

# BAY STATE MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

PLAINVILLE, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1891.

NO. 2.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have in preparation a publication which, from point of artistic merit and at present indications in size, will surpass anything yet attempted in the philatelic line.

### THE ILLUSTRATED BULLETIN

will be sent free to every person interested, whose name we can obtain up to date of publication. Estimating the number of collectors alone at eight thousand, its circulation will be immense for a book of this nature.

The size of pages will be about 6x9 inches.

### THE PORTRAIT GALLERY

will be a very attractive and valuable feature, containing the portraits, with sketch of life and business, of prominent collectors and dealers. This department promises to be a very extensive one, and any dealer or collector wishing his portrait in the gallery will please write us at once that we may make the necessary arrangements.

### THE ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

will be the largest and will present a very novel and attractive appearance, as it will be illustrated on every page with cuts, specially engraved for this work, and we will make a special, appropriate cut, without charge, for insertion in every column ad.

All advertisers appreciate the value of illustrations and for this reason we predict large returns from ads. in the Bulletin. The very novel and neat appearance of the book will insure its preservation and as it will be shown to thousands of admiring friends, it will no doubt induce many to help swell the ranks of collectors and the pocketbooks of dealers.

But the **MOST NOVEL FEATURE** of this very novel enterprise, is the manner in which we propose to get our pay for all this expense.

We charge at the rate of \$1 per inch regardless of the size of the ad, but we do not want one cent of money for any ad., all we want you to do is to send a few sheets of good stamps (when you send copy for ad.) from which we will select to the value of the ad., allowing 50 per cent. off Scott's prices.

No publisher has ever made such an offer and it will allow many dealers a good ad. who have plenty of stamps, but not very fat pocketbooks. Another feature will be the Directory which we intend shall be reliable. Every advertiser's card will be inserted free, others inserted for one stamp worth ten cents, or for fifteen cents worth of any kind, worth four cents each or over.

We intend to get every live collector and dealer on our mailing list, but we may not have you down. If you want to be sure of getting a copy, which will be well worth half a dollar, there is one and only one way, get your name in the Directory. It costs almost nothing.

Considerable time will be required to get out all the cuts, and we would ask all intending advertisers to kindly write at once. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered if you inclose a stamp, or, better, a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Address

## BAYSTATE CO.

Plainville, Mass.

P.S.—Please remember that this is a book, not a newspaper.

## THE BAY STATE MONTHLY.

**SUBSCRIPTION, 25 cents per year.**  
**ADVERTISING RATES, \$1 per inch.**  
Regardless of size of ad.

Discount on standing ads.: 3 months, 10 per cent.; 6 months, 20 per cent.  
All ads. running less than three months payable in advance; others monthly.  
25 per cent. discount in all cases where payment is made in advance.  
Stamps will be accepted in payment of ads. by special arrangement. Terms on application.

**BAY STATE CO., - Plainville, Mass.**

All matter for Number 2 must be in by Oct. 22.

### SPECIAL.

We make a special offer of stamps to the value of 25 cents to every one sending their subscription before Jan. 1, 1892 provided you enclose a self addressed, stamped envelope.  
**No Cheap Stamps will be sent.**

### TO ADVERTISERS.

On all contracts for four or more inches, to stand three or more months, or on smaller ads. to run six or more months, we will allow 4 per cent. discount if received before January 1, 1892, and paid for in advance.

Next month we will have 16 pages, making a paper equal to 64 pages of the usual size. Several fine articles were received too late for this number and will appear next time.

How much does it cost you for envelopes? It does not cost us anything and we use thousands every month. We will tell any of our subscribers how to get as many as they can use, free, if stamp is enclosed. Send in your subscription.

Large ads. pay best. We want you to try the Monthly and make a rock-bottom offer for next month on ads. of one or more columns.

1 col., 1 mo. \$3.	2 mo. \$5.
2 col., 1 mo. 6.	2 mo. 10.
3 col., 1 mo. 8.	2 mo. 14.
1 page, 1 mo. 10.	2 mo. 15.

And we will get out a special edition and mail to every one of your customers. We expect this offer will be snapped up by a good many dealers and you will get the benefit of all the special editions. Cash in advance on this offer.

The stamp dealers need an organ of their own. Other trades have their papers, which are of inestimable value, and a trade which has taken such gigantic strides as has ours in the last few years cannot afford to plod along with nothing but the common stamp paper. The world moves, we must move with it. There are enough papers for collectors, but the dealer has none. There is no trade in which dealers buy of each other to such an extent as in the stamp business, and the wholesaler or dealer who has some special offer for other dealers, must make it in the face of fifty collectors to every dealer whom he reaches. It demoralizes trade by virtually giving collectors the same prices that dealers get, and more than this, it is a great waste of money, for it costs

fifty times as much as it should to reach each dealer. The dealers' organ reaches all dealers but no others.

There ought to be a more systematic and a quicker way of warning against frauds. Any smart fraud has a chance to swindle every dealer in the country before he can be posted.

The dealers' organ ought to be published oftener than monthly, and if the dealer reports a dishonest person at once the trade can be warned in season. More than two-thirds of the money spent in advertising is wasted, yet this is absolutely the only way for the dealer to obtain and increase his business. There ought to be a better understanding how to advertise, and in countless other ways the experience of all could be gathered for the benefit of all, and a trade organ can accomplish these ends as no other paper can.

We have the courage of our convictions, and have confidence that the dealers will support a paper most heartily if well conducted.

We shall commence the publication of such a paper as soon as we can arrange matters. The enterprising dealer cannot wait a month for his paper and we are going to make it a semi-monthly. It will be made as small and neat as possible, no trash will be allowed in its columns.

Stamp dealers are a sensible lot and don't need sixteen pages of rot and ads in order to get one page of real value. Everything will be boiled down, and of value. Collectors can have their skim milk papers in gallon doses, dealers prefer cream by the pint.

If you want it regularly you must pay for it, and you can afford to as it will be the cheapest paper published, twenty-four numbers for twenty cents.

When is it coming? Just as soon as possible. You know the P. O. Department seems to have a grudge against us poor philatelists, and it is considered a lucky thing to get second-class rates, but when a paper starts out with a respectable number of subscribers, it cannot very well refuse. We are going to publish this paper if we have to pay a cent on every copy, that's the kind of pluck we have got, but we can give a great deal more if we can save this expense by getting second-class rates, so we ask all our friends to send a dime for six months' subscription (twelve numbers), and we will show Uncle Sam what kind of stuff the enterprising American stamp dealer is made of. A subscription for six months counts as much as one for a year, but we don't object to your sending two dimes for twelve months, and we will do our prettiest to give you the best value you ever got out of those little coins. We don't offer any chromos, or Jew's harps, but mean business. If any dealer really can't afford a dime, if he will write us we will put him on our free charity list, but to tell you the honest truth we should think he was too poor to be counted as a dealer with the rest of you

Protection is one of the chief objects of this enterprise, and we want to start in under flying colors, so send in the names of your frauds for publication; we will also collect accounts, if possible, and shall charge you nothing, except for postage.

We have some good things in store, but don't want to spring them all at once, it would be pleasant to have an occasional surprise party.

We have nothing to say yet about advertising, you will get enough later, but if you know a good thing and want an ad. in the first number, write us.

Perhaps you have noticed that we have not told the name of the paper, the fact is, it hasn't got any. We want you to name it. When you send in your subscription (better do it at once before you forget it) give one or more names that you think would be good, the best will be selected, and the one who sent it first will be presented with a check for two dollars. This is no fake, we want a good name and are willing to pay for it.

Now let us hear from you quick and get this thing hustling with the usual enterprising spirit of the most promising industry of the country. And, by the way, let us know what you think of it.

It is said that the wealthy people of Mexico are getting more and more into the habit of traveling in the United States rather than in Europe. Up to the time of the completion of the Mexican Central Railway Mexican travelers were much more familiar with London than with New York or Chicago.

"Good roads are the best proof of an intelligent Government," opines the Providence (R. I.) Journal.

### WE HAVE BOUGHT

A BIG LOT OF

**First-Class**

## NO. 6 WHITE ENVELOPES

At Factory Prices

and offer them as long as they last at 13 cents per 100, postage paid; or 70 cents per 500 by express. This is a bargain.

Also, a smaller lot of

### Extra Fine White Envelopes,

that we shall sell for 20 cents per 100, postage 14c.; 90 cents per 500 by express.

We have the finest Envelopes for Packets that you ever saw, assorted colors and sizes at 20 cents per 100 postpaid. Samples of all for 5 cents.

### BAY STATE CO.,

Plainville, - Mass.

There are two things on which I can **BEAT THE WORLD!**

### Envelopes for Packets, and Gummed Hinges.

My envelopes are in assorted sizes and colors, and the price 25 cents per hundred, postpaid. How does that suit you? Now, I can also please you on mounts, for I have the very finest quality of **SCOTCH GUMMED PAPER** imported specially for the trade, and which cannot be excelled. It comes in the handiest form possible, allowing the use of any size desired. Quality and price are "O. K." Highest quality, lowest price. Sample sheet 10c., 4 for 25c., 7 for 35c., and 5c. per sheet in larger quantities.

**W.F. BARDEN, Plainville, Mass.**

WILL.

To do, and not to dream,  
To be, and not to seem,  
Purpose to fulfill,  
To strive in spite of pain,  
Failure, disgrace, defeat—  
This, I think, is Will.

—Herbert D. Ward, in *Youth's Companion*.

## A THEFT CONDONED.

BY GENTRUDE SMITH.

One of the seven houses in Pawnee faced toward the south. It was the house where Mrs. Dyer lived. The other houses faced the west. The railroad track was across the street from these houses, with a broad plank walk and a little unpainted box of a station.

The houses in Pawnee were all one-story wooden buildings, with the gable-ends toward the street. Mrs. Dyer's house was painted a dull red; the other houses were not painted.

It had been a warm day and the sun had shone glaringly on the unbroken prairie around Pawnee.

The town was on a slight rise of ground. You could see more than twenty miles in three directions. A narrow strip of woods broke the view on the north, half a mile away.

Mrs. Dyer stood in her front door and looked over the prairie. The railroad track wound away toward the south and disappeared where the earth and sky seemed to meet. The sun was going down and the short thin prairie-grass looked white and gold. The railroad track shone like silver. There were no clouds. In places the blue of the sky was so light that it was almost white. The air was cool and clear after the warm day.

"The sun's going down without any fuss to-night," Mrs. Dyer said, sitting down on the doorstep. "Just droppin' off the edge, like the string that held it had been cut."

She folded her arms in her lap and turned her face away from the bright light. She was a small, old woman with thin features. She wore her hair, which was still very black, combed smoothly behind her ears. Her eyes were black, with a keen look of resistance in them. This look was emphasized in the lines around her mouth.

Mrs. Dyer lived alone. Her son kept a little store and the postoffice in the front room of one of the other houses. Two years before when her husband had died Mrs. Dyer had come West to be near her son. Her son had invited her to live with them, but she had refused.

"You ain't got room for your own. I didn't come out here to be beholden to anybody. I'll have my own place, and you'll see enough of me, dodgin' in and out, as it is."

She had spent the greater part of the time watching the carpenters at work on her house, during her forced stay at her son's, urging them to work faster, and at last in her impatience moved in before they had finished shingling the roof. She had decided to postpone the plastering until some time when she should go away on a visit.

The sun had gone down. The air was a soft gray and very still.

"Well, I mustn't sit here gettin' the cramps," she said, sitting up from the step. "I do say I ain't seen them mover wagons before. I wonder now if they've stopped since I been sitting here. They camped near enough! I suppose they'd buy something up to the store. The movers bring in John quite a little, off and on. There comes John up this way. I wonder now what's he comin' up here for. What you want, John? They ain't anything the matter, is they?" she called.

John came slowly toward her. He was a large man, but his clothes, which hung loosely, gave him the appearance of being thin. He wore a soft felt hat pulled well over his forehead. His eyes were like his mother's in color, but there was none of the determination in them.

"Have you seen the movers campin' over yonder?" he asked, pointing across the prairie.

"Yes, I just was lookin' at them when I see you comin' up."

Well, they were just two of them up to the store, and they was evil-lookin', I can tell you. Marthy was in the store and see them, and she would have it

you must come over and stay to our house to-night."

"Why, I ain't afraid of movers, as I know of."

"She don't want to think of you stayin' here by yourself, and I'll own I don't neither."

"Well, I ain't goin' to leave my bed 'cause some movers happen to be campin' near. There's always movers comin' and goin'. I guess if they stole me they'd drop me when it come light enough to see what they'd got."

"Well, I think you'd better come. Marthy won't feel easy unless you do."

"I ain't goin' to be so silly. I ain't got anythin' they want, without it's that money I've saved to have my carpet rags wove up, and they'd never think of lookin' in a can for it. It's one of them cove oyster cans. I've made a pin cushion that fits down into the can, and sewed a cover around the outside. You'd never know it was a can to look at. I see one made something like it when I lived East."

"You ain't got much money in it, have you?"

"It's all in nickels. I've been savin' of it up for near two years. Oh, I guess they must be four or five dollars. I ain't counted it just lately."

"Well, I think you're foolish to stay here by yourself, when you can just as well come over. I think you'd better change your mind and come along."

He turned and went back along the grassy road toward his own home. He walked with his head bent down and with a shambling gait. He was dreading his wife's reproaches that he had not been able to induce his mother to come back with him. He did not believe there was any real danger in letting his mother stay alone.

"I guess I ain't goin' to set up for a coward, at my time of life," said Mrs. Dyer. "I wonder now if Marthy really thought I'd come!"

An express train was coming from the south. The light from the engine could be seen for some time before there was any noise from the train. Night had come quickly. It was already quite dark.

Mrs. Dyer took off her gingham apron and put it over her head, and stood watching the light from the engine as it drew nearer, and finally when the train had dashed by the little station she turned and went into the house. There were but two rooms in the house—the living-room and a small bedroom opening out of it. Mrs. Dyer went over to the window and looked out.

"It does beat me how soon night comes out here," she said; "back in York State we had a little between-time. There's the moon shinin' away as if the sun hadn't only just left. You can see the movers plain as if 't was day. They're much as half a mile away, too. They've got a big fire. 'T ain't likely there's any more harm in them than there's in me. I'm going to get out that money and count it. They must be most enough to have the carpet wove by this time. Six dollars, they say, it'll cost me. They never charge no such price as that back East."

The can in which she kept the money was on a shelf behind the stove. She went over and took it down, and then sat down in an old rocking-chair, not far from the window. The moonlight shone in brightly. She took the cushion out of the top of the can and emptied the money into her lap. There was quite a pile of it.

"One would think there was considerable more'n there is, to look at it," she said, fingering the money. "If you could call these pieces dollars 'stid of nickels, 't would be. Might as well say five-dollar pieces while I'm about it, I suppose."

She began counting the money, dropping each piece into the can as she did so. She enjoyed the sound of the money's rattling. Two or three times she forgot her count, and emptied it back into her lap and began again. Suddenly she started, gathering the money up in her dress. She went over and looked out of the window. The prairie was flooded with moonlight. The light from the fire in the mover's camp lit up the white canvas-covered wagons. Everything was perfectly still. She went over and locked the door.

"It must have been a cloud passing

over the moon. They ain't any chance of a person's gettin' out of sight as quick, unless he just went round the house."

She stood listening for some time. "It's all my imagination, I'm going to put the money right back and go to bed. They ain't no such great rush about its being counted, anyhow."

She sat down and put the money carefully back into the can. She did not let it fall in this time, but put each piece in carefully, counting it as she did so.

"There, they's five dollars and fifty-five cents,—'most enough," holding the can between her hands and looking toward the shelf and then toward the window.

"Now I'm goin' to bed. I ain't goin' to be so silly as to think any one's goin' to get it. They'd never think of lookin' in this can anyhow. They'd never know it was a can."

She put it back on the shelf, then turned and looked quickly toward the window, trembling.

"Well, I didn't think I was so silly, but seems like I see somebody goin' by that window again. I hadn't any business countin' the money and thinkin' about it. That's what's upset me. If I'd lit the lamp and put down the window-curtain and gone to bed in a natural way, I'd been all right."

She lit the lamp and drew down the curtain. It was a dark-green paper shade. Then she went into the little bedroom, undressed quickly, blew out the light, and got into bed, leaving the door into the other room open. She did not go to sleep, but lay there listening, the fear growing every minute stronger and more beyond her control.

Once she sat up and looked out into the other room. Then she got up and pulled aside the curtain in her little bedroom and looked out. The moon had gone under a heavy cloud and the night was growing dark. She could see the other houses of the town from this window. There was a light burning in the back room of her son's house. It gave her a wonderful sense of security. She went back to the bed and was soon asleep. Some time near one o'clock she woke suddenly and sat up in bed. The wind was blowing around the house and it was raining.

"There, that rain trough ain't put up, so's I'll catch any water in that barrel! The tubs ought to be put out, too. I ain't had any soft water to wash with I don't know when."

All the fear that she had in the evening was gone. She began to think of putting on her clothes and going out to place the tubs. As she sat there in bed the window in the other room was opened softly. A spool of thread that stood on the upper casing fell to the floor. She heard the green paper shade give way—then she knew that some one was in the room.

"Well, I wonder if I'm going to set here stiff and let them take that money," she thought. "Just as like as not they'd kill me if I'd interfere. They no doubt have their weapons ready."

Everything was perfectly still for some time. Then she heard the movement of some one crossing the room.

"Sounds as if they was makin' straight for that shelf! They are! I can feel their hand movin' right along the shelf toward it!"

She sprang out of bed and shut the door between the two rooms with such force that the house trembled. At that minute the can containing the money fell with a crash to the floor. The coins flew in all directions. Mrs. Dyer partly opened the door and looked out. In the dim light she could see the form of a man. He had one hand on the window-sill ready to spring through the open window.

"If you've got any of that money, you drop it!" Mrs. Dyer screamed, forgetting all fear and coming out into the room. "Don't you leave this house till you drop every cent you stole!"

The man disappeared through the window. Mrs. Dyer went and looked out. She could see him for a short distance running across the prairie. He was going in the direction of the wagons. She put down the window and lit the lamp and dressed. Then she found a nail and fastened the window securely. After this was done she got down on her hands and knees and began creeping around the floor, pickin' up the scattered money. It was a long and diffi-

cult task. The money had rolled and hidden itself in every conceivable nook and crack in the room.

At last she gave up the search. She had found all but six of the pieces, and these she decided the man must have taken. Her loss could not have troubled her more if it had been her entire board.

"To think of my standin' in there and lettin' him pick it up after I'd scared him into knockin' it off the shelf! As soon as it begins to get light I believe I'll go down to the wagon and make him give it up. Like 's any way, he'll hitch right up and get off without waitin' for it to be light."

She decided that it would not do to risk the safety of the money in the can again, and after counting it the second time, she tied it into an old stocking-leg and buried it in the depths of the paper-rag bag that hung behind her bed-room door.

"There ain't any use goin' to bed again now; it 'll soon be moruin'. I believe I'll look over those beans I'm goin' to cook, and then get the carpet-rags down out of the loft and look them over and see if they're in a condition to send away. I half believe I'll take them over to the woman to-morrow or next day and not wait to save up the rest of the money the way I begun. Or perhaps she'll wait for the balance."

The morning was clear, and the sun, which came early at that time of the year, lit up the wet prairie-grass and made it dance and sparkle like jewels.

Mrs. Dyer waited impatiently for the first light to see if the movers had broken camp. When it came she saw that they were still there, though evidently making preparations to go.

It was broad daylight when Mrs. Dyer put on her sunbonnet and started across the prairie toward the wagons. Her courage had nearly forsaken her, and at one time she had given up the idea of going at all, but when she saw that they were getting ready to go the sense of her loss was too strong to let her remain.

It was a longer walk to the wagons than she had thought. The prairie-grass was still very wet and dragged her dress. She was tired after the long night, and before she had reached the wagons she wished she had not come.

She found the men hitching the horses. There were two of them. The one woman of the camp was sitting up in one of the wagons, ready to go. She was very thin and looked sick. Her blue calico sunbonnet hung loosely about her face. She looked so weak and childlike that it went to Mrs. Dyer's heart.

"Good mornin'!" she said, looking first at the men and then at the woman.

No one made any reply. The woman looked at her absently with pale blue eyes.

"You're sick, ain't you?" Mrs. Dyer said, going up to the side of the wagon.

"Yes, I be," she said, in a whining tone, hardly looking at her visitor.

What's the matter with you? I should not think you'd be travelin' over the country this way when you can't hardly sit up."

"That's what we're travlin' for. Jeff's taking me out to Arkansas Springs. They say it'll cure me. I don't believe it will. We've got out of money and I don't get enough to eat. I feel like I'd die before I get there. I wish I would, I get so tired ridin' all day."

The other wagon with one of the men had started. The woman's husband went around to the other side of the wagon and sprang in, sitting down beside his wife.

"Stop your glabbin' to everybody that comes alongs'de of the wagon," he said roughly, and taking up the lines he started off across the prairie after the other wagon.

Mrs. Dyer stood watching them for a minute, and then walked slowly back toward the house.

"To think of that sick woman ridin' clear out to Arkansas Springs to get well, and they out of money and her goin' hungry! I declare I feel as if I ought to made them wait and give her every cent of that carpet-money. I'll never look at that rag carpet but I'll see just how sick and hungry she looked. I half believe I wish he'd stole it all."—*The Century*.

Nothing to speak of—A stolen kiss.

## PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

### AN AGILE QUEEN.

When Queen Margaret, of Italy, goes upon her climbing tours through the mountains of Gressoney she adopts the costume of the mountain peasants, which consists of stout boots, a short red skirt and a black bodice. This rustic attire suits to perfection her striking beauty, and it is no wonder that the simple country people worship her. The Queen is an indefatigable worker, and her love for this exercise is of great amusement to her attendants. "Why, I assure you," said one of them the other day, "that Her Majesty actually climbed up a rock with her hands when all the time she might have got round by a path."—*Baltimore American.*

### HOUSE DRESSES.

No matter what may be the season, the tea gown and the house dress must always be of interest to the woman who likes to look nice in the house as well as out of doors.

In these days of steam-heated and comfortably warmed apartments one does not want to make the house dress any warmer in winter than in summer, because the temperature is at summer heat all the year round. Therefore a greater latitude is afforded to a woman in buying her house dresses than in buying her street dresses.

At a luncheon which was given a short time ago by a young society woman who had just returned from Lenox and wished to entertain a few of her lady friends before starting on an autumnal trip, the prettiest gown of all was that which was worn by the hostess herself.

She had no intention of being elaborately dressed, and therefore the material which she selected was plain white cashmere. The bodice was square-necked and tight-fitting to the waist line. Below that it was slashed all around. The skirt was perfectly plain, and hung full both front and back. To relieve the clinging appearance it was lined with silk, and this gave it a more graceful hang and an appearance of heaviness. The sleeves of this gown were of the same white cashmere and consisted of one big puff. Over the cashmere there were bands of white satin ribbon.

There was a broad, white satin collar trimmed with white Valenciennes lace, and a little of the lace edged the front of the bodice and took the place of a belt. The effect was lovely, and so much admiration did the gown provoke that the hostess declared that she felt quite embarrassed at wearing so pretty a gown, as if she had tried to outdress her guests.

The same gown in two shades of blue is quite as pretty, and by reason of its color is not as dressy in effect and makes an admirable luncheon gown.—*New York World.*

### THE PHANTOM PARTY.

The old "phantom party" idea, renovated by the witchery of a "web of fate," is with us again. The phantom costume consists, as every one knows, of a large enveloping sheet, a pillow case with apertures for the eyes, or a mask shrouded with a pillow case about the head. Costumed in this ghostly attire the hostess receives her guests in silence. She greets them without words and motions them to the toilet rooms, from which they emerge clad in the white disguises.

Each phantom guest receives on entering the parlor a single bright thread of the "web of fate." This thread is of the bright-colored twine now to be purchased in the shops, and is about twenty yards in length. It is suspended from some conspicuous place over the chandelier, the doorway, or a picture, and thence pursues its intricate and winding way over doorways, behind bookcases, up stairways and down again, even out of doors and into kitchens, until finally in some secret place it is tied about the hidden "fate."

These "fates" are written upon rolls of paper, and set forth the destiny of the person for whom each is prepared. On the cleverness of the hostess in writing prophecies in accordance with the whims and hobbies of each guest, as well as the

humor and wit desirable in the composition, depends the success of the entertainment. Quotations are also made to do duty in this capacity when originality and ingenuity are lacking. Each of the strings in the net must be of a decided tint contrasting with all the others as they cross and recross many times in the disentangling. They must also be of the same length, as a prize is given to the phantom who first discovers the roll of fate.

The guest is pursued in silence, which is broken only when the fates are all found and read aloud to the assembly. Then there are unmasking and hilarity galore.—*New York Sun.*

### FASHION NOTES.

The Bourbon lily is a favorite design.

New crepe-finished wools are imported for winter tailor gowns.

The cornflower blue shade is among the assortment of felt shapes.

Jewel beads are to be seen on millinery, as usual, but in lesser quantity, this season.

The gray moufflon is another pretty name for lamb's wool, and is exceedingly pretty.

Some of the new and dainty purses are made of white kid and have a frame of French gilt.

Graduated bows, seven in number, of small silver beads and fastened with a square clasp are suitable for young girls. At night they look like pearls.

Blanketing plaids appear this season in rich colorings and in fabrics that, although coarse and shaggy in appearance, are soft and silky to the touch.

Stained ivory is beautifully applied to a set of oyster forks. The forks are trident-shaped, though few in number, and have fish-hook terminations, a happy and sensible idea.

Circular earrings the size of twenty-five cent pieces are seen every few steps this fall. Sometimes they are set with good sized diamonds with spaces of plain gold; again they are wheels of topaz, and again rings of repoussé gold. They are a decided innovation on the unobtrusive styles of earring that have been worn for so long.

Loves and doves riot over everything that is used for lovely woman in her personal adornment—on her brushes, combs, hand-glasses, shoe-horras, parasol handles. The most dainty adaptation is seen on her card-case of white vellum and undressed kid. In the former the ornament is illuminated, on the latter is a raised ornament lightly touched with gold.

The prevailing mode for an evening bodice is similar to that worn during the time of Lincoln, and seen to such advantage in the numerous portraits of his wife. It is cut perfectly round, front and back, and finished with a face of deep lace, carried over the shoulders. Sometimes the lace is tacked to form a puffed sleeve, but more often it hangs loosely and drapes the upper portion of the arm.

### A New Treatment for Burns.

In one of the hospitals at Berlin a new treatment for burns has been tried with great success. The advantages of this new treatment are quicker recovery and less suffering from the wound. The wound is first thoroughly washed with a solution of three per cent. of carbolic acid, or similar disinfectants used for this purpose. The blisters are then carefully opened so that none of the flesh beneath is injured, and the surface covered with finely powdered subnitrate of bismuth. A thick layer of soft cotton wool is then placed over the powdered surface, and left in position until it is moistened with the watery discharges. This dressing should be changed as often as the cotton bandages get moist. In exceptionally bad burns ointment of bismuth is substituted for the dry powder, and the suffering in this case is greatly reduced. In the many cases treated in the German hospital no symptoms of poisoning from the bismuth have yet been discovered, while the treatment seems in other respects to be far superior to the old methods.—*New York Telegram.*

Canada's revenues last year showed a surplus of about \$3,000,000.

## HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

### DO NOT KEEP THE PIANO TOO DRY.

A piano tuner tells that the instrument suffers from too great dryness. This will be new to many who have heeded too well the oft-repeated advice not to let the piano become damp. The following is the remedy offered: Keep a growing plant in the room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to, or else there is something wrong with it. Just try it and see how much more water you will have to put in the flower pot in the room where your piano is than you use in any other room. Some people keep a vase or urn with a sopping wet sponge near or under the piano, and keep it moistened, just as a cigar dealer keeps his stock. They keep this up all the time the fires are on.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

### MOISTURE-PAN IN OVEN.

In our own experience in baking, we find that a small pan of water placed in the oven, and filled as often as it becomes dry, is a great help. It prevents the bread or cake from burning, even with a full oven and very hot fire, saves nearly one-half the labor in watching and turning the loaves, and prevents a thick, hard crust. It is usually filled with water from the teakettle, but if the oven seems too hot, throw out the hot water, fill with cold and put back. The pan we use is ten inches long, one inch wide and one deep. It is made by folding the tin at the ends and pounding lightly until the folds are so close that the pan is water-tight. A pan made with solder will not do, for with the best of care it will sometimes become dry and the solder melt and run out. This pan slips in beside the pans of bread, next the fire box, and takes very little room. Always have a holder to handle it with, and handle carefully when pouring in water after it has become dry, or a bad scale will result.—*Albany Cultivator.*

### CARE OF HARD-WOOD FLOORS.

An expert in hard-wood floors says that it is a common mistake for people to apply wax to an oiled floor before the coat of oil has become thoroughly dry. The wax surface is undoubtedly the best finish a hard-wood floor can have. It requires continual polishing with a wax polishing brush, when it is new, but when the wood has finally been brought to a high state of polish nothing is more satisfactory. A great many people who have laid down hard-wood floors in their kitchens have become dissatisfied with them because they crack and fall off in splinters when they are scrubbed and treated in the ordinary way. Such a result is likely to follow such a method of treating a hard-wood floor. Scrubbing any such floor with alkali soaps or strong alkalies is sure to produce such results. A hard-wood floor must be finished in oils, wax or shellac, and for obvious reasons the oil finish is the best for kitchen use. A dirty floor may be wiped with a moist cloth, or, if necessary, a little soap and water may be used. The spot then must be dried thoroughly and rubbed with a little parquet oil.—*New York Tribune.*

### APPLES.

The season for the summer fruits having passed, writes Mrs. E. R. Parker, apples will now be found a great resource for the table, and may be served in a variety of ways to render them acceptable to every one.

**Fried Apples with Breakfast Bacon**—Fry thin slices of breakfast bacon; take up; set to keep warm; slice ripe, tart apples; fry in the drippings until brown; take up, and serve with the bacon.

**Baked Apples**—Peel and remove the cores with a sharp knife; fill the centers with butter and sugar; sprinkle sugar and cinnamon over the tops; put in a pan with a little water and bake.

**Stewed Apples**—Peel and cut up ripe, tart apples; put in a saucepan with a little water; cook until done; run through a coarse wire sieve; sweeten, and flavor with nutmeg.

**Fried Apples**—Slice tart, ripe apples; make egg batter, very thin; sweeten and flavor with nutmeg; dip each slice in and fry in butter.

**Apple Float**—Pare ripe apples; stew and strain; beat for every quart of ap-

ples the whites of six eggs, and mix in carefully with one pound of sugar; flavor with lemon extract, and serve immediately.

**Apple Custard**—Mash a quart of cooked apples and run through a sieve; sweeten and flavor with nutmeg; beat the whites of four eggs; put a quart of boiled custard in a glass bowl; mix the beaten eggs and apples and pour over.

**Apple Meringue**—Cover the bottom of a baking dish with slices of stale sponge cake, dipped in milk; pare, core and slice tart apples; spread over the cake; sprinkle with powdered sugar; grate over a little nutmeg, and bake in a moderate oven until the apples are tender. Make meringue with the whites of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar beaten to a froth, heap over the top, and set back in the oven to brown. Serve cold with sweet cream.

**Apple Slump**—Sift a quart of flour, add one teaspoonful of salt, and rub in a tablespoonful of butter; add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and mix with half a pint of milk; make a soft dough. Have six tart apples, peeled, quartered and cored; put them in a deep baking dish; roll out the dough; spread over the apples, and stew slowly in the oven for half an hour. When done, dust thickly with powdered sugar and serve in the dish in which it was baked with hard sauce.

**Brown Betty**—Pare, core and slice half a dozen large tart apples. Put a layer of stale bread crumbs in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of the apples, and more bread crumbs until the dish is full; leave the last layer of bread crumbs; mix half a cup of water and half a cup of molasses; stir in two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar; pour it over the top, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve with sweetened cream.

**Marlborough Pudding**—Strain a pint of stewed apples; beat the yolks of six eggs and two cups of sugar together; add a quart of milk and flavor with vanilla; add half a cup of butter to the apples while hot; then mix with the milk and eggs; pour into a baking dish, and bake in a quick oven for half an hour. Beat the whites of the eggs until frothy; add six tablespoonfuls of sugar, and beat until they stand alone. Heap them over the top of the pudding and put back into the oven to brown. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

### If Our Grains Were Lost.

The whole group of relatives of the lost cereals would be passed in strict review. Size of grain, strength and vigor and plasticity of stock, adaptability to different surroundings, and flexibility in variation would be examined with scrupulous care.

But the range of experiment would, under the circumstances, extend far beyond the relatives of our present cereals. It would embrace an examination of the other grasses which are even now cultivated for their grains, but which are so little known, outside of their own limit, that it is a surprise to hear about them. For example, the millets, great and small, would be investigated. These grains, so little known here, form an important crop in certain parts of the East. One of the leading authorities on the subject states that the millets constitute "a more important crop" in India "than either rice or wheat, and are grown more extensively, being raised from Madras in the south to Rajputana in the north. They occupy about eighty-three per cent. of the food-grain area in Bombay and Sindh, forty-one per cent. in the Punjab, thirty-nine per cent. in the central provinces," "in all about thirty million acres."

Having chosen proper subjects for experimenting, the cultivators would make use of certain well-known principles. By simple selection of the more desirable seeds, strains would be kept as races, or attempts would be made to intensify wished-for characters. By skillful hybridizing of the first, second, and higher orders, tendencies to wider variation would be obtained and the process of selection considerably expedited.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

City ownership has reduced the cost of water at St. Paul, Minn., fifty per cent.

# BUDGET OF FUN.

## HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Where the Pain Came In—The Only Proper Thing to Say—His Masterpiece—An Embarrassing Question, Etc., Etc.

It was not her refusal that so hurt, But the way she looked me through and through. And in a manner dignified and curt, Ejaculated "You?" —*Life*.

AN EMBARRASSING QUESTION. He—"My lips never uttered a word of love to any woman before." She—"How did you manage—speak through your nose?"—*Judge*.

THE ONLY PROPER THING TO SAY. "What do you say to a tramp after dinner?" asked Walker, anxious for a walk. "Nothing. I unchain the dog."—*Puck*.

A NEW INDUSTRY. "Jones put his parrot in the cage with his owl the other day." "What was the result?" "He got enough feathers for a new feather-bed."—*Life*.

HIS MASTERPIECE. She—"Which of Mr. Carroll's poems do you think evinces the boldest flight of the imagination?" He—"That in which he refers to himself as a poet."—*Life*.

AT THE INTERESTING POINTS. "Are you going to receive bulletins from the foot-ball game?" asked a caller. "Yes, sir," replied the editor; "we shall put out a bulletin every time a man gets killed."—*Puck*.

THE ONES WHO GOT LOCKED UP. Gotham Citizen—"That was a horrible murder last night. Have you locked up the man who committed it?" Policeman—"No, but we've locked up twenty people who saw it."—*New York Weekly*.

A DESIRABLE WORK. "Carlton has written a story that'll make your hair curl," said Mawson. "Get it for me, for goodness sake!" said Mrs. M. "It'll save me from burning my fingers off with the tongs."—*Harper's Bazar*.

APPRAISING IT. "But I changed my mind," said Lyte-wayte. "Ah?" returned the fair maid of Peth Amboy. "And what did you get when you changed it—five pennies and a nickel?"—*Puck*.

AN INSIDIOUS CRITICISM. The Rev. Mr. Spouter—"How did you like my sermon, yesterday? What did you think of my exordium and my peroration, eh?" DeGrump—"I thought they were too far apart."—*Life*.

HOW IT SLIPPED OUT. Jack Tenter—"I don't see why you keep me so long in suspense, Clara. Can't you say 'Yes' or 'No' right out?" Clara Hooks—"Oh, you just wait until we're married, and you'll find I can speak out quick enough!"

APTLY NAMED. "This geyser," said the guide in the Yellowstone region, "is called the Political Geyser." "Ab," replied the tourist. "And why?" "Because it throws mud."—*Judge*.

A SCATTERED FAMILY. Bunting—"One of Larkin's sons was accidentally shot in the lumber region yesterday." Mrs. Bunting—"It seems to me that the Larkin boys are pretty well scattered. It was only last week that one of them was badly hurt in the oil regions."—*Brooklyn Life*.

## FROM THE CYCLOPE SECTION.

Little Miss (who has been to the opera)—"Uncle John, did you ever see 'Castles in the Air?'" Uncle Wayback (from the West)—"No, my dear, but I've seen houses an' barns in th' air many a time."—*Good News*.

ONE THAT BILKENS PRACTICES. Wilkins—"Before you strike a man see that he deserves it." Bilkins—"Poo! I have a better rule than that." Wilkins—"What is it, pray?" Bilkins—"See that he is smaller than you."—*Tanier Blade*.

A LATE LITERARY PRODUCTION. "Have you anything new?" asked a customer of a recently engaged clerk in a Chicago book-store. "I'll see," replied the young man, as he swept his eye over the shelves. "Yes, here's 'The New Testament.' Would you like to look at it?"—*Life*.

ANOTHER CASE. Frances—"It is that tiresome Mr. Cobalt, with his everlasting gabble on art." Laura (hotly)—"I think he amounts to a good deal! He is quite wedded to his art." Frances—"A case where marriage seems to be a failure."—*Life*.

THAT'S WHAT IT WAS FOR. "My dear little wife!" cried the horrified young husband, "You don't mean to tell me that you went and spent the whole of your allowance on that diamond pin?" "Well, I'm sure, Fred," sobbed the wife, "when you gave me the purse you told me there was my pin money."—*Jeweler's Circular*.

PUTTING HIM RIGHT. De Sapper—"I love to write poetic truths. Listen: 'Yonder oak doth shed its golden leaves. It'— Miss Bottoni—"Stop! That may be poetic, but at the same time I insist on you calling it fiction." De Sapper—"Why so?" Miss Bottoni—"Because 'yonder oak' is a chestnut-tree."—*Judge*.

THE USUAL SPEECH. Bilkins—"So, after courting that girl for ten years, you at last got up spunk enough to propose?" Wilkins—"Yes, proposed last night. I guess it'll be all right." "Eh! Didn't she accept?" "Not exactly, but I think she will." "What did she say?" "It's so sudden!"—*New York Weekly*.

HE WAS A HEARTLESS WRETCH. "Mary," he said sweetly to his young wife, "will you make me just one of your biscuits?" "Oh, Harry," she murmured, throwing her arms about his neck, "I'm so glad. I thought from what you said when I made the last ones you didn't like them." "Um—er—er—um," he hesitated. "You had those for breakfast. I want this one for a paper weight!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

HE KNEW HIS SISTER. Little Dick—"Is this the house you and sis is to live in when you is married?" Mr. Nicefello—"Yes, my boy. What do you think of it?" "Taint half big enough." "Your sister, myself, and a servant will constitute the family, as a rule. I am sure there is plenty of room for us, and spare rooms for relatives." "Yes, plenty for the family, but the family don't count. What you want is strangers, all the time, too." "Ha, ha! Why should I wish to entertain strangers, my boy? I am not going to keep a hotel." "Cause sis will always be real kind and polite to you when strangers is about."—*Good News*.

NOT IN STOCK. Fair Customer—"I live in the suburbs, and I want a watch-dog." Dealer—"Yes, mum." "But of course I don't want one that

will keep us awake all night barking at nothing." "No, mum." "He must be big, and strong, and fierce, you know." "Yes, mum." "Yet as gentle as a lamb with us, you know." "Yes, mum." "And he must pounce on every brutal tramp that comes along, and drive him off." "Yes, mum." "But he mustn't interfere with any poor but honest man looking for work." "No, mum." "If a burglar comes prowling around at night, the dog should make mince-meat of him in an instant." "Yes, mum." "But he mustn't attack a neighbor who drops in for an evening call." "No, mum." "And of course he mustn't molest people who come hurrying in at all hours of the night to call my husband. He's a doctor, you know." "No, mum. I see what you want. You want a mind-reader dog." "Yes, I suppose so. Can you send me one?" "Very sorry, mum, but I'm just out of that kind."—*New York Weekly*.

A Railroad Village on the Frontier. A moonless night soon closed around the boat, and in the morning we were at Sproat's Landing, a place two months old. The village consisted of a tiny clutter of frame houses and tents perched on the edge of the steep bank of the Columbia. One building was the office and storehouse of the projected railroad, two others were general trading stores, one was the hotel, and the other habitations were mainly tents. I firmly believe there never was a hotel like the hostelry there. In a general way its design was an adaptation of the plan of a hen coop. Possibly a box made of gridirons suggests more clearly the principle of its construction. It was two stories high, and contained about a baker's dozen of rooms, the main one being the bar room, of course. After the framework had been finished, there was perhaps half enough "slab" lumber to sheathe the outside of the house, and this had been made to serve for exterior and interior walls, and the floors and ceiling beside. The consequence was that a flock of gigantic canaries might have been kept in it with propriety, but as a place of abode for human beings it compared closely with the Brooklyn Bridge. The queer hotel was but little more peculiar than many of the people who gathered on the single street on pay day to spend their hard earned money upon a great deal of illicit whisky and a few rude necessities from the limited stock on sale in the stores. There never had been any grave disorder there, yet the floating population was as motley a collection of the riffraff of the border as one could well imagine.—*Harper's Magazine*.

Sewed Up His Pockets. There is a young married woman of my acquaintance whose first wifely experience with the needle resulted in a capital joke on her. She found what appeared to be two immense rips on the inside of the tails of her husband's frockcoat, and when he was down town she carefully sewed them up. When the young man came home to lunch his wife met him, coat in hand. "I've just mended it," she said; "there were two awful rips in the tails of it." "Let me see," said the husband of the industrious young woman. "I didn't know there was a tear in it." "Yes there was; right there." "But those are the —" The young man caught the look of innocent doubt on his wife's face and stopped. "Yes, those were fearful rips; things were getting in them all the time." And the young man went down to his office and picked out the threads in order to get at his bank book and a few letters that he had in those tail pockets.—*Kansas City Times*.

The floating population of Brighton, the most popular English watering place, is estimated at over 5,000 for every day during the season.

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Philippines,	4v, 1/2, 1, 2, 5, M.DeP,	0 22	0 19
Mexico,	21v, various dates,	3 99	2 00
Spain,	13v, various dates, used,	0 31	0 18
Guatemala,	3v, 1/2, 1, 2, 5c,	0 53	0 30
Hamburg,	7v, 1/2, 1, 1 1/2, 2, 3, 4, 7,	0 21	0 10
Helligoland,	12v, perf, 1/2, 1, 2, 5,	0 25	0 15
Helligoland,	unperf, 1/2, 1, 2, 5,	0 16	0 09
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**POPULAR SCIENCE.**

A torpedo costs \$1600.

Rome will be lighted by electricity.

There are about sixty species of sharks.

The barking of dogs on the earth can be heard in a balloon at an elevation of four miles.

It has been discovered in England that smokeless powder is unsafe for small arms.

The salmon placed in the Hudson River by the fish commission are increasing very rapidly.

The Government is about to begin the work of preparing a hydrographic survey of the Great Lakes.

Dr. Higgins, the celebrated English astronomer, says the stars are red, white and blue according to their age, the first being the youngest.

The French have planned works at Havre for utilizing the ebb and flow of the tide to work Turbine wheels to generate power for the dynamo to supply Paris with light.

Blood travels from the heart through the arteries, ordinarily, at the rate of about twelve inches per second; its speed through the capillaries is at the rate of three one-hundredths of an inch per second.

Sir William Tauner, who has made a careful study of the whale, calculates that one of eighty feet in length, in order to attain a speed of twelve miles an hour, would have to exercise a propelling force of 145 horse power.

For measuring coal oil and gelatine there has been recently invented a faucet that measures each quart that passes through the cylinder of which the apparatus is made. A lever is attached to the cylinder, and by one movement of it the oil is discharged, the cylinder refilled and the quantity registered on a toothed disk.

The honey of the Malta bees has long been noted both for its purity and for its delicious flavor. A writer in the *Mediterranean Naturalist* says the flavor is largely due to the extensive drops of sulla (clover) that are annually raised throughout the islands, from which the bees derive the largest proportion of their material.

The successful treatment of hysterical, rheumatic and neurasmatic affections by illuminating the surfaces with the electric light is reported, in a foreign medical journal, by Dr. Von Stein. His apparatus consists of an incandescent light of twelve volts supplied with a reflector and handle. Illuminating a painful joint or nerve, as sciatica, for two to five minutes has yielded him surprising results.

Aluminium has been substituted for castiron in the specifications for the dome of the tower of Philadelphia's new City Hall. It will save the constant expense of painting and reduce the weight of the tower about 400 tons. The bronze statue of Penn that is to surmount the tower is to be thirty-seven feet in height and about 40,000 pounds in weight. The clock face is to be twenty-three feet in diameter.

The system of riveting by hydraulic power is being successfully applied to the shell plating of vessels now in course of construction in a Tyneside ship-building yard. In this district the application of machine riveting to ship construction has hitherto made little progress, but it would seem that attention is now being more strongly directed to the subject, with the result that the advantages of machine riveting are being appreciated.

All sounds, whether high or low, loud or soft, travel at precisely the same rate — i. e., about 1100 feet a second. Were this not so the different notes of music would reach the ear at different times, and the result would be confusion instead of melody. If the sun gave forth sounds loud enough to reach the earth, such sounds instead of reaching us in the space of about eight minutes as light does, would only arrive after a period of nearly fourteen years.

The well known shipyard of the Cramps, on the Delaware River, near Philadelphia, is to be made eight times as large as the present plant.

**A Japanese Flower Show.**

In Lafayette Hearn's paper in the *Atlantic*, The Chief City of the Province of the Gods, he describes a Japanese flower-show. He writes:

Often in the streets at night, especially on the nights of sacred festivals (matsuri), one's attention will be attracted to some small booth by the spectacle of an admiring and perfectly silent crowd pressing before it. As soon as one can get a chance to look one finds there is nothing to look at but a few vases containing sprays of flowers, or perhaps some light gracious branches freshly cut from a blossoming tree. It is simply a little flower-show, or, more correctly, a free exhibition of master skill in the arrangement of flowers. For the Japanese do not brutally chop off flower heads to work them up into meaningless masses of color, as we barbarians do; they love nature too well for that; they know how much the natural charm of the flower depends upon its setting and mounting, its relation to leaf and stem, and they select a single graceful branch or spray just as nature made it. At first you will not, as a Western stranger, comprehend such an exhibition at all; you are not yet a savage in such matters compared with the commonest coolies about you. But even while you are still wondering at popular interest in this simple little show the charm of it will begin to grow upon you, will become a revelation to you; and despite your Occidental idea of self-superiority you will feel humbled by the discovery that all flower displays you have ever seen abroad were only monstrosities in comparison with the exquisite natural beauty of those few simple sprays. You will also observe how much the white or pale blue screen behind the flowers enhances the effect by lamp or lantern light. For the screen has been arranged with the special purpose of showing the exquisiteness of plant shadows; and the sharp silhouettes of sprays and blossoms cast thereon are beautiful beyond the imagining of any Western decorative artist.

**A Dry-Land Fish.**

C. F. Holder tells of how, some years ago, a detachment of troops doing duty in Africa came upon a level stretch of country, perfectly dry and devoid of the least suspicion of moisture, yet while they were digging holes for the posts of their tents one of the number unearthed a fish, dry as a chip—a long, eel-like member of the flabby tribe, coiled in a ball, seemingly encased in a mud cocoon. The fish was supposed to be mummified and was taken as a curiosity. Finally, after the lapse of several weeks, it fell into the hands of a naturalist, who placed it in water. The mud of the cocoon slowly dissolved; the fish gave a gasp and was soon swimming about at a lively rate. Here was a singular example of a fish living out of water. It belonged to a group known as "lung fishes," the members of which have the peculiar faculty of migrating overland and of being able to exist not merely for days but for months out of the water. At certain seasons the small lakes and ponds of the "Dark Continent" dry up, and, were it not for some provision which enables these fishes to live through this dry season it is evident that they would have long since become extinct. In this case, as in all others where nature is interested, provisions have been made by which this curious fish either creeps overland to other streams or lives in a semi-desiccated state until the return of the wet season.—*St. Louis Republic.*

**Isolation in the Bermudas.**

Persons accustomed to the long journeys and constant intercommunication of this country cannot understand the isolation of the small communities of the Bermudas. Distances there are trifling, but communication is difficult, and to go from village to village or from island to island is esteemed a serious undertaking. When a young man of St. George was to be married to a young woman of Hamilton and to take up his abode in the latter place, twelve miles distant, his friends accompanied him to the wharf and bade him good by, with many tears and prayers.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The infantile prodigy in music cannot be classed as a note-shaver.



1. What Successful Men say of Success.
  4. How to Read, Recite or Make a Speech.
  5. How to Make Advertising Pay.
  6. Every Day Law for Every Day People.
  8. The Proper Thing in Dress and Manners.
  9. How to Succeed on the Road as a Drummer.
  10. 50 Games and Puzzles.
  22. How to Read Character from Hand Writing.
- We have a few copies of the above numbers of Handy Helps and will furnish them to our subscribers at 20 cents each. Regular price to others 25 cents.

**THREE GREAT OFFERS.**  
**50 CENTS FOR 30.** We will send any one of these books and the Monthly one year for 30 cents.  
**\$1.00 FOR 50 CENTS.** Any three of the books and the Monthly one year for 50 cts.  
**\$2.25 FOR \$1.00.** We will send the entire eight books, making a first-class Handy Library, and the Monthly one year for \$1.00.  
 These books were published this year and have had an immense sale. You ought to have them all.

Always Order by Number, and Address  
**BAY STATE CO., - PLAINVILLE, MASS.**

**AN - IDEAL - DUPLICATING - APPARATUS,**  
 FOR TEACHERS, STUDENTS, DEALERS, COLLECTORS, ETC.



By permission we refer to highest authorities in Scholastic work, Clergymen, etc., pleased users of the Duplicator.

WHICH is worse: the fellow who talks so loud people turn around to look at him, or the man who takes you to one side to whisper confidentially in your ear that we are having fine weather.

A LOT of New York capitalists are planning the structure of the finest hotel in the world. About the time the foundations are being laid, Chicago capitalists will be arranging for a better one.

England may yet have to go to war, suggests the *Buffalo Express*, in order to give her soldiers something to think of besides mutiny. That was the reason why Louis Napoleon's wars were fought.

The *Boston Transcript* avers that less than twenty-five per cent. of the freight trade of the country is carried on by vessels flying the "Stars and Stripes."



**Copyright 1891**

You can't believe some dealers always. They want to sell the medicine that pays them the largest profit. What you want to buy is the one that does you the most good.

Which one is it? Sometimes, it may be a matter of doubt. But, in the case of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, there's no room for doubt. It's a matter that can be proved.

With the facts before you, it's an insult to your intelligence to have something else offered as "just as good."

And here's the proof: Among all the medicines that claim to cure woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities, and diseases, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only one that's guaranteed.

If it doesn't do all that's claimed for it, if it doesn't give satisfaction in every case, you'll have your money back.

There's strength and vigor for every tired and feeble woman, health and a new life for every delicate and ailing woman—and if there's no help, there's no pay.

Taking butter from milk was known in the earliest times. It was left for our time to make a milk of cod-liver oil.

Milk, the emulsion of butter, is an easier food than butter. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is an easier food than cod-liver oil. It is rest for digestion. It stimulates, helps, restores, digestion; and, at the same time, supplies the body a kind of nourishment it can get in no other way.

Scott & Bowen, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.  
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

**Ely's Cream Balm**  
WILL CURE  
**CHILDREN**  
OF CATARRH.

Apply Balm into each nostril.  
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

**TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS**  
THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!  
Have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective; purely vegetable. Exact size shown in this border.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.  
**CATARRH**  
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. K. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

**SWAN'S UTERINE PASTILES**  
Always CURE Female Weaknesses. Sample free. Dr. SWAN, Beaver Dam, Wis.

**SICK** WEAK, NERVOUS, WRETCHED mortals get well and keep well. Health Belter tells how. Acts a year. Sample copy free. Dr. J. H. DYE, Editor, Buffalo, N. Y.

**AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY.**  
or commission to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making \$50 per week. Mearns Eraser Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis. Box 831.

**AGENTS** want 100 PER CENT and up. \$748 CASE Prices. Sample free. Territory. Dr. Bridgman, 275 B'way, N.Y.

**Diamonds in the Rough.**

Diamonds in their rough state are not much more attractive than pieces of quartz or glass, and one picked up in the diamond fields of South Africa would probably be thrown away as a worthless specimen of stone by a boy or girl. In fact, something like this first led to the discovery of the rich diamond mines near Cape Town, South Africa. A Dutch settler's child was found playing with pretty pebbles one day near her father's lonely home in South Africa when a stranger happened to pass. Noticing the glassy pebbles carefully, he induced the child to give the playthings to him, and after an examination he was satisfied that they were real gems. History does not tell whether he made the child a present for the valuable discovery, but the incident led to an exploration of the country, and to the establishment of the largest diamond mining industry in the world.

Most of the diamonds that are now annually added to the world's stock of precious stones come from these South African fields, and great sums of money are invested in the industry. Expert miners can tell instantly the good from the bad stones, and many of them make desperate efforts to smuggle the precious gems out of the mines. To prevent such a robbery, every miner is compelled to put on different clothing before going into the mines, and then at night time he is examined and washed all over before he is allowed to leave the place. For a long time they smuggled the diamonds out of the mines by hiding them in their ears, hair and mouth, and some of them even ventured to swallow the more precious ones. But such a perfect system of vigilance is now kept up that this work is generally a failure.

Everything depends upon the cutting and polishing of the diamonds after they are brought to the light of day, and if the dozen most precious diamonds in the world are examined it will be found that size does not always count. The diamonds that emit white rays of light are usually more valuable than those that give forth a yellowish light. But, other things being equal, the cutting changes the value of the diamond very much. The highest brilliancy of the gem is brought out in a certain way of cutting, and so important is this considered that the great Kohinoor diamond, which every one has heard about, was recently recut to develop its brilliancy, although many karats of the diamond were lost in the operation. It is considered more valuable in its smaller form than when it was larger but less brilliant.—Epoch.

**Smugglers' Paradise.**

Talk about smuggling! The Sandwich Islands is the place for big risks and big profits. I have run opium in there and sold every speck of it at \$48 a pound. A few cargoes at that rate, and the smuggler has a fortune. The trouble is, though, that collusion with the Hawaiian customs officials is almost impossible. The native officers, as well as the whites in the service, are practically incorruptible. It's not so because the punishment for such an offense is severe, but because the standard of honesty among the island revenue officers is remarkably high, says a San Francisco man.

You see the importation of opium into the islands is not subject to a high duty, as here, but is absolutely prohibited.

That's why the profits are large. Speaking of the risks, there is a San Franciscoan who knows all about that. Now he is a prosperous business man and a prominent Mason. He reached the islands penniless and got in with the smugglers. He was a daring chap and a cool hand, too; so before long he was able to run in a cargo on his own account. He made a big pile, bought property, and was on the road to wealth when he made his last venture. He and another smuggler combined all the money they could raise, selling or mortgaging all the property they had. It was a big deal and would have made them independent for life, but somehow the customs people found them out, and the end of it was that the smugglers fled to San Francisco on a trading schooner, without a dollar in the world, leaving one of the biggest cargoes of opium ever seized in Hawaii to be burned.—New York Journal.

**SYRUP OF FIGS**



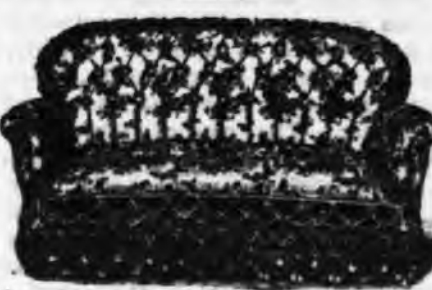
**ONE ENJOYS**  
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

**JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment.**  
UNLIKE ANY OTHER  
ORIGINATED IN 1810.  
THINK OF IT! ALMOST A CENTURY.  
Every traveler, Every family should keep it at hand, for the common ills of life liable to occur to any one. It is soothing, healing and penetrating. Once used always wanted. Sold everywhere. Price 50c, six, \$2. Full particulars free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

**Quality or Quantity.**



Ruskin affirms that an educated man may know only one language, where an uneducated man may know half a dozen. The difference between them is that one knows his single language precisely and the other knows no language precisely, not even his own.

It is better to have two or three really fine pieces of drawing-room furniture than to have a dozen, all of which are just a little inferior to the best.

The sofa shown above is a specimen of the best furniture which can be constructed today. It is the high water mark of industrial skill in this year of grace 1891.

Nothing is spared upon it—neither labor, materials, time nor money. The frame is finished in gold, and the covering is a Louis XVI. Satin Damask, with a design in old gold on a background of pale rose.

Once more we will say that customers who desire our large General Catalogue sent to them by mail should inclose 10 cents postage.

**Paine's Furniture Co.**  
48 CANAL ST., South Side Boston & Maine Depot, BOSTON, MASS.

"PURE SILK SPONGE."  
SIX DOLLARS for material, trimmings and instructions. Take pains to write name, address and measure. This is the new "Silk Underwear Fabric," referred to by "Shirley Dore," in New York Herald, Feb. 13, 1891. Send 5c. stamp and receive catalogue. BORDEN & REMINGTON, Selling Agents, Fall River, Mass.



**The Change of Life.**  
The sole aim of women nearing this critical period should be to keep well.  
**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

is peculiarly adapted to this condition. It cures the worst forms of Female Complaints, Bearing-down Feeling, Weak Back, Leucorrhoea, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, Indigestion, Queasiness, Headache, and all Organic Diseases of the Uterus or Womb, Bloating, and is invaluable to the Change of Life. Dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus at an early stage, and checks any tendency to Cancerous Growth. Subdues Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, Kidney Complaints, and tones the Stomach. All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of 25c. Address: LYDIA E. PINKHAM-MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. Correspondence freely answered. Live in confidence.

**25 Years in the POULTRY YARD**  
100 Pages, 40th Edition. Written five years after I had learned to make Hogs and Poultry a success. A plain, practical system, easily learned, covers all of their diseases and their management to make Hens lay Eggs, Chickens, Geese and Ducks need not have. Price, 25c; one cent a year for my experience. You can learn it in one day. With it a FREE Catalogue; 25 varieties illustrated, a sketch of my life, etc. A. E. LADD, COVINGTON, KY.

**WESLEY HEIGHTS**  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR AN INVESTMENT.  
This property is a part of Northwest Washington, and is situated opposite the site recently purchased by Bishop Hurst for the erection of the new American University on which \$10,000,000 will be expended in erecting superb buildings. It is but 30 minutes drive from the White House, and is situated on one of the highest points in the District of Columbia. The average size lots, 25x150, cost from \$425 to \$750, one-fifth cash, balance in 2, 3 and 4 years. No better or safer inducements have ever been offered purchasers to make a profitable investment. Values are rapidly increasing. Write for full particulars, reference, illustrated maps and full information.  
JOHN F. WAGGAMAN,  
700 14th St., N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.  
The BEST SHOE in the World for the Money.  
GENTLEMEN and LADIES, save your dollars by wearing W. L. Douglas Shoes. They meet the wants of all classes, and are the most economical foot-wear ever offered for the money. Beware of dealers who offer other makes, as being just as good, and be sure you have W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom.  
W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.  
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.  
Insist on local advertised dealers supplying you.

**BEST BROOM HOLDER**  
in the World.  
Holds a broom either up or down. Is never out of order. Sample 15c, postpaid. Agents double their money. \$200,000 sold. Terms for this & other articles free.  
AGENTS WANTED.  
ENGLE GUN CO., Hazleton, Pa. Stamps taken.

**CANVASSERS WANTED,**  
**BAKER AND ROASTER.**  
Latest improved and most perfect of all. Many GOOD COOKS do not know the value of this Pan for BREAD and CAKE BAKING. SIX sizes, made of polished steel. A medium size sent prepaid on receipt of \$2.00. Circulars free. Address: M. H. Keegan & Co., Hazleton, Pa. Agents wanted.

**\$150 to \$200**  
We want a wide-awake honest man or woman in every county in the U. S. to introduce an article nobody will do without. Adapted to town or country. No patent medicine or cheap swag. Splendid opening for the right person. Good job and don't wait long for labor. Even if you can spare a few hours a week, write at once to E. F. JOHNSON & CO., Richmond, Va. For information about the biggest thing on earth—something that will open your eyes and keep them open.

**INTRY-MINTRY.**

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—  
Once, as these children were hard at play,  
An old man, hoary and tottering came  
And watched them playing their pretty  
game.  
He seemed to wonder, while standing there,  
What the meaning thereof could be—  
Aha! but the old man seemed to share  
Of the little children's innocent glee  
As they circled around with laugh and shout  
And told this rhyme at counting out:  
"Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,  
Apple seed and apple thorn;  
Wire, brier, limber, lock,  
Twelve geese in a flock,  
Some flew east, some flew west,  
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—  
Ah, the mirth of that summer day!  
Twas Father Time who had come to share  
The innocent joy of those children there;  
He learned betimes the game they played  
And into their sport with them went he—  
How could the children have been afraid,  
Since little they recked whom he might  
be.  
They laughed to hear old Father Time  
Mumbling that curious nonsense rhyme  
Of "Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,  
Applesed and apple thorn;  
Wire, brier, limber, lock,  
Twelve geese in a flock;  
Some flew east, some flew west,  
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May,  
And joy of summer—where are they?  
The grim old man still stands let's near  
Crooning the song of a far-off year;  
And into the winter I come alone,  
Cheered by that mournful requiem,  
Soothed by the dolorous monotone  
That shall count me off as it counted  
them.

The solemn voice of old Father Time  
Chanting the homely nursery rhyme  
He learned of the children a summer  
morn  
When, with "apple seed and apple  
thorn,"  
Life was full of the dulcist cheer  
That bringeth the grace aear—  
The sound of the little ones hard at  
play—  
Willie and Bessie, Georgie and May.  
—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

**PITH AND POINT.**

Polysyllables—"Want a cracker."—  
Puck.  
"Bread upon the waters"—Hard tack  
—Puck.  
Came in with a rush—The freshmen.  
—Yale Record.  
It is easier to take things philosophically  
than it is to part with them  
philosophically.  
We have a high opinion of the intelligence  
of the man who takes our advice.  
—New York Journal.  
If you want to get up with the lark in  
the morning keep away from the swallows  
at night. —Yonkers Gazette.  
"Going to the donkey party to-  
night!" "No, sir." "Well, then, they'll  
have to postpone the party."—Puck.  
The wisest of all mortals is  
The man who, dull and slow,  
Doth silent keep the tongue that's his  
On what he doesn't know.  
—Bazar.  
"What was the row at the Zoo this  
morning?" "The boa-constrictor got  
loose and tried to fight with the fire-  
hose."—Life.  
You can't blow up a student waiter.  
He will stop and argue the point with  
you while the soup is getting cold.—  
Texas Siftings.  
Though coldly sweeps the night breeze o'er  
the sea,  
It chilleth not the autumn girl's affection  
As sheltered by her lover's strong arms she  
Rejoices in the doctrine of protection.  
—New York Press.  
"Oh, do tell me," said Mrs. Glanders  
to the tailor's wife, "what is the tailor's  
goose?" "I am," replied the woman,  
sadly, "for marrying Mr. Snips."—  
Detroit Free Press.  
When the mercury monkeys with zero  
For several weeks together,  
Then we may remark, without stretching  
the truth,  
"There are no flies on this weather."  
—New York Journal.

Thieves mowed a Germany (Penn.)  
meadow at night and took the hay.

"A Yard of Roses."  
One of the popular paintings at the New  
York Academy of Design was a yard-long  
panel of Roses. A crowd was always before  
it. One critic exclaimed, "Such a bit of  
nature should belong to all the people, it is  
too beautiful for one man to hide away."  
The Youth's Companion, of Boston, seized  
the idea, and spent twenty thousand dollars  
to reproduce the painting. The result has been  
a triumph of artistic delicacy and color.  
The Companion makes an autumn gift of  
this copy of the painting to each of its five  
hundred thousand subscribers. Any others  
who may subscribe now for the first time, and  
request it, will receive "The Yard of Roses,"  
without extra charge while the edition lasts.  
Besides the gift of this beautiful picture all  
new subscribers will receive The Companion  
free from the time the subscription is received  
till January First, including the Thanksgiving  
and Christmas Double Numbers, and for a full  
year from that date. The price of The Com-  
panion is \$1.75 a year.  
Every family should take this brightest and  
best of illustrated literary papers in addition  
to its local paper.

**He Struck It Rich.**  
What would you think if some one that you  
knew to be responsible would offer to give  
you a well stocked general store for one year's  
work? You would, no doubt, consider it big  
pay and jump at the chance. Well, such  
things have been done and are being done  
right along. Messrs. B. F. Johnson & Co., of  
Richmond, Va., number among their em-  
ployees many men who earn the value of a first  
class store every year. W. F. Davis worked  
for them awhile, then opened a snug general  
store at Hick's Wharf, Matthews County, Va.,  
and wrote this firm as follows: "I can only  
say that I give your business credit for what I  
am. If I were to meet with any bad luck, or  
lose what I have made, I am proud to say that  
I could go to you for employment and soon  
make another store." They can show you  
how to double and treble your income, if  
you are in any business employing a capital  
of less than \$500; and if you are not in any  
business at all, they will enable you to be in  
a short time, if you will take their advice.  
They want a good honest man or woman in  
every county in the Union to manage a busi-  
ness that will yield handsome returns. Write  
them at once for information.

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for  
any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by  
taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
E. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known E. J.  
Cherry for the last fifteen years, and believe him  
perfectly honorable in all business transac-  
tions, and financially able to carry out any  
obligations made by their firm.  
WERT & TSUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,  
O.  
WALDRING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale  
Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting  
directly upon the blood and mucous sur-  
faces of the system. Testimonials sent free.  
Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

**Overheard in Conversation.**  
A gentleman was complimenting one of  
the heads of Paine's Furniture Co., 48 Canal  
st., Boston, Mass., the other day about the  
scrupulous honesty of all their printed ut-  
terances, and bemoaning the fact that so  
few houses nowadays told the truth in their  
advertisements.  
"I do not understand it," said the gentle-  
man. "Why should not the truth be told?  
It requires no gift to tell the truth."  
"Oh, no, it does not require any special  
gift," said the representative of the firm,  
"but it requires the goods."  
There is a good deal of truth in this an-  
swer, as many will appreciate.

**FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT  
NERVE RESTORER.** No fits after first day's use.  
Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle  
free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Tompkins—Don't you think  
my new hat is delightfully flat?  
Mr. Tompkins—Yes, but it isn't in  
it with my pocketbook.—[New York  
Herald.

N. E. Forty-Seven.

**Not a Local  
Disease**

Because Catarrh affects your head, it is not there-  
fore a local disease. If it did not exist in your blood,  
it could not manifest itself in your nose. The blood  
now in your brain is before you finish reading this  
article, back in your heart again and soon distributed  
to your liver, stomach, kidneys, and so on. What  
ever impurities the blood does not carry away, cause  
what we call diseases. Therefore, when you have

**Catarrh**

a snuff or other inhalant can at most give only tem-  
porary relief. The only way to effect a cure is to  
attack the disease in the blood, by taking a constitu-  
tional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which elimi-  
nates all impurities and thus permanently cures  
Catarrh. The success of

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

As a remedy for Catarrh is vouched for by many  
people it has cured. N. B. Be sure to get Hood's.

**JONES' SCALES**  
— THE BEST —  
— FULLY WARRANTED —  
5 TON SCALES \$60 FREIGHT PAID  
JONES OF BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

**WHICH IS THE BEST  
AND MOST POPULAR  
MOST POWERFUL  
AND SAFEST  
BLOOD  
MEDICINE.**

**Swift's Specific S. S. S.**  
BEST—because it is the only permanent cure for contagious Blood Poison,  
Skin Cancer and inherited Scrofula.  
POPULAR—because it does all that is claimed for it.  
POWERFUL—because it purges the blood of all impurities.  
SAFEST—because it contains no mercury or poison of any kind. Is purely  
vegetable and can be taken by the most delicate child.  
BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.  
The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**R. R. R.  
RADWAY'S  
READY RELIEF.**

CURES AND PREVENTS  
Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza,  
Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the  
Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations,  
Rheumatism, Neuralgia,  
Frostbites, Chillsains, Headache,  
Toothache, Asthma,  
DIFFICULT BREATHING.  
CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty  
minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this ad-  
vertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.  
Radway's Ready Relief is a sure Cure for  
Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in  
the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was  
the first and is the Only  
PAIN REMEDY  
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains,  
always inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether  
of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or  
organs, by one appli cation.  
A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water  
will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour  
Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness,  
Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatu-  
lency and all internal pains.  
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will  
cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious  
and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS,  
so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.  
Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.  
\* BE SURE TO GET RADWAY'S.

**DR. TOBIAS  
VENETIAN  
LINIMENT**

**UNEXCELLED!**  
APPLIED EXTERNALLY  
FOR  
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pains in the  
Limbs, Back or Chest, Mumps, Sore  
Throat, Colds, Sprains, Bruises,  
Stings of Insects, Mosquito Bites.

TAKEN INTERNALLY  
It acts like a charm for Cholera Morbus,  
Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Nau-  
sea, Sick Headache, &c.  
Warranted perfectly harmless. (See each  
accompanying each bottle, also directions  
for use.) Its SOOTHING and PENETRA-  
TING qualities are felt immediately. Try  
it and be convinced.  
Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by all drug-  
gists.  
DEPOT, 40 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

**ASTHMA  
TO  
CURED STAY CURED  
P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D.,  
BUFFALO, N. Y.  
HAY-FEVER**

**WORN NIGHT AND DAY!**  
Relieve the worst rup-  
ture with ease un-  
der all circumstances.  
Perfect Comfort  
New Patented Improve-  
ment, Elastic Life,  
open and close for self  
adjustment, perfectly  
reliable. S. T. HOPKIN, M.D.  
Pat. July 21, 1891.  
40, 104 Broadway, N. Y. City

**"German  
Syrup"**

Here is an incident from the South  
—Mississippi, written in April, 1890,  
just after the Grippe had visited that  
country. "I am a farmer, one of  
those who have to rise early and  
work late. At the beginning of last  
Winter I was on a trip to the City  
of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well  
drenched in a shower of rain. I  
went home and was soon after seized  
with a dry, hacking cough. This  
grew worse every day, until I had  
to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon  
who has since died, and he told me  
to get a bottle of Boschee's German  
Syrup. Meantime my cough grew  
worse and worse and then the Grippe  
came along and I caught that also  
very severely. My condition then  
compelled me to do something. I  
got two bottles of German Syrup. I  
began using them, and before taking  
much of the second bottle, I was  
entirely clear of the Cough that had  
hung to me so long, the Grippe, and  
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## QUEER APPETITES.

### A Philadelphia Grocer Who is a Gastronomic Freak.

#### He Puts Salt in His Coffee and Eats Gravy on Ice Cream.

A very remarkable case of a perverted and artificial taste is found in the person of Charles J. Cummings, a thriving grocer of West Philadelphia. The queerest combinations of food imaginable—mixtures which would nauseate an ordinary person—are his favorite dishes. It is not that he likes food prepared different from the usual styles, but it is the manner in which he mixes ordinary dishes which excites so much wonder, and has given rise to so many conjectures and attempted explanations. For instance, Mr. Cummings butters raw tomatoes, puts salt in his coffee, vinegar in his milk, gravy in his ice-cream, cream on his melon, and makes many other combinations to tickle his palate which are nothing if not unique. One of his favorite dishes is rare steak breaded with fruit cake, with a dressing of currant jelly. In winter a regular morning meal of this gentleman is lettuce chopped fine, with a dressing of molasses and red pepper. There are many other unheard-of dishes which delight his peculiar palate, but enough have been mentioned.

This freak of appetite has excited the curiosity of Mr. Cummings' friends for many years, and even the neighbors have indulged in comments as to the cause of such a striking phenomenon. Hearing about the case, a reporter visited Mr. Cummings at his home. The gastronomic freak is a pleasant man of 40, of ordinary appearance. He was found in his comfortable home surrounded by an interesting family. He told the following story of the way he acquired his remarkable appetite:

"I don't know that I am more stubborn than other men," he said with a smile as he lighted a fresh cigar, "but they tell me that I was as perverse as Old Nick when a child. No matter what other people did, I wanted to do just the opposite, out of 'pure cussedness.' And so among other things I took to mixing my food into unheard-of dishes. I can even remember that when I began this thing I did not find it pleasant, but the devil in me would not let me back down, and so I really had a relish for what I ate. Indeed it was not long before I became indifferent to dishes prepared in the usual style, and today they are really distasteful to me."

Mr. Cummings continued, as if there was no possibility of any one doubting his veracity:

"The most curious thing about this matter is that one of my children has inherited my acquired taste, and stranger still that this child should be my youngest."

Then Mr. Cummings went out and brought in a pretty child of 4 years.

"This child, sir," said the father, as he put her on his knee, "has been a puzzle to a lot of physicians and physiologists. They all say that they never heard of such a remarkable case of heredity. You see that she does not look like me, but is the image of her mother, and yet she has inherited from me a taste which even with me is acquired. I have not met a man

yet who can explain the thing even to his own satisfaction."

The little girl soon became tired of the conversation and demanded her supper.

"And what do you think her supper will be? Sliced peaches and cold bean soup!"

As his auditor looked incredulous, Mr. Cummings took him into the nursery, and sure enough there was little Lily discussing her peaches and cold soup with the utmost relish.

All the other children have normal tastes, and, though they have made some experiments in imitation of their father just for the fun of the thing, they have not been tempted to invent any new menus.—[Philadelphia Times.

#### Stone Forests.

Stone forests are found in various parts of the world. In many cases they are hardened by some peculiarity of the atmosphere, and are found standing just as they were when clothed with green foliage, thousands of years ago. The Little Colorado River in Arizona has long been famous as a locality for such finds; at one place more than 1500 cords of solid stone tree trunks, sections, limbs and logs were found by the government surveyors. Most of them were silicified; many 7 to 10 feet in diameter and from 20 to 80 feet in height. Geologists say that the petrified trees of the Little Colorado were once covered with marl over 1000 feet in depth. Some of the trees have been changed to jasper, and have assumed various hues; others resemble opal, and, when broken open, the core is often found lined with crystals of the most beautiful tints. Louisiana and Ohio are also noted localities for petrified trees. In the former state, several years ago, in turning up the ground, an ancient forest was unearthed, and, in succession, two others below the first. Scientists, judging from the state of the trees, say that at least 50,000 years elapsed between the growth of the first and the last forest. In some parts of the island of Antigua, one of the British leeward group, there are some remarkable examples of stone forests. In Van Dieman's Land similar forests are known to exist. Some of these are only partly silicified, while others are changed to chalcedony hard enough to cut glass.—[St. Louis Republic.

#### The Coming Plant.

The coming plant is as much a matter of speculation as the coming man. Professor George L. Goodale of Harvard says the first development is in the direction of the seedless. There is no good reason, he thinks, why there should not be seedless raspberries, seedless strawberries and seedless blackberries. He also expects plums, peaches and cherries without stones. This, of course, means artificial propagation, and that, according to the professor, is what the world is coming to. Slips instead of stones will be used. The wheat and corn and other grains are not likely to undergo much change except in the direction of improved qualities for milling. But in vegetables the professor looks for much change and many additions. To Japan especially, he looks for some new varieties. In the floral kingdom the development will be in the direction of dwarfing some of the trees which now produce fragrant and pretty flowers like the magnolia.—[New York Recorder.

How a Spanish Nobleman Won a Hazardous Wager.

A wealthy gentleman of Basque descent lived in the city of Mexico. He was a good deal of a madcap and noted for his daring eccentricities. The reigning Viceroy, a Spanish nobleman was especially objectionable to him, and one day when the Basque gentleman was among some lively and congenial friends, talk fell on the law which provided that no one other than the Viceroy might drive about with spotted horses. This was a privilege which the Viceroys were very zealous in maintaining.

As a result of the discussion the Basque gentleman, something of a "calavera," as they say in Spanish—a wild fellow as we would put it—wagered with a Mexican marquis that he would himself hitch four spotted horses into his coach, and drive through the principal streets of Mexico. Twenty thousand dollars was the amount of the wager.

In a few days a handsome coach, with four spotted horses, was driven up the main avenue of the city past the present Iturbide Hotel to the very gates of the viceregal palace. The coach was driven several times up and down in front of the palace, while sentries presented arms, thinking it to be the viceregal coach. Some one ran up stairs and informed the Viceroy himself of the presence in the street of a coach with spotted horses, and out went the pompous Spanish viceroy to a balcony to see, with his own eyes, the defiance of his privilege and infringement of the law.

The Basque gentleman leaned out of the window, saluted the Viceroy most graciously, and then ordered the coachman to enter the main courtyard of the palace. On reaching the very heart of the viceregal authority the Basque alighted, passed gravely up the staircase to the viceregal apartments, and, to the astonished and dazed functionary, said: "Knowing how fond you were of horses, I have come to present you with a coach and four as an expression of my sincere admiration!"

The Viceroy, perforce, had to accept the handsome gift, and could say nothing.

The coach and horses cost \$3000, and the clever Basque pocketed \$17,000 profit when the wager was settled.—[Boston Herald.

#### The Story of a Tombstone.

Above the south portion of St. Paul's cathedral is a figure of a phoenix, a bird famed in fable, and the Latin motto "Re-urgam" (I shall rise again). The story goes that after the size and position of the vast dome had been marked out, a laborer was told to bring a stone (to be used as a guide to the masons) from the rubbish of the old cathedral that had perished in the great fire of London. It happened that the stone the man fetched was a bit of a tombstone, with nothing of the inscription left but the word Resurgam in large letters. The incident being regarded as of happy omen, this word was adopted as a motto for Sir Christopher Wren's noble building. The phoenix was a bird that was said to live for five hundred years and then to burn itself to ashes, out of which it came with renewed life for another period of five centuries. In choosing this bird, allusion was intended to the new cathedral rising out of the ashes of the old.—[Little Folks' Magazine.

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Let nobody think lightly of the itinerant apostle of bargains known colloquially as the festive drummer, urges the New Orleans Picayune. There are 250,000 of him, according to the latest reports, and during a twelve-month he maketh himself responsible for 300,000,000 of the 400,000,000 tons annually shipped on American railroads. He also maketh away daily with \$1,750,000 of his employers' money, charging it to expenses; or, in the nine months of his yearly activity, nearly \$382,000,000. The drummer is emphatically a great institution, both as to deeds and power of telling them.