GOTHAM'S HORSES.

HERE SHE RECRUITS 100,000 STUDS EVERY YEAR.

Scenes Around Old Bull's Head Market—The Demand for Street Car Animals and How They are Selected.

The Bull's Head of to-day is a very business-like place even for New York, although it is a trifle more quiet than it used to be. The horse market now covers about three square blocks, and it as quiet and orderly a locality as one can find. Nevertheless, without noise or bustle, some $15,000,000 worth of horse flesh is bought and sold here every year. This may not be so big a business as is done by some of the markets of Paris, where horses are sold for a more humane purpose than to be subjected to a long line of hard work and hard knocks, but it is, all things considered, a pretty big business. It is the common impression that steam and electricity are lessening the usefulness of the horse. This is a mistake. The traffic in horses is now larger than it ever has been, and is steadily increasing. There are now in New York city working in one capacity and another, for the not always nobler animal, man, 600,000 horses. This would give a horse to every third person in New York. The New York market yearly demands and obtains 100,000 horses, and pretty nearly all of these are sold around the Bull's Head. No more auctions are held. Formerly all kinds of stock were taken at this market. The best were sold to individual dealers, and the refuse were sent to the public market at Seventy-fourth street, on the East side, and sold in open auction. Now a strictly individual business is done around the Bull's Head. Each dealer has his own customers, and each has agents in the stock regions in the West and South who are able to fill an order for one or 1000 horses of any kind upon the receipt of a two-line telegraph dispatch. The business is now reduced to a system. The greatest customers that the Bull's Head dealers have are the surface car companies. Probably half of the horses that come to New York go direct to the street car companies.

Few persons would believe that the animals that drag the street cars are picked horses. But, sorry looking though they may be, they are carefully selected for this very work.

It may be that the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad Company finds that it needs horses. It immediately communicates with a dealer at the Bull's Head and the dealer communicates with his agent somewhat as follows:

To Coll, Peoria, Ill.:

Send one carload three-fourths—2001.

BLANK.

The agent understands this; the reader may not. Blank simply wants a carload of three-fourth horses, and a three-fourth horse is a horse that is neither big nor little, the only kind of a horse that is of any use in the street-car business.

It is a rough mill that car horses tread, and they don't last long. When the car horse is bought he is usually worth $175 or $180. On an average he lasts five years, and at the end of that period some Long Island or Westchester county farmer can have him for any sum ranging from $5 to $30, and in his prematurely old age he can drag a plow or a harrow and become an equine philosopher.

Car horses come from Iowa, Illinois and Indiana principally. Breeding stock is being reduced to a science in the West, and the much-derided county fair has had not a little to do with this. But there are other sorts of horses bought and sold around the Bull's Head. You couldn't have seen such horses there twenty years ago. There are big, strong, mild-eyed Percherons and equally big Clydesdales that accept their surroundings with that easy, good nature that sometimes characterizes big men. There are clean-limbed horses from West Virginia and the blue grass meadows of Kentucky, and handsome animals from Maine. There are some very handsome beasts in the long row of stalls, some of them fit to draw a King's chariot, if indeed, it were not true that almost any kind of a horse is not too good to drag the Kings who are now posing nervously before the world. In the next stalls to the big Percherons in the Bull's Head may be seen some small, mischievous ponies from the Indian Territory. Very short of limb are these animals, but they are deep of flank and chest, and could carry a man 150 miles in a day without a great deal of distress. They are all the rage now. Most of them will command fancy prices. They are wanted now for another purpose than that of carrying festive bucks on a hunt for scalps, and this summer they will figure in the more dangerous game of polo, and will be ridden by a class of backs different from the dirt-besmeared gentlemen who formerly bestrode them, and fair ladies will applaud their strength and quickness at Newport. The Percherons and Clydesdales, big as they are, do not command as high a price as a few of the ponies. They range in price from $500 to $1200 per team, and they are bought mainly by the big brewers. They come, in the main, from Michigan, where stock breeders have crossed the breeds of big horses with wonderful success. These equine Anacks are easily led. When they go to work drawing heavy wagons, they are said to succumb to surrounding influences, to learn to drink beer out of a bucket and to acquire other bad habits. They never become addicted to profanity, however. They grow stout and lazy, but live to a ripe old age.

Good horses come from West Virginia, Kentucky and Indiana, and a man with from five to eight hundred dollars in his pocket can get a good carriage or riding horse from any of these States sent direct to the Bull's Head.

Honesty and business methods prevail in this horse market now. There was a time when a unsuspecting farmer would buy a horse high stepping and proud of mien at the Bull's Head and proudly imagine he had secured a bargain until a few days later the unfortunate horse would lie down, die and be diced. Then the farmer would realize that the horse had been "doctored." They don't "doctor" them any more. Henry Bergh used to watch them too closely, and besides it doesn't pay.

The Bull's Head market now deals in nothing but fresh stock. No played-out horses are sold here. In addition to supplying New York city, it furnishes the farmers of New York State, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, with a large share of the horses they use. In this line, however, it has rivals in the street car companies. All their cast-off horses are bought by farmers, who are not of an nature for heavy work, but can be useful in a variety of ways on farms. Sometimes, although rarely, a fancy price is paid for a horse. The usual price is from $50 to $75. It does not come to this with the horses that draw the cars, some carry festive young men through the intricacies of polo, some pull brewery wagons, some propel carriages and cabriolets and 8000 of them die every year because they can do nothing else.

The Orchid Craze.

The trade in orchids has reached enormous proportions in England. Larger sums have been paid for orchid roots than were ever given for any specimen of live stock. The most expensive flowers are not always the finest. The price of plants range in the order of their scarcity. Some specimens that readily brought 100 guineas ten years ago can now be bought for a few shillings. Every person who is trying to get a large collection will endeavor to obtain it.

Every portion of the tropics is now being searched by orchid hunters sent out by the London importers, who have grown rich in the business of obtaining rare specimens. One dealer has sixteen collectors in various parts of tropical South America, Africa, Asia and the islands in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Their salaries and expenses amount to over $100,000 a year. In their travels and explorations they employ many natives. One of our consuls in Venezuela reports that the orchid trade is rendering the country prosperous. A poor man will often obtain more for an orchid root procured from a swamp or the branch of a tree than he received for hard labor during a dozen years.

Collecting orchids is attended by many dangers and great losses of property. Several collectors in the jungles of India have been devoured by tigers, bitten by venomous serpents or drowned in bogs. Quite a number have been overturned while in canoes, and it is presumed that several have been roasted and eaten by cannibals in Polynesia. Many valuable specimens are lost on account of lack of facilities for transportation. One London dealer lately received a notice from Port Said, informing him that 10,000 orchid roots had been killed by exposure to the sun on the Red Sea or by being knocked about during a storm.

A collector on one of the Philippine Islands got together 20,000 specimens, which he spread out upon the beach to dry, but an unusually high tidal wave swept them all into the sea. Another collector in Peru had his roots in sacks on the backs of mules, which were confiscated by a party of soldiers, who decreed that they had immediate use of the animals. The soldiers laughed about the orchids having any value.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Walrus Hunting.

Walrus hunting is by no means a novelty in marine adventures, says the San Francisco *Call*, since it has been carried on from time out of mind, but in the past the beasts were slaughtered merely for their tusks and blubber, their hides being thrown away as worthless. Modern ingenuity, has discovered an important use for walrus hide, and to-day that which was once regarded as offal is looked upon as the most useful part of the animal. Emery wheels, so generally in use, are, when constructed on the old method, liable, when run at high speed, to burst into fragments, endangering the lives of those who work around them, and, consequently, experiments have been made from time to time to devise some substitute for the ordinary emery wheel.

After various substances had been tried, giving greater or less satisfaction, it was ascertained that walrus hide was the most suitable material for that purpose, possessing, as it does, the qualities of toughness, durability, and susceptibility—i. e., it is strong, does not wear out, and readily receives and retains the emery powder. This is applied by pressing it into the porous substance of the hide, and of this the entire emery wheel of to-day is made. As these wheels are in great demand, the price of walrus hide has advanced to a corresponding ratio, until they now sell for 15 cents per pound, and as a single hide will weigh from 500 to 1000 pounds, they are well worth taking. Walrus hunting has, therefore, become an important industry, and although now in its infancy, will, beyond doubt, become a rival of whaling in the near future. Not is the hide the only valuable part of the walrus, as a fine oil is obtained from the blubber, of equal value with whale oil, and with the great diminution in the production of elephant ivory, the tusks are daily enhancing in value as an important article of commerce.

Coral.

The ladies of Russia and both sexes among the oriental nations prefer coral to many precious stones. The Russians have a predilection for the round coral, which is, however, the coarser variety, while the Chinese will have none but the pink. The nabobs of India decorate the interior of their dwellings with large pieces of coral beautifully carved and polished, for which they often pay enormous prices. Coral ornaments are also held in high esteem by the dusky beauties of Africa, who find that they wonderfully lighten up the effect produced by their dark skins.

Like all fashions in gems, that of wearing coral has had many ups and downs. The taste for it is almost universal, and when it has been in disfavor in one part of the world, it has generally been the rage somewhere else. It is now quite a long time since there has been any pronounced taste for coral jewelry in this country, and I therefore should not be surprised if before long it should become quite fashionable again.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

Cooling by Magnetism.

It is reported as an observed fact that the heat usually produced by friction is absent whenever the bodies brought in contact are magnetized. An explanation of the cause has not yet been found. A striking example is described in a late number of a scientific periodical:

A workman fastened two powerful magnets to his lathe, to hold more securely a piece of metal which he wished to drill and turn. The presence of the magnets kept the metal so cool that no water was needed to keep the drill cool.

Such an observation as this may lead to important discoveries. Not only may it throw some light upon the relations of heat and magnetism, but it may be put to practical use. The extra risk of fire in mills and factories arises largely from the difficulty of securing constant lubrication of the machinery.

If magnetizing gudgeons or their bearings will prevent heat from friction, then this danger may be avoided.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Puzzle.

There's one thing I don't understand;
It really seems to me so queer
That my mamma last night should say,
"Be sure and always mind, my dear."

And when I got that dreadful fall
The very morning, from a chair,
Should she come up and cuddle me,
And put my cheeks, and smooth my hair,

And press her lips close close to mine,
What I might know or whisper, kind—
The while she kissed my tears away—
"There, there, my darling; never mind?"
—*Youth's Companion.*

PORK PACKING.

PREPARING PIGS FOR THE SOUTHERN MARKETS.

An Industry Peculiarly American—A Mammoth Packing House In Kansas City—How Bacon Is Made by the Ton.

"Six thousand five hundred hogs killed, dressed and packed every day in the year" is the rather startling announcement made by the manager of the Kansas City packing house of Armour & Co., as the visitor enters the immense four-story buildings which cover more than an acre of ground and contain 1800 employes.

Let us follow, if you please, one of the pigs through this great house. Driven into a pen with several hundred of his companions, he is seized by the leg and a hissing jerk hits him into the air squealing and grunting. His own weight carries him, thus suspended by one leg, down an inclined plane to the butchering pit. Here he is caught by the ears, and with one dextrous thrust of an immense knife, the "sticker" puts an end to his hogship's life. The animals are killed at the rate of 650 an hour—a little more than ten a minute. The blood falls into a huge trough and is carried out to another room where it is utilized to make "Liverwurst," "poudhas" and "blood-pudding," dishes dear to the palate of the German epicures.

It must not be inferred that the hog stops at all in his onward journey, for such is not the case. With his throat cut from ear to ear he continues on his way down the inclined plane until suddenly he falls into an immense vat of boiling water where he remains for a few seconds, his companions tumbling in at the rate of ten a minute after him. When he has been sufficiently "soused" to loosen his hair, the attendants push him, by means of long poles, onto an endless belt which carries him to a long, sloping table. Here the attendants grab him, and in less time than it takes to tell it, they have taken off the bristles, dipping them in clean hot water and putting them aside to dry, for use in brushes and the like. A burly negro now seizes the hog by one of the hind legs and hooks it into a large steel clamp, which fastens to an endless iron link belt, and off he goes again, up an incline to a huge machine through which he passes in exactly six seconds, emerging without a hair left on his body. This gigantic machine is a marvel of human ingenuity, and consists of several dozen iron bushes so arranged as to strip the hair from a hog of any size in the length of time mentioned.

As he leaves the hair removing machine one attendant chops the head from the body, while another man stretches the legs wide apart, puts a big stick between them to keep them in position, and then he is switched on to another inclined plane, down which he runs, suspended by the hind legs, to the cleaning room. The heads have meanwhile been thrown into a chute, down which they slide to the ground floor, where a force of men and women cut out the jowls and parts that are used. The refuse goes to a large cart, and is carried to the glue room, to which place, by the way, all the refuse parts are carried and utilized, nothing being lost, however small.

When the hog's carcass reaches the cleaning room, two dozen or more men are ready for him. He runs, by his own momentum, to a point where one of the cleaners is stationed, and the carcass hangs motionless over a huge iron vat placed on wheels like a small dog cart. With one tremendous slash of his knife the "cleaner" cuts the carcass open and the entrails fall into the cart. The pig then goes to the "cooling room," where he remains until properly chilled. Meanwhile the cartloads of entrails—and it keeps a dozen carts busy constantly for ten hours—are carried to another room, where women and girls clean the chitterlings, "strip" the casings for sausage, and separate the other portions. This sight is one of the most repulsive that can be imagined, and yet the women and girls employed in this department appear to enjoy their work. They, as well as the men, are pictures of health, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed.

The hog, now having cooled sufficiently, is thrown on an inclined plane and carried down to the "surgery" where he is carved up. One man cuts off the feet, which are sent to the department devoted to making "pickled pigs' feet." Two other workmen separate the spare-ribs and these go to the fresh meat department, to be shipped east and south in refrigerating cars. Other dextrous workmen cut out the hams and shoulders, and these are sent to be cured on the fourth floor, while the side meat and strips go to the third floor to be salted. His hogship is now cut up into such small sections that it will be impossible to follow him further. His hams will go to one of the seventy-five immense smoke houses on the third floor, where he will use his share of the twenty six cords of hickory wood consumed daily to make the smoke. His spare-ribs will go in a refrigerator car to—well, perhaps, to an Atlanta hotel—and his other parts to the various quarters of the globe. Since he left the slaughter pen to the time we leave him dismembered, has been exactly twenty-eight minutes by the watch.

Think of it! The fate of this hog is the fate of 6500 others daily, and this establishment is but one of the three large ones in Kansas City. When the crisp strips of bacon, with eggs accompanying, are served before you of a morning; when the browned and sizzling spare ribs tempts you; when the rasher of ham or the broiled pork chop invite your consideration; reflect upon the fate of the 19,000 animals that daily perish in Kansas City, and of the 35,000 that are sacrificed in Chicago every day, without counting Cincinnati's 2,000 per diem contribution to the aggregate, and you can perhaps form some idea of the labor and capital it takes to supply us with "hog and hominy."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Simple Invention Worth Millions.

It is wonderful how the discovery of what is considered a trifling matter will bring wealth to the inventor. Take, for illustration, the perforated substance used for bottoming chairs and for other purposes. Its inventor is now a millionaire, and is realizing a princely revenue from it yearly. George Yeaton, the inventor I refer to, was a poor Yankee cane-seater in Vermont. He first distinguished himself by inventing a machine for weaving cane, but he made no money out of it, as some one stole his idea and had the process patented. After a number of years' experimenting Yeaton at last hit upon his invention, which consists of a number of thin layers of boards of different degrees of hardness, glued together to give pliability. Yeaton went through a number of bitterly contested law suits before he got his invention patented. He was wise in not paying others to manufacture his device. He formed a company, and to-day he has plans valued at half a million dollars.—*Kansas City Star.*

A Son's Love for His Mother.

I was waiting, not a great while ago, in a picture gallery, and after amusing myself looking around on the faces, old and young, handsome and ugly, that decorated the walls, and resting in my quiet corner I was roused by a heavy footfall on the stairs. The door opened and a young man entered. He had an honest, sunburnt face, on which a smile of quiet satisfaction beamed, and he was leading by the hand a small, quaint-looking old lady neatly but plainly dressed. He led her tenderly, almost reverently, to a chair and seated her. She seemed quite fatigued and trembled from weakness. The son looked upon her with such genuine affection and honest delight that it brought the tears to my eyes. Nothing could be more touching or striking than the contrast. He, just on the threshold of life, full of hope and freshness, everything wearing the rose-colored hue of early morning, hoping all things; she, with her snow-white locks and trembling age, leaning on his strong arm in faultless trust, the time of her departure near at hand, life's toils and labors over, its strife nothing to her.

"Can you take a picter? I hope that she is not too old or that her not seeing good will make any difference. She didn't want to come for fear her being so blind and old you couldn't make a picter of her. Please try your best, sir, for you see she is my mother, and I have plenty of money to pay for a big one, and she wants you to take mine to leave with her—you see I have to leave her, sir; I have the living to make now. No more hard days for her old eyes. I am all that's left, sir, of seven. Though she says she may not be able to see my picture, she can hold it in her old hands and kiss it and know it's me. Say, mister, if you have to stint either of us, don't stint mother. I feel like I don't like to lose none of her; don't make it too little."

The son was requested to lead his mother into the anteroom. As they returned he was loud in his praises to the artist at the success, and the humble little mother, clinging to the strong, manly arm of her boy as she passed out, had a calm, holy expression, as if she afread discerned the golden gates of the new Jerusalem, which she must shortly enter. How gayly he chatted and laughed as they descended the stairs! I could but say, "God bless him, such a tender, loving son!" Have you a feeble old mother, boys? If so, don't hide your love, but like this bonnie boy, let it be seen in every glance of the eye, heard in every tone, felt in every action. This little scene in the picture gallery inspired pure and lovely thoughts and enriched my heart with the most precious memories.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

National Anthems.

The Austrian national anthem is well known in England from its use as a hymn tune. It was composed by Haydn and performed for the first time at the celebration at the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1797.

The Russian national anthem, "God Protect the Czar," was first performed at the Grand Theater, Moscow, in December, 1833. Previous to that there had been no national hymn in Russia, and the Czars usually contented themselves with "God Save the King."

There never was a more rousing composition than "Le Marseillaise." "The sound of it," says Carlyle, "will make the blood tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death and despot."

The origin of the British national anthem has proved a source of uninterrupted vexation for many years past. There is most as much mystery regarding it as there used to be about the sources of the Nile. The common account attributes it to Dr. Bull, King James I.'s organist.

The Danish national anthem is not unlike the "Rule, Britannia." It was composed by a German named Hartmann about the year 1770. The "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," though it can hardly be called a national anthem, is a favorite air with the gondoliers of Venice, who sing it frequently.

A RACY BOOK.

Scintillating with Sarcasm and Brilliant Truth.

New York Letter.

Chap. I. "Has Malaria," goes to Florida.
Chap. II. "Overworked," goes to Europe.
Chap. III. "Has Rheumatism," goes to Erie.
Chap. IV. Has a row with his Doctor.

I have read a deal of sarcasm in my day, but I never read anything equal to the sarcasm contained in the above four chapters of book, written by some anonymous. I suspect the experience portrayed is a personal one; the author intimates as much on page 31.

Let me give you a synopsis:

"Malaria," as it states, "is the cloak with which superficial physicians cover up a multitude of ill feelings which they do not understand, and do not much care to investigate. It is also a cover for such diseases as they cannot cure. When they advise their patient to travel or that he has overworked and needs rest and he probably suffering from malaria, it is a confession of ignorance or of inability."

"The patient goes abroad. The change is a tonic and for a time he feels better. Comes home. Fickle appetite, frequent headaches, severe colds, cramps, sleeplessness, irritability, tired feelings, and general unfitness for business are succeeded in due time by alarming attacks of rheumatism which flits about his body regardless of all human feelings.

"It is muscular,—in his back. Articular,—in his joints. Inflammatory, my! how he fears it will fly to his heart!

"Now off he goes to the springs. The doctor sends him there, of course, to get well; at the same time he does not really want him to die on his hands!

"That would hurt his business!

"Better for a few days. Returns. After a while neuralgia transfixes him. He bloats; cannot breathe; his pneumonia; cannot walk; cannot sleep on his left side; is fretful; very nervous and irritable; is pale and flabby; has frequent chills and fevers; everything about him seems to go wrong; becomes suspicious; musters up courage and demands to know what is killing him!

"Great heavens!" he cries, "why have you kept me so long in ignorance?"

"Because," said the doctor, "I read your fate five years ago. I thought best to keep you ignorant of the facts."

He dismisses his doctor, but too late! His fortune has all gone in fees.

But him, what becomes of him?

The other day a well known Wall Street banker said to me: "It is really astonishing how prevalent bright's disease is becoming. Two of my personal friends are now dying of it. But it is not incurable, I am certain, for my nephew was recently cured when his physicians said recovery was impossible. The case seems to me to be a wonderful one." This gentleman formerly represented his government in a foreign country. He knows, appreciates and declares the value of that preparation, because his nephew, who is a son of Danish Vice-Consul Schmidt, was pronounced incurable when the remedy, Warner's Safe Cure, was begun. "Yes," said his father, "I was very skeptical, but since taking that remedy the boy is well."

I happen to know what it was that cured the boy, for Genl. Christiansen, of Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s, told me that it was that 'wonderful remedy, Warner's safe cure.'

Well, I suspect the hero of the book cured himself by the same means.

I cannot close my notice better than by quoting the author's advice:

"If, my friend, you have such as experience as I have portrayed, do not put your trust in physicians to the exclusion of other remedial agencies. They have no monopoly over disease and I personally know that many of them would far prefer that their patients should go to Heaven direct from their powerless hands than that they should be saved to earth by the use of any "unauthorized means."

Not Fatal.

"Take this seat, madam," said a gentleman on a Cross avenue car as he rose politely on the entrance of a passenger.

"Are you able to stand, dear?" asked his wife, by whose side he had been seated.

"Oh, yes; it doesn't hurt much."

"Be careful that someone doesn't strike against you. Are you suffering now, dear?"

"No, I can stand it."

"Is the gentleman ill?" inquired the lady who had taken the vacated seat.

"He has a very bad arm."

"Dear, dear! Is it broken?"

"No, but he's been vaccinated."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Poor Blind Man.

Col. Hamilton Milton is celebrated at Austin, Texas, as being able to eat more without a rest than any other two men in the city. Of late his eyesight has become affected. Gilhooly asked him the other day if he experienced any serious inconvenience.

"I should say I did. I can't read the bill of fare like I used to. Yesterday I overlooked two kinds of soup and slipped up on the custard pie. I can never tell now when I am through with dinner."—*Siftings.*

That Tired Feeling

is experienced by almost every one at this season, and many prefer to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to drive away the languor and exhaustion. The blood, laden with impurities which have been accumulating for months, moves sluggishly through the veins, the mind fails to think quickly, and the body tires sooner to respond. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, makes the blood clear, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling, tones the nervous system, and imparts a new strength and vigor to the whole body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is proven to be superior to any other sarsaparilla, or blood purifier, that one has ever said: "His best is giving clients upon the blood and system" Common expressions are as much more positive than the remedies of a quarter of a century ago as the steam power of today is in advance of the slow and laborious drudgery of years ago."

Nearly everybody needs a good spring medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla to expel impurities which accumulate in the blood during the winter, keep up strength as warm weather comes on, create a keen appetite and promote healthy digestion. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will be convinced of its peculiar merits. It is the ideal spring medicine. Actually beneficial, pleasant to take, and gives full value for the money.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a superior tonic, and I recommend it to all who have that wearied feeling." C. PARKS, 239 Bridge street, Brooklyn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Make the Weak Strong

"My appetite was poor, I could not sleep, had headache a great deal, pains in my back, my bowels did not move regularly. Hood's Sarsaparilla in a short time did me so much good that I feel like a new man. My appetite is improved, I sleep well, my bowels are regular. I say to others, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial." G. F. JACKSON, Roxbury Rust St., Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

YES, IT IS SO!

You have but to write—letter or postal—to T. G. Pasmore, General Manager Longevity Publishing Co., Baltimore, Md., to secure full information as to the unexampled opportunities offered Agents for *The American Home Journal*. Just entering upon its Third Volume, A superbly illustrated and printed 64-page double the number of pages of "Harper's," "Leslie's," "Puck" or the "Judge," at half the price per annum. Those who come to put in a few hours time while well regarded at once, while in addition to securing all the advantages of the every twentieth system. No chromos, premium books or plated ware. All cash. If you have any doubts, write the Merchants of Baltimore, Commercial and Financial Agencies, Postmaster, City or State Officials, as to the standing of the Longevity Co.

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Sees some of her Poultry die each year without knowing what the matter was or how to effect a remedy. If she knew of Poultry Life Co. Disease, she would not suffer so much loss. This is not cutting at an expense of 25 cents in stamps for one copy of the 100-Page BOOK. Address POOL PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard Street, N. Y. City.

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BEST IN THE WORLD. Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only $3 gilt Shoe in the world made without tacks or nails. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6. Saves no tacks to hurt the feet, makes walking easier than an ordinary shoe. Buy the best. Some genuine unless stamped on bottom "W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe." warranted.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only $4 hand-sewed shoe, which equals custom made shoes costing from $6 to $8.

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W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE is worn by all Boys, and is the best school shoe ever offered.

All the above goods are made in Congress, Button, and Lace, and will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The parlor is probably the most frequented of all courts.

"Ah me!" sighed Potts, "I'm tired of living, The world is full of woe, ambition is vain." "Come now!" said his chum, "I know the symptoms. It's all your liver—that's very plain.

"You need not suffer, for help is near Pierce's Pellets go right to the place. 'A friend to the bilious,' I well might call them— There's nothing be tter they suit your case."

Potts ceased his sighing and bought the "Pellets." No more he mourneth his hapless lot! His face is cheerful, his heart is lightsome, His melancholy is gone forgot!

"Another Cuban outrage," said Col. Sozzle, after vain efforts to make a 20-cent cigar draw.

Chronic Coughs and Colds.

And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of SCOTT'S EMULSION, as it combines the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. It is a beautiful creamy emulsion, palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par-excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. CONNELL, M.D., Manchester, O.

A sailor generally feels tired after a Cape Horn.

Popular Education.

We sympathize with the feeling which often leads citizens to boast that no child born in this country need grow up in ignorance, and yet it is a fact that many people who have learned to read and write have never taught themselves to think. A man who suffers from catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, scrofula, or "liver complaint," might read till his eyes dropped out, how these and many other diseases have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but if he did not take the lesson to himself and test the virtues of this great medicine, his time would be thrown away.

An apartment house which does not yield any profit must be classed among the "flat failures."

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

Samuel Meyers, of Avon, Ill., has raised a fine watermelon the past winter on a vine planted in his cellar.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERATIVE, It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, It acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

AS A DIURETIC, It Regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Diseases.

Recommended by professional and business men. Price $1.00. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.

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