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Matters Grave and Gay in Which Our Fair Readers Take an Especial Interest.

A Couple of Columns Prepared Solely for Their Instruction and Edification.

If warmth of appearance generates warmth of body, then some of the fur-bordered garments worn this season may be what they seem; but the cold fact is that many a woman whose jacket is heavily edged with fur is at the same time shivering under a scant covering. A strip of temperate zone runs around her neck, down her front, and around her hips, underneath the fur trimming, but the rest of the garment, especially if she be herself thicker than she likes, is an inadequate covering of frigid goose flesh. This picture shows that such coats are decidedly handsome, however, and they set off good figures admirably. All sorts of fur are used in their embellishment, from black to white, and there is an equal variety in the fabrics. Jauntiness is aimed at, and a great deal of artistic skill can be used in adapting the shapes to the individuality of the wearer.

There are dressier wraps than the jackets, however, and two of them are here illustrated. The first one is a part of a very charming winter toilet. The bodice is tight, like a jacket, but it extends into something like the draperies of a skirt. The material in the model from which the drawing was made is myrtle green cloth, braided with black, while the muff is of the fashionable moulon fur. The hat is of myrtle green velvet, caught up at the back in the manner shown in the sketch, and trimmed in front with bows of moire myrtle green ribbon, and shaded crimson wings arranged to meet in two upright points. This hat will

VERY NEATLY FURRED.

be found equally becoming to almost any style of coiffure. The second toilet is still dressier, and is such as very fashionable women in large cities are apt to wear in making formal calls, or going to afternoon receptions. The bonnet is deemed indispensable, rather than a hat, on these occasions. The wrap is silk plush, trimmed with Russian sable, with a muff to match.

Who says that stylish clothes are always essential to feminine comfort? An elderly gentleman, rural but solid, both in character and finance, was in town yesterday with his wife and daughter. The woman wore a shawl that had been fashionable a quarter of a century ago, and was still a beautiful sample of Oriental manufacture. It had once been costly, and why shouldn't it remain valuable? As a sensible woman, able to buy newer finery if she chose, why should she give way to new-fangled notions? So there she was in her India shawl, well satisfied with herself, and asking no odds of the directions given in such articles as this, in which her portrait affords such contrast to that of the other women depicted. The girl was modernized, but not much. Her attempts at fashionableness were crude enough, and her aspect altogether was hardly a success, judged by city methods of toilet. Her hair hung down in curls behind, and in front of each ear was what she probably calls a bean-catcher, for that is the country name of it. Changes in hair-dressing are not closely followed by our farmers' daughters. If they will look at the nine heads of modish belles in this article, they will see a number of new coiffures, ranging from the stately hirsute pile of a woman at the opera to the artfully unconfined tresses of the debutante at a ball. The most stylish dress could not make a stylish girl of one who persists in spit-locks and waterfall curls. They are past and gone.

Suppose two girls are ready to go to a ball, and if their ages are here mentioned as seventeen and twenty it is because the difference in their years is very carefully observed in their toilets. The elder sister, although still young, is not new to the gayeties of society, and her dress is such as might be worn by any woman under thirty. The train and bodice are of la belle noire antique, with broad pompadour stripes.

The front of the skirt, veiled with blue crape, and edged with stiff pleatings, is of satin like the puffing round the training breadths. A flounce twenty-one inches deep, of real point, is gathered slightly and set on to the skirt. A second gives a finish to the pannier-like side drapery of crape. The low bodice, laced at the back, is trimmed with a fichu of crape and narrow point. The younger girl is to make her first appearance at a public ball, and her gown, free from decollete scarcity of material, is essentially juvenile. It is made of clear white muslin, and has an elegant, airy appearance. The foundation skirt is veiled first with a flounce gathered slightly, over which falls also from the skirt band a fine pleated one. White serge ribbon twelve inches wide may be replaced by silk if preferred. The sash is arranged loosely in front and tied in a bow at the back. A fine pleated lace flounce trims the edge of the bodice, for which the muslin is laid in folds beside the pointed neck opening.

People who go to New York to see the sights are not apt to pay six dollars for any one sight. As that sum is the price of an orchestra seat at the Metropolitan Opera House, the cost of viewing the swell women in their boxes is rather excessive, especially for those who care nothing about the German operas presented there. A woman sitting in a ball dress at a theatrical entertainment, with her neck and arms bare, is a curious one to unaccustomed eyes, and even in New York a great deal is said and written in condemnation of such toilets at the opera. But there they are and there they will remain as long as it is fashionable to

STYLISH WRAPS.

wear the same sort of dress at the opera that is ordinarily seen at a ball.

Perhaps you may have read last winter about the open hissing of chattering people in the boxes by those who wished to be attentive listeners in the parquette. The incident was published because it was new. The same thing happens every little while, but is now considered too common-place to print. The sons and daughters of wealth assemble in a box, and caring nothing for the stage performance, will get into loud and laughing conversation. Some genuine lover of music who dislikes to have his ear miss any of the music, and knows of no way to close them at the same time against the offenders, rises excitedly from his seat, faces the offenders, and hisses with all his might. Sometimes his protest has an effect and sometimes it doesn't. In some cases the ladies seem rather to like the attention that is drawn to them. The clothes of these proud and defiant belles lately show a tendency to adapt the various historical epochs to the taste of the present day. From the era of the Valois down to the toilets of the days of Louis XIV. everything is reproduced, not literally, but, as has been said, in the way of adaptation. Therefore we see unique Henri Deux toilets made of the magnificent brocades fresh from the looms at Lyons, and pompadour costumes whose stately broche fabrics recall pictures of the luxurious and picturesque gowns of the sixteenth century. There are also antique bodices, sleeves, and skirt draperies, and garnitures, showing a charming melange of the fashions of different eras, all concentrated into one. The "simplicity" and "severity" we hear so much talk about is nothing more than the most refined and consummate art. Every simple fold has a meaning, every curve a motive. Herein lies the great skill of the modiste, who invariably uses her deft needle and unerring eye with an intention. A glimpse at some of the very elegant visiting and dinner dresses newly imported proves conclusively that the rage for elegant beaded dec-

HARDLY FASHIONABLE.

orations is still unabated.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Black Cat Costume.

A favorite dress at fancy-dress balls this winter is the black cat costume—a low-necked and sleeveless corsage and tunic in gold-yellow satin, cut in one in the princess style. The latter is looped over a short underskirt in black velvet and is bordered with a row of little figures of Napoleon cut out of black velvet. On the left side of the corsage is placed a large stuffed black cat, the tail curving over the wearer's shoulder, while the outstretched forelegs of the animal claw up one side of the overskirt. Long black gloves reaching above the elbow, gold yellow silk stockings, and black satin slippers complete the toilet.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

How Camphor is Made.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut into chips, which are laid in a tub or a large iron pot partially filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and heating the chips generates oil and camphor. Of course, the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer, which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs, and is ready for market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.

Kings No Longer Tyrants.

An anecdote told of the young Prince of Italy shows that the bringing up of kings requires lessons in democracy. One day when the Prince was playing with the daughter of one of the ladies of honor, he got into a quarrel with her, and at last said in a most autocratic tone: "Now, then, I'm going to cut your head off." The little girl commenced to cry, and the King, who chanced to be passing, on learning what had happened, had his son placed in close confinement for fifteen days, in order to impress him with the fact that nowadays kings may no longer decapitate their subjects, as in "the good old days of yore."—*Exchange.*

Il Nye at the Museum.

For of the New York World:

A card. I desire to call the attention of the authorities and the public, through your valuable paper, to the gross wrong now being done to our people through the misrepresentations of the man who runs the museum at Chatham Square. I say this because it is where I would like to go every afternoon for an hour or two, provided the proprietor would keep faith with the consumer, as it were.

For six months this popular museum has had spasms of advertising a beauty contest, and has shown on the outside a large picture of five or six handsome women wearing good clothes and brilliant complexions. I have gone in because I am a great admirer of the good, the true and the beautiful, even in a dime museum. In each instance I have found a man who took the money, supported by a very unhealthy colored man who has unwholesome white spots on him like a calico horse in a circus.

I speak of this, Mr. Editor, more in sorrow than in anger, but I hate to be fooled out of money that I earn in these hard times, when living is high, especially in a flat, and ready money don't have the circulation that it claims. Can you not, through the medium of your paper, arouse the authorities, and compel this popular museum to produce the features it advertises? Of course I like the Eden Musee very much, and I dearly love to go down into the chamber of horrors and stand perfectly still and be mistaken for one myself occasionally, but I think for those who really enjoy sorrowing sights, a beauty contest at a dime museum seems to be more searching than anything else I know of. Hence, I ask, as a patron of the dime museum, that these popular places shall be permitted to run down and become a disgrace to our booming young town.

The Chatham Square Museum now claims to have a man who is gradually turning to stone. I presume he is gradually turning to stone the proprietor, who has been in the habit of taking my money at various times during the past year when I have been there to see the beauty contest, which generally turned out to be a fat woman chewing gum, or a balloon with the staggers, and I said to him the other day that as I had been there a good deal, and always found things just as they were misrepresented, and therefore felt acquainted with him, I would like to know when the beauty contest would take place, and if he would send word to me when the carnage reached its height I would drop over and witness it. I hate to give his exact words, but in a case like this it does not do to be timid. I use his language as I took it down at the time. Swiftly leaning up against the wall, he told me twice in rapid succession to go to hell.

Ought I to write him, stating that I cannot attend, or do you think the invitation purely formal, and that he would not wait for me when he got ready to go?

I know that editors are overrun with all kinds of questions like the above, but I wish you could find time to answer this, and oblige an old subscriber.

What do you think of my penmanship?

BILL NYE.

Antedating History.

At that point of time touched by the earliest ray of historic knowledge, the eye of the student of human annals sees occupying the Spanish peninsula a race of men called Iberians. These old Iberians were not a tribe or a clan, but a people, numerous and potential, with a fully developed and virile language, skilled in arms and the working of precious metals, and industriously commercial. This much can be clearly inferred from the extent of their territory and the remnant of them, with their characteristics and habits, which still remain. This old people, themselves a colony from some other country, once existent and highly civilized in the remote past, spread from the Mediterranean Sea to the slopes of the Pyrenees, and all over Southern Gaul, as far as the Rhone, and flowed westward with a movement so forceful that it included all the British Islands. All this happened 4000 to 5000 B. C. They are older than the Egyptians probably by 1,000 years, and were strong enough to attempt the conquest of the known world.

These Iberians colonized Sicily. They were the original settlers in Italy, and pushed their way northward as far as Norway and Sweden, where can still be found among the present inhabitants their physical characteristics—dark skin and jet black hair. This ancient people were not barbarians, but highly civilized. They had the art of writing and a literature. Poetry was cultivated. Their laws were set in verse, and for these laws thus written they claimed an antiquity of 6,000 years.

This ancient race has passed away, as all great races do. The rise and decline of a people are as a day. They have a sunrise, a noon, a sunset, and there remains of them and their splendor nothing but a gloaming, a twilight of a thousand years, perhaps, and after that oblivion's starless nights. This old Iberian world-conquering race came to its sunset hour a thousand years ago, and the gloaming after their sunset is deepening into that gloom which hides all. Only a remnant, a hint of the old-time radiance remains up to this day.

In Southern Europe the remnant of this antique race, the fragment of a root with the old-time vigorous sap in it, may still be found. There, on the Spanish peninsula where its cradle was rocked, the grave of a once powerful race is being slowly sodded; for there still live that strange people called the Basques. It matters not to-day what they are—chiefly mountaineers, I think—but they are of the old Iberian stock, and the Iberians were colonists from some unknown land, prehistoric, undiscoverable by us. Colonists and colonizers also. From some unknown land, hidden from us in the gloom of ages, these Iberians came to Southern Europe in ships. To Sicily they went in ships; to Britain and Ireland; to Norway also, and where else, or how far or for what, is left to conjecture. But being strong in numbers, ambitious to conquer, skilled in navigation, we can well believe that they pushed their flag and commerce nigh to the ends of the world.

IN Silesia recently a man was summoned before the magistrate for disturbing the slumbers of a citizen. The noise which broke his slumbers was a crowing cockerel. The wise magistrate decided that the man had a right to keep his cockerel, that the cockerel could not live without crowing, and the complainant was challenged to produce a cockerel which did not crow. The case was dismissed.

SMALL and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind.

All Sorts.

DION BOUCICAULT has discovered that there is no English law against a woman riding a steeple-chase.

TRYING to do business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You may know what you are doing, but no one else does.

TEACHER—"Tommy, can you define drink?" Tommy—"No, mum." Teacher—"Well, can you tell me the future tense of 'he drinks?'" Tommy—"He is drunk."

"BONES," said a wag to a milkman, "you ought to roof those cows of yours." "What for?" asked the other. "To keep the water from running into the milk," replied the wag.

MOLLY (aged 6, to Jenny, aged 7)—"How do you like your new governess?" Jenny—"She seems to be a little shy, and, of course, at first I shall not be severe with her. I think she means well."

GUS DE SMITH—The young ladies of the present day are no good. They can't be relied on. Kosciusko Murphy—What makes you think so? Gus—I'm engaged to three young ladies, and they all flirt with other men.

"DON'T know how many three times ten is? Now, Harry," said the teacher, "if one loaf of bread costs ten cents, wouldn't three cost thirty cents?" "Maybe so at your bakery, but we deal with a baker that gives three for 25 cents."

ALGY—"Arry, me boy, what's o'clock? Harry—I've left me watch hat 'ome, old chappie. (To bootblack)—What's o'clock, me lad? Bootblack—It's a big watch, you dern fool. (To boy in next street)—Hi, Jimmie, come an' see the swell as never seed a clock.

MAUD and Mabel, aged respectively seven and eight, are out for a walk with their dolls in the park. Maud—"How do you like the way my doll's dressed to-day?" Mabel—"She's just too lovely for anythinz. Only don't let her wear her hat tipped over her nose; it makes her look fast."

A SMALL boy surprised his teacher at one of the grammar schools yesterday by asking her how far a procession of the Presidents of the United States would reach if they were placed in a row. On her expressing her ignorance he calmly announced: "From Washington to Cleveland."

MRS. JOHN BIGELOW has sent to Queen Victoria a volume comprising a collection of poems on Her Majesty's accession, coronation and marriage, which were published on those occasions in American newspapers and magazines. The Queen has acknowledged the gift in a most gracious manner.

SHE had a lovely foot, and her visitors were admiring it. They were ladies, of course. A man who is not a shoemaker dares not mention such a thing unless they are alone in a dim corner of the drawing-room, where nobody can overhear: "What a beautiful foot you have, dear!" "Yes, Pa says when we go to the Continent he'll have a bust of it made."

LITTLE MABEL was saying her prayers the other night, and had concluded the usual petitions for earthly blessings for herself and family, when she suddenly paused, and looking up into her mother's face said: "There is one thing more I want to ask for, mamma; can I?" "Certainly, if it is not wicked," was the reply. At this the little one proceeded: "An' make all our folks stylish. Amen."

"MOTHER," said a little Rockland girl, looking up from her book, "what does transatlantic mean?" "Oh, across the Atlantic, of course; don't bother me—you made me forget my count." "Does 'trans' always mean across?" "I suppose it does. If you don't stop bothering me with your questions you'll go to bed." "Then does transparent mean a cross parent?" Ten minutes later she was resting in her little couch.

Three of a Kind.

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness, affectionateness.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity, gracefulness.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.

Three things to reverence—Religion, justice, self-denial.

Three things to wish for—Health, a cheerful spirit, friends.

Three things to like—Cordiality, good humor, mirthfulness.

Three things to suspect—Flattery, puritanism, sudden affection.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, flippant jesting, loquacity.

Three things to govern—Temper, impulse, the tongue.

Three things to be prepared for—Decay, change, death.

Another of Professor N. S. Shaler's notable articles on the Surface of the Earth will appear in "Scribner's Magazine" for February under the title of "Volcanoes." Among the illustrations will be a number of very picturesque views of the great eruption in the Sandwich Islands, which have never before been engraved.

The Coroner of Lawrence county, D. T., found his fees for the first year in office amounted to $3.30. He presented his bill, and the commissioners cut it down 10 cents, allowing him but $3.20. He refuses to consent to this curtailment of his munificent official emoluments.

There were lynched during 1887 in the United States no less than 123 persons. Of the various States and Territories, Texas leads the list, with 15 lynchings, and Mississippi is entitled to 2d place with 14 to her credit. All the victims were males, 80 of them being negroes.

It's Always the Way.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said a gentleman to an acquaintance whom he chanced to meet on the street; "it's always the way." "What's always the way?" inquired a mutual friend of the two men who happened along just then. "Why, just this," replied the first speaker: "you see Smith, here; the last time I met him he had one of the worst coughs you every heard. He complained of a loss of appetite, of night-sweats, of low spirits and other unmistakable premonitory symptoms of consumption. I told him to get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at once. He did so, and look at him now! Did you ever see a healthier looking man? The 'Discovery' has snatched thousands from consumptives' graves. I knew it would cure Smith. It's always the way."

The snow in the Chippewa pineries is four feet deep.

She Broke the Engagement

because she saw that he had ceased to love her. Her beauty had faded, her former high spirits had given place to a dull lassitude. What had caused this change? Functional derangement; she was suffering from those ailments peculiar to her sex. And so their two young lives drifted apart. How needless, how cruel! Had she taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she might have been restored to health and happiness. If any lady reader of these lines is similarly afflicted, let her lose no time in procuring the "Favorite Prescription." It will give her a new lease of her life. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of perfect satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper

The Astors own 8,000 buildings in the city of New York.

We ought not to be too anxious to encourage untried innovation, in cases of doubtful improvement. For a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been before the public and passed through the severest test and is pronounced the most reliable remedy for that disagreeable malady. Thousands of testimonials of its virtues. 50 cents per bottle. By druggists.

This country has just half the railroads of the world.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

A Sure and Positive Cure for This Common Complaint.

Sufferers from nervous debility complain of physical and nervous weakness and exhaustion; there is prostration of the physical strength, a tired feeling with no inclination for exertion, and the power to work is diminished; the patient wakes mornings tired and unrefreshed; there is an extreme nervous and irritable condition, a dull, cloudy sensation often accompanied by disagreeable feelings in the head and eyes; the thoughts wander easily; there will be gradual failing of strength, with weakness and pain in the back; bad taste in the mouth mornings, the vision becomes dim, the memory impaired, and there is frequent dizziness; often the patient is gloomy and despondent, and the nerves become so weakened after a time that the least excitement or shock will flush the face, bring a tremor or trembling or palpitation of the heart.

For these symptoms Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, the great strengthening and invigorating remedy, is a sure and positive cure. Under the use of this wonderful restorative, which is purely vegetable and therefore harmless, the dull eyes regain their brilliancy, the pale look and hollow cheeks show renewed health and vitality, the weak and exhausted feelings give place to strength and vigor, the brain becomes clear, the nerves strong and steady, the gloom and depression are lifted from the mind and perfect and permanent health is restored. It is an absolute and certain specific for nervous debility. Young men with weakened nerves and exhausted vitality can regain their strength by its use. It restores lost energy and invigorates the weakened vital powers in old and young. No one need despair of a cure. Use Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, and an absolutely certain cure will result.

Druggists keep it. Price $1 per bottle. Be sure and get Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic; take no other, for this remedy has no equal. If your druggist does not have it, he will get it for you. Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th st., New York, the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted by letter free. Write him about your case.

To truly tell thousands Taylor's Hospital Cure for Catarrh is the most pleasant, painless and effective remedy known, send for free pamphlet to City Hall Pharmacy, 264 B'way, N. Y.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere, 25c.

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If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. Be sure to get Hood's.

"In one store the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's Sarsaparilla. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was; I had taken it, was perfectly satisfied with it, and did not want any other." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace St., Boston.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

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GOLD is worth $90 per lb. Gilpatrick's Eye Salve is worth $1.00, but is sold at 25c a box by dealers.

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Nerves.—Everyone of the thread-like nerves has each a latent power to cause excruciating pain, the limit of which is simply the limit of human endurance, and NEURALGIA has a few of these fibrous torments all pulsing painfully at once.

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Subtile Pain.—Nothing is so subtile in its approach; nothing so flagrant, acute and distressing, and certainly nothing yet discovered so completely subdues its ravages and so permanently conquers its pangs as that above mentioned.

SYMPTOMS.

Symptoms.—Neuralgia is defined to be a nerve disease, the chief symptom of which is an acute pain, intermitting, which follows the course of the nerve branch affected.

TREATMENT.

Treatment.—Apply ST. JACOBS OIL frequently, gently rubbing the afflicted parts; apply to the whole extent of the nerve soreness; keep up a gentle friction until a burning sensation is produced.

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THE PERFECT BLOOD PURIFIER

HEART REMEDY.

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If You feel as though water was gathering around the heart, or have heart dropsy,

If You have Vertigo, dizzy attacks, ringing in ears, disposed to nervous prostration, apoplexy, shock or sudden death,

If You have Neuralgia, Numbness in arms or limbs, darting pains like Rheumatism,

Ocean-Weed cures and prevents going to heart

Prepared at Dispensary, "GUIDE TO HEALTH," Sent Free. Binghamton, N. Y. DRUGGISTS. PRICE $1.00.

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Gone Where the Woodbine Twineth.

Rats are smart, but "Rough on Rats" beats them. Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, Ants, Mosquitoes, Bed-bugs, Hen Lice, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks, Weasel, Gophers, Chipmunks, Moles, Musk Rats, Jack Rabbits, Squirrels. 15c. and 25c. Druggists.

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"Rough on Itch" Ointment cures Skin Humors, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Ringworm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Itch, Ivy Poison, Barber's Itch, Scald Head, Eczema. 50c. Drug. or mail. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.

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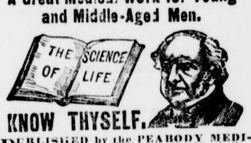

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