

MAKING THEIR PICTURES.

HOW CITY CRIMINALS ARE OFFICIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED.

They Obey Strenuously at First, but the Anonymity is Soon Over—How the Women Feel About It.

The aid lent by the photograph in the capture of thieves and criminals generally is well known to readers of newspapers, as is also the fact that there is a "Rogues' Gallery" in the police headquarters of every large city. But it is not so well known that many difficulties attend the photographing of criminals, and ludicrous results are often the outcome. A large picture hanging in Inspector Byrne's room exemplifies this. It represents the photographing of Thomas Featherstone, a noted burglar. He is forcibly held in a chair by four officers, and is struggling as violently as a man can struggle under the circumstances. His head is held up by one of the officers, whose hands are entwined in his hair, and the other officers are straining their muscles to hold him in a sitting position. Nine rogues out of every ten strenuously object to having their pictures taken, and it is mainly for this reason that the whereabouts of the official photographer is kept a profound secret. This introduces the fact that there is a photographer under a standing contract with the Police Department of this city to take the pictures of rogues, and it is stipulated in his contract that he shall give no information to newspapers. The predecessor in office of this artist was discovered in the act of doing a lucrative business by selling copies to the rogues themselves of the photographs taken for the department, and his official career was brought to a sudden termination.

The present incumbent is a very different sort of man. His place is not in the Police Headquarters Building, but it is conveniently near by. Detective Sergeant Adams, the custodian of the photograph and record department of headquarters, is charged with the duty of preparing the subjects for their sittings. His first step is to measure the subject and examine his body for any scars or marks, tattooed or other, all of which are carefully noted and recorded.

Then the man or woman, as the subject may be, is politely informed that it will be necessary to sit for a photograph. If any objection is made, as before said, objection usually is made, the prisoner is invited to look at the Featherstone picture or one similar to it and told that he can have his choice and be photographed in that way or so as to make a respectable appearance. Then he is escorted to the gallery, when he is brought face to face with a camera that is only used as a foil if the prisoner is obstreperous. The camera that does the work is concealed.

The prisoner hangs his head, says, and refuses to look up when asked to do so or shuts his eyes and distorts his face. The photographer makes a feint with the camera in sight, takes out the plate and exclaims, "Oh, pah! That is spoiled!" or words to that effect, and walks hurriedly out of the room. The prisoner raises his head at once and looks pleasant. He has outwitted the photographer. Then the concealed camera gets in its fine work and the rogue is still more surprised and pleased at being told that he can go.

"Many of them actually leave the place," said Detective Adams, "under the impression that we have failed to get a picture, but we also seldom fail to get a good picture. Most of the best pictures in our collection come from western cities, where, I presume, the facilities for taking them are either not so good as ours or the rogues stand in less dread of the police."

Women often begin by protesting violently, and declaring they will die before they will allow their pictures to be taken, but they are frequently mollified by a little persuasion, and then they end by asking for a comb and brush to "primp" up for the sitting. Often they ask for copies of the photograph to send to their admirers. Some of the arguments that influence women are curious. A noted offender in the "panel line," after strenuously objecting, was finally persuaded to have a good picture taken, by Inspector Byrne's suggestion that the picture would be seen by a great many persons, and might be the means of securing her admirer. And yet she was not a handsome woman.

It is a suggestive parallel that the Archivist, Johann Most, after he had been captured hiding under a bed, protested vehemently when the Inspector proposed to photograph him, but finding it inevitable, called for a comb and brush and smoothed his hair. Most, it will be remembered, threatened to bring suit against the department and everybody connected with it for putting his picture on the "Rogues Gallery," but eventually he changed his mind.

Among the noted female offenders whose pictures bear evidence of their efforts to defeat the work of the camera are Annie Herman, a shoplifter, whose head is thrown squarely on one side, with her eyes shut and her mouth distorted; Maria Burke, a partner of the former, assumes a more modest attitude, with her head held down, eyes shut, mouth screwed up. Mag Morton, a panel thief, has her head down and her eyes shut. "Mollie" Moore, a shoplifter, kept her eyes wide open, but drew in her lips. This last, who is a pretty girl, and looks like a bright and innocent one, is a daughter of Langdon W. Moore, alias Charles Adams, now serving the close of a seventeen-year term in the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown, for the famous Christown bank burglary. A unique specimen in the female collection is the photograph of Lizzie Leonard, alias "Short-hair Liz," a young pickpocket who operates in a male attire. She was prevailed on to sit in boy rig without contention of her features.

William Stetson, burglar, sneak, and receiver, alias "Bill the Brute," furnished one of the notable specimens in the male collection. Bill's last capture was somewhat funny. He encountered a Central Office detective coming out of a pawnshop on the Bowery one day, and mistaking him for a thief offered him a good price for any stolen goods he might have to sell. The officer, leading him on, made an appointment which Bill kept, well provided with money.

Butch McCarthy, alias William Jones, who was arrested in Washington as a suspicious character at the time of Harrison's inauguration, fought violently against being photographed. He appears with his head held back by two hands, his eyes closed and his mouth wide open. George Woods, alias "Big Jim Brady," one of the most notorious bank

snak thieves in the West, who has a military appearance, was photographed in Detroit. One officer is throttling him, another holds his whiskers and a third grips his shoulders. We don't do things that way here," said Sergeant Adams, referring to Wood's picture. Fifty copies of each photograph and the negative are furnished to Sergeant Adams, and on the back of each copy is printed a condensed history of the criminal, with notes of the marks, if any, on his body. One copy is sent to each of the thirty-six police precincts in the city and the remainder are kept at headquarters for emergencies.—New York Times.

WISE WORDS.

A soft answer will kill where a club would fail.

Gold hunters must be willing to get their feet wet.

Hard work is only hard to those who are afraid of it.

When you give, do it cheerfully. Don't grumble.

When the heart don't sing the lips had better keep still.

The only way to have continual peace is to have continual trust.

Success will never come to your house without a special invitation.

Selfishness always drags down. The only real good is the good of all.

A man who is always looking for mud misses a good deal of fine scenery.

The man who knows a great deal never has to call attention to the fact.

The next best thing to owning something, is to be willing to do without it.

Your seeing depends upon your looking. If you look down you wont see much.

The only teachable people in anything are those who know their ignorance, and want to get rid of it.

Getting a man's heart right is better than putting a stronger lock on his neighbor's chicken house.

You must know where you are sowing, if you care enough about the matter to want to get your seed back.

When a soldier in the army had a chance to get his knapsack into a wagon he left it there until he got into camp.

A loafer is a good deal like a cork that has been pushed into a bottle. It does no good where it is, and isn't worth fishing out.

Some fiddlers can play a tune on one string, but it isn't much of a tune, and if it were the only one there, it wouldn't be many dances.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Sun's Horn.

The Czar Appressed the Merchants.

The last issue of *Ruskaya Starina* brings an anecdote which characterizes the treatment accorded by the high Russian nobility to the lower classes. In 1856, when the coronation of Emperor Alexander II. took place, the merchants of Moscow applied for the permission to give a banquet to their new monarch. The permission was granted them, and a banquet was prepared at the Exerzhius for 3200 guests, to which the highest nobility and military dignitaries were invited. Among the invited guests, of course, was the Governor-General of Moscow, Count Zakrevsky. Arriving at the hall he found at the door a number of merchants ready to receive him and to offer him the honor of presiding at the table. But as soon as he noticed them he asked: "What are you doing here?" "We have come to meet our monarch, your illustrious excellency," answered the old man on the commiseration.

"What?" said the Governor. "You have paid for this banquet; that will do for you. Now be off with you."

The merchants disappeared. This extravagant sally of the Governor-General was brought to the cognizance of the Emperor the same day. He was much displeased with the department of the official. He immediately ordered that the merchants who had been so slighted be invited to the dinner of the Court Marshal the next day. On that occasion he banqueted together with them, paid them compliments for the affair they had given in his honor the previous day, and pronounced a toast wherein he spoke in flattering terms of the patriotism and usefulness of the Moscow merchants.

Peasant Life in Connemara.

The peasantry of Connemara, Ireland, live a very primitive life. Some of the reform landlords perplexed them with new ideas which they cannot understand. A small farm of ten acres rents at from \$50 to \$75. A farm horse is worth \$500, and a driving horse \$350 to \$500. A cow brings \$80 to \$100; a heifer of two years, \$60; a calf, \$10 to \$15; a ewe, \$15; wool, twenty cents per pound; hay, fifty cents per cwt. for the old crop, and butter twenty cents to twenty-five cents per pound. The cows are a great pest, and even dig up the young potatoes and eat them. A fine black marble is quarried at Angilham, and a beautiful serpentine in the western districts.—New York Tribune.

The Heroes of Marathon.

The excavations in a hill on the plain of Marathon, by the Archaeological Society of Athens, Greece, have resulted in the discovery of charred bones, believed to be the remains of the 192 Athenians who fell in the famous battle. Several years ago Dr. Schliemann made excavations at the same place, but he met with no success, and renounced the work. The charred bones were found at a depth of thirty-nine feet, near the base of the hill. In addition to the remains urns were found, which according to a custom of that time, were buried empty. At a later date the ashes were placed in them. The excavations are to be continued.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Decline of the Whaling Industry.

New Bedford, Mass., was at one time the greatest whaling port in the world. With the decline of the whaling industry, however, mills were erected, and now the town has become a manufacturing rather than a seaport town. A dozen abandoned whalers lying at the docks tell of long past days. It is a strange fact that the timbers of a whaling vessel seldom decay. They become so permeated with oil that they are capable of resisting time's ravages for a long time. But their peculiar shape renders them useless for other traffic. What whaling is now done is mostly in the hands of the Portuguese.—New York Press.

The Czar and Russia drinks five quarts of champagne every day.

FARM AND GARDEN.

TO TELL THE AGE OF SHEEP.

A sheep's age is known by its front teeth. At one year old the middle two front teeth drop out and permanent large teeth take their place; at two years one tooth on each side of these is changed; near three years two more permanent teeth appear, and before the sheep is four years old all the eight permanent front teeth are in place. In some of the high-bred sheep maturity occurs in this respect some months earlier, but one may be safe about the age of a young sheep if there are only six large front teeth, with one small one on each side of them. After four years the age is only guessed at by the wear of the teeth. Sharp, clean front teeth indicate from four to six years; discolored and dull teeth show the sheep to be old.—New York Times.

RAISING CABBAGE.

For very early cabbage the seed should be sown in hotbeds, and the plants afterward be hardened in cold frames and transplanted to open ground as early as possible in the spring. The late fall and winter varieties may be sown about the middle of spring, and should be transplanted when about five inches high. It is quite important that the long stems of the plants be set deep. At the South cabbage may be sown in October and be transplanted into cold frames to preserve in the severest cold of winter, and be set in the open ground as soon as the season will admit. It is quite a good plan in the North to raise a few plants by sowing the seed in a box of fine earth in February, suspending the box in a window, then transplant as soon as the ground has thawed out. In many portions of the South full grown plants succeed without winter protection.—New York World.

A CIBRA SILLO.

It is chronicled that the noted Buckeye farmer, John Gould, built a silo in his barn at Auburn, Ohio, for \$43, including wages for himself to the amount of \$6.35. He then painted the inside with a mixture of eight gallons of gas tar and four gallons of gasoline, which cost him sixty-five cents. This completely preserves the lining and does not impart odor or flavor to the silage. He simply uses common sense in getting the sides of his silo strong enough and the whole tight enough. This probably would require some variation in every barn where a silo may be built. Speaking of silos, a recent writer tells us that a silo may be a pit, a strong bin or any kind of receptacle which will sustain great pressure and that is air-tight. A barrel in a hoghead, the barrel surrounded with earth or any material that excludes the air, is one kind of a silo, though a small one, and the corner of the barn or cellar, boxed, and made strong and tight, answers the purpose. Or the silo may be a trench in the ground. It is whatever may be used, according to the device of the farmer, providing it answers the purpose intended, whether for preserving large or small quantities of green food.—New York Witness.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Whoever depends upon the public for a market must consult the wants of the public.

Don't let the rays of the hot sun fall directly upon your bee-hives. Provide some sort of shade.

It is against the dignity of the cow and the profit of her owner for her to go faster than a walk.

The Jersey cow appears to be a favorite with the ladies, and several ladies own herds of them.

Let no man be able to say that he excels you as a farmer. Use your brain as well as your hands.

During the hot weather all hides and skins should be sprinkled with salt before they are folded.

Every wire fence ought to have a top board in some other signal besides the posts, especially where horses run.

Anything you do to improve your farm improves yourself and helps to roll on the wheels of progress generally.

A board hung over the face of a vicious bull will do a good deal to check the exercise of his ferocious propensities.

A good remedy for unruliness is to feed cattle well. There is not so much incentive to leap and break down fences.

Having once made a good bed of raspberries, take care of it and pick fruit as long as it is productive. This varies greatly with the different varieties.

A pear or an apple orchard planted in grass, kept in grass, starved by grass, will "go to grass" speedily, and ought to, otherwise it encourages shiftlessness.

To thicken up a bed of celeriac or geraniums, pinch them back. Do not take the ends of branches, but simply pinch out the tiny leaves and center of each shoot.

A good cheap evaporator, that will use the extra heat of the kitchen stove to dry fruit that would otherwise be wasted, will add luxury and health to next winter's bill of fare.

Burn nothing that can be rotted by plowing it down or burying it in the manure pile. One exception to this—weeds that have seeds mature enough to grow. Burn them root and branch.

Keep a cheerful spirit, stop all wastes, attend to the necessities of your family and the demand of your market, and take courage for we must make the best of the times that are here if we are to succeed.

Better farming is to be secured by more intelligent effort on the part of the individual. Better laws can be had only through the organized efforts of the producers at the caucuses, conventions and polls.

Break up the surface of the orchard with the harrow and sow buckwheat. It shades the ground, keeps it moist and cool and permits the tree roots to feed near the surface. It is something of a protection against drouth.

When you have mowed the weeds from inside the road fence, go outside and mow, or you will not get the full benefit of your work. Burn them when dry. Better still, keep them so short that they will not be enough to pay for burning.

Horses and colts that are running out should be looked after occasionally, their feet examined to see if they are not grown out so long that they will break off and get injured. A little attention and trimming of the hoofs occasionally will save trouble in the future.

Nothing will purify and keep a stable so free from odors as the use of air slaked lime, and every one keeping horses or any kind of stock will find it pays to keep a barrel, or at least a keg of it at hand, to be used daily. A small amount of lime scattered over the floor after cleaning will render the air of the stables pure and wholesome.

TEMPERANCE.

A BARREL OF WHISKY.

A drayman rolled forth from his cart to the street. A red-headed barrel, well bound and combed, and on it red letters, like forked tongues of flame, emblazoned the grade, number, quality, name. Of this world-renowned whisky from somebody's still. Who would the grain on the way to the mill.

So there stood the barrel, delivered, but I could see that a shadow was hovering high—A sulphurous shadow, that grew as I gazed To the form of Mephisto. Though sorry I am, I venture to question this imp of the realm, Where vice is the pilot, with crime at the helm.

And asked him politely his mission to name, And if he was licensed to retail the same. Identical barrel of whisky, which he Was fondly surveying with demoniac glee.

"Oh, I never handle the stuff," he replied; "My partners mortal are trusty and tried; Mayhap, peradventure, you might wish to look At the invoice 'complete—I will read from this book. You will find that this barrel contains something more Than forty-two gallons of whisky galore." And e'er I could slip but another word in, He checked it off gaily, this cargo of sin:

"A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes, A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows, A barrel of tears from a world-wide wife, A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife; A barrel of all unavailing regret,

A barrel of oases, and a barrel of debt; A barrel of crime, and a barrel of pain, A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain, A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of lies, That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies.

A barrel of poison—of this nearly full; A barrel of poverty, rain and blight, A barrel of terrors, that grow with the night, A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans, A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans; A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass From the head on the liquor that glows in glass.

My barrel! my treasure! I bid thee farewell, So've the foul seed; I will reap it in hell!"

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The late National Convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, held in St. Louis, adopted the following on the subject of temperance:

Since the implacable enemy of righteousness and purity of Christ and His Church is the intoxicating cup, we resolved that we condemn intemperance in every form; that we stand for total abstinence, for the suppression of the saloon, and for the annihilation of the power of the whisky ring in the politics of this nation.

TO UNITE THE W. C. T. U. AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

There is a movement on foot for joining the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Salvation Army. At least that is what Frances Willard, the President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, said in a speech at the meeting of Salvation soldiers in Chicago. Miss Willard did not go into particulars, she merely gave an outline of what she hoped to see before another year rolled by. She has always been ardent admirer of the Salvation Army ever since it landed in America, and began its crusade against whisky and the slum. She had a long interview with Mrs. Ballington Booth, which tended to a union of the efforts of the Salvation Army and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and she hoped that at the next National convention the army would be represented and that Mrs. Ballington Booth would be the first delegate chosen.

THE CRUSADE DAY.

Miss Francis E. Willard issues the following notice from Evanston, Ill. "The membership crusade day, so long promised, is fixed for the 27th of September. It is intended to devote one entire day to securing new names for the society, not only of working members, but of honorary members. It is believed that the Union will be strengthened by the addition of new members and well-wishers of the society, even if they cannot be active workers. The little attention has lately been given to increasing the number of those who pledge themselves as total abstainers and members of the society, even if they cannot be active workers. The little attention has lately been given to increasing the number of those who pledge themselves as total abstainers and members of the society, even if they cannot be active workers.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

In declining wine a man said recently: "I have no prejudices whatever against the use of liquor. I think the question is purely personal and I decided for myself years ago. I had always been in the habit of drinking and had never found that I allowed liquor to interfere with business or duty. But once when I was in Salt Lake City, and was years ago I made a speculation in eggs. I bought up all I could, equipped a wagon, and took it to the mining camps in Idaho and prepared to start. It was fall and I had decided to start on a certain evening in order to lose no time in getting beyond the mountains, where there was danger of getting caught in a storm and losing all my eggs. But the prospect of a long wagon journey was not a cheerful one, and in bid farewell to my comfortable quarters. I soiled myself with drinking. I did not become drunk, I have never been drunk in my life, but I came to the conclusion that this day more or less would make little difference. It made all the difference in the world. I was caught in a storm which I should have avoided had I started on time. I lost every egg, was forced to abandon a valuable train, and when I again landed in Salt Lake City I was 'broke.' Drinking had interfered with my business and I had incurred a heavy loss, when I should certainly have turned a pretty fortune. It has never cost me a cent since that time.—Tribune.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

A bright temperance lecturer says: "Cultivate roses, but not on your nose." Supreme court saloons is what they call "original package" establishments out in Kansas.

The great Boston brewer, Mr. Reuter, testified that his beer contained five per cent. of alcohol.

New York city spends over \$70,000,000 annually for beer, wine, and other intoxicating liquors.

A girl of twelve was recently committed as "a confirmed drunkard" to an industrial school in San Francisco.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut held a three day convocation at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, commencing August 25, and continuing through the 29th.

Miss Francis E. Willard, of Evanston, Ind., head of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, has in a request to all the "White Ribboners" of the United States and Canada to pray at noon daily henceforth for the heart of the Czar of Russia be so seized so that mercy may be shown to the exiles in Siberia.

This is how some one figures it out. "From a bushel of corn a distiller gets four gallons of whisky, which retails at \$10; the Government gets \$1.00; the farmer who raised the corn gets forty cents; the railroad gets \$1; the manufacturer gets \$4; the retailer gets \$7; and the consumer gets drunk. No wonder so many Kansas farmers are using corn as fuel."

Mrs. Lunier has given to the French Temperance Society 1000 francs to be given as a prize for the best essay on the question, "What are the consequences of hereditary alcoholism and what are the means of preventing or curing it?" The society wishes to encourage research to embrace all the questions of moral, social, and therapeutic means for prevention and limitation of inebriety.

Gladstone's Library.

In Mr. Gladstone's library of 25,000 volumes are two which were given to him in 1815, when the future statesman and bibliophile celebrated his fifth birthday, one of the two shabby little book-days, one of the gifts of the admirable Mrs. Hannah More—his "Holy Hannah" as Horace Walpole used to call her—then already seventy years of age, but taking great delight in clever children, in which class her young friend, "Billy" Gladstone, was conspicuous.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Regiment of Flat Noses.

The news comes from St. Petersburg, Russia, of the centenary celebration of the First Regiment of the Guard—the regiment raised by the Czar Paul. The men of the regiment had to be the tallest that could be found in the empire, but it was incumbent also that only the tallest men should be enlisted into this favored corps, in order to accommodate the peculiar headpiece which they wear. The conditions are, as far as possible, maintained to this day.—Chicago News.

The centennial of the discovery of coal in Pennsylvania is to be celebrated in 1891.

Why not wear your clothes, by using the best, purest, most economical soap, Dobbins' Electric. Made ever since 1864. Try it once you will use it always. Your grocer keeps it or will get it. Look for the name, Dobbins.

The Chinese and Japanese have no fire apparatus beyond a water pail.

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The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

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It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who, when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied "That depends on the liver." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun.

The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow.

The liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headache, dizziness, constipation.

Two ways are open. Cure permanently, or relieve temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or coax it by a mild, pleasant way.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the mild means. They work effectively, without pain, and leave the system strong. One, little, sugar-coated pellet is enough, although a whole vial costs but 25 cents.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents.

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Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug store!

How To Build a House

If you are thinking of building a house you ought to buy the new book, "How to Build a House," by Wallace, Ballou & Co. The book contains all the information you need to know to build or otherwise interested that can afford to be without it. It is the best, cheapest and most popular work ever published on the subject of building. It is written in plain, simple, and easily understood language. It contains all the latest and most reliable information on the subject of building, including the cost of materials, labor, and other expenses. It is a valuable reference work for every one who is interested in building.

GERMAN DICTIONARY

GERMAN DICTIONARY. 824 PAGES FOR ONE DOLLAR. A first-class dictionary getting out at small price to encourage the study of the German language. It is the best and most complete dictionary of the German language ever published. It contains all the words and phrases used in the German language, and is a valuable reference work for every one who is interested in the German language.

"DUNCH" says

"DUNCH" says "The house ought to be cleaned with Sap