CINCINNATI'S ZOO.

THE ANIMAL SHOW OF THE PARIS OF AMERICA.

The Lion and the Elephant, the Camelopard, Bear—An Institution That Has Many Admirers in the Ohio Valley. Its Origin—How It Is Maintained.

[Special Correspondence.]

CINCINNATI, Aug. 16.—When Andrew Erkenbrecher died here two or three years ago, he was the largest manufacturer of starch in the world. He left a great fortune, and a magnificent monument marks his resting place. But his memory will be perpetuated far better by his work for the Zoological garden than by any pile of granite. Born in Bavaria and educated when a boy in a fine school in Germany, he had a strong leaning toward natural history, and that led him when he had become a man of large means to found one of the best object lessons in natural history that America possesses. The real start of Cincinnati's Zoological garden was in 1868, when the Cincinnati Acclimatization society was organized for the purpose of introducing foreign birds into America. The first building they put up was a small cage, about eight by twelve feet and ten high, in which the importations were kept for a time until they became hardened to the changes in American weather. From that simple beginning Mr. Erkenbrecher built on until the "Zoo" of today is the result, owned by a stock company with a capital of $225,000, which has spent $250,000 on the grounds and their beautifying and improvement, and in the purchase of animals for the instruction and amusement of the people of Cincinnati and the Ohio valley. The feature of the institution is that it is emphatically not a money-making investment. It is expressly provided that not a dollar of dividends shall ever be divided among the stockholders, but all profits shall be put into improvements and the purchase of animals for the garden.


BEAR GARDEN.

Forty-five acres of pasture field, out on the hilltops, some miles from Fountain square, the central point from which all Cincinnatians begin a departure for every place but heaven, have been transformed into a beautiful park in the thirteen years since the Zoological garden as a fixed institution succeeded to the Acclimatization society. In the matter of varieties of trees few parks or gardens in the country excel it, yet comparatively little time or money has been spent in ornamentation, the aim having been to pay especial attention to the selection of rare and valuable animals. In that particular it probably leads all the gardens in the United States, while the more common varieties are, of course, very fully represented also, from the unwieldy "baby" hippopotamus down to prairie dogs and rattlesnakes. Here are to be seen probably the finest specimens of buffalo in the world, those late "monarchs of the western plains" that have been so recently hunted out of existence where they were supposed to live in countless millions only a few years ago. The great shaggy bull is nominally valued at $5,000, but he could not be duplicated for $50,000. Several calves have been sold and considerable revenue obtained in that way, but hereafter they will be kept. The only ground hornbill in America is kept in a big cage in the aviary, a recent importation from Africa, worth perhaps $300 or more, but which, in spite of his price, would have rather a suggestion of the vulture and turkey buzzard in his appearance if it was not for the gorgeous and unique collection of bric-a-brac carried around on his head and mostly on his bill, and the formidable name of Buc. Abyssinius upon his door plate. A black wolf is another rare animal and probably could not be duplicated for any reasonable price—if anybody really wanted a mate to the one here. A couple of great, shaggy, grayish white Polar bears are said to be worth $2,000 apiece now, though only sixteen inches high when brought here. They form a conspicuous part of what is said to be the finest collection of bears in America, at least in the United States.

And as for giraffes, the Cincinnati garden has the largest one in captivity, a mild looking aggregation of long neck and longer legs, the two of which couldn't be replaced for $20,000 if they should pass off in a fatal attack of quinsy, and which always make Adam Forepaugh green with envy when he sees them, as he often does. A singular feature of these animals is that they are perfectly mute. With such a length of throat one is at a loss to know whether inability to give voice to the feelings should be a source of regret or self gratulation, a point on which the giraffe has always been silent. Despite quiet manners and mild looks, the giraffe is one of the very worst fellows to fight that has ever been heard from, for he carries on a triangular battle, striking with his head simultaneously with his fore feet, while he is kicking with his hind feet as quickly and as heavily as a half dozen mules rolled into one. Nobody ever cares to have the second quarrel with a giraffe.


MONKEY HOUSE.

But the greatest curiosity of which the garden boasted for years is here no longer. It has gone the way of all stuffed animals, invaded and overcome with moths, and was cremated last winter after all efforts to save it had failed. That was the stuffed figure of the celebrated donkey who whipped a lioness. The story that a patient, inoffensive donkey, about the meekest individual in the animal kingdom, had actually whipped the "king of beasts" in a fair stand up and knock down fight, in which no favor was shown, and the best one was to win, was sent out from Cincinnati about a dozen years ago, and, very naturally, was regarded as the able effort of a new and native Munchausen. But it was an actual fact! It happened in 1874, just after the garden had been opened. An old cage containing a lioness had been temporarily placed in what was known as the "elephant house." A donkey was kept for light hauling around the place, for children's riding and miscellaneous use. One evening the boy who had been hauling some load about the place unhitched and took him to the elephant house to feed and stable him, no regard being paid the caged lioness, who was supposed to be perfectly secure. The latter would seem to have resented the donkey's presence, for she got angry, sprang against the side of the cage so fiercely that she went through, charged on the donkey and drove him out of the house, while the boy fled in mortal terror and gave the alarm. The lioness pursued the trembling donkey, who thereupon got mad and fought with the instinct of self preservation and the courage of despair. The lioness sprang upon him and clawed great flakes of flesh off his shoulders. Like lightning the donkey turned and kicked his assailant in the ribs till they rang. The house stood on a gentle slope. Down the hill rolled the animals, the lioness clawing, snarling and biting, the donkey biting, striking with its forefeet and, whenever occasion allowed, kicking with all its energy. At the bottom of the declivity the donkey got fairly on its feet and got in such effective kicks that the lioness drew off into the bushes for repairs and the victorious donkey went off in search of a surgeon. By this time a dozen of the garden employes had gathered at the scene. They thought they could drive the escaped lioness back to her cage with clubs and stones. But her blood was up. She sprang upon them, bit two men in the leg in precisely the same spot, and was shot dead in return. The bitten men were not seriously hurt, but the best medical skill failed to keep the donkey alive longer than a few days. Ever since, until lately, the stuffed skin of the unpretentious but altogether surprising donkey has held a place of honor in the house of the Carnivora.

There is one romance connected with the history of the garden which has never before been in print; in fact, only within a short time was it known to even the directors themselves, and a dozen people kept it as a religious secret for half as many years. Some years ago one of the head keepers, who had as a sweetheart one of the prettiest girls in the neighborhood, bantered her to go with him into the cages of the several animals in the Carnivora house. For him it was nothing, he was used to it, but he probably never dreamed that she would accept. But she did. She followed him into the cage of the magnificent specimens of Bengal tigers, and thence into the home of the hyenas and the leopards, the panthers, the sun bears, the lions, and all the fierce fellows in the collection, and not once did she tremble or show any sign of fear. Not one woman in ten million would have done such a feat, and none knew it better than the man who was with her. Whether they had settled on it before, or whether he then utterly lost his heart to the woman who trusted so completely in his ability to protect her from such dangers as he led her through that day, nobody exactly knows. But the fact was they were married soon afterwards, and the heroine of that adventure is a handsome matron today, who would scout the idea of repeating her daredevil trick of a few years ago, though her husband still feeds the lions and tigers, and yet goes into their cages without a thought of being afraid—whenever it is necessary.

ARTHUR LAWSON.

ASBURY PARK NOTES.

A Place with Wide Streets, Where One May Be Happy.

[Special Correspondence.]

ASBURY PARK, Aug. 15.—I wish I could give you an idea of Asbury Park. Its streets are wide and clean, and lined with pretty balconied and vine embowered cottages and hotels, nearly all bearing attractive names, and with little lawns and terraces grassed and flowered like gardens of the gods. At night they are lighted up outside and in, and from their balconies come the sounds of laughter and music, while a procession of beauty and bravery passes by on the sidewalk. It is a summer city, truly, for its people have forgotten their cares; they have put aside their work; they have withdrawn from the absorbing business of life for a time; they are here for rest.

In the evening everybody goes down to the beach. There is a wide board walk extending all the way across the east side of Ocean Grove on the south, all along the edge of the park, and away up toward Long Branch, I know not how far. "The Branch," as they call it here, is only two miles to the north. You can go up on a stage for twenty-five cents, forenoon or afternoon. Electric lights flash along the beach walk and so do bright eyes. "And soft eyes look love to eyes which speak again." A famous place for Cupid is that board walk. You can see him, busy as a bee, flying around shooting his fatal arrows. There are covered pavilions and benches strewn all along the walk where the meditative may rest and commune with the ocean and themselves. And there is a band which plays music of an unexceptional moral coloring. No circus barum, barum, baree, is ever heard here, thank you. And tabernacles, educational halls and libraries abound. You can choose your church—any denomination you please—and go in and hear the best of preaching without money and without price. Pretty, cool little groves of scrub pine are numerous here. They take away the dreary look which most seaside resorts have, and give a rural air to the place.

A big, solid flagstaff is planted on the beach. On Sunday it floats a flag, bearing the motto: "Peace on earth, good will to men." The sentiment of the entire place is good will to men. They are so scarce an article here that from the ladies they get more than their share of good will. Small boys become beaux at once. Broken down swells grow young again basking in the extravagant adulation which is theirs simply because more agreeable men are not numerous. In a house I know there is only one man at a great long table well filled with fair women. He is tolerably deaf, bald headed, and has lost an eye, but is, in spite of these drawbacks, a great beau. The woman who owns him is very uneasy. I heard her say she didn't think the air agreed with her here.

Nice, plain, old people are here, husbands and wives. They are here, not to be splendid, not to ape the manners and follies of the people of a younger generation, but to enjoy the rest earned by a lifetime of toil.

Male bathers are very fond of showing off. When they have any confidence at all in themselves, they splurge around as though the ocean was the merest frog pond in their eyes and had no terrors for them. And they all keep their weather eye turned toward the sand for admiring glances. As a general thing the brave creatures do not believe in hiding their accomplishments under a bushel.

L. G.

Wrong End of the Stick.

A Kingston man who carries a cane with a silver head was considerably flurried the other night. He had been in a neighbor's house, and in going away he forgot his stick. He stepped to a window, tapped on it, and asked his friend to hand him his cane. His friend did so, handing it out point first. "Thank you, thank you," said the owner of the cane, as he stepped briskly away. He soon returned, and, tapping on the window, said he had lost the head of his stick there. A search was made throughout the room with no success. This was reported to the man, who was much chagrined. He started off again, and after a little while he again came back, tapped on the window and said: "You needn't look any more for the head of that cane. Good joke, good joke, by jocks! I had hold of the wrong end."—Kingston Freeman.

The Man and the People.

It really seems that it is time for a war to break out in this country to turn the people's thoughts into serious channels. Men and women are falling into utter silliness, and the latest advanced specimen is the grown man who leads a dog around by a string. The fashion has nearly died out among young women, and it is almost incredible that men should be found to revive it. A large man leading a poodle was seen on Chestnut street on a recent afternoon to the great disgust of the on lookers, and two or three men were only restrained by their friends from kicking the big booby.—Philadelphia Call.

The Journalist's Wine Cellar.

George W. Childs, the prince of Philadelphia journalists, has a superb wine cellar, but he never touches wine or intoxicants of any kind. He doesn't know the taste of them. Apollinaris water, which is served in a superb silver flagon, is his favorite tipple. He never uses even tea or coffee. As to his eating, wheaten grits and oatmal porridge are his favorite dishes.—Chicago Tribune.

Syrup of Figs,

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is nature's only true laxative. This pleasant California liquid fruit remedy may be had at Dr. Casper's drug store, 50c. and $1 bottles. It is the most pleasant, prompt and effective remedy known to cleanse the system; to act on the liver, kidneys, and bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel headaches, colds, and fevers, and to cure constipation, indigestion, and kindred ills.

L'HEURE DU BERGER.

The day is past, the dews begin to fall,
The summer breeze is sinking with a sigh;
The colonnade of elms is black and tall
Against the crimson twilight, but on high,
The shepherd's star shakes in the steely sky;
Far off the Angelus, with measured call,
Is sounding "Peace!" to cottage and to hall;
And heaven and earth are matched in harmony.

Birds know the time, and wing to roosting boughs;
The thirsty deer are rustling through the reeds
Where the large mirror of the mere lies bare;
The children, tired of play, are fain to house;
It is the hour when labor has its meeds,
And love is lightened of its load of care.
—H. G. Keene in The Academy.

ROMANCE OF A LETTER.

She was a beautiful, attractive woman, black eyed and crimson cheeked, with a splendid bust, and arms which she did not mind showing. I was a little, pale creature, neither ugly nor pretty, but I did not envy her. Let all the men on earth admire her—one loved me. If I was fair in his eyes I cared nothing for her.

The other girls were jealous at times. Madge Burt and Barbara Brown declared that there was no such thing as getting any attention from any one where she was, and certainly she tried her best to fascinate. Millitant Bray was her name, and I understand that, young as she was, she was a divorced woman.

It may have been that she was very much ill used by her husband and had been the injured party altogether—I presume it is often so—but pure women will bear a great deal rather than sever the holy tie that binds them to a husband's side, and there is always a doubt about a divorce. Some of the ladies at Mrs. Horton's shrugged their shoulders and wondered what the old lady had been thinking of to take Mrs. Bray in. The gentlemen, however, fought in her defense. Beautiful, musical, fond of flirtation and apt at flattery, she won her way into their liking. For my part, I did not respect her one whit. I did not see anything to love in her, but I admired her. Unlike most women, I always found myself able to see the charm that men see in a personally attractive woman.

But were I a man I could not do as men do—flatter these flirts at the expense of true hearted women who love them with all their souls. When good Mrs. Carman went to her room with tears in her eyes, leaving Mr. Carman whispering soft nothings in Mrs. Bray's ear, and when little Effie Fay crimsoned and trembled with anger because her lover forgot her while he turned the beauty's music and looked down into her eyes, I often thought to myself that those were poor triumphs after all, and those men who gave them to her were but silly creatures. She liked none of them. She mocked them and had little nicknames for each. She was cold in heart as she was warm in manner. Her impassioned glances were those of an actress and nothing more.

She gave these glances to my Harry as well as to others, but I had no fear of their effect. Of course he knew she was handsome and that she sang well; so did I.

We had met at Mrs. Horton's. I was an orphan and taught music for my bread; he was a young clerk in a wholesale house. At our first meeting we had liked each other, and he was the only lover I had ever had. When I gave him my betrothal kiss it was with lips that had never met those of any man before, and I was glad to think of it. We had been engaged three months and were to be married in the spring. We were wrapped up in each other, and I believed concerned ourselves very little about Mrs. Bray. I did not. It pleased me better to think of better women. There were others whose minds were continually running on her, however. Jealous Effie Fay could never quite forget her. Over and over and over again she sat in her room, with tears pouring down her cheeks, and talked of her:

"She's a wretch," she declared, "a bold, forward, cruel creature. She knows Charlie is engaged to me. She knows it. I see it in her eyes, and she works so hard to get him to herself. Charlie doesn't know what he is doing for himself. I will break with him yet, and I do love him so. No one will ever love him so much."

Then she would cry again and begin the old story of Mrs. Bray's conduct, of her looks, her contrivances, her becks and wreathed smiles. I felt sorry for the child—she was but 16—and sorry, too, for Charlie, who was acting as most foolish boys do under those circumstances. But one morning she began another strain.

"Mrs. Bray is at work with your Harry now," she said, "and she'll twist him round her finger soon, as she does my Charlie. It's witchcraft those women have—an unholy power of some kind. You'll see, Ethel; you'll suffer as I do soon."

As the day went on I noticed one or two things that were suspicious. I saw that she contrived to meet my lover in the halls and on the stairs, to sit near him at dinner time, to go out upon the balcony when he did.

Charlie Beech was allowed to slip back into his old place in Effie's heart, and my Harry was Mrs. Bray's object.

Effie had been sharper than I, but Harry was too strong in love for me to yield, I felt sure.

It was about the time that Harry's business compelled him to choose a boarding place further down town. He left Mrs. Horton's and only called to see me in the evenings, and we began to write to each other. I have the little notes he wrote me carefully hidden away even now.

They are very precious to me. As I read them over they bring those hours back again and I am a young and loving girl once more.

I never loved Harry more tenderly than when I sat down to my desk one morning to tell him of a little festivity which I had been invited to attend, and to ask his escort. I never shall forget that day. After I had posted the letter I sat in my room and sewed upon the pretty dress I intended to wear, thinking all the while that it was Harry's favorite color, and that he would be sure to like it.

Effie, happy in her recovered lover, sat with me and read aloud from a little book of verses Charlie had given her. They were not fine verses, nor was she an elegant reader, but there was love in them and in her heart and that sufficed.

I had finished the dress, and sat looking down into the street, when I saw a boy hurrying along. It was the errand boy at Harry's place, and Effie, who had seen him also, ran down stairs to bring my note to me, for we both knew that it was my answer that shimmered in the little white envelope in his hand. She ran down gayly, humming a tune. She returned with a very serious face. A note was in her hand, with my name upon it in Harry's writing, but her expression frightened me so that I caught my breath.

"What is it, Effie?"

"Ethel," she said, very sadly, "I must tell you, though you'll hate me. The boy who brought that note brought one for Mrs. Bray."

I was so relieved that I burst into a fit of laughter.

"Why should that trouble me?" I inquired.

"Don't you see your Harry must have written both?" she asked.

"No," said I, "I do not. I am not jealous of Harry."

Then I broke the seal, and these were the words I read:

MADAME—I have another engagement; am obliged to decline yours.

H. HEATHCOTE.

I put the billet down with a strange chill at my heart. What had I done to deserve this? What did it mean? What should I do? A note like this from a betrothed lover from whom I had parted with the tenderest caresses! Effie saw that I was in trouble and forebore to question me, but she glided out of the

room and did not return for an hour. When she came back her face was wet with tears.

"You cannot tell me what it is?" she asked.

I answered:

"I must have offended him unconsciously. I can't say anything more."

When the dinner bell rang I went down stairs as usual. Passing the parlor door I saw Mrs. Bray. She was reading a note aloud.

"I declare I was never so surprised," she said. "I thought he was in love with that little girl. Ah! there she comes."

She hurried away as she spoke, in assumed terror. The next moment I saw Effie speak to her, and a white paper pass into her hand. Whatever it was she knew and would tell me. She did. That evening she brought a letter into my room—a letter that Mrs. Bray had exhibited to all the house—a love letter from Harry Heathcote, tenderer and more passionate than any he had ever written to me, and with his undoubted signature at its foot. It was no forgery. I even knew the paper, a rare and costly kind, with his own monogram upon it. It began "Darling," and ended "Your own Harry."

I did not scream, I did not swoon; I faced the terrible truth as best I might. She had won him from me; but I was in no wise to blame. I was true. I was sinned against, not sinning, and the blow should not crush me.

I did not even allow myself to play the mourner. Contempt of my lover had taken the place of love.

He would know I did not grieve for him; and I asked good old Mr. Halloran to be my escort to the party next evening with a smile on my face, though my heart ached sorely and life seemed a cold and cruel thing to me.

They told me I was gay that night. I chatted, I ate and drank, I danced whenever I was asked to do so. All the while the words of that letter Harry had written to Mrs. Bray were in my heart.

When old Mr. Halloran took me home he told me I had "wearied myself out and was beginning to feel it." But I was strong yet.

As I went up stairs old Mrs. Horton looked out of her room.

"Your beau was here to-night," she said. "I expect he was cut up to find you out, but Mrs. Bray took care of him."

I tried to laugh. All my life I felt I must now laugh when I had rather cry. I must hide my heart. No one should ever call me a "disappointed" woman. No one should speak of me as one who had been jilted.

I wrapped myself in my dressing gown and sat before the fire. I could not sleep. I could not even lie down. The clock struck 12, 1, 2, and still I watched the dying embers. Ten minutes more had gone by, when suddenly a frightful shriek rang through the house—another and another. I rushed to the door. Other people were in the entry. The shrieks came from Mrs. Bray's room, and ere we could open it, it was flung wide and she rushed toward us, her long white night robe all ablaze, a horrible moving column of fire.

I don't know what I thought. I don't know what I did. I cannot remember anything more until I had her down upon the floor with a blanket I had snatched from a pile that lay on the table in the entry wrapped about her. I heard myself crying: "Lie still and you will save your face." And I saw the flames choke out, and the light, black tinder floating about me, and I knew that I had at least saved her from being quite burned to death. Soon I knew that I had saved her life.

It was night again when some one came to my door and told me that Mrs. Bray wished to see me. Of course, I went to her. She was lying in her bed, wrapped in bandages, and she could not stir, but she looked at me earnestly.

"Send them out of the room," she said. "I want to speak to you alone."

And when the nurse had closed the door between herself and Mrs. Horton, she looked at me again in the same strange way.

"You saved my life," she said. "Yes, and I remember what you said: 'Lie still and you'll save your face.' Most women would have liked me to have spoiled my face had I used them so. And you don't know the world, either. Go to that desk. There's a letter there. It's yours. I wanted to make you jealous, and I wrote to your beau to ask his escort somewhere.

"Two notes came at the same time to the house. I knew very well that there was a mistake made—that mine had been put into your envelope and yours into mine. I scratched your name out of that one you have there and showed it about to make you jealous. He's as true as steel to you. I love you for saving my face, and tell you that. Now, try to forgive me."

I was too happy to do anything else. I knew that what she said was true. And when she asked me I stooped down and gave her a kiss.

It was our last interview. When Mrs. Bray recovered she left Mrs. Horton's, and Harry Heathcote never knew anything about those two miserable days until I had been his wife too long to have any secrets from him.—New York Journal.

Plain Speaking to a Queen.

Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, devoted such a large amount of time to singing that her attendants lately assured her that her voice entitled her to rank with the most celebrated of singers. The flattery bore fruit, for the queen began to ask herself if these rare vocal gifts ought not to be dedicated to her people. She determined first to have the unbiased opinion of a musical critic, and so went incognita to a French professor, Dumanois, and sang before him in Bucharest. The professor caused the queen to run over the scales and then to sing a song and an opera air. Then, turning to her, he said, seriously: "You have no voice at all, though plenty of musical feeling and excellent phrasing. I would train you for the operetta, but that, to be sincere, you have not the right face." The queen handed the professor several gold pieces with her card, buying, before she left, a dozen opera airs for private study.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Heavy Load of Corn.

The corn crop now growing will weigh about one-third as much as the coal mined in the United States in 1887, and that it would load a solid train of freight cars reaching half way around the globe at the equator. If the American eagle liked corn as well as the turkey, which Franklin thought should be the national bird, he would surely scream over such figures. —Cleveland Leader.

Miss Gabrielle Greeley, the only surviving child of the late Horace Greeley, lives on her father's Chappaqua farm with two lady friends.

"BUCHU-PAIBA."
Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. At Druggists.

"ROUGH ON BILE" PILLS 10c. and 25c. Small granules, small dose, big results, pleasant in operation, don't disturb the stomach.

"ROUGH ON DIRT."
Ask for "Rough on Dirt;" A perfect washing powder found at last! A harmless extra fine A 1 article, pure and clean, sweetens, freshens, bleaches and whitens without slighest injury to finest fabric. Unequalled for fine linens and laces, general household, kitchen and laundry use. Softens water, saves labor and soap. Added to starch increases gloss, prevents yellowing. 5c., 10c., 25c. at Grocers or druggists.

Erasmus of Rotterdam, one of the most enlightend men of his period, was thrown into a fever at the sight of fish.

"HACKMETAC," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by F. A. Garwood

A certain amount of flirtation is considered incumbent here.

KASKINE

THE NEW QUININE.


Science emerging from Darkness.

GIVES
GOOD APPETITE,
NEW STRENGTH
QUIET NERVES,
HAPPY DAYS,
SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC
That the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION and all Germ Diseases.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine. Mr. F. A. Miller, 539 East 157th street, New York, was cured by Kaskine of extreme malarial prostration after seven years suffering. He had run down from 175 pounds to 97, began on Kaskine in June, 1886, went to work in one month, regained his full weight in six months. Quinine did him no good whatever.

Mr. Gideon Thompson, the oldest and one of the most respected citizens of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "I am ninety years of age, and for the last three years have suffered from malaria and the effects of quinine poisoning. I recently began with Kaskine, which broke up the malaria and increased my weight 22 pounds."

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

The Agent of KASKINE has on Public Exhibition a remarkable MANIKIN, or model of the human body, showing the Stomach, Heart, Lungs, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys and the other organs and parts in Health and in Disease. By an inspection the afflicted can see the nature and location of their troubles and learn how Kaskine relieves and cures them.

KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York

Can't Sleep Nights is the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all Lung Troubles, sold on a positive guarantee at 10c., 50c. Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and High streets.

Henri Greville, in her recently published novel on Boston society, speaks of the days when the inhabitants of Salem, Mass., defended their houses against "Sioux Indians."

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for consumption, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by F. A. Garwood.

It is said Diogenes slept in a tub. We suppose somebody had to wring him up in the morning.

The tonic and alterative properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are too well known to require the spacious aid of any exaggeration or fictitious certificate. Witnesses of the marvelous cures effected by this preparation are today living in every city and hamlet in the land.

No man can put up a stovepipe in the new universal language, Volapuk. There are no profane words in it.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, is the prescription of one of the best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and has been used for years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhœa, griping in the bowels and wind colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price 25c a bottle.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE

Cod Liver Oil, With Hypophosphites.

For Lung Troubles and Wasting Diseases. Dr. J. Simonaud, New Orleans, La., says: "Scott's Emulsion is the finest preparation of the kind. In affections of the lungs and other wasting diseases, we may consider it our most reliable agent. In a perfectly elegant and agreeable form."

Hay Fever.

I have suffered greatly from periodical returns of hay fever. At the suggestion of Covert & Cheever, druggists, I obtained Ely's Cream Balm, and used a portion of it during a severe attack. I can cheerfully testify as to the immediate and continued relief obtained by its use. I heartily recommend it to those suffering from this or kindred complaints.—(Rev.) H. A. Smith, Clinton, Wis.

Chronic Looseness of the Bowels

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