

THE DEPOPULATED HIGHLANDS.

The Homes of Famous Chiefs Deserted by Their Descendants.

There are few Highland glens that do not contain traces of the banished population. In Lochaber, along the shores of Loch Arkaig, the home of the Clan Cameron, the remains of what were once extensive townships may yet be seen. The celebrated Glencoe formerly teemed with a hardy population. Famous Glengarry is a sheep-walk, and the powerful Clan Macdonnell are now in Canada. Round Fort Augustus and far into the country of the Clan Fraser is naught but desolation. In hundreds of glens in Ross-shire the wild heather has not even yet obliterated the green pastures and the cultivated fields that once belonged to the MacKenzies and Munroes, and from whence the different battalions of the gallant Ross-shire Buffs marched to conquer at Maida, at Seringapatam, at Assaye, and Arguin. So late as 1849, when the present Prime Minister had already obtained political eminence, Hugh Miller attracted, but fruitlessly, to draw the attention of the British public to the work of destruction that was going on. He eloquently proclaimed that "while the law is banishing its tens of thousands of seven and fourteen years, the penalty of deep-dyed crimes, irresponsible and infatuated power is banishing its thousands of life for no crime whatever." A large number of the dispossessed tenantry were sent to America; the remainder settled on the seashore, where they were cramped in to small holdings, and have since lived. The tourist steaming along the wild coast of the western Highlands and islands may see perched on every cliff, in the most exposed situations and subject to the fury of Atlantic gales, the wretched hamlets that now contain the remnants of the Highland clans. Probably he will wonder how a population can at all manage to exist under such conditions. But there they are, elbowing to the very verge of their country. For large tracts of that country the proprietors even now can show no scrap of document, their claim to possession resting solely on the fact that it has never been contested. Created and looked upon, like the foxes, as mere vermin that interfere with sport, discouraged and thwarted in every direction, these people, notwithstanding their poverty and the hardships of their lot, have maintained unimpaired the noblest attributes of their race. Crime of any kind is almost unknown among them. Their moral standard is the highest in Britain, contrasting in that respect most remarkably with their lowland neighbors; and not a few of the leading British statesmen, lawyers, divines, and soldiers of the past eighty years first saw the light in these crofters' huts. Far behind the strip of inhabited littoral stretch the Blue Mountains, the snug and often fertile glens from whence the clans were banished, now turned into silent wildernesses, inhabited only by sheep and deer and an occasional shepherd or keeper. There are the vast tracts rented by the American, Mr. Winans, as a hunting ground, to be visited by that alien for two or three months, and abandoned to solitude for the remainder of the year, where not even a native of the soil may plant his foot.—*Nineteenth Century.*

A Reminiscence of Burr.

Aaron Burr from various romantic associations, chiefly from his moral contrast to some of his better contemporaries, has retained place as perhaps the most romantic character in American politics. Some time ago I visited his grave, at Princeton, N. J. He died in the second-story room of a hotel on Staten Island. The hotel is still standing, and I had the quaint satisfaction a few years ago of sleeping in it, a bed being made at my request there.

When Burr died at this place it was supposed that he was seeking out some of his kin who lived there on Staten Island within sight of their mutual birth-place, Elizabeth, in New Jersey. The probabilities are that Burr had borrowed from his kin to that extent that he could get no more. He reached this hotel and went to bed there, was taken with a fever and died. I have perhaps related in your columns before a singular reminiscence of my own.

About the time I slept in this room I was in search of some material about Cornelius Vanderbilt, father of the present magnate, and was recommended to go and see an old man named Clute, who published a newspaper on Staten Island, and was writing its history. He did not know much about Vanderbilt, but when I asked him about Aaron Burr he said, with almost a flash of pride: "Sir, you have before you the man who signed Aaron Burr's name with Burr's own hand for the last time in his life." Mr. Clute continued: "I was the notary down here, and Mr. Edwards, a relative of Burr, come to me and said: 'There is a man sick at the hotel at Port Richmond who wants to swear to an application for a pension as a soldier of the revolutionary war.' I went around, and there I saw on the bed Col. Aaron Burr. He was a poor rickety of little bones, without a sign of the great man of former days, muttering to himself and knowing nothing. I said: 'Mr. Edwards, this man is not fit to swear to anything now.' 'Well,' said he, 'come around in the afternoon when he gets easier.' I went around then," said Mr. Clute, "and I knew him well, for I had seen the boys throw stones at him in Albany, and seen men deliberately cut him when he proposed to be introduced. He had stood every insult a proud man could stand. I made his application and committed it to paper, read it to him, and then I took his hand in mine," said Mr. Clute, "to guide it while he signed his name as he feebly sat up in bed, hardly knowing what he was about, and as I held that hand I thought to myself, this is the hand that killed Hamilton."—*Gail.*

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the English woman who combines the somewhat incongruous character of archaeologist and novelist, began, when a child, to compose poems and stories before she knew how to write. She first appeared in print at 7 years old with a poem called the "Knights of Old." When she was 14 she sent to a magazine edited by George Cruikshank

a story, on the back of which she had scribbled caricatures of the personages appearing therein. The drawings were so clever that Cruikshank went impulsively to call upon his unknown contributor, and finding to his astonishment that his contributor was a little girl, offered immediately to take her as an articulated pupil and train her up to his work. This offer was declined; and putting aside pen and pencil Miss Edwards devoted herself for seven years to music, and became not only an accomplished performer but a composer. Then happening, during a summer holiday, to write a successful story, she turned to authorship again, and has ever since been known as one of the cleverest English women novelists. Miss Edwards has a handsome head, and a face pretty, gentle, and expressive.

Draft Horses.

The following is a synopsis of a lengthy article which appeared in the Chicago Tribune, consisting of interviews of its reporters with the leading draft-horse dealers of America. It was headed as follows: "Breeding of Draft Horses—One of the Important Industries of the Day—Experience of Dealers who Handle 40,000 Horses Annually—Relative Merits of Percheron, Clydesdale and English Horses—Opinions of All Leading Dealers in New York and Chicago—They are unanimous in preferring the French Breeds over all Others, as they are more enduring, best dispositioned, stand the pavements best, and bring higher prices."

The Tribune reporters were instructed to procure opinions as to the relative merits of the different breeds of draft horses being raised in this country and sold in their markets. The experience of dealers who sell perhaps 40,000 horses annually directly to those who buy them to wear out was thus obtained. This information is of immense value to those engaged in breeding horses.

Mr. I. H. Dahlman, of New York City, said: "I handle between 9,000 and 10,000 horses annually. Of the draft horses I handle, the greater proportion—nearly all—are Norman-Percherons. These horses are docile, intelligent, easily broken, steady in harness, powerful and compactly built. They are short in the back, deep in the body and broad in the chest. They have the best feet of any horses in America. I do not want it understood that all Norman horses have these good qualities. I have seen some imported that were as badly shaped horses as could be found. Long in the back, narrow-waisted and not worth their freight from France here. That class of horses is only imported by people who buy them to sell and not to breed." In regard to the Clydesdale horses, Mr. Dahlman said: "I will give you no criticism. I buy very few of them. I prefer to pass their stable and say nothing about them. From what I have said the Tribune readers, I think, will understand what breed of horses I would recommend them to raise."

C. & H. Hayman, East 24th street, New York City, said: "We handle about 2,000 horses a year, principally draft horses of all kinds—French, Clydesdale, English, and Belgian. We handle more of the French than any of the others, because the people like them better and will give higher prices for them than for any other breed. They have more endurance and are the best dispositioned horses we have. They mature sooner and are ready for the market younger than the other breeds. The Clydesdales are not so well shaped nor are their feet so good. We advise the farmers of the West to breed to the finest and best-bred Percherons to be found."

The above opinions were the expressions of all the other dealers interviewed, with one or two exceptions. The object of all farmers who breed horses for use or for market, is to obtain animals that will mature the earliest and bring the most money. In order to accomplish this purpose with the greatest degree of certainty the use of the finest and best-bred Percheron Stallions is recommended and advised by nearly all the dealers. The finest specimens are recorded with their pedigrees in full in the Percheron Stud Book of France.

J. Q. Adams and His Servant.

In February, 1841, after John Quincy Adams had ridden from his house in F street to the Capitol, his horses were frightened by the discharge of Colt's revolving firearms in front of the Capitol and ran away. The coachman did all in his power to guide them, but they dashed the carriage against the gate of the Capitol inclosure and he was thrown heavily to the ground. Mr. Adams hastened to the place to which he was carried, remaining away from the House of Representatives during the day, and had bestowed all the attention and time upon the man that a child could give his father, regarding alike the religious condition and physical sufferings of his unfortunate servant. The first interview between man and master was quite touching. "Your horses are gone, and the carriage with them," said the servant, when he first saw Mr. Adams after the accident, and added to this that he was a "dying man." "Never mind the horses and carriage," said Mr. Adams, kindly, "if you are a dying man, think of your soul."—*Ben. Perley Poore.*

They Love the Work.

"Why is it that the employees in telephone offices are all ladies?" Mrs. Brown made this inquiry of her husband. "Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the managers of the telephone companies were aware that no class of employees work so faithfully as those who were in love with their labor, and they knew that ladies would be fond of the work in telephone offices." "What is the work in a telephone office?" Mrs. Brown further inquired. "Talking," answered Mr. Brown, and the conversation came to an end.—*Somerville Journal.*

The use of the long smelling-bottle, now so popular with young ladies of fashion, is not such a bad idea as it would seem at first. They will more readily become accustomed to the feeling of a rolling-pin and a broom-handle after they are married.

The European War Correspondent.

There is hardly a more formidable variety of the armed man than the European war correspondent in his complete war-paint. He is girt with destructive weapons, like a Montegrin patriot or a pirate of the Bowery melodrama. A derring-do hangs on his left hip, a four-barreled "bull-dog" balances it on his right, a Winchester repeating rifle crosses his back, the strap of it supporting a supplementary cartridge pouch, a traveling ink-stand, and a housewife containing needles, thread, and other conveniences advisable in a campaign where staff officers will have to repair their own clothes. Add to the paraphernalia a bowie-knife, a case-knife, a hunting-knife, and a sword, a field-glass, a water-bottle, and a flask; add a haversack by the side and a knapsack for the back; add a case for pens and pencils, also a little medicine chest, and you have the more satiate items of the outfit. A field marshal in all his glory is less suggestive of havoc and the dogs of war than a scribe thus terribly caparisoned.

Years of Agony.

In consequence of rheumatism, are needlessly endured by many who might, if they had taken timely measures to arrest the disease, be in possession of perfect health. That sterling doctor, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, expels from the circulation impurities to which pathologists concur in imputing disease. The Bitters is not only a far more thorough remedy than colchicum, veratrum, and other poisonous drugs taken to check this disease, but it is also safe and palatable. It enriches, as well as purifies, the blood, by promoting digestion, and it gives a healthy impulse to the functions of secretion and discharge, which the liver and bowels share in common with the kidneys and bladder. No finer specific for malaria exists, and there is ample proof to show how salutary its effects upon those who employ it as a tonic and medicated stimulant. While it insures digestion, it also imports a relish for food.

A Question of Time.

Merchant—"See here, I can't stand this, you know. You get here half an hour after everybody else."

Clerk—"I get here at 8 and leave at 6. I believe those are the hours you require put in."

Merchant—"Certainly; but you are never here till half-past 8."

Clerk—"Oh, I see; you understand the time matter has never been settled in Detroit, so I go by both standard and local time. I get here at 8 o'clock standard time, that's 8:30 by your watch; see? Then I leave by local time, which is 6 o'clock."

Merchant—"An admirable arrangement; but as we had local time here before standard was introduced, just give it the first chance hereafter. Get here by 8 o'clock local and leave by 6 standard."—*Free Press.*

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN MILES OF ORGANS.—In numbering the organs of their manufacture, Mason & Hamlin have reached No. 150,000. Arranged in a line these would reach one hundred and thirteen miles, or would fence the railroad on one side from the Grand Central Station in New York to within twenty miles of Springfield, Mass. Not only does this show the great popularity of American organs, but it illustrates what was declared by James Parton to be general fact, that he who makes the best article in his line always has the greatest success.

We understand that the Mason & Hamlin Company's new Upright Piano is now commanding a large sale, and is, in every way, up to the standard of their unrivaled organs. We predict a large success for this piano, which is constructed on a new system, said to be a decided advance over the prevailing wrest-plum system.—*Boston Journal.*

A Story of Gen. Banks.

I remember one story that was told about Gen. Banks. One morning at daybreak, during Banks' Red River campaign, an aid galloped to his tent. "General, the rebels are attacking our line in force." The aid waited impatiently; no Banks, no orders. A second aid, and still a third—"General, our lines are broken, the army is in full retreat, there is danger of a panic." At length, half an hour later, Gen. Banks issued from his tent in full regiments, mounted his horse, drew his sword slowly from its scabbard, and exclaimed, with stentorian voice: "Let the enemy be repulsed immediately."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

DELICATE diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Book of particulars 9 cents, in stamps. Consultation free. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

TAILORS will give you fits, but it takes a lawyer to run up a suit.—*Texas Siftings.*

He Knows It.

Hiram D. Maxfield, formerly of Silver Springs, R. I., has no doubt about the wonderful curative powers of Kidney-Wort. He was so afflicted with Kidney Complaint that he could not stand on his feet from pain and weakness. As soon as he commenced using Kidney-Wort he experienced immediate relief and began to grow strong and was relieved of all pain and unpleasantness. He says: "I know I have been cured by Kidney-Wort."

A motto that undertakers do not believe in—live and let live.—*Texas Siftings.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

Why is a gossiping woman like a farm vehicle? Because she has a wagging tongue.—*The Hatchet.*

The best test of a human life is the amount of good it has been a boon to others. Mrs. Lydia F. Pinkham may be given a hint of honor among those who have helped to change sickness into health, and to transform the darkness of suffering into the sunshine of rest and hope.

The chemist is the wittest of men—he is always ready with a retort.—*The Judge.*

ALL ladies should know that hoods, scarfs, ribbons, and all fancy articles can be made any color wanted with Diamond Dyes. All popular colors. 10c. at druggists'. None exact. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

STRANGE, that a lead pencil always has to be driven.—*The Judge.*

Important. When you visit or leave New York City, save Niagara Express and Carriage Hire, and stay at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse, cab, stage, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any first-class hotel in the city.

"Put up" at the Gault House. The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class. H. W. Hovv, Proprietor.

"Isn't that Mrs. Holmes? I thought the doctors gave her up. She looks well now." "She is well. After the doctors gave up her case she tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and began to get better right away. I heard her say not long ago that she hadn't felt so well in twenty years. She does her own work and says that life seems worth living, at last." "Why," said she, "I feel as if I had been raised from the dead, almost." Thus do thousands attest the marvelous efficacy of this God-given remedy for female weakness, prostrated, ulceration, leucorrhoea, morbid acidity, nervousness, of stomach, tendency to cancerous diseases, nervous prostration, general debility and kindred affections.

The indulgent father spares the rod and lets his son go fishing.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

COMPOSED of genuine French Grap Brandy, Extract of smart-Wool and Jamaica Ginger, with Camphor Water, Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Wool excels as a remedy for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery, or bloody flux, or to break up colds, fevers or all malarious attacks.

SOME of our base-ball players seem to have been vaccinated. They can't catch anything.

Weak Eyes.

The number of people suffering with weak eyes, the result of reading fine print in an ill-lighted apartment, is really alarming, and still they must read. But why confine themselves to poorly printed fine print, when ONE DOLLAR will pay for a large, first-class story paper printed in plain type that can never injure the eye-sight? A paper worth three times the price of subscription, containing not less than eight splendid stories in each number. If you would like to see a sample copy, with the premium to subscribers, send your name and address to THE LEECH, Chicago, Ill.

Another Life Saved.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold, which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do her any good, but she continued to get worse, and there came large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. At this time a friend, who had been cured by Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, advised me to give it a trial. We got a bottle, and she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured."

Three Remarkable Interviews. A reporter has interviewed Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, M. C., Hon. Judge Flanders, of New York; and T. S. Arthur, in regard to their experience with Compound Oxygen. These interviews give surprising results and show this treatment for the cure of chronic diseases to be most remarkable. A copy of these interviews, also a Treatise on Compound Oxygen, will be mailed free, by Dr. Starkey & Tien, 1109 Girard st., Philadelphia.

The Great American Cough.

Sneezing, snuffing, and coughing! This is the music all over the land just now. And will be until June. "I've got such an awful cold in my head." "Cure it with Ely's Catarrh Balm or it may end in the toughest form of Catarrh, which you have Catarrh now. Nothing is more nauseous and dreadful. This remedy masters it as no other ever did. Not a sniff nor a liquid. Applied by the finger to the nostrils. Pleasant, certain, radical."

In 1850

"Brown's Bronchial Trochees" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

The Pultry Keeper, published at Chicago, Ill., has achieved a wonderful success. In a little over six months its circulation has increased to thirty thousand actual subscribers. It is the paper for those interested in the profitable pursuit of poultry raising. Read their advertisement in this issue.

PURE Cod-Liver Oil, made from selected livers on the sea shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

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MURDER will out, so will the fact that Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the natural hair restorer and restorer, is the most preparation ever invented and excels all other hair dressings, as thousands of genuine certificates now in our possession abundantly prove.

"Rough on Toothache."—Ask for it. Instant relief, quick cure. 15c. Druggists.

CHAPPED Hands, Face, Pimples and rough Skin, cured by JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York.

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ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS BY THE TIMELY USE OF ALLEN'S LUNG BALM

STRICTLY PURE, Harmless to the most delicate!

By its faithful use CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED when other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

JEREMIAH WRIGHT, of Marion County, Va., writes that while he was suffering from CONSUMPTION, and was pronounced incurable by his physician, when the use of Allen's Lung Balm was suggested, he cured himself. He says that he knows of no other cure for this disease.

Wm. C. Duggins, Merchant of Bowling Green, Va., writes April 4th, 1881, that he was unable to breathe, and was suffering from CONSUMPTION, and was pronounced incurable by his physician, when the use of Allen's Lung Balm was suggested, he cured himself. He says that he knows of no other cure for this disease.

Dr. MERRITT, Dentist of Cincinnati, was thought to be suffering from CONSUMPTION, and was induced by his friends to try Allen's Lung Balm after the formula was shown him. He has his letter that it cured him, and that he was able to resume his practice.

Wm. C. Duggins & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, write us of the cure of Mathias Freeman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with BRONCHITIS in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balm cured him, as it has many others, of BRONCHITIS.

It is harmless to the most delicate child!

It contains no Opium in any form!

Recommended by Physicians, Ministers and Nurses. In fact, by everybody who has given it a trial. It Never Fails to Bring Relief.

Call for Allen's Lung Balm and then the use of all remedies will be unnecessary. It is a sure cure. As an expectorant it has no equal.

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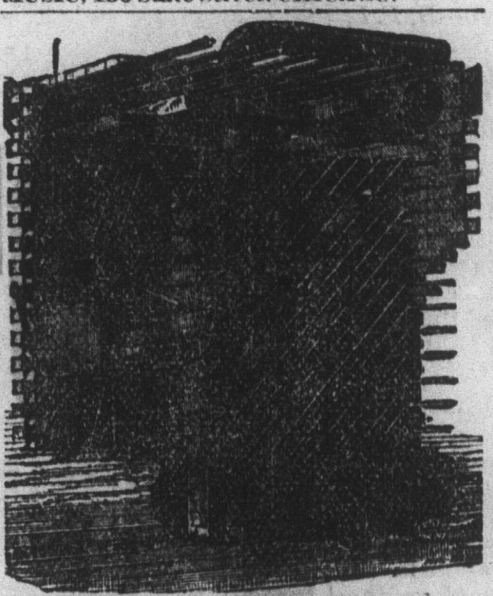
Dr. David Kennedy, for the past ten years an active practitioner of Medicine and Surgery in Rondout, N. Y., was one of the resident Surgeons of the above-named Hospital during the war. No doubt many of his former soldier patients are still living and will be glad to recognize the name of the friend and Surgeon of those early years in the proprietor of a medicine with which it has become associated. Dr. Kennedy performed hundreds of the most dangerous and difficult operations, and it's a simple fact that not one died, but all made splendid recoveries.

Dr. Kennedy is frank to confess now that his wonderful success was due to the fact that he gave his patients the medicine he now calls Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" in the after-treatment. It was this that restored the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels to a healthy condition, affording tone and strength to the whole system, and thus enabled the soldier to once more enjoy life and meet the loved ones at home. Women can find no better friend than "Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy," for sale by all druggists.

A man or woman making under \$50 weekly, send at once for circulars: \$100 monthly guaranteed good workers. Kingston & Co., 23 LaSalle St., Chicago.

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