

**ANTHRACITE COAL SUPPLY.**

According to Recent Statistics, It Will Run Out in a Hundred Years.

The Bond Record has been making a careful investigation of the anthracite coal industry. No expense has been spared to obtain correct information, so that those interested in the coal carrying railroads and other companies owning or leasing coal lands may be able to judge of the present prospective values of their properties. Eleven corporations control 95 per cent of the available coal supply.

According to the summarized estimate of The Bond Record, in 109 years, on the basis of shipments made in 1895, the supply of anthracite coal will be exhausted. The largest proportion of the annual increase of tonnage has been furnished by the Wyoming region. In 1894 Lehigh and Schuylkill furnished 45 per cent and Wyoming 50 per cent of the year's output, but the Wyoming region is nearing the point of maximum output and increase of tonnage is likely soon to diminish. The present annual capacity of the anthracite region is about 67,000,000 tons, or about 21,000,000 tons in excess of annual consumption. It is therefore clear that production should be reduced, as the oversupply prostrates the market and at the same time encourages waste in the world. Unless the gross mismanagement and criminal wastefulness that have characterized the anthracite industry for the past few years are stopped they will result in the ruin of the great properties engaged in the mining and transportation of coal.

Could the various interests involved co-operate and limit the production of the mines to meet the requirements of the market, at fair prices, before many years, with the increasing consumption, the demand would equal production, there would be an end to the present demoralized markets and these who have invested their savings in the stocks and bonds of these anthracite properties would eventually get back their investment with interest.

But the great fact which this publication of The Bond Record discloses is the brief period of time which we can depend upon the anthracite coalfields of Pennsylvania to supply us with heat and power. Its place will have to be supplied by some other element, and there is none in sight so admirably adapted for the purpose. The supply of bituminous coal is practically exhausted, but this greasy, sooty, dirty fuel is a resource from which our generation ought to be profoundly thankful it is spared.

**SHE WAS SHY ONE TURK.**

Protest of an Audience Against Bernhardt's Loss of a Servant.

Sarah Bernhardt was once playing at Marseilles in a spectacular play in which she made her entrance accompanied by six Turkish slaves. A line in the programme announced that these six Turks would accompany Mme. Bernhardt, but when the time came for them to go on one of the youngsters had disappeared. Then a still, small voice in the gallery murmured something in an indignant tone. Fifty voices immediately took up the strain, and in ten seconds more the whole house was shouting the same phrases. Bernhardt strained every nerve to catch what they were complaining about. She knew the phrase began with "Manque," but the rest of it was lost in the general hubbub. For a full minute the tumult continued. Then Sarah, uttering things below her breath, rushed like a fury down to the footlights. In the front row the actress had spotted one man who was not taking part in the hubbub. Pointing at him, the actress exclaimed sternly: "You seem to be the only sensible person in this house. Tell me what on earth they are kicking up this row for?" The man rose, bowed to the actress and remarked in very bad American-French, "Madam, you are shy one Turk."—New York Evening Sun.

"Isn't it awfully annoying to be neglected?" asked the man who delights in personal questions.

"If you had waited as I have," answered the afflicted one, "nearly ten minutes to be blamed for little lightning bugs to get by, under the impression that it was a bicycle messenger coming down the street, you would know that it was annoying."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Of what use is genius if the organ is too convex or concave and cannot find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life?—Emerson.

Many chronological authorities date from the foundation of the world, but the widest possible diversity exists as to when this event occurred.



There is a fascinating story about a healthy woman, which touches every heart. Physical weakness is a great drawback to a woman's social success. As she loses she loses attractiveness. A woman had even better be too stout than too thin, but either extreme shows a lack of healthy condition.

If you are not physically up to the mark, appetite uncertain, digestion poor and a general sense of weakness and incapacity, you will find the robust health and energy you need in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It removes the obstructions, cleanses the blood, and creates new tissue, hard muscular flesh and active nerve force.

It gives color to the cheeks and firmness to the form, without adding one ounce of flabby fat above the normal standard of health. Taken in accordance with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for distinctly feminine troubles, it constitutes a scientific and wonderfully successful course of treatment for delicate women.

Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1894 I was taken with stomach trouble, indigestion, a general coldness in my stomach, and a weight which seemed like a rock. Everything I ate gave me great pain. I had a bearing-down feeling, and was so weak I could hardly get up. I had a ride around my right side, and in a short time I was bloated, was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. Then Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended to me and I got it, and commenced the use of it. I began to see a change for the better. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his Favorite Prescription, and one bottle of the Pleasant Peppets. I began to improve very fast after the use of a few bottles. The physicians who attended me said I had 'dropsy' and that my disease was leading into pulmonary consumption. It was quite a relief to find that my cure was permanent. I do not feel any longer as if I had any disease. I cannot praise Dr. Pierce and his remedies too highly. The medicines come the nearest to 'raising the dead,' of any I have ever known about. They are worth their weight in gold."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Peppets regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

**DOUBT AND DISASTER.**

Threats of Free Silver Have Made Hard Times.

STILL GREATER DANGER AHEAD.

If the Silver Standard Was Desirable, the Adoption of the Chicago Platform Would Have Started Us Toward Prosperity—Instead We Have Greater Depression.

One argument that has been repeatedly given as a reason why Mr. Bryan should be elected president and a congress chosen that would support him in his financial views is the need that exists of making a change. In arguments, both moral and written, that have been delivered or that have appeared in the central section of our country the changes have been rung on the statement that times are so bad now that a silver standard cannot make them worse; that if what we have been going through for the past six or eight months is the result of a gold standard of value then surely a change to a silver standard cannot be attended with serious consequences, because present conditions are about as bad as they could be. This is a seemingly plausible but entirely delusive argument, for to say of the condition in which the United States has been for some time past that it is the result of the gold standard of value which we have maintained is very much like asserting that the remedies used or precautions taken at the time of a great epidemic—as, for example, Asiatic cholera—are the causes of the long list of mortality, and that the healthy way would be to let the disease run its course without check or hindrance of any kind.

The trouble with our present financial condition is not that we have a gold standard, but that for a good while past we have been threatened with a silver one and have been compelled to fight this danger, just as the cholera or yellow fever has to be fought, by preventive and remedial measures. The only way to properly estimate the value of a gold standard is to take those countries where a gold standard exists and compare them with our own country, where for years past there has been doubt as to its continued maintenance. There is not the least question that for the last six months business has been in an exceedingly depressed condition all over the United States, and yet at the same time the gold standard has been maintained by the use of exceptional methods. On the other hand, during this last six months business in Great Britain has been carried on in a satisfactory and profitable manner, in spite of the fact that last year's harvest was a partial failure and the present harvest does not promise much better. There has been in Great Britain during the last six months not only a gold standard of currency, but a standard without the shade of a qualification or doubt; hence if the use of gold for the purpose of determining monetary values is attended with such terrible evils as the silver standard asserts, the hopeless gold condition of England would present a picture of industrial horror of the blackest description, while in the United States, where a gold standard has only been maintained by extraordinary effort, and where a large number of people are earnestly working to drop it and adopt a silver standard, industrial conditions—on the hypothesis we have just set forth—should be far more favorable.

The crushing and demoralizing effects of gold—assuming such effects to exist—should in our case be materially modified by the possibilities of relief that might come through the use of silver, just as the recent hot wave that has rolled over us from the west has been tempered and modified in this part of the country by the cooling influences of a sea breeze.

But in reality the fact that we have not the same assurance here which exists in England that the gold standard of value will be maintained instead of proving of benefit to our industrial interests has obviously worked to their immense detriment. England, with its certain gold standard, has a thriving industrial condition, and the same statement holds true of the nations of continental Europe where the gold standard has an established ascendancy, but here in the United States, where we have enterprise, capital, intelligence and larger possibilities in the way of undeveloped resources than any other section of the world, we have had industry paralyzed and commerce stagnated just in proportion as the possibilities of obtaining the blessings of a silver currency have been largest.

We are told, on the other hand, by these silver advocates, that in the silver using countries of the world, such as Mexico, Japan, China and India, industry are in a flourishing condition and hence the change to a silver standard, if made by the United States, would be attended by similar industrial improvements. But those who make these statements fail to inform their hearers that the manufacturing activity to which they refer is brought about and made possible by the payment to wage earners of practically no higher wages in silver now than were paid when that coin was worth intrinsically about twice as much as it is, a time when, given in exchange for most of the necessities of life, it had about double its present purchasing power. In other words, these silver using countries industrial activity has been stimulated because the wages of operatives have to all intents and purposes been cut down by one-half, so that with this reduction in the cost of production the owners of the mills and workshops have been able to sell their goods in markets that they might not otherwise have entered.

This is the prosperity which silver promises, the prosperity of reduced wages.—Boston Herald.

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**THE CZAR'S WIG.**

How an Officer Tweeked It and Won a Bet and Position.

Paul, the eccentric czar of Russia assassinated in 1881, was very particular as to his dress, and considered trifling matters as of supreme importance. This peculiarity was once taken advantage of by an officer of the guard, Major Vaksel, to win a bet. The major, the wildest joker in the army, wagered several hundred rubles that he would tweek the tail of the emperor's wig on parade.

The very next day the emperor happened to be present at an early parade, and, as destiny ruled it, took a position for a moment immediately in front of the daring major. Breathless with excitement and terror, Vaksel's companions beheld that rash officer's right hand steal slowly from his side, rise to the level of the czar's neck and give the wig's hanging tail a most decided tweek.

In an instant the emperor's face, pale with fury, was turned upon Vaksel's countenance, which, however, only reflected an expression of childlike innocence, mingled with the most deferential astonishment.

"Who dared to do that?" asked the enraged czar, his eyes giving flashing evidence that his most dangerous mood was upon him.

"I did, your majesty," said Vaksel, who, however his heart may have fluttered, managed to preserve outwardly an unruffled calm, together with an expression of innocent surprise. "It was crooked, your majesty," he added, in a confidential, undertone. "I straightened it for fear the younger officers should see."

Paul's countenance cleared at once. He stared fixedly, however, at Vaksel's innocent looking face for some seconds. Vaksel admitted afterward that this was the trying moment, and he had said to himself, "If I waver, I'm lost!" Then the czar spoke, and spoke so that all might hear.

"I thank you, colonel," he said.

If ever a step in rank was gained by the purest effort it was so acquired on this occasion, and Vaksel left the field, not only promoted to a coveted position in the guards, but richer by many hundred rubles as the result of his wager.—Temple Bar.

**TO MAINTAIN A PRINCIPLE.**

A Quaker Firm That Sacrifices Hundreds of Thousands a Year.

There is probably not another business firm in the United States, or, for that matter, in any other country in the world, that annually sacrifices hundreds of thousands of dollars of trade simply to maintain a principle, as Whitall, Tatum & Co., the Quaker glass manufacturers of Philadelphia, do and have done for nearly 75 years.

The firm was established in the early part of the century, and its founders were strict and consistent members of the Society of Friends. They did not believe in war, nor in litigation, nor in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors, and they established a rule which has never been violated.

Whitall, Tatum & Co. have never made a whisky flask, nor any sort of description of bottle intended to contain either malt, vinous or spirituous liquors. This includes the small vials called "samples," which are similar to those made to display samples of illuminating and lubricating oils. Should an intending purchaser ask for oil "samples," he said they were to be used for whisky, he could not buy them at any price.

The army and navy departments of the United States have sought several times to buy glassware from the firm, but the patronage has invariably been refused on the ground that the furnishing of any sort of supply for the aid or comfort of persons engaged in war or maintaining peace by force of arms was contrary to the tenets of the Society of Friends, and therefore could not be considered. The senior member of the firm, recently deceased, was a typical Quaker—a man of brain and brain, and at 65 was in as fine a physical condition as most men who have led a temperate life are at 40. Grief over the untimely death of his son, a young man of great promise, was the primary cause of Mr. Whitall's death.—New York Mail and Express.

**Very Confusing.**

An "underground" train from Whitechapel was trundling along through the City one dark and foggy day. An Irish lady was a passenger, who was evidently moving her "home," tied up in a ragged old apron, from an eastern to a western "doss house." "How far will Oi have to go wid this?" she asked of a fellow passenger, thrusting her ticket in his face. The affable man put on his spectacles. "Latimer road, ma'am! Seven stations farther on." The old lady grunted incredulously. Some minutes passed, during which the old lady nuzzed or dozed and took no thought of stoppages. Then she roused herself and addressed the same question to another passenger. "Four stations on," muttered this one briefly. The Irish dame smiled bitterly, but kept her own counsel for awhile. Then she suddenly turned upon a traveler of her own sex. "Now will yez tell me, ma'am, how far am Oi from this station?" "It's the next station of all," said the other smilingly. The Irish woman cast around a glance of indignation scorn. "An which of yez am Oi to believe? Sure ye all tell a different tale!"—Household Words.

**Alexis Piron.**

Alexis Piron, a native of Dijon, is perhaps most notorious for his epigrams, "Here lies Piron, who was nothing—not even an academician." One night he was asked at a party if he could tell the difference between a woman and a mirror. "A woman," he replied, "talks without reflecting; a mirror reflects without talking." Upon this a lady asked, "Can you now, M. Piron, tell me the difference between a man and a mirror?" And, as Piron remained silent, she went on, "A mirror is always polished, while a man—sometimes is not."

**The Panic That Threatens.**

President Ferdinand T. Hopkins of the closed Murray Hill bank, New York, says: "I believe, in full appreciation of the position which I now occupy as president of a bank which has just been closed, that if Bryan and Sewall are elected this country will experience the greatest financial panic in its history."

**Heat and Silver.**

To read the inscription on a silver coin which by much wear has become wholly obliterated put a poker in the fire. When redhot, place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear as the coin cools. This method was formerly practiced at the mint to discover the genuine coin when silver was called in.

Portugal has 1,080,000 women more than 17 years old.

**ELEPHANT STORIES.**

THEY GO TO SHOW THAT THE GREAT BEASTS CAN REASON.

How One of the Huge Fellows Amused Himself at the Expense of a Hippopotamus—Protecting Himself From Annoyance.

In my opinion the elephant is the most intelligent of all animals. He thinks for himself, and no matter in what position he may be placed, or what emergencies he may be called upon to meet, he seems to be endowed with enough common sense to be equal to all occasions. He has also a strong sense of humor, which at times is so marked as to be almost human.

This sense of the humorous was unusually well developed in an elephant I knew in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. He was kept in a great inclosure out in the open air, so that he had plenty of room to roam about. In the same inclosure was a very large hippopotamus, for whose comfort and amusement a great stone basin had been built and filled with water, and the hippopotamus in turn furnished amusement for the elephant. It was quite early one morning—before the hour for admitting the public to the garden—when I noticed the elephant walking around on the stone edge of the basin, curiously watching the hippopotamus.

I felt quite sure that the elephant was up to some prank, and I was not mistaken; for, just as soon as the ears of the hippopotamus came into view, the elephant quickly seized one of them with his trunk and gave it a sudden pull. The enraged hippopotamus lifted his ponderous head clear of the water and started and blew, but every time he rose to take breath the elephant would recommence his antics. Around and around the beast would go, keeping a sharp lookout for the little ears of the hippopotamus, which he would seize the moment they appeared. His evident delight in teasing his huge neighbor was very comical, and there could be no doubt that he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Again, one day the keeper placed some food for the hippopotamus in a corner of the inclosure, and at once the hippopotamus began to leave the water to get it, but the elephant slowly ambling over to the same corner, some time before he reached the food, he turned over the favorite food in such a way that the hippopotamus could not get at it, gently swayed his trunk back and forth and acted altogether as though he were there quite accidentally, until the garden was thrown open to the public and he went forward to receive the daily contributions of bread, cake, pie, etc., which were always offered him by his hosts of admirers.

Elephants appear to take much enjoyment in life and exhibit a good natured spirit even while at work. In the animals' quarters at Belleport, some time ago, two little elephants showed evident pleasure in the tasks that were set for them. Even in their stable, when no trainer was about, one little elephant would stand on its head just it was used to doing in the circus and the other would look anxiously on until its own turn came to stand on its head and be admired by the other.

In his native climate, during the hot hours of the day, the elephant usually seeks the friendly shade of a grove of trees so as to shield himself from the burning rays of the sun. Some time ago in Central park the elephants in summer were kept in an open inclosure where there were no trees or shade of any kind, and during the hot days, when the mercury was well up in the nineties, the heat was almost unbearable. Intently watching the elephants there were always many persons carrying sunshades or umbrellas to protect themselves from the sun's rays.

I wonder how many of these onlookers realized that the elephants in summer were carrying sunshades, too, for such was really the case. On the very hot days the great quadrupeds would take the hay that was given them, or when they could get it the newly mown grass, and completely thatch their backs with it to shield themselves from the sun. They will sometimes do this same thing in fly time to protect themselves from being bitten, for, strange as it may seem, the elephant's skin is very sensitive.

In Africa there grows a tree called the helig tree, which bears fruit known by the name of lobolob. Now the elephant is very fond of lobolob, but the fruit grows so high up as to be quite out of the animal's reach. Of course that does not deter the elephant from trying to get it. True, he cannot climb a tree, but he has a big bump of ingenuity and we may rest assured that he gets the fruit by some means or other.

Sir Samuel Baker, the great African traveler, was fortunate enough one day to see an elephant in the very act of getting the fruit. The elephant would retire a short distance from the tree and then rush at the trunk at full speed, striking his head against it with such force as to make the tree tremble in every limb and so shake down the fruit, repeating the charge again and again until enough lobolob had fallen to satisfy his appetite.—Our Animal Friends.

**Dancing and Tumblers.**

A boy of 4 asked to be taken with his elders to a ball. He was told that he must first learn to dance. Upon this he delivered himself as follows: "But I can dance, and my way is more different than your way. I can dance alone, but you have to be holded up." This was not smartness, perverted ingenuity, as some might suppose. It was a bit of perfectly natural child thought. To the little philosopher there seemed nothing in the nature of things to make dances in "pairs" and hold one another in so tight a grip unless it were to keep one another from falling.

In many of these naive misinterpretations of what is seen the point of the humor involves, of course, a side hit at grown up weaknesses which lie hid from the child. A good example of the charm of this childish innocence is given by Mr. Punch when he makes little Jessie ask her mamma in a railway carriage, "Why do all the tunnels smell so strong of trandy?" to the disgust of a Puritanic looking lady traveler sitting close by. Here, indeed, I suppose, everybody recognizes that the butt of the joke is this hypocritical looking lady with her carefully hidden bottle.—National Review.

**Connecticut's Nicknames.**

Connecticut's nicknames are the proud distinction of having three sobriquets. It has been called the "Land of Steady Habits," from the sobriety and gravity of its people; the "Freestone State," from the enormous quarries of that description of stone, and the "Nutmeg State," from the tradition prevalent in surrounding communities over 100 years ago that the chief industry of its inhabitants was the manufacture of nutmegs of wood, to be passed off as genuine on unsuspecting purchasers.

**Not Dangerous.**

Judge—You are accused of carrying a gun.

Prisoner—But, yo' honah, it war er safety razorah.—Washington Times.

**AMERICANIZED CHINAMEN.**

How Yankee Sign Painters Sophisticated Oriental Names.

It is rather amusing to note the curious disguises under which Chinese names appear on the laundry signboards so thickly scattered through our cities. It is the natural result of the Chinaman's imperfect acquaintance with English and the sign painter's absolute ignorance of Chinese.

For instance, John goes to the painter and explains—"Want paint washoe washoe."

"All right. What's your name?" asks the painter.

"Name Cha Li Ling," replies the oriental, and down it goes on the sign, "Charlie Ling."

It is surprising the number of these Charlies who wear pigtails, but it always comes to pass in the way just indicated.

One sign painter did still better. The applicant gave his name as Cha Ku Li. This in due time appeared on a square red board as follows: "Chas. Q. Lee, First Class Chinese Laundry."

It is often alleged that the Chinese never become truly American, but here was a Chinaman pretty thoroughly Americanized, one would fancy. It was from the bumptious sign painter, however, that he got his naturalization papers.—Boston Post.

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**Cancer Of the Breast.**

Mr. A. H. Crasby, of 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife paid no attention to a small lump which appeared in her breast, but it soon developed into a cancer of the worst type, and notwithstanding the treatment of the best physicians, it continued to spread and grow rapidly, eating two holes in her breast. The doctors soon pronounced her incurable. A celebrated New York specialist then treated her, but she continued to grow worse and when informed that both her aunt and grandmother had died from cancer he gave her up as hopeless.

Someone then recommended S.S.S. and though little hope remained, she began it, and an improvement was noticed. The cancer commenced to heal and when she had taken several bottles it disappeared entirely, and although several years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned.

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