

MISS GENEVIVE MAT **Catarrh of Stomach** Cured by Pe-ru-na

Miss Genevive May, 1317 S. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind. Member Second High School Alumni Ass'n, writes:

"Peruna is the finest regulator of a disordered stomach I have ever found. It certainly deserves high praise, for it is skillfully prepared.

"I was in a terrible condition from a neglected case of catarrh of the stomach. My food had long ceased to be of any good and only distressed me after eat-ing. I was nauseated, had heartburn and headaches, and felt run down com-pletely. But in two weeks after I took Peruna I was a changed person. A few bottles of the medicine made a great change, and in three months my stom-ach was cleared of catarrh, and my en-

change, and in three months my stom-ach was cleared of catarrh, and my en-tire system in a better condition."— Genevive May. Write Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspond-ence held strictly confidential.



THE MASTER OF APPLEBY = By Francis Lynde.

comes!

her when I give the word! Here he

XVI.

HOW JENNIFER THREW A MAIN

WITH DEATH.

'Tis a sure mark of healthful sleep tha

it never makes account of time. No odds how long the night, 'tis but a moment from the lapse of consciousness to its re-covery in the morning. But this deep

sleep that crept upon me as I lay in the pirogue, listening to the tinkling drip

"O Jack!" was all I had in answer; but

"I've never left you, save to forage for the pot," he admitted. "I dared not leave you, Jack."

"In a den on the river's edge, a mile or

more above your sacked cabin. 'Tis some dodge-hole hollowed out by the Catawba

"But where are we?" I would ask

XV IN WHICH A HATCHET SINGS A MAN TO SLEEP.

Down the sloping hillside, looking, in the red glow of the ember heap, more In such a coll as this I'd looped about like a flying demon than a man, came the me there was nothing for it, as it seemed, but to draw the steel and die as a soldier Catawba, one hand gripping the scalping knife, the other flung aloft to flaunt his should. So I broke cover on the forest side of the holly thicket with a yell as terrible trophies in sight of his pursuers. They were so close upon him that wait-ing promised death for all of us; so Jenni-fer dipped again to send the canoe a broad jump from the bank. "Ready!" he cried. ."He'll take the wa-ter like a figh end was an active him was flerce as theirs, and picked a tree to set my back against, and ran for it. I never reached the tree. In mid career,

when all the Cherokee wolf pack was bursting through the holly tangle at my heels, two men, a white man and an In-dian, ran in ahead, as I supposed to cut me off. Just then the dry root of the ter like a fish, and we can pick him up afterward-Now!" I heard the clean-cut dive of the Indian, and struck the paddle deep to balance Jennifer's strike. But as I bent to put hunting lodge roared aflame, reddening the forest far and near. The light was at my back and cn the faces of the two who ran my back into it, some flying missile caught me fair behind the ear, and but for Jennifer's quick wit I should have to meet me. A great sob swelled in my throat and choked me, but I ran the fasswamped the crazy shallop. In a flash he jerked me flat between his knees and sent the pirogue with a mighty thrust beter. For these were my dear lad and the friendly Catawba, charging gallantly to cover my retreat.

sent the pirogue with a mighty thrust be-yond the zone of fire light. At that; though all the sense was beat-en cut of me, I was alive enough to hear the savage yells of disappointed rage be-hind us; these and the spitting crackle of a dozen rifles fired at random in the darkness. But afterward all sounds, save the rhythmic dip and drip of Jennifer's paddle, faded on the sense of hearing till, as it would seem, this gentie monody of It was a ready heip in time of need. They ran in bravely, the chief ahead, twirling his tomahawk for the throw, with Dick a pace to right and rear, his two great pis-tols brandished and the grandsire of all the broadswords dangling by a thong

'Follow the chief!" he shouted in passing; and at the word the Catawba stopped short, sent his hatchet whistling into the as it would seem, this gentle monody of dipping blade and tinkling drops became a crooning lullaby to blot out all the years that lay between, and make me once again a little child sinking asleep in vapping pack behind me, and swerved to

Left to myself, I hope I should have had the grace to stand with Jennifer. But at the turning point of indecision the quick witted indian read my thought, and my young mother's arms. snatching the sword from my hand, gave

me no choice but to follow him. So I ran with him; but as I fled I looked behind and saw a sight to put the ancient hero tales to the blush. One man against two-score my brave Dick stood, while through the underwood the mounted soldiery came to make the odds still greater. He never flinched for all the hurtling missiles sent on ahead to cut him down nor gave a glance aside to where the

from Jennifer's paddle, was not of health-ful weariness; and when I came awake from it there was a dim and troubled vista of vague and broken dreams to horsemen were deploying to surround him. As I looked, the two great pistols belched in the very faces of the nearest h'm measure off the longest night I could ever Cherokees; and in the momentary check the firearms made, the basket-hilted claymore went to work, rising and falling remember.

like a weaver's beam. I saw no more: but some heart-bursting minutes later, when Jennifer came racing

The place of this awakening was a bur-row in the earth. My bed of bearskins over fragrant pine tufts was spread upon the ground, and by the flickering light of a handful of fire I could see the earth walls of the burrow, which were worn smooth as if the place had been the well-used den of some wild creature. But overon behind to share the flight his heroic stand had made a possibility, the swelling sob choked me once again; and when I thought of what this his flacue of me used den of some wild creature. But overneant to him, I could have subbered like head there was the mark of human oc a boy. cupancy, since the earth-arch was sooted

But there was little time or space to and blackened with the reek of many But there was little time or space to give remorse an inning. The Cherokees, checked but for the moment, were storm-ing hotly at our heels. And as we ran I heard the shouted command of Falconnet When I stirred there was another beyond the handful of fire, and Jennifer came to kneel beside me, taking my hand and chafing it as a tender-hearted woman to his mounted men: "A rescue! Right oblique, and head them in the road! Gal-lop, you devils!" We ran in Indian file, I at the chief's book and Lowiss and the state of the s might, and asking if I knew him.

"Know you? Why should I not?" I said, wondering why the words took so many breaths between. We ran in Indian file, 1 at the chier's heels and Jennifer at mine. I followed the Catawba blindly; and being as yet little better than half a man in breath and muscle, was well-night spent before we crashed down through a tangled briar when he had found a tongue to babble out his joy, I learned the why and where-fore. Once more grim death had reached thicket into the river road. We were in time, but with no fraction for me, lying await in the twirled toma hawk that set me dreaming of my moth

of a minute to spare. We could hear the er's lap and lullaby. For a week I had lain here upon the bed of pine tufts, poised upon the brink of the death pit with only my dear lad to hold and draw me back. pad-pad-pad of the light-footed runners close upon us, following now by the noise we made; and on our left the air was trembling to the thunder of the mounted men coming at a break-neck gallop down "A week?" I queried, when he had named the interval. "And you have been here all the time?" the road.

the road. "Thank God!" says Richard, with a quick eyeshot to right and left in the lesser gloom of the open. "I was afeared even the chief might miss the place in the dark. Down the bank to the river!quick, man, and cautious! If they smell us out now, we're no better than buzzard-meat!" And when we reached the wa-ter's edge: "You taught me how to paddle a pirogue, Jack; I hope you haven't bears, judgin lost the knack of it yourself." it. Uncanool "No," said I; and the three of us slid of the raid."

Now, this witless speech was no better

than a whip to flog him on. "What things?" he questioned, promptly. "Oh, many things. She spoke often of you

"What did she say of me, Jack? Tell me what she said," he begged. "It can make no difference now; she is less than nothing to me-nay, 'tis even worse than that, since she would play Delilah if she could. But oh, Jack, I love her !- I should love her if I stood on the gallows and she stood by to spring the drep and turn me

Truly, if the lash of remorse had lacked its keenest thong, this passionate out-burst of his would have added it. None its the less. I must needs be weaker than water and fall back another step and put him off

"Another time, Richard, I am strange ly unnerved and dizzy-headed now. By and by, when I am stronger, I will tell you all."

Taking a reproach where none meant, he sprang up with a self-aimed malison upon his lack of care for me, stirred the fire alive and brewed me a most delicious smelling cup of broth. And afterward, when I had drunk the broth with some small beckonings of returning appetite, he spread his coat to screen me from the fire light and would have driven me to sleep again.

"At any rate, you shall not talk," he promised. "If you are wakeful I will talk to you and tell you what little I have gleaned about the fighting."

His news was chiefly a later repetition of Father Matthieu's and Captain Abram Forney's, but there was this to add: the congress had appointed the Englishman, Horatio Gates, chief of the army in the south, and this new leader was on his way to take command.

way to take command. De Kalb, with the Maryland and Dela-ware lines and Colonel Armand's legion, was encamped on Deep Armand s legion, was encamped on Deep Armand s legion, the newly appointed general; and Caswell and Griffith Rutherford, with the militia, were already pressing forward to some handgrips with my Lord Cornwallis in the south.

Nearer at hand, the partizan war-fire flamed afresh wherever a Tory company met a patriot, and there were wicked do ings, more like savage massacres than fair-fought battles of the soldier sort. When he had made an end of his small war budget, I set him on to tell me how he came to be at hand to here me so in the nick of time on the night of the cabin

"'Twas partly chance," he said. "A red. "Twas partly chance," he said. A red-coat troop had me in durance at Jennifer house, and while they affected to hold me at parole, I never gave consent to that, and so was kept a prisoner. They shut me in the wine-bin with a guard, and when the fellow was well soaked and silly, I bound and gagged him and broke isil. I took the river for it meaning to jail. I took the river for it, meaning to outlie until the hue and cry was over; and Jall just at dusk Uhcanoola dropped upon me and told me of your need. From that to helping him cut you out of your raffe with the Cherokees was but a hand's turn in the day's work."

"A lucky turn for me," I said; and then at second thought I would deny the say-ing, though not for him to hear. But this was dangerous ground again, and I clawed off from it like a desperate mariner tempest-driven on a lee shore; asking him how he had learned the broadsword play, and where he got the antique clay-

He laughed heartily, and more like my care-free Dick, this time.

"Thereby hangs a tale. I told you how I was out with the minute men in '76 at Moore's creek, where we fought the Scotchman. It was our first pitched battle, and I opine it smelled somewhat of severity on both sides—no quarter was asked, and the Tory MacDonalds fought like fiends for King George, small cause as they had to love the house of Han-over." over.

"How was that?" I would ask, being as little familiar with the low country settlement as any native-born Carolinian could be.

"They were expatriates for the pre-tender's sake, many of them. Mistress Flora's husband was one of the prisoners we took. But, as I was saying, they were tories to a man, and they fought wickeddodge-noie hollowed out by them and the long ago and shared since by them and the bears, judging from the stinking reek of it. Uncancola steered me hither the night Mary Slocumb of Dobbs, whose husband

DOES MAN NEED MEATT

Use or Usefulness of Beef Diet a Debatable Question. New York Herald: The food ques-

tion is one that has appealed to mankind from the time good mother Eve tried her dangerous experiment with the forbidden apple. Hers was the first assertion of appetite which craved for the variety of diet which her numerous and equally venturesome descendants have strenuously maintained is the real spice of life. Every since the primitive man ate what he could get until the present, when his civilize. brother gets all he can eat and looks for new viands to conquer. the cultivated instinct of selection has been an evolutionary and progressive one, contributing to the "general gavety of na-

We have perhaps gone to the tions." extreme of indulgence, like spoiled children, but the habit is a little too firmly seated in the saddle to be bucked uncermoniously in midair by some new and fanciful theory of jerking the curb rein

rein. The scientists tell us we consume too much food, and they are right, so far as they go; but we listen and smile and eat on, in spite of their chemical for-mulae, their test tube methods and their quentitative analyses of relative food values. So, perhaps, it will al-ways be, as long as man, the willful arbiter of his own destinies, insists up-on living to eat rather than eating to live. live. The real trouble, however with all

The real trouble, however with all projected reforms in feeding has been their lack of practical application to actual needs. There is apparently no middle ground for the discussion of general principles of compromise be-tween the actual gourmand and the earnest and abstemious crank. Theor-ies are arbitrary on one side and facts are equally stubborn on the other. When the army squad has been fed for weeks on the accurately estimated food equivalent of certain approved viands, the victims craved an ordinary indulgence in plain old-fashioned corn beef and cabbage. The limit had been reached, and simple nature made her own cry in her own way. It was ap-petite against chemical experiment and healthy hunger against mathematical estimates of abstract nutrient forces. estimates of abstract nutrient forces.

These manifestations of natural craving are, after all, our real safecraving are, after all, our real safe-guards against the purely scientific methods such as have been applied to the "poison boarders" and the "army squad." We may interpret natural laws, but science with all its learn-ing and skill, cannot alter them. In the face of such a conviction we are now assured by high standing au-thority that meat is virtually useless for any of the nutrient purposes so long

for any of the nutrient purposes so long claimed for it. How much more our bill of fare is to be trimmed to suit the newer notions of the day is somewhat

Aside from the pure theory of the matter, we may in the end be forced to believe that man was never made for a mixed diet; that his stomach and to believe that man was never made for a mixed diet; that his stomach and complicated intestinal apparatus are merely an accidental survival of use-less organs, of which the insignificant and troublesome appendix is the type. Experience, however, against which there is never much of an argument, must prove its value against the mere logic of arbitrary rules. The hungry man with a julcy steak before him will continue his hurtful habit of loading his stomach with unnecessary fodder in spite of all theories to the contrary. His instinctive need for just such nour-ishment as he takes will answer all other questions. He will not care how much more he can lift, how much faster he can run, or how much more fatigue he can endure, but will simply satisfy his want for the time. And, in spite of crank notions to the contrary, is not this the proper and rational way of solving the law of de-mand and supply upon which our very being is based? The craving for cer-tain varieties of food is as constant as its gratification is imperative. Each tissue makes its own demands in its own way and signals appetite to select and nurtition to apportion the multiple

own way and signals appetite to select and nutrition to apportion the multiple supplies for bone, muscle and blood.

Nervous Women

Their Sufferings Are Usually Due to Uterine Disorders Perhaps Unsuspected

A MEDICINE THAT CURES

Can we dispute Sthe well-known fact that American women are nervous? How often do we

hear the expression, "I am so ner-vous, it seems as if

wous, it seems as if I should fly; " or, "Don't speak to make you irritable; you can't sleep, you are unable to quietly and caimly partone you are unable to quietly and caimly perform your daily tasks or care for your children.

The relation of the nerves and gen-erative organs in women is so close that nine-tenths of the nervous pros-tration, nervous debility, the blues, sleeplessness and nervous irritability sleeplessness and nervous irritability arise from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Fits of depression or restlessness and irritability. Spirits easily affected, so that one minute she laughs, the next minute weeps. Pain in the ovaries and between the shoulders. Loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia. A indency to cry at the least provocation. All this points to nervous prostration. to nervous prostration.

Nothing will relieve this distressing condition and prevent months of pros-tration and suffering so surely as Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I cannot express the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration, back-ache, headache, loss of appetite. I could not sleep and would walk the floor almost every night. "I had three doctors and got no better, and life was a burden. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has worked wonders for me. "I am a well woman, my nervourness is all gone and my friends say I look ten years younger." Will not the volumes of letters from

younger." Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pink-ham's. Vegetable Compound convince-all women of its virtues? Surely you cannot wish to remain sick and weak: and discouraged, exhausted each day, when you can be as easily cured ap other women. other women.



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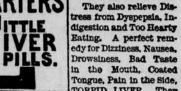
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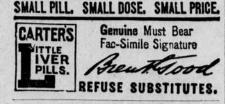
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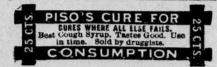


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the hollowed log into the stream. We were afloat in shortest order, hold-

ing the cance against the current by clinging to the over hanging trees that fringed the bank; yet with paddles poised for a second dash for freedom should the need arise. I should have dipped forthwith to save the precious minute, but Jannifer stayed me.

"Hist!" he whispered. "Hold steady and listen. They cannot see us from above; mayhap we've thrown them off the scent."

I thought it most unlikely; but h's guess was right and mine was wrong. Though any of these savages could lift a trail in daylight, following it at top speed like a trained bloodhound, yet now the dark-pase heffed them. ness baffled them.

So there was some running to and fro in the road above our heads, and then the troopers galloped down. Followed hastily a labored confab through the linguister, broken in the midst by a fury of hot oaths from Falcennet; and then the chase swept on toward the plantations, and we were left to make their losing of us sure

by whatsoever means we chose. We paddled slowly up stream in silence, keeping well within the blacker shadow of the tree fringe. When we came opposite the glowing ruins of the hunting lodge, Jennifer backed upon his paddle.

"You'll go ashore?" said he. I said I would, adding: "They have slaughtered poor old Darius, and I am loath to leave his bones for the buzzards to p'ck." He made no comment other than to

swear in sympathy. When the pirogue grounded, the Indian was out like a cat, to vanish phantom-wise among the trees. I followed in some clumsler fashion, leav-ing Jennifer to keep the cance; but half way up the hill he joined me, and would not turn back for all my urging. "No; hang me if I'll let you out of eye-grip again," was all he would say; and so we went together, and were together at the seeing of what the glowing ember-heap would show us.

Poor Tomas had h's sepulture already. His cord had burned in two and let him down so close beside the cabin wall that all the blazing debris from the overhanging eaves had made his funeral pile. Da-rius lay as I had last seen him; and him we buried in the maize clearing at the back, with the ember glow for funeral lights.

It was a chanceful thing to do. Since the Cherokees had left their dead and wounded, and Falconnet the body of his trooper who had yielded me the musket, there was small doubt they would re-turn. Yet we had time to dig a shallow grave for my old henchman; to dig and fill it up again; and afterward to make a circuit around the burning pile to reach the river olds

the river side once more. When we had launched the canoe, and were afloat and ready for the start, the

Catawba was still missing. "Where is the chief, think you?" I asked; Dick's answer, if, indeed, he gave

asked: Dick's answer, if, indeed, he gave me any, was lost in a chorus of ear split-ting yells rending the silence of the night like demon cries. Then a single ulula-tion, long drawn and fair blood chilling. answered back, and Jennifer swept the prouge stern to strand with a quick pad-diestroke That last was Uncanoola's war cry; they've doubled back in time to catch him at it!" he cried "Stand by to drive

"Then the chief came off safely?" I said, falling into a dumb and impotent

rage that the saving of two words should rage that the saying of two words should scant me so of strength to say a third. "Right as a trivet—scalps and all," laughed Jennifer. "He'll be the envy of every warrior in the tribe when he vaunts himself at the Catawbas' council fire." I let it rest a while at that, casting about for words to show a humarita superior "Have you no news?" I asked, at length. "Have you no news?" I asked, at length. "Little or none," he answered shortly. "But you have had some word-some news-from Appleby Hundred?" I stam-

"Nothing you'd care to hear," he re-joined, evasively, I thought. "'Tis as you left it, save that Tarleton whipped away to the south again as suddenly as he came, and our cursing baronet has made the manor house his headquarters in fact, lodging himself and all his troop on Mr. Stalr. From his lying quiet and keeping the Cherokees in tow, there will be some deviltry afoot, I'll warrant."

I knew that Falconnet was waiting for the powder cargo, but another matter crowded this aside.

"But-but Margery?" I queried, on sharpest tenter-hooks to know how much or little he had heard. I thought his brow darkened at the ques-

tion, but mayhap it was only a shadow cast by the flickering fire. At any rate,

he laughed hardily. "She is well-and well content, I dare swear. 'Twas only yesterday I saw her taking the air on the river road, with Falconnet for an escort. You told me once he had a sure hand with the women and it made me made but truth I have sure hard

it made me mad; but, truly, I have come to think you drew it mild, Jack." Now though I could ply a decent ready blade, or keep a firing line from lurching at a pinch, I had not learned to put a snaffle on a blundering tongue, as I have sold hefore.

"Damn him as you please, Dick, and he'll warrant it. But you must not judge

the lady over harshiy, nor always by ap-pearances. She may have flouted you as a boyish lover, and yet I think-" I stopped in sheer bewilderment, shot through and through with keenest agonies of remorseful recollection. For at the moment I had clean forgot the gulf im-passable I had set between these two. So I would have lapsed into shamed silence, but Jennifer would not suffer i "Well, what is it that you think?" demanded.

"I think-nay, I may say I know that she thinks well of you, Dick." I blundered

on, seeing no way to put him off. He gripped my hand, and in his eyes there was the light of the old love reawakening.

awakening. "Don't lift me up to fiing me down again, Jack! How can you know what she thinks of me?" he broke in, eagerly. I should have told him then all there was to tell. He had been trice my savior, and his heart was soft and malleable on the side of friendship. I knew it-knew that the pregnant moment for full confes-sion had arrived; and yet I could not force my tongue to shape the words. Indeed

was with us, came storming down upon the field, having rode a-gallop some forty-odd miles because she dreamed her good man was killed. She begged for the pris-oners, and so Caswell hanged only those who were blood guilty-these and the house burners. A raw-boned piper named McGillicuddy fell to my lot, and he is now my majordomo at Jennifer house; as hon-est a fellow as ever skirled a pibroch." storming down upon

"That was like you," I said; "to make a friend and retainer out of your prisoner, And so this Highland piper has been your fencing master, has he?"

"'Twas he taught me what little I know of the claymore play; and this stouf old blade is his. "Tis as good as a wood-man's ax when you have the knack of swinging it."

"Truly," said I. "Also, you seemed to have the knack, and the strength as well, in spite of the crippled arm you were carrying in a sling the night before when they haled you into Colonel Tarleton's court at Appleby."

"A little ruse of war," he said, laugh-ing and making a fist to show me his arm was strong and sound again. "'Twas McGillicuddy put me to it, saying they would be like to deal the gentler with a wounded man. But how came you to know?'

(Continued Next Week.)

Two of a Kind. Chicago News: "A man needn't be afraid of lightning so long as he can see it approaching," said the would-be hu-morist. "Same way with a bullet," observed

the solemn party with a far-off look in h's off optic.



He Didn't Like Its Taste. Alkali Ike-Say, wot's been in that glass? The Waiter-Nothin' but water, sir. Alkali Ike-Well, rins it out.

Nutrition, energy and heat are mere abstract terms in themselves, and their abstract terms in themselves, and their proper interpretation can never be safely intrusted to laboratory tests or chemical formulae. Therefore, let us not be in too great a hurry to adopt new views that are neither sound, ra-tional nor practical. In spite of the manifesto we are led to believe that the average man will still take to his beef whenever he needs it and can get it—and pray, why not?

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