JENNIE'S DOOR.

My pathway through the meadow ran,
Where divers tones sweet chorus made;
The meadowlark his plaint re-told,
The bumblebee his trombone played,
But not on bird or bee my thoughts,
My heart with joy was running o'er,
For well I knew that well-worn path
Would bring me soon to Jennie's door.

I hastened down the woodland path,
Unheeding every devious turn,
Beneath the mighty maple trees,
Among the nodding, feathery fern,
Unseeing, I the way pursued,
Nor paused its beauties to explore,
For well I knew this winding course
Would bring me soon to Jennie's door.

* * * * * * * * *

Long years have come and gone since then,
And time my feet hath widely led
Through many strange and wind ways
Where weeds and thorns were thickly spread.

Yet, now, when lower dips the sun,
I hasten as I did of yore
To tread with lightened steps the path
That leads to mine and Jennie's door!

Mrs. Polk's New Bonnet.

"IT does seem like some folks has everything in this world and other folks has nothin'." Mrs. Tom Polk shaded her eyes with her hand as she watched a carriage and pair of horses climb the hill on which her home stood. The sole occupant of the vehicle gave her a pleasant bow in passing.

"See them plumes on her hat? They're real ostridge, I know, an' here I've got to wear that ol' sailor every time I set foot off the place."

"She looks so sad," spoke up Mrs. Polk's mother from the doorway. "She must 'a been through a heap of trouble."

"I'd like to know what call she's got to look sad," tartly rejoined Mrs. Polk, still gazing after the carriage as it rolled on down the road, "livin' in that great house, 'n not a chick nor child to bother her. If she was like us, strugglin' along to keep our heads above water, an' more mouths to fill than vittles to put in 'em, she might have reason for lookin' sad."

"Marthy Polk! What has come across you? I do b'lieve it's because Ann Enos had on a new bunnet in meetin' Sunday that you've been so snappish all the week."

"Well, 't does go agin me," reluctantly confessed her daughter. "If I hadn't wore my ol' hat three years already, I wouldn't say a word. Ann is sech a hand to brag an' put on airs anyhow, an' when she tol' me Sunday, after preachin', that she knowed me a mile off by my hat, it was the straw too much fer me."

At that moment the youngest Polk bumped its head against the table leg, filling the air with a succession of shrieks which the grandmother tried to hush on her capacious bosom, while Mrs. Polk picked up her neglected iron and went to the stove for a hot one.

"I s'pose 'taint no use frettin'," she said, "but there's Sam needs a coat, an' Sarah Jane's got no shoes, an' the twins is nigh naked, an'—Oh! Lord, but the por have troubles enuff," and Mrs. Polk groaned and banged the iron down on the coarse shirt she was ironing.

Outside, the twins made mud pies, blissfully unconscious of their parent's woes, and Bobby lay flat on his back in the doorway, blinking up at the sky, but watchful lest his mother step over him and thereby check his growth. It was Bobby's ambition to be tall, like Lemuel Fisk, who ran the scow up at the Ferry, and every week he measured himself against the end of the house, where a number of lines scratched with a mussel shell showed how much he gained.

"She might've let Tom built that new-fangled hen house fer her, 'stead o' havin' carpenters out from town," Mrs. Polk went on, in an injured tone.

"Sakes alive! Mis' Thornton ain't been moved out here two months yet, what'd she know about Tom?"

"She knew enuff," snapped Mrs. Polk. "Tom heard she was goin' to build it, an' he went to see her, an' she told him she'd partly engaged a fellow from town. He had done promised me the money to buy the children some things an' me a new bunnet, but that's the way it always is."

Bobby rolled over on his stomach and eyed his mother inquiringly. She was crying, and he didn't remember ever seeing her cry but once before in his life—that was when the twins caught fire at butchering time, she cried that day when all was over and she found they weren't much hurt.

"I jes' had my heart set on that bunnet; I had planned it all out, red roses an' ribbon streamers an' all, then Tom didn't get the job." She wiped her eyes on her apron, and Bobby swung himself out the door and went around to the wood-pile, where he sat down. He poked his bare toes in the loose chip dirt and grew thoughtful.

He was very fond of his mother; indeed, people sometimes taxed her with showing partiality to Bobby. He was a round-faced little chap, with rosy cheeks and eyes blue as the skies, and a mop of curly brown hair that was the bane of his own life and his mother's pride. A tuft of it protruded now through the torn crown of his hat.

Perhaps if he went up to the big house Mrs. Thornton would give his mother a bonnet; she seemed such a kind lady. He had seen her one day at the Ferry, and she smiled and patted his head as she asked: "Whose little man are you?"

His twinkling eyes fastened on a white Bantam hen scratching away in the dirt not far from him. A bright idea dawned on him; he would take Mrs. Thornton his bantams, then the bonnet would be a certainty. All the afternoon he hugged the delightful thought to his bosom; at night he captured his chickens and stowed them under a coop out of sight, and the first thing in the morning he was up and away over the fields by the short cut, his pets under his arm.

"There's the raggedest little boy here to see you, ma'am," said the maid, when Mrs. Thornton came into the breakfast room. "He's got two chickens."

"Let him come in here," Mrs. Thornton said. Her heart was tender toward all children.

A sudden terror seized Bobby when he was ushered into the beautiful room. The lovely lady held out her hand to him and he moved cautiously over the floor, his bare feet sinking into the carpet at every step. It seemed dreadful to him to walk on such pretty flowers.

"Do you want to sell your chickens, or did you just bring them to show me?" Mrs. Thornton asked.

"Yessum," answered Bobby. "For a bonnet."

Mrs. Thornton looked puzzled. "I don't believe I know what you mean."

"With red roses on it," she said." Bobby waxed bolder at her pleasant smile. "It's fer mother, so's she kin go to meetin'."

A light dawned on his hearer. "You want to sell me your chickens to buy your mother a bonnet, is that it?"

Bobby nodded. "An' she wants red roses on it."

"Does your mother know about it?"

"No'm. It's to s'prise her."

Bobby had a surprise himself, then. The lovely lady caught him in her arms, rags, chickens and all, and kissed his rosy cheeks. "You blessed child," she cried. "Sit down and tell me all about it." So Bobby, nothing loth, went over, as well as he could, the talk of the day before. Mrs. Thornton smiled and sighed, and then kissed him again.

"Now," she said, when the story was ended, "you must eat breakfast with me."

When the meal was over she ordered the carriage, and she and Bobby drove to the little red house on the hill, where consternation reigned because no one knew what had become of him.

Mrs. Thornton went into the kitchen and up to Mrs. Polk, holding tight to Bobby.

"I've brought your boy back to you," she said. "Were you frightened? Did you think he was lost?" and then she stretched out her hands. "How I do envy you." The piteous look that came into her face went straight to Marthy Polk's heart.

They cried for a few minutes in each other's arms, while the seven Polk children looked on in amazement. The baby, not being accustomed to such proceedings, began to whimper, and as the mother picked it up she drove the rest of them out the door and closed it on them.

"Land above knows what I'm crying fer," she said, dusting a chair for her visitor, "when I'm that thankful no harm had come to the child, but children have strayed off in the swamps before now, an' I s'pose I was wrought up some on that account."

"He's a boy to be proud of," said Mrs. Thornton, when she had related the history of Bobby's visit to her, although some of his revelations she wisely kept to herself. "I wish you could have seen him standing there with his chickens in his arms, so anxious to part with them to buy his mother a bonnet."

"He's got the tenderest heart, Bobby has," said Bobby's mother, "an' I guess he's heard me complainin' about the hard times we have to get along. 'Pears like a body oughtn't to worry over not gettin' any new clo'es when they're blessed with the good children we are; every one says they are the best set along the river road. But I used to be powerful dressy before I was married; since then the young 'uns have taken the money so——" apologetically.

"I don't believe you know how greatly you are blessed." Mrs. Thornton's face wore that piteous expression again. "I would change places with you this minute, if I could. Oh! Mrs. Polk—we had but the one—and he was taken—then my husband—and now I am all alone." She closed her eyes and drew a sobbing breath, while Marthy Polk clasped her babe to her breast and suddenly felt how rich she was, compared to this other woman.

"I was never so beat out in my life," she declared to her mother as they turned away from the gate, where the entire Polk family had escorted the visitor. "She give that boy a five-dollar gold piece for them bantams; an' she says she's likely to need Tom off an' on all summer at carpenterin' jobs."

"Ain't she a nice lady?" chimed in Bobby, as he balanced himself on the topmost fence-rail.

"She is so," answered his mother, surveying him fondly. "What a boy!" she whispered to the old lady. "Who'd a thought o' him doin' sech a thing? Mis' Thornton said if I'd no objection she was goin' to send him a settin' of some choice eggs she's got, but she vows all her fine poultry ain't so precious to her as them bits o' things Bobby sold her."

And Mrs. Polk wore her new bonnet with more pride than she ever had done any head adornment in her life.—Ohio Farmer.

TO DISPLACE PNEUMATIC TIRE.

Spring Contrivance that Takes Up the Jar in Bicycle Riding.

A style of bicycle intended to displace the pneumatic tire is the subject of a patent granted to David R. C. Devine, of Philadelphia. The wheel has two rims. The inner one is connected to the hub by the ordinary means of

SPRINGS IN THE WHEEL FRAME.

spokes, but between the inner and outer rims is an arrangement of flat springs having one end fastened firmly to the outer rim, while the other end is fastened by a yielding slot connection to the inner one. This combination is said to be more comfortable to ride than the pneumatic tire, as there is a wider range of movement.

Even a woman will give money the right of way when it wants to talk.

NOT OREGON LAND.

Contention of Washington Boundary Commissioners—Old Ship Channel Is the Line.

F. L. Rice, of South Bend, and J. B. Nice, of Cathlamet, who compose the Washington state boundary commission appointed by Governor Rogers to investigate the disputed boundary line between Oregon and Washington, have completed their work from the mouth of the Columbia river to Tongue Point. They find that vast and valuable tracts of tide lands besides valuable fishing and seining grounds, which are now claimed and taxed by Oregon, are in Washington according to the law establishing the territory of Washington and defining the boundary line between it and Oregon to be the center of the main ship channel of the Columbia river. The initial point at the mouth of the Columbia is two miles from Fort Stevens and four miles from Fort Canby on a line across the river connecting these two points. Thence the line follows the center of the main ship channel, which has remained practically the same since the boundary was defined first, until the confines of Wahkiakum county are reached, where the commission lays claim to considerable territory now held by Oregon.

Off Wahkiakum county the main channel was formerly up Wooldy's channel through the Cordell channel and thence into Wooldy's channel. This was buoyed by the government as early as 1853 and ran close to the Oregon shore. These channels are not now in use, as the construction of the jetty, which was expected, according to the United States engineer's report, to scour them out, in reality filled them up and throw the main channel over on the Washington shore. This shifting of the channel has formed valuable tide lands, including the well-known Miller and Oliver sands, which the commission claims for Washington on the ground that the old channel and not the new one should be taken as the dividing line. This construction also throws into Washington territory the Desdemona and Middle sands which have never before been claimed by this state.

The commission has made a preliminary inspection of the boundary line up the river to a point above The Dalles and from all their information it would appear that Oregon claims and taxes everything in sight, including some lands which have as high as 100 families living on them.

If the contention of the commission proves to be correct, over 90 per cent of gillnetting ground and nearly all of the seining grounds on the Columbia belong to Washington, and Oregon has no foundation to its claim of jurisdiction over Sand island, which has been the cause even of bloodshed in years past.

Mr. Nice, the member of the commission from Cathlamet, has lived on the river for over 30 years and his personal knowledge of the location of the old channels and his wide acquaintance with the old-timers on the river are proving of great value.

Ship Oranges in Liquid Air.

The Fay Fruit Company, of Los Angeles, has made arrangemnts with Charles E. Tripler to use his processes and appliances for the manufacture and employment of liquid air. The object is to equip the refrigerator cars of the company so that liquid air can take the place of ice. Since the company sends East yearly over 2,000 carloads of citrus fruit, vegetables, dried fruits and nuts, and the great bulk of its shipments must be made in refrigerated cars, this matter is highly important. The plant which will be installed for liquifying air will also supply magic substance for use in every other conceivable way.

The New Steamer Line.

Captain W. J. Ellis, of the steamer Bay City, has a plan on foot which, if consummated, will insure to Bellingham bay for years to come a first-class steamboat service. Captain Ellis proposes to organize a steamboat stock company, composed of New Whatcom people, with stock subscribed to the amount of $65,000 or $75,000. He will take a large block of this stock, turning over in payment therefor the steamer Bay City, valued at $20,000. A new steamer to cost in the neighborhood of $40,000 would be built this winter and placed on the Whatcom-Seattle-Tacoma run.

Snake River Valley.

T. A. Harris, immigration agent for the Union Pacific and region Short Line, tells the Omaha Bee that the Snake river valley in Idaho is "the richest agricultural region in the West." It is being rapidly settled up, and the Short Line has just begun the extension of a line from Idaho Falls to St. Anthony, 40 miles distant, which will be completed in time to handle this fall's crops.

Ice Companies Amalgamated.

It will now become necessary for the people of Butte, Mont., to solve the question of whether ice is a luxury or a necessity. This decision is made necessary by the amalgamation of the different companies supplying ice, or rather the majority of these firms have been bought out by the Butte Ice Company.

Northwest News Notes.

Everett has a Sunday closing movement on hand.

Walla Walla's assessed valuation increased $500,000 in a year.

Lewiston, Idaho, has 3,000 more people now than three years ago.

Alaskan railways have forfeited their rights of way through inattention to requirements of the grants.

The Southern Pacific tie plant, which was formerly operated at Latham, Or., has been removed to California.

Governor Rogers proposes gun metal medals for Washington volunteers.

The Rickerall flouring mill, in Polk county, which has a capacity of 150 barrels, is now running night and day. They are now grinding 5,000 sacks of flour for export to China.

A great amount of speculation is being indulged in regarding a coast railroad, and it is the general impression that a road will be built along the coast in a very short time. It is said the proposition leading to its construction is a competing road, and that the Santa Fe Company is to be the builder.

When Company Comes in Country.

Begin to enjoy yourself when your guests begin to arrive—in fact, before they arrive. Do not try to serve such an elaborate dinner that the work of getting it ready will draw so upon your physical powers that they will be strained to their utmost endurance. When your visitors arrive, greet them with a hearty handshake, make them feel that you are ready for their coming; speak of the pleasure that you hope the day may bring; compliment them on their good appearance; notice the neckwear, the dainty handkerchief; be thoroughly interested in each and every one. When the time comes for you to prepare the dinner and place it upon the table, leave your guests as gracefully as possible. If the dinner be not too elaborate, and the mental atmosphere be clear and bright, your friends will come again. "Eat to live," and not "Live to eat," should be the motto of every household.—Mrs. John B. Sims, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Cucumber Boats.

Peel the cucumbers, cut them in two lengthwise, and scrape out the seeds. Put the pieces on ice till wanted, then fill with the following mixture: Chop tomatoes and celery, and add a few drops of onion juice, also mayonnaise dressing. Arrange the boats on lettuce leaves, and garnish with thin slices of radishes with the red skin left on. Any good salad mixture will make a nice filling.—American Salad Book.

Germany publishes about 20,000 books a year, France 11,000, Italy 9,000, England 6,000 and the United States 5,000.

Every woman believes that her husband is a child in some respects, and that she must be on the alert to keep things out of his grasp that he wants, but which are not good for him.—Atchison Globe.

After the Honeymoon.

She—You must think I'm a goose.

He—Oh, no! You are wrong; entirely wrong. What I had in mind was a buzzard.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Man of Thrift.

She—Where are you going to spend the summer?

He—I'm not going to spend it at all. I'm going to save it till next winter and see if I can't get the janitor of the flat to use it in the rooms I occupy.—Detroit Free Press.

Microbes are now understood to be necessary to human life. It is our tendency, we believe, to regard as necessities today what were merely conveniences yesterday.—Detroit Journal.

A Dash of Gayety.

The doomed man feared the people who waited along the way to the scaffold.

"See how they stare at me!" he cried, agonizingly.

"Yes, that's what you might call rubbering it in!" observed the executioner, playfully, deeming it not amiss to inject an element of gayety into this otherwise somber affair.—Detroit Journal.

Ants have brains larger in proportion to the size of their bodies than any other living creature.

Overestimation.

Father—What is the meaning of that black eye, my son?

Johnny—Oh, that's merely a mark of esteem, father.

Father—How so?

Johnny—I esteemed myself a better boxer than Tommy Jones.—Chicago Daily News.

Brain Work and Exercise.

Three hours of brain work will destroy more tissue than a day of physical exercise. Many men and women earn their living by their brains. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters makes the mind active and vigorous. This medicine is an appetizer and a cure for dyspepsia. A private Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

In Germany a clock has been made that is warranted to go for 6,000 years.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Croesus, of ancient times, possessed about $20,000,000.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, smarting, hot, aching feet. We have 30,000 testimonials. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Sickly Lot.

Jennie—Herbie, it says here another octogenarian's dead. What's an octogenarian?

Herbie—Well, I don't just know what they are, but they must be awfully sickly creatures. You never hear of 'em but they are dying.—Tit-Bits.

Mummy Photography.

A Paris photographer has introduced a novel style of taking photographs, which he calls "mummy photography." The subject is swathed in mummy cerements, put into a genuine sarcophagus imported from Cairo, and pictured in an upright position. A smiling, living face looking out from embroidered grave clothes gives an odd effect. No French actress' salon is complete without a counterfeit presentment of her own mummy.

His Idea.

Little Gabe (in the midst of his reading)—Why, I didn't know that rabbits knew anything about 'rithmetic.

Farmer Hawbuck—They don't.

"But, paw, it says here that rabbits multiply with astonishin' rapidity."—Judge.

No Progress Made.

Lover (bravely)—Sir, I want to marry your daughter.

Father (coldly)—Well, I'm not surprised at that. If I were in your place I think I should want to marry her myself.—Somerville Journal.

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Menlo Park, San Mateo Co., Cal., accredited at the Universities. Location, climate, and careful attention to Mental, Moral and Physical training, places Hoitt's among the foremost Schools for Boys on the Coast.—*S. F. Chronicle*. Will reopen in the new building August 15th, (8th year.) Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

The dragon fly can fly backward and sidelong, and can alter its course on the instant without turning.

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

More than 4,000,000 women work for their living in Great Britain.

Remember that you can buy Jesse Moore A. A. Whiskey for the same price that is paid for ordinary whiskey. For sale by all first-class dealers and druggists.

A new home for working girls has been opened in New York city.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

That sleeping or waking snakes never close their eyes is a curious fact.

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

The elephant has 4,000 muscles in his trunk alone, while a man has only 527 in his entire body.

Heed the Red Flag of Danger!

Red pimples, blotches, boils, sores are danger signals of torpid liver, poisoned blood. Cascarets Candy Cathartic will save you. All druggists. 10c, 25c, 50c.

Mistaking the Operation.

A very short-sighted old gentleman going into one of our large towns for the first time, and coming from the heart of the country, seeing a man digging, went to him and said:

"My man, for whom diggest thou this long and narrow grave?"

But the man took no notice. Going closer, he remarked again:

"My man, for whom diggest thou this long and narrow grave?"

The man looked up and said:

"Go on, you silly old fossil! I'm laying gas pipes!"—London Answers.

British official returns of the coal production for last year showed that Great Britain produced 202,130,100 tons, the United States 178,769,000 and Germany 91,055,000. The values by the ton at the pit's mouth were respectively 5s 11d, 6s 7¾d and 7s 1½d.

More than 6,000,000 messages are sent each year over the 150 separate submarine cables which girdles the earth. The 150 cables were laid at an estimated cost of $250,000,000.

A New York syndicate is said to have definitely decided to invest $10,000,000 in New Orleans, one of the enterprises to be a cotton-linting factory, to be capitalized at $1,000,000. Mr. Alexander Konta, of St. Louis, Mo., is said to represent the parties.

At Schweinfurt, Bavaria, is one of the largest of the world's manufactories there for bicycle ball bearings. The two factories there belong to one firm, turn out annually 2,000,000 gross of these little steel balls, and employ 600 men, working for a day of 10 hours' duration.

"Be Strong in the Battle of Life."

Happy is he who is prepared by perfect health, to win life's battle. Health comes only with absolutely pure blood. Over 90 per cent. of humanity have taints, or humors in the blood, which should be removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best specific for both sexes and all ages.

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A Gilt-Edged Train Put on by O. R. & N. —All Modern Equipments, and Run Through Without Change.

Buffet-library cars of the latest build have been placed in service on the O. R. & N. fast mail trains. The library car embraces a spacious smoking saloon, furnished with easy chairs, writing desks, a well-selected library of standard and popular books, guide-books and current periodicals, a well-stocked buffet, a barber shop and an apartment for baggage.

The Oregon Short Line have also inaugurated a modern dining-car service, giving uninterrupted dining-car service via the O. R. & N. and its connections to and from the East. New chair cars of the latest pattern and new baggage and mail cars are to be added to the present through service of new Pullman palace and Pullman tourist sleepers, which have recently been placed in service and just out of the builders' hands. The entire train will be vestibuled, making East and West-bound trains equal if not superior to many of the widely advertised limited trains in the East.

American exports of manufactured goods now average $1,000,000 a day.

One of the best cosmetics for bicycle riders or persons upon the water, is fresh cucumber juice. This will aid in keeping the skin of the face soft and smooth. To extract the juice from the cucumber, first peel it and then cut it into thick slices and press the juice out with a lemon squeezer. A simple and harmless remedy for sunburn is to bathe the face in buttermilk.

The oil left from sardines is an excellent substitute for butter in mixing fish cakes.

Pure grape juice, says an authority on foods, is invaluable in either sickness or health. In fevers it is both food and medicine, and is more and more used by physicians. Oranges and pineapples make a delicious juice, but the small fruits are more valuable. Currants, used alone or mixed with a third of raspberries, are more so; and the huckleberry and elderberry yield products not to be despised. Blackberries, field or garden, are valuable medicinal agents, and the poorest cherry, uneatable as a fruit, becomes nectar when made into a drink.—Art and Household.

Good For Little Folks

Children are particularly liable to bowel troubles in the summer time. The best preventive of summer complaint, diarrhoea, dysentery, is to keep the bowels open gently. The delicate tissues of a child's intestines should never be abused by the use of violent purges. The only liver and bowel regulator fit to be used by children is the ideal laxative and intestinal tonic, CASCARETS Candy Cathartic.

voice—Worcester Gazette.

I shall never be without CASCARETS. My children are always delighted when I give them a portion of a tablet, and cry for more. They are the most pleasant medicine I have ever tried. They have found a permanent place in my home. MRS. JOHN FLAGEL, Box 680, Michigan City, Ind.

The architect and his friend the builder were [illegible]

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CASCARETS are absolutely harmless, a purely vegetable compound. No mercurial or other mineral pill-poison in Cascarets. Cascarets promptly, effectively and permanently cure every disorder of the Stomach, Liver and Intestines. They not only cure constipation, but correct any and every form of irregularity of the bowels, including diarrhoea and dysentery. Pleasant, palatable, potent. Taste good, do good. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. Be sure you get the genuine! Beware of imitations and substitutes! Buy a box of CASCARETS to-day, and if not pleased in every respect, get your money back! Write us for booklet and free sample! Address STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO or NEW YORK. 270

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