



Although I had known George Martin a long time, he had only lately initiated me into the secrets of his life. I knew well that he had been guilty of many kinds of excesses and indiscretions in his youth, nevertheless, I was not a little astonished to hear that he had done so low as burglary. Without further remark, I related the chief episode out of the remarkable career of this strange man.

"Yes," said he, "I had a hard time of it in those days, and finally I became a burglar. When Robert Schmiedlein proposed to me that we should combine into the somewhat of a partnership, I thoughtfully agreed. Both doctors were well known on account of their scientific researches, and one of them especially for his conscientiousness in the interests of science was carrying out our design, and we went to work with the greatest confidence, for all the circumstances were favorable for a burglary. It was pitch dark, neither moon nor stars visible, and in addition a strong west wind was blowing, which was very welcome to us, as it promised to drown every sound, however slight.

"It was toward 2 in the morning as we, assuming all was safe, began by slipping through a window which fastened a ladder to the wall. The ladder we placed under a window in the first story on the left side of the house. In less than five minutes we had opened the window, and hearing nothing, Schmiedlein climbed through it and I followed him. After carefully reclosing the venetians we ventured to light a lantern, and then discovered we were in a kind of lumber room, the door of which was locked.

"After picking the lock we determined first to explore the rooms on the ground floor, thinking we should thus run less risk of waking the inhabitants of the house.

"To our no little astonishment we perceived, as we stepped down, a bright light shining under the door of one of the rooms at the back of the building.

"At first we were both for beating a hasty retreat. Schmiedlein soon recovered himself and proposed we should force our way into it by cutting the wire, and as I could just reach it with my hands I would hold it firm whilst Schmiedlein cut it between my hands, and thus prevent it jerking back and ringing the bell.

"Setting the lantern on the floor, I seized the wire, whilst Schmiedlein drew a pair of pliers out of his pocket. But the moment I touched it I felt a frightful shock, which quivered through and through me, so that I fell all of a heap, leaving the wire to hang with me. I remember hearing the loud ringing of a bell, whilst Schmiedlein, whom, moreover, I have never since—disappeared like lightning into the darkness and escaped, very likely by the way we had come.

"On falling down I struck my head violently against the opposite wall and became unconscious, whilst the electric bell—at that time a novelty—rang incessantly.

"Beginning my senses, I found myself bound and helpless, which, after all, did not surprise me, as I concluded I had been caught where I fell. It soon struck me, however, that there were some peculiar circumstances concerning my capture.

"I was nearly undressed, and lay on a cold slab of slate which was about the height of a table from the ground, and only a piece of linen protected my body from the immediate contact with the stone. Straight above me hung a large lamp, whose polished reflector spread a bright light far around, and when I, as far as possible, looked round, I perceived several shelves with bottles, flasks and chemical apparatus of all kinds upon them. In one corner of the room stood a complete human skeleton, and various odds and ends of human bodies hung here and there upon the walls. I then knew I was lying on the operating—or dissecting—table of a doctor, discovered by some chance, which troubled me greatly: at the same time I perceived that my mouth also was firmly gagged.

"What did it mean? Had some accident befallen me, so that a surgical operation was necessary for my recovery? But I remembered nothing of the kind, and also felt no pain; nevertheless I lay, stripped and helpless, on this terrible table, gagged and bound, which indicated something extraordinary.

"I astonished me not a little that there should be such an operation room in such a house, until I remembered that Dr. Langner, as the district physician, had to carry out the most modern methods of the city, and that in the small provincial town no other room was available for such a purpose. I felt too miserable, however, to think anything more about it. But I soon noticed after another vain effort to free myself, that I was not alone in the room; for I heard the rustling of paper, and then some one said in quiet, measured tones:

"Yes, Langner, I am quite convinced that this man is particularly suited for the carrying out of my highly important experiment. How long have I been wishing to make the attempt—at least, tonight, I shall be able to produce the proof of my theory."

"That would indeed be a high triumph of human skill," I heard a second voice reply; "but consider, dear doctor, if that man were to expire under our hands—what then?"

"Impossible!" was the quick reply. "It is bound to succeed, and even if it did not, he will die a glorious death in the interest of science; while, if we were to let him live, he would sooner or later fall into the hands of the hangman."

"I could not even see the two men, yet their conversation was, doubtless, about me; and, hearing it, I shuffled down behind the wall. I was proceeding some distance when I perceived some one's operation on me, not for my benefit, but in the interests of medical science!

"At any rate, I thought, they won't undertake such a thing without my consent. I better stay. It must be a terrible thing for them to have to operate on me, if I were to die. I must be a

terrible, for they had already mentioned the possibility of my succumbing. I should soon know the fearful truth, for, after a short pause, they looked at me.

"It has long been acknowledged that the true source of life lies in the blood. What I wish to prove, dear Langner, is this. Nobody need die from pure loss of blood, and yet such cases occur only too often, while we must all the time be in possession of means to replenish this highly important sap of life, and thus avoid a fatal result. We read of a few, but only a few, cases of a man who for some reason or other has lost so much blood, that his death appeared inevitable, if some other noble-hearted man had not offered his own blood, in order to let it flow from his veins into the veins of the dying man. As you are aware, I have proceeded, I consider, however, a great mistake to deprive a fellow being of necessary blood, for the one thereby only gains life and strength at the cost of another, who offers himself for an always dangerous sacrifice.

"Yes, I do not think that right either," replied Dr. Langner. "And, moreover, how seldom a man found at the critical moment, ready to submit himself at once to such a dangerous loss of blood."

"That is very natural; no one lightly undertakes such a thing," continued the other. "So much greater will be our triumph, if the operation succeeds. I hope to show you some days more on the subject of thinking of taking that man's blood, even to the last drop, in a few hours we shall see him on his feet again."

"Just so! I do not see why we should not succeed. As a matter of fact, in the interests of science we should prove in a practical manner the correctness of our theory."

"And this proof, dear friend, we will undertake without delay. Let me just repeat my instructions for we must not go to work so carelessly to preserve the life of this man. I will open a vein in his thigh and measure exactly the quantity of blood which flows out, at the same time watching the beating of the heart. Under ordinary circumstances nothing could possibly save him; but just before the extinction of the last spark of life, we will insert the warm blood of a living rabbit into his veins, as we have already arranged. If my theory is right, the pulsation of the heart will then gradually increase in strength and rapidly.

"At the same time, it is important to protect his limbs from cold and stiffness, which will naturally take place with the loss of all arterial blood."

"The conversation of the two doctors overwhelmed me with deadly terror. I could scarcely believe I was really awake and not the victim of some cruel nightmare.

"The fact remained, however, that I lay helpless on the dissecting table, that a threatening skeleton stood in

the corner of the room, and, above all, that terrible conversation which I had listened to in silence filled me with a fear such as I had never before experienced. Involuntarily the thought of a man who under such extraordinary circumstances could have struggled. In vain. Their long acquired experience knew how to render me completely helpless, and to their satisfaction, I could not even make a sound.

"The doctor took a turn to a side table, and I saw him open a chest of surgical instruments and take out a lancet, with which he returned to me. He at once removed the covering from my right thigh, although I lay with my head to the table in such a way that I could not see my limbs, I was able to watch the doctor busied with his preparations.

"Directly after removing the cloth I felt a prick in the side of my leg and at once felt the warm blood rush forth and trickle down my leg. The conviction that he had opened the principal vein in the thigh would have sufficed to shake the strongest nerves.

"There is no danger," said Dr. Engler, looking into my staring, protruding eyes with terrible calmness. "You will not die, my good man. I have only opened an artery in your thigh, and you will experience all the sensations of bleeding to death. You will get weaker and weaker, and finally, perhaps, lose all consciousness, but we shall not let you die. Not one of us must live, and astonish the scientific world through my great discovery!"

"I naturally could say nothing in reply, and no words can adequately express what I felt at that moment. I could, in one breath, have wept, implored, cursed and raved.

"Meanwhile I felt my life's blood flowing, and could hear it drop into a vessel standing under the end of the table. Every moment the doctor laid his hand on my heart, at the same time making remarks which only increased my horror.

"After he had put his hand on me for at least the twentieth time, and felt the beating of the heart, he said to his assistant:

"You are ready with your preparations, is not that so?" He had now not an enormous quantity of blood, and the pulsation getting weaker and weaker. See, he is already losing consciousness." And with these words he took the gag out of my mouth, and looked at me.

"A feeling of deadly weakness, as well as of infinite misery, laid hold of me when the physician uttered these words, and on my attempting to speak I found that scarcely a whispering murmur passed my lips. Shadowy phantoms and strange colors flitted before my eyes, and I believed myself to be already in a state past all human aid.

"What happened in the next few minutes I do not know, for I had fainted. When I reopened my eyes I noticed I no longer lay on the dissecting table, but was sitting in an armchair in a comfortable room, near which stood the two doctors looking at me.

"Near me was a flask of wine, several

bow standing up above the water-line to receive blows from the heaving sea, no flat deck to let the water to redden the water that a rough sea may cast upon the vessel; neither mast, spars, nor rigging. The absence of sails not only renders the parts thus abandoned by us useless, but their abandonment in a vessel such as ours will, we believe, most materially promote safety, easy movement or diminished strain of vessels in rough water, will save dead or non-paying weight, insure simplicity and economy of construction and will give a smoother water, less diminution in speed in rough water, as well as diminished resistance to moving power at all speeds. In all water, and in rough water, it would save a vast amount of making sea voyagers."

Mr. Winans further believed in the great profit that comes with shorter voyages, both from freight and passengers. His prophetic views have already been abundantly proved, he has been making the success he expected with his metallic cigar.

COLUMBUS'S LOST ANCHOR.

The Oldest Relic in Existence of the World.

On the night of the 23rd of August, 1498, the little fleet of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, lay at anchor just off the southwest point of the island of Trinidad, off the main land of South America, when he heard a light at day for the first time.

"Being on board of his ship," says Washington Irving in his history of the great navigator, "late at night kept awake by painful illness and an anxious watchful spirit, he heard at a distance a low, wailing cry, and beheld a great ridge or hill, the height of the ship, covered with foam and rolling toward him with a tremendous uproar. As this furious surge approached, rendered more terrible in appearance by the obscurity of night, he trembled for the safety of his vessels. His own ship was suddenly lifted up to such a height that he dreaded lest it should be overturned or cast upon the rocks, while the other ships were swept away violently from her anchorage, leaving her anchor behind her. The crews were for a time in great consternation, fearing they should be swallowed up, but the mountainous surge passed on, and the vessel floated on, in a contented way, with the counter-current of the strait. This sudden rush of water, it is supposed, was caused by the swelling of one of the rivers which flow into the Gulf of Paria, and which were as yet unknown to sailors.

The anchor thus lost on the night of August 2, 1498, nearly 400 years ago, from one of the ships of Columbus, off the southwest extremity of the island of Trinidad (Point Areal), as Columbus himself testified, after a voyage of recently been recovered by Senator Argentin, the gentleman who now owns the point of land in question. It has the rare merit of being the oldest relic ever of the great navigator and of the age of which it is an anchor in the simplest form of expression. The shaft is round and 8 feet 9 inches in length, and is literally an anchor in shape, nearly a foot in diameter to which the cable was fastened. The flukes have a spread of about 5 feet. The total weight is 1,100 pounds.

This anchor was dug up by Senor Argentin, a big game sportsman, and a few feet at the distance of 300 yards from the nearest beach of the sea. His first supposition was that he had stumbled upon a relic of the Phoenicians or of some other of the ancient nations who have been supposed by some to have visited the coasts of America thousands of years ago.

But an examination of local facts and authorities soon convinced him that a portion of his garden now occupied the spot at which the anchor of Columbus lay at anchor on the night of August 2, 1498. The land is constantly rising from the sea along the entire coast, as has been shown by Humboldt, Findlay and scores of others who have written upon the subject, and the rate of this rising is known to have been quite sufficient to raise it 400 years to the anchorage of the great fleet into the garden of a private citizen.

There is not a particle of doubt, therefore, at the end of the rigid inquiry that has been made that the anchor recently found by Senor Argentin is really and truly the lost anchor of Columbus.

CHAUTAQUA ASSEMBLIES.

For the accommodation of these desiring to visit the different Chautauqua assemblies the following following low excursion rates are offered by the Union Pacific:

CRETE, NEB., JULY 6th to 16th.

One Fare for the Round Trip as follows:

1st. From all points in Nebraska, July 5th and 6th, good for return until and including July 17th, 1892.

2nd. From all points in Nebraska and Kansas within 150 miles of Crete, July 5th to 16th, inclusive, good for return until and including July 17th, 1892.

FREMONT, NEB., JULY 10th to 17th.

One Fare for the Round Trip plus 25c admission to the grounds.

1st. From all points in Nebraska, June 30th and July 1st, good for return until and including July 16th, 1892.

2nd. From all points in Nebraska within 150 miles of Fremont, June 30th to July 14th, inclusive, good for return until and including July 16th, 1892.

J. R. Meagher, Agent Union Pacific System, Columbus, Neb. 75-9-5t

winans salts, a few basins of cold water, some sponges and a galvanic battery. It was now bright daylight and the two doctors smiled as they looked at me.

"When I remembered the terrible experiment, I shuddered with horror, and tried to rise. I felt too weak, however, and sank back helpless into the chair. Then the circuit physician, in a friendly, but firm voice, addressed me:

"Composure yourself, young man. You imagined you were slowly bleeding to death; nevertheless, be assured that you have not lost a single drop of blood. You have undergone no operation whatever, but have simply been the victim of your own imagination. We knew very well you heard every word of our conversation, a conversation which was only intended to deceive you as much as possible. What I maintained was, that a man's body will always completely lie under the influence of what he himself firmly believes, whilst my colleague, on the other hand, held the opinion that the body can never be hurt by anything which only exists in the imagination. This has long been an open question between us, which, after your capture, we at once determined to decide. So we surrounded you with objects of a nature to influence your imagination, added further by our conversation; and, finally, your having been subjected to such a variety of operations of which you heard us speak, completed the deception.

"You have now the satisfaction of knowing that you are as safe and sound as ever you were. At the same time we assure you that you really showed all the symptoms of a man bleeding to death, a proof that the body can sometimes suffer from the most absurd untruth that the mind can imagine.

"Astonishment, joy and doubt at finding myself neither dead nor dying struggled within me, and then rage at having been subjected to such an anxious and heartless experiment by the two doctors, overcame me. I was quickly interrupted by Dr. Engler, however, on trying to give free scope to my indignation.

"We had not exactly any right to undertake such an experiment with you," he said; "but we thought you would pardon us if we delivered you from certain punishment, instead of having to undergo a painful trial and a long imprisonment for burglary. You are certainly at liberty to complain about us; but consider, my good fellow, if such a step is in your interests, I do not think so. On the other hand, we are quite willing to make you a fitting compensation for all the agony you have suffered."

"Under the circumstances," continued George Martin, "I considered it wise to accept their proposal, although I have not to this day forgiven the two men for so treating me."

"The doctor kept their promise. They made me a very handsome present and troubled themselves about me in other ways, so that since that time I have been a more fortunate, and, I hope, a better man. Still I have never forgiven them for having opened up a dissecting table—the unexpected victim of a terrible experiment—in the interests of science, as Dr. Engler explained."

Such was the strange story of my friend. His death, which recently took place, was a result of the promise of secrecy given to him about an event, which he could never recall, even after a lapse of thirty years, without a feeling of unabated horror.—Strand Magazine.

ROSS WINANS'S SHIPS.

THE LEGITIMATE PARENT OF THE WHALEBACK.

Two Views of the Ship that Was Stopped on Account of the Civil War—Success of the Whaleback Rights Mr. Winans.

Just now the whole-back steamships promising to revolutionize the world's way of carrying ocean freight, but the idea is not new in its general principle. It has been under the consideration of a practical modification of the cigar-shaped idea on which Ross Winans's ships are constructed.

The inventor, who is now in the city of Washington, has had the honor of being visited by the Emperor of Russia, and also by the Emperor of Austria, and he has been made a member of the Order of St. Anna.

The Ross Winans ship is a simple, but a very effective, vessel. It is a perfect cylinder, and is built of iron plates, riveted together. The hull is of the cigar shape, and is covered with a thin layer of iron plates. The ship is built on a steel keel, and is supported by a series of struts. The engine is located in the center of the ship, and is connected to the propellers by a long shaft. The propellers are located at the ends of the ship, and are driven by the engine.

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THE FARM AND HOME.

PARTICULAR POINTS CONCERNING THE SILO.

Take the Corn Standing—Does Dehorning Pay?—Fire in the Barn—The Man—Sheep Shearing and Home Hints.

The Silo.

A number of questions concerning the silo were answered as follows from the Ohio Farmer:

"Can a silo be built small enough for three head of stock?" Yes, but there would not be weight enough to hold it down. It settles, and weighing would have to be resorted to. One six feet square and ten feet deep would be quite sizable, and with two tons of stone on a good cover there would not be any particular danger.

"What lengths do you prefer in cutting?" The 1-inch cut is in my opinion, the best length. It packs the best handles easily and the gums of the soil are never cut by the silage. Then if the silage is sufficiently fed, there will be no unconsumed stalks.

"Have you changed your mind about writing the corn before it goes into the silo?" No, but the better way is to let the corn stand until a mature stage, and then cut it, and then take it into the silo. Wilting fodder does not handle as nicely as the fresh cut, does not rot so fast, and will give a better silo it is more likely to mold by over-fermenting or places where the silage has not kept quite as well. Silage to keep in the most perfect manner, it is necessary to get 70 per cent of moisture when cut up, and wilted fodder is often below this point.

"Can an animal be wholly wintered on silage alone?" Yes, I think so, from some little experiments I have made, and from what I have seen. Silage from well matured corn would carry young stock through in fair shape. Of course the ration would be one quite deficient in nitrogen, but the animal would have less difficulty in appropriating it than if in a dry condition. If we are to believe so eminent an authority as Dr. Manly Miles. One horse in our barn has had a bumper crop of silage all winter and shows no sign that it otherwise than agrees with him.

"What are the best varieties to plant?" That depends upon the locality. The best variety to grow here will fully mature before the frost comes. The Pride of the North is well spoken of. The larger kinds of silks and cob-gourd-seed and the B. and W. are the kinds that are most spoken of. It is necessary to have a large first crop in demand as they produce fairly well and have an abundance of grain. The real question is, shall we raise the smaller kind that produces the largest amount of grain, or the larger kind that yields twice the fodder, and supplies some grain to make the two average? This is a matter that the silo men might discuss with profit, but I will not do so here.

"What the best machinery to cut the fodder in the field?" There are only two harvesters in the market, and neither of them only to a limited extent. The usual machine used in Ohio in corn fields is the corn reaper, and a good stout man. In very light corn the reaper will do quite good work, but as soon as the corn gets to be of good size, it tangles it up so that the man has to cut it by hand. A hand-cutting and laying it in good gravel or good straw. Then they can be easily loaded upon the wagon, and as easily taken off, and placed upon the cutter table.

Does Dehorning Pay?

What good is there in dehorning any way? I speak from experience, and these muskies are pleasant to handle at the feet, and dangerous to have a registered Jersey bull that attempted to butt one of my little chaps the other evening; now if he had had his horns away would have saved my skin.

Dehorned when little, all my family go among my red muskies, and dehorned Jerseys without any risk. I feed my muskies and horses, green or dry feed in an open lot, and all eat together, and there is no danger of a bull, and none of them bother the other bulls. Anyone can't do dehorned cattle that way. Safety first of all worth hundreds of dollars.

Feed it a little better, grow a large tough 12 foot long; when there is a partitioned hou 12x20 feet, I have seen as high as eighteen head eating on some cold days; at one time. Saved feed; saved room; saved time; can be put up in any quantity; can be put up four if you had to scatter the feed out in a lot, etc.

Milking on how pleasant it is for wife, daughter and baby to go in to the cow, and see the cow's business, they feel so much faster when dehorned and tramped about. When you go to ship—three more to the car—three freight free; get them to destination in much better fix, not bruised and hurt like horned cattle.

Saving; well yes, I should say so. Is that all? Well, no. We are told that they do not shrink like the ones that are horned and bruised so bad, hence a dollar more per head, or \$24 per cow. Dehorned calves can't handle the bulls with safety; while if horned many times it is dangerous for men.

If I had hundreds I would dehorn until I could breed the best. No danger in any case, and if I grow or horned cattle, take a fine tooth saw, throw down and hold and saw off as close as you can; keep off the flies. That is all there is of it. Better still, dehorn the calves when small—one, two or three months old. How? Take a sharp jack knife, cut the little horn out just as close as you can then burn or singe with red hot iron and the work is done, a good job and no boots. We are told that castrated calves do it, that I have not tried and cannot say.

But the others I have done time and again, and seen veterinarians do it and see no difference in them and myself, only that they had a handle of the knife. I have seen a bull called Colonel, then my plan would take because it is cheap and practical; but such is life. Take notice, money saved is money made. Who gains more on wool when they castrate? Dehorning a much larger one than a horned one, and liberal in purchasing good rams. The difference in the use of good or poor rams is not in wool, but in the wool they might have made a much larger one than a horned one, and liberal in purchasing good rams. The difference in the use of good or poor rams is not in wool, but in the wool they might have made a much larger one than a horned one, and liberal in purchasing good rams.

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