Sixteen Thousand Feet Above the Earth.

THE following is taken from an account, published in the Baltimore *American*, of a recent balloon ascension with Prof. Donaldson:

Now came the most stirring incident of our trip. From the height of 4,000 feet we steadily ascended, the country dwarfing into a panorama of toys below us. I had the aneroid barometer in my hand, and so marked our progress upward. At 6,600 feet our breaths became visible, just as they would be on a frosty morning. We already began to feel cold in the body, but the rays of the sun beat in upon us with a fierce intensity. The index of the barometer steadily crept around the dial, marking off the thousands until it reached the fourteenth, then flying back again and starting from zero, from whence it progressed once more around the dial until it halted on the verge of the two-thousandth, telling us that we were only about 100 feet less than 16,000 feet above the earth.

At this height the world was an obscurity to us, a vapory haze shut it out from our view, and we could detect nothing of it but the silver lines that marked the great bays and rivers. From a contemplation of the indistinct scene I revert to my own feelings. The air was very cold, and the sun was very warm. The thermometer stood at eighty-two degrees, the sun was intensely hot, as its rays fell upon us, but for all that we might as well have been in an Arctic region. This is one of the most curious phenomena of life above the clouds. The rarefaction of the air hardly accounts for the chilling cold which penetrates you through and through, while the thermometer and the heat of the solar rays are indicating a high summer temperature. At the height of 15,000 feet I was shivering, while my head seemed to be burning up, and all the blood in my body rushing toward it. I felt a very slight difficulty in breathing, but my ears were stopped up, and I could hardly hear what Mr. Fox was saying to me when he was standing by my side.

We did not remain long at this tremendous elevation. We slipped down through the atmosphere to between 11,000 and 12,000 feet above the earth, and it was there we had our grandest view. We had within our range of vision at the same moment Philadelphia, Baltimore and Harrisburg, the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and all their upper tributaries, and also Annapolis and most of the smaller towns were included within this extended vision. But the grandest feature of all was when, gazing downwardly, we very plainly perceived the Atlantic Ocean. There was no mistake about it; the mist had lifted a little and we could plainly see where the waters of the Delaware Bay mingled with those of the Atlantic.

The view at this time was above the possibility of language to picture. The peninsula of land between the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays was but a thread of dark green upon the landscape; the Susquehanna River was hardly perceptible, except for the dark line which we knew to be the great bridge across it; the country below us was but a checkerboard of indistinct green and white squares; Baltimore and Philadelphia were only masses of shade upon the map; but the great ocean was a reality, and to a view of it we constantly turned our eyes, with a feeling that here was some thing everlasting and enduring. The panorama that came within our scope of vision was probably not less than 200 square miles, and from our height of 16,000 feet it seemed to be dwarfed to a space you might cover with your handkerchief. It seemed to us as if we were looking through the wrong end of our field-glass.

When at this height of 16,000 feet, or over three miles above the earth, Prof. Donaldson told us that the balloon had obtained its equilibrium; that it was poised on exact balance, and that as soon as the gas commenced to condense, even in the slightest degree, we would descend rapidly. And it was precisely in this fashion that we did go down.

Taking Care of Tools.

IT will not do, in these days, to leave the plow in the furrow, the barrow in the field, and the mower or reaper under an open shed with a leaky roof over it. These and all lesser implements must be carefully put away in dry quarters, for to allow them to rest during the winter will injure them more than several campaigns of active service. The depreciation of machinery is very rapid, even when properly cared for; when neglected, this depreciation is simply destruction, quick and sure.

Reapers, mowers and drills should be taken apart and cleaned, each bolt dipped in melted tallow, and then replaced. Every portion of wood and exposed iron should be covered with a good coat of paint, if not already thus protected, and all parts made of steel should be taken off, well anointed with olive oil and wrapped in paper or put away in a damp-proof tool-house or store-room. The machines themselves should be kept in a building with a tight roof over it, and fowls should not be permitted to get access to them. Poultry take a perverse delight in perching upon such implements, but no tidy farmer will gratify them to this extent.

Plows should be brought in, well washed and cleaned from the soil, the wood work coated with petroleum and the shares and mold-boards scoured off, polished, and then brushed over with a thick wash of lime. They will not then rust in the least, and in the spring will come out clean and bright. No salt should be brought in contact with tools of any kind, nor old salt sacks be thrown over them. Harrows should be cleaned, the wood work oiled with petroleum or painted, and the teeth taken out and sharpened for next season's service. All repairs should be made against time of need, to avoid vexatious delays in the hurry of planting or harvest. Mechanics will work for somewhat less in the winter than in summer, when they are busier, and that is an important consideration. Besides, that old adage about "a stitch in time" applies most forcibly to farm tools. Wagons should now be washed clean, and immediately painted and put under cover. It is only a simple truth that such care of tools and implements as we suggest will lengthen out their period of usefulness far beyond that of their ordinary endurance.—*New York Tribune.*

Dog Stories.

AS EVIDENCE that dogs have reasoning powers "Irenæus" tells the following well-authenticated anecdotes in a recent number of the New York *Observer*:

Rev. Dr. A. T. Fullerton, of Erie, Pa., writes: "Mrs. J. has for some time past been the owner of a fine Esquimaux dog. A few months ago Mrs. J. became the mother of a beautiful little girl, of whom the dog at first was very jealous. His better nature, however, soon asserted itself, and he became very fond of the child. A few weeks ago baby was crying loud and long. Doggie came up stairs in evident distress of spirit, whined in answer to the child's cry, but finally, as if a sudden thought had startled him, trotted quickly down stairs. He presently returned with a bone, well picked, of course, in his mouth, which, standing on his hind legs, he gravely presented to the baby.

"In evidence of the truth of this story I may offer the testimony of Mrs. J., her aunt, Mrs. G., not to mention the baby and the dog himself."

Certainly there were several steps like those of logic in this performance, and simple as is the story it is one of the best we have had. It shows how *much* the dog reasoned, and how very *feeble* his reasoning was.

D. Walter Smith, of Englewood, N. J., writes to me of one of his dogs. He says:

"He was a splendid water dog and very powerful. Being in the store alone with him one evening, and he under the counter, an Irishman came in for something which was in the back part of the store. While I had gone for it he threw himself on the counter and opened the money drawer. The dog, hearing him, came quietly between the counters and caught the man by the arm. I found the dog holding the man, and the drawer closing held his hand. The dog immediately released him, and I told the man to take a seat, which he refused to do, but started for the door. The dog was before him and guarded the door. When my employer came in I went out for an officer, and with him went to the office of the Justice, where I gave my testimony and the man was sent to jail, while I went back to the store. Now the intelligence of the dog showed itself. He had, unknown to me, followed us to the office and laid down under the Justice's table, and instead of following me home he accompanied the man to the jail, kept his eyes on the man until the jailer had turned the key on him, when he turned and trotted home."

W. M. Stryker, Eldorado, Kan., writes to me this very admirable illustration:

"At the village of Chelsea, Butler County, Kan., during this summer (1874) the Granges held a meeting on Saturday evening, at which Jack, a dog, was an attendant. Though he had never been initiated the Grangers permitted him to be present and listen to the discussions. Jack was not much interested in the topics discussed by the Patrons of Husbandry, nor stirred by the eloquence of the speakers, and went to sleep, as some of the Patrons themselves might have done. Jack slept so soundly that the meeting closed, the members retired, and poor Jack was locked in the schoolhouse. Now that same house is used for school-house, town hall, Sabbath-school room and various other purposes. But there was no religious service the next day, and poor Jack spent a lonely Sabbath fasting. Monday morning arrived and brought no prospect of release to poor Jack, although he had left the traces of vigorous efforts put forth for his own release, but all unavailing. At length he hit on an expedient that proved successful. Just over the door hangs the bell rope, with a loop in the end, by which it is hitched on a nail. Jack sprang and caught the bell rope, full six and a half feet from the floor, and rang the bell! The villagers were startled! What can that mean? There is no school; it is vacation. Presently *dong* went the bell again, and so he continued to ring until some one took the key and went to see what was the matter. So poor Jack was released and trotted off home, a distance of about two miles."

A Broken-Down Wall Street Gambler.

A NEW YORK letter to the Cincinnati *Gazette* gives the history of a Wall street stock-gambler who has played out his hand:

Here is a man of sixty who looks extremely shattered, and, as he is an old acquaintance, I am much interested in his case. He has a wife and family which have for years considered themselves rich, but they are now poor and must remain so. The present is hard enough, but the future looks worse. The man sunk everything he had in one week. He spends a certain amount of money every day on the Stock Exchange, indulging his feelings and trying to recall the past. After this he goes to his task and toils through the duties which now give him bread.

I have known this man half a lifetime, and knew his father also. The latter was a tarifty man, who by great industry paid for a farm which he bequeathed to this fellow and his sister. The young man studied law and had a good practice, but he got to speculating in stock, and this destroyed his habits of labor. He made some lucky hits which only led him to bolder attempts. His luck continued, and at last he became proverbially successful, so much so that many applied to him for advice on the subject. He gradually reached a fortune of $150,000, which was secure in his own hands a week before the panic. His sister's money was also in his possession. At that time (August, 1873) he concluded that Central Hudson, which stood at par, would go to 130 and he spread his $150,000 so as to control a million. In others he bought a million worth and paid $150,000 down as a margin, and a bank lent him the remainder, holding his stock as security. His panorama disappointed. The panic knocked the stock down to eighty-five, and the bank demanded its money. His loan was at five days' call and he could not meet it. The stock was sacrificed and in one week he was beggared, besides sinking his entire patrimony. Fortunately, he has since got employment at $100 a month, and this keeps him from the street. He does the low drudgery of a firm which gave it to him principally on the score of friendship, and his sister lives in saving. Such is the condition of a once-envied speculator. I do not wonder at his lingering around his former resort, and he will continue to do so as long as he lives. The tears he sheds (real tears, not figures of speech) relieve his agony, and after the fit is over he goes to his drudgery with as much resignation as possible. The method of operating which is described above is called "buying on a margin," and no one can practice it in a wildly-extended manner until he has become reckless to a prodigious degree.

A Veteran's Treasured Musket.

HE was a remarkable looking old gentleman, and he sat in the waiting-room of the Central Depot with an old fashioned gun across his knees. To one who passed him by, in a casual way, he seemed to be a hunter on his way to some wood or field where game was to be found. But he who tarried a moment learned that the old gentleman was one whom the nation had honored for his assistance in its time of need. On the stock of the old gun was a plate bearing the words:

By resolve of Congress,
Presented to
AMOS SOPER,
For his gallantry at the siege of Plattsburg.

The inscription told the story. The old man was seventy-six. He says that twenty young fellows, only two of whom were over eighteen, formed themselves together and offered their services to the United States General in command at Plattsburg; they were supplied with some old muskets, and on the 11th of September, 1814, in the simple language of the old man, they "did the best they could." His work was done so well that on the 11th of September, 1826, the musket, with the above inscription, was given him as a tribute of the nation's esteem.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Advertising For a Boy.

A NOTICE in a city paper that a "boy" is wanted is pretty likely to be answered by a whole multiplication-table of boys. The New York correspondent of the London *American* tells how he saw the thing managed at the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, where a citizen was besieged by a brigade of applicants:

"We are continually hearing of the advantages of advertising, but the disadvantages of that process for making known one's wants have never been told. I will give a few instances. A friend of mine was walking through Bond street the other morning when he came upon a crowd of over a hundred boys standing in front of a house. They were laughing and screaming, and completely blocked up the sidewalk.

"My friend stopped to see what was going on, and was surprised to see the door of the house open suddenly and a man's hand thrust out into the crowd, grab a boy, pull him inside, and bang the door shut again.

"Such singular conduct excited his curiosity, and on going up to a man who was sitting on the front steps of the house he asked him what was the matter.

"'Nothing at all,' said the man, 'only we advertised for four boys in this morning's papers, and early as it is you see the result.' There was nothing left for the man who wanted the boys to do but make his selection from the window, then grab the boy and pull him in."

The effect of advertising for "*a girl*" would seem to be still more perplexing. The same writer goes on to say:

"My friend told this incident to a well-known merchant the other day, who related a similar experience. 'Some time ago,' said the merchant, 'I had occasion to advertise for a half-grown girl to take care of a child. I stated in my advertisement that the applicant must call at two o'clock in the afternoon.

"'I went down to my store as usual but had not been there over two hours when a messenger arrived, saying that I must come home immediately, that the house was full of girls, and that my wife had been obliged to call in a policeman. Hurrying home, I found that not only the down-stairs hall was full, but that the halls up to the third story were equally filled with "half-grown girls."

"'The front door had been closed upon them, but those inside took possession of the house and let the others in. They would not go even when threatened by the officer, and it took me the whole day to ask them questions and tell them they would not do.' He finally settled upon a girl who came precisely at two o'clock, and she proved an excellent servant."

The Art of Etching.

"TO DRAW upon the varnished surface of a copper plate, with a steel point, the lines that are to give the form and light and shadow of your picture, to bite those lines by the application of a bath of acid and finally to transfer your work to paper with ink and a printing press"—such, in the words of an art writer, is the simple process of etching, as it may best be described. Such, rather, is the mechanical portion of it, detailed in a few words.

If I were to teach a pupil how to etch, I should follow the natural and only method that has been pursued from the beginning. I should first see whether he could draw with a ready hand. If he could not, and I had fair reasons for supposing that he had within him a talent that needed only cultivation to bring it out, I should furnish him with pen and ink, or a choice set of lead pencils (the latter are not to be so highly commended), and ask him to sketch an oak tree that towered in an neighbor's yard; or a plain rural cottage on the wayside; or an old well-sweep and the bushes around it; or the outlet of a brook emptying into the pond; or one or two of the sheep browsing along the fence.

I should ask him to sketch any one of these several objects as opportunity occurred—not to make a careful and concise drawing of it—always remembering to mark, in a fair and artistic manner, the shades and lights, the outlines and dots, and the odds and ends. And when he had succeeded, after repeated trials, in bring out the effect—when he had related artistically, for instance, how the sheep wandering from the main flock had sought the rich verdure that clung to the shadow of the fence, but not designed the same in their truthful proportions—he should next use sepia and a brush, and endeavor therewith to make drawings on a grander scale, wherein the contrast of light and shade might be more fully and forcibly exhibited.

This apprenticeship, if I may so term it, would prove of the highest advantage. In the majority of cases it would enable the amateur in whom glowed the spark of genius to discern the reasons of many natural effects, inspire him with a taste for nature's beauties, teach him the end of art, and discover to him the two-fold aim of the etcher, linear expression and tonality.—*Galaxy for November.*

Josh Billings.

IR IZ the little things that wont pay to hit back that makes the most ov us angry. I had rather be abused by a giant than a muskeeter.

I don't suppose thare haz ever bin a human being bilt yet, never mind how ugly the pattern waz, but what haz spent more time in front ov a looking-glass than he ever did in front ov the Bible.

I don't think thare iz any wisdum in silence, but thare iz a good deal ov silence in wisdum.

We may perhaps all ov us reckolect when we could hav sed sumthing that would have been an advantage to us, but we certainly never shall forget that we hav often spoken when it would hav bin mutch better to hav held our tungs.

Sticking yure noze into things iz generally the result ov mere kuriosity, and mutch kuriosity never learnt a man enny thing yet that wuz very valuable to him.

After a man haz found out how hot a cook stove iz bi setting down on it, and that a snapping turtle haz a good deal ov jaw bi holding hiz finger too near hiz mouth, and a fu more such philosophical experiments az theze hav been gone thru, it iz time to quit being kurious, and studdy things more for the truth than the novelty that iz in them.

Vanity iz the weakest, and at the same time the most plentiful, mixtur in humanity.

If I should cum akrost a man without enny vanity, I should watch that man dredphull closs to diskivver whare hiz weakness did lie.

The world iz full ov precepts, menny ov which will do to follow, but xamples worthy ov imitashun are az skarse az six-toed chickens.

Thare iz grate danger in suspecting all things, no doubt, but I don't kno ov ennything that haz been the kause ov more mortifikashun and sorrow than in blindly beleaving all things.

Good nonsense iz one ov the rarest artikles in the literary bazar, and allways commands admirashun and fetches a good price.

Thare probably iz nothing that a man dreads more than to be kalled a koward, and I don't serpoze thare iz enny thing he iz more guilty ov.

Thare aint a man living on the face ov the earth but what iz a koward in sum way.

I never hav bin able to find out which thare iz the most ov laying around loose, lieing or kowardice; but it iz hard work to separate theze things, for all kowards are liars and all liars are kowards.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Horrible Appetite.

AN unfortunate lunatic who died in the Prestwick Asylum on the 18th ult., seems to have lived not wisely but too well. A post-mortem examination led to the discovery of no fewer than 1,841 articles in his inside—namely, 1,630 shoemakers' sparables, 6 four-inch cut nails, 19 three-inch cut nails, 8 two and a half-inch cut nails, 18 two-inch cut nails, 40 half-inch cut nails, 9 three-quarter-inch cut nails, 39 tacks, 5 brass nails, 8 brass brace buttons, 20 pieces of buckles, 1 pin, 14 bits of glass, 10 small pebbles, 3 pieces of string, 1 piece of leather three inches long, 1 piece of lead four inches long, and 1 American pegging-awl—the total weight being eleven pounds and ten ounces. It seems strange that any man's state of mind should be such that he could take as much pleasure in eating the contents of a rag-and-bottle shop as of a butcher's or pastry-cook's establishment; but the story shows that if, as often alleged, the equilibrium of the mind is to a great extent dependent on the digestion, so the converse is true and the appetite is more than we are aware of dependent on the condition of the brain. This poor lunatic who gormandized on rusty nails, broken glass and other rubbish was probably little more mad than many other persons who habitually eat food, if not "unfit for human consumption," at least so injurious to the constitution that it causes premature death. If an aldrman, for instance, were really in his right senses he would not live on turtle and punch; it is because he is guided by appetite rather than reason that he is often afflicted with the gout and dies universally respected, no doubt, but still before his time. The guests at any large dinner party are as a rule equally "crazed." They do not, it is true, swallow their knives and forks or feed in quite such an extravagant fashion as the Prestwick lunatic, but the difference between him and them in a matter of sanity as regards their appetites and diet is a mere question of degree.—*Pall Mall Gazette, London.*

SHOE GREASE.—One pound tallow, one pint lard oil, one ounce lamp-black. Melt the ingredients. This is said to be the cheapest and best grease for leather of every description.

—Two young ladies holding converse over a new dress—"And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fit! yes; as if I had been melted and poured in."

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

GRAPE JELLY.—Weigh your juice, then let it boil forty minutes and set off; then stir in one pound of sugar to each pound of juice (be sure to stir with a wooden spoon), then let it boil thirty minutes longer over a hot fire.

THE green coloring matter seen in sage cheese is not sage, but is green oats, clover or corn leaves. The sage flavor is imparted to the cheese by a preparation of sage tea. Sometimes there is no sage flavor to the cheese at all, and even if the dry herb was used the cheese would not be as thoroughly impregnated with the flavor as it would if the tea was used.—*Forney's Press.*

RICE WAFFLES.—To one pint of flour allow one pint of boiled rice, two eggs, tablespoon of butter. First separate the yolks from the whites, beat till light, add the rice and butter to the yolks, then the flour and a little salt, making a stiff batter with sweet milk. Mix well, then stir in the whites beaten to a froth. Bake in waffle irons.

THERE is no better oil found to protect instruments, such as files, saws, guns, etc., than pure lard oil. It will keep them from rusting. Wipe the metal with a cloth dipped into the oil and let it dry, which will only require a few moments. If you want the iron bright and shining scour it before the application of the oil. But if this is not necessary the oil will combine with the rust to form a firm and durable coating.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Stew a dozen large tomatoes with cayenne pepper and salt, until they become like a marmalade. Pass them through a sieve to remove the seeds, and stir until it is of the consistency of very thick cream. Then add a half pint of nice broth and a little butter. Or if you have no broth, a little water, and an ounce and a half of butter, with two tablespoonfuls of grated cracker or bread, may be stirred in just before sending to table. In seasoning the same use very little pepper. It will be a nice accompaniment to beefsteak, or beef *a-la-mode*, or cold roast beef.—*Cultivator.*

THE Boston *Laboratory* gives as a water-proof dressing for boots, shoes and leather the following: Lard oil, 100 parts; paraffin, fifty parts; beeswax, five parts. Gently warm the oil and in it dissolve the paraffin and wax. If too hard add a little less wax. Any disagreeable smell may be removed by a few drops of oil of sassafras. The wax prevents the crystallization of the paraffin, and the oil causes the whole to become a paste of the consistency of tallow. The dressing fills the pores of the leather, does not dry, but keeps the leather soft and pliable. Bocts and shoes to which the dressing is applied may be polished, using ordinary blacking, which is not the case with most dressing containing oil or grease.

HOW TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Marble of any kind, alabaster, any hard stone or glass, may be repolished by rubbing it with a linen cloth dressed with oxide of tin (sold under the name of putty powder). For this purpose a couple or more folds of linen should be fastened tight over a piece of wood, flat or otherwise, according to the form of the stone. To repolish a mantel-piece it should be first perfectly cleaned. This is best done by making a paste of lime, soda and water, wetting well the marble and applying the paste. Then let it remain for a day or so, keeping it moist during the interval. When this paste has been removed the polishing may begin. Chips in the marble should be rubbed out first with emery and water. At every stage of polishing the linen and putty powder must be kept constantly wet. Glass, such as jewelers' show counter-cases, which become scratched, may be polished in the same way.

Exterminating Woodchucks.

ON many farms the crops and cultivated fields suffer seriously from the ravages of woodchucks. I often see inquiries in the agricultural papers how to get rid of them. I have been troubled very much with them; they even came near the buildings and made their places of abode without fear of danger. They did so much damage that I determined to make war upon them. I procured a dog, which proved a good one for the business, and was not long in disposing of a large number. I also got some traps, and made a business of catching them wherever found. I prefer the traps made of spring, which can be had at most hardware stores. They are cheap; the one which has caught the most cost only fifty cents. They are small and can be set in small burrows, and are very effective in holding the woodchucks when caught. By pursuing this course for three years their numbers have decreased very much. If they did not come in from adjoining farms I should be completely rid of them. I have found that they are migratory in their habits. Every burrow does not have an occupant. In exterminating them it is best to destroy their habitations by filling up with stones and earth. Empty tenements invite undesirable tenants, and unless destroyed they will make use of them for shelter and safety in moving from place to place; and often stop when they would nor otherwise if they had to dig new holes. It is important to get those living in the pastures and woods, as they will soon seek the fields.

A good dog will visit the places where they live a number of times daily, and often surprise and capture them. They are not slow to leave a locality which abounds in dogs and traps, regarding such places as unhealthy.

In the task of exterminating woodchucks nothing but well-directed effort will be successful. Farmers spend much time in fighting enemies to their crops, and should not rest until they have extended the fight to the woodchuck.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Pianos and Organs.

Fine new rosewood pianos for $300.
Fine walnut organs, six stops, $125.
Good second-hand pianos, $150 to $200.
Reed's Temple of Music, Chicago.

THE very best glass and china is always well seasoned, or "annealed," as the manufacturers say, before it is sold. If the wares are properly seasoned in this way they may be washed in boiling water without fear of fracture, except in frosty weather, when, even with the best annealed wares, care must be taken not to place them suddenly in too hot water.

STEALING HEAVEN'S LIVERY. — The great *Alcoholless Remedy*, VINEGAR BITTERS, is everywhere driving pestiferous rum potions out of the market. That famous combination of the finest medicinal herbs on the continent of America is accomplishing such cures of diseases which affect the stomach, the liver, the bowels, the kidneys and the nervous system that the grateful masses have adopted it as their *Standard Specific*. The various rum bitters have gone down before this pure vegetable antidote like tenpins before a well-aimed ball. The people have at length discovered that all the spirituous excitants are worse than shams—that both morally and medicinally they are inimical to the well-being and safety of the community. *It won't do.* The handwriting is on the wall! They are weighed and found wanting. Rum remedies are defunct, and VINEGAR BITTERS, THE UNIVERSAL ANTIDOTE, reigns in their stead. 6

SENT free, on receipt of neck and breast measure, height, weight and price, our (sample) "Model $2 Shirt." Fitted by patented model. Stylish and substantial. Address Model Shirt Co., 31 South 8th St., Philadelphia.

THE Improvement made in the Elmwood and Warwick Collars this season has largely increased the sale. For those wishing a wide collar, the latter is the *ne plus ultra*. Don't fail to get it and try it.

FROM Maine to California millions of children are wearing SILVER TIPPED Shoes. Why not? They are the cheapest and never wear through at the toe. Try them.
For sale by all Shoe Dealers.

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY!—Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial for coughs, colds and bronchial affections stands first in public confidence and favor. This result has been acquired after a test of many years.

THE GREAT FAVORITE!—The popular Chill Cure of the age!! Composed of pure and simple drugs, Wilhoft's Tonic has long held the highest place in the long line of remedies for Chills and Fever. It is not only Anti-Periodic but is Anti-Panic, for it curtails the heavy expense of doctors' visits, where friendly calls are all itemized in the account current. A penny saved is a penny gained, and saving it in this way adds to health and comfort. Try Wilhoft's Tonic as a certainty and you will never regret it. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE NORTHWESTERN HORSE NAIL CO.'S "Finished" Nail is the best in the world.

How to Look Young—Sixteen.—Don't pain t or use vile Hair Restorers, but simply apply Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and use Lyon's Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion pearly, soft and natural, and you can't tell what did it. It removes freckles, tan, sallowness, ring-marks, moth-patches, etc., and in place of a red, rustic face you have the marble purity of an exquisite belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of perpetual youth. Add these effects to a splendid head of hair produced by the Kathairon, and a lady has done her best in the way of adornment. Brothers will have no spinster sisters when these articles are around.

Dr. Dan'l Weaver, of Boston, fell down a mining shaft near Denver, 76 feet. He was terribly bruised, limbs broken, and supposed to be dead. Mexican Mustang Liniment was freely used, consciousness restored, his life saved, and he came home in eight weeks. This is the most wonderful article for Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Swellings, Spavin, Ringbone, Sores, or any flesh, bone or muscle ailment upon man or beast, ever discovered. It is humanity to animals. It has saved much suffering and many useless doctors' bills. It can be had for 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle, in any drug store. But beware of counterfeits. The genuine is wrapped in a fine steel-plate label, signed "G. W. Westbrook, Chemist."

The People's Stamp of Value.—The Government indorsement, which legalizes the sale of PLANTATION BITTERS, is not the only stamp affixed to that famous VEGETABLE TONIC. It bears, in addition to that official sanction, the STILL MORE VALUABLE STAMP OF PUBLIC APPROBATION. This inestimable voucher of its rare properties as a TONIC, CORRECTIVE and ALTERATIVE is world-wide.

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