

IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING STATEMENTS.

Head, Neck and Inwardly Digest— Something for Everybody. ASHURNHAM, Mass., Jan. 14, 1880. I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I never should die in peace until I had tried Hop Bitters. I have taken two bottles. They have helped me very much indeed. I shall take two more; by that time I shall be well. There was a lot of sick folk here who have seen how they helped me, and they used them and are cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made. Yours, Mrs. JULIA G. CUSHING.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Jan. 31, 1880. I have used seven bottles of Hop Bitters which have cured me of a severe uronic difficulty of the kidneys and have had a pleasant effect on my system. RODNEY FRANKSON.

WALEND, Kansas, Dec. 8, 1879. I write to inform you what great relief I got from taking your Hop Bitters. I was suffering from neuralgia and dyspepsia, and a few bottles have entirely cured me, and I am truly thankful for so good a medicine. Mrs. MATTIE COOPER.

CEDAR BAYOU, Texas, Oct. 28, 1879. HOP BITTERS CO. I have heretofore been bitterly opposed to any medicine not prescribed by a physician of my choice. My wife, fifty-six years old, had come by degrees to a slow swoon. Doctors failed to benefit her. I got a bottle of Hop Bitters for her, which soon relieved her in many ways. My kidneys were badly affected, and I took twenty or thirty doses, and found much relief. I sent to Galveston for more, and word came back none in the market, so great is the demand; but I got some elsewhere. It has restored both of us to good health, and we are duly grateful. Yours, J. P. MAGET.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, Miss., Jan. 2, 1880. HOP BITTERS CO. I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching ailment. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief from your medicine and torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever. HENRY KNOCKE.

MILTON, Del., Feb. 10, 1880. Being induced by a neighbor to try Hop Bitters, I am well pleased with it as a tonic medicine, it having so much improved my feelings, and benefited my system, which was very much out of tone, causing great feebleness. Mrs. JAMES BETTS.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 22, 1880. HOP BITTERS MFG. CO. I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They look like rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any other patent medicine. J. J. BARCOCK, Physician and Druggist.

KAHOA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880. I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she had taken for six years. Wm. T. McCLURE.

For Catarrh, ELY'S CREAM BALM. For Deafness, ELY'S CREAM BALM. There is a Balm in Gilead.

WATERBURY'S Kidney and Bladder Pills. A Blood Producer and Life Sustaining Principle.

WATERBURY'S Kidney and Bladder Pills. A Blood Producer and Life Sustaining Principle. \$350 GET BILLS selling our Rubber Stamps and Music Machines. \$5 to \$20 per day at home.

Poor. What! poor you say? Why, save you, friend, I've more than half the world can show; Such bliss as mine you cannot boast, Such bliss as mine you cannot know. I've more than kneest heat on my sun, Could ever dream of night or day— I've treasures hid from scoldish hearts, No cunning thief can take away.

My robes never bring distrust Between me and my fellowmen; No evil passion stirs my breast, To yield me hate for hate again; But pleasure, peace and joy they bring; They soothe my cares, and make me glad; They give delight I cannot name, And buy me comfort when I'm sad.

Come here, and open wide your eyes; You see earth's glory at my feet, You see the sky above my head, The sunshine on my garden seat; You see the love that lights my home, The children round my cottage door— The birds, the bees, the grass, the flowers, And you have dared to call me poor!

Come here and open wide your ears, And hark, the music morning makes, When from the hills and from the woods Her high and holy anthem breaks. Come here and catch the grand old songs That nature sings me evermore— The whispings of a thousand things, And tell me, tell me, am I poor?

Not rich is he, though wider far His acres stretch than eye can roll, Who has no sunshine in his mind, No wealth of beauty in his soul, Not poor is he, though never known His name in hall, or city mart, Who smiles content beneath his load, With God and nature in his heart.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Half of Scotland is owned by seventy persons. The strength of woman's hair lies in the hair pins.—Eclair Advertiser. California vintage this year is estimated at from 11,000,000 to 14,000,000 gallons. The gross income derived from tobacco by the farmers of the United States is about \$22,000,000.

Six poets who have passed threescore and ten: Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Whittier, Browning and Holmes. It is believed that over \$10,000,000 a year are expended in private horticulture in Great Britain and Ireland. Sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet per second in the air, 4,690 in the water, 11,000 in cast iron, 17,000 in steel, and 18,000 in glass.

Although there is generally a great deal of fun made over them, we see nothing singular in twins. Plural, you know.—Philadelphia Transcript. The man with new tight shoes and an ingrowing nail seems to be the one who is always selected by fate to be compelled to run for a railroad train.

Every student at the Colorado Agricultural college is required to work two hours each day; the price paid per hour is ten cents. The institution is said to be in a flourishing condition. Did you ever stop on the dusty highway of life to remember that there are over 7,000 varieties of apples in this country, saying nothing of those found in the boys' pockets?—Detroit Free Press.

A young wife remonstrating with her husband on his dissipated habits, was answered: "I am like the prodigal son, my dear; I will reform by-and-by." "I will be like him, too," she said; "I will arise and go to my father." A reporter calls at a banking house and takes notes, and it's all right. Along comes another fellow, takes some notes and gets jugged for five years. This illustrates the privileges enjoyed by the press.

There are people who will dig for years in order to discover the bones of a hog that died two centuries ago, and all the while a family with flesh on their bones may be starving in the next street.

A Minnesota exchange says that "Peter Butler, of Cannon Falls, aged eighty years, shocked eleven acres of grain one day last week." Some of these old farmers use pretty hard language, when they once get started.—Peck's Sun.

A head clerk in the railway mail service estimates that he has already traveled six times as far as General Grant during the past eight years, and in all that time and distance has seen nothing of the world but twenty-six stations on a Western railroad.—Burlington Hawkeye.

The bashful young man who asked a lady if he "could see her home," was much surprised to hear her reply, "That he could go if he wanted to, but she didn't think her father wanted to sell," and then coolly walked off with the man of her choice.

The ant is a many-footed insect. They hold their property in common. They have no holidays, no eight-hour system, and never strike for higher wages. They are cheerful little toilers. There are no loafers about them, and they get up early and go to bed late, and work all the time and eat on the run. You never saw two ants argue the same question with each other, whether man sprang from the monkey or the monkey from the man. They are simply little busy ants, full of faith, working hard, living prudently, committing no sin, and praising God by minding their own business.—Baltimore.

The Origin of Shylock. A German magazine has an article on the origin of the Shylock legend. The first trace of it, says the author, is to be found in Herbers' French verification of "Dolopathos; or the Seven Wise Men of Rome," made for one of the kings of France. There we find that a rich vassal of a knight, one of whose legs had been cut off by the order of his feudal superior, offered the latter a loan of 100 marks, on the condition that if this amount were not paid by a fixed time the vassal should have the right of cutting out a piece of the knight's flesh. The knight, having succeeded in his purpose with the money, forgot altogether to pay it. The assent out of revenge insisted upon his right. The judge, who was none else than the knight's bride in disguise, pronounced that the flesh should be cut out, but no more and no less than stipulated, otherwise the creditor would forfeit his life.

New York's Shantytown. A writer in Scribner gives a picturesque account of the region in New York city which is still to a great degree given over to squatters and which is known as Shantytown. Here we are at Shantytown. Shanties dot the landscape near and far; shanties mark the lines of graded streets north and west; but it takes only a glance to show us that here, right in front of us, lies a veritable town of shanties—an ordered aggregation of hovels that speak of an association of interests and an identity of tastes—the two great principles that enter into the foundation of villages and cities. You know at once that something stronger than mere chance has drawn these dwellers in huts together; something more mighty than mere accident has made them live in peace and unity for years. You see a street that within the legal limits of the city before the very doors of the actual town, this little settlement exists in its entirety, in its quiddity, as Charles Lamb might have said, a something quite by itself and for itself.

Standing here at Sixtieth street, your eye, turned toward the rising ground where a glimmer of white shows the old Croton aqueduct and the gentle slopes of hills cut right and left by boulevard and avenue, takes in a space just half a mile in length—from Sixty-second to Seventy-second streets—and perhaps an eighth of a mile wide, covered with a huddling host of small houses, mostly one story high, no two on a level. This space is bounded right and left by two avenues, straight as an arrow-flight, and with but slight undulations. It is further transected by streets that run at perfect right angles to the Eighth and Ninth avenues. These sharp lines serve only to mark the strange irregularity of the region. From where we stand, we catch sight of chimneys just peeping above the curbstones of Seventy-first street. A half-dozen blocks nearer, the town mounts an ambitious elevation and sits, a beggarly ruin, hill-enthroned, dominating the surrounding hollows.

For Shantytown lies, for the best part, in certain quadrangular depressions, made by the laying out and grading of the highways that checker its picturesque irregularity. These broad roads have run, like railroad embankments, across a low country, whose undrained bottom now stares up to heaven from an incline of sloping walls of earth and rubble. But the shanties make no account of high ground or low. They nestle in the malarious hollows, or perch impudently on the salubrious heights. Their whitewashed walls shine out against the raw, red earth of huge slopes like fortress walls; their fantastic gables, adorned with bird-houses of quaint design, stand out in sharp outline against the sky, whose keen blue gleams brightest above the high gray rocks.

How to Preserve a Carriage.

A prominent carriage manufacturer of Nottingham, England, Mr. Stacey, publishes a series of "Useful Hints for the Proper Preservation of a Carriage." From his book, we quote: "A carriage should be kept in a airy dry place, with a moderate amount of light, otherwise the colors will be destroyed. There should be no communication between the stables and the coach-house. The manure-heap or pit should also be kept as far away as possible. Ammoniacal cracks varnish and fades the colors both of painting and lining. A carriage should never, under any circumstances, be put away dirty. In washing a carriage keep out of the sun and have the wheels and fenders covered with leather. Use plenty of water, which apply (where practicable) with a hose or syringe, taking care that the water is not driven into the body to the injury of the lining. When forced water is not attainable, use for the body a large soft sponge. This, when saturated, squeeze over the panels, and by the flow down of the water the dirt will soften and harmlessly run off, then finish with a soft chamois leather and oil silk handkerchief. The same remarks apply to the underworks and wheels, except that when the mud is so soaked a soft mop, free from any hard substance, in the hand, may be used. Never use a 'spoke brush,' which, in conjunction with the grit from the road, acts like sandpaper on the varnish, scratching it, and of course effectually removing all gloss. Never allow water to dry itself on the carriage, as it invariably leaves stains. Be careful to grease the bearings of the fore-carriage so as to allow it to turn freely. Examine a carriage occasionally, and whenever a bolt or screw appears to be getting loose, tighten it up with a wrench and always have little repairs done at once. Never draw out or back a carriage into a coach-house with the horses attached, as more accidents occur from this than any other cause. Heated carriages should never stand with the head down, and aprons of every kind should be frequently unfolded or they will soon spoil.

The Treatment of Maud S. Maud S., who beat the record by trotting a mile at Chicago in 2:10, is a highly-bred mare, and wants to be humored. Her heart is won by kindness. She will not stand harsh treatment, will not prove obedient under rough usage. Both Bair and his wife made much of Maud S. They petted her and treated her to apples and lumps of sugar. The result is that she will eagerly respond to their call. When jogging on the track at Chester Park, the presence of Mrs. Bair near the rail at any time would cause Maud to turn in that direction. All last winter the mare ran in a roomy box. In April she was put in front of a break cart, and Mr. Bair drove her about the streets of Clifton and Cincinnati, and thus got her accustomed to the noise and bustle of the toiling world. He also harnessed her double and taught her to drive on either side. She does not like blinds to her bridle, but will trot with any kind of bit in her mouth. All she asks is that she be driven solid not pull on the bit. She stands 15-34 forward, and is plump sixteen hands behind. Her weight is 960 pounds. In her races this year she has been driven to a fifty-one pound sulky, but Bair is having made for her a sulky weighing forty-five pounds. She wears a fifteen and a half-ounce shoe forward and a nine-ounce shoe behind. For two weeks after her arrival at the Queen City she was turned at five every evening into a six-acre grass lot, and allowed to run until nine o'clock. This kept her hair from fading under the sun's rays, and it cooled her out thoroughly. After two weeks' run at grass, she was led every day for two weeks behind a break cart, so padded that she could not hurt herself.—Turf, Field and Farm.

The Ferocious Frog. German naturalists are requested by a Silesian newspaper to reflect on a curious propensity of the frog, alleged to have been discovered during the draining of some huge carp-ponds upon Count Schaafgotsche's estate of Warmbrunn. Upon transferring the fish from these reserves to baskets, for the purpose of conveying them to tanks where, in they might disport themselves whilst their old familiar quarters were being cleansed, it was observed that frogs were clinging to the backs of many of the larger carp. Most of the fish thus beridden were blind, the frogs fore-feet being found firmly fixed in the eye-sockets of their victims.

Interrogated respecting this strange phenomenon, the chief pond-keeper told our contemporary's informant that, according to his experience, extending over several years, frogs were the deadliest enemies with which carp had to contend, and caused an annual mortality of the fish under his care of from three to four per cent. of their total number. The frog's object in besetting the carp, he said, was to feed upon the slimy matter that so frequently forms a sort of spongy crust on the heads and backs of the older fish; and, once settled in their favorite seat, they speedily succeeded in gouging their finny steeds, which, when blinded, being unable to look out for their food, soon perished of hunger. How tightly these voracious batrachians hold on to their living pastures was exemplified by the pond-master, who picked up a carp weighing two pounds and a half, and held it suspended in the air by one of the hind-legs of a frog perched upon its back in the manner above described. Carps thus frog-ridden to death begin to turn yellow on the third day after the parasitical croaker has taken his seat, rapidly waste away and generally die within a fortnight from the commencement of their martyrdom. In clear water it is pretended that they can spy their nimble foe as he prepares to spring upon them, and by a timely wriggle often escape his attack; but in dim and slimy old ponds, like those of Count Schaafgotsche, they too frequently fall a victim to his salubrious skill and merciless appetite.—London Telegraph.

The Habit of Self-Control.

If there is one habit which, above all others, is deserving of cultivation it is that of self-control. In fact it includes so much that is of value and importance in life, that it may almost be said that, in proportion to its power, does the man obtain his manhood and the woman her womanhood. The ability to identify self with the highest parts of our nature, and to bring all the lower parts into subjection, or rather to draw them all upward into harmony, with the best that we know, is the one central power which supplies vitality to all the rest.

How to develop this in the child may well absorb the energy of every parent; low to cultivate it in himself may well employ the wisdom and enthusiasm of youth. Yet it is no mysterious or complicated path that leads to this goal. The habit of self-control is but the accumulation of continued acts of self-denial for a worthy object; it is but the repeated assertion of the reason over the impulses of the judgment over the inclinations, of the sense of duty over the desires. He who has acquired this habit, who can govern himself intelligently, without painful effort, and without any fear of revolt from his appetites and passions, has within him the source of all real power and all true happiness. The force and energy which he has put forth day by day, and hour by hour, is not exhausted nor even diminished; on the contrary it has increased by use, and has become stronger and keener by exercise; and, although it has already completed its work in the past, it is still his well-ried, true and powerful weapon for future conflicts in higher regions.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Theatre-goers, club-visitors, late supper-eaters and patrons of the horse railroad owners, should all certainly have a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup convenient. Gentlemen you will need it.

Some of the German educational leaders are making efforts to abolish the lod style of type in use in Germany, as well as the characters used for writing.

Dr. C. E. Shoemaker, the well-known aurist surgeon of Reading, Pa., offers to send by mail, free of charge, a valuable little book on deafness and diseases of the ear—especially on running ear and catarrh, and their proper treatment—giving references and testimonials that will satisfy the most skeptical. Address as above.

Are You Not in Good Health? If you are not in good health, you are unable, you can find an absolute remedy in DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR, the only vegetable cathartic which acts directly on the Liver. Cures all Bilious diseases. For Book address DR. SANFORD, 162 Broadway, New York.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., offers to send you a copy of their new and improved Voltaic Belt, which is so attested upon 30 days' trial. See their advertisement in this paper headed, "On 30 Days' Trial."

VEGETINE.—The great success of the VEGETINE as a cleanser and purifier of the blood in shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

Get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners applied to those new boots before you run them over.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers. DR. MARSH'S PINKETINE CATHOLICON will positively cure Female Weakness, such as Falling of the Uterus, Leucorrhoea, Inflammation of the Uterus, the Womb, Incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Painful Menstruation, and all other ailments of the female system. Send postal card for a pamphlet, with treatment, cure and certificates from physicians and patients, to HOWARTH & BALLARD, Union, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists—\$1.50 per bottle.

DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup. WANTED—Agents everywhere to sell our goods by sample, to families. We give attractive presents and first-class goods to our customers; we give you good goods at low prices. Write for particulars. Address: Box 5025, St. Louis, Mo.

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Discipline. There was a very aged gentleman who in my boyhood visited often at my father's house. He had been a member of parliament, which, in his young days, implied even more social distinction than it does now. His manners were charming, and he was venerable in character as well as in years. He was very kind to me, and, boy as I was, treated me with never-failing courtesy. One day when I fretted a little in his presence under the bonds of discipline he laid his hand upon my shoulder and said: Let me tell you a story of the great Dr. Parr. You know, of course, who he was; what a power he was in literature, in politics, and in the church. One day I dined in company with him, and he attracted much attention in his wig and his little black silk apron that he wore like a bishop. The conversation turned upon training in school and college; and there was a self-sufficient young man at table who made himself conspicuous and disagreeable by a noisy denunciation of discipline, as something that was calculated to break down a youth of spirit. Parr said nothing for a while, but, at last, taking advantage of a pause, he turned to the young man and said, in his lisping way: "I'm not thurprith'd, thir, at your objection to ditihipline. Dithipline thir, maketh the theolour; dithipline, thir, maketh the gentl' man, and the lack of dithipline hath made you thir—what you are"—Richard Grand White.

Vegetine.

More to Me than Gold. WALPOLE, Mass., March 7, 1880. Mr. H. R. STEVENS: I wish to inform you what VEGETINE has done for me. I have been troubled with Rheumatism for more than thirty years, in my limbs and other parts of my body, and have been a great sufferer. I commenced taking VEGETINE one year ago last August and ever truly say it has done more for me than any other medicine. I cannot be perfectly free from the humor and can recommend it to every one. Would not be without this medicine—"its more to me than gold"—and I feel it will prove a blessing to others it has to me. Yours, most respectfully, Mrs. DAVID CLARK.

J. BENTLEY, M. D., says: It has done more good than all Medical Treatment.

NEW MARKET, Ont., Feb. 9, 1880. Mr. H. R. STEVENS: During the past year a considerable quantity of your VEGETINE, and I believe in one case it has given satisfaction. In one case, a delicate young lady of about seventeen years was much benefited by its use. Her parents informed me that it had done her more good than all the medical treatment to which she had previously been subjected. Yours respectfully, J. BENTLEY, M. D.

Loudly in its Praise. TORONTO, Ont., March 3, 1880. Dear Sir—Considering the short time that VEGETINE has been before the public here, it sells well as good purifier and for rheumatism, gout, sluggish or torpid liver it is a first-class medicine. Our customers speak loudly in its praise. J. WRIGHT & CO., Cor. Queen and Elizabeth Streets.

VEGETINE PREPARED BY H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists. CAN MAKE \$7 PER DAY. Platform Family Sale. Exclusive territory given. Terms cash. DOMESTIC SALE CO., 157 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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FRAZER AXLE GREASE. THAT IS JUST WHAT I SHALL DO AFTER THIS.

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REMEDY FOR CURING Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, CONSUMPTION, AND ALL THE THroat and Lung Affections. Indicated also by the Best Physicians, Clergy and Afflicted People.

TRY IT. YOUR REMEDY IS ALLEN'S LONG BALSAM. Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

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