HOLDING THE REINS. L

The night was clear, the sleighing good, The cutter seat not wide, She snuggled close beneath the robe To her fond lover's side. The horse was spirited and jumped With frequent tugs and strains, Until she innocently said: "Do let me hold the reins!"

II.

They're married now, perhaps because She was so helpless then. She loves him well, and he loves her-Well, in the way of men; And yet in all their sweet delight One sad thought makes him wince; She held the reins that winter's night, She's held them ever since.

-Somerville Journal.

URLED like a kitten

in the depths of Mr.

MRS. DUSENBURY.



St. Maur's great easy c bair, half lost among the crimson cushions, sound asleep, and never dreaming ' what a frown was distorting papa's brows at sight of her. Mr. St. Maur looked the image of shocked

dismay and profound indignation as. coming to the library for a book which he wanted to show to his friend Dusenand because he couldn't do it he disowned bury, he found the very young lady for whom they had already waited dinner fully three-quarters of an hour, dozing comfortably in his study-chair, and not even dressed for dinner yet. It was some moments before he could articulate for amazement. cover till after Ruby had given him her

"Upon-my-word, really, upon-my-word," he managed to say at last.

She started up at the sound of his voice, her dimpled cheeks pink with slumber, her dark fringed eyes bright as newly risen suns, and her soft black curls in a pretty disorder.

"Why, papa, is that you?" she said, yawning behind rosy tipped fingers, and lazily dropping her white lids again, as though disinclined to be roused from her nap just yet.

"Miss-St. Maur."

He never called her St. Maur except on very extraordinary occasions, and she roused a little at the words. "Are you aware that dinner has been

waiting for you a full three-quarters of an hour?" "Has it? well, I'm very sorry you

waited, papa," without opening her eyes.

Mr. St. Maur grew slightly red in the face.

"Disobedient and contumacious girl! Are you aware, Ruby St. Maur, that your affianced husband is waiting in the parlor to see you?"

"Affianced who?" Ruby exclaimed, suddenly sitting up very straight, and opening her bright eyes to their utmost dimensions.

"Mr. Dusenbury, the gentleman I expect you to marry, awa its you in the par lor. Repair at once to your dressing room, and join us in the shortest possible space of time. Mr. St. Maur spoke in his sternest. most unanswerable tones, and left the apartment in such a state of indignation that he forgot the book he came after. and returning for it, found that contumacious girl still lingering there. On seeing him, she azked, very coolly: "Papa, who is Mr. Dusenbury, anyhow?'

bury, he divided his attentions between witchingly than ever. How entertaining the dinner and Miss St. Maur, and was she was and how delighted Papa St. Mau evidently as much bewitched as it was was. possible for him to be.

dent. Ruby, my dear, you behaved like

"Did I, papa?" that young lady re-plied, demurely, glancing at him from under her jetty lashes, while the least

the dimpled corners of her rosy mouth.

begun. Why, Ruby, you'll be the

proudest woman alive when you're Mrs.

"I dare say I shall, papa; but what's

"Mr. Dusenbury's scn was a bad fel-

low, I'm afraid, and he's well rid of

"I don't believe he was bad a bit,

now. His father just wanted to make a

withered old hunks of him like hunself,

thing: If I ever get the power Hunt

Dusenbury's father shall do him justice."

astonishment from which he did not re-

good-night kiss and swept like an indig-

"What a strange child she is really,

nant little queen from the room.

upon my word," he muttered then.

in her slumber. "Now, then," she murmured, bring-

ing her little rosy palm emphatically down upon the cushions, "if I could

bring that fastidious Hunt to the point,

I'd fix matters in a twinkling. What is

it to him if papa has got money? It

isn't papa's money he wants-it's me, and why he can't say so I'd like to know.

I suppose, now, if I was his washerwo-

man's daughter he'd find a way to tell

me he loved me in very short order,

but_'

Mr. St. Maur stared in a speechless

ecome of the old cormorant's son?"

"I'm glad to see you haven't got any

an angel."

Dusenbury."

him.

And then, in a few days, Moneybags "Capital, capital ! matters couldn't have came again, and this time he brought gone off better, after all," Mr. St. Maur Miss St. Maur the most magnificent murmured to himself, after his friend present with him-a set of rubies that had gone, walking the parlors and made her pretty eyes sparkle with derubbing his hands together in great glee. lightful vivacity. "These," he said, significantly, "are "Dusenbury's a gone case, that's evi-

for the future Mrs. Dusenbury.'

"Oh!" Ruby said, innocently, "I thought they were for ma." "Do you like them?"

"I never saw anything half so beautibit of a smile twitched threateningly at ful,"

"I'd give you them, and a great deal more besides, if you'd promise to be Mrs. Dusenbury."

school-girlish notions in your head, Ruby played with the sparkling stones, Ruby. I was not without fear that you intended to be perverse in this matter. and looked persistently at her slipper at It's a splendid match, child, splendid. least two minutes. Then, lifting to her aged suitor a pair of eyes, whose radi-ance dazzled him so that he didn't know Dusenbury's very rich-most thriving firm, really, in the city-and we're thinking, child, of consolidating our two whether he was in his counting room, houses-'St. Maur, Dusenbury & Co.'and somebody had thrown a brick do a magnificent business then, perfectly through the window, or a thunder storm had come up, and the lightning was magnificent. I was afraid Dusenbury playing fitfully around his wrinkled old would bolt from the scheme. But he won't now, if this matter goes on as it's

"If I'm going to be bribed," she said, sweetly, "it must be with something more than a ruby necklace."

"Anything in the world, sweet girl, to the half of all I possess."

"You are not in earnest, Mr. Duseabury, of course not. You gentlemen are a great deal fonder of making promises than you are of keeping them," Ruby said, archly.

"Never was so much in earnest in my life; get me pen and paper and I'll show you.

him," Ruby exclaimed, with irate em-phasis and a rosy pout. "I know one Taking him at his word, and tantalizing him with roguishly expressed doubt, Ruby danced away and brought him the required articles. He did not expect to be taken so at his word; but humoring her whim, as he called it, Moneybags drew up, in regular business form, a paper in which he obligated himself to bestow on Miss Ruby St. Maur the half of all he possessed the day she became Mrs. Dusenbury.

Miss Ruby St. Maur was a somewhat Ruby kept up a constant fire of jest indolent, luxurious little body. She was and laugh and general witchery, but took possession of the document in very fond of curling herself away among silkon cushions and dreaming sometimes triumph, and promised Moneybags that waking vision. She was occupied preshe should claim the fulfiliment of the obligation it contained at an early day. cisely thus one morning, of which I am going to tell you. She looked like a Both Mr. St. Maur and Moneybags were feminine edition of Cupid asleep among in ecstasy. the roses, though she wasn't asleep, or

A week dropped slowly away, and if she was she was decidedly talkative Moneybags quite neglected his business at the counting room in order to dine with his old friend, St. Maur. He really seemed to be getting humanized.

One night Miss St. Maur kept dinner waiting again, till the two gentlemen grew somewhat impatient, and Mr. St. Maur, summoning a servant, sent to inquire after her.

Before the servant returned, however, Ruby herself came-not in dinner attire, however, nor alone; but with bridal flowers in her hat, and her little snowily gloved hand confidingly resting upon the arm of Mr. Hunt Dusenbury.

"Mr. Dusenbury," announced the ser-"Really, upon my word," began Mr. vant at the door; and, not seeming to St. Maur.

have heard, Ruby sat still, and pretend-"You won't let papa scold, will you?" ed to be very sound asleep indeed. If this were Mr. Dusenbury, he n Ruby said, putting out a coaxing hand to Moneybags, and in a comically audyesterday, for this gentleman could not ible aside, "Shall we kneel down,



CLEANLINESS IN THE DAIRY.

Never permit a filthy person around stagnant water throughout the entire your dairy. His slovenly habits will taint everything he touches. Tainted season. While such a practice will not draw fertility away from the soil, it consigns a considerable portion of it to nonproducts are always inferior, no matter how much care and skill has been exerusage and is otherwise objectionable in cised in their manufacture. While he many respects. or she is about the place you wilfully decrease the value of your labor and product. Cleanliness at every stage is condition is permanently changed for an absolute necessity in dairying. It the better is by the use of underground pays, too. What is said against the drains for which tile is the most common presence of slovenly people about the and best material. Where these are placed at proper depths, say from three dairy, applies with equal, if not greater to four feet, and at suitable distances force to sick or sickly persons .- American Dairyman. apart, varying greatly according to the

A WINNING COMBINATION.

out, do likewise.] But the chickens can be fenced out. Bees and chickens get

and characteristic."

It will not make much difference whether horses are given salt once or form of large lumps where they can lick it whenever they want it, but in no case should a large quantity be mixed with their food. If rock salt is used it should be placed in a manger or box, other food ; then there will be no danger of the animal eating more thas he needs kinds of internal parasites, such as the liver fluke, tapeworm, hair worms in the vermifuge and destructive to intestinal worms, and for this reason, if for no other, domesticated animals should tites may crave. Sheep in regions where they are deprived of salt are very likely to be infested with tapeworms, and their flesh is unfit for human food on this account. The green scum seen on the surponds is composed of minute aquatic plants, and when these die and decay refer. The best way to sweeten such utilize them for geese or duck ponds. wild or cultivated rice about the border the crop .- New York Sun.

An Age Gage.

A Tennessee inventor has patented a rage for determining the age of horses. The device consists of a steel plate, having a tapered body portion, one of its longtitudinal edges being marked by lines and figures. By applying the scale to the teeth of a horse, its approximate age is said to be determined .- American Farmer. .

An Expert's Opinion.

Our readers have doubtless noticed the numerous discussions by the scientists and hygienists as to the relative value of the various baking powders. A careful sifting of the evidence leaves no doubt as to the superiority of the Royal Baking Powder in purity, wholesomeness and strength, from a scientific standpoint. An opinion, however, that will have perhaps greater influence with our practical housekeepers, is that given by Marion Harland, the well known and popular writer, upon matters pertaining to the science of domestic economy, of housekeeping, and of home cooking. In a letter published in the Philadelphia Ladies' Home Journal, this writer says:

"I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market, the best manufactured and in the market, so far as I have any experience in the use of such compounds. Since the introduction of it into my kitchen I have used no other in making biscuits, cakes, etc., and have en-tirely discarded for such purposes the home-made combination of one-third soda, two thirds error of tertar. thirds cream of tartar. "Every box has been in perfect condition

when it came into my hands, and the con-ients have given complete satisfaction. It is an act of simple justice, and also a pleas-ure, to recommend it unqualifiedly to Amer-ican housewives. MARION HARLAND."

The output of the Minneapolis flour mills for 1892 will exceed 9,750,000 bushels, against 7,878,000 bushels for 1891.

The Mussissippi River has recently been lower than at any other time since 1856.



"I Owe May Life to Hood's Sarsaparilla '

"Words are poweriess to express the grati-tude I feel toward Hood's Sarsaparilla, for under God, I feel and know that to this medicine I one my life. Twelve years ago I began to bloat, followed by nausea at the stomach, and later with swellings of the limbs, accom-pasied by severe pain. This gradually group worse until three years ago. Physicians told me the trouble was

Caused by a Tumor

For several months I had been unable to retain any food of a solid nature. I was greatly emaciated, had frequent hemorrhages.

and with a slight fall towards their outlets, whatever elements of fertility the Bees, chickens, and small fruits make surface water may contain will be a winning combination. They interfere strained out within reach of the roots of with each other as little as possible, although the bees may eat some of the fruit, and the chickens, unless fenced

along quite amicable, the former occupying the heights, while the latter feed upon the ground. White clover agrees with both. From it the bees sip the

Says the Rural New Yorker: "What is the financial value of an attractive name for a farm? The bestowal of distinguishing names is becoming somewhat general; why not give sufficient thought and deliberation to the selection of pleasing, and where practicable, characteristic ones? Doesn't such a designation help to make the pleasant associations of a place more lasting? Then, again, the owner of "Brookside," "The Oaks," "Elmswood" or "Bayview," can hardly be looked npon as a "common farmer." Moreover, such a name is a conscious or unconscious stimulus to the owner's best efforts to improve and beautify the farm, and take precautions that its products shall be first-class and leave it only in first-rate shape. Then, if the goods are stamped with the name of the place, hasn't it a commercial value once its reputation has been established? Let there be more distinguishing names for farms, and let them be always attractive

FEEDING SALT TO HORSES, SHEEP, ETC.

twice a week, or have it placed in the next one is ready for the scalding. separate from the one used for grain and Or the vat may be replenished with hot at one time. Sheep require salt as well so the carcass may be rolled on to a baras horses, and if deprived of it they are rel table that is immersed in the hot very likely to be infested with various water the full depth. This barrel table intestines, etc. Common salt is nature's and the middle to chains, by strong staalways be provided with all their appe- dies, or one attached to a pulley block face of the water of stagnant pools or This bar has sliding hooks, made to rethey emit the strong odor to which you that the carcass is quickly removed from pools-if they cannot be drained-1s to bar. The upper edge of the bar is Water fowl will agitate and force air help the hooks to slide on it. This serves into the water and soon purify it. Sow to hang all the pigs on the bar until they of your pond and let water fowl gather this work may go on very quickly, as

plants in its descent towards the drains. Furthermore, the upper line of the ground water sinks below the level of the drains, and the benefit of this form of drainage is realized by the soil above them becoming favorably changed in

its general character and earlier and better fitted for crops .- New York World. IMPROVED METHOD OF KILLING HOGS. There is no necessity to have a crowd of men about, to kill and dress a few

hogs. There is no reason why a farmer with his dozen pigs may not make use of the same mechanical appliances that are used by the great slaughterers. Of course it is not suggested that he should have any costly apparatus, but there are some readily made devices by which one man may do as much as three or four, and, with one helper, the dozen pigs may be made into finished pork between break-fast and dinner, and without any excitement or worry or hard work.

ditches between them, often holding

The only real and practical method of

improving wet farm lands by which their

compactness of the soil to be drained,

It is supposed that the pigs are in a pen or pens, where they may be easily roped by a noose around one hind leg. This being done the animal is led to the door and guided into a box, having a slide door to shut it in. The bottom of the box is a hinged lid. As soon as the pig is safely in the box and shut in by sliding down the back door, and fastening it by a hook, the box is turned over, bringing the pig on his back. The bottom of the box is opened immediately, and one seizes a hind foot, to hold the animal, while the other sticks the pig in the usual manner. The box is turned and lifted off from the pig, which, still held by the rope, is guided to the dress-ing bench. All this is done while the previous pig is being scalded and dressed, or at such a part of the work that as soon as one pig is hung and cleaned, the The scalding vat is a wooden box with a sheet iron bottom, so that a small fire may be kept under it to maintain the proper heat of the water. This is 180 degrees Fah. or eighty-two degrees C. water from an adjacent boiler. This vat is placed close against the dressing table. may be made in various ways. It may consist of slats, fastened at each end, ples, so that it is pliable, and the hog may be embraced by it and easily turned out of the water by two short rope hanon a bar over it. As the carcass is dressed it is lifted by a hook at the end of a swivel lever mounted on a post and swung around to the hanging bar, placed convenietly. ceive the gambrel sticks which have a hook permamently attached to each so the swivel lever to the slide hook on the rounded and smoothed and greased to are cooled. If four persons are employed, they may divide the work between them, and one pig be scalding and cleaning while another is being dressed. The entrals should be dropped into a wheelbarrow, as they are taken from the

whitest honey of the year, the chickens find in it food for growth and egg production. By all means, if you are so situated that you can, try this combination and see whether or not it is a profit winner .- American Agriculturist. NAMING THE FARM.

"Mr. Dusenbury is the man you are to marry, and that is enough for you. Off with you."

"Presently. I can dress enough for Mr. Dusenbury in ten minutes. It's the same old hunks that disowned his son because he couldn't make just such a dusty old skeleton of him as he is himself. Isn't it, papa?"

Papa's brows lowered ominously.

"Miss St. Maur, I desire you to repair instantly to your dressing room. Do you hear?"

"Allons, papa."

She kissed her fingers to him, balanc. ing herselt archly on the threshold of the door, and still lingering in roguish defiance.

"Do you know what color the old parchment bundle in there particularly abominates?"

"You'd be sure to wear it, eh?" Mr. St. Maur said, boiling over with wrath. "I desire that you attire yourself with your usual care. I'll put you on a diet of bread and water, miss; see if I don't. Dinner has been waiting an hour, I tell you, and I'm literally in a starving condition."

She danced back into the room.

"Dear papa, let me bring you a lunch while you're waiting."

He lifted his cane in mock threaten-

"Of with you, witch! Will you go?" She laughed, made a great affectation of dodging the uplifted cane, and vanished.

Ten minutes after, true to her boast, she dashed into the parlor, a gorgeous enough little beauty to have turned half a dozen such heads as that of the antiquated specimen of the genus homo who sat conversing with Mr. St. Maur, and taking monstrous pinches of snuff between the words.

That must have been the reason they called her Ruby: she was such a gorgeous little creature in herself; all sparkle and flash, and with an almost barbaric fondness for rich and glowing colors, which, however, seemed only the fitting setting for her peculiar style of beauty. Her dress now was a claret-colored satin, clasped at throat and wrist with ornaments of white topaz, and her curls were looped back from her face with a gold dart set with the same stones.

Dinner was served at once, both gentlemen seeming in a famishing condition, and Ruby presiding in such a manner as to call forth most approving glauces from her proud and gratified papa.

have drunk at the fountain of youth since have been more than twenty-five, and he | Hunt?" carried himself with the handsome grace

of Apollo. As the door closed behind him he advanced slowly down the parlor, not seeing the sleeping beauty till he came beside her, and pausing then in rapt ad-

miration before so charming a picture. It was an admirably counterfeited slumber-the jetty lashes untremblingly prone upon the velvetry cheeks, the breath coming at regular intervals through the rosebud mouth. It wasn't

much wonder that Mr. Hunt Dusenbury caught his breath, and murmured: "I wish I dare!"

The lips of the fair sleeper moved slightly, and bending to catch a faint utterance, he heard something that sounded wonderfully like his own name with a caressingly expressive prefix.

Mr. Hunt Dusenbury rather doubted the evidence of his own cars, but he acted quite as though he didn't, for, slipping an arm under the little curldressed head, he drew it to his shoulder, and when Ruby opened her wide, bright eyes in profound astonishment, he kissed them shat again, murmuring:

"Oh, Ruby, Ruby, my darling, I love you?"

She flushed like a rose under his kisses, but she couldn't resist the temptation to be tantalizing, so she said, poutingly:

"Well, Hunt, what if you do? You know papa has got ever and ever so much money, and I'm all the girl he's got, aud I don't know how you can have the audacity to tell me that, under the circumstances."

Hunt looked perplexed a minute, but he caught the mischievous sparkle of Ruby's roguish eyes, and sealed them

agaic with his lips. "Confess now," he whispered, laughing; "be good, Ruby, and own up honeatly, as I have. If you don't, I'll tell what you said in your sleep just now." "Oh, I wasn't asleep, Hunt, I only

pretended to be." "You-did?"

Huat looked horrified incredulity, and made a movement to withdraw his arm, and put the little head back upon the cushion, muttering something that sounded like, "The young couquette!" but Ruby, stealing an arm around his neck, said, half saucily, half in earnest: "Don't scold, now, and I'll confess. You see, Hunt, you were so long in coming to the point, and-and-somebody else came a wooing last night."

"Somebody else?"

Ruby laughed.

"I sha'n't tell you who; a regular old money bags, though, from whose clutches wanted you to rescue me."

"Ruby, I wish I ever could tell when you are making fun of me."

The other Duscubury came again very soon-"Moneybags," Ruby called him-As for papa's dear friend, Mr. Dusea- and did the honors for him more be-

Moneybags looked flercely at the little olive branch Ruby held out to him about half a minute.

"Humph," he growled, "I suppose you're married?"

"Oh, yes," Ruby said, placidly, "it's all right. I'm Mrs. Dusenbury fast enough."

Moneybags tried to look Plutonian grimness, and frowned till his gray eyebrows bristled. But it wouldn't do. The humor of the thing was too apparent. Besides, he was glad of an excuse to welcome back that young hopeful of his. So, melting suddenly, he shook Ruby's small hand cordially, grumbled something about its being better so, and, turning to Hunt, "Glad to see you, my boy, and if you'll let this young sunbeam you've caught sparkle at the head of my table at home, you may sit at the foot of it, and you may study law all the days of your life for aught I care."

Mr. St. Maur could but follow Moneybags' example, and they all went out to dinner, which still waited, as gay a party as you often see .- New York News.

A Speaking Watch.

It is said a watchmaker of Geneva. Switzerland, named Casimir Livau has ust completed a watch which, instead of striking the hours and quarters, announces them by speaking like the phonograph. The mechanism of the watch is based on phonographic conditions, the bottom of the case containing a phonographic sensitive plate which has received the impression of the human voice before being inserted in the watch.

The disk has forty-eight concentric grooves, of which twelve repeat the hours, twelve those of the hours and juarters, and twelve more those of the ours and second and third quarters. If the hand on the dial shows the time to be 12:15 o'clock, one of the fine needle points of the mechanism crosses the corresponding groove and the disk, which turns simultaneously, calls out the time, just as the phonographic cylinder. The lower lid of the case is provided carrying off fertilizing matter into the with a tiny mouthpiece, and when the watch is held to the car the sound is all the more plain .--- Jewelers' Circular.

A Valuable Violin.

It is seldom that amateur violinists have such a valuable instrument as G. W. Hope. His violin was made in 1715. by the famous Wenger, a pupil of Nicholas Amati, and for richness of tone it almost equals a genuine Cremona. The following distinguished protessionals have played on Mr. Hope's violin and praised it: Ole Bull, Ovide Musin, Remenyi, Herr Johannes Wolff and Maude Powell. The bow the amateur uses was Commercial Advertiser.

FARM DRAINAGE.

Where water after rains stands for a long time in the furrows and slight depressions in the ground, and on lands where the shoes of the farmer, except in periods of drought, are habitually clogged with sticky mud, and the hoofs of animals as they sink into the yielding soil make cavities that maintain their shape for days, oftentimes holding water. the necessity for drainage of some kind is too clearly indicated to admit of any doubt. For changing such unfavorable conditions, wherever the lay of the land will permit, open surface drainage is often resorted to at first.

While such drains are useful in some cases in the matter of a permanent improvement of the soil they amount to but little and are liable to be the cause of impoverishment in the soil itself by gullies and streams. Where the surplus rain that falls upon the ground can be led off from the surface in the same clear state in which it descended from the clouds, the soil receives no injury from its escape, but it is only under occasional peculiar conditions that this will occur.

This is so well understood by most cultivators that other methods have come into use. One, formerly more common that at present, was to throw the wet land into high and wide ridges in the fall and leave it in that condition until spring. When cultivation is about to begin these ridges are further widened and flattened out, affording a series of for cultivation, but with very undesirable | regularly every mouth or six weeks.

snimal. Where ten or twelve pigs are dressed very year it will pay to have a suitable building arranged for it. An excellent place may be made in the driveway between a double corncrib, or in a wagon shed or an annex to the barn where the feeding pen is placed. The building should have a stationary boiler in it, and such apparatus as has been suggested, and a windlass used to do the lifting .--American Agriculturalist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The way to spoil a hog is to overfeed him with corn.

Cook the small potatoes and feed them to the poultry.

Allow at least one foot square to each fowl on the roosts.

The way to spoll a cow is to pound her with the milking stool.

T. H. Hoskins says that all the Russian apples do finely in Vermont,

Contentment, rest and plenty of proper food are the best aids in fattening fowls.

The way to spoil a driving horse is to cut him with the whip when he does not expect it.

When it is an item to have the eggs hatch use a rooster that is not too fail or too heavy.

A good work can be done in keeping down the lice in the poultry-house if made by Lupot, of Paris .- New York | rather wide spaces, much better fitted | care is taken to whitewash the inside

ing my **life was nearly over**. One day a friend suggested that I try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and for 3 or 4 days I was sicker than ever, but I kept on and gradually began to feel better. I Began to Feel Hungry

Could, after a time, retain solid food, in in weight, the saffron hue left my skin, the bloating subsided, and I felt better all over. For the past two years my health has been

Hood's sarst Cures quite good, and I have been able all the time to do the housework for my family." MRS. OG-DEN SNYDER, No. 10 Judson St., Albany, N. Y. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, as sist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

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