

### WHEN MABEL SMILES.

When Mabel smiles my heart beats high  
A softer azure tints the sky,  
And zephyrs sweet fit laughing by,  
With strains unlearned before,  
While I look in her peerless eyes,  
And envy not the rich and wise,  
Nor heavenward gaze with wistful sighs,  
For Heaven can yield no more.

When Mabel frowns the world is dear,  
Each trembling dewdrop seems a tear,  
The roses droop in grief and fear,  
And cease to breathe perfume,  
Alas, for me, a mournful swain,  
The dismal moments drag in pain,  
For who could bear to meet disdain  
From lips so full of bloom!

When Mabel smiles my heart is proud,  
When Mabel frowns my heart is bowed,  
But she she dark or sunny-browed,  
She reigns my bosom's queen;  
And well she knows who rules in state  
That joy and pain must alternate;  
And go fair Mabel hides my fate,  
A smile and frown between.

—Samuel Minturn Peck, in *Ltfo*.

### WHITE MOUNTAIN BEARS.

And an Ex-Clergyman Who Makes a Living Killing Them.

Ill-health and Love of Nature Cause Him to Forego the Pulpit for the Hills.

The only man at present in the White mountain region whose sole occupation is hunting bears lives in the Pequaket Intervale. Do not picture a grizzly, picturesque character, fond of relating adventures and hairbreadth escapes. Perhaps you will lift your incredulous eyebrows when it is said that he is a gentleman and a scholar and has been a clergyman! Yet it is true. He is a tall, thin man, with bright, intelligent eyes, dignified bearing and gentle manner. He is a Portsmouth (N. H.) correspondent of the *New York Sun*.

It is not necessary to enter into details of how he happened to abandon his profession beyond saying that ill-health was the chief cause; and it may be added that he has always been possessed with an intense fondness for nature, more especially the wild and solitary fastnesses of mountains, only to be found in following the trail of such game as bears, whose haunts they are. He has also hunted that brought up on a farm in a region where game was abundant, his earliest sports and joys were trapping and gunning; and later in life, when settled in more serious occupations, an unconquerable longing for the free life of woods and fields often overcame him, and at length the time arrived when he could not resist it, and his health seemed also to require an open-air life.

But though not now a clergyman he is still a scholar, especially in all that pertains to woodcraft, hunting and trapping. For he knows, for instance, not only the habits and traits of the bear, but has also a scientific knowledge of its anatomy. In this he is self-taught, chiefly by dissecting the animals which he captures. Of course the principal money value of the bear to him is in the pelts and the state bounty. In addition he does quite a business in selling the skeletons to museums, private students and sculptors, and he keeps on hand an assortment of the different bones, so that he can supply any particular bone required.

This hunter is also an expert mechanic. He designs, forges and puts together all his own traps, and has made various improvements in them. They never lose him a bear, once sprung upon him, and the country people, mountain climbers and amateur sportsmen are more afraid of them than they are of the beasts themselves. They are terrible to look at, and make one think of the torturing implements of the inquisition. There is really very little danger to travelers, however, from the hunter's traps, for the ways of the bear are not those of men. He haunts the most inaccessible, rocky and rugged portions of the White mountains, coming down rarely to the lakes, cornfields and sheep pastures. In the summer one occasionally meets stray bears, usually a pair, in the roads, as yet ignorant of the dangers of civilization.

Mr. M. — to give him at least an initial, hunts and traps over about fifty miles of mountain territory extending from the southwest to the north of Pequaket Intervale, but mostly over the Cheocea range, in which may be included the Cheocea mountain itself and its various spurs, Panguis (sometimes called, in consequence of its lumpy character and its immediate proximity to an inevitable comparison with the splendid peak of Cheocea, "the Mountain that Failed,") Passaconaway, White Face, and the Southwest Dome. He knows the most secret and untrod recesses of all this district, probably as no other man knows or bears has known them, but precisely as the bear and his animals know them.

He follows their trail wherever it may lead, with an instinct like an Indian's. He notes the slightest turn of a leaf or twig, the fresh-mark on a rotten log, the footprint on moss where another would see nothing. He seldom baits his traps, knowing pretty nearly where the bear's foot will fall. It is a constant wonder how a man of his slight physique can tramp his forty miles a day over the roughest and wildest parts of the Cheocea range, through the tangle of "blow-downs" and the thickets of spruce and hemlock. He seems to be all sinew, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh, and long exercise of this sort has made him hardy and enduring. He travels lightly armed, a gun and knife his weapons, sometimes only a revolver, as he can usually shoot at short range if the bear is still alive in the trap.

Sometimes the bear is dead, but not often, for he will live a week with his leg caught fast in a trap. Attached to the trap is a stout chain, longer or shorter, and at the end of the chain a series of hooks, something like the flukes of an anchor. These are to prevent the bear from escaping with the trap; they catch and impede his traveling far. But sometimes he drags the trap long distances, and then he has to be tracked, which is not difficult, as his "bushes" a well-marked path in his

frantic efforts to escape. This is the cruel feature of bear trapping, and one shudders to think of the anguish of the animal with his leg clutched for days between the long, sharp teeth of the trap, driven perhaps clear to the bone. But Mr. M. — is a humane man by nature and visits his traps often, so that his game does not suffer long. The bear is usually too weak, if he has been held in the trap a day or two, to show much fight. One more often is dispatched with a club than with a gun.

The best time to get a good shot at a bear is when the acorns and blue berries are in season. He is extravagantly fond of both, as well as of a hive of wild honey, which he devours regardless of a whole swarm of furious bees attacking his impervious sides. If he cannot find acorns enough on the ground for his breakfast—for, like most wild animals, the early morning is the time when he wants his chief meal of the day—he climbs the oak trees and will break off or twist toward the trunk of the trees limbs six inches in diameter. This he does with his fore legs, which are immensely powerful. His whole strength seems to be concentrated in them. His manner with blueberry bushes is much more gentle, in fact, quite human. It is a sight never to be forgotten to see a bear picking the delicious mountain blueberry, that is, if you are at the proper distance, say, on one side of a ravine and the bear on the other. It is then that Sir Bruin resembles Mr. Homo. He sits erect on his haunches, reaches out his arms, for now they do not seem legs, and closing them round a root thick cluster of the bushes, he draws them up to his breast, and proceeds to pick the fruit as daintily as a lady eating strawberries with a fork. It is in the season of berries, acorns and other autumnal fruit, with an occasional tree of honey, that he lays on a store of fat for his long winter nap in some cave or rocky den, which he seldom leaves before early spring.

Although Mr. M. — seldom has to exercise his skill in shooting a bear, he is probably the best shot in the lower ranges of the White mountains. His only rival is a boy now about fifteen years old. The remarkable thing in regard to this boy is that he has but one sound arm, the other having been paralyzed from birth. His left arm hangs like a soft, limp rope, yet it is wonderful how much he can help himself with it. He will swing it around a rake staff or fork handle and do almost as much work as if he had two arms. And with a shotgun or rifle he is triumphant over beasts and birds; on the wing, in a tree, on ground or water, no bird or animal can escape his quick and unerring aim.

It is singular how often the crippled and maimed undertake the very things that seem the most impossible for them, and usually with success. There is a distinguished artist in Antwerp who, having no arms, paints with his toes.

People who live in the lowlands, in towns and cities, know little of the life of the boys and girls of the mountains. The girls help their mothers and early learn all the parts of housework; they also help in the hayfield, and generally know how to milk a cow. Perhaps it is the earliest language of our race, the Aryan, daughter language, milkmaid. The boys work in the fields and woods and know how to handle a gun, or set traps by the time they are ten or twelve years old. At sixteen they can tell more of the habits and haunts of birds and beasts and all sorts of curious woodcraft than can be found in books. They are familiar with every nook and corner of their own territory. The one-armed lad referred to has already gone beyond, into the haunts of the bear, and probably will not be happy or think himself quite a man until he has killed one. There are plenty of men and boys in the White mountains who occasionally shoot or trap bears just for the sport or to get a few extra dollars. In this amusement they learn many interesting things and acquire hardy and hardiness, together with good stories of their adventures and exploits. At a White mountain fesside you can be well entertained of an evening listening to these recitals in the quaintest language, interspersed with tales of strange, mysterious happenings, of which every neighborhood has a good store. For mountain dwellers are credulous, a bit superstitious, and easily astonished. Though brave in the face of real danger, and even fond of hazardous adventures, they have this contradictory characteristic of being alarmed in a moment by any mysterious sound or sign, any strange unusual event.

The occasional bear slayer always has the story to tell; it is an event in his life and that of the neighborhood. But Mr. M. — whose business is the destruction of bears, seldom enlarges upon his captures. His sole interest is upon his respect for brain. He thinks him a dirty, cowardly beast, his sign better off than on. He rather prefers to talk of his habits, anatomy and the quality of his fur; or more often of the very rare animals that he has sometimes found in traps; or of woodcraft, in which he is an expert. His usual catch of bears is from fifty to seventy-five a year. The skin of the bear varies in price from fifteen to fifty dollars, according to quality and size. This value of the skins, with sales of the skeletons and the state bounty of five dollars—reduced lately from ten dollars—gives Mr. M. — a sufficient income, so that he lives in his own good-sized house, well furnished with books, musical instruments and children, altogether the home of a comfortable, well-to-do citizen.

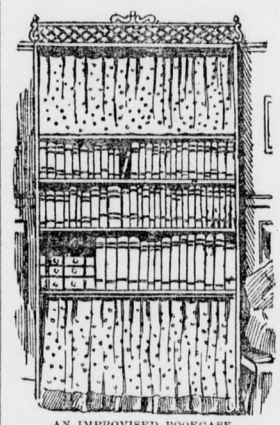
"Woodman, Spare that Tree," was written by George P. Morris, the story being founded on an incident which occurred during a visit of this gentleman to the old homestead. It had passed into other hands, and the proprietor was about to cut down the fine tree which had been planted by Morris' grandfather. The poet redeemed the tree for ten dollars, and the stately oak was thus spared.

### IMPROVED BOOKCASE.

Suggestions for Eliminating an Ugly and Unneeded Doorway.

A superfluous doorway or window too often mars the effect of a room, and the present-day architecture, as found in cheap apartments and houses, frequently abounds in this sort of generosity.

To surmount the difficulty a very useful inclosure can be constructed by placing two uprights, or a few shelves within the doorway, and against it, as the case may be. Staining or painting them to match the rest of the woodwork is a small matter, while arranging brass rods and pretty curtains is



AN IMPROVISED BOOKCASE.

not much more. The sketch presents a bookcase thus designed, with a very useful stowaway place below for papers and the like. A china closet was built against a kitchen door which led into a dining-room in a very pretentious apartment. A desire to close up the door and give access through a large closet was the necessity which mothered the invention, and not only disguised the very bad architectural arrangement, but provided a unique closet for choice china and glass. Glass doors were fitted to this one. Two large jardinières ornamented the top of the closet, which was decorated with a carved railing.

A pretty effect may be obtained by breaking the shelves; that is, by making half of one lower than the other half, thus giving room for large books or tall pieces of china. Ingenuity will devise to suit the need, and the superfluous door made into a thing of use and beauty.—N. Y. Times.

### TREATING THE HAIR.

A Point of Beauty Which No Girl Can Afford to Neglect.

Regular steady brushing of the hair with a clean brush, fifty strokes before going to bed at night, twenty-five in the morning when dressing, will keep the hair thick, smooth, soft and lovely. Once a month at least the tips of the hair should be clipped off, and once a month the head should be very carefully washed with tepid water and soap, thoroughly rubbed and well dried. If mamma has time to take this sort of care of her daughter's hair, she will be repaid by seeing rich and flowing tresses, or sisters may easily do it for one another. Do not cut your hair in bangs. It is much prettier simply parted and combed back plainly, then braided in one or two long tails and tied with a ribbon. Avoid essences, oils and pigments; the hair needs only cleanliness, and much brushing. Keep your hair-brush clean by frequently dipping it in a bath of hot water and ammonia and drying it in the sun. Everything used in treating the hair must be scrupulously neat.

It is nice for a girl to have dainty toilet articles if she can. Silver, china and ivory are beautiful on one's dressing-table, but if she has not these, she can still keep everything that belongs to her in perfect order, if she will only take pains, and order is itself beauty. Have a linen cover for your bureau or table prettily embroidered, and always add as a finishing touch a little vase of flowers.—Harper's Young People.

### How to Keep Flowers Fresh.

Girls to whom flowers are a luxury, and not a dainty surfeit, have a dozen ingenious ways of keeping them fresh. There is none better than plunging the stumps, up to the blossom, in a basin of cold water and leaving them overnight. Another, almost as good, is to leave the flowers and the containing dish in the open air overnight. A carnation with its stem thrust into a potato keeps fresh for several days, while the fleeting charm of the morning glory may be preserved for a late breakfast if the blossom be plucked over night and permitted to open in the shade.

### How to Become Wrinkled.

If more women realized that straining the eyes produces wrinkles, more would exercise a proper care of these valuable members. Reading by a dim or failing light, coming suddenly from a dark room to a light one, or vice versa, overworking the eyes in any way, and last, but by no means least, wearing dotted and cross-barred veils—these and more taxing of the eyesight are of valuable assistance in the wrinkle-making process.

### This Sounds Good.

An excellent relish for the Sunday night tea table is made with sardines as a basis. Take four boneless sardines, rub them smooth with an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a dust of cayenne pepper; heat the mixture in a chafing dish and spread on hot buttered toast. A little ground cheese may be sprinkled over the top before serving.

### Oil for Locomotive Fuel.

During a recent experiment in using coal oil as fuel for locomotives a train of twenty-six cars loaded with coal was hauled fifty-two miles in three hours and twenty minutes, including stops. The experiment required not quite forty pounds of oil per hour to the foot of grate surface.

### MY LADY'S TRINKETS.

A BUTTERFLY veil-holder of sterling silver, opening and closing with a spring, is among the useful new trifles.

There is an alarming rumor abroad that the old-fashioned, ponderous long carrying will again be in vogue. Among novel small feminine notions in silver are knitting balls, with chain and bangle.

JEWEL-BUTTONS are an expensive fad of the hour, an imported French costume having two dozen small diamond buttons on the corsage.

UMBRELLA handles a serpent coiled around an olive-shaped ball seems a reigning favorite among the daughters of Eve.

GOLD, silver and jeweled safety pins—also jeweled hooks and eyes—are among the novelties and are used in plain sight.

For the work-basket are now to be found knitting-needles, crochet-needles and knitting-needle cases in sterling silver.

Serpent key rings and snakeskin card cases, note books, visiting books and portmonnaies are among the singular articles that women fancy.

BELTS of silver webbing, at picturesque prices, with the very latest thing in chased or frosted belt buckles, are in all the shops.

"TWO HEALTHS that beat as one" in silver is still a popular fancy for decoration, as new hat pins, stick pins, chateaus, brooches, cuff buttons and waist buttons are shown in this design.

GOSSIP OF GREAT WRITERS. HAZLITT thought that his "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" better deserved consideration from the reading public than any of his other writings.

GEORGE ELIOT is said by an interviewer to have best enjoyed the writing of "Romola." "I wrote it under the inspiration of the scenes themselves."

HOLLAND found in "Kathrina" his choicest thoughts. There is reason to believe that this poem contained much of his own biography and experience.

FELICIA D. HEWANS said that when she had finished "Bernardo del Carpio" she was better satisfied with herself than at the conclusion of any other work.

CAMPBELL liked his first work, "The Pleasures of Hope," better than any other, and of his shorter poems he thought the "Soldier's Dream" was the best.

GOLDSMITH rested his reputation on the "Deserted Village." He said that the subject interested him more nearly than any other that had ever engaged his pen.

DEFOE expected his fame to rest on his political writings which form the bulk of his works, and did not appear to attach much importance to "Robinson Crusoe."

### THEIR STYLES IN BOOKS.

FRANKLIN read all he could find relating to political economy and finance. MICHAEL ANGELO was fondest of the books of Moses and the psalms of David.

BRETHOVEN was not a great reader, but occasionally found pleasure in a novel.

BACH was no great reader, but much enjoyed books of jokes and funny stories. HOGARTH was fond of joke books and farces, and enjoyed them immoderately.

CERUBINI was a lover of botany, and made collections of works on the subject.

MARCO, the great tenor, read anything he could obtain relating to sports or hunting.

GEORGE III., for many years of his life, read nothing but his Bible and prayer book.

"PAPA" Haydn liked stories, and he said: "The more love there is in them the better."

### NAMING OUR RIVERS.

THE Kentucky river had its name from an Indian expression, Kaln-take, "at the head of the river."

MERRIMAC was the nearest the whites could get to Merruc-man-ke, "the place of swift water."

THE strait of Juan de Fuca was named after an old Greek sailor who explored its shores in 1592.

PECOS river, Texas, was so named by the Spaniards, from its appearance, pecos meaning "freckled."

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, in Vermont, was originally called Mem-plou-boque, a large body of water.

LYCOMING, the name of a Pennsylvania river, is a corruption of Legani-hanne, "sandy stream."

THE Connecticut river took its name from an Indian word, Quonaugticok, meaning "river of trees."

THE Catawba river, in North Carolina, was named for the tribe of Indians that lived on its banks.

THE Minnesota river was named by the Indians, from the words, Mnni-Sotah, meaning "green water."

### MINOR MATTERS OF INTEREST.

THE prince of Wales is insured for £3,250,000.

AT one time there were temples or altars to over 80,000 deities in Athens.

ZOOLOGISTS say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

IT is calculated that if the children under the care of the London school board were to join hands they would reach from London to Carlisle, a distance of three hundred miles.

ASSUMING that the 20,000,000 women of England shed tears twice a year, a statistical fiend has figured out that the products of the combined weeps would about equal the displacement of a 150-ton yacht.

THERE is a clause in the New Zealand local option bill providing that every man convicted of being a habitual drunkard shall be photographed at his own expense and every publican in the district in which he lives supplied with a copy.

### SHE IS GROWING OLD.

Florence Nightingale Now Seventy-Five Years of Age.

Her Noble Work in the Crimea—Soldiers Kissed Her Shadow and the Queen Decorated Her—Her Quiet Life in London.

There are very few instances on record of a great public woman, and particularly a great heroine, having throughout lived up to her reputation. It too often happens in these days, when notoriety is easily obtained, and when the public is so ready to worship the celebrity of the moment, that a public woman fails to keep pace with public opinion and to maintain her position in public esteem through half a century of years, says the Ladies' Home Journal.

A great exception is Florence Nightingale. On the 13th day of May she celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday—as great a woman and as great a public benefactor, and as much of a heroine, as she was forty years ago, when she went forth from her comfortable home in England, not as a mere nurse to attend to the wants of the wounded and dying British soldiers in the Crimea, but as a fearless organizer of a great field hospital system.

No one had thought of the physical sufferings which would have to be undergone by the brave soldiers who were sent out with a prospect of a long winter campaign before them, without any adequate hospital arrangements having been made. When the great mistake was realized it was a woman who came forward to rectify the terrible blunder; and it may easily be imagined that obstacles were thrown in her way by those whose carelessness and heartlessness it was her mission to involuntarily expose. But even in those days, when news traveled slowly and when newspapers merely recorded bare facts of news with but little comment, public opinion was soon aroused, and when Miss Florence Nightingale arrived at the Crimea with her band of nurses she had the whole British people at her back.

Few are aware that there is a pretty romance attached to Miss Nightingale's journey to the Crimea. It was generally known among her friends at the time that she had bestowed her affections on a young officer in one of the



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

first regiments to proceed to the seat of war. Although it was equally well known among the same friends that in any case Miss Nightingale would not have hesitated for a moment to accept the responsibilities and hardships of the position offered to her, there is no doubt that the labor of love was not only one of love and humanity and of doing good, but was also to some extent inspired by a desire to be near one whom she loved as a man more than as one of mankind.

More than one generation of English girls have revealed in the story of Miss Nightingale's work at Scutari; have heard how the sick and wounded would pray for her as she walked through the line of cots each night, lamp in hand, and how, within the space of a fortnight, 4,000 patients, wounded or sick, were placed under her charge. One of the private soldiers whom she nursed said of her: "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell on the wall at night, and lay our heads on our pillows again, content."

Never has a victorious army received such a welcome on its return home as did the nurse in chief of the British forces in the Crimea, and of all who welcomed her, by word or in spirit, there was none whose welcome was more sincere than that of her queen.

The famous jeweled ornament which her majesty presented to Florence Nightingale as a decoration was a symbol of the gratitude shown by a queen to a subject. The decoration is oval in form, the ground of pure white enamel, on which in diamonds are the letters "V. R.," and the royal crown. The latter is inclosed by an oval band of black enamel—black being an emblem of good counsel—on which is inscribed in gold: "Blessed Are the Merciful." On each side rise branches of palm in green and gold enamel, denoting the peaceful occupation and triumphant result. The color green also implies eternal friendship.

Florence Nightingale is a tall woman, rather stout, with gray hair and fine, open face. Although a great sufferer, she does not show a trace of it. She has not known what it is to be without pain for many years. Her features are finely modeled, while her hands and feet are very small. Her voice is low and musical. She often reads aloud, and sometimes she hums a song or hymn. She is very devout and an omnivorous reader. Her room is littered with newspapers, magazines, writing paper, pencils and letters. She is always cheerful. She has a very comfortable home on one of the best streets in the west end of London, but spends most of the year at Clayton house in Buckinghamshire, the home of her sister, Lady Vereary.

### Zuluand Is in Line.

Even Zuluand is in the van of progress. Money orders may now be obtained at any money order office in the United Kingdom payable at Eshow, Melmoth, Nqutu and Nondweni, in that country.

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### SHERIFF'S SALE.

Robert Scott and Mary Ann Iles

Agnes Brady and J. J. Brady, Common Pleas, Luzerne county, No. —, May term, 1886. Chas. Orion Strick, attorney.

The following real estate will be sold by William Walters, sheriff of Luzerne county, on Saturday, June 8, 1886, at 10 a. m., at the arbitration room in the court house. All that certain lot or piece of ground situated on the east side of Centre street, Freedland borough, Luzerne county, Pa., which is marked No. 7, of block "K," on the maps or plans of Woodside addition as printed on the back of Jedio Coal Company's deeds and described as follows: Beginning at a point 150 feet south of the southeast corner of the intersection of said Centre street with Luzerne street; thence south along said Centre street 25 feet; thence east 150 feet more or less on a line parallel with said Luzerne street to an alley; thence north along said alley on a line parallel with said Centre street 25 feet; then west said Luzerne street to point of beginning. The improvements thereon is a double frame dwelling, business block, 25 feet by 45 feet, and barn, 14 feet by 18 feet, together with the ordinary outhouses.

### LADIES' BEAUTY.

18 Butts in deep. There are thousands of ladies who have regular features and would be accounted the palm of beauty were it not for a poor complexion. To all such we recommend DR. HERRA'S VIOLA CREAM as possessing those qualities that quickly change the most sallow and florid complexion to one of natural health and unblemished beauty. It cures Oily Skin, Freckles, Black Heads, Blisters, Sunburn, Tan, Pimples, and all imperfections of the skin. It is not a cosmetic but a cure, yet is better for the toilet table than powder. Sold by Druggists, or sent post paid by order of 50c. G. C. BITTNER & CO., Toledo, O.

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