

TIME TO ME.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More of dead than of the living,
Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,
'Tis a time we should convey it;
If we have a word to say,
'Tis a time in which to say it.

Many a beautiful flower decays,
Though we find it's so much;
Something more than it plays,
Which no human aid can touch.

So, in many a living breast,
Lies a soul as calm as a sea;
Though it's hidden, in its rest,
Lies a truth that's worth revealing.

Off, unknowingly, the tongue
Fleets in a word so sweet,
That a word or accent wrong,
Pales the heart almost to weeping.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been washed or turned aside,
By a quiet word of kindness.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More of dead than of the living,
Than from any want of feeling.

BUT ONE WORD.

"There! I think that's pretty enough
for anybody."

And Lettie McCaslin stepped back
from the bed and took a look at her
work, having just looped the last bow
on the bewitching dress of black silk
and grenadine, with its rose-colored
vest and loops and bows, which she
intended to wear at the fancy fair, a few
days later.

Lettie was "pretty enough for any-
body" herself, if she had only known
it, as she stood with her fluffy hair
tossed back, her bright dark eyes spark-
ling, and the color burning as crimson
as her ribbons, in her clear dark cheek
and sweet lips.

"I believe it is just as well made as
the dressmaker could have done, and
quite a sovereign saved by it too!" she
said, delighted with her work.

"Now, if you can only give me the
money I'd have had to pay, and I can
get a lace parasol lined with rose-color
to match my dress and hat, why—I'll
be pretty tidy, that's all."

"They've got some lovely lace parasols
at Glenn's; I'll go down there at noon—
if papa comes home to dinner, and
see what I can do."

She heard her father's step in the
hall, and went down, three steps at a
time to see that dinner was just as he
liked it.

For Lettie was her father's house-
keeper, and had learned, even at nine-
teen years old, that the road to mas-
terly favor very often lies through a
good dinner.

Mr. McCaslin was not a rich man,
and it was often owing more to Lettie's
good taste and deft fingers than to the
things which she bought, that she al-
ways looked so nicely and stylishly
dressed.

But she was always sure of means
when he was able to afford it, so when
she told him she thought she would
need a little more money, he took out
his purse and handed her over ten dol-
lars.

"Will that do?" said he.

"Oh, yes, papa."

"Ever so many thanks,
and leave enough for gloves and fans, too."

"Well, make much of it, pet, for
besides the housekeeping money, it is
really all that I can spare you this
month."

"I'll make it do, and much obliged,
too."

"Then put an extra lump of sugar in
my coffee, will you? It isn't sweet
enough."

"Oh, didn't I fix it right?"

"Here is the sugar-bowl—help your-
self, papa."

The coffee was soon right, and as
Lettie had a trusty girl in the kitchen,
she did not wait after dinner, but ran
up stairs to put on her neat walking-
suit.

And she was soon tripping down the
street as bright and sweet a maid as
ever went after a lace parasol with ten
dollars in her pocket.

On the way she passed a tall, thin
looking gentleman, who raised his hat
and seemed much pleased to meet such
a fair vision.

And the pink in Lettie's cheeks deep-
ened, and the girlish heart in her bosom
fluttered faster as she walked on, for
Dr. Richings was well, a very good
friend—and might be more so day.

If it wasn't for that rich, haughty
Bell Tracy, with her sweeping robes
and costly jewels, Lettie almost knew
he would like her.

She was aware that his taste was al-
most faultless, and she hoped much
from the pretty costume she meant to
wear.

She met Bell Tracy just coming out
of Glenn's and came with a good
deal of self-possession the somewhat
haughty stare and bow with which that
young lady greeted her.

She spoke herself, as she passed up
the shop, to a young lady simply dressed
in mourning, who was standing at the
counter looking at some goods.

"Poor Ida Martin," she thought.

"I wonder if she and her mother
manage to keep soul and body together
with their needs?"

"Lace parasols, please."

This last to the smiling shopman
who came to wait upon her, for Lettie
was very well known in the village,
and might have been quite popular
among the beaux.

The pretty parasols of every form
and material were scattered upon the coun-
ter beside her, and Lettie became so
interested in choosing one that she did
not see that Dr. Richings had entered
the store, and stood at the glove coun-
ter just below her.

"Oh, this one is lovely!"

"And a perfect match for your suit,"
she said, taking up one of the most deli-
cate lace, its rose-satin lining the very
shade of her robes, and the handle of
coral curiously carved.

"What is the price?"

"Five dollars, Miss McCaslin—the
very cheapest article in the house."

"I don't suppose you could buy any-
thing like it for that price in the whole
town."

"Will you take this one?"

The shopman wore his most inviting
smiles, and spoke in the blandest of
tones, and Lettie was about to say—

"Yes I will have this one," when
she chanced to hear a few words from
Ida Martin, who was examining a piece

OPHIOLGY.

The Study of Snakes at Smithso-
nian Institute.

An interesting department in natural
history at the Smithsonian Institute at
Washington is that of ophiology, of
which Dr. Yarrow is the head. This
society for the diffusion of useful
knowledge has collectors in all parts of
the world, so that even specimens of
all varieties of snakes peculiar to the
states are not wanting to make the col-
lection complete.

The horrible and repulsive have al-
ways attractions to the most timid.
The varied and vast collections of
bright plumaged birds will be passed
by with a glance and often without
comment, but spell bound groups are
always to be seen about the wire cases
containing snakes.

For months a dusty, dingy case, with
a gauze wire front, stood in a conspicu-
ous place in the central room of the
Smithsonian. It was labeled danger-
ous, in one corner was coiled a large
rattlesnake. A light tap on the wire
caused the creature to open its eyes,
otherwise it showed no signs of life.
There was no food, and the receptacle
for water was as dry as a lime kiln. It
had been without food at the time for
five months. Its snakeship under the
regimen of such boarding house, was
gradually diminishing in weight, to
prove which it was weighed at stated
periods. It may be existing on the
same diet still. If so, what a pathetic
case of cruelty to animals. I may have
done Maj. King, the Bergh of Wash-
ington, a special service in mentioning
this case, but there are other boarding
houses about town where the regimen
is about as slim as the rattlesnake's, and
the S. P. C. A. have never been known
to interfere with the interests of the in-
mates.

Snakes are no longer preserved in
alcohol in the Smithsonian. It is found
that the absorption of the spirits en-
larges the specimen, and often destroys
the colors peculiar to it to such a de-
gree as to render them unrecognizable
and valueless.

They are fed and cared for while be-
ing studied. The dangerous ones are
chloroformed and plaster casts taken
while harmless. When these models
are completed they are painted true to
nature by an artist who has the origin-
al to guide him.

Some of these snakes become great
favorites among the men in the model
room. They come when called from
their cages, coiling in an affectionate
manner around the arms and necks of
their friends. The water snakes enjoy
themselves in a large tank filled with
water in the work room.

An adder was taking a bath just puffed
itself out so that it floated like a rubber
ball, frolicking with all the sportive-
ness of a child.

It came out when called, winding up
the arm of the man and darting its
head in and out his long beard. After
being regaled on a frog it went will-
ingly back to its cage to digest its
dinner.

The models are all labeled with the
name and locality where the original
was found and placed in the ophiol-
ogy collection.

In point of repulsiveness the moccas-
in bears of the palm. The copperhead
is rather an attractive fellow. I should
say, as a model, the iridescent head-
piece from which its name is derived
makes a point of color exceedingly
aesthetic in its otherwise somber hue.

A large case of king snakes have
been a great attraction to Smithsonian
visitors. They came from Florida, and
are the acknowledged conquerors of
that lordly monarch, the rattlesnake.
They are not so large in girth, but are
very powerful. I was present at feed-
ing-time upon one occasion. A sweet
sixteen prince (or princess) helped itself
to a frog without the permission of one
of their gracious majesties, who caught
on the same morsel. As neither would
yield the point of precedence, the king
swallowed the younger member of the
royal family—or nearly so—for when I
left the tail of the incarcerated snake
was still protruding in a vigorous way
to the outer world.

Dr. Yarrow has been made extremely
happy by a mother snake presenting
the Smithsonian with the surprising
progeny of over one hundred snakelets.

The event was especially interesting
to students of natural history.

The Doctor's researches have brought
him in contact with snakes both harm-
less and those whose stings are fatal.
I read a number of years ago, when the
subject of hydrophobia was being un-
der general discussion by the press, an
article from him, wherein the cure of
that terrible malady is set down as pos-
sible, under certain conditions, of course.

A friend of mine has a mad-stone,
one of five stones purchased from the
natives of India and brought to Vir-
ginia by his grandfather and uncle in
the first years of this century. One of
the others is now in possession of two
sisters, the Misses King, of Richmond,
Va. Two were owned by Mrs. Mary K.
Tyler, of Loudon Co., Va., and one was pur-
chased by a gentleman who had been
bitten by a rattlesnake, and after the
application of the stone to the wound
was so charmed by the effect of its use
that he raised his offer from \$50 to
\$500, which was accepted, and it is now
in North Carolina in the possession of
his family.

It is the habit of medical men to
jeer at the mere mention of the mad-
stone. The families who own them
are highly educated, sensible people. A
record has been kept of the cures ef-
fected by these singular substances
known as mad-stones, borne out by the
sworn affidavits of those relieved. In
a country so infested by poisonous ag-
ents as India, it is doing no violence
to common sense to believe that nature
should produce an antidote where ex-
ists the danger.

The mad-stone in the possession of
Mr. Eddie Smith is attractive to the
sight, even without a knowledge of its
power to attract poisons. It is an inch
and a half in length, of a dark, rich
color, between the shades of old mah-
ogany and ebony. The under side is
perfectly flat, the upper is slightly
raised. In shape it is oblong, in the
thickest part being scarcely a fourth of
an inch through. It is very light in
weight, and of a porous substance.
Without the exception of the amount
received for the one sold, the family
have never made a dollar from the use
of these mad-stones, although they have

THE CURIOUS EXPERIENCE OF A
CARP.

The wonderful vitality and rapid
growth of the German carp has just
been singularly shown. About ten
days ago a man driving along a road
about eight miles from Newburg had
his attention attracted by the flopping
of some kind of fish in a mud puddle,
not more than three feet in circumfer-
ence. Getting out of his wagon he
picked up what was to him a strange
fish, and throwing it in the bottom of
his vehicle, proceeded on his way to
Newburg. For several days the fish,
having been put into water, apparently
none the worse for its jolting, was ex-
amined by the curious in Newburg and
no one knew what kind of a fish it was.
At last it was determined that the
mondescript should be sent to E. G.
Blackford, the New York state fish
commissioner, for identification. It
was put in a small bait kettle and sent
to him. Mr. Blackford receiving it de-
clared it on sight to be a fine specimen
of the leather-backed carp. On exam-
ining his books he found that last No-
vember Mr. Lewis Beach, a member of
congress, had received from Prof. Baird
a number of small carp, which had
been distributed to persons owning
ponds in the neighborhood of the place
where this one was found. The fish
must certainly have been carried out of
some preserve by the late food, and
found a resting place in the puddle by
the roadside at the subsidence of the
waters. Mr. Blackford at once placed
the carp, which weighed three pounds,
in one of his aquaria, in Fulton market,
where it is now desporting itself in the
happiest way. From a weight of cer-
tainly not more than two ounces in
last November in ten months this carp
has grown two pounds fourteen ounces.
—N. Y. Paper.

THE LOADED WAGON.

We have been into the cornfields to
gleam with Boaz and Ruth, and I trust
that the timid and faint-hearted have
been encouraged to partake of the hand-
fuls which are let fall on purpose for
them by the order of our generous
Lord. We go to-day to the gate of the
harvest field with another object—to
see the wagon piled up aloft with many
sheaves come creaking forth, making
ruts along the field. We come with
gratitude to God, thanking him for the
harvest, blessing him for favorable
weather, and praying him to continue
the same till the last sheaf has been
gathered in, and the husbandmen
everywhere shall shout the "Harvest
Home." What a picture is a wagon
loaded with corn, of you and me as
loaded with God's mercies! From our
cradle up till now every day has added
a sheaf of blessing. What could the
Lord do for more than have us thank-
ful? He has daily loaded us with benefits.
Let us adore his goodness and yield
him a cheerful gratitude. Alas! that
such a sign should be capable of another
reading! Alas! that while God
loadeth us with mercy we should load
him with sin! While he continually
heapeth on sheaf after sheaf of favor,
we also add iniquity unto iniquity till
the weight of our sin becomes intoler-
able, and he cries out and cries out
by reason of the burden, saying: "I am
pressed under you, as a cart is pressed
that is full of sheaves." Be astonished,
O heavens, and be amazed, O earth,
that God should speak of being pressed
and weighed down! I do not read any-
where so much as half a suggestion
that the whole burden of creation is
any weight to the Most High. "He
takes of the dust of the earth, and he
maketh man, and he crieth out, nor
stars, nor all the ponderous orbs which
his omnipotence has created cost him
any labor in their sustentation. The
beast picture Atlas as stooping beneath
the globe, but the Eternal God, who
beareth up the pillars of the univer-
se, 'fainteth not, neither is weary.'
Nor do I find even the most distant
approach to a suggestion that provid-
ence fatigues its God. He watches
both by night and day; His power
goeth forth every moment. 'Tis he
who brought forth Mazzaroth in his
season, and guideth Arcturus with his
sons. He beareth up the foundations
of the earth; and holdeth the corner-
stones thereof. He causeth the day-
spring to know his place, and setteth
a bound to the darkness and the shade
of death. All things are wrought by
the power of his hand, and he crieth
out, 'nothing without him. Just as a
moment's foam subsides into the wave
that bears it, and is lost forever, so
would the universe depart if the Eternal
God did not daily sustain it. The
incessant working has not diminished
his strength, nor is there any failing
or thought of failing with him. He
worketh all things, and when they are
wrought they are as nothing in his
sight. But strange, most passing
strange, miraculous among miracles,
sin's burden God, though the world can-
not, and iniquity presses the Most
High, though the whole weight of
providence is as the small dust of the
balance. Sin makes God's creatures
unhappy, and shall not the Lord there-
fore take of their burden, and when they
that any creature of his hand should
be miserable. He made the creatures
on purpose that they should be glad;
He gave the birds their song, the flow-
ers their perfume, the air its balm. He
gave the day the smiling sun, and the
night its coronet of stars; for he in-
tended that smiles should be his per-
petual worship and joy the incense of
his praise."—Farm Sermons, by C. H.
Spurgeon.

TRIFLING WITH "OLD PROBS."—One
of the officers of the weather bureau at
Washington started last July on an
inspection tour of the weather stations
and observers. He took with him a
standard barometer with which he in-
tended to rate other barometers in case
they happened to be working incorrect-
ly. While he was in a barroom at
Rochester, N. Y., some one tampered
with the regulator, but he had not the
slightest suspicion that anything was
wrong, and continued through the cir-
cuit rating other barometers by his own
tampered with machine. For weeks,
or until the thing was discovered, the
observers throughout that part of the
country could report nothing but low
barometers and the Washington office
could predict nothing but rain.

SKILL IN THE WORKSHOP.—To do
good work the mechanic must have
good health. If long hours of confine-
ment in close rooms have enfeebled his
hand or dimmed his sight, let him at
once, and before some organic trouble
appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters.
His system will be rejuvenated, his
nerves strengthened, his sight become
clear, and the whole constitution be
built up to a higher working condi-
tion.

Happy dispositions people are gener-
ally healthy. Disease is rendered
more deadly, and is often induced by
fever.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880.

GENTS—I have been very low, and
have tried everything, to no advantage.
I heard your Hop Bitters recommended
by so many, I concluded to give them
a trial. I did, and now am around, and
constantly improving, and am nearly as
strong as ever.

W. H. WELLER.

It is said the banks at this time hold
more money than ever before. It is
easily explained. Within the last week
or two the waters at the summer re-
sort hotels have deposited their fees
and are living on their earnings. This
alone should have nearly doubled the
amount of capital, in the banks of the
country.

A WONDERFUL STATUE.

The Bowed Figure on the Washing-
ton Capitol.

The most wonderful thing about the
Washington capitol dome is seldom told.
It is said that there was a statue in
ancient Egypt, called Memnon, which
whispered sweet words of melody to the
sun as he appeared above the horizon,
and sung him to sleep every night with
wild, weird lullabies. The grand,
haughty goddess of liberty on top of
the dome has a heart of bronze, but a
good heart for all that, and one filled
with true old Virginia courtesy. She
has not yet picked up enough courage
to do the prima donna act, but every
morning the good dame courtesies to
the sun, and when he sinks in the west
she again courtesies, but without turn-
ing around. Some time since Archi-
tect Clark suspended a plummet line
from the interior of the dome, and it
was found by actual measurement that
the lead swung over a space of 4 1/2
inches, making a total dip out of the
perpendicular of 8 1/2 inches. This is
caused by the alternate contraction and
expansion of the iron. A ludicrous
mistake, which occurred not long since,
may be mentioned in this connection.
The coast survey had in charge the sur-
veying of the line for the reclamation
of the Potomac flats. The top of the dome
was taken as one point of the survey-
or's triangle in estimating certain dis-
tances. The calculations thus ar-
rived at were found to differ almost
every day, and much swearing and per-
plexed thinking upon the part of the
brilliant engineers were indulged in
before the dipping of the dome was
brought to mind.

A POET'S HOME.—Dr. Oliver Wen-
dell Holmes lives in summer time in a
charming home near the shore of Buz-
zard's bay, Mass. His house is a red-
roofed cottage, with generous gables
and huge, old-fashioned chimneys. At
the door stands like a grim sentinel
a rugged old juniper tree, gnarled and
scathed and banded with iron rings to
prevent its being torn asunder by wintry
storms. Within and without the house
bears the imprint of colonial times, and
it is surrounded by a wide expanse of
meadow and moorland whose only gar-
den is nature, and which secures the
quiet and yields the inspiration desired
for a poet's summer home.

IT WILL LAST.—The remembrance
of a tender word will last long after
you are in your grave. A little ragged
boot-black fell on the icy streets of
Chicago one winter's day. A cheery
young lady passing, said, as she helped
him up: "Did you hurt yourself?"
His whole face beamed after her
departure, he said to his companions:
"I'd like to fall a dozen times, if I could
have her nick me on like that."

YOUNG MEN: you want to learn something
of the world, and to get it in the best
possible way, write to "VALENTINE'S"
117 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

M. H. P. 410.

TRUTH IN SOCIETY. For marriage,
divorce, and all legal business, write to
"VALENTINE'S" 117 West Madison St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Education should be pos-
sessed by every young man
and woman. Write to "VALENTINE'S"
117 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Patents.
F. A. LEBMAN, Solicitor of Patents, Washington,
D. C. Send for "The Patent Law," a
small book, free.

In Good Spirits.
T. Walker, Cleveland, O., writes: "For the
last twelve months I have suffered with
lumbago and general debility. I commenced
taking BUNROCK BLOOD BITTERS about six
weeks ago, and now have great pleasure
in stating that I have recovered my appetite,
my complexion is now ruddy, and feel better
altogether." Price \$1.00.

A Forlorn Hope.
Otto J. Dorschner, proprietor Holland City,
Ohio, writes: "A bad cold settled on
my side and back, kidney trouble, liver and
cholic combined; I suffered terribly,
though was obliged to more or less attend
to business. I tried local doctors, but received
no relief and as a forlorn hope tried THOMAS'
ELECTRIC OIL; have only used half a fifty
cent bottle, and feel as well as I ever did
in my life."

A Marvelous Cure.
For all bodily ailments, arising from impurity
of blood, a torpid liver, irregularity of the
bowels, indigestion, constipation, or disordered
kidneys, is warranted in a free copy of "BUN-
ROCK BLOOD BITTERS." Price \$1.00.

He who lives only to benefit himself confers
upon the world a benediction which he does
not.

Advice to Consumptives.
On the appearance of the first symptoms—
as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor,
chilly sensations, followed by night sweats
and cough, prompt measures of relief should
be taken. Consumption is a curable disease
of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-
scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-
ener, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discov-
ery," Superior to Cod Liver Oil as a nutritive,
and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak
lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections
it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr.
Pierce's treatise on consumption send two
stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL
ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

True wisdom teaches both how to seize
opportunities and fore-go advantages.

The weaker sex
are immediately strengthened by the use of
Dr. R. Y. Pierce's "Female Prescription,"
which cures all female derangements, and
gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

Sorrows are God's furrows in the heart
where He sows the seeds of His grace.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from
nervous debility and kindred affections, as
well as those afflicted with hydrochloria, should in-
close three stamps for Part VII of World's
Dispensary of pamphlets. Address World's
Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo,
N. Y.

All matters is a vast symbol; every mat-
erial fact is enshrouded within it a spiritual
truth.

What is beautiful? Why, Carboline, a de-
odorized extract of petroleum, as now improved
and perfected. Clear as spring water, delight-
fully perfumed and will not soil the finest
linen fabric—a perfect toilet preparation and
absolutely makes the hair grow on bald heads.

Certain cures resemble closely those people,
who, when they laugh, show only teeth.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE.
In the BEST SALVE for cuts, bruises, sore-
throats, salt rheum, netter, chapped hands, cold
blains, corns, and all kinds of skin eruptions,
freckles and pimples. Get HENRY'S CAR-
BOLIC SALVE, as all others are counterfeits.
Price 25 cents. Ask for Dr. Henry's Carbolic
Salve at Dr. Henry's.

DR. GREEN'S OXYGENATED
BITTERS
is the best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness,
Nervousness, Indigestion, and Diseases of the Blood,
Kidneys, Liver, Skin, etc.

BUNROCK CATARRH SNUFF cures all af-
fections of the mucous membrane, of the head
and throat.

DR. MOY'S LIVER PILLS are the best
Cathartic Regulators.

They are to be puffed the most who
have nothing to do. They are happy
who must keep moving in the groove
of duty.

A mechanical journal advertises
"steam jackets." They are probably
intended for young men who "go on a
bust," but we don't think they will take
the place of full overcoats.

AGENTS WANTED.

Subscription Book.

THE FINEST IN THE WORLD, and the
most rapidly increasing, is now being
published. It is a beautiful and
valuable work, and is being
published in the most
valuable form. It is a
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