

The Economy of Rubbers.

Rubbers are prodigious money savers—in two ways: they save shoe leather and doctors' bills. The best shoes in the world soon crack and go to pieces if you wear them in the rain and snow and slush. A pair of \$3 shoes with rubbers will outwear a pair of \$12 shoes without rubbers. And as for doctors' bills, a 50-cent pair of rubbers would have saved many a hundred dollar doctor's bill, to say nothing of the discomfort of being sick and the danger of pneumonia or consumption or grip.

Debts of Cities.

Among the cities of the United States San Francisco has the least and Philadelphia has the greatest debt. The debt of San Francisco is \$138,917.01, and of Philadelphia \$6,872,795.22. In the bonded debt per capita Boston is the highest, with \$97.33, while San Francisco is the lowest, being 38 cents.

Rheumatism

Is caused by acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla neutralizes this acid and cures the aches and pains. Do not suffer any longer when a remedy is at hand. Take the great medicine which has cured so many others, and you may confidently expect it will give you the relief you so much desire.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price \$1. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 50c.

Fishes That Build Nests.

There is a fish found in Hudson bay which absolutely builds a nest. This it does by picking up pebbles in its mouth and placing them in a regular way on a selected spot on the bottom of the bay, where the water is not too deep.

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.

The number of laborers at work on the Simpson railway tunnel is 331.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

There are nearly 3,000 stitches in a pair of hand-sewn boots.

Patroling a Pot Grocer.

One day Mistress MacPhairson was trotting home from her grocer's with some spiritual comfort tucked under her apron, when she ran up against her friend, Mistress Macleod, and felt called upon to explain. "I was just beyond at Muster MacTavish's store. He keeps th' very best ham in a th' land. Our John loves a bit o' guid ham, ye ken, and is ay yammerin' about th' ham at fither shops ben' over fat and saut." "Our Tam th' same," said Mistress Macleod, "and so I'll gang and gie MacTavish a trial now." Five minutes after that Mrs. Macleod went to the obliging grocer and asked for "a pund of ham." "What kind o' ham?" inquired Muster MacTavish. "Oh, gie me the same kind that Mistress MacPhairson always gets here." "A richt," returned the grocer, with a cunning leer. And then, bending over the counter, he said in a highly significant whisper, "Whaur's yer bottle?"—Weekly Telegraph.

THEY WANT TO TELL

These Grateful Women Who Have Been Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.

Women who have suffered severely and been relieved of their ills by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine are constantly urging publication of their statements for the benefit of other women. Here are two such letters:

Mrs. LIZZIE BEVERLY, 258 Merrimac St., Lowell, Mass., writes: "It affords me great pleasure to tell all suffering women of the benefit I have received from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for what she has done for me. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I was under the doctor's care. Upon examination he found fifteen very large ulcers, but he failed to do me good. I took several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sensitive Wash, and am cured. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine saved my life, and I would recommend it to all suffering women."

Mrs. AMOS TROMBLEAY, Ellenburgh Ctr., N. Y., writes: "I took you at the time my baby was born, causing me to have milk legs, and was sick in bed for eight weeks. Doctors did me no good. I surely thought I would die. I was also troubled with falling of the womb. I could not eat, had faint spells as often as ten times a day. One day a lady came to see me and told me of the benefit she had derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and advised me to try it. I did so, and had taken only half a bottle before I was able to sit in a chair. After taking three bottles I could do my own work. I am now in perfect health."

TASTES GOOD CHILDREN LIKE IT
Dr. SETH ARNOLD'S
COUGH KILLER
CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL
ALL DRUGGISTS
Send Postal for Premium List to the Dr. Seth Arnold Medical Corporation, Woonsocket, R. I.

RHEUMATISM CURED—One bottle—Positive relief in 24 hours. Postpaid, \$1. ALLEGRA REMEDY CO., 346 Greenwich St., N. Y.

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE'S STORY

HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF THE BLOWING UP OF THE MAINE.

He Was Writing a Letter in His Cabin When the Explosion Came—He Thoroughly Believes the Vessel Was Blown Up From the Outside.

Captain Charles D. Sigsbee is contributing to the Century Magazine his "Personal Narrative of the Maine." In his second paper he describes the blowing up of the Maine and the scenes that followed it. Captain Sigsbee says:

About an hour before the explosion I had completed a report called for by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, on the advisability of continuing to place torpedoes on board cruisers and battleships. I then wrote a letter home in which I struggled to apologize for having carried in my pocket for ten months a letter to my wife from one of her friends of long standing. The cabin mess-attendant, James Pinckney, had brought me, about an hour before, a civilian's thin coat, because of the prevailing heat; I had taken off my blouse, and was wearing this coat for the only time during the cruise. In the pocket I had found the unopened and undelivered letter. Pinckney, a light-hearted colored man, who spent much of his spare time in singing, playing the banjo and dancing gigs, was for some reason in an especially happy frame of mind that night. Poor fellow! he was killed, as was also good old John R. Bell, the colored cabin steward, who had been in the navy twenty-seven years.

At taps ("turn in and keep quiet"), ten minutes after nine o'clock, I laid down my pen to listen to the notes of the bugle, which were singularly beautiful in the oppressive stillness of the night. The marine bugler, Newton, who was rather given to fanciful effects, was evidently doing his best. During his pauses the echoes floated back to the ship with singular distinctness, repeating the strains of the bugle fully and exactly. A half hour later Newton was dead.

I was enclosing my letter in its envelope when the explosion came. The impression made on different people on board the Maine varied somewhat. To me, in my position, well aft, and within the superstructure, it was a bursting, rending and crashing sound or roar of immense volume, largely metallic in character. It was followed by a succession of heavy, ominous, metallic sounds, probably caused by the overturning of the central superstructure and by falling debris. There was a trembling and lurching motion of the vessel, a list to port and a movement of subsidence. The electric lights, of which there were eight in the cabin where I was sitting, went out. Then there was intense blackness and smoke.

The situation could not be mistaken; the Maine was blown up and sinking. For a moment the instinct of self-preservation took charge of me, but this was immediately dominated by the habit of command. I went up the inclined deck into the starboard cabin, toward the starboard air-ports, which were relieved somewhat against the background of the sky. The sashes were out, and the openings were large. My first intention was an escape through an air-port, but this was abandoned in favor of the more dignified way of making an exit through the passageway leading forward through the superstructure. I groped my way through the cabin into the passage, and along the passage to the outer door. The passage turned to the right, or starboard, near the forward part of the superstructure.

When the turn was reached, some one ran into me violently. It was Private William Anthony, the orderly at the cabin door. He said something apologetic, and reported that the ship had been blown up and was sinking. He was directed to go out on the quarterdeck, and I followed him. Anthony has been pictured as making an exceedingly formal salute on that occasion. The dramatic effect of a salute cannot add to his heroism. If he had made a salute it could not have been seen in the blackness of that compartment. Anthony did his whole duty, at great personal risk, at a time when he might have evaded the danger without question, and deserved all the commendation that he received for his act. He hung near me with unflinching zeal and watchfulness that night until the ship was abandoned.

I stood for a moment on the starboard side of the main deck, forward of the superstructure, looking toward the immense dark mass that loomed up amidships, but could see nothing distinctly. There I remained for a few seconds in an effort to grasp the situation, and then asked Anthony for the exact time. He replied: "The explosion took place at nine-forty, sir." It was soon necessary to retire from the main deck, for that part of the ship was sinking rapidly. I then went up on the poop-deck. By this time Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and others were near me. Everybody was impressed by the solemnity of the disaster, but there was no excitement apparent; perfect discipline prevailed.

The question has been asked many times if I believed then that the Maine was blown up from the outside. My answer to this has been that my first order on reaching the deck was to post sentries about the ship. I knew that the Maine had been blown up, and believed that she had been blown up from the outside. Therefore, I ordered a measure which was intended to guard against attack. There was no need for the order, but I am writing of first impressions. There was the sound of many voices from the shore, suggestive of cheers.

American pulp-making machinery is gaining considerable headway in Scandinavia.

AN IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE.

Fatal and Destructive Consequences of a Train Dispatcher's Conscious Error.

A singular psychological phenomenon occurred at Hagerstown, Md., the other day. Governed by some impulse which he cannot explain and could not control, the train dispatcher on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at that point committed an error of which he was fully conscious at the time and which was followed by fatal and destructive consequences. He says that he simply could not help it. No. 19 freight was coming down the road at full speed, with right of way. The track was open, the signals were all properly set, and if the dispatcher had gone to sleep or left his post or turned his back and looked out of the window the train would have passed on to its destination and all would have been well; but, prompted by some irresistible influence, he stepped across the tower, seized the handles of one of the levers and threw a switch which turned the train upon another track occupied by an idle locomotive, only a few yards away. When the engineer of the freight saw that the switch was turned he blew an alarm on his whistle and reversed his throttle, but the heavy train of twenty-four loaded cars was coming down a grade at a speed of sixteen miles an hour, and struck the dead engine with tremendous force. The fireman jumped. The engineer attempted to do so, but was caught in some manner and killed. One of the brakemen was thrown off a car and so badly injured that he has since died. Both engines were practically destroyed and \$100,000 worth of freight was so badly damaged that the company had to pay for it.

The train dispatcher was a man of middle age, temperate habits, good judgment and had been in the service twenty years without getting a mark against him. No dispatcher or operator on the road had a better reputation, and was considered more reliable, yet he says that he knew he was doing wrong when he pulled the lever and was unable to resist the impulse that impelled him. He made no effort to evade the responsibility or excuse his conduct. When he saw the disaster he had caused he threw himself down on the floor of the tower and cried like a child. He offered himself for any punishment that might be imposed, has been indicted by the Grand Jury and will plead guilty to the charge of manslaughter at the next term of court.—Chicago Record.

Make-Believe Meteorology.

Whatever may be the state of the weather outside, the stage manager within can bring about rain and hail, wind, or a thunderstorm at will; and the illusion is so complete as to sometimes make nervous members of the audience insensibly shudder. Hail and rain are represented by a closed wooden cylinder about six feet long, which is obstructed inside by various cross-pieces, a quart of peas completing the arrangement. By turning this cylinder first one way and then the other, the peas rattle through it with close imitation to the sound of heavy rain on a roof.

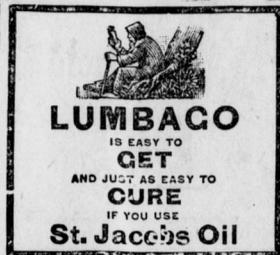
The wind arrangement consists of a wheel of about two feet diameter, set in a frame like that of a grindstone. This wheel is furnished with ribs on its periphery somewhat like the floats of a waterwheel, and drawn tightly over these ribs is a piece of thick silk. When the wheel is turned the ribs rub against the silk, and by turning the handle first quickly and then slowly, a very good imitation of the sighing of the wind can be produced. Lightning can easily be imitated by chemical or electrical means, and the usual mode of producing thunder is by shaking a large sheet of flexible iron plate. A snowstorm is brought about by a perforated revolving cylinder above the stage, charged with paper cuttings.—Chambers's Journal.

An Immune From Music.

One of Chicago's music teachers, a Frenchman, went to Cuba as bugler in an Illinois company. Since his return he has had some difficulty in building up a profitable class, and for that reason he has been compelled to accept a number of unpromising pupils. The other week the patience of the teacher became exhausted in the case of one pupil, the daughter of a North Side board of trade man. In a moment of recklessness the Frenchman summoned all the English at his command and wrote the following note to the father of the girl who was not making advancement in her piano studies: "Dear Sir: It regrets me, indeed, to make announcement to you that your daughter is what may be called a music immune. As a man of honor, I give you my word that, even should she be exposed repeatedly to infection at grand operas and concerts, not a single germ of music would lodge in her mind, her soul, her constitution in general. Again, with apologies most humble I to you declare that my pupil is a music immune, and so I hereby resign her out of my class, with regrets most sad."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An Expensive Custom.

I have touched in M. A. P., writes T. P. O'Connor, on some of the quaint observances, from generation to generation, of the marriage ceremonies of the leading families in these countries. Let me detail a very charming birthday usage, from which there has been no departure for centuries in the Rothschild family. With the Rothschilds it is the custom to purchase six pearls, each costing £100, on the birth of each baby girl. On each birthday six additional pearls are added to the original purchase, so that when the young lady makes her debut in society, a cascade of magnificent pearls is presented to her.—London Mainly About People.



LUMBAGO
IS EASY TO GET
AND JUST AS EASY TO CURE
IF YOU USE
St. Jacob's Oil

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. A. FORTY, 388 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 1, 1894.

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

Italy exported last year 21,000 ancient and modern works of art, valued at \$600,000. More than one-half of them went to Germany.

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.

The present population of New Mexico is estimated at 283,000, including about 26,000 Indians.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Queen Victoria's favorite song is said to be "And ye shall walk in silk attire." The late Mme. Carnot was fond of busying herself with the garden and a greenhouse built by her late husband. The duke of York is the only member of the British royal family who can dance a genuine sailor's hornpipe. He learned the steps when he was a young cadet.

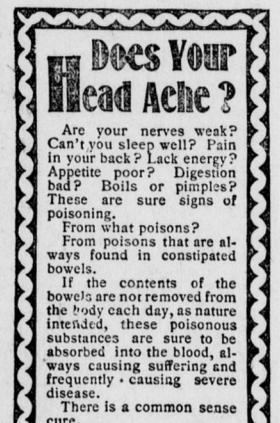
There lives in Sedalia, Mo., an old gentleman who was tutor to the late King Alfonso XII. of Spain. His name is Col. Van B. Wisker, an American, born of English parents.

Pierre Loti is to go to India with Sarah Bernhardt. The actress intends to shoot tigers and elephants and the author expects to keep an interesting journal, from which he will make a book.

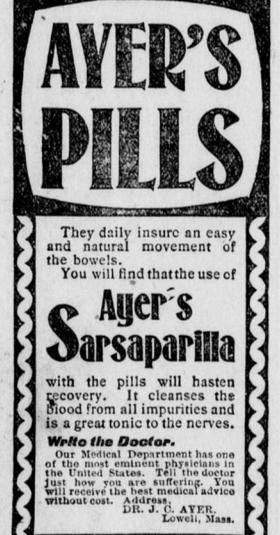
The duke of Buccleuch possesses landed estates which are perhaps the most considerable in the United Kingdom. He owns something like 500,000 acres, which represent a revenue of some £225,000 a year.

Frank A. Vanderlip, assistant secretary of the treasury, began life an apprentice in a machine shop, giving his few spare moments to the study of stenography, having mastered which he became a reporter and later a financial editor.

Emperor William uses the largest visiting cards of any member of Europe's royal families. They are of heavy card, six inches long and four inches wide. On the upper line is the single word "Wilhelm" and on the second line are the words "Deutscher Kaiser und Koenig von Preussen."



Does Your Head Ache?
Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.
From what poisons? From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.
If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.
There is a common sense cure.



AYER'S PILLS
They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels.
You will find that the use of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.
Write the Doctor.
Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor just how you are suffering, and we will receive the best medical advice without cost. Address: DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Farms for Sale!
Send stamp, get full description and price of 40 cheapest farms in Ashabula Co., O. Best state in the union; best country in the state. H. N. BANGROFF, Jefferson, Ashabula Co., O.

AGENTS WANTED (Gentle business, pays well) for the best medicine for PILES, sold at once. HOWLAND BROS., Buffalo, N. Y.

SHE SHOPS!

She shops! She does not mean to buy, For funds are low and prices high, So many people wonder why She shops!
She shops! She keeps herself apprised Of all the bargains advertised, And with a gusto undisguised— She shops!
She shops! The tired assistance sighs, For long experience makes him wise, He knows wherein her weakness lies— She shops!
She shops! She hurries and fro, And when the sun is setting low, A thousand captured samples show She shops!
—Pearson's Weekly.

PITH AND POINT.

It sounds sort of queer, but it was because of his sand that the wise man built his house upon a rock.—Boston Transcript.

Golfer—"Dear, dear, there cannot be worse players than myself." Caddie—"Weel, maybe, they're worse players, but they dinna play!"—Fun.
"Pa, what is a lineal descendant?" "A lineal descendant is a person who has to fall back on some praiseworthy ancestor for his own importance."—Detroit Free Press.

"Professor Brainard is the wisest man that ever lived." "Indeed!" "Yes. Why, he can say 'I love' in nine different languages—and hasn't said it in any."—Harper's Bazar.
Hills—"Young looking chap—Brown." Hills—"Why, he's a lawyer of twenty years' standing." Hills—"I should think he would be tired by this time."—New York World.

Miss Sheafe—"Oh, just look at that wheat rising and falling in the breeze! How beautiful it is!" Mr. Cityman—"All, but you ought to see it rising and falling in the Corn Exchange."—Tit-Bits.

"How about the children?" asked the inquisitive neighbor. "Oh," said the man who had married again to get a mother for his little ones, "she doesn't mind them at all."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I think," remarked the fond mother, "that our little Willie will make a noise in the world some day." "I shall have no objection," retorted little Willie's father, "if it will help to keep him from howling at night."—Judy.

Wright—"I believe a good deal of human interest could be put into a play with the scenes laid in a pawnshop." Reed—"My dear boy, the interest in a pawnshop is something absolutely inhuman."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Here is a short poem taken from the French," said the would-be contributor. "The French should be everlastingly grateful to you," snorted the editor, as he opened the door and bowed a series of short bows.—Casell's.

She had sent a telegram and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office; and she said to her companion: "That's from George, I know. I can tell his statter."—Modern Society.

"It's all up with us now," he remarked, as he raised the umbrella. "No," she replied; "you mean it is all over between us." And if it was not laughter that shook the ribs of the umbrella it must have been the wind. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

First Artist—"Well, old man, how's business?" Second Artist—"Oh, splendid! Got a commission from a millionaire. Wants his children painted very badly." First Artist (pleasantly)—"Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job."—Life.

She was a lovely girl, but she didn't know anything about the language of the game. "Why," she innocently asked, "why does that big fellow look as if he had stuffed himself out with a pillow?" The young man at her side laughed convulsively. "So that he can touch down," he hoarsely shrieked, and fell off the seat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

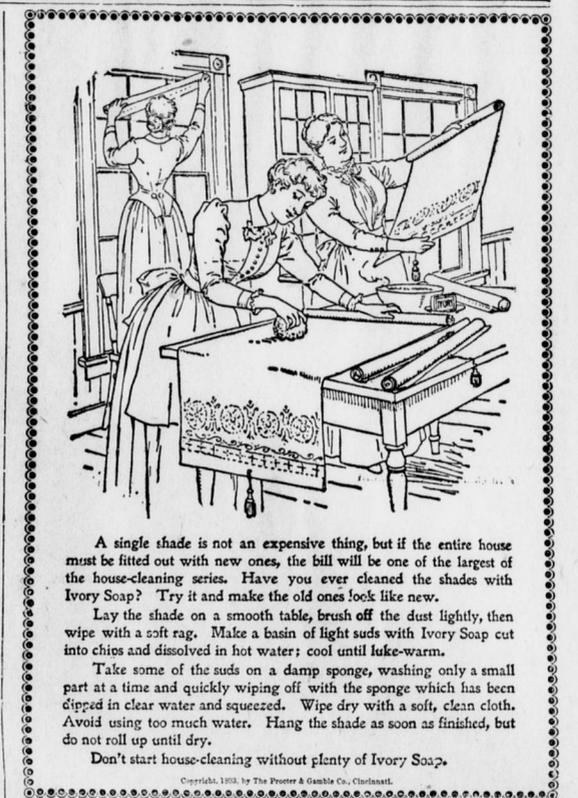
By Height, Not by Age.

Nearly every one knows that the rule on railways trains and other public conveyances which provides for the carrying free of children under five years old, and of charging half fares for those between the ages of five and twelve, often results in statements from the parents which are as trying to a normal conscience as the affidavits made by many tourists regarding ditable goods among their belongings.

Sometimes these answers result in unpleasant controversies between conductors and passengers, but usually our national tact and good nature help along the adjustment without undue friction. In parts of Europe they have a way of fixing this matter so that no one has cause to quarrel about it.

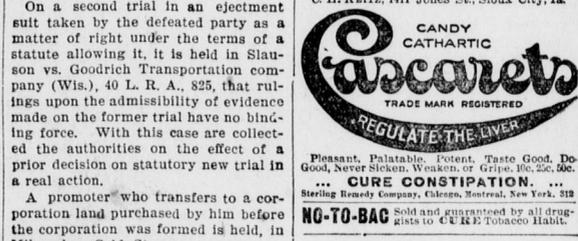
Instead of going by a child's age, as to what rate of fare it shall pay, they go by size. The collector is provided with a five-foot rule, and he rates the children by inches. Any child under twenty-four inches in height travels free, while those who measure between twenty-four inches and fifty-one inches pay half fare. All who measure more than four feet three inches pay full fare.—New York Sun.

He Couldn't Have That. A poor man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. "Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now what can I get for you?" With a wan smile he answered feebly: "Well, I seem to smell a ham a cooking somewhere; I think I could do with a little bit of that." "Oh, no, John, dear," she answered, promptly, "you can't have that. That's for the funeral."—Weekly Telegraph.

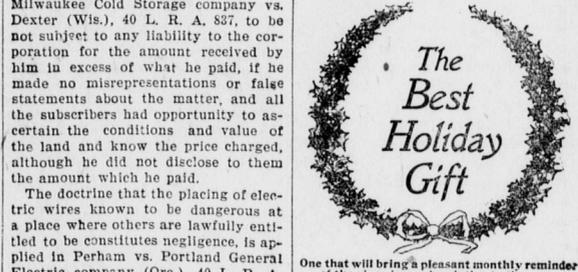


WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.
Game killed on an Indian reservation by a tribal Indian and transported by wagon to the nearest railway station off the reservation and there delivered to a carrier to be shipped out of the state is held, in *Selkirk vs. Stevens* (Minn.), 40 L. R. A. 759, to be subject to the game laws of the state.
On a second trial in an ejectment suit taken by the defeated party as a matter of right under the terms of a statute allowing it, it is held in *Slauson vs. Goodrich Transportation Company* (Wis.), 40 L. R. A. 825, that rulings upon the admissibility of evidence made on the former trial have no binding force. With this case are collected the authorities on the effect of a prior decision on statutory new trial in a real action.
A promoter who transfers to a corporation land purchased by him before the corporation was formed is held, in *Milwaukee Cold Storage Company vs. Dexter* (Wis.), 40 L. R. A. 837, to be not subject to any liability to the corporation for the amount received by him in excess of what he paid, if he made no misrepresentations or false statements about the matter, and all the subscribers had opportunity to ascertain the conditions and value of the land and know the price charged, although he did not disclose to them the amount which he paid.
The doctrine that the placing of electric wires known to be dangerous at a place where others are lawfully entitled to be constitutes negligence, is applied in *Perham vs. Portland General Electric Company* (Ore.), 40 L. R. A. 799, to wires strung over a bridge where workmen in repairing the bridge come in contact with them, and it is also held that the apparent perfect invitation of the wires amounted to an invitation to risk contact with them, when the wires are placed where persons in performing their duties may come in contact with them.
How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him by firm.
WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Trade-mark, "Little Blue Pills." Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.
The charges of the United States have taken 1,000 Chinese into membership.
No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

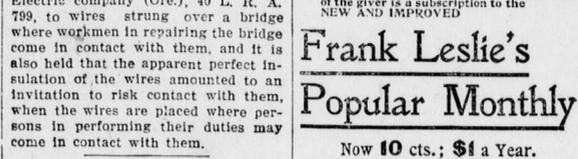
Japan with a population of 45,000,000 has 220 towns that have more than 100,000 inhabitants. In 1886 the number of such towns was 117. Osaka has increased from 360,000 to 510,000 inhabitants in ten years. Yokohama from 89,000 to 180,000, Kobe from 80,000 to 185,000. Tokio has now a population of 1,300,000.
To Cure A Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.



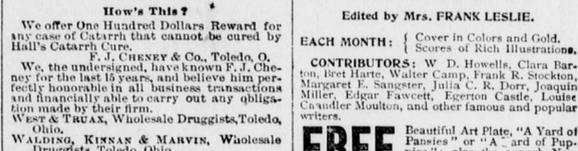
CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grieves. **CURE CONSTIPATION.**
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 212
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to cure tobacco habit.



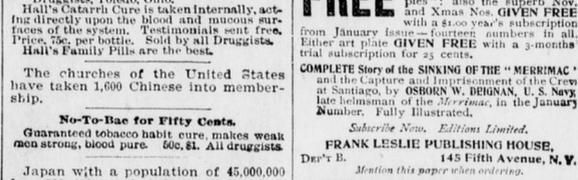
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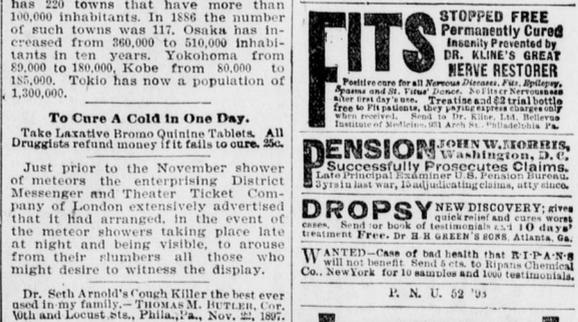
FITS STOPPED FREE
Permanently Cured
Insanely Proven by
DR. HUME'S GREAT
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