

**SERIAL**

**STORIES OF THE SECRET SERVICE**

BY Capt. Patrick D. Tyrrell

**STORY No. 1 THE LINCOLN TOMB ROBBERS**

Being an Account of the Attempted Desecration of the Grave of the Martyr President at Springfield in 1876, and the Capture and Conviction of a Gang of Counterfeiters That Preceded It.

By CAPTAIN PATRICK D. TYRRELL

[Copyright, 1905, by Marion G. Scheitlin.] PART II.—Continued.

Besides this bond of intermarriage there was a strong property tie connecting the counterfeiting principals. Nelson Driggs, whose brother kept a hotel in Jersey City which was a rendezvous for "coney men," had \$40,000 in cash, 28,000 acres of land in Texas and other property. Ben Boyd had means in plenty, as did McCartney and several others. They were men of good habits in point of abstemiousness, and many of them lived Jekyll and Hyde lives with such success that in their respective communities they were respected members of society while making and shoving the "queer." Many of them were men of education. Boyd had a magnificent library and was a student. Few of them, during the reputable periods of their careers, engaged in business that was not honorable, among them being farmers, contractors, professional men and an editor.

To this rule, however, there were two or three exceptions. One of these was James Kinealy, who, at the time of this narrative, kept the "Hub" saloon at 294 West Madison street, Chicago, with Terence Mullen as partner. Both Kinealy and Mullen had for years held close communion with the counterfeiters of the central west, and their saloon, while orderly enough, was the general Chicago rendezvous of dozens of the most desperate and accomplished counterfeiters in the country. In St. Louis a saloon of similar character was run by Fred Biebusch, one of the most extensive dealers in bogus currency in the world, of whose career and final capture I shall tell in a subsequent narrative.

The same men that frequented the "Hub" in Chicago were at home in Biebusch's in St. Louis. The halfway station was the saloon in Lincoln, Ill., kept by Robert Spiane, a headquarters for the large band of "koniackers" that lived in and near Lincoln at that time. The principal members of the Lincoln band were Benjamin T. Sheridan, farm owner; James L. Fox, Sr. and Jr., contractors; Joseph de Haven, farmer; Thomas J. Sharp, editor of the Statesman, published in Lincoln; Nathan L. Curtis, Sharp's outside man; Robert Spiane, saloon keeper, and Vibe G. Williams, a bartender. All of these men were intimately associated with Kinealy and Mullen in Chicago and Biebusch in St. Louis, as well as with Nelson Driggs, Ben Boyd, Pete McCartney and many other somewhat prominent. Another member of the band was John Hughes, an all-around criminal and boodle carrier for Charles Stadfeldt while the latter was showing the "queer" made from Boyd's plates.

The incarceration of Ben Boyd in the penitentiary had seriously crippled the counterfeiting industry of the country, and especially among the devotees of the calling who were operating in Illinois. Nearly all the bogus currency shovled in the middle west had been printed from Boyd's plates and handled by Driggs. During the winter of 1875-76, when it became apparent that the evidence against these arch-conspirators was sufficient to bring about their incarceration, there began a series of conferences of the "koniackers" in Chicago, St. Louis and Lincoln, at which was discussed the prospective serious effect on the counterfeiting business of the locking up of its best plate cutter. The different bands which had been fed from the Boyd plates became more desperate as the cutting off of their source of supply became more certain, and when, finally, Boyd passed behind the gray stone walls of the Joliet penitentiary there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth among the precious lot of criminals that infested the Mississippi valley.

To add to their woes, eight months after the capture of Boyd in Fulton, Irvine White, another expert engraver of counterfeit plates, had been arrested in New Jersey, stopping this secondary source of supply. The dealers

of Chicago, St. Louis and Lincoln could, therefore, secure no "coney" money worth the handling, and the smaller dealers, from the Canadian line to the gulf of Mexico, were sending in orders for bad money that could not be filled. The only plate available for use at the time was the one of a \$10 note of the Bank of Richmond, Ind. This was what was known as a skeleton plate—that is, so made that the part bearing the name of the bank was mortised in, allowing the insertion of the name of another bank, the rest of the note being the same. Counterfeits of the Lafayette and Muncie, Ind., banks had been printed from this plate, but this counterfeit had become worthless on account of the worn condition of the plate. The Richmond "10s" were so well known as to be practically unpassable.

Peter McCartney was at large, but was not inclined to divide the fruits of his labors with the Lincoln crowd. Charles F. Ulrich, another cutter, had been released from the Ohio penitentiary, but his release was not generally known and he was not disposed immediately to resume operations. With a knowledge of these facts it can readily be understood why the straits to which the counterfeiters were reduced were desperate. The release of Boyd was an absolute necessity, to be accomplished at any cost.

For months the members of this most cunning and desperate band had been whipping their brains for feasible plans to effect the release of their pal. None that passed muster in the criminal council had been suggested. The secret service, knowing that every energy of the criminals would be strained to free Boyd, but having no knowledge of the plans suggested, worked diligently to enmesh the known members at large on counterfeiting charges and in so doing made a special effort to trap John Hughes, who for a dozen years had successfully passed and dealt in counterfeit money, besides taking side excursions into other paths of crime. Sufficient evidence against Hughes had been gathered to secure an indictment by the federal grand jury in 1874, but for a year and a half he had eluded the shrewdest men in the secret service.

At that time I often secured information from a man named Lewis C. Swegles. He was what we then termed a "roper" or stool pigeon. Swegles was the son of the first auditor of the state of Michigan—the black sheep in a fine family—but a man who had been of considerable value to the

secret service on account of his intimacy with criminals. I had been working to locate Hughes, but had been unsuccessful until August, 1876, when Swegles informed me of his whereabouts. Starting with the information given by Swegles, I soon found an arrested Hughes in the "Hub" saloon at 294 West Madison street, previously mentioned as having been kept by Jim Kinealy and Terry Mullen. Hughes was arraigned and deposited \$2,000 to secure his appearance for trial the following January.

In the meantime Swegles, whose identity and connection with the secret service was most carefully guarded, was working to ingratiate himself into the confidence of the counterfeiting band that made its headquarters at the "Hub" while in Chicago. He confided to Hughes that he had served time in a western prison for horse stealing, but that he was anxious to forsake the crutdles of horse stealing and other common lines of crime for the refinements of dealing in counterfeit money. Swegles, by clever dissembling, was successful in convincing Hughes that he was promising material for an addition to the ranks of the "coney men."

I was fully aware that Swegles was working to win the confidence of the counterfeiters that met at the "Hub," but it was about two months before I had any other communication from my "roper" that was of importance. He then confided to me that the band had under way a sensational plot—not along counterfeiting lines—but to steal the body of Abraham Lincoln and hold it for a large ransom. I was at once to the dining operations of these men, the audacity of this plot startled me. Swegles mentioned \$200,000 as the amount the conspirators had fixed as the price of the return of the body. For a time I found it difficult to convince myself that these men, cunning and daredevil as they had proved themselves to be in other crimes, would actually attempt to carry out a plot so bold and which struck so deeply at the roots of one of the country's deepest sentiments—its love for Lincoln and its reverence for all of him that was earthly.

But the situation permitted the indulgence of no sentiment. The information given me by Swegles had in previous instances been accurate, and I had no reason even to surmise that he was playing me false in this case or that he had allowed himself to be gulled by Hughes and Mullen. Besides, Mrs. Stowe presently startled us by inquiring, with some show of interest: "Did the woman live?"—Julia Ward Howe, in Reader Magazine.

Umbrellas in Samoa. The British consul for Samoa reports to his government that the natives prefer German-made umbrellas to British, because of their style and appearance.

High-Priced Apples. Oregon apples have been sold in England as high as \$6.15 a bushel.

side, my informant had given as one of the motives for the proposed crime the desire for the release of Ben Boyd, which I know to be a consideration of the utmost importance to the men whose operations had been so abruptly curtailed by the plate cutter's incarceration.

The moment was one for action, even at the risk of finding later that the secret service had been led into unnecessary activity by misinformation. My informant had learned that certain St. Louis men, whose names he did not know, were parties to the plot. Previously a similar plot, emanating from the same sources, had been revealed to Chief of Police Wilkinson, of Springfield. In this plan James Kinealy had evidently been the promoter, and had decided to use the Lincoln counterfeiting contingent as his agents. Thomas J. Sharp, editor of the Statesman; Nathan L. Curtis, his assistant, and Vibe G. Williams, a bartender of Lincoln, as the first step, opened a saloon in Springfield, which quarters as well as the place from which they could gather, without exciting suspicion, such information as they needed to aid them in their work of stealing the body of Lincoln.

From the facts that the sum of ransom money proposed in this plot and the later sum were the same and that the interests of all the men in both plots were closely allied, there was little doubt that one man had conceived the scheme to release Boyd, and there was also little doubt that the one man was James Kinealy. He was capable of concocting and trying to carry out such a plot.

The dream of the easy acquisition of \$200,000 led the counterfeiters who had opened the saloon in Springfield into the lavish expenditure of money and dissipation. In one of these bouts Thomas Sharp confided to a woman of the town of Springfield that he expected soon to become one of the beneficiaries of the \$200,000 ransom fund and intimated to her the plan by which the money was to be secured.

This woman informed Chief Wilkinson of the drunken boasts of her admirer. Wilkinson immediately took steps to place additional guards over the Lincoln tomb and took such other precautions as indicated to the conspirators that their plan could not be carried out. It was in this first plot that the leaden casket containing the body of Lincoln was to be sunk in the Sangamon river till its hiding place should be revealed by Ben Boyd.

After coming into possession of the information concerning the second plot I sent Swegles back to Hughes to keep in touch with the movements of the conspirators as closely as possible. He succeeded so well in this that he was chosen to be one of the men to engage actively in the work, and the details of the plan were entrusted to him without reservation. He was to furnish the light spring wagon in which the casket was to be conveyed from Springfield. The plan to sink the casket in the Sangamon river, proposed in the first plot, had been abandoned, and instead the body was to be hauled swiftly from Springfield by relays of horses into the sand dunes of northern Indiana and buried. The conspirators calculated that the shifting of these dunes due to the action of the wind would soon obliterate all trace of wagon tracks and signs of burial and make a hiding place absolutely past the power of any man to find.

The ghouls were to keep track of the place of burial by taking measurements from some natural object, such as a tree, transmitting the key to the burial spot to Ben Boyd in Joliet. The negotiations for the return of the body, in exchange for his own release and the payment of \$200,000 ransom, were to be conducted by Boyd on behalf of the counterfeiters. In order to render the opening of these negotiations the easier, the conspirators calculated, a plan would have to be devised by which the federal authorities could be easily convinced that Boyd could actually furnish the information concerning the location of the body—in short, they foresaw that Boyd would have to be in position to prove to the authorities that he had accurate knowledge of its whereabouts.

In order to overcome this obstacle it was decided that a copy of an English or some other foreign newspaper should be secured, a foreign paper being decided upon so that Boyd could convince the government representatives that the copy of the paper of which he had a part was not one that could have been obtained in any other way than the one claimed by him. This newspaper was to be torn into two pieces, in an irregular fashion. One piece was to be left in the Lincoln tomb, where it was certain to be found when the discovery of the loss of the body was made, and the other piece was to be sent to Boyd in prison.

After the discovery of the work of the ghouls, Boyd was to be accused as if he could solve the mystery and, to prove as told the truth, could produce the missing part of the foreign paper which, of course, would demonstrate to the authorities that the tomb robbers had sent Boyd the paper and with it the key to the location of the body.

[To Be Continued.] Where Twilights Meet. In midsummer the twilight of evening meets the twilight of morning, in the extreme northern parts of the United States, the light of the sun, while that orb is far below the horizon, being reflected from dust particles in the upper atmosphere.

Live Eat-Fin. A lady who was cycling near Bexhill, England, felt something strike her head and found that a sparrow in its flight across the road had impaled itself on her hatpin, which was protruding about two inches. The bird died from its injury.

Poor Fire Department. When the volunteer fire department of Tunbridge Wells, England, was on parade the other day a spark from one of the engines set fire to a haystack, and the fire burned itself out, the volunteers being unable to extinguish it.

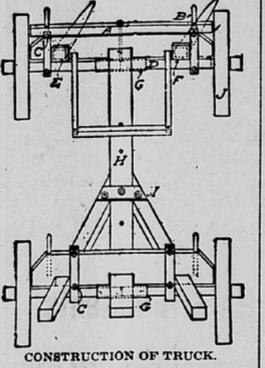
**AGRICULTURAL HINTS**

**A PRACTICAL FARM TRUCK.**

One Which the Farmer Can Build Will Serve Him Acceptably in the Cultivated Field.

There are many plans of ground where it is inadvisable to take a wagon lest the wheels do a great deal of damage to growing plants, and to freshly-cultivated land, especially after recent downpours; yet to economize time and labor in gathering fruit or spreading manure or in mulching plants, a haul of some sort seems indispensable. This obtains to even a greater extent on some lands where there is danger of overturning and not stopping at just the proper place and time.

A broad tire and a flat truck will neither tear up the ground, start at improper moments, nor be liable to upset. For heavy lifting, and for spraying potatoes, the nearer the ground the better, and if not made too wide for field rows, yet high enough



CONSTRUCTION OF TRUCK. (A, Coupling Pin; B, Standard; C, Bolt; D, Axle; E, F, Hub; G, End of Shaft; H, Iron Pipe; I, Coupling Pole; J, Coupling Band; K, Wheel.)

to just brush over potato vines, one may thus have, at the least possible expense, a very serviceable adjunct to his wagon sled. About eight bolts, requiring an outlay of 20 cents, is all the average worker need newly acquire.

By marking a section four times on a reasonably large gum tree, one may have four wheels, four or five inches wide, that will meet every requirement, explains a correspondent of the Country Gentleman. By taking four baking-powder boxes, and unfastening the bottoms with a hatchet, sufficient durable axle boxes are had. A white oak tree will then furnish all the requisite remaining timber for the framework. The larger limbs nearest leaving will make the axles. By the ground the large ends, next to the body of the tree, club-shaped, and trimming the distal portion to fit the wheel boxes, there will be no worry or anxiety or need for outside taps to keep on the wheels.

With two pipes, each a foot long and two ligues through (in diameter), the axles are to be joined, making them touch in the middle of the pipes. There is no danger of their slipping, being held securely by the bolts that pass before and behind each axle, a little more distally than the end of each pipe. The rest of the framework can be chopped out of the body of a medium tree or sapling with a sharp hatchet, and is similar in every respect to our ordinary wagon. By mortising the shafts just above the axle with a club-shaped proximal (to the wagon) end, they are held firmly by the aforesaid bolts on the front axles, maintain a coglike vantage for sharp turns and strength, and require no additional fastenings. An iron strip, similar to what is found around an oil barrel, will make the requisite coupling bands, and is easily punctured by a small hammer and ax for driving purposes.

**A HANDY R. F. D. BOX.**

How the Convenience of the Carrier and the Patron Can Be Easily Served.



The cut herewith shows a mail-box post for patrons of R. F. D. service, that is handy both to carrier and patron.

**ALL ABOUT THE FARM.**

Now the hen goes on a vacation. Do not let patience become a vice. As between the self-satisfied man and the unsatisfied it is hard to say which is the more dangerous.

To brood over things which cannot be helped is worse than a setting hen trying to hatch stones. If you have built an air castle "high in the air," commence now to build a good foundation under it. Down in many a farm cellar are jars and casks containing eggs in the water-glass solution. That means omelet and custard while the hens are resting.

For Use on the Lawn. For gathering small stones, roots, leaves, etc., from the garden or lawn a box having the top and one side removed is very handy. After the material is raked up in piles, it can be brushed or raked into the box and then emptied. Rope handles nailed to each end are an added improvement.

**RESCUING AN ORCHARD.**

A Practical Lesson in the Cultivation of One That Does Not Pay.

What is to be done with the old orchard? This is a question which many men are asking. Will it pay to do anything? Is it not better to cut down the trees, clear the ground and make use of it for other purposes?

Undoubtedly there are some orchards that might better be refused stock from a nursery, such as ought to go as brush. This was the beginning.

For nearly 30 years the trees stood and took the chances with the grain and hay crops. Of course they had the worst of it and at the end of that time there were many vacant places in the orchard. The trees that remained were small and sickly looking. As for fruit there never had been much. The orchard had been one that "didn't pay."

Fortunately a man with an idea then took charge of the farm. He plowed the orchard and sowed rye. In place of cutting the grain and drawing it off the trees were used for a good pasture. After a year the ground was again plowed and sowed. The pigs grew up and went their appointed way, leaving the orchard better than they found it.

The trees responded readily to this treatment. They made a fine growth, and after four or five years began to produce apples. Then the orchard "paid." It paid the best of any field on the farm. There were crops on the "off" years, when other orchards were nearly barren.

Conditions were certainly discouraging enough. It is no exaggeration to say that the majority of neglected orchards offer better prospects than this.

But there was one thing in its favor. The varieties were mostly good. What was done in this case can be done in many another. If the orchard has been long in sod it can be plowed up this fall after the trees have stopped growing, then sown to rye. Next spring begin pruning and set the hogs at work. The pigs will do the cultivating and will pay for the privilege.

Whatever may be said about this method, says the Farmers' Voice, and it is not above criticism, it is at least a cheap and convenient way of treating this vexed question. There may be ways that are better, but certainly this is not so bad as to leave the orchard to care for itself. The same treatment would make many orchards a source of profit that now are an annoyance to their owners and far from a credit to the farms.

**FIVE ACRES ENOUGH.**

What One Farmer Has to Say About the Value of Intensive Farming.

We are not living on our farm at present; have it rented, and are living on a rented property adjoining the town site of Neosho Falls, writes a Kansas farmer to the Farmers' Voice. We have been experimenting in a small way on intensive farming, and I am surprised at results. Waldo F. Brown used to write for the American Agriculturist. He was a strong advocate of intensive farming, and Horace Greeley said ten acres was enough. I have come to the conclusion that five acres is enough, and before I would live in the city and work at common day labor I would take five acres or less and tend it with the hoe, if nothing better, and take my chances for a day's work outside when I could get it. Our country is a big thing and its possibilities are great. The city life breeds idleness, idleness breeds vice, so our country is being supplied with criminals to add to the burdens of taxation, to say nothing of the morals; while a poor man, if he was on a farm or in some parcel of land, could raise his family to habit of industry and make them of some use in the support of the family.

**Treating Pear Blight.**

"The methods which we have used successfully in controlling pear blight in the east," says Prof. Waite, in American Fruits, "is that of cutting out the holdover pear blight in the fall. Pear blight, like smallpox, is contagious, and that should be thoroughly understood. We examine minutely each tree in an orchard and cut off all infected limbs or twigs. We disinfect the pruning knives used in the process, and after the operation we disinfect the wound. It resembles in this regard a surgical wound. But even this method, calling for a most painstaking examination of the trees each fall and again at blossoming time, cannot be said to be successful in eradicating the disease entirely. So far we have succeeded in placing the disease under control only in small territories."

**Water and Orchards.**

For a long time it has been a mystery why certain varieties of apples would do well in New York, New England and even in colder places, and yet would freeze to death on the soil of Illinois and Iowa, where the temperature is higher during the winter than in the eastern states. Within a few years the opinion has gained ground that the water supply in the soil plays an important part in the "wintering" of the tree. When so-called tender fruits have been kicked out in Illinois and neighboring states, here and there near bodies of water the trees have safely passed the winter. The natural inference seems to be that it was cold combined with dryness that resulted in the loss of the trees.

**Patience with the Heifer.**

Take your time about teaching the heifer to milk. Lots of men are in too big a hurry and they expect too much of the young cows, anyway. It has taken most of us a good many years to learn what we know, and there are some things that we are not altogether posted on, even now.—Farm Journal.

**KIDNEY TROUBLE DUE TO CATARRH.**



**The Curative Power of PE-RU-NA in Kidney Disease the Talk of the Continent.**

Nicholas J. Hertz, Member of Ancient Order of Workmen, Capitol Lodge, No. 140, Pearl Street Hotel, Albany, N. Y., writes: "A few months ago I contracted a heavy cold which settled in my kidneys, and each time I was exposed to inclement weather the trouble was aggravated until finally I was unable to work. "After trying many of the advertised remedies for kidney trouble, I finally took Peruna. "In a week the intense pains in my back were much relieved and in four weeks I was able to take up my work again. "I still continued to use Peruna for another month and at the end of that time I was perfectly well. "I now take a dose or two when it has been exposed and find that it is splendid to keep me well."

**Hundreds of Cures.**

Dr. Hartman is constantly in receipt of testimonials from people who have been cured of chronic and complicated kidney disease by Peruna. For free medical advice, address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

**None Too Tainted for Him.**

"Would you refuse a tip from me if you knew it was tainted money?" asked the customer in the restaurant as he finished his meal. "No, sir," replied the waiter; "I'd not refuse it, sir, even if you had run it through that piece of Camembert cheese, sir!"—Yonkers Statesman.

**"Just Laughed."**

Artist—Have you taken my picture to the exhibition? Porter—Yes, sir. It seemed to please the gentlemen very much. "What did they say?" "Oh, they didn't say nothing; but they laughed that hearty."—Stray Stories.

**SCREAMED AT NIGHT.**

Baby Scratched Until Face Was Raw and Bleeding—Eczema Cured by Cuticura.

"For over two years my little baby girl suffered with a raw, itching and painful eczema on her head, and the pain causing her to scream day and night, and my wife could get no rest. We tried several doctors, but without success. Unless we kept her hands tied she would scratch until her face was like raw beef. One cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment completely cured her, healing her face without mark or blemish. (Signed) W. J. Morgan, Orchard Town, New Lambton, New South Wales, Australia."

Political principle is not often allowed to interfere much with political interests of the politician.

**To Wash Black Stockings.**

To prevent black stockings from assuming a greenish hue, wash as follows: Dissolve a liberal amount of Ivory Soap in a gallon of water as hot as the hands can bear. Wash through several sudsy of this preparation; rinse through two warm waters, adding to the last a tablespoonful of vinegar. Dry and press on the wrong side with a cool iron.

ELEANOR R. PARKER. Wealth is a poor yardstick with which to measure happiness.

**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.25 & \$3.50 SHOES**



W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gt. Edge Line cannot be equaled at any price.

\$10.00 REWARD to anyone who can locate the man who stole my shoes.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes have by their excellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing qualities, secured the largest sale of any \$3.50 shoe in the world. They are just as good as those that cost you \$4.00 to \$7.00—the only difference being the price stamped on the bottom of the shoe. If you have not seen my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in the world under one roof manufacturing these shoes, you will not believe that every pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize that these Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best shoes produced in the world. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made by my factory and those of other makers, you would understand why Douglas \$3.50 shoes come to me to make up my bottom of their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoes on the market today. W. L. Douglas Street Made Shoes for Men, \$3.50, \$3.25, \$3.00, \$2.75, \$2.50, \$2.25, \$2.00. CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitutes. None genuine unless they have the name W. L. Douglas on the bottom of the shoe. WANTED: A shoe dealer in every town where W. L. Douglas shoes are not sold. Full line of samples sent free for inspection upon request. Fact Color Prints sent; they will not wear except. Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

**Good, But Wrong Kind.**

Minister (mildly)—I've been waiting to see you, Mr. Kurd, in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me. Milkman (uneasily)—Yes, sir. Minister (very mildly)—I only wanted to say, Mr. Kurd, that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively, and not for christening.—Stray Stories.

**Announcement is made by the Rock Island-Visco Systems of the inauguration of a daily through tourist car St. Louis to Los Angeles via Frisco Line to Medora, Kansas, thence Rock Island-El Paso Line to California.**

This provides an entirely new tourist car route to the Golden State, and with the installation of this car the Rock Island has no less than ten through tourist lines between the East and California. These cars start from Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul and Minneapolis and run through via either the Rock Island's Southern Route by way of El Paso, or Seonic Route by way of Colorado. This frequent and comprehensive service is provided with a view to adequately meeting the demand for tourist accommodations under the very low rates effective in September and October.

Destiny has turned many a man down while he was waiting for something to turn up.—Success Magazine.



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