THE HARVEST MOON.

Faded the last faint blush of evening's rose, And shadows gather in the sleeping vale, Where silent now, the rippling streamlet

Beneath the mist, that, rising dim and

Hovers over it like a silver veil,

Hiding the tears upon the closed-up flowers, That seem to weep for the day's vanished

Across the heaven a mellow radiance steals, The mist grows brighter, and the silver

Reflects the tender light which half reveals Earth's loveliness, and, like an infant's

Makes all things beautiful and holy seem: The harvest moon along the autumn sky Holds her fair sway and bids the darkness

O'er fallen leaves, o'er hill and vale and plain.

O'er ripened fruit and fields of golden grain; O'er lovers, lingering in the mystic ligat, Whispering fond words beneath the silent night;

O'er the great city in its solemn rest, O'er wealth and poverty, the worst, the

Her luster falls, and through the listening

Breathes but of peace and beauty every-

where, Serene and pure she mounts the azure heaven,

Telling the wondrous love her God to man has given.

-All The Year Round.

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Ethel Hapgood was pacing the long conservatory paths, gazing idly through the steamy windows. An imaginative observer might have classed Ethel as a hot-house flower. She was slender. delicately formed; she had thick yellow hair, starry blue eyes and a charming face, whose chief color was the deep red of her lips.

But Ethel bore great resemblance to her father's father-a sturdy man, who, working with his own hands, had laid the foundations of the present large family possessions-a man of energy, originality, fine qualities.

Sometimes Ethel, with all her delicate beauty, looked oddly like him. She did

"What would poor mamma think?" she murmured, guiltily. "She has done everything for me. Why am I dissatisfied? What ails me?"

And then she went on recklessly to

answer the question.

"I'm worn out-that is all. I've danced all winter, and gone to concerts and the opera and the theatre, and bowled with two clubs, and- What is the use in going over it? I've done everything! I've been so popular that mamma has been perfectly happy. I've had so many favors at every German that I got to be a proverb. And Allen Lifford proposed, and mamma was grieved that I didn't take him. And Mr. Dinsmore-I shouldn't dare tell mamma how I discouraged him-him and miring, brightened eyes. his money. She'd be horrifled. Oh, I shall never see a man! I should know if I saw one, I'm not afraid of that. He might be a gentleman, too; he might be of a fashionable set; he might be rich. Those things don't make a man. But if he was manly-if he had spirit and ambition and brightness, and wasn't contented doing absolutely nothing, and didn't think his clothes were all-important, and never drawled and never bored -how I could like him! I shall never. said Ethel, with solemn emphasis, "never see him. Well, and here we are at West Bedford for the summer. To 'rest,' mamma says. And how I could rest if it found since I've been here that his famwasn't West Bedford! I'd take the dogs and tramp in the woods and hills all day. But it's a 'resort,' and the Stanley's are here, and the Eameses, and mamma is planning little teas and dances in this great country place we've hired, and there's a picnic next week, and a dance at the finest hotel to-night, and mamma and I must go. And I shan't get a minute's rest before next season sets in. And I shall forget all these funny notions, and do as all the other girls are doing without a qualm-dance some more and flirt some more, and marry the best catch that offers. Mr. Dinsmore, perhaps."

Ethel laughed, snatched a white pink, tossed her pretty head, and strolled toward the door, looking rather less like long tramping day, as I've made this. her grandfather.

She was not the girl the world took her to be-but nobody would ever know she was not. What could she do? Nothing! and hopeless heart-rebellion merely | in the flowers. made her uncomfortable. Good-bye to

She almost stepped on the toes of somebody hastily entering the conserva- ing to catch her eye again. tory, as she would have passed out. A man, and a young man. A perfect stranger.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, in breezy, bright tones; "but I found the proper entrance locked, and I came around here. The florist-can you tell me where to find him?"

"Somewhere in the shrubbery," Ethel almost gasped. "Thank you! I'll hunt him up.

want some flowers, you know," said the young man, briskly.

Ah! Ethel was quick of perception. She knew the rear door of the conservatory. It opened on the road, for the convenience of the gardener and florist, whose cottage was just across from it.

"Absurd arrangement," Ethel's mother had observed, driving past. "You might take it for a public hot-house." And the interioper-the tall, broad-

shouldered, bright-faced, agreeable interloper-had taken it for precisely that. Ethel looked down, looked up, smiled | row? faintly, then looked demurely inscrutable. Her girl friends had always de-

clared that she dared, if she chose, do just anything. "I guess I can get them for you," she

gaid. "Oh!" He looked pleasantly surprised. "You're his daughter?"

Ethel nodded vaguely. "Well, I'll be awfully obliged to you. Roses and pinks, please, and valley lilies—anything. As big and nice a

bunch as you can fix." Assuredly her mischievous plot had its drawbacks. To be taken for the ing. daughter of a country florist! to be ordered about like any serving-maid! She, Ethel Hapgood! Yet, why was it so far from being disagreeable? Was it that his hardy young strength, his keen gaze, his careless, rough country suit-so like a flesh-and-blood embodiment of her late wistful imaginings?

"Very well," she said, gently. "Our choicest flowers are beyond the palms there."

She led the way. When a great cactus leaf threatened to brush her face he pushed it aside, and then they smiled at each other in friendly fashion.

"I'm not long in these parts," he ventured. "We're here for the summer, my mother and I. We've rented the Flagg place. You know it?"

Oh, yes, Ethel knew the Flagg place! She did not; but she was in the spirit of it now, and enjoying it. She felt equal to any needed mendacity.

"Right up among the hills," she observed-every place in West Bedford being right up among the hills.

"Yes. Do you know anything about the shooting?" asked the young man,

anxiously. "Is there any?"

"Any amount," Ethel rejoined, with enthusiasm. "Whew, but I'm glad!" he said boy-

ishly. "What's the country without shooting, and fishing, and boating, and all the rest? But then I'm an enthusiast, a crank, to be candid. I'm addicted to outdoor doings as no fellow ever was."
"It's a healthy taste," Ethel re-

He had not appeared, and it piqued her a little, to be as greatly struck by her charms as men invariably were; but her readily sympathetic manner gained for her another quick, genial smile.

He had taken off his soft cap and was absently crumpling it, which showed his dark hair and the crinkle in it. "So it is," he agreed, "and productive of healthy conditions. I can outwalk

anybody but professionals, I reckon." He laughed. "I wish I could," Ethel said, sincerely. "It's all in getting used to it, you know," he rejoined. "A little every

Can you row?" "I never learned." She had wanted to but her mother had

opposed it. "Oh, but you ought! I contracted that fever at college; but it has served me well. I had a great time down on the river here yesterday. I caught four eels, four old shoes and a mud-turtle."

They laughed jovially. "But I discovered-I vow it-s totally new kind of water-weed." "You and Thoreau should have trav-

eled together." "Oh, you've read him? I have. Was he not a genius?"

It did not seem to strike him oddly, the florist's daughter's having read Thoreau; but he looked at her with ad-

There was a blue lacing in his flannel

shirt; his hands were large, strong, Ethel noticed everything with a strange inward tremor. It was as though her

hero had fallen from the skies. "Your flowers?" she murmered. "I'd forgotten them!" he vowed. laughing. They're for a young lady, so suit your own taste, and she'll be suited.

probably. "Oh!" Ethel said, faintly. "Yes; a young lady I've never seen, either. But her brother was a classmate of mine at college. He's away, but I've ily is summering here. So I thought I'd send his sister some flowers to-day and

call to-morrow." "Oh, yes!" Ethel assented. She was arranging flowers briskly now. Of course! Flowers for his classmate's sister. Who was she? She might be one of a hundred stylish girls. West Bedford was full of them.

Ethel frowned. "She can wear them to the dance tonight," she suggested, coolly. "I know there is on :- at the hotel."

"I know there is one," he rejoined, with a faint groan. "My mother wishes me take her to look on. I shall draw the line at dancing. I never care to, after a I've covered ten miles, I fancy. I'm talking of a tramp trip in Scotland next

But the florist's daughter was absorbed "Some smilax?" she said, with profes-

sional indifference. "Oh, anything!" he responded, try

"And a few white camellias?" said, not letting him. "I am sure it will be exquisite," he

answered. What was the matter with her? A worried look came into his handsome

eyes, but she was not noticing. "You mustn't think," he said presently, "that I am a worthless, idle fellow. | L. gadding about for my aimless amusement. I fear you do. I'm in business -stock-brokerage-but my mother has insisted on my taking a year off because

I had-I believe, really, it wasn't much more than a severe cold-last winter." Ethel smiled a little. That last statement, that he worked, was the last shred of proof she had required to confirm her growing certainty that he was -oh, he was-a man-an ideal man! And she wished he had not completed that proof; for were not these flowers to go to-day to his schoolmate's sister? Was he not going to call on her to-mor-

"I've done my best," she said, her smile not very steady. "I hope she'll like it."

"Oh," Ethel gasped, half laughing, rate half angry, all confused, "pay the ald.

gardner-I mean, pay to-morrow-any-

She felt she could not be self-controlled much longer, and she all but flew along the narrow walk to the door, turning for a parting nod then swiftly disappear-

He stared after her wide-eyed. For the first time he saw how graceful she was, how fair-faced, and crowned by what a mass of yellow hair! Then he this man was so oddly to her taste, with took himself and his flowers slowly

Ethel ran to the honse, to an upper

room and to a window. Yes, she could see him plainly as he went. What a stride he had, and how he carried himself? Strength, simplicity, energy-that was what she read.

"Yes, he was every inch a man. She had believed, in her foolish pride, that no such a one existed, or that none such would cross her path. Yet he had. Yes, that was quite the phrase—he had crossed her path, and would not be likely to recross it. Or, if he should, there would be his schoolmate's sister, on whom he was to call to-morrow, and to whom the flowers would go.

The Herkimer House parlors were well filled that evening, and the gathering

was select and brilliant. Ethel and her mother came late, but that only added lustre to their triumphal

entrance. Mrs. Hapgood was entirely used to such happenings as those which followed. Mrs. Eames introduced three young men; Mrs. Stanley produced four; they were unwillingly forced to produce others.

Ethel was the centre of an eager throng-easily the bright star of the assemblage. She looked uncommonly lovely in white and lavender, with a great bunch of flowers-roses, pinks,

camellias. But her eyes had a searching, preocupied look, which her partners, observing it, were not greatly flattered by.

She had danced the third quadrille, and was standing listlessly at her mother's side, fastening a loose ribbon, when Mrs. Stanley came again, beaming. "Mr. Sutherland wants to meet you,"

she said-"Miss Hapgood." Ethel gravely introduced him to her mother. But her mother was talking to Colonel Eames, and Mr. Sutherland offered his arm, and they strolled away

together. "Is your next dance taken?" he said timidly.

"Yes," she answered. But she never danced it. They went slowly down the long hall and sat down in perfect silence on a retired sofa; then she looked at him, with her blue eyes very bright.

"I received the flowers," she said, "and I'm very grteful. Frank has spoken of you so many times, Mr. Sutherland, that

am glad to know you." He returned her look with his wonted teadiness.

Was he handsomer in evening dress? She didn't know.

"You played me an awfully mean trick," he vowed. "It was my fault, of course. But I tell you I was scared, Miss Hapgood, when I caught sight of you and the flowers twenty minutes ago. I saw it all then. How I'd blurted into a private green h ward great booby, and ordered a bouquet of you, and-oh, I trembled! I assure you I shook. I've been all this time getting up courage to come to you. I was

afraid you'd cut me dead." "Why?" said Ethel, cheerfully. "We had rather a pleasant time, didn't we? What could I do? You took me so by storm! I got the flowers. That was my simplest course. And it turned out so neatly. I thought I was arranging them for some ungrateful young woman who would never appreciate it, but-there's the greatest poetical justice, Mr. Sutherland, in my being your schoolmate's sister. I think I performed an impromptu waltz when those flowers came." "You have brought relief to my

troubled soul," he said, seriously and To Mrs. Stanley, who had introduced them, Ethel's mother made a long confidence, a few months later. She was

in serene good spirits. "It was one of those affairs," she declared, "that seem forcordained and inevitable. I knew from the first, and everybody knew, that Philip Southerland was in love with Ethel, and Ethel with him. It seemed almost that they had liked each other before they knew each other. I can't explain it. I know their liking was immediate and mutual, and so great! Do you know, had been worrying about Ethel ever since she came out? I was afraid she never would be surted. Such eligible men as would have married her! and she passed them by without a thoughtin spite of all my remonstrances, and she is always considerate of me. I never knew what was the matter with them; she never mentioned. You know how silent and thoughtful Ethel is sometimes, the dear girl. Perhaps I was never wholly in her confidence; I don't know. At any rate, I feared she never would marry. But Philip Sutherland, she thinks him perfection! And so do Rich and well-born, and accustomed to the best possible society, what more could I ask? I'm free to say that I am unutterably thankful ["-Saturday Night.

Perfume From Orange Blossoms. It is now proposed to utilize our orange blossoms for toilet perfumes and the only wonder is that our people have not done it before. Every orange tree has at least ten times as many blossoms yearly as can or ought to bear fruit. At least three-fourths, if not seven-eighths, of the blossoms can be picked off and worked into perfumery without damage to the orange crop. There is a place on the Mediterranean called Grasse, lying near Genoa, where the manufacture of perfumery from orange blossoms is a ecialty-he trees being cultivated for "I'm more than satisfied," he declared, in his straightforward way. "How much do I owe?"

specially—ne control of the perfumes are exceedingly expensive—one kind of oil from the orange blossoms selling at the rate of \$300 per gallon .- New York Her-

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

VALUE OF SWEET APPLES.

Wherever apples are plentiful sweet apples are neglected and scarcely salable. They are not good for pies, but for baking whole are superior to sour apples. If their excellence thus cooked were better known it would cause increased demand, and inure to the advantage of consumer as well as the producer. In the absence of the demand for sweet apples the trees that produce them are dug up or grafted over to sour fruit.—Boston Cultivator.

COLOR IN HORSES AND CATTLE.

According to the Western Agriculturist the white color of horses and cattle has been developed from tropical resources, and it is clearly shown by the superiority of the white horses of the desert and the tendency of horses and cattle taken from the colder climates of the North to the hot climates of South America and our Southern States that the gray colors increase and withstand the heat better. The gray horses are more popular in the Southern States and

THE CULTURE OF ASPARAGUS. Asparagus may be grown from seed and will reproduce itself true to the variety. But the better way is to procure one-year-old plants from the seedsmen and set these out in beds. The soil should be made rich and deeply worked. The plants are set out in rows three or four feet apart and a foot apart in the rows. The crop is not cut until the second year after planting, when a few stalks may be cut, but not many until the third year, as earlier cutting checks the growth of the roots. Conover's Colossal and Palmetto are the two best varieties. The roots can be purchased for \$1 per 100. Peter Henderson's "Gardening and Profit" gives full information of the culture of this and all other garden crops. The roots should be set at least five inches under the surface and it is best to round up the beds a few inches. The first year small vegetables may be grown between the rows .- New York Times.

PATTENING CHICKENS FOR THE TABLE. The three prime rules to be observed are: Sound and varied foods, warmth, and cleanliness. There is nothing that a fattening fowl grows so fastidious about as his water. If water anyway foul be offered him, he will not drink it, but sulk with his food and pine, and you ali the while wondering the reason why. Keep them separa'e, allowing to each bird as much as you can spare, spread the ground with sharp sandy gravel, and take care that they are not disturbed. In addition to the regular diet of good corn, make a cake of ground oats or beans, brown sugar, milk and mutton suet. Let the cake lie till it is stale, then crumble it, and give each bird a gill measureful morning and evening. No entire grain should be given to the fowls during the spring. time they are fattening-indeed the secret of success lies in supplying them with nutritious food without start, and in such a form that their digestive mill shall find no difficulty in grinding it .-Journal of Agriculture.

USES OF LEAVES. According to the health and vigor of the foliage of any plant, writes Josiah Hoopes, will be its usefulness; the direct bearing on fruit and flowers is incalculable. If a plant be defoliated the succeeding crop of fruit will be greatly injured, if not ruined, and the growth damaged for some time to come. Hence the leaves may well be termed the vital organs of vegetable life. By their appearance we may judge of the constitu- is, to say the least, very uncertain. tion of trees and plants. If destructive insects or diseases are present the foliage at once shows a departure from health. and is a signal to the owner that the plant needs immediate attention. Other symptoms appear later, but sickly, yellow-tinted foliage is the forerunner of disaster. Application of fertilizers to the soil shows at once in the leaves, by increase of size and a deeper green color. Luxuriant foliage always denotes augmented growth and consequent useful ness. The practice of partial defoliation of trees and vines "to admit air and light to the fruit," is a grave error. While light at all times is beneficial, full sunlight is not a necessity, and an abundance of leaves collecting vapor and gases from the air perform an immense amount of good, far more than the mere rays of the sun shining directly on the skin of the fruit. Much summer pruning is consequently to be discouraged, excepting in rare instances where an unhealthy growth is to be removed. Variegated-leaved plants are not unhealthy, as may be seen by their strong growth of wood and apparent freedom from dis-

PALL PASTURING OF MEADOWS. It is a common practice in many parts of the country to turn the cattle, horses and sheep upon the hay fields after the crop of hay has been gathered, and the second crop, or "rowen," has appeared in luxuriant growth. There is a strong temptation to such a course, because at this season of the year the pastures have begun to dry up, and the stock has begun to look less thrifty, while the yield of milk from the cows has very materially diminished. But like all temptations to do unwise things for the sake of temporary advantages, this one should be resisted. It is to be presumed that the great majority v to practice fall feeding of meadow lands do not comprehend the extent of the injury that comes from such a course. They see only a little increase of growth, a few more quarts of milk per day, but fail to reason back from effect to cause when succeeding seasons show a rapidly decreasing yield of hay, or other crops, upon these fields, some siderable part of which is surely due to this fall pasturing.

Most plants require for vigorous growth a soil, not hard packed, but fairly light and well drained, with roots left undisturbed when once they begin to stretch out through the soil in search of food.

Moreover, it is the habit of grass plants to form a thick mat or carpet over the ground, which serves as protection for the roots against the washing of heavy rains, the alternate thawing and freezing of early spring, and the scorching heat of late summer. When meadows are cropped by cattle, many plants are torn outright from the soil, the roots of others broken or loosened and exposed to frost, rain and heat. In addition to this, the feet of the stock are constantly packing the soil solidly around the plants, which hinders free drainage; or making foot holes that become basins for water and ice. But the actual injury to the grass plant is not all-by feeding off the second growth nature's plans for protecting the grass during the cold of winter are thwarted, and very much of "winter killing" is the result. Where snows lie deep and continuous, this difficulty is not so apparent, but even cold climates are subject to "open" winters, which are sufficiently trying to grass lands, even when well protected .- American Agri-

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

When two limbs cross cut the weaker. Give the fowls green feed every day. Every boy likes fruit. Teach him to

A spare hour is never lost in cutting

Corn and clover are said to deepen the color of the yolk.

If you have milk to spare, try its effect as an egg producer.

Chickens kept on low, wet land are pretty sure to have gapes. Domestic animals need good shelter in the changeable weather of spring and

In breeding stock do not expect to get better animals than those you breed

Ground bone and wood ashes or potash and phosphoric acid are good for If you want to check the growth of a

tree, trim it when in full leaf or just be-Raise your "greens" instead of hunting them in the lots. It saves work and

Cull out the poorest of the young roosters from the flock and eat or sell them.

Don't stuff your pigs or hogs with corn. It is better to pasture them on

If sheep are kept for mutton and wool, take well selected ewes and breed to thoroughbred rams.

When a fowl ceases to give a good return for the feed given, it is time to plan for his disposal. It is very desirable to keep the breeding stock in a good, thrifty condition.

A failure to do this will show in the off-Too close breeding should be avoided with sheep fully as much as with any other class of stock. Change the same

every two weeks at least. Troughs should always be provided for feeding all kinds of soft feed to poultry. Make them tight and arrange them so that they can be cleaned readily.

If kept in good condition, nearly or quite all kinds of poultry can be fat-tened in two weeks of good feeding. But they must have all that they can eat four or five times every day.

At this season the best time to sell poultry is when a price can be realized that will return a fair profit. Holding for high prices for the next three months If the sheep are turned into the corn-field care should be taken to see that they

have access to plenty of water. It is hardly good economy to turn sheep into any place where there are cockle burrs. As a general rule, when prices for poultry begin to drop in the fall they keep down until after the holidays, and

it rarely pays to sell young poultry at that time. Provide good quarters and keep until prices are better. Too much live stock is quite as bad for the farmer as too much land. Do

not crowd the stock, and do not keep more than can be well fed, pastured well and housed well. If you have more than this sell off the surplus speedily. Do not let the drinking vessels of the poultry stay in the same place more than one or two days at a time. More or less water is spilled by the fowls when drink-

foul. By moving about this can easily be avoided. In determining what turkeys to use for breeding, remember that the gobbler should be two years old before using, ease; their peculiar color is the result of and can be kept until he is five years some abnormal condition .- New York old, but as a general rule it is not a good plan to keep turkey heas after they are

ing, and in a few days this will smell

three years old. The guinea is a very useful fowl, notwithstanding its peculiarities. In their wanderings over the farm they destroy numerous insect enemies and weed seed and do little damage to crops by scratching and eating. They lay a large number of eggs, which, though small, are of good quality and nutri-

An Old Word Revived. A tendency to revive the old Anglo-

Saxon term "road" is seen in the names which are now being given to the high-ways in Brookline and other suburbs as well as in certain parts of the city prop-er. There is the Argyle Road in Ward 25, and near it the Sutherland Road, the Bay State Road in Ward 22, and the Peter Parley Road in Ward 23. Formerly, it was a country custom to call every highway a road, and a city usage to speak of streets. The principle underiying this discrimination still re-mains, for most of the recently named roads are slightly curving, and are in districts which are intended for comfortable residences with roomy lawns. The use of the word road is especially English and is a pleasant variation upon the notony of streets and avenues, - Bee

Milk in a Paper Bag.

A merry-hearted lad, who is often sent on errands of household needs and necessities, discovers a new method of "bringing home groceries and sich." "Here are two pounds of chops, good scant weight," said the grocer to the young man of the family who had brought in an order from his wife; "now for your milk-where's your can? The young man of the family protested that he hadn't read the order, and had not been equipped with a can. "Never mind," said the grocer; "here, hold on to it," and he dexterously slipped one paper bag inside of another and filliped the corners into place. The two quarts of milk were poured into the inner bag. "The grease in the milk prevents its go-ing through the paper, as water would," explained the grocer. "I had hard work to get people to believe that they could carry milk in a bag at first, and let it go at my own risk. I've sent it so half a mile by slow transit; still, I'd advise you not to stop to tell long stories on the way home."-American Dairyman.

The Man-Faced Crab.

One of the most singular-looking creatures that ever walked the earth or "swam the waters under the earth" is the world-famous man-faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the perfect counterpart of that a Chinese coolie; a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the matter of facial features, is provided with two legs, which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the sides of its face. Besides these legs, two "feelers," each about an inch in length, grow from the "chin" of the animal, looking for all the world like a Colonel's forked beard. These man-faced crabs fairly swarm in the inland seas of Japan .- St. Louis Re-

Bismarck's Gallantry.

In spite of his old age, Prince Bismarck has lost none of his gallantry. To a young lady who lately asked to be allowed to kiss his hand, he replied, "Oh, no! That is not good enough for so charming a damsel!" Whereupon His Excellency, without further ado, gave the young lady a kiss. The Prince is very active in business matters when at home on his estate. In his brick-kilns at Priedrichsruhe he is producing a new kind of brick and tile. In place of his saw-mills, which were burned down not long ago, he has erected new ones, which are busily engaged in executing some large orders for wood pavement. The Prince's income from his mills and other industrial works is reported to be upward of \$50,000 a year .- New York

The Elixir

parilla. She was in delicate health two years, at last confined to her bed, caused by dyspepsia and neuralgia. She has taken three bottles of Hood's Sersaparille, and has regained her health N. B. Be sure to ge

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