The sun is up," he gayly cried; "I think it meet that I Should get my spade and rake, and haste My garden luck to try."

And so he toiled until he saw Where he was digging squirm A corpulently beautiful. Enticing fishing worm.

"I will a-fishing go," said he, And toward the stream he went: But presently a toothsome duck Its course near by him bent.

"My gun," he thought, "I should have brought: I'll go and get it straight;" And so he homeward took his way,

Although the hour was late. "The traveling I have done," he vowed, "Has used me most severe; I'll take the opportunity

To rest while I am here." And so he laid him down and slept, And ere his sleep was done The lake beside the western hill

Gleamed with the setting sun. Alas! to see so poor a day With good intent so rife! Alas! how oft it may be found

The mirror of a life. -Washington Post.

SALLY'S SPHERE.

BY ANNIE F. JOHNSON.

The band was playing out on the hotel piazza. The little steamer Idlewild came gay colors flashed along the carriagedrive or darted to and fro in the tennis

Sally stood at the front window of her room, peering through the curtain at Mrs. Sutherland's summons to go down. Two days before she had stood in the hot kitchen of an old farmhouse carefully ironing the dress she now wore. Through the open window she had caught glimpses of the men at work in the hay field, and once when she paused in the door a moment, Jonas had waved his broad-brimmed hat to her.

She remembered how admiringly she had watched him pitching up the heavy sat quietly beside Mrs. Sutherland in the fork-fulls of hay, and how grave his eyes were that night when he called to say good-bye. Then looking down again on the well-dressed groups below, she remembered with sudden disapproval that he had scated himself to talk to her in his shirt sleeves, with his old straw hat pushed back on his head.

Salry Merrill's short life had been a country neighborhood, where she had grown up, a homely, practical girl, whose good nature and high spirits made met him going through the corridors, her everybody's favorite. But through racquet in hand, and looking handsomer the books old Miss Jewsberry loaned her than ever in his tennis cap and blazer. every week, she had found her way into She might have excelled at that game, a different society. She went to the rus- but she had no costume like the other tic gatherings with Jonas and enjoyed girls. So she missed that pleasure too. them, but between times dreamed of the romances she had read, and fell in love strolled with her along the beach, or with the white handed heroes.

Half the time when she went about the house, sweeping and dusting and putting it in order, in her imagination she was trailing majestically down long her for a short row on the lake. ballrooms, or making witty replies to the She vaguely felt that she was destined to talked to her, and how his voice rang out camped at what is now Matochin. Small-

The little looking glass above her went.

washstand showed nothing beautiful to One washstand showed nothing beautiful to
One morning, as she was about to start stricken, and, preferring to die by
the face smiling so hopefully into it. down to the steamer with a little fishing drowning, ran down the steep sides of Sally was so accustomed to seeing the party, to spend the day across the lake, small, honest eyes reflected there, the a bell-boy brought her a letter. It was pale hair, the commonplace little features, from Jonas. "Poor old Jonas!" she I have said, 3500 of them drowned. It that it never occurred to her that she thought regretfully. She had forgotten was not even what people call pretty.

knock at the door, and shaking out the she had not promised to write. Then daintily ironed folds of her white muslin, Mr. Lambert came up and took her wraps burried to open it. The quietly attired old lady, who

stood there with serene face and soft, white hair, had been a life-long friend of Sally's mother. She had been ordered to the lakes by her physician for a change of climate. Not wishing to be alone, and remembering Sally's bright face and her guest for a month. They had arrived but a few hours before.

been out of sight of the hills that sur- the shore. rounded her old home. Now the sunset was reddening the lake,

and the music of the band floated en-Sutherland's hand on her arm, she passed down the broad st Mase to dinner, feelromance lay spread out before her.

the little country girl adapted herself to surroundings. None of the bashful ignorance she had expected, showed itself rows of fictitious social lights, on Miss hers. Jewsberry's bookcase shelves.

Mrs. Sutherland found a number of choose to chaperone such a plain, insig- joining hers. nificant little body as Sally at a fashion-able summer resort; but then, whatever voice say, "I understand you made a Mrs. Sutherland chose to do, always lion of yourself to-day. How did it passed unquestioned, in the set where happen? Who was the fair damsel?" she held acknowledged supremacy.

A week went by. Seven days so full of new delightful experiences, that Sally Maud Muller that aunt picked up among in Japan was its prevalence among the lay awake at night, to dream them again. | the hills-walked off into the water, and She would have enjoyed it all, has she I fished her out. That's all. Luckily it been merely a spectator of the gayety around her, but she was always included in the party, when Mrs. Sutherland's to listen for among all others. friends picniced across the lake, or made excursions on the little steamer.

with some children along the pier, and be interesting to Mademoseile Amy, when went at once to the shady corner of the she hears of it."

beckoned to her. "This is the little friend I was telling you about," she said in a hurried undertone as the girl approached. "I want you to be particularly nice to her."

"Ah, Sally," she continued, as she prise this morning. My nephew Sydney has just come. Allow me to introduce Mr. Lambert, Miss Merrill."

He arose to return her bow, and place a chair for her, but she would not sit down. "I promised to take Miss Moore from head to foot; then she lay still. the book we were reading this morning," she said. "Oh, here it is!" She picked it up, and with an embarrassed little bow went on.

"Why aunt," he said, as she passed into the hall, "she is as plain as a little had expected to see a perfect wild circled around the gas.

"She is a dear little thing," was Mrs. Sutherland's reply. "You must know her well to appreciate her thoroughly." Upstairs in her room, with her chin in sill, Sally was gazing abstractedly out on the lake. "What glorious eyes he had," she said to herself, "and what a voice.

He is the handsomest man I ever saw." Naturally kind-hearted, and one of the most courteous of men, it was a very easy thing tor Sydney Lambert to be "particularly nice" to his aunt's guest.

He was a confirmed old bachelor, Mrs. Sutherland told her, over thirty-five; and to Sally's eighteen years, that did indeed seem a great age. He thought of her it's pretty hard to come down to plain only as a child, and exerted himself to livin' after such a taste of high life, ain't puffing in across the blue lake, and help his aunt give her a good time. He delighted her with his constant little attentions and efforts to entertain her.

It was a part of the new life she could not grow accustomed to. She told herself over and over that it meant nothing. the scene below, and anxiously awaiting It was mere formality that made him spring up to open a door for her, to offer her a seat, to fold a shawl around her when the evenings grew cool. Jonas, in all his years of devotion, had never been so observant. He never watched for a chance to render the little services which so gratified her pride, and won ment. her regard.

Sometimes a little thorn crept in among her roses. She felt it when she evenings, listening to the dreamy waltzes. and watching Mr. Lambert dancing with one after another of the graceful girls in their pretty gowns.

She had never leared to dance. felt it again sometimes in the mornings, when she sat in a cool corner of the long parlors, with a book, and he turned the music for some one's white fingers to double one. Outwardly it had always play. She looked regretfully at her own been bound by the narrow horizon of a small hands. They were hard and red,

> But she forgot about it when he talked to her on the piazza. Once he brought her a cluster of pond-lilies, and once when they had walked down to the pier in the twilight, he had taken

How handsome he had looked admirers always around her. his dark head thrown back a little, as he canal. realize some of these experiences some across the water, when he sang a line pox broke out among them, and the morfrom some opera, just to show how it

her promise to write to him. She had Now she heard Mrs. Sutherland's almost forgotten him. She half wished and she slipped the letter into her pocket, It is a common saying, believed by many unread.

One thing stamped that day indelibly on Sally's memory. Somehow, coming home, when the steamer stopped at the pier, she lost her balance in the rush of the crowd, and slipped. In a moment she was in the lake, going down, down pleasant ways, she had invited her to be in the cold water. It seemed to her ages, but it was only an instant until Sydney Lambert's strong arm held her fast, This was the first time Sally had ever and he was swimming with her toward

She did not go down to dinner that evening. She leaned back in a great armchair, lazily sipping the tea Mrs. trancingly along the hall. With Mrs. Sutherland sent up, and dreaming the day over again. Dreamed till the stars came out, and the lights were lit, and ing that the life she coveted was within the dancing commenced below. Laughter her grasp. The opening chapter of her and scraps of conversation came up through the open window. She scarcely Mrs. Sutherland wondered at the way heeded them. She was listening to the music that seemed to give utterance to

her happy thoughts. "Sydney-Sydney," she whispered unin look or tone. She did not know that der her breath, just to hear the music of for years Sally had dreamt she "dwelt in his name. Then she recalled how her marble halls." She did not know how head had rested on his shoulder, when much of the world, of sentiment, and he carried her up from the water. ambition, she had learned from those Again she felt his heart beating close to

The music stopped. A fragrant puff of cigar smoke circled in at the window, old friends among the guests at the and some one stepped out on the little hotel. They thought it odd she should balcony which opened off the room ad-

Pshaw! nothing worth making such a sensation over. A little girl-some

was near shore." That voice was the one she had learned

"Oh, just a child, was it?" rejoined One morning she came in from a walk might develop into an affair that would

piazza, where she had left Mrs. Suther- "Well, hardly!" replied the other

te pass on, when the lady smiled and odor of a cigar lingered on the air long after, and the lightly spoken words left

their sting for many a day.
Sally sat motionless. So it was all a mistake, then. There was some one else, and he did not care for her. He would never come. And yet he had saved her came up. "I have had a delightful sur- life. Oh, why had he done it, when it could never be the same again! Then the music commenced again. She threw herself across the bed, and pulled the pillows over her ears to shut out the sound; now and then a sob shook her

Hours after, when the lights were all out, the gay voices gone, and the wide halls deserted, she got up and groped her way across the room. Then she lit the gas, and took the letter still unopened from her pocket. While she nun. From your enthusiastic praises, I read a beetle boomed into the room and

"You poor, silly thing," said Sally, looking up. "You shan't be burned; go back where you belong." As she spoke she fanned it through the window with her handkerchief and closed the her hands and elbows on the window blind. Coming back she caught sight of her reflection in the mirror. "Somebody had better say that to me," she thought. Her little dream was over, and she was thoroughly awake. It was well for Jonas she had waited until now to read his letter.

"La, you haven't changed a mite." said Miss Jewsberry to her some two weeks later, as Sally walked in, sunbonnet in hand. "Somehow I mistrusted goin' away so might spoil you; I reckon livin' after such a taste of high life, ain't it? Didn't nothin' happen? I 'lowed sure there would."

"Yes, Miss Jewsberry," Sally answered, solemnly, "something did happen. Something I hardly expectedyet-I believe I am the better for it. Besides, you must know, I have met my fate at last."

The romance-loving old maid looked up eagerly. "What is he like?" she de-

Sally blushed, and then broke into a merry laugh at her look of blank amaze-

"Why, he's just like Jonas."- Yankes

Panama a Graveyard.

More men have died and are buried on the Isthmus of Panama, alone the line of the proposed canal, than on any equal amount of territory in the world. It was in 1877, the year before the

final collapse of the canal scheme came, that chance took me to "the isthmus, as it is more usually described. How many people are buried out in Monkey Certainly 8000 or 9000; probably 12,000 or 15,000, but it's all a matter of guesswork as to the exact number. But the ground about Aspinwall only holds a small percentage of the men who have died on the isthmus. The city of Panaama, of course, lays claim to the largest number of burials, but I can say without exaggeration that the entire line of the railroad and canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific is a continuous graveyard. At Matochin alone over 3500 Chinaman met their death in one day. That was twenty-five or thirty years ago, while the Panama Railroad was being built, and long before work on the canal was begun. Ten thousand Chinaman had been brought from China to work Over one-half of them were tality became so great that the Chinamen, always easily excited, became panic the hills near their camp and threw themselves into the Chagres River. As was because of this that the name of the camp was changed to Muertechino, muerte meaning "dead" in Spanish and Chino signifying Chinaman. The name has since become perverted to Matochin. on the isthmus, that every tie on the Panama Railroad represents a dead man .-Chicago Post.

Very Tame Bears.

E. C. Waters, for some years manager of the Government hotels in the Yellowstone National Park, is in New York. Mr. Waters believes that the park is destined to become the feeder of zoological gardens of the country and that one of its immediate needs is an immense paddock or series of paddocks where the species now in the park may be cared for and bred on scientific princi-

"How many animals are in the park?" he was asked.

"Many hundreds or perhaps thousands of elk," he said, "about a hundred buffalo and some mountain sheep and bears. The buffalo are in no danger of becoming an extinct species. Since they have been placed under protection of Government troops they have been increasing. Elk also thrive there. The bears are perfectly harmless. Having never been hunted they have no fear of man. My little daughter six years old, has sometimes gone within fifteen feet of

a bear and tossed bits of meat to him. "The streams afford the best fishing ground in the country. No prohibition is laid on this sport and many parties come and take large strings. Senator Jones of Arkansas landed more than a hundred pounds of trout one day last summer."- Chicago News.

The Grip Sought Shining Marks.

One remarkable peculiarity of the grip upper classes, whereas the cholera sought its victims among the poorer people. Some idea of the extent of the epidemic may be gathered from the fact that, at Yokohama, the sufferers officially reported numbered over 50,000, and it is estimated that the unreported cases. throughout the perfecture were nearly twice as great. Of the 130,000 inhabitants of Kobe, 25,000 were attacked by land busy with her crochet-work. She saw a gentleman talking to her, whom she had never seen before, and was about. The voices died away, but the faint cities.—Boston Transcript.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

This is the real Southern hoe cake. The recipe was given by a Tennessee lady who makes it to perfection. The meal of the North is said not to be as sweet as that of the South, but if you will send sweet corn and field corn half and half to the mill and have it ground I think you will not complain of the meal. Mix a quantity of the meal with water until it is too thin to be called a dough, and too thick to be called a batter. the griddle and spread the hoe cake upon it rather thicker than a batter cake. Brown on one side and then turn over. Eat hot with butter, and break off the pieces; don't cut it .- American Agricul-

HOW TO PREPARE A POT-AU-PEU.

Remove the bone from the meat, crack it with a cleaver and put it in the bottom of the soup pot. Roll the meat into a nice shape, and tie securely with strong twine, lay it on top of the bones and add the water and salt.

Just as it comes to a boil, skim, add about half a gill of water, which will hasten the rising of the scum, which must be carefully removed. Repeat this operation two or three times, when the stock will be found quite clear.

Now put in the vegetables, etc., and when it begins to boil again remove to a corner of the range, where it should be allowed to simmer gently four hours at least-five, if a stronger and better flavor is desired. When it is done, remove the meat, strain, add more seasoning, if required, and serve. The meat may be used as one course, surrounded by the vegetables, or, if preferred, the broth need not be strained and can be served with the vegetables. In cold weather the stock, after it is strained, will keep for several days .- New York Journal.

TO RENOVATE BLACK GOODS.

An excellent cleansing fluid, esp ecially useful when men's garments require renovation, is prepared as follows: Dissolve four ounces of white castile soap shavings in a quart of boiling water. When cold, add four ounces of ammonia, two ounces each of ether, alcohol and glycerine, and a gallon of clear cold water. Mix thoroughly, and as it will keep for a long time, bottle and cork tightly for future use. This mixture will cost about eighty cents, and will make eight quarts.

For men's clothing, heavy cloth, etc., dilute a small quantity in an equal amount of water, and following the nap of the goods sponge the stains with a piece of similar cloth. The grease that gathers upon the collars of coats will immediately disappear, and the undiluted fluid will vanquish the more obstinate spots. When clean, dry with another cloth, and press the under side with a warm iron. This fluid is also useful when painted walls and woodwork require scouring, a cupful to a pail of warm

water being the proper proportion.

When washing black dress goods, soap must never under any circumstances be applied directly to the material. In order to obtain the necessary suds, it must be shaved and entirely dissolved in a basinful of boiling water, and then thrown into the wash tub.

Black Lawn-Wash very quickly hot suds, for this material must not lie wet; rinse in deeply blued water and hang in the shade; from upon the wrong side while still damp. If stiffening is desired, dry thoroughly, and before ironing dip the goods into very thin and very blue starch; hang once more in the open air, and iron when nearly dry. Black crape requires careful treatment. Remove the dust by gently slapping it between the hands. Steam small pieces by holding them over the spout of the boiling tea-kettle, and larger ones over a dish-pan of boiling water. Lay the moist pieces of crape between two layers of sheet wadding and press beneath a heavy weight—the slab of a marble-topped table or the pastry board weighted with books or flat-irons. It is well to place a width of soft cheese-cloth both above and below the crape, in order to prevent the cotton fluff from adhering to it.

Black Velvet-Brush carefully, and steam to raise the sunken pile. Two persons, their hands protected from the steam, are required to do the work. While one holds the heated iron with its smooth surface upturned, the other, throwing a very wet towel over it, presses the wrong side of the velvet down upon the iron, so that the rising steam forces the pile into place, and continue this as long as possible. Lastly, the wrong side of the velvet is drawn quickly across the surface of the iron itself.

Black Silk-Purchase a few ounces of soap bark at the drug store, according to the amount of silk to be cleaned. Steep two ounces of the bark in a quart of warm water for a few hours. Rip and brush the silk, and remove all the threads left by the former stitches. Spread the pieces upon the lap-board or a clean table, and after straining the infusion, sponge on both sides with a scrap of the silk. A lather will form, and this is then to be wiped away with another piece of the silk. Do not wring the moisture from the silk; spread the different pieces upon a sheet laid over the carpet, and pin them at the corners. When dry, the silk will look like new.

Black Cashmere-Wash in hot suds, and rinse twice in lukewarm water well blued. If a clear day, hang in the open air, and iron upon the wrong side when nearly dry. Long, steady strokes of the iron and even pressure throughout will restore the original silky sheen of the material.

Black Alpaca-Proceed as with cashmere, and add a little gumarabic to the last rinsing water.

Black Lace—Spread out the lace upon a towel stretched over the lap-board, and, using an old black kid glove or a soft piece of silk for the purpose, sponge thoroughly with a solution of borax—a teaspoonful to a pint of warm water. To retain the shape, direct the strokes from the selvage outward. Cover with a piece of old silk, and iron dry .- Harper's

A Trapper's Life.

The winter, though not without its excitements, is a long and lonely one, and the work very hard. For six months you may be poorly paid for your time. and caught thirty-seven during the

When the trapping is at an end, you to your canoe, if you are trapping on the coast or a large river, or else out to some settlement. The furs are made up into bales of a size convenient for packing and carried out, a cache being made of or more trips. Then your canoe is stowed and you set sail for your market, which on this northern coast is generally Victoria, where the skins are sold at auc-

Nothing definite can be said about the returns in this business. Much down on the skill and industry of the

and quite as much on the abundance scarcity of the fur. About the best winter I ever made in land trapping was twenty fishers and from 180 to 190 marten. Besides this regular fur a man may pick up odds and ends by steel traps and poison; a bear or two, a few wolves, perhaps a wolverine. These would bring in a tew dollars in addition to the regular catch. Then, too, a man may have an opportunity on his way down the coast to catch a few otter or bear or to trade for a few furs with the Indians, but on the whole, even in the best of years, a man got but small return for a season which lasted perhaps from August 1 to June 1 .- Forest and Stream.

Does the Moon Cause Earthquakes? With regard to the phases of the

moon's motions, M. Brisco found that in four years, 1886 to 1890, the number of earthquakes near new and full moons, exceeded the number at the quarters very nearly in the proportion of six to four. In a number of exceedingly elaborate calculations M. Brisco has endeavored to show that, however the figures were handled, they always present the same general conclusions; but there are not as yet sufficient facts to justify more than a passing allusion to this curious speculation. It does, however, appear to be an inevitable deduction from the evidence, not only that earthquakes occur more frequently at the periods of new and full moon, but that their frequency increase at the time when the moon is nearest the earth and diminish when it is most distant; and, moreover, that earthquake shocks are more frequent when the moon is near the meridian that when she is ninety degrees from it. M. Perrey, the French scientist, tried to figure out some connection between moon phases and earthquakes as long ago as 1844 .- St. Louis Republic.

The Cat's Toilet.

As a rule, animals are clean by nature. Brushes and combs most animals carry with them. Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilets of any class of animals, with the exception of some of the oppossums. The lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, Indiarubber-like ball of the fore foot and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body .- Brooklyn Citizen.

Queer Superstitions.

The Zulus of Africa believe that persons who die sudden or violent deaths have been killed by the rainbow. All see no living soul and have only your individuals among them who lose their dog for company. Very likely, too, you lives by falls, drowning or wild beasts perish because the rainbow has devoured trapped one whole winter and only their ka-la, or spirit. In the New Hecaught four marten by my land trapping.

After I had been at it for a time I saw fessional disease makers, who live by colthat there were no marten in the country, lecting such rubbish as the skin of a and as I happened to have two No. 4 banana which a man has eaten. The traps with me, I started trapping otter banana skin is rolled up and slowly burned, the result being that as it burns the consumer of the fruit becomes more and more sick until he makes up his begin to think of getting your fur to mind to propitiate the wizards by presmarket. The skins must first be got out ents. But even the wizards are not secure against such influences, and at times they themselves discover that sombody is burning their rubbish and so are driven to appeal for mercy. The custom of ringing the "passing bell" took its rise your first load if you have to make two from the notion that its sound would drive away the evil spirits that stood waiting at the bed of a sick man for his soul. Abyssinian sorcerers attach to the image of a person whom they wish to torture by inflicting injuries upon his likeness the name of the victim, and to prevent this the people conceal their baptismal names .- Washington Star.

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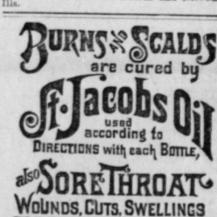
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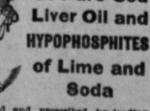
incrustations had nearly disappeared. I continued using S. S. S. until she was entirely cured. I waited before reporting the case to see if the cure was permanent. Being satisfied that she is freed from the annoying disease for all time to come, I send you this. V. VAUGHN, Sandy Bottom, Va.

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