

VOL. I.

NO. 6.

MAY, 1896.

THE 
PHILATELIC
ADVERTISER.

Published Every Month.

BY

The Philatelic Supply and Publishing Co.,
113 W. 18th, St. Ogden,
New York City. Utah.

AGENT:

Wm. B. Hopson,
1109 S. 28th, St., Station B Omaha, Neb.



Subscription 20 cents per Year.

SEND US SOME KIND OF AN
ADVERTISEMENT FOR THIS ISSUE



OGDEN,

R, & L,
UTAH,



New York, May, 1896.

Dear Friend Philoblot:-

We desire to call your attention to the June issue of the Steam Advertiser. The number will be 32 pages of the finest type paper with artistically arranged advertisements and heavy covers printed in colored ink. This magazine, or page, will be about the size of the well known St. Nicholas, and will not be thrown aside like a book, but constantly referred to.

There will be Trade, Exchange, Collectors, Dealers and Publishers departments, etc. and many advertisers taking at least a 1/2 column space (5 inches) will be invited to a 5 line ad. in either one for year free. - Income taking at least 1/2 page (15 inches) will be invited to the same space in each. The circulation of this work is never less than 300,000, 500 abroad, but the June issue is to have 500 circulations among publicists, and 1000 abroad.

Several nice pages for this issue have already been made good, and it is our intention to insert some ads. no matter how small, from every dealer and publisher. The ads have been put as low as possible, and in the reach of every dealer big or little.

The Terms:-
5 line ad. in either of the Advertiser, named above, 1 year, 50¢ - same as above in each, 1 year \$1.50
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marked copy and file.

Subscribers, who desire to exchange plates, should send

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Our 16 page volume (equal to 32 - 6 x 9 inch pages) is now in press, and a pamphlet copy will be sent you with this, or as soon as out.

The notes given in it for the June issue are compiled by this

Hopeful to receive some kind of an advertisement

for this work, very soon, we remain;

Yours very truly,

KEEP THIS COPY FOR

Logan & Laughman

FUTURE REFERENCE

T F LOUGHRAN,

113 West 15th St.
New York City

Western Branch,
Ogden, Utah.

OGDEN, UTAH,

Advertisements & Subscriptions, (25¢ per year), also received by the following parties:

Werner Shanti - Almont - N. Y.

Arthur Gage - Livingston - Pa.

W. J. Gurd - Johnson - Iowa

Wm. B. Stephens - 307/309 S. 12th St., Omaha - Neb.

A. B. Merrill - Everett - Mass. - Oct 1950 -

This letter Monographed by



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1895-94 Special del'ys 3 var.	.12
1890 1 to 15c 9 varieties	.20
1891 bright claret (due) 1-10-5 var.	.14
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5 packets,	.25
10 "	.40
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W. Savage, Fruitport, Mich.

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to give collectors and dealers a good chance to buy from my sales, which are held every month:—

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are also a good medium to sell your Collection, Stock Duplicates or Philatelic Sibrary. Why not write for my terms?

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1109 South 28th Street, OMAHA, NEB.

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250 WELL MIXED stamps, 10 blank approval sheets with name on, 250 hinges (value \$1.25) price 25c. post-paid.
Eagle Stamp Co., 152 West 103 St., New York City.

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- 100 selected good stamps, \$0.08
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- 200m vermilion 1871 Japan, vove paper, unused, superb copy, 6.98
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is approval sheets, and on them will be found stamps from 1c. to over \$5.00. State grade you want, I will surely please you. Address;
T. F. Loughan, Ogden, Utah.

THE WORD

Continentials!

Is the trade mark for all our stamp packets. 'Reuss' Famous Continentals' which has the largest circulation of stamp packet in the world, contains 1000 foreign stamps of 300 varieties. A silver medal and 3 deplomas were awarded them at San Antonio, Texas, 1895, for their superiority over 100 competitors. Quality is constantly changing, as we are daily adding more varieties regardless of catalogue value. The standard pride is 54 cents post-paid. Ask your bookseller for them, and if he hasn't them give him our address, and he will get them for you. Address:

Henry A. Russ'

Continental Stamp Depot.

San Antino,

Established 1885.

Texas.

IN A
**MICROBE
OVEN.**



THE health department of one of our large cities has a public building, in which are disinfected clothing and furniture from houses in which people have suffered from contagious diseases. This building is sometimes locally known as the "microbe toaster."

In it is a small room of brick built over a steam boiler. Inside this room a maze of steam pipes zigzags along the walls and across the ceiling overhead. There are iron gratings in the floor, where steam can be flushed upward.

An operative engineer, called Sam, has charge of the steam-generating apparatus. The "roaster" is nominally under control of the city physician, but practically in charge of his subordinate, a humorous Irishman known as "Jim."

Sam and Jim did all the disinfecting work, in company with "Skeet," Jim's little black and tan dog, who takes a great interest in the proceedings.

Of course microbe roasting is not the most pleasant of vocations. When there have been cases, and perhaps deaths, from small-pox, diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlatina, or other contagious diseases, the attending physicians report to the city clerk, who orders Jim to go with a large, closed cart to the residence where the case or cases occurred, and remove all infected clothing, bedding, carpets, etc., to the roaster.

A temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, maintained for a few hours, destroys the vitality of germs. Hence the occupation of Sam, Jim and little

Skeet.

For several days of each week Jim is more or less busy collecting, parceling, and numbering property from infected houses. Each lot is kept scrupulously apart from all others. Great care is used to do the property no harm, save such as high temperature necessarily causes. The city is responsible for unnecessary damage. Clothing, blankets, carpets, and such fabrics endure the heat of the microbe roaster well. Shoes, boots, and all leather goods suffer considerably. The city does not make good such losses, since they are unavoidable.

About twice a week, Jim, having enough goods on hand to charge the roaster, signifies to Sam that he is ready for the house-warming, so to speak.

He fills the roaster with bundles, large and small, adjusts numerous thermometers to indicate the heat, inside as well as outside the bundles, then closes the double doors of the roasting chamber.

Meanwhile Sam has "fired up." Now he turns on steam. The pipes kick and snap as they make war on the microbes—all of which little Skeet observes with an experienced and reasonable air.

It might be supposed that the constant handling of infected articles would render Jim, and even Sam and Skeet, peculiarly likely to contract diseases. But the exposure has not thus far been followed by evil consequences. Jim fairly lives among germs and encounters new millions every week.

"Sorra a bit of trouble the germs does me," he says. "It's saysoned all at all? Troth and haven't I had them all in ould Ireland, barrin' smallpox, and when I wor a kid didn't they vaccinate me agin till me arrum was the dimensions of me leg?"

Jim has a theory not without a grain of truth in it.

"Annyhow, it all depnds on yerself about takin' dezazes, so it does," he argues. "If you'll be in terror av thim, and kape out of the open air for fear av thim, and if you'll be

drinkin' too much and not atin hearty—begorra, they'll catch ye. Is it catch they dezazes? Troth, I've no toime for spohrts loike that!

"Germs is it? Thim that sees thim may believe in thim. The ould dochter tould me he sezen thim with his mickerscope, but I'm thinkin' it's all in his oi. Germs or no germs it's wan to us! We fires the stame hate into thim all the same, and there's good wages in it, sor. Troth, the theory of germs suits me to the nines."

But the theory did not so well suit Jim one day about a month ago. Dur-



"IS IT A MIKROBE I AM?"

In the earlier part of the day he had been hard at work clearing apartments in a house where three children had recently died of diphtheria. He had a great quantity of infected bedding, carpets and other stuff. In collecting all this he and Skeet had grown somewhat fatigued. The last load reached the roaster at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Then Jim filled the ovens and adjusted the thermometers.

Sam, meantime, was notified to make steam. In doing so he found something wrong about a valve, and

was obliged to hurry to a machine shop at some distance. There he was delayed for half an hour or more. Tired Jim meanwhile waited, and would fain sit down. But there being neither chairs nor stools on the floor of the building he threw himself on a pile of mattresses a few feet within the roasting chamber.

Skeet curled up on a yellow door mat outside. He knew as well as Jim that nothing more could be done till Sam came.

Presently Jim dropped asleep. Perhaps he stirred, or threw out a tired arm, for a great bunch of bedding rolled softly down from a high pile, and quite concealed him from the view of anyone outside the great oven. There may have been 10,000,000 deadly germs in that roll of bedding, but they did not disturb Jim.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later Sam came hastily in at a rear door of the basement, worked with a wrench for a few moments and then called out, "All right Jim!"

But Jim did not answer. He did not hear. He was dreaming of how the cow bells used to tinkle on the green slopes of County Clare.

After a little Sam came up and cast a look around.

"Got tired waitin' and gone to his supper, I expect," he muttered. If he had seen Skeet he might have known better, but Skeet was sleeping soundly on his mat outside.

"Wal," said Sam to himself, after a glance into the oven, "he's put all the things in 'fore he went. I might's well set her a goin'."

He closed the inner and then the outer doors of the roaster. These doors have iron latches on the outside only. Still Jim lay dreaming of the cow bell.

Sam went down the steps to the boiler, turned the steam on, replenished the coal, and sat down to smoke a pipe.

Jim suddenly dreamed of hot countries, then rolled off the mattress, sat up and gasped for breath. It was very dark and very hot.

Then he leaped to his feet, yelling, "Sam, ye villain, ye've got me in the

roaster!"

But the brick walls were thick. There were two walls, with a dead air space between them, and two doors similarly separated. Sam did not hear Jim's yelling.

Jim snatched off his heavy shoe and beat on the iron pipes, but if Sam heard he thought it was merely the steam drumming its usual noisy refrain.

Meantime the heat was running up fast. The thermometers indicated ninety-five, 100, 125 degrees. They were well on their way toward 213 degrees.

Jim drummed frantically and yelled incessantly, though he panted hard for breath. Fortunately for him, a quick ear on the mat in the hall distinguished his muffled shouts. Skeet suddenly looked up, cocked his ear, listened again, then jumped up and ran to the outer door of the oven. Then he dashed at the door, ran around the roaster, whined, howled, and filled the air with the wildest of barking.

Sam hastily knocked his pipe on the chair arm. "Skeet's after a rat, sure enough!" he muttered, and went upstairs.

The dog dashed to meet him, then ran to the door of the roaster and back again. He laid hold of Sam's trouser's leg.

"Be ye crazy, ye little beggar?" cried Sam.

Again Skeet dashed at the iron door. At the same instant the engineer heard a sound from within between a groan and a roar.

He threw the door open. Jim rushed headlong forth with both hands at his ears and his face the color of red flannel, and hung half double over an iron railing. He was barely able to gasp:

"Sam, I say, ye ould villain! Is it a milkrobe I am?"

Skeet turned somersaults for joy, but it was sometime before Sam could explain the circumstances wholly to Jim's satisfaction.

The Crimean war cost the allied forces over 100,000 men.

Effects of Exposure.

It has often been remarked how differently the same amount of exposure affects different persons. If, for example half a dozen men are shipwrecked, one of them may be seized afterward with an attack of rheumatism, another may suffer from pneumonia, another from simple "catarrh," and so on; while one, perhaps, will escape with no inconvenience.

The explanation is to be found in the tendency of each individual to suffer from a special class of diseases, and on inquiry it will often be found that the persons in question have suffered from previous attacks of a similar nature.

Weakness of special organs or parts of the body may have its origin in direct exposure of such organs to attacks of disease, to occupation or habits of life, or it may be hereditary.

Exposure may thus bring to the surface a trouble already existing, or it may be provocative of some disorder in one whose previous existence has never been interrupted by illness of any sort.

The effects of exposure to the elements may be minimized, if not averted altogether, by accustoming one's self to exercise in all conditions of weather, by which means the organs themselves are strengthened. This good result is not to be accomplished by any system of "hardening" which includes an insufficient amount of suitable clothing. It is rather gained by habitual and systematic habits of exercise performed daily in the open air.

The organs for excretion, for example, may be habitually overtaxed until, on the occasion of a prolonged chilling of the bodily surface, which prevents activity of the skin, the functions of the kidneys may be so severely taxed that congestion or inflammation ensues. A weakness may then become established, and so each succeeding exposure or provocation will meet with less resistance on the part of the organ originally affected.

Heredity plays an important part in the tendency of the individual to suffer from certain diseases.

THE WORK OF SIX YEARS.

A Curious Clock Produced by a German Artist.

A curious clock has been made by a clockmaker at Warsaw, Germany, named Goldfadon, who has worked at it six years, says an exchange. The clock represents railway station, with waiting rooms for travelers telegraph and ticket offices, a very pretty, well-lighted platform, and a flower garden, in the center of which is a sparkling fountain of clear water. Past the railway station run the lines. There are also signal boxes, signal lights, and reservoirs—in fact, everything that belongs to a railway station to the smallest detail.

In the cupola of the central tower is a clock, which shows the time of the place; two clocks in the side cupolas show the time at New York and Peking, and on the two outermost towers are a calendar and a barometer.

Every quarter of an hour the station begins to show signs of life. First of all the telegraph official begins to work. He dispatches a telegram stating that the line is clear.

The doors open and on the platform appear the station master and his assistant; the clerk is seen at the window of the ticket office and the pointsmen come out of their boxes and close the barriers.

A long line of people forms at the ticket office to buy tickets; porters carry luggage; the bell is rung and then out of the tunnel comes a train rushing into the station and after the engine has given a shrill whistle, stops.

A workman goes from carriage to carriage and tests the axles with a hammer. Another pumps water into the boiler of the engine.

After the third signal with the bell the engine whistles and the train disappears in the opposite tunnel; the station master and his assistant leave the platform and the doors of the waiting-room close behind them; the pointsmen return into their boxes and perfect stillness prevails till in a quarter of an hour, the whole is repeated.

The Bad Breath of Royalty.

European royalty is cursed with execrable teeth, the result of consanguin-

ous marriages throughout countless generations, and even the princes of the reigning house of Sweden, who are of plebeian origin, the grandfather of the present King having been born as a peasant at Pau, on the French slope of the Pyrennes, suffer from bad teeth, necessitating much science and skill in treatment. It is only natural, therefore, that they should have frequent recourse to dentists, and, inasmuch as dental surgery has attained a greater degree of science and proficiency in the United States than in Europe, it is American doctors as a rule who have been intrusted with the welfare of royalty's jaws.

Reared among republican surroundings and imbibed with that essentially American conviction that all men are made of the same clay, no matter whether king or peasant, their independence of manner always presented an agreeable and refreshing contrast to the obsequiousness and flattery of native courtiers, and it is to this in particular that must be attributed the remarkable influence acquired at several of the European courts by these American dentists. They were trusted not only with royal teeth, but also with many a royal secret, and they, in several cases, have acquired an immense amount of influence.—Chicago Record.

Better than Law to Tom Corwin.

It is related that many years ago a wealthy merchant of Cincinnati desired to become a member of the bar. The court, hearing his application, appointed a committee to examine the candidate, naming as its Chairman Tom Corwin, then in the city. All adjourned under the trees at the side of the court house, and Mr. Corwin opened the examination with the customary question:

"Sir, do you know what law is?"

"No, Mr. Corwin," answered the applicant, "I do not know what law is, but I know where we can get some good whisky."

He was duly admitted to practice.

When a Russian family move they carry fire from the hearth in the old home to that in the new.

A Question of Ancestry.

Abraham Hayward, the famous Quarterly Reviewer, once thought that he would like to have some ancestors, so he walked straight to a picture dealer's. Selecting a portrait of a cavalier in half armor, with features not quite unlike his own, Mr. Hayward made a bid for it, but deeming the price asked too high, he went his way. A few days later Mr. Hayward went to dine with Lord Houghton, and was astonished to find the picture in the dining-room. Seeing that it attracted his guest's attention, Lord Houghton said: "Very good picture, that! Came into my hands in a curious way. Portrait of a Milnes of the commonwealth period—an ancestor of mine." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Hayward: "he was very near being an ancestor of mine."

Dr. Thalburg, the physical director, and Miss Ballentine, the gymnasium director, at Vassar college, have forbidden the students there from engaging in long distance running matches. They say such contests are more likely to be hurtful than helpful.

AN IMPORTANT MATTER.



Visitor—Well, Johnnie, what are you going to be when you grow up?

Johnnie (thoughtfully)—Sometimes I think I'll be a married man, and sometimes I think I'll just have a good time.
—Detroit Free Press.

Muscles in Bike Work.

It is strange that so many people should seem to think that bicycling develops only the muscles of the leg. Criticisms of this kind, however, are usually heard from those who have not tried this most fascinating means of recreation and exercise. Experience has proved that bicycling brings into play and develops all the important muscles which help to build up the physical structure. Of course the legs receive the greatest amount of exercise, but the use of the arms, back and chest is very important. When a steep incline is encountered the legs alone would be unable to supply sufficient propulsive power. The handle bars must be firmly grasped, and the strain on them is very great; in fact they might be broken if at all defective, which gives a faint idea of the great strength that must be put forth by the arms and back.

THE NEW ERA.



The Deacon—Tommy, do you think it manly to smoke those nasty cigarettes?

Tommy—Yes, sir, I do. Sister smokes them.—Brooklyn Life.

Old-Time Doctors.

In the 17th and 18th centuries doctors carried canes with hollow heads, perforated like a pepper caster. These contained aromatic powders, and when entering a sick room the doctor would strike the cane smartly on the floor and apply its head to his nose for the purpose of disinfecting that member and thus of preventing contagion.

A Family Dies in an Hour.

A correspondent of Johannesburg, Africa, sends a ghastly message concerning a series of fatalities whereby a resident lost his whole family in the space of an hour. Three children left the house to go to their father, a farmer, who was in a field near the house. The three put their hands in a crevice of the rocks to obtain birds' eggs. In this crevice was a deadly snake, which bit all the three. Two of them died before the third could get home to tell the mother what had happened. The mother, frantic with grief, tried to lift the third child on a horse to gallop for help. She pushed him too far; he fell over on the other side, fractured his skull and died instantly. The mother re-entered the house and found a fourth child had fallen into the bath and been drowned. The whole family died within one hour.

A Gentle Rebuke.

When Senator Walthall, of Mississippi, who reappears in the Fifty-fourth Congress after an absence of two years, was in one of the back counties of Mississippi during the campaign of '92 he met an ancient denizen of the back districts who was all powerful in politics in that section. The old man welcomed the Senator with great cordiality, but there was a strange twinkle in his eye, as if he were thinking of something, and thinking very hard. After a little he said:

"Senator, before the war there used to be a young man down here who was one of the best talkers and one of the most brilliant young men the State of Mississippi ever possessed. He became attorney of the State, and there seemed to be great promise before him. Everybody in the State thought great things were going to be done by young Walthall, and that he would make a national reputation. I think he ran for Congress or something of that sort, and then all of a sudden he dropped out of sight and nobody in this section of the State has ever heard anything of him since. Was that young fellow a relative of yours?"

The young fellow was Walthall himself, and the old denizen knew it, but this was the latter's method of rebuking the Senator for inactivity at Washington.

Common Errors in Speech.

The verb to get is one of our much misused words; it means to acquire, win, obtain; and, primarily, it signifies the putting forth of effort to attain something. Consequently it is not only superfluous, but incorrect, to speak of a man as "getting drowned" or "getting sick;" and you may, unfortunately, "have a cold," but it is impossible that you "have got a cold." At this moment no exceptions occur to the writer to the rule that got should never be used in connection with have, which alone sufficiently expresses possession. Say "I have the picture," not "I have got the picture;" "The dog has a broken leg," not "The dog has got a broken leg." The irregular verbs lay and lie are frequently confounded. Lay is an active or transitive verb, and lie is passive or intransitive. We lay things down or have laid them down; but we and things lie at rest. You lie down, have lain down, will lie down, or are lying down; she lay down yesterday and is going to lie down this afternoon. A frequent error is to confound the past tenses of these verbs. One should say, "Mary laid the book on the table, and lay down herself;" but the book lies on the table. —Demorest Magazine.

Will Fill a Long-Felt Want.

One of the newest inventions is a device for making it safe for woman-kind to carry a purse in the hand in the prevalent fashion. It is an attachment to the purse, consisting of two small straps, one to fasten around the wrist, the other terminating in a ring to be worn on the middle finger. The purse, which can be made to any size required, and can be worn on either hand, thus rests safely in the palm, where it is convenient for frequent use, and is perfectly safe.

It is remarkable how easy it is to restrain your wrath when the other fellow is ever so much bigger than you.

They Forgot About the Cars.

A cable train was moving east in Monroe street, and just before it reached Clark street a horse car, south-bound, crossed in front of it.

When the cable train stopped, a man with a valise jumped off and started on a run for the horse car, which by that time was about seventy-five feet away. Almost at the same moment a man without a valise jumped off a northbound horse car in Clark street and started on a run for the cable train, which had begun to move.

The two men ran wildly. One turned to the right and the other to the left, and they collided.

"Look out!" shouted one.

"Le'me past!" said the other.

Then one man dropped the valise and said, "Well, I'll swan."

The other had his mouth open, and his eyes seemed to bulge out, but he extended his hand and then said with an effort: "Well, of—all—people."

They were cousins and hadn't seen each other for fifteen years, and neither knew that the other was in Chicago on the day of this meeting.

Both of them forgot all about the cars that had to be caught. They locked arms and went to a cigar store together and there the man with the valise told the story.—Chicago Record.

To Entertain a Sick Child.

A little sick child will play for an hour with a small hand mirror, and a stack of bright picture cards is a positive boon. Never throw away a picture card; put them in a box and they will come in use some day, if not for your own children, for those of somebody else. Half the pleasure in living comes from being able to be of service to others. It gives a glow to the heart that nothing else on earth will bring. Those who live for self alone, without thought for others, are the crusty old ruffians who go out of life unregretted, their place considered better than their company. To bring a smile to a little child's face, a laugh into its eyes, ought to be the height of happiness, but we don't often think of it that way. "Even to the least of these,"

one wiser than we once said, and he who carries in his heart the love for a child has gone far on the road to a better life.—Washington Star.

Didn't Propose to Lay the Bill.

Dudley Kavanagh, the billiard player, had a billiard room in New York before the men now famous as billiardists were born. He was a crack player then as he is now. A stranger happened into his room one day and challenged Mr. Kavanagh to play a game. The latter accepted, won the bank and run the game out. The stranger, who had not said a word, put his cue in the rack, put on his hat and started for the door. "Hold on," shouted Kavanagh, "ain't you going to pay for the billiards?" "D— it! No!" was the indignant response; I haven't played any billiards."

Bismarck Was Ready for the Duel.

On one occasion, during some diplomatic maneuvers, which were being discussed by Count Rechberg, he (Rechberg) lost his temper and passionately exclaimed to Bismarck: "One of my friends shall wait on you in the morning." "Why all this unnecessary delay?" Bismarck replied. "In all probability you have a pair of pistols handy. While you get the things ready I shall write a report about the whole transaction, which, in case I am killed, I request you to forward to Berlin." Both set about their work. When Bismarck had finished he handed the sheet to Count Rechberg, requesting him to examine the same. Rechberg's passion had in the meantime given way to sober reflection. After having perused the report he said: "What you say here is quite correct; but is it really worth while to fight a duel for such a reason?" "That is exactly my opinion," was Bismarck's answer, and the matter ended.

This is certainly the age of electricity. Supt. Bach, of a Hartford railroad, is killing the tussock moth caterpillar and the elm beetle by girdling infested trees with copper wire and turning on a charge from a dynamo.

A Millionaire Senator Who Has Three Strong Points of Belief.

Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, is a firm believer in luck. He told me a little while ago, says a writer in the New York Telegram, that he deserved no credit at all for being a millionaire. "I am one of the comparatively few who were born under a lucky star," he said. "Without luck as an aid I would never have been heard of. That's the case of most successful men, you will find, whether they will admit it or not. I have always found that luck was just ahead. I once wandered away from my party in the mountains and the intense cold threatened to finish me before I joined it again. I got under the friendly side of a bowlder to escape the icy blasts that came roaring down the mountain and about the first thing I saw there was one solitary match. I gathered some brushwood, struck the match and it went out. A little disheartened, I proceeded on my way, and hadn't gone twenty paces before I saw another match, but it was a wet one. I dried it on my hair and struck it. It sputtered, burned, flickered, danced; winked and finally blazed, and in ten minutes I was cooking before a roaring fire. My comrades saw the smoke and in a little while joined me. Ever since that time I have always found a match just ahead. It is worse than folly for a man to become discouraged. Life is only a question of hanging on. Luck had as much to do with Napoleon's success as ability. It surely was not ability that made him, when 22, meet, when he was on his way to the river to commit suicide, in the dead of night, a friend who gave him a belt full of money. That friend, and not Napoleon, changed the map of Europe and has given hundreds of thousands of printers, binders, writers, actors, scene painters, soldiers and sailors a living. Even Shakspeare was lucky—to have been such a favorite of nature as to receive the most royal gift she ever bestowed upon mortal man—a brain of rubles. The three L's are the greatest thing in the world—light, love, and luck."

"The Feast of Nature" was a grand French Revolutionary holiday, held August, 10, 1783. A plaster image of Nature was erected on the Place de la Bastille, and the chief members of the Convention, the public committees and all public functionaries knelt in adoration, after which came the firing of salutes, dancing and general public rejoicings. The holiday celebrated the finished Constitution of the republic.

The early Christians celebrated Christmas at several different dates. Some communities observed the 1st of January; others the 6th; others the 29th of March, the date of the Jewish Passover; others the 29th of September, the date of the Feast of Tabernacles. At the time of Constantine the Eastern Church observed the 6th of January; the Western the 25th of December. The latter date was fixed as the time of the festival by Julius I., who was Pope from A. D. 337 to 352. A previous, but doubtful, claim is made for Telesphorus, Pope from A. D. 128 to 139.

In most Catholic countries the Fete Dieu is one of the greatest festivals of the year. In France it is even now celebrated by processions in many cities, particularly in the southern departments. A queer feature is the miniature chapel that is erected at almost every corner by the children, who raise a small altar, place on it a few tiny candles, such as are used for Christmas trees, and then solicit the offerings of the passers by. These little altars are reminiscent of the splendid temporary structures that were formerly reared along the route of the processions, to be used as stations. The last great display at the Fete Dieu in Paris was in 1830, when the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., walked in the parade with a candle in his hand.

The telegraph in Central Africa will in time be worked entirely by natives, who are wonderfully quick at learning the system. Their keen eyesight makes them especially proficient in hellegraphic work.

SIMPLE SAVAGES.

How They Bunkoed a Whisky Pirate Out of a Sloop Loaded with Liquor.

The Indians of the west coast of Vancouver island have adopted a novel and decidedly effective method of dealing with white whisky pirates who frequent their villages, as James Johnson, of Victoria, formerly master of the sealing schooner Kilmany, knows to his cost, remarks the San Francisco Examiner. He has come to the conclusion that there was big money for the man who made a systematic tour of the west coast with bottled samples of gin and whisky.

Accordingly he purchased a small trading sloop, loaded her with a cargo of stimulants, and sailed for Barclay sound some time ago. There, for a few days, he did a rushing business retailing his low grade intoxicants at five to ten dollars per bottle. The Indians knew they were being robbed and remonstrated, but no reduction in the price was made.

Then they held a council and a great plan was evolved. The aid of the Indian police was secured, and while the master of the sloop slumbered he was surrounded, made prisoner, handcuffed, and led in triumph to the village. In vain he pleaded for release. He was told he would be held until the coming of the police patrol and then delivered to the officers for supplying liquor to Indians. This meant a fine of at least \$200 and the confiscation of his craft, so he determined to suggest terms, and his offer of the sloop and its cargo for his freedom was quickly accepted. The cargo was consumed in a single night by the dusky diplomats in celebrating the success of their Napoleonic stroke of generalship.

NEW ORLEANS is discussing the feasibility of commemorating the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 by a grand exposition in 1903. At a recent meeting of the New Orleans chamber of commerce, called to consider the question, resolutions were adopted urging the desirability of such an exposition, and a committee of 100 was appointed to formulate and devise ways and means,

LIVED HIS LIFE ALONE.

Spent Years at a Hotel Without Speaking to Anyone.

A year or two ago a well-to-do gentleman died in a New York hotel. He had lived in the hostelry for years, and yet not a soul knew him personally or anything about him beyond the fact that he paid his bills promptly and regularly. He chose to make no acquaintances, says the New York Advertiser, and was satisfied to appear to the hotel manager as "No. 61, K." or by whatever number his room designated. The hotel management had changed several times, but he lived on there, a calm, unruffled existence. As a guest such a man is a jewel, and, as may reasonably be supposed, he was not likely to be harrassed by unnecessary attentions. When he died and it was found that he was a gentleman of independent fortune—the newspapers, of course, making the discovery—some people marveled for a day or two, and then forgot him. I recall the incident now only to illustrate that in a great city like this what appears to be the most public life may in reality be the most exclusive.

Sized Up His Customers.

In one of the leading journals of Montevideo, the following advertisement appeared recently: "A very rich young woman would like to marry a young man of good family. If necessary, she will pay the debts of her future husband. Send answer with photograph to I. P., at the office of the journal." The inserter of this announcement was no other than one Isaac Meierstein, a merchant tailor, who had just set up an establishment in Montevideo. By this plan he procured photographs of many undesirable customers.

Baring Gould, the novelist, lecturer and historian, is a keen antiquary. One who knows him writes that "he wallows in it. You should see him on Dartmoor with his shovels and wheelbarrows, unearthing some forgotten domicile, and then you would see the real man. Give him an old church register, and he'll spin you yarns about it by the hour."

How It Worked.

When the landlord had settled himself comfortably and got his cigar well started he looked at the newspaper man and remarked:

"I don't see why you don't take more interest in the affairs of this suburb."

"Nothing in it," replied the newspaper man.

"Oh, yes, there is," protested the landlord. "Besides, I should think it would be a matter of pride with you."

"Pride is expensive," interjected the newspaper man.

"I don't believe I quite follow you."

"Well, last year I was so proud of this place that my pride just bubbled over."

"Yes, I remember you were quite enthusiastic."

"I stopped people in the street to tell them about the beauties of the suburb in which I lived. I even wrote an article or two about it."

"I recall them. They were of immense benefit, too."

"They were?"

"Indeed, they were. They did a lot of good."

"I rather thought they did."

"Why?"

"Because they impressed you to such an extent that you raised the rent for my house. That's why I think there is such a thing as being too enthusiastic and public-spirited. I'm not doing any raving this year."—Chicago Evening Post.

Must Have a New Carpet.

With the meeting of every new Congress a new carpet is placed upon the floor of the House of Representatives. The carpet costs a snug little sum. It is one of the stipulations of the contract that the manufacturer shall not furnish the same design to anybody else, which is done so as to prevent bargain hunters being beguiled into buying carpets "just like Congress uses." The old carpet is cut up and used in committee-rooms, but, owing to the detestable habit of the average law-maker in chewing tobacco, a good deal of it is worthless.

SPICES AND OTHER THINGS.

Indigo is the sap of the indigofera.

Cork is the outer rind of the cork oak.

Ginger is the dried rootstalk of the ginger plant.

Asphalt is a combustible mineral pitch of a brownish color.

Turpentine is a balsam which flows from some varieties of pine.

Gutta percha is the milky sap of the Isonandra gutta tree of the East Indies.

Camphor is contained in the wood and the root of the camphor tree of the East Indies.

The Dogs of the Kickapoos.

Kickapoo Indians are very fond of dogs, both alive and fricaseed. Around their tepees there are always half a dozen wolfish dogs. An Indian dog hates a white man as far as he can see him, and loves an Indian as far as he can smell him, and that is saying a good deal. When a white man driving through the country sees a dog by the roadside his natural impulse is to whistle in a friendly way, for somehow in a wilderness or prairie or forest a dog is a comforting sight. But the instant you whistle to an Indian dog he turns his tail and is out of sight quicker than if he had been kicked. An Indian never whistles to his dog when he wants his beast to come to him; he places his tongue against his teeth and hisses.

How to Keep the Hands Dry.

By spreading a layer of lycopodium powder upon the surface of a basin of water, it is possible to plunge the hand into the water without wetting it, as the lycopodium powder prevents all contact of water with the hand. This property of lycopodium is taken advantage of by the Parisian dressmakers during the heat of summer; by rubbing it over their hands they prevent the perspiration from attacking the delicate ribbons and fine silk articles which they are constantly touching.

The Advertiser.

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A squall on the sea is a stress of
weather, and a squall on land is a
songstress.

A woman will rail against horse races
and yet keep her own tongue running
all day long.

The funny man who has exhausted
his stock of jokes may be said to be
out of humor.

Hard work is a cure for almost every
human ail, excepting the evil of having
to work hard.

It is estimated that in putting on a
stiff collar a man will walk about a
half mile with it in a straight line.

There's nothing like sticking to a
thing when you apply yourself to it,
as the fly said when it alighted on the
paper.

And He Is Young, Too.

Fred Funston, son of ex-Congress-
man Funston, of Kansas, has slept out
of doors in every State, Province and
Territory west of the Mississippi be-
tween the Arctic circle and the Rio
Grande River, with the exception of
two. Mr. Funston is yet well on the
young side of 30, and if he keeps up
his present luck until he is ready to
retire, he will see about all of the world
which is worth looking at.

In Amsterdam the other day a mer-
chant was sentenced to two years' im-
prisonment at hard labor for having
spoken in a disrespectful manner about
the Queen Regent among a circle of ac-
quaintances in the foyer of a theater.

Hair dye is not a necessary article
which a husband is bound to provide
for his wife, according to a recent En-
glish decision. The wife had had her
hair bronzed, against the husband's
wishes, and he refused to pay the hair-
dresser.

Strength of a Spider's Silk Thread.

It is not generally known that, size
for size, a thread of spider silk is de-
cidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An
ordinary thread will bear a weight of
three grains. This is just about 50 per
cent. stronger than a steel thread of
the same thickness.

Longest Bridge in the World.

The longest bridge in the world is the
Lion bridge, near Saugang, China. It
extends five and a quarter miles over
an arm of the Yellow Sea, and it is sup-
ported by 300 huge stone arches. The
roadway is seventy feet above the wa-
ter and is inclosed in an iron network.

Shoes Named for the New Empress.

Because the new Empress of Russia
has pretty feet and is fond of dancing
the faithful French bootmakers have
named in her honor a series of new
Russian slippers meriting admiration.
The Tsaritsa is a rich black satin shoe
on which a piece of fine white lace is
applied, the pattern suiting the front
of the slipper, and for other and par-
ticularly evening gowas tinted satins
are used under lace. The Feodorovna
is of the new tan glace kid, soft and
pliable, and has bars of patent leather
all round with a gilt or bronze slide. A
white satin slipper banded with gold
and twinkling like Cinderella's own is
called the Alix, and the Alexander is
made of patent leather perforated to
prevent any injury to the feet and de-
corated with a bow of alternate stripes
of patent leather twisted with satin
ribbons of various colors.

TIPS ABOUT PEOPLE.

A monument to the late Bishop Wayman (colored) will be erected in Baltimore.

It is not generally known that the wife of Sir Philip Currie, the British ambassador in Constantinople, is the lady known to the world as Violet Fane.

Capt. Thomas Morley, a survivor of the charge of the Light brigade, Libby prison and Ford's theater disaster, is living in Washington and is in good health.

Mrs. Mary Rochester (colored) died in Newcastle, Del., county almshouse a few days ago at the reputed age of 104 years. She had lived in that vicinity during most of her life.

A PUBLISHER of a New York newspaper who had criticised the decisions of a judge of inferior jurisdiction was fined and imprisoned on a contempt charge. He appealed, and the court of appeals reversed the decision and reprimanded the judge for exceeding his just and legal powers. The upper court declares that no judge has the right to punish for contempt except where the act held to be contemptuous is committed in the court or where any person or persons willfully violate any order of the court. Going further, the appellate judges hold that no court has power to punish for contempt for criticism of its rulings or decisions.

THE value of the corn lost in a single valley—that of the Osage river, in Missouri—during the present flood is estimated at \$2,000,000. The amount of the loss is partly accounted for by the phenomenal yield of corn this year and partly by the fact that the rainfall in that section was phenomenal, but this is only one of many instances which go to show that one of this country's great economic problems in the immediate future will be the control of its rivers and the prevention of floods which must grow more disastrous as the country becomes more populous and more closely tilled.

PRETTY WOMEN "BUYERS."

Employed by Shrewd Merchants with Never-Falling Grand Results.

"What won't merchants nowadays do in order to gain a business advantage?" asked the drummer from Ohio, who then, says the Buffalo Express, partially answered his own question by saying: "I went into a big department store in Philadelphia last week. I found that the buyer for my line of goods was a woman, a mighty handsome woman. I made an appointment with her for the next morning. When I arrived with my samples, I found half a dozen salesmen ahead of me, and had to wait my turn. The buyer was busy just then with a fellow who sold cheap jewelry. He was a susceptible youth, and the girl was stringing him for all he was worth. You'd have sworn that she was in love with him. She called him by his first name, leaned her head confidently against his as they looked over the samples and insisted upon pinning the goods into his scarf and shirt front to see how they would look. As a result, she bought all she wanted for a song. That young fellow's employers are probably wondering yet how he came to sell so cheap."



Mrs. M.—That was an odd occurrence at the Smith-Gray wedding.

Mr. M.—Eh?

Mrs. M.—Why, the bride was given away and the groom sold.—Bay Chat.

THE PELLINGTON MAGNIFYING GLASS.

This is an improved magnifying glass, much handier than any we have ever sold, while the low price puts it within the reach of all. The glass is extra powerful, enlarging objects many times, and is thus very useful. The glass is mounted on 3 legged gilt tripod, so that it can be set firmly over any object, and what is very important, always at the right focus. Stamps can be greatly enlarged, or can be used to decipher small print or writing.

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20 " " "	5c	1.00
10 " " "	10c	1.00
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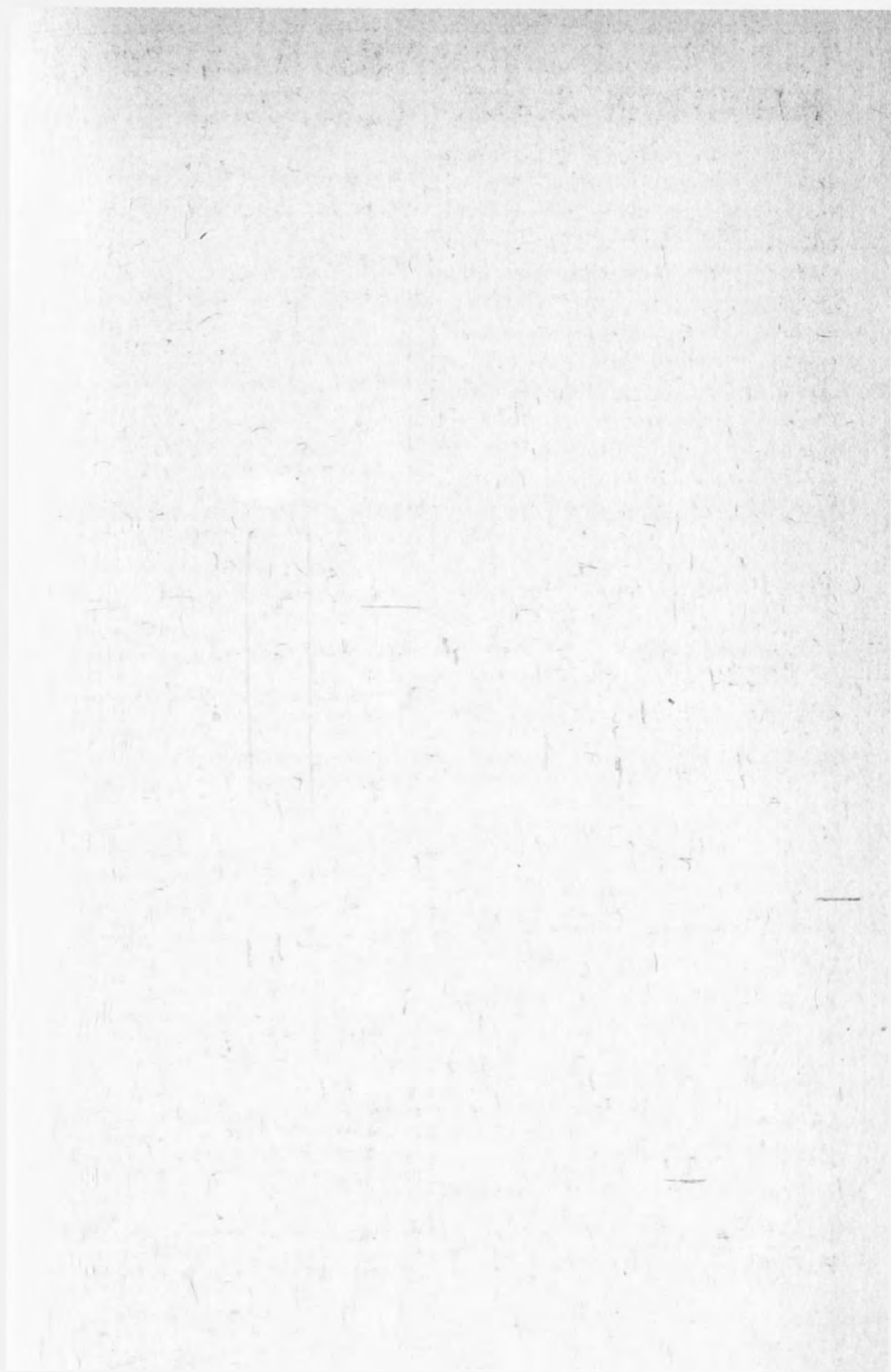
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