RING OUT, YE BELLS.

Ring out, ring out, ye merry bells, And let the deep-mouthed cannon roar, Each patriot bosom swells, The glorious Fourth is here once more. When night descends what joys are his! The hissing rocket cleaves the skies. Hark! hear the roman candles fizz, Behold the red and blue lights rise. Now, whizz! z-z-zip! bang, torpedoes crash And split the fretted ear of night; Fire-crackers jump, toy-pistols flash, Mid exclamations of delight. Now blaze the barrel smoared with tar, Slow matches pass from hand to hand, And salve and sticking-plasters are At druggists' stores in great demand.

HOW WE CELEBRATED.

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY.

JST look out for

Lute Carson, boys.

You'll likely find

and pass on."

of his canoe.

mask of gravity.

"Now that's



mor'n I can tell," he replied. "He' a reckless, good for nothin' kind of a chap, with two harum scarcum sons as big as he is, an' there are some as say he wouldn't stop at no crime ter git what he wanted. 'Bout ten years ago he served a term for highway robbery, an' since that he's been livin' away back at Redfield's Clearin', among the mountains. How he lives, I don't know, but this time of the year he generally comes down to the river an' camps fur a month or so in a shanty at the mouth of Montongo Creek. He ketches fish, I believe, an' sells 'em down at Laceyville. I don't s'pose he'll molest you, though. Goin', are ye? Waal, good by. Stop next year if you come this way.

We sprang into our canoes, waved a farewell to the friendly farmer on whose land we had camped the previous night, and paddled swiftly down the river in the bracing air of the beautiful July morning.

With my companions, Mark Mayne and Jim Dale, I was making a cance cruise down the Susquehanna. We were approaching the border of Bradford County, after two weeks of intermittent paddling from Otsego Lake, and this was the first warning we had received of peril ahead.

We paddled along several hours and then the river narrowed, and we could the rapids. As we came near we saw that the channel ran close to the shore.

and, letting go of it, he gave a couple of loud shouts.

"I think it is time to leave," suggested Mark; he is evidently calling his sons.'

Dale was already some yards ahead, and, without losing any time, we paddled swiftly down steam. Carson still continued to shout, and

we fancied we could hear a faint reply. Then, as he saw us moving swiftly cut of reach, he ran into the hut, and before we could see what he was about, he rushed out again with a gun, and fired directly at us.

The shot actually spattered about our canoes, and setting our teeth firmly, we paddled as we had never paddled before. Another bend was before us, and just as we neared the turn Mark wheeled are those cannon crackers, Charlie?" round in his canoe and leveled a pair of field glasses up the river. He took a long survey and then picked up his paddle.

him campin' some-"There are three of them now," he whars below here. If he hails you, bid boat and are coming in pursuit." him the time o' day We bent to our paddles without a

word. Our canoes were light runners, "And who is Lute and we stood a good chance of escaping. Carson?" said Mark, But as we rounded the bend we endropping the padcountered an obstacle that doomed us to dle he had picked certain capture.

up, and balancing A stiff breeze blew up the river, and himself on the side the rolling waves instantly checked our

progress. We knew it was useless to Our friend the think of making speed in the teeth of Mark tore them open. farmer wiped his such a gale.

perspiring brow and hid his jovial Mark scanned the shores closely; on both sides were the mountains. features behind a

"No landing place anywhere. Stop! I have it," he cried. "You see that ledge of rocks over there? Paddle your best for it," and as we shot across the water he explained his idea: It's our his hand. Soon I heard the boat only chance. We must get our canoes to the top of that cliff before they get near enough to the bend to see us. I think we can find a hiding place up there, and it's the last place they will look for us."

Mark's plan seemed impossible of accomplishment, for a granite wall rose abruptly to a height of twenty feet, and beyond it, dense with pines and undergrowth, towered the mountain.

Our canoes bumped the shore, and Mark leaped out. "Quick now!" he cried. "Get to the

top of the cliff and let down that rope of yours, Dale."

We clambered up a little to the right of the ledge, and by the aid of the bushes reached the top safely. The rope was a long one, and, cutting it in half, we made a running noose in each piece, as Mark directed, and dropped them burning wads of paper flared up everydown to him. Springing into the water where, and then, while still the hills waist deep, he slipped a noose under echoed, there came a heavy splash and a each end of my canoe, and then, with a cry of agony. tremendous effort, we hauled it up.

It was a heavy load, but we brought it up safely, and dragged it back under the pines. Dale's canoe came next, and then Mark put the ropes on his own and hurried up to help us.

We had barely dragged it over the

Carson, for it was undoubtedly he, had you kin go in peace. If not, we'll come our course by the stars and recklessly seized the chain, and was dragging it up an' take 'em, an' give ye a good plunging through half a dozen rapids, toward the water. It resisted his efforts, trouncin' in ther bargain." "That's a moderate demand," replied

Mark. "But if you know what's good County. for you, you will go back up the river and let us alone. We don't intend to be our tale and shook their heads slowly. robbed if we can help it."

"Robbed?" growled out the voice from below. "What did you fellars try to do this mornin'? Did yer level best half a dozen warrants for his arrest, had ter drownd me."

"Be careful," rejoined Mark. "Bet. ter take warning, for I know you, Lute Carson.'

Instantly a gun was fired, and we heard the shot spattering on the rocks high overhead. Mark hastily drew back

"I'm afraid I'll have to fire," he said. "I don't see any other way, unlesshold on! I have it, by Jove! Where

To be sure, the next day was the gosy. Fourth of July, although in the excitement of our encounter with the Carsons we had for the time being utterly forsaid, slowly. "They have launched the gotten the fact. We had brought along two packs of big firecrackers, with a view to celebrating the day, wherever we might chance to be. Here was an opportunity to kill two birds with one year 1026. stone.

I dove down into my canoe, and soon dragged up the two bundles of crack-

They were of the very largest size, big red fellows, and thick as one's wrist.

"I'll bet they will do the work," he whispered excitedly. "Lie flat on the rocks now, and if they fire off fifty shots they can't hit us. I'm going to make it hot for them."

He crept to the edge again, holding the one pack and a box of matches in scraping on the rocks, and then Carson said, harshly:

"I'm comin' up there now, an' if thar's any monkeyin' with firearms, not one of you'll see daylight ag'in. Jake," he added to his son, "if they pull on me, shoot ter kill."

An interval of perfect calm followed, during which, in spite of my deadly fear, I crawled nearer the brink, which had a slight upward ascent. Mark suddenly turned.

"Look sharp now," he whispered, and rubbing a match, he touched off a big cracker close to the head and dropped it over the ledge.

A fearful report followed instantly, a deafening explosion that seemed to shake the mountain, and echoed fearfully up and down the river, while a streak of flame split the darkness, sparks and

"I'm killed! I'm killed! I'm a dead man! Shoot, Jake, shoot, do you hear?" idly into the other so that their identity "Bang !" Jake blazed into the dark. above that point is entirely lost. ness, and the charge of buckshot hissed about our ears, and elicited a howl of fright from Dale.

Jake mistook this for a cry of pain, edge and pulled it back into the shadow and uttered a triumphant shout, but a lenses, mirrors and broken bits of glass hear some distance below us the roar of when we heard the sharp click of cars, second cracker directed by Mark's unerr- making this wonderful toy have been and, peeping out through the trees, we ing hand blew up fearfully close to his well named. head, and, without breaking the connecwe heard Carson clambering out of the water into the boat.

and toward dawn we landed at the little hamlet of Black Walnut, in Wyoming

The inhabitants listened in wonder to

"We were lucky," they said, "to escape so easily. Lute Carson was a bad man, and even the sheriff, who had little desire to meet him." We continued our cruise on down,

and in due course of time arrived home. Lute Carson's shotgun rests on two hooks in the canoe house, and the sight of it brings vividly to mind our memorable first interview with that renowed "Bandit of the North Branch," and the terrific conflict in which our cannon crackers played so prominent a part, and which resulted in our celebrating the

Fourth of July on the Third .- The Ar-

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A. young Cincinnati (Ohio) girl has been made crazy by drinking tea. The Hotel of the Three Kings at Basle,

Switzerland, was in existence before the

The value of the precious metals in Europe at the time of the discovery of the new world was only \$167,000,000.

Gustave Dore, who never saw the Niagara Falis, put upon canvas one of the grandest paintings of them ever executed.

In a test of the capacity of ty pewriting machines recently made in St. Paul, Minn., a speed of 200 words a minute was achieved and officially attested.

A redbird died at the advanced age of twenty-three years in Zanesville, Ohio, the other day. It had become so feeble that it could not mount its perch in its cage, but it sang until a year ago.

A most singular method of street nomenclature is adopted in Canton, China. Thus there is a street called Unblemished Rectitude, a Pure Pearl street, a street of Benevolence and another of Love.

The cocoloba wood or seaside grape, a product of Florida, is becoming popular for knife handles, the pink and violent tint of the wood, added to its great hardness, making it very desirable for

The Chinee makes great account of

maple trees, growing about fifteen feet apart. At the height of fifty feet one of them makes a sharp angle, growing sol-

Kaleidscope is from the Greek kalos, beautiful, eldos, form and skopein, to look, and the sentence-like word means, to look upon beautiful forms. The



Alpaca is having quite a revival. The Watteau pleat still flourishes. Ultra high sleeves are fast disappear-

Small crowns are seen on the majority of hat shapes.

The Queen of Greece spends most of her time over needlework.

Cleaned kid gloves may be economical, but they are never satisfactory.

No one ever laid eyes on such a beautiful collection of new fans as are now on sale.

Mrs. Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," is firmly opposed to woman's rights.

"Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett and husband" were registered the other day at a Chicago hotel.

There is no European country in which women clerks are more employed than in France.

An entirely new art of gilding china has been invented by Miss Emily Healy, of Washington.

Mrs. Abbott, of Cambridge, Mass., aged ninety-four, has kept a daily journal for fifty years.

The material par excellence for elaborate thin dresses for the summer is delicately colored dotted organdic.

The authorities of Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, have forbidden the outdoor wearing of long trains by women.

The broken and distorted foot of a Chinese lady is called a "Golden lily" by Chinese admirers of such distortions.

In fashionable stationery the new shades and tints are very beautiful, although there never will be objection to plain white.

It keeps some women busier to see that their careless husbands are properly attired than to see that their own dresses are in fashion.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the authoress, continues to observe in Washington the custom she adopted while abroad of holding informal receptions on the Sundays.

Dr. Jennie McCowan has been reelected for the third term as Secretary of the Academy of Natural Sciences, at Davenport, Iowa.

Miss Frances Willard, the celebrated advocate of woman's rights, is a slender blue-eyed woman, apparently of delicate physique, but really capable of a great deal of hard work.

A popular glove for the summer will be the pale yellow wash chamois skin. They have been found to wash as well as the white ones, which will be worn quite as much as last year.

The American dress reformers are preparing to renew their crusade at Chau-

Swearing Witnesses in Japan.

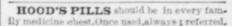
A Japanese journal, describing the manner in which witnesses are sworn and evidence taken in native courts of justice, says that with the Japanese anything to which a man affixes his seal is considered more sacred than what he may say. Hence each witness is required to make declaration to the effect that with a mind free from bias in favor of or against either of the litigating parties, and with perfect fairness, he will give evidence, and after this has been read out by the Recorder of the court and handed to the witness in the form of a document, the latter is expected to affix his seal to it. The same plan is adopted with the statement of facts which, in the course of the examination he undergoes, a witness makes in court. The purport of his evidence is written out by the Recorder, and before leaving the court he is required to make what corrections are necessary to render the written statement a trustworthy record of his evidence and to guarantee its correctness by affixing his seal. Though this process occupies a good deal of time, it precludes the possibility of the evidence given being incorrectly reported, which, in trials where the decision of the court depends largely on oral evidence, is a matter of much moment .- London Times.

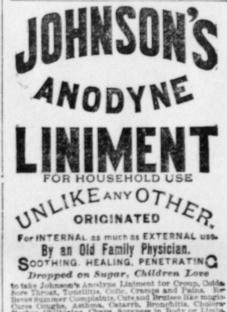
The French Minister of Agriculture has taken steps to study means for increasing the sheep production of Algeria, for improving the breeds, and for organizing a practical and inexpensive export system.



was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke ut on her head, arms, ngue and throat. She

wighed but 78 lbs., and Mrs. M. E. O'Fallen. saw no gan to take HOOD'S SARSA-PARILLA A and at once improved; could seen ed and walk. She is now perfectly s 128 pounds, cats well, and does the work for a large family





that special purpose.

his bed, which is very low indeedscarcely rising from the floor-but is often carved exquisitely of wood; but it never occurs to him to make it any softer than the rush mats will render it.

At Greencastle, Ind., there are two

The river made a bend, and a rocky promontory jutted out into the water. We swept into the rapids, Mark taking

the lead, and plunged through the foaming spray and the half concealed knobs of stone. We passed in safety through the worst part, and as we rounded the point of rocks at a terrific speed, and glided swiftly into the smoother reach of water beyond, we saw before us, submerged to his waist in the very centre of the channel, a man intently engaged in fishing.

We shouted with all our might, but the roar of the rapids drowned our voices, and the man continued to toss his lines, unconscious of his peril. Mark out for us." made a desperate effort to turn aside, but the fierce current baffled his attempt, broadside, and before he could find time to cry out the latter went head foremost into the river, while Mark glided grace- prepared to resume our voyage. fully over him.

fellow struggled to the surface and got | back. his head and shoulders out of water, I went again, vainly trying to obtain a the cliff!" foothold on the slippery stones.

Dale followed close behind, and just as we all floated into the still, deep water below, the man came to the surface and waded blindly to the shore, choking and spitting up the water that he had swal- help it? We're in a fix now. "I'll bet lowed.

He reached the bank and danced about for an instant, shaking his dripping here it's dark, and ten to one they are clothes and gasping for breath. He was a big, burly looking fellow, with a heavy black beard. We hesitated for a the man was certainly mad, very mad. Then Mark called out:

"I beg your pardon; we really could not help it, you know. It was an accident."

But the man still continued his wild dance; and then, recovering all at once | canoe back again and get ready for an the use of his voice, he began to swear attack." fearfully:

"You young wretches!" he cried. "I'll skin you alive. I'll break every bone in your bodies. I'll learn you-

Just here a fit of coughing shut him aff, and, seizing a couple of big stones, he made for us on a run.

. We grabbed our paddles and struck out for the middle of the river.

As soon as the man saw that we were out of reach he changed his tactics and ran back up stream. We could not imagine what he was about at first, and

"That's Lute Carson," said Dale, "and, there is the shanty he lives in," and he pointed to a rude cabin that was built close under the chiff, and had en- | clear, ringing voice: tirely escaped our notice.

"And down here is the mouth of Montongo Creek," added Mark. "My gracious, look what he's doing !"

cried Dale, suddenly. We now observed for the first time a

saw Carson and his two boys rowing swiftly round the bend. In great sus- tion, he changed the tune to a perfect pense we watched them shoot past the shrick of terror and fell backward. Then a few day ago. cliff and pull on down the river.

An hour later they came slowly back, Carson and one son moving the boat close along the mountain, while the other boy traveled the opposite shore, vainly searching for our hiding place. We hardly drew breath as the boat

passed directly beneath us. Then the sound grew fainter, and soon the craft vanished round the bend.

I wanted to start at once, but Mark would not hear of it.

"No," he said, "we must wait till dark. Carson is doubtless on the look.

Toward sundown the wind fell and the river grew calm as a mirror. We and he struck the unfortunate fisherman ate a hastily prepared cold supper, and when the twilight made the opposite mountain only a blurred dark mass, we

We were just going to lower the first I uttered a cry of horror, and then, to canoe, and Mark was looking down over make matters worse, just as the poor the brink, when he suddenly sprang

"Great Scoit, Dale!" he cried. "You banged into him sideways and down he have left your paddle standing up against

Dale looked down; "So I did," he replied. "It's a wonder they didn't see it.

"See it?" Mark echoed, angrily. "Of course they saw it. How could they a dollar they have been watching all afternoon for us to come down. Now, planning to attack us. All through your carelessness, toc."

Dale attempted to explain, but Mark moment, not knowing what to do, for no longer paid any attention to him. He was listening intently.

Suddenly he turned and held up his hand.

"Hush! Not a sound," he said, softly. "I hear a boat coming, but it's still some distance up the river. Pull that the dark, but he'll soon change his mind

There were but few preparations to be made though, for Mark's rifle and a revolver of mine constituted our whole arsenal.

the cliff and motioned us back. Ten dropped the heavy canoes down to the minutes passed in silence. Then we heard twice repeated a harsh sound, like the faint creaking of oar locks.

I could feel the cold perspiration starting on my forehead as the next five minutes passed in oppressive stillness. Dale had crept back behind the shelter then the startling truth flashed upon us. of his canoe. I was wishing most earnestly that something would happen to put an end to this terrible suspense, when Mark suddenly cried out, in a

> "I will shoot the first man that tries to climb this cliff," and instantly came a sharp click as he cocked his rifle. For a minute not a sound was heard,

and then a gruff voice responded : "If you fellars up thar hand down all

boat turned bottom up on the shore. | yure vallybles an' cash, an' estable stuff. |

"The gun! quick !" he cried with a fearful oath.

Jake made no response.

"Do you hear me? Jake-Bill?" the old man howled. "It's in the river," cried Bill, sullenly.

"Jake let it slip when he fell over." "In the river?" cried old Carson.

"The blamed fool. Give me your knife, Bill, and I swar I'll go up thar an' slit ther throats."

"Will you, though?" I heard Mark mutter to himself, and then he touched off the fuse that joined the balance of the pack, and, guided by the burning scraps that rested on the boat, he tossed the bunch directly into their midst. Bang! bing-bing! bang! bang!-

bang-bing! bang-bang. Like a cannonade the crackers exploded in thunderous succession, and loud above the din rose angry cries and execrations. Carson dove from the bow of the boat, Bill plunged headlong from the stern, and Jake, after falling stupidly into the blaze, danced over the sides with an agility that was truly remarkable.

For a short interval all was quiet, and the burning fragments lit up the night with a weird, ghastly light, and began to ignite the woodwork of the boat. Then an arm grasped the chain and the boat shot out from shore. The flames vanished and dark figures climbed into floating bridge of large boats and masthe craft.

"Yure lives ain't worth a cent," Carson hissed at us. "You'll hev half an sixty feet wide, comprising twenty hour ter say your prayers," and with this gentle farewell the boat moved off, and the creak of the oars grew fainter and fainter.

"Unless we get out of this at once," said Mark, solemnly, "we are lost. Carson thinks we won't dare to leave here in when he comes back with another gun. Grab the canoes quick, now; we daren't lose a minute. We must work in the dark, for it won't do to strike a light." For the next ten minutes we worked as we had never worked in our lives. One Mark stretched himself on the edge of after another we lowered, or rather water, Mark standing below and casting loose the ropes. Then we climbed down over the rocks, and in frantic haste took our seats and grabbed up our paddies. "Just a second," said Mark; and

stooping clear under water-be was already wet all over-he rose, holding inone hand Carson's missing gun.

He pulled himself into his canoe, and off we shot in the darkness.

As the current swept us down, a shout rang out from shore, and a responsive wedding day. Johann is ninety-two hail came from far up the river. years old and his wife is ninety-one. hail came from far up the river.

"That was a close shave," said Mark. 'They must have landed one of the fellows up above to watch until they came Won't old Carson be mad, back. though ?"

We paddled long and swiftly, steering News.

A man in Mason Valley named John! son had his eye put out by a swallow He was entering the barn door when the bird was flying out, and it came in contact with his eye. The bill pierced the ball, and he will lose the use of his eye.

A freak of nature occurred recently at the ranch of E. Givens, near Mariposa, Cal. One of his work mares gave birth to twin colts, one a horse colt and the other a mule colt, something that has never before been known to happen. The former is living, but the latter died.

Mackerel are taken in nets and by hooks. The most of them are caught in nets, which are taken around a school of them and gathered in. When the fish are scattered they are taken by hook and line. This fish is wholly a food fish, and is salted in large quantities for home and export.

Carp are known to be hard to kill, but one sent to Pendleton from Portland, Oregon, the other day beats the record. It had traveled all the way from Portland on ice, and there were bruises on its head, showing that an attempt had been made there to take its life, but when it was opened the "fresh fish" was found to be moving around as though accustomed to such trifles.

'The buttresses of "Trajan's Bridge," which are still to be seen on the Danube. are the remains of what was, in some respects, the most remarkable structure ever erected by man. It was not a mere sive timbers, but was a permanent structure carried on piers 150 feet high and arches, extending altogether 4470 Roman feet.

When Stoppers Stick.

A cloth wet in hot water is sometimes sufficient; but if this fails, remember that the principle is to expand the neck of the bottle by heat and not the stopper. With hot water the latter is often heated equally with the neck, and thus the desired effect is not produced. By holding the neck of the bottle about half an inch above the flame of a lamp or candle, however, in a few seconds the most obstinate cork will generally come out. Care must be taken to turn the bottle rapidly and not allow the flame to touch the glass, as it might crack it. When the glass is thoroughly heated a steady pull and twist will almost always bring out the stopper .- New York Press.

A Venerable Pedagogue.

Schoolmaster John Friedrich Schulze has just celebrated at Pankow, Germany, the seventieth anniversary of his The happy couple had the good fortune to see around them, participating in the festivities of the day, nine of their children, twenty-six grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.-London

tauqua this year. They declare that their reformatory ideas are making rapid progress all over the country.

Turkish women, all of whom wear earrings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of their race.

For those who like slender effects the novelty of the season in the Dominican gown. The breadths extend from throat to hem, and the fulness is laid in a broad box plait down the front and back.

A pretty summer fancy is for a lace hat and a parasol of the same material. Valenciennes with a broad brim and three large Prince of Wales feathers erect on the crown is a becoming style.

The American Federation of Women's Clubs now includes 174 societies, representing 15,000 members. The oldest of them all is supposed to be Sorosis, which recently celebrated its twenty-first birthday.

Women have been admitted as students at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., since 1879, the pioneer among them having been Miss Christine Ladd, who, by special vote of the faculty, was permitted to study mathematics.

Massage, which used to be taught on wooden dummies, with skeletons as further assistants, is now demonstrated on living subjects, children even doing for experimental models. In this way the profession affords a double industry.

Miss Ume Tsuda, now a special student at Bryn Mawr (Penn.) College, is anxious to raise \$8000 to found a scholarship to give Japanese women a four years' training in America, and fit them to return home as teachers for Japanese girls.

Hulda Friedrichs, a young German woman, has been engaged by the Pall Mall Gazette to make a tour of the United States for the purpose of writing up the social institutions of the country, especially in their effect on woman's conditions.

The new book written by the Archduchess Stephanie, of Austria, is said to be remarkable both for the elegance of style and descriptive talent displayed by its author. These gifts are so rare in the case of royal authors that the Archduchess is to be congratulated.

An excellent innovation to secure the comfort of ladies who travel is the employment on some of the trunk lines of colored maids. These girls are handy with their needles, they know how to comb the hair, wash and dress children, and render innumerable services that make traveling more endurable.

Miss Regina Morphy, of New Orleans, La., a niece of the great chess player has composed a waltz called "The Paul Morphy Waltz," which she has dedicated to the Chess Club of the Crescent City. Miss Morphy is said to be a remarkably talented woman. She is accomplished in music and painting, and speaks three languages fluently.

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NYNU-25

"German Syrup

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption, She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.



d by heat. CF GET THE GENUINE