The Whistling Tree. or whistling tree is a of the West Indies, Nubla and it possesses a peculiarof and pods with a split or The wind passing these causes the sound which the tree the name of "whist-Barbados there is a vailey on trees of this character, and rade winds blow across the constant mouning, deep-toned heard from it. A species of which grows very abundantly udan, is also called the whist- than three knighthoods, ge by the nutives.

a Among the Puny Japa. tapanese are getting anxious ber physique, which is deterioe much that the land of flowers course of time become a land The military authorities scovered that their men cannot ordinary rifle because it is too by them and have been compelled equence to arm them with thort firearms. Recent intions have shown that the stuare among the worst developed as of humanity on the face of arth, the finished product of the university generally presentne appearance of a puny, sickly. ped youth.

grunted the great chief. have come to set up their laws ur land and to take possession a hills and the valleys and the plains that have been ours. But have paid a price that will stag-Then taking the humanity!" for the contents of which he had of the lands of his tribe, he the bottom toward the planet and was satisfied.

ation Allowance in Canada sording to the public accounts of minion of Canada for the fiscal ending June 30, 1899, the sum of 180.47 was paid out by the Dominis superannuation allowances to servants and others during the of 1898-1899.

ladies Can Wear Shoes an smaller after using Allen's Foot-(a powder for the feet. It makes, its shore easy. Cures swollen, hot, sing, sching feet, ingrowing nalis, sad bonions. At all druegists and shoe at the feet of th

iste" and "cyclisme" have been ac pin dictionary words by the French duralter a hard struggle, according plondon Dally Telegraph. In Best Prescription for Chills

half of the lightning strokes reed occur out in the open, 34 per cent, in seali per cent, under trees and 9 per

huar Farezess Dyr produces the standbrightest colors of any known dye d fold by all druggists. ring the year 1898 52,66. vessels of 34.-

tops entered and cleared Chinese t Of these vessels, 743 of 239,152 tops

t Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write particulars. Sold by Druggiats, 75c. his is the greatest sugar producing my in the world, and its normal crop is stion is a bad companion

iffi by chewing a bar of Adams' Pep-luii Frutti after each meal. boumber of summer students at the

unity of Berlin has trebled since 187d. he's cannot be too highly spoken of as a micre. J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., Manaspolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1969.

brasy has a new association the sixty of whom recently had a con-

(D) semanently cured. No fits or nervous-sufer first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great stessforer \$21rial bottle and treather free \$2.8. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. sego's latest count shows that it has

In Winslow's Soothing Syruptor children shirt softens the guma, reducing inflamma-atilitys pain, cures wind colic. Ec. a bottle. ing 1899 Spain bought sixty-seven ves-

To Cure a Cold in One Day. HAIATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All pour refund the money if it falls to cure. Gaova's signature is on each box. 25c.

Spain there are some ten million ingratory sheeep, which every year we as much as two hundred miles the "delectable mountains," ire the shepherds feed them till shows descend. These sheep are out as transhumantes, and their arch, resting places and behavior are wated by ancient and special laws tibunals, dating from the fourth century. At certain times no is allowed to travel on the same Me as the sheep, which have a right true on all open and common land the way, and for which a road ninerarda wide must be left on all insed and private property. The shep tis lead the flocks, the sheep follow if the flocks are accompanied by is carrying provisions, and large which act as guards against the es. The merino sheep trave ar hundred miles to the mountains, the total time spent on migration he and back is fourteen weeks.—

Sir George White, who has been made a G. C. V. O., has now no fewer than five knighthoods. He is Sir George White, G. C. B., K. C. B., G. C. S. L. G. C. I. E., G. C. V. O. Only two other British subjects, not of the blood royal, have five knighthoods. They are the marquis of Dufferin and Lord Rob erts, and they have but four each without their K. P.s. Among com-monors, who cannot be K. P.s. Sir George White stands alone. Indeed, he is the only commoner with more

A BRAVE BIRD.

True Courage Not Incompatible with

Nervouspess. I suppose a bird is the bravest creature that lives, in spite of its natural timidity. From which we may learn that true courage is not incompatible with nervousness, and that heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it. Who does not remember the first time he ever ran across a hen partridge with her brood, as he was strolling through the woods in June? How splendidly the old bird forgets herself in her efforts to defend and side her young! Smaller birds are no less during. One evening last summer I was walking up the Ristigouche from Camp Harmony to Mowett's Rock, where my canoe was waiting for me, to fish for salmon. As I stepped out from a thicket on to the shingly bank of the river a spotted sandpiper teetered along before me, followed by three young ones. Frightened at first, the mother flew out a few feet over the water. But the piperlings could not fly, having no feathers, and they crept onder a crooked log. I rolled the log over very gently and took one of the cowering creatures into my hand-a tiny. palpitating scrap of life, covered with soft gray down, and peeping shrilly, like a Lilliputian chicken. And now the mother was transformed. Her fear was changed into fury. She was a bully, a fighter, an Amazon in feathers. She flew at me with loud cries, dashing herself almost into my face. I was a tyrant, a robber, a kidnaper, and she called heaven to witness that she would never give up her offspring without a struggle. Then she changed her tactics and appealed to my baser passions. She fell to the ground and fluttered around me as if her wing were broken. "Look!" she seemed to say. "I am bigger than that poor little baby. If you must eat something, eat me! My wing is lame. I can't fly. You can easily catch me. Let that little bird go!" And so I did, and the whole family disappeared in the bushes as if by magic. I wondered whether the mother was saying to herself, after the manner of her sex, that men are stupid things, after all, and no match for the cleverness of a female who stoops to deception in a righteous cause.-Dr. Henry Van

AWFUL FAMINE

That Is Now Making of India One Vast The famine area in India is about

350,000 square miles, and extends over the central, south and northwestern provinces, says Leslie's Weekly. No pen could describe its awful horrors. Some of the things proved by photography are too realistically horrible to be reproduced in any publication, we print only a few of less frightful photographs and taken by the missionaries, because many have not believed that such an awful condition could exist in this century of plenty and prosperity. Emaciated beyond belief, the starving natives crawl to the house of the nearest sahib, usually a missionary, to crave food: but 60,000 mouths have to be fed. Fifteen dollars a year will feed a Hindu, yet even this pitiable allowance is not to be had. The causes of the famine are the failure of the crops, the refusal of the native princes to allow their hunting jungles to be converted into fertile agricultural regions, and the mysterious disappearance of a special famine fund of \$100,000,000, collected by the government after the famine of 1877. The Hindu is a strict vegetarian. The low-caste Hindu is a fatalist. So, when famine stalks abroad the Hindu submits uncomplainingly. Day by day he will subsist on less food, until at last, when a mere shadow, he will drag his bony self to a relief station. There he may get food-or he may not. If not, he crouches in some corner, or out in the fields, under God's trees, and awaits the coming of death. The majority of the victims are women and children

They Used Him.

"Spare me!" cried the captive, "and | I will be your slave for life. I am a cook by trade, and can make any dish you desire." "Well," replied the cannibal king, "you do look as if you would make a good hash, I think we can use you." This reply, somewhat ambiguous, left the captive in doubt, but alas! not for long.-Philadelphia the

Constipation.

You cannot possibly enjoy good health unless you have at least one free movement of the bowels each day. When this is not the case, the poisonous products are absorbed into the system, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, vomiting, dyspepsia, indigestion.

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are a gentle laxative, suitable for any and every member of the family. One pill at bedtime will produce one good, natural movement the day following.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINES SUNDAY

subject : Practical Charity-The Benevo. lence of Dorcas Extelled - Her Work Contrasted With Present Day Methods Woman God's Handmaiden.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage, who is still traveling in Northern Europe, to torwarded the following report of a sermon in which he utters helpful words to all who are engaged in alleviating human distresses and shows how such work will be crowned at the last; text, Acts ix, 30, "And all the widows stood by him weeping and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

Joppa is a most absorbing city of the

comments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

Joppa is a most absorbing city of the Orient. Into her harbor once floated the rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples of Jerusalem were builded. Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through the town. Here Napoleon had 300 prisoners massacred. One of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this scaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway and around about the building and in the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She histens to their pliant, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to sait the bent form of this invalid woman and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one; she gives sandals to that one. With the offst also manufactured in the one. gives a cost to this one; she gives mandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encourage-ment. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard, "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them, and as she goes out the lane eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home and sees his little boy well clad and says, "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp;

his little boy well clad and says, "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas bought the oil. In another place a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread."

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate telling the stages of a king's disease is more anxiously waited for than the news from this benefactres. Alas, for Joppa there is wailing, wailing! That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the unidnight of wretch edness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every forsaken place in that town, wherever there is a sick child and no balm wherever there is hunger and no bread wherever there is guilt and no commisseration, wherever there is guilt and no commisseration, wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing look and streaming eyes and frantic gesticula

wherever there is guilt and no commiseration, wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and streaming eyes and frantic gesticulations as they cry, "Doreas is dead!"

They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of the place stopping with a tanner of the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door and stands in the presence of the dead. What demonstration of griet all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amid the excited crowd, so he orders that the whole room be cleared. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of Him who is the resurrection he cries: "Tabitha arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life, the heart flutters, the nerves thrill, the check flushes, the eye opens, she sit up. the cheek flushes, the eye opens, she sits

who is the resurrection, here: "Tabithal arms." There is a stri in the fountaint of the check thusbee, the eye opens, she sith who can be the check thusbee, the eye opens, she sith who can be the check thusbee, the eye opens, she sith who can be the check the benefacteres. Dorvas the lamented, Dorcas the resurrected.

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this many that the check the control of the control o

noin victurie, or like that charry when makes a retricing speech on the benevolent platform and goes out to kiek the beggar from the step, crying. "Hosh your miserable howling!" Sufferers of the world want not so much theory are practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of hread; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless von," as jackets and inocks. I will put one earnest Christian man, hard-working, against 5000 mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have line ideas about church architecture who never in their lives helped to build a sharch. There are man who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohamme danism who never sent a farthing for trangelization. There are women who talk seantifully about the suffering of the world who never had the courage, like Dorcas, to take the needle and assault it.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world shistory which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people. "Come, now, and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box." The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII. of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amid the rabble

Louis VIII, of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amid the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., went down amid the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the women of the sanitary and Christian commissions or the fact that before the smoke had gone up from Geltysburg and South missions or the fact that before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain the women of the north met the women of the south on the battlefield, for getting all their animosities, while they bound up the wounded and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas the benefactress.

I come now to speak of Dorcas the famented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrew there was in the town of Joppa! I suppose there were women there with larger fortunes women perhaps with handsomer faces, but there was not grief at their departure like

women perhaps with handsomer faces, but there was not gief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas. There were not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean Sea dashing against the wharves at that scaport than there were surgings to and fro of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a very large funeral, there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse, there may be high sounding culo giums, the bell may toll at the cemetery gate, there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place, but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham.

sham. The churce of God has lost nothing, the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance shated. It is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault. It is only an idler stopped yawning. It is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar, while on the other hand no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed.

missed.

The church of God cries out, like the prophet, "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen!" Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning because Dorcas is dead.

Has that Christian woman who went away fifteen years ago nothing to do with

Has that Christian woman who went away fifteen years ago nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins for given, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Doreas is resurrected!

After awhile all these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needle for ever. After making garments for othersome one will make a garment for them; the last robe we ever wear—the robe for the grave. You will have witnessed the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last orphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy.

I do not know where you will sleep not what your epitaph will be, but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose!

Sleep on:

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep!

From which none ever wake to weep! Then one day there will be a sky rend-ing and a whiri of wheels and the flash of ing and a whirt of wheels and the hash of a pageant, armies marching, chains clanking, banners waving, thunders booming, and that Christian woman will arise from the dust, and she will be suddenly surrounded—surrounded by the wanderers of the street whom she reclaimed, surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she had administered!

cd by the wounded souls to whom she had administered!

Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what means this? It means that reward has come: that the victory is won: that the crown is ready; that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbing earth! Sing it through all the flying heavens! Dorcas is resurrected!

In 1835, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two houses of Parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkermann was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the Queen of England arose before them in the name of her Government and uttered words of commendation to the officers and men and distributed those medals, inscribed with the four great battlefields—Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann and Sevastopol. As the Queen gave these to the wounded men and the wounded officers the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people, with streaming eyes, joined in the song:

God save our gracious queen!

eyes, joined in the song:

God save our gracious queen!
Long live our noble queen!
Cod save the queen!
And then they shouted "Huzza! Huzza!"
Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better and gladder day will come when Christ shal! gather those who have toiled in His service-good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shal! rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven He will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" And then He will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteomness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to carth and dear to heaven—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Gethsemane and Calvary!

Professor de Gustav Schmoller, whose declaration that Brazil must soon become a great state under German influence, has been the rector of the University of Berlin since 1897. He is one of the foremost political economists of Europe, and for years has lectured in German universities on political science, economics and history Professor Schmoller was born at Heilbronn in 1838, and studied in the University of Wurtemburg. In 1864 he was called to a chair in Halle, and from 1865 to 1872 he was dean of the University of Strasburg. In 1882 Prof. Schmoller was transferred to Berlin as professor of history of political science. His opinions upon national matters are

A legacy of five million france has been left to Paris by Mile, Marie-Ann-Genevieve Tanles. The money has to be divided between three charitiesan orphanage, an architectural drawing school and the rest for developing any private or public work at the dis-

Mr. J. H. Gurney, in an article in the Ibis, discusses a number of facts, collected from various books and papers, regarding the age to which birds live. Mr. Dresser, in his "Birds of Europe," gives an instance of a raven having lived sixty-nine years. Mr Meade-Waldo has in captivity a pair of eagle owls, one of which is sixty-eight and the other fifty-three years old, Since 1864 these birds have bred regularly, and have now reared ninetythree young ones. A Batelur eagle and a condor in the Zoological gardens at Amsterdam are still alive at the respective ages of fifty-five and fifty-two. An imperial eagle of the age of fiftysix, a gelden eagle of forty-six and a sea eagle of forty-two, and many other birds of the age of forty downward are also recorded.

OVARIAN TROUBLES.

Cares Them -Two Letters from Women. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I write to tell you of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I was sick in bed about five weeks. The right side of my abdomen pained

me and was so swollen and sore that I

doctor told my husband I would have to undergo an operation.
This I refused to do until I had given your medicine a trial. Before I had taken one bottle the awelling began to disappear. I continued to use your medicine doctor told my husyour medicine until the swelling was entirely gone. When the doctor came he was very much surprised to better "-MRS. MARY SMITH, Arlington

could not walk. The

" DEAR MRS. PINRHAM: - I was sick for two years with falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries and bladder. I was bloated very badly. My left limb would swell so I could not step on my foot. I had such bearing down pains I could not straighten up or walk across the room and such shooting pains would go through me that I thought I could not stand it. My mother got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me to try it. - I took six pottles and now, thanks to your wonderful medicine. I am a well woman. -MES, ELSIE BRYAN, Otisville, Mich.

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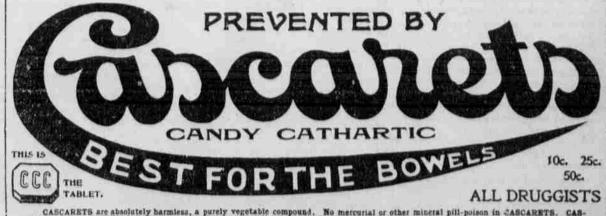


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