$3,400.00 CASH AND PRIZES GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH FOR Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS

As follows:

4 First Prizes, each of $100 Cash - - - $ 400.00
20 Second " " " $100 PIERCE SPECIAL Bicycles* 2,000.00
40 Third " " " $ 25 Gold Watches - 1,000.00
Cash and Prizes given each month - - $3,400.00
12
Total given during 12 mos. 1897, $40,800.00

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

Competitors to save as many SUNLIGHT SOAP Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper, that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent, postage fully paid, enclosed with a sheet of paper stating Competitor's full name and address and the number of Coupons sent in, to Lever Bros., Ltd., New York, marked on outside Wrapper (*top left hand corner*) with NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in.



No. of District	NAME OF DISTRICT.
1	New York City, Brooklyn, Long and Staten Islands, New Jersey.
2	New York State (*outside of N.Y. City, Brooklyn, Long and Staten Islands*).
3	Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and District of Columbia.
4	The New England States.

*The Bicycles are the celebrated Pierce Special, 1897 Pattern, m'f'd by Geo. N. Pierce & Co., of Buffalo, Boston and New York. Fitted with Hartford Tires, First Class Nickle Lamp, New Departure Bell, Standard Cyclometer, and Hunt Lace Saddle.

RULES.

1. Every month during 1897 in each of the 4 districts prizes will be awarded as follows:
The 1 Competitor who sends in the **Largest Number** of coupons from the district in which he or she resides will receive $100 Cash.
The 5 Competitors who send in the **Next Largest Numbers** of coupons from the district in which they reside will **Each** receive at winner's option a lady's or gentleman's Pierce Special bicycle, price $100.00.
The 10 Competitors who send in the **Next Largest Numbers** of coupons from the district in which they reside will **Each** receive at winner's option a lady's or gentleman's Gold Watch, price $25.

2. The Competitions will **Close** the **Last Day** of **Each Month** during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Lever Brothers, Ltd., and their families, are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of Winners in Competitor's district will be forwarded to Competitors in about 21 days after each competition closes.

5. Lever Brothers, Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Lever Brothers, Ltd., as final.

LEVER BROS., Ltd., New York.

FEEDING IN AQUARIUMS.

Some Curious Methods Employed For the Greater Comfort of the Fishes.

All fishes, including even the dullest and commonest, are likely to be shy when first brought into captivity, as in aquariums, and they are very apt at first to refuse food. Sometimes fish refuse persistently week after week, taking none at all and growing thinner and thinner and weaker, until finally they die. Usually, however, the fishes, with proper care, come to feed, though many of them may need to be pampered and nursed along at first. Finally many of the fishes, as they become accustomed to captivity, get very tame, so that they will take food from the hand. Some of the fishes that will do this are fishes that might not be thought of as feeding in this manner. The codfish, for instance, will come to the surface after it has become used to captivity and take a strip of fish held down to it in the fingers, at the same time gulping in with it noisily a great mouthful of air and water.

While there is at first necessary for their welfare not only the greatest care, but such food only as they have been accustomed to in nature or as they like best, it is in most cases possible later to switch the fishes off to other things, with occasional return to their natural food. Some fishes, however, will eat only live food, and this must always be provided for them. Not infrequently the food, whatever it may be, must be fed in some special way to meet the requirements of individual fishes, and some of the methods employed are curious and interesting.

Fishes in captivity have fewer opportunities, oftener they have none whatever, of lying in ambush for their prey, and they have far less room for sweep and action in pursuit. Killies placed in a pool or tank as food for larger fishes evade pursuit if they can and seek the edges of the water, by the walls or the surface, whither they are less likely to be followed. Killies will live for days out of water in properly dampened moss or seaweed. When first put back into the water, they are sluggish in movement, but they soon recover their natural activity.

In feeding live killies it is not unusual to keep them out of water for a time, so that they may be more easily captured by the fishes they are to be fed to, which might otherwise be unable to capture them at all, or which might get them only at the risk of doing injury to themselves by running into the walls of the tank. Sometimes among the fishes brought to an aquarium there may be one that has lost an eye. Such a fish is particularly liable to injury in pursuit by running into walls on its blind side, and to such fishes there are always fed slow killies, and they are put into the water on the side on which the fish can see.

There is at the aquarium a hawksbill turtle from the Yowl islands, off the coast of New Guinea. The hawksbill eats clams cut up into pieces that it can handle. It likes killies, but it could not begin to catch a live killie in the quarters which it occupies, and at first it was difficult for it to pick up dead ones. So the killies were fed to it on the point of a stick. It is doubtful whether fishes suffer pain from any injury, but it would have seemed like cruelty to impale a live killie, and so the killies were killed by the very simple but effective method of throwing them upon the floor. The greater weight of the fish is toward the head. That end naturally reaches the floor first. The fish is most sensitive at the nose. The shock killed the killie, and the freshly killed food was then conveyed to the hawksbill's mouth by aid of the pointed stick, which was withdrawn when the turtle had set its beak in the food. Now the hawksbill has become more accustomed to its quarters, and it eats well and is able to pick up the killed killies out of the water.

Sometimes fish are cut into strips, which, floating down through the water, may be mistaken for live fish. Sometimes such strips are carried down into a tank upon the tip of a rod and moved about in the water to attract slow feeding fish by their semblance to live small fish. There are many fishes that can swallow a fish as big or nearly as big as themselves. The sculpin and the sea raven are such fishes. They have very large heads and proportionately large mouths. When they are feeling well, they will, like many other fishes, rise to the top to get the food as soon as it is dropped into the water. If one sees a sea raven or a sculpin rising straight up through the water in this manner, with its big mouth wide open, he can begin to understand how it could swallow a fish as big as itself, for it seems as if one could see inside of it clear to its tail.

There are some fishes that have a particular fancy for worms. For these, if there is not a supply at hand, fresh beef is cut into strips resembling worms.—New York Sun.

The Antiquity of Man.

Our geologists rarely use the term "quaternary." By European writers it is understood to mean the period which followed the tertiary and includes the present time. Archæologically it is divided into two epochs, the older including the preglacial, the glacial and the postglacial ages, all characterized by a chipped stone industry, the latter beginning with the neolithic culture and continuing till now.

Professor Gabriel de Mortillet, in Le Revue Mensuelle of the Paris School of Anthropology, succinctly explains these divisions and sets forth with his usual clearness the typical products and the fauna which characterize them. He has found no reason materially to modify the opinions he advanced in his earlier works and still maintains that a careful study of the geological data bearing on the question of the antiquity of man does not allow us to assign it a more recent date than 230,000 years ago.—Science.

Astrology and Horse Racing.

Lord Rosebery's horoscope has been drawn, or cast, or whatever may be the proper term, by the editor of "Zadkiel's Almanac," and not least interesting of the astrologer's statements is his assertion that the computations were made "by permission." As his lordship has not been moved to deny this it may be regarded as true and adds credibility to Augustus J. C. Hare's revelations as to the trend toward supernaturalism which marks the British aristocracy. Most of the so called horoscope is sheer gibberish, but it contains a few amusing sentences and a few prophecies definite enough to be dangerous to the maker. "Zadkiel" says that Mars has dominion over Lord Rosebery's mind, and he quotes Claudius Ptolemy, whoever he may be, as declaring that the "influences of this star render men noble, imperious, versatile, powerful in intellect, acute, self reliant, stern and able in government." Jupiter and Mercury also took a hand in the favored statesman's destiny, and thus "configuration," it appears, makes a person "fit for much business, fond of learning, public orators, temperate, skillful in counsel, politic, beneficent, able in government." The evil influence was Saturn. This star "marred the public career of Lord Rosebery and brought him many sinister and bitter enemies, even among his own party." That was cruel of Saturn, but better days are coming. "His lordship's fifty-third year," says "Zadkiel," "will bring some good directions into operation, promising advancement and success. He has a very good chance of winning the Derby on the 2d of June next with his fine colt Velasquez." Thus is astrology reduced to the giving of racing tips.—New York Times.

Berries That Make Cheese.

"Pursuing my investigations, I crossed over into northern Mexico, and I was for several days the guest of an intelligent Mexican family," says a writer in The American Kitchen Magazine. "One evening they had for supper a not unpalatable dish, to which they gave the Spanish name for cheese, but which was really a cooked curd, made fresh that day. The senora told me it was a common dish in Mexico during the maturity of certain berries the juice of which was used to coagulate the milk. After supper she sent one of the boys with me to show me the plant, and I identified it as a solanum, apparently Solanum carolinense. Of course all fruit acids will curdle milk, but this fruit contains practically no acids, its taste being about the same as that of the fruit of the common potato, a closely related species of solanum.

"I therefore infer that the complete coagulation of the milk in the case referred to was effected by a substance contained in the fruit which acts as rennet does, which action chemists regard as that of a kind of ferment. In eating the curd I could detect no taste of the berries or of any kind of acid. It had much the taste of fresh curds, with which I was familiar in my boyhood days on a New England farm."

"Reassured" Him.

Office Boy—Dere's a gent outside wot wants t' see youse on urgent business. Says dat he's frum Phillydelphy.

Editor—Well, say to him that he need have no alarm. Lee has surrendered, peace is restored and confidence regained. But break it to him gently.—New York Journal.

WAS IT ITALY'S QUEEN?

Mme. de Thebes Tells a Mysterious Person Stories of Coming Disaster.

Mme. de Thebes, the well known palmist, took part in a curious adventure during her recent visit to Rome, whither she had been summoned by a mysterious personage of high rank, who desired to consult her in regard to the future.

The story goes that soon after her arrival at Rome she entered a carriage and drove to the address of this mysterious personage. The carriage drew up in front of a very modest house, and the palmist alighted and entered. Presently she found herself in the presence of a lady whose face was concealed by a mask and whose hair was covered by a mantilla.

The lady held out her hand, and Mme. de Thebes told her what she read in it. The lady betrayed no emotion, but she asked the palmist never to divulge what she had seen. The palmist gave the required promise, whereupon the lady said: "Madame, your reputation is not unmerited. My somber presentiments have simply been confirmed by all that you have told me." Mme. de Thebes then left the house, being still ignorant as to the name and rank of the personage who had consulted her.

Being questioned on the subject later, she said: "I fancy that I know who the lady is, for I read in her hand that she is destined to take part in many grave public events. But my promise to her binds me, and I cannot say a word about what passed between us."

Then she made a most remarkable statement.

"I examined one evening," she said, "the hands of some of the most distinguished persons in Rome, and on the following day I examined several more hands belonging to all classes of society. Well, in all these Italian hands I saw premonitions of battle, of ruin, of bloodshed, and the impression irresistibly took hold of me that Rome is on the eve of terrible events, perhaps of a revolution.

"Remember, I do not claim to be a prophetess. Human will is so powerful that it can modify to a large extent the destiny of each human being as stamped on the left hand. Yet it seems to me that when so many individuals bear in their hands the signs of a common destiny their united wills, intent on this one object, are bound to produce a stupendous result. Here is a historical fact which is surely significant. Most of the men who played a prominent part in the great revolution had in their hands indications of a disturbed, quarrelsome life, in which there would be many dramas. For these reasons I would not be astonished if Italy were to become a republic before very long."

M. Gaston Mery has written a lengthy article for Le Libre Parole on Mme. de Thebes' experiences in Rome, and he does not hesitate to express the opinion that the masked lady concerning whom the palmist's lips are sealed was no other than the queen of Italy. "Who knows," he asks, "if Mme. de Thebes did not play by the side of Queen Marguerite the role which Cagliostro formerly played by the side of Marie Antoinette?"—New York Herald.

Some Hard Greek Names.

Greek proper names have been the source of considerable study to the reading public of the United States since the Greek troubles began and the pronunciation of the names of some of the officials who are prominent in Athens at the present time has been the subject of controversy.

A man who is well versed on the subject said that the modern Greek peculiarity was to a great extent the accentuation and gave as an instance the name of Mauromichales, the Greek secretary of the interior. The name is pronounced Mov-ro-michalis, with strong accent on the second syllable. The secretary of foreign affairs, Alexander Skouzes, pronounces his name Sko-u-zes, with strong accent on the "u." The name of Philip Varvogles, minister of justice, is pronounced Var-vo-chlees, the "ch" in the third syllable being hard like the German "ch." Nicholas Metaxas, minister of war, has an easy name for foreigners, but the minister of marine, Levides, pronounces his name Levee-thes. The president of the chamber of deputies writes his name Zaimes and pronounces it Za-i-mis, with accent on the second syllable. Canaris, the fleet commander's name, is pronounced Can-arees, with accent on the first syllable. The name of Delyannis appears in print every day, and most readers have ideas as to its pronunciation. His Greek neighbors call the premier Delee-yanees, with accent on the second syllable.

Like the Russians, the Greeks have no family names, except in the higher walks of society, and a man whose name is Gregorious will call his son Gregoriades, pronouncing the "d" much like "th" in though. The son of Demetrius is called Demethriades.

One of the most common names in Greece is Pappadopoulos, which may be assumed by any man whose father was a priest, and a man, instead of taking the name Antoniades, may call himself by the longer name if Father Antonia was a priest. The "d" in Antoniades, Pappadopoulos and in all names where it comes before a vowel is pronounced like "th" in though.—New York Tribune.

A Story of Dr. Hale.

After the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale preached in Washington the other Sunday a number of people went to congratulate him. Among them was a young lady who, after shaking hands with the famous Bostonian, said, "You don't know me, Dr. Hale, but I know you." His hands descended as if in blessing, and he said, "Ah, my dear young lady, I don't doubt that I christened you," and she passed on in the crowd. Some one at hand asked Dr. Hale: "Do you know her? It is Secretary Olney's daughter." "Oh, then it is all right," said Dr. Hale. "I christened her mother."

Changed the Subject.

The men who utilize the corner grocery for a clubroom in the evening and on stormy days had just been discussing a fox hunt about which one of their number had read aloud, when the conversation naturally took a reminiscent turn.

"Nothing cuter or more cunning in the world than a fox," said Goggs by way of introduction. "I remember one night when I was a boy that we heard a great fuss among the dogs that were chained up. It took us about half an hour to get dressed and armed to sally forth for the purpose of investigating. Not discovering anything, we loosened the dogs, and they darted off on a trail, yelping as they went. We didn't know whether it was man or varmint, but after a long run the dogs brought up at the hen house and tried to tear it down. Well, sir, an old fox had deliberately showed himself to the dogs so as to excite them, made that run while were were getting ready for trouble, and, circling around, was robbing the roost while the dogs were off the premises."

"I waked up one moonlight night," volunteered the man on the wood box, "and seen a fox under an apple tree where a fat pullet was roosting. I knew the thief couldn't climb, so I just stood at the window laughing. The fox barked to wake the chicken and then began circling around the tree, slow at first, but going faster and faster. Of course the terrified pullet followed him with her eyes and got so dizzy that she fell out of the tree."

"I see somethin like that once," said the lank individual on a paint keg, "only that the chicken I was watchin wrung its own neck 'cause the fox was goin so durned fast."

Then, by common consent, the crowd took up the subject of floods.—Detroit Free Press.

The Wily Photographer.

There is a photographer on the North Side who not only furnishes waists and wigs for his sitters, but ideas as well. A woman went to his studio the other day with a thin, scrawny baby and wanted it photographed.

"A dozen cabinet pictures, in your best style," she said.

The photographer looked at the baby and shook his head.

"Wait until he gets well. He's too puny now."

"But I want to send them home to the old country, and I must have them at once. My friends there are expecting them."

"Have they ever seen the child?" asked the photographer.

"Never. That's why I want to send them before he's too old."

"Are they ever likely to see him?" continued the man.

"No, they aint. But I don't see what that has got to do with his sitting for his picture."

"I've got a scheme," said the artist, as he regarded the child with a critical eye. "Here's a dozen cabinets of a beautiful, plump baby, just what yours will be later on, and if you are willing you can have them at the same price and nobody will ever know the difference. They will be a credit to me as well as to you."

The mother was delighted, for as the photographer urged, "one baby is a good deal like another," and a picture of ideal beauty was substituted—as it had often been before—for the plain original, and it is by no means likely that the distant friends will ever know any difference.—Chicago Tribune.

Duck Eggs.

The duck eggs produced in this country amount probably to less than one-half of 1 per cent of the total egg production. Still, there are sold in the course of the season a great many thousand duck eggs. The season is brief, lasting practically only about two months, from March 1 to May 1, and the larger proportion of the eggs come in the first 45 days of that period. Among the wholesale egg dealers of New York there are only three or four that handle duck eggs largely.

About two-thirds of the duck eggs brought to this market come from the shores of Chesapeake bay, the rest mainly from Virginia and from New Orleans. Duck eggs sold in the west come more largely from the south. Baltimore eggs, which include eggs from along the Chesapeake bay, are the best. Such eggs bring at wholesale 5 to 8 cents a dozen more than eggs from farther south.

At retail duck eggs sell for about twice as much as hens' eggs. Weight for weight they sell for about the same, the duck eggs being so much larger. They are used for the same purposes as hens' eggs. They are bought mainly by people of foreign birth.

There is a market for all the duck eggs produced.—New York Sun.

Carrying Out Instructions.

There was a young man whose social education had been somewhat neglected, and it chanced that he received an invitation to a church wedding.

The morning of the ceremony found him quite excited, and he started for the church some time before, as he would have said, "the show was billed to come off."

Under his arm he carried a small bundle, and before he had proceeded far he met a friend.

"Hello," said the friend, "and where are you going all dressed up at this time in the morning?"

"Wedding," answered the young man briefly and proudly.

"Indeed? Going to do some errands on the way?"

"Certainly not."

"But you're not going to a wedding with a bundle under your arm?"

"Of course I am. That's my present."

"Present! But you don't take your present with you, man. You send it beforehand."

"That's all you know about it. I've got a card right here in my pocket, and the card says, 'Present at the church.'"—Boston Budget.

Two Women In This Case.

There are two brothers in Detroit who now look the other way when they pass by. This is all the more to be noticed because two boys more affectionate toward each other never grew up together. It is not very long since there was a double wedding in which they participated as principals. They did not take the same wedding trip and did not see much of each other till each was settled under his own vine and fig tree.

"Prince," said Charley when they made their first visit as benedicts, "I congratulate you with all my heart. You have a charming little wife."

"That's right, old man. Same to you. I'm in great luck, getting the sweetest, prettiest, smartest woman in the world."

"I'll acknowledge that she's a good second in the race, Prince, a splendid second, but the superlatives you have used belong to my wife. She is a shade or two the best of any other woman on earth."

"All right. You keep right on thinking that way, but in figure, feature, mind and all the graces of her sex I married the nonpareil. I'm not trying to dispel any of your delusions, but facts are facts."

"You make me weary. I know a score of women that will compare very favorably with your wife, and I'll give you the whole human family in which to find one like mine."

"I don't care to find one like her. Fortunately for me I have the pick of the flock now. Some men have no sense, anyhow, where there is a woman concerned."

Then the argument descended into the calling of names, the saying of much more than was meant and a final agreement that they were eternally done with each other. After awhile the wives will come out of the clouds and make it up.—Detroit Free Press.

X Rays and Hair.

At a recent meeting of a medical society in Germany a physician reported a curious experiment made by him with the X rays. He had heard of another man who had become bald in consequence of exposing his head to their influence. Not long afterward the doctor had a patient, a child, who was bothered by an excessive growth of hair on its back. Thereupon he employed the X rays for depilatory purposes and secured gratifying results. Photographs were exhibited to the society showing the condition of the patient "before and after taking" this novel treatment. The physician's name was Freund.

College Athletics.

There seems to be big money in college athletics. Yale, during the year 1896, received from all sources for athletic purposes—that is to say, from voluntary subscriptions, gate receipts and so on—$59,739.36; Harvard about—for the report of the graduate manager of athletics is not yet public property—$50,000; Pennsylvania, $46,959.78, and Princeton, $46,615.81. This gives a rough total of $203,314.95 taken in in one year by the athletic sports of four of our leading eastern colleges.

An Event In France.

An event of national importance will shortly take place in France. It is the retirement of M. Deibler, the executioner, who, now that he has guillotined 502 criminals, thinks it high time his successor was appointed. He is 63 years of age and has been 40 years in his country's service. He served his apprenticeship with Roch, his predecessor, assisting in 82 executions.—Exchange

John Bull Takes a Look at Himself.

England of today is what Carthage was in times of old. We are ruled by a hungry, greedy aristocracy, which, in its turn, is ruled by loan mongers and by company mongers. Honor and honesty under this regime are derided as old fashioned superstitions. The minister who can steal any territory whose inhabitants are too weak to resist us is acclaimed as a hero. The company promoter who can build a palace by appropriating the savings of his fellow countrymen is worshiped as a divinity. When we mow down Africans with maxims, we glory in this proof of our bravery. When, at the bidding of kings and emperors, we shell Europeans struggling to free themselves from the suzerainty of some wretch who claims their allegiance, we glory in our shame. And while we swagger and boast of our might we are in such abject fear of being attacked that we heap up armaments on armaments, because, no matter what we spend, we still would spend more to make us secure.—London Truth.

A Desperate Deed.

"Why on earth should so bright and coming a girl as Mame have married that long haired poet?"

"It was the only way she could stop him from reading his poems to her."—Indianapolis Journal.

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