

Rheumatism

Does not let go of you when you apply lotions or liniments. It simply loosens its hold for a while. Why? Because to get rid of it you must correct the acid condition of the blood on which it depends. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands.

WOMEN EASY TO WAKE.

Hotel Men Have Greater Trouble in Rousing Men from Their Slumbers. "It is immeasurably harder to awaken men in the morning than it is women," a hotel proprietor informs me, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe Democrat. "A tap or two at a woman's door in the morning is sufficient. No matter how late she may have retired, no matter how exhausted she may have been, no matter how faint the 'yes' that comes from the bed in answer to the knock, you can bank on it that within a half-hour or so that woman will walk into the dining room, bright-eyed and cheerful; but with a man—well, it's different.

"A man may leave a call for 7 o'clock in the morning with the warning that he must be up at that hour. A few minutes before 7 they detail a boy for the purpose and tell him not to stop pounding until the man awakes. The room may be on the top floor, but you can hear the thump, thump, thump on the door 'way down in the office. Does the man wake with a faint 'yes' and scramble out of bed? Not he. The boy knocks until his knuckles are sore, and then suddenly a stentorian voice roars from the room. 'Yes, yes, what is blazes is the matter with you? Do you think I'm dead?' The boy retires, turns in his report at the office and goes to ease his hand in cold water.

"Three hours later a swollen-eyed individual, with wrinkles in his brow, walks up to the desk. 'I thought I left a call here for 7 o'clock in the morning.' 'You did, and the bellboy woke you promptly at 7.' 'That's a little too strong,' is the answer, and after you've argued with him for half an hour you haven't convinced him that he was actually awakened as he had ordered. So it goes day after day. The women get up promptly in response to a call, while the men invariably turn over to have another nap."

He Got Right Up.

It is a thankless and sometimes difficult task to wake a sleeper in the morning so effectively that he will get up at once, yet it may be done, safely and effectively, by any one who will follow a simple plan recently described in the Rochester Herald.

A man put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town, and before retiring left instructions to be called in time for an early train. In the morning he was disturbed at an early hour by a thundering tattoo upon his door.

"Well," he demanded, sleepily, and not very pleasantly.

"I've got an important message for you," replied a youthful voice from the corridor.

The man was up in an instant; he opened the door and received from the bell boy a large envelope. He opened it hastily. Inside, on a small slip of paper, was written in large letters: "This is the time you wanted to get up."

Odd Prescriptions.

"We get some very odd prescriptions frequently," said the druggist yesterday. "Only to-day two boys came into my store and one of them handed me a slip of paper. On it was written: 'Please give the bearer 5 cents' worth of Paddy Gory.'"

"But I took a chance and gave the boy some pargoric. I have heard nothing further from the incident and I guess I interpreted the message correctly. It is a wise provision of the law which requires strict vigilance upon pharmacists who are so frequently called upon to supply drugs with simple names which many simple persons cannot spell or pronounce."

TORMENTING RHEUMATISM

Columbus, Ohio, May 20, 1903. Six years ago I had a severe attack of Inflammatory Rheumatism. I was laid up in bed for six months, and the doctors I had did me no good. They changed medicines every week and nothing they prescribed seemed to help me. Finally I began the use of S. S. S. My knee and elbow joints were swollen terribly, and at one time my joints were so swollen and painful that I could not close them when opened. I was so bad that I could not move knee or foot. I was getting discouraged, you may be sure, when I began S. S. S., but as I saw it was helping me I continued it, and to-day I am a sound well man and have never had a return of the disease. S. S. S. purified my blood and cured me of this severe case of Rheumatism after everything else had failed. I have recommended it to others with good results.

R. H. CHAPMAN, 1355 Mt. Vernon Ave.

The poisonous acids that produce the inflammation and pain are absorbed into the blood and Rheumatism can never be conquered till these are neutralized and filtered out of the blood and system. S. S. S. goes directly into the circulation and attacks the disease itself. It purifies and restores the blood to a healthy, vigorous condition. It contains no potash, alkali or other strong minerals, but is guaranteed entirely vegetable. Write us and our physicians will advise without any charge whatever. Our book on Rheumatism sent free.

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

GOOD Short Stories

Sylvester R. Burch, chief clerk of the Department of Agriculture, comes from Kansas. A Kansas farmer called on Mr. Burch in Washington, and all the farming marvels of the Department were shown to him. He was silent. He seemed impressed. "I tell you what it is, sir," said Mr. Burch, enthusiastically, "the time is coming when a man will be able to carry all the fertilizer for an acre of ground in one of his waistcoat pockets." "I believe it, sir," returned the farmer, "but he will then be able to carry all the crop in the other."

General Frederick D. Grant is responsible for a story that embodies an answer to quick-tempered people who argue that they soon get over their tantrums. Grant had a friend who, on account of his fiery temper, could never keep a valet. One of them remained two months, and, on leaving, told his erstwhile employer bluntly the reason for his departure. "Pooh, pooh, James," said Grant's friend; "what if I am a bit quick-tempered? My anger is no sooner on than it is off." "True, sir," said James, reflectively; "but it is no sooner off than it is on again."

The Czar is superstitious, and often consults fortune-tellers. A young gypsy girl has been making a success in St. Petersburg along this line, and the Czar, hearing of her, sent word for her to visit him. He told her of a dream that he had had, of seeing three rats, a lean one, a fat one, and a blind one. He wanted the dream interpreted, saying that it troubled him. "Has it a meaning?" he asked. "It has," said the gypsy, who is extremely frank. "The fat rat stands for Russian officialdom—for all your various ministers and departmental heads. The lean rat is your people. The blind rat is yourself."

The Punkville Debating Society was in regular session, and Mr. G. Watkins Spurling was making an earnest plea on the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That man's every act is the result of a selfish motive." "I go further than that, Mr. President," he said; "about three-fourths of the things a man does is because he's envious of what somebody else does. The pin-headed speaker that had the floor last on the other side lied like a pirate when he said—'Here the president of the society rapped on the desk.' The gentleman must not use such language as that," he said. "Why not?" "Because it isn't parliamentary." "It may not be parliamentary," Mr. President, vociferated Mr. G. Watkins Spurling, loosening his collar and rolling up his sleeves, "but, by gum, it's congressional!"

A colored Virginia preacher announced one Sunday morning: "Broedren an' sistern, I shall discourse dis mornin' on de power of de miracle, an' I am gwine ter take as example de chillern of Israel acrosst' in de Red Sea. Der was Moses on de brink of de sea, and right behin' him was de army of Pharaoh. An' all at once, breddren, de sea froze over es solid es a rock, an' de chillern and Moses walked acrost'." In the congregation were some young negroes who had been to college, and whose orthodoxy had been slightly warped. One of them arose, and said: "Why, parson, that can't be possible, 'cause de geographers tell us that water don't freeze at de equator." The old man hesitated a moment, and then replied, solemnly: "I jest knowed one of you young niggers was gwine ter dispute de work of de Lawd. Young man, when de Red Sea froze der warn't no geograph, and der warn't no equator."

IN THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

Facts Which Show How Much Better Off We Are To-day.

Not until February of 1812 did the people of Kentucky know that Madison was elected President in the previous November.

In 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time-table: "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at 10 o'clock, if the weather is fair."

The first typewriter was received by the public with suspicion. It seemed subversive of existing conditions. A reporter who took one into a courtroom first proved its real worth.

In England, some centuries ago, an ordinary workman, without permission, moved from one parish to another in search of work, or better wages, he was branded with a hot iron.

When Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia many of his friends advised against it, because there was a paper published in Boston. Some of them doubted that the country would be able to support two newspapers.

One hundred years ago, the fastest land travel in the world was on the Great North Road, in England, after it had been put into its best condition. There the York mail coach tore along at the rate of ninety miles a day, and many persons confidently predicted Divine vengeance on such unseemly haste.

When Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States, on February 17, 1801, after one of the most exciting political campaigns in our history, the gratifying news did not reach the successful candidate for as many days as it now takes hours to transmit the result of a presidential election to the whole civilized world.

driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.

Napoleon, at the height of his power, could not command our every-day conveniences, such as steam heat, running water, bath and sanitary plumbing, gas, electric light, railroads, steamboats, the telegraph, the telephone, the photograph, daily newspapers, magazines, and a thousand other blessings which are now part of the daily necessities of even manual laborers.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia, in 1803, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff; but at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later, Colonel George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagonloads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretenses.—Success Magazine.

THE CITY-BRED CHILD.

He is at a Disadvantage When Compared with the Country Boy.

It is stated by physicians who practice chiefly among the children of large cities that nervous disorders are largely on the increase among them. If this is the case, it should give pause to a great many adults who are in the position of parents and guardians. There never was a time when so much attention was given to sanitation, to hygiene, to infectious diseases and to the subject of the preservation of health generally; but if the young are increasingly the prey of nervous troubles, it is indeed a stopping up of the spigot and a letting out at the bung—something is wrong somewhere.

It is necessary in the first place to recognize the fact that city children—even those of the wealthy—are at a disadvantage anyhow, and that it will always take great foresight and common sense to offset this disadvantage. A child is a small animal—overcharged with nervous force that is intended to be used in incessant muscular action by the constantly developing and therefore constantly clamoring physical organization. A decorous walk in a decorous park is very good exercise for old ladies, but small boys will not thrive on it. Even the two or three hours of running and jumping in the open air that most children get in fine weather is not enough. It is better than nothing, of course, but the good thus gained is soon dissipated if the child is forced to go softly and behave prettily all the hours it must be in the house.

This is not intended for a plea for the nerves of the children at the expense of the nerves of grown-up people, nor is it to be maintained that undisciplined, obstreperous children are necessarily well. It is only a reminder that those children to whom a large amount of "running wild" is permitted are the ones who will store the great surplus of nerve force needed for the future battle of life.

It should not be forgotten, moreover, that the very conditions of urban life are detrimental to the young, that there is an amount—an ever-increasing amount—of stress and strain in the very atmosphere prejudicial to steady development, and that it should be the aim of parents and guardians to provide shelter from this rather than to invite it, as too often seems to be the case.—Youth's Companion.

Decidedly Inappropriate.

The propriety of many of the saloons in the large cities add much to the other "attractions" of their resorts. Frequently this is furnished by a musician who is both a pianist and a vocalist, whose station is near the street entrance, while the "business" goes on in the back room, behind the screen doors.

Late one night the owner of one of these places observed that his patrons had paused to listen to the clear tenor voice of his musician in the outer room, who was singing an old melody of wonderful sweetness.

Some of them were standing with their glasses half-way to their lips. Others had set their liquor down untasted. He saw one dissipated old "rounder" furtively wipe away a tear. This was enough. He rushed into the outer room.

"Say," he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, "you mustn't sing that 'You're killing business'!" The musician had been singing "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Opened by Mistake.

It was in the days when Nat Goodwin, the actor, was not so wealthy and famous as he is now. He stroled to the letter box in a theater where he was playing and drew out a single letter addressed to him. The writing was unfamiliar, the postmark told him nothing, and he opened it hurriedly.

One glance was enough—it was a tailor's bill.

OLD FAVORITES

I'm going far away, Norah, darling, And leaving such an angel far behind, It would break my heart in two Which I fondly gave to you, And no other one so loving, true and kind.

Chorus: Then come to my arms, Norah, darling, Bid your friends in dear old Ireland good-bye, For it's happy you will be in the dear land of the free, Living happy with your Barney McCoy.

No, I won't go with you, Barney darling, And the reason I have told you oft before, It would break my mother's heart, If from her I were to part, And go roaming with you, Barney McCoy.

I am going far away, Norah, darling, But so sure's there's a God that I adore, And remember what I say, Till it comes the judgment day, You will never see your Barney any more.

I would go with you now, Barney, darling, If my mother and the rest were only there, For I know we would be blest, In that dear land of the west, Living happy with you, Barney McCoy.

Yes, I will go with you, Barney, darling, And the reason I have told you oft before, For I know we will be blest, In the dear land of the west, Living happy with you, Barney McCoy.

I'd be a Butterfly, I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower, Where roses and lilies and violets meet; Roving forever from flower to flower, And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet!

O could I pilfer the wand of a fairy, I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings; Their summer days' ramble is sportive and airy, They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.

Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary, Power, alas! naught but misery brings! I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy, Rocked in a rose when the nightingale sings!

What though you tell me each gay little Shrink from the breath of the first autumn day! Surely 'tis better, when summer is over, To die when all fair things are fading away.

Some in this winter wait to discover Means of procuring a weary delay— I'd be a butterfly, living a rover, Dying when fair things are fading away.

—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

NO SCHOOL FOR HOUSE HELP.

In London Need of Such an Institution Is Being Urged.

It is a significant fact that though there are, according to the last census, considerably over 200,000 domestic employes in the metropolitan area, says the London Argus, there is not in the whole of the elaborate and costly system of educational training which the London county council has under its control a single school or even class for training young girls for domestic service.

Let a maiden aspire to be a typewriter, a clerk, a dressmaker or a music teacher and a hundred doors are eagerly open to her. She is not only free to enter, but she is implored to come in, and in order that she may find things quite pleasant nice little dances and evening parties are arranged for her benefit.

Good domestic service is not only the healthiest occupation that a girl of humble parents can adopt, but it is the best paid. Compare the position of a girl who goes to a city of office or tenpenny every day and that of a maid in a suburban household. One gets possibly £1 to £5 shillings a week and has to find herself in everything and to defray the cost of getting to and from her business in addition.

So far as real independence is concerned there is no sort of comparison between "the young lady" who is at the beck and call of a possibly irresponsible superintendent in a place of business and a household who gets out once on Sunday and one evening a week and has an entire day off every month, with a fortnight's holiday in the summer. Whatever it may once have been, domestic service is to-day the most lucrative and certain of all forms of female employment. To ignore it, as our technical training system practically does, is to accentuate the mischievous, vulgar prejudice which sets the workman against home employment for his daughters as slavish and derogatory to their independence.

A Useful Album.

It was at the breakfast table, and the pretty daughter of the household was propitiating her father. "Jack asked me to apologize to you for staying so long last evening," she said, with sunny pats and squeezes of the old gentleman's arm as he brought him his second cup of coffee.



Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's 'Vegetable Compound,' and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."

—MISS GILIA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association. —\$1000 for best letter printed in this issue.

When one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all.

Coal Mine Has a Chapel.

One of the most remarkable places of worship in the world is the Miners' chapel in Myndd Mingold colliery, Swansea, Wales, where for more than fifty years the workers have each morning assembled for worship.

This sanctuary is situated close to the bottom of the shaft. The only light is that obtained from a solitary Davy safety lamp hung over the pulpit from the ceiling, and the oldest miner in the colliery is generally chosen to officiate.

It is the custom in some other places for coal miners to gather together at meal times for prayer meetings and, like the rest, it is said that this is the only instance where a special apartment is fitted out in a coal mine as a chapel.

Veteran Organists.

Organists are proverbially long lived, though doubtless the oldest organist is Mr. Gervase Cooper, an English musician. He is more than 90 years old, but still does active service as organist of a Wesleyan church. He has been associated with the musical services of that denomination for seventy-five years, and for fifty-eight years has officiated as organist continuously.

Another notable veteran is T. N. Webber, who played the national anthem at Westminster when Queen Victoria was crowned and did the same at the coronation of King Edward. He has been organist at the parish church for sixty-four years.

Gave the Bride an Umbrella.

Congressman Perkins was in the office of a friend, a justice of the peace, when a couple came in to be married. After the ceremony the justice accepted a modest fee and handed the bride an umbrella as she went out.

Mr. Perkins looked on gravely, and asked: "Do you always do that, Charles?" "Do what? Marry them? Oh, yes." "No, I mean bestow a present on the bride."

"A present? Why, wasn't that her umbrella?" gasped the justice. "No; it was mine," replied the Congressman, sadly.—Christian Register.

A Little Owl 1,000 Miles from Land.

A peculiar incident is said to have occurred on the steamer Athaman on a trip from Yokohama to Vancouver. Five days out, 1,000 miles from land in any direction, a little owl alighted on the deck and was captured by the second steward. It was a lady owl, a little bundle of brown and white feathers, and it blinked its eyes in the daylight as it rested contentedly in the cage which the steward provided. Whether the owl had escaped from some vessel is not known.

Considerable.

"He was the most awkward dancer at the swellest ball of the swell watering place, and she the most graceful. After they had literally bumped their way through a wall she smilingly remarked to a group of admirers that she had danced since she was a little tot."

Female Gorillas.

The London zoological gardens are the possessors of one male and two female gorillas. There is only one other female gorilla in Europe. She is at Brossau. The London specimens are named Chloe and Venus. The description of Venus, which is 5 years old, is as follows: Height, 2 feet 6 inches; chest measurement, 36 inches; hair, dark and patchy; eyes, black and deep set, and huge overhanging brows; mouth, expansive, with formidable teeth; expression, morose.

Found at Last.

Hensley, Ark., Dec. 26th.—(Special)—That a sure cure for Backache would be priceless boon to the people, and especially the women of America, is admitted by all interested in medical matters, and Mrs. Sue Williams of this place is certain she has found in Dodd's Kidney Pills the long looked for cure.

"I am 38 years old," Mrs. Williams says, "and have suffered with the Backache very much for three or four years. I have been treated by good physicians and got no relief, but thanks to God, I have found a cure at last and it is Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have taken only one box and it has done me more good than all the doctors in three or four years. I want all sufferers from Backache to know that they can get Dodd's Kidney Pills and get well."

Backache is one of the first symptoms of Kidney Disease. Guard against Bright's Disease or Rheumatism by curing it with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

As It Should Be.

He had just proposed, but his poverty was too much of a handicap. "A man without money," she said, "might as well walk back and sit down."

"Oh, of course," he rejoined. "He naturally wouldn't be in a position to ride back."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. H. Ferry*

Proper Thing. "In society," said the young bud, "the gentleman is always presented to the lady, is he not?" "Yes," sighed the heiress who was doing her second season, "unless he happens to have a title, then one must pay for him, I suppose."

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

Fatted to Borrow.

Dingus—Old fellow, it's the same old story. I'm in need of a little financial aid.

Shanley—You'll have to hunt farther. I can not lend the little financial sucker I used to be.—Chicago Tribune.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Hobling, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if FAGO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 8 to 10 days. 50c.

Going One Better.

Mrs. Sharpe—I'm going to stop trading here, and deal with Lightweight & Co., the new grocery firm across the street. He lets his customers guess at the number of beans in a bag, and gives a reward for the correct guess.

Mr. Quicksale—My dear madam, if you'll continue to give us your custom, we'll let you guess at the number of beans in two bags.

FITS

Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Tonic. Sold by E. W. Bliss, Portland, Ore. Dr. H. H. Bliss, Ltd., 901 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Life in New York.

Horrid Editor—I must have some one to help on this at once. Where is Blinks? Where's Scribbler? Where's Leader?

Boy—They is all downstairs gettin' up a list of folks killed last year by electric cars, cabs, wagons, subway explosions, gas, an' electric light wires.

Editor (disappointed)—They won't get through for a month.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A Great Lawyer's Carelessness.

Great Criminal Lawyer—I worked very hard to get you off, but I failed. Convicted Murderer (hotly)—You might 'a' known you would. Three o' them men let you on that jury was respectable.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder it cures hot, swelling, aching, swollen feet, corns, blisters, itching, and all other ailments of the feet. It is the best of all shoe shiners. At all druggists and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London, N. Y.

Foreigners Nowhere.

Foreign Suitors—I lay at your feet a coronet and a castle with a long rent roll. I am sure you cannot do better than to accept.

American Beauty—You flatter yourself, sir. One of my suitors is an American who sells coal in winter and ice in summer.

MALLEABLE IRON STUMP PULLERS.

Best quality malleable iron stump pullers on the market. 110 Horse power on the stump with two horses. Write for descriptive catalog and prices.

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"A good many years ago I bought a FISH BRAND Slicker, and it has proven a valued friend for many a stormy day, but now it is getting old and I must have another. Please send me a price-list."

(The name of this worthy outfit, which is to be used in all sorts of weather, will be given on application.)

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