

THE MAGIC GLASS.

And What was Seen Therein.

One night, while slumbering upon my bed, I beheld in my dreams a continuous throng of people, whose steps were all bent in one direction, toward a house that stood by the wayside. They all passed through one door, and came out by another. As they approached the building they quickened their steps, and their manner became sprightly and eager, as if in search of something; but on coming out they appeared disappointed and dejected.

Anxious to know the cause of such a crowd I entered the house, and upon inquiry learned that the proprietor had that day purchased a wonderful mirror which had the power of showing the person looking into it how he appeared in the eyes of the world. Standing where I could obtain a full view of the glass, I watched the throng as they pressed through the door.

First I beheld a rich man. He approached the glass with an assured, self-satisfied air, and looking in, he beheld a man seated upon a bag of gold; in his arms he held another, while a heap of the same shining coin lay at his feet. In the background stood a crowd of men and women, poorly clad, looking with eager eyes at the gold, while all seemed to say with one voice, "It is ours, he took it from us." Turning with an impatient air, the rich merchant strode from the room.

Next came a stylish young lady, handsomely dressed, and peeped shyly into the glass, but started back in dismay when she beheld an image of herself covered from head to foot with strips of paper which, upon examination, proved to be fragments of old letters, while the words, "Coquette; flirt," seemed to be written all over her face.

Then a saloon-keeper approached. Looking in the glass, he beheld a crowd of women and children, each in the act of putting bread to her mouth; while a portly-looking man snatched it from them and piled it on his shelves. Their sorrowful, pinched, hungry-looking faces were sad to behold.

A minister came slowly up to the glass, but his face lengthened when he beheld a shepherd seated upon a hill-side quietly reading. At his feet lay a few old sheep, but far away, just entering a dark forest, a flock of little lambs were bounding along unnoticed.

A little old woman, who was always seen at the bedside of the sick, smiled when she saw reflected back to her the form of an angel.

Next the village doctor came, and beheld in the glass a row of beds filled with patients, suffering from lack of pure air, pure water, and from ignorance of hygiene, while he was going around dispensing to them the articles which were written on pieces of paper, which seemed to be fastened all over his coat "Pills, powders, and plasters."

A lawyer came in, but hurried on when he beheld himself in the courtroom pleading a case, while just behind him stood a man slipping a roll of bills into his hand under the friendly cover of a table.

Lastly came a young man, faultlessly dressed, swinging a fancy cane in his hand; he strode away haughtily when he beheld himself clasped with a crowd of men and boys, who were adorned with little labels, upon which was written the word "Lazier."

The proprietor now advanced, saying, to-morrow the glass would be inverted, so that it would reflect the future of each.

So the crowd went away, disappointed and angry, not being satisfied with what the glass told them.

Early next morning I was at my post, and soon the crowd poured in again. This time the minister came first; looking in the inverted glass he beheld his future pictured there. The same shepherd sat there reading, but all alone, for the old sheep and lambs had left for "fresh fields and pastures new," and the wolf was seen emerging from the forest, while the shepherd looked on in astonishment.

Then the rich merchant appeared. Looking in he beheld himself labelled "Bankrupt." His store was closed, his property was gone. He was now the poor man, and his customers whom he had robbed were rich and wore happy smiling faces.

The stylish young man now appeared, but started back in horror when he beheld a gallows erected near a prison, from which he was just emerging.

The flirt of yesterday came next and beheld a solitary old maid sitting by the fire with a cat upon her lap, reading a book called "Lost Opportunities."

The little old woman beheld herself seated in a comfortable arm-chair surrounded with all the comforts that wealth and friends can give.

The doctor looked in, but saw that his patients had left their beds, his pills and powders lay untouched, and his place was filled by Dr. Practical, a man who instructed the sick how to take care of themselves.

An honest shoemaker, who had been pegging away for years unnoticed, was pleased to see in the glass a large shoe-

store with his name on the sign over the door.

A worthy deacon came in, but felt insulted when he beheld an image of himself in the act of putting a penny into the contribution box with one hand, while taking out a dime with the other.

The saloon-keeper looked in the glass; his place of business was covered into a Good Templar hall, and the crowd from whom he had taken bread were now happy and comfortable.

A poor editor came in, and was much pleased to see himself the proprietor of a large printing establishment.

A milkman looked in the glass, and saw himself converted into a huge milk-can, which some of his old customers were filling with a liquid consisting of a two parts of water to one of milk.

A sausage-maker beheld himself surrounded by a crowd of cats and dogs, of all sizes and ages; some with three legs, some with one, some minus a nose; while all seemed to be appealing to him to restore their lost members.

The lawyer looking in beheld himself transformed into a roll of parchment; but a gust of wind chancing to blow that way, bore it away, and it was "never heard of more."

A "moderate drinker" found himself puffed out to an enormous size; his arms were two immense whiskey bottles, and his head was a beer-glass, the handle of which served for a nose. He was sitting upon a whiskey barrel; each foot rested on a beer-tub, and in each hand he held a glass of ale, while bottles of all shapes and sizes protruded from his pockets.

Being anxious by this time to obtain a view of my own future, I leaned forward, but my foot slipped and hit the glass, which shattered it into a thousand pieces.

Amid the outcry and excitement which followed I awoke to find myself on the floor, nearly buried under a pile of bedding, while bits of broken glass strewn around me was all I had left of a choice globe-lamp which I had demolished in my fall.

Free Trade Story.

Bird Hill and Bear Swamp townships are situated on either side of the river Raisin. Bird Hill is a rolling sandy district, inclined to drifts. Bear Swamp is level and somewhat given to bottom lands, with rich black mucky soil. Bird Hill is settled mostly with New England farmers, except the village of Concord, which is located about its centre and is its seat of justice, whose inhabitants are cosmopolitan and number about 200 families. Bear Swamp is inhabited by a mixture of Americans and foreigners.

At a time when each of these became a settlement of some importance the enterprising agriculturists of Bird Hill, possessing a deal of national and local pride, conceived an idea whereby they might become independent. Whereupon they called a meeting and resolved that the inhabitants of Bird Hill township would use no pork or beans, those being the all-important articles of sustenance, except they be raised within the limits of Bird Hill township. Now Bird Hill was well adapted to the culture of beans, but to raise corn, to fatten pork, on its light sandy soil was a very unprofitable work. But the argument was: We must encourage home industry, and whether profitable or not, we must not be beholden to Bear Swamp for pork, although over there they can produce it for less than half what we can. We must support home industry!

The inhabitants of Bear Swamp hearing of this and feeling a little discomforted with the certainty that it would affect their pork market, and with a becoming local pride and spirit of revenge, also called a meeting and resolved to use no pork or beans except they be raised in Bear Swamp township. And so these rival municipalities entered upon their several courses of prosperity.

Now, upon the trial of this principle for a few years, the producers of Bird Hill began to discover that some of their disloyal consumers—mostly the mechanics and tradesmen of the "vire town of Concord—without the fear of the resolution before their eyes, would go over to Bear Swamp and buy their pork for half the price charged at home. And the Bear Swamp producers discovered a like disloyal tendency in their consumers of beans, for be it remembered, that the rich soil of Bear Swamp was not adapted to the cultivation of beans, as they would grow mostly to stalks and would not fill. So that one and a half bushels was all that could be realized from an acre, making them cost over \$4 per bushel, while in Bird Hill eight bushels were produced from an acre, and could be sold at a profit of \$1.50. So the producers of Bird Hill became vexed at the disloyalty of their consumers—and as usual, taking the lead—they called a convention and nominated a protective ticket to be voted for at the next town meeting, and by the use of the seductive art of protecting home industry, they succeeded in electing a town board pledged to the doctrine of protection, which board after being duly installed with grateful feeling for the distinction, proceeded immediately to impose a tax of six cents a pound upon all pork, and

\$1 per bushel on all corn brought within the limits of the town for sale or consumption.

"No, no!" says the town board of Bear Swamp, you won't let our people sell pork or corn to you without paying a tribute, eh? And they proceeded immediately with justifiable (?) retaliation to levy a tax of \$2 per bushel on all beans brought into the township of Bear Swamp for sale or consumption.

And so this Kilkenny cat operation went on for some time with this difference, the Kilkenny cats ate each other up, save the tails to spite each other, while these townsmen consumed the greater portion of themselves to show their independence of the other. After a time some of the more thoughtful of the consumers began to ask themselves "Why should we mechanics, shopmen and laborers pay double for all the necessities of life?" And they finally became bold enough to put the same question to the producers.

What, says the producer, would you take from me my protection? How could I employ the men on my lands if I had to compete with the rich soil of Bear Swamp? Why, it's all I can do to produce pork at the price protection affords; and if I raised beans only I would plant only one-fifth of the land I do now, and consequently would employ but one man where I employ five.

But could you not, they asked, instead of corn, raise potatoes, oats, buckwheat and fruits of all kinds to a great deal better advantage, by which means you could employ even more help and at better wages than by this unprofitable business?

Yes, but, you see, by continuing in this way, in case of any trouble between us and Bear Swamp, we should be independent of them, for we would have men skilled in corn and pork raising, while by following your suggestion we would not; and then what would we do for pork? Besides, these field hands are satisfied with their condition, and it's best to let well enough alone. By the way, here comes my man Workaday; we'll ask him. Is it not so, Jim? Have I not given you employment and a shanty to live in for these many years; and aren't you satisfied?

Well, yes, that is, you have given me work and a hut to live—or rather stay—in for over these 12 years, but I have been thinking of late that if I should continue here all my life I'd be no better fixed, and my family has been increased so that we are seven now, and my pork bill is three and a-half dollars a week and my wages only come to six, so it is hard to make the two ends of the year come square together. And as I have made sale of the ash hoops that I got out these three winters over at the swamp for enough to take my family to Prairie county, Kansas, I have been thinking that next spring I would emigrate there, for if I stop here my children will have to go into service just as I have done all my life, and as far as I can see they might as well be slaves—no education, no amusements, nothing but work, and their children after them. While out there we can take up 320 acres of land for nothing, and get as much of it broken for half of the first crop, as we want, and I am told they get from 30 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre, worth \$1 per bushel at the station.

But, my dear James, says the producer, don't you do it. Don't think of it; you know nothing about raising wheat, you would starve before a year. Don't think of leaving me. I have taken care of you so long, and so well, you had better stay with me, my dear James, you had better stay with me.

Well, I will think of it, says the laborer, but I think I will strike out for myself; and mother thinks we'd better.

Then this lordly proprietor turned up his nose at the artisans, shopmen and professionals with fury. Now you see what dissensions your arguments are creating, and if these are allowed to go on what calamities will you bring upon Bird Hill! You'll drive away its population; you will humble its pride by making it dependent on Bear Swamp for pork, and destroy its revenue.

But these answers: If it is true that the setting portion of our population, who are so oppressed with useless tributes here, can better their condition by going to more favorable districts, as a matter of natural right ought they not to do so? And as to the plea of local pride, would it not be more creditable for Bird Hill to turn its efforts to producing such crops as its soil is adapted to, and which can be produced at a profit without burdening the consumers with a tax which crushes the lives out of them, all for the sake of saying, "This hog was fattened on Bird Hill corn?" And we see from Workaday's condition that the pretence of encouraging home industry is a cheat and a snare. And your argument about the revenue to the town from this tax is equally fallacious, because the tax is so great that it excludes all pork and corn from coming in, consequently no tax is received. Besides, there is the heavy expense to the officers employed to keep those necessaries from us. And it only operates to enable you to get two p. for your pork. And we poor dupes have been silly enough to

submit to it through a false pride, but we will have it no longer.

But, says the thwarted and enraged producer, we will not stand it. We will not submit to have our protection taken from us. We will meet in secret and every one of us will agree to see our farms hands and tell them plainly that if they do not vote for a board pledged to protection we will turn every one of them off. Then what will become of them when deprived of employment?

That is true, it may be hard for some of them for a time, but the world is wide and you remember Workaday's resolve, and with all the mechanics, shopkeepers, professional men and a good portion of the Workadays we are confident that we can burst your protective bubble.

And while these arguments were going on in Bird Hill the Bear-Swampers were getting their eyes open to the fallacy of taxing themselves 100 per cent for the sake of reverging themselves on Bird Hill for its impolitic treatment of them. And it fell out that the thinking men of both towns got together and arranged for an aggressive campaign for next town meeting, and time will disclose the result.

Now, to make a practical application of this illustration, it is only necessary to substitute for these towns the several governments that are appeasing themselves by the vain attempt to make a success by forcing an industry that their natural conditions do not favor; and in place of the agriculturists put the manufacturers, in place of the field hands put factory hands, and in place of pork and beans put all the necessities of life on which duties are levied.

The True Man.

Andrew Marvell, Milton's friend, favored the Puritans, but he criticized the vices of Charles II, and the corruptions of his court. The satires evoked such a sensation that the King determined to win Marvell over to the court party. Threats, flattery, caresses and bribes were tried, but Marvell's honor kept him steadfast to the right.

Lord Treasurer Danby had been Marvell's school-fellow, and Charles's ministers employed him to offer a bribe to the honest old patriot, who would vote in Parliament for his count. He called upon Marvell in his garret, and at parting slipped into his hand an envelope for the Treasurer for £1,000.

"My Lord," calls out Marvell, he is looking at the paper as the nobleman was getting into his carriage, "I request another moment."

They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant-boy, was called.

"Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?"

"Don't you remember, sir? You had a little shoulder of mutton, that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market."

"Very right, child. What have I for dinner to-day?"

"Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to broil?"

"Is so, very right, child; go away." "My Lord," said Marvell, turning to the Treasurer, "do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided; there's your piece of paper. I wait it not. I knew the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents, but the Ministry may seek men for their purpose, I am not one of them."

When Andrew Marvell died, his constituents cried on his headstone: "Beloved by good men; feared by bad; imitated by few, and scarce parodied by any."

Help the Children Grow Erect.

William Blairie, the author of "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So," spoke before the Brooklyn teachers' association recently on "Physical Education." "I want," said he, "to see if in an informal talk we can't hit upon some way in which we can bring the physical education of school children down to a practical basis. Our children who are healthy and buxom when they begin school work, come out pale, sickly, and with round shoulders. If you require the children under you to sit far back on a chair and to hold their chins up you will cure them of being round shouldered, and the lungs and other vital organs will have free and healthy play. Another simple plan is to have the children bend over backwards until they can see the ceiling. This exercise for a few minutes each day will work a wonderful transformation. If a well-qualified teacher could be employed to superintend the physical development of the children the best results would be seen."

Haggard's Pectoral Balm; a few doses relieves the most distressing cough and a twenty-five cent bottle has cured many a sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Hoarseness and Soreness of the Chest. It is the grand specific for all throat and lung complaints leading to Consumption.

Why become a suffering martyr to Headache, when BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will surely cure the cause of all aches, cleanse the System, regulate the Secretions, relieve Constipation of the Bowels, purify the Blood, renovate the Liver and tone the Nervous system, and distressing headache will be unknown! Sample Bottles 10 cents, Large Bottles \$1.00.

Pickles.

We doubt if pickles are the most healthful compound the housekeepers can prepare; but as they will be used, it is well to make them as perfect as possible.

Many pickles that look the finest are very injurious, and often poisonous. All that are of a vivid green are doubtful. In most cases they are "greened" by being left to lie some little time in a copper vessel covered with vinegar, which naturally absorbs some portion of the copper. That, all will be likely to know, is poisonous. When left but a short time in such vessels, the vinegar may not take up so much of the poison at a time as to be deadly; but it certainly is injurious, though perhaps imperceptibly so to most persons; and to some more delicately organized constitutions, even a little is fatal.

There is no necessity that pickles should be green. It is a mere fancy, a matter of taste, and of late years in a great measure discarded; and almost all pickles are made in porcelain or enamelled kettles, because these kettles burn evenly, and after anything has been burned to them a few times the lining cracks and flatters off, leaving spots of the iron or tin to be seen. Of late we have also seen it stated that there is some reason to think, if the enamel on these kettles is once cracked, they are almost as injurious as brass or bell metal. Any acid that can find a way under the glazing absorbs some injurious property from the composition with which porcelain or enamel is made. Of this we cannot speak with certainty, but we have always used a brass kettle and never saw any injurious effects from it.

No one should ever use a kettle of this material, however, who cannot be depended upon to be exceedingly particular in keeping it scrupulously clean. To be sure, cleanliness is important in the use of all vessels, but with brass it is an absolute necessity. Just before using a brass kettle, see that it is carefully cleaned with salt and hot vinegar. Rub it all over the inside, over the rim, and around the ears, where the handle fits in, till every part shines like the pure yellow gold. After it is used and taken from the fire, remove the contents at once. When a kettle is thoroughly cleaned, no harm comes from its use so long as it is kept over the fire: the mischief arises from letting anything in it and cool.

In scalding any kind of pickles, as soon as that work is done, empty the contents into a wooden or earthen bowl, and immediately proceed to scour the kettle again, even though the same articles are to be returned to it as soon as changed into other water or more vinegar. These are very minute instructions; but they are necessary whenever brass is used.

Vine vinegar is used by many to make pickles; but pure cider vinegar is the only kind we would willingly use for that purpose. In the country one can make one's own vinegar (even if there are but few apples) with a small cider-press. After the juice is pressed out, let the cider ferment, and then, if the weather is still warm, set the keg or barrel in the sun, and put an inverted glass bottle in the bug-hole to keep out the flies. A gallon of good cider vinegar added to this new cider, brown paper dipped in molasses dropped in, if there is no "mother" in the vinegar jug, will after a little make the best of cider vinegar. Add a little molasses, brown sugar, and good homemade yeast, and occasionally skimmings from jellies and preserves. If too cold when the cider is pressed out, let the barrel be put into the cellar that never freezes, and remain till warm spring weather, then set in the sun as above directed. Keep the barrel closely stopped, so that no dirt can enter after the vinegar is made, and it can be constantly replenished as it grows too strong by adding fresh cider occasionally—only a little at a time; and thus you need never be out of good vinegar. Be sure that it never freezes.

Save all apple, peach and pear, peellings, and the cores and pits and all sound pieces of fruit; cover with a little water long enough to extract the juice. Strain and put into the vinegar barrel, and in a few days the vinegar will be as perfect as if freshly made. To prevent the possibility of having inferior vinegar for a few days after adding to the barrel, have the forethought to keep a jug always filled for present use, and be at the personal trouble of seeing that it is filled every time before making any additions.

Keep pickles in glass jars if possible, if not, in stone jars. Having once bought your glass or stone jars, keep them for that purpose always. Never allow them to be used for anything else. As soon as one is emptied, wash, scald, set in the sun till well sweetened, then cover up and set away carefully for another year, saving all the covers or corks. If you find that any of the glazing inside the stone jar is cracked or broken off, never use that jar again for pickles.

If all kinds of pickles are not kept well coursed with vinegar, they will soon turn soft and mould and be ruined. If in a stone pot, turn a saucer bottom up

over them, and then cover closely. If in glass, have covers tightly screwed on.

Pickles should all be examined every few weeks to see if they are keeping; and if there is the faintest uncertainty about the vinegar, scald, add a little sugar, then pour hot water over the pickles again, and cover closely.

If you raise your own cucumbers, they can be gathered all through the summer, put into brine, and kept close till the season closes and you are ready to make them into pickles. Pick none longer or larger than your finger, and measure by the little finger as far as possible. Leave a small bit of the stem on as they are gathered. If this precaution is not taken, and the skin by the stem is torn and bleeds, the cucumber will not keep well. Rinse after gathering one by one, handle gently so as not to rub off the prickly coat, and pack in a wooden firkin or half barrel, with layers of salt between each layer of cucumbers. Keep the top layer well covered with salt, and press them down by a board and a clean stone on top. This will pack them in salt closely, and keep them so, and thus make all the brine needed. No scum will rise, and they will keep a long time, retaining both color and firmness.

STEAMBOAT INSPECTION.

Rules for the Guidance of Engineers and Firemen.

The following rules and regulations issued by the Board of Steamboat Inspection are well worthy the attention of all concerned: 1. Getting up Steam.—Warm the boiler gradually. Steam should not be raised from cold water in less than four hours. If practicable, light the fires over night. By getting up steam too quickly the boiler will soon be destroyed.

2. Firing.—Fire regularly. Keep the sides up and use the side gently and seldom as possible.

3. Feed Water.—Let the feed be regular and constant.

4. Glass Gauge and Taps.—Keep the glass free and try the gauge cocks every fifteen minutes.

5. Safety Valves.—Lift each safety valve at least once a day, and always before getting up steam.

6. Low Water.—Put out the fires by drawing them or throwing ashes on them. Never use water. Low water should never occur.

7. Blowing off the Boiler.—Don't blow off by steam pressure; let the water run off if possible. See that the fires are all out.

8. Boiler Purgers.—Never use any composition to keep down incrustations unless supplied through the feed pump.

9. General Rules.—Keep the boiler clean inside and outside and free from leak. Never throw water in the furnace. Under high pressure raise the safety valve gently. Lower the fire, or, if necessary, stop the engine when foaming to find the water level.

The county special auditors of the books of the late treasurer of Frontenac received \$600 each for their services. The only mistake since allowed was the sum of \$740 taken as commission illegally. This was known before the audit was begun. The county is thus \$1,200 out.

PAY UP.

BEING now out of business on account of the fire, it is necessary that all debts owed me should be settled or I. I take this opportunity of testing you "concerned to pay up at once." 1778-2nd GEORGE CATTLE.

LIBERAL OFFERS FOR 1881.

Two Years for the Price of One!

THE REPRINTS OF THE BRITISH QUARTERLY (Evangelical), EDINBURGH QUARTERLY (Conservative), EDINBURGH (Whig), AND WESTMINSTER (Liberal) REVIEWS, AND BURKWOOD'S Edinburgh Magazine.

Present the best foreign periodicals in a convenient form and without abridgment or alteration. Terms of Subscription (including Postage.) Blackwood or any one Review... \$4.00 per annum. Blackwood and any one Review... 7.00 " Blackwood and two Reviews... 10.00 " Blackwood and three Reviews... 13.00 " Any two Reviews... 7.00 " The four Reviews... 12.00 " Blackwood and the four Reviews... 15.00 " These are about half the prices charged by the English Publishers. Circulars giving the Contents of the Periodicals for the year 1880, and many other particulars, may be had on application.

PREMIUMS.

New subscribers may have the numbers for 1880 and 1881 at the price of one year's subscription only. To any subscriber, new or old, we will furnish the periodicals for 1879 at half price. All orders to be sent to the publication office. To secure premiums apply promptly. The Leonard & Co. Publishing Co., 41 BURLINGTON ST., NEW YORK.

Advertisement for BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments like headache, constipation, and general weakness. The text mentions that the medicine is made from the best selections of pure ingredients and is available in sample bottles for 10 cents and larger bottles for \$1.00.

Farm

P. E. Bucke, committee on fit to the President and Forestry Act follows:

Your committee amined into the to report:

1st. That the fences are unjust, because fence around him not compel him

2nd. That if a his cattle he should expend on fence dollars per acre neighbors' or his property.

3rd. That no land occupier to fence to protect at large; that the interested in the the individuals therefore, should lic law compelling their own stock.

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14th. That marv Blood Bitters the yellow face t and beauty. It acts promptly u neys and streng broken down b Debility. Ask Bottle. The co large bottles \$1

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