

Nervous People

Are great sufferers and they deserve sympathy rather than censure. Their blood is poor and thin and their nerves are consequently weak. Such people find relief and cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla because it purifies and enriches the blood and gives it power to feed, strengthen and sustain the nerves. If you are nervous and cannot sleep, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its nerve strengthening power.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1.50 per bottle. **Hood's Pills** cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1906. A. D. 1896. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by Druggists, or by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Ever Have a Dog Bother You
When riding a wheel, making you wonder for a few minutes whether you are going to fall and a broken neck? Would you have given a small farm just then for some means of driving off the beast? A few drops of Catarrh shot from a Liquid Pistol would do it effectually and still not permanently injure the animal. Such pistols sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps by New York Union Supply Co., 135 Leonard St., New York City. Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. Asthma medicine. W. R. WILLIAMS, Astoria, Ills., April 11, 1896.
The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with eighteen various colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 50c.
Although all the old British battle-ships had elaborate carved figure-heads on their bows, modern vessels are not allowed any such sort of decorations, by virtue of an order of the Admiralty issued about three years ago.

Five Cents.
Everybody knows that Dobbin's Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 33 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Bars full size and quality. Order of grocer. 40c.

Twice a year the Caspian overflows and strands millions of fish—sufficient to feed the whole of Central Asia, if advantage could be taken of these immense resources given by nature.

Beauty is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

Not a Desirable Tenant.
Young man—I am to be married in about a month and I'm looking for a home. What is the rent of these flats?
Janitor—Hum! Did the girl you intend to marry ever have a mother?
"A mother? Certainly."
"A grandmother?"
"Of course."
"Hem! Let me see. Did that grandmother have a daughter?"
"Why, yes."
"And did the daughter have a daughter?"
"Great snakes! Of course."
"Very sorry, sir, but I can't rent one of these fine flats to people like that. I'm afraid having children runs in the family."—New York Weekly.

Old Brattleboro Stamp.
The latest inquiry for the old Brattleboro (Vt.) stamp comes from a Pennsylvania university, and the writer asks the postmaster if he would kindly send one, two or more, for which he is promised five cents apiece. The last one sold brought about \$500. It was sold to a former Brattleboro woman, now a resident of Chicago.

STORIES OF RELIEF.

Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.
Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS, Englishtown, N. J., writes:
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot begin to tell you how I suffered before taking your remedies. I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without falling. I had womb trouble and such a bearing-down feeling; also suffered with my back and limbs, pain in womb, inflammation of the bladder, piles and indigestion. Before I had taken one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great deal better, and after taking two and one-half bottles and half a box of your Liver Pills I was cured. If more would take your medicine they would not have to suffer so much."

Mrs. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa., writes:
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything."

"I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me."

A FRENCH EXECUTION.

GRUESOME SCENES ATTEND THE USE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

The Condemned Man Allowed Only Twenty Minutes to Prepare For Death—After an Execution the Prisoner Looks Like a Shambles—A Morbid Crowd.

For the first time since the execution of the Anarchist Henry in 1894 the guillotine has just been brought into use in Paris; and unpopular as it may be as a corrective of crime, there can be no doubt as to its theatrical possibilities with the Parisian public. Although the execution was, according to French law, announced only to a chosen few, and although it took place in a driving rain at dawn— which is four o'clock—many thousands people gathered at the Roquette Prison to witness the gruesome sight, and afterward made merry at the neighboring cafes until far into the morning. If there were Sunday bull fights in Paris, as there are in the southern cities of France, doubtless no form of amusement would be found more popular or more profitable.

From time to time the Paris press prints articles, more or less violent, upon the brutality of what it calls "electrocution"—a form of carrying out capital punishment which it believes to exist everywhere throughout the United States. The French say that to kill a man by electricity is both uncivilized and calculated to afford a horrible spectacle. It would be perhaps unprofitable to argue over a matter of racial opinion, but the American who had seen a French guillotining never would recommend the process for adoption in America.

The man who was decapitated recently, relates the New York Sun, was one Carrara, an Italian, who, with the assistance of his wife, murdered a bank messenger last autumn and afterward burned his body. The crime was not nearly so brutal as four or five which occurred in Paris since that time, the perpetrators of which were duly acquitted by complaisant juries. But Carrara was a foreigner; which makes no difference in the eye of the French law, of course, but which, somehow nearly always makes a difference in the result of the trial. Carrara is the seventh person out of over two thousand guilty of murder in France in the last four years who had paid the penalty of his crime by losing his head. The others, according to a French statistician, are serving terms in prison which average a little over four years and six months, except thirty or forty, who have not been caught, and several hundred who were acquitted on trial. Carrara, it is recognized by many people whose opinion seems to carry weight, was unfortunate in his nationality and in his choice of a lawyer.

When a man is sentenced in France he has, of course, the right of appeal, both to a higher court and to the clemency of the President of the Republic; but when his appeal fails he is executed at once without more ado. That is why he did not know his fate until twenty minutes before he mounted the guillotine. His case was settled at midnight, and, within an hour afterward, the twenty-five or thirty officials which French red-tapeism prescribes as necessary to oversee the formalities of the execution were on their way to the prison where the murderer was confined. Already a guard of cavalry, some municipal guards, and many platoons of police had been ordered out; the chariot conveying the guillotine was rumbling through the deserted streets of the St. Antoine quarter, and M. Deibler, the venerable "Monsieur de Paris," was speeding toward the same goal in a cab. Other cabs followed with his many assistants.

The condemned man was awakened out of a sound sleep, hustled into his clothes, and then received the notification of his fate in a very long and very flowery oration from the lips of the duly appointed official. His legs were shackled and his arms tied securely behind his back; then they tried to march him out to the guillotine. The speech, or something, however, had so weakened him that he could not walk; so, after dosing him with half a litre of rum, he was half carried, half dragged out into the open space in front of the prison, where the guillotine had already been set up, and where the executioners, surrounded by the soldiery and the great crowd of curiosity mongers, were patiently waiting in the downpouring rain.

Then followed a sorry sight. Deibler, who is seventy-five years old and would have retired at the beginning of the year had he not been desirous of holding on to his \$1500 salary and the rich perquisites of his office, went up to the condemned man and cut off the collar of his shirt so that his neck would be bare. Carrara had not faltered at the sight of the guillotine, but when he felt the cold steel of the shears on his flesh he began to struggle and scream, and it took half a dozen men to hold him, pinioned as he was. Finally they picked him up bodily and threw him flat on his stomach on the platform of the machine. It was then seen that his head was not far enough to reach to the lunette, and they pushed him along by the feet, he still kicking and crying out. All this lasted for two or three minutes; it was the final fight which nearly always takes place when a man is beheaded. At last, however, the executioner's assistants got the condemned man in the right place, and held him there. Deibler stepped to the head of the machine, touched the lever which releases the knife, and the 140-pound blade, keen and shining, fell like a trip-hammer. There was a sickening crash, a second's silence, and then the crowd broke out into yells. The man's head fell into a basket on one side of the knife, and his body con-

visively twisting, collapsed on the other.

Instantly they picked up the body and threw it into another long basket, which was in readiness. In doing so the headless neck, spouting like a fountain with blood, remained on the edge of the basket, and the executioners became real with it. Then they took the head and threw it into the basket with the body. It had been cleanly severed, and, what is said to be very rare, there was no injury to the chin. Usually the victim tries to draw back his head at the moment that the knife descends, and in consequence the chin is crushed in the lunette.

After the execution the place was like a shambles; blood was spattered everywhere within a radius of ten feet and a great pool of it collected beneath the guillotine. Deibler and his assistants looked as if they had just come from a slaughterhouse. During five minutes more another length of red tape was unwound, and then the body was carried to a medical school in a black wagon with an escort of police. There was the sound of a trumpet and the troops marched away. The guillotine was packed into a wagon and the executioners and officials got into their cabs. Finally nobody was left but some prison servants cleaning up the blood from the paving stones; so the crowd, men, women and children, drenched but not despirited, thronged to the nearest cafes for breakfast and merrymaking.

MEDICAL HEROES UNDER FIRE.
Daring Adventures in the Field During the Late War in India.

When the medical history of the late British war in India is written it will prove interesting reading. There were many difficulties overcome and hardships endured with the usual element of danger. A good instance of this was when General Woodhouse was wounded early in the war. A bullet struck him in the thigh, passed down below the knee, broke into pieces and lodged. The Roentgen ray apparatus revealed the exact conditions and it was determined to extract the pieces. In the middle of the operation, artificial light being used, the Afridis crawled up and suddenly blazed into the tent, sending thirteen shots through the canvas. Now that might have been a very disturbing circumstance and apt to interfere with the perfect application of the aseptic form of surgery. And what happened? Nothing. The operation went on and was successfully completed as if there was no Afridi within 100 miles.

As usual we had many examples of great personal bravery and devotion to duty in the midst of danger. Surgeon-Captain Beyer arrested hemorrhage under a hot fire, and Sir William Lockhart, speaking of the incident, said that no one better merited the reward of the Victoria Cross than he. He got nothing; but that is another story. Another medical officer greatly distinguished himself. Surgeon-Lieutenant Hugo.

Lieutenant Ford was dangerously wounded in the shoulder. The bullet cut the artery and he was bleeding to death when Surgeon-Lieutenant V. Hugo came to his aid. The fire was too hot to permit of lights being used. There was no cover of any sort. It was at the bottom of the cup. Nevertheless, the surgeon struck a match at the peril of his life and examined the wound. The match went out amid a splutter of bullets which kicked up the dust all around, but by its uncertain light he saw the nature of the injury. The officer had already fainted from loss of blood. The doctor seized the artery and, as no other ligature was forthcoming, he remained under fire for three hours holding a man's life between his finger and thumb. When at length it seemed that the enemy had broken into the camp he picked up the still unconscious officer in his arms, and without relaxing his hold bore him to a place of safety. His arm was for many hours paralyzed from cramp with the effects of the exertion of compressing the artery.

A Famous Old Tree.
The American Cultivator says that the original Greening apple tree is still standing on the farm of Solomon Drowne, at Mount Hygeia, in North Foster, R. I. The tree was a very old one when the farm was sold in 1801. The seller informed the purchaser that it was a piny old tree was going into decay, as it produced the best fruit of any tree in the orchard. The purchaser determined to see how long he could keep it alive, and it still survives, after almost another century has been added to its venerable years. But it shows signs of final decay, and the parent of all the famous Rhode Island Greenings, which has set its grafts on the orchards of almost all the world, will soon be but a neighborhood memory. It is doubtful if there is a more famous apple tree to be found in all Pomona's groves from end to end of the earth.

Producing Artificial Diamonds.
Moissan and others who have endeavored to produce diamonds artificially have discovered that it is necessary to employ very high pressure with the heated carbon in order to induce the latter to crystallize. An Italian, Quivine Majorana, announces to the Roman Academy of Sciences a new method of conducting this squeeze. The carbon, having been heated in the electric arc, is suddenly subjected to a compression from gases, generated by explosives, equivalent to 5000 atmospheres.

The Color of Gold.
All refined gold is not alike. Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than that from California. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere.

GRIEVANCES OF THE PHILIPINOS.

Why the Natives Hate Their Whilom Spanish Masters.

Native Philipinos, residing in Madrid, expressed their grievances in an address to the Spanish people. It contains extracts from the last Philippine budget for the last administrative year (1896-'97), and enumerates the following crying complaints. Quoting from the budget it states that the Philippine treasury pays a heavy contribution to the general expenses of the government at Madrid; pays pensions to the Duke de Verague (our guest during the Columbian exposition), and to Marquis of Bedmar; besides those of the sultans and native chiefs of the islands of Sulu and Mindanao; it provides for the entire cost of the Spanish consulates at Peking, Tokyo, Hongkong, Singapore, Saigon, Yokohama, and Melbourne; for the staff and material of the minister of the colonies, including the purely ornamental council of the Philipinos; the expenses of supporting the colony of Fernando Po, in Africa, and all the pensions and retiring allowances of the civil and military employes who have served in the Philipinos, amounting to the sum of \$1,160,000 a year.

What a milch cow these islands have been to the Spaniards! What a host of ignorant, idle hidalgos have fattened upon large sums diverted from the unfortunate workers.

And what has Spain done in return? The document from which I translate this states the facts with scathing bluntness: More than \$17,000,000 is the amount consigned in the Philippine budget for that year, but not a penny is allowed for public works, highways, bridges, or public buildings, and only \$6000 for scientific studies, indispensable repairs, rivers and canals, while the amount set apart for religious purposes and clergy amounts to nearly \$1,400,000. This sum does not include the amounts paid to the clergy for baptisms, marriages, etc., which exceeds the government allowances. The magnificent sum of \$40,000 is set apart as a subvention to railway companies, and new projects of railways, but the College for Franciscan Monks, in Spain, and the transportation of priests comes in for \$55,000.

It seems really as if the world had gone back three centuries, and as if we were living in the time of bloody Philip II, after whom these most unfortunate islands were named. Six thousand dollars for all new improvements, yet the choir of the Manila cathedral receives \$4000, and \$60,000 are set apart for the support of the cathedral. Public instruction, including naval, scientific, technical, and art schools must be maintained at a gross expense of \$60,000, and from this pittance museums, libraries, the observatory, and a special chair in the University of Madrid must be paid. Add to this the squeezing and peculation of every Spanish official from the governor-general down to the lowest alguacil, and it is no wonder that these people, robbed right and left of the fruits of their toil, hate the Spaniard, and will have no more of Spanish rule.—Manila Correspondence, Baltimore Sun.

A Colony of Chimney Swallows.
Workmen engaged in repairs upon one of the buildings of the house of correction discovered a curious congregation of chimney swallows in a chimney stack near by. The chimney towers sixty feet from the ground, and is five feet square in the clear inside, and serves as a ventilator to the cells throughout the whole building. While the workmen were putting up the scaffold near by they noticed thousands of chimney swallows circling in the air above, and from time to time darting down and out of the wide opening of the top. When they had finished the scaffold and looked down into the chimney, a sight met their eyes perhaps never before seen in this section of the country. From a point about ten feet below the top of the chimney, and extending from that full twenty feet further down, all four sides of the chimney were lined with thousands of these birds, as many as three and four deep, clinging to the bricks in solid masses. Those next the wall were supporting those on top of them, while yet other thousands of birds, making the sky black, were circling around above the chimney, and from time to time darting down into it, while those from within were fluttering their way into the open air.

The birds took no notice whatever of the peering heads of the workmen looking down upon them. One may judge of the number of the birds there when it is considered that they covered at least 400 square feet of surface on the inside of the chimney and were from three to four deep. General Merrick, superintendent, Dr. Pennybaker, the visiting physician, and scores of others attached to the institution availed themselves of the opportunity to view this strange ornithological curiosity. The birds, it appears, have been congregating daily for a long time in this particular chimney, presumably to enjoy the warmth of it.—Philadelphia Record.

Dimensions.
"You must admit that your argument was rather thin."
"My dear sir," remarked the man who was flustered, "in a case like this it is not the thickness of an argument that counts. It's the length."—Washington Star.

Back-Fence Amnities.
The Lady in the Sunbonnet—Oh, I guess you think whatever you say goes!
The Lady in the Curl Papers—If you hear it, it does. It goes all over the neighborhood.—Indianapolis Journal.

STATISTICS AS TO DUELING.

Code Is Most Popular in Germany, with France Next.

More duels are fought in Germany than in any other country. Most of them are student duels, which culminate in nothing more serious than slashed cheeks or torn scalps, which look extremely ugly when healed and often cause much trouble to the sufferer while healing. Of all German university towns Jena and Gottingen are most devoted to the code. In Gottingen the number of duels averages one a day, year in and year out. Within the space of four-and-twenty consecutive hours, several years ago, twelve duels were fought in Gottingen. In Jena the record for one day in recent times is twenty-one. Fully 4,000 student duels are fought every year in the German empire. In addition to these there are the more serious duels between officers and civilians. Among Germans of mature years the annual number of duels is about 100.

Next to Germany France is most given to the dueling habit. She has every year hundreds of meetings "to satisfy honor"—that is, merely to give two men the opportunity to wipe out insults by crossing swords or firing pistols in such a way as to preclude the slightest chance of injury. In the duel statistics these meetings are not reckoned, as they are far less perilous than even the German student duels. Of the serious duels France can boast fully 1,000 per annum. The majority of these are among army officers. More than half of them result in wounds and nearly 20 per cent. in serious wounds.

Italy has had 2,750 duels in the last ten years. Some 2,500 of these meetings were fought with swords, 170 with pistols, ninety with rapers and one with revolvers. In 1974 cases the insult originated in newspaper articles or in public letters and scores were purely literary quarrels. More than 700 principals were insulted by word of mouth. Political discussions led to 550 and religious discussions to twenty-nine meetings. Quarrels at the gaming table were responsible for 180.

A summary shows that as regards numbers the sequence of dueling countries is: Germany, France, Italy, Austria and Russia.—London Mail.

HIS NERVE

Got This Drummer a Job that Belonged to Another.

"That was a strange experience," admitted the traveling man when some one had recalled the incident to him. "I'll tell you on the level that it concerned me to the theory that there is a destiny that shapes our end, and that the fellow who is willing to drift is not such a chump after all.

"As the boys say, I was on my uppers. No one questioned my ability on the road. I could sell goods to men who had no real use for them, and you'll admit that to be the supreme test of a drummer. If I had one forte above another, it was that of selling stores. I could get rid of a hard-core burner in a soft-core district, and I could place a consignment of wood stores in the middle of a prairie district.

"One morning I waked up in the modern Troy of New York, without a cent and without a job. To most men the situation would have been as cold as a polar expedition, but, as intimated, I'm a fatalist. After jollying the bartender for a patriotic cocktail and the barber for a shave, I went to the nearest stove factory. The clock struck 12 just as I entered the place. Before the handsome young man at the desk could say a word I had told him that I was on time. I think the remark was the inspiration of an extremity.

"We'll not stop to discuss terms at this time," he said. "You have an hour in which to catch a train. Here's your expense money. It is a new route, but it will serve to try you out." I was knocked daffy, but I took the money, caught the train and sold stores right and left. In a week I had a letter from the house asking who in the world I was and where I came from. The other fellow, for whom I was mistaken, had shown up and claimed the job. But they told me to fire away, and they raised my salary. I'm with em yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

It is unlawful in France for any person to give solid food to infants that are under one year old, unless on the prescription of a physician.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 50c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.



Men who are always in a hurry, and most men are, want a soap for the toilet that will lather quickly and freely in hot or cold water. Other soaps than Ivory may have this quality, but will likely contain alkali, which is injurious to the skin. Ivory Soap is made of pure vegetable oils, no alkali; produces a white, foamy lather, that cleanses thoroughly and rinses easily and quickly. Money cannot buy a better soap for the toilet.

The Chicago Library has received a copy of the Bible printed in Zurich in 1552. The volume has 1,500 pages, in heavy old German type, and many quaint woodcut illustrations.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

The law court records show that the defendant wins his case in 47 out of every 100 cases tried.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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

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SEND FOR SAMPLE COLOR CARDS and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealers let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it.

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"He that Works Easily Works Successfully. 'Tis Very Easy to Clean House With

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Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and had stomach trouble. Now since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for her stomach."
JOS. KIRKLINE, 123 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

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REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c.

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The Whole World Falls Sick with Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

The British parliament reassembles about February 3.

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