PRINTING PAPER MONEY.

AN INDUSTRY MONOPOLIZED BY THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Great Heaps of Paper Turned Into Currency at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing-

These checks with which the Government surrounds the making of paper money begin at one end of the line at the paper mill, where the distinctive paper on which notes of revenue stamps are printed, and at the other end in the engraving room, where skilled engravers are engaged working out designs upon plates of steel. Every scrap of the blank paper has to be accounted for, and it is guarded as jealously as though it already had the seal of the Treasury on it. This paper is kept in the paper room of the Treasury, and is issued in quantities as required by the force under Mr. E. O. Graves, the Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The little bits of steel on which the engravers work are also carefully guarded. An official of the Treasury Department receives them from the engravers every evening and locks them in strong vaults. The next morning they are taken out again and the engravers resume their work upon them. In these vaults—there are two of them—the Treasury Department has thousands of plates and steel rolls, used in printing money and stamps of various kinds. The vaults are, for convenience sake, located in the Engraving and Printing building, but they are not under the supervision of that bureau. When the bureau needs a plate out of the collection, it borrows it from the Treasury Department and has to give a receipt for it. The plates required for use are borrowed every morning and returned every evening.

It is in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing that the paper, the engraving, and the ink come together, and with the aid of manual skill and mechanical appliances are transmuted into the dollars that the American people are commonly represented as struggling for with much avidity.

Up in the third story is the room where the paper is received. A portion of the room is divided from the rest by a high iron net-work railing. Clerks are busy at desks and a number of young women are there rapidly counting sheets of paper. Just as the reporter enters two large cases are rolled in on trucks. These contain paper, for which a requisition had been made on the Treasury. The requisition, written on blanks prepared for the purpose, contained many items, each stating the number of sheets wanted and what they were wanted for. The sheets are counted and a careful record made of the whole transaction. The paper is then moistened by being piled in stacks with alternate layers of wet cloths. From this division of the bureau the paper is issued to the plate printers, who make requisition for it as required by them. Each plate printer has a young woman as a helper. The helper comes for the paper, signs a receipt for it, and has to certify that she has received the required number of sheets. She has to count the sheets in order to certify to this, and the plate printer has to certify that he witnessed the count. So it is known exactly how many sheets each printer has in his possession, and he has to account before leaving the building for every one. If for any reason he leaves the building before his day's work is done he has to get a pass-card with a formidable array of signatures on it, before it will be honored at the door. This card has blank spaces in which are filled in numbers showing the amount of paper taken out, the amount of work done, and the number of sheets returned. It has to be signed by the clerk of the wetting division, by an examining clerk, and by others who verify the figures.

When the day's work is done the printer returns his plate to the custodian, who has a desk in one corner of the room. In the morning when the printer gets a plate he gives a check bearing his number. The custodian has a rack of little hooks on which he hangs these checks. When the printer returns the plate the check is returned to him and he gives the custodian the keys of his press, which is hung on the hook in place of the check. Thus by glancing at the rack the custodian can at once tell what printers have not returned their plates. Among the improvements Mr. Graves, the chief of the bureau, is introducing, is the lighting of the press room with incandescent electric lights. Although the building is well provided with windows, the printers at work at a distance from the windows find the light insufficient on days when the sun is obscured. Gas lights are objectionable on account of the intolerable heat made in connection with the gas heaters.

From the press-room the work goes down to the examining-room on the floor below. Here the sheets are subjected to a series of counts and examinations. The first examiners throw out every sheet in which they discover any imperfection. These sejected sheets are again examined by another set of examiners, who retain all the sheets that will pass a liberal inspection or that can be made presentable by a little touching up. The sheets, when they come to this division, are still damp, and after the first count they are turned over to a man in charge of the drying racks. Each package has to have on it, in addition to the name of the printer and the various counters through whose hands it has passed, the initial made with a red pencil of the person who calls out to another person keeping the books the name of the printer and the number of sheets in the package. If this initial is not on the package the rack man will not receive it. This is a precaution to make sure that the printer receives proper credit for his work. When the drying racks are filled they are rolled into a drying-room, an apartment where the temperature is kept at 160 degrees by means of steam coils. The sheets remain here over night, under lock and key, and closely guarded. The next day they are brought out again and again counted. Up to this time the work of each printer is kept by itself. Now the packages, having been examined, are broken up and re-sorted into new packages of the required number. The sheets are rumpled and crinkly from the effects of moistening. To cure this they are subjected to hydraulic pressure, and come out as smooth as silk. From this examining division the Treasury and bank notes, four on a sheet, go to a room where women are operating machines that trim the edges or margins of the sheet.—*Washington Star.*

Paying for the Right to Fly the Flag.

When two of the most distinguished Senators in public life called upon Secretary Bayard recently and insisted upon an appointment in the consular service for one of their constituents, the Secretary replied that he had nothing which it would pay the man to accept. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* tells the continuation of the story:

"He isn't particular about the salary," one of the visitors observed; "$1,000 a year will suit him."

"A thousand dollars a year," echoed the Secretary sarcastically, "why, I can find 500 men within twenty-four hours who would jump at it. Good men, too," he continued emphatically, seeing a look of incredulity upon his visitors' faces.

"Look here," he continued, pointing to the department register, "do you see this place, and this, and this?" indicating them as he spoke. "You will see that the emoluments of these offices fall below $50 per annum in each case. Would you think that anybody would desire an appointment at so trifling a remuneration as that? No, of course, you don't, and yet I have applications daily for them. It is true the applicants are not Americans. They are natives of the different countries in which these consular offices are situated. The men who want them are engaged in trade. The appointment would permit them to fly the American flag and invoke the protection of the American Government in the event of trouble. Several years ago the Consul General at one of the far eastern countries was paid $50,000 for five consular agencies in his district. He did this without the consent of his Government, but he got the money just the same. You will see by the register that the fees at all five of the places scarcely foot up $100 a year. The appointment carried with it, as I have said, the right to fly the American flag. It happened that the men in each case were bankers. The ruler of that country had the not unusual eastern fashion of sometimes levying a heavy tribute upon his rich subjects. Not unfrequently this tribute amounted to as much as the sum paid to the Consul General. The moment they represented the United States that moment they were free men so far as coersion from their ruler went. They paid high for their immunity, but it undoubtedly was a good investment.

"I trust, gentlemen," continued the Secretary, "that this brief illustration will show the futility of ever expecting a vacancy in the consular service, no matter how unimportant the position may be. Sometimes the incumbent dies or is dismissed—sometims, I say. But I can assure you in all seriousness that he never, never resigns."

How the Money Comes Back.

The bank note or treasury note that goes forth from the bureau of engraving and printing, looking so bright and handsome, comes back in time, perhaps ragged, dirty, and torn, like some old tramp, to end its career there. Every day or two one will see a closed van, looking like a big safe on wheels, drawn through the streets from the Treasury Department to the bureau, attended usually by three or four men. This contains the old paper money that has come back to the treasury for redemption. It is taken to a room in the rear of the bureau of engraving and printing. In the floor of this room are two circular holes, about two feet in diameter. Looking down one of these holes into the dark depths below one can see a part of the surface of a huge iron cylinder. The cylinder can be opened by means of a round lid or cover. When the old money is brought in it is dumped down a funnel into one of these cylinders. A committee, comprising representatives of the different branches of the Treasury Department interested, besides one representative, in theory at least, of the general public, gravely watches the operation. When all the money has been dumped and mixed with the chemicals used in the process of maceration, the cylinder lid is closed and locked with several padlocks. Each member of the committee takes the key of one of the padlocks. The cylinder is then set to revolving, and turns and turns until the committeemen come the next day and open the lid. If they find that the mass has been reduced to a pulp and lost all semblance and trace of its original character the cylinder is emptied. If the maceration is not completed the cylinder is set in motion again. From 800 to 1,200 pounds of old notes, aggregating millions of dollars, are placed in a cylinder at a time, and what would constitute a princely fortune is churned away into nothing but a pulpy mass in a night.—*Washingcon Star.*

Scenes of Carnage at the Pyramids.

Long after Rameses II., Cambyses came, and on the pyramid plain conquered the Egyptians, mutilated the face of the Sphinx and broke into the true outlines of the pyramids—ruthless conqueror, vandal and destroyer that he was. Twenty-four centuries after, Napoleon, with his conquering hosts, met the gold-covered Mamelukes, who, riding as swift as the wind and as a flame of fire, hacked the barrels of the French guns with their blades of Damascus steel. It was like a blazing volcano. All was smoke and blood and mutilation, as though an earthquake had come. Drooping their heads to the saddle-bow, the fearless Mamelukes rode forward and met the awful volleys of the invader, but only to sink in the sand. Without horses then, and laying upon their backs wounded, they cut at the legs of the enemy with their keen sabres, never yielding until conquered by death.

And there, close to the Sphinx, one can see now the very place whence came up the clouds of smoke and flame amid the yells of the demons who fought, where lay the masses of dead and dying, where the depleted ranks of the victims moved along with bristling arms and broken standards—moaning and swirling like the sea that refuses to be quiet after the storm.—*Scribner's.*

A Hard Day's Work For Clerks.

Omaha Dame—"Oh dear, I'm tired to death."

Husband—"What doing?"

"I have been shopping all day; did not even stop for lunch."

"What did you buy?"

"Nothing."—*Omaha World.*

IN THE SPRING

Almost everybody wants a "Spring Tonic." Here is a simple testimonial, which shows how B. B. B. is regarded. It will knock your malaria out and restore your appetite:

SPLENDID FOR A SPRING TONIC.

ARLINGTON, GA., June 30, 1887.

I suffered with malarial blood poison more or less, all the time, and the only medicine that done me any good is B. B. B. It is undoubtedly the best blood medicine made, and for this malarial country should be used by every one in the spring of the year, and as good in summer, fall and winter as a tonic and blood purifier. * * * *

GIVES BETTER SATISFACTION.

CADIZ, KY., July 6th, 1887.

Please send me one box Blood Balm Catarrh Snuff by return mail, as one of my customers is taking B. B. B. for catarrh and wants a box of the snuff. B. B. B. gives better satisfaction than any medicine I ever sold. I have sold 10 dozen in the past 10 weeks, and it gives good satisfaction. If I don't remit all right for snuff write me. Yours,

W. N. BRANDON.

IT REMOVED THE PIMPLES.

ROUND MOUNTAIN, Tex., March 29, 1887.

A lady friend of mine has for several years been troubled with bumps and pimples on her face and neck, for which she used various cosmetics in order to remove them and beautify and improve her complexion; but these local applications were only temporary and left her skin in a worse condition.

I recommended an internal preparation—known as Botanic Blood Balm—which I have been using and selling about two years; she used three bottles and nearly all pimples have disappeared, her skin is soft and smooth, and her general health much improved. She expresses herself much gratified, and can recommend it to all who are thus affected.

MRS. S. M. WILSON.

The Shah's Great Wealth.

What he terms his museum is a curious place. It contains a profusion of costly articles and objects of art such as exist nowhere else at the present day, it being the opinion of well-informed Europeans, who have viewed these treasures, that their money value is perhaps twenty-fold that of the contents of the so-called green vaults at Dresden. It is impossible to give exact figures, for they could only be obtained after a long and minute inspection and valuation by experts; but roughly estimated, it is probable that there is more than $100,000,000 worth of jewelry, precious stones, coined and uncoined gold, costly *objets de vertu*, fine porcelain and glassware, old weapons and armor, tableware and ornaments of exquisite Persian and Hindu workmanship, etc. The so called peacock throne (a part of the plunder Nadia Shah carried off from Delhi 150 years ago) is alone valued at many millions, even after a number of the large, rough and uncut jewels have been broken out and stolen.

It is an incongruous place, this museum. There you will see vases of agate or gold and lapis lazuli, said to be worth millions; and alongside of them empty perfume bottles of European make, with gaudy labels, that can be had at wholesale for about five cents apiece. You will see priceless mosaics and exquisitely painted cups and cans and vases, which were presented by some European potentate; and side by side with them you will notice horrible daubs, veritable 10-cent chromos, picked up the Lord knows how and where. You will perceive glass cases filled with huge heaps of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, turquoises, garnets, topazes, beryls, of all sizes and kinds, cut and uncut; and cheek by jowl with these your eyes will see cheap music boxes, Jew's harps and squeaky hand-organs.

The Shah must also be in a condition to "bull" the market on pearls, for here is, for instance, a big glass case, twenty-four inches long by eighteen inches wide and high, that is more than half filled with beautiful pearls (mostly from the Persian Gulf fisheries) of all sizes and degrees of loveliness. In a separate long case the orders and decorations of the Shah, coming from nearly every country in the world, are kept on exhibition; but the crown jewels are in a little box that is always locked and for which the Shah himself forever, waking or sleeping, carries the keys. The contents of this box and of the several vaults where he keeps his piles on piles of bright, shining, unused money, he never allows others to view, although the museum may be visited once a year by the European diplomatists and the friends that they vouch for.—*Cosmopolitan.*

The Life of a Crystal.

We generally think of minerals as dead lumps of inactive matter. But they may be said to be alive, creatures of vital pulsations and separated into individuals as distinct as the pines in the forest or the tigers in a jungle. The disposition of crystals are as diverse as those of animals. They throb with unseen currents of energy. They grow in size as long as they have opportunity. They can be killed, too, though not as easily as an oak or a dog. A strong electric shock discharged through a crystal will decompose it very rapidly if it is of soft structure, causing the particles to gradually disintegrate in the reverse order from its growth until the poor thing lies a dead, shapeless ruin. It is true, the crystal's life is unlike that of higher creatures. But the difference between vegetable and animal life is no greater than that between mineral and vegetable life. Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, defined the three kingdoms by saying: "Stones grow, plants grow and feel, animals grow and feel and move."—*Wike Awake.*

Turkish Contempt for Foreigners.

I confess that this contempt of the Franks, which the Turks do not disguise, gave me much pleasure. At Constantinople, or at least in Stamboul, you feel that you, a Frank, do not exist in the eyes of the Turk. You may wear the largest check suit that a London tailor can produce, and yet the Turk will pass without deigning even to look at you. At the public fountains he will go through all his religious ablutions in your presence as if you were miles away. He will spread out his carpet, turn his face toward Mecca and say his prayers while you are looking on; and so mean are you in his estimation that he ignores you.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

WISE WORDS.

Meddling rarely accomplishes anything except mischief.

Happiness is a wayside flower growing by the highway of usefulness.

Zeal without judgment, is like gunpowder in the hands of a child.

There is nothing so adorable as heroism. And there is no heroism comparable to the determination to speak the truth.

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone forever.

Finding out about what one sees is the best way of getting an education. The trouble with the most of us is that we accept what we see without inquiry or knowledge.

"Man is only that which he knows and knows only that which he is," and if each day is made to leave behind it some finer pose of body, some new gem of thought or knowledge, some loftier aim of spirit, age can be nothing less than a beautiful grace.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.—*Plato.*

The annual honey product of North America is about 100,000,000 pounds, and its value is nearly $15,000,000. The annual wax product is about 500,000 pounds, and its value is more than $100,000. There are about 300,000 persons keeping bees in North America.

A Thing of Beauty.

Hood's Household Calendar for 1888, as usual, leads all others in beauty and style. The most taking feature about it, because it is unique in Calendars, is that it is cut-out, as if by hand, and the bright, healthy face of a handsome young girl, with a wealth of brown hair, contrasts beautifully with her blue bonnet and strings. The head is a marvel of color printing, the flesh tints being as natural as life. The pad is also printed in colors, with a special design for every month, and there is condensed upon it a large amount of valuable information; indeed, it has so many points of excellence that it must be seen to be appreciated.

Copies may be obtained at the drug store, or by sending six cents in stamps to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass,

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

The Home for Women, founded last summer by the Eau Claire (Wis.) W. C. T. U., has recently been opened to the State.

The Correct Time.

There are very few men who do not pride themselves on always having the correct time; and wonderful and delicate mechanisms are devised to enable them to do so. But the more delicate a chronometer is made, the more subject it becomes to derangement, and unless it be kept always perfectly clean, it soon looses its usefulness. What wonder, then, that the human machine—so much more delicate and intricate than any work of Man—should require to be kept thoroughly cleansed. The liver is the main-spring of this complex structure, and on the impurities left in the blood by a disordered liver, depend most of the ills that flesh is heir to. Even consumption (which is lung-scrofula), is traceable to the imperfect action of this organ. Kidney diseases, skin diseases, sick headache, heart disease, dropsy, and a long catalogue of grave maladies have their origin in a torpid, or sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by establishing a healthy, normal action of the liver, acts as a cure and preventive of these diseases.

Mrs. J. Jay Buck, President of Emporia (Kan.) W. C. T. U., has for years supported a scholarship in the Episcopal College for Boys in Shanghai, China.

"Consumption can be Cured."

Dr. J. S. COMBS, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of Lung disease, and advanced to that stage when Coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and Emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight from 16 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine."

If, after a ten days trial of Taylor's Hospital Cure for Catarrh, the remedy fails to meet the requirements of the case the price will be refunded. Address, City Hall Pharmacy, 264 Broadway, New York, for free pamphlet.

Purity and Strength

The former in the blood and the latter throughout the system, are necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. The best way to secure both is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels all impurities from the blood, rouses the kidneys and liver, overcomes that tired feeling, and imparts that freshness to the body, which makes one feel perfectly well.

"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, purifying the blood and regulating the digestive organs, that I ever heard of. It did me a great deal of good."—MRS. N. A. STANLEY, Canastota, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

FOR MAN AND BEAST, Mexican Mustang Liniment

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.
The Housewife needs it for general family use.
The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.
The Miner needs it in case of emergency.
The Pioneer needs it—can't get along with out it.
The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.
The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.
The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.
The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.

Truth has but one way but that is the right way.

A Memory of Early Days.

Bane of childhood's tender years.
Swallowed oft with groans and tears,
How it made the flesh recoil,
Loathsome, greasy castor oil!
Search your early memory close,
Till you find another dose:
All the shuddering frame revolts
At the thought of Epsom salts!
Underneath the pill-box lid
Was a greater horrow hid,
Climax of all inward ills,
Huge and griping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing, recuperating, renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. Sold by druggists.

A natural will ploughed up is the best soil for producing luxuriant crops.

$500 Beward

is offered, in good faith, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure, It is mild, soothing and healing in its effects, and cures "cold in the head," catarrhal deafness, throat ailments, and many other complications of this distressing disease. 50 cents, by druggists.

The Mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., is a wholesale liquor man, while sixteen other of the city officials are liquor dealers.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous.
Headache, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration,
All stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles.

It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alterative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it

CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

$1.00 a Bottle. Send for full particulars.

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Ely's Cream Balm

Cleanses the head of CATARRHAL VIRUS, Allays Inflammation, HEALS the SORES, Restores the senses of Taste and Smell. Apply Balm into each nostril. Ely Bros, 235 Greenwich St, N.Y.

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A Child can use them!

The PUREST, STRONGEST and FASTEST of all Dyes. Warranted to Dye the most goods, and give the best colors. Unequalled for Feathers, Ribbons, and all Fancy Dyeing. 33 leading colors.

They also make the Best and Cheapest WRITING INK, LAUNDRY BLUE, ONE QUART 10 Cents.

Directions for Coloring Photographs and a colored Cabinet Photo. as sample, sent for 10 cents.

Ask druggist for Book and Sample Card, or write *WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.*

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

S. N. U. 5.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Does not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

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PATENTS obtained by E. H. GELSTON & CO., Washington, D. C. Send for our book of instructions.

EVERY **FARMER'S WIFE** Sees some of her Poultry die each year without knowing what the matter was or how to effect a remedy if she does recognize the Disease. This is not right, as at an expense of 25 cents (in stamps) she can procure a 100-Page BOOK giving the experience of a practical Poultry Raiser (not an amateur, but a man working for dollars and cents) during a period of 25 years. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases; how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening; which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject. Sent postpaid for 25c. BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard Street, N. Y. City.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

LUMBAGO.

Carriage.—Why so many deviate from a graceful carriage may be accounted for in as many ways as there are misshapen beings.

MUSCULAR WEAKNESS.

Lame Back.—The spinal column is the main-stay of the body, which stiffens up the straight man or woman, and nature has provided muscular supports to hold it erect.

TWISTED OUT OF SHAPE.

Distortions.—Men and women recklessly twist themselves out of shape, and the result is the few standing straight and the many bending down.

SYMPTOMS.

Pains.—Those which afflict the back are the most insidious or subtile. They come at times without warning; we rise from a sitting posture to find the back so crippled or strained as to cause acute suffering.

TREATMENT.

Cure.—Rub the parts afflicted freely with ST. JACOBS OIL; rub hard and vigorously, producing warmth, and if the pain is slow in yielding, wrap the parts in flannel steeped in hot water and wrung out.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

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

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. B. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

$35. Osgood & Thompson Binghamton, N.Y. Unexcelled Book & Pens.

SUPERIOR EST'AB. 1824 QUALITY **MUSIC BOXES** Gautschi & Sons 1876 PHILA. 1030 Chestnut St. PHILADELPHIA. SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

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The greatest thing out. It is not a book. 180 laughs in 180 minutes. No trouble to entertain a crowd if you have one of these. It is a button buster. It will make the girls squeal every time. For old men, old women, bachelors, old maids, boys and girls, and children. Only sent on receipt of 12 2c. stamps.

MACK & FOSTER, Mf'rs, OTTAWA, O.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED COMMODED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, whether the deafness is caused by colds, fevers or injuries to the natural drums. Invisible, comfortable, always in position. Music, conversation, whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Write to F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., New York, for illustrated book of proofs, FREE.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 31 pound, 14 Pills.

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GOLD is worth $500 per lb. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth $1,000, but is sold at 25c. a box by dealers.

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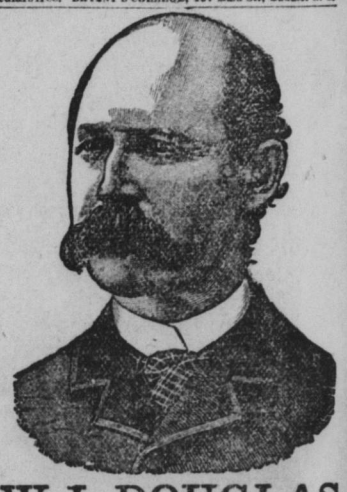

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