

Excuse.

A man who attempted to raise some money on a subscription paper for a necessary church relates his experience thus: "The first man I went to said he was very sorry, but the fact was he was so involved in his business that he couldn't give anything. Very sorry, but a man in debt as he was owed his first duty to his creditors."

"He was smoking an expensive cigar, and before I left his store he bought of a peddler who came in a pair of expensive cuff buttons."

"The next man I went to was a young clerk in a banking establishment. He read the paper over, acknowledged that the church was needed, but said he was giving for board, was badly in debt and did not see how he could give anything."

"That afternoon as I went by the baseball grounds I saw this young man pay fifty cents at the entrance to go in, and saw him mount the grand stand where special seats were sold for a quarter of a dollar."

"The third man to whom I presented the paper was a farmer living near the town. He also was sorry, but times were hard, his crops had been a partial failure, the mortgage on his farm was a heavy load, the interest was coming due, and he really could not see his way clear to give to the church, although it was just what the new town needed."

"A week from that time I saw that same farmer drive into town with his entire family and go to the circus, after noon and night, at an expense of at least four dollars."—Youth's Companion.

Grounds for a Pass.

"I was down in Kentucky," said the drummer at the Cadillac, as he held his foot over the writing table, "and one day I was in the store of a merchant, who was also the secretary of the County Fair association. Kentucky's a great place for county fairs, you know. We were sitting there, chinning about trade and one thing another, when a long-legged chap with a woman and six children at his heels filed in."

"Air you Mister Simpson?" he asked, coming up to the merchant. "Simpson nodded."

"Don't you give out passes for the county fair?" "Not very often," replied Simpson, hedging.

"But you air the man that gives them out when they air give out?" "Cornered this time, the secretary had to say yes."

"Well, I want one for me and my family here," and he threw his thumb over his shoulder at the interesting group at his heels.

"On what grounds?" inquired Mr. Simpson, in a businesslike way.

"On the fair grounds, in course," exclaimed Mr. Huckleberry, in such an undisguised tone of innocent surprise that Simpson forked over the tickets before he could recover his equanimity."—Detroit Free Press.

Something About Prices.

Here is one of the tricks of druggists that their customers may well be on the lookout for: A man went into a drug store and asked the price of a certain remedy of the class known as "proprietary" articles. "Forty-five cents," was the answer. "But," said the customer, who was in the habit of dealing with the druggist to a considerable extent, "I have never paid more than forty at—s," mentioning a druggist in another part of the city. "Well, now," said the good natured druggist, "I could let you have it for forty, but I like to act on the square, and I shouldn't want to charge you five cents extra the next time you or some of your family come here to get a prescription done up."

The man paid over forty-five cents and went out, wondering how many times he and other men had been compelled to make up on one thing what they had saved on another. The incident is mentioned in the hope of putting others on their guard against a neat little trick that would probably have never been discovered had not the druggist in question, in a moment of unconscious frankness perhaps, given the thing away."—New York Tribune.

Use and Fashion.

Use is hardly more than another name for fashion. It is the mode of the day that determines this. To wear the small clothes and full bottomed wigs of our grandfathers today would be most ungrammatical, and yet in the old time it would have been equally an error to appear without them. This is a constantly fluctuating rule of which is true the principle remains the same, but of which the application varies constantly. Everybody recognizes it, and everybody is more or less influenced by it. It is needless to point out that to be too far behind or too much in advance of the changing fashion is to be deprecated, but it is just here, it may be remarked, that this principle passes into that of elegance."—Boston Courier.

How Indians Prepare Grasshoppers.

When grasshoppers are very abundant and in prime condition the Indians dig a hole, build a fire in the bottom of it and drive the swarms of insects into it from all directions. Then they cover the opening with blankets. The hoppers thus killed are taken out and put into bags with salt. Afterward they are spread out to dry in the sun. The wings and legs are removed before eating."—Washington Star.

How Lisle Thread Is Made.

Lisle thread is made of superior cotton treated in a peculiar manner. The wavy surface of the cotton fiber is impaired by carding, but preserved by combing. The spinning of Lisle thread is done under moisture, forming a compact and solid yarn."—Exchange.

Coffee was introduced into Constantinople in the early part of the Seventeenth century, and writers of that time inform us that the inhabitants of that city drank it as hot as could be endured, the decoction being as black as soot, as Purchos puts it, "not much unlike it."

PARIS BATHCARTS.

Queer Way in Which the Average Frenchman Makes His Ablutions.

An American familiar with the fact that every house or apartment, renting as low as \$300 per year in the United States, has its own bathtub with hot and cold water supply and waste to remove the contents of the tub, is amused, if not amazed, when on a visit to Paris he gets the idea of the custom still prevailing in that metropolis of luxury and elegant buildings.

The large hotels, some very costly private mansions and apartments, and the public bathhouses have their bathrooms, as is the custom in the United States, though the French bathroom is really much larger, and is elegantly furnished with rugs, lounges, dressing tables, etc., the idea being that if one takes a bath one must lie down and take a nap after it.

People living in apartments costing as high as \$1,000 a year, and in the new quarter of Paris in the neighborhood of the Camps Elysees, when they wish to bathe, rather than take a sponge bath in a small portable tub, either go to the public bathing establishments or send to them to have a bath brought to their apartments. Sunday morning one sees a strange looking two wheeled cart like a very high dog cart, on which there is a framework built over the wheels. This framework can hold three bathtubs. They are made entirely of copper and are about 5 feet long, 29 inches deep at the end and 18 inches on the side.

The driver of this vehicle is perched up high on a small seat in front, is bareheaded and wears a blouse. On each side of him an iron ring encircles a copper colored vessel, holding about three gallons of hot water, which rests on a little shelf. He also carries a supply of dry towels and sheets. The bathing establishments have these carts, and when a patron sends word that he wants a hot bath at a certain hour the bath is put on the cart, the kettle filled with hot water, and the cart with its strange load is rapidly driven to the building in which the apartment is.

The driver carries the bathtub, as an Adirondack guide carries a canoe, on his head and shoulders, from the first to the fifth floor, as the case may be, and after spreading a sheet to protect the carpet, he spreads also a clean sheet inside of the tub, so that the bather does not touch the metal. Then he carries up the kettle of hot water which he has brought from the main establishment. The necessary cold water he gets on the premises, either on the same floor with the apartment, or in the courtyard.

When the bather has had his bath, the attendant removes the soiled water by dipping it out, wipes out the tub and carries it with his kettle and soiled towels down stairs to his cart. The charge for all this is about sixty cents, with the usual additional tip to the man."—Engineering Record.

Montana Sapphires.

The only locality in Montana which has been at all prolific of sapphires is the six or seven miles of placer ground between Ruby and Eldorado bars on the Missouri river, sixteen miles east of Helena. Here sapphires are found in glacial auriferous gravels while sluicing for gold, and until now have been considered only a by product. Up to the present time they have never been systematically mined. In 1889 one company took the option on 4,000 acres of the river banks, and several smaller companies have since been formed with a view of mining for these gems alone or in connection with gold.

The colors of the gems obtained, although beautiful and interesting, are not the standard blue or red shades generally demanded by the public. The stones embrace a great variety of the lighter shades of red, yellow, blue and green. The latter color is found quite pronounced, being rather a blue green than an emerald green. Nearly all the stones, when finely cut, have an apparent metallic luster which is strikingly peculiar to those from this locality. Neither red rubies nor true blue sapphires have yet been found."—Omaha Bee.

Cerulities in Eggs.

We met our old friend, Mr. Jessa Eaton, on the street the other day, and he told us of a wonderful egg his daughter came across a short time ago. On breaking it she discovered another perfectly formed egg with a shell inside of it. It was about the size of a partridge egg. Another gentleman standing by told of a curiosity in the shape of a double chicken that had been hatched on his place. The backs of the twins were united, and while one would be standing on his feet the feet of the other would be pointing upward. When growing tired of this position it or they would flop over and stand on the other feet, the positions being reversed. He said the chickens lived several days."—Farmington (Mo.) Times.

Animals and the Peanut Habit.

There is now said to be no animal or bird in the Central Park menagerie that does not eat peanuts. Many species in the cages were at first much averse to peanuts, but the persistence of the children in forcing them upon every creature there has had such an effect that even the lions and pelicans, and everything except the snakes, have felt obliged to acquire the peanut habit."—New York Sun.

Growing Celery.

There have been many ways suggested for blanching. It is said that in the Old World, where first class celery is desired, instead of burying up the plant in the earth they simply tie up the leaves and then wrap them in coarse brown paper. It is said that much better celery can be obtained this way than by any other method of blanching."—Meehan's Monthly.

The November of 1861 will ever be famous in our political history, because in that month, for the first and only time, two presidents were elected within these United States—Abraham Lincoln to rule in Washington, and Jefferson Davis in Richmond.

The Lion Scattered the Crowds.

The circus gave Tecumseh, Ala., excitement enough on Sunday to last it for a year. Forepaugh's show traveled on four trains. As it is against the Georgia laws to run through this state on Sunday, it was decided to stop at Tecumseh and feed the animals and rest. At all the stations there were large crowds, and at Tecumseh there were several hundred when the last train approached. As it was slowing down one of the ferocious lions managed to tear off the door of its cage. Hector, which was the brute's name, thrust its head out right in the faces of a group of negroes who were standing on the platform. They could not have been worse scared if the evil one had dropped down among them.

Hector made a leap, with open mouth, into the crowd. Such a scattering and such yelling were never seen nor heard in Alabama. Some of the negroes fell down in abject fright, but the most of them struck off for home on a hard run. A dozen tried to climb telegraph poles. One man sprang down a well. Hector lit on his feet, but rolled over and over. When he got up there was hardly a man, woman or child within fifty yards.

One woman, though, who had fainted, was lying near the lion. With one bound he was on her, his ugly teeth showing and his tongue rolling out. The people who were looking on were horrified. The tamer was a long way off, and there was no one near with a pistol or rifle. To attempt to rescue her would be almost certain death.

To the astonishment of every one the beast, instead of mangling the woman, simply sniffed the body, turned it over with his paws, and after eyeing it suspiciously walked off leisurely. He thought that the woman was dead.

Hector was recaptured and caged without trouble."—Atlanta Constitution.

Death of a Noted Negro Woman.

Over the eastern branch of the Potomac, in Annetta, better known as Uniontown during the war, there was buried recently a woman whose story did much to stimulate the antislavery sentiment in the north. She was a revelation of the possibilities of patient negro ambition. Born fifty-six years ago, in Prince George county, Md., she was a little slave girl of six when her owner put her out to service in a Washington family. At that age she began to board money to buy her freedom. Year after year she put by the pennies for nothing larger fell to her in tips.

She had collected \$100 in coppers when the attention of some of the public men of that day was called to her. Hannibal Hamlin, then in congress but afterward vice president, became especially interested. He told the story of Emeline Belt with such pathos that \$250 was contributed by northern people. Then a series of entertainments was given to aid her, and a few years before the war the girl, grown to womanhood, was able to hand over to her master \$700 and receive her freedom."—Washington Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mohammed's Birthday in London.

Mohammed's birthday has been duly celebrated in the metropolis of the British empire by the Anjuman-i-Islam, London—a society consisting of Indian Mussulman gentlemen residing in England—giving a dinner in honor of the prophet in the Holborn restaurant. A large number of Mussulmans assisted at the convivial assembly, at which Mr. A. A. Husnally, president of the Anjuman-i-Islam, was chairman. After the healths of "the queen-empress," "the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the royal family," had been enthusiastically honored, the chairman proposed the toast of the evening, "Health to his imperial majesty Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan, commander of the faithful and guardian of the Kaaba!" The toast was received with great cheering. The proceedings were brought to a close by some recitations from the Koran."—London Telegraph.

Love That Stood the Test.

Those who witnessed the solemnizing of the nuptials in which Miss Mary E. Flynn and James A. Polk were made life partners at Newport, Del., the other day, recalled a frightful accident which befell the couple one dark evening three years ago. The young lovers were run into by a fast express on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, and buried bleeding and unconscious to the ground. The horse was cut to pieces and the vehicle wrecked. The bride elect was hurt more seriously than the groom, and her life was despaired of. She recovered somewhat, but is a cripple for life. This frightful calamity did not cool the ardor of the lovers, and the anniversary of the accident which nearly killed both was celebrated by a marriage."—Cor. Baltimore American.

Why She Stopped the Car.

On Tuesday a broken trolley wire delayed the Western avenue street cars an hour or more just at dinner time. When the first west bound car passed Twelfth street the conductor was awakened from a reverie by a cry from within the car to stop, while a younger lady was seen wildly gesticulating, apparently for his benefit. The car was stopped. The young woman, out of breath, ran up to within a few feet and shouted: "Ma, your dinner's on the table in the dining room. The cars were late and I could not wait." "Ma" shook her head and then the younger one turned and resumed her journey cityward."—Minneapolis Tribune.

After coolly throwing a sleeper's wooden leg out of the window, a Massachusetts burglar proceeded to plunder the room. When the movable valuables had been gathered for transportation the burglar left a note for the cripple, stating where his artificial leg could be found.

A new industry which promises to become of permanent value to persons living on the seacoast has been started in Norway. This is the burning of seaweed, which is found in great abundance on the coast, and the preparation of kelp for the manufacture of iodine.

And This in Boston.

It was autumn. He was a Boston book agent. The front door bell rang. The kitchen girl answered the peal.

"Good morning, ma'am." "Laugh." "Is the lady of the house in?" "She is."

"Can I see her?" "You can."

Both stood in motionless silence expectantly.

"You said I could see the lady of the house?" "I did."

"Well, why don't I see the lady of the house then?" "You see her."

Girl looks down frigidly. Agent looks up paralyzed.

"Then I would like to see the personage who owns the property."

"At Lenox."

"Then I want to see the man, woman or child, lady, gentleman, dowager, old maid, bachelor or heir at law who rents this property from the Lenox owner."

"Oh, you want to see the woman that assists me with the work? Why didn't you say so in the first place? This vulgar carelessness of the use of the word 'lady' is very aggravating."

"Yes, I expect so—is the in?" "No."

"When will she be in?" "Won't be in."

"Why not? Where is she?" "I gave her a week's vacation to spend with her husband at Marblehead, so she could rest up ready for the fall house cleaning. You didn't think I was going to do it all myself, did you?"—Boston Globe.

His One Foolish Act.

The young woman had received permission to speak to the good looking young clerk. It was just a feminine fancy—a desire to learn something of his story.

"You don't look like a criminal," she said abruptly.

He smiled at the rather uncertain compliment.

"I never did but one criminal thing in my life," he said.

"Only one?" she said, in rather a disappointed tone. She had expected to find a man steeped in crime. "Why, your sentence is for ten years, isn't it?"

"Yes, miss. I got it for that one criminal act."

"What was the cause of that one?" she inquired curiously.

"Just a whim, miss—a youthful whim," he replied rather bitterly. "I thought it manly to carry a revolver."

"And you were attacked some night?" she asked quickly. "And you?"

He shook his head.

"And you're here just for that?" she said.

"Like others, just for that," he returned quietly. "I quarreled with a friend, lost my temper, and—I'm here, miss. That's all."

He suddenly turned away and went back to his work."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

How Coconuts Are Harvested.

The busy season on a coconut plantation is when the nuts ripen, which they seem to do all at once, and every hand is engaged in gathering and conveying them with carts to the drying ground, which is always in close proximity to the bungalow, so as to be as much as possible under the eye of the manager. Here they are split in half, longitudinally, with an ax—a feat which is dexterously performed with one blow by the man appointed for this duty—and then spread out to dry. The intense heat of the sun rapidly shrivels the kernel, which curls up into a ball the size of your fist and detaches itself from the shell.

This is now what is called "copra," and is shipped to the nearest point of landing in sacks, where it is either transported in bulk to Europe or more generally made into oil, the refuse—oil cake or "poonak"—being sold locally for feed for cattle."—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

How They Learned to Make Perfumes. What the French know about perfume making is not all the result of their own experience. The traditional history of the art is that the Hebrews imparted the little they knew to their captors, the Egyptians, who in turn gave their formulas to the Greeks and Romans. The Moors then took a hand at improving these crude efforts, and when they invaded Europe left their art in Spain, whence it soon reached France. There it found its home and competing place, and today no nation can compete with France in the science and art of perfume making."—New York Evening Sun.

The Swamp Angel.

The Swamp Angel was an 8-inch, 200-pounder Parrott rifle gun, mounted by the Federal troops in a morass on Morris Island, Charleston harbor, in 1863. On Aug. 23 and 24 the city of Charleston, five and a half miles distant, was shelled, the gun bursting at the thirty-sixth shot. After the war the Swamp Angel was sold for old metal and conveyed to Trenton, but having been identified, it was set up on a granite pedestal at the corner of Perry and Clinton streets in that city."—Detroit Free Press.

For Honest Men's Rights.

That is a rather fine point of law which holds that a man with burglar's tools on his person, who goes up the steps of a dwelling house where he has no lawful business, has made an attempt to commit burglary, but it is good law for the protection of the community. The steps of a dwelling are private property, and one who trespasses upon them with unlawful purpose has committed an unlawful deed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Unusual Position.

Photographer—If you'll hold your chin a little higher, sir, I can take a better picture. Mr. Hoepeck—Hold my chin higher? Why, man alive, I've been married twenty years!—Texas Siftings.

FOOLED BY MOSSY.

The Confederate General's Got the Federal Password and Made a Raid.

"The man with the coolest nerve I ever met," said Colonel A. E. Seifert, who was in a reminiscent mood, "was Colonel John S. Mosby. I was a high private at Harper's Ferry when that place was captured by Stonewall Jackson in 1862. After waiting for some time for our exchange we were ordered down to Fairfax Court House, Va., where we were on the lookout for Mosby."

"One cold, clear night in February, 1863, I was on picket duty on the Warrenton road. I had post two. I was walking my post almost on the double quick, trying to keep warm, when I heard a troop of cavalry coming down the Warrenton road at a quick trot. They were stopped by the man on post one all right, and then came down on my post. When they came close enough to me I halted them."

"Friends with the counterign," was the answer to my challenge.

"One man dismount and advance with the countersign," was my next command.

"A well dressed officer dismounted and advanced to the point of my bayonet and gave the countersign 'Jamaica.' 'Countersign correct,' I shouted 'Pass on.'"

"There were about three hundred of them; a motley crew in appearance, but they were a jolly lot, singing, talking and laughing. They passed on, and in the time I was relieved and soon was sound asleep."

"Early the next morning the sergeant of the guard roused me up and told me I was wanted at headquarters. In charge of an orderly I went. When I got there the man who was on post one was ahead of me. He was ushered into the presence of General Alexander Hayes, our commanding officer, and when he came out I went in."

"You had post two at — last night?" demanded the general.

"I had, sir."

"Tell me about the troop of cavalry that passed your post."

"I told him what had happened."

"Well," he said grimly, "you did it," and he dismissed me.

"I discovered pretty soon that the men I had passed were Mosby's command, with Mosby at their head. They had ridden through the entire camp, taken the tent of one of the general officers, mounted it on a mule and escaped with it to the Confederate lines."

"How did he get the password? We found out that afterward. At one of the outposts was the rawest kind of a rascal. While he was on picket duty a man dressed in a captain's uniform, with the red sash of the officer of the day across his breast, approached him. He challenged and the officer responded."

"Officer of the day with the countersign."

"Advance and give the countersign."

"The officer advanced and gave a word which was not the correct one."

"That's not right," said the sentinel, and you can't pass."

"After considerable wrangling, the officer insisted that his word was right, he exclaimed angrily, 'What word have you got?' The man said, 'The sergeant of the guard gave me the word, 'Jamaica,' and nobody can pass without it.'"

"The officer was no other than Mosby himself. He had all he wanted, and, waiting for night, got his men together and made the successful raid."

"For cool nerve it beat anything I ever heard of."—New York Herald.

The Best Joke.

As I was leaving Pittsburg I was approached by a young man who, after giving me his card, thanked me most earnestly for my lecture of last night; in fact, he nearly embraced me.

"I never enjoyed myself so much in my life," he said.

"I am glad," I replied, "that my humble effort pleased you so much. Nothing is more gratifying to a lecturer than to know he has afforded pleasure to his audience."

"Yes," he said, "it gave me immense pleasure. You see, I am engaged to be married to a girl in town. All her family went to your show, and I had the girl at home all to myself. Oh! I had such a good time! Thank you so much! Do lecture here again soon."

And after wishing me a pleasant journey he left. I was glad to know I had at least one friend and admirer behind me in Pittsburg."—Max O'Reil.

A Little Live an Insect.

"See many of my paragraphs or stories in the exchanges?" asked the funny man of the exchange editor.

"Haven't noticed," returned the exchange editor. "I've seen a good many things credited to the paper, but haven't looked to see whether they were dog fights, weather items or some of your gams. Want me to cut yours out and lay 'em aside for you?"

"Oh, no; I wouldn't put you to so much trouble," said the funny man.

"No trouble at all," asserted the exchange editor.

The funny man went back to his desk, thought over the matter for a minute and then threw a paperweight at the exchange editor."—Chicago Tribune.

Givee Not Made of Best Stitches.

It has often been said that the glove-makers of Paris make use in their trade of the skins of rats which are caught in the sewers, but this is untrue. Certainly the material would not be strong enough to successfully counteract the kid, unless it were for the thumb's parts only, which are generally of a thicker and different kind of leather from the rest. Suggestion has been made that a trade might be opened with the Chinese for the skins of the rats which they eat."—Washington Star.

Smoke is flooding the chimneys in England, notwithstanding the efforts made to prevent its diffusion in the atmosphere. It is claimed that the carbon in the smoke is a powerful deodorizer, and as such is a blessing rather than a nuisance.

List of Letters Remaining unclaimed in postoffice at Plattsmouth, Nov. 19, for the week ending Nov. 19, 1896.

Berrie, Mrs. A. N.	Burke, John
Brown, W. H.	Crisman, Aaron
Chisholm, Chas.	Harold, Billy
Holmes, F. H.	Hartner, E. E.
Jones, Geo.	Leake, C. C.
Koerber, U.	London, Mrs. H.
Lang, A. B. Jr.	Miller, John R.
Walden, Chas.	Neelin, Anny
Walden, Chas.	Palmer, Dan
Walden, Chas.	Randall, H. C.
Walden, Chas.	Strayer, Joseph
Walden, Chas.	Walden, Jasper
Walden, Chas.	Walden, J. G.

Matterman, Mrs. Maggie

Persons calling for the above will please say "advertised."

H. J. STRIGHT, P. M.

Miss Maggie Oliver on corner of third and Vine street will give a birthday party to the C. O. T. society and a few of their friends.

Is Your Husband Cross?

Perhaps your cooking stove is the cause of it.

Well cooked food produces good digestion and a sweet temper.

A trip of indulgence and within the chimney flue. And looked like a dirty old man. There's a fault for me to do. I and my kitchen in the above will never come more. They call a "Fire Chimney Sweep."

If you Want the Best, Buy the Chimney Sweep. With the Wire Gauge Over Door.

TAKE NO OTHER.

HAVE YOU ASTHMIA? SCHIFFMANN'S Asthma Cure. Never fails to give instant relief in the worst cases, and a few drops where others fail. Total Package 50 CENTS. Druggists Everywhere. Address: DR. H. SCHIFFMANN & SONS, 157 West 12th St., New York, N.Y.

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TO SHIPPERS. Butter, Eggs, Cheese, all Game, Poultry, Meat, Apples, Potatoes Green and Dried Fruit, Vegetables Cider, Beans, cool, Hides, Tallow Sheep Pelts, Furs, Skins, Tobacco, Grain, Flour, Hay, Beechwood, Feathers, Ginseng, Broomcorn, and Hops. M. E. BALLARD Gen. Com. Merchant and Shipper. 317 Market Street St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—Agent, for established with Cash on Shipments.

H. S. REYNOLDS Registered Physician and Pharmacist. Special attention given to Office Practice.

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DR. J. H. FENNACH'S PRATACON CAPSULES. Beware of cheap imitations. Each bottle contains 10 capsules. Price 50 cents. Sold by Druggists Everywhere. Address: DR. J. H. FENNACH & SONS, 157 West 12th St., New York, N.Y.

WANTED—Local Agency for the sale