THE SONG OF SONGS.

I 'm a man thet 's fond o' music, An' w'en folks are not eround, I kin make our old accorjun Squeak a mighty takin' sound; An' thet banjer hangin' yander, With its gentle plink, plank, plink, Pyears to git plumb at the bottom Of the deepes' thoughts I think.

Does me heaps o' good on Sundays 'For the pray'r at church is said, Jes to stand an' hyear "Old Hundred" Soarin' fur up overhead? An' I most kin spy the angels Leanin' 'crost the gate up thar, When Old Abrum Blackburn's darter Leads us in "Sweet Your o' Pray'r."

But ef you sh'u'd want to see me W'en I hev my broades' smile, You must ketch me in the kitchen, W'en the kittle's on the bile! Fer I claim thar ain't no warblin' Ever riz on red-birds' wings That kin holt a taller candle To the song the kittle sings.

Seems ez ef my soul gits meller In the kittle's first sweet note, Till I fancy weddin' music Screakin' f'om the iron th'oat. Sech times, ef I squent my eyes up, I kin fahly 'pyear to see Old man Abrum Blackburn's darter Smilin' thoo the steam at me! -Eva W. McGlasson, in Century.

THE DOCTOR'S NEPHEW.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Cora alighted from Philo Wilson's high and narrow and somewhat rattly buggy, and sat down on a log with a sigh of relief, while Philo hitched his horse to a tree.

It was not an enticing thing at best to go to a picnic with Philo Wilson; but the picnic itself was preferable to the drive thither. There were distractions at least, and, with good luck, a chance for a brief escape. But driving six miles with him, making spasmodic at-tempts at conversation while he sat in his usual open-mouthed but tongue-tied silence, tall and lank, uninspired and uninspiring-driving with Philo had no alleviating points.

Fairly at the grounds, then, Cora shook out her white dress and straightened her chip bonnet and even smiled a little with the buoyancy of youth. The picnic was large, she noted, gaily.

There were the older people gathered sedately together among a group of birches. Cora's father and mother were among them, in black broadcleth and alpaca. and they looked over at "their pretty daughter and Philo with placid smiles.

They approved of Philo; he was "steady," and their practical concern went no further. Cora smiled back at them. And grouped about the long board platform, where there would be triumphed. "But I was kind o' put out. Your folks didn't like it, neither; Wal

Cora deserted the log. "I'll go over where the rest are," she

said. And though Philo, who was a bit of a

despot under his phlegmatism, did not look pleased, she hurried away. "The girls" were gushingly glad to see her, after the manner of girls.

"You look lovely!" said Kate Miller. "What did you bring?" said Margy But Philo and not hear

perfectly horrid! It isn't white a bit, and the frosting-"You know it's splendid, Margy," said swinging arms. Cora, laughing; "yours always are. Isn't that Dr. Sanborn's nephew ?" "The girls" did not look around—it The eyes of the entire picnic were wasn't necessary. They had him already well fixed on their mental retinas, by bewilderment. Jem alone was unconwell fixed on their mental retinas, by reason of sundry furtive glances-the handsome young fellow, blue-eyed and black-haired, in a loose jacket and sandshoes and a soft cap, who sat talking to Sadie Sanborn and Sadie's beau at the other end of the platform. They burst startling mystery; but he was there un-into a subdued inquisitorial chorus. questionably, and as unquestionably "Oh, do you know him?" thought, of course, he's a relative, because he's with Sadie." "Isn't he lovely, anyhow." 'He is very nice looking," said Cora, faintly tinted as to her round cheeks. "Yes, he's the doctor's nephew. He was here last summer, but only for a week or so; and the doctor was in to see father one evening, and brought Mr. Hill with him, and we got pretty well acquainted. He'd run over and play croquet real often, and one day we went-But a little excited murmer interrupted her:

since. If it hadn't been for you, Miss to be stirring, We Gilman, I shouldn't have come here this summer!" he ended, courageously. "But I'm in for a month here now." She looked at him breathlessly, her a coward." Cora leng "But father, e

heart beating hard. Did he mean it? But she knew he did. And he hadn't an idea of Philo's ummer, r "Wal, se Showed son

did. And he hadn't an idea of Philo's existence. She wished that she had not. The doctor's nephew rose impulsively. "Come, Miss Gilman," said he: "don't let's sit here pokily. We never were poky, you know. Let's have a ramble. Isn't there an ostensible purpose—an ob-ject of interest, or something?" She smiled with an inward conflict. She smiled, with an nuward conflict

of gladness and misgiving. "There's the willow arbor, down by the marsh; it's pretty there?" she fal-

tered. Hank Lee had released Philo; he was turning this way, with his loose got, his bands in his neckots

hands in his pockets. "I love willow arbors,"

doctor's nephew. "It there's I've always adored and yearned ron a willow arbor. You'll go?" "I don't know," said Cora, wistf But Mr. Hill knew. Philo Wilso

any rate, stood the next moment str ing

after their disappearing figures. It was not quite eleven by Mr. Hill's handsome time-piece when they started; but it was fully one when they got back. They had forgotten the pienic, almost, wandering among the will

wandering among the willows in some thing more than contentment, and it was a dire necessity to have to come back to

"But they'll be having dinner, you The say?" said Mr. Hill, "And they'll eat cence. that long table all together? Well, Sim at that long table, all together? Well. I'll get a seat by you, by hook or crook." But dancer has late. The fiddlers had arrived, been pressed into early ser-

arrived, peen pressed into early ser-vice. A platform was filled with waltzers—to get up their appetites, they said, while their elders waited hungrily for that process to be completed.

"Ah!" said the doctor's nephew. blithely. "Will you give me the first, Miss Gilman, and as many more as your card will permit?"

They were laughing at that as they went toward the platform. But they did not ascend it. Philo stood on the lower stair, like a spider in wait for a

"It's about time, seems to me," he observed, his dull face lighted by a spark of anger. "I've b'en looking round for you for two hours. I guess I'll have the first dance, if you just as lief."

There was sharp resentment in his pale-lashed eyes. Cora bit her red lips, her face aflame.

But she spoke quietly. "Mr. Wilson was my escort, Mr. Hill," she said. "I-I-"

She could not finish. She tried to

smile, but her lips only trembled. The doctor's nephew looked Mr. Wilson

over from head to foot, and bowed silently, a little paler than his wont, and turned away.

"I didn't mean to make you mad,"

I told 'em you was off with him. Wal, let's have a waltz," he concluded, conscious of extreme magnanimity.

"I shall not dance," said Cora. Her pretty eyes blazed scornfully upon im. He had told "her folks." She him. could have laughed if she had not been so hotly miserable. What did he think?

"You will find me a seat, if you His eyes

WINTER QUARTERS.

SCENES AT A MENAGERIE DUR-ING COLD WEATHER. Burmese Cow's Affection for a

Young Goat-The Lockjawed Camel that Lives on Water, Etc., Etc.

"That is the strangest attachment I ever saw formed, and I've been around with circuses, man and boy, for forty-six years," said Harry Pierce, the veteran in charge of Grenier's wild beasts, in the winter quarters of the menagerie at the corner of i andolph and Ann streets. He referred to a white Burmese cow and a white kid, which were made fast, close by one another, to a wheel of the great cage in which was the hippoptamus. "Why, sir," said Pierce, approaching close to the ani-mals with the *Herald* reporter, "we dare not separate them, even for a few moments, lest the cow go into fits. She will cry, moan and take on like a human being if it is out of her sight for a mobeing if it is out of her sight for a moment. . She is evidently under the delusion that it is her calf. She will lick it, get close by its side, insist upon its having the choice of all food and fight for it, if needs be."



THE LOCK-JAWED CAMEL.

The reporter, being somewhat skep-tical upon the latter point, drew close to the little goat and began to tease it. Well for him was it that Mr. Pierce was close * at hand, else had the horns of the humped cow tossed him in the air. Accepting the remainder of the statements as facts, the reporter turned about, when his eye fell upon a goldish-red dog, possessed of intelligent face and soft, melting eyes. Nature had ungenerously withheld forelegs from the canine, which did not appear, however, to lie awake nights worrying over the niggardliness manifest in its make-up; for a jollier, better-natured, fatter dog could not be come up with in a month's journey.

Strangest, though, of all the sights in Grenier's collection is a grant camel, a bactrian, which is suffering from lock-jaw. Its mouth has been shut fast since October 10, and in all that time it has not taken any sustenance whatsoever, except a very small amount of water, say a quart or so, in each twenty-four hours. It is somewhat gaunt in appearance, it is true: yet at the request of the reporter Mr. Pierce caused it to move around, and it stepped forward seemingly without an effort, stalking up and down the room after the ungainly springlike manner peculiar to its class. There was not the slightest appearance of weakness. Its jaws are locked as firmly as though a half score of bolts had been driven through them and riveted there. A veterinarian of skill attendhe great beast every morn

ther, it may be well to inform the curious that an elephant when on the road requires two bushels of oats and 200 pounds of hay daily. His allowance of water is forty gallons in the same time. In winter, when resting, he cats 250 pounds of hay and drinks forty to fifty gallons of water. Grain is denied to him until he starts out on his spring campaign. Elephants are inordinately fond of whisky and beer. Keepers, whether



THE SPIRIT MOVES THEM.

tectotalers themselves or not, are of the opinion that whisky is a good medicine for the beasts, and occasionally they give to each a half-gallon in bottles. No old toper ever displayed greater zeal in emptying a glass than do these monsters in uncorking a bottle and draining its contents, only to seize another and another, as fast as handed to them.

"Do they feel it?" said Mr. Pierce. "Of course they do. They are like men folks, too, showing by their actions that in the wine is truth. If a beast is of an ugly disposition when sober, he will be meaner than the meanest when drunk. If of a lively disposition when sober, hell be frisky as a lamb and gay as a peacock in spring time when drunk. I guess they have headaches afterward, too, like human beings. They look miserable enough to have the biggest sort of big heads; but they don't complain of it to me.

"We give the lions about fifteen pounds of meat each per day, feeding them but once in twenty-four hours every day in the week except Sunday. Sundays are fast days for carnivorous animals in all the menageries. They receive nothing in the shape of food from Saturday morning to Monday morning. I do not perceive that it makes any difference with them. You know that in a wild state they are frequently compelled to go a long time without food when it is scarce."

Mr. Pierce, who was one of the earliest of lion tamers, laughed at the idea of going in among them just after they had eaten. "That is a big mistake," said he. "It is strange how many sensible people swallow that yarn. All of the cat family are uglier and crosser just after eating than at any other time. We feed them in the morning about ten



INMATES OF THE LION'S CAGE.

Eleven hundred and forty-five writers have contributed the articles for the ninth edition of the Encyclopedia Britanica, the last volume of which has just been issued.

The Excitement Not Over.

The rush on the druggists still continues and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 50c and \$1. Trial size free.

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in urging you, it you sumer with rheumatism, to give Hood's Sarasparilla a trial. "I had theumatism so that when I sat or laid down I could hardly get up. Hood's Sarasparilla has almost cured me."-P. Cannes, Galion, O. N. B. If you make up your mind to try take Hood's Sarasparilla. An ord he induced to take any other

arilla, do not be induced to take an Hood's Sarsaparilla

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result was

CHEAPEST AND

GERMAN DICTIONARY

the proper s Wonder if he Fine young man iking much of a stay to the doctor he speculated, with a ence he did not feel. show of indi he? The fine young man seemed indifferent to his How could had snot and he had some paternal daughter, wonderin

admire

w," said her was here last

Itily blushing.

he's the right kind.

he did-showed

"Yes,

wonderings. "I thank he is," said Cora. She wiped away the last of her tears and smiled, for the doctor's nephew was through the trees. his conting toward her through the trees. And her mother was getting out the nch-basket.

Philo Wilson did not appear at the well-spread dinner; nor was it very strange that he did not escort Cora to the next picnic, for before that acnual gathering again took place, she was generally known as "the doctor's niece." Saturday Night.

WISE WORDS.

Cultivate charity.

True eyes discover truth.

There is nothing as royal as truth. Without hearts there is no home.

The most effective coquetry is inno-

Simplicity and luxury are equally enjoyable

Life is too short to crowd it with resentments.

Knowledge is dearly bought, if we sacrifice to its moral qualities.

It is easier to vanquish a man in an argument than it is to convince him.

We find self-made men very often, but self-unmade ones a good deal oftener.

Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy and can make them wretched. No great characters are formed in this

world without suffering and self-denial. The existence of life is sometimes measured by the memory of its burdens.

He who reforms himself has done something toward the reformation of the crowd.

A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.

If we did but half we are able to do we would be surprised at the sum of our diligence.

When a man learns how ignorant he is he is in possession of a valuable piece of knowledge.

You cannot dream yourself into character; you must hammer and forge vourself one.

Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it; anything but live for it.

Branding "U. S" On Deserters.

States Army a man caught and convicted

of the crime of desertion was branded

by tattooing the letter D on his left hip.

He was at once recognized by that mark on presenting himself at a recruiting of-

fice for examination. The branding sys-tem was abolished by law, and since then

it is always difficult and often impossible

Under the old system in the United

"He's looking at you!" "He's bowing." "He's coming straight over here, Cora !"

So he was, with the eager smile with which young men have greeted pretty "tackled" Jem Mu mads since the world began, and with care to do it now. an impatient, outstretched hand.

Cora's fingers smarted, in truth, under the pressure it gave them.

"Miss Gilman," he said, finding a scat beside her (and "the girls" edged away, awed by the nearer presence of the doctor's nephew), "I have been looking for you, do you know? I came only yesterda" or you'd have seen me before. How are you, Miss Gilman? You look act, but the doctor's nephew had diswell! And the croquet ground-is it tanced them. there ?"

"Yes, it's there," she said, smiling up at him. (Philo had been buttonholed by Hank Lee, at a safe distance.) "I've improved, Mr. Hill. Will you believe

"You ." he cried, in humorous alarm. "Why, you used to 'whitewash' me every time as it was. We'll play some thing else this year, Miss Gilman-tag, or jackstones, or something I'm proficient

They laughed delightedly. How nice he was! she thought-so

bright and joily! Ehe was a little frightened to find how well ahe remembered all about him. And he—she couldn't tell what he was thinking, of course—but he was looking at her with very eager eyes and a manner almost excited. She dropped her own,

were fixed on a figureat a little distance -a figure which walked unsteadily with

"Jem Murray !" he muttered, amazedly.

cerned. He was the chief blot on the town's respectability; a brainless fellow, half shoemaker and half vagabond, generally idle and never sober. How Jem Murray had got to the picnic was a We drunk.

His progress was not barred; there was some hesitation about barring it, He swaggered on, marking his course with amiable comments.

"Nishe day, nishe plashe, nishe lot o' girls. Keep right 'long"-for the fiddlers had irresolutely stopped-"keep right 'long; goin' to have a danshe m'self."

He was grinning with the pleasure of this vague notion. It took clearer form in his muddled head.

"Goin' to have a danshe," he repeated. "Here-here'sh girl now."

He was standing before Cora, his blinking eyes on her blanched face and

his shaking arm extended. She caught at her companion des-peratedly; but Philo backed off, his face as pale as her own. He had never "tackled" Jem Murray, and he did not

"See here, now," he began, weakly. But Jem was oblivious.

"Wal, 'm waitin'," he observed. He touched Cora's sleeve; but he did

no more. He was laid on his back the next minute by a sharp blow on the face, and the doctor's nephew stood threateningly above him. There were half a dozen others meditating the same

Philo stord open-mouthed. Cora was nervously crying, but Mr. Hill's arm was through her's protectingly.

Jem Murray was got on his feet and hurried away by a score of hards, and the hero of the occasion had an approving group around him, and Cora's father was of the number.

"You did that mighty neat," was the general verdict.

"I could not see a lady insulted," the young man responded, a little stiffly, with an eye on Philo, and Philo grew red under it.

almost excited. She dropped her own, her cheeks pinker. "I remember it all, you see. What a good time we had, Miss Gilman, now didn't we—the day we went off black-berrying? You haven't forgotten it? You had on an old blue dress and a shaker, and some gloves of your father's." Mr. Hill threw back his head in boyish glee. "And we got ten quarts, too." He grew suddenly sober. "I did enjoy that week, Miss Gilman. I've lived it over in my imagination ofteu enough

for the recruiting officers to tell old deserters when they turn up again for enlistment at different stations. I have heard my men speak of others who had deserted and re-enlisted over ten times. They had told of one man who had been in and out the service eleven times. and of another who had a record of thirteen enlistments. These are no doubt extreme cases.

Branding was abolished because it was considered degrading. The old system of flogging perished for a similar reason many years ago. I am in favor of brand-ing, and would make it an honor instead of a stigma by having the letters U. S., or some distinctive mark tattooed on every sold er, officer, and private. The mark could be placed on the arm as well as the hip for the purpose. I think if I appeared before my men with the brand exposed to their view the idea of degradation would quickly vanish. Then, if a man deserted and presented himself again for re-enlistment or was captured, his discovery would be a very simple matter. A large proportion of the deserters get caught sooner or later, but in the meantime they cost the country a large sum of money. My remedy. I think, would not only be an economical measure, but absolutely certain as a means of detection. -New York Times.

A Cunning Restaurateur.

"Why do you keep it so blazing hot?" inquired a patron of the proprietor as he entered a restaurant. "Because it is cold outside," replied the proprietor. After the patron had left the premises the restaurant proprietor confidingly made the following confession to a newspaper man: "You see, I've been in the business for a quarter of a century, and my experience has taught me that under ordinary circumstances men devour more food at a single meal in piercing cold weather than when the outside temperature is moderate. When I first embarked in the eating-house business I was green enough to economize in wood for heating the premises, imagining I was thereby saving money, but I soon discovered my mistake as the patrons of my restaurant devoured such inordinate quantities of food in winter that bankruptcy stared me in the face. It was here I learned a lesson from a cock, and here I learned a lesson from a cock, and through which I have since acquired a snug fortune. My cock ate barely enough to sustain life in a canary bird, and I inquired the cause of his lack of appetite. He replied that it was due to his being constantly employed about a hot fire, and remarked that if I would keep my restaurant red hot in winter my keep my restaurant red-hot in winter my boarders would not consume one-half the amount of food. I tried the experiment and soon found that whereas I had heretofore saved probably \$20 a month in fuel by half-freezing my boarders, that I was saving at least twenty cents a meal in the decrease in the amount of food each one consumed while the

month, exhausting every means known



HAULING THE CAGE OUT OF THE MUD.

to his art in vain attempts to open its mouth in order to give it food. He finally abandoned his task, declaring the animal must surely die. But will it do so? Already it has shamed Tanner. Possessed of infirite powers of endurance, having a considerable amount of flesh to draw upon, is it not possible for it to hold out until the lock terminates? Mr. Grenier hopes so, for the animal is young and of extra value, because it is a superb beast of great stature, trained to draw wagons with the docility of an old dray horse.

There is much of interest attaching to acircus and menagerie in winter quarters. Wild beasts on exhibition are seen usually at some little distance from the Here, if one be a friend of keeper or the owner, he can see them as they are, observe their habits, admire their beauty, strength or intelligence, and finally leave, feeling that he has been brought face to face with the wild beasts and become acquainted with them.

Two great elephants are clo e compan-ions of the lock-jawed camel. One of these, Jennie, is a huge animal, which is a veritable beast of burden. Her daily task, when the circus is on the road, is to place all the wagons in position in the tent. So, too, when a wagon sticks fast in the mud or a deep rut, it is she who gets behind it, placing her huge head against it, when presto! up it rises and out it goes. She has the strength of at least twenty horses.



THE BACTRIAN COW AND PET KID. In the same apartment are Prince, Belle and Ross, three fine lions. Prince three weeks ago was the proud father and Losa the loving mother of one of the prettiest of baby lions. It was three months old when its voracious appetite was the cause of its death. It choked to death over a hunk of meat too large for its little threat. During the last meanth death over a hunk of ment too large for its little throat. During the last month of its life it was passed around to ladies and children, who delightfully held it in their arm, fondling and careesing the feline without thought of its fierceness should it be spared to adult age. Before referring to other animals fur-

o'clock, and enter their cages say about three o'clock and again at nine o'clock in presence of the audiences. We get control of them by association with them, and the superiority which man has over wild beasts. There is no clap trap or humbug about it. We teach them we are masters, and they learn to fear and obey, if not to love us. It is a dangerbusiness, however, for the cats are ous all treacherous, and one can avoid attack only by constant vigilance."

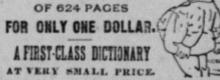
Returning to the animals, in a stall is a horse twenty-one hands high with a weight of more than a ton and a quarter, whose great solid face is in marked contrast with the chipper, intelligent coun-tenance of the diminutive Shetland

Dick, the aguar, beautifully spotted, is tame and likes to be petted. In the cage adjoining him is a brute of a puma, which, ever restless strides up and down its cage. A ferocious, ungrateful wretch, it would murder the man who feeds it, as it killed its beautiful and more docile mate a short time ago. Perhaps the meanest brute in the aggrega-tion is a big mandril, whose purple-blue breast swells with rage at the slightest provocation. Untamed and untamable, it springs forward mad to seize and to tear every one passing the cage.



A CONTRAST IN SIZE.

with the horses occupy is large and roomy. The premises are never left un-guarded for a single moment. When Mr. Pierce's duties end for the day he is succeeded by an inteiligent keeper who remains until his return in the morning. Besides these there is a superintendent, watchman and divers assistants. Insur ance companies demand twelve per cent. for the risk, which they consider very hazardous. Rather than pay this every precaution is taken against fire, while ways of egress are many. There is something homelike about the place. One regarding the animals in their several apartments can scarcely bring umself to realize that once these beasts were wild and a terror to man. Now they are cared for better than many hu they are cared for better than many hu-man beings in this great city. If sick they are nursed tenderly. Strong at-tachments grow up between keepers and the animals in their charge, even where, as in the cases of the baboon and puma, they are known to be treacherous, and love not in return for the many kind-nesses heaped upon them. — Chicago Heredd



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