BECAUSE A BIRD SANG.

Because a bird sang ere the raindrops were Or sunbeams had driven the clouds from

the sky,

A dark life was brightened, a faint heart made strong; For trustful and glad were the tones of that

song. He sang till he quickened a hope that was By singing that song on the roof of the shed.

The hope had been buried so long that I

deemed
'Twas only some beautiful thing I had
dreamed.
It quickened, and started, and wakened

once more, And filled with the visions that charmed me

yore; ome the tune and the words that he (That bird in his song on the roof of the

He sang and he warbled: "Oh, longing He sang and he warned.
heart, wait!
Though dim is the future, yet kindly is fate.
Believe it and trust it, O mortal, to be
Replete with the dearest of treasures for
thee."
So hope has arisen and doubting is fled,
Because of that song from the roof of the

-Hilda Muirhead, in Ladies' Home Journal.



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SYNOPSIS.

D'Auriac, commanding outpost where rene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron 8 in temporary command, appointed by 3en, de Rone to examine into a charge against d'Auriac, Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in a man and woman, from king's 2mm at Le Fere, prisoners. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duel follows lamp at Le Fere, prisoners. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duel follows and prisoners escape. Duel is interrupted by appearance of de Rone, and d'Auriac is told he will hang if found alive at close of morrow's battle. Riding over field next day d'Auriac finds Nicholas, victim of de Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of death, and releases him from awful predicament. After battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lyling severely wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness robbing the bodies of the dead and wounded. They find golden collar on de Leyva's corpse, and Babette stabs Mauginot (her partner) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who had escaped from de Gomeron and d'Ayen, her suitor, rides over the field. Madame rescues d'Auriac, and afterwards visits him daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend is helress of Bidache. When well enough he is taken to her Normandy chateau, where he learns from Maitre Palin, madame's chaplain, the king is about to force her to marry d'Ayen. He sets out with Jacques, his knave, for Paris, to prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility. They who says de Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to de Gomeron's retreat where they manage to overhear details of plot. Burning with revenge, Nicholas shoots at de Gomeron, Flying for their lives, the two men think themselves beyond pursuit, when suddenly they are face to face with Biron, one of the traitors, whom d'Auriac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas; d'Auriac escapes. Arriving in Paris the chevaller lays what he knows of treasonable plot before Sully, master general of ordnance. Calling on de Belin, a friend, d'Auriac secures from him a servant, Ravaillac, who had previously been in service of d'Ayen. D'Ayen's marriage to Madame de la Bidache is to occur within fornight, de Belin to stand sponsor. Palli and madame arrive D'Ayen's marriage to Madame de la Bidache is to occur within fornight, de Belin to stand sponsor. Palin and madame arrive in Parls. D'Auriac has suspicions aroused concerning Ravaillac; later witnesses meeting with de Gomeron, therefore dismisses him. The chevaller is introduced at court by de Belin, where he charges Biron with being traitor to France and king. For his pains Henry gives him 24 hours to quit France. King now commands marriage to be celebrated on the morrow, making it imperative that flight occur that night, if madame be saved. D'Auriac therefore meets her secretly, when masked men swoop down on pair and carry them off, bound and gagged. De Gomeron places him is the safest room in the Toison d'Or. De Gomeron and Babette offer d'Auriac his freedom on condition that he will sign paper holding de Gomeron guiltless of any design against either himself or the madame. D'Auriac asks to be unbound and 24 hours in which to decide. Babette comes for his answer. By artifice he compels her to open his dungeon door.

CHAPTER XV .- CONTINUED.

The door swung outward, so that all I pushed it open. It kept her perfectly secure and enabled me to take a precau tion that, it turned out, was needed: for, as I pushed the door, I drove the ment it was sufficiently open to let me pass I sprang out and seized her left arm. Quick as I was, however, I was not quite quick enough to avoid the blow of her dagger, and received a flesh wound, which, however, was, after all, but slight. Then there was another struggle, and affairs were adjusted be tween Babette and myself without any special harm being done to her.

"Now listen to me," I said. "What-ever happens, I will kill you first if there is any treachery. Take me straight to madame.

"She is not here," was the sullen re-

ply. "Then I take you with me to the Hotel de Ville. Come to your senses."

She broke into the most terrible imprecations; but time was precious, and I quenched this readily enough, and at last it was clear she was utterly cowed. and it was only dire necessity that com-

pelled me to use the violence I did. "Come"—and I shook her up—"where is madame?"

She looked from right to left with a

quick, uneasy motion of her eyes. "I do not know—she is not here." "Look here!" and I gave my prisoner a shake. "I fully believe that madame is here, and if you wish to save yourself from the rack-it hurts more than what have done to you—you will see that no harm comes to her. You follow.'

She was speechless; but her eyes were blazing with wrath as she made a sullen movement of her head.

You had better tell M. de Gomeron,

will save him the trouble of knowing that I have escaped - you under-

This time she nodded eagerly enough. "Now," I went on, "we will open the last door."

I took the bunch of keys, and after a try or two succeeded in hitting on the right one. After this I pushed Babette before me into the small flagged yard, and saw to my surprise that it was night, and that the moon was out. Then I gave the fact no further thought beyond an inward "Thank God!" for the uncertain moonlight that would cover my escape. As I pushed my cap-tive along the shadow of the wall until we came to the entrance gate, I looked around and above me carefully, but there was nothing to indicate where madame was. A hundred times was l tempted to turn back and risk all in searching the house for her, and it was only because I was convinced that the sole chance of saving her was to be free first myself that I did not give in to my On reaching the gate I disdesire. covered that there was a wicket in large enough to squeeze a man's body through, and that this was closed but by a heavy pair of iron cross-bars, a ecure enough defense from the outside. Holding Babette at arms' length from me, I put down the bar and opened the wicket. Then, still keeping my hold on her, I freed her hands, and, bending slightly forwards and looking her straight in the face, said: "Remember! And adieu, Mme. de—Mauginot."
At these words, which brought back

to her memory her crime on the battle field of La Fere, she shrank back, her eves seemed to sink into their sockets. and as I loosed my hold of her shoul-der she fell in a huddled heap on the flags of the yard.

CHAPTER XVI.

A COUNCIL OF WAR. As I slipped through the wicket I cast a hurried glance around me, and then, acting on the impulse of the mo-ment, ran forwards along the road for about 50 paces with Babette's dagger clenched in my hand. There I was brought to a stand by a dead wall, studded with iron spikes at the which rose sheer above me for fully 20 feet and barred all further progress. It was evident that the Toison d'Or stood in a blind alley, and that I had taken the wrong turning. Not even an ape could have scaled the moss-grown and slippery surface of those and, leaning against a buttress in the darkest corner of the wall, I stood for a moment or so and waited, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible should I be pursued. There was no sound, however; all was still as the So I stole forth from the shadow of the buttress, and, keeping the dagger ready to strike, retraced my steps past the Toison d'Or and along the winding and crooked passage, keeping as far away from the walls as possible to avoid any sudden attack, until at last I found myself in a cross street, down which I went, taking note of such landmarks a I could to guide me back, when I should return with vengeance in my right hand. The cross street led into other winding and twisting lanes, whose squalid inhabitants were either flitting up and down or quarreling amongst themselves, or else sitting in a sullen silence.

How long I wandered in that maze of

streets I cannot say, but at last I came

upon an open space, and finding it more or less empty stopped to take my bearings. My only chance to get back to my lodging that night—and it was all important to do so—was to strike the Seine at some point or other; but in what direction the river lay I could not, for the life of me, tell. At last I determined to steer by the moon, and holding her track to the southwest of me went on, keeping as a landmark on my left the tall spire of a church, whose name I then did not know. So I must have plodded on for about an hour, until at last I was sensible that the street which I was in was wider than the others I had passed through, and, finally, I saw before me a couple of lanterns, evidently slung on a rope that stretched across a street much broader still than the one I was in. That, and the sight of had to do was to fold my prisoner's arm | the lanterns, convinced me that I had ity, and it was with an inward "Thank God" that I stepped under the light and looked about me, uncertain which direction I should take; for if I kept the moon behind me, as I had done hitherto, I should have to cross over and leave the street, and I felt sure that this would be a serious error, and that would only lead me into further difficulties. It was as yet no more than a half hour or so beyond Compline, so the street was full; and unwilling to attract the attention of the watch, which had a habit of confining its beat to places where it was least required, I began to stroll slowly down, determined to inquire the way of the first passer-by who looked in a mood amiable enough to exchange a word with so bedraggled a wretch as I was

I had not long to wait, for in a short time I noticed one who was evidently a weil-to-do citizen hurrying along with a persuading staff in his right hand, and the muffled figure of a lady clinging on to his left arm. I could make out nothing of her; but the man himself was short and stout of figure, and I ran to the conclusion that he must be a cheery soul, for, as far as I could see by the light of the street lamps, he looked like one who enjoyed a good meal and a can to follow, and, approaching, Iaddressed

"Pardon, monsieur, but I have lost

I had hardly spoken so much, when, loosening his arm from the lady, the little man jumped back a yard and belittle man jumped back a yard and began flourishing his stick.
"Stand back!" called out the little

man, dabbing his stick at me. Be still, Mangel. So you wish to

find the rue de Bourdonnais, sir?" "He had better find the watch," in-

gone that way towards the Porte St. | ere five of us, and we know where she Martin." is—come."

"Then this is the-" "Rue St. Martin."

"A hundred thanks. I now know where I am, and have only to follow my nose to get where I want. I thank you once more, and good-night."

At last I was once again in the rue des Deux Mondes, very footsore and weary; but kept up by the thought of what I had before me, and ready to drop dead before I should yield to fatigue. There was no one in the street, and, seizing the huge knocker, I hammered at the door in a manner loud enough to waken the dead. It had the effect of arousing one or two of the inhabitants of the ad joining houses, who opened their windows and peered out into the night, and then shut them again hastily, for the wind blew chill across the Passeur aux knock, and then I again beat furiously at the door, with a little sinking of my heart as it came to me that perhaps some harm had befallen these people. This time, however, I heard noise within, and presently Pantin's voice inquiring in angry accents who is was that disturbed the rest of hones people at so late an hour.

"Open, Pantin!" I shouted. "It is I do you not know me?

Then I heard another voice, and : sudden joy went through me, for it was

that of my trusty Jacques.
"Grand Dieu! It is the chevalier!

Open the door, quick, man!"

It was done in a trice, and as I stepped in Pantin closed it again rapidly, whilst Jacques seized my hand in his, and then, letting it go, gambolled about like a great dog that has just found its mas-

I noticed, however, at the first glane I took around, that both Pantin and Jacques were fully dressed, late as it was, and that the notary was very pale, and the hand in which he held a lantern was visibly trembling.

"Monsieur," he began, and then stopped, but I understood the question in his voice and answered at once:

"Pantin, I have come back to free her

-come back almost from the dead.' "Then, monsieur, there are those here

who can help you still—I had thought you brought the worst news," and he looked at me where I stood, soiled and wet. "This way, M. le Chevalier," he continued. "In a moment, Pantin," cut in Dame

Annette's voice, and the good woman came up to me with a flagon of warme' wine in her hand. "Take this first, chevalier, 'tis Maitre

Pantin's nighteap; but I do not think ne will need it this night. God be thanked you have come back safe.

I wrung her hand and drained the wine at a draught, and then, with Pantin ahead, holding his lantern aloft, we ascended the stairs that led to my apart ments. As we went up I asked Jacques "Did you manage the business?"

Yes, monsieur; and Marie and he father are both safe at Auriac. I rode



I WAS NOT QUICK ENOUGH.

back almost without drawing rein, and reached here but this afternoon; and then, monsieur, I heard what had hap pened, and gave you up for lost.

At this juncture we reached the small landing near the sitting-room I had occupied, and Pantin, without further ceremony, flung open the door, and announced me by name. I stepped in, with surprise, after me, and at the first glance recog nized to my astonishment de Belin, wh had half risen from his seat, his hand on his sword hilt, as the door was flung open, and in the other figure, seated in armchair, and staring moodily into the åre, saw Palin, who, however, made no movement toward turning his head. and looking coldly at me. Not so Belin for he sprang forward to meet me, in his impulsive way, calling out:
"Arnidieu! You are back! Palin,

take heart, man! He would never have come back alone.

The last words struck me like a blow and my confusion was increased by the demeanor of Palin, who gave no sign of recognition, and there I stood in the midst of them fumbling with the hilt of my sword, and facing the still motion less figure before me, the light of the candles falling on the stern, drawn features of the Huguenot.

My forehead grew hot with shame and anger, as I looked from one to another, and then, like a criminal before judge, I faced the old man and told him exactly what had happened-all except one thing which I kept back. At the mention of Ravaillac's name, and of his identity with the capuchin, the viscompte de Belin swore his mustache; and but for that exclamation my story was heard in stillness to its bitter end. For a moment one might have beard a pin fall, and then Palin said: "And you left her—there!"

"I did what I could."

"The one ewe lamb of the fold—the last and the best beloved," he said, as if speaking to himself, and then in a sudden fury he sprang to his feet; your master, that I refuse his terms. It terrupted Maitre Mangel, "they have why do we stand prating here? There day is coming.-Up to Date.

But Belin put his hand on his shoul-"Patience, Maitre Palin - pa

"I have had enough of patience and enough of trusting others," and the Huguenot shook off the hand and looked at me with a seowl. "Come, M. d' Auriae, if you would make amends, lead me to this Toison d'Or and we will see what an old arm can do."
"I am ready," I answered.

But Belin again interfered.
"Messieurs, this is madness — from what I have gathered, d'Auriac will prove but a blind guide back—we are not, moreover, sure that madame is there—sit still here, you Palin—neither you nor d'Auriac are fit to think. Fore Gad! It was lucky I thought of this for our meeting place to-night, Palin—sit still and let me think."

"I can think well enough," I cut in, and I have my plan; but I should like to ask a question or two before 1

'And these questions are' "I presume I am suspected of this ab-

"And of more. Nom de Dien! Man! our mare was found dead, and beside her one of the marshal's guards, run through the heart," answered de Belin. "Then of course if I am seen I am in

danger?"
"A miracle only could save you. The

king is enraged beyond measure, and swears he will let the edict go in its full force against you. The camarguer has made a fine story of it, saying how he tried to stop the abduction, but failed in the attempt."

"In short, then, it would ruin all chances if we adopt Maitre Palin's suggestion."

"You are saving me the trouble of thinking." "Again," I went on, "it is not certain

if madame is still at the Toison d'Or, and apart from that I doubt if I could find my way back there to-night, unless anyone could guide me," and I looked at the Pantins, who shook their heads sorrowfully.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT A POPULAR TRADE.

One of Its Followers Who Got No Sympathy When He Complained of the Hard Times.

he post office, and to one of them came a fourth. One of the three did not know the newcomer, and stepped aside slight y, but he overheard the conversation:

'Well, John, how's things?' "Poor, very poor. I haven't had a thing to do for three weeks."

"Is that so?"
"Sure. If this streak of bad luck keeps up I'll have to go out of busi-

Instead of commiserating, the other two men grinned, and one said, in an unfeeling tone: "I don't care if you never have work."

John shook his head sadly and passed The listener was shocked. He had never heard anything so bluntly cruel

In a few moments he expressed his feel ings somewhat warmly. "He seems like an honest fellow, and serves encouragement," he con-

Both men laughed outright.

"Well," said one at length, "if you want to give him a job, you're welcome. He is an undertaker."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Short Flights. The man who works for his father n-law is sure of a steady job.

Even the invention of the flying ma-thine won't enable us to visit our castles in the air. The poor shot won't hit much, even

with a double-barrel gun.

The man who keeps his mouth shut never gets a black eye. Many of us would work for posterity we could get our pay in advance.

The danger of making a false step

he top or the bottom of the stairs. When your poor relatives begin to gather at your bedside it isn't necesary to ask the doctor if he thinks you re going to die .- N. Y. World.

"Isabel the Obstinate."

Isabelle de Villaines became queen of Yvetot in or about 1455. She is known as "Isabel the Obstinate," and with some reason. Her guardians wished her o marry a great sieur or well-born gen tleman, but Isabelle stoutly refused It turned out that her whole heart wa upon a certain playfellow of her childhood, Jean Chenu, son of a small farmer and nephew of Isabelle's instructor, the abbot of St. Wandrille Jean went to the wars to seek his for une, returning home a belted knight and married the faithful Queen Isabello of Yvetot, who had waited "obstinately for his return .- Gerald Brenan, in St

Not True Love.

Daughter—I will have to break my engagement with Mr. Nicefeller, mother, Mother-When did you make that dis

Daughter-Last evening. I saw him out walking with another wo did not want to murder her at all .- N. Y. Weekly.

Got What He Was After. Yeast—I understand Snapton has een after a political job.

Crimsonbeak-Yes; I see he's not do ing anything now. I guess he must have got it .- Yonkers Statesman.

The Important Thing.

"The marriage at Splicer's was a fail-re, was it not?" "Well, in a measure. The groom didn't show up, but we had a spanking good supper."—N. Y. Journal.

Every Dog Has His Day. Black—I'm leading a dog's life, White—Never mind, old man; you

YOUNG ROCKEFELLER "Out of Sight

Made a Railway Director at the Age of Twenty-Three.

He Is a Youngster Fresh from College, an Athlete and a Conscientious Worker-American Type of "Guinea Pig."

Young John D. Rockefeller is now a Lackawanna director, says the New

York World. At 23 years of age, without previous experience in railroad management or important personal holdings of the stock of the road, he sits in conference with men grave and gray, like Samuel Sloan, as his father's representative.

Without the influence of the senior Rockefeller he might have achieved a seat on an important railroad directorate in 15 or 20 years of strenuous effort.

Young Mr. Rockefeller is a type of a new development in American finance. In London they call a man who, be-cause of family influence rather than his personal attaiuments, is elected a member of financial boards and sits silent at their meetings a "guinea pig, because a bright, new-minted golden guinea is paid to each director present.

Undoubtedly Mr. Rockefeller will be in time a valuable member of financial boards, for he has ability and a serious purpose; but that does not prevent a

certain incongruity in his election.

The directors of American corporations meet at varying intervals, and each director present receives as his fee a coin of gold, sometimes ten dol-

lars, sometimes only five dollars.

Bank directors meet weekly to con sider commercial paper. The full boards of railroads come together less often, because many of the members live at distant points. In these cases a meeting of the full board may come only once a month; but there is usually an executive committee, composed of a few of the more active members living near at hand, who meet more frequently-once a week or even oftener. The presiding officer of this smaller meeting is called the chairman of the road, and each member receives



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR. (Elected Railway Director at the Age of Twenty-Three.)

the same fee as for a full board meeting. Then there is a large and increasing number of local corporations, the "industrials" and the street car lines, whose directors meet as often as those

of the banks.

It is obvious that a young fellow fresh from college can, by a wealthy father or uncle, be put in a position to add agreeably to his moome by attending board meetings,

To receive ten dollars, or even five dollars, for a meeting which may last only a few minutes is pretty good luck

or a young fellow just out of college. It has been estimated that Chauncey M. Depew receives \$800 a month in fees for attending meetings of boards or of executive committees. This may easily be the case, as several meetings might be attended in the same day, each oc-

cupying but a short time.

In Dr. Depew's case, many of the boards meet in the same huilding. Without quitting the vast roof of the Grand Central station, New York, he can attend the meetings of a good many different lines of important rail-

In the case of a young fellow from college, a seat in a board room is merely continuing his education. From the lecture room of the gray and spectacled professor of ethics he enters the room where, sitting silent in a great padded chair, he can hear the master minds of the century discuss its greatest problems-finance, transportation, produc-

Young Rockefeller is a graduate of Brown university. He is quiet, simple, straightforward, of medium height, like his father, but more strongly built. He has developed his muscles in the gymnasium and on the football field. He is fond of horseback riding. He does not drink or smoke; unquestionably he does not gamble.

Mr. Rockefeller teaches a Sundayschool class, as his father did at one time. He worships at Dr. Faunce's Fifth Avenue Baptist church. He plays the violin, but seldom attends public musical performances.

would commend itself to a religious investor. It runs fewer Sunday trains in proportion than any other great line—usually upon the plea of a pretty well defined public necessity.

Young Rockefeller is already well versed in the business of the Standard Oil trust. He is an employe in the New York office and he keeps office hours, working side by side with other young men who have no hope of inheriting

fortunes, and he asks no odds of them It is likely that Mr. Rockefeller's election to the Lackawanna directorate will be followed by similar distinctions conferred by the Standard Oil trust. the Brooklyn Union Gas company, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad. the steel trust and other important bodies in which his father has large financial interests.

Out of Mind."

In other months we forget the harsh winds of Spring. But they have their use, as some say, to blow out the bad air accumulated after Winter storms and Spring thaws. There is far more important accumulation of badness in the veins and arteries of humanity, which needs Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This great Spring Medicine clarifies the blood as nothing else can. It cures scrofula, kidney disease, liver troubles, rheumatism and kindred ailments. Thus it gives perfect health, strength and appetite for months to come.

Kidneys - "My kidneys troubled me, and on advice took Hood's Sarsaparilla which gave prompt relief, better appetite, My sleep is refreshing. It cured my wife also," Michael BOYLE, 3473 Denny Street, Pittsburg, Pa

Pittsburg, Pa.

Dyspepsia — "Complicated with liver and kidney trouble, I suffered for years with dyspepsia, with severe pains. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me strong and hearty."

J. B. EMERTON, Main Street, Auburn, Me.

Hip Disease—"Five running sores on my hip caused me to use crutches. Was confined to bed every winter. Hood's Sar-saparilla saved my life, as it cured me per-ROBERT, 49 Fourth St., Fall River, Mass.



Hood's Pills cure liverills, the non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

War Was a Blessing.

"This here last war," remarked the old lady, "has been a blessin' to my fam'ly; John drawin' of a big pension fer one ear an' three fingers; the ole man's writin' a war history; Moll's engaged to a sergeant, an' Jennie's gwine to marry a feller that come within an ace of bein' a gin'rul!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Settlers Wanted on Michigan Farm Lands,
Choice cleared and stump lands in Central

Choice cleared and stump lands in Central and Western Michigan, suitable for fruit and general farming. Very low prices and favorable terms to actual settlers. Excellent schools and markets. Write H. H. Howe, Land Agent C. & W. M. and D., G. R. & W. R'ys, Grand Rapids, Mich.

It has been said that speech was given man to conceal his thoughts. This is not the true answer. Speech was given to man to prevent other people from talking.— Boston Transcript.

Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ar-

Opens February 2. In the Ozark Mountains. Delightful climate. Beautiful scenery. Unequaled medicinal waters. Cheap excursion rates. Through sleepers via Frisca Line. Address J. O. Plank, Manager, Room H., Arcade, Century Building, or Frisca Ticket Office, No. 101 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Human Nature. "How did you manage to pass such crude cains?" they asked him.
"Oh, people want money so bad!" replied the counterfeiter, acutely, if not grammatically.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Go to work on Lumbago as if you intended to cure it. Use St. Jacobs Oil. Cholly—"Why do they say a little learning is a dangerous thing?" Dolly—"If you ever get any you will find out."—Yonkers

Fromptly. It saves money, time, suffering. He who neglects present duties, may cever overtake future opportunities.—Ram's Horn.

Consumption

Do not think for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way.

It creeps its way along. First, you think it is a little cold; nothing but a little hack-ing cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night

sweats.
The suddenness comes when you have a hemorrhage. Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping. You can do it with

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

You first notice that you cough less. The pressure on the chest is lifted. That feeling of suffocation is removed. A cure is hastened by placing one of

Dr. Ayer's Cherry **Pectoral Plaster** over the Chest.

A Book Free.

It is on the Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Write us Freely,

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write the dector freely. You will receive a promptreply, detents.

without cost. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.