The Star and Herald.

DUSTIN & WASSELL, PUBLISHERS.

DWIGHT, - - ILLINOIS.

FELL WORK OF FIRE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AND HARTFORD, KAS., SUFFER.

Deplorable Election Riot at Kansas City Results in Wholesale Slaughter—Change in Chicago Council—Propeller Barnum Sinks with Her Cargo.

From Far and Near.

—The six-story building of Tichnor & Jacobi, at Rochester, N. Y., burned Tuesday. The loss on building is $50,000; insurance, $45,000. Tichnor & Jacobi's loss on stock, $50,000; insurance, $20,000. Rothschild, Baum & Stern's loss on stock, $50,000; insured. Black & Meyers' loss on stock, $75,000; partly insured. At Boston, Lev. I. M. Babcock, 73 years old and a retired lecturer, was suffocated to death in bed by a slight fire in a lodging house. An incendiary fire destroyed the business portion of Hartford, Kan., a town of 2,000 people. The total loss exceeds $50,000; insurance, $28,000. The principal losers are Dudley & Griffith, butchers; G. W. Britton, druzs; W. L. Milner, dry goods and notions; Holt & Co., hardware; F. E. Kill, boots and shoes. There is practically not a business house left standing.

—Bitterly opposed in both religion and politics, two Kansas City, Mo., factions came together in a bloody conflict at the polls in that city Tuesday. It cannot be stated which side is responsible for the affair, as the partisans of each loudly charge the other with being the full cause of the trouble. More than a hundred shots were exchanged between the combatants in less than that many seconds, and when the firing ceased men were lying dead, dying, or injured on the pavement. The riot was the culmination of a bitter feeling which had been manifested by actions and words ever since the polls opened in the morning. The two antagonistic elements were solidly divided in their choice of candidates for Mayor. The aggressive support that each side gave to its candidate during one of the hottest campaigns ever known in the city engendered a strong sentiment. It was, therefore, in no amiable mood that the workers of the respective factions came together at the different polling places throughout the city, and that these workers came expecting trouble to occur before the day was over was apparent from the number of deadly weapons that were drawn when the first pistol-shot was fired. The riot that resulted so fatally was the climax of a series of smaller riots that took place at other polls earlier in the day between the same opposing religious factions.

—Republicans made gains in Chicago's aldermanic election on Tuesday, and the body stands 42 Republicans and 26 Democrats, instead of 38 to 30 as formerly. Political lines, however, were not closely drawn, and the positions of Assessor, Collector, Supervisor, and Clerk, in the various towns, are filled by men in many instances who do not belong to the leading party.

—The steamer William H. Barnum, which left Chicago Sunday noon in the van of the grain fleet, went down off Freedom, in the west end of the Straits of Mackinaw. The crew was rescued after a thrilling fight with huge waves and the ice, but the boat now lies in eleven fathoms of water and is a total loss. The cargo consisted of 55,000 bushels of corn, shipped by Irwin Green & Co. for export via Port Huron. The boat was valued at 135,000, and was insured for $22,000.

—Obituary: At Newark, N. J., ex-Congressman George A. Halsey, aged 67; at Pittsburg, Edward B. Wall; at Wilmington, Ill., Franklin Mitchell, aged 82.

—Major Henri Le Caron, the British Government spy who acquired such world-wide and unenviable notoriety in the investigation of the charges against the late Charles Stewart Parnell some years ago, died Sunday at London from an internal tumor, with which he had been afflicted for some years.

—The Postoffice Department established 138 money order and thirteen postal note offices Monday.

—Peace has been restored in Samoa, an armistice having been arranged between the hostile forces.

—Congressman John A. Caldwell, Republican, has been elected Mayor of Cincinnati by a plurality os 6,662.

—The Agricultural Department has just completed the distribution of 9,000,000 packages of seeds. The appropriation for the present fiscal year was $135,490.

—William M. Bushnell, who embezzled $35,000 from the law firm of Butler, Stillman & Hubbard of New York City, in 1878, has been located at Buenos Ayres.

—President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, has withdrawn the exequatars of American Consul Braida and British Consul Brigham, whom he charges with imperilling Nicaragua's interests in the Mosquito Territory.

—The Nauvoo (Ill.) Fruit Company has been compelled to destroy over 400,000 fruit trees that have been injured by the weather and insects. Fruit growers say, however, that the late blizzard did not kill all the buds and that a fair crop is expected.

—Obituary: At New York, Henry M. Bennett, the famous scout, better known as "Dead Shot Scott," aged 55.—At Boone City, Iowa, Banker Eugene Favre.—At Cherryvale, Kan., Judge Samuel P. Moore, aged 76.—At San Antonio, Texas, James B. McElligott, of the Chicago bar.

—Because students suspected of nihilism were expelled from the University at Warsaw, Russia, their companions started a riot, and the university has been closed by the police.

—In the House of Commons a motion to give Scotland a local legislature was passed.

—Commencement exercises of the Chicago Homeopathic Medical College were held at the Schiller Theater. There were fifty-three graduates. Ninety-four graduates from the College of Physicians and Surgeons received diplomas at the Grand Opera House.

—Augusta Schmidt was found guilty of killing Oscar Walton in Kokomo, Ind., and sentenced to a term of 100 years in the penitentiary.

—By the explosion of a lamp in the house of Edward Price, at Calumet, Pit, Ind., three children were burned to death and the house destroyed.

—Advices from New Orleans say the floods in the Red River district are receding.

—The Rorrisshoff Manufacturing Company at Bristol, R. I., has closed its large yacht building establishment for an indefinite period.

LADIES FROM AMERICA.

Written for This Paper by W. E. Norris.

"Well, it's what I consider a very reasonable ambition," said Mrs. Underwood, pouring out a second cup of tea for herself. "More than that, it's the sort of ambition that every woman would have to own up to, if she was honest. Men can rise above the rest of their species in a hundred ways. But I should like to know what triumphs are open to us, except conquering hearts and dressing exquisitely, and getting the most exclusive society to acknowledge us. With your face you can conquer as many hearts as you please, with your money you can employ the best dressmakers in the world; but to persuade these English aristocrats to come to your house isn't so easy, and I say that a success of that kind is worth taking some trouble to win."

Pretty little Mrs. Willatts jerked up her shoulders.

"I don't know; seems to me there's more trouble than success about it, anyway," she remarked. "You and I have trouble enough over this ball, and it's going to be a failure after all, because that dowdy old dolly of a duchess won't come."

"How do you know that, my dear? Now, I have it on the best authority that she will come. Lord George has been moving heaven and earth for you, and he told me this morning that the old lady had given in."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mrs. Willatts, excitedly. "Well, Maggie, you're a real friend, and Lord George is worth what I've—he's worth more than I thought he was, anyway. Why, this is perfectly splendid."

These two transatlantic ladies were seated in the drawing-room of the spacious mansion in Pont-street which the younger of them had hired for the season, and which, as she fondly hoped,

"WELL, I PRESUME SHE WON'T DO MORE THAN WALK IN AND WALK OUT AGAIN."

was destined to be the scene of some magnificent social festivities. London did not know much about Mrs. Willatts, except that she appeared to have plenty of money; but, on the other hand, it was fairly well acquainted with that lively widow, Mrs. Underwood, and was willing enough to accept her word for the fact that the new protege with whom she had taken up her abode this year was "all right." The money, at all events, seemed to be all right, and in these latter days high society has learnt to consider wealth as a sufficient passport—especially if the possessor thereof be pretty, amusing, and a citizeness of the United States. The Duchess of Stratford, however, was exceptional. The Duchess had remained faithful to worn-out traditions; she was exclusive. She wanted to know who people were, and put a good many inconvenient questions before she would consent to shed the light of her countenance upon them; and this was why Mrs. Willatts was so eager to extend her hospitality to one whom she had described truthfully as a dowdy old dolly.

"Well, I presume she won't do more than walk in and walk out again," the expectant hostess observed reflectively; "but if she'll do that, it will answer the purpose. Once I've been recognized by the Duchess of Stratford, I don't see what there'll be to stop me. I should like to see Sam's face when he reads about it in the newspapers! The only trouble is that he won't know the difference between the Duchess of Stratford and other duchesses."

"He don't know anything at all," returned Mrs. Underwood contemptuously; "he don't even know enough to keep from quarreling with a wife who could have shown him how to get some value for his dollars as well as her own. Let him stay home and slave at piling up wealth, since that's his notion of enjoyment. Luckily, you're independent of him."

Mrs. Willatts sighed. "Why, it stands to reason that I am independent of him," said she; "it wasn't any fault of mine that he was too stupid and obstinate to allow what is a fact in law, didn't want to quarrel—I only insisted upon my right."

If there had not been an actual quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Willatts, there had been a pretty good imitation of one. The young couple had married under circumstances of comparative poverty; but, shortly after their wedding, the bride's father, old Senator Kendrick, had by a happy combination of luck and astuteness acquired an immense fortune, which, on his decease, had been divided equally between her and her brother. It was on account of the perhaps unreasonable claim of Mr. Willatts to have a voice in the investing and expending of his wife's riches that differences had arisen which had resulted in the departure of Mrs. Willatts for Europe and her subsequent partnership with the experienced Mrs. Underwood.

"I'd like him to be here, though," she remarked ingeniously, "so he might see for himself that I don't need any man to show me my way."

Her wish was fulfilled with a dramatic promptitude which may not have been entirely welcome to her; for hardly were the words out of her mouth when the butler came in and handed her a card inscribed in bold capitals with the name of "Samuel T. Willatts."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the little lady, tossing the card over to her companion; "what is to be done now?"

"Send him away," answered Mrs. Underwood.

But Mrs. Willatts demurred to the adoption of such drastic measures. "If Samuel means seeing me, I guess he'll see me," said she. "Besides, I don't want he should think I'm afraid of him. Only he shall not come to my ball unless he gives me his solemn promise that he won't wear a white waistcoat or a diamond shirt-stud."

Mrs. Underwood intimated her opinion that the very least Mr. Willatts could do would be to assent to that modest stipulation, and after her friend had left her she awaited results with some anxiety. Mrs. Underwood was clever, but she was not rich. She appreciated aristocratic society and was appreciated in it; but, unhappily, her private means were inadequate to the entertainment of royal duchesses. Since, therefore, she had the present prospect of free and comfortable quarters for several months to come, she could not feel any very ardent desire for a healing over of the breach which existed in the Willatts household. Her apprehensions, however, were apparently groundless, for at the expiration of twenty minutes Mrs. Willatts re-entered the room, flushed and excited, and, throwing herself upon a sofa, exclaimed:

"I do hate that man. I absolutely hate him!"

"Poor fellow" said the relieved Mrs. Underwood, with a laugh. "What has he been doing now?"

"Oh, I don't know as he did much—it's his way of talking to me and looking at me that makes me so mad! 'Well, Sally,' he drawled out, 'having a good time over here?' I told him I was having a perfectly lovely time, and he said he was glad to hear of it. He had found out all about the ball, but he was afraid he should have to ask me to excuse him that evening. As it was uncertain how long he might stay in London, he concluded he had better remain at the Hotel Metropole."

"Why, Sally, you didn't surely offer to take him into your house?"

"No, I didn't, and I thought he might have waited for the invitation before declining it. Then he wanted to know whether I continued to intrust my brother with the entire management of my affairs, and whether I still had full confidence in Henry's discretion. 'A great deal more than I should have in yours,' I answered; at which he grinned."

"Well," observed Mrs. Underwood, philosophically, "so long as he doesn't interfere with you, you needn't trouble about what he says or thinks of your brother."

"But, my dear, I believe he will interfere with me; he wouldn't have been so cool and malicious unless he had had some scheme in his head. He has prospered extraordinarily of late, he tells me, and now he has come over to see London and Paris. I know just as well as if he had said so that he won't set out before he has done his best to spoil my fun. Oh, Maggie, do you think he could be wicked enough to go around telling all these people that father began life as a factory hand?"

"I don't see how he is to get the chance," replied Mrs. Underwood, "and it wouldn't matter a cent if he did. A few of them, such as the Duchess of Strood, may disapprove of your living apart from your husband; but it is about as certain as anything can be that Mr. Willatts won't see the Duchess of Stratford. Don't you be uneasy; with all the will in the world, he can't shake your position. There isn't time."

We would have been less confident of that had she known a little more about the energetic and enterprising gentleman of whom she spoke. Mr. Willatts was capable of accomplishing a great deal in a very short space of time. Between then and the date fixed for his wife's ball he ought to be able to "put through" a certain nefarious design which had just suggested itself to him.

To do him justice he did not look like a man who was in the habit of entertaining nefarious designs. His blue eyes conveyed an impression of honesty, while the set of his lips seemed to indicate a philosophical and easy-going disposition. His present situation, however, was of a nature to disturb the serenity of the calmest philosopher, and he had quite made up his mind to effect a radical change in it.

His first step was to leave himself driven to a certain club, and to inquire for Lord George Curtis, who, he was informed presently, was in the card room, but would be with him in a few minutes. Indeed, he was not made to wait long before Lord George, a well-preserved man of forty, came down the staircase.

Mr. Willatts advanced and said: "How do you do, Lord George Curtis? If convenient, I should be glad to have a word or two with you upon a matter of business."

"Certainly," answered the other, leading the way to a small unoccupied room on the ground floor. "Won't you sit down? Perhaps you are related to my friend, Mrs. Willatts of Pont street?"

"More or less, sir. I have the honor to be the lady's husband, although we are running separate establishments for the present. I understand you have been of great service to Mrs. Willatts, presenting her to your aristocracy."

"Only too delighted, I am sure, to have been of any little use."

"And," continued Mr. Willatts imperturbably, "it has come to my knowledge that your services have received liberal remuneration."

The smile faded from Lord George's face. "I am surprised," said he, "that a third person should have been told of what I was assured would remain a purely confidential transaction; but, since that promise seems to have been broken, I had better, perhaps, mention to you that the sums to which you allude represented a loan, not a remuneration. A short while ago I happened, unluckily for myself, to be in financial difficulties, and Mrs. Willatts very kindly offered me temporary assistance. Of course, I couldn't possibly have accepted—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Willatts; "this is irrelevant. In the course of business Mrs. Willatts' drafts had to pass through my hands; otherwise I should not have known that she had drawn any in your favor. I have no remarks to make upon the question of loan or payment. But I presume I may say without offense that, from what I have heard, your financial difficulties are not yet entirely at an end, and—"

"You may say nothing of the sort, sir," interrupted Lord George in his turn: "I owe no account of my actions to you; nor, to the best of my belief, does Mrs. Willatts, whom I have always understood to be a lady of independent means. If your object in requesting this interview was to cross-examine me you will gain nothing by protracting it."

Mr. Willatts remained seated. "My object," said he, calmly and deliberately, "was not to be offensive—quite the reverse. I am not here to sit in judgment upon you British aristocrats. I am a simple business man, Lord George, and I have a simple business proposal to make to you. Mrs. Willatts, I believe, intends to give a ball on the 26th of this month."

Lord George stared and nodded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Tsetse Fly.

Wild animals and the goat feel no more serious effect from the sting than man, and even calves are exempt as long as they continue to suck the cows, but dogs cannot be protected by being fed on milk. The effect of the poison on oxen and horses is most curious. They do not die at once and indeed the symptoms do not appear for some days, but then the nose and eyes began to run, the coat gets rough, a swelling appears under the jaw and emaciation commences, to be inevitably followed by death, although perhaps not for months, the effects of the poison being hastened, however, by rain and sudden changes of temperature. Singular, indeed, is the effect of the bite, or, as the Boers call it, the "stick" of the fly, for the carcass when examined is found to be almost bloodless, the cellular tissue under the skin is distended with air, resembling a number of soap bubbles; the fat is yellowish green and oily; the heart so soft that the fingers can be made to meet through it; the lungs and liver are diseased, the stomach and bowels are pale and empty and the gall bladder is distended with pile. Yet, as Livingstone says, wild animals nearly akin to the horse and ox, such as the buffalo and zebra suffer no harm; neither do pigs, goats, and wild antelopes, but dogs suffer as severely as horses and oxen. The skin of an animal which has died from the tsetse shows all the punctures on the inside, with a ring of yellow mucus on the flesh beneath each puncture as large as the palm of the hand and resembling the appearance of a snake bite. No certain remedy is known for the puncture of this terrible fly.—Chambers' Journal.

Power of the Camera.

The wonderful power of a photographic camera to bring out details that are invisible to the naked eye was referred to by W. Lewis Fraser in his lecture at the Academy of Fine Arts yesterday, and he vouched for a remarkable instance of that kind which recently occurred in New York. A photograph was taken of one of the new American liners, and on receipt of the proof the owners were surprised to see a handbill pasted on the side of the hull. An examination of the ship showed no handbill there, but another photograph revealed the same result. A more thorough inspection revealed the presence of the mysterious paper buried beneath four coats of paint so completely as to defy the scrutiny of a human eye, except within the closest quarters.—Philadelphia Record.

MR. BOUGHTON of Buffalo, N. Y., has invented what he names a telephotos, or a machine for the production by electricity of the symbols of the Morse alphabet and numerals, upon a shaft of incandescent lamps. Dashes of five feet length are made with three lighted lamps, and dots of three inches are made with one lighted lamp, with intervals of five feet between each. This brings under the eye the complete symbol at once, and is intended for use at any points between which the laying of telegraph wires is impracticable or impossible.

"WHAT is that dog good for, anyhow?" asked Cynicus, pointing to Canis' St. Bernard, which was lying near by looking dignified. "Good for," retorted Canis; "that dog is a perfect gentleman; he's not supposed to be good for anything."—Puck.

WHEN a friend turns out not to be a trump, then is the time to discard him.—Boston Transcript.

A Cry for Help

In the stillness of the night is sufficiently startling. What if no aid be at hand or we knew not whence the cry comes? This is not the case with that mute appeal made to the resources of medical science, ever ready, ever available by disease on every hand. A prompt means of self help for the malarious, the rheumatic, the dyspeptic, the bilious, and persons troubled with impending kidney complaints, is to be found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an ever present help in time of trouble for all such hapless individuals. They should not delay a moment in seeking its aid. Experience has shown its wide utility, the recommendation of eminent physicians everywhere sanction its use. Nervous, chill, debilitated invalids gain bodily substance and vigor by a course of this fine invigorant, which is eminently serviceable, also, to the aged and convalescent.

Mackerel Fought by Bluefish.

It is stated, as a curious fact in natural history, that once this season a school of mackerel, estimated at 500,000 barrels, made their way into Massachusetts Bay, headed for the choice waters of Barnstable Bay, but were held back and finally driven off by another big school of bluefish off Race Point, and so lost to our fishermen.—New Bedford Journal.

EARLY CORN OVER 1 FOOT LONG.

Salzer illustrates in a colored plate a new early corn, a great deal of its kind, and offers $500 in gold for the largest ear in 1894. In addition to this early Giant corn, which yielded in 1893 110 bushels per acre, he has over twenty other prolific field corns. He has the best fodder corn in the world. He is the largest grower of farm seeds, such as oats, barley, wheat, millet, potatoes, etc., in America. Fifty kinds of grasses and clovers.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It With 15c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive a large package of above Giant corn and his mammoth catalogue. C

COUNT PAPPENHEIM gave the late Emperor William a bottle of American whisky that agreed so well with the imperial palate that the result was an order for 150 bottles. The Kaiser's check and autograph letter accompanying it are in the possession of a Philadelphia liquor dealer.

CENTRAL PARK, New York, contains over 10,000 building lots, valued each at about $20,000, or in all over $200,000,000.

Only a Scar Remains

Scrofula Cured—Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: It is with pleasure that I send a testimonial concerning what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for my daughter. It is a wonderful medicine, and I cannot recommend it too highly. Sarah, who is fourteen years old, has been

Afflicted with Scrofula

ever since she was one year old. For five years she has had a running sore on one side of her face. We tried every remedy recommended, but nothing did her any good until we commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla. My married daughter advised me to use Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it had cured her of dyspepsia. She had been troubled with that complaint since childhood, and since her cure she has never been without a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the house. We commenced giving it to Sarah about one year ago, and it has conquered the running sore,

Only a Scar Remaining

as a trace of the dreadful disease. Previous to taking the medicine her eyesight was affected, but now she can see perfectly. In connection with Hood's Sarsaparilla we have used Hood's Vegetable Pills, and find them the best." MRS. MARIA GRIFFIN, Xenia, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

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The lady whose portrait heads this article is Mrs. Mary F. Covell, of Scotland, Bon Homme Co., S. Dak. She writes to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., as follows: "I was sick two years with 'falling of the womb' and leucorrhœa previous to taking your medicines. I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and was entirely cured of both in six months; it is four years this month, since I was entirely well of both those diseases and have never had any signs of their appearance since and I am satisfied the 'Favorite Prescription' saved my life, for I could hardly walk around when I commenced taking that medicine and I think it is a God's blessing to me that I took it.

I was pronounced incurable by the best doctors here in the West. I gave up all hopes and made up my mind that I was to be taken away from my husband and baby of two years old. I was sick all of the time—could not eat anything at all. In one week, after beginning the use of the 'Favorite Prescription' my stomach was so much better that I could eat anything: I could see that I was gaining all over, and my husband then went and got me six bottles; I took three of them and my stomach did not bother me any more.

We sent to you and got the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, and found my case described just as I was: we did what the book told us, in every way; in one month's time I could see I was much better than I had been; we still kept on just as the book told us, and in three months I stopped taking medicine, and to-day I can proudly say I am a well women, yes, am well, strong and healthy.

When I began to take your medicine my face was poor and eyes looked dead. I could not enjoy myself anywhere. I was tired and sick all the time. I could hardly do my house-work, but now I do that and tend a big garden, help my husband and take in sewing."

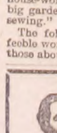
The following will prove interesting to feeble women generally, and especially so to those about to become mothers. Mrs. Dora A. Guthrie, of Oakley, Overton Co., Tenn., writes: "I never can thank you enough for what your treatment has done for me; I am stronger now than I have been for six years. When I began your treatment I was not able to do anything. I could not stand on my feet long enough to wash my dishes without suffering almost death; now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine to take before confinement that can be found; or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last and she is the healthiest we have. I recommend your medicines to all of my neighbors and especially 'Favorite Prescription' to all women who are suffering. Have induced several to try it, and it has proved good for them." Yours truly,

Dora A. Guthrie

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions and irregularities, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness of the ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skilful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects *in any condition of the system.* For morning sickness or nausea, due to pregnancy, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use will prove very beneficial.

Dr. Pierce's Book, "Woman and Her Diseases," (168 pages, illustrated), giving successful means of home treatment, can be had (*sealed in plain envelope*) by enclosing 10 cts., in one cent stamps, to pay postage, to the Doctor, at his address, as given at the beginning of this article.



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For diseases of the LIVER and KIDNEYS it is a CURE not an experiment. Used by women it PREVENTS SUFFERING. Used by men it PROMOTES VIGOR. It cures Constipation, clears the Complexion and prevents Dyspepsia. Price, 25 cts., sample free. At your druggists or by mail of LINCOLN TEA CO., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures

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Gives Relief at once for Cold In Head.
Apply into the Nostrils. *It is Quickly Absorbed.*
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