LETTER FROM BILL NYE.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH A FASHIONABLE LONDON TAILOR.

He Buys a Pair of Trousers that Would Fit Nothing but Two Bushels of Oats—Byron's Horror—Pie and Retreat—Some Correspondents Answered.

THE following queries and answers have been waiting on the hook ever since my return from Europe, and I cheerfully give them now because I know how anxious the wretched correspondent will be until the reply is printed in this paper. Inasmuch as we look to Paris for all our styles, the most of which are made and first worn by women whom we do not care to be seen on the street with, I take great pleasure in giving a few of these to the American correspondent who asks for information.

London makes the men's clothes, and those that were made there for me I have given to my coachman. He has never worn them and so I have decided to raise his wages.

He is a proud man and wants his clothes to fit him. He told me confidentially that he could get a better fit in a ready-made clothing store in America than he could at Poole's in London, if he were measured for

THAT LONDON SUIT.

it, and I believe him. If you try to get a fit on an American in an English tailor's shop you get gloriously left. I went to a man on Regent street who claimed to be "Breeches Maker to the Queen," and what did I get? A "pair of trousers, be jawv, dear boy," that would fit nothing but two bushels of oats. As I say, I have given them to my coachman and he does not wear them; for that reason I have raised his pay.

N. G., Hohokus, N. J.—1. No, you need not drape the udder of your Jersey cow because your sister in Indiana died of milk sickness. Etiquette neither in America nor Europe insists on this.

2. No, John Bright never received any royalty on his justly celebrated disease of the kidneys. He died poor.

3. Tell your brother that for $2 I will send him the book he requires, viz., "How to entertain the opposite sex on $3 a week."

Melvina Briggs, East McKeesport.—1. No, you should not wear tan or fawn-colored Oxford ties at the new-made grave of your husband. It might ruin them. Don't let your grief get the bulge on your better judgment. If you are going to give way to your sorrow at the grave and kick around in the fresh mold, or paw up the vegetation, wear your old shoes.

2. No, I do not think from your description that your late husband's clothes would fit me.

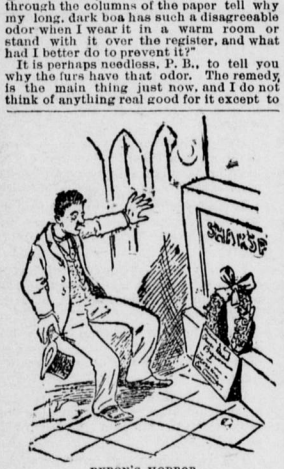
3. You can get a good visiting card printed at this office. The one you inclose is no good. It does not make such a deep impression as the job printer did who made it. I can read it easier from the back than the front.

Early Rose wants to know if any new shades were shown on the streets of Paris this summer.

There were quite a number of noticeably new colors to be seen at Worth's and the Bon Marche, also on the streets. Among them I noticed a new shade of blue black, called the Pugilist's Retort. I also noticed the egg plant purple and the seed cucumber yellow. There are many varieties of green to be seen in wools and silks this season, among them the ivy green, the bilious green, the pie-plant green, the envious green, the split pea green, the pounded ice green, the frost-bitten cabbage green, Paris green, and Seth Green.

P. B. Muzzy's Fooks asks: "Can you through the columns of the paper tell why my long, dark boa has such a disagreeable odor when I wear it in a warm room or stand with it over the register, and what had I better do to prevent it?"

It is perhaps needless, P. B., to tell you why the furs have that odor. The remedy, is the main thing just now, and I do not think of anything real good for it except to



BYRON'S HORROR.

bury the furs. Just as the man did his clothes, no doubt, after he killed and skun the animal from which he procured them.

DOBKIN'S LANDING, Sept. 30.

Last evening, during a crowded performance of Pat Rooney's great comedy, "The Scared Dog," a lady in the upper left hand proscenium box was heard to laugh immoderately, and then turn purple. She was taken to her home, where it was found she had laughed so heartily that she had swallowed the plaster ceiling of her mouth, together with nine front teeth. On removing the vitals this morning the teeth and French roof of the lady's mouth were found hung upon the walls of her stomach. She has since died.

Hundreds of men who never went to the theater here before are engaging seats for their wives to-night.

Ella W. N. T., the poem you alluded to closes with the following stanza:

I used to dream in all these years,
Of patient faith and silent tears,
That love's strong hand would put aside
The barriers of place and pride—
Would reach the pathless darkness through,
And draw me softly up to you.
But that is past—if you should stray
Beside my grave, some future day,
Perchance the violets o'er my dust
Would half betray their buried trust,
And say, their blue eyes full of dew,
She loved you better than you knew.

It is a real good piece. I think, and you will find all of it in *Current Literature* for August. The author is unknown.

Tooley Mucky Hi, an intelligent Chinaman of Mott street, writes to ask if Oliver Doud Byron was the author of "The Prisoner of Chillon."

He was not, Tooley, but he was the author of a good thing, and which appeared in London. It was at the time when the magnificent bust of Longfellow was placed in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Byron, on the Fourth of July, desiring to honor his country and his country's poet, placed a beautiful wreath at the foot of the bust and a card which read:

> Presented with the love and patriotism of a devout admirer and true American by OLIVER DOUD BYRON.

Later on, Louis Harrison visited Westminster Abbey and contributed to the card, so that when Mr. Byron came in on the following day to show his friends what he had done for the great poet, they saw the following inscription:

> Presented with the love and patriotism of a devout admirer and true American by OLIVER DOUD BYRON, who is opens in Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 9, in his greatest play, entitled, "Across the Continent." Do not fail to see it.

It was the first time that Westminster Abbey had been successfully used as a dead-wall for advertising purposes that we know of. Shakspeare should have been where he could have seen it. It would have tickled William a good deal.

Laura McCusick writes to know who was the author of "An Autumn Vagary," and also to know if we will reproduce it.

"The Autumn Vagary" was written by Mina May Funkhouser, of Ray's Crossing, Mo. She was also the author of "The Nuptial Nightmare; or, Skeered to Death at the Altar." She wrote two years ago a little epic entitled "Lines on the Death of Peleg Pangborn, Who Was Drug from His Bed at Night and Kicked to Death by a Coarse Man, Nov. 3, 1880." A tinge of sadness runs through all of her best work.

I give below the poem asked for by Miss McCusick:

AN AUTUMNAL VAGARY.

BY MINA MAY FUNKHOUSER.

Oh, the autumn leaves is falling—falling here
and there—
Falling in the atmosphere, and likewise in the
air;
They're falling o'er the graves of kings, and o'er
the painter's tomb,
They're falling in the morning tide, also the
afternoon.

The autumn leaves is falling—falling to and
fro—
Falling o'er the widow's heart that beats so sad
and low;
They're falling on the bridegroom that dwells in
beauty's bower,
And also on the bride herself, and the preacher
in his power.

Oh! the autumn leaves is falling—falling on the
lawn—
And falling where the grass is green, and falling
where she's brown—
They're falling in the twilight's hour, and falling in the dawn—
Oh! the autumn leaves is falling—falling pro
and con.

Then let us each and every one be up to duty's
call,
For we are like the autumn leaves, and falling
one and all;
For hope is but the feeble moan that pierces to
the sky;
Then let us love each other here till gathering
hours above.

Rays Crossing, Mo. [etc., etc.]
Thought maybe you could use this someway, and hope you will. JAMESIE.

Usual Dennis, of Saco, Me., writes to ask about the prospects of locating the World's Fair. "Do you think Chicago will get away with it or not? I am very anxious to know, for I can hardly go to Chicago, but could go to New York."

The question is a serious one, Mr. Dennis, one that I have little to do with. I am above

PIE AND RETREAT.

local squabbles, and rise superior to all sectional lines. At the time of this writing it seems to be a scuffle. Usual, between the Lorillards and the Leaflards. Whether fine cut tobacco or mess pork gets it we will try to be there. Mr. Dennis, with our exhibit, and let us hope that it will not be composed entirely of drug store advertising and soap statuary. Do you not think, Usual, that as a nation we are covering up what beauty we have with bright red printing and big black marks? I hope the World's Fair, wherever it is held, will give the artist and true genius as much of a show as it does the cheap man with a dozen swamp lots for sale or the quack doctor with the brain of a bluejay and the advertising instincts of a polecat.

We have money enough to fully equal or eclipse former fairs, but money will not do it. We must use some taste and discrimination. This is not a torchlight procession. It is a world's exhibition where the heathen is liable to casually drop in and scoop us. What I hate is to be beaten by a heathen. That's where the heathen had the bulge on us in Paris. He did things that we could not do and he called attention to it and kept the crowds about him while we had nothing to show but the usual county fair programme run in the same style. It is my patriotic prayer that America may never again be humiliated before the nations of the earth as she was in Paris this year. I say this in order that in 1892 it may not be, for I know it need not be. Let the real estate men and the electro-plate advertisers go for three months and add to our glory as a nation by doing a great and unselfish thing. We can do it, Let us do it.

Estelle Lafayette Binks asks who is Worth?

Charles Frederic Worth, of Paris, France, is a well-to-do dressmaker. He started out as a poor sewing girl, and first attracted attention in Paris by not leading a life of shame. This drew about him the curious and wealthy, who got him to make their dresses. He was born in England, I think in Lincolnshire. He was a clerk in a dry-goods store at first, but showed such genius in draping and arranging costumes, also in inventing new methods of squandering money on clothes, that he was soon able to establish himself. His place, I think, is on the Rue de la Paix, or some such a rue as that, and on the great French holiday, which occurs on July 14, his decorations and illuminations are the finest and most beautiful.

He has made a great many dresses for the Empress Eugenie, and those who have seen him, with a mouthful of pins, fitting a waist lining to the Empress say it is worth a losing and nauseating journey over the sea to witness. The poet says:

"Tis worth that makes the man,
And want of it the fellow.

This is also true of the women of Paris.

Worth has a very handsome daughter who has served to show off some of her father's greatest masterpieces in costuming. The famous establishment is now about twenty years old and is doing well.

Worth does not make dresses for my folks. We are a little particular about who makes our clothes.

A good feather cake is made by compiling one and one-half cups of sugar with two newly plucked eggs, well beaten, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one cup of sweet Harlem milk, two cups of flour, two spoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt, and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Make it in three layers and fill in with chocolate or cocoanut. Bake slowly and eat while hot. The cake itself should be cold, however, when eaten.

You cannot "collect change off a man" who has failed to give it back to you for eleven years. You say that it was at Springfield, Mass., and that the lunch counter man failed to give you back the majority of a two-dollar bill when you bought only a hard-boiled egg. You should have done the way a man did who bought the plate of beans at the same place and had to lose his change or his train. He telegraphed the proprietor "collect" that he thought "that was a h—— of a price for beans," until it cost the lunch counter twenty dollars, and then he got his change. Mr. Davey was getting a rapid, stand-up meal one day at Springfield during that reign of terror, and saw that the proprietor did not intend to give him his change for two dollars, so while a friend engaged the genial and urbane cold-tongue purveyor to the Queen in conversation Mr. Davey gently slid his hand under an adult custard pie. Then as the train was about to start Mr. Davey casually called the attention of the hard-boiled egg founder, who looked suddenly around only to receive the entire pie in his face. By the time he had combed the custard pie out of his long and luxuriant whiskers the train had reached Boston. Springfield now has, however, I am happy to say, a good lunch counter, where one and all are welcome.

There are some more letters yet unanswered, and everybody is cordially invited to add to the stock already on hand. I am only too happy to shed information. Write early and avoid the rush. BILL NYE.

The True Inwardness of a Toot.

I know of a lady who is very mad at her husband because he fell in with the boys a few nights ago and went out on a "toot." I presume it is unnecessary to explain here what a "toot" is. Nearly every full grown male adult in the world had a "toot" or two in his life, and I would be inclined to suspect the man who would plead "not guilty" to that impeachment. A "toot" is necessarily something riotous. To be frank a "toot" means strong drink, cards perhaps, a front row in the varieties, maybe a supper after the opera, and always a hack ride in the small hours. In the abstract a "toot" is very wrong. It is degrading and pernicious—a shameless sort of folly, in short, that correct morals can not and should not openly countenance. But it is natural, and I want to say to this much offend ed wife that in the majority of times a "toot" is a good thing for some men Its consequences are remorse and shame. Any good man who goes off on a "toot" at long intervals—say once or twice a year—always loves and respects the purity of his own home more after the "toot" than he did before. The gilded bad things he sees and does on a "toot" are sure to suffer by comparison with the virtue and dignity of his home and that of itself is sufficient to make him very much ashamed of his folly and very tender and regardful of those his conscience is sure to tell him he has wronged. Besides, a "toot" gives him the headache and fills him full of good resolves. I do not want it understood by what I have written here that I indorse "tooting." On the other hand I regard it as something that is essentially degrading and vicious. I merely claim that there are worse things than a "toot," and occasionally a "toot" is excusable. For example, when a man is dejected, when sorrow has cast him down, when misfortune has given him the blues or ennui seizes him, it is not so bad after all to seek surcease in a "toot." And I want to say again that the married man who "toots" occasionally is not half so dangerous a citizen as that one who, while observing the most correct habits, forgets his wife and his home all the time to make diligent love to other women and goes through society a wolf in lamb's clothing, doing what harm he can in any home without compunction under the guise of immaculate respectability. I think the wife to whom I refer in this case ought to forgive her husband without further agitation. I am sure he will not go "tooting" around again very soon, and this one "toot" has only served to make him ashamed of himself and to increase his respect and love for the purity of his home circle. Forgive him. He knew what he did, but the old boy hadn't had a racket for such a long time that he couldn't help it.—*Louisville Truth.*

A Beautiful Yacht.

The exquisite cleanliness of everything strikes one forcibly on board the Victoria and Albert, Queen Victoria's traveling vessel. The deck is laid with cork floorcloth, over which, when the Queen is on board, a carpet is placed, and everything else that is to be seen is of pure white, with gilded relief-work and silver mountings. There are very comfortable little sitting-rooms on the promenade deck and behind the paddle wings, and there is also a dining saloon on the promenade deck, which has three big windows and a skylight. It is furnished in green morocco, and the ceiling is painted in white and gold.

The state apartments below are placed on either side of a corridor, and they are furnished with a very pretty chintz. The Queen's cabins are on the starboard side, and her sleeping apartment contains a large and old-fashioned but very comfortable-looking bedstead, with pillars and canopy, and next is the dressing-room, which was formerly Prince Albert's cabin, and it remains as he left it, his little writing table and wardrobe never having been moved. Large maps hang on the walls. The cabins occupied by Princess Beatrice (or by any princess who happens to be traveling with the Queen) are aft of her Majesty's quarters, and on the other side of the corridor are the cabins of the Princess and a large bathroom. The breakfast-room is in the afterpart of the vessel, and it has very large windows and is hung with the portraits of all the officers who have commanded the royal yacht. The drawing-room is forward on the port side, and it is furnished in bird's-eye with a piano and several beautifully carved side-tables. It is hung with portraits of members of the royal family, and in this room is a small library. The yacht is now lighted with electricity, except in the Queen's own cabins.

Knows All About Corks.

The queerest hobby on record is that in which Dr. Hammond interested an indolent patient in order to occupy his mind.

"A man once came to me," said the Doctor, "who was suffering very severely from having nothing to do. He came to me bewailing his state of mind. 'I have nothing to interest me in life,' he complained. 'I have an abundance of means, and my money is so invested that I have nothing to do but cut the coupons off my bonds, and there is no trouble to take care of it. I have nothing in the world to interest me or occupy my time. I have been gradually becoming low-spirited and melancholy, and I shun society. If you can give me something to live for, I will be greatly indebted to you.'

"I told him to collect bottle-corks, and he took to the suggestion at once, and now owns the most wonderful collection of corks of anybody in the world probably. He classifies the corks according to the character of liquor their bottles contained, and the countries from which they come. He has become a marvelous expert, and his collection deserves to be exhibited in the National Museum. He will pick up a cork in the street and at once tell that it came from a bottle containing such and such a wine, and from such and such a country.

"Of course, that man's mind cannot be of a very high order to be satisfied with doing nothing but collect bottle corks, but the occupation is sufficient for him. What he has accomplished, however is really remarkable, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that he knows more about this line of study than any other living man."—*Washington Post.*

Major and Miner.

Major Pangby—Stay in the East, Eliza, and be the wife of a major.

Eliza Hawkins—You are too late, Major Pangby. I have already made up my mind to go West and be the wife of a miner.—*Rochester Budget.*

Fort Payne, Alabama.

The wonderful growth of this New England city in the South has been such as to occasion exclamations of surprise from all visitors. Surely, say many, the magician's art alone could have produced this great transformation in a few short months. To those who have studied the situation the growth seems the most natural thing imaginable and not at all to be wondered at, though phenomenal.

Of all the flourishing towns and cities of the South this one has attracted most attention, perhaps, for here alone is to be worked out the result of the first organized movement of the capital and brains from the North and East in the development of the vast resources of this region of country.

Here the iron ore of the best quality is within a quarter of a mile of the furnace. Limestone for fluxing is yet nearer, on the opposite side, and the coke ovens are building on the lot adjoining the furnace. A like condition of fortuitous circumstances do not exist elsewhere in this or any other country to insure a cheap production of pig iron. Besides, this country abounds in clays that makes the finest quality of fire bricks, sewer pipe, terra cotta, etc.; in kaolin and haloysite, from which is made the finest crockery and pottery; in sand for moulding and for glass making; in building stone of beautiful colors and shades; in forests of timber, both hard and soft woods; in a productive soil; in beautiful scenery; an abundance of pure spring water, and in healthful surroundings.

Its location is in the Wills Valley, between Lookout and Sand Mountains, on the Queen & Crescent Route, fifty-one miles below Chattanooga and ninety-two miles above Birmingham, in north-eastern Aalabama.

The Fort Payne Coal & Iron Company, having 1800 stockholders, nearly all from New England, with Col. J. W. Spaulding, as President, and C. O. Godfrey (Mayor of the city), as General Manager, located here in February last and purchased many thousand acres of land. At that time the population numbered 531; now it is a city of over 3000 population, with electric lights, water works, and rapidly growing. In that time there has been erected and in process of erection over five hundred dwellings, two large hotels, furnace, rolling mill, lime kiln, asphaltum block pavement factory, ice factory, stove works, very extensive fire clay works, five brick yards, carriage factory, two saw mills, planing mill, two banks, many stores, school houses, churches, opera house, etc. The officers of the company are busy day and night arranging for new industries, answering scores of letters daily received, entertaining visitors and pushing the building operations of the new industries under way. The Fort Payne *Herald*, of August 28th, issued a sixteen page illustrated paper which gives a complete resume of the wonderful growth of the city up to that date.

A Country of Salt.

Every thing in the country of River Chai, in Central Asia, is described by Gabriel Bouvalot as covered with salt. It is seen in the walls of the houses and on the banks of the rivers, and the water one drinks is very salt. Traveling saltpetre-makers go in summer from place to place wherever they can find material to work upon. Their mode of operation is a rough-and-ready one. Holes in the earth serve as vats and boilers, and below these are placed ovens. Abundance of brushwood supplies materials for the fires. The workers collect from the surface of the earth heaps of a compost of salt and animal manure. This is soaked for twenty-four hours in water, then filtered and then boiled for twenty-four hours, cleansed and placed in the sun, so that the water may evaporate. An ordinary workman can make about fifty pounds a day, and this he sells at the rate of a penny a pound. The workers appear quite contented with their lot, and the industry is preserved in their families for generations.—[Popular Science Monthly.

Wanted to Shoot Lew Wallace.

Mrs. Lew Wallace had need of all her courage in some of their hair-raising experiences in New Mexico, when her husband was Governor there. They found border ruffianism in all its primitive glory, and General Wallace set about breaking up the business. One of a gang who boasted that he had killed a man for every year he had lived (he was then twenty-one) pledged his word and honor as a desperado that he would take Wallace till he had shot him; with so much at stake they played very earnestly, and Ben Hur "wore his beaver up" and pistol cocked for him. Finally he took lodgings in the same hotel, and at night General Wallace closed the door of his room. His wife, speaking of the heat, opened it, and he quietly said "its best not to have it open ——— is in the house watching his chance to shoot me." We can fancy the alacrity with which she then shut the door and that she probably corked the keyhole, as Miss Pecksniff did the wine bottle, with a curl paper! With rifle at hand and pistol under his pillow Governor Wallace lay down and slept—better than his wife did, you may be sure.—[Ladies' Home Journal.

A "Saucy" Business Letter.

A story is told of a prominent clothing firm. Looking over their books, they discovered an account of long standing. "Write him a saucy letter," said the junior member to the book-keeper. "Yes, make it very strong," replied the senior. The book-keeper followed instructions and penned the following: "Your account is past due. If you do not settle within ten days we will draw on you at sight." This letter was handed to the firm.

"Do you think that is a smart letter?" asked one of them.

"It is a business one," said the book-keeper.

"Well, I don't think so," replied the former.

"Give me your pen and I'll show you the way to do it," and he proceeded to write the following:

"Who bought my goods? You."

"Who promised to pay for them? You."

"Who didn't do so? You."

"Who is a liar and a thief?"

"Yours."

And after signing the firm's name, he handed the effort chuckingly to the book-keeper.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

A WEALTHY Ohio farmer named Kennedy, met his death from a singular cause. He was using bone-dust as a fertilizer, and, becoming overheated, wiped the sweat from his face with his shirt sleeve. Blood poison from the bone-dust ensued, causing his death.

A Great Misfortune.

Heavy rains often produce disease among farm animals. Almost every day cases of roup, swelled head and a distemper very disastrous among poultry are reported. A part of this is also due to improper feeding. You cannot make a hen lay when everything you give her is being transformed into fat, and laying the foundation of disease, same as with an overfed child or person. Alfred T. Johnson, Hampton, N. H., says: "Last fall I had 80 fine looking hens, which began to droop and die; I changed their food and began using Sheridan's Powder; in three weeks they were nearly well, and had increased the eggs sixteen a day. I have just bought six cans of it, as a preventive of disease the coming winter. It can't be beat, for that can saved me $40 last year." I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder), will send two 25 cent packs of Powder, and new Poultry Guide, for 60 cents; for $1.00 five packs and book; for $1.20 a large 2½ can and book; six cans $5.00, express prepaid. Send stamps or cash. Testimonials free. For 5 cents a copy of the best Poultry paper sent.

THE Bank of Russia has just discovered that the new bills of 25 rubles, which were put into circulation only a short time ago, have already been forged in a very perfect way. Several hundred thousand of other forged bills are supposed to be in circulation throughout Russia. It is supposed that the bills are manufactured in England or in the United States.

A Weekly Magazine

Is really what THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is. It publishes each year as much matter as the four-dollar monthlies, and is illustrated by the same artists. It is an educator in every home, and always an entertaining and wholesome companion. It has a unique place in American family life. If you do not know it, you will be surprised to see how much can be given for the small sum of $1.75 a year. The price sent now will entitle you to the paper to January, 1891. Address,

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

France has some of the oldest trades unions in the world. The Paris Carpenters' Union has been in existence for 600 years.

"O to be dead and done with trouble
That fills each day with a dreary pain."
This is the moan of many a woman
Who thinks she can never be well again.
"It were better for me and better for others
If I were dead," and their tears fall fast.
Not so, not so, O wives and mothers.
There's a bow of hope in the sky at last,
and it tells you that the storm of disease which has spread its shadow over you will give way to the sunshine of renewed health, if you are wise, and try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can and will effectually cure all female weaknesses and derangements, and no woman who has not tried it need despair, for a trial will convince her that it is the very thing she needs to restore her to the health she fears forever lost.

To cleanse the stomach, liver and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25 cents.

A ton of rope made from the hair of devout women of Japan has been used in building a 3,000,000 temple to Buddha at Kioto.

The Excitement Not Over.

The rush on the druggists still continues and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 50c and $1. Trial size free.

The annual rental for London is estimated at £20,000,000.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.
Mild, equable climate; certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Im'igrat'n Board, Portland, Ore.

Ants' nests are eaten in Brazil. They are served with a resinous sauce.

Rich! fragrant! fine! are the expressions of those who smoke "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

The number of female doctors in the United States is about 3,000.

Danger from Catarrh

Catarrh is an exceedingly disagreeable disease, its varied symptoms—discharge at the nose, bad breath, pain between the eyes, coughing, choking sensation, ringing noises in the ears, etc.—being not only troublesome to the sufferer, but offensive to others. *Catarrh is also dangerous*, because it may lead to bronchitis or consumption. Being a blood disease, the true method of cure is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For several years I had been troubled with a kind of asthma or catarrh in my throat. My wife wanted me to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I must say I was very much benefited by using it and would recommend it very highly."—ELIAS P. DEVINS, Omaha, Neb.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL, 7 in. x 5 in. 70 Pages. Illuminated Cover. SENT FREE on application enclosing one (2c.) stamp, by addressing, Theodore Holland, P. O. Box 120, Phila, Pa.

TEAMSTERS.

You work in all weather. You want an "all-weather" coat. In fact, the best waterproof coat in the world. No frail rubber affair that will rip before the week is out. Rubber costs more, and lasts but a short time. Four teamsters out of five wear the "Fish Brand" waterproof clothing. They are the only teamsters' waterproof coats that are light, strong, durable, and cheap. They cost very little, and last a long time. They never get sticky or peel off. The buttons are wire-fastened, and never come off. They are absolutely waterproof and wind-proof. Until you own one you will never know the comfort of a rainy day. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
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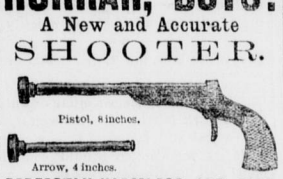

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