

ENTIRELY JUSTIFIABLE

By Eva Williams Malone

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Brother Hankins was up before Justice Bradbury for assault and battery—Brother Hankins, who had always considered "going to court" as the next step toward a trip to the nether regions.

Yet it was perfectly evident from the proof that Brother Hankins was guilty of the charge brought against him—that he had assaulted Deacon Ell Smith. The deacon's manifold and manifest personal defacements proved the facts, and the oaths of various witnesses clinched the proof.

Brother Hankins' counsel sought to establish the plea that there were mitigating circumstances, and Brother Hankins was allowed to take the stand in his own behalf. He pulled his fore-top in the way he had been taught was the proper thing when he wanted to "use manners" and said:

"Yo' sho' ain' no mo' s'pried to see me heah, Jedge, den I is to be heah, but flesh an' blood is flesh an' blood, an' dey can' stan' no mo' den dey kin."

"But you are a minister of the gospel, Uncle Hank, and as such don't you think it is very unbecoming for you to be getting into a common fight?"

"But lemme tell yo', Jedge, dis heah ain' no common fight, an' ef any one ob my members had er been cotch in sech a box an' hadn' er fit I'd er thawt he mout be a putty good chu'ch member, but he wa'n' no piece ob a man."

"How is that, Uncle Hank?" said the Jedge. "It seems a very plain case of assault and battery, and I don't see where the mitigating circumstances come in."

"Dat's becase yo' hain' come acquainted wid dem suckstances an' cain' jes' zackly seagherse how mit-gatin' dey reely am, Jedge. Yo' see, I wuz de paster at Possum Holler, an' dere wa'n' nuffin but peace an' good will in my congregashun till de deacons 'gun at me to marry. My wife, yo' know, been dead sev'al mont's."

"Well, you didn't object to that, did you?" And the Jedge gave Uncle Hankins a knowing wink.

"Well, sah, I wa'n' jes' zackly sho' 'bout de matter. I 'lowed I wuz putty comfortable wid my daughter Kyarline, so I said to de breddren ef hit's all de same I'd jes' stay lak I wuz. But, no sah; dey 'low hit mout meek seannol, an' hit 'ud be better fur de chu'ch ef I'd git me a pardner fum among de siders; dat hit kinder keep de sisters in a stew when de paster's a widow man."

"Too many of them with an eye on him, eh, Uncle Hank?" put in the Jedge.

"Well, I dunno 'bout dat, Jedge," said Uncle Hank modestly. "but de breddren dey put de matter so strong dat I fin'ly concluded dat ef Zion cain' prosper under de preachin' ob a widow man dat widow man could put a stop to de trouble, an' so—"

"So you concluded to take a wife, did you?"

"Well, not jes' zackly dat strong, Jedge. I thawt I'd sorter browse erroun' an' see how de lan' lay, an' ef my eye light on de proper pusson an' de proper pusson's eye light on me—"

"Why, the matter would be easy enough, of course. That's perfectly natural, Uncle Hank." The Jedge's court seemed for the time being to be transformed into the court of Cupid.

"Well, sah, I browse erroun' 'mongst de sisters sev'al mont's an' come to de conclusion dat Sist' Mericy Pendergrass jes' 'bout fill de bill, an' when I 'suss de matter wid her she 'low she hain' no dejection; dat a minister's wife am a mos' lubly an' a mos' holy callin'. But Sist' Mericy say she hain' no reger 'bidin' place, bein' a lady what mos'ly hians out, so de weddin' 'ud hatter be kinder privit, douten no kyards, no poum' cake, no to do ob no sawt."

"But dat sawter didn' suit me. I stole my fuz' wife, hit bein' slave times, an' I jes' had a feelin' dat ef I gwine marry ergin I didn' want no sneakin' off in de daw'k unbeknownst lak, so I tote Sist' Mericy dat ez I wuz enterin' de holy state ob matrimony fur de good ob de chu'ch (not meainin' no snyungvants 'ginst de lady) I 'low de chu'ch ort to stand de spense, an' I 'nounce at my next 'p'intment dat dere 'ud be perseed-in's ob mos' onushal intrust at my daughter Kyarline's de next Tuesday night an' all dem dat wuz willin' to fetch a poum' er so ob welcome needn' stan' back fur no fudder invite."

"Dey cotch on, an' ebberwhar I went fur de nex' few days yo' could smell de poum' cakes an' de fowels. De deacons dey all seem mighty pleased an' 'low hit's de bes' t'ing could er happened to de chu'ch, meainin' dat I wa'n' gwine stay a widow man no longer. An' Sist' Mericy she wuz jes' ez smilin' ez a basket ob chips, an' I didn' no mo' distrust 'er den I distrust yo' honnah on de bench. I made sho' she wuz straight goods, all wool an' a yard wide an' no spots."

"So I hustle erroun' an' scratch up de money fur de license, a feelin' no set-tledier an' mo' contenteder den I is sense my fuz' wife went to glory."

Here Uncle Hank paused, and a shadow fell athwart his wrinkled face. The Jedge suggested:

"Did the wedding come off on time, Uncle Hank?"

Uncle Hank wiped his brow reflectively and answered after some hesitation:

"Well, Jedge, yo' mout say hit did, an' ergin yo' mout say hit didn', 'cordin' to de way yo' look at de matter. F'm dis heah cullud pusson's stan'p'int I'd say no, sah, de weddin' didn' come off 'cordin' to 'p'intment."

"My daughter Kyarline hab ebber-ting ready, an' de way de pies an' cakes an' fowels wuz brung in beat de band. De 'rangement wuz dat Deacon Ell Smith, dat white eyed scoundrel ober dere forinist yo' honnah," and Uncle Hank glared at the brother mentioned—"he wuz to fetch de bride an' de license to Kyarline's at early candle-lightin', an' de weddin' 'ud den perseed. Now, sah, jes' dar's whah de Judas Seariat come in."

"Didn't Deacon Smith bring the bride, Uncle Hank?" asked the Jedge, with interest.

"Didn't he brung de bride?" And Uncle Hank's eyes shot lurid flames at Deacon Smith over "forinist" the Jedge. "Didn't he brung de bride? Yes, sah, he brung de bride, all tiffed off to kill. But when he draw dat license on me what yo' t'ink dat son of—"

"Be careful, Uncle Hank," admonished the Jedge.

"What yo' t'ink dat white eyed hip-percrit done? Why, sah, he had his own name put in de license to marry Miss Mericy Pendergrass 'stid ob mine, an' 'fo' I could git a grab on what wuz gwine on, I bein' teetotally flambusticated, he an' Mericy stood up befo' de preacher, an' sah, he had 'em married tight an' fas', an' me settin' dere, wid my mouf open, plumb struck dumb! An' dat ain' all, sah. When de surry-money wuz ober, dat vilyun—yes, sah, I said hit, an' I stau' ready to pay de damage—dat vilyun come up to me an' say, he did."

"Tears lak dere's a little mistake in de bridegroom, but ez de bride said she puffer me, an' yo' wuz gwine later de matter fur de good ob de chu'ch, Brudder Hankins, dere needn' be no habd feelin's. Hadn' we all better set down to supper?"

"Yes, sah; dat's de proppersishun he mek me, standin' dere in my gal Kyarline's house, wid my bride a-hangin' on his arm! An', boss, ez I said at de fus', I ain' nuffin but flesh an' blood ef I is a preacher. When he come at me dat erway an' hit flash ober me dat he done stole my bride an' now he's tryin' to steal my weddin' supper, de flesh got de bes' ob de sperrit, Jedge, an' I let fly at dat nigger an'—you know de res'." Uncle Hankins gave a satisfied glance at the court plastered, mutilated features of his treacherous rival and sat down amid something that sounded very like suppressed applause.

Squire Bradbury took his quid of tobacco from his mouth, put on his most magisterial air and said:

"After hearing the testimony the court is of opinion that this is a plain case of justifiable assault and that Parson Hankins only performed his simple duty in the premises. The prisoner is discharged. If Deacon Ell Smith does not come up promptly and settle the costs in this case, he can have the pleasure of spending his honeymoon in the workhouse."

His Knitting Work.

Aunt Alvira Fifer was what her neighbors called a "regular driver." Possessed of untiring energy and un-failing strength herself, she made little allowance for idleness on the part of any one, and she declared, says a contributor to Lippincott's Magazine, that she could "put up with a mean man easier than with a lazy one."

Aunt Alvira's husband, Uncle Ethan, was a small, wizened, weak looking man, whom Aunt Alvira declared to be "mighty wiry, if he did look so spindlin'."

One day a summer boarder who chanced to be staying at a farmhouse near the Fifer homestead wandered over to the little brown farmhouse and sat down for a chat with Aunt Alvira. The visitor took note of the enormous quantity of stove wood piled up in the back yard and overflowing from the great woodshed. The whole yard was strewn with it. The caller estimated that there were not less than twenty-five cords.

"What an enormous quantity of wood you have!" he said to Aunt Fifer.

"Yes, there is considerable," she replied. "I callate on sellin' most o' it in de fall."

"Who cut it?"

"Oh, Ethan did it as sort o' knittin' work. I think it's a good thing for a man to have some kind o' knittin' work to do when he's restin', and that wood pile has been Ethan's knittin' work."

Poe's Smile of Genius.

His mouth was like Apollo's bow and in the natural curve said sorrow, with imagination, but when wreathed into smiles by any cheering inflorescence of his soul, disclosing a set of ivory teeth as evenly set as the opal walls of Eden, was absolutely captivating and beautiful. So remarkably pleasing was this transition from sadness to sunshiny gladness of hilarity that I now seem to see him smiling before me, lighting up the dim vistas of my memory as the rain fraught lightning does the darkness of a summer night. But there was this peculiarity about his smile, which I do not remember ever to have seen in any other person—namely, that it did not appear to be the result of gladness of heart altogether or gladness mixed with sorrow, but a pleasing satire, a smiling review of all that had just been said by him, like the triumphant world renouncing laughter of the weeping heavens, expressive of that beautiful Apollonian disdain which seemed to say, "What you 'see through a glass darkly' I behold through the couched eye of an illuminated seer." Not only did he look this, but he felt it—felt it with all his inmost soul. It was, in the truest acceptance of the term, a smile of genius.—"The Poe-Chivers Papers" in Century.

A COPY OF THE KORAN.

How a Foreigner Must Go About Purchasing It in Stamboul.

In Stamboul there are several book-stores the proprietors of which are either Persians, Arabians, Abyssinians or Turks. Not in the frequented streets are these stores, but in dark and narrow alleys. The books in them comprise various editions of the Koran, translated into all the languages of the orient; theological and historical Persian and Arabic treatises, annals which clearly prove that all the sultans of the Ottoman dynasty were prodigies of genius and sanctity; marvelous fairy tales and stories of adventure, which are more or less fantastic and the sole object of which is to prove that no one should be considered honest, intelligent or happy unless he is a Turkish Mussulman, unless he venerates the sultan, unless he lives in Stamboul all his life without ever quitting it even for a day and unless he regards as utterly fabulous all that he hears about Europe.

A Mussulman is forbidden to sell a copy of the Koran, and therefore a foreigner who desires to purchase the sacred book must proceed as follows: Go into the bookstore, having on your face as pious an expression as possible, and say to the proprietor:

"I shall consider myself eternally indebted to you if you will present me with a copy of the Koran."

"As I am a devout believer," the proprietor will answer, "I think it my duty to assist any unbeliever who desires to instruct himself in our law. Moreover, you seem to be a serious man, and I am convinced that it is not vain curiosity which prompts you to obtain a copy of the Koran, but a sincere desire to study our religion. Therefore I am willing to make you a present of this copy, though I value it highly, for I paid a good price for it."

You will then put the book in your pocket, and a minute or two later the proprietor will say, "I shall consider myself eternally your debtor if you will make me a present of —," naming a certain sum. If you think the price too high, you may bargain with him, but you must take care not to make the slightest allusion to the copy of the Koran in your pocket, for in disposing of it the proprietor has clearly broken the law, and it would not be good policy for you to remind him of that fact.

EARLY MILLIONAIRES.

Apicius expended in gluttony \$2,000,000.

Esopis paid for a single dish \$400,000.

Caligula spent for one supper \$400,000.

Heliogabalus spent for one meal \$100,000.

Lucullus usually paid \$100,000 for a repast.

The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of \$12,500,000.

Lentulus, the soothsayer, had a fortune of \$16,500,000.

The sum of \$2,000,000 was paid for the house of Antony.

Cæsar before he entered upon any office owed nearly \$11,000,000.

Tiberius at his death left \$118,125,000, which Caligula spent in less than ten months.

Crossus possessed in landed property a fortune equal to \$8,000,000, besides a large sum of money, slaves and furniture.

Antony owed \$1,500,000 at the idea of March, paid it before the calends of April and squandered \$73,500,000 of the public money.

The Servant Problem Not New.

Students of household management will learn with satisfaction that in 1566 many of the evils now to be complained of were distinctly recognized. Some of the more curious fancies which were imposed by a country gentleman upon offending servants were a penny for leaving a door open, missing prayers, leaving beds unmade after 8 (presumably a. m.), and cooks could only have followers at the rate of a penny fine for each one. A curious custom seems to have then existed that entree to the house was denied during the family meals, and as the fine for allowing a breach of this custom was heavy it may be presumed that the sin was esteemed great.

Taking No Chances.

"Now, Freddie, go and kiss your little sweetheart and make it up," said Freddie's mother.

"No, I won't."

"Go and tell her how much you love her and how sorry you are."

"No, I won't. Pa says he got into a breach of promise case by telling a girl that and had to marry the old thing. I won't run any risks, I won't."—London Tit-Bits.

A Modern Ananias.

Mrs. Mateland—Henry, I wonder if you love me as much as you used to love me before we were married. You never say the pretty things to me that you did in those days.

Mr. Mateland—That's because I love you more than I did then, dear. I love you too much now to lie to you, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Was Economically Inclined.

Wantanno—And is your friend strong in the faculty known as "saving common sense?"

Duzno—Remarkably so. When it comes to saving common sense, he is a regular miser. I never knew him to use a particle of it in my life.—Baltimore American.

If you argue with a fool, he will get the best of you. Theories in the hands of a fool are always stronger than facts in the hands of a man of sense.—Aitchison Globe.

Pecan Hunts in Kentucky.

In the Kentucky bottom lands along the lower Ohio and its tributaries the apple orchards and "sugar bush" are things of tradition, says the Indianapolis News. Their places have been taken by the pecan, which yields a much greater revenue. The pecan orchard is usually distributed throughout one of those immense cornfields of several hundred acres that formed the antebellum plantations. Here they are enriched by constant cultivation as well as by the fertilizer from the overflow of the Ohio that occurs always once and frequently oftener a season. The pecan season opens special festivities. Society in the neighboring towns and cities takes it up most enthusiastically with pecan "tours," picnics, dinners—in truth, all varieties of fetes that such ingenuity can originate. The right to gather the nuts is purchased and a professional climber hired. A woods dinner is the most pleasing feature of the occasion—bacon, chicken, broiled on a spit before a fragrant fire; Irish potatoes and the real, old fashioned red sweets, onions baked in a crater of hot coals, kimmel rye bread, roasted cheese, gingerbread and crabapple cider from the farmhouse.

Three Curious Words.

Fillbuster, freebooter and buccanear are words curiously interrelated. The French and the English sea adventurers once made common cause against Spanish settlements in the new world, and all three of these words came in time to describe the rude sea soldiers who deplored the Spanish main and the towns upon the coasts of the Spanish possessions. Fillbuster is said to be the result of an attempt to make a French word of freebooter, and the English borrowed it back from the French because it sounded less frankly brutal than the English word.

Buccanear was originally French in form, and it meant at first one who hunted the boucan or wild cattle and hogs of the West Indies; then one who made jerked meat of their flesh, and finally, because this meat was used to provision the ships of the sea rovers, a fillbuster or freebooter.

Hunting the Wild Boar.

In Germany the boar hunt occurs annually. Trained hounds are held in leash until the air of the boars is sniffed, and then they are let go. Off rush the bristling beasts. They run fast, and the faster they skip along the wilder and "madder" they get. Sometimes they are shot, but the correct style of killing is to use a long spear or a short swordlike knife. The hunter spies his boarship speeding along in an almost straight line, blinded with rage and ferocity. Bending over sideways to the earth, the sportsman thrusts his spear dull end downward in the soil and the sharp point slanting upward and turned directly to the boar's path. Straight on the wild hog rushes, and with all the impetus of his long flight he plunges upon the spear point and there, impaled, dies a bloody death.

"Ich Dien" or "Eich Dyn."

"Ich dien," the motto which belongs to the Prince of Wales, is usually translated "I serve," and tradition has it that it was taken by the Black Prince from the royal helmet of the blind king of Bohemia, who was killed on the field of Crecy. It is a notable fact, however, that the late Dr. William Thue, professor of English literature at Heidelberg, rejected this theory. He held that the motto was of Welsh origin and took its rise at the time when Edward I. presented his newborn eldest son to the Welsh chieftains at Carnarban castle as their future sovereign. He held the child up in his arms and exclaimed in Welsh, "Eich dyn," meaning "this is your man." The explanation is accepted by many antiquarians.

Hats in London.

No stranger can do business in London without a silk hat. It is the style from Monday to Saturday to wear this kind of head covering, with a frock coat, and on Sunday to appear in a "boulder" (the conventional derby) and a sack. Cutaways are much worn with silk hats, and not infrequently dressy men are seen in the outlandish combination of silk hat and sack.—New York Press.

How Ships Are Named.

French ships are usually named after French provinces or towns, victories, ideas or sentiments, but no French names, excepting those of great men in their history, are made use of. German ships bear the names of German rivers, ports, poets, states and characters in German literature. Spanish ships are almost invariably named after their cities or great commanders.

Parents.

Here is a little gem clipped from a small boy's essay on parents: "Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's the mas that make you mind."

The Easy Way.

A schoolboy, being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like it upon the Italian system of penmanship—the upward stroke heavy and the down one light."

The Trouble in Arguing.

Nine out of ten persons with whom you argue say, "But you don't understand!" That's what you think about them—they don't understand.—Aitchison Globe.

Some claim that coeducation encourages matrimony. Why not? Isn't matrimony coeducation?—Saturday Evening Post.

Neighbors

Mackerel, tea, cheese, kerosene and soda crackers live together at the store

Mackerel, tea, cheese and kerosene have strong flavors

Soda crackers have a delicate flavor

All exposed to the air together

What's the result?

The soda crackers lose their own flavor and absorb the flavor of their neighbors

Unless the soda crackers are Uneda Biscuit in the In-er-seal Package with red and white seal, which protects their flavor and keeps them fresh

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

A COOL FISHERMAN.

The Story of How He Landed a Great Big Beauty.

Row slowly now. A little nearer to the shore. There, that's right. Steady, now. This eddy looks like a good place. The left oar; just a little. There, that's fine. Just by these lily pads a large one was caught the other day. Gee whiz! Did you see that? A strike, and he was a beauty, too—an eight pounder, I'll bet. Back water, quick, till I try him again. Steady, now. This is the place. I guess we've missed him. No, by Jove, there he was again! He's got it; he's got it! Turn her out into deep water. He's in the lily pads now and a goner sure! Thunderation, and he was a monster! Must have weighed at least ten pounds. No; there he is! He is still hooked; he is all right; he is free from the lilies; he is free! Steady, now. Put the oars in the boat. See the pole. He bends it nearly double. And doesn't he make the reel sing! Now he has turned. He is coming toward us! Hand me that landing net! Quick, quick! He is going under the boat! He will snap the line! Holy smoke, there he goes! Grab the line—grab the line, I say! Have you got it? Keep him fast, now. Just a second. Steady, now. There he goes into the net. Here he is in the boat. We have him. He is safe. And isn't he a beauty? Isn't he a beauty, a dandy, a crackerjack, a peach? He will go above six pounds, if he weighs an ounce. Wasn't he lively? Did you see him make that three foot leap out of the water? You didn't? Man, where were your eyes? Row in now, and we will weigh him. How much did you say? Four pounds and two ounces! Pshaw! That can't be right. Your scales are not accurate. Well, he's a beauty anyway. It took a full half hour to tire him out and land him. Three minutes, you say! Oh, you're mistaken! That can't possibly be. It was surely longer than that! He was a fighter to the last. Excited when I caught him! Naw; not a bit! Cool as a cucumber—just as I am now. He certainly is a beauty.—Forest and Stream.

Where Wives Are Bought.

Wives are still obtained by purchase in parts of Russian Europe. In the district of Kamyschin, on the Volga, for example, this is practically the only way in which marriages are brought about. The price of a pretty girl from a well-to-do family ranges from \$50 to \$100, and in special cases a much higher sum is obtained. In the villages the lowest price is about \$25. It is customary for the fathers of the intending bride and bridegroom to haggle for a long time over the price to be paid for the lady. A young farmer whose father cannot afford to pay for a wife for him need not think of getting married.—Pearson's Weekly.

James Haworth, aged 81 years, intends to pull a bell rope in St. Paul's cathedral on coronation day. He rang the bells for the death of William IV. for the accession of Queen Victoria, the birth of all her children and her two jubilees, and for the accession of Edward VII.

As a result of the mild weather in Russia shrew mice have appeared in great numbers in the fields, doing great damage to crops.

A publisher in St. Petersburg has issued a directory giving, in 228 pages, the addresses of all the pharmacies and drug stores in Russia.

A Paradox.

"I would rather be right than be president," said the statesman.

"Well," said the friend, "it's a little paradoxical, but I suppose it's proper. You say in substance that for the sake of being right you are willing to be left."—Washington Star.

Strong.

Wife—Are you sure you caught this fish?

Mr. Gayfello—Of course.

Wife—It smells very strong.

Mr. Gayfello—Strong? I should say it was. It nearly pulled me overboard.—New York Weekly.

Too Regular.

"For ten years," said the new parker at a boarding house, "my habits were as regular as clockwork. I rose on the stroke of 6. Half an hour later I sat down to breakfast. At 7 I was at work, dined at 12, ate supper at 6 and was in bed at 9:30. I ate only healthy food and hadn't a sick day in all that time."

"Dear me!" asked the deacon in sympathetic tones. "And what were you in for?"

An awful silence ensued.—Kansas City Independent.

THE OLD WOOD FIRE.

Putting the Big Backlog in Place Was Quite a Job.

After the evening chores were done my father would appear in the doorway with the big backlog coated with snow, often of ampler girth than himself and fully brast high to him as he held it upright, canting it one way and another and walking it before him on its wedge shaped end. He would perhaps stand it against the chimney while he took a breathing spell and planned his campaign. Then, the andirons hauled forward on the hearth and the bed of half burned brands and live coals raked open, the icy log was walked into the chimney, where a skillful turn would lay it over, hissing and steaming in its lair of hot embers. It seemed a thing alive, and its vehement sputtering and protesting made a dramatic moment for at least one small spectator.

The stout shovel and tongs or perhaps a piece of firewood used as a lever would force it against the chimney back; then a good sized stick, called a "back stick," was laid on top of it, and the andirons were set in place. Across the andirons another good sized stick was laid, called a "fore stick," and in the interspace smaller sticks were crossed and thrust and piled, all quickly kindled by the live coals and brands. In very cold weather a fire was kept burning all night, our father getting up once or twice to replenish it. Even in summer the coals rarely became extinct. A good heap of them covered with embers at bedtime would be found alive when raked open in the morning.—J. T. Trowbridge in Atlantic.

The Bridal Wreath.

The bridal wreath is usually formed of myrtle branches in Germany. It is made of orange blossoms in France as well as in the United States. In Italy and the French cantons of Switzerland it is of white roses. In Spain the flowers of which it is composed are red roses and pinks. In the islands of Greece vine leaves serve the purpose, and in Bohemia rosemary is employed. In German Switzerland a crown of artificial flowers takes the place of the wreath.



STORK TIME

to most women is a term of anxiety, serious thought and sweet anticipation.

With the cessation of pain necessary to childbirth, there comes calm nerves, sleep and recuperation.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

does diminish the pain accompanying maternity. With its aid mothers can and do bring healthy, sweet dispositioned and ideal babies into the world.

Morning sickness, sore breasts and excruciating pains caused by the gradually expanding organs, are relieved by this penetrating and relaxing liniment.

Among the manifold aids to childbirth **Mother's Friend** has grown in popularity and gained a prestige among rich women as well as poor; it is found and welcomed in the mansion as well as in the cabin.

By lessening the mother's agony of mind and diminishing pain a beautiful influence is wrought upon the child, and instead of peevish, ill-tempered and sickly forms you have healthy, laughing humanity, remaining a blessing ever to you and its country.

All Druggists sell **Mother's Friend** at \$1.00. Write for our free Book "**Motherhood**." THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.