

THE FAIR FREEZER FROZEN OUT.

She was seated in the street car,
And the passengers had to frown,
For 'twas blowing cold as thunder
When she let the window down.

The people shook and shivered,
Pulled their collars round their ears,
While she sat there unmolested
In a fine, new set of furs.

She was asked to "close the window,"
But she merely waved her arm.
"No, gentlemen, excuse me,
For I'm comfortably warm."

Then the men, as mad as blazes,
Rose en masse "just then and there,"
And they let down every window
That would open in the car.

And the woman in the sealskin
Got a blossom on her nose,
She began to shake and shiver
Till her face was nearly froze.

The passengers enjoyed it,
And she soon was looking sad,
For it was the first new sealskin
That the woman ever had.

And she was out to show it,
As she took in winter's breath
By a great big open window,
Freezing other folks to death.

But she jerked the strap directly,
And she, shivering, left the car,
And they laughed to hear her mutter,
"What a naughty set you are!"

Then they hoisted all the windows
And in comfort gave a shout,
For instead of being frozen
They had frisked the freezer out.

—Will Essays in Waterways Journal.

ORDER NO. 52.

When Mr. Ellis, the trainmaster of the Central at P—, entered his office this bright summer morning, he was looking particularly pleasant and evidently was at peace with himself and all mankind, but as he commenced looking over the dispatch sheet of the night before his aspect speedily changed, and a very gloomy look settled in his eyes.

An extra was "in the ditch" on the north end, and the road was completely blocked as far as the north end was concerned. Everything was late on the south end, and here were two trains of stock coming in off the branch that must be rushed through without fail. He had one extra conductor at P—, and an excursion train was ordered from the superintendent's office to go to W—, a station 20 miles south, and bring back a load of colored people to the big camp meeting then being held in P—.

This would have been all right if the conductor in question had been one of the reliable old hands, but he happened to be one of the latest promotions and a man with a very nervous, excitable temperament, who was easily mixed up if anything happened to go wrong and who had only just completed a 10 day suspension for neglecting, in one of his passions, to remember an order about some work on the line. So blind and forgetful did he become when his anger was aroused that his associates had nicknamed him "Crazy Horse," and the appellation seemed to fit him exactly.

Little wonder Mr. Ellis was blue. The special had to be started at once, and this was the only man available. He didn't like it "a little bit," but there was no help for it.

"Where's the call boy, Mr. Rand?" he asked of the dispatcher then on duty.

"Out hunting a crew for the special. He ought to be back by this time. I didn't call a conductor, as I didn't like to send Howell without seeing you about it."

"He's the only one we've got. He will have to go, but watch him close. I don't want any more niggers killed on this division while I'm here after the turn we had when No. 16 hit the work train at Sand Cut. It was only a scratch, but that Murphy didn't get lynched that trip."

"Morris," he called to a boy coming up the platform outside, "go and hunt up Howell for the special, and hurry up too. They ought to be out in 15 minutes."

The train had been ready for some time, and in a few minutes Howell was seen coming down the platform toward the office. He received his orders, and after a short talk with the trainmaster, in the course of which he was told to keep cool and not get into trouble and if any doubt arose to take the safe side, he left for W—.

He had nothing to meet going down, and after seeing to the turning around of his engine he reported at the office for his orders for the return trip.

The dispatcher at P— was waiting for him and sent the following:

Order No. 51. P—, 6:42, 188—. Conductor and engineer special north. Special north, Howell, conductor, engine 121, will run W— to P— ahead of all second class trains and will meet first No. 16, Murphy, conductor engine 10, at Sand Cut, and will meet second No. 16 at P—. E. J. R.

Howell and Egan. O. K. 10:45 a. m. E. J. R.

"How's that? Both 10's ready? Hold Murphy a minute, Bob. Got him? Tell him we'll want to send orders to Howell at Sand Cut by him."

Mr. Ellis had been talking over the telephone with the yardmaster at the big freight yards a mile below the town, where all the freight trains were switched and made ready for the road.

Sand Cut was a small station five miles from P—, at which there was a siding, but no telegraph office, and as both trains of stock were ready to go forward it was decided to send orders to Howell to meet the two sections of 16 at Sand Cut instead of holding the second one at P— until his arrival.

In a few minutes Conductor Murphy was in receipt of the following order:

Order No. 52. P—, 6:42, 188—. Conductor and engineer special north. Sand Cut, Special north, Howell, conductor, engine 121, will meet second No. 16 at Sand Cut instead of P—. E. J. R.

For conductor and engineer, special north. Murphy, conductor first 16. O. K. 11:05 a. m. E. J. R.

With the orders addressed to the special was a message to Murphy to deliver them to Howell and to be sure and know that he understood them.

Owing to a hot journal the second section of No. 16 was detained in the yard nearly half an hour after the first section had left.

Murphy made the run to Sand Cut in good time, and stopping his train so that it blocked the sidetrack where the special stood waiting a chance to get out, handed Howell the new order that was to supersede the one he had been running on.

He had been detained already about 15 minutes, and was walking up and down the track side of his train and cursing Murphy for not pulling up far enough to let him out.

He was raving mad when Murphy presented a receipt for the order and asked him to sign it.

"You think because you've been here longer than I have that I don't know any-

thing," he said, adding an oath by way of emphasis. "I'll run this train without any of your help. Pull up so I can get out."

"I'll pull up just as soon as you sign that receipt and not before," said White, "I know what the order is," said White, "and I'll not sign any receipt of yours for it either."

"Then I'll stay here till Clark gets in sight," said Murphy.

White had the orders and had shoved them down in his pocket, and now, fairly ablaze with wrath, was abusing Murphy to the top of his bent. After nearly 10 minutes of a heated wrangle White finally signed the paper tendered by Murphy, and the latter signaled his engine to go ahead, leaving White standing by the side of his train, still cursing him for laying him out.

He caught on the front end of his caboose as it pulled past him, and going through the car and opening the rear door he saw White's train moving out on the main track.

The sight for a moment paralyzed him. Was White crazy? No. In his transport of rage he had forgotten the order entirely and was now facing certain destruction.

This thought entered Murphy's head in an instant: He will have to close that switch—maybe I can catch him yet.

He dropped to the ground from his rapidly moving train, shouting to his brakeman on top of the caboose to back up for him, and started on a run to try to catch White's train.

Too late. Though he ran like a racer, the excursion train was on the main track, the switch set up and White himself, on the rear platform of the coach, signaling ahead with the bell cord, turned and shook his fist at Murphy.

A collision was inevitable, and just as Murphy's train backed up and stopped he heard one call for brakes, then an awful crash in the woods just around the curve. The excursion train, crowded to its full capacity with human freight, had met the second section of 16.

Murphy uncoupled his engine and leaving his train on the main track, ran through the side track and down the hill to give his assistance at the wreck.

It was a horrible sight. Both trains were running at high speed, and the wreck was almost complete, and under the massive boiler of the big passenger engine lay Egan, her engineer, an unrecognizable mass of flesh and broken bones. Others were in the debris of the wrecked coaches, and as body after body was taken out and laid on the grassy bank beside the track the more serious became the mutterings of the uninjured negroes.

Murphy was working with all the strength he possessed trying to extricate the dead and wounded victims of his brother conductor's carelessness when a big black hand was laid on his shoulder, and a negro's voice asked:

"Boss, is you de man's 'sponsible fur dis?"

The little conductor, recalling a former experience of almost the same kind, turned pale, but vigorously denied connection with it.

"What's dem orders I see you all gib Cap'n White? Dem had sometin to do 'bout dis."

Murphy tried his best to explain, but the negro's intellect was unable to grasp the meaning of the order, and then from out the crowd that had collected another voice was heard saying:

"Dis yer's de second time dat man's done dat same thing. He done run dat wuk train las' summer when s' many ob de boys was killed. Right yer's whar dey hit together too."

It was enough.

Murphy, alone and unarmed, in the mob of negroes, was to pay with his life for another man's carelessness.

No one had seen Howell since the collision occurred. Clark, the conductor of the wrecked freight train, as soon as he had seen the magnitude of the disaster, had started on a run to P—, two miles away, for help, and his brakeman as well as the men of Murphy's crew, noting the angry and excited gestures of the negroes, as they gathered around their conductor, and seeing no chance for rescue in their small number, had taken the engine to Sand Cut, hoping there to get re-enforcements and return in time.

A bellcord from one of the coaches was thrown over the limb of a tree, and the noose was fastened about the neck of the seemingly doomed man when the switch engine from P— turned the curve, hauling a coach crowded to the doors with the company's employees.

Ellis knew the temper of these people in cases of this kind, and he had come prepared to fight if necessary, to protect the innocent or to bring to legal justice the man who was at fault.

They were only just in time. One minute more and Murphy would have tasted hemp. Even now the negroes were loath to give up their intended victim, but the arrival of the engine from Sand Cut with her tender crowded with men settled it. The rope was removed, and under a pledge from Mr. Ellis that he should be tried by law they returned to the care of the dead and wounded.

Even now were killed and over 30 wounded, and the coroner's jury, in an inquest on the dead, placed the blame where it belonged—on White, the conductor of the excursion. Only White's signature to the receipt for the order saved Murphy. Later in the year the grand jury found an indictment against White for criminal carelessness, but no one ever saw him in that part of the country again, so he was never brought to trial.

The incident of the above story is an absolute truth, and one of the principal actors in it is now in the employ of a railroad in Atlanta. The accident happened on a northern road in June, 1888. The names used are all fictitious.—A. M. Strong in Atlanta Constitution.

Armour's Revenge.

One of Phil Armour's \$25,000 men went into business on his own account some years ago and built up a powerful opposition house. The man had remarkable ability, but his career shows that he had not Armour's conception of things nor his loftiness of character. And it shows, too, that despite his long and intimate association with his old employer the seceder had not thoroughly appreciated the quiet power of the originator. X, for we will call him so, rose to prosperous heights and then was seized with the desire to be thought a greater man than his old chief, against whom he began operations in the chosen way of corners and similar financial exercises known to the street. He said one day, "I used to work for Phil Armour, but before long Phil Armour will be working for me." He thought he had the old man squeezed, as the word goes, but Armour proceeded at 9 o'clock one morning to convince the complacent gentleman that he was sadly mistaken. By noon there was a rushing fall in prices, and the once jubilant merchant was a bankrupt. With the news, he also received from Mr. Armour the offer of an instant and friendly loan of \$500,000 in cash.—Detroit News.

TAX BACHELORS.

The Matrimonial Market Would Be Boomed and Commerce Benefited.

We commend the suggestion recently offered by a Baltimore woman to the effect that a tax should be levied on bachelors. There is something in this proposition that commends itself to the judicial mind. It does not, for instance, attack a social class. It makes no discrimination between the rich and the poor. The idea is to tax every bachelor who cannot show that he is unable to marry because of having to support dependent relatives to the extent of \$10 per annum. The estimate is that there are 6,000,000 of marriageable bachelors in the United States, and that at least 4,000,000 of these have no valid excuse for their selfish and useless condition.

A tax of \$10 per capita, therefore, would yield \$40,000,000. It could be collected without much expense. It would do no great harm, and it would have the merit of providing its own remedy for those who felt unwilling to pay. If it accomplished nothing else, it would communicate a powerful boom to the matrimonial market, and so, for every \$10 that the government lost, put at least \$100 into general circulation. It might, to be sure, divert some of those thin but noisy little rills that run to ice cream, soda water, steamed oysters, theater tickets and philopenses, but it would turn loose whole torrents into the coffers of the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the apothecary, the family physician and the wet nurse.

And though under such a dispensation the American youth might put on the yoke of Hymen rather than be taxed as a renegade to that rosy deity, and though government might thus be compelled to seek elsewhere for a revenue, the revolution so load the air with the perfume of paragon, and so through the parks and sidewalks with nursemaids that the whole nation would feel the impulse and all mankind be made the happier and better through its influence. Either the treasurer would get a revenue or society be purified and population stimulated.

The real cause of the commercial depression is want of confidence, the hoarding of money, stagnation in trade and dearth of investment, but with 4,000,000 of young brigs moving into new quarters, setting up independent establishments and preparing for the responsibilities and the consequences of wedlock, the wheels of industry would once more begin to hum and the pulses of business go to beating with fresh force and vigor.—Washington Post.

SOLID SILVER BATHTUB.

Freddy Gebhard's Unique Antenuptial Gift to the Lady Who Is Now His Wife.

A New York correspondent says that the last antenuptial present made by Fred Gebhard to the lady who is now Mrs. Gebhard was sent to Baltimore two days before the wedding. This present is a solid silver bathtub. The correspondent continues: "It is not one of those common everyday German silver affairs such as Albany legislators are wont to have in. The white metal in this gorgeous antenuptial gift is without alloy. The vessel is as commodious as the workmanship displayed on it is intricate and ingenious. Tall and beautifully proportioned, as the lady is, she will be able to disport herself in this lover's gift without fear of stubbing her pink toes at one end of it or abrading her scalp by sudden contact with the other."

"This little piece of bondoir furniture is beautifully embossed. The exterior resembles a perfectly laid out flower garden in miniature, while the interior is delicately chased. On the bottom of the tub are engrossed Mrs. Gebhard's initials in huge letters. It weighs 200 pounds avoirdupois weight. The market price for silver at present is \$8 cents an ounce. In this double decked and triple riveted vessel suggestive of female sybaritism there are 3,200 ounces. At \$8 cents an ounce this amounts to \$2,560 for the metal alone."

"Silver workers in New York who were allowed to feast their eyes on the beautiful vessel before it was swathed in tinted cotton and soft tissue paper, preparatory to being sent to Baltimore, say that it could not possibly be made for less than \$2,500. This brings the cost of the gift up to \$5,150. The interior of the bathtub is fitted up with receptacles for soap, brushes, sponges, etc., and near the head of it is a dainty silver box attached to the side, in which is a silver manicure set. There is also a comfortable headrest, with an open space for a rubber air pillow should the fair user desire to take a dolce far niente bath. Altogether this little piece of white bric-a-brac is decidedly Gebhardesque."

French Lovers of Art Anxious.

French lovers of art are becoming anxious over the distribution of many priceless treasures in the past year among English, German and American collectors. The original gallery of General Haquin, the Napoleonic general who sacked the city of Pavia, has been broken up. World renowned originals of the early Italian, Dutch, Flemish and French schools went, most of them, to London and Berlin. The absence of any national reserve fund for the purchase of such treasures is much regretted. The annual subsidy allowed to the government galleries is only \$30,000. It is urged that the unused fund of nearly \$2,000,000, the product of the sale of the crown jewels, be devoted to this purpose. A small admission fee at the Louvre is also advocated for the double advantage of keeping out loafers and raising revenue to purchase additions.—Art Journal.

Chicago's Alleged Blarney Stone.

Those who took the trouble to kiss the alleged "Blarney stone," in the walls of the reproduction of Blarney castle, in the Midway pleasure, will be delighted to learn from an official report of Deputy Customs Collector J. F. Ralph that the object of their osculations was a limestone paving block, dug out of the streets of Chicago and palmed off on the customs officers and public as a genuine stone from Blarney, County Cork, Ireland.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THEY WILL BE MISSED.

Giers and Gourko Are Dying, and Wannowsky Is Breaking Down.

Nicholas de Giers is dying in St. Petersburg. Joseph Wannowsky recently in Warsaw. The shattered health on sought to restore of the Mediterranean, the south shore of his Russian home but he has returned down man. Each as he left it, a broken. The men has been of these three remarkable. The Berlin congress. Each approaches his grave, his breast covered with decorations, signifying that he has enjoyed to the last the full confidence and even the friendship of his sovereign.

It is a trite saying in Berlin that Count von Roon forged the German sword, Moltke sharpened it, and Bismarck drew it from its sheath. In St. Petersburg it might be said with equal truth that Wannowsky forged the Russian sword, Giers sharpened it, and Giers kept it in its sheath.

Wannowsky has prepared for war. Giers has threatened it, and Nicholas de Giers has averted it. On the continent the statesman without a war policy is usually condemned to the obscurity of the virtuous woman. M. de Giers' efforts to preserve the peace have been so evident and so successful, however, that the ebbing of his life is watched with the keenest hopes and fears from Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Rome.

Giers, Gourko and Wannowsky are the last of the celebrated Russians who survived the Bismarckian period of European politics. They were contemporaries of Gambetta, MacMahon, Disraeli, Gladstone, Moltke, Roon, Bismarck, Benedek and Andrassy, although none of the three came into his fame until long after the names of those men became household words throughout Europe. Of the famous statesmen and generals of their day, only Francesco Crispi, the Italian prime minister, is still in office. Of the sovereigns of great powers, only Queen Victoria and Emperor Franz Joseph still reign.—Exchange.

THE HONEST INJUN.

He Broke the Law of the Land, but Would Not Tell a Lie.

It would be interesting to know what the enemies of the red man have to say about the case of Nathaniel Jamison. Nathaniel comes from down Lawton's way, and Tuesday he was selling the dark brown sassafras on the streets of the city. Now Jamison is a thrifty red man. Having disposed of many goodly bundles of sassafras, he went to a dealer in firewater and bought a demijohn of rare whisky. This he took with him to the reservation at night, and to his red brethren of the forest he disposed of it at retail prices. So he made two profits on his sassafras. The red man knew that it was contrary to law for him to sell whisky to his people, but in his own heart he felt no sense of guilt.

Day before yesterday he went to the firewater man again, and while he was buying of him a United States marshal arrested him and took him before the commissioner. Contrary to Christian custom, he pleaded guilty. The commissioner, knowing him to be a pagan and believing him to be drunk, thought it best not to enter that plea. But the Indian cried out: "I'm guilty! Any man who pleads not guilty when he's guilty is a d—d liar!" Of course there was no answer to make to this, and the honest Injun had his way for once.—Buffalo Courier.

Peculiar to Itself.

So eminently successful has Hood's Sarsaparilla been that many leading citizens from all over the United States furnish testimonials of cures which seem almost miraculous. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not an accident, but the ripe fruit of industry and study. It possesses merit "peculiar to itself."

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The Greatest Glacial System.

Chief of all among the wonders of the Washington National park region are its glaciers. Spun round the mountain as an axis, like the radial spokes of some gigantic wheel, are some 14 huge icefields, varying from a mile to 12 miles in length. Though no one of them taken alone equals in size the great Muir glacier of Alaska, together they constitute the greatest glacial system in the world. By way of comparison, rather than disparagement, it may be said that all the glaciers of the Alps might be snugly stored away in a minor segment of this immense circle.

Perhaps the largest of the icefields is the Tahoma, lying on the southwestern slope of the mountain. Its proportions may be roughly stated as about one mile in width, seven miles in length and an average depth of 600 feet. Imagine, if you will, a solid block of ice whose average thickness is twice the height of Trinity spire and in places between 1,000 and 2,000 feet, and of sufficient length and width to cover one-half of Manhattan Island. The Nesqueally, the Cowitz, the Carbon and White river glaciers are but little less immensely, the last named being fully 12 miles in length. When now you consider that a glacier a mile in length and half a mile wide in Europe is an eminently respectable affair, you may grasp something of the size and bulk of this field of ice.—Review of Reviews.

The breath of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a while ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked, and frequently destroyed. The constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which is usually the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results by its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure. Call upon your druggist for it.

Caused an Epidemic.

Some municipal authorities declare that the universal use of confetti in the recent fetes was the cause of the prevailing epidemic of typhoid fever. The Paris streets were not only covered with snow, but the trees were filled with paper serpents thrown by the revelers. Clearing away the flimsy ribbons cost the city nearly \$10,000, besides injuring young foliage.—Paris Herald.

CIRCULATING ART.

Why Should Pictures Not Be Passed Around Just Like Books Are?

The other day I heard an excellent notion propounded with regard to works of art. It was the establishment of a circulating picture gallery, which should occupy the same relation with regard to paintings as Mudie does in respect of books. Of course the subscription would be higher, as the number of subscribers would be limited. But the pictures would be changed every month, so that a man need never be bored by the eternal sameness of the walls.

A story is told of a man who dined opposite to a fine work by Sir Joshua Reynolds for so many years that it at last had to be moved, for it irritated him to such an extent that he threatened to hurl a saucer of port wine at it. The new society would effectually obviate any such annoyance. All the works would be for sale, so any subscriber taking a fancy to any particular picture might obtain the price from the secretary and on payment thereof could become its possessor.

The advantage of this system, especially in the present depressed state of the fine art market, is obvious, and it would also be a benefit to the buyers, because they would discover after the trial of a month whether they really liked a picture or not.

The terms of the subscription would of course be in proportion to the style of pictures supplied. Of course if you expected to have works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Romney and Sir John Everett Millais the payment would be very much more costly than if you only required a series of prints. But the subscriptions should be so regulated that it would bring the circulating picture gallery within the reach of all.—London Graphic.

Unable to Tell.

Yes, that was so. For years I suffered severely with scrofula; sores broke out all over my body, and I am unable to tell one half that I suffered. I was not able to obtain relief until I used Sulphur Bitters, which completely cured me.—C. B. DALE, 17 Alington street, Boston.

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A YOUNG GIRL'S FORTUNE.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

Nothing appeals so strongly to a mother's affection as her daughter just budding into womanhood. Following is an instance: "Our daughter, Blanche, now 16 years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. She was in such a condition that we had to keep her from school and abandon her music lessons. In fact, we feared St. Vitus dance, and are positive but for an invaluable remedy she would have had that terrible affliction. We had employed physicians, but she received no benefit from them. The first of last August she weighed but 75 pounds, and although she has taken only three bottles of Nerveine she now weighs 106 pounds; her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and studies with comfort and ease. She has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid, and no money could procure for our daughter the health Dr. Miles' Nerveine has brought her."

When my brother recommended the remedy I did not faith in patent medicines, and would not listen to him, but as a last resort he sent us a bottle, we began giving it to Blanche, and the result was almost immediate."—Mrs. R. R. Bullock, Brighton, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerveine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid. It is positively free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

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