IN LONDON STREETS.

Kaleidoscopic Sights of the British Metropolis.

To go out in London on a week day is like rushing into a roaring, seething maelstrom of activity, in which one is swept along by the irresistible tide. One is whirled hither and thither, and submerged in the waves of the sea of humanity. Despite the proverbial odiousness of comparisons, we find ourselves continually making them—some bring us great delight. In America we have no ruins, no multitude of cathedrals, and no Rembrandts. Inwardly we congratulate ourselves on our free American institutions and bathtubs, and that we have no kings to sit down on us. We may regret that there are no cathedrals toned into the tenderest colors of pearl and gray by the tempests of centuries, and no galleries of fantastic pictures, where all sorts of geniuses have turned their fancy loose like wild horses, and where Titian is outdone in splendor, and Michael Angelo in grandiose style, and Rembrandt in Rembrandtesque gloom. But America has its charms, we say, and it's a bit homesick we always are on Sunday—that home day; so we number to ourselves many of the charms that an Englishman would deny as such if he overheard our thinking. Even America's faults, or rather lackings, grow lovable on a lonely Sunday far away from the mother country.

On Sunday London is comparatively silent. The business houses have gray shutters over the windows, and everywhere there is a suggestion of fasting. The restaurants are closed, and it is next to impossible to get a dinner outside of the hotels. When the city shakes off the thraldom of commerce and business activity, it puts on its most beautiful garments; peals its sweet-voiced church bells, and utters its prayers and sentiments of religion. For one whole day it seems to be at peace. The wheels of the omnibusses rattle over the streets, and the sound dies away in the distance to rise again and mingle with "the jingling and the tinkling of the bells," the ministering servants of religion pealing, echoing and summoning the faithful and prayerful to their devotions. From north and south, form east and west there is the cling-clang of deep, resonant, musical bells, and the people gather in the churches.

One sees so many people out in wheeled chairs—great, comfortable, hooded affairs, like a Victoria carriage. The invalid has his outing in the sunshine most comfortably, and these days are bright and cool. There are women, and men, too, in these chairs, with brains still active, and eager, intelligent faces, although hope is dead within their bodies. Their hands are useless, made so by the irony of Fate, and their legs are motionless from paralysis. To those sufferers earth must only serve as a dark corridor to heaven; they struggle through life against pitiful odds. We give them the unexpressed sympathy that probably goes to make the world better, but seems so little of what we would do if we could. It is hard to live imprisoned between long rows of brick walls, breathing the dust of forges, factories, machine-shops, and hundreds of manufactories of villainous odors; to know nothing of the shadowy paths beneath the green foliage and swaying branches of primeval trees, or the golden harvest ripe for the sickle, the hill-side with its trailing vines, and the plain with its velvet grass.

There are hoodlums and tramps sitting on the curbstones and lurking around the street corners. They have a leader, who declares that his audience is oppressed by the rich. plays a dirge for the dead soldier, while the crowd in the streets is hushed into silence and the leader of the Anarchists takes off his slouchy cap in the presence of the King of Terrors. Quietly and silently the procession melts away, rehearsing the finale of the grim tragedy at the grave. So one man's life, beginning in mystery and ending in mystery, passes away, and knowing what unfathomable mysteries are around us, what strange mysteries are in us, is it any wonder we ask, and the street vagrants ask, the meaning of it all? The why and the wherefore of this thing we call Life? The why and the wherefore of this thing we call Death?

Hyde Park is London's Sunday promenade, and here after church come young and old to saunter up and down, to see and be seen. The sun shines through the soft gloom of the trees. Back where the trees are closer together there is a woodland greenness. Women, beautifully gowned, stroll in and stroll out, blooming as roses. They twitter and laugh with their cavaliers. Officers in the uniform of the English army saunter past. The shadows of the leaves dance over all. Husbands and wives sit around on the benches. There are instances of the perversity of the former in certain moods or points of view in which even nagging has no effect, and the husband moves away and turns his back on the partner of his matrimonial felicities, and commences a flirtation with a pretty girl opposite. Then, there is a man talking to a girl. He has much of the school-master in him, and he hopes for novel effects upon material so fresh and pliable as her young mind. The quiet of the place draws into it certain elements that picturesquely and sentimentally hightens its charm. The serious side of Life as seen in Hyde Park is as inevitable as the humorous side and the love-making.—E. J. P.

LONDON SHOPS.

The Art of Selling Customers What They Do Not Wish, as Practiced by the Saleswomen.

Outside of mathematics there are no conclusions quite so positive as those arrived at by the shop girl as to what "They" are wearing. Her opinions are prompt, decisive, and unassailable. We have all of us suffered the dwindling of our vanity and importance when we run up against this stone-wall decision of hers that "They" are not wearing what we want, and therefore she cannot show it to us, and out of pity for our benightedness probably she would not show it if she had, her high duty being to promote the fulfillment of the fashions. If one wishes brocade when stripes are in fashion, she apparently considers the ugliest stripe as infinitely lovelier than the fairest brocade. She may sometimes have to sacrifice her individual taste to this high duty, but if so, she gives never a sign of the struggle it costs her, but calmly upholds "Style." It's no use saying that brocades have been lovely from generation to generation; she is inexorable, and the laws of the Medes and Persians were soft, light bonds compared to her interpretation of "Style."

This is our own shop girl, and we were not surprised to find the same spirit wherever we went. With all of their "Kuss d' Hands" and respectful recommendations of themselves to our compliments, we found the German clerks expressing a surprise and disgust at our wish for brocade, and our hurt vanity was not ameliorated by their evident explanation to themselves that our being Americans was the why. The Austrians could not believe that we wished brocade; surely we had made a mistake in the language; it was striped we wished. But with all their elaborate compliments we read again that our liking for brocade was lamentable; that brocade could not be tolerated in any shop of any pretensions; that they hoped they did their best, but surely we did not wish brocade, and what "ravissante" stripes they could offer us.

In Belgium we found that our main interest in the shops was with the laces, and as these are always lovely and almost always the same simple frills or handkerchiefs or collars, we agreed perfectly with the vivacious little shopkeepers. Occasionally they would bring forth some outrageous arrangement of rose point in a four-in-hand, but rarely, and we escaped the heapings of scorns that are usually ours.

In London for a little while we believed that here was an entirely different order of saleswomen. They have such a mild, dependent little way of always following up an assertion with an appeal to you to uphold them; as "Brocades are not much worn, are they?" "These stripes are smart, aren't they?" The women are such tall, slim, gliding, blonde creatures with the broadest of A's, that we were overawed anyway, and were glad that they dropped their h's; that was our one last hold on our conceit; we knew where h's belonged, and clinging to this and their kind habit of appeal we made our purchases without extraordinary humility.

But we soon discovered that although they always besought us for corroboration for their statements as to what was and what was not correct, yet in the end the blow, though softened, still struck us. We asked for brown umbrellas. "No, we have not any; they are not smart, are they?" and "They would not be pretty, would they?" "Brown is a dingy color for an umbrella, isn't it?" "Our customers never ask for brown umbrellas; they always want black; except, colors are pretty for sunshades, aren't they?" Now we had had pretty brown umbrellas in our lives and knew it perfectly, but the stone wall of style was between us and our desires, and we gave in.

Another impression that came to us gradually was that London saleswomen seem to divide Americans into two classes—those who are extravagantly rich and just traveling to get rid of untold wealth, and those who are traveling economically and with no money to spend on extra gloves or a bit of lace. We were offered the most superb things in the shops, and clerks hastened hither and thither to bring forth treasures; then if we could not buy these, but wished something of moderate price, we were suddenly left to hunt it up for ourselves. However, this same trait is to be discovered among the employes of our own shops, and is not entirely an unnatural one.

ELSIE POMEROY McELROY.

From the Pacific Coast. Mr. H. L. Howard, Loomis, California, reports the following incident: "I was sick the past five years, off and on, with malarial fever, catarrh and neuralgia, and was generally run down. I got tired dosing my system with quinine and other drugs, and was so discouraged that I felt ready to die. I happened to read an article in *The National Tribune* which seemed to fit my case exactly. I sent for a trial box of the Blood Vitalizer from Dr. Peter Fahrney, of Chicago, Ill., and after commencing to use it, I began to feel better. I have about used up the contents of the trial box, and have not enjoyed such good health for many years. I am almost 84 years old. My neighbors tell me that if I keep on taking the Blood Vitalizer I will have to turn the figures and call it 48 instead of 84."

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer has an unbroken record as a blood purifying and health-giving medicine, extending over one hundred years. Sold to the people direct through local agents by the proprietor, Dr. Peter Fahrney, 112-114 South Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ills.

Two-Volume Dictionary Given Away.

Our readers will do well to notice the proposition of a gift contest on the first column of page 4 of this paper. It is a chance to get a $26 set of books that does not occur often. Read the proposition before it is too late.

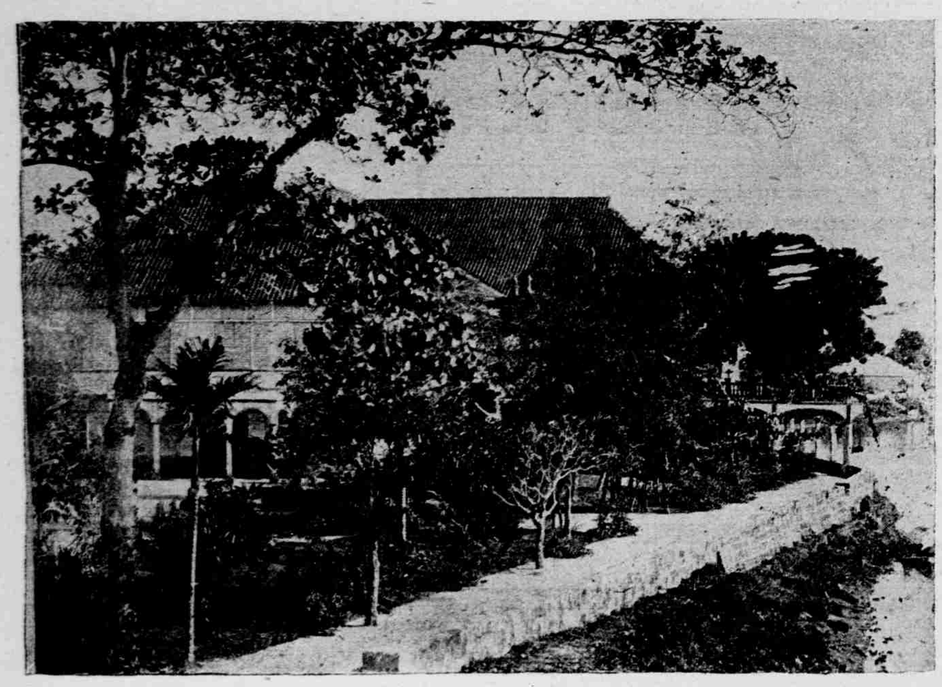
Couldn't Bam Him.

"What," thundered Mr. Meekton's wife, "do you think of this man who married three wives, and then wants to come to Congress?"

"Well, Henrietta," he answered, as he gloomily tapped the edge of the table, "I dunno's I blame him for wanting to get away from home and come to Washington for a little while."

Free to Invalid Ladies.

A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after years of suffering with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhœa, etc., sent free to ladies with full instructions how to use it. Address Mrs. L. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.



SOME FEATURES OF MANILA.

Olin M. Fisk, First Lieutenant of the 1st S. Dak., now in the Philippines, sends to the National Tribune an interesting descriptive letter about Manila. He observes that the Europeans on the islands numbered about 500, and there were only three Americans there before the troops landed. The City of Manila is divided into Districts, each having its officials, under the direct supervision of the Mayor, who is responsible for what happens within the city limits, and has to report to the Governor-General of the islands. "Old Manila," he says, "is inclosed by a wall; New Manila is that part of the city outside of it. This wall is one of the great features of Manila. It is two and a half miles in circumference, 25 feet high, from 25 to 100 feet thick, at the exposed points being the thickest. It is surrounded by a double moat, kept filled by the Pasig River. The wall was built in the latter part of the 15th century, and I understand the work was nearly all done by Chinese coolies. While its day it was as strong as any fortification could be made, it is now of no service for defense against modern artillery; but place 15,000 American soldiers to defend it, and I defy any infantry to take it by assault without the aid of big guns.

"As one enters the west gate the first building he sees is the Palace, a massive stone structure, three stories high, covering an entire block. It is the finest building in Manila. In the new town, the Palace of Malacanan, the Summer residence of the Governor-General, is an ideal residence of the tropics. There are several beautiful residences in this District, San Miguel, but none of them come up to these. It is here the richer classes of merchants and military men live.

"The Escolta is the principal street in Manila, where all the large retail establisments are located. They are mostly owned by Europeans. It is very narrow, and only one-third of a mile in length. During the business hours of the day and early in the evening it is one crowd of moving humanity. American and Spanish soldiers, natives and Chinese, all try to walk on a sidewalk four feet wide, and to accomplish that feat without going into the street would do credit to a tight-rope walker.

"The European stores are quite large, and the goods they carry are very fine, nearly everything being bought in Paris. The India bazars, where goods from that country are handled, are very interesting. An American should keep his eyes open when he goes into one of them to buy, or he will be charged three prices. Rosario street, one of the most interesting in the city, is where the Chinese merchants of the better class have their shops. These shop-keepers are quite intelligent and learn to speak English very rapidly. Their stores are small, but well-filled. You can find very near anything on this street that you wish to get.

"Manila, on the whole, is a dirty place, with nothing modern but waterworks and electric lights. Still, with hard work, in time we hope to have it more like an American city." The illustration above presented is of the Summer residence of the Governor-General.

These fellows just as naturally gravitate toward anarchy as mud gravitates to the bottom of a dark pool. When the leader of the hoodlums shakes the "red flag" in the presence of his fellow conspirators, a sympathetic thrill agitates the dirty bosom of every deadbeat within the sound of his voice. One can read in the faces of these London desperadoes the impulse to kill, to destroy property, and to enjoy that which honest men have earned. This feeling takes possession of the street loiterers, and the humanity in them sinks back into the beasts from which science tells us they sprang.

A funeral procession moves slowly down the streets to the music of the tinkling, gay bells echoing from the towers of the churches. A company of soldiers, in full uniform and with burnished muskets, follows the flower-covered hearse, and a few tightly-closed mourning-carriages move slowly, solemnly after this exhibition of Death. The band

Civilization.

Boston Transcript.

Henry—Stilton tries dreadful hard to get on familiar terms with you.

Miss Peech—Yes; pa calls him "Civilization," because he's always making advances.

How I Made $200 a Month in a New Enterprise.

I want to tell you of my wonderful success. Being a poor girl and needing money badly, I tried the Dishwasher business and have cleared $200 every month. It is more money than I ever had before and I can't help telling you about it, for I believe any person can do as well as I have if they only try. Dishwashers sell on sight; every lady wants one. The Household Mfg Co., Second and Locust Sts., St. Louis, Mo., will give you all necessary instructions, so you can begin work at once. The Home Dishwasher has the latest improvements and does splendid work; you can wash and dry the dishes in two or three minutes without putting your hands in the water at all. I would recommend any reader wanting to make money. Write at once.

ELIZABETH C.

Mention The National Tribune.

NURSE AND SPY.

The Adventures of a Woman in Hospitals, Camps and Battlefields.

BY S. EMMA E. EDMONDS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The services of Emma Edmonds, the famous Union nurse and spy, are here related by herself in a manner that has seldom been surpassed in narratives of the dramatic sort by women. A native of New Brunswick, but full of sympathy with the principles for which the Union armies fought, she entered the service of the Government.

The Winter wore away, and a severe Winter I thought it was; for in riding a distance of two miles, in two instances, I had my feet frozen.

Gen. Hooker was put in command of the Army of the Potomac, and Burnside, with the Ninth Corps, ordered to the Western Department. Being desirous of leaving the Army of the Potomac, I now applied for permission to go with the Ninth Corps, which was granted.

On the arrival of the troops at Louisville they were sent in detachments to different places—some to Bardstown, some to Lebanon, and others to guard different portions of the railroad.

I took the cars and went to Lebanon—dressed in a rebel prisoner's clothes—and made another trip to rebeldom. My business purported to be buying up butter and eggs, at the farmhouses, for the rebel army. I passed through the lines somewhere, without knowing it; for on coming to a little village toward evening, I found it occupied by a strong force of rebel cavalry. The first house I went to was filled with officers and citizens. I had stumbled upon a wedding-party, unawares. Capt. Logan, a recruiting officer, had been married that afternoon to a brilliant young widow whose husband had been killed in the rebel army a few months before. She had discovered that widow's weeds were not becoming to her style of beauty, so had decided to appear once more in bridal costume, for a change.

I was questioned pretty sharply by the handsome Captain in regard to the nature of my business in that locality, but finding me an innocent, straightforward Kentuckian, he came to the conclusion that I was all right. But he also arrived at the conclusion that I was old enough to be in the army, and bantered me considerably upon my want of patriotism.

The rebel soldier's clothes which I wore did not indicate anything more than that I was a Kentuckian—for their cavalry did not dress in any particular uniform, for scarcely two of them dress alike—the only uniformity being that they most generally dressed in butternut color.

I tried to make my escape from that village as soon as possible, but just as I was beginning to congratulate myself upon my good fortune, who should confront me but Capt. Logan. Said he:

"See here, my lad; I think the best thing you can do is to join a company that is just forming here in the village, and will leave in the morning. We are giving a bounty to all who freely enlist, and are conscripting those who refuse. Which do you propose to do, enlist and get the bounty, or refuse, and be obliged to go without anything?"

I replied, "I think I shall wait a few days before I decide."

"But we can't wait for you to decide," said the Captain; "the Yankees may be upon us any moment, for we are not far from their lines, and we will leave here either to-night or in the morning early. I will give you two hours to decide this question, and in the meantime you must be put under guard."

So saying, he marched me back with him, and gave me in charge of the guards. In two or three hours he came for my decision, and I told him that I had concluded to wait until I was conscripted. "Well," said he, "you will not have long to wait for that, so you may consider yourself a soldier of the Confederacy from this hour, and subject to military discipline."

This seemed to me like pretty serious business, especially as I would be required to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government.

I was glad to find that it was a company of cavalry that was being organized, for if I could once get on a good horse there would be some hope of my escape. There was no time to be lost, as the Captain remarked, for the Yankees might make a dash upon us at any moment; consequently, a horse and saddle was furnished me, and everything was made ready for a start immediately. Ten o'clock came and we had not yet started. The Captain finally concluded that, as everything seemed quiet, we would not start until daylight.

We had traveled about half an hour when we suddenly encountered a reconnoitering party of the Federals, cavalry in advance and infantry in the rear. A contest soon commenced; we were ordered to advance in line, which we did until we came within a few yards of the Yankees.

The company advanced, but my horse suddenly became unmanageable, and required a second or two to bring him right again; and before I could overtake the company and get in line the contending parties had met in a hand-to-hand fight.

All were engaged, so that when I, by accident, got on the Federal side of the line, none observed me for several minutes, except the Federal officer, who had recognized me and signed to me to fall in next to him. That brought me face to face with my rebel Captain. I discharged the contents of my pistol in his face.

This act made me the center of attraction. Every rebel seemed determined to have the pleasure of killing me first, and a simultaneous dash was made toward me and numerous saber-strokes aimed at my head. Our men with one accord pushed between me and the enemy, and warded off the blows with their sabers and attacked them with such fury that they were driven back several rods.

The infantry now came up and deployed as skirmishers, and succeeded in getting a position where they had a complete cross-fire on the rebels, and poured in volley after volley until nearly half their number lay upon the ground. Finding it useless to fight longer at such a disadvantage they turned and fled, leaving behind them 11 killed, 29 wounded, and 17 prisoners.

The Confederate Captain was wounded badly, but not mortally. Our men suffered considerable loss before the infantry came up, but afterward scarcely lost a man. I escaped without receiving a scratch.

I was appointed to act as detective inside of the lines, as there were many spies in our midst who were daily giving information to the enemy, and had baffled all attempts at discovery.

I forthwith dressed in citizen's clothes and proceeded to Louisville. I found a merchant who was the most bitter in his denunciations of the Yankees that it has ever been my lot to meet, and I thought he would be a pretty good person to assist me in my undertakings. Stepping into his store one morning I inquired if he was in need of a clerk. He replied that he would require help in a few days, as one of his clerks was going to leave. Then came the interrogatory process.

He finally told me that I might come in in the course of a week. But that did not suit my purpose, so I told him I would rather come at once, as I would be learning considerable before the other clerk went away; adding that he might give me just whatever he pleased for the first week's work. That seemed to suit him, and I was at once set to work.

After I had been there several days I was sent to the nearest camp to sell some small articles to the soldiers. My employer was pleased with my success and seemed interested in me, and each day brought some new proof of his confidence. Things went on this way for two weeks, in which time I had succeeded, by the good merchant's assistance, in finding a few to three rebel spies then within our lines.

At last I expressed a desire to enter the Confederate service, and asked the merchant how I should manage to get through the Yankee lines if I should decide to take such a step. After a long conversation, and much planning, we at last decided that I should go through our lines the next night with a person who was considered by our troops a thorough Union man, as he had taken the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government, but who was in reality a rebel spy.

I took opportunity of informing the Provost-Marshal of my intended escape the following night together with my brother spy.

Not long after a gentleman came in, to whom I was introduced, and was told that this was the person who proposed to conduct me through the lines. He was not announced in his true character, but I understood at once that this gentlemanly personage was no less than the spy before referred to. He questioned me pretty sharply, but I, being "slow of speech," referred him to the merchant, whose eloquence had convinced me of my duty to the Southern Confederacy.

The night came, and we started about 9 o'clock. As we walked along toward the rebel lines the spy seemed to think that I was a true patriot in the rebel cause, for he entertained me with a long conversation concerning his exploits in the secret service; and of the other two who were still in camp, he said one of them was a sutler, and the other sold photographs of our Generals.

We were pursuing our way in the darkness, talking in a low, confidential tone, when suddenly a number of cavalry dashed up on us and took us both prisoners. As soon as we were captured we were searched, and documents found on my companion which condemned him as a spy. We were then marched back to Louisville and put under guard. The next morning he was taken care of, and I was sent to Gen. M——'s Headquarters.

The next thing to be done was to find the other two spies. The sutler was found and put under arrest, and his goods confiscated, but the dealer in photographs had made his escape.

I never dared go back to Louisville again, for I had ample reason to believe that my life would pay the penalty if I did.

About this time the Ninth Corps was ordered to Vicksburg, where Gen. Grant had already commenced his siege.

Before reaching Vicksburg I visited several hospitals where the wounded had been brought from those terrible battles preceding the siege of Vicksburg, where thousands lay, with all conceivable sorts of wounds.

One of the military agents at Nashville relates a most thrilling incident which he witnessed in a hospital at that place. He says:

"Last evening, when passing by the post hospital, my attention was arrested by the singing, in rather a loud voice, of 'Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys,' by one of the patients inside. While listening to the beautiful music of that popular song I observed to a nurse standing in the doorway that the person singing must be in a very merry mood, and could not be very sick. 'You are mistaken,' said he, 'the poor fellow engaged in singing that good old song is now grappling with death—has been dying all day. I am his nurse,' he continued, 'and the scene so affected me that I was obliged to leave the room. He is just about breathing his last.'

"I stepped into the ward, and, true enough, the brave man was near his end. His eyes were already fixed in death. He was struggling with all his remaining strength against the grim monster, while at the same time there gushed forth from his patriotic soul incoherently the words, 'Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys,' which had so often cheered him through his weary march, and braced him up when entering the field of blood in defense of his country.

"Finally he sank away into his death slumber, and joined his Maker's command, that is marching onward to that far-off, better land. The last audible sound that escaped his lips was, 'Rally boys, rally once again!' As his eyes were closing some dozen of his comrades joined in a solemn yet beautiful hymn appropriate to the occasion. Take it altogether, this was one of the most affecting scenes I have ever witnessed in a hospital. It drew tears copiously from near 100 of ..."

Against Civil Service.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I believe the retention of Commissioner Evans is bad, but also believe that the retention of the clerical force in the Bureau of Pensions as placed there and protected by Cleveland is still far worse. I think Mr. McKinley would be justified in making a sweeping attack on the whole Civil Service thraldom that hangs over our country. If this Republic ever falls into decay or shifts into imperialism it can and will come only by just such a law as the Civil Service law, which now rules us with a rod of iron. Through it all of the valuable early traditions of this Republic have been discounted and annulled. Three men are appointed to rule our destinies. The President and heads of the different great departments and divisions of our Government are practically bound hand and foot as to any choice who shall be their business partners during their incumbency; their agents are provided for them, whether the shoe fits or not. This is our present condition; it has been fastened upon us, little by little, until with anaconda grip, popular government trembles in the balance. You and I and all feel it; no one is exempt. I cannot speak for Mr. McKinley, but I believe that he, too, feels it. A wise, sensitive man like he can not help see the monster intrusion upon his constitutional rights.—THOS. R. BURGNER, Plainfield, Pa.

He's All Right.

Chicago Record.

Admiral Dewey does not care who writes the history of his country so long as he is allowed to make it.

A vivacious woman's fan can frequently speak in more eloquent language than any known to the tongue of man. It can invite or repel, sigh or smile, be meek or haughty, tear a passion to tatters or humbly seek forgiveness.

It can also tell the story of health. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease in a womanly way sits in sorrow and dejection while her healthy sisters enjoy themselves. She may be naturally beautiful, naturally attractive, naturally interesting and animated and witty, but the demon of ill-health is gnawing at the very vitals of her womanly nature, and she soon becomes a withered wall flower in comparison with her brighter and more healthy sisters. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a wonderful medicine for women who suffer in this way. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood. It tones and builds up the shattered nerves. It restores the glow of health to the pallid cheek. It gives springiness and trip to the carriage. It makes the eyes sparkle with returning vivacity. It imparts animation to the mien and gestures. The fan that long lay listless and idle in the lap of an invalid again speaks the eloquent language of a healthy, happy woman. Thousands of women have testifed to the marvelous merits of this wonderful medicine.

"For several years I suffered with prolapsus of the uterus," writes Miss A. Lee Schuster, of Box 12, Rodney, Jefferson Co., Miss. "Our family physician treated me for kidney trouble, and everything else but the right thing. I grew worse and worse. My body was emaciated, hands and feet clammy and cold, stomach weak, with great palpitation of the heart. I would suffer with nausea all night. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and I began to improve right away. I have taken three bottles and now I am very nearly well and am very happy and thankful to you."

Keep your head up and your bowels open. The "Golden Medical Discovery" will put steel in your backbone, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure constipation.

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER

$3.20 FOUR FULL QUARTS Express Prepaid.

Saving Middlemen's Profits, Preventing Possibility of Adulteration.

We are distillers with a wide reputation of 30 years' standing. We sell to consumers direct, so that our whiskey may be pure when it reaches you. It is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. We have tens of thousands of customers who never buy elsewhere. We want more of them and we make this offer to get them:

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for $3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00.

We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be are only dealers. Our whiskey has our reputation behind it.

Hayner Distilling Co., 311 to 317 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O.

References—Third Nat'l Bank, any business house in Dayton or Com'l Agencies.

P. S.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

FREE ONE TRIAL BOTTLE This Offer Almost Surpasses Belief

An External Tonic Applied to the Skin. Beautifies it as by Magic.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE

A Woman was the Inventor.

Many preparations intended to beautify the complexion have failed, since they do not produce a tonic effect on the skin. Because the Misses Bell's Complexion Tonic has such an effect, it succeeds where all mere cosmetics invariably fail. This great remedy, discovered by the Misses Bell, the eminent complexion specialists, of No. 79 Fifth Avenue, New York City, carries off all impurities, which the blood forces to the surface of the body. It is exhilarating and vitalizing wherever applied. Freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, wrinkles, liver spots, roughness, oiliness and eruptions disappear, and the skin becomes soft and rosy as a baby's.

The Misses Bell will this month give to all who call at their parlors a free trial bottle of their Complexion Tonic. Those who live at a distance may have a free bottle by sending 25 cents in silver or stamps to cover the cost of packing and delivering. The price of this wonderful tonic is One Dollar a bottle.

The Misses Bell's new book, "Secrets of Beauty," is sent free. It tells how a woman can gain and keep a good complexion. Special chapters on the care of the hair, how to preserve its color and luster, even to an advanced age. Also how to get rid of superfluous hair on the neck and arms without injury to the skin. This valuable book will be mailed to any address on request. Correspondence cordially solicited. Address,

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WANTED—To hear from any of the members of Co. A, 8th Conn., who were in the service at any or all of the time from June 22, 1864, to Feb. 23, 1865.—Nelson E. Blinn, 34 Purchase street, Taunton, Mass.

WANTED—By James Miller McKeown, alias James Miller, San Patricio P. O., Texas, the addresses of comrades who served on the U. S. Frigate Congress in 1848, or comrades who served on Sloop Warren in 1848 and 1849. I enlisted at Mazatlan, Mexico, Feb. 23, 1848, and served on Frigate Congress to Aug. 12, 1848, and served on the Sloop Warren from Aug. 12, 1848, to Aug. 12, 1849. 907-3

WANTED—Some one who knew W. H. McKillip, supposed to have been a member of Co. I, 29th Mich. Address all communications to W. F. Hodges, Silverton, Ore. 907-3t