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**A HOT NUMBER**

*Is the Heppner Gazette. Without it the Heppner hills would appear dry and barren. People read it; business men advertise in it.*

OFFICIAL SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER

# Heppner Gazette.

FOURTEENTH YEAR — HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1896. — WEEKLY NO. 708 SEMI-WEEKLY NO 475

**A LARGE NUMBER....**

*Of Morrow County's citizens read the Heppner Gazette. Not much of an authority on agriculture or politics, but true to the interests of its neighbors.*

SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE.

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Train leaves Heppner 10:45 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Arrives 5:00 a. m. daily, except Monday.

West bound passenger leaves Heppner Junction 1:11 a. m.; east bound 1:33 a. m.

Freight trains leave Heppner Junction going east at 7:45 p. m. and 9:10 a. m.; going west, 4:30 p. m. and 6.15 a. m.

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Secretary of War.....Daniel S. Lamont
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Circuit Judge.....Stephen A. Lowell
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Representatives.....J. N. Brown
County Judge.....A. G. Bartholomew
" Commissioners.....J. R. Howard, J. W. Beckett.
" Clerk.....J. W. Morrow
" Sheriff.....E. L. Matlock
" Treasurer.....Frank Gilliam
" Assessor.....J. F. Willis
" Surveyor.....J. W. Hornor
" School Sup't.....Jay W. Shipley
" Coroner.....B. F. Vaughan

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Recorder.....F. J. Hallock
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G. A. R.
Meets at Lexington, Or., the last Saturday of each month. All veterans are invited to join.
C. C. Boon, Adjutant. GEO. W. SMITH, Commander. tf

D. J. McFaul, M. D.

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AT J. M. HAGER'S RESIDENCE.

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Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

### A SHEEP STORY.

**An Englishman Tells of the Remarkable Sagacity of a Pet Lamb.**

Having read from time to time notable instances of the sagacity of dogs and cats, it has occurred to me, says a writer in the London Spectator, that the following well-authenticated record of the intelligence of a sheep may possess at least the interest of novelty. Two years ago a lamb owned by a gentleman whose farm lies close to Lough Foyle was left motherless. A yardman in charge of the flock nursed and fed the little orphan. She became very tame, and was petted by her master's children. Last year she had grown into a young sheep, with a lamb of her own. One day some dogs ran through the pasture grounds, and the frightened flock scattered and fled through the field, which was a large one, sloping toward the shore. The yardman, Aleck, banished the intruders and collected the sheep, as he supposed, into safety.

An hour or two afterward the pet sheep rushed past the dwelling house apparently in great distress. With piteous bleatings she went to the lodge gate, where Aleck was sitting at his noonday meal, and, coming close to him, seemed to seek his help. As he rose from the table she ran out of the house and straight through the pasture to the shore. He followed her, and soon saw the cause of her alarm. Her lamb, terrified by the dogs, had fled to a little peninsula among the rocks, which the incoming tide had transferred into an island. Of course, it could not cross the strait and the mother could not save it, therefore she appealed to the power and sympathy of her human friend. Her trust in his help was not disappointed, and she and her rescued offspring were soon safely reunited.

### EXISTENCE OF RABIES DOUBTED.

**Physicians Say Fright Is at the Bottom of Nearly All Alleged Cases.**

An interesting letter was issued the other day by the American Antivivisection society appealing to the public not to circulate sensational stories about alleged mad dogs and the terrible results of people being bitten by them. Such accounts, it states, frighten people into nervous disorders, and yet there is upon record a great mass of testimony from physicians asserting the extreme rarity of hydrophobia, even in the dog.

The letter quotes a number of prominent physicians in support of the theory that practically there is no such affliction to mankind as hydrophobia. Dr. Hiram Corson, late president of the Pennsylvania Medical society, who was 94 years old, wrote: "I have never seen a real case of hydrophobia."

Dr. Vrail Green, the eminent physician of Lafayette college, who is over 80 years old, writes: "I have never had a case of hydrophobia, nor have I ever seen a case."

Dr. Matthew Woods, who has been in quest of the disease for 20 years, asserts that he never saw hydrophobia in either man or animal, although six years ago he offered $100 reward to any person bringing him such a patient. He says further that he has never met a physician who had seen a case of the disease. Such distinguished physicians as Dr. Theophilus Parvin, Thomas G. Morton and Joseph W. Hearn say that fright is responsible for nearly all alleged cases of rabies.

Stone cream is a very simple recipe. First dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a little water, then add to it one pint of sweetened milk, which has been boiled with lemon peel. As soon as it is cold pour this slowly over a layer of jam in a deep glass dish. When quite set, stick strips of blanched almonds into the cream and serve.—N. Y. Times.

### STOCK BRANDS.

**While you keep your subscription paid up you can keep your brand in free of charge.**

Borg, P. O., Heppner, Or.—Horses, P B on left shoulder; cattle, same on left hip.

Chapin, H., Hardman, Or.—Horses branded C on right hip. Cattle branded the same. Also brands Ci on horses right thigh; cattle same brand on right shoulder, and cut off end of right ear.

Cook, A. J., Lena, Or.—Horses, 90 on right shoulder; Cattle, same on right hip; ear mark square crop off left and split in right.

Douglass, W. M., Galloway, Or.—Cattle, B D on right side, swallow-fork in each ear; horses, B D on left hip.

Ely, Bros., Douglas, Or.—Horses branded ELY on left shoulder, cattle same on lefthip, hole in right ear.

Florence, L. A., Heppner, Or.—Cattle, LF on right hip; horses, F with bar under on right shoulder.

Jones, Harry, Heppner, Or.—Horses branded H J on the left shoulder; cattle branded J on right hip, also underbit in left ear. Range in Morrow county.

Johnson, Felix, Lena, Or.—Horses, circle T on left stifle; cattle, same on right hip, under half crop in right and split in left ear

Kenny, Mike, Heppner, Or.—Horses branded KNY on left hip cattle same and crop off left ear; under slope on the right

Kumberland, W. G., Mount Vernon, Or.—I L on cattle on right and left sides, swallow fork in left ear and under crop in right ear. Horses same brand on left shoulder. Range in Grant county.

Lofton, Stephen, Fox, Or.—S L on left hip on cattle, crop and split on right ear. Horses same brand on left shoulder. Range Grant county.

Leahey, J. W. Heppner Or.—Horses branded L and A on left shoulder; cattle same on left hip, wattle over right eye, three slits in right ear.

Minor, Oscar, Heppner, Or.—Cattle, M D on right hip; horse, M on left shoulder.

Morgan, S. N., Heppner, Or.—Horses, M) on left shoulder cattle same on left hip.

Osborn, J. W., Douglas, Or.; horses O on lef shoulder; cattle same on right hip.

Parker & Gleason, Hardman, Or.—Horses 1P on left shoulder.

Piper, J. H., Lexington, Or.—Horses, JE connected on left shoulder; cattle, same on lef hip, under bit in each ear.

Rector, J. W., Heppner, Or.—Horses, JO on left shoulder. Cattle, O on right hip.

Searry, E. O., Heppner, Or.—Cattle W C on left hip, crop off right and underbit in left ear, dewlap; horses W C on left shoulder.

Thompson, J. A., Heppner, Or.—Horses, 2 on left shoulder; cattle, 2 on left shoulder.

Turner S. W., Heppner, Or.—Small capital T left shoulder, horses; cattle same on left hip with split in both ears.

Thornton, H. M., Ione, Or.—Horses branded HT connected on left stifle; cheos same brand.

Wattenburger, W. J., Galloway, Or.; horses quarter circle JW on right shoulder; cattle quarter circle JW on right hip and right side, crop and hole in left ear. Range in Morrow and Umatilla counties.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

### BICYCLES IN WAR.

**The Wheel Has Become Popular in the National Guard.**

**As an Auxiliary to Military Facilities the Two-Wheeled Vehicle Will Be of Inestimable Service.**

A secure foothold has been obtained by the bicycle in the army and in the national guard. Officers, who by long service under old conditions are likely to be conservative to a degree, admit that before long the wheel will be a valuable aid to military movements in time of war.

Some years ago Gen. Miles, who is an enthusiastic advocate of the wheel, said:

"The results obtained under the most adverse and discouraging conditions prove conclusively that the bicycle will in the future become a most valuable auxiliary in military operations, not only for courier service, but also for rapidly moving organized bodies of men over the country."

Gen. Miles said in a subsequent speech to wheelmen that the use of the bicycle for military purposes is one that would attract naturally the attention of every soldier.

"We all know," said Gen. Miles, "that in military matters one of the principal arts in war is rapidity of movements and the power to move troops and munitions of war rapidly from one part of the country to another. Hannibal, the master of the military art, was finally overcome by the rapidity of movement of one of the corps of the enemy against a portion of his army. Alexander, Hannibal and Cicero used horses and Napoleon coaches in moving rapidly portions of their corps from one part of the country to another.

"Now, the question is whether the American forces mounted on wheels can do as much as if mounted on horses. It is true that a man mounted on a wheel can move over the ordinary roads with greater rapidity and make greater distances than he could possibly move on foot or mounted upon a horse. It is true that if you wish to send a dispatch and station racehorses a short distance apart they might possibly make better time than the wheelmen could over the same road, but it is a question, with the improvements that you are making, whether wheelmen cannot in time pass even the racehorse.

"It is estimated that there are in this country over 250,000 men who are accustomed to ride the bicycle. If out of that number 50,000 men were organized it would make one of the most effective army corps that was ever marshaled in any country at any time."

Not long ago Lieut. Hunt, of Sheridan, and a few enlisted men, with but little experience in riding, made a march of 15 miles on wheels in one hour and 25 minutes. The men took one long rest and carried the full equipments of a soldier. At the end of the ride they were fresh enough to make the journey back a pleasure. The ordinary time of such a march for soldiers burdened with their rifles and belongings would be about five hours.

Some national guard officers of rank do not take as hopeful a view of the service of bicycles in time of war as does the ranking officers of the army. They point out that there are head winds, bad roads and punctured tires to contend with, and that no ammunition or commissariat train could keep pace with a corps of wheelmen. The guardsmen say: "Cycle infantry in large bodies would fail to accomplish much, but in small independent detachments could accomplish a great deal.

"If each regiment were allowed to organize one of the additional companies provided for in the new drill regulations from the many bicycle clubs in the vicinity, the guard would be much benefited. Such a company should drill as provided for in the present 'United States Infantry Drill Regulations,' but in single rank when mounted, and should consider the bicycle simply as a means of locomotion. In addition, each man should be a good signal man and have some knowledge of telegraphy. His powers of observation should be trained to the highest degree, and his ability to draw reconnaissance maps accurately developed. Such a company should be taught great independence of action, and during the summer months compelled to furnish maps and information showing the smallest details of the surrounding country."—Chicago Tribune.

**The New Tomato.**

The new tomato is a half or entirely frozen salad. When it is entirely frozen it is cooked and sweetened, first, much as if for its old-time sphere as a vegetable, but there is no butter put into it, and no pepper, only the merest dash of salt and the usual quantity of sugar. Then it is frozen in the freezer, like any ice, packed in a mold and hardened in ice and salt, and served with mayonnaise. This is the usual way, but I have a little thing of my own that I fancy to be even nicer—I may be deceived by vanity—and it is respectfully submitted. Take half a dozen ripe, firm tomatoes, peel, pour over them a sirup of one pint of sugar and one cup of water, brought to boiling, no more. Drain and cool. Pack in freezer in layers, with rounds of white paper between the layers. Let them stay about an hour. Remove carefully and serve on a bed of lettuce and nasturtiums, with mayonnaise.—Boston Globe.

Hood's Pills

should be in every family medicine chest and every traveller's grip. They are invaluable when the stomach is out of order; cure headache, biliousness and all liver troubles. Mild and efficient. 25 cents.

### FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Apple Tea Cake.—One cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful butter, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, nutmeg. Bake in layers and fill with sliced apples.—Home.

—Apple Pudding.—Pare, quarter and core six tart apples, sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon. Rub butter the size of an egg into one pint of flour in which a teaspoon of baking powder has been sifted, make into a thick batter with sweet milk, pour over the apples, and steam one hour.—Womankind.

—To Boil Brussels Sprouts.—Pick carefully off all the dead leaves from a pint of brussels sprouts and wash them clean. Then put them into a saucepan of boiling salt and water with a very small piece of soda. Boil them very quickly, with the pan uncovered, until tender, then drain them through a colander and serve them arranged in a light pile in the center of a dish, with a tureen of melted butter.—Boston Budget.

—Apple Pudding.—Peel, slice and stew in a little water until soft enough to mash six medium tart apples. Into the sauce which they make stir a large tablespoonful of butter, three of sugar, and the juice and grated yellow rind of a lemon. Stir two tablespoonfuls of flour into two cupfuls of grated bread crumbs, mix this with the apples, and then stir in two well beaten eggs. If the mixture is too thick, add a few spoonfuls of water. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake for forty minutes. Serve with hard sauce.—Prairie Farmer.

—Quince Preserves, Orange Flavor.—Peel and core the quinces and to every quart of fruit allow two oranges thinly sliced. Steam until tender. Cook the cores and skins in water enough to cover them for about two hours, then strain, add a pound of sugar for every pound of peeled and cored fruits. Boil together to a syrup and then drop in the steamed quinces which should not be soft enough to drop to pieces. Let them simmer, not boil, over a slow fire for an hour, when they will be a beautiful color and are ready to be canned the same as any other fruit.—Home.

—Pilau of Mutton.—Take the neck of mutton, cut in small pieces, cover with hot water and simmer gently until nearly done. Then take about two ounces of spaghetti, break into inch pieces and cook twenty minutes with the mutton. It swells, and should soak up nearly all the water. Season with salt, pepper and a grating of onion. Take a pint of fresh tomatoes peeled and put through a sieve. Make smooth in a saucepan over the fire a tablespoon each of flour and butter, add the strained tomatoes and stir till it boils up. Put the pilau in the center of a deep platter and pour the tomato sauce over it and serve at once.—Chicago Record.

**Sent It to his Mother in Germany.**

Mr. Jacob Esbensen, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co., at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, having used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by Conser & Brock.

**Mental Athletics.**

Parsons—Doctor tells me I ought to take more exercise.

Baldso—Why don't you stand on your head, and ride some of your wheels?—N. Y. World.

*"It is immaterial, in my judgment, whether the sheep grower receives any benefit from the tariff or not . . . . Whether he does or does not I am for free wool."—Extract from the speech of William J. Bryan in the House of Representatives when the Wilson bill was under consideration.*

—There's no music in a "rest," but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the live melody, always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude, but patience is the finest and earliest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too.—Ruskin.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

### SQUARE-BUILT MAN.

**Occasions When He Said "Well, General," to Wolseley.**

A story is told in which it is set forth that Lord Wolseley exclaimed: "War correspondents! Some of them are desperately brave, while others are anything but heroes. The majority, I think, do their duty well, even when it leads them into tight places. By the way, talking of tight places and war correspondents, I remember an incident that may interest you. It was at the beginning of the Ashantee campaign, just after our landing; a square-built, little man came up to me and said, speaking slowly, and with an unmistakable American accent:

"'General, allow me to introduce myself; I am the correspondent of the New York Herald. I—'

"Too busy to attend to him, I cut him short with 'What can I do for you, sir?'

"He replied, imperturbably, with the same exasperating slowness: 'Well, general, I want to be as near you as I can if there is any fighting to be seen.'

"'Capt. So-and-So has charge of all the arrangements concerning correspondents,' I rejoined, curtly; 'you had better see him.' And with this I turned on my heel and went about my business.

"I saw no more of my correspondent with the aggravating coolness and slowness of speech for many a day. I did not even know whether he was accompanying the column or not.

"Personally speaking, I was only in danger once during the whole expedition. It was shortly before we entered Coomossie. I had pressed forward with the advance troops, hoping to break the last effort at resistance and have done with the affair, when the enemy, utilizing the heavy covert, came down and fairly surrounded us. For a few minutes the position was critical, and every man had to fight, for the enemy's fire was poured in at close quarters. They pressed upon us from all sides, dodging from tree to tree, and cautiously edging closer, hoping to get hand to hand. In the hottest of it my attention was caught by a man in civilian's clothes, who was some 15 or 20 yards in front of me, and who was completely surrounded by the advancing savages. He seemed to pay no attention to the danger he was in, but, kneeling on one knee, took aim, and fired again and again, and I seemed to see that every time he fired a black man fell. I was fascinated by his danger and coolness. As our main body came up and the savages were driven back, I went forward to see that no harm came to my civilian friend, who rose just as I reached him. To my astonishment it was the correspondent of the New York Herald, and he began again in the same slow, calm way:

"'Well, general—'

"Again I interrupted him: 'You were lucky to escape. Didn't you see that you were surrounded?'

"'Well, general,' he began again, 'I guess I was too much occupied by the niggers in front to pay much attention to those behind.'

"That was evidently the simple truth. Whatever men may say in the future about Henry M. Stanley, no one that has seen him in danger will deny that his courage is of the first quality. I took a liking to him on the spot, and we became great friends; nor has anything occurred since to alter my opinion of him."—London Saturday Review.

### REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.

**A Family of Eight Whose United Ages Foot Up to 669 Years.**

The most remarkable instance of longevity in the history of the Nutmeg state, perhaps, is noted in the Kimball family of the town of Preston, one member of it, Mrs. Abby S. Cook, who is passing the closing years of her life in the home of her daughter, Mrs. William H. Cook, of Franklin street, this city, having celebrated the other day the 90th anniversary of her birthday. Mrs. Cook is the widow of the late Isaac H. Cook of Preston. A large number of her relatives, friends and neighbors called at her home on her anniversary day and congratulated her, and the venerable lady, who is still hale and active and of a cheerful spirit, entertained them.

Mrs. Cook is a member of a family of eight children, sons and daughters of Elisha and Lucy Lathrop Kimball, all of whom are alive and in vigorous health, with the exception of Mrs. Sybil A. Branch, the eldest, who died two years ago at Roxbury, Mass., aged 90 years 4½ months.

Here are the names and ages of the surviving members of the band: Abby S. Cook, 90 years old; Sarah Green, Iowa, 88; Sarah L. Brown, Chicago, 85; Nelson L. Kimball, Iowa, 82; Frances De Wolf, Chicago, 80; Lucius T. Kimball, Iowa, 78, and Rev. Nathaniel Kimball, Iowa, 76. The united ages of the brothers and sisters are 669 years, including that of Mrs. Branch.

**The Deacon Undone.**

There was once a deacon on Cape Cod who heard early one morning that there had been a wreck on the beach near his house. He hurried down with a couple of pillow-cases; filled one with sugar, hid it under the bank and went on to look for more groceries. While he was gone a neighbor came along on the same errand, caught sight of the pillow case, emptied it into his own bag and refilled it with sand. By and by the deacon returned empty-handed, and carried off his pillow-case without noticing the change. In fact, he filled his sugar bowl and tried to sweeten his coffee before he found out how badly he had been treated. Then he was so indignant that he confessed afterward: "I was almost wicked enough to wish there might never be another wreck on this here coast again."

**To Tell a Man's Profession.**

Curious as it seems there is a distinct relation between man's pursuits and the color of man's hair. An unusual proportion of men with dark, straight hair enter the ministry; red-whiskered men are apt to be given to sporting and horse flesh, while the tall, vigorous, blonde man, lineal descendant of the Vikings, still contributes a large contingent to travelers and emigrants.

### AFRAID OF HIS OWN GUNS.

**Why the Sultan of Turkey Does Not Want a Navy.**

The incident which led to the order for the extinction of the Turkish navy was as follows, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. A transport was bringing a number of time-expired men home, when they respectfully mutinied, and begged their officers to go below, as they wished to do something which might not be approved of. Some non-commissioned officers then took command, and anchored off the palace, and, after firing a salute, began shouting: "Long live the sultan!"

This demonstration caused immediate confusion at the palace, and various high officers were dispatched to parley with the mutineers, but they insisted on seeing the minister, and when he at last appeared they said they knew the sultan had given the money to pay them, but they had not received it, and they would not budge until they did.

No arguments were of any avail, and the money had to be sent for and distributed, after which the men weighed anchor with a cheer, and gave up the ship again. The sultan, however, reflected that what a transport had done peaceably a heavily-armed man-of-war might do with evil intent, and, calling Hassan Pasha to him, he declared that he wanted no more navy.

### FREAKS OF STUDENTS.

**Promenade Without Hats and Walk Upon the Wet Grass Barefoot.**

The Yale students have adopted a new fad this year. It is promenading up and down Chapel street and about the different New Haven thoroughfares without hats or head covering of any kind. It is the upper class men and society men chiefly who are making themselves thus conspicuous.

It is a common occurrence on a pleasant morning to meet five or six men walking together through the shopping district of the town, to all appearances perfectly unconscious that they are attracting attention. Last year the students, with the first blush of summer, conceived the idea of wearing tremendous farmerlike straw hats. It became such a fad that the shopkeepers had a special supply sent to them from the manufacturers. They were hats of the kind usually kept by the country grocer, and until the students took them up were never found in the swell shops.

Another recently adopted fad of this season among the students is that of taking off their shoes and stockings after a rain storm, and, with their trousers turned up above the ankles, wading about in the grass back of the churches on the green in the center of the town.

### THE VALUE OF BORAX.

**A Useful Article to Always Have About the House.**

The women of Holland and Belgium, who make their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax instead of washing soda in the proportion of one large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water. Thus they save in soap nearly half. Its effect is to soften the hardest water, and, therefore, it should be kept on every toilet table. It is good for cleansing the hair, is an excellent dentifrice; combined with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda it is a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water, but all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary-sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be one-fifth.

**Couldn't Serve Him.**

Drummer (hurriedly)—Can't wait for dinner—have to catch 11:10 train—I'll just have a quick lunch. Can you open me some oysters?

Landlord Smithville Hotel — Very sorry, sir; but the cook broke the can-opener this morning.—Puck.

CATARRH
is a
LOCAL DISEASE
and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.
It can be cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils. Relief is instantaneous and a cure follows.
Ely's Cream Balm
is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membranes from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.