REFRIGERATOR TIME, NOW.

QUEST OF HOPEFUL MEN AND WOMEN IN THE SHOPS.

They May Think It's an Easy Thing to Get a Good Refrigerator, but It Isn't, Says a Dealer—Qualities One Should Know—The Best Costs More than a Bicycle.

With the coming of spring the householder's thoughts are apt to turn toward refrigerators, and their relative conveniences and appointments, as naturally as the sap turns upward and that warmer crimson comes upon the robin's breast. The householder may have known all along that he would have to get a refrigerator and may have been scanning advertisements and reading circulars on the subject and absorbing ideas about insulation and circulation, construction, condensation and all the other "tions"—but it is not until the buds begin to swell and his wife begins to let down the children's last summer dresses (the white dresses that after laundering will show no marks of the tell-tale tuck or lessened hem) that the matter really comes home to him, in a no-longer-to-be-put-off guise.

"John," his wife begins the night before—sitting on the edge of the bed, she said that if we would make a certain alteration she would take the refrigerator. The alteration she demanded would most assuredly have converted the refrigerator into a death trap for her and her family and whoever was unfortunate enough to accept a glass of water under her roof. The waste water that drains off from the ice all permeated with slime and food gases she wants run off through a faucet and utilized for drinking purposes, and this without filtering it. She says it's false economy to let all that water drip off and be of no service, and that it would be very little extra expense to chance the drip trough into a water cooler and put in the faucet. I tried to explain, but she said the idea occurred to her as soon as she glanced at the workings of our refrigerator, and she didn't understand how it was we had not thought of it before. We declined to make the alteration and she went off in a huff. Numbers of people want water coolers hitched on somewhere to the refrigerator. If they don't want to drink absolute poison, as this customer did, they want a cooler hitched to the outside somewhere (just a bid for a poor wall that will let the cold air out), or else they want a little private cooler placed in among the milk and beer bottles, with a pipe leading to the outside and a faucet affixed. Such a cooler could not be made air tight and so that it could be cleaned easily at the same time, and, if it is not air tight, the water will absorb all the impurities arising from the food and become unfit for drinking. Water coolers and refrigerators combined are deadly in a home.

"We take out poor refrigerators in apartments and houses by the dozen each year, and I always wonder how sensible tenants can be as easily imposed on in the matter of a refrigerator. The builders put in a showy refrigerator-looking front and a thin sheathing of poor wood, lined with metal or with poorly constructed tiling. They make a half dozen little compartments that sound convenient. 'Here's a place for your butter and here's a nice little vault for the wine,' they say, 'and this for preserves,' &c., and put in a lot of hooks to hang things on and a good-sized ice chest and call that a refrigerator. The new tenant says 'Lovely apartment, very convenience, handsome tiled refrigerator,' &c., enumerating the list, and afterward finds out that the precious refrigerator is built right against the hot chimney in the next house, and that with all the ice piled into it nothing keeps sweet and cool, and the milk turns sour in an incomprehensibly short space of time. Then he sends for a carpenter to investigate, and in short order we are called on to put in a refrigerator that will be of some use, and not merely look convenient. In most houses the refrigerator, with all our inherent dampness and variableness of climate, is, in nine cases out of ten, a mere afterthought of the architect. It is not taken nearly so much into account as the furnace or the bath apparatus, and yet in a strict, fundamental sense it is of first importance. I know of a family in New Jersey who have lost two children with typhoid fever lately, whose illness, the physicians say, can be traced directly to a foul gas-boarding refrigerator. Young children fed on milk kept in a vitiated atmosphere are given poison as surely as if it was poured out of a bottle. The simplest constructed refrigerator is the best and the one affording most facility for being kept clean.

A YOUNG WOMAN FROM THE BRONX.

Health Board Officials Hear Mutterings of War in That Borough.

She carried a satchel in her right hand and walked with a rapid stride. When she flounced into the office of the clerk of the Health Board, Mr. Golderman, who was in charge there, was completely unnerved. Dropping her satchel upon the floor in the way they tell it in dime novels, "with a dull thud," she said:

"This is the office of the Health Board, of course. It was foolish for me to say that because I ought to know it. I'm not a greenhorn by any means. Although I'm a woman, I know how to hold my own when it comes to matters of transacting business. People may think they can bluff me, but I'll tell you that they can't [with an accent on the "can't"]. I'm no fool, even though I do live in the borough of the Bronx. The idea! That man saying that it was a visitor to the house who caused all the trouble. I'm the only visitor at that house, and who else could he mean? But just wait till I get through with him! Just wait until I get what I came here for, and I'll make him see sixteen different colored stars! You wait until I get that certificate! Talk about a hot time in the old town to-night! I'll make it so warm for that man that when I get through with him he'll wish he was in hell to get cooled off! I'll just show him that I'm no chicken, and that all the men in this city could not bluff me! What do you think of a man like that?

"He's terrible," said Chief Clerk Golderman, trembling. "A man like that should not be tolerated. You just bet that you will make it warm for him. But won't you kindly tell us what he did? You see, this is the first we've heard about it."

"Well," said the young woman, straightening up, "I don't propose to give you my name, but I'll tell you the story. You see, I live in the Bronx. My ma lives in ——th street. I closed up my house up in the Bronx and came down to visit me, and the first we knew was that everybody in the house was saying that a complaint about the plumbing had been sent to the Health Board, and that a visitor—visitor—just remember that—a visitor had caused all the trouble by sending an anonymous communication to the Board of Health! And I'm the only visitor in the house! Well, just as soon as I heard that I started out to find the person who circulated such a monstrous story. I found the man who had started the story, but you just bet—that—when—he—met—me—he didn't dare say that a visitor in my mother's flat had sent any communication to this board! You—can—just—bet—that he trembled when I talked to him!"

"Yes," said Mr. Golderman, mildly.

"Why, do you know that if I started out to do it I could go to work and turn this office upside down in less time than it takes to tell it!"

"I know," said Mr. Golderman, mildly. Dr. Dillingham, the assistant sanitary superintendent, who was signing his name to a report, broke his pen and got so nervous that he couldn't write. The clerks in the office slid down in their chairs so that their heads could not be seen above their desks.

"Oh, my, but I can make things hum when I get a-going!" exclaimed the young woman.

"Certainly," said Mr. Golderman mildly. "But if there is anything we can do for you here we are only too willing to be obliging."

"Well, I guess I know that," continued the visitor. "If you weren't obliging I think I would bring you to time in very short order. Now, in the first place, I want you to give me a certificate which will make that man out a liar, an officially stamped certificate which I can shake in his face and say, 'There, you lie! Oh, but won't I give it to him! Come, now, give me the certificate!"

"Right away," said Mr. Golderman mildly. "If you will kindly tell me just what you want me to say in the certificate, I will have it made out accordingly."

"I just want a statement to the effect that no complaint against the plumbing in our house has been made to this board by anybody," said the young woman. "That man up in our house says that a communication was sent to this board on the 15th of March. You have told me that no complaint has been made since the 5th of March. Now, I want you to give me a certificate stating those facts; do you understand?"

"Yes," said Mr. Golderman, shaking so that his cuffs dropped off.

"Give it to me now," demanded the visitor, assuming a dramatic pose.

The chief clerk of the board hastily but somewhat nervously summoned half a dozen of his assistants and ordered them to produce the record books from which they could make up a certificate. While the six clerks were preparing the ammunition which the young woman wanted to use in her battle, she talked to six other clerks so rapidly that none of them could get in a word of answer. She told them she had always been able to fight her own battles and that no man who breathed ever could trample upon her. The six clerks nodded their heads affirmatively, agreeing in all she said. When the certificate was finally ready and handed over to her, she grasped it in her hand and exclaimed:

"This—is—the—sword—that—I—will—slay—that—liar—with! I will thrust it into his lying heart, turn it around and draw it out dripping with his plebeian blood! Oh, how I wish you all could be there to see the finish!"

"Yes," said the clerks in chorus.

Picking up her satchel the young woman started for the door still talking of her intentions. When she got outside Chief Clerk Golderman gasped mildly:

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are insulated with sawdust. A big percentage of those built in the houses are insulated with dead air space. A small ice tank does not prove the refrigerator a good one or that it is a small ice consumer; rather the contrary; and often in the case of walls covered with metal, could that metal lining be removed the wall would be found of the commonest wood imperfectly joined.

"The ideal up-to-date refrigerator has its walls constructed in the following way: First the outside sheathing of ash; next to this is placed water-proof paper, sealing completely all seams and joints; then a sheathing of ⅞-inch pine, tongued and grooved, and running in the opposite direction from the outside sheathing; then water-proof paper again; then the space formed by the framing is filled in with boiler-hair felting; then comes water-proof paper, and finally the inside sheathing of clear seasoned white wood, on which, if desired, may be put the lining of hammered glass. Holding a block of this thick-layered, insulated wall section to view, it wins admiration for its resemblance to an artistically made chocolate layer cake, the milk-white top dressing answering for the icing. Of truth, any germs or infective gases and subtly malodorous emanations making ready to work mischief through underhand means must pause, affrighted at the sight of such an array of invincible, disease proof food armor.

"I don't know what kind of refrigerator we would turn out if we listened to all the suggestions and acted on all the advice given to us as to detail and prospective improvements in our line," said a refrigerator maker. "There was a woman in here just now looking over our best-made goods, and she said that if we would make a certain alteration she would take the refrigerator. The alteration she demanded would most assuredly have converted the refrigerator into a death trap for her and her family and whoever was unfortunate enough to accept a glass of water under her roof. The waste water that drains off from the ice all permeated with slime and food gases she wants run off through a faucet and utilized for drinking purposes, and this without filtering it. She says it's false economy to let all that water drip off and be of no service, and that it would be very little extra expense to chance the drip trough into a water cooler and put in the faucet. I tried to explain, but she said the idea occurred to her as soon as she glanced at the workings of our refrigerator, and she didn't understand how it was we had not thought of it before. We declined to make the alteration and she went off in a huff. Numbers of people want water coolers hitched on somewhere to the refrigerator. If they don't want to drink absolute poison, as this customer did, they want a cooler hitched to the outside somewhere (just a bid for a poor wall that will let the cold air out), or else they want a little private cooler placed in among the milk and beer bottles, with a pipe leading to the outside and a faucet affixed. Such a cooler could not be made air tight and so that it could be cleaned easily at the same time, and, if it is not air tight, the water will absorb all the impurities arising from the food and become unfit for drinking. Water coolers and refrigerators combined are deadly in a home.

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OF WOMEN, BY COL. CODY.

ALSO REMARKS ON THE FASHIONS BY BUFFALO BILL.

American Women the Prettiest, Smartest, and Best Dressed in the World—Believes in Woman Suffrage and Corsets, but Not in Long Hair—His Experiences in Spain.

Talk about Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde! You ought to know Buffalo Bill and Col. William F. Cody. They are one and the same person, but their personalities are as different as March and May. Nearly every woman and little girl in New York knows Buffalo Bill, and is happy when he comes to town. Once a 16-year-old girl, who became a belle at Newport, said, when reprimanded for a seeming fondness for some youths of whom her mother disapproved, "Mamma, you needn't feel uneasy about my going with those boys. There are only two men in the world I love outside of my family, and they are Buffalo Bill and Phillips Brooks." So the mother's mind was set at rest. But most of the small girls and those of larger growth who concentrate their affection on Buffalo Bill know him only in his Wild Western clothes, mounted on his horse at the head of his show. Few are acquainted with Col. Cody, and fewer still are aware of the deep interest he takes in the affairs of women.

Col. Cody stops at the Hoffman House. Buffalo Bill hangs out at Madison Square Garden. When a SUN reporter called at the Garden to see Col. Cody she was told that he could be found at his hotel. Col. Cody was found, but he was so fagged by a long rehearsal, carried through by Buffalo Bill, that he declared that he couldn't think, much less talk. This shows him to be an unusual man, because the average god of creation can talk a blue streak when he can't think.

"I wanted to talk to you on topics of interest to women," remarked THE SUN woman.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "that's an entirely different matter." And he straightened himself up and looked interested. "I do love the ladies, especially Americans. Our American women have got more style and good looks than any other women on the face of the globe. God A'mighty did Himself proud when He made the American woman. She is getting better looking every day of her life, too. That is because she is leading more and more a life of freedom. If you raise an animal in captivity it does not thrive; it never grows to perfection or attains its natural beauty; and the same is true of women. Our American women have more liberty than any other women in the world, and they look like queens.

"I've travelled in many countries, and nowhere have I seen such women as one sees right here in New York. True, one sees some very beautiful women in England, but they do not dress as well as Americans and haven't the dash. In Paris there are very beautiful women, but they paint their faces and tog themselves out in so much finery and so many frills that I'm derned if a man knows whether it is a woman or a dream. American women are pretty and Parisian women know how to make themselves pretty. That's the difference. There is as much difference in the way that the French and the American women dress as there is between the Americans and the English. If our women wore the clothes and colors that their French sisters don we could hear 'em coming, they would be so loud; and, on the other hand, the women in this country dress conspicuously when compared with the English. It's just so thick I can't handle them. Just wait until I put up my hair, and I'll go down with you," stepping to a mirror. "I do hate long hair," he explained, twisting his curling silver-gray locks into a little knot with the deftness of a woman, "but people have come to identify me with long hair, so I won't cut it. Long hair is business and not art with me," putting on a big, broad-brimmed black felt hat. "There now," he added, "how does my back hair look?

"Don't forget to say that American women are the prettiest, smartest, best-dressed women in the world, and that I believe in giving them everything from the ballot down, in allowing them to do what they please in the way of work, live how and where they please, and go where they want to. Our women know how to take care of themselves everywhere, under all circumstances, God bless 'em," he concluded.

WOMEN VOTED IN THE SOUTH.

If They Owned Property and Were Unmarried, They Could Vote.

From the Boston Transcript.

Kentucky, which in 1845 made voters of widows and spinsters who were holders of real estate, only followed the footsteps of Maryland, which had done the same thing thirty years before. I have not the authorities at hand which would enable me to give exact dates, but about the year 1820 unmarried women who were holders of real estate to a given amount were entitled to vote, and did very generally exercise the right of franchise.

In colonial days the States of the South generally made the ownership of property a requisite to the exercise of the right of franchise, while the New England colonies generally made church membership a necessary qualification of the voter. Following the idea that only property holders should vote, it was a natural step to conclude that all property holders should vote. Maryland, therefore, decided that where the ownership of property was vested in a woman who had not a husband to represent her she should be a voter.

I have many times heard my grandmother tell of voting during the days of her widowhood and describe the manner of exercising the franchise in those days. There was but one voting place in the county, and all electors were required to go to the county town to cast their votes. She lived in the county of Talbot, and the voting place for the entire county was Easton, the county seat. There was no casting of a ballot, nor was the system like the viva voce vote which prevailed in Kentucky until a few years ago. But the candidates for office sat in the election room, and each voter was expected to look them over and select the one for whom he or she desired to vote, and the clerks made a record of the decision. Candidates for State offices were expected to have representatives in each county. These were leading people of the party to which the candidate belonged, and each one was expected to be well qualified to discuss the merits of the candidate he represented. In those days the elections lasted four days in order to give ample time for every one to get to the voting place. Some time late in the '40's the spirit of progress required a sweeping away of the barriers which the property qualification had set up, and a constitutional convention decided in favor of giving the ballot to every white male voter who had reached the age of 21 years. As the right of a woman to vote was based on the idea of property qualification, when that was swept away she lost the ballot.

I merely recall this fact to show that Maryland, which was the first colony to guarantee religious liberty to all her people, and which took the first steps toward securing the present Constitution of the United States, was also the first to give the ballot to woman.

Offered to Show Her Strawberry Mark at the Bank.

From the Anaconda Standard.

"There," she said, as she finally got the check properly indorsed and handed it to the paying teller. "I'd like to have the money, please."

The young man scanned it carefully and then looked at her.

"Is there anything wrong with it?" she inquired apprehensively.

"No; I am sure it's all right. Only we have our rules here, and before we can let you have the money you will have to be identified."

"But the friends I am visiting took a trip out into the country with my mother this morning."

"Then you will have to wait until to-morrow."

"But I need the money to do some shopping with this afternoon."

"I'm very sorry."

"Is it absolutely necessary to be identified?" she asked plaintively.

"Absolutely."

"Well, I suppose I can manage it. Will the bank be open for an hour?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll hurry home and put on my evening gown. It's a great deal of trouble, but it's the only way, and I'm glad I thought of it."

"I don't quite understand."

"Why, I have a strawberry mark on my right shoulder, and everybody who has read anything at all knows that there isn't any better identification than a strawberry mark."

Where Old Men Flourish.

From the Statesville, N. C., Mascot.

Some of Shiloh township's old men are in feeble health this spring. Mr. Peter Smith, aged 88, is not able to be out all of the time. Peter Little, Esq., aged 85, is not able to attend his ferry. Mr. Henry Setzer, aged near 85, is only in tolerable health. Messrs. Pinkney Howard, Max Moore, Micajah Guthrie, I. S. Ingold, Henry McLain, and Henry Deal are all over 80 years old. There are also about thirty men in the township between 70 and 80 years old and about the same number between 60 and 70. All except two or three are farmers, and have made their living and raised their families by working their farms.

NOT COMMON EGGS, THESE.

DAINTY, NOVEL, COSTLY GIFTS FOR THE EASTER SEASON.

Exquisite Bonbon Holders of Original Designs—Eggs of Straw, China and Other Materials—Pretty Decorations of Flowers—Easter Tokens Gaining Increased Favor.

The Easter gifts this season are quaint and unusual. The emblems and symbols used are, of course, the same that have prevailed more or less since first there was an Easter, but they are served up in original guise. It is in bonbon holders that the typical Easter gifts are most apt and pretty, and costly as well, for all their airy unsubstantiality. Entirely novel are holders of daintily dyed straw, with a suggestion of down on the cover and a few stray wisps about, as though Mrs. Speckle Hen had just stepped off her nest to pick up a grain of refreshment. Within the nest are eggs, of familiar size and color, filled with the various comfits, wine drops and lozenges that even the most devout-minded on Easter day will not scorn to sample.

A mammoth egg with a cherub's face instead of a chicken looking from the chipped shell is another pretty conceit. The cherub's head is covered with long flaxen ringlets, and wreathed with cornflowers and wisps of wheat. Lyres and harps of wicker decked with flowers, and with a cunningly concealed cavity beneath the string for holding sweets, are new importations. The originator, doubtless, had choirs and pæans of praise in mind when the idea surprised him. One will be of pale blue and white wicker work, plaited closely, and having forget-me-nots woven about the slender end, and a bow of forget-me-not blue satin ribbon to set off the heavier part. A mere bagatelle like this, filled with choice candies, costs $12.50. A harp-shaped bonbon case of light, delicate straw, set off with poppies and bright-hued birds, filled, costs $10; and a similar device, garlanded with apple blossoms and daintily poised humming birds, costs, when filled with candy, $12. The straw used is of the pale tea color that makes such an effective background. Great straw eggs are shown made of interwoven shaded straw mixed with gilt, and having large straw rings ready for hanging them. When one of these wicker eggs parts in the middle the interior is seen lined with peachblow satin, so that it may act conveniently as a workbasket when its mission as a candy holder is over.

Prettiest of all such dainty holders are those fashioned after the homely, covered basket of genuine market-going pattern. Scarcely larger than one's outstretched hand, but complete as to the two covers (one on each side of the handle) and the firmly made body, and with the handle entwined with blossoms, the miniature market basket is a unique Easter reminder. It hints of pats of butter brought in, made fresh from the new grass that the cow likes, and of eggs, new laid, and bunches of crisp, fresh lettuce and asparagus only just cut. One of these homely ornaments, to be filled with crystallized fruit, has a strawberry plant, with berries hanging from the stem and the white blossoms looking out from the leaves, as seemingly growing on the cover. It is the texture and the workmanship on the fruit and flowers that make this gilded bauble coast $8.50.

On all the wealth of fancy bags, boxes and baskets classed under the general title of bonbon holders this year the quality of the flowers employed in decoration fixes the price. The ordinary field flowers are most used—buttercups and cornflowers and diminutive morning glories that in tint and shaping deserve the name; but there are roses as well, great flaming damask roses, and royal Malmaisons and Jacks almost natural enough to make you imagine the fragrance. One heart-shaped satin holder has a single passion flower blooming on the lid. The counters at the smart confectioner's blossom just now with opera bags and work bags that are comely in shape, either heart shaped, octagonal, or five sided, and worked in typical Easter flowers. The downy-looking nests, with a hen's head looking out, or the simulated brocade handkerchief, tied up at the corners and bursting with eggs, and blossoms and sprays of green are meant to accompany one of these brocade bags as an Easter gift.

Eggs of various colors, covered with satin and exquisitely hand painted, cost $3 and $4. All open to reveal sweets within. Some are lined appropriately and wadded and answer for ring or cuff button cases. There are few mottoes used. The bright blossoms and birds and hints of a awakened life are regarded as eloquent enough. Those who have been in the confectioner's trade for years say that Easter gifts in the especial line of these light dainties, not costly enough to count as an obligation, yet giving some hint of the taste and consideration of the sender, are coming more and more into vogue. One popular resort has a long counter and two tables covered with bonbon holders, bags, baskets and whatnots, fairly bristling with vivid blossoms and butterflies and suggestions from nature. Particularly pretty are the holders, made in imitation of a fishing net, and having on the cover the gay-colored flies used for fishing. There are no flowers on these, but to the angler who thinks of the fish just beginning to "run" they mean Easter indeed. Dainty gondola-shaped bonbon cases are made of fine porcelain, decked off with butterflies of various hues. Some very choice and rare china bonbonnières have on the closely fitting cover little idyls of farm life naturally portrayed, the hen and her progeny having prominent place in each. These vary in price from $6 to $14 when filled, and flowers accompany them as a gift.

TRAP FOR A MOTHER.

A Criticism Asked and Given of a Letter Baited with Alexandre Dumas.

When the busy man went home the other night he found his wife reading a letter from her mother, and apparently greatly amused by its contents. Now the busy man knew that his mother-in-law was clever, and his curiosity was aroused.

"You seem to have a funny letter there," he said.

"Oh, no! The letter isn't funny," his wife answered, "but the situation is. You know how proud my mother is of her French and German!"

"Certainly. She ought to be after spending years abroad in perfecting her pronunciation, besides the other years of study at home."

"Well, you know that I am something of a scholar myself in both languages! Recently I have been writing to mother in French, and a little while ago she sent a very nice answer to one of these letters, in which she complimented me upon my general improvement in the use of the language, but made this comment: 'It is a pity you could not spend a few years abroad so that you might learn to use the French as a native does, as a medium for thought as well as expression. Then you would be quite perfect in the use of that language. The only criticism to which you are open now is that you think in English, and, consequently, your French is English French instead of French French. Now this amused me, because from the first of my study of languages I have begun by thinking in them from the moment that I acquired the first knowledge of their formation. However, for the joke of it, when I wrote my next letter to ma I composed it entirely of suitable sentences culled verbatim from one of Alexandre Dumas's stories. At the end of the letter I put a postscript saying: 'Please tell me what you think of this French.' This is the answer, which I have just received. It says: 'Your French is letter perfect, but it still has the same taint. It is English French and not the French of the Frenchman.'"

LETTER DELAYED FIVE YEARS.

It Was Mailed in 1893 and Has Only Just Reached Its Destination.

A tenant of Carnegie Hall, who lived in West Seventieth street in 1893, received by mail at his downtown office a few days ago an envelope containing the cards of acquaintances of his wife, addressed to his former residence. The envelope had been readdressed to a hotel where he lived after leaving Seventieth street. There his business address had apparently been obtained. The hotel address was presumably given by the present tenant of his former house. The envelope bore the postmark of the day it was received.

The people who sent the cards know the present address of the Carnegie Hall tenant, as is evidenced by letters which have been received from them comparatively recently. One of the cards is black edged. The owner is not now in mourning, but was in mourning in 1893. The cards have, consequently, been lost somewhere for five years. The postmark shows apparently that the delay in delivery was not the fault of the Post Office.

THE ENTERPRISING VENDER.

This Is the Season When He Gets Out with Flowering Plants.

This is the season of the year when the vender, an alert and resourceful person, who does not confine himself to fruits and that sort of thing, but long ago widened his scope of operations so that he now finds something to offer the year around, gets out with flowering plants. He has a variety of shrubs, in pots, many of them in bloom and ready to go right on blooming in the homes of those who buy them. His wagon as it passes along the street is like a moving flower garden, or it may be like a moving greenhouse, for there are venders who carry their stock in wagons with a framed top structure with glass sides and sloping glass roof, a veritable greenhouse on wheels.

LEAURELLE OIL BALM

For Complexion, Skin & Flesh.

In high favor with men and women of fashion in both this country and Europe.

LEAURELLE OIL BALM prevents tendency to WRINKLES, ageing or withering of the skin, or drying of the flesh. Will smooth and clear the most annoying skin or complexion. The wonder and pleasure of all who use it. Abolishes Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Blackheads, Tan, Sunburn. Tones down the red nose, face or hands. Refreshing and cooling. Absolutely harmless, pure, clean, colorless. Elegant lotion after shaving. The more you use it, the better you like it. Has delightful effect if the hands or face become rough or chapped from household work or exposure. One application of LEAURELLE OIL BALM will soften and smooth the skin at once. You need not wash it off, nor cover the face or hands, since it dries in instantly; does not grease nor soil silks, satins, gloves, or finest fabric. Elegant for Chafes, Irritation or Scurf, Abrasions, Scaly Itching Skin.

FACE POWDERS. To neutralize the injurious effect of any powder or liquid, use LEAURELLE OIL BALM. If the powder is used at night apply LEAURELLE in daytime, if during the day apply at night, or first bathe the neck or face with LEAURELLE OIL BALM, then apply the powder. The effect is most elegant. Keeps skin soft, smooth and pliable. Try WELLS' INVISIBLE VELVET CREAM FACE POWDER, which is harmless; it's very fine, 25 cts. at druggists or by mail. LEAURELLE OIL BALM is in 50c. and $1.00 bottles, or a large bottle and a box of the powder, sent prepaid by express on receipt of $1.00.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

Wells' Miracle of Healing Powder

Kills Ivy Poison and Itch. Cures any sore on man or beast, however long standing or severe, whatever the source or cause. Cures ulcers, skin diseases, cuts, lacerations, mashes, felons, carbuncles, boils, burns, scalds, eruptions, discharges from sore ears, pimples. Cures Dog, Snake, Spider, Mosquito, and all insect bites; wounds or scratches by any animal. The most marvellous, almost miraculous, healing agent of modern times. 25c. bottles at druggists or sent promptly by mail on receipt of price.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

Wells' Hair Balsam

Is Not a Dye, but gradually restores Gray or Faded Hair to its natural original color,

BLACK or BROWN.

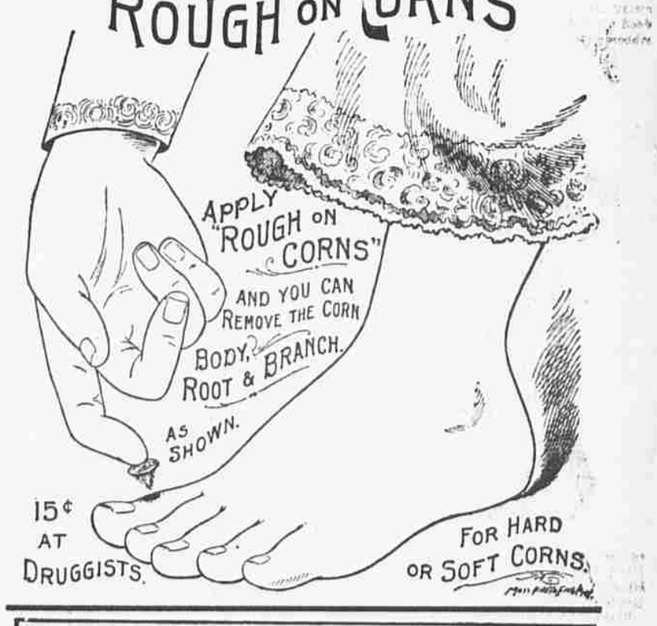
AN elegant Dressing, softens and beautifies. No grease nor oil. A tonic restorative. Prevents the hair coming out; cleanses, strengthens and heals scalp.

50c. and $1 Bottles.

At Druggists, or sent by Express to any address prepaid on receipt of price.

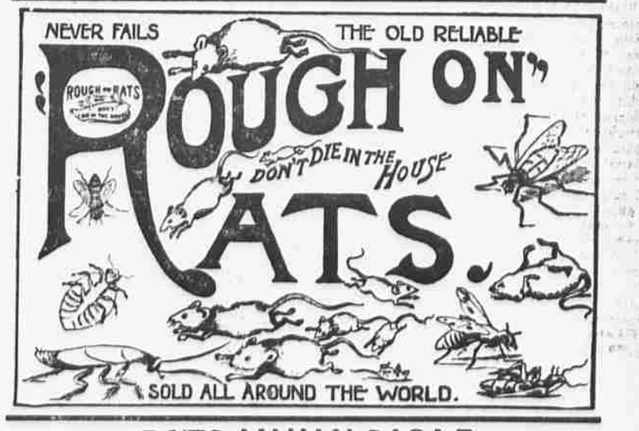
E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

ROUGH ON CORNS



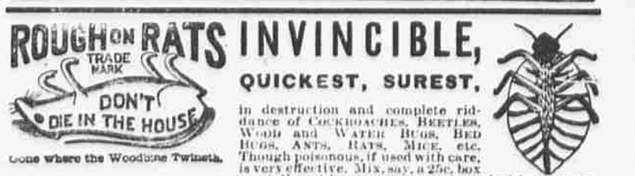
NEVER FAILS THE OLD RELIABLE

"ROUGH ON RATS"



SOLD ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

"ROUGH ON RATS" INVINCIBLE, QUICKEST, SUREST,



Gone where the Woodbine Twineth.

in destruction and complete riddance of COCKROACHES, BEETLES, WOOD and WATER BUGS, BED BUGS, ANTS, RATS, MICE, etc. Though poisonous, if used with care, is very effective. Mix, say, a 25c. box carefully, with a pound or so of mashed boiled potatoes, or with a loaf of finely crumbled bread, or two tin cups of fine powdered sugar, and place about their haunts. Even the hardier black Cockroaches, Beetles, Wood or Water Bugs in one or two applications will be completely annihilated. Directions for Bed Bugs, etc., with packages. Is sold all around the world. Is used by all civilized nations of the earth. Is the most extensively advertised, the best known, and has the largest sale of any article of its kind on the face of the globe. It gives satisfaction every time, everywhere. The old reliable that never fails nor disappoints. They "don't die in the house," and it is the only thing that will permanently annihilate Bed Bugs. It stands unrivalled in the destruction of RATS, MICE, BED BUGS, BEETLES, WATER BUGS, ETC. Beware of imitations. I employ no peddlers. Have a suspicion of any dealer offering substitutes sold to be as good. 15c. and 25c. sizes, in wooden boxes only. $1.00 size in cardboard boxes. E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Inventor, Manfr. and Prop., Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

Rough on Toothache 15 CENTS. INSTANT RELIEF.