

AMERICAN LEGISLATORS AT WASHINGTON

Their Allowances by the Nation and the Demand Upon Them.

The Conditions of a Quarter of a Century Compared With the Present—A Plea for the Poor Men Who Hold Office.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, a regular contributor to the New York World, discusses the position of Cabinet officers at Washington in regard to the demands upon the allowances made to them by the nation. She says:

There is no subject upon which men are so inclined to speak ex cathedra as the salaries which should be paid to office holders, and in a varied experience of salaries paid to different officials I have never encountered a gentleman, with the exception of the President of the United States, whose official income paid his expenses while he held the office. Perhaps it is not advisable for a Government to pay salaries which, as a matter of emolument, would induce men to seek the place; yet it seems to me equally inadvisable for riches to be a necessary qualification for a high office.

There are so many patriotic, intellectual men whose fortunes are at low ebb that it would be unjust to debar them from serving their country because their investments had not been fortunate.

The President of the United States has many prerequisites—for instance, servants paid by the Government, a furnished house, a greenhouse maintained by the Government, and lesser advantages,—which make his salary something more than he needs per annum, and it is right that he should be so, as the usage of ex-Presidents has hitherto been to do nothing more professionally after they have left the august position to which they have been raised by the esteem of their countrymen.

But a glance at the condition of his Cabinet shows a different state of affairs entirely. I do not now recall any Cabinet officer since the organization of the Government who, before he was appointed, was a citizen of Washington. He generally comes from a distance, and he has to establish his lares and penates upon a strange and constructively a neutral beach. In my day a moderately fine house and stables could be leased for \$2500, unfurnished. Two thousand five hundred dollars would furnish it prettily, but not handsomely. Two thousand dollars would pay the expenses of a good carriage and horses, with a coachman, but not a footman. The liveries were like Mrs. Gregg's spelling—"matters of private judgment"—and wonderful and original achievements they were sometimes. These, if not pretentious, cost \$100 more. The gas and water rates must be added, and the former were quite an item of expense when the house was lit up once or twice a week. Say the gas was \$20 a month.

Out of the \$5000 salary paid to the officers of the Cabinet very little would be available for entertaining colleagues, friends and strangers, which is the raison d'être of the establishment. It is as much a Cabinet officer's duty to entertain as it is the President's. Then, in what a position an impecunious proud and honest man finds himself! He must either live in a manner beneath the dignity of his office, go hopelessly in debt to maintain it, or expend the savings of years of labor, which have been his dependence for his time of need, upon feeding and conciliating the multitude.

I will not touch upon all the temptations to a dishonest administration of his trust which assail him at every turn when a hint of the President's unspoken policy may pour half a million into the empty coffers of the Secretary; for I trust there are very few who replenish them by treachery to a great trust like this.

If this was the case thirty-five years ago, when people lived in a comparatively simple fashion, what must it be now when bric-a-brac costs more than was required in that time for sofas, chairs and table furniture—when \$5000 silk rugs flash their varied sheen before the eyes of the uninitiated, priceless china in the faience of every civilized country decks the same board, embroidered roses and lilies and daffodillies garnish every tablecloth which is not ornamented with a filmy lace covering, when the silver is not the simply chased metal of the old days, but is moulded into forms and chased by artists not very inferior to Cellini until they look like flowers preserved in ice crystals. Even the spoons and forks are cunningly enamelled, and many of them are brought from Russia and other countries where starvation has stimulated the invention of artisans. This luxurious standard is set up by men who have private fortunes which they consider well spent in ministering to personal aggrandizement. There are very few less fortunate men who have the strength of mind to keep within the compass of a small income and narrow salary when placed in sharp contrast to their millionaire colleagues.

The standards of dress, living and expenditure of all kinds have increased immeasurably, and what was once bare a provision for an office-holder in Washington—as is described by Mr. Giffenden—as a place where the candle ends must be saved is now but a drop in the ocean of outlay which engulfs the means of the poor and even straitens the circumstances of the rich.

The country has enlarged to double its old importance in the congress of nations. The number of its State and official representatives is almost doubled, but the salaries of its representative men remain pretty much the same, and the difficulty of fitting the Prussian measure has become insurmountable to those of moderate means.

We are no longer a simple, semi-pastoral people, directing our energies to

conquering untamed wilds and tilling the ground so diligently. We possess untold wealth of precious metals, an almost boundless reservoir of wealth, and now that we have stretched out our hands to compel our neighbors to see with our eyes, and have convinced them of the justice of our cause through the cogent reasons set forth by the thunder of great guns, the keen swords, the splendid valor of our soldiers and our invincible navy, and shall be forced of necessity to increase both arms of the service to maintain the glory won for us by them, the scale of our expenses must increase with the high seat we have won among nations.

Should the motive power of all this national aggrandizement be the only one which, so long as it preserves its rectitude inviolate, will be permitted to waste its energies in sordid cares? If we do not want to limit the administration of the Government to the rich men, we must give the poor men who hold office enough pay to free them from the onerous care which, like the Lacedæmonian's fox, is eating out their lives while they are too proud to complain.

If it were possible to "retrace the river of our years" and re-establish the old republican simplicity of living, it would be a better state than our present gorgeous affluence of luxury. But travel in old countries, and a riper scholarship, have cultivated the aesthetic tastes of our people, and household bread seems meagre fare after the cakes furnished by the treasure holders of the Old World.

V. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

HIS TRAINED NURSE.

By Miss Grace Lane, Boston Post.

"YOU will find the case rather tedious, I am afraid, Miss Thornton," the old doctor was saying, "for there will not be as much hard work as your energetic soul craves. But you've been working hard now for some time, so a little quietness and inactivity will do you good. You understand about the medicines? Well, I think you may enter upon your new duties at once. I can't very well introduce you since the patient wouldn't be able to reply, therefore you may make yourself acquainted after he recovers from the effect of the sleeping powder."

With a few more furs, hurriedly uttered commands, the busy doctor hastened away, leaving Nurse Thornton standing in the parlor adjusting her patient's sick room.

Months ago, Margaret Thornton had been a charming society girl, the belle of every gathering; happy, blithe, and altogether bewitching. Spending a part of the summer in a quiet mountain retreat, she had met, among a more uninteresting people, with—but not of them—her fate, as she believed. Richard Grey was a man of fine family, well known in literary circles, cultured and personally attractive. From the first day of their meeting he had devoted himself to Margaret and both, before long, acknowledged the deepest pleasure in each other's society. Her unaffected sweetness charmed him; his upright gentleness won her heart. Before the summer ended a mutual understanding bound them, and in the fall, when she returned to her home, he was soon to follow, to formally ask her hand.

But he never came. Misfortune, the loss of her home and wealth came by some foolish speculation of her guardian and then, half stunned by the events crowding upon her, she anxiously awaited her lover. She felt sure, in her own loyalty and largeness of love, that he would not forsake her when she needed him so much. But gradually the truth forced itself upon her, and first reluctantly, and then with burning pride, she felt he had been unworthy of her caring; had never truly loved her.

A noble character unfolded in Margaret Thornton when she realized this. Patiently she went to work in hospital training, and by her brave diligence was quickly able to take her place among competent nurses. A doctor in a distant city who had known her all her life, took her under his kindly, protecting care, and she soon found lucrative positions in plenty. The harder her work the happier was she, since there was then no time for remembering the past.

"I will forget it all," she said resolutely, but in attempting it she was slowly wearing herself out.

The wild rose color had crept slowly out of her face, and the dark curling hair and dusky lashes swept brow and cheek of almost marble whiteness. The sparkle had died out of the blue eyes, but the hand was white and soft as ever, and her dainty presence and sweet low voice had brightened many a sick room.

She glanced wearily around the room, noting the refined taste in furnishings,

wherein everything harmonized, and then, taking up a book, strove to lose herself in it until her patient should awake. She suddenly remembered, with a little amused smile, that she did not even know his name. How should she address him when he awoke. She turned to the first leaf of the book she held, idly wondering if there was any name therein, then clung to the arms of the chair frantically, while the room seemed to whirl about her. Through misty eyes she read the name 'Richard Grey,' in his handwriting.

She recovered herself in an instant. Where could she go? What could she do? This was his house, and she had not known it. Oh, what foolish indifference had possessed her that she had not inquired where she was coming. She was ill; she must leave at once, now, before she might encounter him. The doctor would not come until the next day. She might telephone to him that she was not able to take this case; to send another nurse. But Richard was, must be, near. Perhaps it was he himself lying unconscious in that other room. A jealous feeling took possession of her. Could she leave him to the care of that other nurse whom the doctor might send? She could not. A little sob rose in her throat; then she walked falteringly to the inner room and crept softly to the patient's bed. It was he. All thoughts of his indifference, carelessness; yes, cruelty to her, left her, in its place, drowning her wounded pride, a wave of her woman's love, mighty, all covering, swept. 'I will stay,' she said, below her breath. 'I cannot hurt me. It will be at least a joy to be near and help him, and when he awakens, if the sight of me seems to displease him, I will go.'

The setting sun brightened the room to glory and a ray or two touched the dark brown head gently, comforting. As the light died out, Richard Grey awoke. He stirred uneasily, and the nurse went to the bedside, with white, serene face. She had suffered deeply as she sat there, but the struggle was over. She could do her duty unflinchingly now. Her lips quivered slightly as she looked at the pain drawn face on the pillow, but before she could speak he tried with a violent effort to raise himself. 'Margaret!' he cried, with such unmistakable joy in his tone that she almost forgot her own name. 'Margaret, my own, have I, indeed, found you?'

She pushed him gently back on the pillow. 'Hush,' she said, in the authoritative, professional tone, 'you must take this now,' reaching for the medicine near at hand. 'I am the trained nurse whom Dr. Addison sent.'

He caught her hand and held it with all his feeble strength. 'Margaret, do you no longer care for me? It was unkind to treat me as you did. I came to your house, after a really severe illness, during which I could get no word to you, and found it closed, cold. I made inquiries, but no one seemed to know where you had gone. You might have let me know of your trouble. I have sought for you patiently enough to claim some reward. Oh, my love, don't say you have forgotten me—put me out of your life. I want you so.'

Margaret listened nervously. Could what he was saying be true? Looking at the eager face, with the honest brown eyes searching hers, she knew she had been wrong; had misjudged him all along.

The cool professional tone was gone when she answered softly: 'When you are better, Richard, we will talk of this. Now rest.'

'Not till you say you will never leave me again,' he retorted, in the old boyish insistent fashion that she knew so well. 'I will not go to sleep until you have promised to be my wife. I have waited so long, and then how do I know but that, when I awake, you may have vanished again? I must have your pledge. Say 'Yes' and let me kiss you, dear.'

Being a good nurse, as has been implied, it was her duty to prevent over-excitement in a patient. Therefore, how resist this appeal?

Mr. Grey is recovering rapidly, so much so that the date of his wedding is set, and society is saying, 'His trained nurse! Is it possible?'

COULD NOT DRESS ALONE.

A Nova Scotia Farmer Tells of His Intense Suffering From Rheumatism and How He Found Relief.

From the Bridgewater, N.S., Enterprise. Such suffering as rheumatism causes the victim upon whom it fastens itself is almost unendurable. Only those who write under its pangs can imagine the joy of one who has been freed from its terrors. Mr. J. W. Folkenham, of New Elm, N.S., is one of those who have been released from pain, and who believes it his duty to let others know how a cure can be found. Mr. Folkenham is a farmer, and like all who follow this arduous but honorable calling, is subjected to much exposure. It was this exposure that brought on his trouble and caused him so much suffering before he was rid of it. He says:—In the spring of 1897 I contracted rheumatism. Throughout the whole summer I suffered from it and about the first of October it became so bad that I could not get out of the house. The pains were located in my hip and back, and what I suffered can hardly be expressed. I became so helpless I could not dress myself without aid. Eventually the trouble spread to my hands and arms, and at times these would lose all feeling and become useless. In November I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking four boxes began to improve. After using six boxes the pains and soreness had all gone and I was able to do a hard day's work. I intend using a few more boxes as a precautionary measure, and I would earnestly advise those suffering from this painful trouble to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and be made well.

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BRIEF NOTES OF INTEREST.

Some idea of the vastness of the tobacco industry of the neighboring Republic may be inferred from the following statistics:— During the twelve months of the fiscal year ending June, 1898, according to the official summary which has just appeared from the Treasury Department, there was exported to foreign lands 263,000,000 pounds of unmanufactured American tobacco. Within the same period by the same report, the amount of imported tobacco was 10,000,000 pounds, and of foreign cigars and cigarettes 350,000 pounds. The value of American exportations of tobacco was \$25,000,000 and of tobacco importations into the United States \$10,000,000.

Notwithstanding all reports regarding the hardship associated with gold-hunting in the Klondike, it is said that the United States Mint at Philadelphia has received from Seattle in the last two weeks \$1,477,271 of Klondike gold. A single shipment was received of \$377,000. The gold is lighter in color than that received from Colorado, containing more silver and less copper. The Klondike gold assays 700 parts of gold, 204 parts of silver and 6 parts of base metals.

The report comes from London that the Prince of Wales made his first landing from the royal yacht Osborne in a month, going ashore at Mount Edgumbe, Devonport, after elaborate preparations, amid a flurry of excitement among the villagers.

The London press are busy just now discussing a new sphere for the operations of American millionaires in disposing of their daughters. The question put by the English journals is: "Will an American girl eventually sit on the throne of Italy?"

The report comes from Dallas, Tex., that a reign of terror exists all over northern Texas among the negroes. They are flocking to Dallas for protection. The Whitecaps in many counties are to blame. Outrages have been perpetrated in numerous places, including whipping and shooting negroes for various criminal offences and blowing up of half a dozen or more houses with dynamite. The negro districts and suburbs of Dallas are crowded with strangers.

The police and Sheriff's departments find this race problem a difficult situation to solve. Riberies are increasing, but the officers believe most of them are the work of white thieves, who reason that the crimes will be charged to the strange negroes.

Some say that many of the Whitecap notices are posted by designing negroes who desire to create a panic among their race so as to make a scarcity of cotton pickers, and thus advance the price of picking.

A new figure has sprung into the political arena of the world's nations—the figure of a little Jap, with one leg. He is Count Soigenobu Okuma, the new Premier of Japan. He is very popular among his people.

The War Department at Washington has been overwhelmed with evidence of the terrible conditions at the various military camps. It is manifest, however, that much of the truth was known by the officials some days ago, when orders were given to abandon nearly all the camps for healthier localities.

The Roman correspondent of the New York World writes: It is estimated that during his pontificate Leo XIII. has amassed \$20,000,000, including presents of precious stones, gold and silver to the value of \$10,000,000.

President Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic, is said to have presented the Pope with the largest diamond in the world. It is valued at \$4,000,000.

A despatch from Berlin says: Prince Bismarck's memoirs are now in Berlin. Privy Councillor Kroner, of the Stuttgart publishing firm, received a special hint from the Government and bought the bulky manuscript, which is now undergoing examination.

There is, however a duplicate manuscript at Friedrichshagen, and as the text was dictated by Bismarck, the family will not submit to any considerable changes or abbreviations.

A medical officer of health is the latest addition to the primary schools of Germany. He examines the new pupils, and gives each his health certificate. It is his duty to see that the school is well aired, well lighted, and properly warmed in winter. Every five days he gives a medical lesson to each class.

HIS EPITAPH.
The following humorous story is related of the Marquess of Anglesey, who lost his leg at Waterloo. The owner of the inn where the operation took place had the leg interred in the garden with the following epitaph, written in French, above it:—

Here lies the Leg of the illustrious and valiant Lord Uxbridge Lieutenant General of His Britannic Majesty's Command-in-Chief of the English, Belgian and Dutch Cavalry. Wounded 18th June, 1815, at the memorable battle of Waterloo; the triumph of the cause of his fellow men, gloriously decided by a brilliant victory on that day.

It is doubtful whether the noble Marquess had anything more to do with the willow than having his leg there. The Marquess was a brave man, and it is unfortunate for him to have had all this foolery about his leg, in which he bore no share. When he was for the second time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he became very unpopular, and O'Connell quipped the lines:

God takes the good, too good for earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

And, continued the great orator, with an addition of his own:

This couplet's truth in Part is just we find:
God took his leg and left himself behind.

Nor could the Dublin rabble be behind their leader in attacking the infirmity of the Lord Lieutenant, for they unfeelingly sang, under the windows of the Castle or whenever the Marquess drove through the streets:

He has one leg in Dublin, the other in Cork;
And you know very well what I mean!

The Marquess of Anglesey was not the only general who had a monument to a limb: there exists at Sebastopol, in the British burial ground, a monument lovingly erected to the memory of an English general's arm.

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Young Men's Societies.
Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association
Organized April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1877.
Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 18 Drape street, 1st Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, RICHARD BURKE; Secretary, M. J. POWER; all communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League W. J. Henby, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.
Organized 1885.
Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, REV. E. STRUBBE, C.S.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITE; Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. White, D. J. O'Neill and M. Caser.

A.O.U.—Division No. 3.
Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 1133 Notre Dame Street, at 8 p.m. Officers: J. B. Wall, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Rec. Secretary; W. P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshal, John Kennedy; T. Ervine, Chairman of Standing Committee. (Hall is open every evening, except on regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other institutions of a popular character.

A.O.U.—Division No. 4.
President, H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Delorme Avenue; Vice President, J. P. O'Hara, Recording Secretary, P. J. Egan, 1 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tondy, Treasurer, John Travers; Marshal, D. McLaughlin, 41 St. Bernard; White, Marshal, P. Gordon, 75 St. Patrick's; J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara, T. Gordon, Chairman, Standing Committee, John Costello, A.O.U. Division No. 4. Meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74.
Organized March 11, 1885. Branch 74 meets in the basement of St. Gabriel's new Church, corner of Centre and Laurier streets, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.
Articles for new members, or any one desiring information regarding the Branch, may communicate with the following officers:
Rev. W. J. O'Shea, P.P., Spiritual Adviser, Centre street.
Capt. Wm. Duncan, President, 17 Fire Station.
Mr. J. McLaughlin, Financial Secretary, 77 Fortia street.
Wm. Clarke, Treasurer, Bourgeois street.
James Taylor, 25 Prince Arthur street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26.
(Organized, 18th November, 1883.)
Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of the month at 8 p.m.
Applicants for membership or any one desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:
MARTIN FAHAY, President, 577 Cadogan St., J. H. SHELEY, Treasurer, 71 Sherbrooke Street, G. A. GARDNER, Fin. Sec., 511 St. Lawrence St. JAS. J. COSTIGAN, Secretary, 325 St. Urbain St.

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Catholic Benevolent Legion.
Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.
Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, at 8 p.m. W. H. HEALEY, President; T. W. HENRY, Secretary, 117 Barri Street.

Catholic Order of Foresters.
St. Gabriel's Court, 195.
Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan. 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laurier streets.
M. P. McGOULDRIK, Chief Ranger.
M. J. HEALEY, Rec.-Sec'y, 48 Laurier St.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.
Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger, JAMES F. FOSBER, Recording Secretary, ALEX. PATTERSON, 15 Ottawa street.

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