

Garibaldi at the Pantheon—A Contrast.

(An Original Poem, Written for the Globe.)

Ashesto ashes! be the hero laid
Beneath the gray old temple's glorious shade,
Where to "all god-like" great Agrippa's dome
Still gives asylum in what once was Rome!
There let the patriot, soldier, statesman rest,
After long strife, upon earth's quiet breast.
Oh, Garibaldi, speak no message here
To us, heart-kindled at thy grand career?
No type of statesmanship, high-purposed, pure,
Which nations need whose nationhoods endure?
No "party chieftain" of thy land wert thou,
To bribe for office with unblushing brow;
Thy hands were clean; no scandal taints thy
name,
As dear to Art and Culture as to Fame.
No thing to scorn all nobler aims, to sneer
At Song and Letters with a ban-room leer;
Or when with his misdeeds the nation rang,
To meet its loud accusing voice with slang;
In tavern orgies Party ends promote,
And Atheist-hearted court the Church's vote.
Thine own State's boundaries didst Thou de-
fend
To win supporters from an alien race?
Or stoop to sell to capitalist greed
The broad, rich acres which the people need?
No! Small similitude shall History see
Between our Gerrymandering Chief and thee!

LULI: A Life's Mystery.

There is a sound of footsteps and a rustling of skirts upon the stairs, but as Zora does not expect any visitors, and the wood is just beginning to burn beautifully, she takes no notice, till somebody plays a tattoo on the door, and calls "Zora!"

"Come in. Who is there?" Zora turns from her task with surprise and interest; but she has not time to rise up from her humble position before Kate Craven bursts into the room with her habitual vivacity, albeit she appears panting and breathless.

"Zora, my dear child, how are you? Oh, those stairs! Good gracious! what are you doing there? Oh! what a height to live at! I am quite out of breath! Why don't you have a lift? Seven flights of stairs, I declare it is!"

"Only four," observes Zora smiling, and looking really pleased to see her visitor, as she returns Kate's osculatory greeting.

"Well now, my dear girl, what has become of you all this time? I thought I would come and see you instead of writing; so here I am. Isn't it an age since we have met? Why do you live up in this sky-parlor? What are you doing now?" says Kate, pouring forth remarks and questions all in a breath.

"I live here principally because it's economical," Zora replies. "If you will excuse me, I will put another stick into this obstinate fire. Draw your chair close, so as to get all the little warmth there is. It has been in such a sulky temper I cannot make it burn."

The two girls are a great contrast in appearance; Kate Craven in her sweeping silk dress, her velvet hat and feather, her seal-skin mantle with its deep fur trimming; and Zora Brown in her poor little darned serge frock; but Zora Brown betrays no embarrassed consciousness; and her manner to her guest, sweet and gentle as it is, is delightfully free from subservience, and equally far from the awkwardness of assuming and claiming an equality on which there is any doubt. Zora's manner never asserts the doctrine of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," but simply proves it—proves it by a softness, a delicacy, a refinement of look and accent of which no lady in the land need have been ashamed.

"Well, and now tell me all about yourself Zora," says Kate, when the sulky fire is beginning to smile, and Zora has risen and taken a seat beside her visitor. "As for my adventures," Kate continues, lounging back in her chair, "they are soon told. Two winters in Paris—one in Brussels—I wrote you from Brussels, by the bye. Every season in London all the season long. Lots of society; lots of fun; lots of flirtation. I have grown an awful flirt, they tell me; but I don't believe it myself. Anyhow I find life a very jolly thing! how do you find it?"

"Not so jolly as you do certainly," responds Zora, with a rather pensive smile. "The world has not gone very well with me; but I ought not to complain, for it might have done much worse."

"Have you not got any money? How do you make your living?" asks Kate, frankly inquisitive.

"Just now I give a few lessons to little children, by which I provide myself with bread and cold mutton and occasional cups of tea."

"Why don't you get a governess' place in a nice family?"

"It is easier said than done. First and foremost, I am not well-educated enough. I could take no place beyond giving what they call rudimentary instruction to little children."

"Upon my word, I don't think I could even do that! Teaching must be a horrid bore!" exclaims Kate. "Why don't you advertise for a companion's place?"

"I did. I tried that twice; but—Zora hesitated thoughtfully, "it didn't do. And then I once gave some sittings to an artist; and that didn't do either." She colored a little, and continued rather hurriedly, "And oh! Kate my one good chance in life I lost! I have not done regretting that yet! I told you once, I think, that I was studying singing. Well, I was to come out in an English opera. It was only a beginning; but it would have been a good beginning. And so I made my debut; and I sang for nearly a week; and I was full of hope. And then I had inflammation of the lungs, and lost my voice; and the doctor told me I must not sing even if I got my voice back. And I tried to sing again, and broke a blood-vessel and nearly killed myself. So you see my one good chance is gone."

"Oh poor child! that was hard upon you!" observed Kate sympathetically. "But you'll get a better chance yet, Zora, dear, in some other line. Singing isn't the only career in the world. And then very likely you'll marry; you are sure to marry; I wonder you haven't married yet!"

"It does not do to trust to that chance," said Zora, softly but practically.

"What languages can you speak?" asked Kate, as if inspired by a sudden thought.

"Only a little French."

"Not Italian?"

"No; I wish I could! I am sure I should love Italian. I taught myself just enough to pronounce my Italian songs—but that is all."

"Ah, not Italian; that is a pity. I was

thinking," said Kate slowly—"but no—ah! well, I'm afraid not. Well, now anyhow, Zora, we must see if we can't get you some recommendations or something. You must advertise again. I'm sure that's the right thing. And now, dear, I must go. Good-by. No, no tea, thank you; not a drop. And, Zora, you must come and see me, mind; we must not let each other drift again."

Kate imprinted a hearty, kindly kiss on Zora's cheek, and departed, her silken skirts rustling down the staircase, and catching on an obtrusive nail, which drew an aggrieved exclamation of "Oh dear! what a dreadful place!" from the wearer. Zora sits alone, gazing into the red embers and letting her tea get cold, saying to herself with a sigh, "What a contrast!" and with a smile, "I am glad to have seen her. It was good of her to come."

On this afternoon too, beside another fire, another girl is sitting, not alone, and with no need to resort to the red coals for an object to gaze at and dream over. Luli Glencairn is leaning back in a low easy-chair, peaceful and graceful and happy, the pure daylight resting on one pale oval cheek and curving coil of fair hair, the red gleam of the firelight flickering on the other side of her face and touching the soft cheek nearest it with an unnaturally bright glow. She is slowly smoothing the fur of a large tatty cat that lies curled into a cushion in her lap and purring lazily in its slumber. The girl and the cat look together like a picture of home happiness, each equally and supremely comfortable and content—except indeed that Luli, with those dreamy spiritual eyes of hers, can never look utterly absorbed in any purely sensuous pleasure of luxury and ease; and even in her happiest moments, her soul, when her eyes glance upward, seems always to be looking beyond, away into a land of dreams.

"There is nothing that to my mind is supernatural," Glencairn replied. There are powers that know the future. Under certain circumstances, they can communicate their knowledge."

"The premise that there are powers that know the future assumes that the future is preordained, so that what they foresee is inevitable?"

"That is so," Glencairn said quietly; "and in that consists the irony of some of those strange warnings which we seldom understand, and by which we cannot profit."

"That is pure fatalism, is it not?" asked Luli, thoughtfully.

"Yes," he answered; "we all must dress our weird."

"There are some prophecies," observed Duke, practically, "that do not need the doctrine of spiritual or unearthly knowledge to account for them—forecasts that may with tolerable safety be ventured upon by reasonable calculation; for coming events do sometimes 'cast their shadows before' literally."

"There are some such prophecies as you speak of," admitted Glencairn; "and there are others that no reasonable calculations can possibly explain. How would you account for a man's double walking before his death?—or for the Banshee's cry foretelling trouble?"

"Are such things well authenticated?" inquired Duke.

"Who can doubt the mass of testimony toward them? A friend of my own, a young Irish fellow of Kildare county, has heard the Banshee twice, and it was each time followed by a death. You have heard me speak of McGregor? McGregor's father saw his wraith walk in the garden the day he was seized with his last illness. Do you not know that your favorite poet, Shelley, in the last month of his life, saw a cloaked figure, which disclosed his own face to him, and vanished?"

Duke looked somewhat incredulous, and remarked that "Shelley was a visionary and a dreamer."

"But what is the use of these apparitions?" pondered Luli.

"Unless it be to warn a fellow to make his will and prepare his last requests," suggested Duke.

"In the case of a man burdened with the secret of any crime, it might be well that he should know his last hour was near, that he might secure the peace of his soul beyond the grave," said Glencairn. "But I acknowledge such cases are rare. As a rule, there is in these forecasts no such clear motive as to warn a sinful man to free his soul from its secrets. I don't understand it—it is beyond me."

"It is beyond us all," said Duke, respectfully forbearing to attack Glencairn's evidently unconquerable superstition.

"Such appearances, if they are clearly proven as occurring before the events they foreshadow," said Luli, reflectively, "seem to serve only one purpose—that of proving that things are predestined."

"Which I think for the good of the world in general, might as well be left unproven," observed Duke.

"Meaning that the doctrine of predestination is too strong meat for the souls of the million?" said Glencairn. "Well, perhaps you are right there, Duke."

"The million, you see," rejoined Duke, "would be too apt to stop at the comforting theory that all the crimes they commit are predestined, and would not advance the next step to the perception that their punishments, in some world or another, are probably predestined too."

"Hard on the million that!" observed Glencairn smiling; "and pretty hard on us all. Hard on Judas Iscariot that his name should be a mark for obloquy for centuries on account of a crime which he had been for centuries destined to commit."

Here the door opened; "Miss Craven" was announced, and Kate, who had come on from her afternoon visit to Zora to dine and spend the evening with the Glencairns, made her appearance.

"My dear Katie, you are come just in time to rescue us from fathomless depths wherein we were getting lost," said Luli, as the two girls exchanged an affectionate greeting.

"Depths of heterodoxy from which we will extricate ourselves forthwith," added Glencairn.

"Ghosts, wraiths, and Banshees, Miss Craven," said Duke in a deep and sepulchral voice.

"O my gracious! And in this twilight room!" cried Kate. "For goodness' sake light the gas!"

BOOK IV.

SAILING SUMMER SEAS.

CHAPTER XII.

Love well who will; love wise who can;
But love; be loved; for God is Love.

Let love be ripe in ruddy prime,
Let hope beat high, let fears be true;
And you be wise thereat; and you
Drink deep, and ask not any more!

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

The spring has budded, bloomed and faded and summer fruit is ripe. In the country, beyond the dust and smoke and heat of the great city, all is peace and melody and beauty now. Looking on the billowy sea of chimney-pots, the interminable Sahara of dry and dusty tiles, it makes one thirsty, as if for a cooling beverage in fever, to think how, only a few miles off,

Over waving ways
Of deep green grass the gusty winds did bring
Soft subtle scents of sweet flowers blossoming
With sound of wild birds singing face to face.

But in London a genera yearning for the country does not seem to prevail, for the fact that the season is at its height, and that London is full of overflowing, is brought before you prominently at every hour of the day and night. In the morning and after the noon, the Row and the Ring are crowded, and the upper ten thousand, in sober broughams, in dashing broughams, in low victorias, in lofty four-in-hands, on "black horses and white, red horses and gray," parade themselves before the eyes of the million. The million lean over the railings, and gaze and criticize and envy and admire, as the always handsome horses, and the sometimes beautiful riders—for you get the best of equine oftener than the best of human beauty in this exhibition—pass by in the unbending round.

At night, walk through the West-end streets and squares! Here, there, and there again, red cloth is laid across the pavement, striped awnings flutter in the evening breeze, and strains of music float out from the open windows. Here carriages are setting down for a ball; there taking up from a dinner-party; here, there, and everywhere small audiences are congregated on the pavement to enjoy the entertainment provided gratuitously by the London wealthy for the London poor. Visions of beauty—visions of wealth—Worth's latest creations in dress—diamonds that are family heirlooms—flash by like shows in a magic lantern, under the eyes of the little street-Arab, the working-man and the working-woman; and so, to high and low, to the drone and the busy bee of the London world, the London season brings its excitement, its pleasure, its weariness of body and of soul.

By this season of course Duke Mayburne and Luli Glencairn are openly acknowledged to "be engaged," though the acknowledgment has not been made suddenly or all at once; indeed it would have puzzled both of these young people to have fixed the day on which their understanding became a ratified engagement, although they had of course considered themselves betrothed, and had been mutually pledged to eternal constancy from the day on which Duke first spoke of his love to Luli. The public had come gradually; people had "chuffed" them more and more, and they had avoided the chaff less and less, and confided in one friend after another; and Glencairn had looked on tranquilly, and interposed no objection, but, according to one of his favorite theories, had "let things drift." So things had drifted, until this season Duke and Luli were openly affianced in the eyes of the world; and although they had not yet fixed any time for their marriage, they were full of hopes and dreams and schemes for their united life, and the cloud-castle towered higher, fairer, brighter than ever.

Luli was as happy as the summer days were long; the sunshine of her smile lit up all the household, and it was almost pathetic to see how her happiness was reflected in the look of smiling content on old Miss Priscilla's faded, time-worn face. Even stern Miss Christiana relented into tenderness with Luli's blue, soft eyes, all sparkling with joy, looked into hers as if sure of sympathy; and Mrs. Boyd smiled, although she could not forbear a simultaneous sigh, as Luli's glad voice caroled bird-like snatches of song while she went about the house, light of foot and light of heart. As for Glencairn, he was a man of but one love, one aim. His daughter made all the music, all the sunshine, all the holiday of his life.

After all, in spite of the often and loudly asserted selfishness of human nature, it is chiefly in sympathy with the young, and in watching what seems the resurrection of their own youth, that the old live again. It is by entering into the spirit of the life of youth that is in the full flush and flow of living that they who have lived their lives exist.

People, however, in this world, old or young, can seldom sympathize without volunteering advice as to the conducting of the circumstances which inspire their sympathy. Lessons innumerable concerning the management of a husband and a household are offered gratuitously to the young fiancée. Golden maxims are showered upon her: minute and accurate plans of life are drawn up for her benefit. If Luli followed all, or even half, the advice that is given her by the elders of her own sex as to the "management" of Duke in the coming days, the path would be more likely than not to conduct the young couple by no very circuitous route into the Divorce Court! As regards the management of income and expenses, the advice, though each separate piece of it sounds sensible enough, when fitted together forms a sufficiently puzzling whole.

"Ah! don't waste your money, my dear, on that ridiculous notion of honeymooning. Of all the rubbish, I think it is the absurdest convention for a young new married couple to fly into exile as if they had done something wrong, and were banished from their native land! When Jones and I were married, we went straight from the altar home to our little cottage at Hampstead. And do you do the same, my dear!" one matron would say.

"I hope you will take a good long happy honeymoon trip, my dear. When you come back and begin housekeeping, ah! then you'll find your troubles begin!" another would prophesy.

"You will take a small house, of course? I should advise you to look out Kensington way; and be careful not to allow more than a sixth of your income for rent. Statistics prove," etc. "Statistics" always was the beginning of a long and instructive lecture.

"You won't commit the extravagance of a house, of course? A young couple can live so delightfully in genteel furnished apartments," would be the next adviser's beginning.

"Really," observed Luli confidentially

to Duke one day, "I feel like a target for everybody to fire advice at! Mrs. Groves has been here to-day, and without making the slightest inquiry as to our plans and projects, proposed to go and negotiate for us for a suite of rooms on the seventh floor of the Langham hotel. She said it would be so delightful for you to have a smoking and billiard-room on the premises. I had some difficulty in persuading her that her plan was rather premature, as we had not begun to form our own schemes yet."

"I wonder why it is people are always ready with their advice when it is not wanted, as they are chary of their help when one has any need of it," pondered Duke.

"Perhaps it is because it would be so delightful to their feelings to be able to say, 'That young couple owe all their happiness to my judicious counsel!'" suggested Luli. "And on the other side, don't you think, Duke, it might be rather satisfactory for us to be able to say, in case of any failure, that the responsibility rests with our advisers?"

"I think I'd rather succeed or fail on my own hook," he said.

"But I had rather, if anything went wrong, that you should find fault with anybody else than with me," she rejoined. "Find fault with you, my pet? What am I likely to have to find fault with my little darling about?"

"That unpleasant discovery has yet to be made—and oh! what an unpleasant discovery it will be!" she added with a very sincere sigh at the dolorous prospect.

"Duke, I wonder if I ever could be angry with you?"

"Don't let us try the experiment, dearest—in case you should find you could!" he answered, smiling, and fondly caressing her bright waving hair, that always got picturesquely ruffled during their interviews, and required considerable smoothing and combing after his departure before it could be made presentable.

"One thing is satisfactory," observed Luli, as she lifted up his wrist for inspection, "you wear studs! So many buttons the less—so many chances of quarrel the less! This is what I am informed, at least. Buttons and dinners!—those are the two critical points."

"You shan't be troubled much as to buttons, pet; and as to dinners!—well, I'll promise not to throw the dish-covers at you, not indeed to throw anything larger than a salt-cellar. Will that content you?"

"I don't see why there should be any need of even so harmless a missile as a salt-cellar," she responded cheerfully as a re-assuring reflection occurred to her. "I shall have plenty of time to study your tastes at table-d'hôte dinners before we set up domestic meals—although to be sure foreign hotels will scarcely be a fair test as you will have to control any inclination for showing dissatisfaction by flinging about the table furniture."

"Did I ever show you what a long bill they sent me in at Eretat for the decanters and dishes and goblets I had destroyed in my righteous anger at their confoundedly bad dinners?" he inquired gravely.

"And, when? Luli, do you know what o'clock it is?" he added presently, holding out his watch.

"Is it so late?" she said with unaffected regret.

"The time always flies so with us?" he observed somewhat complacently, "Never mind! it will bring next summer the sooner, won't it, darling?" He smiled as he spoke of next summer; for it was then that they hoped, if things went well with Duke in a worldly sense, to try the dangerous experiment of domesticity, and then those "buttons and dinners" would become serious realities.

"Shall I see you to-morrow?" asked Luli, looking down with the soft, coy shyness that was the nearest approach to coquetry she knew.

"Not to-morrow, dear. I am so hard at work just now. I had to be up at five this morning to get that double-page supplement of the Guild-hall reception off in time; and I shall have to sit up half to-night, for there's the block waiting for Conrad and Medora without a line drawn on it yet!"

"On Wednesday then?"

"Well, there's the Sociable Club dinner on Wednesday! it wouldn't do for me to miss that you know. But on Thursday at the garden party we shall meet and have a jolly day. Look out for me at the station before starting. And make yourself look your prettiest, darling, for I want all my friends to envy me. I think they do that already pretty well!" he added with a self-satisfied air and a smile of proud proprietorship.

Duke was one of the class of men who like their choice to be admired, who wish to see the seal of the world's approval set upon their taste, who, far from being jealous of other men's appreciation of the charms of their beloved, would rather like than dislike to see the pathway of her conquering car strewn with victims—it being well understood that they must be hopeless victims, on whom she must not waste her tears, or even lavish her smiles. Luli was nothing of a coquette; but she was woman enough to take a naive and simple pleasure in her beauty for his sake; and he being as proud of her as he was fond, the admiration which her pure Saxon blonde loveliness attracted was equally gratifying to his vanity and his love.

On the day of the garden party accordingly, Luli was arrayed in her best and looking her loveliest, dressed all in white, as he liked her to be, floating, cloudy, filmy, white, with touches of tender blue gleaming through the transparent gauze, and a graceful head-dress that professed to be a bonnet—consisting of two white feathers, a bunch of forget-me-nots and a tulle streamer—nestling among the fair braided masses of her hair.

The meeting place appointed for all the London guests is the railway-station, where a special set of saloon carriages are attached to the tail of an ordinary train for their benefit, to bear them in sociable comfort to their destination. The guests are mustering accordingly. From city and suburb, from the aristocratic west, from the modest north and south, and from the despised east—"the cry is still they come."

The party is a mixed one; it has become an annual affair—one of the yearly offspring of an alliance between Art and Commerce. The host and the large circle of his old friends and colleagues represent commerce; the hostess and the larger circle of their later friends represent art. Oil and grocery made the money; art helps to

spend it. Trade made the master of Holmwood Hall; and now the master of Holmwood Hall helps art to thrive; and into the treasury of art gold pours from the coffers which trade filled.

"If I look at her any longer, I shall be compelled to snatch it off! so take me away on to the platform, out of the way of temptation."

Luli is too glad of the opportunity of getting out of the crowded group in the waiting-room, and pacing up and down the platform with her beloved. The travellers rush frantically about. The garden-party people look half enviously at the travellers who are bound from sultry London for the cooling balm of the sea-breezes and the fresh delight of the sea-waves.

The travellers in their turn regard the garden party, some with envy, and some with lofty pity. The garden party are not going abroad; true—but then they have no luggage to look after, and no Channel crossing before them. And then, too, while the female travellers proper are clad in suits of dust-colored home-spuns and sober checks and modest browns and grays, the ladies of the garden fête look so fresh and radiant in their snowy muslins and rainbow-tinted silks!

"Now, Duke," begins Luli, eagerly, as they emerge on to the platform, "I have something very particular to say to you."

"All right, dear; I'm all attention. Is it to propose that we should elope? Is that heap of luggage yours?—and am I to take the tickets?"

"Not yet, please; but it is something that does concern tickets and luggage. You remember last year there was a talk of our joining the Cravens in a trip to some warm climate for the winter?"

"Well, I don't remember; but I dare say there was."

"Yes, there was; and this year the plan has been revived. Mr. and Mrs. Craven came round yesterday to talk about it. You see there will be a capital opportunity this season," she pursues, narratively and eagerly, "because they know a gentleman who has a villa on the Lake of Como, and he wants to let it furnished in September. So we might spend the autumn there, take it for three months, you know, and then at Christmas move on down to Rome and Naples, and return in the spring. They brought us a photograph of the villa, and the gentleman's letter about terms, and all that; and, in fact, papa and Mr. Craven very nearly arranged it all yesterday. I have been longing to see you and tell you all about it."

"Thinking it would be a cheerful piece of news for me? But I do not see the delight of 'ocean wide between us rolling' for a whole long winter. However, if you are pleased—I daresay you'll enjoy yourself very much."

"I shall, I hope," she answers, brightly, drawing near to him confidentially, as if more of the plan remained to be unfolded. "By'r leave!" yells a passing porter, trundling a truck over the hem of her dress.

"Come out of the way of these fellows," says Duke, leading her to a seat by a book-stall. Just as she has settled herself and her flowing folds of snowy drapery on the bench, a stout lady, with two handboxes, a basket, and a bag, advances and sinks breathlessly into the vacant seat next Luli, which Duke was about to occupy. The lovers exchange comically piteous looks, as it is manifestly impossible to continue a confidential conversation across the portly person of the intervening stranger, to say nothing of the piled-up barrier of small baggage on her lap.

"Holloa, Mayburne! you here too?" says a tall man, with long blond hair and an eye-glass, who is sauntering by.

(To be continued.)

Late Church Notes.

Rev. Father Chiniquy has gone to St. John, N.B., where he will attend the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

The corner-stone of a new Methodist church, on the Culloden road, about five miles south of Ingersoll, will be laid on Wednesday next, with Masonic honors, by Grand Master Bro. Col. Moffat.

Rev. A. Slight, one of the best known and most respected ministers of the Baptist denomination in Ontario, after a thirty-six years' pastorate of the Waterford Church, has removed to Colorado. Mr. Slight is well-known in Toronto.

Several leading Baptists in Toronto and elsewhere, impressed with the importance of circulating religious literature, are about to establish a Baptist Publication Society in that city. Hon. Wm. McMaster has pledged \$30,000 to the project. The entire profits of the society are to be appropriated for the benefit of the missionary enterprises of the denomination, and not for that of the individual contributors or stockholders. The publication of a new Baptist paper is contemplated as an essential part of the scheme.

The Bishop of St. Albans has admitted four ladies as the first sisters of the new-established community of the Name of Jesus, at Maplestead, in England. The community has been formed on the model afforded by the Ursulines. The sisters make no vows for life, but only of poverty, chastity and obedience, revocable from time to time. Their primary, but by no means their only, work is in penitentiaries.

The Kingston News says: "It is not generally known that deserters from the Battery who are re-captured are put under stoppage of pay until all the expenses of their capture are made good, so that the capture of a deserter actually costs the country nothing."

—Dr. Holmes says that Emerson "took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship." He could have made his fortune as a servant girl.

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