

CONGRESSMAN FITZPATRICK

Says Pe-ru-na is a Splendid Catarrhal Tonic.



Congressman T. Y. Fitzpatrick.

Hon. T. Y. Fitzpatrick, Congressman from Kentucky, writes from the National Hotel, Washington, D. C., as follows:

"At the solicitation of a friend I used your Pe-ru-na and can cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone suffering with catarrh who needs a good tonic."

T. Y. FITZPATRICK.

A Good Tonic.

Pe-ru-na is a natural and efficient nerve tonic. It strengthens and restores the activity of every nerve in the body.

Through the use of Pe-ru-na the weakened or overworked nerves resume their natural strength and the blood vessels begin at once to regulate the flow of blood according to nature's laws. Congestions immediately disappear.

Catarrh Cured.

All phases of catarrh, acute or chronic, are promptly and permanently cured. It is through its operation upon the nervous system that Pe-ru-na has attained such a world-wide reputation as a sure and reliable remedy for all phases of catarrh wherever located.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice free. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Discovered in Pompeii.

A splendid marble bassorilievo has been discovered in Pompeii in a little garden of a house on the east side, says a Naples letter in the Paris Messenger. To the right of the bassorilievo sits a goddess with a diadem on her head and a peplum on the left shoulder. The left foot is bare and rests on what seems the sole of a sandal, but there are no bands to it. The left hand rests on the block of stone on which the goddess is sitting, and her right hand rests on her knee. She is looking at a ram, which stands on a little altar in front of her ready to be sacrificed. A boy holds the ram by one of its horns, and another boy has his arms round the ram's neck. The smaller boys also stand near the ram, and at their back are three more figures, a man wrapped in a cloak and two women. The work is considered to be of great value, and dates from the fourth century, B. C.

Another discovery is a round table, formed by a bronze monopodium, terminating in a lionine paw, resting on a round basis, in its turn resting on a square basis. The upper part of the paw forms a cup from which rises a little cupid, whose legs, however, are hidden in the cup or vase. On his head is another vase, from which rises a stalk ornamented with foliage, supporting the bronze framework which is to hold the marble top. This also is a remarkable find.

The Preservation.

The preservation is a question of growing importance to many railroads which do not own timber suitable for the manufacture of ties, and several new preserving plants are going up in several parts of the country in response to the demand. One of the largest of these, now being built at Carbondale, Ill., according to the Engineering News, will have a capacity of 2,000,000 ties annually. The ties will be treated in huge kilns six feet in diameter and 125 feet long, capable of holding fourteen iron cars containing thirty to forty ties each. These retorts are furnished with superheating coils to maintain the inside temperature above the vaporizing point, while at the same time a vacuum is maintained to extract the sap from the ties. Green lumber is loaded on cars and run into the retort at one end, and when the cars issue from the other end the lumber will be so impregnated with preservatives that it will have a far longer life than the best quality of seasoned natural wood tie. The zinc chloride, or burnetting process, which is to be used, permits of the use of inferior lumber, such as red oak and black oak. A similar plant is being put up at Grenada, Mississippi, and the Mexican Central Railway is putting in a plant for treating its ties.

Rough on Vipers.

A French statistician has just issued a report which says that "of the latest two hundred Grand Viziers of the Sultan of Turkey, not more than twenty-four have died naturally." One hundred of them, he claims, were poisoned, and thirty-six of the others were either beheaded or drowned in the Bosphorus. Of the remaining forty he has not been able to find any trace, but from the silence of Turkish historians on the subject he concludes that their end was not happy. One of the Viziers was only four hours in office, and another occupied the position for ten minutes, being strangled at the end of that time.

A Suburban Gentleman.

This definition of a gentleman was provided by a suburban butcher. He was asked for some details concerning a man who had just left his shop. "What, 'im, sir?" he replied. "Oh, 'e's a thorough gentleman. 'E don't go up to London every day."—London Globe.

A Seven-Day Lamp.

Long-burning oil founts for switch and semaphore lamps are now being put into use. They hold oil enough for seven days and nights with one filling, and the wick needs no attention in the meantime.

HEARTSEASE.

BY DIKIE WOLCOTT.

A weary traveler, way-worn, full of care, Close by his pathway saw a comely flower. Its well-worn human face smiled up at him All brightly glistening from a recent shower. For one brief moment he forgot his sorrows. The long, rough journey over lands and seas, Then toiling on, looked backward, smiled and murmured, "Thy name was chosen well, O fair Heartsease!"

"I pray thee teach to me thy wondrous secret That, as I journey o'er Life's rugged road, I, too, may ease some weary, heartsick traveler. Though but a moment, of his heavy load; Make him forget the toil, and tears, and losses, Instill new strength, although the night be wild, And then to me a higher Voice may murmur, "Thy work in life was chosen well, my child."

—New York News.

MAJOR MONTFORD'S ODD STORY.

By John M. Haffery.

"SPEAKING of spirit manifestations and the etheric double," said Major Montford, when Mme. Blavatsky, Mrs. Eddy, Colonel Olcott and all the modern adepts had been discussed "I don't profess to understand anything about occult science and I am prompted to confess that the little experience I had in India—

"If you tell that story, major, I'll quit the room. You know that I can explain away your whole theory. That Marjheet adept was all right. It was the fault of the camera or something."

"Now come, come, Anne! Don't spoil the story. Try your hand at a Welsh rarebit if you don't like to hear it, but let me tell it my own way first. You can add all the trimmings afterward."

"So the sweet little lady pouted like a sweetheart at the fabled beau who had been her husband for five years and left the room."

"I was quartered with Marjheet that year with my squadron of the Household Cavalry. It was our first try out in the tropics, and every jolly officer, line and staff, was dying of ennui. It was too hot for golf, the ponies were too sick with the fever to stand even an inning at polo and there wasn't a tolerable white woman within sixty miles. We were all bachelors but Colonel Dinwiddie, and he, for reasons of his own, had left the madam in Birmingham and was glad of it."

"Well, we were hard put to it for recreation until Ensign Pitcairn, a weird-faced, inquisitive young chap, began to give us all the creeps with his stories about occultism, astral bodies, spooks and 'manifestations.' Well, Dinwiddie and Pitcairn and I kept up the best mess in the station, and, of course, every buck in the garrison who had the entree sponged off our hospitality. So when they were all worked up with the ensign's story I hit upon the canny idea of getting up one of the Indian 'adepts,' as Pitty called them, to give a seance in our garden. It wasn't a garden at all, as a matter of fact, but a sandy, flat bit of ground fenced in at the back of our bungalow, with a bower in the middle made of nothing better than a hipped roof, cane pillars and mosquito bars. It was a good place to play ecarte of a hot night, but in the daytime it was as hot as the fire box of Tophet."

"So Pitty arranged matters with his sorcerer and I sold tickets to the entertainment at two shillings, English money, for the officers and one for the soldiers. We wrote the tickets out by hand on the backs of old playing cards, and they went like hot cakes, for the unlucky Tommies didn't know what to do with themselves day or night, and the chance of a 'show' was almost as welcome as a letter from home."

"Except for the colonel and major surgeon we had no chairs, and the audience squatted around in a circle upon the sand. We borrowed a few torches from the quartermaster, though we didn't need them, as it turned out, for the moon was well over the low roof of my quarters before Pitcairn, as self-important as Mrs. Jarley herself, came in with All Beg, the vaunted mystic, who alone could make sure my personal guarantee that the entertainment was 'worth the fee.' Pitty led his adept into the centre of the ring, a space about twenty feet in diameter, and introduced him with a pompous salutation and a grand wave of the hand. The Tommies, who had no respect for anything 'native,' booed the miserable Indian, who almost groveled before them, calling him 'Alley beggar' and asking him, 'Avent you any happaratus?' The performer, who was almost a skeleton, had brought with him one of the paraphernalia which European 'magicians' always have about them, though he wore upon his skinny shoulders a dirty, drab-colored cloak, which he unwound and dropped upon the sand as he saluted Colonel Dinwiddie and the ritual ring of 'saffris' round about. Perhaps some of you have seen these strange neocomancers of the East? No, Well, they are quite past understanding. This one, like all I have known, being as agile as he was thin, with deep-set, scintillating black eyes, skin like a faded yellow parchment and fingers like the talons of a hawk."

"But hear what All Beg did before our unbelieving eyes and, if you can, explain it, for I can't. Having dropped his cloak upon the sand, he unbelted a crooked scimitar that hung by his side and laid it behind him. Then with a strange exclamation he fell upon the cloak, rolled it between his flat palms, paddled it, smoothed it and peeped beneath his hem, as it seemed suddenly to swell and spread. The silence of curiosity, if not of respect, fell upon us, but I confess that my hair stood on end and I could feel the goose-flesh on my spine, when the wizard jerked away the cloak and disclosed a chubby, bright eyed, naked

Indian boy sitting squarely before us on the sand. It could have been no ordinary hallucination, for the child leapt nimbly to his feet, chattering to his creator, All Beg, as we exchanged cries of wonder. I'm afraid I'm telling it very badly, am I Anne?" (This to Mrs. Montford, who had come to listen at the doorway.) But she said: "No, it's all right. Only don't go past the place where I come in, please, Harry."

"All right, Anne. Then, let's see. Oh, yes, that boy was there as real as any boy I ever saw at night by the light of either moon or torch. The adept bowing and grinning like a pleased chimpanzee now dropped the cloak again, went hysterically to work with his lean hands, turning from his task only twice to look at the boy who stood silent beside him gazing about at the white faces of the fascinated audience. When the cloak began to assume the form and size that seemed to satisfy the adept he whipped it away again, and there, as plain as himself or the boy, yawning as if just awakened, its mean, furtive, yellow eyes darting lurid glances upon us, lay a full-grown leopard, the hair on its tawny back rising angrily as All kicked him into a standing posture, his foetid breath coming to our nostrils as he snarled with rage, his tail whipping the sand into our faces as he lashed it about. Oh, it was a real leopard, I think. At all events, I remember some of us who happened to have them slipped out our pistols, and I can still see old Dinwiddie biting his gray moustache as he reached for his sabre."

"But it was the climax of the weird spectacle which followed. By a series of vindictive kicks and cuffs the adept was working the sinister beast into a fury. The great cat was snarling and snapping, leering and striking at him, when he suddenly furled the cloak round the boy, who, all calmness and silence, was standing near. Then thrusting the drab mass of boy and cloak at the creature, All stepped aside and stood motionless while the brute fell tooth and claw upon the covered boy. There was a roar, a fountain of sand, the men jumped up, some scared, some furious, some ran to the house for weapons, and it would have gone hard with All Beg and his diabolical beast if Pitcairn had not jumped up cool as a veteran on dress parade, to restore order. But we were all standing, excited and panic-stricken over the boy's fate, when the bowing Oriental suddenly laid his hand on the leopard, withdrew the cloak and Devoured? Vanished?"

"I don't know, gentlemen," said Major Montford; "I can't tell what became of the little black fellow. All Beg had no sooner made his low showed us that the boy was gone, obsecance they call it 'salaam' to Colonel Dinwiddie and the circle than he waved the empty cloak a few times, spread it above the leopard's head and covered that chop-licked demon. As we looked the cloak dropped down, down, till it lay flat and spreading on the sand. The leopard was gone! I picked up the ill-smelling cloak myself, and if the earth had opened and swallowed the beast, it could not have disappeared more thoroughly. Well, that's nearly all of the 'supernatural' part of the story. We repeated it till every man in the station was half daffy about mysticism and bankrupt with paying admission fees. We'd have all become Buddhists, I guess, if one fine day Colonel Dinwiddie's niece hadn't come along, touring India with a party of English folks and a camera. She was the prettiest, daintiest—"

"Now stop, Harry!" cried Mrs. Montford. "I'll finish the story. Well, as the major was saying, I came along and found the whole station crazy about the mysterious performances of All Beg. Of course, I had a camera, and I made up my mind to see the 'show' and make as many pictures of it as I could. Of course, that meant 'a matinee' in the middle of the day, when the sun is at the proper angle for photographs. And we had it. It all happened just as Harry told it, and I was snapping away all right till—well, I didn't exactly—"

"Out with it, Anne! You fainted when you saw the leopard," laughed Montford.

"But you, you picked up the kodak and went ahead snapping it and turning the films, didn't you?"

"Yes, and I was quite methodical about it, too."

"Now, what do you think?" concluded the major's wife, pointing her disappointment, "when we developed and printed those pictures there wasn't a sign in any of them of All Beg, the boy, the leopard or even the cloak."

"Was there a picture of anything?" asked Mr. Hammersly, the spiritualist.

"That's the funny part of it," explained the major, "the pictures of the group of staring officers and soldiers were perfect. Get them down, Anne, I never knew how perfectly idiotic poor Pitcairn could look till I saw those photographs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Children's Park.

Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, is building in California a park designed exclusively for the use of little children.

In the park there will never be any carriages or roads for them, only little paths or trails such as the maker of the park once followed in the Sierras, and there will never be a policeman with his club in sight. In the park for children there will not be as much as a single official or park commissioner; nobody under pay.

Joaquin Miller says that he expects the place to run itself now that he has got it started. There is, henceforth, to be only one man on the place, and he, with his family, a flock of sheep, some cows, horses, fowls, fishes for the ponds and fountains, and no rent to pay, will be a lord and a happy one.

The work of building this park for children has been to the poet a labor of love. The idea came to him in 1883 but it is only now that he has been enabled to carry it out.—Philadelphia Record.

Brave Boys.

Three Victoria crosses, ten distinguished service medals, two promotions to commissioned rank and four mentions in despatches have fallen to the lot of reform-school lads in South Africa.



FACTS AND FANCIES FOR THE HAIR

New York City.—Short blouse Etons are much more jaunty than jackets which reach below the waist line, and are usually preferred for moderate

ruchings of chiffon are used for foot trimming, or arranged in scallops and points at the lower edge of the skirt.

To make the waist in the medium size will require two and a quarter yards of twenty-two-inch material.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require three and three-quarters yards of fifty-inch material.



A Pedestrian Skirt.

What summer girl could deny the charms of a pedestrian skirt of cream white brillantine, so cool and pretty for her afternoon strolls in the country? One of the handsome models is entirely of broad pleats, narrow at the waist and gradually sloping out to just above a deep hem, where each pleat is fully three inches across. The skirt flares out prettily at the foot and is, of course, without lining. The more serviceable brillantine skirts, unlined, in dark blue or black, are seen again this year. They are about as cool and comfortable as one could desire for wear during the hot summer.



White Lace Yokes.

Fine white lace yokes, ready made, to wear with nice gowns, have trimmings of black lace, an applique of festoons of a thin black lace ornamenting both the stock and yoke below it.

A Pretty Hat.

A simple and pretty hat of a dark-blue rough straw is trimmed with a couple of clusters of lilies of the valley, with their green leaves.

A Fancy Shirt Waist.

Owing to the great popularity of biscuit and tan shades, waists made of ecru linen are seen in large assortments and merit special attention, as they may be worn with so many dif-

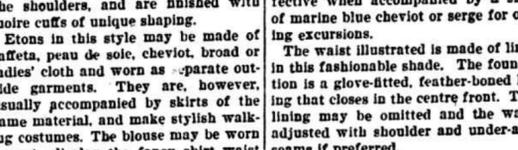


A BLOUSE ETON.

weather. The garment illustrated is made of gray Venetian with black woire trimmings.

It is simply adjusted with shoulder and under-arm seams, the back being perfectly plain. The fronts fasten in single-breasted style, with black silk loops and crocheted buttons. They are fitted smoothly across the bust, but blouse stylishly over the narrow moire belt that closes with a fancy silver buckle.

The neck is completed with a rolling collar of moire that forms narrow revers in front. The sleeves are regulation bishop models fitted with inside



FANCY SHIRT WAIST.

ferent colors. They are especially effective when accompanied by a skirt of marine blue cheviot or serge for outdoor excursions.

The waist illustrated is made of linen in this fashionable shade. The foundation is a glove-fitted, feather-boned lining that closes in the centre front. This lining may be omitted and the waist adjusted with shoulder and under-arm seams if preferred.

Tucks extend from neck to belt in the back, forming a simulated box pleat that tapers toward the waist line in a becoming manner. A smooth adjustment is maintained under the arms.

The fronts fasten in double-breasted style, the right side lapping the left and closing with pearl buttons. Three tucks on the shoulders are stitched down some distance and the fullest thus provided blouses stylishly over the velvet girdle. The neck is completed by a plain collar that fastens in the back and is trimmed with a band of linen lace.

The one-piece shirt waist sleeves are shaped with inside seams only. They have gathers on the shoulders, fit the upper arm closely and are completed with deep wristbands. The cuffs, col-



A BLOUSE ETON.

lar and edges of fronts are finished with machine stitching.

To make the waist in the medium size will require two yards of thirty-six-inch material.

A Historic Flag.

There is one relic in the Treasury Department which is not seen by half the visitors to Washington, simply because their Washington friends don't know it is there," said a Treasury girl the other day. "It is the flag which was draped over the front of the box in which Lincoln sat when he was assassinated. You can see the torn place where Booth's spur caught when he tripped and fell.

"You don't know where it is? Well, it is somewhere in the Treasury building, and you'll find it if you look."

One Hundred and Seventy Miles an Hour.

The failure of the high-speed experiments recently undertaken in Germany has been attributed to the lightness of the rails. In a paper recently read before one of the Southern technical societies it is stated that on the proposed high-speed road between Philadelphia and New York, on which a speed of 170 miles an hour is contemplated, the track is to consist of rails weighing from 200 to 300 pounds per yard. The cars would be 156 feet long and would have a six-wheel truck under each end. Evidently the American engineers do not intend to be baffled by the same difficulty.

A Mile a Minute.

Sixty miles an hour is the merest commonplace to the mind of the up-to-date railroad man, but it means other things besides those described that are wonderful to the outsider. It means a steam pressure of twenty tons on each piston head every tenth of a second. It means that up in the cab the fireman is throwing into the furnace two-thirds of a ton of coal every hour; one engine burns coal faster than ten men can mine it. It means two quarts of oil every hour to keep her journal box greased and everything running smoothly.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 25c. Sample sent FREE, against no substitute. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

It is estimated that the cost of restoring the naval palaces at Avignon, France, would be about \$1,400,000.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Aerial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 581 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Jewish population of London has more than doubled within twenty years.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Polo is probably the oldest of athletic sports. It has been traced to 600 B. C.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The police of London look after 8200 miles of roads and streets.

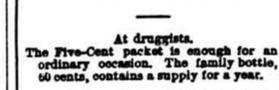
Pilo's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—W. W. O. EXNER, Vanburn, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Russian physicians assert that horsefish is more nutritious than beef.



Cascarets

GENUINE STAMPED C. C. C. NEVER SOLD IN BULK. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."



RIPANS

Ripans Tablets are the best medicine in the world. There is scarcely any condition of ill health that is not benefited by the occasional use of a Ripans Tablet, and the price—10 for 5 cents—does not bar them from any home or justify any one in enduring ills that are easily cured. A family bottle containing 150 Tablets is sold for 60 cents. For sale by druggists.

At druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for a year.



HAMLINS WIZARD OIL RHEUMATISM

ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER

Ladies, Attention! Do you want a First-Popular Dress? Write to Dr. Barry, 218 Fifth Ave., New York.

A Sharp Bug.

One morning a lady noticed a hornet on the window of her parlor. She started to drive out the unwelcome visitor, but was called away for a few minutes, and the hornet was forgotten. Soon little Elmer ran into the room to look at a passing parade. He did not see the hornet, and leaped his forehead directly upon it, whereupon it retaliated in the usual way. With shrieks and a rapidly swelling forehead, he ran to his mother, crying: "Oh, mamma, I hurt myself on a bug!"—Little Chronicle.

Black Hair

"I have used your Hair Vigor for five years and am greatly pleased with it. It certainly restores the original color to gray hair. It keeps my hair soft."—Mrs. Helen Kilkenny, New Portland, Me.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has been restoring color to gray hair for fifty years, and it never fails to do this work, either.

You can rely upon it for stopping your hair from falling, for keeping your scalp clean, and for making your hair grow.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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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, itching, and chafing, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for soothing irritations, inflammations, and economic relief for the celebrated LIME CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) and a new, scientific, economical substitute for the celebrated LIME CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated). Sold throughout the world. French Depot: 1 Rue de Valenciennes, Paris. French Depot: 1 Rue de Valenciennes, Paris.

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