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FREELAND, PA., AUGUST 22, 1908.

FOR A LAND VALUE TAX.

Continued from First Page.
tion of land values should occupy a foremost place in the program of the Liberal party to be dealt with at the earliest possible moment by:
"First, The abolition of the breakfast table duties—the duties on tea, coffee, cocoa, dried fruits, etc.
"Second, The substitution of a direct tax on the value of land, apart from improvements.
"Third, The reform of the valuation acts to provide for the separate scheduling in the valuation returns of the values of land and the values of improvements, with a view to separate assessment, etc."

LEADERS ON THE QUESTION.

"This showing that the Liberal party is pretty well committed to the principle of taxing land value, the question arises how do the Liberal party leaders stand? Sir William Harcourt, the party leader in the house of commons, stands on record as saying that 'the question of ground values affects the whole country, local and imperial, and ought to be considered in any plan of local taxation.' Ex-Premier Rosebery says: 'The taxation of ground values is a principle which will not be allowed to die until it has been carried into effect. It is a principle which is becoming universally established, because it has been acknowledged to be both just and sound.' John Morley says: 'I cannot doubt that the principle involved in what is called the question of ground values is one which must make quicker and quicker way into the minds and opinions of the people. It will be thought an intolerable thing that men should derive enormous increments of income from the growth of towns to which they have contributed nothing * * * that they shall be able to go on throttling towns, as they are well known to do. It is impossible to suppose that the system will not be vigorously, persistently and successfully attacked.'

WHAT IS LOOKED FOR.

"This much for the Liberal party principles and the Liberal party leaders. What of their followers in parliament? There is nothing that shows just how the present members stand, as the question has not been raised in any formal way, and has not even been brought to a vote, except when, on March 8, 1895, even the Tories, not daring to challenge a division, it was unanimously resolved by the house on Mr. Provand's proposal, 'That no system of taxation can be equitable unless it includes the direct assessment of the enhanced value of land due to the increase of population.'
"The best 'straws to show the wind' are in the bye-elections, as they tend to show how the next parliament will stand. In these contests to fill vacancies in the house since the last general election, in 1895, the Liberal side has done a good deal more than hold its own, and all of these successful Liberal candidates, save two, during the canvass announced themselves in favor of the taxation of land values and were elected on the understanding that they would do what they could to pass that question forward.
"The political prophets see in these results indications that the country will return a Liberal majority at the next general election, which cannot be deferred later than 1901, and which may come much sooner. Alfred Billson, a Liberal, elected triumphantly at a bye-election from the constituency of Halifax, tells me that the result in this contest makes him confident that 'if Sir William Harcourt would make an appeal on the question of the taxation of land values he would sweep the country on that issue at the next general election.'
"Of course this is but one man's view, but the strong probability remains that the Liberals will carry the next election, and in that event the almost certainty is that there will be a substantial agreement in the question of taxing land values among a sufficiently large number of Liberals in the house to constitute such a voting influence as no party leaders can ignore.
"Nor, having decided to tax land values, is there a constitution or a supreme court to bar the action of such a parliament. Precedent is the only constitution recognized by parliament, and British history blazes with precedents for the taxation of land values. Even if no precedent existed parliament could act and make one; for the British parliament is absolute and can do whatever it wills."

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

CURES ALL KIDNEY, STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES.

HAD BEES FOR SALE.

How a Farmer Unwillingly Contributed Shoes for a Tramp.

As I sat on the veranda with the farmer after supper, I asked him if he was not greatly bothered by tramps, and his reply was:

"Wall, a good many of 'em come along and want a bite to eat, and some of 'em are pretty sassy, but only one man of 'em ever served me a real mean trick."

"Poison your dog?" I queried.
"It was madder than that. We was eatin' dinner one day in the spring when a hive of bees started to swarm. I'd been expectin' it and watchin' 'em and had a new hive ready. When bees swarmed they will light on most anything handy—a limb, a bush or even the pump. Jest as the bees began to pour out of the hive and circle around, along comes a tramp up the path to ask for sunthin' to eat. The queen bee settled down on his old hat, and the hull swarm followed her. In two minits that tramp's head and shoulders was covered by bees, and I yells to him for heaven's sake not to try to fight 'em off or he'd be stung to death."

"He must have been terror-stricken," I said.

"Not a bit of it, sir. He was as cool as a cucumber, and when I told him he'd have to stand in a smudge till the bees was killed off he just laughed. When they'd all settled down on him and I was goin' to start a smudge, he sez:

"'Old man, what d'ye consider this swarm o' bees with in cold cash?'"

"'About \$5,' sez I."

"'Ar' ye willin' to give three?' sez he."

"'What fur?' sez I."

"'Bekase you'll either pay me \$3 or I'll walk off with the bizness and sell to somebody else!'"

"'And you had to buy him off?' I asked."

"'That's where the meanness came in,' replied the farmer. 'Them bees was my property, and I wasn't buyin' what was my own. He offered to take \$2, but I couldn't see how he could get away with 'em and refused to come down. Then he starts off. I reckoned the bees would get angry and sting him to death, but nuthin' happened. He jest walked out into the road and down the hill, and he carried them bees seven miles and sold 'em for a new pair o' shoes."

"'And he wasn't stung?'"

"'Not once, sir. The bees seemed to like the smell o' him, and he paddled along the road as grand as you please. As fur tramps, I've had 'em lie and steal and set fire to straw stacks, but I ain't feelin' hard towards anybody but the feller who walked away with the bees."

Simple Subtraction.

An Irishman was hauling water in barrels from a small river to supply the inhabitants of the village, which was not provided with waterworks. As he halted at the top of the bank to give a "blow" before proceeding to peddle the water, a gentleman of the inquisitive type rode up, and after passing the time of the day, asked:

"How long have you been hauling water for the village, my good man?"

"'Tin years or more, sor," was the reply.

"Ah! and how many loads do you make a day?"

"'From tin to fifteen, accordin' to the weather, sor."

"Yes, Now, I have one for you, Pat," said the gentleman, laughing. "How much water have you hauled altogether?"

The Irishman jerked his thumb in the direction of the river, at the same time giving his team the hint to start, and replied:

"'All the water that yez don't see there now, sor."

His Suspicious Action.

"Now, Mr. Beefy," coldly said the handsome young widow, who was doing her own marketing, "while I am fully conscious of the honor you wish to confer upon me, I must tell you that I have no present intention of marrying again, and am, therefore, compelled to refuse the hand you offer."

"Bub-bub-but, Mum—Mrs. Hooks," stammered the astonished butcher, "I—have never offered you my hand, and—ah—"

"Then, why are you trying to weigh it on the scales with the roast, sir?"

The Husband's Way.

She (at the desk)—Dear, please tell me how to spell costume. "I'm writing to mother about my lovely new gown."

He—Well are you ready?
She—Yes.
He—C-o-s-t-u-m-e—
She—Yes.
He—T-u—
She—Well?
He—M-e, me—\$65, as yet unpaid.
She—You're a wretch.

The Statesman.

He sits where the throng may behold him,
And pensively gazes on high,
And they say, as gloom seems to enfold him,
"Inspiration is certainly nigh."

Then swiftly a paper he seizes
And traces it over with ink,
And they echo, like whispering breezes,
"Now watch him; he's going to think!"
And the shades of the great seem to hover
As he struggles to drain wisdom's fount;
And they'll probably never discover
He's at work on his milage account.



WOMEN'S REALM

WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO MAKE IT
May Manton's Hints Regarding Seasonable Toilets.

The favorite waist this season shows the guimpe effect and a more graceful or generally becoming style has seldom appealed to the popular taste.
Our illustration represents a plum gray poplin made over yellow taffeta, the yoke and plastron front that simulate the guimpe, and the sleeves being finely tucked sheer white organdy. Gray, black and yellow silk embroidered passementerie is used to decorate this handsome gown and the waist is encircled by a French gilt jeweled belt. The bodice, lined, fitted with double darts and other usual seams, closing in center front, is the foundation over which the round yoke facing in back and plastron front that simulate the guimpe, is applied.

The plastron is sewed to the right hand front lining and closes at the left shoulder and under the blouse front. A standing collar of the tucked or gandy finishes the neck, closing with front at left shoulder.

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Stylishly pointed revers roll softly over from the rounded tops of the blouse fronts and rounded epaulettes stand out over the tops of the two seamed sleeves.
The fitted linings may be omitted from the sleeves if a transparent effect is desired.
The skirt comprising six gores has a narrow front and two gores on each side, the straight back breadth especially adapting it to wash goods and all thin fabrics.
Whether for silk, wool or cotton goods, the simplicity and utility of this style recommends it to home dressmakers, and flat bands, ruchings, applique, embroidery, lace or insertion will form appropriate decoration.

To make this waist for a lady of medium size, 2 yards of material 44 inches wide will be required.

Stylish for Nurses.

French nylons are no longer wearing muslin caps with long streamers of wide colored ribbons. That is quite out of date in Paris. A "bonnet" or lace cap lined with pink or blue silk and without trimmings, has replaced it. A wreath of ribbon without ends is seen on some fine needlework caps, but the ribbons are narrower than those formerly used. Britany caps are seen in the Bois and parks, and the Bordeaux is met occasionally. It is a silk kerchief carefully twisted over the head. The Florentine headdress always attracts attention, with its fine golden pins run through raven tresses. An Alsatian nurse is recognized by her big bow, and a Spanish nurse by her black lace mantilla.

Wrinkles!

The majority of wrinkles are caused by worry and fretting, but some of them come from laughing. It is just as important to know how to laugh as it is to know when to do it. You must not laugh with the sides of the face or the skin will work loose and wrinkles will form, according to the kind of laugh you have. You must not always wear a smirk or a series of semicircular wrinkles will cover your cheeks. The best way is to look in the glass and laugh and find out which kind of a laugh suits your face best and which produces least wrinkles. Then cultivate that laugh for all it is worth and if it saves you a few wrinkles it will be worth a great deal.

Checked Shirt Waists.

A shirt waist that is absolutely plain is sure to be braided as a left-over from last year. Some of them are even trimmed with flounces, but here they cease to be real shirt waists and become ordinary blouses. Tucks are the favorite trimming and they are put in in every conceivable fashion—straight up and down, horizontally around the body and even diagonally.

Keeping Silver Bright.

One can keep table silver bright by soaking it in strong borax water for several hours occasionally. The water must be at boiling point, and should be poured on the silver. When well soaked a simple rubbing with a chamomile leaf will suffice to make the silver as bright as new.

WAY OF WASHING THE HAIR,

Doing It Too Frequently a Mistake Not Easily Remedied.

It is as great a mistake to wash the hair too frequently as to wash it too seldom. In the former case, the constant use of water is apt to wash away the natural oil of the skin, without which the hair not only loses its glossy look of health, but is apt to turn prematurely gray and grow thin and scanty. In the latter case the mouths of the oil vessels at the roots of the hair become clogged, dandruff forms, and the growth of the hair is impeded, and the hairs themselves become matted and dusty-looking.
To keep the hair in perfect health it should be washed at regular stated intervals. If you are strong and well, and free from a cold of any kind, once in every three weeks or a month is the proper limit of time to allow between each washing. If you are in delicate health it should be washed every six weeks.

On no account should the hair be washed if you are suffering from a cold in the head or from influenza, as serious trouble may be the result. And in winter time it is best to have the hair shampooed at home, instead of going to the hairdresser's, and it should also always be done in a room with a fire. It is a bad plan to wash the hair just before going to bed, as the hair has not time to dry properly, and is apt to remain damp till morning, which is very injurious to its growth. The best times to wash the hair are the morning, the afternoon, or between 6 and 7 at night.

In the latter case the hair will have plenty of time to dry before you have to go to bed. In the former case, if you have it washed in the daytime, be careful not to go out of doors till it is quite dry, or you will run a very great risk of taking cold.

Getting Rid of Ants.

In ridding the house of ants, the first step, if possible, is to locate the nest by following the workers back to their point of entrance and there destroying the colony. This may be done if the nest is in the wall by injecting bisulphide of carbon or a little kerosene. If the species has its colonies under the flagging in the yard, the nests may be drenched with boiling water or saturated with kerosene and thus easily destroyed; but if it is the kind that builds a system of underground galleries, bisulphide of carbon must then be poured into each of a number of holes made in the nest with a stick, and then promptly close the holes with the foot. In this case the bisulphide will penetrate the tunnels underground and kill the ants in enormous quantities. If it is impossible to locate the nests, there is no resource but to destroy the ants whenever found in the house. The best means to do this, according to the testimony of Government experts, is to attract the ants to small bits of sponge moistened with sweetened water and placed in the situations where they are most numerous. These sponges may be collected several times daily and scalded. It is also reported that a syrup made by dissolving borax and sugar in boiling water will effect their destruction.

Household Hints.

Milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

Fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool of night.

Salt will curdle new milk; hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is nearly prepared.

To soften hard water for toilet purposes take of orange-flower water half a pint, of best spirits of wine a pint and of soap three-quarters of a pound. Shave the soap into the orange water, heat over a fire until the soap dissolves, and then the vessel being removed from the fire, add the spirits of wine. A large tablespoonful of this preparation added to a basin of washing water will completely soften it and render it delightful in use. A simpler method is to put borax in the water.

A New Occupation for Girls.

Some American girls have found it possible to earn pocket money in a very pleasant fashion by taking up the profession of entertainer at children's parties and picnics. They go early to assist in preparing the tables and arranging the menus, and during the party they act as elder sister to the little ones and right hand to the hostess. Of course, they must have a repertoire of tales and riddles, and a genius for inventing and arranging games. A love for children and an unfeigned interest in their enjoyment are equally indispensable.

A Perfect Food.

Milk is a perfect food, but in no sense a beverage, and should never be used as such. For the invalid it supplies all that is necessary for sustenance, and in this respect differs from beef tea, which does not nourish, but only stimulates (although many people still foster the delusion that it affords both nutriment and strength). A very little milk, if it agrees with the individual, is of more real value than a large quantity of beef tea. Again, cocoa and chocolate, made with milk, form a rich, heavy food, but certainly not a drink.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

I hardly know whether I was in love with Pattie Brown or not. She was one of those artful, bewitching minxes who often leave a man in doubt as to whether his heart is captured or only his head turned.
Pattie would sigh, and languish, and talk sentimentally to my heart's content; but whenever I sought to bring her to the point and obtain a categorical answer, she would dodge the issue with as much skill as a veteran politician.
I was determined, at last, to bring matters to a crisis. The occasion I selected was that of a grand masked ball, at which I had no doubt Pattie would be present.
I went so far as to purchase a handsome engagement ring, determined, if the response were favorable, to place it on her finger forthwith, and seal the compact on the spot.
I got myself up as Romeo, in a style that would have caused the hearts of the Montagues to swell with pride and those of the Capulets to burst with envy.
"How stunning he looks!" I heard more than once whispered as I roamed up and down in search of Pattie. But Pattie was not there, or if she was, her disguise was too complete to be penetrated.
As I walked anxiously about my attention was attracted by the most piquant of shepherdesses, whose movements betrayed a perplexity equal to my own. As she passed her steps faltered.
"Pardon me, sir; I feel faint," she murmured, resting her hand upon my arm as if for momentary support.
"Allow me to conduct you to the open air," I answered; "it is quite suffocating here."
The cool air revived her, and after a short walk through the grounds her strength and spirits seemed entirely restored.
Her conversation was vivacious and witty. But when she came to talk of the moonlight, and flowers, and poetry, I found that in the field of sentiment she could beat Pattie two to one. In fact, I couldn't help thinking how tame Pattie's rhapsodies would sound in comparison with the outbursts of the little shepherdess.
In a retired nook, almost hidden by the shrubbery, we found a rustic seat, of which we took possession, feeling, or feigning to feel, weariness after our walk.
"Pray remove your mask," I ventured to say at last, first laying aside my own. "I must look upon the face that mirrors thoughts so divine."
"I fear you will be disappointed," she replied; "still, I have nothing to disguise and if you will dispel the illusion under which you labor the punishment will be your own."
The features she exposed were of surprising loveliness. Just dark enough to entitle her to be called a brunette, her complexion had that peculiar transparency of which the purest of blondes can rarely boast. The contour of her head and face was faultless.
I fairly lost my reason. So the reader will think when I relate that, without further ceremony, I threw myself on my knees to the no small detriment of Romeo's finest hose, and, producing the ring I had purchased for Pattie, I incontinently placed it on the shepherdess's engagement finger. I entreated her to wear it for the sake of one therefore doomed to be her slave, and who sought no other boon than that of dying of unrequited love.
"Stay—there is one of my friends," I sprang to my feet, but not before I had imprinted one kiss upon her lips and clasped her for one brief moment to my throbbing breast.
As I turned I stood confronted by a fierce looking brigand, who, too, was in a tremor of emotion.
A night's sleep measurably restored my senses. When a man has made a fool of himself over night, it's wonderful how clearly he feels it on waking up in the morning.
My costly ring was gone. The shepherdess was gone. And what, after all, had she ever been to me? A fleeting vision that had crossed my path—a mere adventuress, perhaps. Were Pattie Brown and her substantial fortune to be sacrificed for such a phantom? Not by a man in his sober's senses.
Like an awakened prodigal I resolved to arise and go unto Pattie and have it out with her at once.
I found her alone and had just begun to repeat for her edification some of the compliments inspired by the charms of the little shepherdess the night before when my eye fell on an object that struck me dumb. It was the identical ring I had given the shepherdess on Pattie's finger.
"Were you at the ball last night?" inquired Pattie, seemingly seeking to relieve my embarrassment.
"I—I was," I stammered, guiltily.
"So was cousin Charley," said Pattie, with a roguish twinkle in her eye.
"Cousin Charley?" I repeated. "I haven't the honor to know him."
"No," replied Pattie, "he only came yesterday to pay us a short visit. You can't imagine how handsome he is!"
"I dare say not," I answered, dryly.
"As pretty as a girl," exclaimed Pattie with feeling. "He went to the ball last night as a shepherdess," she continued.
"The de—dence he did!" I interrupted.
"Yes," and Pattie's eyes twinkled still more—"and one silly fellow, tricked out as Romeo, actually made love to him and hugged and kissed him into the bargain."
I stayed to hear no more. It was, then, "Cousin Charley" whom I had embraced and kissed and made myself a fool over. And I have a suspicion to this day that the ill-looking brigand was none other than Pattie Brown herself.
I have only to add that Pattie and cousin Charley were married in less than a month.—New York Daily News.

Welcome News

Any information that tells how sickness and disease can be overcome is the most welcome news a paper can print. Although this is an advertisement, it contains facts of more vital importance than anything else in this newspaper.

It tells of a medicine known for over thirty years as **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**. It is a medicine that purifies the blood, and restores the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs to vigor and strength. Its principal ingredient is not alcohol. It does not ruin men's and women's lives by causing intoxication and fostering the appetite for strong drink.

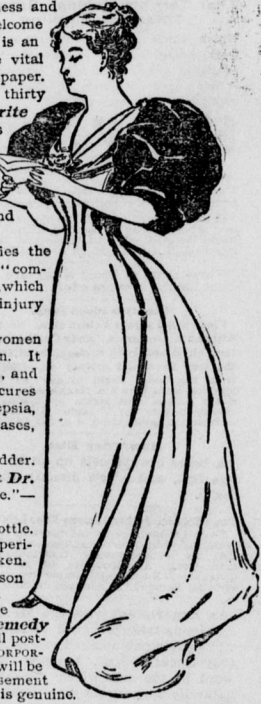
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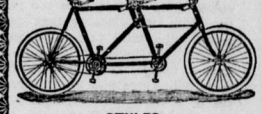
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