

## ROYAL LADIES.

Four Queens Described, One of Them in Very Uncomplimentary Terms.

Queens are not any better-looking, after all, than other women, and some of those now reigning may even be classed among the very plain-women, says a writer in the *New York Mail and Express*. Not even the most regal of their state garments could make them anything else. The idea that patrician blood shows in the beauty and grace of the royal ladies is a great mistake, for it is quite the contrary, as far as I have seen, and the bluer the blood the uglier the queen. In Vienna, at their great exposition, were gathered a number of the then reigning ladies of Europe, and I had several views of those who were there. The first glimpse I had at all of royalty was of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. I was in the Turkish section when I noticed a coarse, fat, elderly woman, plainly dressed and vulgar in every movement, come waddling along. She was shaking all over like a bowl of jelly, and looking keenly about her with beady eyes, while behind her walked a youth hardly come to manhood's age. He wore a stovepipe hat and a Prince Albert coat, and appeared to be a modest fellow with little taste for display. The ex-queen wore a black lace overdress over black silk. The silk was cut low in the neck and with short sleeves, after the fashion then prevailing in Vienna, and the other dress was high in the neck and with long sleeves. She wore a black lace bonnet, with long streamers of ribbon behind, and a mass of red roses mingled with the lace, and she had some very beautiful diamonds in her ears and at the throat. She went about cheapening everything and looking for some Turkish rugs to buy, but she seemed to think that the price was raised on account of her royalty, and in a loud aside in French she spoke to her young son, saying that evidently they intended to make her pay too much, and that he must come there the next morning wearing a plain suit and a cap, so that they should not know him, and get the carpets at a lower price. I saw this same queen at the opera soon after in all the glory of full dress, and she made, to my thinking, one of the most revolting sights I ever witnessed. The aged and amiable empress of Prussia made a short visit to Vienna during the exhibition, but she appeared nowhere in public except as she rode from the station to the palace with her venerable husband. She sat leaning far back in the open carriage, and as the horses dashed by she left but a confused remembrance of a frail but sweet face, mild eyes, and womanly grace. She was wrapped in shawls, although the weather was very warm, and she appeared to be very thin.

The empress of Austria and Queen Olga of Greece are the two beautiful women of all that I saw, and whatever their station in life they would still be called so. The empress of Austria seems to be too active a woman for the close confinement and rigid dignity that other queens think necessary, and she goes and comes as she likes, rides and walks abroad without let or hindrance, and very simply. On state occasions, when there is a public parade, or anything like that the streets are cleared by soldiers, who take positions on each side. These streets have been previously swept and sprinkled, and no vehicle or person can travel there until after the pageant has passed. Then after hours of patient waiting in the hot sun, with eyes half blinded by the white reflection of the houses and streets, there will be a dash and flash of glittering uniforms, a clash of sabers and spurs and trample of prancing steeds, and a magnificent open barouche comes into view with a tableau of a soldiery-looking man in his uniform with jewels and decorations blazing all over his breast, and by his side a vision of beauty dressed in the national colors.

As this radiant picture comes into view there is a bust of cheers and welcome from all people. The poorest and the richest alike shout with a spontaneity that is born of a true affection for the beautiful empress, at least. Behind their carriage is another, a smaller one, with a young man and a young girl, the children of the royal couple, and they receive as many plaudits and good wishes as their parents, and then, before one hardly has seen them, the whole is gone and the crowds are let loose to fill the streets or go to work again.

One day in the exposition the empress walked about without ceremony or fuss, with a few of her ladies. She was dressed in a lilac muslin trimmed with lace, and certainly looked not an hour over 25. Her tall form was as lithe and graceful as a girl's and her matchless eyes, hair, and lips would make the beauty of any woman. The expression of her face was simply enchanting. After talking about until she was tired, she took her seat in one of those rolling chairs, and the driver rolled directly over my foot. I could not repress a slight expression of pain, which the empress heard, and she made as many apologies as I should have thought necessary had I squeezed her royal toes. Then she chatted several minutes in a perfectly unreserved manner with me, and said some day she might visit America, as she always longed for a ride on the prairies. I saw her at the opera afterward in full dress, with diamonds and pearls, and her exquisite neck and arms bare, and she was positively dazzling.

Queen Olga is of another type, but equally handsome. She is stouter and shorter, but her figure is graceful and well formed, and her hands and feet are true Russian, being almost as small as a 10-year-old child's. Her eyes are large and dark, with long, heavy lashes. Her hair is superb, and her features mobile and beautiful, and her laugh very charming. She is a brunette, with a lovely, rich color, which comes and goes with her emotions. While in Vienna Queen Olga was greatly admired wherever she went, and she went everywhere, being perfectly simple and unaffected. She is a fine horsewoman as well as the empress of Austria, but she did not ride in Vienna. Nearly every day she visited the exposition, and always dressed in her national colors, blue and white. I saw her afterward in her own home, in Athens, and was still more charmed with her, from her sweet and simple manners that are still full of grave dignity. She is a model mother and a true helpmeet to her husband, who would be nothing and nothing without her. She is always at

work while at home on some bit of lace-work, which she afterward takes pleasure in giving away as little souvenirs. The people of Athens adore her for her large sympathies and gentle charities, and they love her for her goodness and womanliness no less than for her rich beauty and the fact that she is their queen.

## A Puzzled Traveler.

I find myself this morning in a novel predicament, amusing if one is philosophical enough to look at the amusing side of it, but at the same time very annoying, writes a correspondent from Plaquemine, La., to the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. We are brought to a halt here by a railroad wreck, and are likely to be detained here for at least a day. I have my family with me, and naturally there are expenses to pay. I have in my pocket a number of coins made of gold and bearing the stamp of the United States government in certification of their weight and fineness. These coins are American \$5, \$10, and \$20 gold pieces, and if I were in England, or Germany, or Russia, or India, or anywhere else in the world except right here in Plaquemine, La., I should find my money current at its nominal and actual value, because the two are everywhere known to be identical.

But here in Plaquemine, La., a little town whose people are direct descendants of Longfellow's Acadians, my American gold is uncurrent money!

I first encountered this state of things last night when I offered gold to the porter of the Pullman car in payment for my berth. That worthy politely refused it on the ground that "that kind o' money an't good out here, sah." I remonstrated with him, and told him that American gold was worth its face everywhere, because the gold in it, merely as gold, is worth very nearly the amount of the face value of the piece. He was deaf to arguments of that kind, and so I expounded the law to him, and quoted the provision making the gold coin of the United States legal tender in payment of all debts. It was equally useless. The porter knew nothing about legal-tender laws or standards of value, or anything of the kind; he only knew, or thought he knew, that gold coins were bad and uncurrent money in this quarter of the country, and he would have none of them. I managed to scrape together enough silver, eeked out with nickels, to pay for the berth and decide in my own mind that the porter must have got hold of a counterfeit gold coin, and finding it bad, must have concluded that all gold was bad money.

This morning I have learned better. Finding ourselves stopped here, I ordered breakfast from the buffet, and after eating, set out to get some of my gold changed into bills or silver at the shops of the town. Alas! the shopkeepers of the place, even including the saloon men, were like-minded with the porter. One and all were persuaded that gold was not good money, and with one mind they refused to take it. I offered to "treat all round" at a saloon if the barkeeper would take a \$5 gold piece in payment and give me change, but he declined. I asked if the genuineness of my gold was doubted, thinking that might be the trouble, but I was assured that all gold was refused in the town, and one man, a merchant, told me he believed there had been "some government action on the subject which made gold no longer of any account." Finally one man came to my rescue and gave me silver in return for a \$5 gold piece, saying that the gold might perhaps "go for something in New Orleans." He did it very much as he might have given \$5 to a human being in distress, and I could see that he had very little hope of ever getting anything out of the bright new gold piece which I had drawn a few days before from the London and San Francisco bank, in full faith that the gold coins of my country were the best and surest possible representative of value anywhere to be found.

I am still without any explanation of the phenomenon, but it is a fact worth recording that American gold coin is not current money in Plaquemine, La.

## The Distribution of Wealth.

In Rome, under the empire, wealth at one pole was a symptom of misery at the other, because Rome was not an industrial state. Its income came from plunder. The wealth had a source independent of the production of the society of Rome. That part of the booty which some got, others could not have. No such thing is true of an industrial society. The wealth of the commercial cities of Italy and southern Germany, in the middle ages, was largely in the hands of merchant-princes. If one were told that some of these merchants were very rich, he would have no ground of inference that others in those cities must have been poor. The rich were those who developed the opportunities of commerce which were, in the first instance, open to all. What they gained came out of nothing which anybody else ever had or would have had. The fact that there are wealthy men in England, France, and the United States today, is no evidence that there must be poor men here. The riches of the rich are perfectly consistent with a high condition of wealth of all, down to the last. In fact, the aggregations of wealth, both while being made and after realization, develop and sustain the prosperity of all. The forward movement of a strong population, with abundance of land and highly developed command by machinery over the forces of nature, must produce a state of society in which average and minimum comfort are high, while special aggregations may be enormous, misfortune and vice being left out of account.

Whatever nexus there is between wealth at one pole and poverty at the other can be found only by turning the proposition into its converse—misery at one pole makes wealth at the other. If the mass at one pole should, through any form of industrial vice, fall into misery, they would offer to the few a few an opportunity to become rich by taking advantage of them. They would offer a large supply of labor at low wages, a high demand for capital at high rates of interest, and a fierce demand for land at high rent.—Prof. W. G. Sumner, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

The ex-empress Eugenie at last sees the hopelessness of the Napoleonic outlook in France, and has withdrawn the pensions which she has paid regularly to the supporters of the Bonaparte dynasty ever since the fall of the empire.

## MISSING LINKS.

A young lady is driving a cab in Berlin. She asks thrice the ordinary fare, because she sits by the side of her employer while she drives him.

A huge iron reservoir is being built at a remote spot in the outer harbor of Amsterdam, N. Y., for the storage of petroleum. It will be nearly thirty-three feet in diameter and of the same depth, and is calculated to hold 1,740,000 gallons.

The Empress of China has selected thirty-six pretty girls of high rank to train them to be Empresses and waiting-women. Those who are to be devoted to the higher career are classified as "two dabs" in red-ink characters, and the others as "one dab."

"Harrison Millard, the ballad composer," says the *New York Sun*, "is frequently seen at the 'at homes' of ladies who hold weekly gatherings. He is a tall, well-built man, with grayish hair, and is celebrated for a rather languid manner that many young men envy."

The luncheons given in Washington are characterized by a prominent color. A yellow luncheon was lighted with yellow and olive candles; the flowers were yellow roses, the central strip of plush was yellow. At a pink luncheon the favors were pink sachets, with a bunch of violets at the top of each.

Workmen engaged in digging a channel at the outlet of Megunticook lake, Camden, Me., have found, three feet below the surface of the ground, ancient flats, which yielded countless varieties of mussel, scollop, and conch shells. Several rocks, covered with barnacles, were also discovered.

The objection to the incandescent light in mines, that it gave no indication of fire-damp, has been removed by placing two together, one a colored and the other a clear light. A mercury contact, subject to the pressure from diffusion in an unglazed porcelain pot, allows the clear light to burn in a clear atmosphere, but lights the colored one in fire-damp.

In Frederickton, N. B., a few days ago, a captain of the Salvation army walked out of a store with a lot of eggs, when his foot slipped, and down he went with the eggs under him. He never said a word when the boys laughed, though he looked mad, and in the evening at the meeting he told how the devil had got into the eggs just to try and get him to swear. His soldiers became uproariously happy when he told how he had defeated his satanic majesty by keeping his mouth shut.

Workmen while repairing a house in Brooklyn, N. Y., one day last week, discovered a bag containing \$2,600 in gold under one of the floors, and turned it over to the landlord. The last occupant, a man whose wife died in the house, now says the landlord for the money, alleging that his late thrifty helpmate used to extract money from his pockets habitually, that he could never find trace of it, and is convinced that the concealed treasure was the accumulated deposits she had relieved him of.

Consumption, a Boston physician, Dr. Cushing, asserts, is "transferable not only by inhalation, but by wounds or cuts infected by tuberculous expectorations; also by the milk of tuberculous mothers, or by the flesh or milk of tuberculous cattle. Our laws now afford no protection against this last-named danger, and a strong public opinion is necessary to compel the inspection of milk cows, and the slaughter of all found tuberculous, as well as the rejection of all flesh of tuberculous cattle."

A cashier in a New York bank is the victim of a peculiar belief. Every night at 10 o'clock he walks up Fifth avenue to see whether or not a certain millionaire's front door has craped tied to it. For over four years he has made this nightly journey. He doesn't know the millionaire, nor any reason why his death should be expected. Yet he has a superstition that when he discovers the crape he looks for, on that same night some great good fortune is to fall to his own lot. He has tried to shake off this feeling, but it will not depart.

It is said that whenever an eruption of the Bromo volcano, Japan, takes place, the natives, as soon as the fire (the molten lava no doubt is meant) comes down the mountain, kindle at it the wood they use as fuel for cooking. They keep in the fire thus made for years, and whenever it goes out through neglect or for any other reason they never kindle it anew from matches, but they get a light from their nearest neighbors, whose fire was originally obtained from the volcano. The fires in use up to the latest outbreak in the native cooking-places were all obtained from the Bromo eruption of 1832.

A new musical affair, the humaphone, was recently exhibited at a church fair in Worcester, Mass. The instrument consisted of young ladies, representing the tone of the scale, arranged behind a screen, showing only their heads and shoulders. They wore white masks reaching to the mouth, and around the neck of each was suspended by a ribbon the number of the scale represented. A young lady stood in front, who, with a wand, played tunes by pointing to the one whose number was the tone wanted, which was promptly uttered. Rounds and other pieces were sung, making a unique and amusing affair.

A remarkable woman died a few days ago at Villa Rica, Ga., aged 92 years. She was a midwife and during her life she was at the birth of 519 white children and 347 colored, and she never lost one of these or its mother. She was the mother of ten children, one hundred grandchildren, fifty great-grandchildren, and eleven great-great-grandchildren. For eighty years she was a consistent member of the Methodist church. Just before her death she said to her son: "I am going home." He asked: "Mother, are you not home now?" and she said joyfully: "No, I am going to my heavenly home." And thus she passed peacefully away.

"It is what a man saves and not what he earns that makes him rich," said a Maine man on the street in Lewiston the other morning to a reporter. "I have just had an illustration in print," he said. "Among the recent bankrupts in Massachusetts is the brother of a man who works for day wages in a manufactory in this county. The Massachusetts man has had a regular salary varying from \$2,000 to \$4,000 per year,

has had a smaller family, and less necessary expense than his brother in Androscoggin county, who gets only \$700 to \$800 per annum. Yet among the bills in the insolvency court is one due to the Maine man for \$450 borrowed money."

Senator Stanford will test in every practical manner the much-talked-of design of Capt. Lundberg, of the Swedish navy, for the construction of vessels designed for greater speed and carrying power than any vessel that has yet been built. The senator proposes to build a yacht to cost \$600,000 on this principle, and he has had the plans prepared for the same. His idea is to use this vessel for his own private purpose for a short time, until he has thoroughly satisfied himself of its merits; then if he is convinced that the claims of Capt. Lundberg are well founded he will offer it to the government for a dispatch-boat or a gunboat at its original cost to him.

It is found that walls laid up of good hard-burned bricks, in mortar composed of good lime and sharp sand, will resist a pressure of 1,500 pounds per square foot, or 216,000 pounds per square foot, at which figures it would require 1,600 feet height of 12-inch wall to crush the bottom courses, allowing 135 pounds as the weight of each cubic foot. It also appears from accurate calculations and measurements that walls laid up in the same quality of brick and mortar, with one-third quantity of Portland cement added to the same, are capable of resisting some 2,500 pounds per square inch, or 360,000 pounds per square foot; this would require height of wall of 2,700 feet to crush the bottom bricks.

## Women's Names.

It is curious how difficult it is to tell truly what a woman's name is. It is as puzzling as her age, for instance. Recently in England a woman died and left a sum of money to "my cousin, Harriet Cloak." As it happened, however, she had a cousin who had been Harriet Cloak before marriage, but had married someone with another name; and she had also a cousin named Harriet, who had married a girl named Harriet, so that she had become Harriet Cloak. Therefore when it came to deciding who was "my cousin, Harriet Cloak," the first judge who tried the case decided that it was the blood relative, the *nee* Harriet Cloak, but the court to which the case was appealed decided the other way—that it was the Harriet Cloak, by marriage, who was the Harriet Cloak of the present date.

And yet, for all of this decision, it might well be that the cousins had known each other from childhood, and that the old and familiar name, which had been changed by marriage, had still been used by the testatrix to designate her earlier friend. The court, however, decided that the woman knew the true names of both and wrote accordingly.

All this suggests indirectly the subject of women's names. What is a man to do who receives a letter in a manifestly feminine hand signed by a stranger, say, "M. L. Jones"? Is he to reply to Mr. M. L. Jones or to Miss or Mrs. Jones? Is it to be Dear Sir or Dear Madam or what? Suppose it is Mary L. Jones. He knows then that he mustn't say "Mr." but that it is all her own. Shall he address her as Mrs. or Miss Mary L. Jones. That he can not tell. The chances are that he will make a wrong guess, and that she, on getting the letter, will laugh at his stupidity.—*Hartford Courant*.

## The Father of His Country.

In idealizing heroes the world degrades them into mere abstractions by depriving them of their humanity. Their contemporaries may have known them as flesh and blood, but the following generation doubts if they ever wore anything but flowing robes or ate aught but ambrosia.

It is, therefore, refreshing to discover that our hero, George Washington, was so human as to order his coats, waistcoats, and breeches from a London tailor, and that he insisted upon their being stylish and fitting.

Another fact which brings Washington within the range of our sympathies is that he was fond of tripe, and ordered it from Bristol, England, because a brand which he could obtain there was superior to any made in New York or Massachusetts.

Once upon a time Cary & Co., of London, the commission merchants who turned Washington's tobacco crops into hard cash, presented him with two jars of Bristol pickled tripe. Each jar held about two gallons. There was a special potter at Bristol for the manufacture of these jars, each of which had burnt upon its front surface the curer's name, as a guarantee of the genuineness of its contents.

The brand sent to Mount Vernon was that of "Hamlin," and Washington was so fond of it that pickled tripe was a standing dish on his table.

"Dear Cary," he wrote to the senior member of the firm, "Mrs. Washington joins me in warm thanks to you for your considerate present of two large stone jars of pickled tripe. I must ask you to arrange for four similar jars, in wicker-basket casing, packed in outer cases, to be shipped for my account direct from the owners. Dental infirmity impels my caring for this necessary item in our domestic commissariat."—*Youth's Companion*.

Among the farmers of Hindoostan sowing takes place about the last of September. If the farmer is a Hindoo, a Brahmin is consulted to fix an auspicious day, and a man is appointed to do the first sowing, after which any one can sow grain, but not before. The average amount of seed per acre is 150 pounds, or two and a half bushels. In some districts the wheat is sowed, and the weeds serve as food for the farmer and the grass for fodder for cattle. The ground is watered once after germination, once when the wheat is in blossom, and once while in ear. The wheat is cut in April in the good old-fashioned way, with a sickle. A man can cut one-twelfth of an acre, for which he gets 21-2d per day and boards himself. The grain is thrashed by driving cattle over it on an earthen threshing floor, and is tramped until the straw is broken fine to make "choosa" for the cattle. The grain is cleaned with a fan of about the same style as that in use 100 years ago.

## THE WONDERFUL

# MAIZALINE PILLS

FOR THE RELIEF OF Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Billiousness, Female Troubles, Scrofulous Diseases, etc., etc.

PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS GENERALLY.

## THE WONDERFUL

# MAIZALINE LINIMENT,

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR

All Acute Pains, Rheumatism, Bites and Stings, Colic, Cramps, Burns, Neuralgia, Swollen Joints, Headache, Toothache, Wounds and Bruises.

GOOD FOR MAN OR BEAST.

PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

These Invaluable Family Medicines Prepared Only by

The Maizaline Remedies Co., ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

## Stonewall Jackson's Way.

It was customary for the corps of cadets to devote several weeks each spring to artillery drill. Gen. Jackson commanding the battalion. We had a four-gun battery; the carriages and caissons were trim and light; the pieces six pounds caliber. The cadets managed them by hand with ease and dexterity. At one of the drills a cadet, whose name I forbear to mention, became offended at Maj. Jackson, and when he thought he was unobserved, the major's back being turned toward him, he threw a brickbat at him with all his strength. The major did not notice the cowardly act. The next morning, when Maj. Jackson was coming to his class-room, he had to pass immediately under the windows of the barracks. The same cadet sought to gratify his base, cowardly nature by throwing a brickbat down upon him from the window of a room on the fourth stoop.

Again he failed to notice the act, although the brick came near striking him. He passed on without looking up. Of course such conduct was condemned by the cadets, some of whom were cognizant of both acts. At last the professors heard of it, and one asked Maj. Jackson why he did not seek to discover the miscreant and report him. He replied: "The truth is, I did not want to know that we had such a coward in the corps of cadets."

He was proud of the corps of cadets, and sought by precept and example to impress the very humblest with a high sense of honor and true courage.—*Southern Bivouac*.

## Wall Paper.

Paper the walls. If you live in a rented house refuse to sign the next lease unless the house shall be papered for you. Accept a cheap paper if necessary, but stipulate that you shall do your choosing yourself. Then make yourself fit to choose, and don't rely on the glibest clerk that ever persuaded a hesitating customer. Read Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste," get the "House Beautiful" from the library, and look up Scribner's Household Art Series. At least, read Eastlake, and discover for yourself that the so-called Eastlaskan papers and carpets are far from being made after his designs; are, in short, what he most abominated. Then, armed and equipped with knowledge, make a determined raid upon the cheap papers; ask for fifteen cent rolls first, and then if you must, go up to twenty-five, but no higher. One of the prettiest papers I ever saw, was only fifteen cents a roll. Of course there was no gilt, but gilt is of doubtful value in a paper. If you are very short of funds put the paper on yourself. It is not at all an impossible task. I know a determined woman who saved three or four dollars, and resolved to paper her parlor. She knew her husband was struggling hard to pay for their home, and so would not ask him for money to hang it. She was lame with a badly sprained ankle, which she could not touch to the floor, but she papered that room herself, going up and down the ladder on her knees, and hopping about on crutches. The sequel was very funny. Her husband so appreciated her bravery that he presented her with a basket of flowers which cost enough to have paid for the hanging!

A paper should always have a border of sufficient width to give character. This border should be lighter than the paper, except in a very lofty room, when a darker border apparently lowers the ceiling, and makes the room easier to furnish. A single strip of ordinary paper for the side walls, harmonizing in tint, but bolder in design, put around next the ceiling horizontally, makes a pretty and inexpensive finish. A stripe about an inch wide of dark paper, between this border and the main wall-covering, may take the place of a picture molding, and will have to be used when the molding is next the ceiling, as it sometimes is. It ought always to be between the border and the wall screen. A paper should be light-colored nearly always—that is to say, in small rooms, in dark rooms, or in rooms where most of the picture frames are dark. A room is generally made gloomy by a dark paper. The pattern should be small, conventionalized, and harmoniously colored, no strong contrasts being admitted.—*Marion Foster Washburne, in Good Housekeeping*.

One of the most striking figures in New York city is that of Mr. David Dudley Field. Old enough to be a grandfather to half the folks he passes, he is one of the most vigorous and active pedestrians in the throng. It is said he lives mainly for one thing, and that is to see his codification of the laws adopted by the state.

## Just behold and read attentively.

Wilke's Irish Specific has cured Cancer, Ulcers, Catarrhs, Tumors, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, in all their forms, Consumption, Scrofula, Old Sores, Bronchitis, Letter, Coughs, (all male and female diseases) all impurities of the blood, (for other diseases it has) and can cure, send for circulars. This medicine is put up in different size bottles, (taken internally.) Follow directions "Cure guaranteed." All we ask is a fair trial. Address (including stamp) M. N. Wilke & Co., Atlanta, Fulton County Ga. Lock Box 577. Sold by Druggists and Agents. '94

## STEEL PENS.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

We are now offering to the public STEEL PENS of our own manufacture. Our

## Plowboy Eagle

Is the best business pen in the market, 75 cents per gross, postpaid to any address on receipt of price. And for fine writing our

## Plowboy Favorite

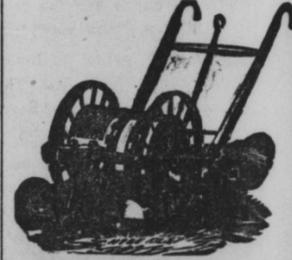
Surpasses any pen yet made, \$1.00 per gross postpaid, on receipt of price. Samples on application.

## THE PLOWBOY CO.,

East Point, Ga.

The Globe Cotton and Corn Planter

## Fertilizer Distributor.



Highest award at International Cotton Exhibition, Atlanta, Ga., the Arkansas State Fair, the National Cotton Planter's Association, the Great Southern Exposition, Louisville, Ky., and the World's Exposition, New Orleans, La., and which has NEVER failed in any contest, has been still further improved, and is now fully adapted to any character of soil and the most unskilled labor, see styles and sizes being now made.

It is the most durable Planter made, and will Save its Cost Three Times Over

## SINGLE SEASON.

As it plants from eight to ten acres per day, with less than one and one-half bushels of seed per acre, and opens, drops, distributes fertilizers and covers at one operation, saving TWO HANDS AND ONE TEAM.

The price has been reduced to suit the times. Send for circular giving full description and terms. Globe Planter Mfg Co., 226 Marietta Street, Atlanta, Ga.

## PUBLISHERS

And Parties about to begin the Publication of a

## NEWSPAPER

Will find it to their interest to consult

The Plowboy Co.,

Auxiliary Publisher, East Point, Ga.