

FOR UNCLE SAM'S NAVY.

TEACHING APPRENTICES ON A TRAINING SHIP.

Putting Youthful Recruits Under a Rigid Examination—Queer Penalties for Forgetting the Rules.

A group of bright, wide-awake lads, dressed in sailor suits of dark blue, with jaunty little flat-crowned caps to match, gathered about a veteran gunner aboard the United States steamer Minnesota, at New York, and listened with admiration to tales of battles on the seas. The old man was costumed in all respects as they were, save for a device in white cotton on the sleeve of his jacket, which might have represented an eagle, a dragon or a butterfly. He reclined easily against a big twelve-pound howitzer, which stuck its ugly nose through a square-cut port hole in the vessel's side, and his unkempt gray beard wagged with every word he rolled from his ready tongue. His audience were newly-recruited naval apprentices, who were about to be removed to the training ship New Hampshire, at Newport.

"How do you like being a sailor?" a World reporter asked of one mainly little fellow. "A jolly time of it you must have together in this great old ship."

"We did not exactly come out for fun," said the lad half seriously, "and they don't allow much skylarking on board, anyway, but it's great fun to help the sailors as we're doing just now, and I can tie a sailor's knot already as well as any old salt."

"Don't you ever use the bowling-alley down-stairs?" questioned the reporter, innocently.

"That ain't a bowling-alley. You mean the shot-rack down below on the gun deck. A young fellow named Cutler made the same mistake the first day he came here and the crew hadn't got over it yet. I thought the old gunner's mate would a' died laughing at him."

"What do we have to do to be enlisted? Well, I came here a week ago with my father. We saw the captain and he asked me if I could read and write and went through all sorts of questions to see if I'd ever been a bad boy. Then he sent me to the surgeon. The surgeon wanted to know if I'd ever been sick and I told him I was sick now—being a lubber—and that I had had the whooping cough and measles when I was a baby. He asked whether I smoked or drank, or had fits, and I told him I used cigarettes once in a while. After that he held up a printed card to see if I could read it across the room and did without any trouble. I was told to strip off my clothes, and the surgeon felt of my limbs just as a jockey goes over a horse, tapped my chest and looked at my teeth. I thought he wanted to tell how old I was, but he said it was only to see if they were sound, because four bad teeth wouldn't be taken in one boy. When I had been thoroughly examined they took my weight and height and the measurement of my chest, and said I was all right. I thought I was ready at last to sign my articles, but they next made me go over the top, as sailors call it, which is to climb up the lower rigging on one side of the mast and come down on the other side. It's a high climb, but if a boy don't have the nerve to go over they won't take him. I got over all right, and then they took me down below to the berth deck and picked out my sailor clothes. Beside clothes they gave each of us a hammock, mattress, two blankets and a few other little things, such as brushes, soap and comb. Each of us has a jack-knife and lanyard, too. The lanyard is this cord that goes around the neck, and it's fastened to the knife, so that if we drop it when we're up in the rigging it won't fall on anybody."

"Eight bells," mused the lad, as the solemn notes of a deep-toned gong were wafted upon an odor of boiling coffee from below. "Another hour and we'll have supper."

"You have supper at nine bells, do you?" ventured the reporter, trying to appear familiar with the sailor dialect.

"We'd have to wait for it a good while if we did," laughed the young sailor. "You see," he explained, "the bell bells back at one stroke after it has struck eight, and it strikes every half hour. Eight bells is a 4 o'clock, and we have supper at two bells." The boy shortly took himself off to relate the funny mistake to his companions, for thereafter they stared at the reporter with an air of mingled scorn and merriment which finally drove him from the ship.

The real schooling of the sailor boy does not begin until they are transferred to the training ship at Newport. While aboard the Minnesota they are piped out of their hammocks every morning by a shrill note from the boatswain's whistle followed by the ding-dong cry: "All hands—up all hammocks." The cry is taken up and passed along from hammock to hammock by the wakening boys until all have tumbled out. Then there is a great scurrying to see who will be dressed and have his hammock and bedding lashed up first. The hammocks are stowed in a netting on the deck above during the day. The boys are forbidden to lay their hammocks on the deck or across the guns, but must hold them from the time they are carried to the spar deck until they are taken in by the stower. A few hours are spent nearly every morning in washing down the decks and polishing the brass work aboard the ship. At noon all hands are piped down to dinner, and at sunset the bugler sounds a call for hauling down the colors. Five minutes later comes supper. After supper hammocks are piped down, at eight bells tattoo is sounded, and an hour later the crew is ordered to turn in and keep silence.

Talking after bed time, swearing, fighting and other boyish offences are punished in several original ways, the most common of which is to make the offender "toe a seam" for several minutes at a time or send him aloft to "keep a mast-head lookout." Boys who are careless about their clothes or their hammocks are obliged to carry them to their shoulders for an hour or two every morning until they are cured. Solitary confinement on bread and water for five days is the severest punishment which the naval regulations permit, except it be awarded by a court martial. Only boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years are received at the training-ship. From the moment an apprentice enlists his pay is \$9 per month, and he is placed in a class, where he acquires the

rudiments of his prospective profession as a sailor. They are allowed pocket money and a reasonable amount of leave of absence, and can visit their homes twice a year while in the waters of the United States. In addition to studying arithmetic, geography and United States history while on the training-ships, the boys are given regular practice in boxing, fencing, rowing and sailing boats. When qualified for sea, they are drafted to a cruising practice ship and visit Europe or the West Indies. After returning to the United States and visiting home for ten days or two weeks, boys are transferred to naval vessels in all parts of the world. This is usually about fifteen months after enlistment, and he is not apt to be changed again until he is of age. Then he may receive his discharge or be re-enlisted at his will.

How it Feels to be Hanged.

Theodore Baker, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, has been through an almost unprecedented experience. He killed a man named Unrow, and was in jail for the crime. One night recently masked men hanged him and, after fifteen minutes had elapsed, left him as dead. In seven hours he was restored to life. He says: "I went with them, and at the jail door I began to curse them, when one of them put the muzzle of his pistol to my ear and said: 'Keep still, or I'll put a bullet through you.' I knew him by his voice, and knew he would do it, and I kept still. A little further on we came to a telegraph pole. From the crossbar swung a new rope. On the end was a big slipknot. They led me under the rope. I tried to stoop down and pull my boots off, as I had promised my folks not to die with my boots on, but before I could do it the noose was thrown over my head and I was jerked off my feet. My senses left me a moment, and then I walked up in what seemed to be another world. As I recollect now, the sensation was that everything about me had been multiplied a great many times. It seemed that my five executions had grown in number until there were thousands of them. I saw what seemed to be a multitude of animals of all shapes and sizes. Then things changed and I was in great pain. I became conscious that I was hanging by the neck, and that the knot of the rope had slipped around under my chin. My hands were loosely tied, and I jerked them loose and tried to catch the rope above me. Somebody caught me by the feet just then and gave me a jerk. It seemed like a bright flash of lightning passed in front of my eyes. It was the brightest thing I ever saw. It was followed by a terrible pain up and down and across my back, and I could feel my legs jerk and draw up. Then there was a blank, and I knew nothing more until 11 o'clock the next day. My first recollection was being in the court room and saying: 'Who cut me down? There was a terrific ringing in my ears like the beating of gongs. I recognized no one. The pain in my back continued. Moments of unconsciousness followed during several days, and I have very little recollection of the journey here. Even after I had been locked up in this prison for safe keeping, for a long time I saw double. Dr. Symington, the prison physician, looked like two persons. I was still troubled with spells of total forgetfulness. Sometimes it seemed I didn't know who I was."

Game in Maine.

A Boston Herald correspondent, writing about the dangers incurred by hunters in Maine, says: "Oftentimes they are attacked by the moose or caribou, which, with deer, were never plentiful in Maine forests than they are now. Of late years a great effort has been made to restock Maine forests with this noble game, which has been successful. Under the game laws deer, moose and caribou are protected for nine months in the year. Complaints against the laws are frequently made from the fact that in some sections, deer have become troublesome to farm crops, while the moose have become dangerous to life. An Aroostook paper relates the story of two men who were treed by a moose, and had they killed him, would have laid themselves liable to a heavy fine. All kinds of schemes are devised for the evasion of the laws, but the game warden are generally so vigilant that oftentimes cases arise where one is deprived of eating venison cut from an animal legally killed. With the abundance of game, it is not improbable that the laws may be modified so that they will be less harsh in their workings, but equally efficacious in their protective features."

A Wonderful Spectacle.

I have never seen anything half so pretty as the parrot dance in the trans-pontine "Aladdin." The dancers run on the stage each holding a perch to which a parrot or a cockatoo is chained, and at certain moments in the dance they swing the perches, so that the birds unfold their brilliant wings. The effect is wonderful, and is enhanced by the girls being dressed in the colors of the parrots' plumage—beautiful greeny-blue, soft bright reds, salmon pink, peacock green and vivid yellows, relieved by the creamy-white tones and the flesh-color of the cockatoos' feathers. There is a wonderful scene, too, in Aladdin's palace, where on the stage are grouped several horses and horsemen, five large elephants, some dromedaries and a camel, the smallest ponies I have ever seen, beside various ostriches, pelicans and other birds whose names I am not sufficiently natural-historical to know. Two vultures, held aloft by veritable black men, flank this zoological assemblage. The children were simply enchanted.—London Truth.

One Perfect Man.

"Well, Mr. Talmage is certainly wrong for once," said Mrs. Snaggs, looking up from reading that gentleman's last Sunday sermon.

"How so, my dear?" asked her husband.

"Why, he says there are no perfect men."

"And you think you found one when you married me, I suppose?" beamed Mr. Snaggs.

"Indeed I don't," was the quick reply. "But I know there was a perfect man once, and his name was Mark."

"Mark," repeated Mr. Snaggs, in astonishment.

"Yes, Mark, for the Bible distinctly speaks of Mark the perfect man."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Why Major Went to Church.

I once visited a pleasant country house, the owner of which had a powerful and sagacious dog called Major. This dog was highly prized by his master and by the people of the neighborhood. He had saved many lives. Once when a swing-rope became entangled around the neck of a girl Major held her up until help came.

One day the butcher brought in his bill for Major's provisions. Major's master thought it altogether too large, and shaking the paper angrily at the dog, he said:

"See here, old fellow, you never ate all that meat—did you?"

The dog looked at the bill, shook himself all over, regarded the butcher with contempt and then went back to his rug, where he stretched himself out with a low growl of dissatisfaction.

The next Sunday, just as service began at the village church, into my friend's pew walked Major.

The Major kept perfectly quiet until we all arose for prayer, then he sprang upon the seat, stood on his hind legs, placed his forepaw upon the front of the pew behind and stared gravely and reproachfully into the face of the butcher, who looked confused and turned first red and then pale. The whole congregation smiled and lifted. Major's master at once took the dog home. But the butcher was more considerate in his charges from that time. Evidently he felt mortified and conscience-stricken.—St. Nicholas.

People have a custom of excusing the enormities of their conduct by talking of their passions, as if they were under the control of a blind necessity, and sinned because they could not help it.

Mr. Wesley Sisson, a well-known lawyer of Chicago, was so helpless with sciatica and inflammatory rheumatism that he could not feed himself. Nothing relieved his sufferings until he used St. Jacobs Oil. It conquered all pain and he rose a cured man.

It is better to be alone in the world than to bring a boy up to play on the accordion.—Siftings.

Chief Engineer John R. Cantlin, of the Philadelphia Fire Department, says that he was cured of a terrible cold by Red Star Cough Cure, and that he has given it to his men with most satisfactory results.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

No Appetite, Low Spirits, Headache, flatulency, sleeplessness, languor, constipation—are these, or any of them, among your ailments? If so, try Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters, and tell your sick friends its effects; this is the only advertisement the medicine requires. It has spread from house to house, from village to village, all over the land, in this way.

The average age of those who enter college in this country is seventeen; a century ago it was fourteen.

Dr. H. C. Moore, Astoria, Ill., writes that Allen's Lung Balm, which he has used for fifteen years, gives better than any other cough remedy, and gives satisfaction. This is recommended by the medical profession here, 50c, 50c and \$1 per bottle, at Drugists.

In Vienna there were recently exhibited gas and water service pipes made of paper.

A Woman's Age. A woman it is said, is no older than she looks. Many women, however, look double their actual age by reason of those functional disorders which wear upon the nerves and vitally, and which, if unchecked, are liable to change the most robust woman into a weak, dejected, and infirm creature. "Favorite Prescription" will positively cure every irregularity and weakness peculiar to the sex, and requires but a single trial to prove its surpassing merit. Price reduced to one dollar. By Druggists.

Lily and Blanche are favorite names among the colored children in Southern schools.

The best Ankles, Boots and Collar Pads are made of zinc and leather. Try them.

The Nineteenth Century Club is an organization that will consist of an equal number of men and women. It is hardly to be expected that they will agree on all subjects, but if can surprise no one to hear that Principal "Golden Medical Discovery" is unanimously pronounced the most successful remedy existing for pulmonary consumption, as has been demonstrated in hundreds of cases; it positively arrests this disease and restores health and strength. It is administered in its early stages. By Druggists.

There is a remarkable big spot in the center of the sun's disk.

We Appeal to Experience. For a long time we steadily refused to publish testimonials, believing that in the opinion of the public generally, the great majority were manufactured to order by unprincipled parties as a means of disposing of their worthless preparations.

That this view of the case is to a certain extent true, there can be no doubt. At last, several years ago, we came to the conclusion that every intelligent person can readily discriminate between spurious and bona fide testimonials, and determined to use advertisements a few of the many hundreds of unsolicited certificates in our possession.

In doing this, we published them as nearly as possible in the exact language used by our respondents, only changing the phraseology, in some cases, so as to compress them into a smaller space than they would otherwise occupy, but without in the least exaggerating or destroying the meaning of the writers.

We are glad to say that a letter recommending an article having true merit finds favor with the people. The origin of every testimonial published by us is on file in our office, an inspection of which will prove to the most skeptical that our assertions made above, that only the facts are given as they appear therein, is true.

Proprietor Pile's Cure for Catarrh, and Pile's Remedy for Catarrh. We append a recent letter, which came to us entirely unsolicited, with permission to publish it:

DAYTON, Ohio, Jan. 12, 1882.

You may add my testimony as to the merits of Pile's Cure for Catarrh. I took a severe cold last February, which settled on my lungs. They became ulcerated and were so painful that I had no rest for two days and nights. I got a bottle of Pile's Cure for Catarrh, and was relieved by the time I had taken half of it. Since that time I have kept Pile's Cure in the house, and use it as a preventive, both for lung troubles and other ailments. I can recommend it as the best medicine I have used at least in saving a great deal of time and suffering, and I have never failed about as many physicians' prescriptions. I have used Pile's Cure for Catarrh, and I can give relief in my own case.

A. J. GRUBB, 37 Springfield St.

Assa toilet luxury Hall's Hair Renewer never fails to give satisfaction. Sufferers from Eczema will find speedy relief by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

BERNARD'S income is in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

Monkey Friendship.

Albert Mesner, captain of a Bremen East-Indian, touches for an incident which, says Dr. Oswald, seems to prove that the friendships of animals even of uncountable species, can assume the form of uncontrollable passions. In Singapore the captain had bought a fine gibbon ape, which seemed rather slow in getting over its shyness, and would squeal at the mere touch of a human hand, but soon became the best friend of a good-natured young Newfoundland. They would roil and romp together on the deck, run races along the bulwarks, and often keep in the same corner, unless the roughness of the weather made it necessary to transfer the gibbon to the cabin. Near Sumbawa the schooner encountered a violent gale, which played havoc with a portion of the rigging, and in the midst of the confusion, Omar, the Newfoundland, was knocked overboard by a swinging spar. The ship was scudding along at a twenty-knot rate, and it would have been worse than useless to lower a boat, but the heart of every man on board was wrung when they heard through the night and darkness the howling appeal of their poor dog, who was making desperate efforts to overtake the fast receding chance of salvation. While all hands were tugging away at the reefing ropes several sailors noticed the gibbon dashing in wild excitement about the deck, and uttering yells that sounded like answers to the cries of his drowning friend. At last the captain himself heard those yells from the stern of the ship, and, hastening back, thought that he heard a splash in the water, but the darkness of the night prevented him from recognizing the dim object seeming to toss about in the wake of the schooner. As soon as the storm abated they searched and hailed all over the ship, but only the howling of an old tom-cat answered their calls. The gibbon had joined his friend.

Common Meter.

He (meeting her at the church door to escort her home)—"That was a beautiful hymn the service closed with."

She—"Yes."

He—"Are you fond of hymns?"

She—"Well, there's one I may say I'm particularly fond of."

He—"Indeed! What kind of meter is it?"

She—"It's a comb an' meet'er him."

Then they linked arms and strolled away with their heads close together.—Boston Courier.

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address with 10 cents stamps for large trials, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A FORTUNE-TELLING nugget of gold has been found in Siberia.

When you want a friend, select a true one. Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic is the best friend mankind has for all diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys. The best blood purifier and tonic known. 25 cents.

FOR BILIOUS, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits, general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calceaya," made by Casswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

Prevent crooked toes and blistered heels by wearing Lyon's Patent Heel Slippers.

No Opium in Pile's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

The Doctor's Emollient. Dr. W. D. Wier, Cincinnati, O., sends the following professional endorsement: "I have presented Dr. W. H. Hall's Balm for the Lungs in a great number of cases, and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cough, night sweats, hectic fever, harassing expectoration, etc. He commenced immediately to get better, and was well restored to his usual health. I can only say that Dr. W. H. Hall's Balm for the Lungs is the most valuable preparation for breaking up distressing coughs and cures."

Red Star Cough Cure

Free from Opium, Emetics and Poisons. SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts. Free from Opium, Emetics and Poisons. THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., HARTFORD, CT.

St. Jacobs Oil

German Remedy For Pain

Catarrh in the Head

HAY-FEVER

Blair's Pills, Great English Gou, and

FREE OF CHARGE PATENTS

Spring Medicine

Everybody needs and should take a good spring medicine, for two reasons:—1st, The body is now more susceptible to benefits from medicine than at any other season. 2d, The impurities which have accumulated in the blood should be expelled, and the system given tone and strength, before the prostrating effects of warm weather set in.

Purify Your Blood. Remember, we do not claim that Hood's Sarsaparilla will do impossibilities. We tell you plainly what it has done, and submit proofs from sources of unquestionable reliability, and ask you, frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood, or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Our experience warrants us in assuring you that you will not be disappointed in the result.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

ALLEN'S

25 CENTS for Cough and 25 CENTS for Group. THE BEST AND CHEAPEST COUGH OR GROUPE REMEDY. AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL. It contains no Opium in Any Form.

CONTAGIOUS!

I am a native of England and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as an out-door patient at Northampton Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my joints, and was covered with sores all over my body. I saw an advertisement of Allen's Lung Balm, and I can say with great joy that they have cured me entirely. I am as strong and well as I ever was in my life. New York City, June 19th, 1881.

BEFORE YOU BUY WAGON, CARRIAGE OR BUGGY

White to Hotchkiss Carriage Works, SYRACUSE, N. Y. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. No Rope to Cut on Horse's Manes—ECLIPSE'S HAIRER and SICKLE COMBINED, CHANGEABLE BY ANY HORSEMAN. Hairer to cut any part of U. S. free. Sickle to cut any part of U. S. free. Special discount to all Trade. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

CURE FITS!

When I lay out I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the discovery of a cure for FALLING SICKNESS, a life-long study. I have tried many remedies, but none have failed to cure me. I will cure you, if you will let me. Give me your name and address, and I will cure you. Address, Dr. H. C. MOORE, 16 Pearl St., New York.

ASTHMA CURED!

A German Asthma Cure (sold in glass bottles) cures the worst cases of asthma. It is a safe and effective cure. Price, 50c. per bottle. Address, Dr. H. C. MOORE, 16 Pearl St., New York.

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ARE THE FAMOUS HOP PLASTERS.

"When in the spring I fell all run down and debilitated, I found Hood's Sarsaparilla just the medicine to build me up. My wife also, after much physical prostration, found in its use new life and lasting benefit. Upon our little girl, who had been sick with scarlet fever, its effect was marvellous, and restoring moving the poison from her blood, and bringing her to good health."—R. G. SPENCER, Strampcott, Mass.

Tone Up the System

"I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla the best medicine I ever used. It gives me an appetite and refreshing sleep, and keeps the cold out."—JOHN S. FOSTER, 105 Spruce Street, Portland, Me.

100 Doses One Dollar

VINEGAR BITTERS

is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle. It is a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Restorative of the system. It is the only medicine in Vinegar Bitters there is vitality but no alcohol or mineral poison. Diseases of the Skin, of whatever nature or nature, are literally cured by its use. It cures the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters. Vinegar Bitters always reinforces. It restores, and in time cures Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout, and similar painful diseases. Vinegar Bitters cures Constipation and prevents Diarrhea. Never before has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS to heal the sick. Send for either of our valuable reference books or letters, for Farmers, for Merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases, or our Catalogue on Intemperance and Tobacco, which last should be read by every child and youth in the land. Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fee. R. H. McDonald Drug Co., 153 Washington St., N. Y.

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Bring fully aware of the great interest the ladies are taking in their own appearance, we have prepared a Complete Set of Sewing Patterns for the Ladies. It includes a Complete Set of Sewing Patterns for the Ladies, including Blouses, Corsets, Skirts, Dresses, etc. The patterns are made of the best quality of paper, and are perfectly adapted to the latest styles. They are sold at a low price, and are a great boon to all who are interested in their own appearance. Send for a complete set of patterns, and you will be satisfied. Price, 25c. per set. Address, R. H. McDonald Drug Co., 153 Washington St., N. Y.

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MENDS EVERYTHING. Woods, Leather, Paper, Ivory Glass, China, Furniture, Metal, etc. Lepage's Liquid Glue is the best of its kind. It is made of the finest materials, and is perfectly adapted to all uses. It is sold at a low price, and is a great boon to all who are interested in their own appearance. Send for a complete set of patterns, and you will be satisfied. Price, 25c. per set. Address, R. H. McDonald Drug Co., 153 Washington St., N. Y.

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Write for Circular and tell us what you want. H. W. PATTERSON, 1850, Eastern Ave., Boston, Mass. Our patented Vertical Boiler will give you the best of its kind. It is made of the finest materials, and is perfectly adapted to all uses. It is sold at a low price, and is a great boon to all who are interested in their own appearance. Send for a complete set of patterns, and you will be satisfied. Price, 25c. per set. Address, R. H. McDonald Drug Co., 153 Washington St., N. Y.

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