MOVES WHEN IT GETS READY. A Vacant Lot Often Covered With Shanties

in a Single Night.

Lives Where it Pleases and

THE TRIBULATIONS OF ONE RESIDENT

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 NEW YORK, June 21 .- For years he had been searching for a home. Locations most favorable in other men's opinions, found disfavor in his. Real estate agents offered him most dazzling inducements. But these figurative spiders-and yet withal useful men who often point the way to fortune and independence-in time grew tired of the wary fly, and passed him on to his friends. His friends then endeavored to help him to choose. In vain! For years his family was transported from east side to west side-from up town to down town-from suburb to city,

, the delusive hope that a permanent home would be their lot, or that a permanent lot would be their home. But that home like the expected letter, or the end of a serial story, never came.

At length one was found. The situation, design and rare combination-the price-all met with the house-hunter's approval. A happy man was he the day he moved in. The house was on the corner, one side facing a green space, the other viewing an unoccupied space of ground now invitingly green and rural looking. "Just the place for the children," mused Anticipation. Grim Reality soon disproved the illusion. Being of a meditative mind, this now selfsatisfied man chose as a place for his musings and communion with nature a room which had in view this delightful bit of rusticity. Soon it was proved that his judgment and decision was correct, for others than he agreed upon the unsurpassed ocality he had chosen.

NOT ALONE IN HIS DESIRE. Ambitions for homes led others to fix upon an adjacent place for a settlement. In this age of rapid transit one may reasonably expect anything, except per-haps, relief within 24 hours from an instant (?) toothache remedy. Nothing surprises one. However, it is difficult to conceive of a house being built in a single night. Still more difficult to conceive of a dezen. The open, verdured spot so refreshing to look at in the evening, one morning was profaned by numerous buildings.

A brief interregueum, but prolific of great results. Each vied with the other in un-

sightliness, and unique and diversified were the styles of architecture employed. With what a settled air of possession they smiled on the householder across the street. With how great complacency they barricaded his view, saying, as it were, "We are squatters. Authorities may abolish every form of nuisance, but when it comes to squatters, there it draws the line." When once a squatter has made up his mind to squat he isually squats.

The owner of the ex-vacant lot was sought in the hope that satisfaction might be ob-tained. When asked, "What do you mean to do about such lawlessness?" he replied: "Nothing. They are squatters." "Well, what are squatters that they should be thus tolerated? Burn them out; tear down their shanties; do anything; but efface them from the earth, or at least so much of the earth as can be seen from my windows!"

RIS NEW NEIGHBORS.

Satisfaction in this quarter was not to be gained. Submit to such depredation? Never. He would go to the squatters and reason with them—delusive reason! The squatters he found were most offensive neighbors. A dozen or more children glared at him with open-mouthed, opposed-to-soap countenances. Innumerable billy goats eved his passage with concentrated venom. These horny residents looked formidable, and it lay with them whether or not he should proceed farther. Their attention was happily called to a bill poster of the 'Seven Sutherland Sisters," which they attacked with true goat-like disregard for

Observing this their vis-a-vis neighbor wended his way, dragging perspective anni-hilation in his path. He was a little timid about approaching the front entrance which was beautified after the accepted fashion of squatters' front doors—with a heterogeneous mess of dogs, children and garbage. As no back entrance could be seen, however, he directed his footsteps toward the front one. The electric bell was evidently out of order so he accosted a small specimen of squatter girlhood. It was attired in garments so filthy as to invite the attention of the Health Commissioner, and so scanty as to cause Anthony Comstock to insist upon the wearing of a veil by either it or its spectators.

With subtle tact and masculine suavity he conventionally asked:

'What's your name?" (Felicitous be-"Esmeralda Mickey," he was informed.

AN OBVIOUS INCONGRUITY. The incongruity of the Esmeralda and the "Mickey" was obvious. One might imagine a squatter disguised as a "Mickey," but a squatter masquerading as an "Esmer-Never. Awiul to contemplate, but

"Esmeralda, where did you move from?" "From the Boulevard," answered she of the poetic name.
"Do you expect to stay here long?" This

was asked anticipatingly.

"Yes, until something turns up. We got fired from the Boulevard." Twas discouraging to hear such perverted English from

"Yes, they first tried water but we wouldn't move, then they set fire to the houses and we had to move." (Most judicions. A move is always desirable in this game of checkers called life.)

Here an aggressive, warlike goddess ap-

peared at the oriel window contiguous to the balcony. "Is that your parent?" was asked.
"Parent?" we never pay rent—we squat." There it was. Truth crushed to earth will rise again. It rose with giant-like proportions and prophesied the result. Truth in the background, billy goats in the

reground; fights, brawls and disorder in the dim perspective. Such was the allotment of the neighborhood. COME TO STAY. Seemingly there was nothing to be done.

The squatter had come and, like the unin-vited guest, had come to stay. This in-fliction (or more correctly inflictions, for the squatter-like misfortunes never come singly) had to be borne with.

Investigation further proved that squat-ters compose a large element of the New York inhabitants. They come in the spring. In the time of poetry, of thoughts of love and of flies. Unlike these harbingers, they do not leave in the fall when their mission is over. They stay for five, sometimes for ten years. There are different degrees of squatter life. Some squatters choose public lands, "and to prove the kindness of their intent, live at the expense of the Government." Others squat on private property. For the privilege of thus squatting on these more exclusive and desirable grounds they pay \$2, \$3 or \$5 per month for the land rent.

As they never know how long they may be permitted to remain they never remodel their primitive dwellings. Those erected in a single night remain the same. The small Esmeralda grows into the large Esmeralda the billy goat bereits the surroundings of all the tin cans, old paper and re-use generall the tin cans, old paper and recuse generally, and passes away into a new country, perhaps more fitted to his goat ideas of bliss and his omniverous appetite. All these pass away. But the squatter and his shanty remains, unimproved, unbeautified and

most unsightly. SOME EVICTIONS. Upon the public lands, when threats are powerless to move the squatters sterner | Startahl-Puck.

measures are adopted. Sprinkling carts are called into requisition; the houses are torn down one day, only to reappear on the mor-row, more saddened, more demoralized, but to all appearances the same. What legal atisfaction may be obtained is not known. Questioning failed to discover that there was any. No one seems to seek the law, but bows submissively before the squatters, who are cosmopolitan. All nations are repreented. All classes of residents suffer from

them. But they stay.

A sadder but a wiser man lives on the corner opposite to a settlement of squatters. Hopes of their departure are long since dead. Hopes of their extinction through the generosity of the landlord are long since buried. From time to time these hopes are ressurected. Post mortems are held, and autopsies conducted. In vain. Authori-ties testify to their death and for their murder retain and hold responsible—the squat-ters. MINERVA SPENCER.

THE GIPSIES ARE DISAPPEARING. Stories of the Mysterious People Who

Wander About the World. The Academy.? There is a fascination about "gipsy lore" which is perhaps increasingly felt now that these nomadic insurgents are being gradu-

ally-slowly, it may be, but surely-absorbed by the environing civilization. The altered conditions of modern society make their wandering life more difficult, their language is invaded by gaujo elements, mixed marriages attentuate the strength of the Romany blood, and dotted over the map of Europe there are now little stationary colonies of house-dwelling gipsies, who no longer take the road or "fold their tents like the Arabs."

The gipsies have been clearly visible in

Europe for four centuries and a half. They have been the Isamaelites of the modern world. If at the present day the law has ceased to treat them harshly, the social pressure is probably greater, so that it is now or never for those who wish to make a scientific study of these wanderers. A volume, en-titled "The Gipsies," by Adrian A. Colocci, orms an excellent introduction to such a study. The persecutions of the Zingari have been many and bitter. Even in the last century they were accused of cannibalism! To their foreign appearance and strange mode of life they added the practice of arts that were regarded as irreligious and

It will be news to many to learn that it was not until 1856 that, by the abolition of Romany slavery in Dacia, the freedom of the Zingari in Europe was completed. Colocci agrees with other observers in re-garding the gipsies as practically destitute of religion, although willing to adopt nominally the prevailing faith of any country in which they may be sojourners. In En-gland they are Protestants, in Turkey Mo-hammedans. Morally they are untrained children, indifferent to everything but the satisfaction of the desire of the moment, whether that desire be the offspring of love,

whether that desire be the dispring of love, or greed, or hate.

While there is but little gipsy poetry among the English tribes, the "gift and faculty divine appears profusely both in Spain and in the remoter parts of Europe; and one of the most interesting portions of this book is that which gives specimens of the Romany muse. The pieces are mostly short, often strange in form, but not interquently inspired by convine poetic feelfrequently inspired by genuine poetic feel-ing. This sometimes finds expression in modes so unexpected as to have almost the quality of genius. The gipsy sings the beauty of his sweetheart, apostrophizes the sun and stars with heathen fervor, and celebrates the success of the knavish ruses by which he has gained an advantage over the busne. Filial affection also finds a place in his songs. While he shows the frankest enjoyment of the material side of life, there s often a spirit of protound melancholy manifested in these lyrics. The Zingari have always been famous for their love of music. The estimate which gives the gipsy race 1,000,000 souls is probably far below

BEETLES IN BLUE SWALLOWTAILS. Imported From Mexico, Clothed, Trained and Used as Watch Charms.

dow of a jeweler on upper Broadway furnishes amusement to large crowds almost every hour of the day. It is a curious looking insect, and even persons well versed in natural history are unable at first sight to tell exactly to what variety it belongs. It looks like a cross between a big black spider and a tumble bug.

The beetle has a velvety blue back, with the legs of a spider. Around the neck is a gold band attached to a thread that holds

This woman had sense enough to believe that artifice and duplicity are unnecessary to persons of good minds, a leading article of my creed, and she avoided either. Swittly the insect to a miniature human skeleton. The beetle crawls up and down the skeleton with the regularity of clock work. So precise are the movements that nearly every one mistakes it for a mechanical toy.

The other afternoon Walter B. Price and Senator Stadler spent some time pondering over the beetle. "I don't believe a piece of mechanism could be as perfect as that," exclaimed the Senator.

Mr. Price, who is a great student of natu-ral history, insisted that nature had never constructed such a looking insect, and as a sult of the difference of opinion a wager was made. I accompanied the two gentlemen into the store to decide the wager. The "It is a most curious insect," he said,
"and it is as busy as a bee. We have put
on a false back of bine velvet to give it a brilliant appearance. We do quite a trade in them. Ladies wear them as charms to their chains. The Baroness Blanc set the fashion of wearing them here in New York. I don't know just how long they live, but I know of several of them that are over

5 years of age. "I am at a loss to understand how they exist, for they never eat or drink. We keep them in a show case with our watches. Some of them are very intelligent, and one of the clerks trains them to do a number of things. If he whistles they will come and crawl up his arm. They are as cunning as 'possums. They turn on their backs and pretend to be dead when they scent danger. They sell for \$5 and upward, acording to their education." Five dollars sounds rather cheap for

beetle trained like a circus animal and

dressed up like a Haytian field marshal,

The Beauties of Knowledge.

doesn't it?

Nebraska State Journal. "My son, you should emulate young Bloodgood. Instead of wasting his time he worked hard, saved money, educated himself, and graduated as a physician."
"Have you seen him lately?"

"Yesterday. "What was he doing?" "Well-er-ah-he was driving a street



Mr. Handicappe-Whad's dem rosette on yo' heels? Mr. Gettethar-Chick'n wings. I seen picture ob a feller named Ajacks, 'r Quick-silver, 'r sump'n like dat, 'n' dey say he nebber lost a race. Luff her go, Mist'r CHARMING STUDY

About Woman's Attributes. A WIDOW'S FIGHT FOR FORTUNE.

Chocolate Making a Fine Art Needing

Dainty Accessories.

SOME OF BEAUTY'S NOVEL TRIALS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, June 21 .- The women of today are a varied and absording study. For that matter they seem to have been so for ages, to judge from the opinions found in classics and elsewhere. One may even now hear the opinion put forward by some candid man, hesitatingly, as it he were announcing some new discovery likely to be controverted, that "women are a mystery." So is the alphabet, to the ignorant, or wheat bread to a city girl. Where you hear much cry about mystery look for unaffected ignorance.

The truth is, women are both less and more than the world has given them credit for. They are not in the least angels, as infatuated men are fond of calling them. A woman who would do well by herself avoids marrying one of these men who talk of women as angelic and superior. He is certain to turn out a tyrant or a fool, more likely both. Women are not brighter and quicker of intellect than the rest of the world. You might as well carry the idea tarther and aver that dogs are superior in intellect to women because their sense of smell is keener. A bright woman can smell out the right of a matter sooner than an ordinary man, but this is mainly because men have brutified their perceptions by sloth and indulgence. Women are not any better than men, except as they are more guarded from temptations. They are not the flower and finest of humanity; in fact, they often oblige one to believe they are made of the leavings, and no one is so ready to say this of her sex as the woman who the hour before has been clamoring for their superiority over everything masculine, their intuitive powers, celestial purity and so forth. On the other side they are not incapable of reason, or of training to be useful, trusty and comfortable to the race. They are the daughters of men, and fiber for fiber they answer to the make of their

A WORKER'S DAINTY COSTUME.

This may serve as a prelude to the his-ories of women of the day which present this may serve as a pretide to the instories of women of the day which present themselves to me one by one. A letter from the 180 which piled my table the other day, pleased especially by its clear hand and good expression. Without apology or compliment the writer told her story and asked advice. Not long after the answer, I was called down to see a lady who had shrewdly

sent my own letter up with her card, to assist in placing her definitely.

A siender, figure, dressed in faultless taste, rose to meet me, and I wish all women could see that costume and its wearer, to know how thoroughly well turned out and refined-looking a woman can be who earns every dollar of income by her own efforts. The dress, correct to its least details, sug-gested the tints of a moss rose in the directoire coat of dull green summer cashmere, over a bordered skirt of a deeper shade, the long panels of coat, lined with the softest old rose silk, the open throat closed with a delicious little chemisette of embroidered muslin with collarette and cuffs of soft paint ace, real lace, not the machine points or the crochet and cutwork we see a thought too much of. The dainty bonnet with the pointed front was of crepe, embroidered in flower tints, with loops of old pink ribbon over the front, and heads of young green oats between, an artistic bonnet suiting the castume, the wearer's complexion and shape of in a bonnet. The face at once keen, knowing and delicate with a soft complexion, whose pallor only told of ill-health, charmed by its vivacity, not childishness, and as clear, steady, blue eyes as I ever looked into, and I love to look into people's

eyes and see the souls of them. A BRAVE WOMAN'S SUCCESS.

and concisely she told me not only her state of health, but the leading points in her own life, as women are apt to do with friendly faces seldom seen. Beginning at the death of her husband, when she could only earn \$5 by two weeks' work the best she could do, she mastered machine sewing till she became forewoman in a factory, at \$8 a week, getting the position, she said, only because she would work for less than anyone else. Next she asked a friend to give her lessons in bookkeeping nights, and got a place at \$12, which seemed riches to her. One day her employer suggested she should write advertisements for the firm, and was pleased enough to give her a slight advance of terms for the work. She studied and com-pared advertisements in the papers; saw how Powers and Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, wrote to catch the public eye, and copied the style of others, till she could originate and improve on it. Now she holds her pretty home, with the charming little luxuries and comforts women love, and makes an income not less than \$3,000 a year steadily with more falling to her by chance busi-

Withal, the wonder and delight to me was that she had lost nothing of woman-liness and taste in the process, but could tell me of the last new poem, and still bet-ter, she was the only woman I have ever known who took anything like an intelli-gent interest in the political refugees and the Russian emigrants coming here to escape the tyranny of the Czar. The delight of the interview was like talking to a highly refined man with entire freedom delicacy. Such women are not the product of college courses of Alumni societies, but develop themselves by force—nay, rather—grace of circumstances. I never see a woman with sharp-cut, dispassionate intelligence, taste and feeling combined, who has not at some time known a life and death struggle for existence.

A CHOCOLATE LESSON.

A pale green engraved card announcing that Mr. Maillard, the confectioner would favor ladies with a lecture on chocolate making, was one of the curiosities of the week, and I promptly found myself at the door of the private office where the lecture door of the private office where the lecture was given. It was elegant, as private offices are in this city of luxury, with walls in oak wainscot and blue turcomen, tapestry portiere and rich glass, water color pictures, seats for twenty ladies and carved tables set with tinted porcelain cups and flowered chocolatieres and enameled chocolate boilers over the trim gas stove. It was becoming throughout the veters many charming throughout, the veteran facturer treating the ladies as his guests with French politoness, and careful attentions which began with faus all around and ended with a package of bonbons apiece. It is very nice to sit in the picturesque office is very nice to sit in the picturesque office like a rich, Flemish interior, with well-dressed women, while the tall, good-looking young man with a very correct afternoon suit and diamond scarf pin, explains the performance of the white-capped cook, also good-looking and unmistakably French.

The first thing is breakfast cooca, and we are treated to the taste of the pure article, in the broken roast bean of the fine Veneruals account which is 40 cents, a pound at

zuels cocos, which is 40 cents a pound at first cost. The roast bean is so delicate I prefer it to any variety of chocolate bonbon.

preier it to any variety of chocolate bonbon. The points in making cocoa are to mix the teaspoonful of powder with boiling water, just enough to make a thin paste, and then pour the cupful of boiling milk or milk and water on this and scald a minute, not more. Neither chocolate or cocoa should be stirred with a plated or nickel spoon, but with

silver or wood. Each of us is presented with a wooden muller to stamp this on our minds, and mine rests on a bracket with photographs and porcelain as a memento, till it is put to use in the little cool house Shirley Dare Speaks Very Plainly in sweet air where the next letter, I hope, BEAUTY'S NOVEL TRIAL.

Please recount the directions, ladies, not to use more than a teaspoonful of cocoa to a cup, not to mix it with cold milk or hot milk, or stir it with a common spoon. M. Maillard's is charmingly wrought, antique silver, and it is to boil up once in an earthen or porcelain boiler, not a metal pot. The trim maid in a white cap serves us with a pale blue cup of delicate nectar, which my brilliant friend whispers they may feed her when she arrives at the other side of the river. Between her and the other four or five distractingly pretty women in the river. Between her and the other four or five distractingly pretty women in the room, I have hard work to keep the run of the lecture. It could not have been apropos of chocolate exactly that the brunette with splendid dark eyes, exquisite with dusky lashes, said that she wondered why one must be always a little unbecoming to look respectable, or that a sunny-browed blonde confessed that she was "tired of trying to live up to her angelic hair." It is hard lines to look so like an angel at times that people expect one to always be devoid of people expect one to always be devoid of temper and stand any amount of putting

upon.
Chocolate, however, must not be scraped
or powdered, as half its flavor is lost in the
process, and only the vanilla chocolate is fit for drinking. The plain sort is only meant for cakes and bonbon making. You break a tablet of single vanilla chocolate for each cup of cold milk or milk and water, and put to boil in an earthen or enameled pot, for ten minutes, stirring constantly all the time. Then it comes off creamy, and you take it immediately with the long, crisp sticks of Italian bread, and want very little else for breakfast but some ruit. For increasing lumpness there is no food like it, with the crisp sticks of whole meal bread.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. Some one inquires the best way of making graham or whole meal bread, and no point is so little understood. In the first place see that the flour is good and freshly ground, not too branny or full of black specks or in the least musty. Flour often spoils in hot weather if kept in bulk or in a damp, ill-aired place, or near strong smelling food. Sift it to see if the bran is clean, and if satisfactory put it back with the flour again. The best bread is made with two tablespoons of molasses to the quart of flour, half a teaspoon of salt and sour milk to make a stiff batter, with a teaspoon of baking soda dissolved in cold water to the pint of liquid just as it is pouring into the flour. A tablespoonful of melted butter may be added also. The bread requires no kneading or rising, but should go at dnoe into a hot oven and bake to a crisp brown crust. Very little bread, either white or brown, is baked enough to be wholesome and the slack-baked stuff sets up a ferment in the stomach which ruins health. Bread made simply of baking powder or cream of tartar and sods, with or without milk in the water used to mix it, is more easily digested than yeast bread, rraham or whole meal bread, and no point is so mix it, is more easily digested than yeast bread especially in summer, but good yeast bread o whole meal, with a little molasses and ver whole meal, with a little molasses and very little or no cornmeal, mixed in a sponge, stirred up without kneading and thoroughly baked, is a good household bread. If it grows moist by keeping in summer slice thin and toast or bake crisp to preserve its wholesomeness. Bread in the slightest degree clammy, sour or musty is bad at any time, but rank poison in summer, and much of the disorder attributed to majaria and other things is set on foot by miserable bread. bread. Not one bakery in ten sells bread fit to eat

Not one bakery in ten sells bread lit to eat. The flour is inferior, the bread trays seldom cleaned properly, the bread is acid enough to cause daugerous ferments in the stomach in warm weather, and so slack-baked as to start fungus in a loaf in a short time. HEALTHY, SAFE BREAD

keeps longer by two days than any other. The only safe bread for dyspeptics in hot weather is a crisp thin cracker of whole meal mixed stiff with water, salt and a tablespoon of butter stiff with water, salt and a tablespoon of butter to the quart of flour, rolled out as thin as possible and baked brown in a hot oven. A little sugar may be added if well borne, and the butter left out if it does not suit the digestion, but the cracker must be thoroughly baked. These crisp crackers are very good eating with coffee, soop or milk for family use. The Indians have the advantage of us, as they prepare their bread from freshly ground meal always, and bake it thin and crisp over the fire. One might name this cracker "complexion bread," for being perfectly innocent for digestion, it improves the face remarkably in a short time, so much has our daily bread to do with brain, nerve and tissues.

The "Designing Widow" and others who write for hair dyes have come to the wrong person. The only way to improve the color of the hair is to keep the scalp clean, and the locks by weekly washing with borak, ammonia or yelk of erg dissolved in water, and to brush locks by weekly washing with borat, ammonia or yelk of egg dissolved in water, and to brush it thoroughly twice a day from 50 to 100 strokes each time. Vaseline applied daily as a dressing will darken the hair slightly, and washing with dilute ammonia, one tablespoonful to two quarts of water, drying in the sun afterward, will bleach hair by degrees. Oil of lavender is the best application to keep hair from falling or to make it grow on high foreheads, if it will grow at all.

NEW MOTIVE POWERS.

Revival of the Use of Volatile Liquids to

New York Commercial Advertiser, 1 Mr. Yarrow, of torpedo boat fame, read a paper recently on the use of spirit as an agent in prime movers, devoting his remarks to the use of volatile liquids in lieu of water, to produce power, when converted by heat from the liquid to the vapor state in the way that power is obtained from the conversion of water into steam.

Some years ago this subject attracted much attention in France, and several large steamers were built in which ether was evaporated in combination with steam for working the propelling machinery. The steam, after having performed work in one cylinder, was used to evaporate ether in a cylinder, was used tubular evaporator, by which means a por-tion of the remaining heat in the steam was saved instead of wasted. The ether vapor so produced was used in another cylinder the additional power thus obtained being a clear gain. The ether used evaporated a about 1040 Fahrenheit; it will therefore be seen to what a low temperature the steam or water can be brought down and still be useful in evaporating the ether. Leakages of the ether caused such great damage by explosions, as soon as it mixed with the atmosphere, that the scheme, for the time, was laid one side. Improved

methods, greater accuracy of workmanship and soundness of material having become possibilities in late years, several small boats were experimented with and successfully run in this country, and thus have induced more thorough investigation, with results that look extremely promising. The apparatus used for experiments was a small. ordinary steam engine, actuating a shaft and flywheel in the usual way, having a revolution center spring balance and index and flywheel in the usual way, having a revolution center spring balance and index attached. Gas was selected as the means of heating the boiler, which had no particular feature about its construction when water was used—but for spirit vapor, inside the upper part of the boiler, was a copper coil, the inlet to which was at the side, and the outlet at the tap whence it massed to the engine. The

top, whence it passed to the engine. The experiments consisted of several continuous trials, each of three hours' duration, alter-These resulted in a power from the spirit vapor. These resulted in a power from the spirit being nearly twice that recorded in cases where water was used. The spirit used was a hydrocarbon distilled from petroleum, having a specific gravity of about .68. This fluid was used on account of its being low in price, easily procured and of an oily nature. A launch propelled on this plan 36 feet long and with a beam of 6 feet, built of steel, has a total weight, including machinery of one a total weight, including machinery, of one ton, while were steam the agent the weight would be very much in excess of amount.

She Was All Right.

Boston Courter.1 "Have you a magnificent wardrobe!" asked the manager, addressing the actress who had just applied for an engagement.
"Why, no," she replied, "I have no wardrobe at all. I'm in the burlesque line, you
know."

He Had Not Fixed the Exact Year. Husband of popular actress My wife has decided to retire from the stage: Friend-Indeed! At once? H-N-no, not exactly at once. We have not yet decided upon the exact year, but she will begin her first farewell tour next sea-

And she was engaged on the spot.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

When St. Paul, the greatest of theologians, and Shakespeare, the greatest of poets, agree in hymning the advantages of affliction in human life, uninspired and prosaic folk may safely hum the same tune, even though it be in a pathetic minor key. "No suffering for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, after-ward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down." Thus St. Paul.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head." Thus the poet whom Milton calls "Sweetest Shakespeare, Faucy's child."
Yes, sorrow though bitter is wholese

It is a corrective. It jogs us in the midst of our smelting and building and strife for precedence, and asks, What is all this worth? How much of the baggage of time can you take with you into eternity? What part of your possessions is permanent-real estate in very truth? Trouble is a source of self-knowledge. When

all goes well with us we are strong and self-confident. The world seems sufficient for us. We feel like a certain celebrity who said: "I dise!" But when some earthquake disaster rumbles through the soul and shakes down our loftlest, proudest creations in hideous ruin, we come to our senses, realize our weakness, and seek Him with whom we have had to do, and who is "from everlasting to everlasting."
Adversity tends to make us sympathetic. It
enlists selfishness on the side of generosity.
The remembrance of our own lesses and pains The remembrance of our own lesses and pains prompt us to feel for others when they suffer. The reflection that at any moment, so fickle a jade is fortune, we may be driven to draw on the bank of friendship, makes us ready to honor any draft which our neighbors present and ask us to convert into the cash of sympathy. Thus, to change the figures, we learn to carry a little fire at the hearthstone of the heart for friend to warm his chilled fingers at.

Surely, then, God knows best. Infinite wisdom is His right hand and infinite love is His left. In these arms He holds us all, and closest when we are needlest.

But look here; don't go around borrowing trouble. No need of that, There is usually enough of it in the house already.

One of the most charming of recent conceits is this of "Children's Day," which many churches have just been celebrating. The happy throngs of little folks embowered in flowers; the brief and pithy addresses with fifthly, and sixthly, and finally, my brethren, left out; the presentation of Bibles to the deserving or destitute; the prominence given to the Sunday school in its influence upon the men and women of to-mor-row; make this the anniversary of anniversa-ries.

ries,

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of work for and among the young. They represent the future. They are now in our hands like clay in the hands of the potter—we may give them what shape we will, And in molding them we form the manhood and womanhood which shall succeed us in all that we hold dear in family, church, and State. God Himself (it may be said reverently) cannot make saints at the adult end as fast as Satan can make sinners at the childhood end.

A Theological Advance.

An old and grave citicism upon Theological Seminaries, of all denominations, is that their curriculum is remote from the thought and life of to-day. It is pleasant to record that several of these institutions have awakened to a con-sciousness of being behind the age, and have effected a readjustment in harmony with the year of grace, 1889. Under the head of "Chrisyear of grace, 1839. Under the head of "Christian nurture" or "Evangelistics," current movements, or established agencies, in religious life and work, are hereafter to be made special objects of study and instruction.

We congratulate the Theological Seminaries upon this advance. It is Rip Van Winkle rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, and out of the eyes of the little Rips. And we congratulate the Sunday Schools and the Young Men's Christian Asseciations, and the Christian Endeavor lads and lassies, that they are at last to have an acknowledgment and an alloted place in the great procession of the sacramental host; a diploma of character signed by learned professors and bearing the seal of the church.

The folly of good men is sometimes as mani est in prayers as in works. Here, for example s an excellent brother yonder in Boston, who the other day, in a devotional meeting of the Bantist Missionary Union, prayed as follows: "We know, oh, Lord, that it is not Thy purpose to convert the world during the present generation." How does he know this? Who inspired him? Or has this prophet special facilities, etc., for securing exclusive information? If this be so, this journal would be pleased to annex him to its staff.

Speaking of prayers, the late Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox was unique in his devotions. He was specially fond of rolling out classical quotations when addressing the Almighty, which he would frequently translate, lest the Lord might not understand Latin! At a meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly, one year when he was moderator, he said in the midst of his opening prayer: "Oh Lord Jesus Christ, thou art the ne plus ultra of our desires, the sine qua non of our faith, and the ultima thule of our hope!" he other day, in a devotional meeting of the

The Soldier's Countersign. During the Civil War the "Christian Commis on" was one of those gigantic agencies which followed the armies and played the Good Sa-maritan, its special function, however, being the providing for the moral and religious needs of the soldiers. Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, was the President of this body. He is an animated cyclopaedia of facts and

Philadelphia, was the President of this body. He is an animated cyclopaedia of facts and aneedotes of that period and work. Mr. Stuart recently told the following story:

I visited a camp, one day, a few miles below Washington, and in the evening, in company with two or three other gentlemen,—one of whom was the late Mr. William E. Dodge, of New York,—held a prayer meeting among the soldiers. Nine o'clock was the regulation hour for closing: but the interest was so deep that the Colonel of the regiment said, "Go on," and the meeting was prolonged for a half an hour or more. At least 10 o'clock had come when we prepared to return to Washington by carriage. But the Colonel said: "You can't go to Washington to-night. The guard is posted already, (as 9 was the hour for guard mounting) and an order has been issued that no civilian shall have the countersign." Imperitive business required the presence of Mr. Dodge, and he said he must be in Washington before morning.

The Colonel said he would see what could be done. Perhaps the magic "word" would be given to me on account of my position. He went to headquarters, and returning soon whispered the "word" in my ear. Then he gave these minute directions:

Drive out until you are near the sentinel's post—about two miles from camp; then leave the carriage and walk up to him. He will present his gun to your face and will call out: "Who goes there?" You will answer, 'A friend with the countersign.' The sentinel will say, "What is it?" You will then give the word' I whispered in your ear, and he will allow you to pass."

Well, we drove out in the darkness, and I left the carriage at the appointed place, and advanced till the musket of the guard gleamed

Well, we drove out in the darkness, and I left the carriage at the appointed place, and advanced till the musket of the guard gleamed in dangerous nearness to my face. Then the questions and apswers followed just as the Colonel had described, only when the sentinel said. "What is it?" I answered "Beverly;" and instead of this proving the wonderful "sesame" the sentinel cried, calling me by name, "Mr. Stuart, you have given the wrong word—that is not the countersign. I cannot lety ou pass; you must go back to camp and get the right word." So back Mr. Dodge and I drove in the black night, over the muddy roads. It turned out that the officer by mistake had whispered the countersign of the day before—It was changed every day. The mistake rectified, we started again, and again went through the programme. This time the word was "Massachusetts," and we were permitted to go on, but not before I had turned and asked the soldier, "How did you know who I was in the darkness?" and the man had answered, "About 15 years ago I heard you speak to a Sunday school up in York State, and though I have never seen you since I remembered your voice. If it hadn't been for that I should have shot you."

Then said I, "My friend, I hope you have the countersign," "I have." "What is it?" "The blood of Jesus Christ," was the reverent reply.

Some Quaint Hymns. e of the quaint old hymns, remarks the Youth's Companion, are not calculated to arouse religious feeling—in the present generaion, at any rate.

"Ye monsters of the bubbling deep, Your Maker's praises shout; Up from the sands, ye codlings, peep, And wag your tails about!" "It would be difficult for a congreg to-day to sing this without smiling; and that follows is almost as amusing: The race is not forever got

"A Northern clergyman, during the Civil War, used to say that never until then had he found occasion or justification for his personal employment of David's imprecatory psalms; a sentiment which was no doubt reciprocated on the other side. The fathers, however, sang without demur:

Why don't Thou hold Thine hand aback, And hide it in Thy lap? O, pluck it out, and be not slack To give Thy foes a rap!"

Dana as a Theologiau

Mr. Charles A. Dana has long been promi-nent as an editor. He is also a good deal of a theologian, as witness this article clipped from the New York Sun—which shines for all: The Rev. Dr. Abbott, the successor to Henry Ward Beecher, told the Plymouth congrega-tion last Sunday that the Calvinistic doctrine of election is a "sixteenth century idea," to which, he said, modern thought is rightly and unalterably opposed. Yet, after all, that terrible doctrine harmonizes with modern scientific theory. Election, as taught by John Calvin, means simply that the moral and spiritual and spiritual statements. Calvin, means simply that the moral and spiritual universe is governed by rigid law, a law as fixed and unchangeable as the law which controls the movements of the planets. It means that no prayers, no oblations, can shake the immutable purpose of God; that a man might as well supplicate for the repeal of the law of gravitation as io ask to be relieved from the consequences of heredity and the logical results of his acts. Of course, election takes away the freedom of will, of which poor human beings make so proud a beast. It consigns them to salvation or to damnation, according as their fate was determined before all fine. They think themselves free, and yet they are enslaved under the law laid down in the councils of eternity.

slaved under the law laid down in the councils of eternity.

But this is an age in which the sentiment of humanity, of tender consideration for suffering, has been carried to so great an extreme that men cannot endure the thought that the race is going to bear the bitter consequences of its acts, each individual for himself. It tries to believe that there is some way of escape from the operation of the law, and that, by a miracle of God's mercy, the offending will be saved from the logical results of their sins. If a man should fall out of the top story of a high building we should expect, as a matter of course, that he would be smashed into jelly when he struck the ground. If the most loving mother should give her child rank poison in mistake for food, no prayers would avail to save the infant from the consequences of the awful error. Yet men suppose that by some process of jugglery the working of analagous law in the spiritual world can be set aside and alrogated; that they can sin and yet reap the harvest of righteousness.

John Calvin was not of that mind. He contended that the moral and spiritual world is uo less governed by logical law than the physical, and he bravely accepted all the consequences of his premises. The young Presbyterians do not like reasoning so rigid. They want to think there is some loophole of escape from so diagreeable a conclusion. But they do not attempt to question the fact that, no matter how well meaning they may be, their fingers are sure to be burned if they nut them in the fire.

tempt to question the fact that, he matter how well meaning they may be, their fingers are sure to be burned if they put them in the fire. John Calvin was a man of genius, and so also was his pupil, Jonathan Edwards, the illustri-ous father of American literature. They were both men whom we class with the great minds of all ages—Charles Robert Darwin, for in-stance.

Bright Sunday Thoughts. WE talk about pillars of the church. We have too many pillars—we want more lights.—

THE divine nature in man may be burned, but it cannot be burned out.—A. Bernard. ACTIONS, looks, words, steps, form an alphaet by which you may spell character.-Lavater. MANY lives, like the Rhone, have two ources; one pure, the other impure.-Hare. HE who listens to wise counsel does his ears better service than they who bore them for trinkets. At the same time it is possible that one's ears may be "bored" with impertinent advice.—Harius.

TAE only legitimate anger is a holy emotion directed against an unholy thing. Sin, not our neighbor, must be its object.—Arnot. FROM the very gate of heaven there is a by-

THE sweetest wine is turned into the sourest vinegar, and when God's people apostalize they are worse than the heathen.—Starke, CONSCIENCE should lead each man to be a sient Court of Justice in himself. Himself the udge and jury, and himself the prisoner at the par.—Gotthoid.

A HANDFUL OF EYEBALLS. They Were Taken From the Mummies of the Incas of Peru.

Philadelphia Inquirer.]

A man came into this office yesterday with a handful of what looked like dull reddish golden eyeballs. They were of various sizes. "Do you know what they are?" said he. "You will never guess nor do I believe there are many persons in Philadelphia who can tell you. They are taken from the mummies of the Incas of Peru. When I was stationed there some years ago, when in the naval service, I got whole lot of them. The mummies were thrown up and in some cases destroyed by seismic convulsions. There are thousands of them about, particularly about Arequipa. These that I show you are taken from the skull, and are believed to be the real eyes of the Incas, and are respected as such. The women wear them made up into necklaces, scarf pins and other articles of jewlaces, scarf pins and other articles of jew-elry. As a matter of fact, however, they are really the eyes of the octopus or devil fish. They are thoroughly desiccated or rather mummified by the air, and were put in ages ago to take the place of the natural eye, which the aborigines found would not last in that climate. In having them set as a piece of jewelry you must be very cau-tious. The workman in trimming them down must beware of getting any of the dust in any cut he may have. If he does so blood poisoning is sure to set in and the termination may very likely be fatal."

"By the way," continued the ex-naval officer, "I'll tell you a queer thing that happened down there. I have no doubt that you recollect the great tidal-wave of about 20 years ago. The United States storeship Fredonia was sunk, and the man-of-war Wateree lifted bodily and deposited several miles inland, crossing a railroad in its flight. When it was proposed to get her to the beach again the natives wanted such an exorbitant sum for cutting out about the railroad that the scheme was abandoned. some time afterward another earthjunke took place, which again lifted the Wateree bodily, carried her back over the railroad tracks and deposited her back on the beach. It was found, however, that her condition was such that it would not pay to do anything with her, so she was left to rot and i broken up by the inhabitants."

Life.1

Mr. Jonathan Trump-You are charming Mis. Penelope Peachblow-Indeed? Whi nice things you men say! Mr. Brown just told me the same thing. Mr. Jonathan Trump (anxious to depreciate his rival)-Of course you don't be-

A Partial Eclipse.



the Friendly Brothers) -'f coursh I've sheen man-in-'r moon 'fore; but blesht 'f I

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for

Home Cracking.

Address communications for this departo E. R. CHADBOURN. Lewiston, Maine. 635-STORY OF THE GENIE AND THE

TALISMAN. When balmy sleep my eyelids sealed In soft repose, across the field Of vision stole a genie vast, At whose wild look I stood aghast. He with a magicitalisman
Presented me, and thus began:
"A potent charm to you I bring,
As were Aladdin's lamp and ring, At dinner drop it on your plate
The ruler of a Roman State
Will rise to view—you know his name,
He by strange means acquired great fame;
If 'tis in idle talk let fail, You'll see arise a robber tall; If in a plot you plant your prize A toiler of the sea will rise; The genie fied as day began
To gaid the East—the talisman
Remained behind, and on a test
I found—quite strange—that it pos
The virtues he for it did claim—

636-ODDITIES. 1. Birds flying in the air, lying on the ground, frowning in the water. 2. Walking on its head. 3. Always wicked and often hung but no 4. A robber on the sea still dangerous when 5. The heart of man and beast.
6. A pole and frozen water.
7. Always in a bad fix and never out of per-

8. An ell and black water.
9. The negative part of a face,
10. Affirmative parts of the body.
11. American young lady and a foreign no-637-CHARADE.

The first was found upon the earth When torture gave to tyrants mirth; To-day we seek it in the sky, And in the ocean it does lie. The second in the clouds you'll note, The beggar hides it in his coat; It is a question, too, on which The Radicals attack the rich.

The total was in Erin long
A source of woe and endless wrong;
Thank God, its reign is almost past,
We see the dawn approaching fast.
W. WILSON. 638-ANAGRAMS.

I. When I have a declaration
To make, 'midst clamor or din,
I fill my lungs with awest, pure air
Until "I can put no more in." II.

If, in your travels, you see a fracas,
And lotter to see this "cute mob scene,"
When queried, be sure your silence to keep,
For loss of speech is the best way, I ween.
EL EM DEE. 639-PROGRESSIVE HALF-SQUARE. L In Pittsburg. 2. An abbreviation. 3. A conjunction. 4. An end. 5. An isolated peak in central and western parts of North America, too high to be called a hill and not high enough to be called a mountain. 6. An unctuous substance used as food. 7. An apartment in a house where provisions and utensils are kept.

CAL ANDO.

640-A PRESENT FACT. "Some one is here!" whispered a breeze Under its breath, to a crowd of green leaves.

Merry at heart, this a brook overheard, Murmured its thanks and went on w word. Even the flowers, just awake from their sleep Rose up in haste, the newcomer to meet. In the blue sky, the white clouds moving on, Stopped in their course, to hear the glad so

Heart of the year, beloved as a Queen, Exerywhere loyal subjects are seen. Rich are the gifts that will follow your reign, Earth is rejoiced and joins the refrain.

641-METATHESIS. Can you a simple word rehearse ns to gain, to bind or fetter And make it mean quite the reverse By metathesis of a letter ?

642—SOME OF A FAMILY. Our family is a large one, but of all its nearly thirty members, I believe myself to be the most abused. I have my aspirations, and like to keep my place, but certain persons are for ever doing without my aid where it is positively required, and trying to atone for it by putting me forward where I'm not in the least needed, obliging me to help make them ridiculous.

putting me forward where I'm not in the least needed, obliging me to help make them ridioulous.

I am so utterly discouraged that I can do nothing but sigh; yet in my worst moods, if only my brother—a splendid fellow, he stands Al, and is with one exception the most useful of us all—if, I say, he will but come and stand beside me we're merry as larks and we laugh together. In the midst of our glee here comes one tall and slender next thing to a middle man, and places himself so near that the laugh involuntarily dies away, and some one looking on cries out: "Behold the bluft prince Shakespeare told us of."

Presently there saunters by another, lank and lean as the last, in fact the middle man's double, who places himself beside his twin, when a detestable cocknoy giving us a giance remarks, "Well, that's all, let us ope!" "O, not at all," says a round-eyed little sister, taking her stand at the foot of the line, and we all give a shout together.

Now there is one in our family whose weakness it is to consider himself twice you, whoever you are, and though one can scarcely credit the fact, positively when he takes his position at the little sister's right, his presence seems to make boly, and consecrate us to some scarced use. Directly the most industrious member of the family approaches, accompanied by an intimate associate; in fact they come next each other when we all stand in line in regular order for roll-call. When a thing is over and done, and one wants to tell about; it would be difficult to do so without the help of this useful couple, who are much attached to the past, and together are called by a man's nickname. As they quietly take their station at the foot of the line, one can almost feel his mother's hand on his head, while the words of "Our Father" rise to his lips. I find this growing altogether to serious, and withdraw from the head of the line, one can almost feel his mother's hand on his head, while the words of "Our Father" rise to his lips. I find this growing altogether to serious, and withd

to break up into group.

clinations.

Holding my breath a moment, I catch a word here and there. Some say, "Allowed!" (I don't know what.) "O marry!" advises another group. Still others seem to be telling the sound the cows made coming from a field. Feeling interested in none of these things, I turn with a sigh to wonder for the thousandth time if I shall ever be able to give voice to the woes I suffer through ignorance and heedlessness.

HAPPY THOUGHT,

643-REBUS. I am hated and shunned wherever I go, My friends and companions are sorre

woe;
But, however, hated and shunned I may be,
From those whom I know I seldom may flee.
MINNIE SINGE! ANSWERS.

625—Traduce no man.
627—Down.
628—Buttery, butter, butte, butt, but, bu, b.
629—I. Great Britain. 2. United States. 3.
Australia. 4. Scotland. 5. Minnesota. 6.
Philadelphia. 7. Socrates. 8. Leonidas. 9.
Diogenes. 10. Aristides. 11. Cleopatra. 12.
Denominations. 13. Astonishment. 14. Mystification. 15. Deliverance. 16. Missionary. 17.
Missioner-bension.

"Alast it is delusion all;"
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are,"

A Natural Explanation

Miss Smalltork-Good evening, Mr. Lit ehed; how well you look.

Mr. Litched-Thank you, Miss Smalltork. Do you know why I look well.

There's a conundrum.
"Oh, how delightful. Do tell me? I give right up." ause I am well, Miss Smalltork. (And he becomes the conversional hero of Might Precipitate a Rus

Colored Bank President-Boys, I'm afraid of a run on the bank.

Clerk (in surprise)-Why? "Why? Well, I'll tell you why. It's six weeks since a desperado came in here and demanded several thousand in cash."

"Well, if some bandit doesn't come along pretty quick the depositors will begin to think that something is wrong."

Its Smile and Its Frown. Chicago Tribune.

for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing com-

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being con-fined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

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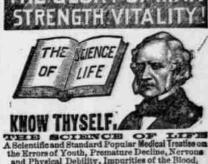
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'Tis not so sweet, as you turn about,
To see, swift coming, a water's pout.

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