

# THE EVE OF A SEA BATTLE.

## What a Naval Engagement Means on a Modern Ship of War.

THE following article by Lieutenant Charles Glegg, formerly of the British Navy, is printed in the Chicago Chronicle:

A fleet of six gray battle-ships is steaming rapidly in a calm sea. Far ahead of the fleet can be distinguished the hulls and slender masts of several cruisers. These are the scouts, the "eyes" of the fleet, upon which the Admiral relies for news of the enemy's movements. Other cruisers, out of sight of the battle fleet, are scouring the sea upon some pre-arranged plan. Let us, however, confine our attention to the battle fleet. The six great armor-clad are all of one type, forming a homogeneous squadron. Each is of 15,000 tons displacement, of equal speed and carries similar guns. To the eyes of the landsmen they are like a dozen dried peas, and their similarity is accentuated by the gray paint that covers them from truck to water line. They are formed in two divisions, not as yet in order of battle. The two leading ships each flies an Admiral's flag. The divisions are six cables apart (1200 yards), but the space between each unit is but 400 yards, and this interval, you will notice, is maintained with an accuracy won by constant practice. Little smoke issues from the tall, gray funnels. In the smooth sea the heavy ships have no perceptible motion, though you can see they are making progress by the white foam at the bows and by the broad ribbon of foam churned up by the twin screws of each vessel.

Presently a red and white "answering" pennant streams from the mast-head of the flagship. One of the scouts is signalling. She begins to close with the squadron. One perceives that other and more distant cruisers are also steaming back to the fleet. We guess the reason long before our keen-eyed signalman can distinguish the message. The enemy has been sighted some twenty miles to the eastward. Such is the welcome news. At once the flagship runs up a signal: "Prepare for action; form the order of battle." For in these days of fast steaming twenty miles' interval affords but comfortable breathing space unless the enemy decides to run away. If he is bearing down upon us we may be within range of him in a quarter of an hour. Such, it seems, is his design, so our ships must form at once into single line.

Let us note what preparations are being made for the coming battle. The game has been rehearsed often enough—so often, indeed, that we can hardly realize that this is at last the real thing, the grim reality. Take any ship at random. The same preparations are being made in all. Seven hundred men are going about their ordinary business. Suddenly a bugle blares out the familiar call to "general quarters," and ere the harsh notes have died away every man begins to run to his appointed station. Some make toward the great barbettes, where the 12-inch guns are snugly sheltered; some for the armored casemates isolating the 6-inch weapons; others run to the light, quick-firers, mounted upon the superstructure. Others, again, and these mostly non-combatants if any such can be in a ship of war, hurry below to the shell rooms and magazines.

The great shells for the barbettes are being placed on the hydraulic lifts. A lever is pressed and up they go. Another moment and they have reached the breech of the gun. A gunner closes the heavy mechanism of the breech with one hand. "Run out!" orders the officer of the turret. Another lever does the business. The enormous weapons glide smoothly outward, their long necks projecting overboard as the barbettes is trained. A dozen men and one officer complete the crew of this pair of heavy guns. The officer stands upon a little iron platform, peering above the turret, with a voice tube at his ear. The captain of the turret is peering through the telescopic sights.

Glance into one of the isolated casemates. The thick, armored door is shut now, inclosing the 6-inch gun and its crew in a box of steel. The gun has been cast loose, trained on the beam, and loaded within four minutes of the bugle call. Reserves of shot and shell are being whipped up into the casemate through a round aperture leading to the shell room below. Twenty or thirty rounds soon accumulate, and the gun's crew will stake their lives against the entry of a shell through the casemate. Here, too, is an officer waiting directions through a voice tube. The men have stripped to their flannels and trousers. A tub of lime-juice stands in a corner.

Down in the bowels of the ship the torpedo men are clustered around their submerged tubes. With great care they are adjusting the Whiteheads, and their movements are slower than those of the gunners, since the chance for a shot will not come early in the fight. Yet a lucky shot from the enemy might explode the torpedo in its tube. They accept the risk, these quiet-looking men, and long for close range later on. Then they will show the gunnery branch what a Whitehead can do.

The captain and the gunnery lieutenant are in the conning tower—a cramped little structure bristling with voice tubes. It contains a small steering wheel and is in communication with both batteries, the several groups of guns, and with the engine rooms. Reports are constantly being made through these numerous voice tubes. Thus: "All watertight doors are closed, sir;" "Barbettes ready for action, sir;" and so forth. The chief quartermaster, a bearded veteran, sprucely dressed, grasps the spokes of the steering wheel and keeps an attentive eye upon the captain. Not a man can now be seen upon the upper deck, but in the thinly protected top on the foremost few hands and a midly are clustered around a three-pounder gun. All is now ready. The fleet increases speed and the cruisers, closing in, one

after another, take station to the rear. So we wait, a period of anxious suspense, since scarcely a dozen men of the 700 can see the approaching enemy. At last the twelve-pounder, which is our best range sander, rings out with sharp report. We know that the hour has come. The captain gives an order through the tubes to each of the barbettes: "Leading ship of the enemy on the port bow, range 4000 yards." "All ready, sir," comes the reply. "A moment later the two pairs of heavy guns are simultaneously fired. The ship quivers under the shock of the discharge. The battle has begun. The 700 men think swiftly of home, of mothers, wives, sweethearts, of little children. A shell from the enemy crashes through a lightly armored section of the hull, bursts and knocks two large boats into matchwood. Again the ship quivers and rushes on. Home is now forgotten. The men turn their minds to the bloody work in hand.

### DRINK BLOOD OF STEERS.

Many People Plead to Slaughter Houses Seeking Health.

Every year at this season the slaughter houses in West Philadelphia are besieged by people who want to drink the blood of the steers immediately after they have been slaughtered. This custom has become very prevalent lately, and the slaughter houses that are on Thirtieth street, between Chestnut and Race streets, have made special provision for the invalids who call with the hope of being restored to health. It is during the spring months that the crowds who go for this purpose are greatest. The long, narrow thoroughfare of Thirtieth street, which is crossed by the overhead bridges and which is covered on the surface with locomotive tracks, makes a most unpleasant walk during the cold and stormy months, but when the warm weather dries up the ground there are enough people who go to the slaughter houses to make the custom worthy of notice.

Any of the proprietors of these establishments is glad to accommodate people who wish to drink blood. One has only to make arrangements with one of them and the rest lies with the invalid. There are certain days on which the killing is done. It is best to select one of these, for it is claimed that the effectiveness of the blood is lost unless it is drunk while warm.

Not long ago a pale young girl was dazed along Thirtieth street and timidly asked one of the guards of the railroad crossing to direct her to a place in the neighborhood where she could drink some of the warm blood. The man pointed out a nearby slaughter house and the young girl went in. Day after day she came to drink the blood. As time went on quite a change came about in her appearance, and there was every evidence of returning health. She confided to one of the men about the place that the idea had come to her after she had heard her family physician tell her mother that she would ultimately die of consumption. She was obliged to resort to some diplomatic and evasive answers as to her daily walk, but she succeeded in getting to the slaughter house every day, and despite the gloomy predictions of the doctor, she soon became a healthy woman.

People drink the fresh blood for a number of ailments. A beautiful young matron of this city, who had, unfortunately, become enslaved to opium and was struggling to free herself of the habit, was taken there by a despairing husband and persuaded to drink every morning a glass of the warm fluid. The terrible ravages that had taken place in her system had depleted her blood supply and the steers' blood was thought to be a good substitute. The change in her whole system was remarkable at once, and she grew stouter and rosier every day. Some anemic people find warm blood from cattle just slaughtered more helpful than any kind of medicine.

On the days when the animals are slaughtered the men, women and children who wish to drink blood stand outside of the slaughter house—it requires a very strong-minded person to stand in the slaughter house itself—and, with tumbler in their hands, they wait for the attendant to come to them with the blood. The novice hesitates a long time before drinking the fluid, but the old stager gulps it down as one would take a glass of lemonade. It is customary for those who can to tip the butchers, and ten cents seems to be the sum that most people pay the employees for their trouble.

There are doctors who encourage consumption to drink the warm blood secured at the slaughter houses. The ideal state of affairs, which many celebrated physicians predict will come to pass, however, will come when it shall be possible to give suffering mortals the blood of animals by a method known as transfusion. This is, by inserting a connecting tube between the animal and the person and allowing the blood of the animal to be drained into the veins.—Philadelphia Record.

### As the Diver Sees the Ocean.

"You may talk about the beauties of the Yosemite, Niagara Falls, the Alps, or any place on the top of the earth," said a well-known gunner in the United States Navy a few nights ago at the San Francisco Club. "They are not to be compared with the beauties of old ocean, particularly such as can be seen from a diver's helmet." "You're right there," said another gunner. "The lubbers do not know what they have missed. I remember once when I was a gunner's mate sitting for more than an hour on the bulks of an anchor I had been sent down to recover and gazing with awe on a beautiful coral bank. It was really the most beautiful thing I ever saw. Every color from the rainbow was there, and aside from that there was enough variety in the strangeness of the formation in the coral to keep one busy several hours, tired had been fit to hide beneath the waves. I would probably have remained for several hours, gazing with rapture on the bank, and was really thinking that down there in the depths, away from noise and strife of mother earth, would suit me for the rest of my days when a 'soup-and-bully' tin thrown over the side of the ship dropped beneath me and the coral bank. My dream was over. It was a case of quick transition from the sublime to the ridiculous, and I immediately gave the signal to be hauled up."



Chicago has a citizen whose name is Reed A. Bible.

The Russian population of Siberia now numbers not far from 8,000,000.

The average annual contribution in American Protestant churches is \$12 per capita.

Letter boxes with electric bells in them as letter thief telltales are shortly to appear in Paris.

A child of five should weigh forty-one pounds and have a chest girth of twenty-three and one-half inches.

There are only seven brokers in the Paris Bourse, against 1100 of New York Stock Exchange and the 3400 of London.

The reach of a searchlight, for practical use is 700 yards, but torpedoes can be used effectively from 1200 to 4000 yards.

Kilkenny Castle is one of the oldest inhabited houses in the world, many of the rooms being much as they were 800 years ago.

Japan has only half as many miles of railroad as New York State, although it is three times as large and has six times its population.

A special train on the Northwestern Railroad made eighty-one miles—between Trenton and Norfolk Junction, Neb.—in six minutes running time.

At a recent meeting of the medical faculty of Queen's University, Ontario, a proposal was received from a man in the need of money to mortgage his body to the institution. The communication was shelved.

The operating expenses of a bank with a capital of \$10,000,000 is 2.34 per cent. of the loans and deposits, but the operating expenses are only 1.33 per cent. if the bank have a capital of \$1,000,000 or more.

The Norwegian corps of skaters, a force peculiar to the army of that country, is a body of soldiers armed with rifles, who can be maneuvered upon ice or over snow fields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry.

On the docks of London in one year 76,800 rats have been destroyed, but the medical officer of health for the port is doubtful whether that was as much as the natural increase of births over deaths, and more vigorous measures are to be taken.

### "HAMLET" WITH VARIATIONS.

A Limerick Performance With Unique Features.

The following is a literal copy of a play bill used at the Kilkenny Theatre Royal, Ireland, over 100 years ago: "On Saturday, May 14, 1733, will be performed, by command of several respectable people in this learned metropolis, for the benefit of Mr. Kearns, the tragedy of 'Hamlet.' Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hay, of Limerick, and inserted in Shakespeare's works. 'Hamlet' by Mr. Kearns (being his first appearance in that character), who, between the acts will perform several solos on the patent bagpipe, which plays two tunes at the same time. Ophelia by Mrs. Pryor who will introduce several favorite airs in character, especially 'The Lass of Richmond Hill' and 'We'll All Be Happy Together' from Rev. Mr. Dibdin's 'Oddsies'."

"The part of the king and queen, by direction of Rev. Father O'Callaghan will be omitted as too immoral for the stage. Polonius, the comical police man, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public. The ghost, the grave digger and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian. The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes. To which will be added an interlude, in which will be introduced several sleight-of-hand tricks by the celebrated surveyor Hunt. The whole to conclude with a farce, 'The Imposter' by Mr. Kearns, tickets to be had of Mr. Beard, in Castle street. The value of the tickets as usual, will be taken if required in candies, butter, bacon, cheese, soap etc., as Mr. Kearns wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public."

"Note—No person whatever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings."—Detroit Free Press

### World's Coldest City.

The coldest city in the world is Yakutsk, Eastern Siberia in the empire of the Czar and the Russians. It is the great commercial emporium of East Siberia, and the capital of the Province of Yakutsk, which, in most of its area of 1,317,063 square miles is a bare desert, the soil of which is frozen to a great depth. Yakutsk consists of about 400 houses of European structure, standing apart. The intervening spaces are occupied by winter yurts or huts of the Northern nomads, with arched roofs, doors covered with hair-blades and windows of ice.

### Purification of Water.

L. Allain, of Marseilles, France, has devised a method for chemical purification of water which is said to have given excellent results. Iodine, which is a powerful antiseptic, is added in proportions of one part to 100,000, and in most cases destroys bacilli within a quarter of an hour. To make the water palatable the free iodine is then neutralized by sodium hyposulphite. The water is then filtered through charcoal, and is claimed to come out limp, colorless and tasteless.

### Training the Jap.

Every soldier in the Japanese army is taught to breathe properly, with as much care as if he were a professional boxer. At the least sign of palpitation of the heart, he must cease his exercises and lie on his back to recover. In course of time his heart and lungs become as vigorous and healthy as those of a first-class athlete.

### NEVER SAW A CHILD.

An Island Boy of Fourteen Who Had Only Seen Grown-Ups.

"Did you ever hear of a child of ever know of one yourself that had never seen a child?" asked a man who takes an interest in the oddities to a representative of the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Well, I have, and the case is not a thousand miles from here before it had ever laid eyes on another child. It had never heard the musical prattle of companions, other than the father and mother. The parents settled across the lake a few years ago, after a long residence, on a small island of the sea. Where the child was born and where it spent fourteen years of its life there were no children. The little fellow knew no associates but the father and mother. I have often wondered since learning of this peculiar case what must have been the impression of the youngster when he gazed for the first time on a member of the human family smaller than he was. Did he think he had come upon a race of dwarfs? Or had his parents given him an idea of the existence of children? I do not know the family and therefore cannot answer these questions. But I would like to know just how the little fellow felt when he first beheld a child. It is the only case of the kind which has come to my knowledge. He had never had an opportunity to play the little game which most of us knew in the days of our childhood. He has never gone through any of the things which made young life sweet to all of us fellows, and while not knowing but there may be compensating advantages in a life of this sort, I have always felt a bit sorry for the youngster. Come to think of it, though, he missed a few things one would like to forget. For I suppose most of us have felt the rap of the maternal slipper because of disobedience due directly to one's companions. At any rate, we have always cherished the idea that our companions were in a measure responsible for many of the raps we got. The child who never knew a child could not be led astray in this way. So we do not know but that the lack of companionship may have something to commend it."

### A Lover of Funerals.

A quaint character on the lower West Side is a young man who apparently takes charge of the outside arrangements at funerals. Standing in front of the house he signs for the carriages to come ahead, gives whispered instructions to the drivers, is ahead of the procession at crossing and holds back teams with uplifted hand. He has a word with the policeman on the beat, and escorts the old folks and professional mourners to a place of vantage if the dead was a popular personage. He has a mania for attending funerals. "He's not exactly right, you see," an undertaker said. "Imagines he's a relative. I've instructed my drivers to respect his orders when need be, and we've never had any trouble with him. He's pretty well known and the families seldom object to him. The queerest thing about him is that he seems to have some intuition when a funeral is to take place, going from one neighborhood to another on the same day. But I have never seen him in a house. I believe he has an aversion to a corpse."—New York Sun.

### Return of the Tan Shoe.

An odd feature of the return of the tan shoe to popular favor is that the demand finds the manufacturers unprepared to meet it. With the coming of the crocus the brown shoe reappeared on feminine feet on Fifth avenue sporadically, as the botanist would say, after long disuse. Almost immediately orders poured in on the dealers in such volume that in the words of one "the manufacturers were fairly swamped." The prospect seems good for the full restoration of the tan shoe to that place in sartorial esteem and usefulness which it should never have lost.

Whoever the social arbiter is who has rehabilitated it, or whether it blooms anew in response to a simultaneous general re-recognition of its merits, its return to fashionable vogue will be welcomed. The elements of the comfortable and the ornamental are in no other form of summer footgear so happily combined as in the tan shoe. Witness the testimony of any neatly shod foot on any suburban lawn.—New York World.

### Making American Citizens.

In that useful little weekly paper called Charities, which very few New York people ever see, there appeared recently about twenty articles describing the progress that has been made by the Italians in New York City. There are nearly 400,000 Italians in New York. Fifty thousand of them are boys and girls in the public schools. There are 115 doctors, sixty-three druggists, twenty-one lawyers, fifteen school teachers, nine architects and seven mechanical engineers.

Nearly all of the Italians in America come from three provinces in Italy. At home they were farm laborers, earning from thirty to forty cents a day, and living in little stone cabins. Some of the immigrants had small farms of their own, but the land is poor and the Italians have nothing to work it with except spades. Their life was a hard hand struggle against starvation and debt.—New York Journal.

### A Valuable Spring.

The value of a spring of water on a farm may be gathered from the following item: John E. Madden, of Lexington, Ky., recently purchased the farm of James C. McCann, paying \$75,000 for eighty acres. Mr. Madden declares that he did not want the land, but that he purchased it because it contained a never failing spring of water adjacent to his own farm.

### An Ambitious Youth.

A bright-faced page, about ten years old, was talking with Representative Rupert, of New York. "Who had you appointed?" Mr. Rupert asked. "Mr. Dalsell, of Pennsylvania," the youngster answered. "I suppose when you grow up you are going to Congress to succeed Mr. Dalsell?" "Well, I'd hate to crowd Mr. Dalsell out," answered the page, hesitatingly.

### TWO MINDS, ONE THOUGHT.

All the Circumstances Seemed to Point to a Single Conclusion.

They sat together on the sofa, watching the drying embers. They had been silent for some time. He moved anxiously. It was apparent that something was on his mind. He looked at her furtively. She was a beautiful girl. He determined at last to make the plunge and turned his face resolutely toward hers. "Dear," he said, "I am going to ask you a question that I have never asked before. I hope it will not shock you. You will notice by a glance at the clock that it is nearly midnight. There is not a sound in the house, and it is evident that your father and mother have both gone to bed. There is no one else to disturb us. All is serene. The gas overhead is turned down to the right point, and these embers shed just the right glow. A soft, sentimental feeling has begun to steal over me. I hope it has over you. Now what I want to ask you is this: Considering all the circumstances I have mentioned, do you think it would be quite proper for me to kiss you?" The beautiful creature at his side turned impulsively and laid a delicate hand on his arm. "Do you want to know what I really think?" she said, earnestly. "Yes."

### A Pointer for Candidates.

Two candidates for office in Michigan were stumping the northern part of the state, and in one town their appearance was almost simultaneous. The candidate last arriving happened to stop at a house for the purpose of getting a drink of water. To the little girl who answered his knock at the door he said, when she had given him the desired draught and he had offered her in recompense some candy: "Did the man ahead of me give you anything?" "Oh, yes, sir," replied the bright girl, "he gave me candy."

### The Development of Nevada.

No state in the Union has so long and so badly needed an increase of population as has Nevada, says the National Geographic Magazine. Her population of 42,000 to-day is less than it was in 1870, six years after her admission as a state. It is gratifying to know, therefore, that she will more than double her present numbers when the vast government irrigation works begun on the Truckee and Carson rivers are completed. It is estimated that the works will make productive about 375,000 acres of sage brush desert in the western part of the state. These lands will furnish fertile homesteads of about eighty acres each for 4,500 families. Towns and villages will naturally spring up, so that Nevada may expect from the reclamation an increase of 60,000 at the least.

### Not Ready for His Coffin.

Engineer Minamisawa was wounded in a sea battle, where he distinguished himself on board the Kasumi. On his arriving at Sasebo, "I was astonished to find," remarked the officer with a great deal of amusement, "three coffins brought and to hear some one calling out: 'Where is the corpse of Engineer Minamisawa?' I am that corpse." I bawled in reply.

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### No Milk While in Mourning.

When an Arabian woman is in mourning for a near relative she refuses to drink milk for a period of eight days, on the principle that the color of the liquid does not harmonize with her mental gloom.

### FALL OF A GRIZZLY BEAR.

Without an Instant's Warning Tract Able Beast Kills His Trainer.

Another distinct type of a zoo rogue is the beast that goes wrong owing to accidental temptation—like Shaggy, an exceedingly intelligent, tractable Rocky Mountain grizzly who reverted to savagery and turned man-killer in a twinkling, owing to the unfortunate misstep and fall of his trainer. SHAGGY was a big, handsome, gray old fellow, with a jungle-thick coat and a lumbering, awkward gait, and a funny twinkle that made him particularly adaptable for his part of clown in a remarkably trained group of fourteen bears. He had come under the hands of his teacher when but a helpless cub, had never lost his liking for caresses, and, although the mightiest beast in the collection, was least suspected of being dangerous. Once, when a striped hyena hung to the ankle of his friend, he had run to the rescue, and cut loose right and left with his ponderous fore paws, and had bitten and torn and mangled the ugly beast to death before he could be beaten off. Among his accomplishments were that of turning admirably grotesque somersaults and the more difficult feat of balancing himself on his hind legs on a three-foot wooden sphere. Not a scratch or a year's work had he put in with the bear. And yet without an instant's warning, this same beast attacked and injured his master so that, when rescued, he was semi-demented, and so dreadfully cut and lacerated that the surgeons decided it useless to try to save his life.—McClure's Magazine.

### GERONIMO IN OLD AGE.

He is No Longer Looked Upon as a Chief by the Apaches. Geronimo was at Lawton last week. The health of the old chief is still good, although he is very aged. His home is ten miles from Lawton, yet he usually walks to and from the place to do his trading. He is quite often asked to give an exhibition of his skill as a marksman with the bow. This he readily consents to do provided a nickel is made the target and it becomes his own in case he hits it. Geronimo denies the statement of Gen. Miles that the general captured him. The old warrior says that some where up on the mountains, when he was on the warpath, two white men came to him and told him that Gen. Miles wanted to see him. The men accompanied him to the camp of the general and he was made a prisoner. Geronimo says he thinks it was in Arizona, the territory of his birth. Anyway, he says it was up in the mountains.

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