

THE ART OF TATTOOING.

AN EXPERT GIVES MUCH CURIOUS INFORMATION.

The Men Who Practice Tattooing and Those Who Patronize It—The Art of "Scrimpschou."

"You are an expert in the art of tattooing?" asked a reporter of William A. Tevis at his studio in Philadelphia. "I am so regarded," replied the artist. "The popularity of tattooing as an adornment of the body is on the increase. The time is not far distant when every man will have his name on his person somewhere. It is invaluable, don't you see, in case of accident, or for deaf and dumb people."

"The art will need many artists," suggested the reporter. "True; but where are they to come from? It is something that can't be learned. It is a gift of nature. It came so to me."

"Why can't it be learned?" "That's more than I am able to say. I attempted to teach several ambitious young fellows how to put the ink in. I gave them a great deal of time and patience, but it was useless. They couldn't learn. One of these students was an excellent man with the pencil. He drew well enough, but when he began to work the sketch in he failed utterly. All large and complicated pictures are outlined in pencil first, and on a larger scale than they are expected to appear, for the cuticle is stretched to the highest possible tension during the entire work."

"Is it a painful operation?" "Quite so at first. But the flesh becomes numb at the end of a quarter of an hour. I have sixteen pieces of work on various parts of my body. The only really interesting amateur that I have ever had work at me was the young lady who put her name on the fleshy part of my arm," saying which Mr. Tevis rolled up his sleeve and exhibited, in dainty characters of old English vermilion, colored with blue shading, the word "Mamie."

"In what country are the best workmen found?" "Here in America; no other country furnishes such experts with the bodkin. Englishmen do not belong to an artistic race. They only tattoo flags, leaves or flowers; they can't do a good figure. The French don't do much. A flag, laid on flat, or a liberty cap is about their best. It is in the Sandwich Islands that the best artists are found outside of America. The Kanakas use indigo and cinabar, all vegetable matter. A shark's tooth or a fish bone is used. They accomplish wonderful results. The bone is set in a stick, and then the tension is put on the flesh with their feet, as they beat the picture in, bit by bit. Snakes, fish and alligators are their strong points. The Japanese and Chinese are experts, after a fashion. They draw only Chinese or Japanese pictures, and generally put the name of the object under what they portray. Turks and Russians know absolutely nothing about it, though I've seen sailors of both nationalities who were tattooed. It is an unknown practice in Africa."

"How does the art migrate?" "The American sailors are the nomads of the profession. They go from port to port, and some of them are so well known that they have customers awaiting their arrival in nearly every harbor they enter. Take the Spanish or Italian cities for instance. There is always a floating population in those seaports, and Jack gathers in a good many pesetas and silver scudi. In the East India ports, especially Bombay, he is in great demand among the Lascars and light-colored Hindoos. The latter are very partial to vermilion—which is red oxide of mercury, and therefore makes the flesh very sore. Often the 'subject' gets quite ill from the effects on the system. There are only two colors that can be worked into the flesh—black and red. You don't know, perhaps, that black India ink turns blue? There is no blue ink. It is a mystery which science has never solved. The change in color is due to some action of the blood, doubtless. Another interesting fact is that no two sticks of India ink produce the same color in the same flesh. It is equally true that one stick of ink produces different shades of blue in different persons. If we take lampblack, or soot, or charcoal, or black lead from the pencil you write with, and work it into the human body, it reappears a dark blue, not a black. Isn't it curious? If the vermilion is worked in heavily it leaves a raised welt on the flesh. I use great caution about that, because it is an evidence of bad workmanship."

"Did you ever put a man's coat of arms on his body?" "Yes, indeed. There is a young man about here who has the seal of Virginia on his breast. It covers his entire chest, and required two and a half hours to work it under the skin. It is my masterpiece. There is nothing like it in this country."

"There are other branches of the art, are there not?" "Yes, I tattoo eggs for Easter. I color the eggs, and then carve away part of the color on the shell, producing work like cameos. I have a great many regular orders for this kind of work. One family on West Walnut street gives me a commission regularly every year for three dozen eggs to be delivered on Easter morning. I boil the eggs very hard, color them, engrave them and then heat them with dry steam just before delivery. I get one dollar each for the eggs, and could sell several hundred. But I am the only person I know who has a hand steady enough to carve an egg-shell. Even I break one out of every three. Several hours are required for each egg, and the price is quite low enough when you remember the accidents, for these generally occur when the work is nearly finished. An egg is something that cannot be put together. Once spoiled by a knife-thrust, it becomes the perquisite of my office boy or my assistant."

"What is scrimpschou?" "I was about to speak of that," answered Mr. Tevis. "Scrimpschou" is an art itself—more refined, more exquisite than tattooing the body. It is the art of engraving on ivory or sharks' teeth. Pictures are traced with a very sharp-pointed instrument and the lines are colored. I have engraved several sets of billiard balls in that way. Carving knife handles are also embellished in the same manner."

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Acts of Parliament passed in 1743 and 1824 made fortune tellers liable to arrest as rogues and vagabonds, but they still exist in England.

The wealth of the United States is \$50,000,000,000, or \$900 to each inhabitant; that of Great Britain is \$40,000,000,000, or \$1,000 to each inhabitant.

The Aztecs, before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, recognized the value of trees for the maintenance of moisture and the promotion of irrigation. Prescott tells us that their law contained severe penalties against the destruction of forests.

The curious dwarf trees seen in China, oaks, chestnuts, pines and cedars, sometimes fifty years old and yet not a foot high, are produced by trimming the roots. The tap root is cut off a young plant, and if too much growth is threatened other roots are shortened, and every year the leaves grow smaller, and at last a perfect tree in miniature appears.

The most extraordinary instance of pill taking is probably that of Mr. Samuel Jessups, grazier, who died at Hockington, England, June 17, 1817. In twenty-one years he took 236,934 pills, supplied by a respectable apothecary at Bottesford, which was at the rate of 10,806 pills a year, or twenty-nine pills each day; but as the patient began with a more moderate appetite, and increased it as he went on, in the last five years he took the pills at the rate of seventy-eight a day, and in the year 1814 he swallowed not less than 51,590. Notwithstanding this, and the addition of 40,000 bottles of mixture and juleps and electuaries, extending altogether to fifty-five closely-written columns of an apothecary's bill, he attained the age of sixty-five years.

THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

There are comparatively few people now living in this country, says an exchange, who have ever witnessed a case of Asiatic cholera, and there is probably no disease of which mankind in general stands in greater fear and which is the object of more superstition. The fact of the dreaded malady spreading its contagion by personal contact and following in its march the main roads of commerce induced Eugene Sue to select Ahasuerus as the personal propagator of cholera, especially as it formerly advanced with the slowness with which Eastern caravans carried the tea across the Asiatic prairies.

In Asia, in the neighborhood of Calcutta; in Arabia, near Mecca, and in Egypt, not far from Cairo, are the breeding places of cholera. There famine is a frequent occurrence. The people grow up surrounded by filth such as an American citizen has not the faintest idea of, and an infectious disease finds the most favorable conditions for its development in those unhealthy districts. The pilgrims who in thousands yearly proceed from Egypt to Mecca, and who live off the poorest food and amid the greatest squalor, carry with them the seed of cholera, and thus form the connecting link in the transmission of the disease from Asia to Africa. If we consider the commercial importance of Alexandria, we cannot wonder that the cholera, once epidemic in Egypt, should swiftly travel to Europe. Thus far medical history has not recorded a single instance of an original outbreak of cholera anywhere but at the places mentioned. Filth seems to be the sine qua non of its development, and cleanliness the most powerful barrier to its march.

The fact has been established that the human being alone acts as the carrier of the cholera poison. There is no well authenticated case on record where rags or clothing, as has been proven of yellow fever, had transmitted the infectious material of the Asiatic disease. In olden times, when no railroads, no steamships, hastened the travel, the march of cholera kept pace with the rapidity, respectively slowness, of human intercourse. The disease either followed the road of the great tea caravans, which brought the high-priced leaves from Asia to Russia, or it traveled the usual ways of commerce across the Mediterranean sea.

Wherever a large belt of water separated two countries the epidemic disease marched from the one to the other in the same length of time that it took a ship to sail across the water. Such instances we saw in the spreading of the contagion from the continent of Europe across the channel to England, and from Great Britain to America. In the latter case the infectious material is not wafted across the Atlantic ocean and carried the long distance by the air.

Three Intelligent Geese. "Silly as a goose," runs the old proverb; but I heard a story which seems to prove that those much maligned birds are not, after all, so stupid, totally devoid of reasoning powers. A lady told the writer that she was visiting in the country, and often observed the habits of a flock of geese, one of which was sitting on a nest of eggs, which she was expected soon to hatch out into downy goslings. For a day or two she was seen to look droopy and sick, however, and one morning she left her nest and joined the flock where they were feeding, and immediately there arose an animated conversation in goose "talk."

Shortly after she detached herself from the rest, and, accompanied by one of the female geese, returned to her nest, upon which the new-comer proceeded to seat herself. When this was accomplished, goose No. 1 quietly took a position by her side, laid her bill on the friendly back, and was found, in that position, quite dead. No doubt she felt the end approaching, and prevailed on goose No. 2 to take up the duty she could no longer perform.

A man who owned a farm and tannery found, on going over his place one day, a goose with its leg broken, lying helpless. He conveyed it to his house, gave it food, as it evidently had been deprived of the power of supplying itself for some hours, and bound carefully up the fractured member. The limb healing in the course of time, the goose showed its remembrance of good done and its gratitude therefor, by constituting itself a constant attendant upon its preserver, following him closely, as he went about his farm and tannery, and refusing to be driven away by gestures or scoldings. The gentleman was much annoyed by the ludicrous appearance he presented, with the goose at his heels, but nothing short of imprisonment could rid him of his faithful and devoted follower, who showed a lively sense of gratitude, with the manifestation of which he could well have dispensed.

The following story, said my informant, I cannot vouch for, not having witnessed it, but I give it as I heard it. A goose was in the habit of coming to its master's table to be fed. Regularly as its master took his seat at table, it would come to the door and make a noise with its bill for admittance. It would walk gravely to its master's chair, receive just three bits of bread, or whatever the food might be, the master gave, and walk gravely out again, neither going before the third piece was received, nor waiting after it had been given.—Youth's Companion.

Changes in Climate.

Do climates change? This is a question susceptible of different answers, according to circumstances, which are not well defined, if, indeed, they are definable. If we take our own annual meteorological reports, we shall discover very little change in the mean temperature of the seasons as far back as we can go, say two hundred years. But this hardly holds good of older countries, where reliable records are accessible which date back two thousand years or more. According to these authorities, the seasons, in most countries, have undergone, at some indefinite period, very marked climatic changes which have seriously affected the natural productions of the soil as well as the productive industries dependent upon them; while in some few regions no perceptible changes can be traced between the past and present. From the Bible, for instance, it is learned that dates and raisins were successfully grown in Palestine in the time of Moses, or nearly three thousand years ago; and from this biblical fact, the approximate mean temperature of that country may be deduced. All authorities agree that the date will not mature anywhere where mean temperature falls below seventy degrees, Fahr. At Catania in Sicily, it cannot be grown, and the mean temperature of Catania is 64.4 degrees, Fahr. From this it is ascertained that the mean temperature of Palestine, about the period of the arrival of the Hebrews from Egypt, under Moses, could not have been less than seventy degrees, Fahr. On the other hand the vine cannot be cultivated in countries where the mean temperature exceeds 71.6 degrees. In Persia, where it is seventy-three degrees, the grape is cultivated on a small scale, but the vine is protected from the sun's rays. We are thus enabled to fix the mean temperature of Palestine between seventy and 71.6 degrees in biblical times. It now averages a little over seventy degrees, so that the climate of that region has undergone no material change for more than three thousand years. Judged by the same standard, France must have changed her climate materially in less than half that time. In the Viverais, for instance, the vine used to thrive to a height of 2,000 feet, whereas it can no longer be grown there. The same is partially true of the Suresne, Beauvais and Etampes, in France, whose vines were in such great favor in Rome as far back as the reigns of Julian and Philip Augustus, but which have now lost all their former excellence. It applies also to many parts of England, where the vine now needs shelter from the cold winds, in consequence of the removal of the forest, which were the conspicuous feature of England five hundred or a thousand years ago.

The vicissitudes of climate, whatever they may be, are dependent upon a variety of causes, prominent among which are the volcanic disturbance of the earth's crust, the results of which are very conspicuous in all parts of the world, both on sea and land. The exact periods at which these changes took place are, of course, not known, but there are ample and unmistakable evidences that in France, Switzerland, England, Syria and North America, there were once immense glaciers where valleys now exist, (like that of the Rhone, for instance), and that these changes are still going on although imperceptibly to ourselves, and will continue to the end of time.—See Trade Journal.

Not Wanted. The opportunities of fun from misdirected dialogues are multiplied greatly by the telephone speech. How easily mistakes are made with the "talking wire" is illustrated by the following amusing story in the Omaha Republican, of a young man who perpetrated a rather sharp joke on a butcher without intending it.

It appears that some one had killed a dog belonging to a barber on Sixteenth street, and as the body of the animal was not removed as promptly as it should have been, the clerk of Whitehouse's drug store took it upon himself to notify the police authorities. The following was the conversation:

"Hello, central office!" "Well." "Give me the city marshal." "All right, here he is." "Say, there is fine, large, dead dog lying up here on Sixteenth street, and we would like you to call and get. You may have it for the taking."

"Vot does you dake us for, anyway! Ve do not deal in dog meat. Vy don't you stuff him and gif him to de searcus? You vas too scharn."

After the wire had been kept rather warm for some time with a mixture of English and German words that were more emphatic than polite, it was discovered that the operator at the central office had misunderstood the drug clerk, and connected him with the city marshal, instead of the city marshal. The dog was removed in due time, but he went to the fertilizer and not to the butcher.

A Monkey College. "The latest thing in educational news," said a naturalist in an Enquirer writer, "is the college of monkeys, in London. Half a dozen evolutionists and naturalists of the very advanced school are attempting to teach monkeys to talk or express their wants. The method is at first by letter blocks. A block alphabet, in which the letters are all distinctly colored, is arranged before the monkey student, which is first taught to select some simple word, as pie, and when he picks out the letters and forms the word he is given a piece of pie, so there is a constant incentive to learn, the prizes all being bread and butter, so to speak."

"And what are the results?" asked the visitor. "They have not been divulged yet," was the reply; "but one of the authors of the scheme states that there is to be a public exhibition, when the monkeys can be heard for themselves. If a pig can be taught so many wonderful things, I see no reason why a monkey should not. It is acknowledged that ants have a language and talk to one another, and that the light of some insects is used as a means of communication between them, so why not other and higher animals?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. John W. Ryckman, the projector of the late Cotton Centennial, predicts that before 1894 the States where cotton is grown will produce more manufactured cotton than New England produces now.

WISE WORDS.

We are all of us echoes, repeating involuntarily the virtues, the defects, the movements and the characters of those among whom we live.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace.

Of all the actions of man's life his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life 'tis the most meddled with by other people.

Health, beauty, vigor, riches, and all the other things called goods, operate equally as evils to the vicious and unjust, as they do as benefits to the just.

Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.

Those men who destroy a healthy constitution of body by intemperance as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.

Round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better but it debaseth it.

Let us have done with reproaching; for we may throw out so many reproachful words words on one another that a ship of a hundred oars would not be able to carry the load.

A Sandwich Islands Banquet. A letter in the San Francisco Examiner gives an account of a feast, "with all the luxuries the market affords," enjoyed by a dozen Americans as guests of a wealthy Hawaiian. We extract the dinner bill of fare:

Poi—Made from taro root flour to a stiff paste, well boiled, allowed to ferment three days, then reduced with water to about the consistency of bill-poser's paste and eaten as described. [I do not hanker after poi].

Awa—A small fish the shape of a stickleback perch, three black stripes down each side, firm, colorless flesh, and disposed to taste good.

Puaa—Sucking pig baked under ground, served in chunks and eaten, as is the entire menu, with the fingers, using the mouth as a napkin. [I ate as long as I lasted].

Opihi—An edible shell-fish, shaped like a snail, cut and served in small circular slices; eaten raw. [I ate one piece; might eat more if I was shipwrecked, in preference to feasting on the body of a tobacco-soaked Jack Tar].

Ama-Ama—Mullet, baked under ground, each fish separately wrapped in the leaves of the ti plant; delicious and appetizing. [I ate several].

Limo—A seaweed, cut and chopped rather fine; eaten raw, as a relish. [One dose sufficed me].

In addition to which the indigenous shrimp of the country, a ferocious animal, about three-quarters of an inch in length, boiled until he turns scarlet, and eaten whole, by the handful. [This is good, and I can recommend it.] After which:

Watermelon—And, during the course, Beer—Ad lib.

Reverting to the non-existence of napkins and the fact that in eating pig, fish, seaweed and other provender, the fingers are apt to become greasy and otherwise tainted, the absence of napkins is compensated by the presence of poi. When your finger gets too greasy go for the poi. When it is safely landed at its final destination the grease will have gone the way of the poi—and everybody is happy.

Poi is eaten by dipping the forefinger in the dish and yanking into the mouth all that will stick to it.

Mind Reading. Attention is given to the singular theory in London that "mind reading," as of late exhibited, is based on the muscular action of the hand. At a recent sitting of savants and amateurs an expert demonstrated, in a manner wholly satisfactory to the spectators, his interesting proficiency in muscle reading. Though he admitted that he could not succeed against determined opposition, and declared it impossible to read abstract thoughts, the success attending his direct efforts was surprising. He says that the delicate muscles of the hand respond to the processes of thought, that mental action has its correspondence in muscular movement, and that where the mind is directed to the contemplation of a particular object or material fact, there is produced a disturbance of minute muscular forces which an adept can detect, and from which he may receive a guiding impulse in his own mind, though its influence is unconscious.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style. Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such."

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible."

"To induce people to give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"The REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers, Religious and secular, is 'Having a large sale, and is emulating all other medicines.'"

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in 'An obsequious medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.'"

Did She Die! "No!" "She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good." "And at last she was cured by this Hop Bitters, the papers say so much about it." "Indeed! Indeed!" "How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery. "Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery."

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility." "Under the care of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names, 'But no relief.'"

"And now she is restored to us in good health by a simple remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had stummed for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well. "My daughter's father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable." "And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY OF UTAH, N. Y.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

N. Y. N. U.—31

A CURE FOR GRAVEL.

A Common and Painful Complaint—A Statement You May Confide In.

It seems to have been reserved for Dr. David Kennedy, of Houdon, N. Y., to accomplish through his preparation widely known as KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, what others have failed to compass. The appended letter will be found of vital interest to sufferers from gravel and to the general public:

ALBANY, March 20, 1884. Dr. D. Kennedy, Houdon, N. Y.: DEAR SIR: Let me tell you frankly that I have never been partial to proprietary medicines, as I believe the majority of them to be nothing better than methods of obtaining money from people whom suffering makes ready to catch at any hope of relief. They are mean cheats and dupes. But your FAVORITE REMEDY I know by happy experience to be a totally different thing. I had been a sufferer from gravel for years, and had resorted to many eminent physicians for relief, but no permanent good came. About three or four years ago your FAVORITE REMEDY was recommended to me. I can give you the result in a sentence: I tried it and it cured me completely. I am confident I save my life. You can use this letter if you think best.

Yours, etc., NATHAN ACKLEY. Captain Nathan Ackley was for a long time connected with the Canal Agency's office in Albany. He is well known and writes for no purpose but to do good to others.

As a medicine for all diseases of the kidney, liver, kidneys and digestive organs, KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY has fairly won its high reputation. Write, if desirable, to Dr. David Kennedy, Houdon, N. Y.

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GOOD NEWS TO LADIES! Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up eyes for our celebrated Face and Eye Cream, and secure a beautiful Gold Medal. The Great American Tea Co., 112 and 114 Vesey St., N. Y.

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Every Day

Add to the already massive bulk of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Letters are continually being received from people in widely separated sections of the country telling of their experience with and great benefit derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. Just now it is being specially commended for debility and as a blood purifier, resulting from the blood every trace of scrofula or other impurity. Now is the time to take it.

I can safely recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to any one in need of an excellent blood purifier, or any one troubled with nervousness." R. D. MCKEAY, 61 Bond Street, Cleveland, O.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla. "For three months I was confined to the house with kidney and liver disease. I was very much run down, with no appetite, and had a cough. I used a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after taking it a short time I began to gain. Now I am so fat that I can do a good deal of work. I have much faith in Hood's Sarsaparilla." T. F. KENTHOLDS, Fleming, N. Y.

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