

**THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.**  
GEO. W. WAGGENSELLER,  
Editor and Proprietor.  
MIDDLEBURGH, PA., FEB. 13, 1896.  
Railway traveling in Norway is cheaper than in any other European country.  
The Rev. H. R. Haweis, who has returned to London after a prolonged sojourn in this country, says that the distinctive thing about American religious congregations is that they prefer what is unconventional and up to date.

It is a curious fact, and one not generally known, except by those who carefully study their almanacs, that the last month of last year had two full moons, an event which has not occurred in any December since the beginning of the Christian era.  
Sir Walter Besant, the English novelist, in commenting on Hall Caine's views of the United States, and published in the London Daily Chronicle, says: "We don't know the American people in this country, and we ought to know them; they come over here by the thousand, by the hundred thousand, and we do nothing to entertain them or to make their acquaintance or to show them that we should like to know them. Are we ashamed of ourselves—of our homes—of our women, especially—that we do not want to show ourselves to them? We have no reason to be ashamed. The Englishwoman is not so intellectually cultivated as the American, but she need not fear comparison. As for the people generally, I am right glad to see Hall Caine proclaiming the truth about them; that is, that they are almost childlike in their singleness of heart, easily moved by simple things, the youngest minded and the youngest hearted people in the world. As I did not say this myself, I copy it, I steal it, and I adopt it. The material greatness of America takes away one's breath; the kindness of the Americans takes away one's power of criticism. One does not go away from a delightful evening and begin at once to carp and sneer and insinuate suggestions. Only, if by any machinery we could do something to make the American visitor feel at home with us, we should be doing a great thing for ourselves. I don't want him to be introduced to belted curls, but I want American men and women of culture to be able easily to meet English men and women of culture."

The Atlanta Constitution says that the trouble between the Boers and the British in South Africa has directed public attention to the Dark Continent. Twenty years ago very little was known of Africa. A few explorers penetrated its forests and wrote books, but the tide of immigration did not turn in that direction. Recently there has been a big change in the situation. The Boers have gained their independence, but the British in Cape Colony have never given up their idea of extending their dominion into Central and East Africa, thus establishing an empire extending from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope. The Germans, however, occupy a large portion of East Africa, and the Congo Free State and also the Portuguese possessions. The discovery of gold and diamond mines of course draws people to these regions, and now the country has a large white population, with railway and steamboat lines, and flourishing cities equipped with every modern convenience. There are railways 500 miles long, and the country is being settled by a good class of colonists. Nearly twenty-five cities have a population of over 10,000 each. All indications point to Africa as the continent upon which Europe will hereafter expend her energy and her capital. There will never again be such a rush of immigrants to this country as we have had in the past. In future they will go to Africa, and gradually turn it into a white man's country. They will exterminate the natives as we exterminated the Indians, and before many years the native Africans will be in the minority. Under European methods this heretofore almost unknown land will become a thickly populated and civilized group of States. Later the colonies will throw off their allegiance to the European Governments, and they will repeat the example of the United States. Perhaps the main point of interest to us is the fact that immigration will never again be as great a factor in our upbuilding as it has been in the past. The tide is turning to South Africa.

Miss Beacon Hill—Dear me! Strange, but I cannot remember. Where is President? Young Lakeside—O, that's easy. In China, saw the address in a show-window to-day.—Truth.

**THE STORY OF THE WOOD.**  
What said the Wood in the fire  
To the little boy that night—  
The little boy of the golden hair,  
As he rocked himself in his little arm-chair—  
When the blaze was burning bright?  
The Wood said: "See  
What they've done to me!  
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree,  
And waved my branches from east to west,  
And many a sweet bird built its nest  
In my leaves of green  
That loved to lean  
In springtime over the daisies' breast!  
"From the blossoming dells  
Where the violet dwells  
The cattle came with their clanking bells  
And rested under my shadows sweet;  
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat!  
Told me all that they knew  
Of the flowers that grow  
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet."  
"And the wild wind's caresses  
Oft ruffled my tresses;  
But sometimes, as oft as a mother's lip  
On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid  
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid:  
And I listened, and heard  
The small heart of each bird  
As it beat in the warm nest the mother had made!  
"And in the springtime sweet faces  
Of myriads of grasses  
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places;  
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade  
With cheeks like primroses the little ones played;  
And the sunshine in showers  
Through all the bright hours  
Bound their beauteous ringlets with silvery braid.  
"And the lightning  
Came brightening  
From far skies, and frightening  
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze,  
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas!  
But they flew to my breast  
And I rocked them to rest,  
While the trembling vines clustered and clung at my knees!  
"But how soon," said the Wood,  
"Fades the memory of good!  
Though with sheltering love and sweet kindness I stood,  
The forester came with his ax gleaming bright,  
And I fell like a giant all shorn of his might?  
Yet still there must be  
Some sweet mission for me;  
For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-night?"  
So said the Wood to the fire  
To the little boy that night—  
The little boy of the golden hair,  
As he rocked himself in his little arm-chair—  
When the blaze was burning bright.  
—F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

**HER QUEER LODGER.**  
"ES, I think," the landlady said, "that the most mysterious and altogether interesting experience I ever had the misfortune to be mixed up in was a little drama that was enacted at my house about five years ago. I was running a particularly select establishment then in Omaha.  
"My boarders were pleasant and congenial, and I liked them all, but there was one young fellow in whom I had taken an especial interest. He was an industrious, wide-awake young doctor who had won his way to his then enviable position, both in his profession and in society, by dint of dogged perseverance which had finally overcome all prejudice against him caused by lack of family, money and influential friends, and had lifted him to the high notch he was occupying when I first knew him.  
"Our most intimate friends in Omaha were people named Malsbury. Mr. Malsbury had formerly been closely associated with my husband in business, and mother was slightly related to him through marriage, so there were several reasons for the deep friendship existing between us. There were three children in their family—a son and two daughters, the youngest of whom was a bright, good-looking girl of about twenty-one. My daughter Jennie was several years her junior, and in the beginning of the acquaintance she conceived for her one of those violent attachments which very young girls are apt to form for some one of their own sex. Frequent visits were interchanged, hardly a week passing without Rose Malsbury spending two or three days with my daughter and vice versa.  
"My favorite, the doctor—I won't give his name, for he is still a well-known practitioner—gradually learned to care for her, and before the end of his first year with me they had become engaged. The engagement was announced in January and the wedding was to take place in June. But the latter part of May was marked by a regular upheaval of sentiment. There was a bitter quarrel, which had its origin in an unreasonable but unconquerable jealousy which had always been prominent in her disposition, and the consequence was the engagement was declared off. The doctor went away for a short vacation a few days before the time that had been set for the wedding, and Rose took advantage of his absence to make us another three days' visit.  
"She went home, I remember, on a Friday evening. The next day the people who had been occupying my third-story alcove went to New York and left me with one vacant room on my hands. Times were pretty hard, and, wishing to get a tenant as soon as possible, I advertised in a Sunday paper, a thing I seldom do, for it is apt

to bring in all sorts and conditions of people. The first person to call in answer to my advertisement was a young widow. She came early Monday morning, and as she seemed to find nothing objectionable either about the room or the price, I let her take it, and she promised to move in that evening. She was a bookkeeper and stenographer in some down town wholesale house, she said, and would not be around again till 7 o'clock. She was dressed in deep mourning and was heavily veiled, and I did not see her face till that night.  
"The doctor had come sooner than he had expected to, and he, my daughter Jennie and myself were still lingering at the table when she came down for her late dinner. I can't describe the feeling that came over me when I got my first good look at her. She was wearing glasses and had her hair dressed in a peculiar style, but aside from those two distinctions she was as much like Rose Malsbury as if she were a flesh and blood creature that had been suddenly materialized from that young lady'sraith. The resemblance was almost supernatural, and I could see that both Jennie and the doctor were greatly affected by it. It was impossible for Jennie to conceal her agitation, and, after exchanging a few commonplace remarks, she said, in that abrupt way of hers, which I am sorry to say she has not yet entirely outgrown:  
"You are the exact counterpart of a dear friend of mine. Her name is Rose Malsbury. Are you related to her in any way, do you know?"  
"The widow looked up slowly—I can see her now as she tilted her head a little to one side and seemed to be reflecting a moment before answering:  
"Malsbury? No, I don't think I ever heard the name. Do I look very much like her, did you say?"  
"Jennie launched forth into a detailed comparison of the two women, and to humor her whim the widow took off her glasses when we got up stairs and arranged her hair as Rose always wore here, and then the resemblance was complete. Everybody about the house pronounced it the most wonderful thing they had ever heard of. The widow was the only one who was disposed to regard the matter in a spirit of levity.  
"You come across some remarkable similarity in the human frame perhaps once in a lifetime," she said, with a quivering little laugh that was also one of Rose's peculiarities. "I should very much like to see my double. Do you think it would be possible to arrange a meeting between us?"  
"Jennie promised to meet the Malsburys in a few days and bring Rose home with her. But before she went she brooded over the strange circumstances till she evolved what she was pleased to term a rational explanation of the affair.  
"There's no use in talking, mama," she said, "before starting out. It is absolutely a physical impossibility for two people to look so much alike. Why, her voice is the same, her walk is the same and this lady even has a black splotch on the left side of her chin, just as Rose always has. Now, while I hate to believe it of her, I am positive that this woman is Rose herself, masquerading around to keep tabs on the doctor. She does it with a boldness that I would never have given her credit for, and it is not a very pleasant thing to think about one's friend, but you will see that I am right. I am going down there to-day, and if Rose has been away this week then I will be convinced."  
"I couldn't agree with her at first, but the more I thought of it the more clearly I could understand how such a thing could be, and I awaited Jennie's return with a good deal of anxiety. She came back about 4 o'clock, fairly wild with excitement.  
"It's just as I suspected," she cried, hysterically. "She left home last Sunday, saying she was going to visit friends in Lincoln. They have heard nothing from her, but were not at all alarmed, as she has been gone only four days. Perhaps I ought not to have told them, but I was so worked up I couldn't help it. As soon as they learned about our new boarder and my suspicions, Mr. Malsbury telegraphed to the people she is supposed to be stopping with, and they answered that she hasn't been there, all of which goes to prove that I am right. Mr. and Mrs. Malsbury will be here to-night and force a confession from her."  
"They came about 8 o'clock. The widow had gone upstairs, and I took them straight to her room. The doctor had been let into the secret, and when she bade us come in, in answer to my rap on her door, he and Jennie, and Mr. and Mrs. Malsbury and myself walked in and faced her as she sat there directly under the glare of the chandelier. She had taken off her glasses and unfastened her hair and was perfectly free from all disguise. Her mother stepped in the middle of the room and commenced to cry.  
"Rose," she sobbed, holding out her arm, "what do you mean by this? What are you trying to do?"  
"A look of genuine surprise settled over the widow's face, but beyond that there was not the quivering of a muscle.  
"I think you must be mistaken, madam," she said at length, coolly. "My name is not Rose, but Marion. Who is it you wish to see?"  
"Her father stepped up close before her and looked her squarely in the face.  
"We are here to see you," he said, sternly. "We intend to take you home with us."  
"Her face flushed and it was plain that she was becoming downright angry.  
"Indeed!" she retorted, sharply.

Then she turned on me. "To whom am I indebted for this intrusion?" she asked. "I have paid for my room up to a certain date and if I cannot enjoy its privacy without being interrupted by strange and unwelcome visitors pray return my money and I will go some place where I will not be suspected and subjected to insults."  
"Her audacity fairly took our breath away. There we were, her parents, her former lover, her dearest friend and myself, who think I know a thing or two, all as confident of her identity as we were of our own personality. Yet there she was, on the other hand, deliberately denying her name and her people, and what were we to do? The long and short of it was we didn't do anything. She got over her spongy spell in a few moments, and before Mr. and Mrs. Malsbury went away she joined us in the parlor and made merry over the mistake we had fallen into and offered suggestions for learning the whereabouts of the real Rose Malsbury.  
"For two days a quiet but thorough search for the missing girl was carried on, but to no effect. On the third day the widow wrote a note to the distracted parents and requested them to call. Again there was a meeting in the third story alcove, and that time she broke down and acknowledged her duplicity. The only reason she could give for such a piece of deception was her love for the doctor and her desire to be near him and learn what he was doing. She begged so pitifully for forgiveness that we pardoned her then and there, and before she went away the engagement between her and the doctor was renewed and another date was set for the marriage. The next day she threw aside her mourning and donned her own clothes, which her mother had brought, and they took her home.  
"It looks as if the affair would have been mysterious if it had ended there, but the funniest part of it is yet to come. She stayed with the Malsburys two days and then, as my boy Tom would say, she turned up missing. She left a short note stating that she had told them the truth in their first interview, that she had really never heard of them before, but that she was sick with loneliness and homesickness, and when the opportunity came to impersonate another and taste, for a few hours, at least, the joy of being loved and belonging to somebody once again, she could not resist the temptation. She could not endure deceiving them longer, she added, and must go away, praying that their own daughter would soon be restored to them.  
"That very night Rose herself came home, dressed as she had been when she went away and looking precisely the same. She berated her parents soundly for not writing to her and explained the whole matter, for whom she had been, and she had appeared mysteriously as she had appeared among us.  
"Rose related towards the doctor, and would have taken him on half a hint, but she seemed rather squeamish about marrying a woman whose presence infected him with a feeling of indecision as to whether he was making love to his own wife or somebody else's, and he wisely fought shy of her and married a demure little creature who has not yet developed the faculty of materializing at will wherever her fancy dictates. Rose isn't married yet. I've seen her a hundred times since, and every time I am haunted by a score of vexing questions, and I know every one who was acquainted with the circumstances can testify to the same thing. Is she herself or somebody else? Were there really two girls or only one? If there were two, which did the old folks really keep at last for their daughter and what became of the other?"—Chicago News.

Learning a Foreign Language.  
Some interesting statistics might be collected on the effect upon linguistic power and accent of the possession of a musical ear. It would seem that a person with a good ear for music would be more rapid in the acquirement of a foreign tongue, and, having acquired it, would possess a more perfect pronunciation of the sounds than would a person not having the same ready musical gift, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly.  
Similarly such a person would be quick to attain the dialect of the country in which he might be living and adapt his speech to the brogue or provincialism with which he found his ears surrounded.  
The greater rapidity with which Germans, Poles and Russians learn the English language is surely not to be accounted for merely by stating that their own more nearly resembles our language than does that of the French or Italian. A Greek, for instance, learns English in about half the time it takes an Italian to acquire French, and a Russian will speak French, English and German in the same period that a Frenchman will acquire a mere smattering of the two latter.

**CURIOUS FACTS.**  
A baby weighing exactly one pound was born in San Francisco last Christmas Day.  
Missouri apple trees wear corn blossom to protect them against marauding rabbits.  
The old Central Congregational Church in Providence, R. I., is being made into a theatre.  
Curtains were employed for beds in the eleventh century; they were afterward transferred to windows.  
The house in Alford street, London, England, formerly occupied by the celebrated "Beau" Brummell, has been demolished.  
At Algona, Kosuth County, Iowa, there is a "roaring" well, forty-five feet deep, which has boiling hot water at the bottom of it.  
Teapots were the invention of either the Indians or the Chinese, and are of uncertain antiquity. They came to Europe with tea in 1610.  
The famous bread fruit is botanically akin to the fig. It is a big, round green fruit, whose inner kernel really somewhat resembles bread.  
Mr. and Mrs. Durgin, living near Portland, Me., have reached the age of 102 and ninety-nine years respectively, and both are hale, hearty and happy.  
The pith of the sago palm, the root of the cassava, the fruit of the banana and plantain are all used for flour in tropic climates. Or the banana is roasted whole.  
St. Andrew's Church, New York City, has a genuine Murillo hanging above one of its altars. The subject is "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew." It belongs to a Mr. Benjumea, who inherited it from his father, a native of Seville, Murillo's city.  
"Regicides" in English history are the commissioners appointed to try King Charles I. 159 in number; of whom seventy acted, and fifty-nine signed the death warrant, January, 1649. Of these last twenty-nine were tried and ten executed.  
One buyer and shipper of turkeys in Lancaster, Ky., killed 11,800 turkeys, aggregating 136,000 pounds, during the Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons last year. There are several other turkey dealers in that place, who each did an almost equal business.  
Vermont's oldest citizen is Moses Pierce, of Derby, who is a little more than 102 years old. Mrs. Eliza A. Finkham, of Millbridge, Me., celebrated her hundredth birthday recently. She is in excellent health, and her eyesight and hearing are practically perfect.  
It is believed that Mrs. Clarissa Spencer, of Manchester, Conn., is the oldest church member in that State. She has been a member of the Congregational Church for a little more than eighty years, and a constant attendant and active worker during the whole period. She is now ninety-six years old.  
Indian corn is supposed to be indigenous in this country, but it nowhere grows wild. Johnnycaks is mighty good, too, and eaten in Asia, Africa and some parts of Europe. France takes to it kindly. Germany, nit. In Mexico corn is hulled in weak lye, cracked with a roller and baked in tortillas.  
**How to Keep Warm.**  
Our bodily heat is supplied by food and preserved by clothing. In cold weather we lose that heat by radiation, evaporation and conduction, and we can control or almost suspend these cooling processes by the judicious selection of our clothing. Linen, if worn next to the skin in cold weather, simply means starvation by its well-known property of being a good conductor of heat, whilst flannel and woollen clothing comfortably and pleasantly preserves the internal warmth of the body. Most people instinctively know all this; but it is not every one that understands that flannel or woollen undergarments are needed just as much in summer as in winter. In summer, these materials dry up profuse perspiration and check overquick evaporation—evaporation, according to a well-known law, produces cold or chill. A complete outfit of flannel or woollen goods is really an excellent winter "investment," and will, in the end, be found both economical and comforting. It is often suggested that the expenses of these garments limit their free use, forgetting that a well-clothed man or child eats less than one differently clad—thus the original cost of the clothing becomes less and less each meal. Again, a well-clothed man will not linger about the house instead of speedily following his out-door occupation, nor will he and his property clad children be so liable to colds, coughs, rheumatism and doctor bills. In winter, we often see it announced that some generous individual has distributed so many tons of coal to the poor; but, comforting and useful as such a gift must be to those to whom a good fire is almost unknown, still we suggest that, if the same money value were distributed in the form of blankets or warm clothing, the resulting benefits would be tenfold—for a blanket lasts a long time, while a ton of coal is only too quickly burnt away.—New York Ledger.

**Birds That are Architects.**  
The large grosbeaks of South Africa live in large societies. They select a tree of considerable size, and literally cover it with grass roof, under which their common dwelling is constructed. The roof serves the double purpose of keeping off the heat and the rain, and 400 or 500 pairs of birds are known to have the same shelter. The nests in this aerial dwelling are built in regular streets and closely resemble rows of tenement houses.—New York Mercury.

Ethel (aged 6)—I don't love you any more, grandpa. Grandpa—Why not, Ethel? Ethel—Cause I love you much already that I couldn't love you any more if I tried. Please give me 50 cents.—Judge.  
The Thin One—Dear me. You are losing all your outlines. The Fat One—And you are getting to be nothing. —Cincinnati Enquirer.  
The Worst of It.  
If the best of life, as it is said to be, is participation, the worst of it is surely work and vexation. They are the plows and harrows that furrow the brow and cut deep into the nerves. It is constant pouring of the kind that turns up the nervous system greater nerves, like the bigger road, that for a time, but the ploughshare is down to them. Worry brings all sea-ther ailments of a torn-up system and the sciatic nerve is reached, a distance to which in the form of relation is excited by excruciating pains. St. James has cured the worst cases of men ever by it. Use it and make sure of a permanent cure.  
High Price for Potatoes.  
The John A. Sular Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., pay high prices for new things. They lately paid \$200 for a yellow rind water, \$1000 for 30 bu. new ones, \$300 for a bushel of potatoes, etc., etc! Well, prices of potatoes will be high next fall. Plant Mr. Widenawski! You'll make money. The earliest are fit to eat in 25 days after planting. His Champion of the World is the best yielder on earth and we challenge anyone to produce its equal.  
You will save 50c. in stamps on a box of A. Sular Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. It gets, free, ten postage stamps, and 10, including Tomatoes, Spurry, Globe and other varieties. Catalogue about 5c. for mailing.

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