

Juster County Republican

D. M. AMSBERRY, Editor and Publisher

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

Miss Emma Goldman's trade as journeyman anarchist is spoiled.

A deaf and dumb man is apt to talk straight out from the shoulder.

Andrew Carnegie, dealer in libraries, has added a pipe-organ department to his business.

If the ice box could talk the reputation of a great many professed teetotalers would be ruined.

All that the parents of Sloggosh are guilty of is bringing him into the world. But this is not an indictable offense.

Nothing has been brought out in the Schley Inquiry to lead to the suspicion that the Spanish navy made its escape.

Some of the ladies appear to have been interested in the Alfred milkenary simply because they didn't notice the spelling.

Would that one of those comic opera brigands in the Arocococco mountains would hold Emma Goldman's hand for \$110,000 ransom.

Who says we are not creatures of circumstances? Notice how unexpected events have changed the lives and conditions of many people you know. How about yourself?

A German physiologist, who has numbered them, finds that man has about 100,000 hairs on his head. Yet one of another color on his coat makes more trouble than the whole 100,000.

An automobilist at Buffalo covered a mile in 1:32. The little girl with the baby carriage doesn't stand much more show on the streets now than do the deacon's principles at a horse race.

A Frenchman has invented a sleep-producer, consisting of bands of metal and other devices for the head, which is called the "vibrating coronet." Sovereigns, on the other hand, suffer from insomnia the moment they find their coronets shaky.

With the advent of the Roosevelt family the objections to having the business office of the Chief Executive and the Presidential residence under one roof are again set forth. No business man in the land has his business office in his residence. Suitable quarters for the President should be provided away from the White House. Let him leave the cares of office when he joins his family at night.

"Government in America is practically shaped in the caucus. For the Christian man the primary meeting should be as sacred an appointment as the place of prayer, and if the Christian men of a community would interest themselves, they could get good men nominated." These words, spoken at the recent Christian Endeavor Convention, embody a truth familiar to all, yet one that is well to emphasize. The evils which exist in politics are largely the result of the neglect of duty by the very men who most loudly complain of them.

It speaks volumes for the social conditions under which we are living that even in countries where the birth rate is falling off the average duration of life is increasing. The old saying, assumed to be axiomatic, that "each succeeding generation becomes weaker and wiser," certainly falls far short of expressing the conditions which have prevailed for some time past. Not only has there been a distinct improvement in physique, but there has been a very marked increase in the average span of human life. This is due mainly to improvements in medical and surgical science and to a higher scale of living.

A Texas lumber company has entered into a contract to cut timber from a tract of land belonging to the Houston Oil Company. The terms are so unusual as to be worthy of notice. The timber is to be cut at a rate that will require about twenty years to go over the entire tract. No trees smaller than a foot in diameter are to be cut and all of the smaller trees are to be left undisturbed. This policy will leave the forest worth as much at the end of twenty years as it is to-day. So long as these methods are employed it will remain a permanent source of wealth to the owners. If the Northern forests had been handled in this scientific manner no appreciable inroads would have been made into the supply of white pine and no lumber famine would be now showing its front over the horizon.

The excesses of detective officers in enforcing the law against reproducing pictures of United States currency and other are ridiculous while causing the greatest injustice. It is reported that in edition of school books for use in the Philippines has been seized because it contained pictures of the various Government coins to instruct Filipino students in their appearance and value. A chapter in American mathematics and science was confiscated because it was illustrated by the only pictures that would have been of value in making its lessons intelligible. Many works of art have been confiscated and fines have been unjustly collected on the same grounds. The law should punish only such imitations of the currency and coin as are intended to deceive and may be used in fraud. Works of art and pictures for instruction in the schools

should not be regarded as violations of the law. It is curious that a picture printed to instruct the public how to detect counterfeit money should be a violation of the law against counterfeiting.

Really a certain New Jersey man is entitled to the leather medal that should be awarded to unreasonable men. He is in the divorce court. His complaint is that his wife is growing stout, with no signs of a let-up. He never liked fat women, although they are notably good-natured and are often said to make the best housekeepers of earth. He fell in love with a 79-pound fairy. Her lips had the scarlet tint that autumn paints the maple leaves. She was as sweet as she was pretty and he thought he loved her and married her. As she grew older she increased in weight, and when she tipped the scales at 290 her husband left her brutally remarking that he didn't want a truck horse for a wife. There should be a law that would make such mer squirm. If he could be forcibly fed like a Strasburg goose till he equalled his wife in weight it would be no more than justice. Such cases are a puzzle. The man who wants a divorce on such unreasonable grounds should not have it. The woman, whose only desire is the return of her backsliding husband, would be better off if the law kept him from her forever. There is another thought: The man who expects his wife to always look like the picture he carried next to his heart during the courting days should occasionally take a look in the glass and see what Time is doing to him.

The increase in the number of divorces granted in many States is an alarming feature of present day civilization. The number of divorces granted in Ohio has increased nearly 50 per cent in ten years, or nearly three times as fast as the population; reaching 3,211 in the year 1899, or almost one divorce to every ten marriages. In Indiana there were 4,999 divorces granted in 1900, or more than one divorce to every six marriages. Indiana divorces have more than doubled in number during ten years. The county in which the capital is situated had 629 divorces in 1900, or more than 25 per cent of the marriages. Such figures as these show the need of more active effort for the protection of the family by those who see the dangers that threaten family life. Speakers upon the evils of divorce sometimes seem to regard the diversity of divorce laws as the chief obstacle to reform. This is indeed a serious phase of the problem, but far more serious is the tendency in our American life that leads so large a number of men and women to seek a severing of the marriage bond. The improvement of the laws, by diminishing the legal causes for divorce and securing a practical uniformity throughout the States, would lessen somewhat the grosser abuses and wrongs of the present chaotic condition; but it would not change the hearts of unfaithful husbands and the fickle wives, the drunkards and the spendthrifts, the tyrants and the brutes, who make up the thousands upon thousands of applicants and respondents in the divorce courts. What is needed, in addition to the necessary revision of the laws and the laxity in judicial procedure in some quarters, is a concerted movement among the moral leaders of the nation to exalt the dignity of the family. Plain speaking from the pulpit is indispensable, even if it costs the financial support of some wealthy divorced man or woman in the congregation. There is reason to fear the independence of the pulpit is threatened at this point in not a few communities—so widely is the evil spreading. How many large churches are there in which the pastor's lips are sealed upon this subject because of prudential reasons which are so little in keeping with the solemn responsibilities of his position. If divorce for a trivial cause and remarriage is wrong and immoral and un-Christian, it remains such even when a pewholder in the middle aisle falls under condemnation.

Home Life in Japan.
In Japan the higher class ladies never go to market; the market comes to them. That is, the dealers call and offer wares for sale at their customer's doors. The fish merchant brings his stock, and if any is sold prepares it for cooking. The green grocer, the sake dealer, and nowadays the meat man all go to their patrons' houses. In the morning the ladies are frequently engaged in the characteristic occupation of doing harmons; that is, in starching old clothes and spreading them on large boards to dry in the sunshine. This is the first step to making over old garments, and is done in the open air. Nearly all Japanese women make their own clothes; at all events, even the very richest embroider their garments themselves. They are very economical little dressmakers. Woman's Home Companion.

Giving a Lucid Explanation.
"John," she said, "what do you men do at a stag party?"

He was thoughtful for a moment before replying.

"Well, Maria," he said at last, "you know what you women do at a sewing society meeting?"

"Yes."

"Well, what we do at a stag party is just about as different from that as it well can be."

"Oh?" was her somewhat puzzled exclamation.—Chicago Post.

First Fire Engine in 1731.
The first fire engine used in this country was brought from England to New York in 1731.

"The boys in this town," the girls of every town say, "are so slow." It behooves the boys to be slow, because they are expected to pay the bills.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Warwick—Now, on what basis do the powers ascertain the indemnity China is to pay each of them?

Wickwire—Well, as near as I can make out they charge about \$500 for every Chinaman they killed.—Puck.

There Are Others.
He—Why, the professor has spent years investigating sun spots.
She—Goodness! And people say women are inquisitive!—Puck.

No Harm Done.
She—Papa has had some trouble with the gas company, and they have threatened to turn off the gas.
He—How unfortunate.
She—Yes, but I told him it didn't make any difference to me.

Weary's Latest.
Weary—Don't you remember a lovely, blue-eyed, curly-headed little chump you got under kiss and give pie to some years ago? Well, I'm him.

Mashed.
"Why is it," complained the German Fried Potato, "that you are more generally esteemed than I am?"
"Perhaps it is because all the world loves a lover!" replied the Mashed Potato, being more modest than logical.

An Advance in Art.
"Mrs. Dash, what is your club doing to help beautify the city?"
"Oh, we are working hard to get the clothing houses to use the word 'trousers' instead of 'pants' in their advertisements."

Everything Goes.
Little Willie—Say, pa, what does "carte blanche" mean?
Pa—It is a term used to explain the actions of a man who has \$50 in his pocket and his wife is spending a week in the country.

Before They Ripen.
Sue Brett—Where did you spend your vacation?
Ham Lett—In the country.
Sue Brett—Have a good time?
Ham Lett—Sure. It was a genuine pleasure to find a place where there were only fresh eggs.

Says Mr. Sourdrop.
"Yes, it's mostly bill and coo during the honeymoon," growled Mr. Sourdrop, helping himself to the best piece of chicken, "but after that I've noticed that it is pretty nearly all bill."
Whereupon the young dry goods clerk was seen to look thoughtfully in the direction of the school teacher.—Baltimore American.

Slightly Changed.
Catherine—Did you ever see "lovers' row" in Lincoln Park?
Grace—Oh, yes.
Catherine—Well, George and I quarreled there.
Grace—Then it must have been lovers' row.

Great Uncertainty.
"But how are we going to leave town?" anxiously inquired the tragedian, after he had learned that there were no railroads.
"Well, that depends on the show," responded Amber Pete. "If the boys get their money's worth you'll ride on the coach; if they don't, you'll ride on a rail."

An Experienced Bear.
Jimmy—Look! Dere goes Mammie Mulberry with Nibby Murphy, an' she's hangin' on his arm fer dear life. D' you s'pose she's doin' dat ter show she loves him?
Petey—Naw; it's ten ter one she's doin' it ter make him feel foolish.—Puck.

Troubles and Trials.
"I tell you, sir," said the clergyman, "the trouble lies in the fact that we have too many lawyers."
"There is where you are away off," remarked the judge. "The real trouble is due to the fact that there aren't half enough clients."—Chicago News.

Pleasant Anticipation.
Overheard at Atlantic City:
"My vacation ends to-morrow."
"What a relief it must be to be able to go back to the office and take a rest!"—Philadelphia Record.

Satellite Gave Her Away.
Mistress—Did Mrs. Brown leave any message when you told her I was out Norah?
Servant—No, ma'am; she didn't say anything, but she looked kind of pleased like.—Boston Herald.

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"Oh, how bitter it is to sell newspapers when me soul is a-cryin' fer art!"

It Was a "Not."
"Why do you wear a lover's knot as a scarf?" asked Mrs. Hardenstie of her bald and cranky bachelor brother.
"Because I am not a lover," replied he, snappishly.

Fulfillment.
He—These beastly summer hotels!
She—I know it! What did we ever leave home for, any way?
"Well, we wanted the debt and the unrest."—Life.

Their Advantage.
"But," said the young mosquito, "is not man much stronger than we?"
"He is," responded the fond parent; "but we may venture to attack him on account of our superior mobility."—Puck.

The Glamour of Effort.
Julia—Julius, why don't you try to get something to do?
Julius—I have tried; but even when I try and fall I feel such a virtuous glow that it unites me to try again for a long, long time.

What's wrong with the expression, "tempest in a teapot?"
"It is not true to fact. Now, if it were tempest in a coffee pot, there'd be some grounds for it."—Philadelphia Times.

Doesn't Seem Possible.
Girls are more or less peculiar. And something's wrong with the mistress who really means it when she says "That she doesn't care for a kiss."

Dead Silence.
"Nothing from my poor husband?" said the widow to the medium.
"No, ma'am," was the reply; "not even a message saying that the fire is out!"

Everybody Against Him.
"Mr. Boobleby isn't very popular, is he?"
"No. The poor fellow seems to have fewer friends than a fat man in a crowded street car."—Harper's Bazar.

His Condition.
Willy Littleboy—Papa, what is a czar?
Papa—A czar, my son, is a Russian potentate almost entirely surrounded by assassins.

Life's Little Frictions.
"Are you getting ready for winter?"
"Oh, yes; we've had our last scrap with the iceman, and have begun to quarrel with the coal man."

An Energetic Plea.
She—You don't put much fervor into the love letters you write me.
He—Don't I? Well, perhaps I used myself up on that love letter I had to write your father.

Adulterated.
"They say that apple butter is adulterated a great deal now," said Mrs. Cumso.
"Yes, much of it is only apple butter-ine," added Mrs. Cawker.

The King's English.
"They say that Edward VII. is very careful of his speech and often corrects an error in language made by others."
"Well, he is the natural guardian of the king's English, you know."

Long Distance Cheer.
There's comfort in autumn—let joy have its fling—
With winter before us we're headed for spring.

Wild Western Buffalo Ways.
Dick—See anything new at the Pan-Am?
Tom—Yes; the restaurant waiter brought ice for my iced tea in the palm of his hand.

At 11:06 they swept past Silver Creek with 29 miles to go and 25 minutes to make it. In Hurray! They had made up time enough to save them!

At 11:20 they passed Lake View, "Twelve miles more, and 11 minutes," yelled somebody, waving his hat. "Toboggan slide all the way," yelled somebody else. "We'll do it easy Hooley!"

They passed Athol Springs at 11:24 all amid with excitement. They had 7 minutes left for 8 miles, and were cheering wildly.

"We'll make it with half a minute to spare," said the only man in the private car who was reasonably cool. He was four seconds out of the way, for they crossed the line 28 seconds before 11:31, and won the race by less than half a minute, beating the New York Central's record per mile on the whole run by the fraction of a second, and beating the whole world's record in the last relay by several minutes, the fig-ures standing—Tunkey's figures—81 miles from Erie to Buffalo in 70 minutes and 46 seconds, or an average speed of 72.91 miles an hour.

"Do!" said the official. "What did I do? Why, we—we—" He paused helplessly, and then added, with a smile: "Well, if you'll excuse the slang we didn't do a thing to Tunkey!"

Knew the Judge's Voice.
Justice Jerome of New York sat in his room, adjoining the Court of Special Sessions, the other afternoon. Between cigarette puffs he was parodying the question of a half-dozen reporters, when the telephone bell began ringing vigorously.

In the absence of his clerk and secretary the justice thought it not beneath his dignity to play telephone boy, and this is the one-sided conversation that convulsed the newspaper men with laughter:

"This is Justice Jerome. What do you want?" A short pause.

"No, it is not the clerk; it is the justice himself. What do you want? Split it out."

"Humph! Not the justice, you say? Well, I was when I got out of bed this morning and looked in the glass. I guess I haven't changed my identity since then. You want the justice, you say? Well, you have him—now fire away."

"Oh, you say, you know the justice well and that this isn't his voice? Well, who the deuce am I, then? Some fresh office boy, eh? Well, I can't waste any more time on you." And up went the receiver with a bang.

"I suppose I ought to have that fellow, whoever he is, arrested for contempt in calling the court a liar and a fresh office boy," said the judge, with mock dignity, according to the New York Times, as he resumed his interrupted conversation with the reporters.

The man who wants only one side of the story is a funny creature.

TUNKEY THE ENGINEER.

The Man Who Broke the Record for the West Shore Road.

In St. Nicholas Cleveland Moffett gives an account of the breaking of a record in running a train. The last stage of the journey found the official behind schedule time. But it was made up—by a quiet man named Tunkey Still, in spite of these brave efforts they pulled out of Erie 15 minutes late and started on the last relay with gloomy faces. It was eighty-six miles to Buffalo, the end of the race, and they must be there by 11:31 to win which called for an average speed of over seventy miles an hour, including slow-downs. No train in the world had ever approached such an average, and their own racing average since leaving Chicago was much below it. So what hope was there?

There was hope in a tall, sparely built man named Bill Tunkey, about whom nobody knew much except that he was a good engineer who ran a rather clumsy ten-wheeled locomotive not considered very desirable in a race. All the other locomotives had been eight wheelers. Still, the new engine had one advantage; she carried water enough in her tank for the whole run and need not stop to refill, as the others had done. She had another advantage; that she carried Tunkey, one of these men who rise up in sudden emergencies and do things, whether they are possible or not. It was no possible, everybody vowed, to reach Buffalo Creek by 11:31. "All right," said Tunkey, quietly, and then—

Within forty rods of the start he had his engine going thirty miles an hour and he pressed her harder and harder until eleven miles out of Erie she struck an eighty-mile pace, and held it as far as Brockton, when she put forth all her strength, and did a burst of five miles in 3½ minutes, one of these miles at the rate of 92½ miles an hour, as the watches showed. "And I never want any more of that in mine," said the superintendent.

The next town was Dunkirk, where a local ordinance put a 10-mile limit on the speed of trains. Tunkey smiled at they roared past the station at more than 80. A crowd lined the tracks here, for the telegraph had carried ahead the news of a half-raising run. That crowd was only a blur to starling, frightened eyes at the car win dows. The officials were beginning to realize what kind of an engineer they had ahead this time. Whissst! How they did run! Wah! Wah! barked the little bridges, and were left behind. H-o-o-o! bellowed a tunnel. And tip whirr! as they slammed around a double reverse curve with a vicious swing that made the bolts rattle in the last car. Men put their mouths to their men's ears and tried to say that perhaps Mr. Tunkey was getting a little over-zealous. Much good that did! Mr. Tunkey had the bit in his teeth now and was running the race alone.

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Some 20 elevators of unusual size and capacity are being constructed in the northwest.

Many long capes and cloaks are of smooth or rough-faced cloth, with revers and collars of fur.

Long capes of mink cut away in front and lined in some handsome Dresden silk are to be fashionable for middle-aged women.

Lovers of Good Books.
Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof.—Channing.

There is no worthier or surer pledge of the intelligence and the purity of any community than their general purchase of books; nor is there any one who does more to further the attainment and possession of these qualities than a good book-seller.—Prof. Dunn.

The only true equalizers in the world are books; the only treasure house open to all comers is a library; the only wealth which will not decay is knowledge; the only jewel which you can carry beyond the grave is wisdom. To live in this equality, to share in these treasures, to possess this wealth, and to secure this jewel may be the happy lot of everyone. All that is needed for the acquisition of these inestimable treasures is the love of books.—F. A. Langford.

Books are the first and last, the most home-felt, the most heartfelt of all our enjoyments. * * * Actions pass away and are forgotten; conquerors, statesmen and kings live but by their names stamped on the page of history. * * * But the dead authors are living men, still breathing and moving in their writings. * * * Intellect only is immortal, and bequeats the unimpaired to posterity. Words are the only things that last forever.—Hazlett.

Thrown from His Cab and Killed.
The following is a most interesting and, in one respect, pathetic tale:
Mr. J. L. Cole, 42 Ferrar Road, Street-ham, said:

"Yes, poor chap, he is gone, dead—horse bolted, thrown off his seat on his cab he was driving and killed—poor chap, and a good sort, too, mate. It was him, you see, who gave me the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil that made a new man of me. 'Twas like this: me and Bowman were great friends. Some gentleman had given him a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which had done him a lot of good; he only used half the bottle, and remembering that before I had used the contents of the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which poor Bowman gave me. I was a well man. There it is, you see, after years of pain, after using remedies, oils, embrocations, horse liniments, and spent money on doctors without getting any better, I was completely cured in a few days. I bought another bottle, thinking the pain might come back, but it did not, so I gave the bottle away to a friend who had a lame back. I can't speak too highly of this wonderful pain-killer."

Went After Dinner.
Patrick—"It's poor advice ye've been given me. Didn't ye say th' best time to ask a man a favor was after dinner?"

Bifkins—"I certainly did."
"Well, Oi want to ould Buffers wid th' schmaltest koid as a request, and be refused. It was after dinner, too!"

"Are you sure he had had his dinner?"
"Faith it's little Oi know about ould Buffers' ingoin's and outcom-ing's; but Oi'd had moine."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

"C. C. C." on Every Tablet.

Every tablet of Cascarets Candy Cathartic bears the famous C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Look for it and accept no other. Beware of fraud. All druggists, 10c.

Capsicum Vaseline

Put Up in Collapsible Tubes.

A substitute for and superior to Mustard or any other plaster. It soothes, soothes, soothes the skin. The pain alleviating and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and neuralgia. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and at such and all rheumatic, neuralgic and sprains in a few days. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all our preparations."

Price 12 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail.

No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

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Nasal CATARRH

in all its stages. Ely's Cream Balm

Ely's Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. Trial Size, 10 cents.

B.T. SHEPHERD, 24 Warren Street, New York.