

An Execution of Nihilists.

The trial at Odessa, Russia, of the two men concerned in General Steirnikoff's assassination terminated very quickly. The following facts were gathered from the evidence given: The deceased was sitting on a seat on the boulevard quietly contemplating the sea, when his murderer approached and fired a revolver. The general was shot through the neck, the ball entering his brain. He expired in a few minutes afterward in the arms of some persons who had hastened to his assistance. After committing the crime the murderer jumped into a droszki which was awaiting him on the boulevard. He was stopped, however, by a man called Korriga and was arrested, together with his accomplice, who acted as coachman. A citizen named Labaine, a soldier named Nekrassov and a custom house clerk named Ignatovitch also played a part in the capture. Labaine and Nekrassov were wounded by the murderer in the struggle. The droszki had been hired by the two men for a day and a half. The horse had been bought for twenty-five rubles two days previously. On searching the assassins three revolvers, three daggers and several flasks of poison were found on them. One of them was stopping at the Hotel de la Crime, where General Steirnikoff also stayed. The accused declared that the general's death had been resolved on because of his activity in prosecuting inquiries into crimes against the state. He was an obstacle to the successful propagation of revolutionary doctrines among the working classes of Odessa. The two captured criminals, who gave false names, were brought before the military tribunal at Odessa, and were sentenced to be hanged. General Steirnikoff's funeral took place with great pomp at the cathedral. The hearse was escorted by a large detachment of infantry and artillery and was followed by thousands of spectators.

The execution of the murderers took place the next morning after the sentence had been approved by General Gourko. At 7 o'clock in the morning the prisoners reached the place of execution, wearing on their breasts placards, on which was the inscription "State Criminal." The hangman, who had, as usual, been brought from his prison at Moscow, and had arrived during the night, according to custom, was dressed in the red shirt of the Russian moujik, the wide trousers tucked into high boots. The scaffold, which was approached by five steps, was a rough platform resting on trestles. Two gibbet rose above it and two black posts. The local authorities were stationed in a circle around the scaffold. The arrival of the prisoners was heralded by the shrill sound of fifes and the beating of drums. Each prisoner was attended by a priest. On ascending the steps they were received by the hangman and bound to the posts. The death warrant was then read by the military authority, while the executioner placed a short ladder under the right hand gibbet. The usual white shrouds were next thrown over the heads of the condemned men. One of them mounted the right hand ladder, followed immediately by the hangman. When the prisoner was exactly under the gibbet the rope was slipped round his neck outside the linen shroud. The executioner then jumped quickly from the ladder, which he instantly withdrew from beneath the man's feet. While one prisoner hung struggling in the last convulsions the rope was put round his companion's head in the same manner. In three minutes the execution was over.

Using One's Eyes.

How many of us go through life without ever realizing that our eyes have to be educated to see as well as our tongues to speak, and that only the barest outlines of the complex and ever-changing images focused on the retina ordinarily impress themselves upon the brain? That the education of the eye may be brought to a high state of perfection is shown in numerous ways. There are many delicate processes of manufacture which depend for their practical success upon the nice visual perception of the skilled artisan, who almost unconsciously detects variations of temperature, color, density, etc., of his materials, which are appreciable to the ordinary eye. The hunter, the mariner, the artist, the scientist, each needs to educate the eye to quick action in his special field of research before he can hope to become expert in it. The following story, which is quite apropos, is related of Agassiz, and it is sufficiently characteristic of what he is, and how he performed.

When Napoleon ascended the throne very little money was made in France unless by himself or with his permission. This Ouvrad found out. Ouvrad, who, born of humble parents in 1770, was worth 40,000,000 francs by 1800, was a creditor of the government for 70,000,000 in 1812, and was raised in 1820. He was a rival to the emperor in the affections of Mme. Georges, and one evening had arranged with her to sup with him at the villa of Rueil, when he received a note of regrets, as she had received an invitation equal to a command from Napoleon. Ouvrad's reply was that she would find a check for \$20,000 under her napkin at supper that evening if she supped with him, whereas she invented an indisposition and threw Napoleon crier.

Next morning Ouvrad was summoned to the Tuileries. "How much profit have you made out of your army contract this year?" "Eight hundred thousand dollars, sire." "That is too much. You will pay half of it back into the treasury. Good-morning!" And thus M. Ouvrad's supper to an actress cost him \$420,000.

Crime in New York.

Inspector Byrnes, head of the New York detective force, said to a reporter: "I don't think we have here what would be called a very bad city as compared with the big cities of Europe, he said; 'our professionals are doing their work in the other cities, having found it dangerous to engage in it here. They go to London and the other English cities and come back here with lots of swag. They are very seldom caught, despite the wonderful reputation of the men of Bow street and Scotland Yard. New York has none of these sections through which strangers may not pass with safety which we are told are to be found in the big cities over the sea. It has not even those resplendent and bold haunts of vicious pleasure that we hear of there. We have nearly 2,000,000 people here in the daytime every day except Sunday, and 1,500,000 every night; the criminals and scum of Europe are dropped in our streets, and yet the number of arrests has fallen to 1,200 a week from 1,900 not long ago. The desperadoes of the city to-day are the M-Gloins (referring to a lad who has been sentenced to be hanged for the murder of a French saloon keeper a few months ago); they are only loafers and petty thieves one day, and yet become felons of the most terrible record the next. We can do nothing to prevent their crimes, and we often have no basis to work on in pursuing them afterward. 'These young fellows,' he continued, 'are the sons of respectable parents, who are poor and have to bring their children up in swarming tenements. The boys go to school, read dime novels and flash papers, and learn to hang around barrooms and visit variety shows. Presently they are beyond the control of their parents, and being unable to get from home the money necessary to support their vices, they steal. McGloin and his companions had a wagon which they used to drive over to Brooklyn and Jersey, load up with barrels of flour, whisky, snigar, hams or anything they could steal from the sidewalk and sell here in New York. They went into the Frenchman's saloon to work a game of the Frenchman's stand here, called the 'fainting act.' The plan is for one of the crowd to hand the proprietor a big bill to change, if possible, necessitating his bringing out his bills from his pocket. His doing so is the signal for one to faint and fall on the floor. The proprietor alarmed, naturally lays down his bills, and attempts to do something for the afflicted man. Then one grabs his money, and all run. In this case the Frenchman paid no attention to the fainting man, and the others were bluffed. Mad at him for his sagacity, all came to his place late at night, broke in the door and stole his cigars. The Frenchman heard them, and came downstairs. The door was open, and all would have escaped, but McGloin waited, cocked his pistol and when the man's form appeared on the last flight of stairs fired and killed him. He left nothing to work on but the bullet in his victim's body. I was four weeks getting him, and when I did so, I marked him by a necktie I had bought for him and had put on his neck. I could tell how that was, but I won't. When he was arrested and asked how he came to kill a man who had done him no harm, his reply was: 'A fellow is not considered a tough until he has done his man.' 'The truth is,' said Captain Williams, in whose precinct this and one or two other murders have been committed recently, 'the truth is that these foreigners determine to bring their children up like gentlemen. They send them to school until they get too old and too wild to be manageable, and then the boys steal the copper bottoms out of their mothers' wash boilers, the rings and brooches their sisters and mothers wear, and finally make stealing pay their way in pool rooms, gin mills and vicious resorts, getting arrested and bringing their parents to plead for them at first, but finally going headlong into the extravagance of crime.'

A Costly Supper.

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The Pope's Daily Life.

A letter from Rome to the Boston Journal says: The present pope is of rather austere habits, and his elevation to the highest office in the church has not led him in any way to relax the rigid character of his personal conduct. He always rises between 6 and 6:30 o'clock in the morning, which in the soft Italian climate is not so great a sacrifice as in harsher climates; and at 6:30 o'clock he is dressed by his valet de chambre, an old servant named Centra, who has long lived with him. He then says a mass in his private chapel, and shortly afterward hears a second said by one of the almoners who is on duty. He next leaves the chapel and takes a very light breakfast, after which he looks over the morning papers, and awaits the arrival of Cardinal Jacchini, who is his secretary of state, and who never fails to appear in Leo XIII's rooms at 9:30 o'clock exactly. His visit lasts a long time. The two confer together on all the foreign affairs which have any reference to the holy see, and in the intervals of their conversation the pope gives audiences to the secretaries of congregations, to members of the diplomatic corps, and to such distinguished strangers as he pleases to receive. Toward noon, by the formal order of his physicians, but somewhat against his will, the pope goes down into the reserved gardens of the vatican, borne in a sedan chair. He gets into a carriage, and escorted by two of the "noble guards" on horseback, takes a long ride if the weather is pleasant; afterwards returning to the palace. At 2 o'clock he dines, as all Romans do at that hour. His favorite dish is boiled beef. Only a few privileged persons are admitted to this repast, none of them taking part in it, as according to the tradition no one is even allowed to take a seat at the holy father's table. All that the etiquette of the pontifical court allows is for the invited guest to sit at a table just below that at which the pope has his place. One of the pope's nephews, the Count Camille Pecci, is Leo XIII's especial favorite, and lives in an apartment graciously placed at his disposal in the vatican. After dinner the pope usually retires to his private apartments to work, to give audiences and to pray. About an hour before the angelus he takes a little nap, and then a short walk in the loggia of Raphael. At 9 o'clock in the evening, like all the rest of the Romans, he sups, takes nothing but dinner and supper except a small glass of Bordeaux wine, in which he dips a biscuit. At 11 o'clock he goes to bed. It is after dinner that most of his real work is done, either with one of his private secretaries or alone.

In Minnesota a law is now in force for the punishment of men guilty of assaulting their wives. The new law provides that any person who shall hereafter brutally assault and beat his wife shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction, shall be sentenced to be whipped not exceeding forty lashes, or to imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, in the discretion of the court. The sheriff is to do the lashing.

Tony Pastor in Trouble.

Tony Pastor, of New York, who is now with his inimitable variety combination, making a tour of the principal cities of the Union, is recognized as the leading character vocalist and variety performer of the United States. He owns and runs a first-class theater on Broadway, New York city, and has gathered about him the best troupe of variety artists that could be obtained. The company has just completed a brilliant engagement at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, and after the present tour they will reappear in Tony Pastor's own theater in New York city. Mr. Pastor is the originator of his peculiar school of character singing, and has made himself immensely popular, realizing by his talents a large fortune.

The writer of this article met Mr. Pastor recently at the Bingham House, in Philadelphia, and found him as genial in private as he is amusing before the public. During our conversation I inquired as to his physical health, and he replied that, notwithstanding the strain upon him in the discharge of his professional duties, it was excellent. He had occasionally severe pains, either the result of rheumatic attacks or colds, but of any complaints of that character never troubled him long, as he had found out a remedy for all such annoying affections. I asked him what the remedy was, and he replied, "St. Jacobs Oil." I then learned from Mr. Pastor that he considered the great German Remedy an excellent preparation for the cure or relief of rheumatism, and that it was about the only thing used among professional people for that distressing complaint. He took bottles of it with him whenever he went traveling, and would not be without it, and knew that it was very popular with a number of members of his own company. A conversation held subsequently with various members of the organization revealed the fact that St. Jacobs Oil had been performing most invaluable service for them in the way of curing them of rheumatism. Nearly every artist in the troupe used it, and was enthusiastic in its praise, and the writer was really forced to the conclusion that Tony Pastor was certainly in luck in having so valuable an article known and employed by his inimitable variety company of performers, for in a distressed condition he always in his place, thus insuring comfort to the management and genuine satisfaction to the public. Tony Pastor would certainly be in trouble without St. Jacobs Oil. At least, other managers whose artists have been temporarily supplanted have noticed the difference between St. Jacobs Oil in stock and St. Jacobs Oil out of stock—among the members of their companies.—New York Clipper.

He was an accommodating conductor who stopped his train long enough at Mayville, Ill., for a village clergyman to pronounce a hasty marriage ceremony for two eloping passengers.

"All through advertising," remarked Mayor Gregory to us as he went homeward with a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, "that I bought this. Your paper contains so many wonderful cures—of course they are facts—and so I thought I'd try a bottle for the rheumatism."—Madison (Wis.) Daily Democrat.

An exchange, in deploring the necessity of a certain bank officer's retiring, says "the bank sustains a heavy loss. This is certainly a very kind way of saying he stole about a million dollars."—Yonkers Gazette.

A HUMAN BAROMETER.

The Real Relation between the Human Body and the Weather, Scientifically Explained. (Scientific American.)

One of the most valuable developments of modern science along the line of human physiology is the National Weather Bureau. The reports of this bureau, which has shown that eighty-six per cent. of the predictions of the signals service are accurate; and those predictions are unquestionably of the greatest advantage to the seaman, the agriculturist and the entire commercial world. The reports which have been published by its usefulness, for in past times the facilities for forecasting atmospheric changes were meager indeed. The only indications our fathers had of coming changes in the weather were aching limbs, twitching joints or painful coughs. These "indications," though true, were usually correct, and hence naturally suggest the inquiry as to the relation between the human system and the weather. The body is unquestionably an excellent barometer. It foretells changes in the atmosphere long before they occur, and this fact has been taken advantage of by physicians who, when all other agencies fail, prescribe a change of air, thus hoping the body may find an atmospheric condition better suited to its needs. And yet, the relation between the human body and the weather has never been fully understood, nor has there ever been, until now, a correct explanation of what rheumatism (which seems in league with the atmosphere) really is. It was originally thought by many to be trouble in the joints, and was accordingly treated in the most strange, not to say ridiculous manner. This theory became dispelled when the same trouble attacked the muscles, and the feeling then prevailed that it was purely a muscular disorder. But this idea was found to be too narrow, and now it is generally conceded that rheumatism is a blood disease. And what a terrible disease it is. It often comes without warning and prostrates the system with agony. Again its beginning is usually so long and insidious that the patient forms it manifests itself in every conceivable shape and always accompanied by intense pain. At one time it is inflammatory, at another neuralgic. Sometimes it assumes the form of gout, and again that of palsy or lameness; while in other cases it attacks the chest, causing heart disease with all its dreadful attendances which has ever occurred, can be traced more or less directly to rheumatic causes. In its chronic form it stiffens the joints, contracts the muscles, undermines the health and ruins the life. It frequently attacks men and women, and is apparently in perfect health. Indeed, it is as greatly to be dreaded as any possible form of physical evil.

But, however severe its effects may be, the exact cause of this blood trouble has been an undecided question, and it is only within the past few years that any solution upon the subject has been reached. In order to fully determine what the cause of rheumatic disorders really was, certain authorities sent letters of inquiry from Washington to the leading practicing physicians of the land, and these inquiries were responded to quite generally, thus furnishing data of great value to science and mankind. The views held by the doctors are of a varied nature, but so overwhelming a proportion hold to one belief as to leave but little doubt that it is correct. The belief, briefly stated, is that uric acid in the blood causes rheumatism; and that it is only by removing this poisonous acid that rheumatic or neuralgic troubles in all their terrible forms can be cured. This being true, the important question to be solved is, "How does the uric acid get into the blood, and how can it be removed?" Uric acid is a waste material of the body which the kidneys should carry out, but because they are weakened they cannot throw it from the system. Restore the kidneys and you restore the power which will force the uric acid from the system and thus banish the rheumatic agonies which it causes. This is reason; it is science. No one whose kidneys are in a perfect condition was ever troubled with rheumatism or chronic neuralgia. However slight the pain may be, has perfect kidneys. The conclusion of this truth is inevitable: perfect kidneys mean freedom from rheumatism.

When rheumatism has manifested itself in any special part of the body, attempts have usually been made to treat that part of the body. As a result the pain has departed but the disease has remained, lying subconsciously and ready to break out at some unexpected moment. Checking the pain in any single locality only spatters the disease through the system, when if the seat of the disorder, which are the kidneys, were reached a complete cure would be the result. The way, therefore, to expel this rank and poisonous acid before it can trouble the system, is to cleanse the kidneys, and you restore the power which will force the uric acid from the system and thus banish the rheumatic agonies which it causes. This is reason; it is science. No one whose kidneys are in a perfect condition was ever troubled with rheumatism or chronic neuralgia. However slight the pain may be, has perfect kidneys. The conclusion of this truth is inevitable: perfect kidneys mean freedom from rheumatism.

From the doctors in the various cities of the United States who have certified over their own signatures to the scientific statement that uric acid in the blood is the cause of rheumatism, a large number of Boston physicians among them being Dr. A. P. Lightbitt, Dr. John B. Foley, Dr. Fred J. Garbit, Dr. M. L. Chamberlain, Dr. Albert N. Blodgett, Dr. John C. Sharp, Dr. Charles W. Stevens, Dr. Henry W. Bradford, Dr. Timothy H. Smith, Dr. Charles M. and Liver Cure. It is, up to the date of Dr. John Burkes, Dr. Michael F. Gavin, Dr. Aaron Young, Dr. Elisha S. Rowland, Dr. Otis Gray Randall, Dr. Stephen C. Martin, Dr. George F. Bishop, Dr. O. W. Dow, Dr. Morris P. Wheeler, Dr. Robert H. Newell, Dr. Franklin B. Peck, Dr. Paul Wilson, Dr. William F. Cornell, Dr. Henry Sohl, Dr. Nathaniel Downes, Dr. William K. Ripley, Dr. George C. Shattuck, Dr. William Ingalls, Dr. J. P. Oliver, Dr. Joseph F. Gould, Dr. Wilson Atwood, Dr. A. Formis, Dr. Francis H. Brown, and Dr. Hamilton Osgood.

The theory of the doctors as above explained finds its confirmation in the fact that when the kidneys have been cured, rheumatism is completely removed. This is not, of course, always accomplished instantly, for in a distressed condition the cure is often very slow, but under no other plan can any hope of permanent relief ever be found. There are hundreds of cases on record during the present winter of persons afflicted with rheumatic troubles, who, following the theory above stated and using the remedy mentioned. Many of these persons had the very worst possible symptoms. Vague noises in different portions of the body were relieved by agonizing rheumatic troubles, succeeded each other and the coursing poisonous acid inflamed all the veins. Troubles which began with slight disorders increased to delirium and the most serious.

There are fifty-seven branch factories in New York city, and about the same number of small shops.

The auroras observed by Baron Nordenskjold at the winter quarters of the Vega were mostly feeble and lacked the ray-like formation so often characteristic of these phenomena. A simple luminous arc, low in the sky, was most common, and this distinguished Arctic navigator's theory is that the arc forms a portion of a permanent luminous crown above the earth's pole.

Nature Demands a Tonic. When the nerves are overstimulated, the head aches, the appetite is poor or variable, the sleep disturbed, and a general depreciation of vital power is experienced. Such a state of things cannot long exist without the development of serious disease. The most active and genial invigorant known is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The absolute purity of its spirituous basis and botanic ingredients give it a permanent claim to public confidence, and its surpassing medicinal value is admitted by medical men of distinction, by whom it is widely used in private practice. For fever and ague—both as a preventive and remedy—dyspepsia, liver complaint, bilious remittent fever, constipation, choleraic complaints, flatulence, and all intestinal disorders, it is a thoroughly reliable remedy. It is the anti-febrile specific par excellence of the malarial districts of this and other countries, where diseases born of miasma prevail, and as a general household remedy it is also universally esteemed.

London Truth calls for a society for the protection of children, asserting that nowhere in the world are children so often ill-treated as they are in England.

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PERILS OF THE DEEP.

"Diving my trip down the River Tagna, in Spain," said Captain Boyton to a representative of the New York Herald, "I had to 'shoot' five waterfalls, the largest being about eighty-five feet, and the others about fifty. Crossing the straits of Messina, I had three broken in a fight with sharks and swimming down the Roman, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled hunter. Although this was not very pleasant and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip. I am a cold and dry as long as my lungs are good, and easy and not cramped or lumbled in all right. Of late I



carry a stock of St. Jacobs Oil in my little boat. The Captain calls it 'Baby Mine,' and has stored. The Captain calls it 'Baby Mine,' and has stored. The Captain calls it 'Baby Mine,' and has stored.

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