

THE MONEY KING.
How It Worked Up From a Poor Boy to the Present.

LOADED OPERA GLASSES.
No Need to Go Out Between the Acts in the Future.

To the enemies of Jay Gould is no advantage strong enough to express their contempt for him. He is to them a Mephistopheles. He has been accused of sacrificing the interests of his closest friends to accomplish his mercenary ends. And yet this man, the best hated and most feared in Wall street, is more happy in his domestic life than the average human is. So great is his devotion to his family that everything, no matter how important, is laid aside at the mere indisposition of one of its members. Jay Gould was born in a small town in western New York, of poor parents. He was left an orphan whilst yet a boy and was left to shift for himself. He became clerk in a country store, and during the intervals of his employment managed to learn bookkeeping. By attending at night to the books of the neighboring tradesmen he managed to get money to pay for his schooling. Before he was 21 years old he was already a small capitalist. An enterprising firm had undertaken to survey and publish maps of his native county, and Gould assisted the surveyors, and soon became a surveyor himself. It occurred to him that he could make a good profit by buying out the publishers, which he accordingly did. He wrote a history of the county with the map, and sold one to every inhabitant. His next venture, was in the tanning business in central Pennsylvania. In three years he bought out his partner and ran the business himself. In his business visited to New York he saw great opportunities for investment, and he accordingly sold his tannery and opened an office in the metropolis. He married the daughter of a wholesale leather merchant. His father-in-law owned shares in a railroad in western New York which was heavily involved. He sent Gould to sell out, but he, instead of doing so, saw a grand opportunity and bought enough shares to control the road. He made a fortune on this venture. His transactions since have been on a scale unprecedented in American financing. He buys and sells whole railroads and has owned the New York World, and held a controlling interest in the New York Tribune. His Missouri Pacific system is in the control of the southwest, and it is being extended constantly.

The American Express.

The Empress Elizabeth is now seldom seen in public. Her withdrawal from public has its good reason, as she is afflicted with a rash on her face, which makes her shun society. In Ischl, one of her favorite summering places, whenever she appears on horseback her face is concealed by a heavy veil, and when she is driven out she has the habit of always holding a fan up to her face, even when returning the greetings of her loyal admirers. The wicked people of Ischl say she does this because of her affliction. However, it must be said that when the imperial lady is on horseback, she has a very beautiful, slender figure and that she rides in a wonderfully graceful manner.

And no wonder, if all the stories one hears are true. The people of Vienna used to have a constant grievance that the Empress never showed herself in public except when her son's circus came to town, and that then she was seen in her box every night, while she never attended the opera or the Burg Theatre. The Empress's life in Vienna was, a few years ago, as interesting and curious in its way as was that of King Ludwig of Bavaria, at the Linderhof orat Hohenschwangau. She knew only one passion, and that was her love of horses and horse-riding. She had her own special riding establishment attached to the Burg in Vienna, and there only the jockeys and Mile Renz had admittance. There she ruled supreme. Glorious specimens of horse-flesh were trotted out, the imperial lady mounted, and then the fun commenced.

She was not satisfied with the ordinary exercises of horsemanship, but was as skillful in what is called the "high school" of riding as the most finished circus riders. She dressed, too, like the circus riders, and standing on the backs of two steeds would drive a tandem team before her at a relentless pace around the ring, having fresh relays of horses every few minutes.

The imperial lady was not content with this alone, but could vault through the hoop as well as the best of lady professionals. Indeed, she lived with and for her horses, and had a place fitted up in the stable of her favorite charger where she could sleep if she felt so disposed, and where she frequently dictated her letters to her private secretary, while her favorite horse looked over from his stall and was proudest fondly by his imperial mistress.

A Society Leader Ends a Craze.

A pleasant little story is told of a former Wheeling lady, who removed to Texas some time since. In the city in which she resides dinner parties became very fashionable, and the society ladies vied with each other in exhibiting the finest chintzware until it became almost a mania. The lady who gave the last dinner attempted and generally succeeded in outvailing her predecessor in the way of fine china, and the former Wheeling lady determined to outdo them all; so when her dinner party was announced the society in that place was all worked up in anticipation of something grand.

The day came and the expected guests. The usual chat and gossip preceded the dinner, and then the guests were escorted to the dining room. Of course they were all on the tiptoe of expectancy and all eyes immediately turned to the table when they entered the room. And what a sight met their gaze! Ye gods! Where were the previous dinner parties? There stood a table in all its grandeur. An ordinary table covered with a torn and tattered cloth, common wooden plates with newspaper cuts pasted in them in mock imitation of hand painted china. An immense wooden bowl stood in the center of the table, out of which protruded a common tin ladle, and every thing was of the most pristine character but by result.

What makes a fire so pleasant, I think, is that it is a live thing in a dead world.

We judge, in this world, not by impression but by result.

The break was too good, and the guests were all compelled to acknowledge that they had all been outdone. But they sat down, and they were served with one of the most elegant and elaborate dinners it had ever been their good fortune to partake of. But that completely knocked out the fine chinaware, and Mrs. W.'s party was very flushed dressed. The elder man wore a sealskin coat and the other a magnificent inverness. They stood and removed them with great ostentation. Finally they became seated down and stared through big open glasses at the performance. The persistence with which they leveled their glasses at the stage excited comment. The glasses were almost as large as those used for field purposes. The woman, with an insolent smile, astidly sucking the handle of her cigarette. The elder man became uneasy. He began talking in a monotone and aped unconsciously every situation on the stage. Finally he joined in with E. M. Hall on a banjo solo. The younger man tried to suppress his companion's exuberance, with partial success. Then the woman commenced to whistle. The party were undeniably intoxicated. Manager Wright finally silenced their hilarity by threatening to remove them.

"I was afraid of those people the moment they entered," he said.

"Why so?"

"Well, you can tell by their opera glasses that they meant trouble. Those are the latest fad. No more going out between acts. You see, there are three cylinders. The center one and the outer part of the two others are false. Four whisky glasses of liquor can be placed in the glass. A little tin tube extends into the center cylinder. When drawn partly out it opens the valve at its inner end. As many persons hold an open glass with both hands the deception is perfect, and the contents of the cylinder can be drunk to the last drop. An inventive genius in Washington got up the idea only last fall, and he is making a good thing out of it, although cigarette handles that will hold liquor or perfume are by no means a new thing."

A Queen Story.

The *Folkszeitung* of the city of Tilsit, Prussia, reports: A girl of 22 had been left blind and paralyzed by a fever. She had consulted a number of physicians and had been under treatment at the hospital of the University at Koelnberg. But it was all to no avail. One day the poor patient was sitting alone in her room, when an unknown individual entered and seized both her hands. She was frightened and attempted to knock with her chair to call for her family, when the intruder made her feel a broad knife, telling her he would stab her if she made the slightest noise.

How long he held the patient in that manner is not stated. On leaving her he said he would leave an explanatory paper in the loft upon which her room stood. Immediately after the girl heard a noise like the crackling of burning wood and smelled smoke filling her room. She gave the alarm and her parents ran upstairs. They found a small fire in the loft, but it was easily extinguished. When they entered the room they found the girl in a great fright, but were most fully surprised because of her affliction. However, it must be said that when the imperial lady is on horseback, she has a very beautiful, slender figure and that she rides in a wonderfully graceful manner.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, JAN. 23, 1883.

After Confessing Christ.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 10: 13-23. Memory verse, 15-17.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the King in Zion.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER:

He is Lord of lords, and King of kings;

and they that are with him are called,

and chosen, and faithful.—Rev. 17: 14.

LESSON TOPIC: The King's Followers Instructed.

(1. The Source of Right Knowledge, vs. 1-17.)

Lesson 1. The Ministry of Christ's Church, Outline.

(2. The spirit of True Discipleship, vs. 18-23.)

Answer.—There are six oceans, the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, Antarctic, Indian and Adjacent Oceans.

Question.—Give in your own words the difference between a cove and a mountain?

Answer.—One is a bump in and the other is a bump out.

Question.—Tell how many oceans there are in the world and name them.

Answer.—There are six oceans, the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, Antarctic, Indian and Adjacent Oceans.

Question.—Give in your own words the difference between a cave and a mountain?

Answer.—One is a bump in and the other is a bump out.

Question.—Whoever shall lose his life for my sake will find it.

Answer.—It is the third year, with apples and pears later. Grape vines are cheap, and grow on undesirable locations.

They are also ornamental and provide shade.

Ir costs but very little to have the yard kept neat. A few trees and a row of hedges, with a plot of flowers here and there, the whole costing but two dollars.

Question.—How to grow grapes?

Answer.—It is the third year, with apples and pears later. Grape vines are cheap, and grow on undesirable locations.

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Are you Prepared?

As the cold, chilling blasts of winter will soon be upon us, we desire to inform you that we have in stock

Underwear FOR Men, Women, and Boys.

Also, Heavy Coats,
Heavy Boots, Gum Coats,
Gum Boots, Heavy Shoes,
Gum Shoes.
Fall and Winter Hats, Caps,
Flannels, Comfortables,
Blankets for your horses,
Dry Goods, Groceries,
Provisions,

FLOUR and FEED.

Pratt's Horse Food,
To keep your stock in good condition.

And, in fact, a complete line of General Merchandise, at reasonable prices.

We still offer bargains in Youths' & Children's Shoes.

P.S. Tilton & Son.

E. H. CARPENTER,
FIRE,
Life and Accident Insurance
AGENT
Office, Residence, Central Av. & Third St
Hammonston, N. J.

Wagons AND Buggies.

On and after Jan. 1, 1886, I will sell
One-horse wagons, with fine body and
Clamshell spring complete, \$60.00
One-horse wagons, complete, 12^{1/2} tire
1^{1/2} axle, for..... 62.50
The same, with 2^{1/2} inch tire..... 65.00
One-horse wagons, Express..... 65.00
Piggy-back Wagons..... 65.00
Buck-Sprung Wagons with fine finish..... 70.00
Two-horse Farm-Wagons..... 80.00
No-top Buggies..... 50.00

These wagons are all made of the best White Oak and Hickory, and are thoroughly seasoned, and ironed in a workmanlike manner. Please call, and be convinced. Factory at the C. & A. Depot, Hammonston.

ALEX. AITKEN, Proprietor.

Allen Brown Endicott,
Counselor-at-Law,
1030 Atlantic Avenue,
ATLANTIC CITY. : N. J.

FOR THE "Old Reliable!"

Please don't forget that a general
assortment of

Bread, — Cakes, — Pies,

Fruits
AND
Confectionery

May still be found in great variety
and abundant in quantity at

Packer's Bakery.

The Fruit Growers' Union Report For the Year ending Jan. 1, 1886.

Cash Account.

DR.	CR.
Jan. 1, 1887, Cash on hand, \$5,222.20	Jan. 1, 1888, Cash on hand for year, \$6,892.12
Jan. 1, 1888, Cash rec'd during year, \$6,892.12	Jan. 1, 1888, Cash on hand to date, \$3,17
	Jan. 1, 1888, Cash on hand, \$7,018.29
ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.
Amount of stock in hand..... \$1,007.29	Inst. due on Stock Jan. 29, 1887..... \$60.33
Dividends account..... 497.29	Inst. due on Stock Jan. 29, 1888..... 552.30
Div. on Notes..... 214.22	Inst. due on stock dividends..... 609.79
Rentals.....	Mortgages..... 400.00
Fertilizer house, \$100.00	Overpaid accounts..... 250.00
House & lot, \$100.00	Money received on dividends..... 250.00
Storehouse & 3 ^{1/2} acre land, \$277.10	Div. Directors on salaries..... 25.00
Stock jump, \$100.00	
Pictures, art, inventory..... 69.49	
Li. surcharge advanced..... 23.48	
Cash in Treasury..... 525.17	
Total Assets..... \$2,148.69	
	\$6,892.12
Total Liabilities.....	
Net Assets..... \$1,249.81	
Less Store Dividends and Sinking Fund..... 1031.74	
Total Net Gain..... \$668.08	

Store Account.

DR. By Goods on hand Jan. 1, 1887	CR. \$7,257.51
Book account, Jan. 1, 1887..... 175.41	
Goods on hand, Jan. 1, 1887..... 50	
Goods bought and paid..... 1706.89	
Amount fixtures—1887..... \$1,187.27	
	711.49
Paid on freight..... 313.11	
Expenses, including stores, etc., etc..... 111.11	
Interest on Direct Stock, 1887..... 12.50	
Insurance on Goods..... 42.00	
Interest on Capital Stock..... 300.00	
Taxes on goods..... 36.40	
	\$7,268.09
Net profit to balance.....	\$7,257.51
	\$7,000.02
CR. By Cash received on sales..... \$600.11	
Due on note..... 1817.29	
Inventory—goods on hand..... 1067.29	
Fixtures on hand (less 10 per cent on 1887), 688.71	
	\$7,000.02

Fruit Growers' or Shipping Department.

DR. To Received from Railroad Company, on Clerk Salary..... \$105.00

Interest on Stock—Interest—2 per cent..... 52.00

Cash on Stock..... 52.00

Membership Fees..... 52.00

Rent of Office..... 52.00

Rent of Dwelling-house..... 52.00

Other sources..... 168.91

CR. By Paid Taxes—1887..... \$547.87

Expense Shipping Department..... 1693.75

Directors' Expenses—1887..... 112.50

Interest on Stock..... 167.15

Stock Improvement..... 8.75

Sundries..... 78

Net Profit to balance..... 2589.16

5547.87

No. Shares at last Report, 1321

Issued in 1887..... 520

Total No. Shares..... 1311

No. Members at last Report, 24

Rec'd during year..... 32

Total Membership..... 33

Sinking Fund.

1887 Amt. Invested in Loan Ann. \$132.75

1888 " " 216.25

Total No. Shares..... 1311

1888 " 507.71

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Beyond the sky.

Let us wander in the sunlight
Toward the land of flowers and song,
Where the roses and violets grow,
Where the sky is ever cloudless,
And the winds are mild and fair,
And the flowers are ever smiling
In the pure, sweet-scented air.
Where the pearly gates of morning
Open in the golden day,
Mid the matinial chanting
Of the song birds' birth and gay,
Where the waters of old ocean
Leave the crystal shining shore,
And the mighty waves and billows
In deep-crested thunder roar,
Let us wander ever onward.
Toward this blessed, happy land;
Let us cheer our gloomy pathway
With this vision wondrous grand;
And the days will bring us nearer
To the promised land on high,
And our souls will soar the sooner
To this land beyond the sky.

A MISSING LETTER.

"I suppose I was crazy, or I shouldn't have thought of the thing?" mused young Doctor Dorr. "Well, few of us but have our fits of harmless lunacy at times. Let it pass. That little three year old lad who cried last night at the hospital for the moon had to keep on crying. The moon wasn't to be had. Why am I to get my own way more than he had his?"

Doctor Dorr had fought his way so far through life, and in the course of his hand-to-hand contest with destiny, he had learned to be a philosopher.

"But I loved her!" was his inward cry. "There is nothing aside of that. I loved her!"

And at the same time, little Lois Verney, dusting the picture frames at home, and polishing off the quaint mahogany table, was murmuring to herself the same sweet form of words which will prevail as long as there are love and youth and beauty in the world:

"I love him—I love him!"

While old Major Verney, glaring through his eyeglasses at the little pink envelope on the library table, found a husky voice to say:

"What's this, Mary Ann, oh? My nice writing letters?"

Mary Ann jumped. She stood in mortal fear of the grim major, who was said to have killed three men in the Mexican War, and carried a bullet somewhere in the neighborhood of his left lung still.

"Please, sir, it's a letter Miss Lois gave me to mail," faltered she; "but I ain't cleaned myself up yet, and—"

"Yes, yes!" said the major. "You are a good girl, Mary Ann. Here is a dime for you. I will attend to the letter."

And Mary Ann responded:

"Yes, please, sir!"

Lois dressed herself that night in her best pin-striped silk gown, with a pink ribbon in her hat that flung an answering signal to the color in her cheeks, and sat by the window all the evening. But no one came.

She made a transparent little errand to walk past the hospital the next day. By a strange coincidence it was the day of Dr. Dorr's attendance there—yes, the very hour.

He came out, and Lois' sly heart began to beat; but he only lifted his hat with icicle-like politeness and passed on.

Lois stood a minute looking after him, as if she were dazed, and then there the candle of hope went out in her poor little heart.

"If this is love," said Lois to herself, "it's a very disappointing taste, and—I don't want no more to do with it. Oh, dear—oh, dear, I wish I were dead!"

Doctor Dorr went on with his work in life. His sister, a hard featured maiden lady, kept house for him, and there never lacked a button on his shirt, nor the proper seasoning to his soup.—Lois Verney, too, worked on; but she, poor child, was at a disadvantage; for the old major was dead, and Lois had a hard time to keep the proverbial wolf from the door.

"Please, miss, said Mary Ann, one breezy April morning, I've brought back them pointed shells and plackets, and things."

"I quees, Mary Ann—plagues," mildly correcting Lois.

"And the bookseller, miss, please, says there ain't no sale for no such, and, please, he wants the window room for something else."

"Very well, Mary Ann," said Lois, with a sigh deep as Averno.

"And, please, miss the kerosene oil man says he has orders not to fill the can until the bill is paid."

"Then we must burn candles, Mary Ann," said Lois, "for we have no money for my bills."

"But the grocer, miss, please, he says he'd rather we'd patronize some other store till we've paid something on account."

"Very well," said Lois, listlessly.

Beyond the sky.

She was no Midas. She could not turn blank paper into money by the touch of her fingers.

"And please miss, what shall I tell the butcher?" persisted Mary Ann, the Ruthless.

"Mary Ann, do go away!" wailed Lois. "How do I know? That's my punishment. There are two ten cent pieces in it, and that's all I've got in the world. And I don't see any chance of earning anything more. There's some one knocking at the basement door. Go quick and see who it is."

Mary Ann clattered down stairs in the elastic manner peculiar to female help. It was Mrs. Castleton's maid, with a book which her mistress had borrowed from Miss Verney.

"And please, missus 'ud like to buy 'Feveril of the Peak,'" Miss Verney'll let her have it."

Major Verney had been something of a book collector in his days, and all the neighborhood were now profiting by it.

Doctor Dorr rose up hurriedly. He could guess how it all was. His heart leaped joyfully in his breast, all the world seemed colour as rose to him.

He took the letter in his hand, and carried it straightway to the little, old house in Pensacola Street.

Lois was at the window, watering her geraniums. She herself admitted him with a grave, inquiring face.

"'Lols—my little Lols!"

The old words came back to their mistress.

"'Miss Lols,'" said she, in a confidential undertone, "if I ain't making too bold, why don't we keep a circulating library instead of a free lending place?"

I heard the bookseller say to-day, when I was wrapping up my plackets and things in brown paper, as he made more money out of his circulating library than by the sale of words which will prevail as long as there are love and youth and beauty in the world:

"I love him—I love him!"

While old Major Verney, glaring through his eyeglasses at the little pink envelope on the library table, found a husky voice to say:

"What's this, Mary Ann, oh? My nice writing letters?"

Mary Ann jumped. She stood in mortal fear of the grim major, who was said to have killed three men in the Mexican War, and carried a bullet somewhere in the neighborhood of his left lung still.

"Please, sir, it's a letter Miss Lois gave me to mail," faltered she; "but I ain't cleaned myself up yet, and—"

"Yes, yes!" said the major. "You are a good girl, Mary Ann. Here is a dime for you. I will attend to the letter."

And Mary Ann responded:

"Yes, please, sir!"

Lois dressed herself that night in her best pin-striped silk gown, with a pink ribbon in her hat that flung an answering signal to the color in her cheeks, and sat by the window all the evening. But no one came.

She made a transparent little errand to walk past the hospital the next day. By a strange coincidence it was the day of Dr. Dorr's attendance there—yes, the very hour.

He came out, and Lois' sly heart began to beat; but he only lifted his hat with icicle-like politeness and passed on.

Lois stood a minute looking after him, as if she were dazed, and then there the candle of hope went out in her poor little heart.

"If this is love," said Lois to herself, "it's a very disappointing taste, and—I don't want no more to do with it. Oh, dear—oh, dear, I wish I were dead!"

Doctor Dorr went on with his work in life. His sister, a hard featured maiden lady, kept house for him, and there never lacked a button on his shirt, nor the proper seasoning to his soup.—Lois Verney, too, worked on; but she, poor child, was at a disadvantage; for the old major was dead, and Lois had a hard time to keep the proverbial wolf from the door.

"Please, miss, said Mary Ann, one breezy April morning, I've brought back them pointed shells and plackets, and things."

"I quees, Mary Ann—plagues," mildly correcting Lois.

"And the bookseller, miss, please, says there ain't no sale for no such, and, please, he wants the window room for something else."

"Very well, Mary Ann," said Lois, with a sigh deep as Averno.

"And, please, miss the kerosene oil man says he has orders not to fill the can until the bill is paid."

"Then we must burn candles, Mary Ann," said Lois, "for we have no money for my bills."

"But the grocer, miss, please, he says he'd rather we'd patronize some other store till we've paid something on account."

"Very well," said Lois, listlessly.

TO AVOID COLDS.

How People Can Keep Warm Without Wearing Too Much Clothing.

Some people may not know that when exposed to severe cold feeling of warmth is really created by repeatedly filling the lungs to their utmost like one in a dream. He looked down at the flowers she had left him almost incredulously, passed his hand over them, and then across his forehead to reassure himself he was not living in fairyland, and added some good sized silver bits, by way of getting down to its construction, since "Every wise woman buildeth her house."

It was a letter that Lois Verney had written to him five years ago—the letter that said, so innocently, so frankly:

"I love you. I will be your wife."

Major Verney had put the letter away. It required more moral courage than he possessed to destroy it out and out; so he had compromised matters by hiding it between the leaves of "Clarissa Harlowe"—a book which nobody cared to read in this generation. And Major Verney had died and made no sign!

Doctor Dorr rose up hurriedly. He could guess how it all was. His heart leaped joyfully in his breast, all the world seemed colour as rose to him.

He took the letter in his hand, and carried it straightway to the little, old house in Pensacola Street.

Lois was at the window, watering her geraniums. She herself admitted him with a grave, inquiring face.

"'Lols—my little Lols!"

The old words came back to their mistress.

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Enough to Stand for a Volume.

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TUTT'S PILLS

"THE OLD RELIABLE."
25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
Endorsed all over the World.

SYMPOTMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite. Nausea, bowels constipated. Pain in the Head with a dull sensation in the back part. Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind. Irritability of temper. Low spirits. Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty. Weariness. Dizziness. Fluttering of the Heart. Dots before the eyes. Yellow Skin. Headache. Restlessness at night. Highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, DANGEROUS DEBATES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change as to astonish the sufferer.

They increase the appetite, and cause the body to take on flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, and is instantaneous. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.

OFFICE, 44 Murray St., New York.

WANTED Agents in every City and Town to sell this new book.



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BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY, Ph.D.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED.

Deeds, Mortgages, Bills of Sale,

and other papers, executed in a neat, careful

and correct manner.

Mr. G. R. Williams, 1021 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, wrote four months after he had been cured by the Russian Rheumatism Cure (waiting to see whether it would be permanent) that he had no disease, and thought he would lose his reason from the agony he had to endure; and indeed of two weeks he was cured by this remedy, although he had his house physician, and used other remedies without result, prudently to try this wonderful remedy.

Mr. G. R. Williams, 1021 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, and Morris St., Phila.,

and his wife, in bedridden, and her condition made

the deeper. Doctors and everything else failed.

The Russian Rheumatism Cure cured her in one week.

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PRICE \$2.50 PER BOX.

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Are the only ones that will give a perfect fitting garment.

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Chart and Book of full directions, enabling anyone to Cut and Fit perfectly.

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Mme. DEMOREST'S PORTFOLIO OF FASHIONS AND WHAT TO WEAR

Is a large Magazine of 52 pages of Fashion Notes and Styles, illustrated with about 1,000 cuts, sent, post-paid, for 25 cents.

THE Demorest Sewing Machine.

THIS STYLE ONLY



Nearly 50,000 sold and giving perfect satisfaction.

Don't pay other companies \$40.00 profit on a machine NOT SO GOOD AS THE DEMOREST, but buy direct of the manufacturers. Sent C. O. D.

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17 East 14th Street, New York City

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Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.
Send 10cts for 100-Page Pamphlet.

AGENTS WANTED to canvas for one of the largest, oldest, and best known American newspapers. Most liberal terms. Send application for circular. Price low. Geneva, N.Y. Established 1840. W. & T. MITH, Geneva, N.Y.

Seventy of the most prominent Republican leaders in Iowa have been interviewed concerning the tariff question. Sixty-eight are for Protection and the other two are for "tariff reform." Yet we are told, and shall be told, until Truth slaps her defamers in the face, that Iowa is a Free-trad state.

A RIPE OLD AGE.—A clear head, good digestion, fine appetite and a ripe old age are some of the results of the use of Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills. They require no change of diet nor interfere with regular business.

After a little routine business the New Jersey Legislature finished its third week's work Wednesday, and adjourned until Monday night.

Information from Rome is to the effect that Archbishop Williams, of Boston, is likely to be created a cardinal in March.

YOU can be cured

of RHEUMATISM by using RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE.

It is not a cure-all. It cures nothing but Rheumatism, but it is a safe and sure cure for that disease. Thousands who have been cured will testify to its reliability.

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Master in Chancery, Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds, Supreme Court Commissioner. City Hall, Atlantic City, N.J.

A Great National Journal.

THE NEW YORK Mail and Express

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon.

The Friend of American Labor.

The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

For many years the daily edition of the New York MAIL AND EXPRESS has been recognized as the leading afternoon paper of the metropolis, which now holds a position second to none in the country.

MAIL AND EXPRESS, P.M. in thousands of families in every State in the Union. It has secured its great popularity and influence by its enterprise in the collection of news, the purity of its tone, and the ability and courage of its advocacy of the Right on all questions of public interest.

ISSUES THE NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS will be a better paper than ever, and, as a clean, interesting, instructive

Home Newspaper,

It solicits comparison with any other in the country. It is one of the **LARGEST PAPERS PUBLISHED ANYWHERE**, and spares neither labor nor expense to secure for its readers the very best in all departments of newspaper literature.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles in the best government is the only way to secure the welfare of the nation, we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fairness.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized leading journal of the country on the great Anti-Saloon movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of adding to the misery of the poor, a veritable curse to the public welfare and to the public morals.

It is adapted to the improvement and enjoyment of both sexes, of all ages, of every family whether resident of the city, village, or country.

Not a word of crime or impure suggestion in any part of the paper.

It is an old paper, and carries its age and reputation equally well.

Now we are seeking a new and larger circle of readers. As an inducement to this end, the Weekly Press in connection with any four dollar magazine in America will be sent for the single subscription price of such magazine.

Or, on application, we will make a special combination of any two or more periodicals published in America, either weekly or monthly, in conjunction with the Weekly Press, at such low rate as will be equivalent to a year's subscription to the Weekly Press free for one year.

We make this exceptional proposition in order that the Weekly Press may go on trial in a million households for an entire year.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want a good agent in every town and village where we have not one now at work. Send our Special Circular to Agents and see our general offer.

POSITIONS AND their ASSISTANTS, and all others who wish to increase their income, will find this an excellent opportunity.

SAMPLE COPIES sent free to all applicants. Send for one and enclose the address of your friends. Address simply THE MAIL AND

PRESS, NEW YORK.

PREMIUMS.

EVERY SUBSCRIBER to the WEEKLY who sends ten cents to pay for packing and postage receives as a present from the MAIL AND EXPRESS ANY TWO of our elegant Premium Portraits of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Logan and Biscoe, except copies of the three last named, which are 10 inches in size, sent to him addressed and paid.

FOR \$1.50 we send the MAIL AND EXPRESS one year, and a copy of McKinley's great painting of Christ Before Pilate, richly and artistically reproduced in 20 colors. The original of this great painting was recently sold for over \$100,000.

A SPECIAL LIST of other popular and valuable premiums are offered to subscribers and agents on the most liberal terms. They cannot be described here. See our circular.

Specimen Copies Free.

Agents wanted to canvas for one of the largest, oldest, and best known American newspapers. Most liberal terms. Send application for circular. Price low. Geneva, N.Y. Established 1840. W. & T. MITH, Geneva, N.Y.

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