

NO HURRY.
The way some folks puts things off beats creation.
Now there was Cy Lunt had a likely pup.
And as he had no other occupation.
He loved he'd kind of train the critter up.
Now, this here pup was blooded, reg'lar pointer.
If he'd bin trained—phaw!—had a made things hum.
And Cy, he always said, he wuz-a-goin' to train him, when he had rested just a crumb.
Squire Jones kept pigeons, an' it made him madder.
Than a March hare, to see that pointer prance.
A yelpin' through the pasture for their shadow.
An' never give the flyin' birds a glance.
Nigh on four year Cy had that dog, intendin' to educate him, ez he would a child.
Till folks said: "Sho' he'll never be wuth leadin'."
For usefulness he wuz entirely spoiled.
Now one thing seems to me still wuz, an' sad-dor.
Than that the dog was 'lowed ter take false scent—
That is, his master hankered for some shadder.
Instead of his work the Almighty meant.
—Arthur Howard Hall, in Detroit Free Press.

MRS. BUSBY'S IDOLS.
BY HOPE DARING.
Mr. Joseph Busby eyed the sky as he leisurely walked from the barn to the house. The morning sun was veiled by a fleecy mist, while low in the southwest a bank of dark gray clouds was visible.
After his prolonged scrutiny, Mr. Busby pondered the matter. It was not until he had washed his hands and face on the back kitchen porch and entered the room where his wife was taking up the breakfast, that he said: "Pears like it might rain."
"That is what you always say if there's a cloud in the sky," Mrs. Busby said tartly. "I'll thank you to lift that boiler on, just the same."
"Goon to wash? It's most certain to rain."
"Let it rain. I haven't any patience with such weather," and Mrs. Busby rushed down cellar after a pitcher of cream.
Her husband never hurried. He put the boiler carefully on the stove, built up a good fire, and, in obedience to a gesture from his wife, took his place at the table.
Mr. Busby always thought before he spoke. This time, after a brief but earnest blessing, he devoted himself to ham, eggs and potatoes for five minutes before saying in his usual drawing voice:
"That was a powerful sermon of the elder yesterday, Mirandy. I always thought that text about Ephraim being joined to his idols might apply to some of us. Most everybody has idols of some sort or other."
Mrs. Busby stirred her golden brown coffee reflectively. "Perhaps so, I hope the people who needs it took Mr. Ranton's fine application. As for me I once had an idol, but God took it."
There was a pause. The thoughts of both husband and wife traveled to the parlor where hung the picture of a child, a wee maiden with laughing blue eyes and dimpled arms. It was the picture of little Leah, their only child, whose death twenty years before had left the old farm home desolate.
Mr. Busby's heart was too deeply stirred by memories of his child to speak. But when a dash of rain came against the window pane his wife exclaimed crossly:
"There, it's raining. And if I don't wash Monday nothing goes right all the week."
"Tain't an idol, is it, Mirandy?" The good man of the house pushed back from the table. "Now, it don't seem just right to be so sot as you air on doen your work exactly as you want to. It pears to me it might be an idol."
"What an ideal! Just look there, Joseph. See that dirty spot on the tablecloth where you've rubbed your old coat sleeve. This tablecloth was clean yesterday morning and now it must go in the wash, making three this week. I do wish you would be more careful."
"Why, now, Mirandy, I do try to be careful. I wish you would use colored tablecloths. I thought you bought some turkey red ones."
"Yes, I did buy them," and a look of disgust crossed the face opposite Mr. Busby. "But I want it understood I am not going to use 'em. I will work my fingers to the bone before I'll set my table with anything but a white cloth," and she stroked the glossy linen approvingly.
"I know, Mirandy, but maybe that's another idol. You see, you think a sight of such things."
"Now, Joseph Busby, if you are going to talk such nonsense as that, you better get to work. Just see there. The sun is shining. So you see it was right for me to wash after all."
"Maybe so," and the eyes of the simple-hearted man softened as he looked through the east window at the sun-kissed young foliage from which the rain drops were fast falling. "Maybe so, Mirandy. You air an uncommon woman and have been a good wife to me for twenty-seven years. You hain't got many idols, Mirandy, not half as many as I have. But this always thinken your way is best—"
"See here, Joseph Busby," there was an undertone of almost fierceness in her voice. "I think such twisting of the Scriptures is sinful. If I have idols, I can tend to 'em, that's all," and Mrs. Busby strode into her bedroom and shut the door violently.
When she returned to the kitchen she was in possession of the field. Joseph had gone to his work.
"High time," she sniffed; "Idols, indeed!"
She put her clothes to soak, and carrying her dishes into the pantry began washing them. Her thoughts were not pleasant ones; the frown on her face told that. The window before which she stood was covered with a thick growth of morning glory vines. A few of the daintily twisted buds, unheeding the threatening of storm, had opened their

pink, blue and white cups and peered in at the flushed face of the worker. But Mrs. Busby was too busy, too disturbed by her husband's words to notice their beauty.
"I don't see what possessed Joseph to say that," she said, as she began rubbing her clothes. "I gave up the only idol I ever had twenty years ago."
She stopped abruptly. "Of course, it's that letter," she went on, after a brief pause. "But he is wrong. It isn't idols that keep me from doing my—"
Again she stopped. She had almost said duty. A week before a letter had come from a little town in Kansas to Mr. Busby. The letter contained news of the death of Mrs. Emma Hale, a distant cousin of Joseph. Mrs. Hale was a widow and left one child, a boy, two years old. The writer, a neighbor of the dead woman, went on to say she could care for the child come for him he would be sent to the poorhouse. Joseph pondered the matter a day and a night. He then coolly proposed sending for the child and adopting it. His wife flatly refused. What—a child, a two-year old baby, to make litter on her clean floors and upset her orderly plan of life?
"You must be crazy, Joseph," she said, severely. "If it was a girl, now, and big enough to be out from under foot, I might think of it. But there hain't no use talking about it."
Joseph Busby rarely opposed his wife, even in so small a matter as talking when she bade him be silent. However, this time he said:
"We air grown old, Mirandy. The baby would be something to love us."
These words came back to Mrs. Busby as she bent over the wash tub. Did she and Joseph need something to love them? She thought of the rambling old house with its many rooms, of the fertile acres surrounding it, and of the comfortable bank account. Then her mind wandered to the distant cemetery where a white marble cross marked her baby's grave.
"I couldn't give Leah's place to another," she whispered. "And yet he might make a place for himself. Oh, my baby, I miss her still."
Withdrawing her hands from the suds, Mrs. Busby crossed the sitting room and entered the parlor. No one knew, not even her husband, how many troublesome questions the mother settled before her child's picture.
She opened the blinds and looked long and earnestly at the laughing baby face.
"Do you want me to, dear?" she asked tearfully. "Do you want me to take a noisy, troublesome boy into this home? Is it an idol, Leah, my wanting everything so quiet and orderly?"
Ten minutes later she was back at her washing. The parlor blinds were closed and all things were as they had been excepting Mrs. Busby's eyes; there was a new light in their gray depths. At half-past nine the last clothes were on the line. Returning from hanging them out, Mrs. Busby found a neighbor, Mr. Vance, at the door.
"I've been down to the station," he said, "and the eight o'clock train brought a baby for you, or Busby, rather."
"A what?" demanded Mrs. Busby, catching her breath.
"A baby." It was plain to see that Mr. Vance was enjoying the situation. "A woman who was going east on a visit brought it from Kansas. Said it belonged to some of Busby's folks. She left it in care of the ticket agent and he sent it over by me. It's down to the road in my wagon, and a trunk. The little fellow has cried most ever since the woman left him."
Mrs. Busby took down her green gingham sunbonnet and prepared to follow him out to the wagon without a word.
"Was you expecting it?" Mr. Vance asked, somewhat disappointed at her quietness.
"Not today," she replied, briefly.
It was a plump, but tear-stained little face that met her eager gaze. There were great blue eyes, a rosy mouth and closely-curled yellow hair. But the child was unmistakably dirty and began crying again in a piteous fashion.
Mrs. Busby held up her arms. "Come to auntie, dear," she said coaxingly. "You want some bread and milk, don't you, and to see the dear little chickens?"
"At the same leisurely gait of the morning Mr. Busby again traversed the path from the barn to the house. Miranda's line of snowy clothes drying in the sun brought to his mind the conversation of the morning, but he expected no reference to it from his wife. A surprise awaited him.
The table was laid for three, and at the guest's place stood a clumsy little high chair that for twenty years had stood empty in an upper room. And on the floor sat a happy faced child surrounded by clothes-pins, empty bottles, a disused candlestick and a like collection of impromptu playthings.
"Who—who is that, Mirandy?"
"Joey Hale Busby," was Miranda's prompt reply, and picking up the child she put it in her husband's arms. "There, Joey dear, make friends with Uncle Joseph. He is the dearest little fellow," she went on, "so cunning and not a bit afraid."
"But I don't understand," and Joseph Busby's arms closed tenderly around the little orphan.
"The story was soon told.
"Of course, we'll keep him, and do the best we can by him," Mrs. Busby said by way of conclusion. "Dinner is ready and the green peas and custard pie will taste good to little Joey. I guess you were right 'bout my idols, Joseph," stopping to fasten a towel around the child's neck in lieu of a bib, "but they are overthrown. Now I'll try and not make an idol of Joey."
"You air a remarkable woman, Mirandy," Mr. Busby said, wiping his eyes. "I have always said you was a remarkable woman, and I'm a leetle afraid I am maked an idol of you." — N. Y. Observer.

LUMBER.
A cubic foot of green live oak weighs 78.75 pounds; after two years' drying its weight is reduced to 66.75.
"BELTING" a tree—that is, killing it by destroying the bark in a circle around the trunk—injures it for lumber. It is possible in some cases to assist the process of seasoning by dissolving the sap of wood by immersion in water.
THE beauty of the bird's-eye maple arises from the contortions of its fibers. The cause of this peculiarity is unknown.
THE weight of a cubic foot of cork is fifteen pounds. Cork is the bark of a species of Spanish oak, and not properly a wood.
YELLOW stains in either timber or lumber are an indication of dry rot, and are regarded as an injury to the tree or wood.
MAPLE is not so light as is generally supposed, weighing 46.87 pounds to the cubic foot, a little more than locust or alder.
VIRGINIA white oak, green, weighs 37.7 pounds to the cubic foot; in two years' time its weight will be reduced to 49.9 pounds.
MAHOAGNY, one of the hardest of woods, is also one of the slowest to season; pine, one of the softest, is among the quickest.
A CUBIC foot of the best English oak when green weighs 71 pounds 10 ounces; when seasoned the wood is reduced to 48 pounds 8 ounces.

NICKNAMES.
LOUIS V. was The Idle, on account of his laziness.
HORMIDAS of Persia was The Noseless, from a natural defect.
PEPIN, son of Charles Martel, was The Short, from his small stature.
HAROLD I. of England was The Hare-foot, from his fleetness in running.
CHARLES III. of Naples was The Little, because of his diminutive stature.
CHARLES VII. of France was The Victorious. He won forty-seven battles.
EDGAR, the Saxon king of England, was The Peaceable, from his dislike of war.
JOHN of England was called Lackland, from losing a large share of his possessions.
FREDERICH II. and Otto III. of Germany were each styled The Wonder of the World.
PETER IV. of Aragon was The Ceremonious, from his punctiliousness in court etiquette.
POLEMY, king of Macedonia, was The Thunderbolt, from the vigor of his military movements.
CHARLES VI. of France was hated by his people, and in derision was termed The Well Beloved.
ALPHONSE II. of Leon was denominated The Chaste. No scandal was ever alleged against him.
CHARLES III. of France was in derision called The Simple, or The Fool, on account of his stupidity.

ENGLISH.
AN Athenian society has been formed in London for the purpose of printing privately literal and absolutely complete and unexpurgated English translations of Greek authors.
NICOTINE poisoning from eating grapes from vines fumigated with pure nicotine made many persons sick recently in Dorchester, England. None of the cases proved fatal.
CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE on the Thames embankment is scaling off; it is suggested that the same means be used to prevent this that were used in preserving the obelisk in Central park.
FOR swearing in members in the house of commons the revised version of the Bible is used for Protestants, the Douai version for Catholics and a copy in Hebrew for Jews.
A RED-POOLED cow at Whittingham, England, has yielded milk continuously since she ceased calving, five years ago, her record being thirteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-four quarts of milk of the first quality. No other case like this is known.

FARMING.
THE best rice-producing state is Louisiana, having 84,377 acres producing 76,945,433 bushels.
THE farms of Missouri produced in the census year an estimated product of \$109,751,024.
THE first buckwheat state is New York, with 280,029 acres and 4,675,735 bushels of product.
THE first state as an oat producer is Illinois, with 3,870,702 acres and 137,924,828 bushels.
THE buckwheat of Missouri in the census year amounted to 2,892 acres and 28,440 bushels.
THE value of the farm products of New England has steadily declined for a number of years.
MISSOURI produced, according to the last census year, 308,807 bushels of rye from 24,283 acres.
THERE were 93,425 acres of broom corn sown in 1880, and 33,557,429 pounds of product raised.

PEBBLES.
"MAMMA, ain't Deacon Dalton a funny man?" "Why, Jimmy, what did he do?" "In church to-day he took his hat around and showed it to everybody." —Chicago Record.
"DON'T you find it rather lonely here," asked Cholly, "with nobody to talk to?" "Yes," she replied, "with a vacant look into space; and it's getting worse every minute." —Washington Star.
"I THINK," said the unsophisticated man, "that Goggles must be quite a power in city politics. I was passing his place yesterday and noticed in big letters the word 'Pull' on his door." —Boston Transcript.
"TALK about these horseless vehicles," said Uncle Si, "I see 'em long ago." "Why, pa," began Aunt Mandy. "Oh, but I did. Don't you remember the old ox cart we rode to our weddin' in?" —Indianapolis Journal.

Item of Expense.
"Hit mus' be a heap of expens ter keep sech er lot er chickens," said Ernst Pinkley, as he stopped at the gate to cast a glance at Farmer Corn-tassel's poultry yard.
"Oh, not such a greddel," replied Farmer Corn-tassel.
"What an de principal items ob expense?"
"Powder and shot." — Washington Star.
His Grounds.
Manager of Telegraph Company— You say you were a messenger boy for this company fifty-five years ago and was discharged for being too old?
Applicant—Yes, sir.
Manager—Then, upon what grounds do you ask for reinstatement now?
Applicant—Why, I'm in my second childhood.—N. Y. Journal.
In Sight.
"Ha, ha! ha, ha!" laughed the great detective. "I have them now."
For five days he had been on the trail, and had neither eaten nor slept. He had done nothing but drink.
Under the circumstances his joyous assertion that he had 'em bore the similitude of verity. — Indianapolis Journal.
Hain't the Price.
He took her out to get ice cream.
His lovely friend said:
"He fainted when he read the sign: 'Cream twenty-five a plate.'"
—Cincinnati Enquirer.
NATURAL SIMPLICITY.
"Mrs. Jones is a woman of very simple tastes."
"Yes, I noticed that when—" "You have never met her?"
"No, but I was introduced to her husband." —Boston Budget.
Loud Dressing.
"What's all that racket in the next room?" asked Homewood, who was calling upon his friend Hilland.
"That's my brother Tom dressing to go out."
"Well, I've heard people say that Tom dressed loudly, but I did not realize it before." —Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.
Had Seen a New Light.
Tramp—Yes, it's hard to break away from all yer bad habits at once; but I've given up some of 'em.
Lady—Which ones have you given up?
Tramp—Well, mum, I don't get shaved on Sunday any more.—Brooklyn Life.Modern Progress.
She—You have been away in the country, haven't you?
He—Yes; visiting some people I used to know when I was a boy.
She—Particular friends?
He—Oh, no—father and mother.—Once a Week.
Not Hard to Suit.
"I want you to remember, Banks," said Rivers, "that I have to pay fifty cents a pound for that tobacco."
"I'd just as lief smoke a cheaper kind, Rivers," cheerfully replied Banks, as he went ahead filling his big meerschaum.—Chicago Tribune.
Significant Links.
"Ma, I really believe Edward means business at last."
"Why, what has happened?"
"He gave me a pair of linked sleeve buttons last night." —Cincinnati Enquirer.
A Real Pleasure.
Fuddy—How did you like Hammer-ton in Julius Caesar last night?
Duddy—Well, I can't say that he was altogether satisfactory in the earlier scenes; but it was a real pleasure to see him die.—Boston Transcript.
Only Kind She Could Wear.
Beth—I wonder why Jennie Whirlor always wears flowers when she rides her wheel?
May—Oh, I suppose she don't dare to wear the other kind of bloomers.—Bay City Chat.
How They Solved the Trouble.
"Smith and his wife quarreled right along from the time they were engaged until they got married."
"And then?"
"They got a divorce." — Chicago Record.
Putting It Fine.
Miss Anteck—He is the most insulting young man I ever met.
Miss Blossom—Did he ask you how old you were?
Miss Anteck—No. He asked me how old I said I was.—Puck.
A Comfort.
"And it really is true that Hetty's husband keeps a gambling den? How could she marry such a man?"
"It is awful; but Hetty says it is such a comfort to know where he spends his evenings." —Boston Transcript.
They All Do.
"Education shouldn't stop when a woman gets married."
"No, indeed; I've learned a new language since George and I married."
"What language?"
"Baby talk." — Chicago Record.
Proof Positive.
Lady Customer—Are you sure this is real Ceylon tea?
Well-Informed Young Salesman—Certainly, madam. Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package.—Judge.

CANCER BY INOCULATION.
A Doctor Furnishes the First Established Case in This Country.
For the first time in the history of medicine in this country has a complete chain of inoculation from cancer been established in the case of Dr. Edward W. Burnette, of 115 West Thirty-fourth street, New York, who now lies at death's door. The woman from whom he received the disease, as the result of a rather careless act after treating her case, is also dying from cancer. She called upon Dr. Burnette last autumn with an irritation on the tongue. The doctor applied nitrate of silver with his finger. Some time later he shaved himself, and in doing so scratched his left cheek. To stop the flow of blood he applied a powder with his finger. He noticed that the cut stung him longer than usual, but he paid little attention to it. A swelling resulted from the scratch and cancer developed. This woman in turn was inoculated by using a speaking tube in the business house of a man who has since died from cancer, and who first had had his tongue cut out. In every case the cancer was of the same sort, known as "large cell sarcoma." Dr. Burnette has been several times operated upon, but with no success, and it is now feared that the poison has so thoroughly permeated the system that cancer of the liver has developed.

SENSATION IN WHEAT.
Peculiar Rule on St. Louis Exchange and the Trouble It is Causing.
A fight is developing among the handlers of wheat in St. Louis, which promises to create a sensation in all parts of the country. After several years' effort, St. Louis commission houses last year overcame the opposition of millers and exporters, and passed a rule on the merchants' exchange, allowing the delivery of No. 2 hard winter wheat on No. 2 red wheat contracts for future delivery. This rule went into effect July 1, 1895. Winter wheat millers are, as a rule, only prepared to grind soft winter wheat. This year, with a great scarcity of winter wheat, the shortage being estimated at nearly 100,000,000 bushels, as compared with last year, and the quality being unusually poor, millers in Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, who have been unable to obtain all the good winter wheat in their own sections, and see where the exhaustion of such wheat is near at hand, are coming to St. Louis for their supplies. They have bought, innocently, both for September and December delivery, expecting that when delivered they would get soft winter wheat. Under the rule, and in view of the lower price now asked for hard wheat, the latter will be delivered to them.

ADMITS MARRIAGE A FAILURE.
Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett to Live Apart from Her Husband.
Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," who has lived so many pretty scenes of domestic happiness, has at last been forced to admit marriage a failure in her own case, and henceforth will live apart from her husband. The husband, Dr. Swan M. Burnett, is an oculist of local repute. In anticipation of Mrs. Burnett's home-coming he has abandoned the elegant family home on Massachusetts avenue in Washington and has removed his effects elsewhere.
Mrs. Burnett is about forty years old. She is a blonde of rich tint, with dark grayish blue eyes that are full of varying expression. Her hair is shapely and well poised; nose straight and finely cut, while the firm chin and decisive mouth are full of character. Her hair is almost golden.
For years Dr. Burnett has been sadly crippled, through an accident to one of his legs, the main sinews of which had been cut just below the knee, and he has keenly felt his position of partial dependence on the literary fruits of his wife's pen.

Italy's Harvest.
Italy's harvest this year is satisfactory. The yield of silk cocoons is only an average one, but as the quality is excellent the value is \$4,000,000 more than in 1894. Wheat, corn, oats and barley are all good in quality, with a yield above the average. The rice fields are promising, as the disease called risono has been stamped out. Olives and hemp are also promising. The vineyards were attacked by peronospora, but the dry July killed the pest, and while the vintage will be below the average in quantity, the quality of the wine will be good.

Named the Defender.
The little maiden, who thought out the name Defender for the yacht that represented America in the international cup races, and thereby won the New York Herald prize of \$100 for furnishing the name, lives in New York city. She is a beautiful child. Her name is Constance C. Roberson.
Wind Work.
A 10-foot "windwheel" in Nebraska raises 1,000 gallons of water daily to a height of 70 feet. These windwheels are coming more and more into use in the west, and it is thought that they will have a very important bearing on the industries of the future.
Dorothy.
London Forget-Me-Not comes to the conclusion that the most popular name to bestow on a baby girl at this time is Dorothy, for out of 178 girls' names in the catalogue of the babies whose portraits were shown at a recent baby show, Dorothy led all the rest.

Stanley Cannot Go to Africa.
Foreign papers say that the contract between Stanley and the king of the Belgians, binding the explorer to the service of the Congo State until 1900, has been canceled. As a member of parliament Stanley could hardly go into the wilds of Africa.
Belgium's Ship Canal.
Belgium is about to build a ship canal. It is to run from Heyst, on the North sea, to Bruges.

ESTATE OF JOHN STEFONKA, late of Hazle township, deceased.
Letters of administration upon the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment on or before the 15th day of November next, failing which claims or demands to present the same, without delay, to C. O. Stroth, attorney, John Wagner, C. O. Stroth, attorneys.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF Luzerne county, No. 969, October term, 1895.
Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said court on October 22, 1895, under the act of assembly of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "an act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 23, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the approval of certain amendments to the charter of St. Ann's Total Abstinence Pioneer Corps, of Freehold, Pa., as set forth in the petition for the allowance of said amendments, filed in said court.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF Luzerne county, No. 31, December term, 1895.
Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the court of common pleas of Luzerne county, or one of the law judges thereof, on Monday, November 1, 1895, at 2 o'clock p. m., under the act of assembly of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "an act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 23, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the approval of certain amendments to the charter of the St. Ann's Total Abstinence Pioneer Corps, of Freehold, Pa., as set forth in the petition for the allowance of said amendments, filed in said court.

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Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.
Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphia, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving health and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.
The fac-simile signature of J. C. H. Pitcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
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ENGLISH
Remedy
for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption.
is beyond question the greatest of all modern medicines. It will stop a Cough in one night, check a cold in a day, prevent Croup, relieve Asthma, and cure Consumption if taken in time. You can't afford to be without it. A 25c bottle may save your life! Ask your druggist for it. Send for pamphlet. If the little ones have Croup or Whooping Cough use it promptly. It is sure to cure. Three Sizes—25c, 50c, and \$1. All Druggists. ACKER MEDICINE CO., 16 & 18 Chambers St., N. Y.

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