

WHAT DOES IT MATTER.

It matters little where I was born, Or if my parents were rich or poor; Whether they shrunk at the cold world's scorn,

Or walked in the pride of wealth secure. But whether I live an honest man, And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,

It matters little how long I stay In a world of sorrow, sin, and care; Whether in youth I am called away,

DOCTOR BARTON'S PATIENT

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"ND you don't even know her name!" said Mrs. Renwick. "My dear Kenneth, there never was anything so ridiculous!"

"The captain of artillery shifted his feet to a more comfortable position on the sofa, and looked longingly at a box of cigars which was placed just beyond his reach.

"Of course I know her name," said he; "and a very pretty one it is. Perry—Miss Perry."

"But who is it you are talking about?" said pretty Joyce, who had been preparing a mustard-paste for her brother's chest.

"My sweetheart!" "Kenneth, don't be ridiculous!" said his mother, somewhat tartly.

"The sweetest, prettiest blossom in all the Adirondack wildernesses!" pursued Kenneth. "The fairest of Catnip tea! I declare, Joyce, I won't drink it! What do you take me for?"

"It's the best thing in the world for a cold on the chest," said Mrs. Renwick, wringing her hands. "Oh, if you had only kept away from that camping party."

"I mistook her for the boatman's daughter the first time," said Captain Renwick. "She—"

"Kenneth, don't talk—please don't talk!" urged his mother. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do, with your lungs all congested, and—"

"But I must talk!" said the captain. "Consider, mother, Joyce hasn't heard a word about it. She only came last night. Fancy, Joyce, my being fool enough to mistake her for a boatman's daughter!"

"Why, aren't boatmen's daughters as nice and ladylike as any one?" said Joyce, re-adjusting her apron ribbons.

"Oh, but this boatman lives in a perpetual state of shirt-sleeves!" said Renwick; "and he is a living fountain of tobacco juice, and talks abominable grammar through his nose. And his wife is a low class of Meg Merrilies, who takes too much bad whisky whenever she has the opportunity. How I ever made such a blunder I can't imagine. But Jenkins sent me up to the lake head to hire a boat, and when I saw her sitting there among the water-lilies, I jumped at once to the conclusion that this was the boat to hire. 'My good girl,' says I, 'fancy my idiocy!—if you will just row me up to Needle Point, and call for me again in the evening, I'll give you a dollar.'"

"And she?" said Joyce. "Rowed me up, of course. I wish you could have seen the way in which she handled the oars. But it was Dolph, the tobacco-smoked old boatman, who called for me at sunset. 'Why didn't you send your daughter?' says I. 'It wasn't my darter,' says he; 'it was Miss Perry.' Well, then I met her at the picnic. We walked together half the evening. She is as beautiful as she is graceful, and as intelligent as she is beautiful."

"Did you apologize?" asked Joyce. "Of course I apologized," said Captain Kenneth. "And we had a good laugh over it. She had been after water-lilies, she said. She paints 'em in water colors. I am to have one when they are finished. Joyce, you must know her. She is a perfect beauty. And she dances like a sylph, and sings like Patti, and—"

"Nonsense!" said Joyce. "A farmer's daughter, seen through the big end of the opera glass! You were always a victim to delusion, Kenneth."

"My dear Joyce, I assure you—" "Children, children!" remonstrated Mrs. Renwick, piteously. "So have a little common sense. Kenneth, you know you ought not to talk. Joyce, don't you hear how hoarse your brother is?" "If pneumonia should set in after this exposure—"

Captain Renwick made an expressive grimace. Joyce looked a little apprehensive. "Mamma," said she, "you always were a pessimist. It's only a cold that ails Kenneth."

"But it is settling on his lungs, my dear," said Mrs. Renwick, plaintively. "And out here in the wilderness there isn't even a drug store short of fifteen miles. Oh, dear! oh, dear! why did I ever allow myself to be persuaded to come to the Adirondacks?"

"The scenery, mamma!" said Joyce, soothingly. "But one can't eat and drink scenery. And this woman knows

absolutely nothing about omelettes and French coffee, and she never broiled a beefsteak in her life until I showed her how. As for her soups, they are simply uneatable. And the beds are as hard as the neither millstone, and the mosquitoes are unendurable!"

"All these are trivial annoyances," said Captain Renwick, skillfully contriving to tip over the catnip-tea on the current number of a popular magazine, in his reach after the cigar box. "To me, the Adirondacks are the garden of the world! I shall never be willing to go anywhere else in the summer. And she says it is even finer here in winter, with the trifling exception of a little solitude."

"Kenneth," cried his mother, in agonized accents, "you must not talk!" "My dearest mother, I am all right if you only won't fret!" declared this prodigious son.

But Captain Renwick's eyes were unnaturally bright, the hot flush of fever burned on his cheek, and his breathing was alternately hurried and laborious.

It was undoubtedly the fact that he had taken a severe cold during the camping out expedition from which he had just returned, and that this cold had been proof, so far, at least, against all the remedies Mrs. Renwick had used.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the mother. "Why don't the doctor come? Joyce, look out of the window! See if there are any signs of him."

"The doctor?" ejaculated Captain Renwick, raising himself on one elbow among his pillows. "You don't say you have sent for a doctor?"

"Why, of course I have!" said Mrs. Renwick—"for Doctor Barton, from Nylesburg."

"A snuff-taking old fiend, who will doze me with calomel, and experiment on me with every one of the hundred-year-old drugs in his saddle-bags!" cried the captain. "I won't see him!"

"Dear Kenneth!" pleaded Joyce. "My son!" sobbed Mrs. Renwick. "No!" ejaculated Kenneth. "I'll be hanged if I do! I despise doctors, anyway! And what sort of a medical man do you imagine would perch himself up here on the boughs of these everlasting pines?"

"Kenneth, you must see him!" said Mrs. Renwick. "Mother, I won't," stoutly declared the rebel.

"But what will he think?" "What he pleases. It will matter little to you or me what he thinks," said Kenneth. "All I know is, that he shan't cross this threshold. Give him his fee and tell him to be gone!"

Mrs. Renwick and Joyce looked despairingly at each other. Undoubtedly the captain was master of the situation. If he choose to set the doctor and his gallipots at defiance, what was to be done?

All that moment, however, there was a slight rattle down stairs. "The doctor has come!" cried Joyce, excitedly, "with such a pretty little horse and phaeton. Oh, Ken, I'm sure he isn't old, and he don't take snuff. Oh, I'm so sorry I didn't catch a glimpse of him."

"He has come, has he?" said the captain. "Then tell him to go about his business."

Mrs. Ogden, the fat landlady, put in her head at this juncture. "Please, mem, the doctor," said she.

"Tell him—" hoarsely shouted Kenneth, flinging the pillows right and left.

But before he could complete his sentence the door opened and a tall young lady, in a blue cloth ulster and a pretty plumed hat, came in, with a flat morocco case in her hand.

"Miss Perry!" he exclaimed, starting at her from the sofa, with a face suddenly lighted into new brightness and enthusiasm. "How kind of you to remember me! You are acquainted with my mother, are you not? Joyce, this is Miss Perry."

The tall young lady looked composedly around her. "I am sorry to hear of your illness, Captain Renwick," said she. "We must see what we can do for you."

"But," added Kenneth, stretching his neck to get a look at the door, which was still slightly ajar, "where is the doctor? They told me he was coming up."

The beautiful blonde sat down and gently took Kenneth Renwick's wrist in her delicate fingers. "I am the doctor," said she. "Have the goodness to remain quite still for a few moments while I ascertain the pulse and temperature."

Captain Renwick was strack dumb. An electric thrill seemed to dart through every pulse and vein. But Joyce's eyes sparkled, and the dimples came out around her mouth.

"You!" she cried. "A doctor?" Doctor Barton nodded, still intent on the embezzled face of her watch. "Pernella Barton. They call me Perry for short. Captain Renwick always called me Miss Perry. I don't believe he knew I had any other name."

"And you are really a doctor?" said Joyce. "Oh, Kenneth, how fortunate!"

Doctor Barton examined her patient's tongue, listened at his lungs and made some abstruse hieroglyphics in her notebook. Then she measured out some gray powders in infinitesimal papers, and left her directions in the most business-like way in the world.

"I shall look in again this evening," she said. "It seems to be nothing more than a severe cold. But I do not intend that it shall gain any headway."

"I put myself entirely in your charge," said Captain Renwick, with a contented air. "I'm perfectly certain that I shall get well."

"I thought you were going to send

the doctor about his business," maliciously whispered Joyce.

"But I didn't know what sort of a doctor it was," retorted the captain. "Pneumonia did not set in after all. Doctor Barton proved a true prophet, and soon dispelled the heavy cold. But Captain Renwick had yet another ailment—in the region of the heart."

"Mother," he said, coaxingly, "wasn't I right? Ain't she lovely?" "The sweetest girl I ever saw," Mrs. Renwick warmly answered; "and the most talented and self-reliant."

"And if, mother—" "You will be the most fortunate man in the world," said Mrs. Renwick.

Captain Renwick made the best use of his time, and, although Dr. Barton's summer vacation was over, and she lingered and lounged at picnics, and in the pearly shadow of water-lilies, he still continued to make many appointments for seeing her; and when he returned to the Hundred-and-Forty-seventh Artillery, he was an engaged man.

"And after the first of November," he says, "Doctor Barton will be physician advisory to but one patient."—Saturday Night.

A Much Traveled Cat.

"I have got a pet kitten at home," said W. L. Slocum, of Manchester, N. H., last night, "which, I think, has traveled about as rapidly and as far in one day as any other animal in the world. One morning, about a month ago, the kitten strayed into my factory a short time before the machinery was started up. It got playing around the floor, and soon took up its position in the big fly wheel, where, without being noticed, it nestled down and went to sleep. Soon the machinery was put in motion, the wheel moving so rapidly that the poor kitten could not escape. Indeed, it is probable that puss was soon unconscious from dizziness. A little computation shows the distance the cat traveled. The wheel moves at the rate of 250 revolutions a minute, and at every turn puss went seventeen feet. As the wheel was kept in motion 390 minutes without stopping, the kitten must have travelled during that time a little over 300 miles. When the wheel was stopped the kitten was discovered and taken out, more dead than alive, but it shortly recovered, and, although it has remained about the factory ever since, it is observed that it always gives the fly wheel a wide berth."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chinese and Music.

The Chinese have some extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to their queer notions, the Creator of the universe hid eight sounds in the earth for the express purpose of compelling man to find them out.

According to the Celestial ideas, the eight primitive sounds are hidden in stones, silk, woods of various kinds, the bamboo plant, pumpkins in the skins of animals, in certain earths and in the air itself. Any one who has ever had the pleasure of seeing and listening to a Chinese orchestra will remember that the musical instruments were made of all these materials except the last, and that the combined efforts of the other seven seemed better calculated to drive the ethereal sound away than to coax it from the air, which is really the object of all Chinese musical efforts.

When the band plays the naive credulity of the people, both old and young, hears in the thuds of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes the tones of the eternal sounds of nature that were originally deposited in the various animate and inanimate objects by the all-wise Father.—Philadelphia Press.

Resene of a Sand Hill Crane.

"The devotion of birds to their young is one of the most beautiful sights of nature," said William P. Barton, of Dubuque, last evening. "I saw a striking illustration of this characteristic while on a hunting expedition up in Minnesota last fall. One day I shot and wounded a young sand hill crane, which with several others, was resting on the prairie. At the report of my gun all the birds took flight with the exception of the wounded one and one other, which was almost certainly its parent. The injured bird made several attempts to fly, and finally succeeded in rising some ten or fifteen feet in the air, but as it could not sustain itself it fell again to the ground. It tried again, however, and the parent bird, seeing the trouble the young one was in, placed herself underneath it, allowing it to rest its feet on her back, both birds continuing all the while to flap their wings. In this way, much to my amazement, she succeeded in bearing it off to a place of safety."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What \$10 Will Do In Egypt.

"Speaking of the value of money to an Egyptian native," said a traveler, "I recall when I wanted to take an intelligent fellow with me for a six months' trip to act as my servant, interpreter and body guard. He said he would go, but there was one difficulty."

"What is that?" I asked. "I must leave money enough with my father, mother, wife and four children to support them for the six months while I am away," he replied. "I whistled. It was an unexpected request."

"How much do you want?" I asked. "It is a large sum," he replied—pitiously.

"Well, name it." "I burst out laughing and gave him the money. Think of all that family living six months on \$10!"—Detroit Free Press.



ENSILAGE FOR HORSES.

Sweet ensilage has been fed to horses without any ill results, but if it is sour, by faulty curing, it is not a safe food for these animals. A small ration only should be given, and when it is fed, it is desirable to feed whole grain instead of ground feed. There is danger of fermentation of the food in the stomach when meal is given with the ensilage. If fed at the beginning, with caution, horses will get used to it, after which it may be used as the regular food.—New York Times.

HOW MUCH CLOVER TO AN ACRE.

Three bushels of clover seed per acre may be considered an excellent yield, and as the seed is always obtained from the second growth of the plants most farmers think the seed crop is almost clear gain or profit. Why the second growth of clover in summer yields most seed is a question not settled. Some think it due to the presence of the common bumble bee, an insect supposed to aid in fertilizing the flowers, but it may be to a less rank growth of the plants or the cool nights in the latter part of summer.—New York Sun.

LAST DATE AT PASTURE.

It is difficult to maintain in vigorous growth a pasture turf. Close cropping in the dry, hot weather has something to do with this, as also has the cropping which many pastures get late in the fall, which does not allow them opportunity to cover the roots with an aftermath that would protect these roots from the cold and sudden changes of winter. But it is evident that no small part of this difficulty in maintaining a good turf on pasture lands arises from the ill-treatment many pastures receive from the too early turning of stock abroad upon them in spring before the ground becomes well settled.—American Agriculturist.

WATERING PLANTS.

A question I have been asked hundreds of times by lady customers, says J. S. Taplin in American Gardening, is, "How often shall I water this plant?" There is but one answer, "Whenever it is dry." But by dry I don't mean just-dry and so baked that the soil is cracking away from the sides of the pot, but when the soil begins to feel dry to the touch or when on smartly tapping the side of the pot with the knuckles it rings from the blow. By taking a dry plant and sounding it, and afterwards a wet one you will at once appreciate the difference in sound. Even when the plant is wet on the surface, if dry in the ball, the sound will betray the fact.

Many plants in pots which are stood in jardiniere get yellow and sick from no apparent cause. An examination has always shown the soil sour from excess of water at the roots, caused by the water that had soaked through the pot after watering and had been left standing in the jardiniere, thus preventing aeration, and souring the soil. The pot should always be lifted out for watering and put back when it has done soaking.

PRESERVING EGGS.

In the experiments in keeping eggs made at one of the New York experiment stations, the eggs were all wiped when fresh with a rag saturated with some antiseptic and packed tightly in salt, bran, etc. Eggs packed during April and May with salt, and which had been wiped with cottonseed oil, to which had been added boracic acid, kept from four to five months with a loss of nearly one-third, the quality of those saved not being good.

Eggs packed in bran, after the same preliminary handling, were all spoiled after four months. Eggs packed in salt during March and April, after wiping with vaseline, to which salicylic acid had been added, kept four or five months without loss, the quality after four months being much superior to ordinary. Temperature of each box varying little from sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and each box was turned over once in every two days. Little difference was observed in the keeping of the fertile and unfertile eggs, and no difference was noticeable in the keeping qualities of eggs from different fowls or from those on different rations.—New York World.

MISTAKES IN TREE SPRAYING.

Men often apply the same remedy to all sorts of diseases, and frequently with disastrous results. Thus the superintendent of a California orchard—a capable and energetic man, but not a "book farmer"—found his trees infested with red spiders. Knowing that a spray of salt, sulphur and lime was good for some things, he believed it good for all, and with his trees in full leaf and tender foliage, he gave them a thorough spraying with the lime wash, with what result it is difficult to tell at this writing, but probably he will kill the spiders, and not improbably the trees also.

Much judgment should be used in the application of all washes in the orchard. The leaves are the lungs of the tree, the breathing apparatus, and whatever destroys them injures the tree. Lime—the chief ingredient in the lime, sulphur, and salt wash—of course possesses highly caustic properties. It is this that gives it its effective qualities, and it should be used on deciduous trees only in the winter

when they are dormant. It then reaches every part of the tree and scalds the young scale insects, preventing their growth and spread. But when the trees are in leaf it cannot reach the pests so effectually, while it will do very serious injury to the trees.

The orchardist owes it to himself to acquire at least some rudimentary knowledge of entomology in order to cope successfully with his insect enemies, and at the same time not damage his trees or injure his insect friends. His insect foes may be roughly divided into two classes, those that eat with their jaws and those that suck with a bill. In dealing with the first class, among which are caterpillars, slugs and beetles, arsenical preparations—Paris green and London purple—are the most effective remedies. In fighting the suckers these are useless, for the reason that this class of pests do not eat from the surface but draw the sap of the plant or tree from beneath the surface where the surface does not penetrate, and in dealing with them another class of remedies must be used. It is here that the lime, sulphur and salt spray comes into good use in the winter, when there is no danger of burning the leaves or young growth, and a severe remedy can be safely used. For summer use, however, resin solutions and kerosene emulsion, which can be used without endangering the trees, are the proper remedies.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The cabbage crop is one that nearly always pays.

Sugar corn comes a little earlier if the tops are broken off after the ears form.

An Australian farmer attributes the loss of a hundred fowls to feeding them upon sun flower seed.

Make the butter first-class and put it on the market in such a manner as to make it show for all it is worth.

Watercress is an excellent food for chickens. It can only be grown in clear water with a sandy bottom. It is claimed that a decoction of smartweed or walnut leaves applied once a day to cattle will keep off flies.

Breeding stock of all kinds need muscle rather than fat, as the latter means the loss of energy, if not of health and vigor.

All admit that a cow needs shelter in winter but it is equally necessary to furnish her protection from flies and the scorching rays of the sun of summer.

Poultry raisers in the vicinity of summer resorts will be apt to find more money in disposing of their fowls during the hot weather than later in the season.

The better milk development secured with the first calf, the better result it is possible to secure. Make the best start possible and keep in a good condition.

Rye is excellent for late pasture or for early spring. Quite a crop of it may be grown on late corn land. It may be sown on the land occupied by corn before the corn crop is removed.

Some places on animals caused by flies may be annointed with a mixture of one pint of crude petroleum, one tablespoonful of woodtar and one teaspoonful of carbolic acid, well mixed.

So far as possible the crops on the farm should be grown to suit the market, and the crops that bring the highest prices in proportion to the cost of production should be grown.

If there are dogs about put a wide awake cow or two in the pen with the sheep at night. If the cow has a young calf she will do especially faithful service. A billy goat would do the business pretty well.

The ladybird is a valuable insect destroyer. It is the special enemy of the little green aphid that destroys tender plants, and the ladybird is always seen upon rose bushes in summer time, because the aphid especially attacks the rose.

Some gardeners have been troubled with black-rook in tomatoes. The fungus of the potato rot attacks them on both leaf and fruit. There is no remedy after it gets full possession of the vines, but an early use of Bordeaux mixture is a preventive.

A first-class animal is sure to bring a good price, but he who has all first-class stock usually obtains "the top of the market." When they all seem to be of one mold, and that a good one, there are dealers ready to take them as a lot, and at your price.

The sow must be in thrifty condition to produce thrifty pigs. Feed her on succulent food. Cooked or steamed clover, turnips, potatoes, beets, and a variety, with a due proportion of grain, will keep her in the best condition for producing thrifty pigs.

The milk test has come to stay, because it is right that it should stay. It makes better and more honest dairy-men, it teaches the farmer how to weed out his inferior stock and develop his best, and generally, it leads to improvement of farm methods.

Current bushes in vigorous growth always make a superabundance of wood, and should be trimmed by cutting out the old canes that were weakened by age and fruit bearing. Also thin out new growth, and cut back the ends of long, slender branches.

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