AN EARLY SPRING

BY ZONA GALE

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Midwinter—and yet all that morning I had been thinking of spring. Are there not days of snow when without reason spring is in one's thought?

I am wont to call this secret presence the little spring.

"The little spring," I said. "She knows. She stays even when everyone supposes that she has forgotten."

Then Peleas came in, and the wintry sun touched his white hair as it touched mine, for we are both 70.

"Ettare," said Peleas, "Nicola has a friend who is ill in the hospital. She has gone to see her and she has got in her place for to-day the most pathetic little woman. She is down there in the kitchen now making a salad."

"Then her salads will be good," I said. "Haven't you often noticed how the disappointments in life come out in appetizing dishes or exquisite needlework or beautiful dispositions?"

"Ah, yes," said Peleas, "but their eyes never look any less sad. I wish we could cheer her up. Her name is Mary."

Presently I went down to the kitchen.

"Mary," I said, "what fresh, crisp lettuce! I am glad to know that I was right. I thought the world smelled of spring this morning."

"Spring, ma'am?" said Mary.

"Yes—spring," I said. "March, April, May. Surely, in spite of the snow, you have not forgotten?"

Mary smiled faintly, and sighed. So many smiles are sighs!

"No, ma'am," she said, "I have not forgotten."

"Ah, no," I said, "one doesn't forget, Mary, I pursued. "If it were spring what would you rather do than anything else?"

"O, ma'am," said Mary.

I had only to look in her eyes, swiftly lifted, to know that in her heart some wish was hidden of what that swift look was the spirit.

"For myself," said I, "spring or winter, I wish—let us both wish—to be near to some one very, very dear."

"Oh, ma'am," said Mary. "Yes'm."

"Ah well," said I as I left her, "this, I am persuaded, is a very special day. And I know that spring is somewhere about listening."

I went back upstairs smiling at the pleasant mystification in Mary's face.

In the upper hallway Peleas stood with a workman.

"Ettare," said Peleas, "this man says something about water-pipes."

"Ah," said I, "to be sure. The water pipes in the attic. Have you forgotten the school play?"

"I had," Peleas confessed. "I had. This will be the man to make the fountain that Lisa wanted."

"This will be the man," I assented, "and let us go up to the attic at once."

Here Lisa and some of her butterfly friends had begged leave to come on a holiday, and pursue a most astonishing course to which Peleas and I had assented only after proper hesitation. They wished to give her a kind of play, and they had selected our attic for the simple reason that the heroine of the piece lived in an attic chamber, all cobwebs and rafters, and fell asleep and dreamed that she was a princess by a fountain in a garden, and met there the prince waiting for her. After which, she awoke and found herself in the attic, fountain and princess crown gone but the prince was still there among the cobwebs and rafters.

"It's nice and warm up here," he said.

"That," said I, smiling at my own image in a dusty mirror, "is no doubt because spring is in the world, in spite of the snow."

"It'll be a late spring, along o' the almanac," said the man, throwing down his kit of tools.

"Nonsense!" said I, "it will be an early spring. I can tell by the way the snow is piled!"

How dare any one prophesy a late spring? Why should not everyone go through the winter prophesying an early spring, happy in the confidence that the prophecy would lure on the spring itself? Everyone ought at least to understand that spring is really in the world all winter long if only one knew how to look for it.

"It will be an early spring," I repeated firmly. "How can you help thinking so when you can make the spring wherever you go—you, yourself, I mean?"

The man looked startled.

"I, ma'am?" he asked.

"Certainly," I cried, "if I could go about all winter carrying a little tool in my pocket which would make an attic floor and a lead pipe blossom into a fountain, I should not find it hard to believe that I could make it spring whenever I wished."

"Why, yes'm," he said. "I've thought that myself sometimes."

"Let us have," said I to the man, "this fountain of spring come up here, between this old chest and the dormer window. I hope," I added, "that this is a quick spring, because they are coming here to rehearse this afternoon, and they will want the fountain."

"This here spring," he said, "it'll take about two full hours to bring up that fountain, ma'am."

"Very well," said I, "I told you there would be an early spring."

At four o'clock Lisa and her friends came to rehearse for the fountain play. I saw them all safely above stairs, and then I slipped down to the kitchen, for I had a fancy to send Mary up, when they were finished, with a tray of tea and jam and little cakes and bon-bons.

I found that Mary had miraculously anticipated my wish and had already spread sandwiches and opened the jam.

"Mary," I said as I arranged the bon-bons, "it is still snowing. Have you got your wish yet?"

"O ma'am," said Mary. "No'm."

She looked up at me suddenly. I hardly knew how, but at once I understood that her sad eyes spoke but one wish.

"Who is it, Mary?" I asked with a sudden impulse. "Is it your sweetheart?"

"No'm," said Mary, soberly, "it's my husband."

"Do you care to tell me, Mary?"

"Yes'm," said Mary. "We was married two years ago. We hadn't neither of us hit our wings against nothin'," said Mary, "an' we was married thinkin' we was always goin' to fly free; but that ain't the way God made the world—to fly free. So when we'd been goin' along a ways somethin' happened that hurt me, an' I sez: 'It was you.' And there didn't neither one of us have the sense to see that what hurt us wasn't neither him nor me, but just the way things naturally was.

"'Is he dead, Mary?' I asked, laying the bon-bons on the dish.

"'O ma'am,' said Mary. 'No'm. But I don't know where he is. And he won't never forgive me.'

"'Wait and see,' I said only, 'wait and see.'

Up in the attic the sun was streaming through the dormer windows, and there were laughter and happy voices and the youth of Lisa and her friends, in aisles of sun. Peleas nodded to me from his place beside a chest of drawers.

"This is a great moment," he murmured, "this is the moment when she finds out that the world is a garden, not an attic."

"And that the prince is sure to appear there," I said, sinking beside Peleas.

While I looked I saw how, behind an ancient, disused sofa, that great giant of the morning was kneeling on the floor and touching mysteriously

"Do You Care to Tell Me, Mary?"

about; and there before our eyes, between the dormer window and the old chest, gushed up the fountain, shining in the sun of afternoon. And there, too, stood the charming little maid who was taking the pretty role, and her eyes were shining in mock delight as she saw the fair water, and with mock alarm as she saw, from out the wilderness of boxes, that young prince coming to claim her.

The pretty play was just over, when I heard Mary coming up the stairs with the tray of tea and tarts. No sooner was she there than Lisa, who can coax bewitchingly, begged that we have tea down in my room, where there are a half-dozen deep window seats—for the joy of dreams and tales.

"Each one must carry something, then," I commanded, "for the things have already been brought up here."

Peleas and I stayed behind, and as the cloud of Lisa's friends went in soft laughter down the attic stairs we turned, and fancied that the fairy tale had come true before our eyes.

Between the dormer window and the ancient chest the fountain was still sparkling to the sun, as it had sparkled when the little mock princess had found her lover by its side. And where she had stood, Mary stood now; and she was suddenly and unexplainably in the arms of that earnest young giant in blue clothes.

"Mary—" said the young giant, brokenly; and then he saw us and tried to make us know all that the moment brought welling to his heart. And Mary met our eyes, unashamed that his arms held her, and her hand was in his hand.

"Oh, ma'am," said Mary, "it was him I told you about. It was him I meant."

I looked at Mary, her sad eyes so magically lighted with something that never could go out; and—

"Did I not say," I cried, "that spring is somewhere about? And that we shall all have our wishes?"

"And did I not say," cried Peleas, "that we'd a whole day to teach people about spring?"

"And did I not say," I cried triumphantly to that young giant, "that there would be an early spring?"

He smiled, not at me, but at Mary. "An early spring," he said, "in spite o' all the almanacs."

"Oh, ma'am" said Mary. "Yes'm."

Japanese Like Billiards.

So enamored are the Japanese becoming of the great game of billiards that the Mikado has had a fine inlaid table erected, and it is stated that H. W. Stevenson is to give lessons at the imperial court. Stevenson is to be congratulated if the news be true. The Mikado will see that he pockets something.—London Globe.

Argentine Exports Reduced.

Buenos Ayres.—Statistics compiled by the ministry of agriculture give the total value of wheat, maize and linseed exportations in 1906 as $150,000,000, against $164,000,000 in 1905. Wheat exported in 1906 amounted to 2,355,716 tons, maize 32,500,276, linseed 523,333, and flour 121,161.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again—if the politicians will get off and give it a chance.

COLLEGE MEN FOR THE FARM.

Result of Change in Economic and Social Conditions.

The character of farming is changing rapidly. It is coming more and more to be an efficient, profitable and attractive business. With here and there an exception, in the past we have not given much consecutive thought to the business—nothing like as much as the merchant gives to his business or the doctor to his. It has been so "easy" a business that untrained men could succeed in it. The change in economic and social conditions is breaking up the tradition. Farming is becoming more difficult, and the old methods must go. In the future only the well-informed and efficient-thinking man can succeed; that is, only the educated man.

The country is to offer other advantages to the educated man than merely to be a good farmer. There are good opportunities for leadership on public questions—probably better opportunity and with less competition than in the great cities. The fact that city representation is increasing in the legislatures should make the able country representative more of a factor than ever before. The great institute movement, of the grange and other rural organizations, gives fresh opportunity to develop leadership of a high order.

It would seem that, by the nature of the progress we are making, the college man must go to the farm. In fact, college men have been going back from the beginning of the agricultural education movement. Statistics show that a large percentage actually have returned to farming, and this in spite of the fact that cities have been growing with marvelous rapidity, and that the whole system of agricultural colleges and experiment stations has been developing and calling for men. Considering the limitations under which the agricultural colleges have developed, without sympathy, with the indifference and sometimes the opposition of educators—the men who should have known better—with wholly inadequate funds, it is little less than marvelous what they have accomplished within a generation. It is probable that the proportion of students of the leading agricultural colleges, who now engage in agricultural pursuits, is greater than students of that of colleges of law or of other professional colleges who follow their chosen profession. No one now questions the value of education to a lawyer or physician; why question its value to a farmer? The educated man will go back to the farm if he is fitted to be a farmer.—Scribner's Magazine.

Camp Fire Memories.

Down the beach a-ways I see the ruddy vigorous campfire of a hunting party. It is a pleasant sight, and one never to be forgotten by a lover of the woods, this looking for darkness upon an evening camp scene. A lantern within the tent lights it dimly and yet sufficiently to show its outlines. Occasionally another log is thrown upon the fire, sending a shower of bright sparks scurrying upward. I can see the men gathered by the fire, hear their voices faintly, and catch a little snatch of song now and then. Happy men! Free! Free! Free! Dull care left behind and out of mind—no thought for the morrow but the sportsman's anticipation.

I have participated in many such scenes with friends who are now scattered and whom circumstances and changed conditions will probably prevent ever again joining, all together, the happy campfire circle; but the memories and the close friendships cemented there will ever be fragrant. "Who hath smelt wood smoke at twilight" knows.—From the Outer's Book.

What Stumped Pat.

Pat had just arrived from Ireland, and as he was walking away from the Quebec docks met an American who was on his way to Dawson. He asked Pat to go, too. Pat at first would not go, but when the American told him he might get rich there he readily consented. They went by degrees, catching a free ride at any possible chance. When at last they arrived in the gold fields they staked their claims and settled down to business. They dug for some time, but without success. At last they determined to give it up. Pat was very low spirited, as he was out of funds. They determined to quit the next day. That evening, as they were talking it over, the American, thinking to crack a joke on Pat, said:

"Why could not I dress you up as monkey and exhibit you?"

"Wasal, where'll we get the other man?" Pat innocently replied.

"What other man?" asked the American.

"Why," rejoined Pat, "the man to tell which end of the string the monkey's on."—Judge's Library.

A Rooster That Rules.

It is not often that a barnyard fowl attains neighborhood popularity, but such is the case with a large Massachusetts red rooster belonging to Charles Davis of St. John avenue. A few weeks ago Mr. Davis was attracted to his barnyard by the whines of a half-grown setter pup he is training. He found that the dog had been driven into a corner and was being savagely attacked by a big cock, and before he could interfere in behalf of the pup it had been pretty heavily marked by the rooster's spurs.

Since that time Red, as he has come to be called, has become a neighborhood bully and refuses to allow pigs or dogs to come within the grounds under his rule. Curiously enough, dogs will not fight back, but actually run from his assaults. As for gamecocks, he has probably thrashed more of them than any other bird in the city.—Kansas City Journal.

Don't Fit the Case.

"You shouldn't have hit that man who called you a liar."

"Shouldn't, hey?"

"No; you should have demanded the proof, and if he could not produce it he would have been branded as a falsifier."

"That's all right ethically, but I knew he had the proof."—Philadelphia Ledger.

IT WOULD BE SIMPLE.

Formalities Complied with, Escape from Hotel Was Easy.

In the days before the dawn of his fame it was the practice of a well-known author to wander up and down the land seeking what he might devour in the way of suggestion and local color. In this way he had drifted down into Arkansas, "roughing it," and not, as he expresses it, presenting an appearance calculated to inspire a hotel proprietor with unlimited confidence.

The only hotel in the town, a frame structure, seemed to have been built upon the theory that there was plenty of room straight up, but that ground had to be bought, and the wanderer was shown to a room on the third floor, reached through many narrow and winding passages. From the one window it was a straight drop to the ground.

"Say, how would I get out of this place in case of fire?" he asked the landlord, who had brought up his grip.

The other eyed him coldly.

"Wall," he drawled, "all yo' would have to do would jest to show ther night watchman—the one with ther shotgun—a receipted bill foh yo' board an' lodgin', an' get him to tie up ther bulldog."—Harper's Weekly.

ADVANTAGE A WIDOW HAS.

At Least They Don't Have to Sit and Watch Husband's Flirt.

"I saw such a pretty woman at a disadvantage the other night," the little real widow was saying. "She was married. She was sitting at a table with some other pretty women and handsome men and her husband. Her husband began to flirt outrageously with one of the women. I wish you could have seen the look that came over her face. Everybody in the room saw how distressed she was.

"Now, what I want to know is this. Why didn't she go to work and flirt with one of the handsome men to get even? Anyone of them was quite ready and willing, but, no, wives never seem to be able to do that. They just sit ready to cry, with everybody noticing.

"That's the advantage we real widows have over wives. We don't have to sit and watch our husbands flirting with other women. We know where they are, and we also know that whatever they may chance to be doing, they are probably not flirting."

Labor of the Novelist.

"The way of the novelist must be hard," said a librarian of an uptown branch. "The other day an immaculately gotten up individual came into the library and announced that he was a writer with a specialty of dialect stories. We got him several books that he asked for, and little by little he took me into his confidence. 'I want the Scotch dialect for the stern father,' he explained; 'then when I've got enough of that I want some dialect for a sea captain, and then I want a duke—or maybe you can tell me, would a duke drop his h's?'"—N. Y. Sun.

Breaking It to Him Tactfully.

"George," she said, when her hubby returned from the office, "I'm afraid baby must have swallowed some money."

"Good gracious!" he cried, "don't you know whether he did or not?"

"No, but it's the only way I can account for the disappearance of the weekly allowance you forgot to give me this morning."

Then she got it—with a little conscience fund addition.

MORE BOXES OF GOLD

And Many Greenbacks.

$25 boxes of Gold and Greenbacks will be sent to persons who write the most interesting and truthful letters of experience on the following topics:

1. How have you been affected by coffee drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum?

2. Give name and account of one or more coffee drinkers who have been hurt by it and have been induced to quit and use Postum.

3. Do you know any one who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?

4. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make it clear, black, and with a snappy, rich taste?

5. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, and beginning at that time when actual boiling starts boil full 15 minutes more to extract the flavor and food value. (A piece of butter the size of a pea will prevent boiling over.) This contest is confined to those who have used Postum prior to the date of this advertisement.

Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements.

Contest will close June 1st, 1907, and no letters received after that date will be admitted. Examinations of letters will be made by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Their decisions will be fair and final, and a neat little box containing a $10 gold piece sent to each of the five writers of the most interesting letters, a box containing a $5 gold piece to each of the 20 next best, a $2 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a $1 greenback to each of the 200 next best, making cash prizes distributed to 325 persons.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sincere letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause, and costs the competitors absolutely nothing.

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.

TEN YEARS OF PAIN.

Unable to Do Even Housework Because of Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Margaret Emmerich, of Clinton St., Napoleon, O., says: "For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from kidney troubles. My back pained me terribly. Every turn or move caused sharp, shooting pains. My eyesight was poor, dark spots appeared before me, and I had dizzy spells. For ten years I could not do housework, and for two years did not get out of the house. The kidney secretions were irregular, and doctors were not helping me. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me quick relief, and finally cured me. They saved my life."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

No Criticism to Make.

Mrs. Hwfa Williams, the English society leader, talked at a dance in New York about the fashion of riding astride that has taken hold of English equestrienses.

"Some of our young women," said Mrs. Williams, "dress out and out like men. They wear a long coat cut like a hunting coat, a cap, riding breeches and top boots. It is a handsome costume and it is not immodest, but undoubtedly it attracts a good deal of attention. They have been telling in London lately a story about an English girl who has adopted this riding rig. Pulling up her horse one afternoon she said to an artisan who was passing: 'Can you tell me if this is the way to Waterbeach?'

"The man looked her over carefully. Then he touched his cap in a respectful manner and replied: 'Yes, miss, yes—you seem to 'ave got 'em on all right.'"

FAMILY'S SKIN TROUBLES.

Eczema, Heat Rash, and Scalp Affections Afflict Different Members, But Cuticura Cures Them.

"My wife had eczema for five or six years. It was on her face and would come and go. We thought we would give the Cuticura Remedies a trial. We did so and she has never had a sign of eczema for four years. I myself used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment some time ago for falling hair. I now have a very heavy head of hair. We used Cuticura Remedies for our baby, who was nearly bald when young. She has very nice hair now. She is very fleshy, and we had so much trouble with heat that we would bathe her with Cuticura Soap and then apply Cuticura Ointment, it would dry the heat up so much quicker than anything else. Mr. H. B. Springmire, 223 So. Capitol Street, Iowa City, Ia., July 16, 1905, and Sept. 16, 1906."

Meaning Unknown.

De Wolf Hopper had a slight cold one night, and in a curtain speech he referred to it in this fashion:

"I went to my doctor," he declared, "and the doctor said I had been eating too much nitrogenous food, and must stop it and eat farinaceous food. Since then I haven't been able to eat at all, for I don't know what either word means."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Physician's Large Fee.

The late Dr. James Gale, the famous blind medical electrician, is said once to have taken a fee of £50,000 ($250,000), the largest ever paid for medical electrical attendance.

Garfield Tea, Nature's Remedy, brings relief from many ailments; it overcomes constipation, regulates the liver and kidneys, purifies the blood and clears the complexion. It is made of Herbs, and is absolutely Pure.

A man doesn't mind getting the worst of it as much as he dislikes seeing the other fellow get the best of it.

All Cloth Hats, Children's Dresses, etc., made to look like new with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Most women are proud of their ability to humble a man's pride.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

When a woman pays a man a compliment she expects it to be returned with compound interest.

Don't Sneeze Your Head Off.
Kruse's Cold Capsules will cure you almost instantly. At all Druggists, 25c.

Be generous in judging the faults of others. Most of us can only see our own shadows.

Kill the Flies Now
before they multiply. A DAISY FLY KILLER kills thousands. Lasts the season. Ask your dealer, or send 20c to H. Somers, 149 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

How inconsistent your neighbors are! They refuse to say that you are a good man, but after the undertaker gets you they delight in saying that you were a good man.

It Cures While You Walk.
Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It goes without saying that a talking machine does not say without going.

Help the Horse
No article is more useful about the stable than Mica Axle Grease. Put a little on the spindles before you "hook up"—it will help the horse, and bring the load home quicker.
MICA AXLE GREASE
wears well—better than any other grease. Makes the load go with a hard, smooth surface of powdered mica which reduces friction. Ask the dealer for Mica Axle Grease.
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Which enlists for 4 years young men of good character and sound physical condition between the ages of 17 and 35 as apprentice seamen; from opportunities for advancement; pay $16 to $36 a month. Electricians, machinists, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, carpenters, shipfitters, coal-passers, firemen, musicians, cooks, stewards, between 1 and 2 years; clerks, hospital apprentices between 18 and 25 years, educated in special ratings with enhanced pay. Retirement on three-fourths pay and allowances after 30 years service. Apprentices may be rated petty officers after 6 months of pleasing first recruits. Upon discharge with good character and honorable record of enlistment, 4 months' service gives one month's pay upon re-enlisting in the regular navy. Four months' service for honorable discharge.
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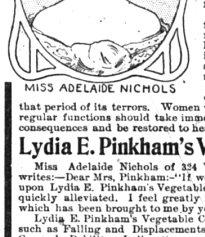

MISS ADELAIDE NICHOLS

PERIODS OF PAIN
While no woman is entirely free from periodic suffering, it should not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Irregularities and pain are positive evidence that something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to serious derangement of the feminine organism.
Thousands of women have found relief from all periodic suffering by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from all native roots and herbs, as it is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science.
It cures the condition which causes so much discomfort and robs that period of its terrors. Women who are troubled with painful or irregular functions should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health and strength by taking
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Miss Adelaide Nichols of 324 West 22nd Street, New York City, writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"If women who suffer would only rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound their troubles would be quickly alleviated. I feel greatly indebted for the relief and health which has been brought to me by your inestimable remedy."
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures Female Complaints such as Falling and Displacements, and Organic Diseases, Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, and Invigorates the whole feminine system. For the derangements of the Kidneys of either sex *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* is excellent.
Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women
Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.

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Springfield, Mo., Jan. 15, 1907. I have run one of your Separators for twelve years and it is the best to repairs, and I think it can't be beat. (R.F.D. 7) L. E. CHAPPELL.
One Cent a Month, to maintain a U. S. Separator!
Sure, that's a little sum for you to pay to maintain a machine that gets ALL the cream out of your milk. That's what a U. S. does!
Yes, sir! that's the U.S.
Holds the World's Record for CLEAN SKIMMING.
Time has proved it is durably built. Not "how cheap," but "how good" is our watchword, and the record of the U. S. during the past sixteen years proves we've stuck to it. "The best is cheapest in the end." Buy the U. S.
We'll send you free our large handsome catalog. Lots of pictures showing just how the U. S. is built and how it works. See for yourself why it wears longer than any other separator. Write us today—now.
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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
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