

COME BACK.

"Won't you change your mind, Maud?"

"It is too late to change. The dogcart is at the door."

"What does that matter? It can go back to the stables. I wish you would."

"My dear Jack, do not add inconsistency to my other faults. Goodness knows the list of them is long enough in your estimation."

The speakers were a man and a woman, both young, and both good to look upon. She was very pretty and very young, but her mouth was set in a hard line and there was defiance in her eyes. The man stood in front of her, looking at her anxiously, and mingled with the caving of the rocks overhead came the sound of a horse's hoofs, impatiently pawing the gravel in front of the hall door. Truly the dogcart was waiting.

Jack Rodney gave a sigh which was almost a groan, then drew himself up and squared his shoulders with the involuntary action of a man who has to say something unpleasant and who hates the task.

"Very well, Maud. I can say no more. It is evident we cannot go on like this. Our lives are burdens to us, and soon people will begin to notice that we are not on friendly terms. Perhaps when I am away you will think better of me. I may not irritate you so much. You know, I only speak to you for your own good."

"You preach—you don't speak."

"Maud!"

"Oh, don't let us argue. I am sick of it."

"And of me, too, I suppose? Well, then, good-by. If you will have it so, I have left a note for you on the boulevard table. Will you kiss me?"

"No. It is stupid to be hypocritical, and there are no onlookers."

With another sigh the man turned away, and without one backward glance walked to where the dogcart stood. In readiness, took the reins and in a minute the sound of a horse's swift trot was heard down the gravel drive.

Maud Rodney sat quite still where her husband had left her until the faintest sounds had died away. Then she rose and pulled a rose from a tree as she passed, but it fell to pieces as she gathered it, and a thorn scratched her finger. After all, it was as well that Jack had gone to Norway. They were always quarrelling, and he never let her do as she liked. She had been so spoiled at home that she could not brook the slightest contradiction; besides, she wanted to show him how independent she was and how well she could do without him.

It was getting cold, and she shivered. Where was her warm cloak, which Jack always wrapped around her when the dew was falling. The maid would bring it. She went to the house to summon her. As she passed through the open French window into the boulevard she thought of the note left for her by her husband.

"Another letter, I suppose," she muttered, as she broke the seal. It contained a blank check and a short note, which said:

"My Darling Wife—You can fill up the enclosed for any amount you like. Do not deny yourself during my absence, and try to recall me as soon as you can. You know how much I love you. Yours ever, JACK."

She twisted the letter about in her fingers, and the corners of her mouth drooped as those of a child about to cry, but she forced back the tears and tried to tell herself she was a woman of spirit.

Wrapping a shawl round her, she went again into the dusky garden and wandered down a long green alley, with tall white foxgloves bordering it on either side. They looked uncanny in the dim light, and the groups of pale blossoms in the distance seemed to take queer shapes and to bend and wave like fantastic spirit forms made misty by the darkness. It was so horribly still and yet the throb of the night beat like a silent pulse in the air. Two white owls flew over her head and startled her with their mournful cry, and surely—yes surely—there in the distance under the shadow of the trees was the crouching form of a man. Mrs. Rodney's heart sank into her boots, and with a cry of "Jack, Jack!" she turned and fled. Footsteps followed fast behind her, and like a flash the thought went through her mind that she was left defenceless.

"Jack, come back! Oh, come back!" was her voiceless cry as she felt her strength going and feet flagging, but as she turned the corner she saw a maid servant running toward her. She paused to gain breath, and then went on. A happy thought flashed through her mind. Her husband had returned. She would never be widowed again.

"Your master—has he come back?" she gasped.

The woman nodded, but said nothing.

At the hall door a group of people were standing, and their faces looked pale and terrified. She heard murmurs of "The horse fell," "pitched on his head," "all over in a moment," and with an icy fear in her heart she rushed into the hall. A man held up his hand for silence.

On a low couch lay a still form, with a handkerchief over the face. With trembling hands she lifted it and saw her husband, quite white, quite still. He had come back, yet not he, but a lifeless form, an outward semblance only of the man she had loved, yet banished. And then she knew that she was indeed alone. And yet the world would go on just the same, the flowers bloom, the birds sing and morning, and night dawn and darken, making up a round of weary years, while only God and her own heart would know the despairing bitterness of her cry, "Come back!"

GIRLS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

An Unwritten Law That Matrimony Put an End to Horseback Riding.

The modern girl, with her bicycle, golf, tennis, gymnasium and other means of enjoying herself, has a much better time than could possibly have been enjoyed by her grandmother. There must have been just as many bright-spirited girls and active, energetic women fifty years ago as there are now, but their high spirits, or exuberant vitality did not take the form of a healthy outdoor life. They did not walk much. How could they walk along country roads and muddy lanes in sandaled shoes and thin stockings? And the dress depicted in the fashion plates of half a century ago does not seem to our eyes to be very well adapted for athletic sports. In large towns it was thought very incorrect for girls to walk in the streets, even in pairs, and utterly impossible alone. A maid or footman must be in attendance, if a father or brother was not available, and even in their company or guarded by a depressing attendant, it was just as well in some of the more crowded streets that a girl should not walk at all.

Of course girls were allowed to ride on horseback, but those who did so were in the minority, and there was a sort of unwritten law that matrimony put an end to it entirely. It could not have been so heart-breaking to have given it up as it would be now. Riding for a woman only meant tittling in the park when in town on a two-pommed saddle, and wearing a full, bushy habit that in some instances swept the ground and that fluttered in the breeze that also blew about the long gauze veil that adorned a beaver hat and feathers.

Country riding was equally tame. Only the emancipated women of those days hunted, and she did so in defiance of public opinion.

The difficulty is to find any exhilarating sport or game, or any health-giving pursuit in which women were allowed to take part, and mere exercise for the sake of exercise, always distasteful to men, does not commend itself to women, either. There was nothing for them to do in the open air. No tennis, no golf, not even croquet! A woman who could sail a boat was unheard of; she never swam; shooting and fishing were in the index among other equally deadly sins, and bicycling—as we know—was not.

Eyeless Fish in Boiling Water.

One of the most remarkable discoveries in the shape of a peculiar species of fish was that made at Carson City in 1876.

At that time both the Hale and Norcross and the Savage mines were down to what is known as the "2,200 foot level." When at that depth a subterranean lake of boiling water was tapped. This accident flooded both mines to a depth of 400 feet. After this water had all been pumped out, except that which had gathered in basins and in the inaccessible portions of the works, and when the water still had a temperature of 128 degrees—nearly scalding hot—many queer looking little blood-red fish were taken out.

In appearance they somewhat resembled the gold fish. They seemed lively and sportive enough when they were in their native element—boiling water—notwithstanding the fact that they did not even have rudimentary eyes. When the fish were taken out of the hot water and put into buckets of cold water, for the purpose of being transported to the surface, they died as quickly as a perch or bass would if plunged into a kettle of water that was scalding hot; not only this, but the skin peeled off exactly as if it had been boiled. Eyeless fish are common enough in all subterranean lakes and rivers, but this is the only case on record of living fish being found in boiling water.

The Dog and His Chim.

Friendships between human beings, too, are shown and strengthened by little deeds of thoughtful kindness, like this one reported by the Burlington Free Press:

A very ordinary-looking farm horse harnessed to an old wagon stood by the curb, and on the board that served for a seat lay a small dog of such mixed blood that no guess can be made as to his breed.

As a delivery wagon passed on the opposite side of the street a large red apple fell off. Before it stopped rolling the dog bounded across the street, picked it up with his teeth, and with tail wagging rushed back to the horse, in front of which he stood up on his hind legs while the apple was taken from his mouth.

As the horse munched the apple he made the peculiar little noise that horses make when petted, and doggy replied with throaty little barks which plainly told what a pleasure it had been to go after that apple. Then he went back to his nap on the wagon-seat.

Playing Statesman.

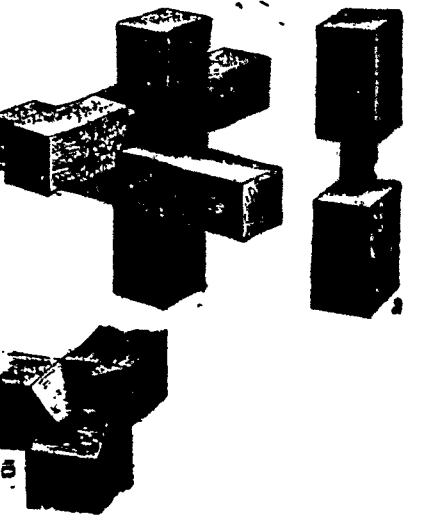
Have you ever dropped into the Assembly chamber in the afternoon after the members have left the House? No? Well, do so. You will then see a miniature session of the lower house. The several page boys daily place one of their number in the speaker's chair while the others on the floor address him about bills, etc. It is all very funny. The other day when I was there one little chap was giving an imitation of a well-known member, and his actions and gestures were true to the life. Off to one side I noticed Ida Mullie, who is the prima donna of the New England Opera Company, enjoying the same. Miss Mullie herself was only as tall as the chap who was talking, but she told me afterward that she was so cute that she felt like going within the rail and picking him right up in her arms.—Albany Arns.

QUICK WOOD JOINING.

Another Interesting Wood Puzzle That Affords Amusement and Instruction.

Mr. Wilhelm Segerblom of Wakefield, Mass., has designed the curious puzzle which is illustrated in the accompanying illustrations, Figs. 1, 2 and 3. The problem is to join three pieces of wood, each at right angles to the other two, and so made that, when joined, they show no signs of cutting. They must be capable of being slipped together or taken apart with ease.

The puzzle, as herewith illustrated, consists of three short lengths of wood, each one inch square in section and five inches in length. At the centre of each stick seven-eighths of the wood is cut away for a length of one inch, leaving the remaining one-eighth in the form of a triangular prismatic section of the shape shown in Figs. 1 and 2. One side of this prism is flush with the side of the stick, another side lies in a plane bisecting the stick diagonally and lying in its longitudinal axis, while the third side of the prism lies in a plane also passing through the longitudinal axis and bisecting the stick normally to its side. As each of the sticks is cut away in the same manner, they are in every respect identical.



The puzzle is to fit the pieces together so that each shall be at right angles to the other two and their axes shall intersect at a common point, and shall lie in two planes which are at right angles to each other. When this has been done, the centre prisms will lie in the position shown in Fig. 3, where one-half of each stick is shown cut away in order to show the method of interlocking. In Fig. 1 the pieces are shown in the act of sliding into position. It will help the reader to work the puzzle successfully if he understands that the pieces slide into engagement with a diagonal and simultaneous movement; that is to say, it is impossible to lock two pieces and then interlock them with the third. The movement of the pieces is indicated by the arrows in cut 1.

Little Ben.

There was once a parrot who lived in the city, in a nice cage, in a pleasant room. And the children to whom he belonged were very good to him.

You know that parrots talk a little, and they understand a great deal. So one day when the mother was saying to the children, "I think I shall take Little Ben for that was his name," they were all surprised to hear from the cage loud peckings and flutterings, and the children delighted, cried out, "He knows what you say, mamma," and so, indeed, it seemed.

Well, mamma was as good as her word and Little Ben went into the country with them. Every day and all day long he was out of doors among the green trees, and was as happy as a parrot can be.

He seemed to enjoy it all as much as the boys and girls who played so happily around him.

It was the children's duty to take the parrot in every night when they went for supper. But one night he was forgotten. The children ate their supper and went to bed. It grew dark, but no one thought of Little Ben. They had all forgotten him.

When all was still, the mother, sitting quietly in the parlor heard a plaintive voice, like a child's, say, "It's dreffle dark out here."

At first she thought it must be her own little girl. Then she remembered Little Ben. And running out, she found the little creature, lonely and drooping, all his bright gaiety gone. She took him in and soon cheered him by her pity and care. And after that night he was never forgotten again.

Something He Couldn't Sell.

A gentleman was walking with his little boy at the close of the day, and in passing the cottage of a German laborer the boy's attention was attracted by a dog. It was not a King Charles, nor a black and tan, but a common cur. Still the boy took a fancy to him, and wanted "pa" to buy him. Just then the owner of the dog came home from his labors, and was met by the dog with every demonstration of dog joy. The gentleman said to the owner, "My little boy has taken a fancy to your dog, and I will buy him. What do you ask for him?" "I can't sell dat dog," said the German. "Look here," said the gentleman, "that is a poor dog anyway, but as my boy wants him, I will give you five dollars for him." "Yas," said the German, "I know he is a werry poor dog, and he ain't wort almost nuffin, but I can't sell—I can't sell de wag of his tail ven I comes home at night."

A Big Difference.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "is there any difference between the words 'sufficient' and 'enough'?"

"Yes'm," replied the youngster.

"Sufficient" is when mother thinks I have eaten enough pie, and "enough" is when I think I have eaten sufficient."

—Troy Times.

THE TRUANT SCHOOL.

How the Bad Boys Are Treated in the Great City.

In New York city, or, more properly speaking, that portion of it termed the Borough of Manhattan, the rules of the Board of Education regarding truancy are strictly enforced, and education is truly compulsory. Those who persist in playing truant are sent to the Truant School, in East Twenty-first street, where, for two or more weeks, the boy is detained as a prisoner; but he is a prisoner only in name, for, while it is true the door is locked, there are no bars nor anything else which suggests a reformatory. There are twenty-two men and two women employed in the borough as truant or attendance officers. They investigate the cases of truancy reported by the principals of the schools, and visit the parents of the children and try to get the parents to co-operate in seeing that the pupils attend school regularly. If this is unavailing, it is the duty of the attendance officer to take the little offender to the Truant School, where the acting superintendent decides whether or not he shall have another chance, for the boys are committed to the school only as a last resort. When a boy begins to absent himself from school, he is caught by the officer, asked the reason, and reprimanded. Then the attendance officer calls on his parents and reads them a copy of the compulsory education law. If this fails to make the boy a regular attendant, he and one of his parents are summoned to a private hearing before the superintendent. Every case is carefully considered, and if there seems to be an antipathy between the teacher and the boy, he is transferred to another school. Sometimes these persuasive tactics are not sufficient. Then the boy is put on probation for two weeks, and he must bring in a card to the superintendent, showing that he has been a regular attendant at school and his conduct has been good. If the small truant persists, however, in pursuing his rebellious career, there is nothing that can save him from incarceration in the Truant School.

The boy is kept in the Truant School at the expense of the city for two weeks or more, and this time can be extended to even six weeks if necessary. When a boy leaves the Truant School he is put for two months on parole. During that time he must report at regular intervals to the superintendent. If his conduct has been excellent, he is allowed to drill on Friday evenings with the truant. The work which has been done in the truant school is very remarkable. The boy is taught by kindness and appeals to his moral nature, and there are no cases that sooner or later do not yield to all the influences to which they are subjected.

The building itself does not call for special attention. It was built originally for the Children's Aid Society, and is only fairly well adapted to the purpose. The boys sleep in dormitories, and to some of them it is their first experience in sleeping on a bed, for the pupils of the Truant School are cosmopolitan to the last degree. They include Americans, Italians, Poles, Russians, Jews, and Irish. They rise at 6 in the morning, dress and march downstairs, where they wash. Breakfast is eaten at 7 o'clock, then they make their own beds and do part of the kitchen work. At 8:30 they again wash and brush up for school. Then come various studies until 12 o'clock. From 1 o'clock until 3 o'clock the school is in session again, and they are then allowed to walk up and down for an hour in the little courtyard, for, unfortunately, the school is shut in by high buildings. They have supper at 5:30, and at 6:45 they have a regular military drill. Promptly at 8 o'clock the boys go to bed on their little iron beds. So well are the boys treated that they very seldom think of escape, and if they do, a half hour in a dark but well ventilated closet will always bring them to terms.

Toys of the Chinese Child.

Few indeed would be their playthings if the Chinese children had to depend on toy shops for them. As it is, the hawk is a familiar sight in every Chinese city, and when the children hear the song of a toy-seller it is a signal for a rush to the front gates. At a call these men slip the pole from their shoulders and set their baskets on the ground, and there is always a group of children ready to gather round them.

A display of toys carried by one of these toy sellers includes many things familiar, besides kites, made in the shape of birds, fish, serpents, dragons and even inanimate objects, like bells and houses, will have wind whirled on to make them sing while in the air, and will have eyes set "loose" in their heads, so that when the wind blows the eyes will turn round and look as if they were winking at you.

The seller then opens up the bottom tray in his rear basket and shows a bowl of yellow sweets set over a pan of burning charcoal to keep them soft. He rubs a little flour in the moulds to keep the sweet from sticking, picks up a little of the soft substance, which he works into a cup shape in his fingers, and then draws it out, closing up the hole. One end is drawn out longer than the other and then broken off. He places his lips to the broken place and begins to blow, and the jump slowly swells. Then he clasps the moulds which you have chosen round it, and gives a hard blow, breaks off the stem through which he has been blowing, opens the moulds, dips a little bamboo stick into the soft sugar and touches it to the side of the sweetmeat figure in the mould, lifts it out, and hands it to you on the stick, all in much less time than it takes to tell about it.—Pearson's Weekly.

Try it, trying a new street pavement made of blocks of glass.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What that Prelate in the Hierarchy of the Diocese is Doing.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Hornellville.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Flood have returned from Albany, where Mr. Flood held a position in the State Senate.

Mr. Thomas F. Lusk spent the fore part of the week visiting his brother in Naples. Father Bonaventura of Allegany college, delivered the term on St. Ann's church Sunday evening at the commencement of the May devotions.

The L. C. B. A. Ladies gave a dancing party at St. Ann's hall Monday evening which was well attended.

Miss Kate Leighton of Wellville, visited her brother in this city last week.

Mr. D. J. Hassel visited friends in Salamanca, during the week.

Mr. Wm. Tolson spent Sunday in Wellville.

Senator F. D. Sherwood has returned from Albany.

Married, May 1st, by Rev. Father Farrell, Mr. John Keillher and Miss Leah Berry, both of Canisteo.

Mr. Thomas Reagan and James Cannon of Andover, made a short visit with friends in this city on their way to New York.

Mr. Joseph Hoffstetter is home from New York for a few weeks' visit with his parents, after which he returns to accept a position with one of the leading drug firms in New York city.

Mt. Morris.

Thomas Conlin of this place, was found dead in bed, early on Monday morning. Although he complained of not feeling well last Saturday, it was not thought that anything was the matter of him. As he had no medical attendance, a post-mortem was judged necessary, and it was found that the cause of his death was congestion of the lungs and pleuro-pneumonia. He leaves six children who mourn his loss.

A very heavy thunder and lightning storm passed over this village Tuesday night, which, happily did no damage.

Father Day attended the Forty Hours devotion in Aron, last Tuesday.

On Wednesday evening a German supper was given at the home of Mrs. Adam Long for the benefit of St. Patrick's church. A very enjoyable time was spent by all.

Kings Ferry.

There will be a Month's Mind high mass for Mrs. Morris Connell, next Saturday at 9 o'clock.

On Sunday last lightning struck two ladies belonging to Patrick Stafford and burned them to death.

The Catholic young men of this place are to hold a dance on Friday night May 15th, at the house of Mr. William Smith in front of the church. Success to you boys.

The Lakish Valley town has been increased to five men and women.

Stromville.

Mr. Edward Blay and Miss Louie DeBrook were married at Clifton Springs, Wednesday the 28th. They will reside here.

John Hamilton of Auburn, spent Sunday here, the guest of his parents.

Mr. Wm. McCuskey spent the first of the week at Phelps.

Mr. Eugene Haggerty of Littleville, who has been seriously ill, is recovering.

Lima.

St. Joseph's church is contemplating giving a progressive picnic party in Brandon hall, Wednesday day.

Amphilection Literary Society will hold their annual public exercises in College hall, Friday evening.

John and Daniel Kanney of Rochester, visited friends and relatives in town early Sunday.

Seneca Falls.

The funeral of Mrs. Matthew Collins was held from St. Patrick's church, Saturday, April 30th at 9 o'clock. Rev. Father O'Connor officiated. She is survived by a husband. Aged 74 years.

Mrs. Joseph LeFleur died at her home in Long Point hotel, Wednesday afternoon, April 27, 1904. She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. John C. Cady, and by her husband and several step-children. The funeral was held at 9 o'clock from St. Patrick's church, Rev. M. U. Dwyer officiating.

Saturday afternoon the barn of Thomas McGill at the forks of the road south of the village was destroyed by fire, together with its contents, involving a loss of about \$300.

Thomas Saxon of Providence, R. I. is here visiting friends.

St. Patrick's church fair was a grand success, realizing \$3,700.40.

Edward P. Mackin has become a traveling salesman for a Syracuse firm.

George Doherty was in town this week in the interest of the Gleason & Bailey Co.

In St. Patrick's church at 2 o'clock April the 30th, occurred the marriage of Mr. James A. Celly and Miss Mary E. Cady, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Father Dwyer in the presence of a large circle of friends and relatives. Mr. Joseph H. Celly, brother of the groom, was best man and Miss Cecelia Cady, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. After the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Grace. The presents were many and beautiful. The newly married couple left for their home in Batavia, where Mr. Celly is employed. They were followed by the best wishes of a large circle of admiring friends.

About 2 o'clock Sunday morning the fire department was called out to a barn on the premises of Mrs. Louise Mauer of Rochester. The cause of the fire is unknown, but was undoubtedly of incendiary origin.

[Continued on 5th page.]

Pleurisy

Pleurisy and pneumonia are acute inflammations of the lungs, and if not promptly allayed the worst may happen. The celebrated Dr. J. C. Bull's Cough Syrup is a powerful and reliable remedy for the inflammation of the lungs and pleura, and is a wonderfully short cure.

Dr. Bull's

COUGH SYRUP

Cures Croup and Whooping Cough, and all other lung troubles.

It is a powerful and reliable remedy for the inflammation of the lungs and pleura, and is a wonderfully short cure.

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THAT

It is not what you do, but what you do, that tells the world.

Thousands of testimonials examples of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others.

What it will do for you.

Scrofula, Rheumatism, Eczema, and all other skin diseases, made me miserable. A relative used Hood's Sarsaparilla. Did so and in a few months the sores completely healed.

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