

# AIKENSIDE

BY  
MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphans," "Remonstrated on the Hillside," "Lost Rivers," "Hazelbrook," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Cousin Maudie," etc.

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Contrary to Guy's expectations, Agnes did not refuse to let Jessie go for a ride, particularly as she had no suspicion where he intended taking her, and the little girl was soon seated by her brother's side, chatting merrily of the different things they passed upon the road. But when Guy told her where they were going, and why they were going there, the tears came at once into her eyes, and hiding her face in Guy's lap, she sobbed bitterly. "I did like her so much that day," she said, "and she looked so sorry, too. It's terrible to die!"

Then she plied Guy with questions concerning Maddy's probable future. "Would she go to heaven, sure?" and when Guy answered at random, "Yes," she asked, "How did he know? Had he heard that Maddy was that kind of good which lets folks in heaven? Because, Brother Guy," and the little preacher nestled closely to the young man, fingering his coat buttons as she talked, "because, Brother Guy, folks can be good—that is, not do naughty things—and still God isn't love them unless they—I don't know what, I wish I did."

Guy drew her nearer to him, but to that childish yearning for knowledge he could not respond, so he said: "Who taught you all this, little one?—not your mother, surely?"

"No, not mamma, but Miriam, the waiting maid we left in Boston. She told me about it, and taught me to pray different from mamma. Do you pray, Brother Guy?"

The question startled the young man, who was glad his coachman spoke to him just then, asking if he should drive through Devonshire village, or go direct to Honedale by a shorter route. They would go to the village, Guy said, hoping that thus the doctor might be persuaded to accompany them. They found the doctor at home and willing to go with them. Indeed, so unnerved had he become listening for the first stroke of the bell which was to herald the death he deemed so sure, that he was on the point of mounting his horse and galloping off alone, when Guy's invitation came. It was five miles from Devonshire to Honedale, and when they reached a hill which lay half way between, they stopped for a few minutes to rest the tired horses. Suddenly, as they sat waiting, a sharp ringing sound fell on their ears, and grasping Guy's knee, the doctor said, "I told you so; Madeline Clyde is dead!"

It was the village bell, and its twice three strokes betokened that it tolled for somebody youthful, somebody young, like Maddy Clyde. Jessie wept silently, but there were no tears in the eyes of the young men, as with beating hearts they sat listening to the slow, solemn sounds which came echoing up the hill. There was a pause; the sexton's dirgelike task was done, and now it only remained for him to strike the age, and tell how many years the departed one had numbered. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," Jessie counted it aloud, while every stroke felled like a heavy blow upon the hearts of the young men, who a few weeks ago knew not that such as Maddy Clyde had ever had existence.

How long it seemed before another stroke, and Guy was beginning to hope they'd heard the last, when again the dull, muffled sound came floating on the air, and Dr. Holbrook's black, bearded lip half quivered as he now counted aloud, "One, two, three, four, five."

"That was all; there it stopped; and vain were all their listenings to catch another note. Fifteen years, and only fifteen had passed over the form now forever still."

"She was fifteen," Guy whispered, remembering distinctly to have heard that number from Maddy herself.

"I thought they told me fourteen, but of course it's she," the doctor rejoined. "Poor child, I would have given much to have saved her."

Jessie did not talk; only once, when she asked Guy, if it was very far to heaven, and if he supposed Maddy had got there by this time.

"We'll go just the same," said Guy. "I will do what I can for the old man," and so the carriage drove on, down the hill, across the meadow land, and past a low-roofed house whose walls inclosed the stiffened form of him for whom the bell had tolled, the boy, fifteen years of age, who had been the patient of another than Dr. Holbrook.

Maddy was not dead, but the paroxysm of restlessness had passed, and she lay now in a heavy sleep so nearly resembling death that they who watched, waited expectantly to see the going out of her last breath. Never before had a carriage like that from Aikenside stopped at that humble cottage, but the neighbors thought it came merely to bring the doctor, whom they welcomed with a glad smile, making a way for him to pass to Maddy's bedside. Guy preferred waiting in the carriage until such time as Grandpa Markham could speak with him, but Jessie went with the doctor into the sick room, starting even the grandmother, and causing her to wonder who the richly dressed child could be.

"Dying, doctor," said one of the women affirmatively, not interrogatively; but the doctor shook his head, and holding in one hand his watch, he counted the faint pulse beats as with his eye he measured off the minutes.

"There are too many here," he said, "She needs the air you are breathing," and in his singular, authoritative way, he cleared the crowded room of the mistaken friends who were unwittingly breathing up Maddy's very life.

All but the grandparents and Jessie; these he suffered to remain, and sitting down by Maddy, watched till the long sleep ended. Silently and earnestly the aged couple prayed for their darling, asking that, if possible, she might be spared, and God heard their prayers, lifting, at last, the heavy fog from Maddy's brain, and waking her to life and partial consciousness. It was Jessie who first caught the expression of the opening eyes,

and darting forward, she exclaimed, "She's waked up, Dr. Holbrook. She will live!"

Wonderingly Maddy looked at her, and then as a confused recollection of where they had met before crossed her mind, she smiled and said:

"Where am I now? Have I never come home, and is this Dr. Holbrook's office?" "No, no; it's home, your home, and you are getting well," Jessie cried, bending over the bewildered girl. "Dr. Holbrook has cured you, and Guy is here, and I, and—"

"Hush, you disturb her," the doctor said, gently pulling Jessie away, and himself asking Maddy how she felt.

She did not recognize him. She only had a vague idea that he might be some doctor, but not Dr. Holbrook, sure; not the one who had so puzzled and tortured her on a day which seemed now so far behind. From the white-haired man kneeling by the bedside there was a burst of thanksgiving for the life restored, and then Grandpa Markham tottered from the room, out into the open air, which had never fallen so refreshingly on his tired frame as it fell now, when he first knew that Maddy would live. He did not care for his homestead; that might go, and he still be happy with Maddy left. But he who had marked that true disciple's every sigh, had another good in store, willing it so that both should come together, even as the two disappointments had come hand in hand.

From the soft cushions of his carriage, where he sat reclining, Guy Remington saw the old man as he came out, and alighting at once, he accosted him pleasantly, and then walked with him to the garden, where, on a rustic bench, built for Maddy beneath the cherry trees, Grandpa Markham sat down to rest. From speaking of Madeline it was easy to go back to the day when Guy had first met grandpa, whose application for money he had refused.

"I have thought better of it since," he said, "and am sorry I did not accede to your proposal. One object of my coming here to-day was to say that my purse is at your disposal. You can have as much as you wish, paying me whenever you like, and the house shall not be sold. Sloucum, I understand, holds the mortgage. I will see him to-morrow and stop the whole proceedings."

Guy spoke rapidly, determined to make a clean breast of it, but grandpa understood him, and bowing his white head upon his bosom, the big tears dropped like rain upon the turf, while his lips quivered, first with thanks to the Providence who had truly done all things well, and next with thanks to his benefactor.

"Blessings on your head, young man, for making me so happy. You are worthy of your father, and he was the best of men."

"My father—did you know him?" Guy asked in some surprise, and then the story came out, how, years before, when a city hotel was on fire, and one of the guests in imminent danger from the locality of his room, and his own nervous fear which made him powerless to act, another guest braved fearlessly the hissing flame, and scaling the tottering wall, dragged out to life and liberty one who, until that hour, was to him an utter stranger.

Pushing back his snowy hair, Grandfather Markham showed upon his temple a long, white scar, obtained the night when he periled his own life to save that of another. There was a doubly warm pressure now of the old man's hand, as Guy replied, "I've heard that story from father himself, but the name of his preserver had escaped me. Why didn't you tell me who you were?"

"I thought 'twould look too much like demanding it as a right—too much like begging, and I s'pose I felt too proud. Pride is my besetting sin—the one I pray most against."

Guy looked keenly now at the man whose besetting sin was pride, and as he marked the cheapness of his attire, his shabby and shabby, his shoes both patched at the toes, his cotton shirt minus a bosom, and then thought of the humble cottage, with its few rocky acres, he wondered of what he could be proud.

Meantime, for Maddy, Dr. Holbrook had prescribed perfect quiet. Even Jessie was not permitted to stay, though Maddy clung to her as to a dear friend. In a few whispered words Jessie had told her name, saying she came from Aikenside, and that her Brother Guy was there, too, outdoors, in the carriage. "He heard how sick you were at Devonshire, this morning, and drove right home for me to come to see you. I told him of you that day in the office, and that's why he brought me, I guess. You'll like Guy, I know all the girls do—he's so good."

Sick and weary as she was, and unable as yet to comprehend the entire meaning of all she heard, Maddy was conscious of a thrill of pride in knowing that Guy Remington, from Aikenside, was interested in her, and had brought his sister to see her. Winding her feeble arms around Jessie's neck, she kissed the soft, warm cheek, and said, "You'll come again, I hope."

"Yes, every day, if mamma will let me. I don't mind it a bit, if you are poor." "Tut, tut, little tattler!" Dr. Holbrook took Jessie by the arm. "What makes you think them poor?"

In the closely shaded room Maddy could see nothing distinctly, but she heard Jessie's reply: "Because the plastering comes down so low, and Maddy's pillows are so teenty, not much bigger than my dolly's. But I love her; don't you, doctor?"

Through the darkness the doctor caught the sudden flash of Maddy's eyes, and something impelled him to lay his cool, broad hand on her forehead, as he replied, "I love all my patients;" then, taking Jessie's arm, he led her out to where Guy was waiting for her.

vation to tea, rode back with him to Aikenside. Mrs. Agnes would have gone off into a passion when told that Jessie had been "exposed to fever and mercy knows what."

"There's no telling what one will catch among the very poor," she said to Dr. Holbrook, as she clasped and unclasped the heavy gold bracelets flashing on her white, round arm.

"I'll be answerable for any disease Jessie caught at Mr. Markham's," the doctor replied.

"At Mr. Who's? What did you call him?" Agnes asked, the bright color on her cheek fading as the doctor replied: "Markham—an old man who lives in Honedale. You never knew him, of course."

Involuntarily Agnes glanced at Guy, in whose eye there was, as she fancied, a peculiar expression. Could it be he knew the secret she guarded so carefully? Impossible, she said to herself; but still the white fingers trembled as she handled the china and silver, and for once she was glad when the doctor took his leave, and she was alone with Jessie.

"What was that girl's name?" she asked: "the one you went to see?" "Maddy, mother—Madeline Clyde. She's so pretty. I'm going to see her again, May 17."

Agnes did not reply directly, but continued to question the child with regard to the cottage which Jessie thought so funny, slanting away back, she said, so that the roof on one side almost touched the ground. The widow panted, too, were so very dry, and the room where Maddy lay sick was small and low.

"Yes, yes, I know," Agnes said at last, impatiently, weary of hearing of the cottage whose humble exterior and interior she knew so much better than Jessie herself.

But this was not to be divulged; for surely the haughty Agnes Remington, who, in Boston, aspired to lead in society into which, as the wife of Dr. Remington, she had been admitted, and who, in Aikenside, was looked upon with envy, could have nothing in common with the red cottage or its inmates. So when Jessie asked again if she could not visit Maddy on the morrow, she answered decidedly: "No, daughter, no. I do not wish you to associate with such people," and when Jessie insisted on knowing why she must not associate with such people as Maddy Clyde, the answer was: "Because you are a Remington." It was all in vain that Jessie, and even Guy himself, tried to revoke the decision. Jessie should not be permitted to come in contact with that kind of people, she said, or incur the risk of catching that dreadful fever.

So day after day, while life and health were slowly throbbing through her veins, Maddy waited and longed for the little girl whose one visit to her sick room seemed so much like a dream. From her grandfather she had heard the good news of Guy Remington's generosity, and that, quite as much as Dr. Holbrook's medicines, helped to bring the color back to the pallid cheek and the brightness to her eyes.

She was asleep the first time the doctor came after the occasion of Jessie's visit, and he did not awaken her; but for a long time, as it seemed to Grandpa Markham, who stood very little in awe of the Boston doctor, he watched her as she slept, now clasping the blue-veined wrist as he felt for the pulse, and now wiping from her forehead the drops of sweat, or pushing back her soft, damp hair.

It would be three days before he could see her again, for a sick father in Cambridge needed his attention, and after numerous directions as to the administering of sundry powders and pills, he left her, feeling that the next three days would be long ones to him. When, at last, he was about starting to visit Maddy again, he puzzled his brains until they fairly ached with wondering what he could do to give her a pleasant surprise and show that he was not as formidable a personage as her past experience might lead her to think.

(To be continued.)

### Stranger's Appetite.

A waiter who always endeavored to give the best possible service for his customers supplemented an order to the kitchen attendants with the request for "a little extra in each dish."

"They didn't ask me for an extra allowance," he said, "in fact, they didn't know enough to ask for it, but I could see that their appetites would be equal to the supply. That is because they are strangers here. Newcomers in any restaurant or boarding-house always eat more than the old-timers. Everything has a new flavor and whets their appetites. It is nothing new for customers who are just getting acquainted with a place to eat as if they had been starved for a month. As a matter of fact, they have fared quite well; it's the change that makes them so voracious."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Aldrich's Birthplace.

The quaint old town by the sea called Portsmouth is the only seacoast town in New Hampshire and is one of our very oldest settlements, for it was founded in the year 1623, and it has a history worth knowing. It was an old town when Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in one of its quaint and ancient houses on the 11th of November in the year 1836, and he has written a very delightful book about Portsmouth called "An Old Town by the Sea," while his famous "Story of a Bad Boy" is a very true account of his boyhood in the New Hampshire seaport.—St. Nicholas.

### Expensive.

"Our time is money," grumbled the collector.

"Them," replied the debtor, "how can you afford to waste so much of it in chasing me?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

### One Reason.

Teacher—Why should we always be neat and clean?

Little Lizzie—In case of accident.—The Technical World.

Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, sold his patent rights for a passage to England.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



## Raising Pigeons.

It is not only in congregations of quadrupeds, such as hogs, cattle, horses, etc., that we often find particularly vicious specimens; we also come across them in flocks of poultry, among hens, turkeys and even pigeons. There are bullies and brutes in the pigeon as well as human family. A male pigeon that is disposed to make himself a nuisance in fighting other old birds and killing squabs might as well be removed from the loft. If this is not practical, clip his wings and provide a nest for the pair on the floor.

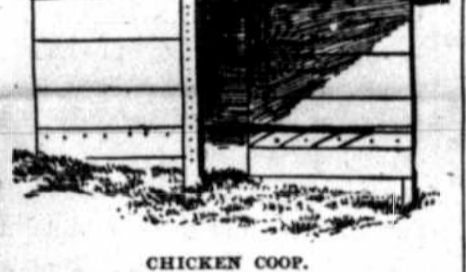
For a mating pen get a box and put perpendicular slats on the front and through the middle. It should be large enough to make each apartment 12 or 15 inches square, and one of the slats or dowels in the partition should be movable. The food and water vessels may be hung on the partition so that both birds may use them in common. If out of sight of their old mates it will not take more than two or three days for them to unite. The movable slat can then be taken away, and if the mating is permanent they may be turned into the loft to find a nest.

### Feeds for Pigeons.

We like whole wheat best of all grains for pigeons. But there are many other grains which pigeons like and thrive on, among them common peas, barley, buckwheat, cowpeas, soy beans, English horse beans, the various kinds of vetch, broom corn, sorghum seed, millet and many others. A variety is, of course, always relished. Corn is a good feed when given in moderate quantities, especially during summer, and not as an exclusive diet. Pigeons also learn to eat boiled potatoes and other vegetables, soft mash, such as we give to the hens, etc. For really fine, plump, fat squabs, wheat is hard to beat.

## Hillside Chicken Coop.

I have adopted the plan of substituting a large roosting coop for each thirty or forty chicks as soon as they are large enough to roost, says an American Agriculturist correspondent. This is made from a dry goods box four feet long, three feet wide and



CHICKEN COOP.

three feet high. The front and bottom are removed. Two strips are nailed perpendicular on the front corner, projecting a foot below the bottom of the box. This raises the front and gives the roof the necessary pitch when facing a downhill position. Two strips nailed on each side form a support for porches which are fastened together by crosspieces so all may be removed at one operation to be sprayed.

We move this coop twice a week, and it is always clean and fresh. The open front and bottom seem a little risky, considering the possibility of wandering cats, rats or weasels. But we are willing to run some risks if we can fill our own and customers' pens in the fall with large, robust stock. This one plan has enabled us to produce Orpingtons well up to standard size, which some fail to do. The accompanying sketch of coop will explain itself.

## Thorough Cultivation.

Thorough and frequent cultivation is regarded by many as the best mulch for spring, summer and fall, which induces the roots to seek food in every direction, thereby becoming more numerous and deeply imbedded, as well as going further beyond the penetration of cold in winter. In this condition it is only in climates where the cold is severe that a covering of straw or other bulky material is required. Such coverings should be removed as early in spring as the season will permit, and the cultivator used, if the crop is such as to permit of its use. Even in the fall a thorough stirring of the soil will admit the air and afford protection in the winter, but it is possible that late stirring of the soil, leaving the ground bare in the winter season, may permit of loss of fertility of the soil, by leaching of the soluble portions by rains and melting snows, to avoid which some farmers sow the land to rye late in October and plow it up early in the spring.

## Birds and Insects.

It is much easier to destroy birds than insects, but as the number of birds is reduced the insects multiply. The wren is a very useful bird, and may be induced to remain near the dwelling houses if boxes are provided for them, but as they are unable to contend against English sparrows, the entrance to the wren boxes should not exceed an inch in diameter, as the wren is very small and can only protect itself by going where the sparrow cannot follow. Every encouragement should be given birds by feeding them and providing suitable places for their protection and accommodation.

## Preserving Meats.

A method of preserving meat has been brought out in France by H. de Lapparent, which seems to have met with considerable success. It can be also applied on a small scale for household purposes, says the Scientific American. The principle consists in exposing the meat to sulphurous acid fumes. By burning a small amount of sulphur in a receptacle containing the meat hung up in place it can be preserved for several days, even in summer. There is no taste left from the sulphur fumes, and there seems to be no danger to health. Such a method can be used also on a large scale for preserving meat for army use, as it is quite simple and easy to apply in practice. From experiments made on a large scale it appears that the meat fumigated with sulphur did not contain more than 22 grams (340 grains) of sulphurous acid gas per 100 kilograms (220 pounds) of meat, which is on the order of ten thousandths. The meat should be fumigated as soon as possible after killing, and preferably on parts which have no cut bones. Lean meat is found to keep best. To preserve it for several months meat can be inclosed in vessels full of carbonic acid gas. It has the appearance of fresh meat, and its taste is not changed after cooking. In England Mr. Lascalle Scott proposed a method which consists in immersing the meat in a solution of bisulphite of lime.

## Color of Eggs.

At the California Agricultural Experiment Station, the chief object in making a chemical examination of brown-shelled and white-shelled eggs was to determine whether there is any superiority of one over the other as to quality. The test shows that the shells and their color have but slight effect on the food value of the eggs. It has been said by some that the brown eggs are richer than the white ones, but this statement is not borne out by a chemical analysis, and the physical examination proves that the main points of superiority, though slight, are possessed by the white eggs. The minute differences that are found between the two groups are exceeded by variation between varieties within the same group. It may be stated that there are practically no differences so far as the food value is concerned between white-shelled and brown-shelled eggs.

## Raising Ducks.

The most frequent troubles with ducks and geese is vertigo. They drop down on their feet or fall on one side suddenly, at times recovering as suddenly or dying immediately. This happens only when ducks or geese are fed too much grain. The best prevention is to make their feeding ground a pasture, where the grass is short but abundant, and let them get more of their subsistence for themselves. They will require but little food after warm weather comes, as they are then well over the laying period, becoming non-producers. The non-producers should have no grain. There is a saving in expense and there will be fewer losses occurring from diseases.—Poultry Farmer.

## A Chicken Village.

On the road from East Auburn to Turner there is a novel sight, a chicken village, it may be termed, for at the side of a well-kept farmhouse there is a village of perhaps a dozen little white peak-roofed houses, and the house nearest to the road is built to represent a church. The steeple is as perfect as if the tiny building were really intended for a place of worship. These miniature houses are nothing more or less than chicken coops, yet so perfectly is everything arranged that the passer-by might, at a first glance, think it a "play town" belonging to some child.—Kenebec (Me.) Journal.

## A Potato Coverer.

R. P. Wagner of Missouri has devised the following: The illustration shows how I make my potato coverer. Get two boards about 3 1/2 feet long; fasten together to come to a point, with a brace at open end. The singletree is attached to brace by means of cleaves and chain. The horse walks in the row, and this tool will do the covering nicely.

## Saving Seed.

Do not attempt to save your own seeds unless you have used every precaution necessary to prevent cross-fertilization. Plants often mix without the knowledge of the grower. A melon, it is claimed, may be fertilized by a pumpkin, and, though the fruit of this season may be apparently genuine, yet the seeds of such, if used next season, may cause a failure of the crop or destroy the quality.

## Old Geese for Breeding.

Eggs from young geese are often infertile. It is best to keep old geese for breeders. One gander to three or four geese is a good mating. Where there are as many ganders as geese, they often pair off and only mate together.

# Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—Mrs. W. J. BROWN, Massachusetts Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of SERRAVALLO'S PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

## Two Sines.

Hostess—You seemed embarrassed at meeting Mr. Smoyle, Mrs. Travnoo.

Guest—I thought you knew, Mrs. Longshore. He's my—my antepenultimate husband.

## \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving it a permanent strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Quite the Contrary.

"Nasty medicine, is it? What are you taking it for? To help your cough?"

"To help it? Great Peter, no! To kill it."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

## The Old Man's Experience.

"He's the boy after your own heart, isn't he?"

"Not much!" replied the old man.

"He's the boy after my pocketbook!"—Atlanta Constitution.

# HOME MADE MIXTURE

SAID TO BE INEXPENSIVE AND EASILY PREPARED BY ANYONE.

Is Said to Promptly Relieve Backache and Overcome Kidney Trouble and Bladder Weakness Though Harmless and Pleasant to Take.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a New York daily paper, giving a simple prescription, as formulated by a noted authority, who claims that he has found a positive remedy to cure almost any case of backache or kidney or bladder derangement, in the following simple prescription, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kagon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well known authority, when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic affections with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Those who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

## Particulars Wanted.

Customer—Where is your horse department?

New Floor, Walker—Er—garden, or parlor variety, madam?

# Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispel's Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

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