

CLAUDE TYACK'S ORDEAL.

Claude Tyack was the tallest and handsomest man of my time at Harvard. And when I saw him walking one day with Elsie Marple through the college square, I felt really and truly jealous.

They were the dear old days before the war, and Prof. Marple then taught Greek to Freshmen and Sophomores in Cambridge lecture-halls. Elsie was still the belle of Cambridge, and I was Elsie's devoted admirer. But that afternoon when I met Elsie a little later, alone, by the old Law School, near the Agassiz Museum, I was half angry and half sorry to see her.

"Sorry for him!" I cried, somewhat hot in the face. "Why sorry? What's he been doing or saying that you should be sorry for?"

"I spoke roughly, I suppose. I was young and I was angry. Elsie turned her big brown eyes upon me open, more and said only, 'I'm very sorry for him. Poor, poor fellow! I'm very sorry.'"

"Elsie," I answered, "you've no right to speak so about any other fellow. Tyack's been making love to you. I'm sure of that. Why did you let him? You're mine now and I claim the whole of you."

To my great surprise, Elsie suddenly burst into tears, and walked away without answering me anything. I was hot and uncomfortable, but I let her go. I didn't even try in any way to stop her or ask her why she should cry so strangely. I only knew, like a foolish boy as I was, that my heart was full of wrath and resentment against Tyack.

That evening I met him again in the dining-hall. The old hall on the college square that preceded the big memorial building of the Harvard brigade set up long afterwards in honor of the boys who fell in the great struggle. I looked at him angrily and spoke angrily. After that we went together in the cool air. Tyack was flushed and still angrier than I. "You want to triumph over me," he said in a fierce way, as we reached the door. "That is mean and ingenuous. You might do better. In your place I would have more magnanimity."

I didn't know what on earth he meant, but my hot French blood boiled up at once—the Ponsard came over with the first Huguenot refugees in the *Evangeline*. Tyack answered hastily: "No man calls me mean for nothing. How follows word with men of my sort, Tyack. Insult me again, and you know what you'll get for it."

"You are a fool and a coward," he cried through his clenched teeth. "I, gentleman, would not treat a conquered rival. Isn't it enough that you have beaten me and crushed me? Need you dance upon me and kick my corpse afterwards?"

"I don't know what I answered back, I failed to understand him still, but I was furious, and I only felt the anger for that; but I struck him in the face, and I told him if he wished it to be open war, he should be with no quarter."

"I could hardly believe my eyes when he drew himself up to his full height and without uttering a word stalked haughtily off, his face purple with suppressed wrath, and his lips quivering, but self-controlled and outwardly calm in his gait and movement. I thought he must be going to challenge me—in those days duelling was not yet utterly dead even in the north—and I waited for the challenge with some eagerness; but no challenge ever came. I never saw Claude Tyack again till I met him in the second Connecticut Regiment, just before the battle, trembling with excitement, and after our easy American fashion asked at the door to see Miss Elsie. Elsie came to me alone in the dining-room; her eyes were still a little swollen with crying, but she looked even lovelier and gentler than ever. I asked her what had passed between her and Tyack, and she told me in simple words a story that, angry as I was, sent a thrill of regret and remorse through my inmost being. Tyack had come up to her that afternoon in the Elm avenue, she said, and after gently leading up to it by hints whose meaning she never perceived till afterwards, had surprised her at last by asking her outright to be his wife and make him happy forever and ever.

Elsie was so breathless at the unexpected declaration that she had not even presence of mind to tell him at once of her virtual engagement; and Tyack seeing her hesitate and temporize, went on begging in the profoundest terms of love and affection, till her woman's heart was touched with pity. "He said he could never know another happy moment," she whispered, "unless I would have him, Walter; and as he said it I knew by his eyes that he really meant it."

"And what did you answer?" I asked in an agony of doubt, my heart misgiving me for my anger that evening.

"I said to him, 'Oh, Mr Tyack, I know you mean it, and if it weren't that I love Walter Ponsard with all my soul, I think out of very pity I should have to marry you.'"

"You said that," I cried, the devil within me getting the better of me for a moment.

"Yes, Walter, I said that. And Mr Tyack gave a sort of low, suppressed, sobbing cry like a man whose heart is thrust through, I think, and pressed his two hands upon his breast and staggered away as if I had shot him."

"Elsie," I cried, taking her white hand in a fit of remorse. "I understand it all now. I hope to heaven we haven't been so, that man Tyack to blow his brains out, or jump into the river."

When I got back to my rooms a little past midnight, I found a note lying on my table. It was what it said:

WALTER PONSARD: You have treated me brutally. No honorable man would act as you have done. Yet, for her sake, I refrain from returning the blow you gave me. But whenever my own

turn comes, without trusting her, trust me, you will find you have provoked a dangerous enemy.

CLAUDE TYACK. I breathed freer. Then he would not kill himself. I don't mind his threat of vengeance, but I should have been sorry to bear the guilt of his blood upon me.

Next morning Tyack had gone from Cambridge, and nobody knew where he had betaken himself.

Before Chattanooga, I was passing through camp in my uniform as a sergeant in the Harvard battalion of the Third Massachusetts, when I saw an orderly coming from Holditch's regiment, with a note for the General from Col. Holditch. He wore the gray stuff, with blue facings, of the Second Connecticut. We recognized each other at the first glance: it was Claude Tyack.

Everybody in the north volunteered in those days, and some of us who volunteered rose fast to be field officers, while others of us equally well born and bred, remained in the ranks for months together. Tyack and I were among the rapidists. He glanced at me curiously and passed on. I somehow felt, I don't know why, that the hour of his revenge could not be far distant.

I sat down in my tent that night and wrote to Elsie. It was Elsie who had wished me to volunteer. I wrote to her whenever an occasion offered. A mail was going out that evening from the field. I told her all about the expected battle, but I said never a word about poor Tyack.

Just as we were turning in for the night a United States mail was distributed to the detachment. I opened my letter from Elsie with trembling fingers. She wrote as ever, full of tears and hope. A little post-script ended the letter. It had this: "That poor Claude Tyack is with you in Burnside's division. I shall never cease to be sorry for him. If possible, try and make your quarrel up before battle. I couldn't bear to think he might be killed, and you unforgotten."

I sat long with the letter in my hand. A battle is a very serious thing. If Tyack had been there in the tent that evening, I think I should have taken Elsie's advice and made it all up with him. And then things would have been very different.

As I sat there musing with the letter still in my fingers, the drum beat suddenly, and we heard the signal for formation. It was the night surprise: Ponsard and Bonsejour were upon us suddenly. Everybody knows that Chattanooga was like. We fought hard, but the circumstances were against the Harvard battalion. Though Burnside held his own in the centre to be sure, the right wing had a bad time of it, and seventy-two of us Harvard boys were taken prisoners. I am not writing a history of the war, so I shall only say, without attempting to explain why, that we were marched off at once to Bonsejour's rear, and sent off at once to Richmond. There we remained for a month, close prisoners, without one word from home, and what to me was ten thousand times worse, without possibility of communicating with Elsie.

Elsie, no doubt, would think I was dead. That thought was a perpetual torture to me. Would Tyack take advantage of my absence? Elsie was mine; I knew I could trust her.

At the end of five months the other men were released on parole. They offered me the same terms, but I refused to accept them. It seemed to me a question of principle. I had pledged my word already to fight to the death for my country, and I couldn't forswear myself by making terms with rebels. We of old New England stock took a serious view of the war, and in meaning, as didn't look upon it as a vast national armed picnic party. Even for Elsie's sake, I would not consent to purchase a useless freedom by what I regarded as a public treachery. I could not have loved Elsie so much, "loved I not honor more," as the poet of our common country phrases it.

I was left the only prisoner in the old barracks in Clay street, Richmond, and of course I was accordingly but little guarded. A few weeks later an opportunity occurred for me to get away. A wounded soldier from the front, struggling in by himself from the entrenchments, fainted opposite the Clay Street Barracks, and was hastily hurried in and put to bed there, the hospital accommodation in the city being already more than overcrowded. In the dusk of the evening I conveyed clothes to my own room, and next day I put them on, a tattered and bloodstained Confederate uniform. Then, having shaved off my beard with a piece of hoop iron, well sharpened against a bone, I passed out boldly before the very eyes of the lounging sentry, and made my way across the streets of the half-besieged city. I waited till nightfall in the rotunda of the Exchange Hotel in Franklin street, where a man sat and smoked and discussed the news; and when the lamps began to be lighted around the State Capitol, I slunk off along the river side, so as to avoid being hailed and challenged by the sentries, who held all approaches from the direction of Washington.

In those days, I need not hardly say, strong lines of earthworks were drawn around Richmond city on the north, east, and west, where Lee was defending it; and it was only along the river on the south that any road was left fairly open into the country. I went up the river bank, therefore, onward and onward, till the city lights faded slowly one by one, into the darkness behind me. I passed a few soldiers here and there on the road, but my confederate uniform sufficiently protected me from any unfavorable notice. If any of them halted me with a "Hallo, stranger! where are you off this time of evening?" my answer was easy. "Straight from the front. Sick leave. Just discharged from hospital duty in the 1st division." Southern chivalry nodded and passed on without further parley. I was going in fact in the wrong direction for my questions to be asked me in passing. Everybody from the south was hurrying to the front; a wounded soldier struggling homeward attracted but little attention.

I walked on and on, always along the bank of the dark river, till I had almost reached the point where the Appomattox falls in the James. I wanted to reach the northern lines, and to get to them I must somehow cross the river. It was pitch dark, now, a moonless night in early December, and even in Virginia the water at that season was almost ice-cold in the tidal straits. But I knew I must swim it, sooner or later, and the sooner I tried it the better were my chances. I had eaten nothing since leaving the barracks, and I should probably get nothing to eat until I reached Burnside's army. Tonight, therefore I was comparatively strong; the longer I delayed, the weaker would my muscles grow with hunger. To lie out all night on the ground in the cold is not the best way of preparing one's self for swimming a mile's width of chilly river. Besides, I was almost certain to be observed in the daytime, and shot like a dog, by the one spy, or by the other as a deserter.

My only chance lay in trying to get myself plunged in boldly just as I found myself. I shall never forget that awful swim in the dead of night across the tidal water of the James river. The stars were shining dimly overhead through the valley mist, and by the aid of the Great Bear (for I did not know the pole star then) I swam roughly in what I took to be a general northward direction toward the shore opposite. In a hundred yards or so the southern bank became visible, invisible, and I could not hope to see the northern until I had come within about the same distance of it. All the rest of the way I swam by the aid of the stars alone, so far as guidance or compass was concerned. My head became very sore, and I kept my eyes strained pretty steadily upward, and to hold up my head in a most difficult unnatural position on the surface of the water. The ice-cold stream chilled my frozen limbs, and the gloom and the silence overhead made me keep my eyes strained pretty steadily upward, and to hold up my head in a most difficult unnatural position on the surface of the water. The ice-cold stream chilled my frozen limbs, and the gloom and the silence overhead made me keep my eyes strained pretty steadily upward, and to hold up my head in a most difficult unnatural position on the surface of the water.

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I dragged myself on land, over the muddy tidal flat, and found myself in the midst of that terrible, desolate, swampy region known as the Wilderness, the scene of the chief early struggle where Lee and Stonewall Jackson stood at bay like wounded tigers.

When I came to realize my actual plight I began to feel that a fool I had been to run away from Richmond. I sat there on the bank frozen and dripping from head to foot, my soaked boots hanging useless round my neck, my blood chilled, my limbs shivering, my heart almost dead, and yet with a terrible sense of fever in my cold lips, and a fierce throbbing in my aching head. I had no food, and no chance of getting any. Around me stretched that broken, marshy country, alternating between pine barrens and swampy bottoms. Scouts and pickets held the chief points everywhere; to show myself before them in my wet and ragged Confederate uniform would be to draw fire at moment's notice. What to do I had no conception; I merely sat there, my head in my hands, and waited and waited still, till the sun was high up in the black blue heavens.

I won't describe the eight days of speechless agony in the Wilderness. I wandered up and down through the scrub and pine woods, and not daring at first to show myself openly, and then, when hunger and fatigue had conquered my fear, not knowing where to look for the Federal outposts. Night after night I lay upon the bare ground, in the highest and driest part of the wild pine-barrens, and in the cold stars shining above, and heard the "whoop-whoop" scream shrill overhead in the thick darkness. It was an awful time; I dare not trust myself even now to recall it too vividly. If it had not been for the wild persistence, indeed, I might have starved in that terrible week. But luckily the permissiveness were very plentiful, and though a man can't live on them forever with absolute comfort, they will serve to keep body and soul together somehow for a longer time than any other wild berry or fruit I know of.

At last, on the fifth morning, as I lay sleep on the ground, weary and feverish, I felt myself rudely shaken by a rough hand, and opening my eyes with a stare, saw to my joy the northern uniform on the three men who stood around me.

"Spy!" the sergeant said briefly. "Tie his hands, O'Grady. Lift him up. March him before you."

I told them at once I was a soldier in the Harvard Battalion, escaped from Richmond, but of course they didn't believe. My Confederate uniform told too false a story. However, I was far too weak to march, and the men carried me, one of them going on to get me food and brandy; for, spy or no spy, I was a Federal prisoner. They took me to a room, and I was told that I was to be sent to the headquarters of the Federal army, and that I was to be sent to the headquarters of the Federal army, and that I was to be sent to the headquarters of the Federal army.

"Take him to headquarters," my captor or my rescuer said in a short voice, as soon as I had eaten and drunk greedily the bread and brandy the first man had brought up for me. They carried me to headquarters and brought me up before three officers. The officers questioned me feebly and incredulously. They would hear nothing of my being a Federal prisoner. The uniform alone was enough to condemn me. "Take him away and search him," they said peremptorily. The sergeant took me to a tent and searched me; and found nothing.

They would try me by a rude rough-and-ready court-martial, and hang me for a spy that very morning.

"As I marched out from the sergeant's tent again, absolutely dispondent with the result of my being a Federal prisoner. Promotion was often very quick in those days. The major I saw at a glance, was Claude Tyack.

He stopped and gazed at me sternly for a moment. "Not a muscle of his face stirred," he said. "You know the man, I said, in a cool, unconcerned tone, eyeing me from head to foot, 'who's your prisoner?'"

"One of Lee's spies," the sergeant answered, carelessly. "Look him this morning out on the Wilderness. Fourth we've taken this week anyhow. The Rebels are getting kinder desperate, I reckon."

I looked Claude Tyack back in the face. He knew me perfectly, but never once intimated that he recognized me. What will you do with him, he asked. "String him up," the sergeant replied, with a quiet grin. I stood still and said nothing. They took me back and held a short informal drum court-martial. It all occurred in five minutes. My life counts for so little in war time. I was fit dead already, and never listened to it. The bitterness of death was past for me long ago. I stood bolt upright, my arms folded desperately in front, and said, "Claude Tyack, without other words, I am a Federal prisoner. I return, mute and white, in solemn expectation.

there, he would not only wipe out old scores, but he would also in time marry Elsie.

I saw these very words passing rapidly through his angry mind—"If it were not that I love Walter Ponsard with all my soul, I think, Mr Tyack, for very pity I should have to marry you!"

She would have to marry him! He would go back, certain of my death; he would plead hard, as he had pleaded before and then, for pity, Elsie would marry him!

Our eyes met still; I returned his stare; tall and pale he stood confronting me; he glistened over my misfortune; we spoke never a word to one another; and yet we two men knew perfectly in our own hearts each what the other was thinking.

There was a deadly pause. The presiding officer waited patiently. The words seemed to stick in my throat. I moistened my lips with my tongue, and wetted my larynx by swallowing. Then I said slowly, "Nobody nearer."

The presiding officer waited again. Clearly he was determined to condemn a man so weak and ill as I was. At last he cleared his throat nervously, and turned to the court with an inquiring gesture.

"Then Claude Tyack took three paces forward and stood before me. The man seemed taller and paler than ever. Great drops of dew gathered on his brow. His lips and nostrils quivered with emotion. A frightful struggle was going on within him. The demon of revenge—just revenge, if revenge is ever just for an undeserved meed—I recognized that—fought for mastery in his soul with right and mercy. "I need not identify him," he cried aloud, clasping his two hands one over the other, and talking as in a dream. "I am not called to give evidence. He has never asked me."

"I will never ask you," I replied with dogged despair. "You have found me, eh; my enemy! I have wronged you bitterly. I know it and regret it. I will ask your forgiveness, but never your mercy."

Claude Tyack held up his hands, like a child, to his face. He was a rugged man, now, though still young and handsome; but the tears rolled slowly, very slowly, one after another, down his bronzed cheeks. "You shall have my mercy," he answered at last with a groan, "because you do not ask it; but never, never, never, my forgiveness. For Elsie's sake, I cannot let her lover be shot for a traitor."

The presiding officer caught at it all as if by instinct. "You know this man, Major Tyack?" he asked, quietly. "I know him, Col. Libthorpe."

"Who is he?"

The words came as if from the depths of the grave. "Walter Ponsard, Sergeant of the Harvard Battalion, Third Massachusetts Infantry, Burnside's division. He was missing seven months ago, after Chattanooga."

The tonic and alterative properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are too well known to require the specious aid of any exaggerated or fictitious certificate. Witnesses of the marvelous cures effected by this preparation are to-day living in every city and hamlet of the land.

Nothing is so reprehensible as the American habit of saying disagreeable things and calling the habit familiarity or frankness. There is a very great absence of that respect for others which is insisted upon in Europe, as from servants to their employers, hotel keepers to their patrons; in fact, from one person to another. A lady stopping in a western hotel overheard the proprietor say to his clerk, as they were arranging a dinner table: "Well, where is Jim Garfield gone to sit?" "Seems to me our national manners did not insist on a more proper form of speech."

In Puritan Yankeeedom there was a delusion in plain truth which was uncomprehended. "Ain't you lookin' a little thin?" "Well, I see you are a-gettin' old as well as myself." "Seems to me you are a little down." These are rude vulgar self assertions of envy and a desire to be superior. Let us hope that this spirit will live and die in its own mountains.—Mrs M E W Sherwood.

Early understood. The causes of summer complaint, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, etc., are the excessive heat eating green fruit, impure water, over exertion and sudden chill. Dr Fowler's Wild Strawberry is an infallible and prompt remedy for all bowel complaints from whatever cause.

Nothing that could be said regarding the prolific crops in the Prairie Provinces would be exaggerated. It is estimated that the surplus of wheat will be about 20,000,000 bushels and other grains in proportion.

Give Them A Chance. That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot hold do there work. Well, what can they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them, which is Ayer's Cathartic. It will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

It is stated on the best authority that the Indians at Skeena are honest and industrious, and the stories from there are doubtless largely exaggerated.

Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine is distinctly superior to any other as an appetizing tonic and fortifier.

John Waldie, who represented the constituency during one session of parliament, is the choice of the Reform convention in Halton.

As a Healing, Soothing application for cuts, wounds, bruises and sores, there is nothing better than Victoria Carbolic Salve.

THE POET'S C. The poet's story in How he turns and twigs And how he persists In ridding his blood. How uneasy he feels. Our wide-awake boy in ch.

Then earnest and still. He attends with a will 'While the story is told Of some hero bold. Our dear, thoughtful boy!

But our glad surprise As his thought eyes. Is turned to despair. As he twitches the hair Of his little sister in churl.

Still, each naughty cry At a look from the eye 'Or his mother so dear. Who thinks best to sit Her mischievous boy in ch.

Another trick comes. Yes! His finger he drags Or his head he leans. All over his head—And still will take him to ch.

He's troublesome? Ye That I'm bound to chide! But God made the boy! With his fun and the And He surely wants them!

Such children you know long one year ago. Or they trouble the Lo! Though his disciples w. So well we keep them here!

A Correct States. Made by Miss Jane Nelson, Corner, G. have used your Burdock for Dyspepsia and find it remedy I ever tried. I by all dealers at one dollar.

Salt is a very common oceanic holds in solution quantity of it. How a though salt water is not necessary to health as you ever eaten bread it has been put in it so you feel. My children would melt without salt on it. soluble, granular, spark white. We say: "As we might say, as white a lorry tells on that salt sodium. Two elements, sulphur each other, and the compound unlike the sodium which compose it, in the form of cubes with two and seven-tenths time of water either hot or several kinds of salt. I from mines in the earth there is an immense mine chapel. In our country, mined from springs and The most important salt Syracuse in the State. Coarse salt is made by water in shallow vats or pans. Fine, or table salt, is made from large Sea salt is made from it. It has a bitter taste, which are also in the water contains one-thirtieth its Plants contain a small quantity of it, and it is applied to the soil to growth. All the children assuage food and prevent fish. It has another use, the same as human beings has provided salt licks for The dumb creatures know these salty places and rest up.

It is calculated that a sixteen pounds of salt about five ounces a week. calculated that the salt separated would make over the bed of the ocean. There are many salt lakes. The Caspian Sea is the largest in the world. Salt lake in Utah is the largest in the United States. when you use salt, re valuable article it is.

Don't Spec. Ran no risk in buying a great Kidney and a great measure to Dr. Chase's receipts. The Cures for all diseases of the Stomach and Druggists.

The distressing palp served in young girls is a great measure to Dr. Chase's receipts. The Cures for all diseases of the Stomach and Druggists.

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