

TARPON FISHING.

How a Famous Florida Fish is Caught with Shark Tackle.

A Prolonged and Severe Struggle with the Gamiest of Finny Monsters.

Mr. Thomas B. Aston of No. 1400 Ave. C, who has been recently yachting and fishing in Florida waters, was interviewed by the Indian River News about his experience with tarpon, the big fish of the land of flowers.

"After building my yacht," said Mr. Aston, "with the purpose in view of visiting the west coast of Florida to indulge in some lively sport in fishing which we were informed could only be found in that section, we changed our minds and induced our friend Lieut. Henn, to join with us in a trip to the east coast and try some of the lesser kinds of fish, such as bass, trout, sheephead, snappers, &c. Imagine our surprise and incredulity when told by the residents that the famous tarpon was to be found in our near vicinity, so we decided to investigate. The first evening we went to the west side of the river with our lines, hooks, snells, and other paraphernalia to see what was to be seen. Our first view of the beauties was immediately after moonrise, when they were to be seen leaping and flying through the air, gambolling and playing their bright, silvery scales glistening in the moonlight, affording a scene that beggars description. We undertook the task of hooking a few of them, and, after struggling for some time ineffectually, we finally succeeded in bringing one of them up to the surface of the boat apparently exhausted; then the fun began in earnest. The fish seemed to realize his critical situation, and as we failed to bring a lance or a spear with which to pierce him, we were at sea, as it were, with an elephant on our hands and no means to capture him.

"The next evening we were more fortunate. We supplied ourselves with the largest and most powerful shark hooks, made snells eighteen inches to two feet in length of quadruple twisted wire to prevent the monster's jaws from getting away with our hooks and tackle. With heavy lances with which to pierce the fish should we catch one, we once more resorted to the scene of action. We had learned two lessons—that the tackle used to catch the west coast tarpon was absolutely insufficient and had to be substituted by the most powerful shark tackle, and that the proper time to angle was by moonlight, when they come in the inlets and cuts to feed on the small fish that abound in these places.

"Under the moonlight the glistening forms of these graceful and fearless creatures. As we would cast out our lines baited with mullet they would be seized almost immediately, and ere we could tighten our grasp the fish would dart to this side or that. One moment the line would be entirely limp and apparently empty when, with a swish, over to the right of you would leap a monster eight to ten feet in the air, shaking his wonderfully formed head, and nine times out of ten the hook would spring several feet away. A strange feature of the fish's pranks was his attempt to grab the hook after throwing it from his mouth, sometimes catching it before it struck the water.

"Thus the sport continued, ever watchful lest the line became entangled in the least with any part of the body, for in that case, were the fish to take a course from the boat, the unfortunate would run a great risk of being drawn overboard and being badly lacerated. The wonderful power possessed by these denizens of the sea may be judged from the fact that in the capture of a hundred-pounder the boat containing myself and assistant was drawn back and forth over a distance of two miles or more. This means being employed to wear out the strength of the fish, it is at last drawn up to a distance that will allow an assistant to spear him, and even then it requires considerable skill to land him in the boat while undergoing his last efforts and struggles. Lucky is he who succeeds in getting one of these varieties, for of all gamy fish this is considered by seamen the most difficult to capture."

A Bureau of Mending.

"They've got a scheme in New York that I'd like to see tried here," commented a bachelor in our hearing. "It's a bureau of mending, and is a sort of God-send to bachelors. All kinds repairs in articles of clothing are made. The scale of prices commences at 5 cents, the charge for mending a pair of socks; new wristbands also are supplied for 5 cents each, and for 35 cents apiece shirts are re-buttoned. The articles to be repaired are brought by messengers who are sent to any part of the city in response to orders by postal card or otherwise. A sing' man, for want of some one to keep his wardrobe in repair, gives (or throws) away many an article that would have served him a long while yet. Such a bureau here would be patronized just as our laundry companies are.—Philadelphia Call.

A Curious Little Honey Bird.

We came to a large piece of timber, and while passing through it I had my first experience with the honey bird of South Africa. This curious little bird is, in size and plumage, about like an English sparrow, and gets his name from the fact that the little fellow, who is very fond of honey, being unable to obtain it for himself, will lead men to the places where wild bees have hidden stores of such wild honey. Whenever this bird sees a man he will fly close to him, hovering around, uttering a twittering sound; then he will go off in the direction of the place (generally a tree) where the honey is, flying backward and forward in a zigzag fashion. Then back he will come, twittering in the same manner, as if to say, "Come along. I'll show you where it is." These actions are repeated until the tree is reached, when the bird will indicate it very plainly by flying to it and hovering around it.

If the distance is great, and sometimes the honey bird will lead a person who is willing to follow a distance of ten miles, he will wait on a tree until the fowler comes up and will then continue his business of piloting. He is very persistent and will do his best to draw any one on, but if the party is not posted about honey birds and refuses to follow, or goes in the wrong direction, the bird will leave, probably in search of some person who will appreciate his efforts to provide him with sweetmeats.

While the bees are being smoked out and the honey taken up, the bird will hover over the vicinity until the job is done, when of course his reward comes in the shape of a feast on the fragments that are left. If he knows of other hives, just as soon as one is disposed of he will lead the way to another, and I have, since this time, known as many as four trees to be taken up by a party in one day. When the honey bird has shown one tree, if the hunters are satisfied with that and refuse to follow him further, he leaves them; but I have never heard of an instance in which the bird misled any one in regard to finding honey. It frequently happens, however, that a honey bird will lead a person into very dangerous places, and unless the hunter keeps his eyes about him, when following this bird, he may run right onto a lion, a venomous snake, or some other equally undesirable acquaintance.—American Field.

Living Breastworks.

"M. Quind" tells how the Confederate General M. Calloch, in 1863, attacked the Federals at Milliken's Bend. Six hundred men were secured, and each soldier advanced behind a living breastwork. The breastwork was a failure as breastworks. The Federals thought the male business was a very good joke on the Confederates, but here is one to match it. At New Hope some military genius conceived the idea of making the Confederates' line by driving a big herd of beaves against it. One night about 10 o'clock, when it was very dark, the beaves were massed, and the Federals who were to follow got ready to move. The Confederates "caught on," as the Arabs say, and opening their line, allowed the beaves to pass through, and then closing, devoted themselves to holding the Federals in check. In that they were entirely successful. The Confederates enjoyed the Federal beef, and were willing to take more at the same price.

The Gulf Stream.

The fact is well understood, of course, that Great Britain and other parts of northwestern Europe owe much in the matter of climate and temperature, to the warming influence of the Gulf Stream. The extent of the effect which is thus produced, according to the calculations made by Dr. Croll, almost exceeded belief, or even comprehension, in a mathematical sense. It has found, by a careful scientific estimate, that the amount of heat conveyed northward in the Atlantic by this stream is equivalent to 77,479,560,000,000 foot pounds of energy per day, which is equal to all the heat received by 1,599,035 square miles at the equator, and more heat than is conveyed by all the air currents—and so positive is its climatic effect, and so far-reaching, that according to Dr. Croll, the heat of the Arctic seas and North Atlantic would be diminished to that immense extent by the stoppage or diversion of the great ocean river.

Not a Hog.

One of the old-time merchants of Northern Michigan, doing business in a country town, found himself on a recent occasion possessed of a hoghead of prunes, while not another store in four counties had a single pound. In this emergency he called up his head clerk and said: "Thomas, I don't want to take advantage of the people and raise the price of prunes, but it strikes me that some one ought to pour at least two pails of water into that hoghead and give us the advantage of a gentle swell."—Wall Street News.

NATIONAL LIBRARY.

Uncle Sam's Immense Book Case in Washington.

Over a Million Copies of Books, Pamphlets and Sheet Music on Its Shelves.

In an article on "Uncle Sam's Book Case" in the Cosmopolitan, Frank G. Carpenter says: It contains five hundred and sixty thousand bound volumes, two hundred thousand pamphlets, and three hundred and fifty thousand sheets of music, and it has tens of thousands of works of art, maps and photographs. The annual increase from copyright alone amounts to from twenty to thirty thousand volumes. It is the great brain-reservoir of the United States. It contains a complete index of the workings of the American mind. Everything in literature, music, or art, that is copyrighted, must be deposited in it, and the brain reels in attempting to conceive how many lives of intellectual workers are packed away upon its shelves.

In company with one of its librarians I lately took a walk through its various parts, and spent nearly a half-day winding in and out through aisle after aisle, and wall after wall of books, picking my way between great stacks of volumes and entering room after room which the eye of the ordinary visitor never sees. The National Library is at the west end of the great Capitol. Its thousands of volumes have long since overflowed its capacity, until now every available inch of space is utilized, and every room in the vicinity is stacked with books.

The very floors of the Library are piled up with overflow, and the shelves seem almost bursting with their tightly-packed contents. The Library proper, which is also the reading-room, consists of a long hall-like room with wings at each end jutting off like the head of a T. The reading-room is ninety-one feet long, thirty-one feet wide, and thirty-four feet high. Its walls are made up of rectangular alcoves, each about the size of a small hall bedroom, and shut off from the room by a door of iron lattice-work. The walls of these alcoves are filled with books, and there are three galleries of them rising one above another. In the front of the upper galleries are balustrades, and these have also been lined on the inside with bookshelves, so that as you walk along the narrow galleries you almost graze the books on either side.

The wings at the ends are fitted up with similar alcoves, and the whole looks like an immense beehive, with hundreds of cells. They are not allowed to go into these alcoves of books, and the reading in the library is done at tables on the lower floor of the main room and of its wings. The library is almost always full of readers, and on Saturdays the crowd is so great that many do their reading while standing.

The A. T. Stewart of Chicago.

Marshall Field, who is known in almost every part of the globe as Chicago's "merchant prince," is a very handsome gentleman, tall and well built, nearly 60 years old, extremely content with his lot, with moustache which is beginning to turn gray. Mr. Field is a native of Massachusetts, and went to Chicago when about 25 years old with little or no money. He found employment as a salesman in a dry goods house, and from the start displayed a genius for the business. Before very long he became a partner in the house of Palmer, Farwell & Co. A few years after this his whole capital was wiped out by a general falling off in the value of dry goods. His superior ability soon brought him again to the front, and he formed a partnership with Mr. Leiter. Before many years the name of this firm was known in commercial circles all over the world. After the two gentlemen had made several millions, Mr. Leiter, who was fond of society, retired, and since then Mr. Field has conducted the establishment alone. A prominent New York merchant says his house was the most thoroughly organized of any similar establishment in the world. Mr. Field still works as hard as ever, giving personal attention to his business and his extensive railroad and other interests. It is said that he has resolved not to retire until he is as rich as A. T. Stewart was.

A Chinese Robin Hood Defiled.

In the collection of idols in the Presbyterian Missionary rooms in New York is a Chinese deity of the name of Woo Sing, who had a way of his own of relieving the prisoners of poverty. He was a famous hero of the thirteenth century, and was made a god because he robbed the rich to give to the poor. He was not a gambler although he is reported as getting the better of a tiger.

Not at Home.

Mistress (to servant)—Did you tell those ladies at the door that I was not at home?
Servant—Yes, mum.
Mistress—What did they say?
Servant—How fortin it.—New York Sun.

Chinese Dishes.

There are some dishes that to Americans and Europeans, seem disgusting, others that are merely odd. Walking through the Chinese market in San Francisco, one sees some very queer articles of food for sale; small pats of soft cheese, varnished amber brown and stamped with Chinese characters; well-peeled chestnuts, with tiny slices of white coconut wrapped in neat little cornucopias of glossy cabbage leaf; forty kinds of dried nuts, fruits, (whole or sliced) (roots and barks).

Then there are living turtles and frogs; fowls and fish, alive, freshly dressed, and smoked or dried; meats, half cooked in the carcass; wreaths of dried oysters strung on bamboo splints; abalones, like black medals for dolls' hats; shreds of white cuttle-fish, and a host of other edible curiosities. A stranger might suppose that they were simply curiosities, like the ancient sticks of barber-pole candy exhibited in the dingy windows of a country grocery; or like the ham, elaborately decorated with geometrical puzzles in jelly, to be admired, but on no account to be carved. Not at all. They are regarded as eatable, and they are eaten.

In fact, the Chinese and Japanese eat everything that comes out of the sea. All the fishes are good to their taste, and are caught with great skill. Sea-weeds of several sorts are sent far into the interior, to be used in thickening soups, gravies and puddings, and are highly prized because they give a relishing flavor of salt, which is a luxury beyond the reach of most Chinese peasants.—[Youth's Companion.

Serpent Lore.

The marvellous stories told of serpents are innumerable. There is one reptile about a yard in length, as thick as the upper part of a strong man's arm, which hunts dry wooded places. It is so venomous, especially in May, that not only will the first person it bites in that month die himself, but any one who stands beside or comes to help him will share the same fate. If he falls beneath a tree, that, too, or if it be very large, at least one half of it will be killed. Again serpents of all kinds are very fond of milk. In the old days before the railway was built, a coachman, who used to drive on the road between Foggia and Naples, once fell asleep outside a little inn while his horses were baiting. His mouth was open and a snake crawled down his throat. After this he felt unwell, though he did not know why, and none of the doctors could tell what was the matter with him. At last he consulted the professors of the University at his head. The snake, attracted by the smell, crept out to drink, but still kept a great part of its body in the mouth and throat of the coachman. A young doctor sprang forward and pulled it out and threw it away, when it was killed. It was about two feet and a half in length. After this the patient was well as ever.—Walford's Antiquarian.

Alligators in the Everglades.

The alligator, which has been nearly exterminated in many localities, exists in vast numbers in the Florida Everglades and environs, writes William Hosea Ballou in Harper's Weekly. In many places these animals follow the canoe or other craft penetrating the grassy streams. At such times they resemble a flotilla, and are spoken of as a "flotilla of alligators." Sometimes they will approach a canoe and "nose" it with evident curiosity. If in the path of the canoe, or lying along its course, they will dive under it and join the flotilla in the rear. They are totally oblivious to fire-arms, and evidently take no notice of their members which have been shot and are writhing in death agonies. No doubt adventurous spirits will some day find here a fertile field for alligator-skins, which are now in fair demand.

Change of Base.

Yesterday Gilooly told his landlady that he was going to with raw from the canvas and put up at some other boarding-house.

"Why, Mr. Gilooly, what can be the matter? Isn't the hash the best the market affords?"

"It isn't that, but the young lawyer in the room next to mine is all day to an imaginary jury."

"I see, he disturbs you."

"On the contrary, he puts me to sleep, so that I am late in getting down to the office."

"I don't know what to do," said the landlady, "unless you were to change rooms with him."—[Texas Sitings.

An Infant's Weight.

The Journal of Education says that an infant loses from three to six ounces in weight during the first four to six days after birth; by the seventh day it should have regained its birth-weight; from that to the fifth month it ought to gain about five ounces per week, or about six drams a day; after the fifth month about four drams a day; at the fifth month it ought to have doubled its birth-weight, and in sixteen months quadrupled it.

WHERE GOOSE LIVERS BLOOM.

A Few Days at Buda Pesth Makes One a Slave to the Delicacy.

The goose is a bird that, after it is dead, constantly thrusts itself on the stranger's attention in Austria. Its partitions is frequent on the tables and hotels at Vienna, and it reappears there frequently as you descend the Danube. It is the most chosen viand at Buda Pesth. Here it achieves the bird itself as to that important organ, its liver, that I desire to direct attention. The local commerce in this delicacy is considerable. On certain streets the attention of the pedestrians is attracted by the counterfeited presentation of a goose, dead and cooked, beside which is a painted object so nearly like that he is aware it is the liver of the deceased bird. This sign indicates a shop whose sole business is to sell roasted geese cut in pieces, goose livers, and a sort of biscuit made of chopped geese and flour. Here is a temptation to those who are fond of Buda Pesth. On entering, the dealer is discovered standing behind a large tray filled with livers arranged in rows, and with a fork resending Neptune's trident. He passes the trident mystically over the livers and names the prices—twenty kreutzers, twenty-five kreutzers, thirty, forty, fifty kreutzers, the latter being for giant birds and weighing nearly a pound. You take one of the smallest as a starter, and a biscuit, and adjourning to a neighbouring wine shop, properly adjust your digestive apparatus to the unctious viand with a "fourth of white Hungarian wine. No bad result follows, as with the artificial fattened livers, that seek their weight in gold in America. What is the effect? The next day you come back and buy a liver twice the size, take two portions of biscuit, and wash the roast down with a "half of the same wine, and so on. As this ratio of increase cannot go on forever, you find yourself obliged to leave the town a day or two sooner than you intended, to subside a growing appetite, taking with you in your valise a few pounds of goose livers to satisfy the pangs of hunger and solace the regret of parting, for you know when you have left the Danube you can see this luxury no more.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Mrs. Beebe, the Ball, and the Boys.

Mrs. Beebe, an elderly New London lady, has been a good deal annoyed by boys who play football in the street before her house. She had tried entreaties and threats to no purpose, until the other day, when she had her innings. In the course of the game the boys kicked the ball out of the bounds into the yard attached to Mrs. Beebe's residence, and before the spryest of the lot could seal the fence and recover the rubber sphere, Mrs. Beebe had captured it, and when a demand was made for its return she was deaf to all forms of entreaty. The boys made two or three ineffectual attempts to soften Mrs. Beebe's great wrath for their previous bad conduct, but she was adamant and the boys were in a quandary. After a while a friend held a mass meeting for deliberation on the subject. The committee finally divided into two, whose duties should be in turn to make half-hourly calls on Mrs. Beebe, and demand the return of their football. They kept this up all day with little chance of success, apparently until late in the day, when it became a mere question of endurance which of the adverse parties should prevail. For brute strength the boys had the call, and at 8 o'clock Mrs. Beebe surrendered and threw up the ball, to paraphrase a term in use in pugilistic circles.—New London Day.

Rather Prompt.

Smith—"Justice is pretty prompt in Russia."
Jones—"Very, indeed."
"The nihilist who shot at the czar was hung the same day. 'That's pretty quick work."

"It's not quick for Russia. The usual plan in Russia is to hang the nihilist months before he has shot at the czar. Hanging him on the same day he attempts to kill the czar, is reprehensible procrastination."

Seemingly Erudited.

With repeated and powerful doses of quinine, chills and fever, in some one of its various forms, springs into active existence gain, otherwise the slightest approach to a patient. To extinguish the smallest members of the obstinate and recalcitrant malarial, no less than to cure it when it rages fiercely in the system, Hooper's Stomach Bitters is sufficient. When every resource of the pharmacopeia has been exhausted against it, the Bitters conquer it, will remove every lingering vestige of it. Nay, more, the Bitters will protect these from the onset of the disease. They are the best of all medicinal preparations for the cure of malarial disease. Disorders of the liver, stomach, and bowels, such as constipation, flatulency, indigestion, and all the ailments that result from the use of malarial tainted water, these are both cured and prevented by the Bitters. Like malarial fever and renal complaints, they also are cured.

The King of Sam has conferred the highest honors on an American dentist.

Rhef is immediate, and a cure sure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh, 50c.

Biliousness

is more general at this season than any other. The bitter taste, offensive breath, coated tongue, daily headache, drowsiness, dizziness and loss of appetite make the victim miserable, and disagreeable to others. Hood's Sarsaparilla combines the best anti-bilious remedies of the vegetable kingdom, in such proportions as to derive their best medicinal effects without the least disturbance to the whole system. This preparation is so well balanced in its effect as that it brings about a healthy action of the entire human organism, restores the appetite, and overcomes that tired feeling.

Dyspepsia and Malaria

"I had been sick for several years, being troubled chiefly with dyspepsia and malaria. I had medical attendance, but only grew worse until one day in February my wife brought me a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which seems to have entirely cured me, as I have not been troubled by any ailment since taking it."—JOS. ENKINSON, Chillicothe, Ohio.
"I have taken not quite a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and must say it is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite and regulating the digestive organs that I ever heard of. It did me great deal of good."—Miss N. A. STANLEY, Canastota, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. 50c; six for \$1. Prepare only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

Mr. F. E. Hu h. Adams, N. Y., says: "My father was very lame with rheumatism. Now after using St. Jacobs Oil he is no longer than I am. He was cured." Price fifty cents.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hamburg, N. Y., has adopted resolutions condemning the use of alcohol in connection with having drunk cold water at a dinner, and has been in the habit of having the moral lessons to be given to God, the church and temperance."

At Bieber, Lassen County, Cal., resides Mr. Thomas P. Ford, who writes: "I can truthfully say I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years, and find it a never failing remedy for all painful complaints."

The police of New York City caused a "lily Sunday" by raiding the rum shops; one saloon keeper dressed his shop in orange, blue, red, ribbons, and hung out a sign that read "Closed on Account of the Death of Liberty!"

How Pale You Are! Is frequently the exclamation of one lady to another. The pale is not a pleasant one to see, for it is the one addressed to a kindly appreciates her of the fact that she is not in good health, and leads her to seek a reason therefor. The pale is almost always attendant upon the first stages of consumption, and, when it is noticed, the best is to be taken. Here's "Golden Blood and Life" will do the trick. It is a tonic, and will enrich the blood, and restore roses to the cheeks.

Baschell King, Mike Kelly of the "Bostonians" received a \$2000 worth from his admirers.

"I Love Her Better than Life." What, then, did you do to do something to bring back the roses to her cheeks and the smile to her eyes? Don't you see she is suffering from nervous exhaustion. The system is broken. A bottle of Dr. King's Golden Blood and Life will do the trick. It is a tonic, and will enrich the blood, and restore roses to the cheeks.

Something New. And most important. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me., can furnish you work that you can do at home. It is a great profit and fun. You can do it in your spare time. It is a new system of work. All you need is a single day's work per day. All you need is a single day's work per day. All you need is a single day's work per day. All you need is a single day's work per day.

Food makes Blood and Blood makes Beauty. Improper dieting, or the use of such as coffee, tea, alcohol, etc., will cause indigestion, and other dyspeptic troubles, which result in a general weakness, and loss of appetite. To prevent these troubles, there is no remedy equal to Prickly Ash Bitters. It has been tried and proved to be a specific.

All Men are not Bad. Neither are all bad remedies unreliable. This is proven by the results following the use of Dr. Hartner's Iron Tonic for Dyspepsia, indigestion, nervous debility, torpid liver and general weakness.

If you have tumor, or tumor symptoms, Cancer, or cancer symptoms, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Chronic Weakness, Nervousness, or other complaints, Dr. Hartner's FEMALE REMEDY will correct and cure.

A Wonderful Machine and Offer. To introduce this new and improved Sewing Machine, we have a special offer. The best in the world. If you want to wash, write The National Co., 307 Bay St., N. Y. City.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS
It is a purely vegetable preparation containing...
Cures Piles, Hemorrhoids, Scurvy, Barbers, Weakness, Cold in the Head and all Arise and Sore.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS
Cures ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH AND BOWELS.
It is purely a Medicine as its cathartic properties for curing biliousness, etc. It is pleasant to the taste, and as easily taken by children as adults.

DR. MILLER'S FEMALE REMEDY
Ladies! Those dull tired looks and feelings speak volumes! This remedy corrects all conditions, restores vigor and vitality and brings back youth, blood and beauty. Druggists prepare it for Dr. Miller's Dispensary, N. Y. City. Letters of inquiry answered. Guide to Health sent free.

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