

SMUGGLERS.

HOW PEOPLE CIRCUMVENT THE CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

The Principal Smugglers are Women—Accounting for a Young Lady's Plumpness—Odd Places for Smuggled Articles.

In the Custom House of this city there is a "retainer" whom everybody knows. He has searched more trunks in more parts of the world than any of Uncle Sam's officials. He has served on revenue cutters innumerable. He can tell of boats with cigar smugglers on the coasts of Jersey and Maine. He knows every trick that the ingenuity of the confabulators can devise. He is the Jonathan Wild, the M. Lecoq of the business.

"The principal smugglers of to-day," he said, "are women. The darning of other things is unnecessary now. A saratoga trunk properly prepared is worth more than all the dinks and cutlasses that a smuggler ever wore at his belt. I remember when I last came back from Europe, I saw a young woman exceedingly plump, whom every body admired. The young fellow on board was infatuated. All the way over she wore the same blue cloth, tailor-made, and she said, 'I can imagine a little rigging herself like this when she gets to Newport, but for the sake of a Cunard, it is a trifle too much,' said I."

"What did you suspect?" "I suspect, I didn't suspect—I know. After the health officer came aboard, a boat pulled out from Fort Hamilton and wanted to take my chamber off. I touched her on the shoulder. 'You can't leave this vessel,' said I, 'until you reach the Battery.' 'Who are you?' she demanded, turning pale. 'I'm a Custom House officer,' said I, 'and as soon as we land I shall have you searched.' She had the heart to say, 'Still pale, she said down, biting her lips and looking round to see that nobody had heard us. 'Officer,' she said at length, 'how much will make it square?' 'Well,' said I, 'I will make it square at a shilling, but with a sly glance at her shapely figure, I don't know how much it took to make it round; but I guess there is about \$3,000 worth of lace and jewelry in the lining of that dress of yours.' And so it was. When the woman searched had undressed her she looked like a scarecrow—old, haggard, a regular skeleton. The haul just doubled my estimate."

"Where are the smuggled articles usually concealed?" asked the reporter of the Chicago Tribune lately. "Everywhere," answered the proprietor of a hiding place. Fruit is perhaps the handiest covering. Who would look for cigars in a pumpkin or for snuff in a turnip? Yet pumpkins and turnips are packed with wool which I brought any amount of tobacco into this country."

"And jewelry?" "No. Jewelry generally travels in boot heels. The shoes are specially made in Paris. I remember unscrambling one of those heels in New York. A shower of brilliant fell all around me. There was a fortune in that little shoe."

"And gloves?" "There was a famous lawsuit, you recollect, against a Frenchman who imported gloves in his bag. He was a boot. For my part, I don't care for gloves in trunks of hay. A tin box can be smuggled in the center of a big truss of hay. Indeed, there is no article of merchandise so easily smuggled as tobacco. It is the best record ever made by one man," asked Tommy Williams. "Exactly," replied the proprietor. "That was four years ago. I had a man who took in that amount in seven days, and the shaving, shampooing, hair-cutting and sea-bathing which it represents was the work of one pair of hands."

The Gulf Shrimp Industry.

Where is shrimp packed and how? asked a New York Mail and Express young man of a Fulton market fish merchant the other day. He replied that they were packed in New Orleans, whence they are shipped to all parts of the world. The dealer added:

"The shrimp run in large schools near the surface of the water down in the numerous passes that find their way into the Gulf of Mexico, and are caught by 'dogos' with their seines, who frequently will in one haul bring in enough to fill their lugger, a flat bottomed boat with a square sail. On reaching the shore, many of which are built on the docks, the shrimps are placed in long troughs, where girls with one expert wrench twist off the heads and with a firm pressure at the tail force out the shrimps. They are paid by the pound for all that are taken in this manner, some making as much as twenty-five cents an hour. After being taken from the shells the shrimps are placed in a vat of salted water, where they are cooked by means of steam pipes running through the vats. The shrimps then are put into little bags, each bag just large enough to fill the inside of a can, there being so much phosphorus in the shrimp that unless precautions were taken the tin could be eaten through by its action on the tin. After the shrimps are packed in the cans they are hermetically sealed, all this work being done by machinery. They are then put through a second steaming process, ten times hotter than the first, so that they become thoroughly cooked before being put on the market. They are then ready for labeling and boxing."

Some idea of the magnitude of this business can be inferred when it is known that during the shrimp season, which commences about two months in the spring and the same time in the fall, over 100,000 cans a day are packed in New Orleans alone.

A Mighty Banyan Tree.

About twelve miles from Broomfield, on the island up the Kribbia, in the celebrated banyan tree, covering from three to four acres of ground, and so large that there is said to be accommodation for ten thousand men under it. The legend is that it grew out of the toothpick of Kabir, whose name it bears. Most of the foreign travelers through Kribbia pay a visit to the tree, which is in itself a prodigy of nature owing to its gigantic proportions and its antiquity. It is a species of fig, and, as a writer says, was known to ancient travelers, and which in the eighteenth century had already 350 trunks and 30,000 secondary branches. Numerous inundations of the river had worked havoc with the banyan, and with the renewed tree. The same writer says that at the foot of the pine-trunk there is a little cavity the writer, however, could not see for himself during his late recent visit to the sacred tree, in which are arranged some stones of Phallic form beside an architectural fragment of ruler work. He says the Brahmans call it "Matalaya" (the mother). It is one of the popular names given to the wife of Siva in particular, and the name generally given by worshippers and even by priests, to all the unknown goddesses whom they cannot better define.—Adelphi Post.

A Barber's Great Record.

Chicago has the best barber of the world. On Sunday the proprietor of the shop casually observed that he would be beginning the following day to cut a boy one. "I wonder," he continued, "what the record will be for this?" "What is the best record ever made by one man?" asked Tommy Williams. "Exactly," replied the proprietor. "That was four years ago. I had a man who took in that amount in seven days, and the shaving, shampooing, hair-cutting and sea-bathing which it represents was the work of one pair of hands."

Amateur Entomology.

The Yankee Blade thus describes how to mount and prepare for a collection, butterflies, beetles, etc. The killing is an important matter, to do it well, and not to disfigure the insect in any way. For this purpose butterflies succumb at once to the fumes of chloroform. Most moths need something more powerful, like benzene or the fumes of sulphur. I prefer the latter—butterflies and moths—should be pinned through the thorax; coleoptera, the beetle tribe—should have the pin inserted through the right wing corner. Let the pin project about one-fourth its length above the insect. Many insects will need to have the wings expanded and kept in place till dried, in a stiff box. To do this, use a small, straight awl set in a handle to manipulate the wings, antennae and legs, and keep the same in place by pins and pieces of cardboard. The small insects will dry sufficiently to remove to the cabinet in two or three days; the larger moths will require a week to dry. Place in the cabinet or drawers pieces of camphor wrapped in paper to prevent the ravages of insects.

A CRACK SHOT.

AN OLD-TIME HUNTER'S SKILL WITH THE RIFLE.

Kit Carson's Famous Shot at a Monster Rocky Mountain Eagle that was Flying Away with a Lamb.

Kit Carson was the crack shot in the Rocky Mountains in his day, and many are the stories told on the frontier of his quick eye and unerring aim. There will never be another Kit Carson, for there is no longer a great and unknown wilderness to develop men of his peculiar type. Occasionally now you find in the West gray-headed, sturdy old pioneers who knew Carson in his prime, when the aim of his rifle meant death, for he was often heard to say: "I can kill as far as my rifle can carry."

Captain J. W. Cutler, one of the proprietors of the Denver Fall and Farm, was a "fifty-niner," and he knew Carson well, and in a recent conversation related an incident in the life of the old hunter and scout which showed his wonderful skill with the rifle, and the story is told me by Captain Cutler. It probably recalls a fine shot of Kit Carson ever made, and of which the Captain was an eye-witness. It was in the spring of 1865, and Captain Cutler, then a Deputy United States Marshal, was en route to Fort Bent, below Pueblo, in this State. The country was sparsely settled, only here and there finding a small settlement along the Arkansas River, which he and his party were traveling alone on horseback, and the second morning of his journey broke very early, starting out at dawn. He had followed a trail for some distance, when just at sunrise the loneliness of his journey was relieved by the sight of a cabin in a heavy growth of cottonwoods on the bank of the Arkansas.

Just at this moment he saw a monster Rocky Mountain Eagle darting down almost with the rapidity of lightning. Near the cabin was a corral in which were a large number of sheep, and upon the great eagle was bent for prey. He was about to alight upon the corral railing, and a rapid flight of the sheep, but a moment later the eagle rose from the corral bearing a large lamb with it. The lamb did not seem to impede its flight in the least, and the great strength of the eagle can readily be discerned by its breaking some branches near the top of the trees by the fearful stroke of its wings. Upward it soared, and the course of its flight being not far from the perpendicular. At this moment a woman came out of the cabin and seeing the eagle with the lamb in its talons, uttered a shriek and hastened to the house. A moment later Captain Cutler saw a man come out of the cabin with a long rifle in hand. He was dressed in a slovenly hat, pantaloons and a white shirt. Just think of it, a white shirt in Colorado as early as 1865. At this time the eagle was soaring high, with its course over the river. To the right it soared, and when he saw the man raise his rifle to shoot he said to himself, "I wonder who that fellow is, and what he is doing." But he hardly had time to utter the exclamation till there was a flash from the rifle. Only a second had the man looked toward the eagle, and the stock of the rifle had hardly reached his shoulder before he fell.

For a moment it was difficult to tell the result of the shot, as the eagle was flying so high. It was talking. The eagle had been hit. It was talking. It came down slowly, for it fluttered desperately, swooping its great wings, trying to retain its place in mid-air. It then circled round, and round, and round, losing control of its wings, eagle and lamb fell in some thick brush on the opposite side of the river. With a look of amazement, Captain Cutler entered the cabin to learn the name of the man who had made such a wonderful shot. The man had been leaning on his rifle until the rider came near, when he exclaimed: "Hello, Captain Cutler, is that you?" "Why—if it isn't Kit Carson!" said Cutler, as he dismounted, and the two old friends shook hands. "I am a continuing said, 'I saw you come out of the cabin, and was wondering what fool was trying to kill that eagle. But had I known it was you, Kit, I would not have doubted a moment.' "Well," replied Kit, "I was a little doubtful myself, but I knew I would hit a bird if my gun would carry. I can hit as far as my rifle can carry, but, as luck would have it, my old rifle made by Hawkins in St. Louis was loaded," and the old hunter gave a look of pride at the antique, long-barreled muzzle loader.

Mounting his horse, C. then said he would look the stream and find the eagle. "Be careful," advised Carson, "the eagle may be only wounded, and it will be dangerous. I shot for his head." "It's dead," exclaimed Cutler in astonishment. "Why how could you see an eagle's head that far away?" and Kit Carson only laughed for reply.

Captain Cutler found the eagle and lamb dead, the talons of one leg still weighed about twenty pounds, and it was lying in the cabin, the captain said: "The eagle was shot through the throat." "The throat?" said Carson, "well the eagle was so far, he could not judge the distance. I shot at the head by aiming a little above it. I should have aimed half an inch higher."—New York World.

How Insurance is Effected on Vessels.

Readers who are not acquainted with the references they occasionally find in the newspapers to what is known as "The Lloyd's Register of Shipping" give some very interesting information on this subject.

If an underwriter is desirous of becoming a subscriber to the Register of Shipping, he must pay an entrance fee of \$500, and annual subscription of twelve guineas, and five guineas for the presence of a substitute in the room. The merchant praisers, anxious brokers, and prudent underwriters, and their attendant clerks, captains and others interested in mercantile shipping, are constantly anxious to make the best of the day. It is, however, best of interest to furnish a brief sketch of how marine insurance is effected.

An insurance broker having received instruction from a shipowner to effect insurance upon a particular vessel to the amount of \$100,000, he procures a slip of an underwriter with a "slip" on which is given the name of the ship, with its master's name, cargo and destination. The broker then goes to a particular office of a well-known underwriter to "lead off" or head the "slip" with a large amount, say \$2500; others are then easily induced to follow suit with names and amounts of their own. The insurance is considered effected so soon as the full amount is subscribed. A policy is then daily filled up with the names of the subscribers and amounts written on the back of the form. In business on cargo is similarly dealt with; but "ship" and "cargo" policies are effected quite separately, for various reasons—among others, a ship might become a total wreck, and yet the cargo might be wholly or partly saved; or a ship might run aground, and receive some injury to her hull, and yet the cargo might be completely ruined by the accident. The rates of premium for single voyages vary from two shillings six pence to six guineas per cent. Any injury or damage to the vessel, or loss of cargo, is thereupon considered, and weather likely to be encountered, and many other items too numerous to mention.

A Few Hints on Health.

Never go to bed with cold and damp feet. Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten. Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold. No doctor can prescribe diet. Eat what you like if it agrees with you. When hoarse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, after which it is permanently lost. Beware of the warm atmosphere of a bath. When going from a warm atmosphere into a cold one keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose as it reaches the lungs. Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is detrimental. Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the feet are exposed to cold. Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open. Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will enter the pores and favor congestion and other diseases. After exertion of any kind, never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

A Phenomenal Medical Case.

George Solomon, a life-long invalid, died recently at the home of his mother, in New York, in his eighteenth year. From the date of his birth to the hour of his death he was afflicted with congenital hydrocephalus, commonly known as "water on the brain." Since his birth he has shown no sign of pleasure or knowledge of any kind except to his mother, whom he has called "mother." He has been a healthy child, but at an early age his head began to become enlarged, and at his death it measured twenty-six inches in circumference. For five years during the middle of his life he was comparatively strong, weighing 130 pounds, but finally there was no assimilation of food, and the last few months he has weighed only about fifty pounds. He has never uttered a syllable.

At various stages of his disease eminent physicians of this city have treated him. Dr. George H. Barstow has been treating him of late, and stated that the case of young Solomon was a marvelous one. Usually a person afflicted with hydrocephalus dies in a few years, but in the accumulation of fluid produces an abnormal development of the cranium, a distension of the brain and a separation of the sutures in the skull. Occasionally one survives for many years, but not once in five hundred times can a being so afflicted live as long as did young Solomon.—New York Times.

A Drill by Sightless Soldiers.

Forty-five sightless boys recently went through the evolutions of company drill with all the precision of trained veterans on the drill-plot lawn of the grounds attached to the Blind Asylum in Philadelphia. They comprised the cadet corps attached to the institution. The boys were drilled by their instructors with perfect strategy. "By columns of fours," shouted Major W. King, the commandant, and from single file the boys made the movement without a hitch. The company front was formed with equal perfection, and the wheels were made without a break. Each boy kept his distance by placing one hand on the shoulder of the boy just behind him, and by this means went through the drill with but one mistake. Equal proficiency was shown in the manual of arms, the young soldiers handling their weapons like West Point veterans.—Herald.

The Windows of the Soul.

Some poetical gentleman has called the eye "the window of the soul," and at all times and among nearly all people it is regarded as the grand feature of expression; that is, by persons who are neither amateurs nor professors of that quasi science, physiognomy. The eye, therefore, reveals their time and treats as much to the nose as to the eye, propounding rules or characters deduced from the wrinkles of the forehead and warts on the cheek, the significance of the chin, the inflex of the mouth and score of other diversities of feature.

First, as to the eyes as a feature in national physiognomy. Lavater, when discussing this question, gives the following as the result of his observations: That the Italians have small eyes; the Germans light-colored eyes, surrounded with many wrinkles; the English strong, open, liberal and steadfast eyes, and the Swiss dull eyes. The Laplanders, according to Buffon, have deep-set eyes, pupils of a yellowish brown, inclining to black, and the eyelids retiring toward the temple. The eyes of the Tartars, he says, are small and sunken, eyebrows large, covering the eyes, and the eyelids thick. The eyes of the Chinese are small, their eyebrows large and the eyelids raised.

The New Hollander has a dull, heavy eye, thick eyebrows and eyelids half shut, and a heavy nose, and is anxious to preserve the eyes from the sun. To the Spaniards Buffon gives "good eyes," to the Goths like eyes, and to the Finlanders heavy lids and the iris of a deep yellow. Winckelmann holds the opinion that the shape and color of the eyes are very largely the result of climate and other external causes. The eyes of the small, half-civilized, blinking eyes of the Esquimaux are due to nature's attempt to preserve the sight from the dry, cold air and the effusion of light from the snow around which they live. The small eyes of all the distant and northern nations, he says in another place, are in consequence of the imperfection of their growth. It is upon the authority of a physiognomist named De Pauw that the Peruvian has an eye the apple of which is black and the white not very clear.

Dr. Goussier has also been regarded as a tribal indicator. Tacitus, for example, describes the Germans as "fiery, with blue eyes and red hair." The Celts are described as swarthy and dark-eyed, the Gauls as red-haired and light-eyed, while the Nations and Egyptians have always been characterized as dark-eyed. These characteristics have not apparently changed, and it may be said roughly that the people of the temperate zone have generally light-colored eyes, while those of the extreme zones are dark. Of the races, the only one that can be said to be light-eyed is the Caucasian, and even this race is by no means uniform as to color in its eyes. The entire human history goes to prove that the light-haired, blue-eyed races are a comparatively recent development of the race, but it does not by any means prove that the highest degree of civilization is confined to the blonde races. There was a period when blue-eyed people were rarely seen, and to-day several of the world's inhabitants have dark eyes. Not only is the majority on the side of the dark-eyed, but statistics also tend to indicate that the majority is increasing. In a paper read some time ago before the Swedish Anthropological Society it was stated that brown eyes were becoming more common in Switzerland, Germany, Belgium and Sweden, and that out of every one hundred set of light-eyed parents fifty-five per cent. of the children had dark eyes.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Limits in Stature.

Ancient writers have mentioned giants exceeding ten and even twelve feet in height, but these accounts have doubtless been exaggerated, and it is a matter of question whether any of these individuals have exceeded in stature the giant in the chimney of the present time, and who is eight and one-half feet high. Dwarfs of sixteen and even twelve inches are among the records of human existence, but these diminutive creatures are either dwarves or pygmies. A noted instance of a small yet perfectly developed dwarf was the celebrated Borulavsky, of twenty-nine inches height, who died in 1877, aged about 40.

Modern House Architecture.

Eastern Dame.—My dear, I am afraid you will make a great mistake if you decide on a plan for our new villa without consulting Mr. Jones.

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You take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you have impure blood, lost your appetite, have that tired feeling, or are troubled with rheumatism, or indigestion. It has accomplished wonders for thousands of afflicted people, and if given a fair trial, it is probably certain to cure you. "I have been troubled a great deal with headache, had no appetite, no strength, and felt as much as a horse," says one of our readers. Hood's Sarsaparilla I have had the headache, my food has refused and seems to do me good, and I feel as if I were a new man."—N. A. HARRIS, 37 Grand Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

In Love's Harness.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their greatest pleasure in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair, free, bright eye, and a healthy, well-developed forehead are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those who are afflicted with weak, dragging-down sensations, and functional cerebral rashes, peculiar to the sex, should consult Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

NOTE.—No, dear, you cannot take a crew of tanagers by planting 'em 'red.

Yes, study oak wood branches wide budy the storm and winds defy.

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