

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE

Mrs. Eklis Stevenson of Salt Lake City Tells How Operations For Ovarian Troubles May Be Avoided.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with inflammation of the ovaries and womb for over six years, enduring aches and pains which none can dream of but those who have had the same experience.



MRS. EKLIS STEVENSON.

rience. Hundreds of dollars went to the doctor and the druggist. I was simply a walking medicine chest and a physical wreck. My sister residing in Ohio wrote me that she had been cured of womb trouble by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and advised me to try it. I then discontinued all other medicines and gave my Vegetable Compound a thorough trial. Within four weeks nearly all pain had left me; I rarely had headaches, and my nerves were in a much better condition, and I was cured in three months, and this avoided a terrible surgical operation."—Mrs. EKLIS STEVENSON, 250 So. State St., Salt Lake City, Utah.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Remember every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.



The Doctor: "One layer of paper is but enough, you have three here. Baby may recover, but cannot thrive."

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IT WON'T RUB OFF.

Wall Paper is unsatisfactory. Kalamities are temporary, not, rub off and seal. ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall coating, ready for the brush, by mixing in cold water. For sale by paint dealers everywhere. Buy in packages and beware of worthless imitations.

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BEST FOR THE BOWELS
Genuine stamped C.C.C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS OF FAMOUS PERSONS
WALTER R. BENJAMIN, 125 Broadway, New York, SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

Complete Treatment FOR EVERY Humour Price \$1.00

CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

Millions of People
USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itches, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sensitive, antiseptic purposes, which readily suggest themselves to women.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odorless, economical substitute for the celebrated fluid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. In screw-cap vials, containing 60 doses, price 25c. Sold throughout the world. Sole U.S. Distributors, 800-810, 2nd Floor, British Depot 25-26, Carter Lane, London. French Depot 2 Rue de la Paix, Paris. 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

Could Not Be Reformed.
"I don't enjoy visiting with folks that want their own way all the time, and I won't stay, not when I find it out," said Mrs. Tarbell to her sister, Miss Porter. "I suppose that's why you've come home from Amabel's," said Miss Porter, with a faint smile. She had been enjoying a restful week, and it had seemed all too short.

"Yes, that's the very reason!" said Mrs. Tarbell, with considerable heat. "Amabel's got the notion that her sugar-bowl looks better sitting at her left on the table, and the first day I was there I put it at the right, and she moved it back; 'Why don't you have it sit at your right?' I asked her one day, and she just smiled and said she'd got used to it at the left. I moved it three times a day all the week I was there, and last off it got me so provoked and nerved up I just packed my bag and came home."

"If her mother'd realized what a headstrong will Amabel had, she never would have let it go, as a child. But I'm too easy-going to cope with her, and being only a cousin and all, I've just left her to her own devices. But it's an awful pity!"

A Sedlitz Powder?

An elderly German couple presented themselves at one of the local theatres one night this week with two tickets of admission, one white and the other blue. The ticket-taker politely informed the man that the white ticket called for admission to the first floor, but that the holder of the blue ticket must go to the family circle above.

"Vat is dat?" exclaimed the old man. Again the ticket-taker explained, the man in the meantime edging his way in, but being gently restrained. Finally, becoming enraged, the old man said:

"Vat you try to do, separate a man from his frau? I give you de tickets. Vat I care if dey is blue and white. Vat you tink we is, a sedlitz powder?"

After this sally the ticket-taker called an usher and had the old couple shown to the best seats in the house.

The Inverted Comma.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw will have the sympathy of writers—and we should think of composers—in his protest against the use of the apostrophe," says the London Chronicle. "He has himself dropped it out of 'aint,' 'don't,' and 'shouldn't'—but not out of 'hell'—before he wrote his protest in 'The Author.' But why all these inverted commas, 'the silly trick of peppering pages with these uncouth bacilli?' You will find none of these bacilli in the Bible. Take this passage, chosen at random: Now Jesus knew that they were desirous to ask Him, and said unto them, Do ye inquire among yourselves of that I said, A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again a little while and ye shall see me? The modern compositor would set that passage between two brackets of inverted commas, for it is a quote within a quote. But it is beautifully clear as it stands. And among all Biblical misunderstandings, no one we think has been misled by the absence of an inverted comma."

The Old Ducky's Family.

He was a good-natured looking old colored man, rather seamy and in need of a job, so when he came along and asked the woman who lives in the suburbs if he couldn't spade her little garden for a quarter, she let him do it. After the work was finished, she said to him: "You are from the South, aren't you?" She was a Southerner and recognized the type.

He replied that he was, and told her that just before the war he and all the members of his family had been sold to different owners. The woman was interested, and asked:

"How many were there in your family?" "Five," he replied. "Me, my brother, and three mules."

Apprehensive.

"I'm kind o' worried about Josh," said Mrs. Courtassel. "He seems to me to be doin' purty good," rejoined her husband. "I don't know about that. His last letter says that he has gotten to be a trusted employe. An' jedgein' from the newspapers, those are the kind that are allers gettin' into difficulties."—Washington Star.

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Cures Blood and Skin Diseases, Cancers, Scarcia, Itching Humors, Carbuncles, Boils—Stops Bone Pains, Etc.

Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) cures Pimples, scabby, sealy, itching Eczema, Ulcers, Eating Sores, Scrofula, Blood Poison, Bone Pains, Swellings, Rheumatism, Cancer, and all Blood and Skin Troubles. Especially advised for chronic cases that doctors, patent medicines and Hot Springs fail to cure or help. Druggists, 1c per large bottle. To prove it cures B. B. B. sent free by writing BOLD BLM Co., 12 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter. Medicine sent at once, prepaid. All we ask is that you will speak a good word for B. B. B. when cured.

The man who laughs at his own jokes doesn't always find that the world laughs with him.

Laid Up for Sixteen Weeks.

St. Jacobs Oil and Vogeler's Curative Compound Cured Him.

"I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism for many years. I was laid up with Rheumatic Fever for nine weeks in 1894, and again for sixteen (16) weeks in 1896. I tried many medicines I saw advertised and others I was recommended; finally I was induced to take Vogeler's Curative Compound, which did me more good than all other medicines. In fact, I feel quite a different man since I have been taking the Compound. All my neighbors and friends are quite surprised to see me about and looking so well. I can only say that Vogeler's Curative Compound taken internally and by using St. Jacobs Oil outwardly acted like magic in my case. I had been taking medicines for years without obtaining benefit, but Vogeler's has practically cured me. I have recommended Vogeler's Curative Compound to a lot of my acquaintances, and they tell me that it has worked wonders."

"Wishing you every success in the sale of your Vogeler's Curative Compound and St. Jacobs Oil, I remain, gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,
"GEORGE CLARKE, Gardener,
"23 Beechcroft Road, Surrey."

Send to St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, for a free sample of Vogeler's Compound.

SURPLUS OF SPINSTERS

MELANCHOLY REVELATION OF THE LATEST LONDON CENSUS.

In Europe a Single Woman Has an Unenviable Future—The Ordinary Man's Cherished Delusion—Matrimonial Opportunities in South Africa.

According to the last London census there are in that huge metropolis 250,000 more women than men. In the 4,500,000 souls that make up the population of the English capital, 1,400,000 are spinsters, and nearly 2,000,000 are widows. Seventy-three of these latter are under twenty-one years of age. As possible mates for this 1,000,000 unattached females, there are 1,300,000 single men. This shows a surplus, roughly speaking, of 300,000 women, who are likely to remain widows and maids unless they emigrate, or a plague breaks out among their more enterprising and attractive sisters, who, it is to be supposed, will end the bachelorhood of the 1,300,000 marriageable men.

This is a bad outlook for the spinsters of London. Unless a miracle intervenes, 300,000 of them will go unloved to the grave. Even worse than that—and that is regarded as sufficient of a calamity on the other side of the water—a majority of them will probably be thrown on their own resources and have to earn their own bread, for if they had been women of means they would not have been left in maiden meditation, fancy free. Thus their position assumes tragic proportions. In any European country an unmarried woman supporting herself has an unenviable future. Should she be well-born and a lady, she becomes a pathetic object, struggling against overwhelming odds, humbly accepting miserable returns for her services, plodding on in the same hopeless rut because she fears to risk the hazard of change.

In all countries the average normal woman wants and expects to marry. Nevertheless, she is not so desperately anxious to unite herself with any man as men are inclined to think. The ordinary man has an idea that every woman is out on a still hunt for a husband and will neither sleep nor eat till she gets one. It is difficult to dissuade him from this cherished delusion, and he is prone to hint at the many times he has been stalked and fled from his pursuer, only saving himself by the speed and persistence of his retreat. This harmless fantasy only adds a charm to those already possessed by the simple male, and no sensible woman was ever known to derive anything but amusement from it. Many find great diversion in drawing him out on this point, and making him relate his hair-breadth escapes—but that is another story.

As I was saying, the average woman wants to marry. It is the best profession open to her. It is what all women do. Should she live in a community where the male population is evenly balanced with the female, she has generally several chances. Unless they are very rich, or possessed of unusual charm, all girls have about the same number. One of the most curious things about the sentimental life of women is that pretty ones and ugly ones, charming ones and dull ones, quiet ones and vivacious ones, have about the same number of offers of marriage. The women one reads about in novels who are redoubtable enchantresses, irresistible to the other sex, are very rare. The pretty girl who has all the best partners at the balls and is perpetually "invited out," has not any more real scalps at her belt than her demure and not very good looking sister, who stays at home and keeps the family accounts. "Some like oysters and some like onions," is particularly true of men on their sentimental side. The heroines of some of the most unusual and volcanic romances I have ever heard, were women without a suggestion of lurid and unconventional charm. They appear to nine men out of ten as devoid of special interest, but the tenth man was not of that opinion, and he was of the type who made romances, as it is said the adventurous make adventures.

Some sage has said that seven offers of marriage are as many as any woman can expect. We can amend that by adding, if she lives in a locality where the men are not greatly in excess of the women, and if she is not enormously rich. Seven offers of marriage for a girl who lived in a large city, and married, say, at twenty-five, would be an unusual number. Numerous young women will scoff at this, and say they have been the recipients of seventeen. But it is an acknowledged and humiliating fact that upon this subject the most truthfully inclined and high-minded ladies will prevaricate. The best way to treat their prevarications is to give them the benefit of the doubt by saying that there are quantities of girls who don't know the difference between remarks of a tenderly flirtatious character, and a bona fide proposal. Every woman had had midnight confidences on the subject of "Tom's proposal," or on the brutal behavior of Jack, who flitted the confidant in such a cruel manner. And then, when the story came out, it transpired that neither Tom nor Jack had ever proposed at all.

In fact, the opportunities of marriage depend so largely upon locality and the preponderance of men over women that individual charm counts for little in the general summing up. Among the 1,400,000 London spinsters, there must be many pretty and fascinating girls, who, if they don't remain single from preference, remain so because there are no men to ask

them. The same girls, transported to a mining camp, say Nome or the Klondike, in the days when they were Eveless Edens, would have been besieged by suitors as Mme. Roland was when she was the learned yet captivating Manon Phillipon.

There are only a few places now left in the world where the men are so enormously in excess of the women that it would pay to ship blocks of spinsters to the seat of shortness of supply. Mining camps have long been regarded as excellent places in which to dispose of the females that in older and more conservative districts were long on the market. But it would take so much time to get a considerable number of the London surplus to—let us say—the Klondike, that American enterprise would undoubtedly have cut in ahead, and when the British detachment arrived they would find that an installment of old maids from New England had been shipped round the Isthmus and supplied the demand.

The best thing to be done with the 500,000 partless London maids and widows, is to send them to South Africa. With an army there of 200,000 able-bodied men, a large percentage of them ought to find mates and settle down. It would be an admirable thing for both the old and the new countries, drawing off the surplus from England and distributing it over the vast area of South Africa, where women are scarce and their civilizing influence ought to be of value after the horrors of an unrelenting and savage war. There is a chance here for some philanthropist. Carnegie might stop founding libraries and donate a few thousands for the shipping of the spinsters.—Geraldine Bonner, in the San Francisco Argonaut.

Royal Poultry Keepers.

Poultry keeping is one of the modern delights of society. That it should be so may puzzle those who base their ideas on some disreputable type of farmyard hen, and who have never visited a big poultry show, where fancy fowls are staged in all their glory. No lover of the beautiful in nature can fail to be impressed by the delicate coloring of some of these aristocrats of the poultry world, the exquisite markings and the quaint eccentricities of others. The arts and sciences of breeding may remain a closed book to us. But the wonderful products of modern fanciers demand admiration.

The Queen is the first poultry keeper in the kingdom, and a regular exhibitor and prize winner at all the great shows. One of her favorite varieties is the Silkie, a quaint little fowl, with white plumage of silky texture. The King, if he is not actually a poultry fancier, has a sincere respect for the Silkie fowl, for they are wonderful mothers for rearing pheasants and are much in request at Sandringham. The Queen also has some of the tiniest and smartest bantams in the country, and their excellence from a show point of view is proved by the number of prizes they win.—London M. A. P.

Worse Than Bullets.

A regiment of Scottish Highlanders, during the heat of one of the early battles of the South African war, were suddenly seen to break ranks and run in all directions, says the New York Times. The officers also shared in the stampede, and apparently made no attempt to urge the men under them into line.

Their behavior was a surprise to everybody on the field, and after the battle was over the colonel of the regiment was summoned before General Roberts.

"What was the matter with your regiment?" asked "Bobs."

"Well," replied the colonel, "there is not a man in the regiment afraid of bullets, but we were steered into a field literally infested with wasps' nests, and you know, general, we were all in kilts and in bare legs."

When this amusing confession is incorporated in regimental history it will not shake the strong foundation of song and story upon which the valor of the Scottish Highlanders rests. The usual spirit was there in South Africa; so also were the wasps, and for once the proverbial weakness of the flesh was not without excuse.

One of Them Escaped, Somehow.

The wild pigeon, which existed in countless millions forty or fifty years ago, is practically extinct so far as this country is concerned. Some idea of how it has become extinct may be gathered from an incident which occurred in Chicago.

The last wild pigeon seen in Chicago, so far as known, was encountered one morning in 1894 by Edward B. Clark, an ornithologist and bird lover. He was strolling through Lincoln Park, a favorite resort for birds, and saw the pigeon sitting on the topmost bough of a tree.

He was examining it with interest through a powerful field glass and feasting his eyes on its beautiful plumage when a hasty exclamation from some one behind him caused him to turn his head.

A middle-aged man was looking hungrily at the bird. "Good gracious!" said the man. "That's a wild pigeon. It's the first one I've seen for thirty years. I wish I had a gun."

A Kansas Obituary.

A Kansas editor wrote this obituary notice: "He was born May 3, 1875, and therefore escaped this earth in time to celebrate his twenty-seventh birthday in the house of his eternal abode beyond the arching skies, leaving terrestrial land on Friday, March 19, 1902, at 9:30 p. m., central time."—Oklahoma State Capital.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

A Feitless Want.
We have the horseless carriage,
The horseless sausage line,
We have the wireless message,
Also the grapeless wine,
There's the coalless fire in the kitchen
To make the housewife glad;
But oh, for a brand-new genius
To give us the boneless shad.
—Judge.

A Come-Down.
First Billionaire—"You're not looking very well this morning."
Second Billionaire—"No. I feel like thirty million dollars."—Life.

Her Rivals.
Mrs. Hoyle—"My husband says that I am one woman in a thousand."
Mrs. Doyle—"Aren't you jealous of the nine hundred and ninety-nine?"—New York Sun.

Fashions.
Selina—"They say some of the old fashions are coming in again."
Lisette—"No doubt. And they do seem so absurd until they come in."—Brooklyn Life.

Geography Lesson.
Teacher—"Now, Johnny, the King of Siam is coming to visit this country. What are the principal products of Siam?"
Johnny—"Twins."—Puck.

Riches.
"Yes," says the philosophical person, "wealth brings its disappointments."
"After we lose it," puts in the materialistic man.—Judge.

A Real Girlish Situation.
He—"It was a case of love at first sight with the Count DeRatmustashe, wasn't it?"
She—"Oh, yes! One look at Brad street's settled his fate!"—Puck.



Teacher—"What is a paragon?"
Pupil—"A figure with several angles."
Teacher—"Where did you get such an idea?"
Pupil—"Well, my aunt says you're a paragon."—New York Journal.

Turning the Tables.
"Will you propose to that American heiress?" said the titled youth.
"I don't know yet," answered the other. "After talking with her father on financial matters I shall decide whether I will propose to her, or be a brother to her."—Washington Star.

Her Reason.
"Why do you insist on Mr. Bawler singing?"
"It's a choice between two evils," answered Miss Cayenne. "If he doesn't sing he'll talk. And the words of any song are infinitely preferable to his original remarks."—Washington Star.

A Chance Yet.
"I am afraid," said the high-browed bard, "that my poetry will never attract public attention."
"Cheer up," said the loyal companion. "Maybe you'll get appointed to office one of these days, and then everybody will talk about your poetry."—Washington Star.

Something Left to Stand On.
Bardon—"I understand your interview with the father of your inamorata was not altogether satisfactory?"
Tixon—"Oh, I don't know. True, I didn't get his consent to my marrying the girl, but I have had very tempting offers to appear upon the lecture platform to tell how it feels to be kicked downstairs."—Boston Transcript.



Learning.
Once upon a time a boy ran away to sea and was extremely happy until he found he was learning geography, in spite of himself.

This made him sick of the whole business, and at the first opportunity he went ashore and took up agriculture, in which calling one learns nothing, unavoidably, except esoteric political economy.

Moral—Boys, don't leave the farm.—Puck.

SUBURBAN ASSOCIATIONS.

List of Officers Together With Time and Place of Meeting.

IN THE ALTER OF THESE ASSOCIATIONS THE FIRES ARE BURNING FOR ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE SUBURBS.

East End Suburban Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the 1st Monday Evening in each month at 15th and H Streets N. E.

OFFICERS:
President, William H. Ernest; Vice-President, Hugh A. Kane; Secretary, J. M. Wood; Treasurer, Aug. W. Stubener. Total membership about 75.

Brightwood Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Third Tuesday Evening in each month in Thomas' Hall.

OFFICERS:
President, W. McK. Clayton; Vice-President, Chas. W. Parker; Secretary, Frank J. Metcalf; Treasurer, W. S. Detwiler. Total membership about 75.

Citizens' Northwest Suburban Association.

Meetings are held the First Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Tenleytown, D. C.

OFFICERS:
President, Chas. C. Lancaster; 1st Vice-President, Jas. L. Tate; 2nd Vice-President, Col. Robert I. Fleming; 3rd Vice-President, A. E. Shoemaker; 4th Vice-President, Dr. A. M. Ray; 5th Vice-President, Prof. Louis L. Hooper; Secretary, Dr. J. W. Chappel; Treasurer, Chas. R. Morgan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Andrew J. Berg; Chairman Executive Committee, Louis P. Shoemaker.

Brightwood Avenue Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Second Friday Evening in Each Month in Brightwood Hall.

OFFICERS:
President, Louis P. Shoemaker; 1st Vice-President, Wilton J. Lambert; 2nd Vice-President, N. E. Robinson; 3rd Vice-President, Thomas Blagden; 4th Vice-President, Dr. Henry Darling; Secretary, John G. Keene; Treasurer, N. E. Robinson. Total Membership about 200.

North Capital and Eckington Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Fourth Monday Evening in Each Month in the Church of the United Brethren, Corner North Capitol and R Streets.

OFFICERS:
President, Irwin B. Linton; Vice-President, Washington Topham; Treasurer, W. W. Porter; Secretary, A. O. Tingley; Executive Committee The officers and Messrs. Jay F. Bancroft, Theo. T. Moore and W. J. Fowler. Total Membership about 280.

Takoma Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Last Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Takoma Park, D. C.

OFFICERS:
President, J. B. Kinnear; Vice-President, J. Vance; Secretary, Benj. G. Davis; Treasurer, G. F. Williams. Total Membership about 100.

A Pointer.—When you order goods from Hartig, the hardware man, 509 H St., N. E., they come the same day. There is no delay like there is in cases where goods are ordered from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago or other foreign houses.

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