

WHY DO WE WAIT?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf Before we speak our kindly word, And only utter loving praise When not a whisper can be heard?

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

CHAPTER V.

It was October before the surveyors finished their work in the Mesclero mountains and Merriam and his men were recalled to Sedgwick. Late in July Billy Whittaker had been relieved by his restored comrade and returned to headquarters; he lost no time in calling on the Haynes, and between him and that charming little army matron, Mrs. Hayne, there were exchanged significant smiles and knowing looks, and not a few confidential words, to all of which the blond, Norse-looking captain and husband seemed to give hearty approval.

And so when Merriam returned to Sedgwick to face the volleys of congratulation and the occasional shakes of the head with which his seniors said to him: "She's a heap too good for you, man," he could not but be aware of the trend of public sentiment, and though time and again he had said as much to her, to her parents, to himself, it must be owned that there was a case where it was not entirely flattering to find the world of his own expressed opinion. It nettled him not a little, and even Whittaker and Mrs. Hayne could not entirely comfort him. It was all very well to say: "You must remember that Florence has been the pet of our regiment ever since she was born. I declare, it makes me jealous at times for my own babies," as Mrs. Hayne did. It was gratifying and complimentary to his taste that the commendation of his genteel fiancée was so general, but, no matter how conscious a man may be of his own shortcomings, is it ever a comfort to find that all his friends are equally aware of them? It must be owned that there were moments when Merriam grew impatient of these comments upon his unworthiness, expressed or implied, even while his heart rejoiced over the enthusiastic interest displayed by all the garrison in his wife that was to be.

And he was a very devoted lover, too. Only twice a week did the mail rider go out to the cantonment, but Randy wrote to her long, crowded pages every day, and her letters came even longer and brimful of love and sunshine and happiness. He had sent to St. Louis for her engagement ring, and her delight over it and its beauty was something delicious to see, though she properly rebuked him for his extravagance and warned him never again to spend so much money in jewelry for her while he was yet a poor lieutenant. By and by, when he became a great general, as surely he must, then it might be permissible, but no matter how great or distinguished he might become, never could she be prouder of him or of his love than now, never, never!

As the late autumn wore on it was arranged that the wedding should take place at Sedgwick, and both riflers and troopers, the —th foot and the —th horse, were to give the happy couple a glorious send-off. Both bride and groom-elect had seen much of the east and south within the ten years preceding this of '92, and Merriam suggested southern California, Coronado Beach, Santa Barbara and Monterey for their honeymoon trip. Florence would have gone without question had he said Kawchata or Timbuctoo. Once—twice during the autumn long letters had reached him from Ned Parry—letters over which he pondered gravely. Mr. and Mrs. McLane, said the second letter, were once more in Gotham, the vortex

lit evening late in June, she had thrown herself upon her knees by her mother's side and sobbed out the news that Merriam had told her he loved her dearly and had asked her to be his wife, and when the mother drew her to her bosom and held her there, and mingled her tears with those of her beloved child, her heart went up in prayer to Heaven, for she knew that which Tremaine could not understand, that so deep, so fond, so all-possessing was the love with which Florence would love, probably did love, that there could be no listening to reason. She had pinned her faith on Randolph Merriam and it could not be shaken.

But neither wife nor daughter knew that night that, earlier in the evening, Merriam had sought the husband and father and opened his heart to him, told him his whole story, and begged of him his consent and blessing. "I did love Miss Hayward," he said; "I was fascinated beyond expression and was stunned by the abrupt end of our engagement, but all that passion was killed by the details that have reached me, and in its place have grown up an admiration and love for your daughter that far exceed anything I have known before. I have had hard lessons, sir; I am not worthy the love of one so pure and true as she, but it shall be my constant endeavor to make her happy."

Tremaine could not answer for a moment. "What have you told her thus far?" he asked, though not unkindly. "I told her before I was summoned back to the detachment, after that shooting scrape up in the mountains, about Miss Hayward and my broken engagement, and her prospective marriage. I do not think I had any business to do even that—to tell her anything that might seem to single her out as confidante, but the impulse was stronger than I was."

"Was that—the day before the courier came down with the news of the fight?" asked the captain, with uplifted brows. He was thinking of how Florence had been found by her mother in tears that very afternoon.

"Very possibly, sir, though I cannot recall the day."

Then, after a pause: "Answer me this question, Merriam," said the older officer. "If Miss Hayward were to treat this man as she did you; if she were again to come into your life and say: 'Come back to me, I do not ask you what your answer would be—I ask, what would your heart say?'"

"Nothing. Even if she were not his wife, I could not think of her again without aversion."

"Yet she is accomplished and a beauty, you say; which my Florence, they tell me, though I cannot see it, is not."

"She is accomplished—too much so. She is a beautiful woman, but I look in your daughter's eyes, sir, and I see her as you see her. God knows I marvel that anyone can fail to see her except as you do and as I do."

And Tremaine held out his hand, gripped hard the lean, brown fingers that clasped in his, essayed to say something that was still weighing on his heart, but gave it up.

"She is all I have to give, Merriam," he presently said, "but she is all the world to me."

And so when Merriam returned to Sedgwick to face the volleys of congratulation and the occasional shakes of the head with which his seniors said to him: "She's a heap too good for you, man," he could not but be aware of the trend of public sentiment, and though time and again he had said as much to her, to her parents, to himself, it must be owned that there was a case where it was not entirely flattering to find the world of his own expressed opinion. It nettled him not a little, and even Whittaker and Mrs. Hayne could not entirely comfort him. It was all very well to say: "You must remember that Florence has been the pet of our regiment ever since she was born. I declare, it makes me jealous at times for my own babies," as Mrs. Hayne did. It was gratifying and complimentary to his taste that the commendation of his genteel fiancée was so general, but, no matter how conscious a man may be of his own shortcomings, is it ever a comfort to find that all his friends are equally aware of them? It must be owned that there were moments when Merriam grew impatient of these comments upon his unworthiness, expressed or implied, even while his heart rejoiced over the enthusiastic interest displayed by all the garrison in his wife that was to be.

of a gay circle, but Mrs. Parry had declined to go east again. He himself had not cared to go, and did not call upon the happy couple or upon their revered uncle when, as it happened, he did have to go. "Mr. Mellen has never written me since my letter to him telling him why I could not attend the wedding," wrote Parry. "Yet he and I have got to have an accounting, and in the near future, too. But first, my boy, I must look up that California story and we are to meet. It may be weeks yet before I can get away, but when I do I'll wire, if possible get a brief furlough and join me. I'll come by way of Sedgwick, and Charlotte will put me with us."

And, though Merriam soon answered that letter, he made no mention of his engagement. Cards in due form were issued in January just a fortnight before the ceremony, and that was Parry's first intimation of "the impending crisis." Charlotte was astonished. Both were rejoiced on one account, yet both wished, for the girl's sake again, that he had not been so precipitate. Each believed that the old love still smoldered and could be fanned into flame. They sent a beautiful gift to the bride—some rare old-glass pieces over which Florence almost cried with delight, and for the first time in long weeks Charlotte Parry wrote to her fair sister in Gotham and told her of Mr. Merriam's engagement to such a charming girl, the only daughter of a distinguished officer, the pride and beauty of the regiment, the toast of all the cavalry and other elaborations, some of which, it must be owned, Mrs. Parry coined, but most of them she compiled and evolved from the letter Merriam wrote to her two days after he had posted the cards.

The wedding was lovely, as army weddings usually are. The day was perfect, the music grand, the assemblage all that could be desired; the ceremony, despite the mist of tears in many eyes and Tremaine's manifest emotion, had gone off without a jar. The reception at the Haynes' was simple, perfect, as everybody said, and then, though it was a manifest "give-away" of the young couple, and prob-



"Read this, darling. I'll be with you in a moment."

ably very bad form indeed, dozens of men and women had ridden to the junction to meet the west-bound train and see them off; and hardly had their faces faded in the distance than another, a very different one, a radiant, smiling, beautiful face, was unveiled to the startled vision of the bride, and the woman who was said to have wrecked Randolph Merriam's life a few months gone by was there in most bewitching guise, despite the dust and grime of railway travel, to overwhelm her with pretty speeches and charming compliments—and complete dismay.

CHAPTER VI.

Merriam's intention had been to go direct to San Diego. Leaving the ladies together, after a cold and embarrassed acknowledgment of Mrs. McLane's greeting and a most unwilling presentation to "my wife," he hurried into another car to be alone and collect his thoughts. It was sundown by this time, and only sundown. For hours yet poor Florence might be at the mercy of that merciless woman, who Merriam now believed could be capable of anything. The thought was unbearable. From the conductor he learned that the McLanes were bound for Coronado Beach, and that settled it. Hastily writing a few lines he folded the paper compactly and walked briskly back to the Pullman. Both faces lighted at his coming. Floy's with infinite relief, Fanny's with laughing triumph. "Not another moment's leave, sir," cried the latter, "until you've explained where you've been and promised never again to abandon your beloved. Fancy a man who would leave his bride within an hour of their wedding to go and smoke among strangers! Oh, that reminds me, I haven't presented you to Mr. McLane. Will you come with me now?"

Cold refusal was on his tongue, but a sudden thought struck him. "Lead on, madame—I follow," he said, and as she tripped blithely away down the aisle he quickly turned back, bent, and printing one long kiss on Floy's troubled face, hurriedly whispered: "Read this, darling. I'll be with you in a moment, and then she cannot remain." Then calmly and deliberately he followed. Mrs. McLane had halted at the angle of the narrow passage around the smoking compartment, and was awaiting him there. Seeing that he stopped short at the portiere, in full view of Florence had she looked around, and bowing, motioned her to proceed. But she had halted for a purpose and meant to have her say! Who was it that declared that even at the altar, in her wedding dress, a woman could not forgive the rejected lover who had found consolation elsewhere?

"You are to be congratulated on the elasticity with which you recover from even severe attacks, Mr. Merriam. Your fever was said to be such."

"I have been fortunate in two recoveries, Mrs. McLane," was the cool response. "Now if you are ready to present me to Mr. McLane, I am at your

service; if not, I desire to return to my wife."

The flush that leaped to her face, the angry light in her eyes she could neither conceal nor control. For a moment she stood there amazed, enraged and trembling, then these words burst from her lips: "I thought I loved you, Randy Merriam—not two months ago—yes, despite everything! Now I hate you!" And with this melodramatic speech she impetuously and abruptly turned, and for the second time took refuge, dust or no dust, at the rear doorway, the presentation to her husband apparently forgotten. For a proper and reasonable minute he awaited her return—then, quickly stepping back, seated himself by his young wife's side. His hand sought and found hers; his fond eyes, eagerly searching, were not long denied the upward appealing glance of hers. "Did you read? Do you approve, dear love?" he softly asked. "It would be exasperation to have to travel on with them. Shall I wire to Stoneman?"

"Whatever you say, Randy," was the whispered answer. "Only you won't have to leave me again, will you?" "Only for an instant, dear, just long enough to send the dispatch from Fauntleroy—one station ahead. She will not trouble you again."

And from Fauntleroy a brief telegram was flashed along the wires to the post quartermaster at a famous old Arizona station, two hours' ride beyond, and when the brilliantly-lighted train came steaming up to the platform there stood a brace of officers with welcome in their eyes; and before Mrs. McLane, once again seated in her section and feigning deep interest in her book, could realize what had happened, Mr. and Mrs. Merriam were leaving the car, he merely raising his hat in civil farewell—the bride, however, as the result of brief conference with her lord, smiling bravely down into the upturned face of their startled neighbor and saying: "I hope you may have a delightful journey, Mrs. McLane. Good-night."

"Why—I thought—surely you told me you were going to—direct to San Diego, and I had planned to have ever so long a talk with you," and Mrs. McLane had possessed herself of that slender hand, and was hanging on suspiciously hard.

"Yes, we'll be there after a little," was the serene answer. "We visit old friends first at Fort Stoneman," and with that our army girl withdrew her hand which hypocritical social ethics prescribed she should extend. She had even the hardihood to glance over her stylishly-robed shoulder and nod a cheery, insouciant farewell to the fair yet clouded face at the Pullman window. Verily Floy's elasticity was equal to her husband's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sudden Insanity. There is in a certain country community in Hoosierdom a certain good old Quaker who is not so pious on week days as he is on Sunday. He will occasionally trade a horse on an unsuspecting friend and casually forget to tell the purchaser the most glaring faults of the swapped beast. It is related that on one occasion he was called to attend the bedside of his dying sister. The stalwart sons of the good woman stood about her bed and heard her last admonitions, while Uncle William stood by and reinforced the wholesome advice of their mother. As one by one she urged the boys to remember always their honor, their Christian faith, etc., the brother would say, earnestly:

"That's right, boys; them's good words—that's thy mother's dying advice—heed it well and thee will never go astray."

When the sons had been finished with, the dying woman turned solemnly to the erring brother and said:

"Uncle William, I know that in spite of thy profession there is not always what thee should be. Thee knows that when thee trades horses thee lies like other men—"

Turning quickly away from the bed the old Quaker exclaimed, earnestly: "Don't thee pay any attention to her, boys, she's out of her head!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Appearance and Merit. Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, then of the council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold; but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that, on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose, too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking, that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."—N. Y. Ledger.

Mean Old Man. "Arabella" said old Billyuns, as he finished his dinner, "I am going to ask you to do me a favor, I want you to give your young man, Mr.—Mr. What's-his-name—a message from me."

Arabella blushed and looked down at her plate. "Tell him," the bluff old millionnaire went on, "that I don't object to his staying here and running up my gas bills, but that I do want to register a kick against his carrying the morning paper away with him when he leaves."

After that Mrs. Wellington went home earlier.—Cleveland Leader.

A Stout Heart. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. Even if a man fail in his efforts it will be a great satisfaction to him to enjoy the consciousness of having done his best. In humble life nothing can be more cheering and beautiful than to see a man combating suffering by patience, triumphing in his integrity, and when his feet are bleeding and his limbs falling him, walks upon his own legs.—Detroit Free Press.

ELIJAH'S SPIRIT ON ELISHA.

Sunday School Lesson in the International Series for August 7, 1898.—2 Kings 2:1-15.

[Based upon Peloubet's Select Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.—How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?—Luke 11:13. THE SECTION includes 1 Kings 22 and 2 Kings 1 and 2, the history from Naboth's vineyard to the beginning of Elisha's work. TIME.—E. C. 882-880, com. chron., or 854-852 rev. chron. The exact date is uncertain, but it is inferred from 2 Chron. 21:12 that it was after the accession of Jehoram, as co-regent with his father in Judah B. C. 887 or 889; and from 2 Kings 3:11 that it was before the death of Jehoshaphat, B. C. 889 or 882.

PLACE.—Elijah went from Gilgal, in Ephraim, to the eastern shore of the Jordan, where he was translated.

COMMENT. I. The Call of Elisha.—1 Kings 19:21. We know almost nothing of Elisha's early history. He seems to have belonged to a well-to-do family of Abelmeholah, in the Jordan valley. Suddenly Elijah came to him while he was plowing with 12 yoke of oxen and threw his mantle over the young man, as an invitation to follow him and become a prophet.

II. The Test of Elisha.—When the time came for Elijah to leave his earthly work and to be taken up to Heaven in a whirlwind the prophet was at Gilgal, north of Bethel, with Elisha at one of the schools of the prophets. Elisha seems to have received some revelation that his last hours had come. He bade Elisha remain at Gilgal while he went on to the next school at Bethel. But Elisha insisted on going with him. This was reported at the other stations, Bethel and Jericho, on the direct way to the fords of the Jordan. Why Elijah asked Elisha not to accompany him is not certain. But he may have desired to be alone in that supreme moment.

III. Elisha's High Request.—Vs. 6-10. "Tarry, I pray thee, here." They were at Jericho, and Elisha was on the way to the fords of the Jordan, where he could cross over into his native country.

7. "The sons of the prophets:" That is, the young men attending the theological seminaries first organized by Samuel for the preparation of religious teachers for the people.

8. "And Elijah took his mantle:" The cloak, that outward sign of the prophet's office, became the vehicle of the Spirit's power. "And wrapped it together:" Rolled it up like a rod, for convenience in handling. "Smote the waters:" As Moses "smote" the River Nile (Ex. 7:20), Aaron the dust (Ex. 8:17) and Moses the rock (Num. 20:11)—strongly, as one smites an enemy.

9. On the farther shore "Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee:" What is your last request, the one supreme thing you desire me to do? "Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." Not twice as much as Elijah had, but the portion of the eldest son (Deut. 21:17). The eldest son was the successor of his father, the head of the household. Elisha's request was that he might be fitted to be Elijah's successor.

10. "Thou hast asked a hard thing:" It was hard because the granting of this request was not in Elijah's gift, and he knew not yet if God meant to bestow it; yet he would seek it with the fervent prayer (Jas. 5:16, 17) that brought abundant showers from Heaven (1 Kings 18:42-45). "If thou see me when I am taken from thee:" "If thou see me." But how could he see him if he did not watch? Ah, that is the whole doctrine! Look, expect, watch; keep your eyes open, fixed, intense—look as if you wanted the blessing, and you will get it.—Parker.

IV. Elijah's Triumph Over Death.—Vs. 11, 12. 11. "They still went on, and talked:" So did the two disciples on the way to Emmaus talk together. "There appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire." It was the angelic convoy sent to attend the prophet in his ascent to the mansion prepared for him above. (Comp. 2 Kings 6:17). The emblem is a military one. They are deputed from the army of the skies to escort to his Heavenly home in triumph, one who had fought the battles of the Lord valiantly and well, and who is himself fitly called by Elisha, the "chariots of Israel and the horseman thereof."—Prof. William H. Green. "And Elijah went up by a whirlwind:" The earthly means of carrying up his body, before the transformation to the spiritual body of Heaven (1 Cor. 15:42-49).

12. "The chariot of Israel, and the horseman thereof:" By the words "My father, my father," Elisha expresses what the departing one was for himself; and by the words, "the chariot of Israel, and the horseman thereof," what he was for the whole nation.

V. The Legacy of Elijah.—Vs. 13-15. Elisha saw Elijah as he ascended, and thus he knew that his prayer was granted.

13. "He took up also the mantle of Elijah:" As his successor, and proceeded to use it as Elijah had done. It was a test and proof whether he had actually received the promised gift.

14. "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" It was a prayer to see if God had given what Elijah had promised. However strong his faith, it needed the proof of results. And he found the promise true, and knew henceforth that he was Elijah's successor, and was to take up his work.

From the Ram's Horn. Training is the art of gaining. Quietness is the magnet of peace. Patience is the barometer of faith. Good works are the voice of faith. The man who stands for God is safe to stand alone. The Gospel means not law over men, but love in them. Temptation is the balance where character is weighed. Sympathy is the channel in which the current of a man's thought runs.—Ram's Horn.

You Can Get Tired

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HOW SOUSA GOT HIS START.

Some Ancient Theatrical History as Related by Milton Nobles and Jack Haverly.

One day recently John E. Warner and Milton Nobles were conversing in front of the Dramatists' club, when they were joined by Jack Haverly. Warner and Haverly had just recently, but not in many years, they eyed each other inquiringly. Then Warner said: "Of course you know Nobles, Jack?" "Nobles?" said Haverly, in a puzzled sort of way, as he sized up the trim figure, waxed mustache and perennial youthful features of the comedian. "Not the Nobles who played 'The Phoenix' with me at the old Adelphi in Chicago in '77?"

"Are you the original Jack Haverly?" asked Nobles, solemnly. "The original and only," said Jack. "Well, well," said Nobles, "I've often heard my father speak of you, and he has graped Haverly's name as a comedy. There was an awkward pause, during which Warner chewed his mustache. Haverly looked dazed, and Nobles smiled amiably.

"Your father?" stammered Haverly. "Why, Nobles was a singer in '77. I know, because we compared notes; and I read of his marriage about ten years later, when I was out in the mines, and sent my congratulations. Still," he continued, after another awkward pause, "Nobles always was a versatile fellow."

By this time it began to dawn on the genial Jack that the "father" gag was a joke, and he joined in the laugh.

"By jingo!" said Haverly, "that was over 20 years ago. What have you done with the old 'Phoenix'?"

"Playing it yet, occasionally. Four repertoire companies made a living with it last season, and it has kept a number of professional pirates from becoming sneak thieves or paupers during the past 20 years. It pulled me out of a hole once, and now that I think of it, Warner, you booked that engagement with me at the Adelphi."

"Yes; it was the end of Nobles' first road season. I was his manager, and John P. Sousa, a youngster of 21, was his leader."

"That's right. I took him from Washington, where he was playing a violin in the orchestra. And the first music he ever wrote was the dramatic music of 'The Phoenix' as I use it to-day. His first march he dedicated to me, naming it the Bludsoe march. I still have the original score, in good condition. It's a rattling good march, too."

—Dramatic Mirror.

The Light That Failed. Yawper now keeps a grocery, but he loves to tell how near he came to being a great actor. "I'm a natural elocutionist," he tells, "and for that reason I found it pretty easy to get a good part in a fair theatrical organization. I went through all rehearsals like a star and the manager predicted all kinds of success for me. Among my lines there was a patriotic address, and there I came out particularly strong. I was delivering it on the first night and I could just feel that I was making the cold chills run up and down the spine of my audience and covering them with goose flesh. Suddenly my memory became a blank. As I stood mute trying to gather the lines some little cues yelled 'Louder!' I ran from the stage and never went back."—Detroit Free Press.

No Cause for Alarm. Softleigh—Death loves a shining mark, it is said. Miss Cutting—Oh, well, don't be uneasy; you're not so brilliant.—Chicago Evening News.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of existence to many because it means a time of great suffering.

While no woman is entirely free from periodical pain, it does not seem to have been nature's plan that women otherwise healthy should suffer so severely.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition that produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its tortures. Here is proof:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I would like to have those who suffer know that I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice.—Miss JENNIE E. MILLS, Leon, Wis.

If you are suffering in this way, write as Miss Miles did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she offers free of charge to all women.

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