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Curious Oriental Product Which Is Said to Cure Poisonous Bites.

Ben R. Spradley, a attache of the St. Louis sanitarium, at 1635 South Grand avenue, has in his possession one of the most curious and what he asserts to be one of the most useful and valuable of articles. It is what is known as a Chipese suake stone, and there is said to be but one other in the country. Indeed the one in Mr. Spradley's possession is but half a one, the original having been ent in two by Mr. Spradley and half of it given to a friend. In appearance the tone looks like a small piece of oblong shaped cannel coal and is about oneeighth of an inch in thickness, threeeighths of an inch wide and half an inch long. It is as light in weight as a piece of cork, possesses a polished surface and can be easily cut with a knife. It is not a sione, in the proper sense of the word, but is a manufactured article and is of a porous texture.

To cure snake bites or poisonous wounds of a similar nature with the "stone" the wound must first be scarified. Then the stone is applied to the wound. Each morning and evening it is taken off and put into a glass of lukewarm water to remain a few moments until it discharges the poison it has absorbed. Then, after the wound has been washed in a strong solution of salt water and again scarified, the stone, which in the meantime has been rubbed in warm ashes until dry, is again applied. If this treatment is kept up for nine days and the patient abstains during that time from spirituous liquors a cure is assured.

"I secured the stone," said Mr. Spradley, "from my father more than 30 years ago. He got it from James J. Parker, the man who made it. From 1874 to 1877 I was with the party which was put-ting through the Texas Pacific railroad, and during that time cured several of the party who were bitten by rattlers and other poisonous snakes. I have frequently loaned the stone to friends, and I cut the original in two, giving half of it to a particular friend of mine. I have not used the stone for some time, but am ready to give a test of its merits at any time.

'It is, you see, not properly a stone, but is a manufactured substance of a porous nature. The theory possessed by many that so called 'madstones' are found in the stomachs of animals is all nonsense. They are all manufactured in a manner similar to this, and it is simply their 'drawing' powers and their porousness and consequent capacity for absorption that renders them valuable.' -St. Louis Republic.

CARVED IN THE BARK.

A Clump of Trees Upon Which Appeared the Names of Many Soldiers

"I don't quite understand, and I never could," said an observer, "what prompts people to write their names in public places. Trees have always been favorite objects upon which to carve of the social and literary set of the

STAGE HORSES BRING LUCK. Actors Like to Play in a Company that

Utilizes the Animaia. There is an old theatrical superstition that horses are very lucky to have in a play, and theatrical superstitions, like all others, die hard. There are one or two leading London managers who, if they were to reveal their inmost houghts, believe in this superstition, and to this very day. "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," was the favorite maxim of the celebrated Ducrow, and he had good cause to believe in 'osses," for they made him one of the nost prominent men of his time.

Sir Augustus Harris is a firm believer in the horse theory, for there has not been a recent successful Drury Lane drama in which a horse has not appeared, while a great many of them ave owed their success in a great measure to the introduction of the equine. In the present drama running at Drury Lane is represented for the

dirst time in the history of the stage a polo match with trained ponles, that have often played in matches on the actual ground at Hurlingham, in the mimic representation of which, on the stage, they appear every night.

Sir Augustus Harris tells a good story of one of these ponies, a beautiful little gray, formerly the property of Sir George Scott. During one of the rehearsals the ponies were brought down near the footlights that they might get accustomed to the glare and so not get frightened during the performance at night. It so happened that one of the dummy horses that are used in the batle scene-the Last Stand-was lying on

the stage. The little gray pony caught sight of it, and struggled until he got over to where it lay. He sniffed and sniffed at it for some minutes and seemed to be very much puzzled; finally, to the great amusement of everybody on the stage, he made a vicious bite at the dummy's ear, which, not being very firmly attached, came off. The pony stood still for a minute with a strange, frightened look in his eyes, and then took to his heels up the stage. For weeks afterward it was impossible to get the pony to come down anywhere

near the footlights. The largest theatrical stables in the world are those kept by a horseman near Drury Lane Theater. Here one often sees more than 100 horses that are being used for various theatrical purposes. From these stables horses are sent all over England with touring companies. Often there will be as many as 200 horses traveling in various parts of the country from this establishment alone.-Boston Traveler.

CLEMENS' WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

They Accompany the Humorist and Author on His Lecturing Trip.

Samuel Clemens, Mark Twain, the humorist author and lecturer, is happihole in three." ly married. He has a handsome home at Hartford, Conn., which is a center

GODFREY'S COVE. [Ncar York Harbor, Maine.]

These dawns that sink and swell across the land. Soft fields suffused with yellow mistiness These pastness growing greener to the strand, The willows with their whispered cadences, he rocky sculpture of the waves and skies,

The clear coal waters princed peacefully, Are prophets all of what behind them lies-The infinitely changeful, changeless sea. 0 soul, thy multitudinous happenings-The trivial events of nights and days, The griefs that darken and the hopes that

the shine, The pleasant places and the stormy ways, Are hints and heralds of eternal things, Inflowings from the tide of the divine! —John Hall Ingham in Atlantic.

WEDDED TO GOLF.

John McLennan had lain for many months on a bed of sickness. All summer he had been deprived of his walks into the green fields and up the banks of the Tay, but as the summer died and

antumn reigned supreme he was sensible of a change for the better. Now, let it be known that John was a crack golfer, and as he lay racked with pain his mind often wandered up the

Inch, and he would count his imaginary strokes as he wended his way from hole to hole Early in August he had recovered so far as to be able to take a turn round the doors, but he soon got tired and was glad to return to his armchair by the fireside.

It was, therefore, a surprise-in more ways than one-to his gude wife when, one Sunday morning toward the end of August, he rose between 5 and 6 o'clock and said he was going a round of the golf course. "John McLennan," said his aston-

ished wife, "are ye mad? D'ye ken this is the Lord's day? An you an elder o' the kirk!" "Nance," said John quietly, as he

got his sticks ready, "I'm weel aware o' what day this is, an I ken I'm an elder o' the kirk, but, wumman, I'm deein for a game, an we may never has anither mornin like this. Besides, surely it'll no' be coontit a sin to play a bit hole or twa sae early in the mornin, when very few, if ony, folk'll be aboot !'

Mrs. McLennan said no more, and John awoke Bobbie, his eldest son, whose usual job was to carry the clubs. He was his father's only "caddie."

"Come awa, laddie. Oh, ye needna look that way. Yer faither's neither daft nor bad. Sae come awa." And out they went. They reached the

teeing ground as 6 o'clock chimed on St. John's. "Noo, Bobbie, mak' a fine tee; no owre high, ye ken. That's fine. Keep

yer e'en on the ba', in case I dinna see'd. Nae flags the day, ye ken-Sabbath. Wheest !" Whack, "There ve are. No' a bad drive for

na an newly aff a sickbed." "Faither," said Bobbie as he looked timidly around, "what'll ye dae if ye meet onybody?" "Juist draw my bonnet doon like

that. Wid ye ken yer ain faither noo if ye met him?" And Bobbie acknowledged that he

wouldn't. "Very weel. Dinna speak ony mair

aboot meetin folk. But here we are. Gie's my cleek." Crack! 'Ye're on the green, faither, in twa,'

said Bobbie proudly. "Ye'll dae that "I'll try, laddie; I'll try," said John,

hae din't. That's four again. Fifth hole GOT A BABY BOY NOW in four. Doon wi'd! Noo, here's the burn again, an see that I dinna gang

MAN'S HOME.

Railroad Crossing-A Warning

"For twenty-siz

to America's Men.

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- The

into the burn or the Tay. But there's HAPPINESS IN A SOUTHNERN that bicycle chap again. "Faither, faither, it's Mester Moir,

oor helper, oor kirk helper," Bobbie said excitedly.

"Wheest, ye dee-, ye dear laddie; he'll hear ye." And, whack ! away went fieed the Red Fing of Danger at the the ball again.

"Into the bunker, faither. What a peety !" said Bobby, but his father was silent. He was wondering if Mr. Moir had seen him. His iron took him out of the bunker and landed him on the green in two, and he got the hole in three. "Is that three, faither?" asked Bobbie

"Aye," said his father. "Are ye turnin no' weel again, faither?" Bobbie asked, surprised at the

change in his manner. "No, no; I'm weel enough, only angry at no' daeing that hole in twa. Never mind. Richt up to the tap noo." Whack!

'A gude shot, but it's in the whins, Look, Bobbie, lyin on the tap like a bird's nest. There ye are, juist at the hole ; wid ye! That's richt-in in three. Put that doon-seventh hole in three. Weel, I feel tired, so we'll hae a bit rest. Coont up hoo mony I've ta'en for "One day I read in my paper 'Don't To-bacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away,' just what I was doing it came to me like the warning of the man who waves the red the seven holes-3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 20, 23. Twenty-three! Losh! I never did that afore. Noo gang ye awa home an see an hurry. Dinna stop to speak to onybody on the road, an I'll come canny

doon. Twenty-three! It's awfu' gude." Four Sundays later John McLennan stood at the church plate. No one had ever referred to the game he had a month previons, and he was glad of it. Mr. Moir preached that day, and his text was, "Remember the Sabhath day to keep it holy." As the preached progressed John grew more and more convinced that the ser-mon had been specially prepared for him, and at the close of the service he entered the vostry and asked the half unrobed minister. "Did ye see me yon Four Sundays later John McLennan

him, and at the close of the service he and tried, not only in my own case, but entered the vestry and asked the half unrobed minister, "Did ye see me yon mornin?" "I' did," replied the minister. "Weel, an I saw you across yon iron cuddy, sae nane o's had better mention sic maitters again." "We won't," replid the minister as he donned his coat and made for the donred his coat and made for the many were the set the many men with a conting humanity the happiness that there is in No-To-Bac for the many men with nicotinized brains and weakened resolutions, if they only will make up their minds to save the waste of viral power-to say nothing of the money. vital power-to say nothing of the money -now going up into smoke and out in to burgh, to report a meeting in connection with some kind of young men's bacco spit. improvement society, at which the late Lord Moncrieff was expected to speak. I cannot exactly fix the date, but as I was then engaged on the now defunct Caledonian Mercury, it must have been over 30 years ago. At that time the 'Darwinian theory' and the 'Vestiges of Perhaps, but rheumatism need not add to the

Creation' were creating much excitement in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, but, except to a select few, it was not known that the late Dr. Robert Chambers was the author of the latter work. Lord (then Mr.) Moncrieff 'took occasion' to refer to the controversy, and created

roars of laughter by his ridicule of Darwinism.

"When he concluded, a gentleman sitting at the back of the hall, among the 'common ruck' of the audience, rose and respectfully asked permission to put a question to the 'Darwinian critic.' There were cries of 'Name!' 'Come forward !' etc., but he modestly declined, remarking, in effect, that he only but I doot I'm owre shaky. Hooever, wished to ask the speaker if he had read

Bought Her Own Gown. They tell a story of an unfortunate society woman, who, being terribly pushed for a gown to wear at a great occasion, sold seven gowns for the price of one to

Mme. X. Among these gowns was one hardly rumpled, and which, though very magnificent, had evidently been worn at most only once. This dress Mme. X. sold as a model to Mme. Y., who was the society woman's dressmaker, and who had been obdurate about making another thing for the poor

years I have used tobacco in great quantities, and of late years took to little woman without cash down. When this "model" came in, she saw a chance for big return of money, so she compromised with her customer cigarette s m o k "I want to go on record that tobacand agreed to let her have a model dress, just imported, for a very low figure. Whereat the poor woman paid all the money she had received for all ber co has robbed me of many years of life and a great dresses, and out Mme. Y. brought the model. The poor woman talked herself deal of happiness. I realize it now as blue in the face, but she could not say anything to protect herself without be-traying her dealing with Mme. X., so, I compare my feelings and my poor thing, she danced in her old frock

condition with that of a year ago, when I was a to bacco saturated cigarette fiend "Many and many a time did I try to quit after all, having swapped all her other gowns for the privilege.-Cincinnati smoking myself into eternity, but I could not put through a day without suffering extreme nervous torture, which would in-crease hour by hour till finally. to save myself as it seemed from almost flying to pieces, I had to light the little white pipe-stick and awallow the smoke. Enquirer. WHAT'S A BUMP?

In our peculiar vernacular, we say a bump on a log and a bump on a human being. What one might call a bump an-

other one would call a thump. Thus we

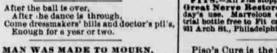
have a bump from a thump and a thump from a bump. In like manner, a bruise may cause a bump, and a bump may cause a bruise, or perbaps a thump may cause both, Well, what's the difference, so long ilag of danger at the railroad crossing, and said that No-To-Bac was an absolutely guaranteed relief from tobacco slavery. "I did not believe it, but like a drowning as we suffer from either bump or bruise, we want to get rid of it. That's true, and the surest, quickest way to care a bruise is at once to use St. Jacobs Oil. Then the question will be not what it is, but what it

was, as it will promptly disappear.

Strawber-Why do yon think yon will have any trouble keeping the engagement socret? Singerly-1 had to tell the girl, didn't I?

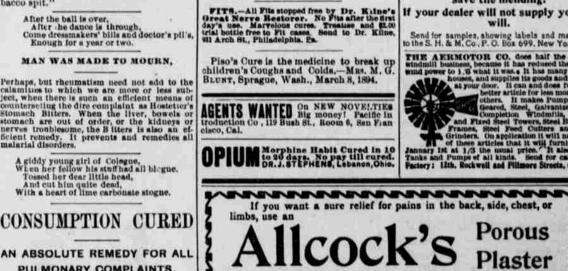
\$100 REWARD \$100.

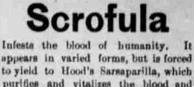
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Care is taken internally. Acting directly constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and nucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hun-dred Doil us for any case that it fails to cure. Send tor list of Testimonials. Address. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.



Bold by Druggists, 750. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

tations is as good as the genui





purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this: "In September, 1804, I made a misstep and injured my ankle. Very soon afterwards.



two inches across formed and in wa'king to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hooi's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the sweiling had gone down. My

Foot

is now well and I have been greatly bene fited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. H. BLARE, So. Berwick, Me. This and other similar cures proves that

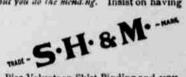


In the One True Blood Furifier. All druggists; \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills the best family catharite

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Not the Merchant.

He wants to make as much as he can by selling you inferior Lindings which he claims are "just as good" as S. H. & M. But you do the mending. Insist on having



Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding and you save the mending.

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Send for samples, showing labels and materials, the S. H. & M. Co. P. O. Box 699. New York City.

THE AERMOTOR CO, does half the world's to 1.6 what it was a It has many

names, and the smooth bark of the beech offers a field most inviting to the knife of the carver. I saw once a bunch of beech trees upon which thousands of names had been cut. This was in Virginia, close by the left bank of the James river. A ravine made back from the river, and at the head of this ravine there was a spring. Around the spring was this clump of beech trees.

"The names carved on these trees were those of soldiers who had been encamped thereabout in the time of the civil war and who had come to this spring for water. It was in 1879 that I saw them, so that they must have been there then at least 14 years. They had probably been there longer. About a third of the names were still legible. Many of them were the names of men of Pennsylvania regiments. Those that had become illegible were mainly those that had been carved on smaller trees. "There was one big tree that had up-

on it, I should think, 500 names. They encircled it for 20 feet up from the ground. It seemed as if some of those among the highest must have been cut by men who swung down from the first branch, and one could imagine that men stood on one another's shoulders to reach above the names already carved by men standing on the ground, or that perhaps there was led up beside the tree a horse upon whose back the carver stood.

"These names may have been carved, every one of them, simply as a pastime, and yet it seemed somehow as though this was a case in which the carving might have been done in something more than a merely idle spirit. "-New York Snn.

Incre is a false modesty, which is vanity; a false glory, which is levity; a false grandeur, which is meanness; false virtue, which is hypocrisy, and a false wisdom, which is prudery .- Bruyere.

In every apartment the screen is absolutely necessary. It shuts off the ugly heat, hides a bedroom door and conceals dressers, which in any apartment are so hideous.

BEFORE I could get reliet from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to

HOT SPRINGS

Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve botties I was entirely cured-cured by S.S.S.





MARK TWAIN'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

ancient capital of the Nutmeg State, Just now Mr. Clemens is on a lecturing tour in Australia and South Africa and is accompanied by his wife and charming second daughter. Mrs. Clemens is a handsome and accomplished woman and a famous traveler. She is a native of Elmira, N. Y., and when Mr. Clemens married her possessed a large fortune.



The size and shape of United States mint pouches in which gold is shipped from the United States treasury to the European steamers, and vice versa. These bags are about thirteen inches in height when filled.

Mincement isn't made right unless you have a headache within two hours after eating the pla.

ie's my putter. Steady ! In ! Mark that doon. Hiv ye a pencil an paper? That's richt. First hole in three." And John McLennan mopped his forehead with his handkerchief, for beads of sweat found a habitation on his bald pate. "Anither tee, Bobbie. That's fine.

Noo the hole's aye up aside the big tree, I suppose?" "Aye," says Bobbie as he strains his eyes in the direction indicated.

'Weel, look oot an see whaur I licht. " Whack !

"Nae sae gude's my first ane, but hey canna a' be gude, eh, laddie?" But Bobbie did not answer as he nanded his father his cleek on coming up to the ball.

Crack! But it was a bad shot, and John played again.

"It's on the green, faither," said Bobbie. "Aye, laddie," replied his father, 'but in three. I'll need four for this

hole." "It's no' here, faither," Bobbie said as he looked all over the green.

"Aye, it's here," replied the old man as he lifted it out of the hole. "That's a fluke, but, a' the same time, I'm in in three.

at the road. Noo, I must gie this ane an about 8,000 feet above sea level -St. awfu' crack." Whack! "By, faither, ye're near the green.

D'ye think ye'll dae this ane in twa?' Bobbie ventured. "Na, na, laddie, I'll need mair than that. Hooever, we'll see."

And so the two trudged on. "Faither, here's a ba,' an it's no'

your ane. "Put it in yer pouch an say naething. But here we are. See a grip o' my iron ; I maun lift this ane richt on to the green," and he did. "My putter, noo. Bab, owre hard ! Aye, that's four, ye see, an it wis my best drive too! Put that doon, third hole in four. Noo, it's even owre to the Tay an across the burn. There's some ane comin alang the walk

on ane o' thae bicycles. Lat's get awa quick." Whack! "Come on, noo, for I think after I play up to the tap o' the peninsula I'll send ye hame wi' the sticks, an take a canny walk doon. Stand up on the road an see if I gang into the burn. Watch yer heid." Crack! "Ye're owre, faither, an at the hole,'

ane in three. Come across by the brig. Ye're lyin fine." "There ye are, then, laddie, there. Put that doon; fourth hole in three. Noo, back owre the burn to yon hole at

the tap o' the Inch." Whack ! "D'ye see, Bobbie?" "Aye, faither, ye're up near the road,"

ball lay. "This is a tricky hole; ye see there's a brae to coont wi'. Stand there on the

road an see whaur I gang; that's twa." "No' hard enough, faither," said that.'

"Weel, we'll try; another inch wid

Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' Mr. Mon- T. A. Slocum Offers to crieff at once promptly replied that he had not, but that he had studied re views of it, etc. 'I thought so,' quietly observed the stranger, who moved to

views of it, etc. 'I thought so,' quietly observed the stranger, who moved to ward the door, amid jeers and cries of 'A. Blixir of Life.
'Name!' He turned upon the platform and its occupants and the how ling young 'gentlemen' with a withering glare, and said. 'My name is of no consequence here, but as you demand it, it is Tom (he did not say Thomas) Huxley.'''-Leed's Mercury.
Millious of Petrified Fish.
For a score of years the geologists have known of the existence of immense beds of shale in Wyoming which occasionally yielded fine specimens of fossii fishes, but it is only recently that similar beds have been discovered in Color ado. These beds of petrified fish, containing millions upon millions of individual specimens, cover hundreds af square miles in the ontwestern part of the Centennial State. They extend a distance of 100 miles in the direction of Green river and "shelve out" for 100 miles in the direction of the state. In some places these beds—almost a solid mass of perfectly fossilized fish—are from 150 to 200 feet in thick? commend it, and more so is the perject confidence of the great chemist making the effer, who holds out life to those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured." most a solid mass of perfectly fossilized three. Mark that doon, second hole in fish-are from 150 to 200 feet in thickness. One of the greatest puzzles regard-"Anither tee. The hole's richt across ing the find is the fact that they lie Louis Republic.

Was Sure About His Mother.

cured." The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who, for years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracised them-selves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climes, where the atmos-phere is more congenial to weakened lungs, and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in send-ing for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by. Johnnie was about to repeat his first remse at the Sunday school concert. Of course it must be short and of simple words, so his mother selected this for him, "I am the light of the world," repeating it to him a number of times until he was sure of it. The evening of the TRY GREMEA for breakfast. concert came. The andience was in readiness. Johnnie came out, made his most approved bow and proclaimed in a loud voice, "My mother is the light of

Hebrew Not a Dead Language.

the world."-Congregationalist.

More people use Hebrew as a language of literature than spoke it when Moses led his people through the Red sea. In recent years a regular Hebrew literature has sprung up among eastern Jews. Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare and other classics have been translated. Original Hebrew literature is also noteworthy and translations are being made into European languages. Thus the cried Bobbie. "Ye're sure to dae this Hebrew novels of Mapu, especially his "Tharnar," have been issued in European dress. Papers and magazines in Hebrew in great number are published, largely in the interests of the Zionite movement. Such journals as the weekly Hamagid of St. Petersburg have an international reputation. In Russia the Jews publish two Hebrew dailies, while and Bobbie ran to see exactly where the the weeklies and monthlies are counted by the dozen.-Literary Digest.

By Special Command.

A Berlin tradesman exhibits in his window ... showcard with the inscrip-Bobbie as his father came up, "but tion, "Specific for the destruction of I've seen ye put in a waar ane than insects," and underneath, "Purveyor to H. M. the empress. "-Liberal.

A REAL PROPERTY AND A REAL tles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles

A giddy young girl of Colegne, When her fellow his stuffhad all blogue. Tossed her dear little head, And cut him quite dead, With a heart of lime carbonate stogue.

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.

-An Elizir of Life.



BEAR IN MIND-Not one of the host of counterfeits and imi-





Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco, and read the

coupon, which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them.

2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

RENALDO.

MARNED LADIES MARIED LADIES Deen unfering for personal routies to get no help. You have mad have been able to get no help. You have and have been able to get no help. You have mad have been able to get no help. You have your imas, Acadack, or other ceally recognized work of a celebrated specialist on lemale disease, in whose hands it has been the means of curing hundreds. It will care you! It descroys all heast troubles are used to which all heast troubles as you! It descroys all heast troubles are used to which all heast troubles are voniling, etc. We will mail on application circular containing ar-tensive description of the use and action of this for another the state is of great use to re-leve many of its troubles as younding, etc. We will mail on application circular containing ar-tensive description of the use and action of this for a months' treatment with full directions, RX. We allo bave "Renaide" in capsules at it per gents wanted; can make \$5 to \$10 per day, and letter, P. O, money order or express money of 1000 Heat Jose, Californis.

