Dribbler-In my opinion, a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words, he is a chunk of conceit. Scribbler-Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly not because he is conceited, but because he is modest. Dribbler-Modest! What about? Scribbler-About his spelling .- New York Weekly.

A Fortune From a Scare.

An inventive genius who suffered from attacks by stray dogs when riding his wheel, set his wits to work to devise something which would be an efficacious, and yet comparatively harmless, means of defense. As a result he has brought out and patented a pocket pistol which will shoot ammonia, water or other liquid. The most vicious dog cannot withstand a few drops of ammonia in his mouth or eyes, and yet there is no danger of actually injuring a valuable animal which might playfully annoy a rider. The weapon has proved so much of a success as a means of defense as well as fun-making, that the lucky inventor is realizing much money from his device.

The man who has never been in danger cannot answer for his courage. - Johnson.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,-beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

He who bas not a good memory should n ver take upon him the trade of lying .-

Salt Rheum

That Terrible Itching, Burning, Smarting, Swelling

Which ruins pleasure, interferes with work, prevents sleep-yields to the bloodpurifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured thousands of cases, it will cure yours. Remember that

Hood's Sarsa-Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills easy to take, easy to operate.

Longevity and the Brain.

Speaking at Selkirk, Sir James Crichton-Browne dwelt on the dangers to health involved in indolence and disuse of the brain.

The medical profession, he said, adapting itself to the needs of the times, had felt it incumbent upon it during the last decade to insist mainly on the evils of misuse of the brain, on the excessive strain not seldom imposed on it in these days in the fierce struggle of the race to be rich, and more especially on the over-pressure imposed on it in the name of education when in an Immature state, but they were not less keenly alive to the correlative evils of disuse of the brain.

Elderly persons who gave up business and professional men who laid aside their avocations without having other interests or pursuits to which to turn were in many cases plunged in despondency or hurried into premature dotage. He did not know any surer way of inducing premature mental decay than for a man of active habits to retire and do nothing when just past the zenith of life; and, on the other hand, he did not know any surer way of enjoying a green old age than to keep on working at something till the close.

It had been said that one of the rewards of philosophy was length of days, and a striking list might be presented of men distinguished for their intellectual labors which they had never laid aside, who had far exceeded the allotted span of human life. Galileo lived to 78, Newton to 85, Franklin to 85, Buffon to 80, Faraday to 76, and Brewster to 84 years. Sir James Crichton-Browne drew special attention to the great age generally attained by our judges .- London Lancet.

TWO GRATEFUL WOMEN

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Can Do My Own Work."

Mrs. PATRICK DANEHY,

West Winsted, Conn., writes: "DEAR MES. PINKHAM:-It is with

pleasure that I write to you of the benefit I have derived from using your wonderful Vegetable Compound. I was In words which will forever be associated pleasure that I write to you of the very ill, suffered with female weakness and displacement of the womb.

"I could not sleep at night, had to walk the floor, I suffered so with pain in my side and small of my back. Was troubled with bloating, and at times would faint away; had a terrible pain in my heart, a bad taste in my mouth all the time and would vomit; but now, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound, I feel well and sleep well, can do my work without feeling tired; do not bloat or have any trouble whatever.

"I sincerely thank you for the good advice you gave me and for what your medicine has done for me."

"Cannot Praise It Enough."

Miss GERTIE DUNKIN.

Franklin, Neb., writes:

"I suffered for some time with painful and irregular menstruation, falling of the womb and pain in the back. I tried physicians, but found no relief.

"I was at last persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot praise it enough for what it has done for me. I feel like a new person, and would not part with your medicine. I have recommended it to several of my friends."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY of womanly indignation. DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Woman Wrozged"-Lessons Drawn From the Conduct of Vashti. the Veiled-The Glory of Those Who Staunch the Battle Wounds, As Florence Nightingale Did.

TEXT: "Bring Vashti, the queen, before the king with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty: for she was fair to look upon. But the Queen Vashti refused to come."—Esther i., 11, 12.

We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are assame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and creathed; the wealth of empires flashing from the groves; the cellings adorned with mages of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leaf of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the sea-foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. Those for carousal where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and iniaid with gleaming pearl. In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a ban-Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling into crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many-colored ranunculi.

Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The

baskets piled up with apricots and figs and

oranges and pomegranates. Melons taste-

fully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulæus filling the urns and

dropping outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal

vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and illy-shaped cups of silver,

and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher and the reveiry

breaks out into wilder transport, and the

the brain, and louder than all other voices

are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gab-

ble of fools, and the song of the drunkards. In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the Princess of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants: "You go and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's com-The servants mand; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to obey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rise up into one sublime refusal. She says: 'I will not go into the benquet unveiled." Abasuerus was in-Abasuerus was infuriate; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations, who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is in ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti

the sacrifice. Vashti the silent.

In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet it is not necessary to have place and regal robe in order to be queenly. When woman with stout faith in God putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of Heaven look over the battlements upon be coronation; and whether she comes up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet ber with the shout, "All hail, Queen

What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of Eng-land, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Bussia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory? or of that woman mentioned in the Scriptures, who put her all into the Lord's treasury? or of Jeph-thah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism? or of Abigaii, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband? or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, homeless Naomi? or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to staunch the battle wounds of the Crimea? or Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvawith hunter's horn, and captive's chaip, and bridal hour, and lute's throb, and curfew's knell at the 'sing day? and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to the discouraged their footsteps heard along dark lane and in government hospital, and in almshouse in government hospital, and in almshouse corridor, and by prison.gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospitals and plague-biotched lazaretto in greeting

as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Again, I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unmost womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does
yall an Isabella to a throne, a Miriam to
strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or
a Marie Antoinctte to quell a French mob,
or a Deborah to stand at the front of an
armed battalion, crying out, "Up! Up!
This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thy hands." And when
the women are called to such outdoor work
and to such heroic positions, God prepares
them for it; and they have iron in their
soul, and lightnings in their eye, and
whiriwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in
it in right arm. They walk through furtt sir right arm. They walk through fur-

naces as though they were hedges of wild flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphire; and all the harpies

But these are the exceptions. Generally, Doreas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough of the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty, with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline presiding in the cursery, going out into the world with-out any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti with a veil

But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud voiced, with a tongue of in-finite clitter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed in a ver hurricane of millinery, I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman struggling for political preferment-trying to force her way on up to conspicuity, amid the masculine demagogues, who stand with swollen fists and bloodshot eyes and pestiferous breath, to guard the pollswanting to go through the loaferism and defilement of popular sovereigns, who crawl up from the saloons greasy and foul and vermin-covered, to decide questions of justice and order and civilization—when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horrible scum to get to public place and power, I say: "a pity! Vashti has lost her veil!" "Ah, what

a pity! Vashti has lost her veil!"
When I see a woman of comely features,
and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all the schools can do for her, and of high social position, yet moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, though she would have people know their place, and with an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homosopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry-goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodof badinage and innuendo-I say: Vashti has lost her veil.'

Again, I want you this morning to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this that I see coming out of that ralace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, house-less, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh! what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust! A little while ago, approved and sought for; now, none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice!

Ah! you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home empalaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done; but Abasuerus, the husband and the father, is wine has flushed the cheek and touched taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After awhile he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net-further away from God, further away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken beart. The old story over again. Brutal Centaurs breaking up the marriage feast of Lapithæ. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashti and her children There are homes in all parts of this land that are in danger of such breaking up. Oh, Ahasuerus! that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroying the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands, and have people their finger at them as they pass down the street, and say, "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the poverty and wretchedness! God forbid that any evil spirit born of the wine-cup or the brandy-glass should come forth and uproot that garden, and with a lasting, bilstering, all-consuming curse, shut for-ever the palace gate against Vashti and

> One night during our Civil War I went to Hagerstown to look at the army, and I stood on a hill-top and looked down upon them. I saw the camp-fires all through the valleys and all over the bills. It was a weird spectacle, those camp-fires, and I stood and watched them; and the soldlers who were gathered around them were, no doubt, talking of their homes, and of the long march they had taken, and of the batties they were to fight; but after awhile I saw these camp-fires begin to lower and they continued to lower until they were all gone out, and the army slept. It was imposing when I saw the camp-fires; it was imposing in the darkness when I thought of the great host asleep. Well, God looks down from Heaven, and H sees the fire-sides of Christendom and the loved ones gathered around these firesides. There are the camp-fires where we warm ourselves at the close of day, and talk over the battles of life we have fought and the battles that are yet to come. God grant that when at last these fires begin to go out, and continue to lower until finally they are extope strew the hearth of the old homestead, it may be because we have

Gone to sleep that last sleep, From which none ever wake to weep. Now we are an army on the march of life. Then we shall be an army bivouacked in the tent of the grave.

Once more: I want you to look at Vashti the silent. You do not hear any outery from this woman as sne goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature, you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is neces-sary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist; but there are crises when the most important thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waiting for the coming of more intelligent genera-tions, willing that men should laugh at the lightning rod and cotton-gin and steam-boat and telegraph—waiting for long years through the scoffing of philosophical school, in grand and magnificent slience.

Galileo, condemned by mathematicians, and monks, and cardinals, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar reinforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in co bilindness and deafness to wait for the coming on of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his content raries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing-press, yet calmly waiting for the day when press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of Heaven. Affliction enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting. exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up waiting, until the Lord shall gather up His dear children in a Heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence and answering not a word, drinking the gall, and bearing the Cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when

Angels thronged His charlot wheel, And bore Him to His throne; Then swept their golden harps and sung, "The glorious week is done!"

Where Coal is Dearest and Cheapest. Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world; it is cheapest in

Stone in Her Stomach.

From the Gazette, Blandinevil's, Ill. The wife of the Rev. A. R. Adams, pastor of the Bedford Christian Church at Blandinsville, Ill., was for years compelled to live a life of torture from disease. Her case baffled the physicians, but to-day she is alive and well, and tells the story of her

recovery as follows: "About six years ago," said Mrs. Adams, "I weighed about 140 pounds, but my health began to fall and I lost flesh. My food did not agree with me and felt like a stone in my stomach. I began to bloat all

over until I thought I had dropsy. 'I had pains and soreness in my left side which extended clear across my back and also into the region of my heart. During these spells a hard ridge would appear in the left side of my stomach and around the left side.

These attacks left me sore and exhaust-All last summer I was so nervous that the children laughing and playing nearly drove me wild. I suffered also from female troubles and doctored with ten different physicians without receiving any help.

band havthe newsliams' Pink Pills for ple, induced me to try them. gan taking hem last November

"My Husband Read," enced no relief until I had taken six boxes. I am now taking the eleventh box and have been greatly benefited. "I was also troubled with nervous pros-tration and numbness of my right arm and

hand so that at times I could hardly endure the pain, but that has all passed away. I now have a good appetite and am able to do my own work. Have done more this summer than in the past four years put together. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured me and I think it my duty to let other sufferers know it.' Hundreds of equally remarkable cases have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Amen and Amen.

A Scotch minster while on a visit to England noticed that when the minister stopped praying the choir sang "Amen." The first Sunday after his arrival home he arranged with his precentor that at the end of the prayers he would drop a pea on his head, when he was going to sing "Amen." When Sunday came, about the end of the first prayer, the precentor felt a shower of peas fall on his head, and began singing: "Amen! amen! amen!" as fast as he could, when the minister leaned over the pulpit and whispered: "Whist! whist! Jock; the poke's burst." -Golden Penny.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, fuil of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co. Chicago or New York.

Do your duty and do not swerve from it Do that which your conscience tells you to be right, and leave the consequences to

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Lazative Bromo Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. If we could read the secret history of our

enemies, we should find in each man's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility .- Longfeilow. Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. Kung, Ltd., \$31 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays; who deserves well, needs not another's praise,-R. Heath. To Cure Constipation Forefer.

Take Cascarets Candy Cashartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fall to cure, druggists refund money. He bazard th much who depends upon earning for his experience-Roger Ascham.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. Ec.s bottle He who buys what he does not need will

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 10c, \$1 All druggists. The golden age is not the age of gold, but

soon need what he cannot buy .- Haskell.

the age of heart .- Emerson. Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself .-

Zimmerman. Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

A man's own good breeding is the best ecurity against other people's ill manners. -Chesterfield. Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning .- Lowell

TAPE

notice by sensible people."

GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.



CURE CONSTIPATION. ... NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug

PISO'S CURE FOR ONSUMPTION

Sierra Leone, Africa

The settlement of Sierra Leone at one time consisted only of the peninsula terminating in Cape Sierra Leone, with an area of about 300 square miles. The colony, with its protectorate, now includes a large extent of country, estimated at 4,000 square miles. The capital, Freetown, possesses the best harbor in West Africa. The scenery of Sierra Leone is said to be very simiiar to that of the West Indies. The soil is fertile and there is an abundance of pure fresh water. Tropical fruits grow luxuriantly. Pineapples especially are produced very abundantly, while bananas, plantains, avocato pears, mangoes, limes and oranges are not only consumed locally, but are also exported to Gambia Goree and Senegal.

Married a Vasc.

Miss Hsu, of Soochow, recently married a red flower vase as a substitute for her betrothed, who died before the wedding day. He was a son of Lu Jen Hslang, Vice Chancellor of the Imperial Academy at Peking. The young woman having determined to marry no one else, adopted this means to enter her betrothed's family and so be treated as a widow. The people of Soochow are talking of building a stone arch to commemorate Miss Hsu's virtues .-New York Sun.



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