All crafts depend upon knowledge and standing carelessly."

Liquired skill—knowledge of the ma- This is what grandmother said, as often, when terial to be handled, acquired skill in the handling of the material. Pioneers of mountaineering had first to learn what mountains actually are like, the details tion upon them. Rock structure, which ethers for a mountaineer. One kind of mountain masonry forms ridges and cullies, another forms ledges and precipices. One texture and dip makes stairslabs that can scarcely be adhered to. One kind of substance is firm and trustworthy, another is friable and treacherous to hand and foot. If there was so much to be learned about rocks, snow

and ice were at first far more unknown. The anatomy of glaciers had to be discovered, the secrets of crevasse formation to be learned. There were the varied phenomena implied in the phrase, "state of the snow," to be understood. Born root and eye had to be trained to recognize by feel and glance what the "state of the snow" at any time might be. Avalanches had to be investigateda, manches of snow, ice and rock-when they might be expected to fall, where they were to be looked for, how far they would go. Climbers had to learn to distinguish afar off between snow and it slopes. Moreover, the tools of mountaineering had to be invented. Many were tried and discarded; a few were retained and improved. The form of the ax was slowly evolved and its uses learned. The way to employ the rope was a yet more difficult discovery. Even yow the proper form for climbing irons is any being arrived at.

Accidents, usually fatal, were the lessons wherefrom these facts were derived. The great Matterhorn accident finally demonstrated how the rope should be used and proved that large parties were a source of danger. The Lyskamm accident showed the peril of cornices. Unroped climbers met their

on many mountains. From almost every accident something was learned. The safety of the many has 1 n bought by the death of the few.

We can now plunge into the world of w without undue peril. We know its dangers and can guard against them; we know also when we are safe and where we can freely go. Our forerunnero went aloft as neolithic navigators put to sea-badly equipped and into a misunderstood region. We are now on the footing of the modern sailor. Snow, as such, has no more terrors for us than sea for them. Ill luck may overtake us, and we may fall, as they may be drowned, but with good equipment and experience the climber and seafarer are as safe as the townsman at home. -Fortnightly Review.

How to Learn Music.

Do not fail to take advantage of the library. Begin a course of good read-Music is notorious for narrowing one's mind, so resolve to counterbalance your practice with library work as well. As to your practice, I would give you this maxim, "The essential thing in practice is to see exactly what is to be done in all its details, and then do it again and again with the greatest clearness, precision and energy."

the key, the harmonies, chords, scales, ters are of far more value to those enfingering and general effects. One of the first necessaries is "concentration." Develop self criticism. "The thing you cannot do is the very thing you should make yourself do."

In practice begin where you left off the day before. Connect your day's work. Apply all your knowledge. Do not try to do more than one thing at a time. Spend a good deal of time every day thinking about what you are doing and what you will do .- Edward D. Hale.

The Barebone Family.

The celebrated name of Praise-God Barebone was borne by a member of the Cromwell parliament called together after the dissolution of the Long parliament in 1653. The royalists called the assembly "Barebone's parliament." At the time when General Monk was in London Barebone headed the mob who presented a petition to parliament against the recall of Charles II. Of the Barebone family there were three brothers, each of whom had a sentence for a name - Praise-God Barebone, Christcame-into-the-world-to-save Barebone and If-Christ-had-not-died-thou-hadstbeen-damned Barebone. - New York Evening Sun.

Single and Married.

A native of Ireland landing at Greenock wanted to take the train to Glasgow. Never having been in a railway station before, he did not know how to get his ticket. Seeing a lady, however, going in, Pat thought he would follow her, and he would soon know how to get aboard. The lady, going to the ticket box and putting down her money, said, "Maryhill, single." Her ticket was dul, handed to her, and she walked off. Pat, thinking it all right, planked down his money and shouted, "Patrick M --- married."-Tit-Bits.

Railway Headaches.

Those who suffer from headache and feel the fatigue of a railway journey disagreeably should take with them two leather or silk covered cushions-one for the small of the back, another to rest the nec. head. An eminent doctor once stated that this was a capital antidote to the evils arising from the jolting of the train, liable to cause slight congestion of the head in very long journeys. He fur- gans or nature worshipers. thermore advised no reading in the train to those subjected to headaches.-New York Times.

The Need Was Mutual. Sleepy Citizen-What do you want in

my house? Burglar (presenting gun)-I want

Sleepy Citizen-Good Lord! Give us your hand. So do I.-Cleveland Plain GRANDMOTHER SAID.

"Always set your chair-back when you are going away; Don't leave it in the middle of the room or

a boy,
I jumped up and ran out of doors a reckless

"Always set your chair back when you are of their structure, and the forces in ac-

standing carelessly. has one meaning for a geologist, has These words, repeated long ago, come ever When little duties are o'erlooked or left to lag

In the daily walks of busy life, when we think pices. One texture and dip makesstair-we haven't time To be orderly and almost look upon politeness as a crime, We are quite too apt, from carelessness, to

chairs away.

But it will be found that daily life will be more worth the living

If we blend, in harmony, the precepts of receiving and of giving;
If we heed the tender chidings dealt out in

childhood's day, And always "set our chair back when we are

going away."

-Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.

A Wonderful Timekeeping Automaton. One of the most wonderful timekeepers known to the horologist was made in London about 100 years ago and sent by the president of the East India company as a gift to the emperor of China. The case was made in the form of a chariot, in which was seated the figure of a woman. This figure was of pure ivory and gold and sat with her right hand resting upon a tiny clock fastened to the side of the vehicle. A part of the wheels which kept track of the flight of time were hidden in the body of a tiny bird, which had seemingly just alighted upon the lady's finger.

Above was a canopy so arranged as to conceal a silver bell. This bell was fitted with a miniature hammer of the same metal, and although it appeared to have no connection with the clock regularly struck the hours and could be made to repeat by touching a diamond button on the lady's bodice. In the chariot at the ivory lady's feet there was a golden figure of a dog, and above and in front were two birds apparently flying before the chariot. This beautiful ornament was made almost entirely of gold and was elaborately decorated with preclous stones.—St. Louis Republic.

High Explosives. There are certain explosives of high power which, when heated, burn quietly if freely exposed, or if confined explode only at the spot where heat is applied without the whole mass taking part in the explosion. Nitroglycerol, dynamite, gun cotton, picric acid and the new German military powder are examples. This is said to be because they are bad conductors of their owr explosive wave. If, however, the same substances are subjected to a violent shock by the explosion in their midst of initial charges of mercury fulminate, the shock seems to affect all the molecules of the explosive at once, and the whole mass of the latter explodes with enormous violence. -New York Sun.

The Pearl Oyster. Very few people are aware that the pearl oyster is not in any way like the oysters which we eat. It is of an entire- dime. Further investigation revealed you take up a new piece, notice fact the shells of the so called pearl oysgaged in pearl fishing than the pearls. There are extensive pearl fisheries in the gulf of California, and some of the finest | instance they were amply rewarded. pearls have been taken from those waters. In 1881 one pearl—a black one was sold for \$10,000, and every year since that time many pearls have been taken from the beds in the California gulf valued at over \$7,500 each.-Chicago Herald.

She Loved Him.

Single Man (to himself)-I am sure that darling little angel loves me. She takes me into her confidence and tells me all her troubles.

Same Man (some years later)-Consarn it all! From morning till night, and night till morning, when I'm home, I hear nothing but tales about the servants, the butcher, the butler, the baker, the candlestick maker and all the rest of 'em.-New York Weekly.

Not to Be Considered.

Mrs. Chugwater (after an unusually spirited engagement)-Josiah, if we can't get along in peace, we'd better separate. Mr. Chugwater (shaking his head mournfully)-It wouldn't help matters any, Samantha. I can tell you right now you'd never get another man that would endure your cooking as meekly as I do.—Chicago Tribune.

Switzerland's numerous waterfalls have proved a means for the generation and supply of an abundant amount of power for a comparatively small expenditure of capital. At the end of last year there were in that country 552 electric light installations and 52 plants for the electrical transmission of power.

Roots of all trees draw large quantities of moisture from the soil, which is discharged into the air through the leaves. It is estimated that an oak tree with 700,000 leaves would give off something like 700 tons of water during the five months it carries its foliage.

In British India the number of persons adhering to the sects of the ancient Brahmanic religious belief is estimated at 211,000,000. There are 7,000,000 Buddhists, 90,000 Parsees, 57,000,000 Mohammedans and 9,000,000 of the ancient pa-

There was recently given in Denmark a concert that may be regarded as absolutely unique as regards the instruments used. The instruments included two horns from the bronze age, which are believed to be at least 2,500 years old.

The drinking of salt water is said to be a perfect cure for seasickness, though it makes the patient very miserable for a cultivated, you know.—Boston Courier. few minutes after he takes the cure.

ADAM'S NAIVETE.

A Woman Defends the First Man From Charges of Cowardice.

And the Lord said, "Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee thou shouldst not eat?" The man said. "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me—she gave me of the tree and I did eat." This, it has been held for centuries, was Adam's great sin, for which he was driven out of the garden and his descendants, even to the present generation, compelled to work for a living. In addition to bearing the consequences of his error Adam has been denounced through all succeeding centuries for his cowardice and lack of gallantry in trying to throw the blame upon the woman who had been given to be with him-"God's first, best gift to man."

We are glad, therefore, that even after 6.000 years of unmerited condemnation which the memory of our great pro-genitor has had to bear there has arisen one person who dares to speak for him. And it is all the more fortunate that that person is a woman-a member of the sex whom Adam's words, by a wrong interpretation, were held to have maligned. This person is Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin, a distinguished authoress. In

her latest book she says of Adam's plea: "This is not the expression of cowardice, but of the innocest and native belief that anything which this lovely being, fresh from God's hand, proposed must be right, and right or wrong must be done. It is a trait which has come down in unbroken continuity of inheritance to the latest born of Adam's

The thought is a new one, but there is not a man alive and capable of appreciating Mrs. Corbin's argument who will not indorse it. Where is there a man today, barring a few crusty old bachelors, who would not have done the same thing under like circumstances? The woman was beautiful, the apple was good, and Adam was an unsophisticated, ingenious young man unaccustomed to the little social arts and deceptions that the daughters of Mother Eve have learned

from her example. We insist that Adam is vindicated, and that Mark Twain's tears over his grave were a deserved tribute. Now. let the building of his monument proceed. And let it be recorded thereon that "he was a kind, loving and obedient husband."-Troy Times.

Small Fortune Between the Cracks. A cigar dealer was recently compelled to move from his down town stand, which he had occupied for 35 years, because of the demolition of the old build-

He packed his belongings with many sigh of regret. When he had got his things all out, he turned to the workmen, who were waiting to begin tearing down the building, and remarked in a rather sarcastic tone:

"Well, boys, you may have all you find in this old trap." The workmen began on the old floor,

which had been worn into hollows by age. It had not been replaced since it was originally laid.

One of the men ripped up a board with his crowber, raising a cloud of dust. When he got it out of his eyes, he saw something shiny in the crack.

He picked it up, and it proved to be a ly different species, and as a matter of the fact that the crack was lined with silver.

This was an incentive to the workmen. They plied their crowbars with remarkable energy for men poorly paid. In this

In every crack of the floor silver dimes were found. Some of them bore dates of nearly half a century ago. The men gathered the coin in handfuls.

The cigar dealer, in speaking of the occurrence, said that he hadn't the slightest idea that so much money could be lost through carelessness and a poor floor even in 35 years.

"But it won't happen again," he said. When I heard of it, I immediately gave orders to have my new store refloored with hard wood, and no cracks, at my own expense."-New York Herald.

A Striking Presentiment.

It is curious how future events are occasionally prefigured by some anticipatory token which, unlike presentiments and premonitory dreams, makes perhaps no impression at the time on those whom they concern.

Here is a striking example. One of Charles Dickens' sons, from some childish oddity of expression in his large, wondering eyes, was given by his father the very unique sobriquet of the "Ocean Specter," by which he was always called. The great novelist never knew of the weird significance his playfully bestowed appellation was to bear, for he himself had been nearly two years in his grave at the time his little "Ocean Specter," then a lieutenant in the royal navy, died and was buried at sea. - London Tit-Bits.

Two eminent French gentlemen, who were great friends, used to relate an amusing story of their impecunious days. Neither fame nor fortune had come to them, but they were always hopeful. The years had weighed heavily enough upon Jules, however, for him to have become entirely bald. One day Alphonse met him with a beaming conntenance and cried gayly: "What do you think, Jules! I have been buying a strong box!" "Then, Alphonse," replied Jules firmly, "I shall buy a hair-brush."—Argonaut.

George Eliot.

George Eliot suffered from melancholic moods, and from her thirtieth year had severe attacks of headache. As a child she was poor in health and extremely sensitive to terror in the night. She remained a quivering fear throughout her whole life.-New York Times.

Why She Liked Them. Boston Woman-Oh, I do so love the fields of our New England farms. New York Girl-Why? Boston Weman-Because they are so

A GOLDEN HOUR.

Amid a field of golden flowers she stood-Blithe butter cups that met the wooing breeze With nods and becks and swaying courtesies.

Where the broad river flowed beside the wood, The sun made golden laughter with the flood, And airy whispers rustled from the trees. Where bees and birds and squirrels dwelt at Love and the year were young, and life was

With daisies in the shining fields were rife-White petaled daisies with rich hearts were

they,
And in each simple flower I could behold An image of the empress of my life, Whose beauty lent new brightness to the A snow white maiden with a heart of gold

Alice S. Blackwell in New Orleans Times Democrat.

LOVE ON A WALL.

The little back yard presented a novel appearance. The frost was on the ground. and the one skeleton tree in the corner extended its leafless branches like gaunt arms in various directions.

A wooden post was stuck in the center of the gravel square, its purpose vague; at a few yards distant stood a man practicing at broadsword exercise. Sergeant Major Boyne, pausing from his exertions, addressed some one sitting on the wall to his right.

"Are you cold, Mollie?" "No, thanks; it is warming to watch

The sergeant continued his evolutions.

"One-two-three-four; right! One -two-three-four; left!" The girl clapped her hands. The ser-

geant repeated the performance. "How jolly you look, cousin Jack!" Mollie cried as the cuts and thrusts whistled through the air.

"Do I?" the sergeant queried, solemnly regarding the post in the middle of the ground.

"You know that you look nice," she said severely. "Don't pretend." He returned the weapon to its sheath and looked at the girl critically.

"You know that you look nice, Cousin Mollie," he said, with mock severity. "Don't pretend. You are the prettiest girl in Linbridge. All the men at the barracks say that of you."

"Do they?" she cried with a gasp. am so glad." "Glad? Silly girl! What is their opinion worth?"

"As much as yours, I suppose," she answered.

"Oh, of course." She leaned against the wall and refastened a buckle. She bit her lip and tapped the red bricks with her heels.

Sergeant Travers came off worsted among the men the other night, I heard." "The odds were all against the one, as usual," she sam. are seldom funny."

'owched. "Why do you care for

"I don't." "All right, Mollie," he said in a tone

that indicated "all wrong." "It's getting late," she remarked. 'They are setting the tea tray."

"Shall I help you down?" Her toes were on a level with his chest as he fronted her. She carefully scru-

tinized the height from the ground. "No. thank you." 'Oh, all right!" he responded, with

the same dubious inflection. She heard his spurs click over frosty ground. She watched the patch of scarlet merge into the gloom and reappear in the lighted room of the house. Then the tears trickled down her cold cheek and froze there.

A boy was spinning a top in the next garden. She leaned toward him. "Little boy," she whispered, "give me

a push." The little boy, mounting an inverted bucket, "pushed" and heard a muffled

thud on the other side of the wall. Every girl in the little garrison town who possessed an invitation to the noncommissioned officers' ball was preparing for the evening's festivity.

Mollie Henderson pirouetted round the small limit of her chamber, a gauzy being in white. The circumscribed mirror had been tilted up and tilted down, only a quarter of her form being visioned at

one time. The edge of her skirt and white satin slippers were undergoing reflection when her youngest brother shouted through

the keyhole: "You'll do, Mollie! You'll beat Georgina

Webb hollow!" "Oh, Bobby, darling, do you think so?"

she cried, opening the door. "Positive. Here are two boxes. Guess one's from the sergeant."

Each box contained a spray of flowers. She held the red roses admiringly. "Dear Mollie, please wear my flowers," was penciled on a sheet of paper bearing

the name of Sergeant Travers. The lilies of the valley were accompanied by a scrap of paper "From Jack." "Which shall I wear, Bobby?" she asked excitedly, laying the roses and the

lilies together against her bodice.

"Both," the boy replied promptly. "Oh, I can't. I think-I think the red looks better on the white. The lilies are a trifle insipid, and yet-oh, I must wear the roses; the red looks lovely!"

She turned from her brother's inspection, with the roses clustered at her "Stunning! Now stick the lilies in

your hair.' "But they would look awful, Bobby." "What's the odds? Cousin Jack might feel hipped if you don't stick 'em some-

"Don't be so silly! The men have nothing to do with the flowers." She gathered her gloves and fan together and hastened out of Bobby's

where.

"Well," soliloquized the juvenile man, "I guess I'll teep my money in my pocket before I'm soft enough to waste it on the girls." "Did you receive the lilies?" Sergeant

Major Boyne asked, while he and his partner stood aside from the dancers for a moment.

"Yes; thank you very much." "You are not wearing them!" "These roses arrived at the same time. 1. I thought their court was such a pretty contrast for my gown."

'It is very pretty "Are you annoyed, Cousin Jack?" "Not at all. Shall we finish this

valse?" "Ye-es.

Later on Travers claimed Mollie for a dance.

"How good of you to wear my flowers," he murmured. Many of the men lounging about the room envied the little sergeant as he

passed with his partner. Her face was flushed. Her dark eyes shone brilliantly. "I am tired," Mollie said suddenly. They went to the end of the room, where a portion was screened off. He took her

fan, wafting it for her while they talked. "I wish I were rich enough to marry vou. Mollie."

"Suppose the colonel refused his consent? "Well, we could run away and get

"You daren't." "Oh, yes, I dare, sweet little Mollie," he whispered. "I dare do something for

married.'

"That is very brave of you. Will you fetch me an ice?"

The smile on Mollie's lips faded as Travers disappeared round the screen. She closed her eyes wearily. "Mollie!" The sergeant major was bending over her. "I have come to say

good night, Mollie. One of the men who is down with the fever has sent for me." "But you needn't go?" "I must; he is dying.

As he leaned over the chair his hand lightly touched her hair. One of the roses had fallen from her breast and lay on the folds of her gown.

"May I have this?" he asked, taking it up gently.

"If you like." The freshness had gone from her voice. "But the other man gave it to me, Jack." "Never mind; you have worn it."

He passed out of her sight as Travers came into it bearing the ice. "Take it away," she said to him, pet-ulantly; "I don't want it."

Sergeant Major Boyne was down with the fever. His comrades talked seriously together. Some of the men hung round the hospital to which he had been removed and begged constantly for the latest bulletin.

Near the group of soldiers stood Mollie Henderson. Every day she gathered news of her cousin from their fragmenary conversation.

"He's mortal bad," remarked one. "Aye. Sinking fast, I heard."

"He's sticking to his colors to the last," spoke another. "They say he's calling out her name often." "And she don't care a rap for him." "She ain't good enough for our ser-

geant major," they murmured together. "P'raps she'll be sorry when" Some one pushed through the group. Each man feli aside as Mollie, her face white and strained, passed by them and obtained admittance into the hospital.

Presently one of the men looked up at the sergeant major's window. "Let's hope she'll be in time, mates," he said huskily.

The sergeant major was convalescent. In the little back yard he practiced a broadsword exercise in the presence of Mollie Henderson. "One-two-three-four: right! One-

two-three-four: left!" The girl sitting on the wall called out to him: "That will do. Come here and rest a

minute. "You must be obeyed, Cousin Mollie," he said, gliding one hand into her muff. "Of course. Haven't I sworn to take

care of you, Cousin Jack?" Their fingers interlaced inside the muff. She counted the branches of thskeleton tree; he reckened up the notches in the wooden post.

"Cousin Mollie?" "Cousin Jack?" "Don't you think we might begin the new year"-The two little dangling feet moved

restlessly against the wall; the hand within the sergeant's tightened its clasp. He looked up at the face above his own. "Mollie, Mollie!" he cried softly, "may I hoist my colors in the new year?"

"Yes, Jack, yes." The boy in the next yard looked up from spinning his top and remarked, upon the sudden disappearance of Mollie into the sergeant major's arms, "I thought she wouldn't want shoving off the wall this time."-London Tit-Bits.

Victoria Snubbed the Duke.

The late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was on cold terms with his relatives in England long before the death of the prince consort. The duke was offended because his brother's confidential correspondents were the late king of the Belgians and the late Emperor William instead of himself.

He was indefatigable in addressing prolix dissertations upon political affairs to Prince Albert, who had no disposition to receive instruction either from his elder brother or from any one else. The duke expected to be regarded as the head of the family and wished to play that part de facto, but his attempts at interference were dexterously baffled by Prince Albert, who at an earlier period had succeeded, but not without difficulty, in putting a stop to the meddling of King Leopold, who had intended to act

as his nephew's Prospero. When Prince Albert died, the duke fully expected that the queen would constitute him her principal adviser, and that he would be able to play an important part in our court, but her majesty did not consult him about anything, and when he volunteered his views she paid no attention to his letters .-London Truth.

He Was In.

'Is the editor in?" "Yes, sir. I think they run him in last night."

"I mean, is he in here?" "No, sir. He's in debt."-Atlanta ConHathaway,

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