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PART L City folk are apt to catch fire hotly bundred comfortably, and perhaps I'm over some social incident, and in a prejudiced, but it strikes me as rather week to forget that it had ever happened, which is to us an unanswerable evidence of superficiality; but Drumtochty gave itself to investigation, and continued therein, without rest and without haste till the last grain of gold was rescued from the quartz, and had passed as current coin into conversation. It took exactly six weeks to sift the details of Carmichael's engagement and to settle its significance, and then the Glen was at liberty to deal with the arrangements for the marriage, about which there was much speculation and various opinions. Some took for granted that Kate would be married in the gallery of the Lodge, under the coats of arms and strange beasts, by Dr. Davidson, with perhaps his friend of Kildrummie assisting, to add dignity; and in this assumption they rested on the customs of the parish, which were that the minister should perform the mar-riage ceremony in the kitchen, cleared

for the occasion, and that after a feast in the better room, at which Dr. Davidson used to tell at least two of his best stories, the happy pair should go in the quiet of the evening to their new home, or in special case to Edinburgh for three days, which spent in visiting the castle and Holy-rood. Others, full of historical research, and tenacious of tradition, reminded the Kirkyard that the last daughter of the Carnegie house had been married in the Episcopal (commonly called the English) chapel at Perth by a bishop of Jacobite bleed and in the presence of twenty old famflies of the Highland border, and there was much debate whether Carmichael would begin his new life by passing under the prelatical yoke, and also whether the General could ask the people of his faith to see the last Carnegle married to a Free Kirk minis-There were those, however, who reminded their neighbors that the minister could not be married anywhere rave in his own church, and that in such a case the Presbytery would come and officiate in a body; and when evidence for this theory was demanded, its advocates fell back on the analogy of a minister's funeral, which alope of all such rites was conducted in a church. As a marriage and a funeral were the two great functions

viction, and the Free Kirk folk were much lifted. While the Glen were reviewing the various courses open to the parties concerned and giving a decision, being in the end quite captivated by the funeral precedent they themselves had a happy inspiration in the Tochty woods, and Lodge, came down the near road, soft Peter Robertson the grieve, meeting them at the wright's, speculated whether the bank might not have come into its own again. They found the Doctor in his garden and presented themselves before him suddenly-there him until he had made a promise.

of the Glen, and both were of a festive

character, this contention carried con-

"Are you engaged on the tenth day

if you are, take notice that you must

break the engagement, and be at my

Catherine, and we must all bundle into

Perth, I suppose, and see you married

"It would serve you right if I did go

to Perth or Edinburgh, when you are

so ready to give up your duties. If Dr.

Davidson has conscientious objections

to marrying an Episcopalian to a Free

Kirkman, then we must seek for another person," and Kate turned to her

"I do," said Kate, "for one; whom

alse would I have than our own dear

Padre, who has never refused a certain

"And I do," said Carmichael, "for

another, because of the kindness a cer-

"Of course I do, Davidson, you know that, for the sake of auld lang syne,"

"You have all done me much honor,"

touched, "You will not judge me ex-

acting if I make a suggestion. I sup-

ceremony in the gallery of the lodge,

where more than one of your house

"Yes, Kit and I thought the gallery

the Manse of Drumtochty."

concluded the general,

tain Free Kirk minister has received in

"So the day is fixed, and your days of

survice.

in state."

following in despair.

the service?"

Drumtochty?

THEY FOUND THE DOCTOR IN HIS GARDEN.

Kirk.

"Do you really wish me to perform foulk fechtin for a place like a crood

willful girl anything since she came to but it's verra takin' tac see a church

accommodation.

would do; it would hold more than a

good room. "Nothing finer in Scotland, but you ould not have the Glen there, and every man, woman and child in Drumtechty will want to see Kate Carnegie married to John Carmichael, and let me add"-the doctor tapped his boxso they ought.

"It would be to me a great satisfaction"-they were all waitingthis marriage celebrated in the Kirk of Drumtochty, where all the people of parish once worshiped together, and where for one happy day they might be gathered again."

He spoke with unwonted hesitation and cast a wistful glance at the three grouped before him in the sunshine. "Do you mean to say, Dr. Davidson,

that you are going to seize the oppor-tunity of our marrige to wile my people into the Parish Kirk, and have the whole Glen forgetting their principles and sitting together like a lot of Christians? To think that venerable pearance should conceal such depths of duplicity," and Carmichael the next oment had flung his hat in the air in great gladness, while Kate besought the doctor, by every endearing name, to waltz around the lawn with her,

The doctor was so lifted with this happy arrangement that his visitors had departed in high spirits before he remembered John,on whose goodwill its whole success would absolutely depend. If that great man should happen to disapprove, it would be cruel to invite the Free Kirk; if he were in good humor, there need be no more anxlety, and so the doctor was very diplomatic.

"John," he said, after evening prayers, "just wait a moment; there is a matter, a rather important matter, in which I desire to-have your mind, Miss Carnegie and Mr. Carmichael both desire that the ceremony should take place in the Parish Kirk, which is quite according to law, you know, John, and shows an-excellent spirit."

"There's been an awfu' argle-bargle gaein' on aboot the place o' the marriage, an' the foulk hes been tryin' to draw me, but did a' say a word? Na, na, Doctor, a' kent ma poscetion better; a'm no astonished at what ye tell me; it cudna be otherwise; but my word, the Free Kirk fouk 'ill no be sair pleased."

"It's about that that I want to speak John; you see Mr. Carmichael's people will want to come and see him married, but that will be difficult to manage. Had it been any other headle but you,I would have said it was impossible, but you are hard to beat, John; in fact, all these years you have never falled.

"Now, John, turn the question over in your mind, and if the thing is be- he took me aside having picked up the General at the yond you, it's beyond everybody, and yond you, it's beyond everybody, and "Perhaps you'd like a little somewe 'ill just have to invite Burnorae thing,' he said, 'but don't mention this and grassy, in such open delight, that and the Free Elders, and the rest of to the wife or my son. will have to stand in the kirkyard. Think it over and let the from a cupboard. When I went me know tomorrow; but I fear it will down I was chatting with the son.

be too much even for you, ch, John?" when he gave me a wink and motione ! After luncheon that eminent functionary gave his decision-it was un- and he said: was a hedge which lent itself to a derstood that he had not slept one secret approach-and refused to sit wink the preceeding night-and the it?" down or hold ordinary converse with Doctor considers that he never spoke

with more authority. "It's natural that the Free Kirk of August, Dr. Davidson?" Kate held sud wish tae see their minister mar- dad or ma. They're terrible down on him with lifted foreinger, while the ried, an' it wudna be wise-like tae keep

spoke with much emphasis, "every

man o' them 'ill hae his place in the

"As regairds room, there need be

Kirk hand a' the pairish afore '43? an'

a bonnie sicht it wes tae see the hale

coof; there can be nas tribble about

'When we come tae the sittin' o'

the Frees, there's juist three plans, an' a' gied ower them a' in the gairden,

They micht tak ony place they cud

find, but it wudna be seemly tae see

Then they micht be conducted tae

their seats by the Beadle the same as

officer walk the length o' a lang kirk

wi' a company abint him an' show

them intee a pew wi' a bow; but a'

cudna dac that without practice, an'

The Lector indicated that it would

be madness, and waited for the third

in the teen's kirks, an' a'm no denyin',

o' cattle. That 'ill no dae,

a'll rin rae risks at my age."

this sort of thing." "With that he produced a bottle from a top shelf in an out-of-the-way cupboard. The supper passed off pleasantly. In the evening, by way of a joke, I shivered and exclaimed: "'My, what a cold I have. I'd give a

'I promised and he p

"Rather."

good deal for a drop of spirits for medicinal purposes." " I believe there is some in the medicine cheat,' began the wife, then stop-

ped and blushed. "I laughed and said: 'Confession is good for the soul. There should be no secrets in such a happy and well-managed little family." They all looked rather uneasy, and finally laughed and confessed."

RECEIVED HIS REWARD.

The Soldier Who Used Snow for a Bath Was Promoted.

From the Youth's Companion,

In the Crimea, during the winter, General Canrobert was in the habit of going about among the men of his command, incognito, to see what they were about, and to learn their wants and encourage the soldiers if they needed encouragement, One morning, on one of these tours, he came upon a young conscript who had stripped himself to the waist and was bathing his body with handfuls of snow. "That's an odd sort of soap you're

using," exclaimed the general. "Oh, it's good enough," said the sollier. "You see I'm young, and more General and Carmichael seemed to say: them oot; it's an occasion, an' it's no than that, I'm a Lorrainer from Nancy, You know what a girl she ls!" "For like tae come again; Doctor," and John and a fellow-provincial of General Drouot, who shaved himself with snow on the march from Moscow, you now, with the mercury thirty degrees below freezing. The old fellows in my comfreedom are coming to an end. Miss nac fear o' that, doctor; didna one pany, you see, bother me, and make fun of me because I haven't any beard, and since I can't shave out of doors, Gler, frae his lordship tae the puirest like Drouot, I have to do this to show these old fellows that I'm no more cottar body, sittin' ablow the same afraid of the cold than I am of the

menty. "Well," said Canrobert, "what If I should give you another way of get-ting even with those old fellows?" "Why, I shouldn't mind," answered

the young soldier. "I'll make you a corporal," said the general. The soldier laughed, "I guess that won't go," said he, "My colonel

vouldn't have it." "I'm higher up than your colonel; I

am General Canrobert." The young soldier was in transportsesecially as the same day he was made a corporal in the presence of the regi-

*********** The arrateur base ball club re-ceiving before June 25 the greatest number of votes, as explained on the sporting page, will receive 19 uniforms, free. No coupon good longer than 5 days after publica-tion. Here is a chance for the boys of Northeastern Pennsylvania to join the base ball procession in

THE BEST TEN SHORT POEMS.

Sun Accords the Palm.

On what wings dare he aspire?

What the hand dare seize the fire 2

And what shoulder, and what art,

Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And when thy heart began to beat,

What the Lammer? what the chain?

In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? What dread grasp Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

When the stars threw down their spears

And watered heaven with their tears,

Did He smile His work to see? Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?
—William Blake.

At the Church Gate.

Tieer, Tiger, burning bright.

In the forest of the night, What immortal hand or eye

Aithough I enter not, Yet round about the spot Ofttimes I hover;

And near the sacred gate, With longing eyes I wait,

Expectant of her.

The minster bell tells out

My lady comes at last,

Timid and stepping fast, And hastening hither,

Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming.
They've hushed the minster bell;

The organ 'gins to swell; She's coming, she's coming!

With modest eyes downcast; She comes, she's here, she's past!

May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!

Pour out your praise or plaint Meekly and duly; I will not enter there,

To sully your pure prayer With thoughts unruly,

Round the forbidden place,

Lingering a minute, Like outcast spirits, who wait,

And see, through heaven's gate, Angels within it.

The splendor falls on castle walls

Bugle Song.

And snowy summits old in story; The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory

Blow, bugle, blow! ret the wild echoes fly-

Blow, bugie; answer, echoes, dying, dying,

Oh, hark, oh hear! how thin and clear, And thinner, clearer, further going! O sweet and far, from cliff and scar, The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! Blow! let us hear the purple glens reply-

O love, they die in you rich sky;

And grow for ever and for ever

They faint on hill or field or river: Our echoes roll from soul to soul,

Blow, bugte, blow! set the wild echoes fly-

And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying

Gunga Din.

[The bhisti, or water carries, attached to

regiments in India, is often one of the most devoted of the Queen's servants. He

An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Alder-shot it'

You will do your work on water, An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'm

is also appreciated by the men.!

You may talk o' gin an' beer

But if it comes to slaughter

Now in Injia's sunny clime

The finest man I knew

Hi! slippy hitherao!

Was nothin' much before

For a twisty piece 'o rag

In a sidin' through the day,

eyebrows crawl, We shouted "Harry By!"

The uniform 'e wore

Where I used to spend my time

A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen, Of all them black-faced crew

Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din. He was "Din! Din! Din!

You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga

Water, get it! Panee lao! You squidgy-nosed idol, Gunga Din!"

An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,

When the sweatin' troop-train lay

Till our throats were bricky-dry,

You put some juldee in it,

'E would dot an' carry one-

If we charged or broke or cut,

Or I'll marrow you this minute

Then we wopped 'im 'cause serve us all.

An' a goatskin water-bag Was all the field-equipment 'e could find,

Where the 'cat would make your bloomin'

It was "Din! Din! Din! You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?

If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga

Till the longest day was done, An' 'e didn't seem to know the use 'o fear,

You could bet your bloomin' nut. 'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear,

that's got it.

When you're quartered safe out 'ere

-Alfred Tennyson.

dyingi

dying!

-William Makepeace Thackeray,

Rut suffer me to pace

Text of the Works of Genius to Which the New York

When in Disgrace.

much solemnity, "you have had many

masterly ideas within your province, but this is without doubt the finest; did

"It cam sudden, Doctor"-John was visibly flattered-"this morning, after

a nicht o' meditation. Aboot five a

slippit doon tae the Kirk an' surveyed

briest o' the laft across frae Drums-

hough, whar he used tae sit, an' lka

Free Kirker made for his seat, juist

"Wonderful," murmured the Doctor, regarding John with unfeigned admir-

"There's fuist two details, as a

micht say, tae settle. Ye 'lll come doon

frue the Manse in yir goen an' bands.

of coorse, wi yir hood on, an' me in front, and gin Maister Carmichael

wantit ony freend tae assist, he cud

follow you at a distance, an' when his

time cam for a prayer or ony bit troke

ye micht see fit tae gie him, a' wud

be near an' keep him richt, for he's

The Doctor Indicated that these ar-

rangements and precautions were quite

satisfactory, and would largely contrib-

"The ither maitter is mair delicat,

an' naething but a sense o' ma posec-

tion as Beadle o' Drumtochty wud gar

THE ITHER MAITTER IS MAIR

me mention it. Div ye think it's like-

lous-"that the Free Kirk Beadle 'ill

want the not as colleague?"-this with

(To Be Continued.)

CONFESSION ALL 'ROUND,

An Incident That Happened Once in

Prohibition Kansas.

"I've had lots of experience in pro-

hibition towns, but here's one which happened to me in Kansas," raid the

Southern drummer, as he lighted a cig-

ar, the train having come to a stand-

still by a washout, "One of my cas-

tomers invited me up to his house for

supper. When I got to his place be

introduced me to his wife and their

one son. Before we went down stairs

toward a back room, I fellowed him,

'Pretty cold walking here, wasn't

"'Well here's something that will do

you good, but don't say anything to

the Detroit Free Press.

a sere effort.

DELICAT."

sure tae be shakin' wi' fricht.'

ute to the success of the event.

like cows for their stalls."

you work hard at ft?"

the place frue the precentor's desk. The hale pairish cam in afore me cen in a mingle-mangle, juist like a herd When In disgrace with fortune and men's o' cattle, an' a' thocht the job wes im-I all alone beweep my outcast state, possible, when as sure as a'm stannin' here, Doctor, a' saw Burnbrae in the

And trouble deaf heaven with my boot-less cries, And look upon myself and curse my fate, Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, Featured like him, like him with friends Desiring this mun's art, and that man's

With what I most enjoy contented least; Yet in those thoughts myself almost de-Happy I think on thee, and then my state.

Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate; For thy sweet leve remembered such wealth brings That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

-William Shakespeare. On His Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent Ere half my days, in this dark world and And that one talent which is death to

Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent To serve therewith my Maker, and present My true account, lest he returning chide "Doth God exact day labor, light de-

I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not

Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,

And post o'er land and ocean without rest; They also serve who only stand and wait." -John Milton.

Bannock-Burn. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has aften led, Welcome to your gory bed, Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front of battle lower; See approach proud Edward's power-Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave? Wha can fill a coward's grave? Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee!

ly"-John's voice took an awful note, and the Doctor looked distinctly anx-Wha for Scotland's King and last Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand or freeman fa', Let him follow mel

> By oppression's woes and pains! By your sons in service chains! We will drain our degrest veins,

But they shall be free! Lay the proud usurpers low! Tyrants fall in every foc! Liberty's in every blow!

Let us do, or die! -Robert Burns,

Hohenlinden. On Linden, when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untradden snow, And dark as winter was the flow

Of Iser, rolling rapidly. But Linden saw another sight When the drum beat at dead of night, Commanding three of death to light The darkness of her scenery,

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed, ch horseman drew his battle-blade, And furious every charger reigh-To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven; Then rushed the steeds to battle driven; And, louder than the bolts of heaven, Far flashed the red artillery.

But rollder yet those fires shall glow On Linden's hill of crimsoned snov. And bloodier yet shall be the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly, This morn; but scarce you level sun

Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun, Where furious Frank and fiery Hun Shout in their sulphurous canopy,

The combat deepens: On, ye brave, Who rush to glory or the grave! Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave, And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet! The snew shall be their winding-sheet; And every turf beneath their feet Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—Thomas Campbell,

Pibroch of Donnil Dhe. Pibroch of Donull Dhu,

Pibroch of Donuil, Wake thy wild voice anew, Summon Clan-Sonuil! Come away, come away: Hark to the summons! Come in your war array.

Gentles and commons Come from deep gien, and From mountain so rocky;

The war-pipe and pennon Are at Inverlochy. Come every hill-plaid, and True heart that wears one; Come every steel blade, and

Strong hand that bears one. Leave untended the herd. The flock without shelter: Leave the corpse uninterred, The bride at the altar;

Tenant and master!

See how they gather! Wide waves the eagle plume,

Cast your plaids, draw your blades, Forward each man set!

Brahma.

If the red slayer think he slays, Or if the slain think he is slain,

Far or forgot to me is near.

The vanished gods to me appear

Phey reckon ill who leave me out.

am the doubter and the doubt

The strong gods pine for my abode

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,

In what distant deeps or skies

In the forest of the night, What immortal hand or eye

And pine in vain the sacred seven; But thou, meek lover of the good.

Find me and turn thy back on heaven,
-Ralph Waldo Emerson,

They know not well the subtle ways

I keep, and pass, and turn again,

Shadow and sunshine are the same;

And one to me are shame and fame,

When me they fly I am the wings;

And I the hymn the Brahman sings.

Knell for the onset!
-Sir Walter Scott.

Blended with heather.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.

With 'is messick on 'is back,
'E watch us till the bugles made "Retire.'
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide Leave the deer, leave the steer, Leave nets and barges: E was white, clear white, inside When 'e went to tend the wounded under Come with your fighting gear, Broadswords and targes. It was "Din! Din! Din!

Come as the winds come when Forest are rended; With the builets kickin' dust-spots on the green, When the cartridges ran out, You could 'ear the front files shout: Come as the waves come when Navies are stranded; "Hi! ammunition mules an' Gunga Din!" Faster come, faster come, Faster and faster.

Chief, vassal, page, and groom, I sha'n't forgit the night When I dropped be'ind the fight With a bullet where my belt-plate should Fast they come, fast they come,

I was chokin' mad with thirst, An' the man that spied me first Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga 'E lifted up my 'ead,

An' 'e plugged me where I bled. An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green It was erawlin' and it stunk, But of all the drinks I've drunk. I'm gratefullest to one frem Gunga Din. It was "Din! Din! Din!

'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spicen;
'E's chawin' up the ground an 'e'. kickin' all around For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga

'E carried me away To where a dooli lay, An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.

'E put me safe inside, An' just before 'e died: "I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga

So I'll meet 'im later on In the place where 'e is gone. Where it's always double drill and no canteen: 'E'll be squattin' on the coals | Givin' drink to pore damned souls

An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din You Lazarushian-leather Guyga Din! The I've belted you an' flayed you. By the livin' Gawd that made you, You're a better man that I am, Gunga

-Rudyard Kipling.

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