From God's own hand Is the Basin of Tennessee.

Oh, the fertile Middle Basin! Proud Egypt's thrashing floor Held not in the chain of her golden grain Such fields as lie at our door. Our daughters grow like olive plants, Our sons like the young oak tree, For the richest land From God's own hand Is the Basin of Tennessee.

Oh, the joyous Middle Basin, Land of the mocking bird! Where the flying feet of our horses fleet In front of the race are heard. They get their gameness from our soil, Their spirits will ever be. For the merriest land From God's own hand

Oh, the loyal Middle Basin, She stood in the breach on the Crescent When the hated foe had come. Her Jackson made our nation safe,

Is the Basin of Tennessec.

Her Polk an empire free, For the truest land From God's own hand Is the Basin of Tennessee.

Oh, the glorious Middle Basin! Can we be false to thee? Sweet land where the earth and the sky gave birth

To the spirit of liberty! No, not while our maids have virtue, Not while our sons are free, For the fairest land from God's own hand Is the Basin of Tennessee -Maury Democrat.

# A COAL OF FIRE.

"He's a muff all round, outside school work, I'm sure. Can't play cricket a little bit anyway," said Douglas Metcalfe.

"Rummy clothes he wears, eh? Hat looks as if it had come out of an old clothes shop," said Frank Newlyn. "He's a sullen sort of beggar too. I

suppose he's proud of his poverty; some fellows are like that, you know," George Marchant remarked.

All the three speakers were in the sixth form at Denmark House, and the boy they referred to was Herbert Grierson, who had just come to the school at the beginning of this term.

It was Saturday afternoon of a warm day in early summer, and the three boys were strolling down toward the bay, on the heights overlooking which the Denmark House stood. When they reached the beach, they found some half dozen other boys undressing preparatory to bathing. A large, broad beamed boat lay out in the bay. One or two other boys were now in it; among the rest Herbert Grierson.

We'll swim out to those fellows and have a dive from the boat," Douglass Metcalfe said. In two minutes the two were swimming toward the boat, followed closely by Tippoo, Douglas terrier. They scrambled into the boat. The others were now in the water, with the exception of Grierson, who stood at the bow ready to dive. His clothes lay beside him, with his hat on the top. A sudden spirit of mischief seized Doug-

"Let's see if he is as good at swimming as he is at Virgil," he whispered to his companions.

'Own up now, Douglas. You're a bit jealous of Grierson. You're afraid he's going to run you hard for dux, old chap," Newlyn said.

"Oh, as to that, I don't care much one way or the other," replied Met-calfe, with a show of carelessness. "But I fancy I'm his match at swimming anyhow. But we'll see in a minute or

As he spoke Douglas pretended to stumble against Grierson's clothes, and recovering himself struck the hat with his hand, and sent it spinning into the

"Hullo, that was jolly clumsy of me!" he exclaimed.

In a moment Grierson was in the water after his hat, which the breeze had caught and carried to a considerable distance out in the bay. Tippoo was before him, however, and swimming toward the hat.

'Now then. He's got a pretty good start. We'll see who reaches the hat first. But I must send that little raseal Tippoo back," said Metcalfe, who was one of the best swimmers in the school. He leaped into the water and struck out with all his strength in the wake of Grierson.

All were now watching the chase of the hat with interest and laughter and cries of "Go it, Douglas." "Strike out, Crierson," "The hat's going to win."

It was quite clear that Herbert Grierson was a strong and expert swimmer. For a little Douglas Metcalfe did not gain a yard upon him, but presently the onlookers could see that the space between the two boys had narrowed. Metcalfe was, in fact, doing his very best, and it was with keen sensation of satisfaction and triumph that he at last

overtook and passed his rival. The hat was now floating a few yards in front of Metcalfe. The chase of it had proved a harder one than had been expected. Metcalfe and Grierson were now far out in the bay, and of course much beyond their depth. At this point a strong current swept past the bay. The River Gleam emptied itself into the sea at the north horn of the bay, and this caused a current which set in a transverse direction across the bay,

oceanward. Both boys were by this time in the center of this sea stream. Metcalfe's hand closed upon the hat. It was his intention to swim back with it toward the boat and replace it upon the little pile of clothes, and thus put a triumphant finish to his swimming feat.

Metcalfe was now facing toward the shore again. Grierson had turned too. The latter was quite aware that Metcalfe had acted as he had done not to recover the lost hat and restore it to its owner, but in order to prove his su-

periority in swimming before the rest of the boys. The latter raised a cheer as they saw Metcalfe striking for the land again, holding the hat in his hand. Then they saw Metcalfe stop suddenly. The arm that held the hat dropped and disappeared below the water.

Grierson, now swimming a yard or two behind Metcalfe, gave a few vigorous strokes which brought him alongside the latter. But before he could stretch out a hand to prevent it Metcalfe's head went under. Gricrson dived at almost the same moment. The boys in and around the boat held their

"Something's wrong with Douglas. He's taken cramp or something," George Marchant said.

A minute went by, and they saw the heads of both boys reappear, a yard or two further out. Grierson was supporting Metcalfe with his right arm.

"I've cramp in my right leg and arm," Metcalfe said in a hoarse, low voice. "I'm afraid I can't swim a stroke farther myself."

"All right, try to tread water with your other leg; it will help a little. We'll be all right when we are once out of this current," Grierson replied quiet-

Yet Grierson knew that his task was not going to prove an easy one. For a few minutes he made little or no head-Metcalfe hung upon his arm almost like a dead weight. Douglas was doing his utmost to help himself, but it availed very little, for, besides the cramp which had attacked him, he was exhausted by his efforts at first to overtake and outstrip Grierson.

Grierson struggled on, his burden impeding every stroke he made and lessening its effect. The boy felt his own strength ebbing fast. Unless he got out of the current in a few minutes more, he feared that all would be lost. But he was making progress and could see that the distance between the boat and himself was lessening.

"A minute more, and we shall be in smooth water," he whispered hoarsely to Metcalfe.

As he spoke Grierson changed Metcalfe from his left arm to his right and used the left for swimming. This gave him considerable ease and rest, and his next few strokes were freer and more vigorous. And now he felt the current decidedly lessening in force. He summoned up all his remaining energy in one last effort, and half a dozen more strokes brought him free of the current.

The two boys were in calm water, and now, too, they were met by George Marchant and Frank Newlyn, who relieved Grierson of his burden and took Metcalfe between them. In this order they reached the boat. There were many outstretched arms to help them in, and then the boat was towed to the shore.

Dr. Metcalfe, the principal of Denmark House and Douglas' father, was not a little alarmed at what had happened, though he did not show it. Both boys were immediately got to bed, and prompt measures taken to restore warmth and circulation to their chilled and aching bodies. These had the desired effect; in a day or two both Grierson and Metcalfe were back in class and playground.

The latter took an early opportunity of seeking Grierson alone.

"I have to thank you very much, was my fault too. I am very sorry. Will you accept my best thanks, and try to forget my part in the matter? I'll never forget yours."

"Why, of course," Grierson replied, and there the matter ended. - New York

### Her Bathing Togs.

The little boy was very much interested in a picture that his sister had had taken while at the seashore. It was a picture that had been taken "just for the fun of the thing" and not for distribution among her friends-one of those pictures that a girl keeps in her own room where none but her intimates may see it. This one showed the young lady and her "dearest friend" on the beach in bathing suits. Both of the girls were pretty and had good figures that the bathing suits showed to excellent advantage, but the picture seemed to be a source of endless speculation to the boy. "Did you and Mamie wear them togs

at the seashore?" he asked one day. "Of course we did," she replied. "Did you wear them short skirts and

stockin's so's you could go in bathing?" he persisted.

'Certainly; what makes you ask such a question?"

"Oh, I dunno," he replied carelessly. 'I thought mebbe you went in bathin so's you could wear them togs."-Chi-

## cago Post.

Smokeless Powder Ruins Guns. There seem to be some very serious drawbacks in the usefulness of the smokeless powder, on which the military authorities of the world have expended so much money lately. One of the latest discovered of these is that in some way it injures the guns in which it is used. A French newspaper says that the powder has done great damage to the steel guns of the Italian army; that at least 500 pieces of artillery have been rendered practically useless by it. -New Orleans Picayune.

Undertakers Don't Believe In Spooks. An aged undertaker of this city was asked if he had ever seen any spooks. He laughed derisively and said: "No. and I doubt if you will find any one in my line of business who believes in the existence of such things. We find there is nothing more harmless and pitiful than dead people."-Philadelphia Rec-

Reason For Laughing. "Why did everybody laugh so long over that story of old Boreby's? It isn't

a bit funny." "They were afraid he would tell another if they kept quiet."-Exchange.

NEVER GIVES UP ITS DEAD.

Cayuga Lake, From Which No Drowned Person Was Ever Recovered.

"If they succeed in recovering the bodies of Instructor Merriam and Miss Yeargin from the depths of Cavuga lake by means of electricity, as I see they intend to try to do," said a gentleman who grew up on the shores of Caynga lake, "it will be the first time in the history of the lake that the body of any person drowned in its waters was ever seen again. I always had a liking for geological research and indulged it for many years in investigating the bottom of Cay-

"My experiments satisfied me that the bottom of the lake is a series of large openings and cavities, many of them craterlike. Some of these are 100 feet in diameter. These craters, as I believe them to be, lie at different depths, or, rather, their raised edges are of different heights. Their depths are fathomless. They have undoubtedly become the receptacles of the bodies of the hundreds of people who are known to have been drowned in the lake since that country was settled and of the undoubted thousands of people killed in the fierce battles that were frequently waged on the shores of the lake between hostile tribes of aboriginal warriors during the centuries preceding the coming of the white

"It was in Cayuga lake that the fiendish murderer Ruloff lowered the bodies of his wife and child, 30 years ago, after he had murdered them. The bodies were inclosed in a chest, as he confessed before he was \*hanged at Binghamton for another murder. The weeks that were spent in dragging the lake for this chest were simply wasted, for it was sunk into the mouth of one of those bottomless openings, and, if it is not sinking vet, is still floating about in those mysterious depths.

"Within half a century more than 100 persons have been drowned in Cavuga lake, to recover the bodies of whom the grappling iron and drag were used industriously, but in vain. If it were possible for one to make the rounds of this lake's craterlike bed, he would, without doubt, encounter hideous charnel houses beyond number-caverns where hosts of grinning skeletons have found sepulcher, submarine catacombs without end. Perhaps the electricians exploring the lake bottom with their intense lights, as they purpose doing, may make some such discoveries."-Rochester Post-Express.

#### MILK INSTEAD OF FLOUR.

Farmers Who Say That It Pays Them to Feed Wheat to Their Cows.

Philadelphia milk consumers may probably be interested in an experiment of the farmers of the Schuylkill valley, whence that city receives large quantities of its milk. Recently increased shipments of milk have been made. Wheat, in round figures, sells at less than 65 cents, and owing to its low price many farmers are chopping theirs and feeding it to cattle. They say that bran is a cent a pound, corn nearly a cent a pound, oats a cent a pound, and wheat a cent a pound, and that, as wheat has at least one-third more milk producing qualities, it is cheaper at present prices to-feed it than corn or anything else.

By actual test it was learned that 60 pounds of wheat make more milk and of better quality than the same quantity of Grierson," he said. "You saved my corn, or almost any other class of feed, life at the risk of your own; there's no and it is stated that since Schuvlkill valdoubt about that. And the whole thing ley shippers are feeding wheat to their cows their milk is pronounced of a higher standard of excellence. Farmers say that they cannot afford to raise wheat for flourmaking purposes unless they get 90 cents to \$1 a bushel.—Reading Cor. Philadelphia Ledger.

### Mark Twain.

Mark Twain's hair has grown white and his physique is not so stalwart as it was a few years ago, but his mind is as juvenile as ever. He has a hacking cough, which, when he gives way to it, is almost convulsive in its tendency, but the humorist seems entirely indifferent to its violence. He sat in a prominent New York club a few days ago, running spasmodically from one story to another and commenting upon the talk of his companions, with a perpetual smile lurking around the corners of his mouth. Yet at short intervals he was bent over almost double under the violence of his cough. When his companions referred to it, as they did on one or two occasions, Mr. Clemens seemed quite unaware of the fact that he had been arousing a good deal of sympathy as well as incessant laughter.—Exchange.

### Bad Season For London Hotels.

This has been a rather bad season for some of the London hotels, particularly for one or two of the larger ones. "Birds of passage" have been scarcer than has been the case for years. The great body of traveling Americans stayed at home, not apparently for the purpose of adding to the wealth of Chicago or of making the Columbian exhibition an unparalleled success, but simply on account of a lack of money. The absence of visitorsamong whom Americans are probably the most profitable-had a depressing efnone suffered more than some of the largest hotels.-Pall Mall Budget.

### Baltimore's New Monument.

Baltimore is about to put up another monument. The young Irish are at the head of the movement, and they have not yet decided on the hero to honor. So far the vote favors, in the order named, Emmet, O'Connell, Grattan, Tone, Burke and Parnell, and the choice will be made from this half dozen. Contrary to the order of such things, the money is already provided.-Baltimore Letter.

Rothschild's Museum Opened. Mr. Walter Rothschild, son of Lord

Rothschild, has completed and opened his zoological museum at Tring, in the Chiltern district, England. The museum is wholly and entirely devoted to zoological matters and includes many rare specimens. Mr. Rothschild is an enthuastic amateur naturalist and has spent much money in establishing his museum. REFLECTION AND PRESAGE.

REFLECTION. You have a tongue of honey and gall; You can trip up truth with the deftest fall. Your wit is as bright as your heart is true-

And how does that sentence read to you? You have seen my soul in the clearest light, And would not read its riddle aright. The heart you think of, the mind you see,

Are but your trappings transferred to me. You bird of ocean, o'er the tossing wave

You flit prey seeking—I am not your prey; Though I can ne'er forget the gift you gave, Until all time dissolves in the last day. Pause in your flight. Look on this wretch error, Who fearless fears your presage. Is it well

Your brilliant wings should bring a flash o terror To one whose vows and hopes you ne'er can

Wing on your flight, work out your destined story,
Work to the prize that waits you at the end And when your wings shall burn with heaven'

glory
Think not of me-you cannot make or mend. Watching your flight, I still shall wait in won To see you dauntless in the lightning's blaze And while I hear and tremble at the thunder

May know you restful after restless days.

-W. H. Pollock in Longman's Magazine. He Wanted a Sudden Death.

At a brilliant dinner party at the house of the secretary of state in 1876, the talk turned upon the sensation of death. "I do not know," said Mr. Fish, in the hush that involuntarily followed the introduction of such a serious subject, "why we should pray against sudden death; it seems to me a very desirable way of shuffling off this mortal coil. I think the compilers of our book of Common Prayer must have intended violent death in their petition-at least that is the way I read it-and every Sunday at church, when that part of the litany is read, I make that distinction in my mind.

"It seems to me," he continued, looking abstractedly before him, with his thoughts evidently far away from the gay scene by which he was surrounded, "to die suddenly, without the painful struggles of disease, is what I would rather pray for." When one day one of the guests of that occasion picked up a morning paper and read in large type, "Suddenly, at his home at Garrisons-onthe-Hudson, Hamilton Fish," the long Times. forgotten conversation came vividly to mind.-New York Tribune.

#### Cold Blooded Advice.

It behooves our wealthy girls to be ware of the young doctors who are yearly turned loose in large numbers to prey as it will be seen, upon society.

One of these recent graduates asked an old and prominent practitioner for advice as to the best course to pursue to succeed in his profession. The reply came quickly and decisively: "Connect yourself with some prominent church ry, but the motion is lost." where you will mingle in good society. Make the acquaintance of wealthy girls and marry one of them; then the road is easy. If, on the contrary, you mingle with a poor class of persons, you may fall in love with and marry a poor girl. Then you have a long struggle before

Which sounds awfully cold blooded, though it may be sound sense.-New ourselves." York Times.

How Did the Turtle Find His Way? The rocks at the west coast of the island of St. Helena abound with sea

turtles, some of them as heavy as a man, est old soldier, "I never once thought of and an English steamer once took aboard | it!"-Kate Field's Washington. several dozen of those sea monsters, intending to deliver them alive to a provision dealer in Liverpool.

But before they reached English waters one of the turtles was taken sick and was flung overboard, after having been branded with the name of the ship. Next year the same steamer came across the same tortoise on the coast of St. Helena, more than 4,000 miles from the point where the homesick creature had been flung back overboard.-Chicage Inter Ocean.

Nothing Like Being Sure.

"The next train for Chestnut Hill leaves at 5:17-17 minutes after 5. Train now ready on track No. 5. Track No. 5 for 5:17 train to Chestnut Hill!"

Those were the words of the guard. and they rang through the waiting room in Boston with penetrating distinctness. As soon as he had uttered them a fair young woman rushed up to him and said: "Is the train for Chestnut Hill ready yet? And what time does it leave?"-

He Had Noticed It. The hands of the clock were pointing to 12. "Have you noticed the clock?" she

asked, yawning. "Yes," he said. "It's the same one you've always had, ain't it?"

"Yes. "I noticed it the first night I came to call on you. It's a very nice one."-New

York Press.

of the past.—Goethe.

When Mme. Roland was on the scaffold, she asked for pen and paper to note the peculiar thoughts that hovered about | I sow? her on the last journey. It is a pity they were refused, for in a tranquil mind thoughts rise up at the close of life hithfect upon many kinds of business, but erto unthinkable, like blessed inward hood, what kind of seed must you sow? voices alighting in glory on the summits

> The fur trade in New York is largely | Buffalo Times. in the hands of German Hebrews, and it is carried on in all sorts of places, from tiny shops employing three or four workthe value of many thousand dollars are displayed.

Next to Westminster abbey there is no place of sculpture of such historic interest in the British isles as Bunhill fields. the last resting place of John Bunyan. Daniel Defoe and Isaac Watts.

sists in acquaintance, friendship and correspondence with those that are prudent | after her now. and virtuous.

Much of the comfort of this life con-

Wheat that is grown in northern latitudes produces much more seed than grain grown farther south.

BURGLARS' TOOLS IN SECTIONS.

They Are Thus Made to Conceal Their

Real Purposes. To the eye of an honest man no tool is a burglar's tool. Were he to find a most approved kit, he would merely think that a mechanic had lost his stock in trade. Drills, punches, bits and ordinary jimmies have each almost a counterpart in open daylight work, and only to the sophisticated would it appear that the bits of steel were implements of crime. To those who know, the two distinctive burglars' tools are the sectional jimmy and nippers, the first being a steel bar so arranged that it can be unscrewed into several pieces for convenience in carrying.

The other is like a pair of curling tongs, the clutching end being armed with little teeth, and is used for turning keys in doors from the outside. The manufacture of these tools is not, as has been supposed, confined exclusively to any set of men. A burglar, desirous of obtaining a kit, will go to a hardware store and purchase drills, brace and bits, punches and wedges, these latter being CHASE CO. LAND & LIVE STOCK CO. in a series, from those the thinness of a knife blade to others the thickness of one's hand. This assortment of seemingly innocent tools he takes to a mechanic, with instructions to temper them to a certain hardness. To another blacksmith he goes, and drawing a diagram has a piece of iron made in accordance.

Still another makes him a second part, and finally the thief has a "drag," the most powerful and perhaps the most useful tool, from his standpoint, that can be used in opening a safe. It consists of a long screw, with simple iron braces to be attached by a link to the knob of the door.

A hole is bored through the front of the safe by means of a bit, a block is adjusted on the inside, and on this is placed the point of the screw, which is turned by a crank. As the screw revolves it penetrates farther and farther until the back is reached. Then, as the tremendous pressure continues, something has to give, the front generally being ripped

This apparatus, in addition to its simplicity and quick work, has the advantage of being noiseless.—Philadelphia

#### McHahon's Simplicity.

The French cynics never knew just what to make of Marshal McMahon's simplicity and candor. Once while he was president the council of ministers were divided on a question in the affirmative side of which McMahon himself felt the deepest interest. When they came to vote on it, they found themselves tied--ave voting "aye" and five "no." "Well, gentlemen," said the president, with a sigh, "I confess I am sor-

His five opponents exulted in their victory. His five associates looked respectfully astonished, but said nothing. After the meeting one of the latter called the president aside. "M. le president," he whispered, "we were amazed at the result of that vote, but held our peace out of regard for you. We had supposed that you were of the same mind with

"So I am," answered MacMahon, "heartily."

"Then why did you not assert your right and cast the decisive vote?" "Upon my faith," exclaimed the hon-

Auntie's Ignorance.

Orders had been given to the policeman to arrest all mendicants whom they found in the streets. In obedience to his instructions a Nineteenth district policeman took into custody an old colored woman whom he found soliciting alms at Eighth and Chestnut streets. When she arrived at the station house, the sergeant in charge looked at her over the desk in surprise. She was old, and her hair had faded to gray, but her eyes shone brightly. She made a queer little bow and said, "Good even', mas'r."

After "auntie" had given her name, the police official asked her age. "Law's sake, I don' know. Been putty long ago since my mammy tol me. I clean gone fo'get." She smiled, and so

did he. "Are you married or single?" "I don' know," came the answer. The ergeant looked up dumfounded.

'You don't know?' queried he. "Umpum," said she, shaking her head "Why don't you know?" "'Cause I'ze a grass widow," respond-

ed "auntie."-Philadelphia Press. The Vote Was a Failure. The worthy Sunday school superin-

tendent was illustrating the text, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' Superintendent-If I want to raise a

crop of turnips, what sort of seed must

Children—Turnip seed. Superintendent-If I want to raise a

I sow?

crop of tomatoes, what kind of seed must Children-Tomato seed. Superintendent-Very good. Now, if

you want to raise a crop of good man-And an observer who kept tally reported that the school on test vote was a tie between turnip seed and tomato seed .-

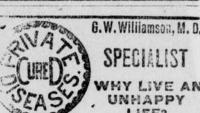
# A Storm Indicator.

In Winna, Logan county, Kan., there men to great buildings where goods to is a well bored to a depth of 130 feet, and containing eight feet of water. Twenty hours before a storm a current of air issues from it and passes through a whistle that has been fixed to the mouth. which sounds a note shrill enough to be heard for nearly half a mile round.-Exchange.

> Sister's Queer Actions. Little Johnny-I guess sister doesn't care much for that young man that's

Mother-I should hope not.

Little Johnny-Of course she doesn't, cause she burns every one of his letters just as soon as she reads 'em .- Good

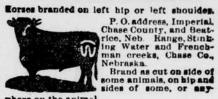


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