the very vigorous can safely indulge in much colder water.

Let the bath be taken rapidly, occupying from two to five minutes. Simply wet the entire person with water, dry this off with one towel, then rub the surface briskly with a dry, coarse towel. Then dress rapidly; then exer-

the circulation and warmth.

If there is need for the use of soap.

NO 49.

"The National theater, at San Jose, Costa Ilica, is a wonder," said a gentleman who has recently returned from that city. "In point of beauty it is said to stand third among houses of its kind in the world. It cost \$3,000,000 to erect, and the work of construction occupied many years. The design fol-lows the Grand Opera House of Paris n a general way, although of course building is very much amaller, an the material is white marble and Mex can onyx The main entrance hall and fovers contain some superb pieces of statuary, and the decorations were done by European artists of reputs

"When a visitor sees it for the first time, standing in the midst of a stragtime, standing in the under of a straggling little Central American capital, with a suburban jumble of mud built adobe huts, he feels like pinching himself to find out whether he lan't dreaming. The people of San Jose are immensely proud of the Luse, as they well may be, but they are so far away from anusement centers that the away from amusement centers that the only regular performances are by an opera company bired by the government in France or Italy for a brief ses-

son every year. "It is an interesting fact that all the Central American capitals have disroportionately fine theaters, kept up by the government. The revolutionary presidents have found it good policy, to amuse the people. It takes the Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Burglary' Terror. burgiar, well known to the police of the larger cities, who was recently, taken into custody, told a reporter that "a little dog" was more terrifying to the "profession" than any burgiag alarm or detective.

"Guns be blowed!" said he. "I'm dead willin to take a chance wid a fly cop. too, and the tinklers and sitch ain's troublin me a little bit. But a bit of a dorg! Yessir, I hates them little 'purps' worse'n poison. The big fol-lers-St. Bernards and them-you kin make friends with. Give them a bit of ment and they're all right. But when one of them little dorgs comes at you. a-tarkin and yelpin, you got to skin out quick or you finds the bull house a-top

"There ain't no makin frier them. They know you don't b'long there, and they're just a goin to git you out or know the reason why! The 'Come, Fido, nice doggy,' racket also a goin to help you at all. There's only one thing to do when them little fellers gets to hollerin round your beels. Just git out as fast as you kin git! Nino times out of ten that afti't fast cour, neither."—New York Mail and Ex-

He Got the Gun.

Several years ago Colonel Jack China visited Texas. He brought with him a negro valet, Sam. This negro had been a slave in the China family before the war began in the states and idolized his young master. One night while in Houston the darky came to

"Massa Jack, I'ze goin out in cullud society beah tonight, an I'd like to borrow dat ivery handled six shooter of yours to take along." "Why, you black rascal," returned

the colonel, "some of these Houston coons will take that gun away from you and break it over your head? The darky straightened up. Like his

master, he was a man of unquestioned nerve, and there was a peculiar glitter in his eye as he said: "Massa Jack, you let me hab dat gun, an if I don't show up heah wid hit in de mawnin you can go down to de

morgue an throw down de sheet an say, 'Lawd, don't he look nacher!" Colonel Chinn's body servant was that night armed in a manner that entitled him to move in the best circles of Afro-American society in Houston. Dallas News.

It is an unexplained fact that gle worms are much more brilliant just be-



Night and day, until the strength is entirely exhausted, and that dreaded word "Consumption" begins to be whispered among friends. That's a common story, familiar to the people of every town and village.

There's another story which ought to be as widely known as the story of disease, and that is the story of the cures effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Bronchitts, asthma, obstinate, deep seated coughs, bleeding of the lungs, and other forms of disease which affect the respiratory organs, are permanently cured by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

"Outy for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery inday."

"Only for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Disrowry I think I would be in my grave to-day,"
writes Mr. Moses Miles, of Hillard, Unita Co.,
Wyoning, "I had asthma so had I could not
sheep at night and was compelled to give up
work. It affected my langs so that I coughed
dil the time, both night and day. My freuda
di thought I had consumption. My wife insisted on my trying Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical
Discovery—which I did. I have taken four
attles and am now a well man, weighing thcounts, thanks to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical
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