# The Santiam News.

D. C. HUMPHREY, Publisher.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FEBRUARY 6, 1903


## EDITORIAL.

After you get on your ear and make up your midd to stop your paper to make the editor feel humiliated, just poke your finger in water and pull it out and look for the hole. Then you will know how sadly you are missed. The man who thinks that a paper can-not exist without his support had better go off and stay a while, and when he comes beck he will find that half of his friends didn't know he was gone. The other half didn't care a cent and the world at large hadn't kept an account of his movements whatever. You will probably find something in your home paper that you cannot indorse. Even the bible is very plain and hits some hard licks. If you were to get mad and burn your bible, the hundreds of presses would go on printing them, and if you were to stop your paper, and call the editor all kinds of ugly names, the paper would still be published. And what is more you would sneak around every week to borrow a copy of your neighbor. It is better to keep your vest pulled down, your temper under control and your subscription paid up.

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One of our exchanges says: If the editor makes a mistake he has to apologise for it, but if the doctor makes one he buries it. If we make one there is a law suit, swearing and a smell of sulphur, but if a doctor makes one there is a funeral cut flowers and a smell of varnish. The doctor can use a word a yard long without knowing what it means, but if the editor uses it he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another mans wife he charges for the visit. If the editor goes to see another man's wife he gets a charge of buckshot. Any medical college can make a doctor. You can't make an editor. He has to be born. When a doctor gets drunk its a case of overcome by heat, and if he dies it is heart failure. When an editor gets drunk, its a case of too much booze, and if he dies it is a case of delirium tremens.

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We are told that a boy was lately suspended from school for the reading of the following essay on pants: Pants are made for man and not man for pants. Women are made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man, they are a pair of pants. Such pants dont last. Pants are like molosses; they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. The man in the moon changes his pants during the eclipse. Don't you go to the pantry for pants; you might be mistaken. Men are often mistaken in pants. Such mistakes make breeches of promise. There has been much discussion as to whether pants is singular or plural. Seems to us when men wear pants they are plural, and when they dont they are singular. Men go on a tear in their pants, and it is all right; but when the pants go on a tear it is all wrong.

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### To Many Normal Schools.

We agree with Governor Chamberlain that the state is supporting too many normal schools, and that two is sufficient for the state. There ought to be the one at Monmouth, maintained, increased and improved by more liberal appropriations, and then if there is another, Eastern Oregon should be favored. The Monmouth normal, by virtue of its unquestioned right to be classed as the leading normal of the coast and one of the strong institutions of its kind in the United States, should be built up by every favor the state can bestow on it. Eastern Oregon is entitled to the other because that section of the state is unrepresented by state institutions. There is no more reason why the state should be asked to support several normal schools than it should be called upon to maintain several agricultural colleges or state universities.—Corvallis Times.

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### People's Press Ceases Publication.

Thursday's issue of the People's Press, the socialist organ printed in Oregon, ended the life of that paper. Editor Hale published his valedictory in that issue. The cause ceasing the publication is given as poor health of Editor A. D. Hale. Recently a stock company was organized in Portland, and the Press was consolidated with the Liberator, the other socialist paper in Oregon. A man named Latimer will edit the new sheet.

### Militia Will Visit Salt Lake.

Adjutant General Gantenbein has been advised of the plans for the Oregon National Guard for this year Instead of an encampment in this state, the entire guard will go to Fort Douglas at Salt Lake City in September, for 10 days time. This is the new ruling of the Dick bill recently passed in congress, which makes an appropriation to cover the expense. It is expected there will be 25,000 troops encamped there. Besides the regulars and national guard from Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, California and Nevada, there will be five regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and four light batteries. There are 1000 acres of ground for the encampment at Fort Douglas, which is one of the largest forts in the country.—Telegram.

### Real Estate Transfers.

Henry Muehlenhoff to W B and A D Hudson 27 acres; 150.

C W Sears to F P Dixon 1 lot bl 22 H's 2nd ad; 350.

A J DeVaney to F W DeVaney and wife 50 acres; 1500.

A J DeVaney to F P DeVaney 24 acres; 5.

John Housewert to Agnes M Mistner 1 lot bl 52 H's 2nd ad 600.

Sarah Hardman to Frank Overholser 40 acres; 650.

Galen V Kump to E A Sutton 80 acres; 300.

Mortgages for 350, and 150.

Satisfaction for 250 and 555.

Walter E Yates to Jennie M Yates 40 acres; 1.

H G McKinley to Abner Withee 160 acres; 1500.

O J Mealy to Fred A Kribs 280 acres 20.

E L Archer to Ira S Trexler 120 acres; 1500.

Probate:

In estate Elezanna M Morris, inventory filed. Real property $350.

R W Van Fleet to W F Barger 1 lot Peoria 48.

John Weart to J F Rice 2 lots Holly 40.

W L Armstrong to W F Barger 8 acres; 120.

J H Rienhart to G Mason 160 acres 400.

W S Maybury to J N Boyd 1 lot Lebanon 275.

Henrietta Davis to Scott Ward 160 acres 2403.

Mortgage for $200.

Release of mortgage for $200.

Probate:

In estate of W O Tycer S B Tycer appointed administrator. Estimated value of property $500.

In estate of Roberts Prater R M Lamar appointed administrator. Value of estates $150.

Receipts of recorder for January where $235.75; of the Clerk $100.25.

T M Downing to M W Yeoman 140 acres $1200.

Ubbe Peters to J D Burkhart and wf 16 foot driveways $1.

Mortgages for $100 $900 $1100.

Satisfaction of mortgages for $95, $50 and $250.

Chatel mortgages for $225 and 161.

Probate record: Final account filed in guardianship of Clarence Craw.

Chas L Morris appointed administrator of the estate of Elonza Morris. Bond $700.

12th annual filed in estate of Helen Spencer.

Final account approved in estate of A H Marshall, also in the estate of Miller Morgan.

Deeds recorded:

Sylvonia Burkhart to J D Burkhart 53.04 acres $10.

Sheriff to John W McMullen 160 acres, under decree of June 1872 $200.

### A Legacy of the Grip.

Is often a run-down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition with disordered liver and kidneys often follow an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the splendid tonic blood purifier and regulator of Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system, and restore to health and good spirits after an attack of Grip. If suffering try them. Only 50c. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by E. C. Peery.

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One Minute Cough Cure gives relief in one minute, because it kills the microbe which tickles the mucous membrane causing the cough and at the same time clears the phlegm draws out the inflammation and heals and soothes the affected parts. One Minute Cough Cure strengthens the lungs wards off pneumonia and is a harmless and never failing cure in all curable cases of Coughs Colds and Croup. One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant to take, harmless and good alike for young and old. E. C. Peery.

## BUSINESS LOCALS.

Peas and beans 5c per can at R. E. Hibler's.

Don't throw your old shoes away Take them to J. Andrik. He will do you a good job. Shoes half soled for 50c.

C. H. Buck pays special attention to ladies and childrens hair dressing, and the ladies are invited to call at any time. Prices reasonable.

No money is so easily earned as that saved in buying here—here is a good place to save—now a good time to begin at Bickner Bros.

### DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

The only positive cure for blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, cuts, burns, bruises eczema and all abrasion of the skin. DeWitt's is the only Witch Hazel Salve that is made from the pure unadulterated witch hazel—all others are counterfeits. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is made to cure—counterfeits are made to sell. E. C. Peery.

### You Know What You Are Taking

When you are taking Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure no pay. Price 50c.

### Teachers' Examinations.

Notice is hereby given that the County Superintendent of Linn county will hold the regular examination of applicants for state and county papers at Albany, Ore., as follows:

FOR STATE PAPERS.

Commencing Wednesday, February 11, at nine o'clock a. m. and continuing until Saturday Feb. 14, at four o'clock.

Wednesday—Penmanship, history, spelling, algebra, reading and school law.

Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, bookkeeping, physics, civil government.

Friday—Physiology, geography, mental arithmetic, composition, physical geography.

Saturday—Botany, plane geometry, general history, English literature, psycology.

FOR COUNTY PAPERS.

Commencing Wednesday February 11, at nine o'clock a. m., and continuing until Friday February 13 at four o'clock.

First, Second and Third grade certificates:

Wednesday—Penmanship, history, orthography, reading.

Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, school law.

Friday—Geography, mental arithmetic, physiology, civil government.

Primary Certificates:

Wednesday—Penmanship, orthography, reading, arithmetic.

Thursday—Art of questioning, theory of teaching, methods, physiology.

W. L. JACKSON,
County Superintendent.

### The Shasta Route.

In going over the famous "Shasta Route" of the Southern Pacific Co., the traveler ever finds something new to excite his admiration and interest. Starting at Portland one traverses the whole length of the Willamette Valley, the gem of the Northwest. Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson, and the Three Sisters and other snow-capped peaks are kept in sight for hours. The prunes, peaches, apples and other fruits are a delight in themselves. The crossing of the great mountain barrier between Oregon and California reveals the grandest mountain scenery in the United States. The wonderful array of towering mountains, and gorge into which we gaze from dizzy heights, forest clad mountain slopes streching up to the line of perpetual snow, and the foaming mountain streams dashing fiercely down deep canons, now and then stopping for a short rest in some quiet pool. After a days enjoyment of old Mt. Shasta, the finest peak on the continent, we drop rapidly down the canon of the Sacramento to the broad plains of the Sacramento Valley in California, and thence through vineyards and orchards to San Francisco.

For maps and descriptive literature address

W. E. COMAN,
G. P. A., S. P. Co.
Portland, Oregon.

### Tendency of the Times.

The tendency of medicine science is toward preventive measures. The best thought of the world is being given to the subject. It is easier and better to prevent than to cure It has been fully demonstrated that pneumonia, one of the most dangerous diseases that medical have to contend with, can be prevent by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pneumonia always results from an attack of influenza and it has been observed that this remedy counteracts any tendancy of these diseases toward pneumonia. This has been fully proven in many cases in which this remedy has been used during the great prevalence of colds and grip in recent years and can be relied upon with implicit confidence Pneumonia often results from a slight cold when no danger is apprehended until it is suddenly discovered that there is fever and difficulty in breathing and pains in the chest, then it is anounced that the pneumonia. Be on the safe side and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as contracted. It always cures For sale by All Dealers.


**Kodol Dyspepsia Cure**
Digests what you eat.

DeWitt's Little **Early Risers**
The famous little pills.


### THE FLAG OF HOPE.

There's a flag in the sky, there's a banner that waves
O'er the passionate march down to passionless graves,
And it lives for the deeds that are done in the right;
And it binds by the love that gives wisdom its might;
It flies o'er the living, it floats o'er the dead,
Forever advancing, far-gleaming ahead,
And the millions who set it aflame in the way,
By lofty ideals set deathless and high,
Know the stars of its glory, the bars of its fame,
Make the bright Flag of Hope an all-conquering name!

It rides o'er the crescent, it mounts o'er the cross,
The flags of all nations would droop at its loss,
And there never was soldier who died on the field,
And there never was savior who bled for its shield,
And there never was harvester glad of his yield,
Nor even a man who had power to wield,
But saw its folds flashing by night and by day,
Inspiring, compelling, and showing the way,
A symbol of Heaven, till the last moan shall cease,
Man's bright Flag of Hope and sign of sweet peace!

Look aloft! there it floats through the sunshine and storm!
And its message is kindly, its promise is warm.
Truth, honor, right, justice, fair play and fine love,
These are watchwords it lifts all thy toiling above.
In its light has humanity victory won—
It is thine, in its name let thy good work be done!
Let it wave o'er thee trusting, and wave o'er thee true,
Though humble the helping thy hands find to do;
And that flag on thy sight shall not ever be furled
While there's hope in one heart, and God rules o'er the world.

Make it thine! Keep it pure! Set its staff 'mid the stars!
With thy life write the thoughts that should blazon its bars.
Point it out to thy comrade when sorrow is near,
For its beauty shines best through the lens of a tear.
Make it shine for the valor that fears to do wrong!
Make it shine for the mercy that flows like a song!
Shine for pleasure, right-living, well-wishing, for faith,
Not a symbol of battle, a blood-covered wraith.
O'er life's high endeavor, O long may it wave!
Man's bright Flag of Hope which the Infinite gave!

—Charles W. Stevenson, in N. Y. Observer.

### How the Old Man's Rosy Prospect Faded.

"SPECKILATION is all right for them as can see their way out an' figger the sinner right along," remarked the old bull whacker. "I've known men has got rich by speckilation. I seen Bill here put a month's wages on the double O once an' hit three numbers runnin' in immediately subsequent investments, an' he was richer than this here Rockyfeller for three days after. You never seen as affluent a man as Bill was. But 's far's I'm concerned I want a sure thing with a rope hitched to it in case of an axle breakin'. I used to be sportive like the rest of you, but I hit the ground so hard it jarred all my back teeth loose on the tender prospect that ever deluded a hard workin' son of toil an' made him think that life was going to be one grand hurdy-gurdy of valley tan an' tobacker henceforward an' for evermore."

"What was that?" inquired the stock tender. "I never knowed you to have money enough to buy you a new suit of clo'es, let alone speckilate."

"An' I've knowed him for playin' in 15 years, off an' on, but I never knowed him any more of a sport than he is right now. He wouldn't play solitaire with himself an' stake navy beans on the result of the game," said the stage agent, who, according to his monthly custom, was paying off the company's employes with a pack of cards.

"It's this a-way," said the old man. "I don't as a general thing take any galoot into my confidence respectin' my financial operations, nor yit the proportions of my bank roll. I don't dress as slick as I might, mabbe, becuz it 'ud embarrass me when I fried my sowbelly to keep the grease spots off'n my panties, an' it wouldn't go well with the negligee language I've got to use to make my team git down into the yokes, but don't you forget that I have got enough to buy this outfit put down in brine for winter use. It ain't no oil stock nor nothin' fancy—jes' plain little old gover'ment bonds. When I get a wad that gets too heavy to pack around I buy a bond or two an' tie it up with the rest of the bundle. I kin afford to slouch. When a man is on a solid financial basis appearances don't count for nothin' with him. He ain't like you ducks that's starved somebody will tumble to their state of destitution all the time an' has to wear good clo'es to make a bluff. No, sir! As for as takin' no chances is concerned, why, I told you right at the jump-away that I wasn't takin' any. What are you goin' to do with your month's pay, Sam?"

The stock tender grinned uneasily and looked at the stage agent, who refused the grin.

"Well," said the agent, "it's my luck to-day, and the next day it may be his. Or I might git skinned if I tried you a whirl for some of them gover'ment bonds."

"What was your speckilation, Turkle?" inquired the stock tender, who was evidently anxious to avoid a delicate subject.

"Turkeys," replied the old man. "I calculated on a corner in the poultry market an' slumped by reason of a dyfficulty of tall timber. It looked mighty well, though, for quite awhile.

"It was this way. Me an' Joe Hilliard had made a stake out in California freightin' an' we decided that we would see a little of the bright side of life, in pursuance of which object we headed for St. Loouy. We arrived there on skedool time more or less an' there wasn't anythin' in the burg too good for us. Our blood was in condition to assimilate any quantity of richness without any bad effec's. We flew high an' never come down to roost. All the same we struck a hard series of three-one deals an' there was a shrinkage in our assets by the end of the week that would have had a depressing influence on the bank of England. We could stand it, though. I told you we had made a stake.

"Well, I says to Joe: 'It ain't no use in spendin' our wealth all in one place. Let's give Omaha a touch of the sunny side of prosperity.' So we went on to Omaha and in two weeks more we was busted. Not plum busted, you understand. We had about $10,000 left between us. It was a little over that, because that represented the exac' amount of our investment. It come about this way: We was a settin' in the bridal chamber of the best hotel in the place eatin' our dinner, which was roast turkey. I disremember the name of the hotel, an' I don't see that it cuts any grass with you now, anyway. I said we was eatin' roast turkey an' there ain't nobody can tempt me to eat roast turkey now, I want to tell you. I killed a man with a neck-yoke in Pierre last year for just offerin' me some. But then it was a whole lot different an' that turk tasted good. We didn't leave nothin' of it but the bones, an' when we had got to that p'int Joe stretched back an' lettin' out all the slack there was in his belt, which wasn't too much, he says: 'Why can't we get turkey like that on the Pacific coast?'

"That give me the idee. When a man has idees it don't take a stick of giant to blast them out in chunks that kin be handled. I run my fork keerlessly through my ha'r, which was longer than what it is now, an' I says: 'Why not buy turkeys here, drive them out to the coast an' recooperate our shattered finances?'

"Joe fell in with my scheme an' that evenin' we went out to the market an' investigated. We was in luck, for the market was glutted with turkeys an' they was goin' beggin' at 75 cents a head. I figgered that they would sell on the coast for a dollar a pound easy an' that they would average 14 pounds in weight, takin' them all through. So we just put that whole $10,500 in the birds an' started out.

"They was easy enough to drive; there ain't a more tractable or docile bird on two legs than the turkey is. If it had been hens, now, I wouldn't never have undertook it, but turkeys is all right. I just put a bell on the biggest one in the outfit an' started him right, an' the rest went gobblin' along after him. It war so pretty a sight to see them turkeys on the road as ever you seen in your life. Twelve thousand five hundred of them, an' not a straggler in the bunch!

"Feed? Well, what do you think? Wasn't there bugs on the road? I reckon there was. It was a grasshopper year, I want to tell you, and the way those turkeys fatted up was a sin to snakes. Fourteen pounds! Why, there wasn't one of them turks that wouldn't have tipped the scale at 25 in a week, an' the bell turk an' the one that I stripped the blankets an' the cookin' outfit onto—I wouldn't want to tell you what they did weigh.

"No trouble about night herdin'. As soon as it was sundown they would commence lookin' around for a place to roost, an' then they would fly up into the trees, an' we could rest easy until the next mornin'. We took the old overland trail along the Platte out to Fort Laramie, an' not a hitch in the arrangements. We could see how the folks in California was goin' to flock round us with their dust when we got there. We could see ourselves in cat-rigs, with plug hats an' spike tail coats an' biled shirts. Bah! Do you know what that would have brought us? It's easy. Puttin' it at the moderate estimate of a dollar a pound, an' allowin' the average of 25 pounds to the bird, there we were with a clean profit of $24.75 on every one of them, or allowin' for possible losses by death or misadventure, say $300,000 on the outfit. It was a gol durned shame that we had to slip up on the deal."

The old man began to smoke his pipe in stolid silence, and the stock-tender winked at the stage agent. The silence continued for half an hour, and was then broken by the stock-tender remarking that it was about time for him to feed them horses.

"Yes," resumed the old man, placidly. "We slipped up on it, an' it was this way: You see, we had had lots of cottonwood trees all along the Platte, but when we started to cross the plains to Green river we noticed that the turkeys got bothered at roosting time. They kep' twistin' their necks around lookin' for some place to roost all night long an' the next day some of them had necks like a pretzel. When they tried to feed an' took a shot at a bug or grasshopper they would miss him from six inches to a foot on one side or the other. Joe allowed that they would learn to calculate the variation after awhile, but they got poorer an' poorer, so all there was to it we had to take them back to the Platte to get the crick straightened out, which they did in a few days. But when we took them to the plains again we had the same old trouble, an', to make a long story short, we kep' drivin' them back an' forth an' back an' forth until there wasn't any more to drive."

"What got away with them?" asked the stage agent.

"We et 'em, you derned fool," replied the old man.—Chicago Daily Record.

### A NOVEL LOVE ROMANCE.

Began with a Stupid Man Who Damaged a Woman's Nose.

Here's a curious story of love and courtship. About two years ago, says the Athens (Ga.) News, a young gentleman of this city, while in Savannah, got into a street car with a heavy umbrella under his arm. Like a great many other careless people, he held it at a dangerous angle, with the point sticking out behind him, and ere long the car gave a lurch and a lady just behind him emitted an ear-splitting scream. Everybody jumped and looked, and to his horror the young man found that the point of his umbrella had come in contact with the nose of the young lady seated just behind him. Of course, he apologized, or tried, but it was like apologizing for murder over the body of the victim, for the lady's nose was bleeding and she was almost in convulsions with pain.

The car was stopped at the next corner, where there happened to be a drug store, and the young man, aided and abetted by one or two elderly ladies, who at once took a lively interest in the case, helped the young lady off and into the store and posted off after a doctor. One was found and the unlucky nose was soon put in working order, and the owner, attended by the married ladies, was sent home in a carriage.

The young man took her address and hunted up a mutual acquaintance, with whom he called the next day to see how the nose was getting along. The nose did well, so did the young man, for by the time the nose was out of danger he had got in the habit of calling, so that it became natural for him to step around in the evening. So in the course of time they were married, and she is the only lady in the United States whose courtship began by a punch in the nose from her future husband.

The English language of today is quite different in many respects from the English spoken only 100 years ago; on the other hand, the Dutch spoken by the Boers of South Africa does not differ greatly from the same language spoken 200 years ago, the Boers during that time having had very little intercourse with the mother country, and so their language remains almost fixed. Many languages are devoid of certain sounds quite familiar to us. The Chinese, for instance, has no sound equivalent to our "r." For America, a Chinaman says "Yamelika." The Society islanders could not pronounce either "c" or "k," and the nearest approach they could make to the name of the celebrated navigator, Cook, who visited their shores, was "Tut."

### A Dangerous Neighbor.

An amazonian suffrager of Wyoming was casting her first vote, and, woman-like, she was making a mess of it. She fooled around with her ticket and asked questions until the clerk who was attending to her case was in the last stages of patience. "Madam," he said, when he could stand it no longer, "I beg your pardon, but do you shoot the way you vote?" She had learned this famous expression among her first lessons in politics and prided herself on her knowledge. "Indeed, I do, sir," she replied, drawing herself up proudly. "Then, madam," inquired the clerk with great interest, "will you be kind enough not to begin shooting until I can get out of the state?"

### Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.


## Clubbing Rates

Call at the office of the SANTIAM NEWS and save money on the Greatest Clubbing Proposition ever offered the people—two good newspapers for the price of one. THIS OFFER IS STRICTLY CASH IN ADVANCE.

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| 1—SANTIAM NEWS and Weekly Capital Journal one year (two papers for the price of one) | $1.50. |
| 2—SANTIAM NEWS and Daily Capital Journal one year (two papers for the price of one) | $4.00 |
| 3—SANTIAM NEWS one year and Daily Capital Journal four months | $2.00. |
| SANTIAM NEWS and Weekly Oregonian one year | $2.00. |
| THE NEWS and Oregon Daily Journal 1 year (for the price of one) | $4.00 |
| THE NEWS and Oregon Semi-Weekly Journal 1 year | $2.05 |
| THE NEWS and Oregon Weekly Journal 1 year | $1.90 |
| THE NEWS and San Francisco Sunday Bulletin 1 year | $2.50 |

## M. C. GILL & SON

Have in Stock a COMPLETE Line of

Hardware, Tinware, Ranges, and all Kinds of Farming Implements, Washing Machines.

Come in and let us quote you prices on our CUTLERY.

And our prices are just right, too.

## People Like to Know

When they go to a store to trade that they are going to get their money's worth. Patronize home enterprise and spend your money where you get your favors. We pay the highest prices for produce and carry everything usually found in a

FIRST-CLASS GENERAL STORE

Call for coupons and take away all the fine dishes you can carry, at

BICKNER BROS. Bargain Store.

## VALENTINES

Came and see my beautiful line now on display.

E. C. PEERY.

## Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.
Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root, Liver Pills.