

London Servants' Wages.

The item of wages opens up the whole question of servants and domestic home rule. One need only refer to the monthly reviews and magazines to see that here we have indeed a chronic subject for discussion. The professional philanthropist, the enlightened and benevolent peeress, the lady journalist, even Sarah Jane herself, all have a word to say. Our own experience I can give very shortly. There has been, on the whole, very little trouble except with the cooks. Wages have run on an average as follows: Nurse, £20; cook, £18 to £20; house parlormaid, £16.

When the life and income of a domestic servant is compared with that of many a girl in business, or even with that of many working men, I am prepared to say that she is exceedingly well off and, if thrifty, could very soon save £100. Servants are often very good to their relatives and friends, and can be taught to save money, but it is idle to blink the fact that a great deal of their wages goes upon their backs in the shape of unsuitable finery. Putting all this aside, what can you get for a wages budget of £54? Well, you can, with luck, get well served in every department except the kitchen. "God sends the food, but the devil sends the cooks."

The difficulty is mainly this—the impossibility of getting a plain cook to cook plain things well every day. She will boast of her pastry and "ongtrays," but if you ask her to cook a chop or fry a potato properly, it is too often utterly beyond her, and as a rule she is above being taught. The middle-class breadwinner can in London be certain at a hundred restaurants, or at his club, of getting a repast of three courses excellently cooked and presented to him at a moderate cost. The same certainly cannot be had at home. My own explanation is a very simple one. The British plain cook does not consider, in the first place, that her employers are entitled to have food at all better prepared than she herself knows how to prepare it. This knocks on the head any idea of teaching her the art. She simply listens to her mistress with silent contempt and ignores her plain directions. That is one phase of the cook difficulty.—The National Review.

Lost Dignity.

Irish viceroys are stripped of their sovereign attributes as soon as they reach English waters, which gives point to the following story told of Lord Houghton and a lady with whom he was acquainted. They both found themselves on board the Holyhead packet. During the voyage from Ireland the lady treated the Viceroy with ceremonial respect. So soon, however, as the packet entered Holyhead harbor she said to him, "Now, Bobby, you're no longer a viceroy, so take my bag and make yourself useful."—London Truth.

The insane asylum is crowded, so stop worrying. The cemetery is getting new inhabitants every day; take care of your health, or you will be one of them.

The man who asks God daily for his bread will always have enough.

The time when we most need faith is when God's hand is not in sight.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

In London there is a fur company which was established during the reign of Henry VIII.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation Form, Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Cherrapongce, in southwestern Africa, is the wettest place in the world, the average rainfall there being 610 inches.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Christopher Grove, a ninety-two year old resident of Bethany, Ind., is cutting a new set of teeth.

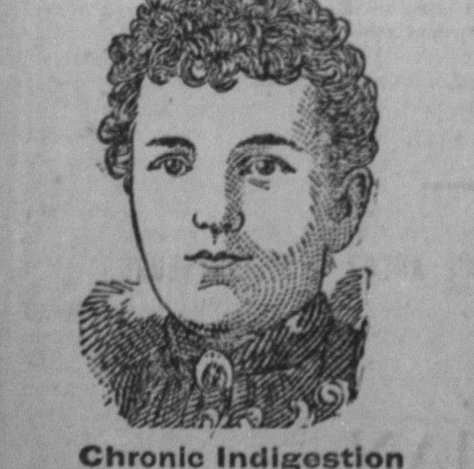
Shiloh's Cure

Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incontinent Consumption; It is the Best Cough Cure. 50c., 25c.

The Empire of Morocco is the most important State that is absolutely without a newspaper.

As afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

The first Irish translation of the Bible was in the Irish tongue.



Chronic Indigestion

Kept me in very poor health for five years, I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and my digestion was helped by the first three doses.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
I have now taken over four bottles and I firmly believe it has cured me, and also saved my life. Mrs. R. E. PAINOR, Bushville, N. Y.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Martyrs of the Needle."

TEXT: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."—Matthew XIX, 24.

Whether this "eye of the needle" be the small gate at the side of the big gate at the entrance of the wall of the ancient city, as is generally interpreted, or the eye of a needle such as is now handled in sewing a garment I do not say. In either case it would be a pretty thing for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. But there are whole caravans of fannies and hardships going through the eye of the sewing woman's needle.

Very long ago the needle was busy. It was considered an honor for a woman to toll in olden time. Alexander the Great called his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the Queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus, the Emperor, would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected.

The greatest blessing that could have happened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve, in their perfect state, might have got along without work or only such slight employment as a perfect garden, with no weeds in it, demands. But as soon as they had sinned the best thing for them was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Good old Ashbel Green, at fourscore years, when asked why he kept on working, said, "I do so to keep out of mischief." We see that a man who has a large amount of money to start with has no chance of the thousand per cent. perous and honorable men that you know. I had to work vigorously at the beginning.

But I am now to tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities to-day are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning, who, once having risen and breakfasted, lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers at the feet of the bed with disheveled hair, reading the last novel, and who, having dragged through a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep, and having spent an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up at the hotel with disheveled hair, and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the monotony. Arabella Stuart never was imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot, but work she must or be wretched forever. The little girls of our factories must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that the first lesson should be how, under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, in having through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. We now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty and outrage of a father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Mme. de Staël said, "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facilities in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

You say you have a fortune to leave them. O man and woman, have you not learned that, like vultures, like hawks, like eagles, rich in wings and by agency? Through you should be successful in leaving a competency behind you, the trickery of exorcists may swamp it in a night, or some elder of some of our churches may get up a fictitious company and induce your organs to put their money into it, and if it be lost prove to them that it was eternally decreed that that was the way they were to lose it, and it went in the most orthodox and heavenly style.

Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christians will engage in—until God puts His fingers into the collar of the hypocrite's robe and rips it clear down the bottom! You have no right, because you are well off, to conspire that your children be spoiled to be as well off. A man died, leaving a large fortune. His son fell dead in a Philadelphia groshop. His old comrades came in and said, "What is the matter with you, Boggs?" "The matter is, surgeon standing over his head." "Hush up! He's dead!" "Ah, he is dead!" "Come, boys, let us go and take a drink in memory of poor Boggs!"

Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not, but send your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, you are a father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. These suffering ones would be glad to have the crabs that ones fell from their fathers' table. That worsted, broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the \$12 garters in which her mother walked, and that torn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade that swept Broadway clean without any expense to the street commissioners.

Though you live in an elegant residence and eat sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace to them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea, prevalent in society, that, though our young women may embroider slippers and crochet and make mats for lamps to stand on, and do other things, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman, belonging to a large family, to be inefficient when the father tolls the way for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother tolls at the washtub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds or trim hats as it is to twist a watch chain.

As far as I can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is dishonorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable. That our young women may escape the censure of doing dishonorable work I shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an armchair, but by no means make the money waterside to buy the chair. That may, with delicate brush, be a mantle ornament, but die rather than earn enough to buy a marble mantle. You may learn artistic music until you can equal Italian, but never sing "Otonville" or "Old Hundred." Do nothing practical if you would in the eyes of refined society preserve your respectability. I sent these final warnings. I tell you no woman, any more than man, has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it.

In the course of a lifetime you consume whole harvests and droves of cattle, and every day you live breathe forty hogheads of good pure air. You must by some kind of usefulness pay for all this. Our race was the first thing created—the birds and fishes on the fourth day, the cattle and lizards on the fifth day and man on the sixth day. If geologists are right, the earth was a million of years in the possession of the insects, beasts and birds before our race came upon it. In some sense we were innovators. The cattle, the lizards and the hawks had pre-empted the right. The question is not what we are to do with the lizards and summer insects, but to do with us.

If we want a place in this world, we must earn it. The partridge makes its own nest before it occupies it. The lark by its morning song earns its breakfast before it eats it.

The Bible gives an intimation that the first duty of an idler is to starve when it says if he will not work neither shall he eat. Idleness ruins the health, and very soon nature says: "This man has refused to pay his rent. Out with him!"

It is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toll. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is that a woman has a right to any kind of honest work she chooses. There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for painting, let her paint. There should be "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy, let her mount the stary ladder. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. If Maria Mott will preach the Gospel, let her thrill with her own eloquence the Quaker meeting house.

It is said that if a woman is given such opportunities she will occupy places that might be held by men. I do not believe it. A woman's skill and adaptability for any position that man has let her have it. She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel and to her home as men have.

But it is her nature is so delicate that she is unfitted for exhausting toil. I ask in the name of all past history what toll on earth is more severe, exhausting and tremendous than that toll of the needle to which for centuries she has been subjected. The battering ram, the sword, the carbine, the battle-axe, have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living speleophres in which women have for ages been buried might be opened, and that some restorer of trumpet might bring up these living corpses to the fresh air and sunlight.

Go with me, and I will show you a woman who by heretofore toll supports her children, her drunken husband, her own family, and her own house rent, always has wholesome food on the table, and when she can get some neighbor on the Sabbath to come in and take care of her family appears in church with hat and cloak that she has earned by indicating the toll to which she is subjected.

Such a woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She will be a better business manager than your salesmen and dispose of more goods. She could go into your wheelwright shop and beat one-half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about woman as though poor to be a business manager. I have seen her and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the stake, and an inquisition will marshal before the throne of God and the hierarchy of heaven the martyrs of washtub and needle.

Now, I say, if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it. God knows that she is the more sensitive, the more sensitive to misfortune, by her eyes, her anguish, I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh, the meanness, the despicable of men who begrudge a dress, a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, a pair of gloves, work anywhere in any honorable calling!

I go still further and say that women should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that women who by heretofore toll only ten cents a day, and in many cases only half that? Here is the gigantic injustice—that work equally well if not better done woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the national government. For a long while women clerks in Washington got \$900 for doing that for which men received \$1800.

To thousands of young women in our cities to-day there is only this alternative—starvation or life of the lowest order. The most of our establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations, and are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it!

Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the two millstones of His wrath and grind them to powder!

At a large meeting of these women, held in a hall in Philadelphia, the women were delivered, but a needle-woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her arched arm huried a very thunder-bolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of the situation.

Stand at the corner of a street in New York in the very early morning as the women go to their work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were cast from the table of the night before, and they chew on their way through the streets. Here they come—the working girls of the city. These engaged in work, these engaged in the most of the day, sewing, mending, cigar making, book-binding, labeling, leather picking, print coloring, paper box making, but most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing women of the city. How do they get on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a cent. You want to see how Latimer and Biddle secured their money? In a day, Hear! woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom—a better fire, a more agonizing death.

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after services a woman fell in convulsions to the floor. The doctor said she was not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium she said gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some more! I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterward that she was making garments at eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three dozen in a day. Hear! Three times eight are twenty-four. Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat the dogs to the last penny and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit \$1 or \$2 before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done, it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out and the wages refused, and sometimes the \$1 deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says, "I hear you are going to leave me?" "Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said, "Are you not going to pay me?" "Yes," he said, "I will pay you," and he kicked her down stairs.

How are these evils to be eradicated? What have you to answer, you who sell coats and have shoes made and contract for the southern and western markets? What help is there, what panacea, what re-temptation? Some say, "Give women the ballot." What effect such ballot might have on other questions I am not here to discuss, but what would be the effect of female suffrage upon woman's wages? I do not believe that the ballot will ever get justice by woman's ballot. Indeed, women oppress women as much as men do. Do not women, as much as men,

beat down to the lowest figure the wages who sew for them? Are not women as sharp as men on washroom and millinery and mantle makers? If a woman asks \$1 for her work, does not her female employer ask if she will not take ninety cents? You say, "Only ten cents difference." But that is sometimes these differences between heaven and hell. Women often have less commiseration for women than men. If a woman steps aside from the path of virtue, man may forgive a woman never! Woman will never get justice done for her own kind, but helping.

Never will she get it from man's ballot. How, then? God will rise up for her. God has more resources than we know of. The fasting sword that hung at Eden's gate when woman was driven out will cleave with its terrible edge her oppressors.

But there is something for our women to do. Let our young people prepare to excel in spheres of work, and they will be able after awhile to get larger wages. If it be shown that a woman can in a store sell more goods in a year than a man, she will soon be able not only to ask but to demand more wages, and demand them justly. Unskilled and incompetent labor must take what is given. Skilled and competent labor will eventually make its own standard. Admitting that the law of supply and demand regulates these differences between heaven and hell, the demand for skilled labor is very great and the supply very small.

Start with the idea that work is honorable and you will run down some one thing better than any of us. Resolve that, if you are called to stay as you are you can be happy and self-supporting.

Men are fond of talking about man as an oak and woman the vine that climbs it, but I have seen many a tree fall that did not go down itself, but took all the vines with it. I can tell you of something stronger than an oak for an ivy to climb on, and that is the throne of the great Jehovah. Single or married, that woman is strong who leans on God and does her best. The needle may break, the factory band may slip, the wages may fail, but over every good woman's head there are spread the two great, gentle, student wings of the Almighty.

Many of you will go single-handed through life, and you will have to choose between two characters. Young woman, I am sure you will turn your back upon the useless, giggling, painted nonentity which society indignantly acknowledges to be a woman and ask God to make you a humble, active, earnest Christian.

What will become of this gilded disciple of fashion? What an insult to her sex! Her manners are an outrage upon decency. She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will love a high school or college. She is more interested in her bonnet strings than in her redemption. Her apparel is the poorest part of a Christian woman, however magnificently dressed, has no one has so much right to dress well as a Christian. Not so with the goddess disciple of fashion. Take her robes, and you take everything. Death will come down on her some day, and rub the tears of her eyes, at the moment of her check, and with two rough, boy's hands scatter spangles and glass beads and rings and ribbons and lace and brooches and buttons and sashes and frizzettes and golden clasps.

The lying actress whose life had been vicious said: "The scene closes. Draw the curtain." Generally the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward, but in her life it was first the farce of a useless life and then the tragedy of a wretched eternity.

Compare the life and death of such a one with that of some Christian aunt that was a blessing to her household. I do not know that she was ever offered a hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammelled she might be everybody's blessing. Whenever the sick were to be visited or the poor to be comforted, she was there with a blessing. She could pray or sing "Book of Ages" for any sick paper who asked her. As she got older there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part she was a saint—just the one for Christmas eve. She knew better than any one else how to fix things. Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble, and she was full of everybody who had trouble from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price. When she died, you all gathered lovingly about her, and as you carried her out to rest you all sang hymns and psalms, and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly, and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies, as the precious stone in the midst of the Jew's, commanded, 'I say unto thee, arise!'"

High Bred Dogs Not the Most Intelligent.

So long as our dogs were employed in the labor of the organized recreations of man, the tendency of the association with the superior being was in a high measure educative. They were constantly submitted to a more or less critical but always effective selection which tended ever to develop a higher grade of intelligence. With the advance in the organization of society the dog is ever losing something of his utility, even in the way of sport. He is fast becoming a mere idle favorite, prized for unimportant peculiarities of form. The effort in the main is not now to make creatures which can help in the employment of man, but to breed for show alone, demanding no more intelligence than is necessary to make the creature a well-behaved denizen of the house.

The result is the institution of a wonderful variety in the size, shape and special peculiarities of different breeds with what appears to me to be a concomitant loss in their intelligence. It appears to me, in a word, that our treatment of this noble animal, were he bred for ornament, is, in effect, degrading.—Scribner.

A Practical Solution.

A professor at the University of Texas was explaining some of the habits and customs of the ancient Greeks to his class. "The ancient Greeks built no roofs over their theatres," said the professor. "What did the ancient Greeks do when it rained?" asked Johnny Fizzle-top.

The professor took off his spectacles, polished them with his handkerchief, and replied calmly: "They got wet, I suppose."—Texas Siftings.

Austin K. Jones, who has rung the college bell at Harvard for nearly forty years, was not a bit flustered when he discovered the other morning that some mischievous students had carried away the bell's tongue.

He obtained a hammer, and at the hour of 7.30 a. m. made noise enough by means of it to summon the students to duty.

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Well Prepared.

A minister's wife, who is not so seriously minded at all times as her husband is, tells some laughable stories relating to marriage ceremonies which he performed while they were living in a newly settled district in the backwoods of Canada.

The minister always felt it to be his duty to give each young couple a little serious advice before he performed the marriage ceremony, and for his purpose he usually took them aside, one at a time, and talked very soberly to each of them regarding the great importance of the step they were to take, and the new responsibilities they were to assume.

One day he talked in his most earnest manner for several minutes to a young woman who had come to be married.

"And now," he said, in closing, "I hope you fully realize the extreme importance of the step you are taking, and that you are prepared for it." "Prepared!" she said, innocently; "well, if I ain't prepared, I don't know who is. I've got four common quilts and two nice ones, and four brand-new feather beds, ten sheets and twelve pairs of pillow slips, four linen table cloths, a dozen spoons, and a good six-quart kettle. If I ain't prepared, no girl in this county ever was."

Betrayed by a Bird.

A trifle sometimes leads to the detection of a fault or crime. A theatrical musician owned an ebony flute with silver keys; he valued it highly, but as one of the upper notes was defective, he seldom used it. A young man lodged with the musician, and between the two a close friendship existed. One night the ebony flute disappeared, having no doubt been stolen. Suspicion fell on several persons, but nothing could be proved against any of them. Not long afterward the lodger went to live in a town a few miles off, but as the friendship between the men still existed they occasionally visited each other. Nearly a year afterward the musician paid his friend a visit, and was pleased to find him in possession of a beautiful bullfinch, which could distinctly whistle three tunes. The performance was perfect with this exception, that whenever he came to a certain high note he invariably skipped it and went on to the next. A little reflection convinced the musician that the note in which the bullfinch was imperfect was the deficient one on his lost flute. So convinced was he, that he at once sharply questioned his ex-lodger on the subject, he at once tremblingly confessed his guilt, and that all the bird knew had been taught him on the stolen instrument.

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THROW IT AWAY.

There's no longer any need of wearing clumsy, chafing Trusses, which give only pain, and often inflict great injury, inducing inflammation, strangulation and death.

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