It comes to me often in silence. When the fire light sputters low-When the black uncertain shadows Seem wraiths of the long ago; Always with a throbof heartache That thrills each pulsive vein, Comes the old, unquiet longing, For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities, And of faces cold and strange: I know where there's warmth of welcome, And my yearning fancies range Back to the dear old homestead, With an aching sense of pain, But there'll be joy in the coming, When I go home again.

When I go home again! there's music That never may die away, And it seems the hands of angels, On a mystic harp, at play, Have touched with a yearning sadness On a beautiful broken strain, To which is my fond heart wording-When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window Is the great world's crash and din, And slowly the autumn shadows Come drifting, drifting in. Sobbing, the night wind murmurs To the splash of the autumn rain; But I dream of the glorious greating

When I go home again. -Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

A WEDDING PRESENT.

BY CLARENCE C. CONVERSE.



ACK BROW-NELL and Hugh Morris, two chums of mine, and I were roughing it West. The camp we had selected for our

headquarters was far up in the wildest part of Colorado, and only numbered a baker's dozen of old, almost tumble-down log cabins. They were stretched along the eastern edge of a deep and picturesque ravine

along whose base its sturdy denizens sunk their gloomylooking shafts. Our cabin stood a little removed from its neighbors, up the ravine. The view from its doorstep was magnificent. The rugged peaks of tall mountains towered at the west, forming an admirable frame

for its grand sunsets; at the east lay in-

viting green valleys broken by oddly winding passes, while here and there rose slighter peaks in fine contrast with their emerald beauty.

We sat about the doorstep ore night reading the mail the stage had just brought. I had two letters, Jack and Hughes, each one. Hugh finished his first, and when I had read mine I saw he

terest and amusement.

more, every word he read of his dainty, out?" cented little message. He was a har some fellow then. His head was crowned with wavy, golden hair; he wore no beard, his eyes were large, dark brown, and his build was almost faultless.

"Is it from Dresden?" finally ventured Hugh. Jack nodded. We smiled.

Then he turned one of the leaves nearly upside down and kept on reading. The next page, too, had writing up its side, as we told by his tilting it; but that was the end, and he exclaimed

"Boys, I am the happiest fellow in the glorious United States! Do you congratulate me?"

"I never knew you two cared for each other," cried Hugh, jumping at the conclusion Jack's words hinted. "And now you say you are open to congratulations! Do you really mean it?"

I also stammered something, I forgot just what.

"Yes, the heart of stern Papa Hastings was melted by my fervid supplications, cried Jack, tossing his hat into the air, boyishly. "Now you two know the secret reason why I have lost ten pounds avoirdupois in the last three weeks. It was not my climbing these perpendicular hillsides. The old ogre wanted to force Belle into marrying some lout of a lord over there. It is a wonder I have not gone stark, staring mad." He opened the little billet-dcux and

read: "'His name is Claverhouse, and he has two or more castles, and is one of les immortelles, and papa likes him hugely, but I put my foot down against marrying him. I would rather my-' Jack stopped there, blushing hotly, and decided not to read further.

I feel as good as I would if I happened on to a ton of gold up in the hills,' exclaimed. "If we were in New York I would take you fellows down to Del's and give you the best supper he could serve."

"But as we are not?" queried Hugh. "Come in and burn a pipeful of boottoo tobacco with me," he laughingly exclaimed.

He gayly led the way into our little cabin as he spoke, and soon we were aitting around the shaky table puffing our corncobs and chatting merrily about Jack's good news, a cloud of blue smoke hanging over our heads.

"Somehow this subject suggests one I have intended to broach three or four times before," said Hugh, after a while. "No; it isn't anything like Jack's an-

nouncement," he added, as we started to

Slowly he knocked the ashes from his pipe by striking it against the edge of the table, and then tilted his box-that cabin had never known a chair-against the wall. He had an unruly mustache, and he tugged at it as he said:

"Monti." "What of Monti?" asked Jack. "I am afraid he will do some mis-

chief before we leave here." "Nonsense," insisted Jack. "He is

as reliable as any greaser." "I hardly like his looks," I acknowl-

hiring him, at the first. I think we

should get rid of him." "But I am learning a lot of Spanish from him," exclaimed Jack. "And we three athletes need hardly fear one thin greaser, who appears as weak as the pro-

verbial cat." "I have heard you say 'st senor' once or twice," twitted Hugh. "I hardly think you will gain a hoard of knowledge from Montf, and I say with Cad, get rid of him. You are likely never to see Belle Hastings again if you don't; I run a chance of never putting foot on Broadway, and Cad the same. Shall we give him his walking papers when he appears to-morrow?"

"No, no," pleaded Jack, "I rather like him, too, for his Castilian airs. We have weapons. Let us keep him. That he is useful you cannot deny."

We finally gave up arguing with Jack, and let the matter drop. Monti's services were not dispensed with the next day. He continued to tutor Jack in Spanish, carry our packs when we made our little excursions thereabouts, and to religiously collect his pay at eventide each day.

Thus did a week slip by. On one of our rambles during that time, we came upon a fissure in a ravine's rocky side, where we thought gold might be found. It lay about two miles east of the camp in a little bit of timberland.

We had worked a day or so in the shafts sunk by the miners of the camp, for the novelty of the experience, and when we discovered this opening, one of us suggested that we put a blast in it and see if we could lay bare any veins of precious metal. The proposition was received with favor, and we settled on a day for the experiment.

On the morning of that day, we set out for the promising spot, Monti carrying a can of powder and other accessories for the blast. Hugh and I took our guns with us. We reached the spot in about an hour and a half. Then Monti dropped his load at the edge of the fissure, and we started to prepare the blast. But our drill was missing. It had either slipped from Monti's load or been left behind.

"Monti," said Hugh disgustedly, "get back to the cabin, as quick as your thin shanks will carry you, and bring a drill. Look along the ground, too, as you go -you may find ours dropped by some

"Si, senor," the fellow returned. "We will take a little run down the ravine for game while you are gone-hey, Cad?" Hugh added.

"All right," I exclaimed. "And I will try a snooze here, meanwhile," said Jack.

He stretched himself lazily upon a mossy knoll as he spoke, threw his coat over the powder keg for a pillow, and puffed at his corncob contentedly. It was a pleasant spot for a nap. A stunted little maple gave him shade; the stream flowing through the rocks, ten feet distant, sang a melodious, sleepinducing

"I should have bad dreams with such a head-rest" said Hugh looking down at was regarding Jack with apparent in- Jack's blond locks and smiling face. "And I, too, senor," added Monti.

Jack's face was brightening more and "You won't forget to put that pipe

'Oh, no," laughed Jack. We separated then. Monti hurried off toward the cabin and Hugh and I walked up the ravine.

"If we get anything out of that hole in the wall, what do you say making it into a wedding present for Belle Hastings?" asked Hugh, as we went on.

"A first-class idea?" I exclaimed. "It may be a gorgeous dinner set,"

"Or a glove buttoner." "Yes," laughed Hugh. We went on a little further, and our way was finally barred by a steep ascent.

proposed that we return to Jack. Hugh was willing and we retraced our We said little. Each was on the alert

for game. A rabbit would make a very acceptable stew, but not a single cottontail crossed our path. Hugh tugged at his refractory mustache spitefully in his disappointment as he preceded me.

A walk of ten minutes brought us to the bend in the ravine where Jack awaited us. When we turned it we beheld a tableau I shall long remember.

Jack lay sleeping quietly and over him bent the panther-like form of Monti. The greaser's sallow face bore a fiendish smile. He rested on one knee, and in his right hand he held a burning match. He had not heard our approach, and he was on the point of applying the match to a bit of fuse he had inserted in the stopper of the powder keg on which Jack's head rested.

Hugh threw bis rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. Monti sprang back and fell with a low groan. I would have fired if I had not just unloaded my weapon. Jack started up and looked

about him in surprise. "Your Spanish professor was getting a little too officious' exclaimed Hugh grimly, to him, as we came forward, and he told Jack of what we had caught Monti at, while I made sure that the treacherous villain's match had not ignited the fuse.

"What's up here?" cried one of three men, from the camp, coming upon us just then. "We heard a shot."

Monti lay groaning and cursing by the maple's roots, and crying out that we had tried to murder him. So I told them the facts of the case; and Jack's pocket-book which fell from Monti's planation, and then one of them seized "Good by, gents," to us.

Jack, shortly, picking up the drill Monti had brought while we were away. "Now for our gold mine."

"You will not engage another Spanish instructor?" queried Hugh. "Not if I live to be a hundred!" re-

edged. "You remember I advised not foolish enough to think only the story book greaser was a villain. Now place no reliance on one of them."

We drilled and blasted the rest of the day, and that rock-pocket yielded enough gold for a really massive solid table-set for a present to Belle Hastings. -Yankee Blade.

The Utilization of Niagara.

It is quite likely that the first large

contract the company will take for the

delivery of power at a distance from its central station will be to light the city of Buffalo. This will require 3000 horse power. The present value of a horse power generated from steam in Buffalo s \$35 per annum. The company is now willing to contract to furnish on its grounds at Niagara Falls horse power per annum of twenty-four-hour days at these rates: For 5000 horse power, \$10 per horse power; for 4500, \$10.50; for 4000, \$11; and so on down to 300 horse power, for which there will be charged \$21 per horse power per annum. If there be not a very great loss of power in the transmission to Buffalo, it seems very likely that the company will have no difficulty in underbidding any concern now using steam as the motive power for the electric lights, as the loss by transmission is considerably less than twenty per cent. About the use of water power of the great falls in Buffalo within a year or so there can be no doubt. When it shall be brought to New York is another matter, but about that there are not so many elements of improbability as to excite men to scoff. for power has already been transmitted electrically a great distance, and that too with reasonable economy. At the recently held electrical exposition at Frankfort-on-the-Main, power to operate some of the machinery was transmitted by electricity from Lauffen-on-the-Neckar, a distance of 108 miles. At Lauffen there was a waterfall from which a turbine was opened, and a dynamo on the shaft of the turbine generated the current which was transmitted to Frankfort over a wire one-sixth of an inch in diameter. It was found here that the loss in transmission was only twenty-five per cent. Therefore it is likely that the power can be transmitted four times the listance without a loss so great as to make the scheme impracticable. When it does reach the great city, and by the water which leaves its natural channel for a brief space in the Niagara River, our streets lighted, our factories run, the machine of the seamstress kept in motion, and the very drill the dentist uses to bore our teeth impelled by it, then we shall more than ever feel that around the earth has been placed a girdle, a living belt that throbs and pulsates at the bidding of science, an encircling band rich in the potentialities of mighty but well regulated movement .- Harper's

Fee of \$200 for Advice of One Word. Not long ago Mr. Morris Butler, son of John M. Butler, who had just arrived home from an evening party at 2 o'clock in the morning, heard a carriage drive up to the house, and a moment later answered a ring at the door bell. A young

Weekly.

man of handsome face and energetic manner blurted out without ceremony: "What States can cousins legally marry in?" "I don't know," said Mr. Butler, as

soon as he could recover from the effects of his visitor's bluntness, "but I will ask father." He went up stairs and, after much

knocking, aroused his father. "Father," said he, "what States can

cousins legally marry in?" "Kansas," was the single word in response, between what sounded suspiciously like snores.

Mr. Butler returned down stairs. "Well, what does he say?" asked the visitor. "Kansas," replied young Mr. Butler,

laconically. "Thank you!" The door was closed

and the young visitor was gone. Nothing further was thought of the incident until yesterday's mail brought Mr. Butler a certified check for \$200 for 'legal advice" from his hitherto unknown client. This is probably the highest rate per word ever paid for legal advice. It divides into \$100 per syllable and \$33.33 per letter .- Indianapolis

Home-Loving Bees. It appears, from a letter from one who knows, that the black fellows of Australia knew long ago of the home-loving instincts of the bee, and made use of the knowledge thus: They used to wait till they spied a bee sucking honey from a flower, and then gently dropped upon his back a piece of swansdown. The bee, immediately feeling something was amiss with him, started for home, perhaps to seek a bee doctor's advice as to this strange malady. Owing to the little bit of white upon his back, the keen eyes of the natives were able to follow the insects in his homeward flight, running, of course, their hardest to keep pace with him. At last he reached his desired haven, and then the natives knew where the honey was hidden, and, of course, availed themselves of this knowledge to help themselves to as much as they wished for .- London Figaro.

Bamboo Cuts Are Painful.

A cut inflicted with a blade of grass or a sheet of writing paper is bad enough, pocket confirmed our suspicion that but the most disagreeable wound that Monti intended to rob Jack and have the can be inflicted on the human body is powder explosion cover his crime. The that made with a strip of bamboo. The miners listened attentively to the ex- outside of the bamboo contains so much silex that it will cut like a knife; in fact, the wounded greaser and started off the Chinese and Japanese do make knives campward, beckoning for his compan- of it, which are cheap and for a time ions to follow, which they did, after a tolerably effective. A cut made with bamboo is exceedingly hard to heal and "A miss is as good as a mile," cried obstinate ulcers are apt to result. Whether the silex poisons the flesh or the bad consequences are due to the ragged wound is not certain, but anybody who has cut his finger with a bit of cane or torn his hand on a fishing-rod will have some idea of the unpleasant effects turned Jack determinedly attacking the of a cut with a bamboo silver .- Globerock, with an extra vim. "I once was Democrat.

HABITS OF THE GORILLA

THE MOST FORMIDABLE ANIMAL IN EXISTENCE.

Gorillas Live in Family Groups-Their Appearance and Great Strength-Fierce Fighters.

The gorilla is probably the most formidable animal in existence. Imagine a man six feet two inches in height and measuring four feet and a half across the shoulders. Give him a girth about the chest of seventy inches, and arms long enough to reach nearly to his ankles when he stands erect. Make him muscular in proportion, with huge canine tusks and a jaw strong enough to crush a rifle barrel. Suppose him to have no neck, an immense body, very short bow-legs, long black hair all over his body, a flat nose and feet like hands. There you have a fair description of a gorilla of the largest size. Ordinarly these animals do not exceed five feet in height, with a breadth of four feet across the shoulders. Much as they resemble men when grown, they are much more human in appearance during the early stage of their being, having a likeness to babies in many ways that is most

striking. Gorillas live in family groups, each consisting of a male, one female and her oung. They do not frequent the same leeping-place often, usually spending the night where they happen to be. Choosing a full-grown tree to build a lodging in, they bend the branches together at a height of twenty feet or more, thus making a sort of bed, which they cover with twigs torn off for the purpose or with leaf-moss. The male spends the night crouching at the foot of the tree, against which he places his back, in this way remaining on guard to protect the female and young in the nest above from attack by leopards. These powerful carnivora are always ready to devour any species of

ape they can capture. In the daytime the gorilla family roams about the forest seeking food. In walking the animals totter along in a swinging gait, supporting themselves partly by resting the knuckles of their hands upon the ground. Much of their locomotion, however, is accomplished by climbing from tree to tree. They are very skillful climbers, and if one branch does not seem sufficiently strong to bear their weight, they will use three or four at once. As soon as a young male reaches maturity a conflict for the mastery ensues between itself and its father, which results in a final settlement of the ownership of the family, the weaker one

being either killed or driven away. The male gorilla arrogates to himself the same right not to labor which is assumed by human savages. His business is fighting, exclusively, and he does not usually condescend even to gather food, his wife and children collecting fruits and other delicacies for him to devour. If they are not sufficiently nimble in this employment he shows his resentment by growling and boxing their ears.

When he fights he stands erect upon his hind legs, the hair on his head and the nape of his neck bristling, his frightful teeth displayed, and his forehead wrinkling with a fearful scowl. At the same time he beats his mighty chest resounding blows with his fists and utters most terrific yells of "Kh-ah, kh-ah!" which makes the forest re-echo. He parries blows with the dexterity of a practiced boxer, and his method of attack is usually to seize his human adversary by the arm, crunching the limb in his teeth; or he throws the man down and rends him with his huge canines. The best thing that the hunter can do at close quarters is to permit the beast to seize the barrel of the gun, which it will at once carry to its mouth. Thus directed, a builet is likely to be a settler. Otherwise, the gorilla will quickly crush the gun barrel between his teeth and proceed thereupon to wipe out his opponent. To run away is an impossibility in the thick woods.

The coarse black hair which covers the gorilla becomes gray in age, and this fact formerly caused a mistaken belief to the effect that there were two species. It is said that the animal will assail the elephant and drive it away by striking the latter's trunk with a club, knowing that to be the sensitive point of the proboscidian. Probably the gorilla would be a fair match in strength for a lion, supposing that it came to a match between them; but there are no lions in Gorilla Land. The gorilla has thirteen ribs on each side, whereas a man has only twelve; it has also one more vertebra in its backbone than man has. Philosophers have been disposed to attribute the progress of mankind beyond the anthropoids to his possession of a serviceable thumb, upon which all his ability for manipulation mainly depends. Many of the great apes have most human-like hands, save for the thumb, which is not nearly so well developed, and lacks certain important muscles. For example, a gorilla cannot possibly perform the operation known as "twiddling." His muscular strength, however, equals that of at least half a dozen of the most powerful men. The capacity of his chest cavity is more than one-third greater than that of a man, which contributes enormously to his endurance. The rudimentary tail found in anthropoid apes not infrequently occurs with human beings, and this development is said to be hereditary among the Niam-Niams of Central Africa and also among the southern Malays. As for the prehensile foot, anatomists have called attention to the fact that the foot of a young baby has power to grasp and is often used to pick up and hold objects very firmly.—Boston Transcript.

Take a pencil and multiply-twice two are four, twice four are eight, etc., and you will find that in the twentieth generation you had 1,048,576 ancestors. without counting the intermediate generations, and that in the thirtieth generation you had over 1,000,000,000 ancestors, without counting those between yourself and the thirtieth.

A New Haven (Conn.) man has worn the same coat for thirty-five years.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Tight sleeves cause red hands. A bow-knot is a rage in jewelry. Gloves and stockings correspond.

New handkerchiefs have no hems. Lorgnettes are made with shorter han-

More flounces in the near future, says the modistes.

There is a rage for colored leather belts holding a watch.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, has just at-

tained her fortieth birthday. Russian fur-trimmed cloaks are the fad among the women of fashion in Paris.

Cameos are very much in vogue and are displacing diamonds as head ornaments. There never was a time when women

dressed with better taste than they do There are over one hundred regions in the world where women enjoy the right

of suffrage. Between the years 1590 and 1680 no less than 3400 women were burned in

Scot'and for witchcraft. Mrs. J. C. Ayer has given her handsome residence in Loweli, Mass., to be used as a home for young women.

Marion Crawford, the novelist, says that there is only one thing that a woman really hates, and that is being Margaret Fuller's pin cushion was ex-

hibited and regarded reverently at the

Woman Suffragists' Fair in Boston, The good people of the town of Dud-

ley have presented the new Lady Dudley with a beautiful diamond crescent valued at \$3500. A company of women is running two

canning and preserving factories in Michigan. Not a man is allowed to work in either place. Mrs. Margaret R. Elliot is the first and

only instance among Wisconsin Congregationalists of a woman being taken into the ministry. There is said to be more widows in New York City than any other city in

the world, London excepted. Paris comes third. Queen Victoria, of England, is a great believer in the benefit of early bed time. It is the odd night when she is up after

10 o'clock.

The faculty of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., have removed their restrictions upon gentlemen callers. The ladies assert that they are old enough to behave properly unhampered by rules.

Queen Margherite, of Italy, is a pretty brunette who, though the mother of a sea now of age, looks as attractive as when she was a bride, twenty-three years ago. She takes great pains to retain her good looks.

For the girl who affects tan colors there are, among other novelties, collarettes made of monkey, mink and fox tails, purses and card-cases bound in pigskin and brown umbrellas and fans with almond-wood sticks.

Princess de Sagan, leader of fashions and frivolities in Paris, who has contributed more than any other woman to the fortune of Worth, the man milliner, has a villa at Trouville that reproduces even to details the residence of a Persian

A remarkable family of eight old women is living in the same house at Texio, Sweden. Three are widows and five are old maids. Their ages aggregate within a year or two of 700 years, each of the women being nearly ninety years of age.

Small bonnets have small ribbon poufs and rosettes in delicate shades that bunch up prettily in rosette forms, such as lettuce green, apricot, Venus, pink, skyblue, maize, etc. Two or three shades may be used, but harmony is always regarded in the grouping.

In Cassel, Germany, turning has been made compulsory in all the girls' schools. The Gossler school reform bill, which will be up again for discussion in the Prussian Landtag, proposes that turning shall be compulsory in every girls'school in Prussia, as it is in Eerlin.

A woman got Mr. Tennyson's autograph by writing him that she couldn't understand the meaning of one of his poems. The Laureate immediately replied: "Dear Madame: I merely supply poetry to the English people, not brains. Yours obediently, Alfred Tennyson."

London (England) spinsters are about to establish a club for ladies only. The premises rented are in a narrow street exactly opposite the Bachelors' Club. The "Swags" and "Baches" will probably be bitter opponents for awhile, but in the end the "Baches" will probably

FastEating

will soon become incurable except by careful attien to diet and taking a reliable stomach medic like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this: "Owing partly to irregularity in eating, I suffered greatly from dyspepsia, accompanied by

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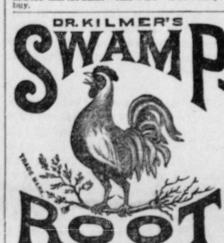
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