

**CHATEAU EN ESPAGNE.**  
 I build my castle in the air;  
 Why build upon a dreary ground,  
 With sharp destruction everywhere,  
 And evil mists to cloud around?  
 I build it in a heavenly blue,  
 A bird-filled, rosy atmosphere,  
 Where all day long, where all night  
 through,  
 My dear dreams, tangible, appear.  
 With twisted turrets to the clouds,  
 With azure bastions, cloud-impierced,  
 Fair mantled in aerial shrouds,  
 It dominates a weary world.  
 And pain and grief are far away,  
 And words unkind, and cruel calls;  
 From day to night, from night to day,  
 No care can climb my castle walls.  
 And when, serene, I enter here,  
 You know, I never lonely move,  
 I build my castle for you, dear,  
 I share my house with you, my love!  
 My choice in these gray days, how wise!  
 I hold a dream of love—and you.  
 Look, sweetheart, when those towers rise  
 O'er fluttering pennants cleave the blue!  
 —Marie Van Vorst, in Lippincott's.

**Harry Benton's Return.**

**H**ARRY BENTON had been graduated from Yale and had returned to his home, in a small city near Indianapolis. His father and mother, four sisters between the ages of ten and nineteen and himself made up the family. The father had been Mayor of the place a number of years, member of Congress two terms and was at one time enjoying a small income from about \$30,000 loaned out on mortgages. Mr. Benton had hitted to Harry more than once that, as his law and land shingle had brought him no customers he had better begin looking elsewhere. It was better in the Far West, perhaps, than in his own native town.  
 But Mr. Benton was as completely stumped as was his wife and the four girls when Harry struck the dining table one evening after desert was over and exclaimed excitedly: "This is my last meal in this family! I leave at midnight for Deadwood, or Tombstone, or some other, old mortuary town in the Far West, and you'll none of you ever see or hear from me again unless I become a millionaire cattle king, a miner or am sent to the United States Senate. I have received several letters from Tom Haskins, Jim Metcalf and Bill Herold, all of whom are getting rich herding cattle in Wyoming, while Cousin Horace says he has struck it big near Deadwood. I have been quietly planning for a break for the Far West for nearly a month, and have already purchased a pair of big boots and some huge spurs, a buckskin suit with plenty of fringe, sombrero, two forty-fives, a knife, and a revolver and a Winchester."  
 "Why, you are going to start out as a real cowboy!" ejaculated one of the sisters, horrified almost beyond expression.  
 "That's just the size of it," responded the young man coolly. "I have furnished myself according to Cousin Horace's recipe, which concludes as follows:  
 "I will meet you on the edge of the town with a fast horse, and you shall enter the throbbing municipality on a clean run, with the bridle and knife in your teeth, blazing away first with the Winchester and then with the revolver, retaining a couple of shots in case of an emergency."  
 "My impression is that Horace is starting you unfavorably," said Mr. Benton. "It would be better for you if you entered the place more amiably and more peacefully. I have been in all the States and Territories beyond the Rockies in an official way, and I want to inform you that it you wait into the throbbing municipality, as Horace felicitously puts it, the town will turn itself loose and make you think it had swallowed a hurricane for breakfast."  
 "Ah, ha! You are talking, ain't you? Would you have your first born enter a cowboy town in a plug hat and a swallowtail? Would you want a son of yours refuse at the start to take his medicine? Would you want me to be initiated as a tenderfoot or as a bug chaser from some scientific institute? Not much! No, sir. I'm going to flop into that little burg like a grizzly leading a German. I'm going to swoop down on its inhabitants like a human tornado and make them think the entire earth is off its trolley. I can just see myself now riding into that little camp on the outside of civilization, and its swaggering tarantula juke gradiers making a wild break for their cyclone makers when they see me coming. Whoop! Ha-ha-ha! Whoop!"  
 At this juncture, amid the tears and shrieks of his mother and his sisters, and astonishment of the head of the family, the young man again brought his hand down furiously on the table, then arose and shouted: "Goodby! When you see me or hear from me again it will be under different circumstances. I am off for the Far West, where millionaire Senators and multi-millionaire miners and railroad magnates grow on every bush. When I return it may be in my own private car or it may not. But I will give you a surprise, sure. Tom Haskins, Jim Metcalf, Bill Herold and Cousin Horace left here without a dollar, and now they are monarchs of all they survey, and their cattle feed on a thousand hills. What's the matter with Harry Benton, who was graduated from Yale and has more nerve than all the other four put together? Goodby!"  
 And out of the door he went, and then out into the street and away to the station, and off in the train that should convey him to the Far West, leaving his father and mother and sisters in a state of tremendous consternation.  
 Many months rolled by and never a letter was received by any one at home from the young man who had gone off so recklessly one night in search of fame and fortune in the Far West. It is certain, however, that his Cousin Horace did not meet him on the edge of the "throbbing municipality" with a fast horse, as Cousin Horace had been killed by the angel of Paradise Valley a week or two before Harry had quit his parental roof. Tom

Haskins, likewise, had been perforated by a cattle dealer, who had caught Haskins trading away a couple of steers that did not belong to him. And even Benton's two most intimate friends, Jim Metcalf and Bill Herold, had wandered away off in Arizona and were in prison for holding up a Southern Pacific train.  
 A year had passed, and never a letter came from Harry to any one at home. Mrs. Benton dreaded to read Western telegrams for fear of learning something wrong of her darling boy. Mr. Benton believed his son was made of good stuff, and that he was as likely to make millions and be sent to the United States Senate as certain Rocky Mountain Senators before him. And the girls were always looking for the letters that never came. But one night about 9 o'clock there sounded a loud knock at the front door of the Benton residence, and the former Congressman answered the summons in person. The whole family believed that it was Harry who had knocked; that he had become a millionaire and a United States Senator, and that he had taken this means of surprising his parents and sisters, especially as it happened to be two years to a day, or a night, since his dramatic departure.  
 The man who had knocked was not Harry, however, but he handed to Mr. Benton a letter from Harry, which was the next best thing. The contents of the letter were as follows:  
 "My Dear Father: Meet me at midnight at the farthest edge of the town. Bring with you a full suit of clothes. I have a hat."—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Old Horse a Detective.**  
 "One of the best detective tricks I came across in a good while happened in Eaglewood," said a detective sergeant. "There had been several robberies in that town. The police were hard up against as clever a gang as it was possible to find, when one night a detective stumbled upon the fellows. The burglars were in the act of breaking into a house when he came upon them. The thieves jumped into a buggy, drawn by an old gray mare, and made off as fast as the horse could take them.  
 "There was some delay before an express wagon and several policemen could be obtained to take part in the pursuit. When the burglars saw they were being overhauled, they abandoned their old conveyance and took to the woods, where they disappeared, leaving only the old mare behind.  
 "It was the old horse which led the detectives to the haunt of the burglars. The animal was captured and put on short rations for a day and then was turned loose to pick her way home. Sure as fate she headed through street after street and into the outskirts of the town, where she drew up in front of a farm house. The detectives followed only to surprise some lodgers who had taken board with the unsuspecting farmer, and who in this respectable retreat felt secure from interference."—New York Press.

**The Problem Solved.**  
 When the man with the penchant for mathematics boarded a Twenty-third street cross-town car he was inclined to be controversial. He had something on his mind and he wanted to unburden himself.  
 "If a man is on a car going north or south, and he strikes a sudden curve going east or west, which way does he go?" he asked.  
 The men on the back platform to whom the question was addressed, didn't want to commit themselves. One little dried-up man who had charge of a laundry basket full of clothes suggested that the passenger would go northeast or southwest.  
 "That's because you don't know anything about tangents, interrupted the mathematician. "Now, if a man is on a car going east or west and he strikes a curve going north or south, or vice versa—"  
 Just then the cross-town car gave a sudden jerk and swept out of the tracks of the Lexington avenue line near Broadway. The mathematical man bumped against the conductor, caromed off the rear railing and landed in the basket of clothes. When he was assisted to his feet he said with the air of a man who suffered to make a discovery for science:  
 "I guess I was wrong. He hits all the points of the compass."—New York Press.

**Benton's Low Birth-Rate.**  
 Not since 1894 have so few children been born in Boston. In 1901 the birth-rate was only 27.10. During the year there was an actual gain in population of only 4275. The proportion of native whites of native parentage is now only thirty-six per cent of the whole population, and many of these are but two removes from an immigrant ancestry. It is very evident that the old American stock is dying out and that it will inevitably be replaced by the newcomers of the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. The foreign-born element constitutes about one-third of the population, but contributed about two-thirds of the births. Among the Italians there were 1411 births, among the Russians 1337 and among the Irish 3501.  
 The highest birth-rates in the city are found in those wards where lives the poor and the foreigners. The lowest birth-rates are found in the Back Bay and in the South End, in the middle of Roxbury, in West Roxbury and in Jamaica Plain. Three of these wards actually show an excess of deaths over births.—The Medical News.

**Factory Girls of China.**  
 Girls are employed in the silk factories of China, and visitors to the factories say that they make a very pretty picture in their neat and attractive dress, very different from that made by the somewhat carelessly-dressed women who are similarly employed in this country.  
 The girls all wear little blue kimonos and decorated Chinese shoes; their plain black hair is brushed back smooth and glossy, and on it they wear their favorite flower fastened with silver pins.  
 Each girl has with her a hairbrush, a toothbrush and a little mirror. They think a great deal of their complexion, and if it is not so good as they wish they use rouge and powder, but make no secret of it, as girls do here. They are generally considered the daintiest bits of femininity in the world.

**FOR THE FAIR LATEST NEW YORK FASHIONS**

New York City.—Blouses that close invisibly and are arranged in tucks that extend from the shoulders are greatly in vogue and are much liked



BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST.

both for odd bodices and the entire costume. The stylish May Manton model shown is made of crepe de Chine in pastel blue, with stitchings of corticell silk in self color and trimmings of cream lace and narrow black velvet ribbon. At the front are drop ornaments of silk. All waisting materials are, however, appropriate and the lining can be used or omitted as the occasion demands.  
 The waist consists of the lining, made with fronts and back, and the fronts and back proper. The back is tucked for its entire length on lines that give the V shape and produce the tapering effect, but the tucks in front extend to yoke depth only and provide becoming fullness over the bust. At the front edge are box pleats that meet and beneath which the closing is made. The sleeves are in the new bishop style, tucked at their upper portions and left free to form full puffs over the pointed cuffs. At the neck is a stock

**A New Pique Waist.**  
 A white pique waist has been made in rather an unusual way. Fancy bands of heavy cream lace are in the front, and it has trimming of embroidery in a deep cream shade. The sleeves show no lace, but there is a small point of it on the front of the stock. The tops of the sleeves have the cream embroidery.  
**Crescents of Black Velvet.**  
 Large and small crescents of rich black velvet are in demand to trim spring millinery. They are occasionally used to decorate the edge of a broad brimmed hat, and are then placed end to end with the convex line below, or "upside down," with the concave curve above.  
**A Novelty in Wash Goods.**  
 Linen gingham is a novelty shown among the wash goods. It is highly mercerized, and can be classed with the silken fabrics that are said to launder, no matter how high their crease demands.  
**Lovely New Gowns.**  
 Lovely new gowns of gray, purple and black are seen everywhere, modeled mostly on the skirt and short jacket or the shirt waist style, with skirts just clearing the ground.  
**For the Girlish Figure.**  
 For the girlish figure the full, pouched bodice will probably continue long in favor. Variations from it are the lace berthas reaching as far as the wide folded belt or girde.



PRINCESS GOWN.

cut in a deep point which matches those of the cuffs.  
 The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards twenty-one inches wide, four and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-fourths yards thirty-two inches wide, or three and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide.  
**Woman's Princess Gown.**  
 Gowns cut in princess style are exceedingly becoming to many figures and make most satisfactory home gowns. The admirable May Manton model shown in the large drawing fits snugly and smoothly and makes part of a suit. All suitings and jacket materials are, however, appropriate and if preferred the tunic can be omitted and the blouse finished at the belt.  
 The jacket is made with fronts, back and under-arm gores and is arranged to blouse slightly over the belt at the front. The neck is slightly open, revealing the stock of the gown, and the front edges meet to form an invisible closing. The tunic is smoothly fitted and is seamed to the lower edge. The sleeves are in the new bishop style, snug at the shoulders and full above the wrists, which are finished with roll-over flare cuffs.  
 The quantity of material required for the medium size is eight yards twenty-seven inches wide, six and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, or five and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide.

**The Strapped Brim.**  
 The modified turban shape reigns among the models. One of these is a confection of creu straw in a coarse and heavy braid. The brim is deep and made important by a monopoly of all the trimming used. At intervals of scarcely an inch and a half it is strapped with bands of inch-wide rich black velvet ribbon. These come from under the hat and are fastened down firmly on top of the crown, thus holding the brim as supporters. At the left side is a double cockade which looks as if it were made of spun glass, but it is really made of glistening horse-hair. This springs up from under a flat medallion of black velvet and pinches the brim back to the crown on the left side toward the front.  
**No Brim at the Back.**  
 The brim of the hat may be large and important in front, but it is always sharply cut off at the back. Indeed, it

may be said that the hat brim does not exist in the rear. It ends not on a straight across line, but in downward bending curves, and this drooping tendency is emphasized by ends of ribbons, drapery of veiling, chiffon or the long ends of flower stems, sometimes placed there.

**Barbara Alberty.**  
 Mrs. Eva Bartho, 123 East 12th Street, N. Y. City, N. Y., writes: "I suffered for three years with what is generally known as leucorrhoea, in connection with irritation of the vagina. The doctors advocated an operation which I dreaded very much, and strongly objected to go under it. Reading of the value of Peruna, I thought it best to give this well-known remedy a trial, so I bought three bottles of Peruna. Now I am a changed woman. Peruna cured me; it took nine bottles, but I felt so much improved I kept taking away from my operation so much. I am to-day in perfect health, and have not felt so well for fifteen years."—Mrs. Eva Bartho.

**Miss Louise Mabon.**  
 Miss Louise Mabon, 5 Glenville Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada, writes: "I am the daughter of a well-to-do family, and I would have many happier moments if I were a woman. My husband has never been so robust, and I am really fatigued and can not stand much. About a year ago I was in a run-down state, and I had to go to bed, and in a month I was perfectly well, and I now find that my health is much more robust than formerly. I have taken Peruna three or four times a month and keep well."—Louise Mabon.

**Mrs. Anna Martin.**  
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**Mrs. Wm. Hetrick.**  
 Mrs. Wm. Hetrick, Kennard, Washington County, Neb., writes: "I am fifty-six years old and have not felt well since the Change of Life began ten years ago. I was in misery somewhere most of the time. My back was very weak and my flesh so tender it hurt me to lean against the back of a chair. I had pain under my shoulder blades, in the small of my back and hips. I sometimes wished myself out of this world. Had hot and cold spells, dizzying, and trembling of the limbs, and was losing flesh all the time. After following your directions and taking Peruna I now feel like a different person."—Mrs. Wm. Hetrick.

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 Barbara Alberty, corner Seventh and Walnut streets, Appleton, Wis., writes as follows in regard to Peruna: "For years I have suffered with back-ache and severe pains in the side. I doctored so much that I became discouraged. A school friend told me how very much Peruna had benefited her and I sent out for a bottle, which did more to relieve me than all the other medicine I have ever

**Machinery Can Do No Wrong.**  
 The machine by which railway tickets are printed gives another very amusing little show of intelligence, or what looks to be very like it. Railway tickets are not, as might be supposed, printed in large sheets and afterward cut up. The cardboard is cut into tickets first and printed one by one afterward. The little blank cards are put in a pile in a kind of perpendicular spout, and the machine slips a bit of metal underneath the bottom of the spout and pushes out the lowest ticket in the pile to be printed and consecutively numbered. "It is of no use trying to print a bad ticket," says the attendant. "The machine finds out an imperfect blank in an instant and flatly refuses to have anything to do with it. Look here." He tears off the corner of one of the bits of card and puts it into the spout with the others, and you watch to see what happens. Out by one the blank cards are pushed out to the printing part of the mechanism with swiftness and precision, until the mutilated ticket gets to the bottom and tries to smuggle through. On the

instant the machine stops dead and refuses to budge again until somebody comes and removes the impostor. Pull out the damaged ticket and the mechanism will set briskly to work again.—Chambers' Journal.

**Theatre Pets.**  
 Happy the beast or bird that is called upon to play a part, however brief, in the fleeting life of the Paris stage. It is as good as a guarantee of long life. To many instances of the kind may be added the interesting case of two ducks now used at the Dejazet Theatre in "Mossien le Maire." When first obtained the company proposed to have them for supper on the night of the centime. But that happy occasion has passed, and not only are the birds spared, they are even to have understudies on account of the fatigue of matinees and special performances, and when the play is withdrawn they are to be pensioned on a farm in the suburbs under a contract against them dying any but a natural death.—London Globe.

**Posthumous Aversion.**  
 "Why did Napoleon hate the English?" asked the patient history teacher, with her tone of the perennial hopefulness that distinguished her attitude toward her class.  
 "I am sure some one knows," she said, after a moment's pause. "Claire, can't you tell us?"  
 "Of course I can, Miss Moore," said pretty Claire, "but it seems unnecessary for the book to ask such simple questions. He hated the English because they had made him live and die all alone on the rock of St. Helena."—Youth's Companion.

**An Old Customary.**  
 A quaint custom has just been observed by the German Emperor and his subjects, the Haliore, a curious people who own and work certain rich salt mines near Halle, in Saxony. Every new year the Emperor receives a visit of ceremony from representatives of this little community, who appear before him in their national gait attire—long black coats, black knee breeches, white stockings and buckled shoes.

**DISGUISED CATARRH**  
 A Stealthy, Insidious, Weakening Enemy to Women—Many Thousand Women Suffer Needlessly From This Cause.

There are a multitude of women, especially housewives, and all other women obliged to be on their feet constantly, who are wretched beyond description, simply because their strength and vitality is sapped away by catarrhal discharges from the pelvic organs. These women get up in the morning tired, drag themselves through their daily duties tired, only to go to bed at night as tired as before.

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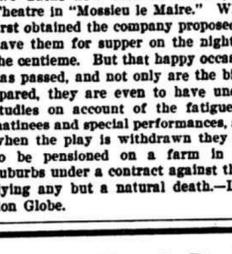
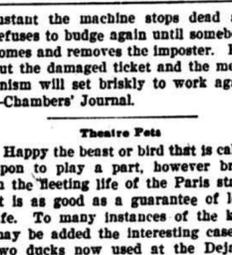
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**THE MEN AND WOMEN**  
 Who Enjoy the Choicest Products of the World's Commerce.

Knowledge of What is Best More Important Than Wealth Without It.

It must be apparent to every one that qualities of the highest order are necessary to enable the best of the products of modern commerce to attain permanently to universal acceptance. However loudly heralded, they may not hope for world-wide prevalence unless they meet with the general approval, not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting, enjoying and learning the real worth of the choicest products. Their commendation, consequently, becomes important to others, since to meet the requirements of the well-informed of all countries the method of manufacture must be of the most perfect order and the combination the most excellent of its kind. The above is true not of food products only, but is especially applicable to medicinal agents and after nearly a quarter of a century of growth and general use the excellent remedy, Syrup of Figs, is everywhere accepted, throughout the world, as the best of family laxatives. Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants known to act most beneficially on the system and presented in the form of a pleasant and refreshing liquid, but also to the method of manufacture of the California Fig Syrup Co., which ensures that uniformity and purity essential in a remedy intended for family use. Ask any physician who is well informed and he will answer at once that it is an excellent laxative. If at all eminent in his profession and has made a special study of laxatives and their effects upon the system he will tell you that it is the best of family laxatives, because it is simple and wholesome and does not over-stimulate the system, and, when a laxative is needed, without any unpleasant after-effects. Every well-informed druggist of reputable standing knows that Syrup of Figs is an excellent laxative and is glad to sell it at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, because it gives general satisfaction, but one should remember that in order to get the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs it is necessary to buy the genuine, which is sold in original packages only, the name of the manufacturer, Syrup of Figs and also the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package.



Universally Accepted as The Best Family Laxative

SYRUP OF FIGS

Recommended by Many Millions of The Well-Informed Throughout the World—

Manufactured by CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal. Louisville, Ky. New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE