

**Took the Hint.**  
Sir Henry Hawkins was once pre- siding over a tedious and uninter- esting trial, and was listening, appar- ently with absorbed attention, to a tedious and uninteresting speech from a counsel learned in the law. Pres- ently he made a pencil memorandum, folded it, and sent it by the usher to the counsel in question. This gen- tleman, on unfolding the paper, found these words: "Patience Competition. —Gold Medal, Sir Henry Hawkins Honorable Mention, Job." His per- oration was wound up with as little delay as possible.

**Zeke Was Down on 'Em.**  
The present diabolical dressmak- er's device of balloon shoulders was denounced as long ago as the time of Ezekiel, that prophet having uttered this solemn warning: "Thus saith the Lord God: Woe to the women who sew pillows to all armholes!" The doubting can verify this curse by turning to Ezekiel xlii, 18.—Water- bury American.

**No Votes There.**  
No British sovereign has vetoed a Parliamentary bill during the last 185 years.

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.**  
LEONARD G. WOOD, Clerk of the Court, do hereby certify that 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 DOL- LARS for each and every case of CATARRH OF THE BLADDER cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARRH CURE, worn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.  
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

**Notary Public.**  
Hall's Catharrh Cure taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, etc.

**We Cure Rupture.**  
No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc. to S. J. Hollenworth & Co., Oswego, N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.15.

**Soap is legal tender in Durango, Mexico.**  
Soap money in that town is not current in any other.

**Send the silver for reproduction of Vicksburg (Miss.) (Fallen of July 2, 1863; commenced by secessionists, captured and finished by federalists; printed on wall paper; a most interesting and valuable souvenir of the rebellion; address, Faulkner Bros., Marionville, Mo.**

**The Colossus of Rhodes was cast in over 100 pieces and fitted together.**  
Why so heavy? Use Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup. 25 cents at druggists.

**There are over 70 miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar.**  
Beecham's Pills correct bad effects of over- eating. See-ham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

**Scientists have invented a device which makes a sunbeam audible.**



### KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man- ufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

**KARL'S GLOVER ROOT**  
IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR BLOOD TO THE SKIN.  
CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION.  
150 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE!

**BUCCIES at 1/2 Price**  
CARTS & BARBERS  
250 Top Broadway  
100 Broadway  
100 Broadway  
100 Broadway

**CO NO**  
The Favorite Tooth Powder for the Teeth and Breath, 50c.

**RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH**  
Do Not Be Deceived  
with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red.  
The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

The sweetest joys are consoled sor- rows.  
Pleasure is the lard in the piecrust of time.

The heart gives in charity what the head provides.  
No man ever saw a woman as a woman seen her.

One drop of regret will embitter a bucketful of bliss.  
True love is love of love, not love of the pleasures of love.

It is easier to die for some people than to live with them.  
The honey which we gather our- selves tastes the sweetest.

Dogs don't think; if they did, there would be fewer good dogs.  
Our characters are our own; our reputations are other people's.

With courage and civility as allies you can often take captive good luck.  
If you are stingy, do not pretend to be generous; the effort will betray you.

Our happiest moments are those in which we believe we can realize our ideals.  
The secret of gaining friends is to cultivate within ourselves the capacity for friendship.

The moral lessons of our youth are like our love letters—carefully preserved, but never read.  
Social progress is advanced far more by strengthening the weak than by chastising the wicked.

Do you wish to improve your mind? Then read carefully what you do not understand, and listen dispassionately to what you do not agree with.

The heart of every woman is like a page written with sympathetic ink. It seems blank, but warm it sufficiently, and you will find a love letter written on it.

Love is the language in which the gods speak to man, observes Plato. Unfortunately he who hears it not; doubly unfortunate he who hears but comprehends it not.

**First Sight of Fez, Mecca of the Moors.**  
We now ascended gently rising hills. The mule drivers pressed on eagerly. Suddenly, as one man, they cried out, "Mulai Edriss!" and across the plain there opened before us a truly disap- pointing panorama. As Caid Sudek prostrated himself in pious ecstasy over his saddle, we caught sight of a high mud wall. Across the suburban plain bounding our horizon all that we could see of the holy city was a few white walls glistening in the sunlight, and beyond, the dull green roof and the square minaret of the sacred mosque.

We now emerged from the shadow of the hills, and descended into the sun-baked plains. Cloaked in the folds of our turbans to protect our- selves as much as possible from the scorching heat and with eyes cast down in disappointment, we pounded along for twenty minutes across the plain. Suddenly there was a halt, and as I raised my eyes from the ground I found that we had arrived at the western gate of the city. Impatient trav- elers who had preceded us would seem to have hammered and battered the bronzed surface of the gates out of all recognizable shape, but our Caid showed no sign of impatience. He gazed up at the donah, or turnkey, who like a man of iron gazed down upon our little caravan from the lofty wall. Not a word was spoken, but there seemed to be the most thorough understanding between the two. Sudden- ly I comprehended. It was Friday (Jama, the Moslem Sabbath), and it was the hour of the midsday prayer; the faithful throughout the empire, in the towns with their tall mud walls, in the douars with their hedges of prickly cactus, in mosques built by the great Guber from whom our archi- tects have learned so much, or in the camel's hair tents where the humble Kabyles worship, all were lost to this world in adoration, and with their faces and their thoughts turned to- ward Mecca, were praying to the Lord of all creatures, the King of the day of judgment.

As we waited outside the gates I re- called a story, read somewhere in the Moorish Chronicle, of how in the Tenth Century the godless Berbers had chosen this hour of prayer, when the faithful were gathered in the mosques, to enter the city, and capture their arms, and loot their dwellings. Since that event, ten centuries ago, the gates of every town in the Moorish Empire have been closed at prayer time, and at this hour a king himself could not obtain admission.—Century.

**The Chinese Bible.**  
The Chinese Scriptures or sacred books were compiled and partly com- posed by Confucius himself. They are divided into five books, viz.:

1. The Yi-King, which treated wholly of cosmogony.

2. Shu-King, the acts and wise maxims of Yao, Shua and other ancient Chinese Kings and philoso- phers, who are now held in great veneration.

3. Shi-King, which contains 311 sacred poems.

4. Ee-King, or "The Book of Rites," which is a repository of maxims and directions of everyday life of all sorts and conditions of people.

5. Chun-Tsien, which is a history of the time of Confucius. These books, taken collectively, are usually referred to in lists of "Bibles of the World," as "The Five Kings." The word "King," in this connection, simply means "book."—St. Louis Republic.

Thirty-three Bishops of the Protes- tant Episcopal Church in the United States have died during the past twen- ty-five years.

### BUDGET OF FUN.

**HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.**

**A Foot Note—Relatively—Two of a Kind—Umbrageous—An In- genuous Query—A Change of Trade, Etc., Etc.**

I rose with great alacrity To offer her my seat. 'Twas a question whether she or I Would stand upon my feet. —Puck.

**RELATIVELY.**  
"Is Barton rich?"  
"Well, only relatively so. He has a rich aunt."—Puck.

**UMBRAGEOUS.**  
"Lord Fitzbroke's reputation is rather shady."  
"Shaded by his family tree, I sup- pose."—Puck.

**TWO OF A KIND.**  
First Disputant—"You're a liar!—that's flat!"  
Second Disputant (knocking him down)—"So are you."—Truth.

**NOT MUCH DANGER.**  
Mr. Snooper (boasting)—"I carry my life in my hand."  
Miss Gidley (with a glance at the size of his hand)—"I should say your life was safe."—Detroit Free Press.

**A CHANGE OF TRADE.**  
Jinks—"Is Counter making much money now?"  
Filkins—"No; only shoes. The stuff he turned out was so bad that they got onto him inside of a week."—Puck.

**NATURAL MISTAKE.**  
"What a break that was for the minister to say 'dust so dust' when they were married!"  
"He probably had in mind that two great fortunes were united by the al- liance."—Truth.

**AN INGENUOUS QUERY.**  
He (something of a bore)—"A dencid queer thing happened to me at the Musee the other day. A lady mistook me for a wax figure."  
She—"Was it in the Chamber of Horrors?"—Once a Week.

**NOTHING LEFT.**  
Wife—"Wake up! There are thieves in the house!"  
Husband—"Go down and show them your new bonnet, and they won't waste any time looking for money here."—New York Weekly.

**AN AGRICULTURAL TURN OF MIND.**  
"I think Benny will make a farmer," said Mrs. Bloodpumper to her husband.  
"What makes you think that?"  
"I found him picking the seeds out of some seed-cake I had given him, and he said he was going to plant them and raise all the cake he could eat."—Puck.

**FITTING.**  
"I want to get a professional nurse," said the man whose wife rather enjoys being ill.  
"What for?" asked his friend, the doctor.  
"For a professional invalid," said the man, with a wan, far-away smile.—Vogue.

**THOSE DEAR GIRLS.**  
Her Friend—"Tell me just what sort of a man your fiancé is."  
She—"Oh, he is everything that is nice."  
Her Friend—"I'm so glad! You know, I have always said that people should marry their opposites."—Judge.

**WE MUST HUMOR THEM.**  
Foreigner (on a suburban train)—"Who is that distinguished looking gentleman, showing so much attention to that ordinary looking woman beside him?"  
Bianther—"Oh, that is De Fitz-Smith returning from town with a new cook."—Life.

**A BITTER PAST.**  
"Ted told me last night that I was the only girl he had ever loved."  
"Bah! he proposed to me months ago."  
"Now I know what he meant when he said there were some unpleasant in- cidents in his past."—Chicago Inter- Ocean.

**ROYALTY SCARED OFF.**  
Little Dot—"I wonder why any truly kings and queens don't come to the World's Fair."  
Little Dick—"I guess mebbe they is afraid by the time they see all the pic- tures of them they won't know them- selves when they look in the glass."—Good News.

**FAME'S INJUSTICE.**  
South American Patriot—"Why do the people of the United States so re- vere the memory of Washington?"  
North American—"Because he es- tablished the Republic."  
South American Patriot—"Why, I know men who establish a republic about once a month, and nobody pays any attention to them."—Puck.

**THE BAIT WAS SILVER.**  
Roger, aged six, had been fishing with his father the day before, and a friend of the family asked him what luck they had had.  
"Well," he replied, "we didn't have very good luck. The first place we went to the man wasn't home and the other two places the man said he hadn't more'n enough for his own fam- ily."—Life.

### MATCHMAKING.

Gussie—"These summah hotels ah meah tindah boxes, don't you think, Miss Jessie?"  
Jessie—"Ye-es. The girls say that they are just full of matches, but, of course, I don't know about—"  
Gussie—"Oh, Miss Jessie—Jessie— will you be mine?"  
Jessie—"This is so sudden! Well, yes, dearest."—New York Recorder.

**A PLACE TO FISH.**  
"I want to go fishing," remarked a Detroit man who has brought many fish home from his piscatorial expedi- tions, "but I can't decide exactly where I'd better go."  
His wife to whom this remark had been made looked up from her work very sweetly.  
"What's the matter with the fish market, Henry?" she said so signifi- cantly that Henry blushed a deep crimson.—Detroit Free Press.

**ROAD RESPECTABILITY.**  
Hungry Hank—"Say, pard, where did you git them dimes an' quarters?"  
Mouley Mike—"Out of a feller's pocket."  
"Pard, I'm ashamed fer ye. Gimme half. The idee of gentleman travelers like you and me turpin' footpads. It's enough to make me blush."  
"I wasn't no footpad. The feller fainted, and these sort o' dropped out of his pockets."  
"Well, that's different. Found 'em. That's respectable. How come he to faint?"  
"I told him we wanted work, and was willin' to take pay in soap."—New York Weekly.

**THEIR VALUE.**  
The visitor in the town was asking his host about the people they saw passing the window.  
"Who's that ordinary-looking man with the handsome woman?" asked the visitor as a couple went by.  
"That's Mr. Dime."  
"And the lady?"  
"That's Mrs. Dollar."  
"Ah! You must have a moneyed aristocracy here," laughed the visitor.  
"No, not exactly. You see, that isn't her name. She's his wife, and I call her that as a joke."  
"Why?"  
"Because she's worth ten of him."—Detroit Free Press.

**DEU TO SUBSEQUENT ACTION.**  
Mamma—"Now, Johnny, tell me the truth. You have been eating too much of something on the sly. What was it?"  
Johnny (suffering horribly from in- digestion)—"Haven't been eating any- thing, mamma."  
"Don't try to deceive me, dear. What have you been eating?"  
"Nothing, mamma, honest. I—I drank a bowl of milk that was in the pantry. That was all."  
"That bowl of milk? Why, Johnny, there was nearly a quart of it. Are you sure it wasn't sour?"  
"Yes'm. It was—boo-hoo!—it was all right when—I swallowed it!"—Chicago Tribune.

**A Gleam of Sunshine.**  
I stood in the great courtyard of Sing Sing prison two days before the famous escape of Roehl and Pallister. The genial keeper had shown us every- thing and everybody of the hundreds of prisoners, save the fatal five in the condemned cells. We had seen the workshops, the dining-room, the tiny sleeping-apartments, the chapel painted by a convict's pencil with scenes from the "Prodigal Son." As we turned to go away, the attendant called to me:  
"Look yonder."  
There was a little girl, the daughter of an official of the prison, surrounded by three men in stripes. How they kissed her innocent face and almost worshipped her as she stood amongst them, with the sunlight playing around her slender form.  
"Strange thing, sir; but these fel- lows do so love the children!" said the keeper. "If we only let them play where they watch them by the hour and spend days in making little toys for them. Ay," continued he, "and robins, mice, rats, anything alive, they will catch, tame and cherish."  
The scene in the grim, gaunt prison was a fascinating one. As the great iron gate clanged behind us, I turned and looked again. The group was still there, gilded by the April sunlight.  
Truly, the worst among men must love. A little child can lead those who are lost to every terror of punishment. For love is stronger than death, leave alone Sing Sing gates and bars, which can never shut it out.  
In every heart, however degraded and vicious, the melodies of heaven will sometimes make music.—New York Ledger.

**He Got There.**  
A good story about Professor Tucker, formerly of Bowdoin College, is told by the Portland Transcript. About the year '61, when he was "Tutor" Tucker at the institution, the bell rang for prayers at the chapel, as now, very early in the morning, and it was imperative upon tutors and pu- pils to respond.  
As a tutor Mr. Tucker was very popular, although very strict, and was always prompt to take his place at the head of his class at the early morning devotions. One morning, however, he found his clothing gone and his door nailed while the bell was ringing.  
Finding a hatchet he soon split the door down and at the last stroke of the bell appeared clothed in his shirt and a pair of overalls, barefoot, but with a smile of serenity on his ex- pressive countenance.  
He took his customary place, and neither then nor afterward were words of complaint heard from him.

### HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

**PRESERVED PEACHES.**  
Pare the peaches or remove the skins by plunging the peaches into boiling lye (two gallons of water and one pint of wood ashes). When the skins will slip easily, take the peaches out with a skimmer, and plunge them into cold water; rinse in several waters and there will be no taste of the lye. Weigh, and add three-fourths of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Halve them and use some of the pits, or leave them whole, as you please. The stones improve the flavor. Make a syrup by adding a little water as possible to the sugar—about one cupful to each pound of sugar. When it boils skim till clear, then add the peaches and cook until transparent.—New York World.

**BREAKFAST POTATO CAKE.**  
Let me ask you to try the frying-pan for the following recipe, writes Mar- garet Compton. I have found that it gives better results than a soapstone griddle. As the secret of success lies more in the cooking than in the mak- ing, I give direction for both:  
Take one-half pound of mashed potato, three ounces of flour, milk slightly warm, a little butter and one-half teaspoonful of baking powder. Have the potato finely mashed, being sure there are no lumps in it. Some use an egg. I never do. When the mixture is a smooth dough roll it out two inches thick. Have your frying-pan hot as for a steak. When it is well buttered and drained drop your cake gently into it, set it where it will cook steadily, but not too fast. Have a large plate ready, one that will fit into the pan. See that it is heated "piping-hot." When your cake has been on about four or five minutes place the hot plate over it, turn it out and slide it back into the pan. This is to prevent any possi- bility of breaking it in turning. Cook five minutes more and test it by pres- sing the sides lightly with the finger. If it remains dented it is not done. When cooked, turn out on the hot plate, butter lavishly and serve.—St. Louis Republic.

**HOW TO CHECKMATE MOTHS.**  
Just at this time of the year the careful housewife is particularly busy packing away the winter garments and furs in a place of safety from the much dreaded and most pernicious of all in- sects, the moth.

She is perhaps at her wits' end to know just what to do with the many articles belonging to the different members of the household. The pow- ders and moth balls she has used are surely effective, but it takes nearly a whole season of thorough airing to eradicate the disagreeable odor which has permeated every thread of the gar- ment during the months it had been stored away. Happily, however, some thoughtful and ingenious person has come to the rescue, and the perplexed housewife can now do away with old newspapers, cloth bags and pasteboard boxes.

The invention is simply a paper bag, but so arranged that it takes the place of all previous devices, and at the same time does away with disagreeable odors, which fact is not the least to be considered.

The bags can be bought in three sizes, ranging in price from twenty-five cents to forty-five cents each. The largest are roomy enough for coats and gowns. They are made of very strong, heavy paper, thoroughly satu- rated with moth preventives, princi- pally cedar oil. Within are hooks on one side and pockets on the opposite, which are just the place for fur caps, muff, mitts, and numerous small arti- cles.

There is a sort of lid at the top which can be brought over and tied securely, thus keeping out dust and every inter- posing insect. The bags are not only very inexpensive to begin with, but they will last for ten years—in fact, if well cared for, a lifetime. They may be used in summer for the winter gar- ments, and will be a great convenience in winter for packing away summer gowns.

One great advantage which every woman will thoroughly appreciate is that at the end of the season the gar- ments come out smelling as sweet as though they had been stored in a \$500 cedar press.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

**COLD Pudding.**  
Chaparrone Pudding—Soak a pint of fine bread crumbs in a quart of milk. Add a cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten light, the grated rind of a lemon and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until it is brown, but not watery. Whip the whites of four eggs until they are stiff; beat in a tea- spoon of sugar; add the juice of a lemon. Pour over the pudding when cold. Serve cold.

**Lemon Pudding.**—Heat to boiling a pint of milk. Stir into this two table- spoons of corn starch wet with cold water. Boil for five minutes, stirring constantly. Stir in a tablespoon of butter and set away to cool. Beat the yolks of four eggs light, add a cup of sugar and mix thoroughly. Add to this the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one. Beat to a stiff cream. Add to the corn starch milk when that is cold. Stir, pour into a buttered dish and bake. Serve cold.

**Italian Pudding.**—Mix a half pound of fine flour and four ounces of sifted sugar. Put a half pint of new milk and a quarter of a pound of butter in a saucepan and bring to the boiling point. Stir the flour and sugar gradu- ally in. Beat well four eggs and add the grated rind of a lemon. Stir this into the milk. Stir until the mixture is thick like dough. Put on a paste- board and when cold roll to the thick- ness of about a quarter of an inch. Spread the paste with jam. Roll into a bolster-like form and bake. Serv- cold.

### Measuring the Power of Light.

The method of measuring the candle-power of light is simply to move an object along a graded scale, away from the light, until it ceases to cast a shadow; a mark on the scale at this point indicating the candle-power of the flame. It is apparent that the shadows thrown are to a great extent dependent on the intensity of the light. Thus water-gas, which gives a more in- tense light to a given area than coal- gas, casts a strong shadow in the measuring machine, but when put to practical use it does not illuminate a room so well, not having so great diffusive power as a coal-gas light as the same measured candle-power.

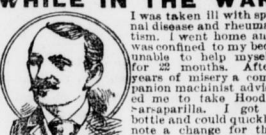
An analogous case is that of the sixteen-candle-power incandescent light. It is very intense, but does not illuminate a room as well as a gaslight of equal candle-power. What the public wants is better illumina- tion, and it would seem that some other standard should be devised than the admittedly imperfect one of candle-power.

**Month of Marriages.**  
In all countries more marriages take place in June than in any other month.

**Highest Church Steeple.**  
The highest church steeple in the world is that of the cathedral of Ant- werp, 476 feet.

**Rainfall at the Equator.**  
At the equator the average annual rainfall is 100 inches.

### WHILE IN THE WAR



**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**  
Hood's Pills cure liver ills. 25 cents per box.

**Always the Favorite.**  
Although the rose was brought in to greater prominence during the feud between the houses of York and Lancaster, which

sent between the red rose and the white, a thousand sons to death and deadly night the emblematic rose of England was part and parcel of ancient history in England long before. There is (or was) a wild rose which trailed and climbed over the cathedral walls at Hildesheim, with its roots in the crypt. This rose was said to have flourished there long before Char- lemagne laid the foundations of that glorious edifice. Roman warriors had roses depicted upon their shields, and, indeed, for ages and in every clime the "queen of the flowers" has been a universal favorite. It is a worthy emblem of "the rose and ex- pectancy of this fair state," and long may it continue to be.—Horn Journal.

## For Summer Cookery

Royal Baking Powder will be found the greatest of helps. With least labor and trouble it makes bread, biscuit and cake of finest flavor, light, sweet, appetizing and assuredly digestible and wholesome.

You Will Realize that "They Live Well Who Live Cleanly," if You Use

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Morrison, N. Y.  
Kidney Trouble for 12 Years, Completely Cured.

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I did not have taken three bottles of SARSAPARILLA and one bottle of DANAS PILLS and I am COMPLETELY CURED. No trouble with kidneys, no back- aches, no general aches, and I never felt better in my life. You may publish this if you wish, every word is true.

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