

A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER I.

It is always a thankless office to give advice in these matters," said Mrs. Charles Romaine, discreetly. "Your brother and I have decided not to attempt to influence you in any way, Constance; not to bias your judgment in favor of or against Mr. Withers. You, as the one most nearly interested in the consequences of your acceptance or refusal of his offer, should surely be able to make up your mind how to treat it and him."

"I should be, as you say," responded the sister-in-law. "But I cannot."

She was a handsome woman, in the prime of early maturity, whose face seldom wore, in the presence of others, the perturbed expression that now beclouded it.

"That does not affect the fact of your duty," answered Mrs. Romaine, with considerable severity. "There are times and circumstances in which vacillation is folly—criminal weakness. You have known Mr. Withers long enough to form a correct estimate of his character. In means and in reputation he is all that could be desired, your brother says. Either you like him well enough to marry him, or you do not. Your situation in life will be bettered by an alliance with him, or it will not. These are the questions for your consideration. And excuse me for saying that a woman of your age should not be at a loss in weighing these."

Again Constance had nothing ready except a weak phrase of reluctant acquiescence. "I feel the weight of your reasoning, Margaret. You cannot despise me more than I do myself for my childish hesitancy. Mr. Withers—any sensible and honorable man deserves different treatment. If I could see the way clear before me I would walk in it. But, indeed, I am in a sore dilemma." She turned away, as her voice shook on the last sentence, and affected to be busy with some papers upon a stand.

Mrs. Romaine was just in all her dealings with her husband's sister, and meant, in her way, to be kind. Constance respected her for her excellent sense, her honesty of purpose and action—but she was the last of her friends whom she would have selected, of her free will, as the confidante of such joys and sorrows as shrink from the touch of hard nature—refuse to be confessed to unsympathizing ears. Her heart and eyes were very full now, but she would struggle sooner than drop a tear while those cold, light orbs were upon her.

In consideration of the weakness and ridiculous sensitiveness of her companion, Mrs. Romaine forbore to speak the disdain she felt at the irresolution and distress she could not comprehend. "Is Mr. Withers personally disagreeable to you?" she demanded, in her strong contralto voice.

"I liked him tolerably well—very well, in fact, until he told me what brought him here so regularly," Constance stammered. "Now I am embarrassed in his presence—so uneasy that I wish sometimes I could never see or hear of him again."

"Mere shyness!" said Mrs. Romaine. Such as would be pardonable in a girl of seventeen. In a woman of seven-and-twenty it is absurd. Mr. Withers is highly esteemed by all who know him. Your disrelish of his society is caprice, unless—the marble gray eyes more searching—"unless you have a prior attachment?"

Constance smiled drearily. "I have never been in love in my life, that I know of."

"You are none the worse for having escaped an infatuation that has wrecked more women for time and for eternity than all other delusions combined. A rational marriage—founded upon mutual esteem and the belief that the social and moral condition of the parties to the contract would be promoted thereby—is the only safe union. The young, inexperienced and headstrong, repudiate this principle. The mature in age know it to be true. But, as I have said, it is not my intention to direct your judgment. This is a momentous era in your life. I can only hope and pray that you may be guided aright in your decision."

Left to herself to digest this morsel of pious encouragement, Constance drew a low seat to the hearth register, clasped her hands upon her knees, and tried, for the hundredth time that day, to weigh the facts of her position fairly and impartially.

She had been an orphan for eight years, and a resident in the house of her elder brother. Her senior by more than a dozen years, and in the exciting swing of successful mercantile life, he had little leisure for the study of his sister's tastes and traits, when she first became his ward, and conceived the task to be an unnecessary one, now that she was to be a fixture in his family, and appeared to get on smoothly with his wife. In truth, it never occurred to him to lay a disturbing finger upon the tiniest wheel of the domestic machinery. His respect for his spouse's executive and administrative abilities was exceeded only by her confidence in her own powers. She was never irascible, but he knew that she would have borne down calmly and energetically any attempt at interference in her op-

erations as minister of the interior—the ruler of the establishment he, by a much-abused figure of speech, called his home. A snug and elegant abode she made of it, and, beholding Constance well dressed and well fed, habitually cheerful and never rebellious, he may be forgiven for not spending a thought upon her for hours together, and when he did remember her, for dwelling the rather upon his disinterested kindness to a helpless dependent than speculating upon her possible and unappetizing spiritual appetites.

For these, and for other whimsies, Mrs. Romaine had little thought and no charity. Life, with her, was a fabric made up of duties, various and many, but all double-twisted into hempen strength and woven too closely for a shime of fancy or romance to strike through.

She had coincided readily in her husband's plan to take charge of his young sister when her parents died. "Her brother's house is the fittest asylum for her," she had said. "I shall do my best to render her comfortable and contented."

She kept her word. Constance's wardrobe was ample and handsome, her room elegantly furnished, and she entered society under the chaperonage of her sister-in-law. The servants were trained to respect her; the children to regard her as their elder sister. What more could a penniless orphan require? Mrs. Romaine was not afraid to ask the question of her conscience and of heaven. Her "best" was no empty profession. It was lucky for her self-complacency that she never suspected what years of barrenness and longing these eight were to her protege.

Constance was not a genius—therefore she never breathed even to herself: "I feel like a seed in the cold earth, quickening at heart, and longing for the air." Her temperament was not melancholic, nor did her taste run after poetry and martyrdom. She was simply a young, pretty and moderately well-educated woman, too sensible not to perceive that her temporal needs were conscientiously supplied, and too affectionate to be satisfied with the meager allowance of nourishment dealt out for her heart and sympathies. While the memory of her father's proud affection and her mother's caresses was fresh upon her she had long and frequent spells of lonely weeping—was wont to resign herself in the seclusion of her chamber to passionate lamentations over her orphanage and isolation of spirit. Routine was Mrs. Romaine's watchword, and in bodily exercise Constance conformed to her quiet despotism—visited, studied, worked and took recreation by rule. The system wrought upon her beneficially so far as her physique was concerned. She grew from a slender, pale girl into ripe and healthy womanhood; was more comely at twenty-seven than at twenty-one.

CHAPTER II.

But all this time she was an hungry. She would cheerfully have refunded to her brother two-thirds of her liberal allowance of pocket money if he had granted to her with its quarterly payment a sentence of fraternal fondness, a token, verbal or looked, that he remembered whose child she was, and that the same mother love had guarded their infancy. Her sister-in-law would have been welcome to withhold many of her gifts of wearing apparel and jewelry had she bethought herself now and then how gratefully kisses fall upon young lips, and that youthful heads are often sadly weary for the lack of a friendly shoulder, or a loving bosom, on which to rest. She did not accuse her relatives of willful unkindness because these were withheld. They interchanged no such unremunerative demonstrations among themselves. Husband and wife were courteous in their demeanor, the one to the other; their children were demure models of filial duty at home and industry at school; the training in both places being severe enough to quench what feeble glimmer of individuality may have been born with the offspring of the methodical and practical parents. Constance found them extremely uninteresting, notwithstanding the natural love for children which led her to court their companionship during the earlier weeks of her domestication in their house. It was next to a miracle that she did not stiffen in this atmosphere into a buckram image of feminine propriety—a prodigy of starch and virtue, such as would have brought calm delight to the well-regulated mind of her exemplar, and effectually chased all thoughts of matrimony from those of masculine beholders. Had her discontent with her allotted sphere been less active, the result would have been certain and deplorable. She was, instead, popular among her acquaintances of both sexes, and had many friends, if few lovers. This latter deficiency had given her no concern until within two years. At twenty-five she opened her eyes in wide amazement upon the thinning ranks of her virgin associates, and began seriously to ponder the causes that had left her unsusought, save by two very silly and utterly ineligible swains, whose overtures were, in her esteem, presumption that was only too ridiculous

to be insulting. Her quick wit and knowledge of the world helped her to a solution of the problem. "I am poor and dependent upon my brother's charity," she concluded, with a new and stifling uprising of dissatisfaction with her condition. "Men rarely fall in love with such—more rarely woo them." She never spoke the thought aloud, but it grew and strengthened until it received a startling blow from Mr. Withers' proposal of marriage.

He was a wealthy banker from a neighboring city, whom business relations with Mr. Romaine drew to his house and into his sister's company. His courtship was all Mrs. Romaine could desire. His visits were not too frequent, and were paid at stated intervals, as befitted his habits of order and punctuality. His manner to the lady honored by his preference was replete with stately respect that was the antipodes of servile devotion, while his partiality for her society, and admiration for her person, were unmistakable. He paid his addresses through Mr. Romaine as his fair one's guardian, offering voluntarily to give his beloved whatever time for deliberation upon the proposal she desired.

"You had better think it over for a week," advised her brother, when he had laid the case duly before Constance. "It is too serious a matter to be settled out of hand."

After that, neither he nor his wife obtruded their counsel upon her until the afternoon of the seventh day. Then Mrs. Romaine, going to her sister's chamber to communicate the substance of a telegram just received by her husband to the effect that Mr. Withers would call that evening at 8 o'clock, was moved to grave remembrance by the discovery that she whom he came to woo had no answer prepared for him. Constance was no nearer ready after the conversation before recorded.

"I cannot afford to be romantic," she had reminded herself several times. "And who knows but this irrational repugnance may pass away when I have once made up my mind to accept him? This may be—in all likelihood it is—my last chance of achieving an independent position. It has been a long time coming, and my charms will be on the wane soon. True, a marriage with Elmathan Withers is not the destiny of which I have dreamed, but then dreams are but foolish vagaries after all. Life is real and earnest."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A ZOOLOGICAL DIVERSION.

An Elephant That Used to Play a Clever Trick on Visitors.

The elephant at the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, used to play his visitors a trick, which could not have been thought of but by an animal of much intelligence. His house opened upon an inclosure called the Elephant's park, containing a pond, in which he would lay himself under the water, concealing every part of him except the very end of his trunk—a mere speck that would hardly be noticed by a stranger to the animal's habits.

A crowd would assemble around the inclosure, and, not seeing him in it, would soon issue from the house. But, while they were gazing about, a copious sprinkling of water would fall upon them, and ladies and gentlemen, with their fine bonnets and coats, would run for shelter under the trees, looking up at the clear sky and wondering whence such a shower could come. Immediately afterward, however, they would see the elephant rising from his bath, evincing, as it seemed, an awkward joy at the trick that he had played. In the course of time his amusement became generally known, and the moment the water began to rise from his trunk the spectators would take flight, at which he appeared exceedingly delighted, getting up as fast as he could to see the bustle he had caused.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

USES OF ICE WATER.

In Health It Should Not Be Used for Drinking Purposes.

In health no one ought to drink ice water, for it has occasioned fatal inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and sometimes sudden death. The temptation to drink it is very great in the summer. To use it at all with safety the person should take but a single swallow at the time, take the glass from the lips for half a minute, and then another swallow, and so on. It will be found that in this way it becomes disagreeable after a few mouthfuls. On the other hand, ice itself may be taken as freely as possible, not only without injury, but with the most striking advantage in dangerous forms of disease. If broken in sizes of a-pea or bean and swallowed as freely as practicable, without much chewing or crunching between the teeth, it will often be efficient in checking various kinds of diarrhea, and has cured violent cases of Asiatic cholera. A kind of cushion of powdered ice kept to the entire scalp has allayed violent inflammation of the brain, and arrested fearful convulsions induced by too much blood there. In croup, water as cold as ice can make it, applied freely to the throat, neck and chest with a sponge or cloth, very often affords an almost miraculous relief, and if this be followed by drinking copiously of the same ice-cold element, the wetted parts wiped dry, and the child wrapped up well in the bed clothes, it falls into a delightful and life-giving slumber.—New York Ledger.

Buttonless Campaigns.

In Canada no campaign buttons, ribbons or badges can be worn during nomination and polling day. The carrying of flags as a party badge is also forbidden. The penalty is a fine of \$100 or three months in prison, or both.—Boston Journal.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



WISCONSIN experimental station agricultural report says:

An effort was made at the close of each of the periods of the experiment to ascertain whether the cows, of their own choice, would take water at one temperature in preference to that of another. The trial was made by taking two pails of water, one at the temperature of 32 degrees F., and the other at 70 degrees F., and placing before the cow, first the water whose temperature was that which she had been taking during the period just closed. After allowing her to swallow two or three times this pail was replaced by the other and after she had tasted it the two were placed side by side before her. The results were these:

Gov.'s Heifer, whether she had been on warm water or on cold, invariably chose the iced water in preference to the warm, and so strong were her preferences that she tried to get water from the barnyard on one day when the snow was melting. It must be noted, however, that this cow gave most milk and solids on the water whose temperature she disliked. The other cows always preferred the water at 70 degrees to that at 32 degrees, but if they were just going off a cold water period they would usually drink indifferently from either pail until thirst was partly slacked, after which they would always refuse the iced water. The cows going off water at 70 degrees would always refuse the water at 32 degrees. The cows' preferences for water at the ordinary temperature of water in the well, as compared with that for water at 32 degrees and 70 degrees, were also tested with the result that, except Gov. Heifer, the water at 70 degrees was chosen by all the cows at the close of the second period.

On the 26th of March, as the cows were taken off the experiment and when the temperature of the air was 43.7 degrees F., the cows were offered their choice between water at 32 degrees and 43 degrees and between 70 degrees and 95 degrees. On this trial Rose drank indifferently of water at 95 and 70 degrees. Dollie showed a slight preference for water at 70 degrees over that at 95 degrees, and Jessie refused the 95 degrees and took 43 degrees in preference to 70 degrees. These three cows had been taking water at 32 degrees. Emma, Queen, and Gov. Heifer, which had been taking water at 70 degrees during the last period disliked the water at 95 degrees. When water at 43 degrees and 70 degrees were set before Emma she drank first from the coldest but returned to the warmest. Queen took water at both 43 and 32 degrees, showing a preference for that at 43 degrees, but when water at 70 degrees was offered her she took that at 32 degrees instead. Gov. Heifer manifested a slight preference for water at 43 degrees instead of that at 32 degrees. Using the cows' preferences as a basis for judgment they appear to indicate that, in the majority of cases during cold weather, cows would prefer water at 70 degrees to that at 32 or 43 degrees, but some like it best at 32 degrees. When the weather becomes warmer and reaches 48 to 50 degrees F., their preferences for water at 70 degrees are less strong, and at such times only exceptional cows, if any, would choose water at 95 degrees F. The fact that two of the cows which had been taking cold water during the last period chose warm water instead, and that the three cows which had been taking warm water either preferred cold to warm, or showed but slight preference for it, suggests that even should it be finally settled that it pays to warm water for cows in winter, it may also be desirable to have cold water where the cows can have it for a change.

There is another set of facts which may be presented as indicating both a preference on the part of the cows for water at 70 degrees F. over that at 32 degrees and a possible advantage to be derived from a change of temperatures. They are these: If we determine the average amount of water drunk daily by each cow during the first five days of each period and compare these with the averages of the last five days of each period we shall find that while the cows were on cold water they took on the average nearly five pounds more water each, daily, during the first five days than they did during the last five days; while when on warm water the average for both sets of days is sensibly the same, suggesting that these cows tired sooner of the water at 32 degrees than that at 70 degrees F.

Successful Feeders.

We have never been able to enumerate all the qualities that are necessary to make a successful feeder. At first sight it would appear that to give cattle sufficient food for a long time enough to make them fat should be simple enough, but as a matter of fact more than this is required, and few men make a steady and uniform success of it, says Colman's Rural World. There are, however, men who almost always make money at it. The reason is that few men are good judges of cattle, which is the main point. During these last few years it has been necessary to make cattle very thoroughly matured and finished to get anything like a respectable price.

In fact, it is a hardship for feeders to be put to the expense of these finishing touches, for it costs a great deal and it seems to us that several dollars a head are often wasted for the sake of looks. The appearance of the cattle on the market, their uniformity of size and condition, cuts a great figure. Animals of fine quality showing plainly the points of the great breeds sell easily at the top, while what the stock yards people call old-fashioned cattle, short of body and with upright horns, are habitually murdered on the market even when very fat. These old-fashioned cattle, the common natives, do not dress well, and certainly are not attractive to look at; and it is in this that the westerners have an advantage, for they kill exceedingly well and yield a greater proportion of eatable flesh.

Heavy Horses.

A Michigan correspondent of Country Gentleman, and formerly an advocate for medium weight horses, writes as follows: About five years ago I bought a team of heavy horses, weight about 1,500 pounds each, more because I could not find what I wanted in lighter weights than from any good judgment of my own. I had not had the team a week before their superiority over the other teams on the farm was proved. They moved off with a plow with much less fatigue. They drew heavy loads with far greater ease—in fact, they were masters of the situation wherever put to work. I found that it took no more to keep them than the lighter horses, unless it may be that they consume a little more hay, for they receive the same grain ration as the others. And as for road work, we do not need to put the farm horses before a carriage, and when it comes to taking loads to town they walk faster than the others, besides hauling considerably more at a load. So great was the change in my opinion on the subject of heavy horses for farm work that I have since bought another team of the same kind. These two teams do the hardest, heaviest work on the farm at all times, all the heavy plowing, which it would require three lighter horses to manage. For certain kinds of work the smaller horses are all right. For cultivating, mowing, light dragging and certain other things on any farm they answer every purpose, or to the small farmer who has not work enough at any time of the year to hurry him. He can take his time and not rush things as they have to be rushed on a large farm, but when it comes to a big day's work on disk harrow or plow, or where great strength is required, give me the heavy horses every time. A heavy horse is not necessarily a slow one, nor need he be an awkward one. A horse of heavy weight should not be so fat as to be a burden to himself either, but in good, fair condition, with no protruding bones. More grain and less hay should be the rule on most farms. Where the farming is extensive enough to warrant keeping two teams let one of them be heavy. They will take all the heavier work off the smaller team, and these may be used for light road work when required.

Eggs on Exhibition.

At the Illinois state fair last week different breeds of fowls. They were of interest to all poultry scientists and others engaged in the study of poultry subjects. There were great differences apparent in the shape, size and color of the eggs of different breeds. Probably we have not yet reached the point where the form and color of the egg cuts much of a figure in the eye of the public, but that such a time is coming is apparent. Such exhibitions are commendable, as they present an object lesson easy to understand. A close inspection of the eggs showed that the biggest fowls did not lay the biggest eggs. This is important. There is an impression that the larger the hen the larger the egg. The egg of the White Leghorn were larger than some of the eggs of the larger breeds. When we consider how many more eggs a Leghorn hen will lay than the others and how much less it costs to feed her, the extra profit is apparent. The egg-producing hen is as much a special purpose creation as the special butter making cow.

It has been said upon good authority that scarcely a commercial seed is entirely free from foreign admixture, owing either to accident or design. The practice of adulterating clover seed with fine stones and sand is common in France at the present time. In one sample from that country examined last year was found 9.69 per cent of artificially colored yellow quartz stones, and 13.26 per cent of uncolored brownish sand. Similar instances have been reported recently from two of our American experiment stations. Some years ago a firm was discovered in Bohemia which was engaged in supplying seed dealers with both colored and uncolored quartz sand for purposes of adulteration, at prices ranging from \$1 to \$2 per hundredweight.

Good Butter.—Good butter will sell itself at a good price and will be sought after, while poor butter is slow sale at any price and is avoided. Herein lies the turning point between success and failure in the dairy business. As the beautiful picture is the ideal of the artist; as the powerful engine is the crowning work of the machinist; so, butter is the highest achievement of the dairyman, and like all productions of the skilled workman when it goes into the hands of the user it should be as near perfection as possible.

It is estimated that 612,000 sheep were killed by dogs last year.

In the agricultural line, Texas leads all other states in the variety of its products. Cotton, corn, and the cereals grow and are raised in every section of the state and in the central and southern portions sugar cane and sorghum cane are profitably cultivated. On the Gulf Coast two or three crops of vegetables are raised each year. Berries are shipped six weeks in advance of the home crop in the north. Peas, peaches, plums, oranges, figs, olives, and nuts all grow abundantly and can be marketed from two to three weeks in advance of the California crops. Large quantities of rice are now grown.

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Honored by Name.

A little French woman, Mlle. Conson, who recently won fame for herself by her predictions regarding typhoid fever, has had named after her a tiny thing which women call a bonnet and men dub a folly. It is a bit of tulle gold ribbon and a cluster of diamond butterflies, and would seem to be about the size for theatre wear. Indeed, these gold lace and spangled effects look well only for such occasions.

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