

LOST LIGHT.

I cannot make her smile come back— That sunshine of her face That used to make this worn earth seem, At times, so gay a place.

The same dear eyes look out at me; The features are the same; But, oh! the smile is out of them, And I must be to blame.

Sometimes I see it still, I went With her the other day, To meet a long-missed friend, and while We still were on the way,

Here confidence in waiting love Brought back, for me to see, That old-time love-light to her eyes That will not shine for me.

They tell me money waits for me; They say I might have fame. I like those gowags quite as well As others like those same.

But I care not for what I have, Nor lust for what I lack. One title as much as my heart longs To call that lost light back.

Come back! dear banished smile, come back! And into exile drive All thoughts, and aims, and jealous hopes That in thy stead would thrive.

Who wants the earth without the sun? And what has life for me That's worth a thought, if, as it's price, It leaves me robbed of thee!

—Edward S. Martin, in Scribner.

FOUND GUILTY.

The man who sits down to deliberately plan a crime works every point and detail to one common centre—an alibi. The law has common sense enough in this one particular to presume that a man who is in Boston, for instance, when a murder is committed in Cincinnati could not have fired the shot or struck the blow.

Therefore, let one accused of crime prove to the jury that he was at some other point at a certain critical hour, and he must be declared innocent. This knowledge makes the alibi a favorite defence. If not clearly proved, it always raises doubts and affords opportunity for argument. On the other hand, however, when an alibi is fairly beaten by the prosecution, then circumstantial evidence becomes the death-trap of the accused, and he has no show.

One of the best laid alibis I ever ran up against in my career as a detective, and one of the easiest to work out after I got the end of the thread in hand, was put forward in a case in Iowa about twenty years ago. The situation was this: In a small village in the western part of the State lived a Miss Clarinda Moore, a spinster about forty-five years of age. She was worth \$50,000, and she had adopted a boy named Byron Fergus. At the date of which I am writing this boy was no longer a boy, but a young man of twenty-three. He was employed as a clerk in a dry goods house, and boarded and lodged at home. He was adopted at the age of twelve, and on the day he reached his majority Miss Moore made a will leaving him everything. This fact was known to all in the village. Fergus was a model young man. No one could point out a single bad habit. He was trusted and respected by all, and had been accused of the slightest dishonesty, no one would have believed the charge.

In a smaller village six miles away Fergus had an aunt who was a widow, and lived alone, with the exception of having the company of a servant girl. He was in the habit of going over there about once in two months and remaining over Sunday. On these trips he drove a horse and buggy belonging to the village cooper. The horse had a peculiar habit which will be described later on. One Saturday evening of a July day, Fergus drove away on one of these trips. There were two or three women at the gate in company with Miss Moore when he drove away. The only thing out of the usual run was the remark that Byron looked rather pale and seemed a bit nervous, but probably this never would have been thought of but for what came to pass.

At 11 o'clock that night there was a thunder storm and an insurance agent who was on the road between the two villages with horse and buggy, drove into a fence corner and sheltered himself as well as possible with the water proofs. In the midst of the storm a horse and buggy came along. The driver was so enveloped by water proofs that the agent could not tell whether he was old or young, large or small, white or black. At that spot the road had been lately graded up and was very soft. The stranger was urging the horse to trot, but the beast found the mud too deep and could only proceed at a walk. As the strange horse came opposite, there was a long, vivid flash of lightning, and the agent saw that the animal had his head turned to the right and his tongue out. This was the peculiar habit of the cooper's horse when on a walk. When trotting he held up his head and kept his tongue back. The agent identified the horse to his perfect satisfaction and called out to the driver, asking who he was. Instead of halting or replying the man struck the horse sharply with the whip and was out of sight in a moment.

In a few minutes it was discovered that a murder had been committed. The dead body of Miss Moore was found in the sitting room, at the door of her bedroom. She had been struck three terrible blows with a club or other blunt weapon, each one breaking the skull.

I was visiting the Sheriff at this time, and we were driving through the village when the first alarm was sounded. I was, therefore, at the house among the first, and being placed in charge by the Sheriff, I kept the people out until I could make an investigation. The murderer had not obtained forcible entry to the house. Not a single article of value had been removed, nor had any ransacking been done. The woman had been struck down where the body lay, but her hands were clenched as if she had grasped the weapon of death and it had been pulled away from her. The palm of one hand was torn and bleeding. I did not know either the dead woman or Fergus, but I wanted authority to arrest the latter. When this fact became known I was regarded as an idiot or a lunatic. A general cry went up that Fergus could no more be suspected than an angel in heaven, but while the Sheriff was left to secure the necessary papers, I drove out to interview the young man and break the news to him. If Fergus was guilty, his defence would be an alibi, and he had carefully arranged the details. He would be expecting the news, and he would be braced up to play a part.

I found him making ready to hitch up to drive back. He had never seen me before, and he did not know my profession. As I entered the barn he looked startled and turned pale, but recovered himself after a minute, and asked the nature of my business.

"You know, of course, that Miss Moore is dead?" I carelessly replied. "How—how should I know it!" he exclaimed, turning very white. "Well, she is dead, poor thing."

"And do they charge me with it?" "With what?" "Her murder?" "I hadn't said she was murdered. I told you simply that she was dead. How did you know she had been murdered?"

He saw the trap he had fallen into, and he gasped and stammered and did his best to smooth it over. I pretended not to lay it up as a point against him, and speedily arranged that he should return in my vehicle and leave the cooper's rig where it was. After the first shock he braced up wonderfully, and his demeanor on the way home was entirely that of an innocent man. He expressed great willingness to give us all possible information, but at the same time advanced and clung to the theory that no one but a tramp could have been guilty of the crime. Upon reaching home he displayed considerable grief and emotion. In fact, he overdid it. It was more like acting out a part. The people were indignant that he should be suspected, and he was not put under restraint. Indeed, no warrant had been issued for him.

Early the next morning, satisfied in my own mind that Fergus was the murderer, I drove out to his aunt's. I found that he arrived there at 7 o'clock Saturday night. Half an hour later he complained of headache and went to bed, saying he would be down again by 9 o'clock. As he did not keep his promise, the hired girl knocked on his door at that hour, but receiving no reply, was told not to disturb him. He was not seen by the inmates of the house until 7 o'clock Sunday morning. The girl was up at 5, and as she crossed the yard she saw that his window was up, and some of his clothing was hanging in the sun. At the barn I found the cooper's buggy washed clean. Fergus had done this Sunday forenoon. He had not made a good job on the horse, however, and I found plenty of mud on his fetlocks. As it was dusty Saturday night when he was driven over, this mud must have been picked up after the storm. I found the harness stiff and damp from being wet, and the cloth cushion of the buggy was still damp. Hunting further, I found the fresh tracks of horse and buggy turning into the barnyard after the rain. The window of the room occupied by Fergus opened on the roof of the shed. At the lower edge of the roof stood a leach. On the edges of this leach and on the roof I found mud. On the carpet in Fergus's room I found more of it. He had scraped and cleaned his boots and flung the dirt into a stove, whence I got half a pound.

All this I got without the suspecting that I was after proofs. I then returned to the scene of the murder, and after an hour's search discovered the place where a horse had been hitched for some time. It was in the rear of the house, on an open space, and under a tree, and the horse had pawed up the ground and gnawed the bark of the tree. The footprints of a man could be faintly traced across the garden, and I had no doubt that Fergus came and went this way. On the fourth day after the funeral I learned from the insurance man what he had seen during the storm, and then a warrant was issued and Fergus was taken into custody. By this time the townspeople had begun to think it a queer case. Fergus had gone over the house and declared that nothing had been taken. No suspicious characters had been noticed in the neighborhood. Jewelry and money had been left lying on the bureau, showing that the object could not have been plunder. Did the woman have any enemy? No, not one, as far as we could learn. Who could profit by her death? No one but Fergus, and yet this was one of the strong points he brought forward. It was known to a score of people that she had made her will in his favor. Would not everything be his at her death? To clinch our case and make circumstantial evidence good we must show a motive. This seemed hopeless, but I went at the task, hoping evidence might aid me if Fergus was guilty. I examined his personal effects over and over and over again in search of a hint, but for two weeks after he had been sent to jail I discovered nothing. Then I got the clue where I ought to have secured it before. In a drawer in his desk I found several advertisements plainly in the interest of swindlers. One of them read:

capital can double it in one year in a legitimate enterprise. For particulars address Box 891, etc. Another read: If you have nerve and \$5000 in cash we will make you a millionaire in one year. We permit the fullest investigation before investment. Write for particulars. A third just hit his case: Are you a young and ambitious man, feeling that you could get ahead if properly backed and encouraged? Have you any money? Can you get from one thousand to three thousand? If so, we will positively guarantee you \$100 in return for every dollar, and inside of a year. I felt sure he had written some of these parties, but as I could not find any letters from them I set out to hunt them up in person. They were bold-faced swindlers, and they bothered me some, but in the end I got five letters written by Fergus. In one of them he stated that he would soon have money to invest, and expressed his satisfaction at the particulars of the speculation as far as given: him. The greed of gain, then was his incentive. The woman, who had been mother and sister to him came of a long-lived race, and was in good health, and a month before her death was told by a doctor in the hearing of Fergus that she was likely to live to be ninety or one hundred years old. Until her death the young man could hope for little or nothing, as she was obliged to make the interest of her capital support her.

Murderer or not, the boy was the legal heir, and he employed the best legal talent in the West to defend him. The lawyers might take every dollar if they could but clear him. It was a veritable fight for life with all the money and most of the talent on one side, but that web of circumstantial evidence kept drawing closer and closer, and it could neither be broken nor explained away. Had Fergus been innocent a frank reply to each question would have explained it. Being guilty, his evasions only made matters worse. The jury were out fourteen hours before finding a verdict of guilty, but within an hour he had made a full confession. He told me that he had been planning for two months, and that he believed he had arranged details until his case could withstand the most minute investigation of the highest detective talent.—New York Sun.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Old-fashioned barege is revived. Foulards are again in high favor. Ecu ponce is used for petticoats. Summer gowns are trimmed but not draped.

Black is still the leading favorite among colors. Gloves of chamois skin are used for shopping. Moonstone jewelry is very popular just at present.

The skirts of tulle dresses are made in fan plisses. English women refuse to adopt the low-crowned hat.

The newest thing in work-baskets is a Japanese lantern. A labor lyceum for women has been organized in St. Paul.

Soft finished piques are sometimes used for tennis costumes. Tan colored leather is used extensively for trimming dresses.

Rhinestone belt buckles are counted-nines this summer. Selvedges form the trimming to some of the summer gowns.

A woman's exchange has been opened in Brook street, London. Low hats tied on with narrow strings are worn at tennis parties.

White China silk is one of the favorite fabrics for summer dresses. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is in Italy gathering points for a new story.

Seventy-five women in the United States are practising lawyers. Ribbons intended for sashes vary in width from ten to twelve inches.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is one of the most popular women orators in England. Tapestry painting is the craze of the moment with young girl students.

The military girl is an established institution at the University of Minnesota. Sandal shoes are worn with Empire and Directory gowns on the outside.

Englishmen who affect the single eyeglass use one encircled with a gold rim. Leather and chamois trimmings are again seen on traveling and utility suits.

The new rocco ribbons look like the beds of flower garden in full June bloom. Silk gowns in black and white are most fashionable when designed in scrolls.

Tucks on the skirt, tucks on the sleeves, tucks on the waist, tucks everywhere! Ribbons for dresses, hats and bonnets come in widths varying from two seven inches.

Mrs. D. G. Croly (Jennie June) is about to start a new paper called the Woman's Century. Women interviewers are said to be far more successful than men on London newspapers.

Batiste dresses, with parasol to match, will serve as all-day dresses at the watering places. Fancy sleeves of some thin fabric are worn this season in tennis blouses of thicker material.

All the new jerseys are made as nearly as possible after the pattern of the fashionable bodices. A taste for shot twilled silk is revived, as they suit dresses of the Empire style and that of 1830.

There are eight ladies of title in England who carry on the business of dress and mantle making. A Philadelphia washerwoman contributed the only matress she had for the Johnstown sufferers.

There are over 3,000,000 women in this country who are engaged in work which is not domestic. A young woman who has her own living to make needs to disembarass herself of all false pride.

Among the dressy yet inexpensive materials of the season are beautifully printed mohairs and alpaca. Irish poplins are beautiful in combination with soft woolen material, as they come in such lovely tints.

The Elmira (N. Y.) College is the oldest college in the world chartered for the education of women. Miss Susan B. Anthony is nearly seventy, but her figure is straighter than that of many a girl of seventeen.

Dr. Giuseppina Cattant is a woman, and she has been appointed lecturer on pathology at the University of Bologna, Italy. The long handed double eyeglasses now used so much by ladies seem to empower them with the privilege to stare.

Zotique Kandahar, of Chicago, claims to have discovered a potion which will change blondes to brunettes, and vice versa. Miss Juliet Corson, the cooking school instructor, has become so much of an invalid that she is not able to leave her room.

A popular St. Louis girl recently received during a short spell of sickness 500 roses and forty-eight pounds of candy. The new Duchess of Portland ranks eighteen in the list of peeresses, and the American Duchess of Marlborough takes precedence of her.

Miss Jane Cobden, the first woman elected a County Councillor in England, is barely thirty-five years old, but her hair is snowy white. Among the New York subscriptions to the Johnstown fund is the sum of \$3000 given by a bride who realized the amount by selling forty silver wedding presents.

Boston humanitarians are protesting against the proposed slaughter of blue-jays in order that their plumage may be used for the decoration of women's bonnets. A Nova Scotia woman became engaged to be married to a man and patiently submitted to his delays of the marriage for thirty years and brought suit for \$50,000 damages. She did not, however, do this until he had married another woman.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

One of the students of Princeton is seventy-three years old. The tomb of Virgil at Posilippo, just outside Naples, is for sale.

The amount of pressure in an ordinary handshake is eleven pounds. Cowboys are seriously contemplating the use of ostriches for herding cattle.

A Chicago enthusiast talks of erecting a tower in that city, 2000 feet in height. Oxford University, England, has the appliances for printing in 150 languages.

Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, calls a certificate of character "a sugar paper." A gentleman named Eugene Moore killed 500 alligators in Florida last season.

A Chicago faith-healer refused to treat a man for dyspepsia because he would eat pickles. Travelers say that in Victoria, Australia, there are trees more than 500 feet in height.

W. D. Howells, the novelist, had an aunt who memorized half of Webster's Dictionary. The Madras (India) Museum is said now to possess the skeleton of the largest elephant ever killed in India.

While traveling on a Western trip Jay Gould once drew up a check for several millions on the back of an envelope. The Boston papers tell of the finding of a British penny in an oyster served at a restaurant in that city the other day.

There are seventy-three different stocks of languages and nearly 800 dialects represented among the Indians of North America. The mouth of a Georgia colored lad is so large that he can readily insert in it a large baseball and then leave room for his hands to remove it.

A seaman at Milton, Sittingbourne, who has just attained his 100th year, was powder-monkey on board the vessel which brought to England the news of the victory at Trafalgar.

In ancient times peacocks' crests were among the ornaments of the Kings of England. Ernauld de Acland (Acland) "paid a fine to King John in a hundred and fifty palfreys, with sackbuts, gilt spurs and peacocks' crests, such as would be for his credit."

Matches, dipped with potassic chloride, ignited by dipping into a bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid, were first manufactured and used in 1838. Friction matches were first made in 1832, with potassic chlorate and antimony sulphide. Soon after phosphorus was used on the tips.

This summer a stone tower of about the size of the tower in Mount Auburn, Mass., will be erected by Professor Horsford to mark the site of the ancient fortification which he discovered on the Charles River, near Waltham, and which he believes to be Norumbega, the forgotten.

There is a dearth of hyacinths in London this year, on account of commercial reasons. Previous large sales of the flower have reduced the price of the root, so that the Dutch growers will not permit the blooms to be collected. They are allowed to die upon the ground and then are carted off in heaps.

The military custom of saluting by bringing the hand into a horizontal position over the eyebrows is thus accounted for: It is supposed to date back to the tournaments of the middle ages, when, after the queen of beauty was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty.

The Ingenious Little Prairie Dog. Major Benteen, who is spending his retirement in Atlanta, was one of the bravest frontier officers, and led part of the Custer expedition, which ended so fatally. He is a great observer of natural history, and his narrative of stories about animals is quiet as brilliant as are his recitals of army incidents. "Not a blade of grass will grow," said he, "where a prairie dog takes up his abode."

"The prairie dog lives in burrows. The burrows run down to a depth of five or six feet, then they turn upward running near the surface of the ground for several feet. The reason they make this turn in the burrows is to prevent water from drowning them out, and to take more precaution they work the dirt up around the mouth of their burrows to the height of a foot, sometimes more. There are a great many mistakes concerning the habits of those ingenious little animals. Some claim that if one is shot near his burrow he will crawl back into his burrow before he dies, but that is all a mistake. I have shot them while they would be in the mouth of their burrow and then took them out. Some think that a prairie dog enters his burrow at the coming of winter and remains there until spring calls him forth, but that is another mistake. I have seen them walking in the snow hunting for something to eat. They live on grasses and roots and prickly pear, or cactus, as it is called by some.

"The prairie dog is about the size of a fox squirrel, and is almost the color of one. They are very destructive to crops. The farmers poison thousands of them, but it seems as if the old usage of killing one fly ten will take his place, has reference to the prairie dog. Another tale is told of the prairie dog—that the rattlesnake, the prairie owl and the prairie dog all live in the same burrow, but that is the greatest mistake of all. The owl and the rattlesnake do live in the towns, or rather the rattlesnake dies in the prairie dog town, for no sooner does he enter a burrow than the dogs collect and commence filling up the burrow, and if the rattler has gone too far to hear them his doom is sealed, but if he is near the mouth of the burrow he will come out as soon as possible. When the owl takes up his abode in a burrow the dog leaves it and goes to another burrow. They never try to fill up a burrow when an owl goes in probably because they think there is not as much harm in an owl as there is in a rattlesnake."—Atlanta Constitution.

The True Hero of Waterloo.

The Duke of Wellington was once asked who, in his opinion, was the bravest man at Waterloo. "I can't tell you that," he said, "but I can tell you of one than whom I am sure there was no braver. There was a private in the artillery. A farm house, with an orchard surrounded by a thick hedge, formed a most important point in the British possession, and was ordered to be held against the enemy at any sacrifice. The hottest of the battle raged around this point, but the English behaved well, and beat back the French again and again.

"At last the powder and ball were found to be running short; at the same time the hedges surrounding the orchard took fire. In the meantime a messenger had been sent to the rear for more powder and ball, in a short time two loaded wagons came galloping down to the farm-house, the gallant defenders of which were keeping up a scanty fire through the flames which surrounded the post. The driver of the first wagon spurred his struggling horses through the burning heap, but the flames rose fiercely round and caught the powder, which exploded, sending rider, horses and wagon in fragments in the air. For one instant the driver of the second wagon paused, appalled by his comrade's fate; the next, observing that the flames, beaten back for a moment by the explosion, afforded him one desperate chance, he sent his horses at the smoldering breach and, amid the cheers of the garrison, landed his cargo safely within. Behind him the flames closed up and raged more fiercely than ever. The private never lived to receive the reward which his act merited, but later in the engagement he was killed, dying with the consciousness that he had saved the day."

Idaho shows evidence of rapid development. In 1880 it cast 7000 votes for delegate, and in 1888 more than 15,000. In the same time it increased its annual expenditures for public schools from \$9000 to \$140,000. Of its 55,000,000 acres of land 25,000,000 are grazing and 15,000,000 agricultural lands.

Why They Lead. Dr. Pierce's medicines outsell all others, because of their possessing such superior curative properties as to warrant their manufacturers in supplying them to the people (as they are doing through all druggists) on such conditions as no other medicines are sold under, viz: that they shall either benefit or cure the patient, or all money paid for them will be refunded. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific for catarrh in the head and all bronchitis, throat and lung diseases, if taken in time and given a fair trial. Money will be refunded if it does not benefit or cure.

Dr. Pierce's Peppermint—gently laxative or actively cathartic according to dose. 25 cents. THE Congressional Library contains 615,731 volumes and 238,000 pamphlets and is the largest collection of books in the United States.

Forced to Leave Home. Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unquiet complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a free sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large-size package 50 cents.

There are ninety-seven cotton mills in India, which consumed 283 million pounds of cotton last year. For 24 years Dobbin's Electric Soap has been utilized by unscrupulous soap makers. Why? Because it is best of its kind and has an immense sale. Be sure and get Dobbin's, and take no other. Your grocer has it, or will get it.

There are 96,000,000 acres in the two Dakotas, which only 7,000,000 are under cultivation. Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the West. Full information free. Address Oregon Improvement Board, Portland, Ore. A 10c. smoke for 5c.—"Tanell's Punch."

True Economy. It is true economy to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, for "50 Doses One Dollar" is original with and true only of this popular medicine. If you wish to prove this, buy a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and measure its contents. You will find it to hold 100 teaspoonfuls. Now read the directions, and you will find that the average dose for persons of different ages is less than a teaspoonful. This is certainly conclusive evidence of the peculiar strength and economy of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it."—J. W. WALLACE, Quincy, Ill. Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. 50¢; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar N. Y. N. O.—27

RESEARCHERS' OWNERS & TRADERS' REGISTERED CALF SKINS FOR BOOTS. WE WANT A GOOD MANY. CASH PAID. LOCALITY. SATISFACTORY GUARANTEE. C. S. PAGE, VERMONT, U. S.

\$75 to \$250 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a home and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. R. F. JOHNSON & CO., 109 Main St., Rochester, N. Y. Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. R. F. J. & Co.

POISONED FOR CONSUMPTION. GIRLS WHO ALL ELSE FAIL. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

\$5 to \$25 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 Free. Lined and under. Boston Post. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

PENSIONS DUE ALL SOLDIERS. FREE Large MARRIAGE PAPER. FREE and particulars of our association that pays over \$1,000 AT MARRIAGE. Address THE COLLEGE, DUNSTON, TOWN, CHINA.

After ALL others fail, write Dr. Lobb, 329 N. 15th St., PHILA., PA.

Twenty years' continuous practice in the treatment and cure of the most distressing cases of early vice, destroying both mind and body. Medicine and treatment for one month, Five Dollars, sent securely sealed from observation to any address. Book on Special Diseases free.

I prescribe and fully analyze Dr. J. C. Lobb's specific for the certain cure of Gonorrhoea. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

It is only by the many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYRE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

It is only by the many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYRE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

It is only by the many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYRE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

It is only by the many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYRE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

It is only by the many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYRE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

It is only by the many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYRE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

It is only by the many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYRE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

It is only by the many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYRE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

It is only by the many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYRE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

It is only by the many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYRE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

It is only by the many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYRE & CO., Chicago, Ill.