A Bon Mot of W. S. Gilbert.

The author dropped into the opera box of a parvenue friend one evening when "The Magic Flute" was on the bills. After asking him who wrote the music, the woman said: "Mozart? Mozart? Never heard of him before. He's immense! Why isn't he here? Why isn't he doing something else? Why isn't he composing?"

"Because he's decomposing, my dear lady," answered Gilbert.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A dry heat of 250 degrees destroys germs of infection.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boys life last summer—MRS. ALLIE DOUGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

The "cat" has been ordered in 67 cases in England since February, 1894.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Bulgaria proper has 37,000 square miles, about the size of Indiana.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

Paris is thinking of getting its water from the Lake of Geneva.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The oldest watches bearing inscribed dates are of Swiss make and the date is 1484.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Weak and Languid

"Our little Katherine had whooping cough, after which she lingered along from day to day, poor, weak, languid. She could scarcely eat anything. Her flesh was soft and sallow. I gave her

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and she soon began to crave something to eat. She steadily improved, and today is in full good health. Her flesh is solid, her cheeks rosy, appetite good and her sleep refreshing." MRS. M. A. COOK, 34 Fulton St., Peabody, Mass. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

PNU 46

Try Them All,

Every Tom, Dick and Harry's Buckwheat.

THEN TRY

Heckers'

16

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live, send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once.

D. T. MORGAN, Manager, Box LF, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

CATTLE AND WASTE OF FODDER.

Professor C. C. Georgeson in writing to the Prairie Farmer says: "The immense proportions of the live stock interest in this country, which on January 1, 1894, was valued at $2,170,000,000, and the many millions of people who are directly interested therein, combine to make the simple question of how to feed and what to feed and the proper saving of food one of the most important economic questions in the whole realm of our industrial activity. This may appear like a startling proposition, but its truth will be granted when we take a full view of the interests involved. It is, I think, acknowledged that an extraordinary waste of food takes place on American farms, especially in the West. Let him who doubts it watch our corn fields in winter, where two-fifths of the food raised still remains to be destroyed by the elements; let him watch our burning straw stacks and our wasteful methods of feeding; the waste of manure, the waste by injudicious use of foods, and the consequent failure to get the best returns in meat and milk. Where a sum like the above is involved the proper or improper use of food may make the difference of hundreds of millions of dollars annually."

SIXTEEN SHEEP ON AN ACRE.

An experiment is being conducted by Professor Shaw, at the experiment farm, says the Northwestern Farmer, which certainly means a good deal, not only to the Northwest, but to all the United States. He has undertaken to pasture six sheep and ten lambs on an acre of land. The experiment is succeeding beyond his expectations. The food is at the present time nearly two months ahead of the sheep. They are doing splendidly on the food, and have kept in perfect health from the first.

His plan is to sow a succession of foods, so there will always be something for the sheep on one or the other of the plots. The acre is divided into four plots, and the sheep are pastured on these in succession. The harrow is generally used on each plot after it has been pastured, and in some instances fresh seed is sown. The season has, of course, been very favorable, but to offset that, in part at least, the land is not so good as the average prairie soil, and it has not been manured for several years.

Professor Shaw says he has not exhausted all the resources in this line, and he is hopeful that as a large number of sheep and lambs can be kept on an acre of well prepared land in a dry year. Let it be borne in mind that the sheep are pastured—none of the food is cut for them. A bulletin will be issued giving all the particulars at the close of the pasturing season.

THE BROOD SOW.

From the present until breeding time brood sows should be allowed the pleasure of large pasturage and comfortable sleeping apartments. She should have no grain. Her nutritive system should have rest. She should be reduced in fat if not already so reduced. The reduction should progress until she is lean and lank and able to stand a good chase. Such training as this rests up the fat and flesh forming functions of the body and gives the blood opportunity to fully absorb all effete matters in the system, provided proper sanitary relations are observed, both as to food, drink and breath. A sow whose age or ill treatment will prevent her going through such a training and coming out as fresh and vigorous as a young gilt is not a fit progenitor for the next crop of pigs. The fat of the brood sow should increase a little daily from the date of copulation until farrowing time, at which time she should be comfortably fat. A clumsy condition at farrowing time is dangerous. It also detracts from the vitality and development of the pig. It does not pay either for breeder of feeding stock to use lame, logy or decrepit sows. Hereditary tendencies may be great or small, but certain it is that, with the animal as with the plants, nothing but perfect forms imbued with strongest vitality can produce desirable and profitable offspring. The boar should be at the lowest state of flesh now, and should begin to fatten and so continue until the breeding period begins.—Rural Life.

MEASURING HAY IN THE STACK.

We are often asked how to measure hay, and while we have had some experience, we prefer to adopt that of others to our own. The Northwestern Agriculturist on this subject very correctly says that measuring is a very crude, unsatisfactory method of estimating the weight of hay. There are times, however, when it is impracticable to use the scales, and a close approximation to the true weight will answer all purposes. Then, by taking into consideration that fine, soft hay will pack more closely than a coarser, stiffer quality, that when cut early in the season it will become more solid and stiff than late cut hay, that the degree of dryness when stacked will affect the weight, that the compactness of the lower part of the sack or load is affected by the height, the time it has stood, or the distance and kind of road it has traveled over, it is quite possible for a person of ordinary experience and judgment to make an estimate of the quantity in a load or mow. It is estimated that with the above mentioned conditions at an average, timothy, in stacks of ten feet high and upward, measures about 500 cubic feet to the ton, clear clover between 600 and 700 cubic feet. To find the cubic feet in a circular stack, multiply the square of the circumference by four one-hundredths (.04) of the height. Below is given a set of rules for computing the number of cubic yards in a ton of hay in the field, stack or load, which can be easily reduced to cubic feet by multiplying the result in cubic yards by 27:

1. The number of tons of meadow hay in the windows is the quotent of the produce of the length, breadth and height, in yards divided by 25.

2. To fine the number of tons of hay in a mow, divide the product of the length, height and width by 15, if the stack be well packed. If shallow and the hay recently stacked, divide by 18, and by any number from 15 to 18, according to the density of the stack. In squares or long stacks the number of tons is the quotent of the product of the length of the base, the width and half of the length, in yards, divided by 15.

3. In loads the number of tons of hay is found by multiplying together the length, width and height, in yards, and dividing the product by 20.—Colman's Rural World.

RAISING OF HORSES.

The price of horses has of late been so reduced that farmers are discouraged in horse raising. The low prices now prevailing are due to a want of demand, on account of the electric car system, which has been so generally established throughout the cities and some parts of the country for rapid transportation. This is, no doubt, in some part the cause of the weak demand for horses in the markets. There is, however, another cause, which will be found in over production. A few years ago the horse craze, as it may be called, prevailed among farmers, and there was scarcely any one who was not breeding either first-class roadsters or blooded drivers.

For these for a few years first-class prices were obtained, and the demand which was at the time a fictitious one, produced by a sort of boom in horseflesh, produced an oversupply, and now there are too many horses for the market, which has for the time been somewhat diminished by the electric car lines.

But good horses are always desirable, and will in the near future bring better prices than now. Farmers will understand what they need, and for a while, perhaps, the supply will be short of the demand, but the price will again settle to a fair compensation for the trouble and risk in raising good horses. Good family horses will always be in demand in the cities and in the prosperous villages. Cars may carry men to business, and women to do their shopping, but there is a demand, in hours not spent in business, for a carriage horse to supply a need, felt by almost every well-to-do family, that may have a restful airing in the country or in the parks and suburbs of the city. Farmers would do well to turn their attention to raising horses to supply this want. Horses should be raised of the best blood, not for the turf, but for the carriage, and as much care should be taken in their training for this purpose, as is necessary to produce good conditioned, quiet, trusty horses suited to driving through all the bustle and noises of the city.

This will require time and care in the trainer, but such horses will always have a good sale, and can be profitably raised.

Give us good family horses and the demand will be sufficient to pay the producer a good profit.—Farm News.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A few acres seeded to rye will furnish an early and late succulent bite for the cows in milk.

See that your early pullets are in their winter quarters and fed nourishing food that they get at their winter's work in good season.

Better wait a month or more yet before having the cow served, so as to bring the calf later in the season. It pays better to have the cows calf in the fall months, when milk and butter are not so plentiful as in May and June.

This is a good year for the stock feeder, for while the price of grain is low, the supply of feeding stock is not great enough to depress the market below fair prices. If you can secure stock to fed, by all means keep your grain and turn into meat.

Scouring in calves usually indicates indigestion and is to be prevented by rational feeding and good care. It may be checked by a teaspoonful of lime water in each feed. Regular attendance and attention to all the wants of the animal lie at the foundation of successful stock management.

When celery first began to be generally used there was a great demand for the large or "giant" varieties. It was soon found, however, that some of the smaller kinds of celery had a delicious nutty flavor, and were so much superior as to compensate for their deficiency in size. As celery is at best a luxury, it is quality rather than quantity that will most affect its price.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Dog and Shark in a Death Grip—Farm Hand Hugged by a Big Snake—A Strange Case.

THE strangest encounter ever seen in Connecticut took place a few days ago on the shore near Bridgeport. It was a fight to the finish, and was so savage and the antagonists were so evenly matched, says a Bridgeport letter to the New York Recorder, that the two spectators could not even guess at the outcome until the very end.

Myron Bradley, of Oyster River, and his father-in-law, Deacon Jared Scudder, of Woodmont, had sailed over to the Milford Point shore in their big sharpie, the Jeanette, to dig a mess of long clams and try the snapper bluefish off the Charles Island bar. They had with them Mr. Bradley's two prize bulldogs, Mike and Dan.

The sharpie was beached and the two men were busy forking big, fat clams out of the sand, when, all at once, they heard a wild commotion down by the Jeannette. They couldn't see anything, for the trouble was hidden by the sharpie, but the spray was flying and there was an awful splashing. Running to the spot, they saw a big fish thrashing around in not more than a foot and a half of water and shaking and crunching in his jaws a bloody object.

"A shark! A shark!" yelled Mr. Bradley. And so it was, an eight-footer, and the thing in his mouth was all that was left of Dan. They could see, coming nearer, that the dog had died game, for there was a great, hanging slice of flesh torn from the shark's jaw. But it was not the dead dog that was causing the big pirate so much agony, nor the rapidly falling tide that had now cut off his retreat by a long, low sandbar. It was Mike, and both men uttered a cheering yell as they saw the gritty dog hanging to that tender spot under the shark's throat, with his iron jaws tight set and every now and then, when he was uppermost in the struggle for an instant, emitting his fighting growl, a deep, thunder like rumble that meant no good to his opponent.

Every now and again the shark would bury the dog under the water and apparently roll on him, and that not succeeding he would rise half out of the water and shake his wounded head furiously. It was evident that the dogs had been swimming around the boat and had tempted the monster into shoal water, and he had probably seized Dan before his presence was suspected. Mike had come to the rescue and was now fighting the battle of his life. Out of his element, and with an antagonist that outweighed him twelve to one, it seemed a desperate attempt. Deacon Scudder ran back and got the digging-fork and, wading in, watched for a chance to deal the shark a crippling blow without hurting Mike. So swiftly did they turn and shake and tumble, however, half concealed by discolored water and spray, that he couldn't seem to get a chance for a thrust.

The dog was becoming weakened by his repeated immersions in the salt water, and choked once and let go his grip. The shark rolled and tried to strike him with its powerful tail flukes, but Mike was too nimble. He dashed to one side, and as the fish rose, quicker than thought he had fastened in his old position with a deeper hold than before. The water was red with the shark's blood, which was streaming from the torn throat and the fight had lasted fully twenty minutes, when Deacon Scudder got a good opening and drove the sharp-tined fork into the side of the shark. It was not a vital wound, but it weakened the fish and he was now struggling in less than a foot of water. The two men threw a rope over him after several attempts, and, taking a turn around his tail, dragged him tail-first further up the sand, so far, in fact, that he lay almost entirely out of water.

Here the maddened dog had things his own way, and, tearing and biting into the stomach of his great enemy, he shortly killed him. Shaking himself, he ran to the water's edge, jumped in and dragged ashore the floating, mangled body of his brother and lifelong playmate. Then he lay down in the sand from exhaustion.

Hugged by a Blacksnake.

Arthur Wegg, a resident of New York, who engaged as a farm hand last June on a farm between Binghamton, N. Y., and Susquehanna, Penn., met with an exciting adventure which will lay him up for some time and which nearly cost him his life. The rocky hills of Northern Pennsylvania abound in snakes of all kinds, prominent among them being the rattler and blacksnake. When Wegg appeared the farm boys began their sport by filling him up with snake stories.

Some of the reptilian anecdotes told by them would have sent a blush to the cheeks of Ananias, but the country youths kept their faces straight and their victim for a time accepted the tales as gospel truth. As time went on and the largest reptile that met Wegg's eye was a grass snake, he came to doubt the veracity of his informants, and when they told him of a black chaser which had been seen in the fields he laughed and said it had probably crawled out of the bung hole of the molasses barrel at the corner grocery.

Recently the men were at work in a field when one of them dropped his scythe and started on a gallop toward the fence shouting "chaser, black chaser." The other laborers with the exception of Wegg understood the cry and scattered in all directions. The black chaser is a species of blacksnake that is very pugnacious and will chase its victim with incredible rapidity, and, when within reaching distance, strike and coil itself about the arms, legs or body with crushing force.

Wegg had been warned of the existence of this species of reptile in this section, but set the story down as a fable, and when his companions shouted "black chaser" and ran, he smiled to himself and said: "This is a trap to fool me, and I will turn the tables on them." As one of the men dashed past Wegg saw a black streak coming through the grass toward him at a rapid rate, and before he had time to realize the situation, the reptile was coiled about his legs and winding itself around his body. Screaming for aid, he fruitlessly struggled to free himself from the ever-tightening folds.

Gradually the breath was being squeezed out of his body. His shouts for aid seemed to him to come from some one at a distance, while a horrid odor that emanated from the snake was choking him. At last, with a dull roaring in his ears and millions of lights dancing before his eyes, he fell to the ground.

Two of his companions who saw his dilemma came to the rescue with a scythe and sickle. The folds of the serpent were rapidly cut from the body of the unconscious man and he was carried to the farm house, where it was found the bones of his left leg were badly crushed and two ribs fractured. The lower portion of the body was swollen to twice the natural size and turned black and blue. Around the thighs and waist were huge ridges resembling the welts of a mammoth whip. Considerable nausea and vomiting followed his return to consciousness, and the physicians stated that had Wegg remained another moment in the folds of the snake he would have inevitably been crushed to death.

The reptile was the largest of the kind ever seen in this section. When its decimated folds were joined it was found to measure six feet four inches.

A Strange Case Recalled.

In the paper of last Saturday, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, appeared an account of a strange accident in which a man was killed by the discharge of a gun while lying asleep on a lounge in his room, the weapon being discharged by reflected rays of the sun falling upon the cartridge chamber of the firearm.

Since the publication of the story a correspondent from York, Penn., writes concerning the accident, and refers to a similar case, in which, through the efforts of a clever Cincinnati lawyer named C. C. Wallis, the person accused of murder and sentenced to be hanged was set at liberty, the circumstantial evidence on which he was convicted being entirely exploded by a witnessed demonstration as to how the accident really occurred.

The York correspondent referred to volume 13 of the Criminal Law Magazine, page 607, on which a full account of the case appears. The case was that of the State of Tennessee against Avery, tried in Henry County, that State, and is one of the most remarkable in the history of criminal jurisprudence.

In June, 1887, Charles Ensley, the cousin of a man of the name of Avery, was killed in his room while lying on a lounge, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The weapon which caused death was a small rifle, sending a thirty-two-caliber ball through Ensley's brain. No one was in the house at the time but Ensley. An empty rifle was found lying on a rack on a wall of the room in which the killing occurred, and the bullet fitted the tube.

Avery was arrested for the crime, as he was the only living close relative to Ensley, and by his death profited to the amount of about $100,000. Avery was tried, pleaded not guilty, but was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. He appealed to the Supreme Court, and engaged Mr. Wallis to defend him. The Supreme Court remanded the case back to the Circuit Court on technical errors. Two mistrials were brought about, and then came the strangest part of the story. The brilliant Wallis struck the keynote to the mystery. In August, 1891, he had the rifle loaded and hung on the wall. A white sheet, with the form of a man marked on it, was placed in exactly the position occupied by Avery when lying asleep, and a heavy cut glass pitcher of water like the one found in the room was placed on the shelf above. The temperature was ninety degrees in the shade, one of the hottest days of the year.

The pitcher acted as a sun glass and the hot rays of the sun shining through the water were refracted directly on the cartridge chamber of the rifle.

Eight witnesses were in the room, and a few minutes after 3 o'clock a puff and a report occurred and the ball struck the outlined form back of the ear, in the exact location where Ensley was shot, and the theory of circumstantial evidence went to pieces. The incident being witnessed and sworn to, readily explained itself to the jury.

Treasures Dug Up in Greece.

The excavations which are carrying out near Athens by the Greek Archæological Society have recently yielded some exceedingly important results. In one well preserved tomb the workmen recently came across the skeleton of a woman with a great assortment of jewelry, together with Egyptian scarabæi and a porcelain statue of the goddess Isis. The relics, it is believed, prove that many of the important religious rites of the Greek have been borrowed from the Egyptians, which has for years been a disputed point.

WOMAN'S ENEMY.

PERITONITIS SELDOM SPARES ITS VICTIMS.

When It Does She is But a Wreck---Physicians Have Long Been Powerless ---The Experience of a Baltimore Woman.

From the Herald, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. J. P. Grove, a married lady with grandchildren, lives 417 Pinkney Place, Baltimore. She would easily pass for a woman of half her age, and owes her present state of good health and probably her life to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A *Herald* reporter called at the house a few days ago and was informed that Mrs. Grove had gone out for a walk and would soon be back. The scribe was ushered into the parlor to await her arrival. The room gave every evidence of refinement and the care and attention of a good housewife. Choice books lay around giving proof of the intelligence of the family, and the walls were decorated with many rare articles of virtu and bric-a-brac from South America, Japan, and other countries. When Mrs. Grove was announced the reporter was astonished to find her such a young looking and healthy woman. She is well educated, and is a fluent talker and interesting to listen to. She, however, declined at first to speak of the results she had experienced from taking the Pink Pills as, she said, she did not like to have her name appear in print in any way. "However," she added, after some little hesitation, "the pills did me so much good that I might be doing wrong by not letting some other sufferer know what they did for me." Then she said, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are certainly all the proprietors represent them to be. I never had such relief from any other medicine. A short time ago I had an attack of peritonitis which left me in such a prostrated and nervous condition that I despaired of recovery. I could neither sleep, eat or read with any degree of peace or satisfaction, and life was absolutely a burden. Having heard that others had been cured of the same troubles by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I secured several boxes and began to take them. As if by magic I at once began to improve. They cured me, and now I have no symptoms of nervousness or of the disease which so prostrated me. Now that's enough," said Mrs. Grove, in reply to another question. She walked to the door as lightly as a young girl and, with a pleasant good morning to the reporter, disappeared within the portals of her happy home with a little grandchild clinging to her skirts.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Forcibly Reminded.

Did you notice what heavy dews they had at the seashore this season?

No; but my banker did.

Between the ages of sixteen and twenty a girl terribly overworks the word "environment."

A New Shoe.

A new shoe for soldiers is being tested in Germany. It consists of a kind of paste of linseed oil, varnish and iron filings with which the soles of new shoes are painted. It is said to keep leather flexible and gives the shoe greater resistance than the best nails. Already, in many regiments, the usual iron nails have been exchanged for nails of aluminum.

Bruisers.

No set of men in the world more aptly illustrate a certain important point than prize fighters. The point is with regard to the punishment they give and have to take. Whether victors or vanquished, they come out of a contest bruised from head to foot. That such men should be seen with all the blue spots cured seems marvelous, until we know that they have used St. Jacobs Oil. Every one knows the virtue of the great remedy and that it will cure bruises, and the moral is, all can profit by the example. If the fighter knows he can be so easily cured, it is a lesson to all subject to hurts; they will lose no time from work if they use it.

It is said that it takes a snail 14 days to travel a mile.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

To Attract Custom.

An ingenious device for attracting custom was that of a fruiterer in a Midland town. Instead of the ordinary plate glass, a large number of rough magnifying glasses formed the window. Seen through one of these panes an orange looked as large as a pumpkin, and cherries as large as apples. A great disadvantage attaching to this novelty was the fact that at the distance of a few yards from the window it was quite impossible to see into the shop. Everybody knows that you must hold a magnifying glass close to the eyes to see anything through it. Nevertheless, for some time, at all events, the enterprising proprietor did a rushing trade.

Spilled 120 Tons of Molten Glass.

A costly accident occurred the other morning at the Marion, Ind., fruit jar works. The bottom of a large tank suddenly fell out, spilling and ruining a mass of molten glass weighing 120 tons. Since the accident four streams of water have been playing constantly upon the molten mass, thus preventing what might have been a disastrous fire. The factory was compelled to shut down two weeks.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Agents-Ladies or Gents, $75 a week at home, using or selling Gray Platers, or taking orders for us to plate. Plate gold, silver, nickel, copper, white metal, manufacture the materials and outfits, teach the art, only complete outfit, including trade secrets and formulas, lathe, wheels, tools, all materials for preparing, polishing, plating and finishing, no toys, small in traveling case, large for shops, description, prices, testimonials, samples free. Gray & Co., Plating Works, Dep't 16, Columbus, O.

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FOPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $4.00. Address THOS. FOPHAM, PHILA., PA.

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$3 A YEAR.

Presidential Year.

THE CHICAGO CHRONICLE, the great democratic newspaper of the west, will be sent six days a week one year for $3. No subscription at this rate less than one year. Samples free. THE CHRONICLE, 164-166 Washington st., Chicago.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

"A Handful of Dirt May Be a Houseful of Shame."

Keep Your House Clean With

SAPOLIO

the food for all such.

How many pale folk there are! People who have the will, but no power to bring out their vitality; people who swing like a pendulum between strength and weakness—so that one day's work causes six days' sickness! People who have no life for resisting disease—thin people, nerveless, delicate!

The food for all such men, women, or children is SCOTT'S EMULSION. The hypophosphites combined with the oil will tone up the system, give the blood new life, improve the appetite and help digestion. The sign of new life will be a fattening and reddening, which brings with it strength, comfort and good-nature.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.