Feed

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All drug rists. \$1. Hood's Pills are always reliable. 25 cents.

HER POSITION PAYS.

Queen Victoria Has Found Ruling a Very Profitable Calling.

Victoria has found queenhood a very profitable calling. Figures for fiftyseven years of her reign show that the British people have given her under the name of civil list expenditures \$110,275,000. In addition to this vast total, \$48,676,765 has been expended for the maintenance of seventeen residencs, stables and the like. The total direct expenditure of the Queen alone is over \$1,800,000 a year. There is at this date an annual expenditure in addition for other members of the royal family of \$1,300,000. The thrity old lady who has this vast income at her disposal has taken care to "make hay while the sun shines." Of course, the money has been voted to enable her to keep up the ornamental state considered necessary for a royal position. But it is just this she does not do. Victoria, besides valuable continental property, is the owner of three estates in the United Kingdom. They are Balmoral, in Aberdeenshire. Scotland; Osborne House, Isle of Wight, Hampshire, and Charlemont, Surrey. They embrace 5,561 acres, with a rental value a year of \$27,805. At twenty years' purchase that would be \$556. 100. In fact, they are worth double that amount.

Queen Victoria, they say, has her little superstitions. She believes that articles made by blind persons bring good luck; that spilling salt brings bad luck; and she would probably not give sixpence for her kingdom if by any untoward chance thirteen persons happened to sit at the royal dining table. She has her pet dislikes, too, and among these is a hearty destation of nicknames; another is an antipathy as to the smell of furs, particularly of sealskins.

One shot in the wirg means a wounded bird, no matter how fast it may be flying when it is hit.

Miss Townley-Yes, indeed, uncle, I love birds. Uncle Greenfield-1 thought you hated them. Miss Townley-Why! Don't you see I have four in the house? Uncle Greenfield-7 see you have-in cages.-Life.

Cabs in London.

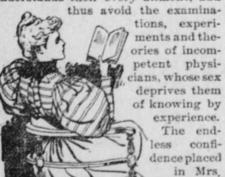
Standings are provided for only 5,000 cabs in London, though there are over 11,000 licensed vehicles.

WOMEN WANT TO KNOW.

TO WHOM CAN THEY TELL THEIR TROUBLES?

A Woman Answers "To Me"-Anxious Inquirers Intelligently Answered-Thousands of Grateful Letters.

Women regard it as a blessing that they can talk to a woman who fully understands their every ailment, and



less confidenceplaced in Mrs. Pinkham by American women,

prompts them to seek

her advice constantly. Female diseases yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. Inflammation, ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb, ovarian troubles, spinal weakness and kidney complaints, all have their symptoms, and should be "nipped in the bud." Bearing-down pains, backache, headache, nervousness, pains in groins, lassitude, whites, irregularities, dread of impending evil, blues, sleep-

Here is testimony right to the point: "The doctors told me that unless I went to the hospital and had an operation performed, I could not live. I had falling, enlargement and ulceration of

lessness, faintness, etc.

the womb. "I was in constant misery all the time; my back ached; I was impossible for me to walk was always tired. It at a time. I was E. surely a wreck. I decided that I would give your Compound and Sanative Wash

a trial. "I took three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of Sanative Wash, and I am now almost well. I am stouter and healthier than I have ever been in my life. My friends and neighbors and the doctors are surprised at my rapid improvement. I have told them all what I have been taking." -MRS. ANNETTA BICRMEIER, Bellaire,

Belmont Co., O.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Shall We Have Another Chance."

TEXT: "If the tree fall toward the south. or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." - Eccl. ii., 3. There is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude of people that there will be an opportunity in the next world of correcting the mistakes of this; that however complete a shipwreck we may make of our earthly life, it will be on a beach up which we may walk to a palace; that as a defendant may lose his case in a Circuit Court and appeal it and have it go up to the Supreme Court or Court of Chancery and all the costs thrown over on the other party, so a man may lose his case in this would, but in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the decision of the earthly case set aside, all the costs remitted and the defendant be triumphant forever.

The object of my sermon is to show you that common sense declares with the text that common sense declares with the text "If

the tree fall toward the south, or toward the

north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." There are those who say that if the impenitent and unfortunate man enters the next world and sees the disaster, as a result of that disaster he will turn, the distress the cause of his reformation; but we have ten thousand instances all around about us of people who have done wrong and disaster suddenly came upon them—did the disaster heal them? No, they went on. There is a man flung of dissipations. The doctor says to him: "Now, my friend, if you don't stop drinking and don't stop this fast lite you are living, you will die." The patient thanks the physician for his warning and gets better; he begins to sit up, begins to walk around the room, begins to go to business and takes the same round of grog shops where he got his morning dram and his evening dram and the drams between. Down again. Same doctor. Same physical anguish. Same medical warning. But now the sickness is more protracted, the liver more obstinate, the stomach more irritable, the digestive organs more rebellious. But still, under medical skill, he gets better, goes forth, commits the same sacrilege against his physical health. Sometimes he wakes up to see what he is doing, and he realizes he is destroying his family and that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vows, and that that broken-hearted woman is so different from the roseats wife he married that her old schoolmates do not recognize her on the street, and that his sons are going out in life under the taunt of a father's drunkenness, and that his daughters are going out in life under the seariffcation of a disreputable ancestry. His nerves are all a jangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he? He is in hell on earth. Does it stop him? Ah! no. After awhile delirium tre mens pours out upon his pillow a whole jungle of bissing reptiles. His screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of bed erying, "Take these things off of me!" is drinking down the comfort of his family, the education of his children, their prospects for this life and perhaps prospects for the life to come. and convalescent he sits up. Physician says to him, "Now, my good fellow, I am going to have a plain talk with you. If you ever have an attack of this kind again you will die. I can't save you, and all the doctors in creation can't save you." The patient gets up, starts out, goes the same round of dissipation and is down again; but this time medicines do not touch his case. Consultations of physicians say there is no hope. Death ends the scene. That process of inebriation and physical sufis taking place within a stone's throw of where you sit and in every neighborhood of Christendom. Pain does not reform. Suffering does not cure. What is true in regard to one sin is true in regard to all sins, and yet men are expecting in the next life there will be opportunity for

purgatorial regeneration.
Again, I wish you to further notice that another chance in another world means the ruin of this. Now, suppose a wicked man is assured that after a lifetime of wicked-ness he can fix it all right in the future? That would be the demoralization of society, that would be the demolition of the human race. There are now men who are kept on the limits of sin by their fear. The fear that if we are bad and unforgiven here it will not be well for us in the next existence, is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back into semi-barbarism, and keeps semi-barbarism from rushing back into midnight savagery, and keeps midnight savagery from rushing back into extinction. Another chance in another world means the

molition of this world. Furthermore, my friends-for I am preaching to myself as well as to you - we are on the same level, and though the platform is a little higher than the pew, it is only for convenience, and that we may the better speak to the people; we are all on the same speak to the peorie; we are all on the same platform, and I am talking to my soul while I talk to yours—my friends, why another chance in another world when we have de-clined so many chances in this? Sup-pose you spread a banquet and you in-vite a vast number of friends, and among others you send an invitation to a man who disregards it, or treats it in an obnoxious way. During twenty years you gave twenty ets, a banquet a year, and you invite your friends, and every time you invite this man, who disregards your invitation or sends back some indignity. After a while you move into a larger hosse and amid more luxurious surroundings, and you invite your friends, but you do not invite that man to whom twenty times you sent an invitation to the smaller house. Are you to blame? You would only make yourself absurd before God and man to send that man another invitation. For twenty years he has been declining your offers and sending insuit for your kindness and cour-tesy, and can be blame you? Can be come up to your house on the night of the ban-quet? Looking up and seeing it is a finer quet? Looking up and seeing it is a line, house will he have any right to say: "Let me in. I have declined all those other offers, house a more luxuriant but this is a larger house, a more luxuriant abode. Let me in. Give me another

God has spread a banquet of His grace be-fore us. For three hundred and sixty-five days of every year, since we knew the differ-ence between our right hand and our left, He has invited us by His Providence and by His Spirit. Suppose we decline all these of-fers of kindness. Now the banquet is spread in a large place, in the heavenly palace, Invitations are sent out, but no invitation is sent to us. Why? Because we declined all those other banquets. Will God be to blame? Will we have any right to rap on the door of heaven and say; "lought not to be shut out of this place; give me another chance;" Twelve gates of salvation standing wide for free admission all our life and then when the twelve gates close we rush on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler, saying: "Give me another chance." A ship is to sail for Hamburg. You want to go to Germany by that line. You see the ... vertisement of the steamer's sailing, You see it for two weeks. You see it in the morning papers and you see it in the evening papers; you see it placarded on the walls, Circulars are thrown into your office telling you all about that steamer. One telling you all about that steamer. One day you come down on the wharf and the steamer has swung out into the stream. You say: "Oh, that isn't fair. Come back swing up again to the docks. Throw the planks ashore that I may come on board. It isn't fair. I want to go to Germany by that steamer. Give me another chance. Here is a magnificent offer for heaven. I has been anchored within our sight year after year, and all the benign voices of eartl and heaven have urged us to go on board since it may sail at any moment. since it may sail at any mom nt.

Suppose we let that opportunity sail away, and then we look out and say: "Send back that opportunity; I want to take it; it isn't treating me fairly. Give me another chance." Why, my brother, you might as well go out and stand on the Highlands at the Navesink three days after the Majestic has gone out, and shout: "Captain, come back: I want to go to Liverpool on the Majestic. Come back over the sea and through the Narrows and up to the docks. Give me another chance." You might as well do that as, after the last opportunity of heaven has sped away, try to get it back again. Just think of it! It came on me yesterday in my study with overwhelming impressiveness. Just think of it. All heaven offered us as a gratuity for A

whole listime, and yet we wanting to rush against God, saying: "Give me another chance!" There ought to be, there will be, no such thing as posthumous opportunity. You see common sense agrees with my text in saying that "if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." You see this idea lifts this world from an un-important way-station to a platform of stupendous issues, and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. Oh, my soul! my soul! Only one trial, and all the preparation for that trial to be made in this world, or never made at all. Oh. my soul! my soul! You se this piles up all the emphasis and all the climaxes and all the destines into this life. No other chance. Oh, how that intensifies the value and the importance of this chance. Alexander and his army used to come around a city and they would kindle a great light, with the understanding that as as that light was burning the city might surrender, and all would be well, but if they let that light go out, then the battering rams would swing against the walls and there would come disaster and demolition. would come disaster and demolition.
Oh, my friends, all you and I need to
do to prepare for eternal safety is just
to surrender to the King and Conqueror, Christ. Surrender hearts, surrender life, surrender everything. The
great light keeps burning, light kindled
by the wood of the cross, light flaming up
against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. Oh, let us surrender before the light
gress out, and with it our less conversity. goes out, and with it our last opportunity of making our peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, my brother, talk about another chance; this is the supernal chance. In the time of Edward IL, at the battle of Musselburgh, a private soldier saw the Earl of Huntley had lost his heimet. The private soldier took off his helmet and went up to the Earl of Huntley and put the hermet on his head. Now, the head of the private soldier uncovered, he was soon slain, while his commander rode in safety through and out of the battle. But it is different in our case. Instead of a private offering a heimet to an earl, it is the King of heaven and earth offering a crown to an unworthy subject, the King dying that we might live! Oh, tell it to the points of the compass, tell it to day and night, tell it to

A dream. I am in the burnisher judgment hall on the last day. The great white throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for His arrival I hear the immortals in conversation. "What are you waiting for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that went up from America. The latter responds: "I was in America forty years ago, and I heard the gospel proceed, and I had plenty of Bibles in my house, and from the time that I knelt at my mother's knee in prayer until my last hour, I had great opportunities; but I did not improve them, and I am here to-day wasting for another chance. "Strange, strange," says the soul just come up from Madagascar. "Strange; why, I never heard the gospel call but once in all my iffe, and I accepted it, and I don't want another chance." "What are you waiting for?" says one who on earth had very feeble intellect to one who had great brain and whose voice was silvery, and who had scepters of power. The latter re-plied: "I had great power on earth. I nower on earth. I and I mastered languages and I mastered libraries and colleges con-ferred upon me learned titles, and my name was to synonym for eloquence and power; but somehow I neglected the matters of my soul and I must confess to you I am here to-day waiting for another Now, the ground tremble the advancing chariot. The great folding doors of the burnished hall of judgment are

earth and heaven, tel it to all the centuries

and all the millenniums that God has given us a magnificent chance in this world and

that we need no other chauce in another!

thrown open. "Stand back," cry the ushers.
"and let the Judge of quick and dead
pass through." He takes the throne.
"He looks off upon the througs of nations come to the last judgment, come to the only judgment, and one flash from the throne revea's each man's history to himself, and reveals it to all the others. And then the Judge says: "Dvide!" and the burnished walls echo it, "Divide!" and the guides angelic answer, "Diway and that, until there if an aisie between them, a great siste; and then a vacuum, wilening and widening, until the Judge looks to one side of that vacuum, and addresses the throne and says: "Let him that is righteous be righteous still, and let him that is hely be hely still." And then, turning to the throng on the other side of the vacuum, He says: "Let him that is unjust be unjust still, and let him that is flithy be flithy still." And then He stretches out both hands, one toward the throng on each side the vacuum, and says:

The High Court of Eternity adjourned for DEVASTATION AND DEATH.

'If the tree fall toward the south, or toward

the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be!" And then I hear some-

thing jar with a great sound. It is the clos ing of the Book of Judgment. The Judge

Hall of the last Ass'ze is cleared and shut.

Cyclone Sweeps Over Alabama, Leaving Terror and Desolation.

News was received in Selma from Augustine, Perry county, Ala., 14 miles from a telegraph station, that a terrible and most destructive cyclone swept over that place Thursday, leveling everything in its path.

Twelve colored and three white people were killed by houses falling in on them, and ten other persons were more or less injured. Twenty-four head of horses and mules were crushed to death by falling

The cyclone was followed by the heaviest rain that has fallen in that section in 15 years. Creeks and branches were converted into raging torrents, sweeping away cotton, corn and other crops, causing heavy loss to

planters. SLAIN BY TURKISH TROOPS.

Eighty Helpless Macedonians Eaid to Have Been Killed.

The Turkish troops are reported to have massacred eighty o'd men, women and children in the villages of Trambuno and Komino, Macedonia.

The remainder of the inhabitants escaped to the mountains. The troops carried off the crops and burned both vil-

George R. Sims, the London writer, is at the head of an anti-bald crusade. It is stated that he calculates he has caused hair to grow on 50,000 baid heads. His recipe is paraffin oil.

The bust of Jadame Caive, which is executed by the Countess Fedore Gleichen, is said to bear a wonderful resemblance to the

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

By the explosion of a portable boiler at Rochester, N. Y, three men were probably fatally and twenty slightly injured.

The steamer Oceanica, of the Lehigh Valley Transportation Company, and the propeller Chisholm were sunk in a collision in Lake St. Clair.

A cloudburst at Mogollon, New Mexico resulted in the loss of several lives and the destruction of considerable mining property. Damage was also done at Graham and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus K. Martin, of Brooklyn, while walking on the Prospect Park and Coney Island Ratiroad tracks, at Kings Highway, were struck by a train and

instantly killed. A freight house being erected in South Boston for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad collapsed, and ten men were injured, Adolphus McKenna, aged 24

years old, fatally. A Rock Island extra freight, carrying stock, was wrecked at the sugar mills, four miles west of Topeka, Kansas. Four men stealing a ride-in the feed-box of a stock car were almost instantly killed.

The Rev. John H. Stewart, aged 60, and for thirty-two years a member of the Methodist ministry, was struck by an engine while driving over a railway crossing near his home in Cataraqui, Ontario, and killed.

Fire destroyed the Van Wert County, Ohlo, Infirmary. The thirty inmates barely escaped with their lives. Two were badly burned, an old woman had both arms broken and half a dozen suffered slight injuries.

Foreman Peter Ryan, John Manning and John Campbell were killed in the St. Lawrence Mine, at Butte, Montana, by the fallure of a clutch on the hoisting engine to work, which permitted the cage to drop to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of 1250

Engineer Fred. Romp, of "Fiyer No. 1," going west; Engineer Win, Johnson, of fast freight, coming east, and Fireman Huff, of the flyer, were killed in a collision at Torch, W. Va., on the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern. Two other train men were probably fatally injured.

The second section of a West-bound train on the Denver and Rio Grand Railroad was wrecked about eight miles west of Pueblo, Colorado. Engineer Charles Davenport and Fireman W. F. Reppert were instantly killed. About twenty passengers were injured, but none seriously. It is thought the accident was caused by the spreading of the rails, due to the intense heat.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

In his new book Harold Frederic will deal exclusively with English people and sub-

The Rev. A. M. Clark said in a lecture in San Francisco the other evening that Gregory VII was the father of modern liberty. It is rumored that no less than three

prominent authors are engaged upon lives of Christ-Hall Caine, S. R. Crockett and Ian Pierre Lourderoau, who is 92 years old,

and who lives in Paris, is the last survivor of

the men who fought in the July revolution in 1830, The Rev. Henry Victor Morgan, of Alameda, Cal., is building a church with his own hands, assisted by some members of his

The Princess of Wales has among her numberiess treasures a very costly and beautiful ostrich screen given to her by Sir John Wil-

Max Nordau's handwriting is almost microscopical. His book, "Parodoxes," a printed volume of 414 pages, was written on sixty-five sheets of paper.

News comes from Japan that Lafcadio Hearn has become totally blind and has been obliged to give up his professorspip in

the Imperial University of Japan. The North British Railway has in its service an engineer named James Henderson, aged 78, who, during fifty years of service has never had an accident happen to his

Laurier, the new Canadian Premier, might have made a fortune and a reputation at the bar, but he rarely goes into court. He is poor, and it is said that if he were to die now his estate would not amount to more than \$2000. He is considered the most pleasing orator in Canada and gained great fame by the first speech he made when he took his seat in the House of Commons.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Maine has two hundred newspapers. There is talk of a "Greater Lowell," It is rumored that no more convicts are to

be sent to Siberia.

The Baltimore and Ohio is laying new steel rail on its main division. Fourth of July fire losses throughout the country were unusually light this year.

All attempts to reach the summit of Mount Blanc have failed this season, either through heavy snow storms or fogs. The Swiss Government has proposed an

obligatory insurance, but there are double as to whether the measure will pass the House. The New Orleans City Council refused to accept the new charter for that city which the Louisiana Legislature framed at its recent session.

The evidence to be submitted to the Venezuelan Boundary Commission is practically all in, and the commissioners are engaged in classifying it.

Pittsburg, Penn., has been paying \$8,000,-000 a year in life insurance premiums, and has never had a company of its own. One is being formed.

Nineteen persons, two of whom are wo-men, have been sentenced to death in Agram, Hungary, on the charges of brigandage and murder.

A. J. Miller, a wealthy merchant of Frankfort, Ind., has offered to give \$50,000 to any one who will restore his sight, lost three years ago by a stroke of paralysis. The Metropolitan Job Printing Company, of New York City, has been awarded the con-tract for printing the Postal Guide for the Postoffice Department. The contract is for

four years at \$19,000 per year. On account of the bad outlook for the native corn crop owing to the lateness of the "rainy season," it is estimated that if the American railroads reduce freights, Mexico will take 10,000 carloads of our corn.

Only one of the thirteen trees planted on Washington Heights, New York City, by Alexander Hamilton more than a century ago to commemorate the thirteen original States of the Union is in a flourishing condition. All the others are either dead or dying.

A Towel of Blotting Paper.

The most curious use to which paper is to be put is that suggested by the recent patenting of a blotting paper towel. It is a new style of bath towel, consisting of a full suit of heavy blotting paper. A person upon stepping out of his morning tub has only to array himself in one of these suits, and in a second he will be as dry as a bone.

STATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, 1 88.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,
LUCAS COUNTY,
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senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENKY &
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and every case of CATABBH that cannot be
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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my
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SEAL A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON.

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Give what you have. To Some it may be better than you dare to think.—Longfellow

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Idleness is only the refuze of weak minds, and the holiday of fools.—Chesterdeld.

"Penny wise and pound foolish" are those who think it economy to use cheap sods and rosin soaps, instead of the good old Dobbins Electric Soap; for sale by all grocers s.ac. 1865. Try it once. Be sure, buy genuine.

He who goes no further than bare justice stops at the beginning of virtue—Biair.

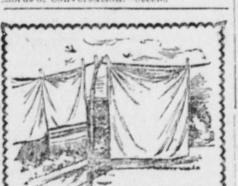
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After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH Eared, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1863.

ter of an honest man .- Washington

Laughter may not improperly be called the horus of conversation.—Steele.



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thout rubbing your clothes all to pieces (and your hands too) you must Sunlight

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sta., N. Y. and the state of t



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrap of Figs, prompt-ly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which premotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxa-tives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and pives most general satisfaction.

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