A SNAKE AND TURTLE FARM.

A Run Around Josh Abs'lom's Place in Kentucky.

"Snakes is my best friend, sonny, and that's so," remarked old Josh Abs'lom, the snake farmer—so they call him through the counties of Campbell, Kenton and Boone—"snakes and turtles. If it wasn't for them, old Josh'd have to hustle hisself a blame sight harder 'n he does before he could raise enough terbacker and hog meat to keep his soul and his buddy in the same gait."

He fixed the second fingers of his right and left hands into the side straps of his heavy cow-hide boots and pulled.

"These yer is my snakin' boots," he explained to a New York *Sun* correspondent. "I only put them on when I'm goin' hustlin' through the crik after snakes. They're good and thick and water tight."

The force of his exertions made him short-winded, red-faced, and pop-eyed, but the boot failed to embrace his foot. He stamped with all his strength upon the floor, braced himself against the door frame, and pulled again.

"I wonder now if they ain't something 'n it," he said at last, kicking the boot off and vigorously shaking it. A three-foot garter snake, crushed so that the skin was broken in several places, fell out on the floor of the cabin, where it writhed vigorously.

"I thought so," said Josh, as he proceeded to climb into the boot once more. "You see, the weather is getting so cold that these critters is looking around for winter quarters, and you'd be reg'lar supprised if you knew how many of 'em make for the house and crawl under the floor. That 'minds me, I've got something to show you."

With a canvas bag about twelve inches square hanging under his left arm from a strap about his neck, and carrying a stout walking stick forked at the lower end, he set off from the cabin toward a ravine which was litera'ly choked with a heavy growth of blackberry and elderberry bushes. Before walking forty yards he stopped short and pointed with his stick to the grass at his feet. A blacksnake as thick as a broom handle was coiled ready for a spr ng, its undulating neck rising six inches above the glittering mass of its body, and its forked tongue playing in and out of its mouth.

Josh made a feint with his left hand, and, as the reptile sprang to meet him, caught it just back of the jaws in the fork of the stick, and pinned its head to the grass. With his pocket knife he cut off the head close to the stick, and then tossed the squirming body into the canvass bag. A smaller snake which glided through the grass a moment later was unmolested.

"That's a young black, and I never touch a black under three feet; four feet is about the average. You see, if we kill off the young ones, we're going to run mighty blame short on old ones, and old ones is the only kind whose skin is worth a picayune. Sometimes they ain't much call for skins, but jest now I'm selling fair skins for a bit apiece. Where do I sell them? In Cincinnati at the tannery. The skins that I capture to-day will be in pickle before night, and it will be a mighty short time, sonny, before some gilt-edged dude will be using them for tobacco pouches, book binding, or maybe giving them to his girl in the shape of slippers or—or what do you call these little boxes that they keep their yearrings and gimcracks in?"

"Jewel cases?"

"That's it. Beside the steady call for them kind o' things jest now, the tanner tells me that he's got an order from a New York man who is binding a whole library in snakeskin morocco. It makes a mighty purty leather; but it's too thin for old Josh's wear."

A half-grown green frog leaped out of the ravine, and landed within an inch of Josh's right foot. It came down clumsily, and rolled over twice before regaining its feet. It seemed paralyzed, and at its next jump covered barely two feet of ground. Josh held up a warning finger and stood still. The frog had not taken two more of its awkward jumps before a mottled brown snake slipped out of the ravine, and came sliding after in hot pursuit, with its triangular head clearing the tops of the sunburned grass. It caught the frog in the act of leaping by a single foot. With a vigorous effort the quadruped might have broken away; but it seemed benumbed with terror, and made no motion while it was being slowly drawn into the snake's mouth almost as imperceptibly as the hour hand of a clock moves round the dial. There was no preliminary crushing of bones or smearing with glutinous saliva, as is reported to be the case with larger serpents, but the single leg was slowly absorbed until the body began to go the same way, with the other hind leg awkwardly bent forward.

"That's a moccasin," said Josh; "we can't waste no more time on him."

The snake was apparently powerless to move, and without troubling to pin it to the grass, Josh slashed off its head, cutting away the foot of the half-swallowed frog, and added one more capture to his game bag.

A sluggish stream of water crawled through the bed of the ravine, dammed in places by flat slabs of blue limestone, making the best snake crib in Kentucky. About two furlongs below is the pond. That's where I keep my snappers, and where the water snakes go when they want a swim. My whole farm ain't more than two acres big, and it is sech land as nobody else could make a picayune on. So seven years ago I up and leased her for twenty-five years for a dollar a year, and from the minute that I got her I began to coax the snakes to breed here. I kinder skirmished around for young ones and for eggs, and planted 'em here in the ravine. Water snakes and snappers I got down at the Licking by the dozen, and whenver I could get my grip on a frog I brought him home and turned him loose in my snake pasture. It was hard work for a year or two; but now all old Josh has got to do is to go sneaking about once a week and snapping now and then, and snooze all the rest of the time up in the shanty, while his neighbors is breaking their backs at hoeing corn and worming tobacco. That's what comes, sonny, of having brains. Now and then the neighbors gets kinder cranky when my stock wanders around on their farms, and then they make a raid on my place. But the last time they come around one of them pizened his hand with some pizen ivy, down by the pond, and swore he was bit by a moccasin. His hand swelled up till he didn't recognize it; but it wasn't one of my snakes done the damage. There ain't no snake in this country but the rattler that can't bite me all day for two bits the bite, and rattlers is mighty blame scarce out of the mountains. Now, then, if you want to see fun, jest come along with me down in the gully. It's crawling with water snakes and copperheads, and I kin catch a sack full in an hour. What! you'd ruther be ex- [illegible] ...ought you wanted to see done here. I will follow you in about an hour and catch a few snappers."

The snappers were arranged in a long line, sunning themselves on a log rising out of the muddy water of the pond, and when Josh put in his appearance about an hour later the noise made by his hearty voice and heavy boots started them so that they slipped like so many flat stones in the water.

"That settles our snappers for to-day."

"Does it, sonny? I guess not. They couldn't a done nothing to suit me better. That log was planted in that place by me. There is four big hogsheads planted in the water underneath it, and when the snappers drop, as they always do when scared, they go kerplump into a hogshead. All I got to do is just to crawl out on the log like this: to scoop around in the hogshead with this yer scoop, and when I feel the hard back of a snapper, scoop him out just like this."

He suited the action to the word, and sent a big, flat-backed turtle flying through the air to the bank of the pond, where it lay perdu until taken up by the wily Josh.

The result of the morning's work were eight turtles averaging about seven pounds each, and the canvas bag entirely filled with the headless bodies of snakes of varying colors and sizes—the largest being a black snake five feet eight inches from the tip of its tail to the point where the head had been cut away.

"That big one will make me half a pint of oil, and bring in at least three bits for his skin," said Josh, as he tossed a carcass—from which had been stripped a beautifully marked brown skin—into a three-legged pot which was simmering over the fire in his cabin. "Snake oils sells for from four bits to a dollar the pint, according to jest how bad the customer wants it, and as I calc'late—what? What is snake oil good for? Rheumatiz and stiff joints in man and beast. But, as I said, as I calc'late on having here at least two quarts of oil and fifteen skins worth a bit apiece, and fifty pounds of snappers at eight cents the pound, I reckon I won't have to work no more this week. The snappers I sell to Cincinnati saloon keepers, who make turtle soup out of 'em from the time they begin to come in early in April until the cold weather drives 'em to their holes."

Great Men's Noses.

The names of the subjects of Michael Angelo's most renowned works will hardly be impressed on the memory as firmly as his nose, when his portrait has once been seen. In his youth he had a quarrel with a companion, who struck his nose so violently as to disfigure him for life. Tycho Brahe had a similarly deformed nose. Dante's nose gave a unique expression to his face, and makes it a genius per se, known as the Dantesque face, found only in one great writer—George Eliot.

The Semitic nose has never been associated in our minds with beauty, yet we are spoken of contemptuously by the Arabs and Syrians as "flat-nosed Franks." Shakespeare, on the other hand, must have thought a Turk's nose most abominable, for he takes care to have it thrown in the witch's broth in "Macbeth." The Africans are proud of their broad, flat nose, and some tribes even insert artificial objects to increase their pet deformity.

A person with a very thin nose is rarely thought generous. So, too, great breadth of nostrils is often associated with coarseness. Horace has frequently expressed his views about the nose in his poetry, and he seems to regard a short nose with a little turn up at the ends as a mark of a jeering and jibing person. Martial calls this the rhinoceros nose, and says that it was fashionable in his day, as it indicated a satirical humor, which everybody was then affecting.

In Rome there was a whole family which took its name from the nose—the Nasones—of which Ovid was the most celebrated member. Cicero, if Plutarch be believed, likewise owes his name to his nose, as he had an excrescence in the shape of a vetch—in Latin cicer. Pliny denies this, however, and says that the Ciceros were called so from being engaged in extensive vetch raising. Be this as it may, Cicero's remarkable snub nose is beyond dispute. Gibbon's nose, which gave his face a most peculiar appearance, has found its mate only in that of the recently deceased Prince Gortschakoff, the chancellor of Russia; both these noses were small. Some celebrated men, though their noses were not remarkable far size and shape, were still often reminded of this protruding organ. The nose of Schiller, for instance, was very capricious. It demanded the smell of rotten apples to keep its owner in good spirits. Equally capricious was Kent's nose. Napoleon likewise disliked the smell of tar, for which he avoided, when possible, voyages in ships. Philip II., on the other hand, smelt nothing at all, and his reign was none the worse for that.

The Century Plant.

The century plant is the American aloe. Its botanical name is Agave Americana, and it is called the maguey in South America, and in Mexico the mezcal. It is a plant of the cactus kind, having a short stem, which terminates in a circular cluster of fleshy, sharp-pointed, bluish green leaves, covered with spines. Each of these lives for many years, so that but few have withered when the plant has reached its maturity. It is a popular error that this only occurs once in a hundred years, wherefore the name "century plant" is used. The period of maturity of the plant varies generally, according to climate, from ten to seventy years. In tropical countries it rapidly attains its perfect state, but in colder climates, where it is cultivated as an exotic, it often requires a full century to reach its maturity. As soon as it does so it sends up a stem, which grows to the height of forty feet, and sends out numerous branches, forming a perfect cylindrical pyramid, and each is crowned with a cluster of greenish yellow flowers, which continue in perfect bloom for several months. This blossoming is never repeated; as soon as the flowers fall the plant withers and dies. The plant grows through all the central part of the American continent, from Mexico to Chili, flourishing alike in sandy plains at the level of the sea and mountain plateaus 10,000 feet above. Various parts of the plant are put to different uses. From its sap, drawn from incisions in its stem, is made pulque (pool-ka), a fermented liquor with very slight intoxicating qualities, and from this is obtained, by distillation, the vino-mezcal, a drink pleasant to the taste, but a powerful intoxicant, and otherwise injurious to those using it. From the leaf fibers a coarse flax is made. The dried flower stem make a thatch which is perfectly impervious to rain. Soap balls are made from an extract of the leaves, and from the center of the stem, split longitudinally, a substitute is obtained for a hone or razor strop, which, owing to fine particles of silica contained in it, has the property of putting a very fine edge [illegible] —*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

If igniting by detonation or concussion can be prevented, chemists assert that shells can be charged with an explosive so potent that one of them, bursting alongside an ironclad, would shatter the strongest armor afloat.

The Michigan Agricultural college people are testing the vitality of seeds buried in sealed bottles six years ago. The seeds which thus prove to have most vitality are those of common weeds, their percentage being from ninety to 100, while plant seed did not germinate freely.

An Illinois manufacturer is turning out log wagons for service in the mahogany woods of South America. Each weighs 2,500 pounds, and is up to a ten-ton load on a rough road; the wheels have tires four inches wide and an inch thick, and the motive power will be ox teams of from eight to twenty yoke.

Professor A. Landmark, director of the Norwegian fisheries, has studied the capability of salmon to jump waterfalls. Although rare he has seen a salmon jump sixteen feet perpendicularly in the Drams river, at Haugseud, where two great masts have been placed across the river for the study of the habits of the salmon, so that exact measurements may be effected.

A number of dogs were recently dosed with morphine until they became insensible, the object being to determine what drug would act most rapidly as an antidote. It was found that hypodermic injections of theine neutralized the narcotic almost instantly, although it was employed only after the heart had ceased to beat. Caffeine had a considerable anti-narcotic power, but was not equal to the principle derived from tea.

Several cyclopedias contain the statement, in substance, that no land in Connecticut rises above a thousand feet. Professor Asaph Hall writes to *Science* that, according to Mr. G. M. Bradford's surveys, several points in the northwest part of the state are higher than this, and mentions six mountains that exceed 1,600 feet. They are: Ivy Mount, Goshen, 1,642; Haystack Mount, Norfolk, 1672; Bald Mount, Norfolk, 1,770; Bradford Mount, Canaan, 1,910; Bear Mount, Salisbury, 2,100; and Bruce Mount, Salisbury, 2,300 feet.

The *American Artisan* of Chicago states that nearly all the platinum used in this country comes from the famous mines of the Demidoff family, who have the monopoly of the production in Russia. It is all refined and made into sheets of various thicknesses, and into wire of certain commercial sizes. At one time it was coined in Russia, but it is no longer applied to that use. We have obtained some very crude platinum ore from South America and have refined it successfully, but the supply from that source is very small.

Huxley considers man's proper weight to be 154 pounds, made up as follows: Muscles and their appurtenances, 68 pounds; skeleton, 24 pounds; skin, 10½ pounds; fat 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoracic viscera, 3½ pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; and blood which would drain from the body, 7 pounds. This man would breathe 15 times a minute, vitiating to the extent of one per cent. 1,750 cubic feet of pure air every 24 hours. His heart should beat 75 times a minute. Through his skin would pass 18 ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter and 400 grains of carbonic acid every 24 hours; and his total daily loss—to be replaced by proper food—would be 6 pounds of water and a little more than 2 pounds of other matter.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS

The Romans never adopted long hair, considering it effeminate.

It was formerly the custom to draw away the pillows from under the heads of dying persons in order to accelerate their departure.

In their statues the Greeks represent the second toe as longer than the great toe, while in the modern European foot the great toe is generally longest.

Not many persons know that on the middle stem underneath a cotton leaf is a small cell or cavity that contains a drop of blood which can be seen by pressing between the thumb nails.

The military salute, which consists of the hand being brought to a horizontal position over the eyebrows, has a very old origin, dating in fact from the very beginning of the history of the English army.

Dr. Troftski publishes the results of a number of observations made by him to ascertain the effects produced on the temperature and pulse by smoking. He has found that in every case, varying according to the condition of the individual, there is an exhilaration of the pulse rate and a slight elevating of temperature.

The Japanese swain carefully places a choice specimen of plant or flower in a vase in the garden of his beloved. If she carefully tends it he knows it is all right, even with the old folks. If the damsel pulls it up and casts it on the ground, he mournfully departs and makes love in the same manner to some other girl. The idea is poetical in conception and practical in the following out.

Among the local items in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, published in Philadelphia, and bearing date November 4, 1772, is recorded the following: "At the mayor's court, held in this city last week, John Underwood, for counterfeiting and passing counterfeit money of this province, was ordered to be whipt, stand in the pillory, and have both his ears cut off and nailed to the post; others were ordered to be whipped and stand in the pillory for divers felonies, and five more to receive the discipline of the post, which was put in execution on Saturday last."

Five Kinds of Time Required.

The Lake of Constance is only fifty miles in length; but any one who travels from pier to pier and wishes to know the right time of day at each, ought to carry five watches. Its waters wash the shores of five different states—Austria, Baden, Wurtemburg, Bavaria, and the Swiss Federation. If you land at Rorschach, and want to catch the train for Ragatz or Chur, your watch ought to stand at Bern time. In Friedrichshafen you must know the Stuttgart time, in Constance the Baden time, in Lindau the Munich time. The Austrian time is not reckoned from Vienna, but from Prague, which differs no less than twenty-eight minutes from the Bern time. Hence a traveler crossing over the Austrian frontier at St. Margareten must put back his watch half an hour in order to set himself right at the Swiss station. This noncomformity amongst the clocks may be an amusement, or merely a slight inconvenience, to the tourist, but it must be a serious hindrance to the men of business in this centre of increasing international traffic. —*Chicago Tribune.*

AMONG THE HOP-PICKERS.

Enlivening Scenes at the New York Hop Fields.

In a recent letter from Munnsville, Oneida Co., N. Y., to the New York *Mail and Express* the writer says: The New York, Ontario and Western railroad runs through the hop fields of Oneida county. The driver of the Munnsville stage, the village where I left the railroad to get under the shade of the hop poles, said to me: "I s'pose there ain't many people left in the cities now hop pickin' has begun." He seemed quite surprised when I told him that the cities were not entirely deserted. It is a fact, however, that both town and country in this part of the State are asked to take hold and help pick hops, and there are not less than 10,000 pickers who go out of Syracuse alone. The hop-grower lives on his own place and is usually a small farmer in addition to being a hop producer. In August he employs a canvassing agent to secure him a company of pickers, and pays him fifty cents bonus for every picker. The grower also pays the picker's railroad fare and boards him. To do the latter the farmer's wife sacrifices the best room, with its weeping willow over a tombstone done in needlework, and the farmer's daughter the cabinet organ. Carpets are taken up and they and the best furniture stowed away in one room under lock and key. Every available room in the house is then filled with beds for the women. The men are stowed in the barn and woodshed. I have been sleeping in a barn where there is plenty of room between the clapboards for the wind to frisk in and out. There where no sheets left, but I was made immensely comfortable with a wolf robe. My neighbor was the son of the owner of the yard, and he was responsible for waking the family in the morning. So before he blew out our lantern he set an alarm clock. After we had been asleep for a few minutes he got up and began blowing hideous blasts on a horn. I told him that the clock had gone off prematurely, but he insisted that it was 4 o'clock, and time for breakfast. There wasn't much security, anyway, in going to sleep with that treacherous clock around, so a breakfast of ham, eggs and coffee was eaten and drunk.

The women and children were driven to the hop field, while the rest of us walked. It was shockingly early—5 o'clock. In the first place we were introduced to the hop boxes, that consist of one big box divided into four, two on a side. The whole clumsy affair looks like an apple-woman's stand, only bigger, with an awning over it of canvas or burlaps to protect the pickers from the sun. A man pulls up a hop pole and vine, cutting off the latter about a foot from the ground, and leans it up against the end of the hop stand so that pickers facing each other can have an equal chance at the clusters. It is this man's business to keep all the pickers supplied with poles as fast as they call for them. Each bin is big enough for a man to curl up in and would hold about ten bushels of wheat. I was told that when I had filled that with hops I would be given a ticket that, at the end of the season, I could exchange for twenty-five cents. The average man would want a week to fill one of those reservoirs. Many of the girls said that they could only fill one box a day. A fairly good picker will fill two, a smart one three and a remarkably smart one four boxes a day. As soon as a box is filled its contents are emptied into a sack and taken to the kiln. There were thirty pickers in the field, and they included all ages and both sexes—gray haired men and women, little children and lively young girls capable of replying to the jests of the boys. Long before noon the children and girls got very tired, and watched for the blast of the now beneficent and commendable horn. A dinner of fried meat and potatoes was rapidly harpooned, and chunks of apple pie were lightly tossed away; then to work till dark, then supper and a dance for the young people, and a pipe and bed for the old ones.

This is a fair picture of a hop picker's day. The season lasts about three weeks and the profits of the best workers are, not more than $18, with $10 being about a fair average for three weeks' work, from daybreak to sundown. Why do people work at such a hard and poor paying job. In hop picker's language, for the "fun of the thing." They like the freedom from all restraint; the outdoor life, the novelty of new scenes and people, and especially the crowded evening dances.

The hops are taken from the field to the kiln, that is built with an open slat floor covered with burlaps. The hot air comes thraugh the spaces between the slats from a room below where a large furnace is kept going. Rolls of sulphur are burned in a pan on top of the furnace, and the fumes ascend and bleach the hops. After being dried for about twelve hours, the hops are pressed and put in bales, the average weight of which is about 180 pounds. The ruling price this year is ten cents a pound, though a few growers have secured an extra cent on the pound. A few years ago hops brought a dollar a pound and pickers were paid thirty-five cents a box. Many growers have become alarmed at the low prices and are going out of the business, much to the gratification of those who propose to remain in it. The crop this year is excellent and free from vermin.

Hops are propagated by cuttings, and the average productive life of a hop root is seven years. Hops are what the farmers call a "strong" crop and exhaust the soil. From early spring the crop requires a great deal of attention; and plowing, cultivating, grubbing, the planting of the poles, the training of the vines, etc., keep the farmer from ennui till the grand climax of picking, when he and his wife and his sons and daughter and his men servants and his women servants hardly stop to sleep.

Needles were invented in 1545, and some men haven't learned to thread them yet.

In the Forest City.

Mr. G. E. Bryan, No. 151 Putnam street, Cleveland, Ohio, has naturally much experience in sickness,—with a family of seven children, and his doctors' and druggists' bills are heavy. He states publicly that he has given Red Star Cough Cure a thorough trial in his home, and finds it to be the best remedy that he has ever used for coughs or colds. It contains neither morphia nor opium, and therefore leaves no depressing effects.

A bride's cake is often as heavy as the groom's heart when the bills begin to come in.

To KEEP THE BLOOD PURE and the bowels well regulated, be careful of your diet; do not use rum or tobacco, and take occasional doses of VINEGAR BITTERS. Perfect health must follow such a course. The range of diseases that can be relieved by the use of VINEGAR BITTERS is literally without limit.

Do all you can for a woman and she'll expect you to do a little more.

GAMBLING AT LOUISVILLE.

For many months the question "Shall the gamblers stay in Louisville or shall they go?" has been actively discussed, and the probability is that it will remain the absorbing topic of discussion for some time to come.

There are two sides to this question. Many people might suppose that there is but one side, and that in the name of law, good order and virtue, the professionals would be compelled to leave town, or else to conduct their traffic so largely "on the sly" that it would not be a public offense to those who disapproved of it.

The other side is that of the dealers who say that they make money out of the gamblers. The gamblers are liberal buyers of a good many things, and their custom is sought. It is said that a number of our merchants have written to the mayor, asking that the gamblers may be protected, in the interests of trade, and not driven out of town. It is said that these merchants urge that if the gamblers are driven out, the best class of country merchants will go elsewhere to buy their goods, so that whenever they "make a trip to town," they can have some fun in gambling.

This has brought into print some of the country merchants, who declare that they are not that sort of folks; and that when they come here it is to buy goods and not to gamble. They protest against having the gamblers kept in town simply for their accommodation.

The alleged city merchants and dealers who are said to have besought the mayor to let gamblers stay, have not as yet come forward with a list of their names.

And after all, the great question is, "How to make the gamblers go?"

So there has been the great question as to how to drive out of the human system certain evil agencies which were working all manner of mischief and doing incalculable harm. Dyspepsia, malaria and rheumatism, for instance. Sometimes people suffering these ills and would like to get rid of them, but don't know how. How is a point in regard to which the experience of two well-known citizens of Louisville may prove valuable.

A correspondent called on J. O. Campbell, Esq., of the old and well-known machinery house of J. O. Campbell & Sons, which was established in 1852, on First street.

"As to that dyspepsia of yours, Mr. Campbell?"

"Yes; I had dyspepsia. I suffered badly with it for years. I suppose it was from overwork. Yet I fought against it and kept myself up by hard work. But I got rid of it at last, by taking Brown's Iron Bitters. I took several bottles of this, and it served me well. My wife was troubled with debility, and was very weak and ailing. She took two bottles of the Bitters, and regained her strength. We think it is the best tonic we ever had."

From Mr. Campbell's establishment the correspondent went to the office of R. E. Miles, Esq., the real estate dealer, on West Main street, No. 214. In answer to queries, Mr. Miles remarked: "I had boils. They were very troublesome boils, too, and there were a good many of them. Vitiated state of the blood, I suppose. It was about two years ago I took two or three bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters, and the boils went away. I cannot attribute their going away to anything but the Brown's Iron Bitters, which did the work most effectually.

"My wife, too, had bad blood, and her digestion was much impaired. She took Brown's Iron Bitters, and it did for her as much as it did for me. It is a splendid tonic for ladies. I have known of its proving very valuable in other cases."

Now there are a great many people to whom indigestion, dyspepsia, boils, malaria, back-aches, kidney-troubles and liver complaints are as great nuisances as the gamblers are to the good citizens of Louisville. Perhaps there may be some advantage in allowing these evils to remain and find possession of the human system. If so, we cannot see what it is. Better drive them out as speedily as possible, and so effectually that they are not likely to return. The best thing to drive them out with is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Mrs. S. C. Williams, Knight, N. C., says: After a severe attack of pneumonia and almost total loss of strength and appetite, I took Brown's Iron Bitters, which caused a perfect restoration of strength and appetite.

Mr. B. F. Hause, proprietor of Custom Mill, Ellicott City, Md., says: I have on file over $2,000 in physicians' receipted bills made prior to my using Brown's Iron Bitters. Since purchasing the first bottle of this medicine I have not had occasion to call in a doctor. I am now enjoying perfect health. Dyspepsia banished and the curse, neuralgia, cured.

Mr. J. L. Lipscomb, (Chief of Police) Manchester, Va., says: I suffered for some months with indigestion; one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters relieved the disorder and left me in possession of an enormous appetite. I heartily endorse it.

A bare possibility—That any one may become bald-headed.

"I would not live alway." No; not if disease is to make my life a daily burden. But it need not, good friend, and will not if you will be wise in time. How many of our loved ones are mouldering in the dust who might have been spared for years. The slight cough was unheeded, the many symptoms of disease that lurked within were slighted and death came. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cannot recall the dead, though it has snatched numbers from the verge of the grave, and will cure consumption in its earlier stages.

The Bank of Scotland will issue colored notes to defy photography.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough, suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your loathesome disease?

There has never been a holiday, a theatre or a circus on the island of Malta.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Cæsar had short legs, and Napoleon was bow-legged.

PAIN AND DREAD attend the use of most Catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, easily applied with the finger, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane, giving relief from the first application. 50 cents at druggists. 60c. by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

I HAVE been a great sufferer of dry catarrh for many years, and I tried many remedies which helped me, but I had none which did me so much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm, it completely cured me.—M. J. Lally, 39 Woodward Av., Boston Highlands, Mass.

I HAVE been troubled with catarrh from boyhood and had considered my case chronic until about three years ago I procured one bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and I count myself sound to-day, all from the use of one bottle.—J. R. Cooley, Hardware Merchant, Montrose, Pa

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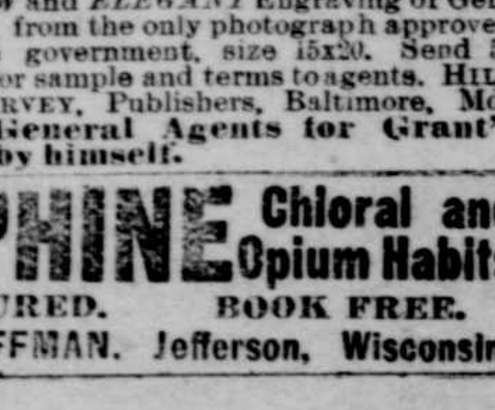
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