

WISDOM OF THE ELEPHANT.

He Knows When He Has Been Scolded and Vigorously Resents It.

One day, says a writer of English military experiences, a heavy gun stuck in the mud at the bottom of a stream and the tandem elephant was unhooked to shove behind, or lift the muzzle of the gun with his trunk. But he would not; he only bellowed and swayed uneasily, shifting from one foot to another in the sticky mud. At last, with piteous, shrill trumpeting, he touched the sharp point of the iron right on the muzzle. "He says he is afraid of hurting himself, sahib," explained the mahout. "Well," answered the officer in jest, "tell him to speak the wheel." "Promise him backsheesh, sahib, and he will." "Very well." The elephant very carefully found a scouter footing, curled his trunk around a lower spoke; and made his wheel revolve. Then the shaft elephant put in his ponderous weight and the gun slowly rose out of the mud and rolled up the opposite bank.

The triumphant mahout demanded backsheesh for his Hooshar Hatti (wise elephant). "You scamp! You wanted the backsheesh for yourself." "No, sahib, I dare not cheat him, and if you don't give him backsheesh he will remember you are no gentleman and never work for you again." "All right," said the officer, tossing the man a couple of rupees in succession. "How shall I know you don't cheat him?" "Come and see him feed this evening, sahib." That evening by moonlight the officer was summoned to see Hooshar Hatti eat his supper. The elephant was swaying to and fro, fanning himself with a branch, and round the fire stood huge chupatties—flat cakes of flour, butter and sugar—purchased with the backsheesh for the Hooshar's supper. The mahout took up one of the cakes and offered it to the "wise one," who weighed it carefully in his trunk and then deposited it with a satisfied smack. In his raw-looking mouth. "Now, sahib, this second chupattie is light weight, see him find it out."

The elephants are accustomed to certain ration weight, and when the Hooshar took this cake by the edge an angry twinkle came into his wicked little eye, and, quick as lightning he slapped the mahout in the face with the leathery mass. "See, sahib," cried the man in glee, "I dare not cheat him!" And he picked himself up and offered a larger chupattie. "Here, you foolish one! Did I ever cheat you? This one is overweight." The elephant understood and ate in forgiving tranquility.

And the Poor Took Him In. Dr. Dobbin, an old-fashioned clergyman of Dublin, was noted for his kindness to the poor, and for his simplicity in trusting them. Once a man was bogging at the clergyman's carriage window. Having no change about him, he handed the beggar a guinea, saying: "Go, my poor man, get me change for that and I will give you a shilling." He never saw the beggar's face again. One day his wife, on coming home, found him in the hall with his hands behind his back, as if hiding something. She insisted on knowing what it was, and he timidly brought out from behind his back a roasted leg of mutton. He had quietly taken it from the spit in the kitchen, to give to a poor woman at the door.

A Rat-Fighting Rooster. City Treasurer George Sidman has a rooster who has taken upon himself the care of a brood of about ten small chicks. The king of the barnyard takes special pains to be with those little feathered ones on all occasions to defend them and see that they have fair play. Mr Sidman has discovered that rats attempt to get the grain fed his little chicks, and one day caught the rooster, defending the little brood while eating their meal. The rooster took a position near where the rats made their appearance to get the grain, as fast as one of the rodents put its head in sight the rooster would peck their heads and thus chase them back into their holes.—Meadville, Pa., Tribune.

Rocks That Float in Water. A geologist who is "well up" in his business can name a dozen or twenty different specimens of rocks and minerals that have less specific gravity than water, and which will, if tossed into that element, float on the surface. Huberlite is one of the best known representatives of that class; the common pumice stone is another example. The rock with the very least specific gravity known is "damari," a substance found in an extinct volcano in Damaraland. Its atomic weight is 0.5, or exactly one-half that of hydrogen.

Of Course. Mr. Lenz, photographer—I have not, for a long time, had so good a sitter as you are. The expression is exactly right. How did you gain such control over the facial muscles? Are you an actor?

Mr. Rhodster—No, sir. Mr. Lenz—Well, well! Perhaps you are a cyclist?

Mr. Rhodster—Yes, I am. Mr. Lenz—Ah, that explains it! It comes from riding the machine on stony roads, and trying to look as if you enjoyed it.—Truth.

In Kentucky. Tailor, inspecting the bloomers the fair customer has returned—They seem to be all right, miss. I don't see anything lacking.

Fair Customer—Why—why—oughtn't there to be a hip pocket?

Voices of no Consequence. Manager—Can you sing? Pretty Applicant—No, sir—not a note. Manager—Well, that doesn't matter much. I want you for the leading part in a comic opera.

"OLD FULLER."

How He Came to Furnish One of Dickens' Characters.

Notwithstanding all that has been written of the source of Dickens' characters, no one has told of the origin of Miss Havisham. That weird, most uncanny creation of Dickens' brain has been left to be unraveled by an odd water-front individual, now dead, who for years was known in this city by the sole title of "Old Fuller." "Old Fuller" was as fond of ale as any Englishman that ever lived, according to the San Francisco Call, and it occasioned no little surprise when he stopped drinking and began saving his money for a trip back to "dear old Lunnion." When he returned from his native country after a few months this story had fastened itself most fixedly in his mind. One reason why "Old Fuller" may be accredited with the discovery of the original model for Miss Havisham is that he had never heard of Charles Dickens, and was totally ignorant as to whether he was a novelist or carpenter.

"Old Fuller's" story runs like this. When he was a small boy in London he knew with awe a smart, spruce young liquor dealer. Temperate, bright and ambitious, he was on the high road to wealth. As he had been "Old Fuller's" ideal of all that was great when he visited London he took particular care to hunt him up. Instead of the gallant, manly young fellow he was a shrunken, shriveled old frame, hair that for 20 years had not been cut, and flesh fallow from lack of bathing. The clothes that he wore had never been removed in that space, and his apartments during that time had not been swept. In the dining room an extensive banquet had been prepared, and a crumbling wedding cake was there which the rats were devouring.

The cause of the change in the hale, hearty Englishman is common enough not to cause comment—his betrothed deserted him at the altar, as had Miss Havisham's lover twenty-five years before. For two decades he had lived in seclusion unmindful of everything but that day. He never removed his wedding suit, or allowed his chambers to be changed in the minutest detail. So he became known by the lovers of the curious throughout London as "Dirty Bill."

Unlike the jilted Miss Havisham, disappointment left him but a dazed, listless purposeless, aged man, waiting calmly for the false woman to return to him. Miss Havisham, on the contrary, being a woman, could not forget the slight to her charms, and became vindictive. The vanity of a "woman scorned" was too much affected for her to suffer silently in solitude, and so, in "Great Expectations," Miss Havisham rears the beautiful Stella that, through her, she may be able to rejoice in that deep, overwhelming intoxicant—revenge. She even sends for the poor little Pip, a blacksmith's apprentice, that he may love Stella hopelessly. The devil could not shout more gleefully over a lost soul than did Miss Havisham internally when she saw that by separating Pip and Stella she had wrecked his life.

It was only after years of unhappiness that both wandered back to the house where they first met, and Pip was able to say, as he did at the close of the book: "I took her hand in mine and we went out of the ruined place; and as the morning mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me I saw no shadow of another parting from her."

Harder Than Ebony. Several species of ironwood have long been known and widely used on account of their extraordinary weight and hardness, in the manufacture of such articles as axles and plows. It is claimed, however, that these are entirely surpassed by a certain tree found in Northern Transvaal, regarding which M. Baisaux, at present traveling in South Africa, has transmitted a note to the Geographical society of France. The wood is a sort of ebony, and so excessively hard that it cannot be cut in the ordinary manner except when green. When mature and dry it resists every known tool and blunts or breaks the finest tempered steel. It is apparently almost impregnable against fire, as it required a fortnight's constant burning to reduce the trunk of one of the trees to ashes, and, although heavy, it is said to be considerably lighter than steel or iron.—Invention.

Stamps in Canada. At some of the Canadian postoffice the sign is displayed "United States stamps sold here." This has no sanction from the authorities, but the clerks are allowed to buy and sell for their own profit and the unquestioned convenience of Canadians who want to send small sums by mail, or to inclose stamps for answers. They charge a profit of about ten per cent on stamps in bulk.

A Proper Sequence. "Is it still the custom in this country to reach for your gun to back it up after you have called a man a liar?" asked the tourist.

"It ain't no stranger," replied the early settler, "and it never wuz. It has allers been the custom in the best society of Yaller Dog to reach for the gun fast."

Oranges and Peachy Complexions. A peachy complexion, like that of a young girl, was possessed by the Marquise de Crequy even to the close of her long life. She died at the age of 98, and for the last forty years lived almost entirely on oranges. She often ate a dozen of them for breakfast.

SHAKER INDIANS OF THE WEST

A Queer Sect That Flourishes in the State of Washington.

The Indians of this county have just closed a religious revival and have left for Pacific county, where they will endeavor to rekindle a religious spirit among the tribes there, says the Aberdeen correspondent of the Portland Oregonian. Their religion is very unique, strikingly original and distinctly Indian. It is known as the Shaker religion. It is said that it first originated in the sound country among the Mud Bay Indians. The story is that one of the tribe, John Slocum, was taken sick and gradually wasted away and died. Preparations were made for the funeral, but John surprised his friends by coming to life again the day the funeral was to be held. He stated that he had gone to heaven, but that he was told to go back to earth again and help his people; that they were very wicked, and that he must help them. His recovery was very rapid and he at once started this new sect. It forbids the use of kerosene oil as an illuminant; also the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors of any kind. It has worked wonders among the Chehalis county Indians, who previously were not noted for their morality or sobriety. One who has witnessed some of their meetings, says:

"When a candidate announces a desire to join he is placed in the center of the room on his tip-toes, with his arms extended full length over his head. The crowd circles around him, singing, shouting, ringing bells and hammering anything that will make a noise. Frequently one of the heavy bells is broken, and this is hailed with delight, as it is supposed that the bad spirit has left the candidate and entered into the bell, filling it to bursting. When this happens the candidate is completely cleansed from all evil and is born again. The candidate for admission, after standing in the position for a short time, commences to shake through fatigue. This is taken as a sign that the good spirit is entering; and the noise and din are, if possible, increased as the poor victim's shaking increases, until, from sheer exhaustion, he falls trembling to the ground. His conversion is then complete and he is admitted into full membership."

AN EASY SHAVE.

In Olden Times Shaving Was a Torturous Business—A Bronze Razor. "An easy shave?" The words come trippingly, as if the art, or rather the mystery of shaving were facile. From the very earliest ages the problem of shaving, like all really great problems, has perplexed thoughtful men. Why our paleolithic ancestors began to shave is unascertained, says the Saturday Review. It seems so easy to let the chin alone. There may have been some religious reason, or sexual selection may have intervened. Women may have preferred a beardless wooer. Yet this is contrary to all analogy.

When Alma Venus behaved in the manner so poetically described by Lucretius, "the most eloquent of blasphemers," then the wanton lapping procured for himself another crest, and the peacock spread abroad the splendor of his tail. The beard in man is averred by philosophers to have a corresponding moral. But man, being reasonable, must needs cut off his beard. To run in the face of nature has ever been his way of asserting his independence and demonstrating his lordship of creation.

Ere metals were invented, ere fire subdued the copper to his will, man plucked his beard out, or he toiled with a sharp shell. A soapless shave with a shell—it cannot be called easy, and travelers have described the agonies of the brave. Conceivably, man shaved because the beard might be caught hold of by an enemy with the left hand, while with the right he drove the pointed flint under the fifth rib. For whatever reason, man in the bronze age shaved with a bronze razor, as if we should do so with a paper-cutter. The process must have been slow and painful—as much so as tattooing—but fashion was all-powerful.

"Cleveland" in Many States. There is a Cleveland in each of the states, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia and Wisconsin, and they are printed in cold type without any more distinction for Cleveland, Ohio, than is accorded to six other money order offices of the same name. The Ohio city was named for Moses Cleveland, the "a" in whose name was knocked out to accommodate a newspaper with narrow columns.

Chinese Competitive Examinations. To a foreigner, perhaps the most interesting matter in all China is the system of education pursued and tested by a series of competitive examinations in which tens of thousands take part annually and by which any man may win for himself an important official post. Unfortunately it is merely education in the knowledge of the works of Confucius and the correct classical employment of Chinese characters.

I'd a Serious Occupation. She—Papa's chief objection to you is that you have no occupation. He—No occupation? Good gracious! Doesn't he know that I am waging a mustache?—New York Weekly.

Repartee. "My dear," said Mr. Kieckles, "you are, to say the least, very hard to please."

"Oh, I don't know about that," I married you, you know."

The Devil's Tower.

The Devil's tower, a geological wonder, which stands on the Belle Fourche river in the Black Hills region, and of which a geologist of international reputation said: "It is a remarkable freak of nature, and appears not to have been repeated elsewhere on the earth's surface, but stands alone, unique and mysterious," is believed to be the cone of a cooled down volcano. At a distance it looks like a huge cask or barrel made of gigantic timbers, the sides being roughly furrowed with crystals of trachyte. Its height is 625 feet and the walls on all sides are so nearly smooth and perpendicular that no human being has ever been able to climb to the top. Its diameter at the base is 796 feet, and at the summit (estimated) 350 feet.—St. Louis Republic.

Origin of the Word Doyley.

The word doyley, now a familiar one with the ladies is derived from the name of Robert D'Oyley, one of the followers of William the Norman. He received a grant of valuable lands on the condition of the yearly tender of a table cloth of 3 shillings value at the feast of St. Michael. Agreeably to the fashion of the time the ladies of the D'Oyley family were accustomed to embroider and ornament the quit rent table cloths; hence these cloths, becoming curiosities and accumulating in the course of years, were at length brought into use as napkins at the royal table and called doyleys.—New York Recorder.

Oysters and Corn Bread.

A Belgian living in Virginia complains that his friends at home cannot be induced to cook the oysters he sends over because they have always been accustomed to eat oysters raw. The Belgians exhibit a like conservatism touching Indian corn meal. In this, however, they have many imitators in the United States. Nothing surprises the Southerner more than the distaste of Northerners for corn bread of all sorts. The Northern palate demands that corn meal shall be adulterated with wheat flour, a mixture that the real Southerner, brought up on corn bread, despises.

By the Deaf.

Little Willie—I wanted so much to peep through the keyhole last night while you were in the parlor with Mr. Castleton. Sister—But, like a good little boy, you didn't, did you? Willie—No; the servant girl got there first.—New York Herald.

The Latest Rat-Trap. A little bit of cheese and an electric wire form the latest rat-trap. The cheese is fixed to the wire and the instant the rat touches the cheese he is shocked to death.

There is no way of getting children to be good like showing them how.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEB., December 5, 1894. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, on January 19, 1895, viz: DANIEL TOOHILL, one of the heirs of Daniel P. Toohill, deceased, H. E. No. 14906. For the SW NW 1/4 and NW SW 1/4, Sec. 3, Twp. 28 N Range 11 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Henry Hoxie, John Wm. James Wynn, James Gallagher, all of O'Neill, Neb. JOHN A. HARMON, Register.

NOTICE. Delphos National Bank, Paddock Hawley Iron Company, National Bank of Sioux City, Iowa, Quincy National Bank, and Michigan State Co., defendants, have filed a petition in the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, against said defendants, impleaded with John J. McCafferty, Harry A. McCafferty, Timothy Dwyer, Mary A. Dwyer, The County of Holt, Bank of Valentine, The City of O'Neill, Lee Clark and Andrew Hardware Co., Blair State Bank, H. C. McEvoy (real name unknown), Cortevou, Ege & Vanzante, John G. Cortevou, A. J. Ege (real name unknown), and M. N. Vanzante (real name unknown), the object and prayer of which is to enforce a mortgage dated February 1, 1888, for \$6000 and interest and tax payments, on the west half of southwest quarter, and southeast quarter of southwest quarter of section two, township twenty-eight, range eleven, in said county, given by Patrick C. Murphy to Mira J. Abbott, and assigned to plaintiff, which mortgage was recorded in Book 20, Page 418, of the mortgage records of said county, and to have the same decreed to be a first lien, and said lands sold to satisfy the same. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 7th day of January, 1895. Dated December 17, 1894. JANE A. DIMOCK, Plaintiff. By Munger & Courtright, Attorneys.

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants. John A. Proffitt, Louisa A. Proffitt, Eliza Ann Bowen, T. E. Bowen, her husband, The Amulb Champ Investment Company, J. F. Kimball, Louise G. Kimball, George H. Champ, Alla D. Champ, George W. Turner and Mrs. George W. Turner, first name unknown, defendants, will take notice that on the 23rd day of November, 1894, E. C. Lougee and Charles Burr Towle, trustees, plaintiffs herein, filed a petition in the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by defendants John A. Proffitt and Louisa A. Proffitt, his wife, to The Kimball Champ Investment Company, upon the east half of the northwest quarter of section four, and the east half of the northeast quarter of section five, in township twenty-seven, north of range nine, west in Holt county, Nebraska, mutual consent, E. C. Lougee retains possessory note dated August 18, 1888, for the sum of \$700 and interest at the rate of seven per cent, per annum payable semi-annually and ten per cent after maturity; that there is now due upon said notes and mortgage according to the terms thereof the sum of \$600 and interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum from November 1, 1894, and plaintiffs pray that said premises may be decreed to be sold to satisfy the amount due thereon. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 7th day of January, 1895. Dated November 2, 1894. E. C. LOUGEE AND CHARLES BURR TOWLE, Trustees, Plaintiffs. By W. R. Butler, Attorney.

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership. Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between J. J. Hayes and J. L. Mack and doing business under the firm name and style of the O'Neill Flour and Feed Company, is this day terminated by mutual consent. E. J. Hayes retains possession of all partnership property, will continue the business, collect all accounts due and pay all debts of the firm. Given under our hands this 8th day of December, 1894. R. J. HAYES, J. L. MACK.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Awarded Gold Medal Midwinter Fair, San Francisco.

In the District of Holt County, Nebraska.

Farmers' Loan & Trust Co., Plaintiff, vs. Nelson Moore and the south west quarter of section 23, township 23, range 9, west of the 6th p. m. in Holt county, Nebraska, Defendants. State of Nebraska, Holt County: To Nelson Moore and the southwest quarter (sw 1/4) of section thirty (30), township twenty-nine (29), range nine (9), west of the sixth p. m. in Holt county, Nebraska, and all persons interested in said real estate. You are hereby notified that you have been sued by the plaintiff in the above entitled action; and that in said action the petition of plaintiff is now on file in the office of the clerk of the district court in and for Holt county, Nebraska, claiming that it has a lien on the real estate above mentioned, for, and on account of certain tax sales made of said property on the 1st day of December, 1888, and on the 7th day of November, 1891, and the payment of subsequent taxes thereunder; the service of notice of said tax sales, and the execution of certain tax deeds pursuant thereto. That the payment of taxes which plaintiff seeks to receive, and for which he claims a lien, were made as follows, to-wit: December 31, 1888, twenty-one and 60/100 (\$21.60) dollars. November 2, 1889, twenty-one and 41/100 (\$21.41) dollars. July 14, 1890, nineteen and 60/100 (\$19.60) dollars. November 7, 1891, twenty-one and 16/100 (\$21.16) dollars. May 2, 1892, fifteen and 64/100 (\$15.64) dollars. September 1, 1893, sixteen and 1/100 (\$16.01) dollars; besides the sum of ten (\$10.00) dollars paid by plaintiff and its assignor as costs for serving notices to redeem; said claim of plaintiff amounted on November 15, 1894, to the sum of two hundred and one and 57/100 (\$201.57) dollars; and plaintiff prays in its petition a foreclosure of its said lien against said defendants and said real estate and all persons interested in said real estate, and prays that said property be sold to satisfy said claim, with interest, attorney fees and costs of suit. And you are further notified that unless you appear thereto and answer the said petition of the plaintiff in the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, on the 21st day of January, 1895, said petition will be taken as true, and judgment and decree rendered accordingly. Dated December 11, 1894. FARMERS' LOAN & TRUST COMPANY, Plt'f. By M. J. Sweely and E. H. Benedict, Its Attorneys.

Notice to Non-Residents.

William Mayne, single, Leonard Lowery and A. C. Merr non-resident defendants, notice is hereby given, that on the 27th day of December, 1891, Jacob S. Leise the plaintiff in this action, filed his petition in the office of the clerk of the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by William Mayne upon the south west quarter section nine, township 23, north range 11, west 6th p. m. in Holt county, Nebraska, which mortgage was executed and delivered to Nebraska Mortgage and Investment Company and filed for record on the 15th day of March, 1888, and recorded in book 47 of mortgages at page 63; that there is now due upon said mortgage the sum of \$2000 and interest from October 1, 1894. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 4th day of February, 1895 or the same will be taken as true and judgment entered accordingly. H. M. UTLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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