

THE LOST LETTER.

I have lost the precious letter
That the mail brought yesterday;
Lost it walking through the meadow
Where the clovers are in white.

And if you should chance to find it—
But you would not dream it mine;
For my name is not upon it,
Only "Dearest" in each line.

Who would tell me that he loves me,
Who would say my lips are sweet?
Who would dream the wild wood blossoms
Only wake to woo my feet?

That he fancied threads of golden
In my brown hair's warmest glow,
You might think his eyes were dazzled
By a dart from Cupid's bow.

When he says my eyes have told him
He is dearest of all men,
You would think his cheeks would crimson
So they'd never pale again.

But my name is not upon it,
Only "Dearest" in each line;
And if you should read the letter,
You would never dream it mine.

—Cora A. Matson, in the Current.

"I PROMISE."

"Viva! Viva! I must go!"

"You shall not! You shall not! You
belong to me!"

The beautiful little creature stamped
her tiny foot on the turf, as she
spoke; her eyes flamed with anger, a
flush shot up into her dark cheek.

"I belonged to my country before I
ever saw you, Viva," answered Tom
Creighton, in a sad but steady tone.

"You shall not go though! Ah! dear,
dear, darling Tom, can you leave your
little lassie to die of fear? Don't you
love me?"

She gathered the tall fellow's hands
close to her heart, and clasped them
there with strange, passionate
strength. Tom stooped and lifted her
to his bosom as if she had been a tiny
child.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more,"

he said, slowly, bending his head to
her ear. A splendid head it was,
crowned with close curls soon to fall
before the shears, and its symmetry
to be hidden by forage cap and the
face did not belie the head; its strong,
regular features, its left chin, and
resolute lips, all "gave the word as-
surance of a man," while the expres-
sive gray eyes revealed humor, tenderness,
pathos, passion, and a possible
flash of rage.

"Don't talk to me about honor!"
sobbed Viva, hiding her face on his
shoulder. "I shall die if you go away
from me! I can't—I can't bear it!"

There was no heroism about Genevieve
L'Estrange; her French descent
had given her inexpressible charms of
aspect and manner; she was as slight
as a girl of ten years, and no higher
than her lover's shoulder, but the
contours of her exquisite figure showed
the roundness and grace of woman-
hood, and her piquant, glowing face
was alight with all the fire of an in-
tense feminine nature. There was
nothing childish in the red, mobile lips,
the delicate, irregular features, the
brilliant dark eyes that sparkled or
melted according to her mood, the
abundant, silky black hair that fell to
her feet when it escaped from the heavy
coils that seemed too weighty for the
lovely little head they covered.

She was spoiled from her babyhood,
being the only child of wealthy parents;
not a wish had the wild creature ever
been denied; never had she wanted a
luxury, or failed to indulge a caprice;
indeed, it was a caprice that this very
summer had taken her to the White
Mountains before the great hotels were
opened, to a small house near the vil-
lage of Franconia. She wanted to see
the Spring blossoms of the North, to
gather the dawn pinkabouts, she had
so often bought in Broadway, from
lurking places under the pine needles
of the forest; she had heard of "the
shy Linnea," the white wintergreen,
and many another early flower that
fades before fashion comes to ex-
plore its haunts, from a school
friend who lived in northern New
Hampshire; and so, weary of the
early terrors of the great war
was looming blackly in the distance,
tired from the two years in Europe
that followed her school days, and
the long winter of dissipation in the
city, she had intimated to her obedient
parents her desire to visit Franconia;
and they took her to the Pine Hill
House accordingly.

Here she met Tom Creighton; his
father and mother lived on a farm
near by, and the handsome young
lawyer from New York had come up
to say good-by to them; for he had
enlisted in a volunteer regiment and
daily expected orders to the front.

Viva had met him often in society,
and the two opposite natures, in a
measure counterbalanced, had been mu-
tually attracted. Tom Creighton was
a typical New Englander, strong ob-
stinate, enduring with a rigid sense of
duty as his dominant trait. He did
not entirely approve of the war; but
he was naturally conservative; but he
considered that he ought to go and go
to both the pair, this meeting among
the mountains; and it was the last
thing Tom Creighton intended, to fall
in love with Miss L'Estrange, much
less to let her know it, but he could
not help himself; with characteristic
impetuosity she lost her heart in these
solitudes, where all the real charac-
ter of the young man showed itself,
no longer overlaid by the customs
of society. She saw how true,
how tender, how brave he was; how
superior to the society men who had
bored her in New York. She had in-
certainly distinguished him there from
a certain superiority of aspect, but now
she knew and loved him, and showed
it with such naive simplicity that
Tom, for all his good resolutions,
broke down and fell at her feet. Only
a day had their engagement been made
known when the summons Tom ex-
pected came. Viva was almost fran-
tic. It was the first time in her life
that her will had been useless; but now
it beat against a rock.

Tired with the vain struggle, repeat-
ed till Tom's heart ached to depths,

she at length recognized that his
strength of character must dominate
hers; and after a long, wild flood of
tears and a convulsion of sobs, she
said at last:

"If you will go—if you must—prom-
ise me to live, to come back!"

"I promise to come back if I do live,
Viva. How can I say I will live? That
is the chance of war and the will of
God."

"Promise, promise!" she shrieked.
"You must promise me to live! I shall
die here, right in your arms, unless
you do!"

Her pallid face, her streaming eyes,
the sobs that seemed to rend her slight
shape, the piteous curve of her red
lips, took him by storm. The lovely,
unreasoning, willful creature, torn by
a passion of love and grief all for him,
shook his strong soul to its centre.
What man ever resisted such over-
whelming passion, or thought it fool-
ish when he was its object? Tom
Creighton's soul blazed in his eyes as
he held that tiny figure closer to his
breast.

"I promise," he said.
So he went and she stayed. The
fortunes of war befell him; but in
battle he seemed to dodge the bullets
that rained upon him, manfully as he
fought, for he felt Viva's imploring
eyes upon him. "Creighton's luck!"
was the jest of the decimated regiment;
but no man charged him with cowardice.
The thrill and splendor of this
new life had swept off his conserva-
tism; the war justified itself by its
dash and valor. He rejoiced in the
clangor of trumpets, the roar of its
guns, the rush of its charges; and
when the miasma of the marshes
where he lay encamped defied and
seared his flesh with fever, when he
lay half-conscious for many a week in
the hospital, the will to live, the in-
tention to keep his word to Viva
saved him. The nurses wondered to
hear but two words in the low mutter
of his delirium: "I promise—I
promise!" but those words were his
talisman.

Once in the field he became a wonder
of alertness; hairbreadth escapes
seemed to be his forte. One day,
when the battalion were entrenching
themselves, and the commanding
general, weary with the march, had
dismounted and thrown himself under
a tree for a moment's rest, Col. Creigh-
ton—for he had become promoted—dashed
up on his black mare and saluted.

"General," he said, "shall I ride out
beyond the lines and reconnoitre the
lay of the land?"

"Do so," said Gen. B., springing up;
"and I will go with you."

As they both trotted past the in-
trenchments a colonel in command
called out to them:

"The evening is not far off. Do not
risk your life, general."

The general smiled and looked at
Creighton, who laughed; and on they
went. Soon the pickets were passed,
but no enemy was sighted, and, led
on by the beauty of the way, as a de-
sire to grasp the situation, they trot-
ted fast down a wood road, turned a
short corner, and behold! twenty or
thirty men, a picket guard, or, rather,
a reconnaissance of the foe. Quicker
than a lightning flash, no pause to
think, no word said, except that "I
promise," brandished on his inward ear,
Creighton's sabre flashed from its
sheath; and whirling it round his
head, he looked over his shoulder and
shouted, "Forward! Charge!"

And putting spurs to his horse flew
forward, the general instantly second-
ing his rise and close beside him,
rushed upon the startled enemy, who
fled like sheep. Once out of sight the
two men turned and ran their horses
to the lines; but that swift manoeuvre
saved a general to the army and a
lover to Viva.

So it was in the prison where scores
of men died of untold agonies; for in
those dreadful depths Tom Creighton
lived. When his heart and flesh failed
he seemed to see Viva's upturned,
woeful face, and he said to himself,
"I promise," with fresh strength each
time; for he had learned faith in him-
self. At last the war was over; but
thoroughly wedded to a soldier's life,
and because a proverb among men for
courage and quick resource, he was
transferred to the ranks of the regular
army, given a furling of six months,
and flew at once to Viva.

Poor Viva! the war had spared her
Tom, but both her parents had died
during his absence, and she was
quite alone. To describe their meet-
ing would be sacrilege; it was
even as the meeting of those who
arise together at the rising of the dead
and look at the dawning of that
heaven which they shall spend togeth-
er. Naturally Tom desired to hasten
their marriage, and Viva did not re-
fuse; for except a salaried chaplain,
she was quite alone in that lonely
position, the inmate of a fashion-
able boarding-house. She did not
care to waste her time or her strength
on an elaborate trousseau, she left all
that to Mrs. Merwin; it seemed to her
that she could not exist out of Tom's
presence. Yet one day she could not
see him; she was ill; she only saw the
doctor, an old man, who had watched
her from childhood.

"Viva," he said to her, as he drew
on his gloves after an hour at her
bedside, and as the nurse hurriedly
called in, had left the room on some
needed errand.

"Viva, you must tell Capt. Creigh-
ton."

"I will not!" she answered, angrily.
"But you must!"

"I never will! After all these wret-
ched years of waiting, do you think I
will throw my life away, Dr. Sands?"

"If you do not, I shall."

"You won't! you can't!"

"But I shall! It is my duty. If you do
not tell him before Saturday—this is
Tuesday—I shall."

The doctor's voice was stern, but
the nurse came in; he said no more.

Next day came Tom with startling
news; he was ordered at once to Fort
Stilling, the garrison there was needed
in a struggle with the Indians; fresh
troops must man the fort; there was
not a day to spare.

"Viva, will you go with me?"
She sprang up from the sofa where
she lay, pale and sweet, after her way
of escape from Dr. Sands.

"Yes indeed, I will. You shall not
leave me again, Tom!"

So the next morning early, like a
pair of cloping lovers, they were mar-
ried in the near church and took the
morning train for the far West; on
and on the rushing wheels bore them;
day after day they endured the sepa-
ration of the crowd, till at last they
arrived at St. George one winter night
in January. The snow was deep, but
Tom must report as soon as possible,
and Viva would not let him go alone.

"It is too cold, dearest," he said.
"Not with you, Tom."

"Forty below zero, Viva!"

"If you can live in it I can. I
promise, Tom."

He could not refuse her after that
word with all its memories. Rolled
in furs, veils, scarfs, with hot bricks at
her feet, they set out on their
twenty-mile journey. Warned not
to speak, for the air was
not fit for their lungs to admit in,
all its chill, silently they sped along
The glittering fields of sparkling snow,
on which the moon made a long wake
of glory, the black shadows, the creak
of their swift runners, the snorting
of their horses, whose nostrils were lung
with icicles, all added a strange ter-
ror to the drive, a drive that seemed
endless, but at last it was over.

"Come!" said Tom, holding out his
arms as the driver drew up before the
officers' quarters, where the light of a
fire blazed through the deep frosted
windows, but Viva neither spoke nor
moved.

Mad with terror, Tom lifted her
from the sleigh and rushed into the
door, making his way by instinct to
the fire. Viva stirred not an atom.
Hasty hands unrobed her, kind hands
laid her on the sofa. Her face was set
and white, her lips parted, her eyes
glazed. The post-surgeon hurried in,
he lifted one hand, it fell back, he put
a finger on her pulse. "My God! she
is dead!" he said, with a look of
dreadful pity.

Tom dropped beside her.
Was it a year? Was it a lifetime?
Was he in heaven when he awoke out
of that?

She was there, warm, sweet, rosy.
"You made me promise, Tom; I did
not die."

Tom turned on his face and wept
like a very child; his heaven had come
on earth.

Post-surgeons do not know every-
thing any more than any other man.
The fact was that Viva had developed
in the last two years a tendency to
catalepsy—the result of an overworn
and overexcited nervous system; and
when Dr. Sands told her she must tell
Tom about it, she had just come out
of a serious attack wherein she had
lain for hours as one dead; but she
would not tell him, having an idle fear
that Tom might cease to love her.

The long journey and the cold drive
had brought on a severe seizure, and
she certainly, in appearance, justified
the post-surgeon's opinion; but before
morning she had come back to herself,
and was heart-broken to find Tom de-
lirious with grief and as unconscious
of her presence as she had been of his.

"Viva," he said, a few days after
they were fairly settled in the new life,
"my darling! my wife! think what
might have happened if I had never
known about this. Promise me, Viva,
hereafter to trust me. Tell me every-
thing."

She looked up in his troubled, ten-
der face with a divine smile, and softly
said over his talisman, "I promise."
—Rose Terry Cooke, in Exchange.

SILVER COLLARS.

Put Around the Necks of Slaves
Centuries Ago

In the London Gazette for March,
1685, there is an advertisement to the
effect that a black boy of about 15
years of age, named John White, ran
away from Col. Kirke on the 15th
inst. "He has a silver collar about
his neck upon which is the Colonel's
coat of arms and cipher. He has up-
on his throat a great scar," etc. A
reward is offered for bringing him
back.

In the Daily Post of August 4,
1720, is a similar notice: "Went away
the 22d of July last, from the house
of William Webb, in Limehouse Hole,
a negro man, about 20 years old
called Dick, yellow complexion, wavy
hair, about 5 feet 6 inches high, hav-
ing on his breast the word 'Harc' burn-
ed. Whoever brings him to the said
Mr. Webb shall have half a guinea re-
ward and reasonable charges."

Again, in the Daily Journal of Sep-
tember 28, 1728, is an advertisement
for a runaway black boy. It is added
that he had the words "My Lady
Bromfield's black in Lincoln's Inn
Fields," engraved on a collar round
his neck.

The degrading custom of decorating
male and female slaves in England
with a collar bearing the name and
designation of their owners had the
example set for it in a high quarter.

There still exists at Hampton Court,
the bust of a favorite slave of King
William III., the head of which is of
black marble, while encircling the
throat is a carved white marble collar
with a padlock, in every respect like a
metal dog collar.

In the Museum of the Antiquarian
Society in Edinburgh there is a speci-
men of those slave collars, although
in this case the wearer of the collar
was not a black man, but a white.
The collar bears the following inscrip-
tion: "Alexander Stewart, found guilty
of death for theft, at Perth, December
5, 1701. Gifted by the Justiciary as a
perpetual servant to Sir John Er-
skine, of Awa."

That a collar was considered as es-
sential for a black slave as for a dog
is shown by an advertisement in the
London Advertiser for 1756, in which
Matthew Dyer, working goldsmith at
the Crown in Duck Lane, Orchard
street, Westminster, intimates to the
public that he makes "silver pad" for
blacks or dogs, collars," etc.

QUANTRELL, THE MYSTERY.

A Short Sketch by One Who Knew
Considerable About Him.

The public never seemed to have a
correct idea of Quantrell, says T. J.
Younger, an Osceola (Mo.) cor-
respondent of the St. Louis Republic.

He came to Missouri a mystery,
lived a life of mystery, and died un-
known even to his most intimate
friends.

He had but little to say about his
career, and what he did say could not
be strictly relied upon.

The only thing that was positively
known of him was that he was reared
in Ohio, and went from that state to
Kansas, and from there to Missouri.
He came to this State with a deep-
seated enmity toward Kansas and
Kansas men.

After gathering together a band of
chosen followers he proceeded to wage
a terrific warfare on Kansas and all
who took sides with them in the border
trouble.

The secret of his success was in the
fact that every man in his command
was carefully selected and drilled in
the use of the revolver, then given to
understand that he must fight when
ordered to do so, selecting his own
method, saving himself as much as
possible, and inflicting as much damage
on the enemy as possible, retreat-
ing or advancing as circumstances de-
manded.

He had a man unfitted for his work
he was sent to the regular army, and
in this way he selected until a full
company of tried men were banded to-
gether.

He had no discipline, rarely ever
gave a command, and when he did it
was to the point. He watched the
movements of the enemy, knew when
to strike, laid his plans, and depended
upon his men to execute them. When
all was ready for a fight his only com-
mand was "Fight them, boys," when
pellmell they would go at the enemy
with such fury that few, if any, ever
withstood their charges.

He was not a tactician or an educa-
ted soldier, but simply a good judge
of human nature. He knew what to
expect of each and every one of his
men under any and all circumstances;
also what the enemy would do under any
given circumstance. His men had ab-
solute confidence in him and he in
them. Hence they went to the enemy
as an earthquake to a roaring cyclone.
Quantrell was not communicative
even to his best friends, except when
absolutely necessary. Many of his
most daring undertakings were a pro-
found secret to his command until
they were in the swim, and then they
only knew they had a duty to per-
form and leave the rest to Quantrell.

There were few if any of his
men knew where they were going when
they made the Lawrence raid. They
were called together, Quantrell turned
his horse in the direction of Lawrence,
and they followed. The result is well
known. When he destroyed Blunt's
command, near Baxter Springs, not a
man of his knew what he was up to
until they were head over heels in bat-
tle. After Prier's raid he gathered up
twenty-five of his old guard, started
from Jackson county, Missouri,
crossed the Osage river at Linn Creek,
Mo., thence to Pocahontas, Ark.,
thence to the Mississippi river, cross-
ing over into Tennessee, thence to
Kentucky, passing himself as a federal
officer, drawing supplies at the posts
as they went until some of his men
got drunk and shot some of his fed-
eral officers, thus letting the cat out of
the wallet and his disguise, resulting
in his death.

He was wounded at old man Wake-
field's and taken to Louisville, where
he died under the care of the sisters of
charity, and was buried in the Catho-
lic cemetery, and to this day no living
man has any idea what took him into
Kentucky or where he was going from
there, or what he expected to accom-
plish. His men had followed him with
blind confidence, knowing he was
on some kind of a desperate mission,
with willing hands to execute his or-
ders. His death left his intention a
mystery, and thus the greatest guer-
rilla chieftain of modern times faded
across the military skies. He came a
mystery, originated the most de-
structive band ever known, and died
leaving them mystified.

Finds of a Hotel Clerk.

"For a little while recently," said
Walter Conner, cashier of the Hotel
Cadillac, one evening. "I thought I
was out just \$20 in good money. A
guest came to pay his bill and handed
over a \$20 gold piece. I took it with-
out looking at it very closely, but
when I came to balance up I received
a severe shock. When I examined the
\$20 gold piece I found it was con-
siderable different from the regulation
piece authorized by Uncle Sam. In the
place where the word 'Liberty' ap-
pears was 'Kellogg & Co.' and on the
reverse side where 'United States'
ought to be was 'San Francisco, Cal.'
I naturally concluded at first that
that the coin was nothing more than
an advertising piece, but as it ap-
peared so like unto gold I concluded to
ask people better posted on money than I
was. I went to a banker, of course,
and from him I received the news
that the coin was genuine, in fact that
it was worth more than \$20. The
banker explained that the piece was
one which Kellogg & Co., of San
Francisco, were authorized by the
Government to coin about the year
1854. He said that there were very
few in circulation at the present day,
but that each of them contained more
gold than any of the regular \$20 gold
pieces. Any jeweller, he said, would
pay more than its face value for it."
—Detroit Tribune.

Pardonable Pride.

Sharpson—Phaltz, what makes your
nose so red?

Phaltz—It glows with pride because
I never pok myself into other peo-
ples' business.—Yankee Blade.

What is

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medical supplies what is known as regular
Castoria, yet we are free to confess that the
merit of Castoria has won us to look with
favor upon it."

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LIST OF PRINCIPAL DISEASES.	CURES.
1. Fever, Congestion, Inflammations.	25
2. Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic.	25
3. Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants.	25
4. Diarrhea, of Children or Adults.	25
5. Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic.	25
6. Cholera, Morbus, Vomiting.	25
7. Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis.	25
8. Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.	25
9. Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo.	25
10. Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.	25
11. Suppressed or Painful Periods.	25
12. Whites, too Frequent, Stronch.	25
13. Dropsy, and Swellings of Various Kinds.	25
14. Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.	25

SPECIFICS

16. Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria.	50
17. Piles, Hemorrhoids, or Bleeding.	50
18. Ophthalmia, or Swell, or Weak Eyes.	50
19. Catarrh, Intestines, Cold in the Head.	50
20. Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs.	50
21. Asthma, or Spasmodic Breathing.	50
22. Ear Discharges, Impacted Hearing.	50
23. Secretions, Enlarged Glands, Swellings.	50
24. General Debility, Physical Weakness.	50
25. Dropsy, and Swellings of Various Kinds.	50
26. Nervous Debility, Sickiness from Eating.	50
27. Kidney Disease, Hematuria, Weak- ness, or Involuntary Discharges.	1.00
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29. Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed.	.50
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