THE HUSTLERS OF PORTLAND.

They Have Made a Great and Beautiful City.

DON'T DEPEND ON OUTSIDERS.

When They Want Anything Done the Portlanders Take Hold and Do it Themselves—The Pride of Oregon.

A Wide-Awake City.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 20.—[Special to THE BEE.]—After a good sleep at the Esmond hotel, your correspondent finds himself in the midst of a beautiful city of 60,000 people, on the banks of the Willamette, with East Portland in the distance. As in Omaha there are two bridges across the river, and several ferry boats fly between the eastjaap the west banks of the stream. Close by graceful steam vessels are lying at the wharves and farther up the river there are noble ships.

Portland is a city containing all colors of men, white, black, yellow and red, but the red men are very scarce. The Chinaman is here seen in his pristine beauty, with long pig tail hanging down his back below the knees. Sometimes the celestials go in crowds; at others they flit silently as ghosts, and they meet you at every turn. As a farmer, or a laborer in top boots, blue blouse and the universal cigar, he is not attractive, but as a well trained house servant he is indispensable here.

As a city Portland outranks Omaha in its architecture. True, there are not so many large and splendid structures, but on the whole its business district is superior. It is composed of three, four and five story blocks of stone, brick and iron, of which the most noticeable is the great Portland hotel, nearly complete, seven stories high, and taking up three sides of a block. It is built of stone and brick, and cost $500,000, every dollar of which has been raised in Portland. When furnished the total outlay will be $625,000. It has a frontage of 200 feet on each side of the block, making it one of the finest structures on the Pacific coast. Although, as in other cities, complaint is made of "mossbacks," the only article of moss I could see was on the roofs, a feature peculiar to the climate, where every man carries an umbrella during this the rainy season. In the residence portion of the city are many costly dwellings, some ranging as high as $100,000 in value. Ex-Attorney General Williams has one of the most beautiful places in the city. In the residence portion is the great Exposition building, erected by Portland money. One feature worthy of emulation is the way these Portland men have of doing things themselves, without waiting for eastern capitalists and others to do it for them. A city nearly two thousand miles away might heed this to advantage. When they want anything they reach down into their pockets and pay for it. If a board of immigration is needed to make known the advantages of Portland and vicinity, the board of trade subscribes $30,000 for that purpose and pays its officials liberally. It is now in successful working order. Then follows the big hotel, the exposition building, cable and motor lines, big buildings and big steamship lines. Portland men, therefore, are in possession of vast franchises which will be a mine of wealth to their possessors. Other cities in turn have frittered or given away these valuable privileges to outsiders, when they ought to keep the money at home. But not so the Portlander. Through his wise foresight he has secured an enormous accumulation of capital on which he realizes 8 and 10 per cent per annum, while the ten banks have a capital and surplus amounting to $8,000,000 and upwards, with clearing house reports of $1,900,000 per week.

In 1887-8 the building record was $1,114,000; in 1888-9 it was $2,500,000, with the aggregate real estate sales for 1886-7 at $3,920,000; 1887-8 at $6,903,630, and so far the present year upwards of $12,000,000. Land around Portland is remarkably cheap. In several cases I noticed improved lands twelve miles from the city advertised at $12 per acre. At the same distance from Omaha it is held from $50 to $100 per acre, and it is cheap at that. In the city, dealers tell me property is held at about $1,000 per front foot for the bare ground in the business center, and about $80 per foot for unimproved lots one mile from the principal business streets.

A prominent feature of the trade of Portland will be its wool manufactures. There are three woolen mills in the state, and one company has a large mercantile establishment in the city. As Oregon and Washington contain three times as many sheep as the six New England states, and 1,000,000 more than New York and Pennsylvania combined. Portland must necessarily become the seat of an extensive woolen industry, because, as a western dealer said with a smile: "She won't have to pay for two pounds of dirt and one of wool and then have the dirt and wool hauled 3,000 miles across the continent to manufacture it."

A new kind of trade is springing up in the shipment overland of frozen sturgeon. Examining the apparatus one day a young man was inadvertently locked in the refrigerator for an hour or so. Several stimulants and a stiff walk finally restored his normal circulation.

Vacant dwellings are scarce in Portland and I noticed but two vacant stores in the wholesale district of the city and these were new. An old and respected merchant tells me Portland's trade is large and increasing. A few statistics in my possession can verify this, but they may be burdensome. The Willamette valley and the coast to Astoria and back to the east as far as Spokane and Montana is the district tributary to Portland for which this city is the natural distributing center. The "Sound" cities, Seattle and Tacoma, are flourishing communities, but they can never wrest away the trade now so firmly held by Portland. On the contrary, by judicious action on the part of Portland they can be made valuable contributors to the future importance of this city.

On Sunday one sees Chinamen hauling garden truck, while saloons, theatres and retail stores are wide open. In the city there are 160 saloons and these are subject to an annual license of $300, payable quarterly, and and right here can be presented a table showing the merits and demerits of low license, high license and prohibition by statute:

	Population	License	Revenue	No. saloons	Saloons to population.
Portland	60,000	$300	$48,000	160	1 to 375
C. Bluffs	40,000	——	——	59	1 to 678
Omaha	130,000	1,000	200,000	200	1 to 654
Salt Lake City	40,000	1,200	$ 36,00	30	1 to 1,334

This shows that according to population Portland has four times as many saloons as Salt Lake City, while Council Bluffs has twice the number.

Salt Rheum

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Mingled Malice with Generosity.

Kerrville Times: A man lately bought a pocketbook at Stewart's drug store and when he arrived at home and opened it he discovered that it contained a $20 bill, which he immediately returned to the store. As a reward for his honesty Mr. Stewart not only told him to keep the money, but gave him a dose of pills, too.

Among the incidents of childhood that stand out in bold relief, as our memory reverts to the days when we were young, none are more prominent than severe sickness. The young mother vividly remembers that it was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured her of croup, and in turn administers it to her own offspring and always with the best success. For sale by druggists.

Cozzens hotel, $1.50 and $2.00 per day.

TYPESETTING BY MACHINERY.

How the "Thorne" Typesetters Work—A Story of Steady Progress.

The Post is besieged with inquiries from all parts of the country concerning the practical working of the wonderful Thorne typesetting machines, which are known to have been in operation in setting the type for this paper for nearly three years, and for the last year or more have been thus employed to the exclusion of all hand composition for reading matter, says the well known Hartford Journal. The Post has four of these perfected machines in its composing-room, though rarely more than three are in use, as a single machine will "set" from one to two columns per hour easily. The Post has given the Thorne the severest possible tests, at times under the most unfavorable conditions, with a view to discovering all imperfections or weaknesses, and all causes of complaint which would be likely to develop under its practical use in newspaper and book offices, or wherever types are set for printing. The result is all that could be wished, and the Post is prepared to endorse the machine fully and heartily as being a perfect substitute for hand labor and a wonderful economizer of time and money in the composing room.

It may be of interest to readers of the Post, as it certainly will be to contemporary publishers, to read a brief and not too technical discription of the workings of the type-setting machines, as used in the daily production of this paper. The machines are started at 7:30 o'clock every morning, a small electric motor furnishing the slight power needed. Each machine has a keyboard, similar to that of an ordinary typewriter, and at each keyboard sits a young lady operator. Before her is spread the copy which she is to put into type, and her nimble fingers pass with such rapidity over the keys that she is able to set as much type on the machine in a given time as three or four compositors would in the same time set by hand. Her "case" is always full, for the machine automatically keeps itself constantly supplied with type, and thus no time is lost in "distributing." Should it be necessary to change copy at any moment or any number of times it can be done in an instant, and the interruption of rushing in an item at the last moment, when the machine happens to be otherwise employed, causes not the slightest inconvenience or delay. With ordinary care few or no errors are made; the machine itself cannot make a mistake, and all errors that occur are the result of insufficient attention or undue haste on the part of the person operating it. Every letter is deftly directed to its proper position by the ingenious little "packer," with as much delicacy and positiveness as if it possessed intelligence, and with such apparent daintiness of touch as to render injury to the types almost beyond possibility.

The machine is simple in its design and construction; its parts are all easily accessible, and it runs hour after hour without giving its attendants any trouble beyond supplying it with copy and taking away the galley after galley of perfectly set type which it produces during the eight working hours of every day.

As before stated, the Thorne machine is giving perfect satisfaction here. It has proved itself equal to all the emergencies of a daily newspaper, and has come to occupy a place in the regard if not the affections of everybody connected with the Post, which could not be filled in any other way. It has come to stay, first, because it gives better service than handwork has ever given; second, because it does its work with three or four times the rapidity of the ordinary compositor, and third, because it saves a large per cent of the cost under the old method. This is a great deal to say of any machine; but the payroll of the composing room for the last dozen years will substantiate the statement, and figures in such cases do not prevaricate.

A great many persons, first and last, within the last year, visited the Post mechanical department for the purpose of observing the operation of typesetting by machinery. These include a number of prominent editors, publishers, and practical representatives of the principal printing industries of the country, some of whom have subsequently adopted the Thorne machine for immediate use in their own establishments.

The young ladies who preside at the Post machine are not easily annoyed by visitors, who are always welcome. The era of typesetting machines is upon us, as the keenest critics now generally admit. Employing printers recognize the significance of the fact in the steadily increasing number of orders for the Thorne machine which are now on that company's books; while far-sighted compositors are getting hold of and learning the keyboard, in anticipation of a demand for printer-operators who are sure to be preferred to fresh hands when the stampede of publishers to the machine begins in earnest.

California Cat-it-Cure.

The only guaranteed cure for catarrh, cold in the head, hay fever, rose cold, catarrhal deafness and sore eyes. Restore the sense of taste and unpleasant breath, resulting from catarrh. Easy and pleasant to use. Follow directions and a cure is warranted by all druggists. Send for circular to ABIETINE MEDICAL COMPANY, Oroville, Cal. Six months' treatment for $1; sent by mail, $1.10. Sold by Goodman Drug Co.

THEIR SYMPATHIES MELTED.

A Tale of Two Good Women and a Ragged but Grateful Urchin.

Two handsomely dressed women, with beaming and benevolent faces, were walking southward along Broadway by the triangle at Thirty-third street one afternoon last week, says the New York Tribune. Goodness was unmistakeably stamped on each woman's face and their placid looks showed that they were at peace with the world. When they reached Thirty-second street they saw a ragged urchin who was in the act of picking up something from the gutter. It was a piece of stale bread covered with the dirt of the street. A shudder ran over both women as they saw the boy put the bit of bread to his mouth. It was a slim shivering boy, whose woebegone and weazen features told of poverty that would appeal to the stoniest heart.

"Poor, dear boy," said the elder of the women, and a tear crept into her eye. "You do look hungry, indeed. Have you nothing better to eat than that?"

"Na-a-w, nuffin 'tall, mum," he replied in thin, shivering tones. "Got no ome, no farder, no mudder; gits me livin' in de street."

"There, there, throw away that dirty bread. Take this quarter and go and get some warm coffee and a roll," replied the good woman, as she felt her kindly heart seem to rise up in her throat and choke her.

The wretched lad took the shining coin in his begrimmed fingers and blubbered out his thanks. Then the second lady fished a quarter out of her reticule and gave it to the urchin. The boy seemed overcome by such good fortune, and between his thanks he stuffed the hand holding the two quarters into the bosom of his ragged shirt. Then the two good women patted the mat of hair on his hatless head, spoke cheery words to the boy and resumed their walk down Broadway, their hearts filled with a warm glow of gladness that they had been able to relieve a case of genuine distress. And the boy—he went around the block to the Sixth avenue side of the Union Dime Savings Bank, taking his crust of dirty bread with him, and prepared to work his "lay" again.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind, bleeding and itching piles when other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price, 25c and $1 per box.

WILLIAMS' M'F'G. CO., Prop's., Cleveland, O.

A SENATORIAL MEDLEY.

What a Spectator Saw from the Press Gallery.

Washington Post: Sitting in the Press gallery of the senate recently I saw a Moody Senator Beck to the Gray Butler, who seemed to understand the signal, for he promptly proceeded to Call the Stewart, who hastily procured for the aforesaid senator a Berry and a Plumb. Very soon thereafter he was seen to clasp both hands over his Vest, from which it was evident that he was suffering great Payne. Thereupon a Sawyer suggested that the best remedy was a little Bate taken out of a black bottle; which was promptly administered and in a short time the patient was as Hale as a country Squire dozing in his Pugh during the Sunday morning services.

"By George," said he, "that little Bate was worth a king's Ransom. Now, when I get the Barbour to give me a nice shave, and take a stroll on the grass Platt and down through the Paddock to the Quay. I will feel as happy as the bank Teller who has escaped to Canada with his pockets full of boodle. Then when I get to my quarters and Frye any fish caught in the Quay over a good Coke fire, I will be ready to go to bed and bid Farewell to earthly cares."

Now, he who cannot see the point of this story should procure a tallow-dip from the Chandler, by the light of which he may be able to Pierce the darkness that envelops his understanding.

For a lame back try saturating a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and binding it on to the effected parts. This treatment will cure any ordinary case in one or two days. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism, sprains, swellings and lameness. 50 cent bottles for sale by all druggists.

A Powerful Imagination.

It was about 2 o'clock of a chill morning when Mr. X. presented himself at the door of a dentist in the village of W., and, after a series of thundering knocks at the door, with a good deal of vigorous exercise upon the bell-handle, succeeded in bringing that gentleman to the window overhead, says the Chicago Times:

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"Do you pull teeth?" Mr. X. demanded.

"Yes, when I have to," was the reply.

"Then I want a tooth pulled."

"All right. Come back in the morning and I'll take it out for you."

"Come back in the morning!" ejaculated Mr. X. "What do you take me for? Here I've been in torment for these two days and for the last two hours I've been hunting all over this confounded town for a dentist and now I'd like to have the job done at once if there is any way to fix it."

The dentist at first demurred, but at last he consented to come down and get the tooth out at once, and after a due interval, in which he made his hasty toilet, Mr. X. was admitted to the house. The chill of the night was everywhere, but X. was too intent upon getting rid of the troublesome molar to mind that and he was duly installed in the operating chair and an examination made.

"Hold on there," X. said as the dentist, having satisfied himself which was the troublesome tooth, took up the forceps and prepared for work, "I want to take gas. This tooth has given me about all the pain I can stand from it."

"Well," the dentist answered, "the gas is a little low, but if you insist I will give you what there is. It will deaden the pain, though very likely you will feel it some."

The conventional breathing tube of black rubber was produced, and X. proceeded to inhale for dear life. For a moment the dentist allowed him to pump his lungs full from the gas reservoir and then taking the breathing tube away he quickly whipped in his forceps and whipped out the tooth.

"I did feel it some," X. observed, when he was was able to get his mouth in a condition which allowed him to speak.

"Did you?" the dentist asked, sympathetically. "Not much, I hope?"

"Not so very much," X. replied. "Still, I knew when it came."

When, a moment later, X. prepared to pay his bill, and asked the price, he was surprised to be told a sum which was so small that it seemed that a mistake must have been made.

"But is that all you ask for administering gas?" he asked.

"Oh, bless you," was the smiling answer, "there wasn't any gas there. I only let you breath into the tube a little to satisfy your imagination."

X. did not at first know just whether to be vexed or amused, but, wisely concluding that the latter was the better policy, he wended his way home chuckling, and got himself to bed as the first streaks of the coming dawn began to show in the sky.

Mr. T. A. Deroven, merchant, Deroven, Louisiana, says: "The St. Patrick's pills went like hot cakes." People who have once tried them are never satisfied with any other kind. Their gentle action and reliability as a cathartic is what makes them popular. For sale by druggists.

Rather Meaner Than the Average.

A hard case is told as follows, says the Boston Gazette: The daughter of a wealthy Boston merchant, deceased, fell in love with a man and became engaged to him. Without cause he neglected the lady, and finally became so rude as to force her to break the engagement. While that lasted, however, the lady had made a will, giving to the man the sum of $25,000 or thereabouts and making him a co-executor with her mother or other relative. The lady being deeply attached to the man, his treatment of her so far affected her as to become indirectly the cause of her death. She had expressed her intention of changing her will as soon as she should return to her home from the summer resort where she tarried, but her death came suddenly, and her will stands. It is understood that the man not only accepts the gift named in the will, but also persists in serving as co-executor of the lady's property. It is a melancholy fact that there is no law in Massachusetts that can reach this cruel state of things.

Beware of frauds. Red Cross Cough Drops will cure your cold.

A VERY SAD PLIGHT.

Seven Ladies and Eleven Gentlemen Who Lost Their Shoes.

Seven ladies and eleven gentlemen were landed from a Pullman palace car in Cincinnati a few mornings since without shoes to their feet, and this is how it happened, says the Philadelphia Record: On the Pennsylvania westbound express out of Pittsburg in the evening there was an unusually heavy travel from New York, and at Pittsburg it was necessary to attach an extra sleeper. The porter selected for the run was an eastern-route man, and he discovered soon after the train left the depot that an old friend of his was running on one of the regular cars ahead. The darkies met, exchanged salutations, and agreed, after getting all their people to bed, that it would be a good scheme to polish the passengers' shoes together in the forward car and spend the balance of the night in social chat with intervals devoted to libations from a pocket flask.

The porter of the extra gathered his people's shoes together in a pillowcase—three Parisian petite pairs owned by young ladies of Cincinnati en route home from Europe, four pairs of matronly gaiters, and eleven heavier pairs of various styles and sizes belonging to the men in the car. He took them forward to his chum's car, each shoe carefully chalked with the number of the berth, and the two guardians of the slumbering passengers had a genial time together, so pleasant a time in fact that it was nearly daybreak when it occurred to the porter of the extra that it would be well to take up his people's shoes and get back to his own car.

He went back, but his car had vanished! To say that he turned white with astonishment would be no exaggeration. The Cincinnati car had been switched at Columbus, and the Cincinnati passengers' shoes were spinning along at fifty miles an hour toward Indianapolis on the St. Louis section of the Vandalia express. The porter felt the gravity of the situation, so far as he was concerned, and at the next stopping station he disappeared rapidly toward the east with a pillowcase full of shoes over his shoulder. The passengers did not discover their loss until the breakfast hour, and the comical surprise can better be imagined than described. They reached their homes in carriages with slightly soiled hoisery.

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT. Sold by Goodman Drug company at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents.

Whittier's Thought Cushion.

Boston Advertiser: A well known literary woman of Boston tells a funny story of a former acquaintance of her's who, in some way, heard that the poet Whittier, when he received an inspiration, was wont to retire to a certain corner of a certain room and there kneel while he reduced his thought to words. The idea made a deep impression upon the mind of its discoverer, and, although she had not the slightest acquaintance with Mr. Whittier, she at once with her own fair hands made a handsomely embroidered cushion. This she conveyed herself to Oak Knoll and formally presented it to Mr. Whittier. The emotions of the poet upon receipt of this attention can scarcely be described, but they are more easily imagined than is the spectacle of the good old man lugging a pillow about with him to kneel upon in the event of a bright thought striking him.

For Abuse of Alcohol

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. E. Crane, Mitchell, Dak., says: "It has proven almost a specific for this disorder; it checks the vomiting, restores the appetite, and at the same time allays the fear of impending dissolution, that is so common to heavy drinkers."

Railroad Ties of Fire-Clay.

Adam P. Hopkins of West Bridgewater, Pa., has filed a caveat upon an "improvement" in the form of posts and railroad ties made of burned fire-clay says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The posts will be burned hard, and will have the railing secured by means of nails driven into holes made in the posts when soft, at an angle that will bring the heads together and hold the railing firmly in place. Holes through the ties upon either side of the rail will admit bolts, the upper ends of which will have washers and nuts bearing upon the rail and holding it firmly in position.

What does the world care for dead folks? George Eliot's grave in Highgate cemetery, near London, is shamefully neglected—overgrown with weeds and grass. General Grant's tomb in New York city would disgrace a back country cemetery, it is so poor and meanly surrounded. Great people ought to make their wills in favor of cremation, and so avoid the danger of lying in neglected graves. It has just been discovered that Mirabeau reposes under one of the foundation stones of a new building in Paris, but the city did not think it worth while to pull up the foundations, now nearly completed, to discover beneath which stone the mighty orator's coffin of lead is stowed away.

"'Brown's Bronchial Troches' are excellent for the relief of hoarseness or sore throat. They are exceedingly effective."—Christian World, London, Eng.

An eccentric bibliomaniac who died recently in England, leaving a highly valuable library, refused to allow a book in it over a certain size, and absolutely excluded anything written either by a clergyman or a woman. They had no business with literature, in his opinion, and were incapable of achieving success in it.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

For Stablemen and Stockmen.

CURES

Cuts, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Galls, Strains, Lameness, Stiffness, Cracked Heels, Scratches, Contractions, Flesh Wounds, Stringhalt, Sore-Throat, Distemper, Colic, Windgall, Poll Evil, Fistula, Tumors, Splints, Ringbone and Spavin in their early Stages. Directions with each bottle.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

The Secret of Health

is the power to eat, digest and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food. This can never be the case while impurities exist in the system. The blood must be purified; it is the vital principle, ramifying through every part of the body. Dr. Tutt's Pills expel all impurities and vitalize the whole system.

A Noted Divine says:

"I have been using Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills the past three months for dyspepsia, weak stomach and nervousness. I never had anything to do me so much good. I recommend them as the best pill in existence, and do all I can to acquaint others with their merits. They are a special blessing."

Rev. F. R. OSGOOD, New York.

Tutt's Liver Pills,

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

We Will Give a Year's Subscription Free to the

NEW YORK LEDGER

to every reader of this advertisement who will cut out of any paper in the United States, and send to the address below, the advertisement of any illustrated paper or magazine containing so much high-class matter for so little money as the following advertisement of the New York Ledger for 1890 announces:

STRANGE TIDINGS FROM UNFREQUENTED LANDS. A series of eight articles by Herbert Ward, the companion of Stanley in Africa. These articles will cover five years' adventures in Africa, and they will be illustrated by sketches made by Mr. Ward on the spot, and by photographs taken by him in Africa. These pictures will throw much light upon the manner and customs of the hitherto unknown cannibal tribes of Africa.——Rev. E. R. Young, the celebrated missionary, will furnish fifteen articles on the experiences and adventures of himself and his wife during twenty years' residence in British America, twelve hundred miles north of St. Paul.——Leo Hartmann, Nihilist, writes twelve sketches showing how the intelligent people of Russia are becoming Nihilists in consequence of the despotism of the Russian form of government.

ILLUSTRATED SOUVENIRS. SENT FREE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS. The first of these souvenir supplements wi be a Poem by John G. Whittier, illustrated by Howard Pyle, and engraved by H. Wolf, R. O. Tietze and E. A. Clement. The next souvenir will be a beautifully illustrated poem by James Russell Lowell.

SERIAL STORIES BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. Continued stories will be contributed by such wholesome and captivating authors as Frances Hodgson Burnett, Anna Katharine Green, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Robert Louis Stevenson, Col. Thomas W. Knox, Albion W. Tourgee, Prof. W. C. Kitchin, Robert Grant, Frank H. Converse, Harold Frederic, and others.

CONTINUED ARTICLES. These articles were written especially for the "Ledger" by writers whose reputation and capability establish them as the persons most eminently fitted to treat that particular subject assigned to each.——The Hon. George Bancroft contributes three articles on The Battle of Lake Erie, beautifully illustrated.——Hon. Henry W. Grady furnishes six articles on The Wonderful Development of the New South.——James Parton contributes a series of articles on Incidents in the Life of Andrew Jackson.——Rev. John R. Paxton, D. D., contributes six articles on Experience in My Army Life.

POPULAR INFORMATION. Throughout the year the "Ledger" will contain hundreds of sketches of popular information which will supply an amount of beneficial information that will be of inestimable value to those who are in search of something instructive and useful.——Prof. J. H. Comstock, of Cornell University, will contribute a series of six useful papers on the study of insects. Prof. Comstock treats of bugs that are useful to the agriculturist, as well as those that are destructive. He points out in the clearest scientific way how to destroy the pests of our fields.——Prof. Alexander M. Stevens will explain the manners and customs of the Moki Pueblos, a peculiarly strange tribe of Arizona Indians.——Dr. Felix L. Oswald is, by special arrangement, contributing a series of popular scientific sketches, embracing the observations of the writer during his investigations into the unfamiliar phenomena of natural history and occult science.——C. F. Holder contributes an extended series of articles on singular aspects of animal life on sea and land. His articles are brimful of information.

SHORT STORIES COMPLETE IN EACH NUMBER. Hundreds of illustrated short stories will be given during the year from the pens of such familiar and fascinating authors as Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, Col. Thomas W. Knox, The Marquise Lanza, Margaret Delaud, Julian Hawthorne, Harold Frederic, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Clara Whitridge, George F. Parsons, Marion Harland, Mary Kyle Dallas, Amy Randolph.

IMPRESSIVE PAPERS. These papers are a medium through which the readers of the "Ledger" will be entertained by many of the most eminent men of the day. The benefit derived from these articles will in itself compensate any one for the price of the "Ledger."——Murat Halstead contributes a series of papers on The Journeyings of a Journalist, being the experience of the author during his travels Around the Globe.——Rev. Dr. McCosh, ex-President of Princeton College, furnishes a series of papers on the present state of religious thought and development, entitled On the Border Land of Religion.——Hon. George Bancroft tells of A Day Spent With Lord Byron.——Prof. Eliot Blauvelt explains how Egypt fell into a state of ruinous distraction, consequent on the decline of the Roman government, and how every species of barbaric rudeness superseded the refined habits of the people.——Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field contributes a paper on The Lopez Expedition, the first of a series of articles descriptive of thrilling historical episodes.——Many other highly impressive papers are in preparation by M. W. Hazeltine, E. L. Godkin, Rev. Dr. John Hall, James Parton, Prof. W. C. Kitchin, Rev. Emory J. Haynes, and George Frederic Parsons.

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES. Six articles will be contributed by Miss Parlon on American Cookery, explaining why it is imperfect, and giving some ways by which it may be improved and economy practiced.——Dr. Julia Holmes Smith will write a series of articles on Common Sense in the Nursery, offering valuable suggestions concerning the care of children.

OTHER FEATURES. The "Ledger" will also contain Historical and Biographical sketches, Poems, Ballads, Travels, Adventures, Science Items, Answers to Correspondence, and a vast quantity of matter interesting to the household.

Send Only $2 for a Year's Subscription,

Or Send Six Cents for Sample Copy and Illustrated Calendar Announcement, to

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS, 43 William St., New York.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

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