

WOMAN'S WORLD.

BUSINESS SESSION OF THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL COUNCIL.

Chicago Girls Fencing—New Officers for Sorosis—Colors for Spring—A Buffalo Journalist—New Fields for Woman's Work—Girl Expressions.

A Washington dispatch says that the final business session of the board of the National Council of Women there were present five general officers and the representatives of the twelve associations now fully entered in the council lists. The board considered unfinished business and passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, First, that the National Council of Women of the United States send a memorial to the clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church asking, inasmuch as 62 per cent. of the membership of that denomination have already by formal ballot expressed a desire that women be admitted to the general conference, that the clergy shall, in accordance with the will of the laity, grant the admission of women to that body.

Second—That the council ask that women be placed on the Sunday School Lesson committee, and on all committees appointed in the various churches for the revisions of their creeds.

Third—That the council urge upon the National Reform Divorce League the eminent fitness and consequent obligation of placing women on its board.

Fourth—That the National Council of Women shall present to the proper authorities a formal request that in all departments of its service the government shall pay its employees equal wages for equal work, and that both in engaging and promoting its employees it shall consider efficiency and not sex, and thus set a standard for the country.

The council also resolved to furnish a block of stone of marble suitably inscribed to place in the monument to be erected over the grave of Mary, the mother of Washington, and voted to commend to all organized bodies of women the objects of the Mary Washington Society.

Resolved, That the general officers shall appoint a committee of women whose duty it shall be to report within a year suggestions for a business costume for women which shall meet the demands of health, comfort and good taste.

Resolved, That the council approve the movement for preventing the slaughter of birds for the sole purpose of ornamentation, and that it asks American women to imitate the example of the Princess of Wales, who has forbidden the use of the plumage of singing birds on her toilets.

Congratulatory letters were received from many distinguished people. J. G. Whittier, the venerable poet, writes as follows:

I am glad to see the call for a council of philanthropic women, for the purpose of uniting the various societies of reform and progress in a grand confederation, which will conserve the highest good of the family and the state, and which will oppose every form of ignorance and injustice. It is a noble idea and full of promise. We need the strength which comes from unity of sympathy and purpose. I need not tell thee, my dear friend, that I shall watch the proceedings of the council with deep interest and with earnest prayers for its success. Thine truly, JOSEPH G. WHITTIER.

The new president will soon issue an address, and the first annual conference of the executive committee will be held in May. Steps will be taken at once for erecting a building at Glen Echo suitable for intermediate meetings of the council and of the various organizations entering it. Triennial meetings of the council will always be held in Washington.

Chicago Girls Fencing.

Like two glittering serpents the slender blades bifurcate the air, twining and intertwining in flashing lines that change too rapidly for the eye to follow. The martial ring of steel makes cheerful music, and the heaving breasts of the opponents tell plainly that they are well pitted against each other. But these are not sturdy boys training the brawn and sinew and skill of their young limbs. They are two charming damsels engaged in an assault at arms under the eyes of their teacher. The fair combatants were Miss Mildred Holland and Miss Mabel Marsh.

Very unlike they were in physical equipment. Miss Holland, a petite brunette of flashing eyes and marvelous agility, and Miss Marsh, a slender, graceful blonde, considerably taller, with soft glance and of demure mien. But though she looked as if she couldn't harm a fly, Miss Marsh stood her ground admirably, and her flexible wrist instantly responded to every thrust made at her face, chest, arms and hands. It was a decided case of give and take. The spectacle these two charming young women afforded, with every nerve and muscle on the alert, with picturesque poses that changed with kaleidoscopic rapidity, was an aesthetic pleasure. The veteran professor, ancient Col. Monterey, stood by in close proximity, with foil raised on high, ready to check the excessive ardor of these charming champions. And as the ribbons of steel clashed, joined and sundered, the old veteran called out:

"Tie!"
"Charge!"
"Disengage!"
"Coupez!"
"Now a counter tierce!"
"Excellent at septime!"
"Battuez mains!"

And so the hints and the instructive phrases fell from his lips with lightning speed, but often not quite enough to save this or that one of his pupils from a thrust. For they were evenly matched, these pretty girls, though Miss Holland, the champion of the west, had evidently somewhat the advantage. — Chicago Herald.

New Officers for Sorosis.

The annual election of officers in Sorosis has taken place. The fact that Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, who has presided with such grace and dignity over all Sorosis high festivals, had declined with thanks to do further duty as president, added importance and interest to the occasion.

The result is a fresh disclaimer to the theory that women cannot agree, for not only were a full list of officers chosen, but Dr. Jennie M. Lozier received the unanimous vote of the members present.

The list of newly elected officers is as follows:
President—Jennie M. Lozier.
Vice Presidents—Ella Dietz Clymer, Ruth O. De Lamer, Edith Herrmann.
Executive Committee—Mary A. Newton

(chairman), Mrs. Demorest, Caroline E. Jenkins, Rueda L. Clapp, Margaret K. B. Gough. Recording Secretary—Hannah Allen. Corresponding Secretary—Dimitia T. S. Denison.
Treasurer—Christina J. Haley.
Auditor—Hester M. Poole.
Musical Director—Gene H. Rosenfeld.
Chairman of custodians, Mary M. Bergholz.
Chairman of the committee of literature, Elizabeth N. Champney; of committee on art, Lucy Lee Holladay; of committee on drama, Lydia J. Wood; of committee on philanthropy, Laura A. Palmer; of committee on science, Helen Campbell; of committee on education, Margaret N. Yardley; of committee on house and home, Mary V. Johnson; of committee on business women, Ada M. Brown.

Colors for Spring.

This coming spring is to be characterized by some of the most remarkable things in the way of wraps that New York has ever seen. For one thing, color will run riot in these. No more plain black or dark blue or gray little coats, but yellow, if you please, the most brilliant, steeped-in-sunshine yellow. Or, if not that, a Polish coat of bright scarlet, with a white vest and gold braid, and gold cords and buttons. Or white broadcloth or corduroy, fitting as snugly as the bodice, with vest of gold braiding and high epaulettes. And hussars coats of bright blue, and short Spanish coats of pale gray cloth, lined and slashed with scarlet. Or, even more likely to be worn than all these, are the circular cavalier capes, reaching below the waist, very full and very straight, and gathered at the neck into a very high collar.

These will be of all colors and cloths, lined with bright silk and finished about the edge with a heavy cord of silk or of gold thread. And then there will be more gold or silk cord. Perhaps it will be passed about the neck, fastening the garment in front and falling in loops and ends. And perhaps there will be loops of it knotted on the shoulders and looped so as to form epaulettes on the shoulders. These are only a few of the possibilities. When they are developed they will be certain to result in the most daring and smart little garments the promenades have ever seen. — New York Evening Sun.

One Year's Work.

At the annual convention of the American Women's Christian Temperance union, recently held in Atlanta, the report of the young women's department by Mrs. Frances Barnes, of New York, showed that 2,900 young men have enrolled themselves as honorary members of the Young Women's Christian Temperance union during the year in addition to the 6,000 last year. The juvenile department, reported by Mrs. Helen G. Rice, of Massachusetts, showed 3,892 companies of children organized, with a membership of 240,000. In connection with the Women's Christian Temperance union there are organizations in forty-four states, four territories and in the District of Columbia. The membership is now 113,973, a net increase of 1,635 during the year. Besides carrying on a large publishing house this institution of American women has a foundling home, day nurseries and kindergartens; also an "Anchorage mission" for women adrift and without homes, and last year sheltered 4,000 girls; also a cheap lodging house for men, with baths and free reading rooms, and a restaurant patronized daily by numbers of people. — New York World.

A Buffalo Journalist.

Miss Jane Meade Welch, who has attained such brilliant success in this city as a lecturer on American history, is a writer of much force, grace and originality. She is entitled to the distinction of being the first woman who acquired celebrity as a newspaper writer in Buffalo. A few years ago, after overcoming a strong feeling of timidity, she consented to try to edit a column of society news in The Buffalo Courier. Her first batch of manuscript was addressed personally to her friend, the lamented David Gray, who was the editor-in-chief of that newspaper. He, without consulting Miss Welch, attached the nom de plume "Nemo" to her "copy." The first publication created a sensation. Never before had society news been handled so intelligently, so accurately and so cleverly in a Buffalo paper. "Who is Nemo?" was on everybody's tongue, but so carefully was the secret of authorship preserved that for two years that eager question remained unanswered. Finally, when Miss Welch became one of the regular editorial writers for The Courier, the riddle was solved, and everybody in society wondered that he had not guessed it before. — New York Times.

New Fields for Woman's Work.

Among the new and unexpected occupations taken up by women may be mentioned piano tuning, horticulture and sanitary engineering. Early in May a school for women gardeners is to be opened and presided over by a practical gardener of the gentler sex, in which all the details of gardening at the different seasons of the year will be practically studied. By passing the examination in sanitary science conducted by the council of the Sanitary Institute in London Miss Margaret Scott, lecturer on domestic economy and hygiene, is placed in the unique position of being the only lady in Great Britain duly qualified to perform the duties of a sanitary inspector. This study she has taken up for the purpose of educating women in that particular branch of knowledge in which they are said to be sadly deficient. Miss Scott considers it the absolute duty of women to acquaint themselves with the principles of that much neglected science. — London Letter.

Economy in Society.

There are some original methods of economy practiced by many of the society girls. Just at this time, they all join some kind of a sewing class which has some charitable idea for its raison d'être. Some others form reading clubs, and visit some of the hospitals or other charitable institutions a certain day in the week, for the purpose of reading to the inmates. Now this is the scheme of economy which one of these fair belles disclosed a few days ago.

"I announce to many of my admirers

that I have given up candy and all sorts of sweets as a matter of self denial during Lent. Thus I save something on a dentist's bill, and as I am trying to live on an allowance this year everything counts. In the next place, my friends all take to bringing me flowers instead of the sweets which I have given up, and so when I start out to visit my hospital patients, and the Old Ladies' home, I have any quantity of pretty blossoms to take them. I couldn't afford to buy them myself, and of course I should hate to make the visits without them." So there are numerous ways of making and keeping a fortune. — New York Letter.

Didn't Know Her with Her Bonnet Off.

"At a dance the other evening," said a young woman, "a man whom I have been meeting out all winter stared at me curiously for a moment, then passed on without bowing or speaking. Later he came to me with an explanation: 'Do you know, Miss Z,' he said, 'I didn't recognize you this evening when I first saw you? I have never until tonight seen you without your bonnet.' For a moment I could hardly believe this possible, but a little reflection assured me of its truth.

"I had never encountered him at a ball or a dinner, and really these two occasions are the only ones where we don't wear bonnets nowadays. I know many days I have simply lived in mine from the moment of leaving my room in the morning. Perhaps I changed it three or four times with different gowns, but I was not bonnetless till midnight, which," she finished wisely, "is perhaps why millinery is such a paving business." — Her Point of View in New York Times.

Girl Expressions.

Every season women utter new exclamations of delight. Nothing is perfectly lovely or perfectly splendid any more. Julie Gordon, in her "Successful Men," makes a good reference to a stone pavilion as "a dear." Men like Barrymore, Kelley and Andres Dipple are called by their several classes of admirers "a love," "Effie Shannon" is just "awest," "Dorothy Tennant Stanley" is called "so violetty," Bernhardt "is adorable the way she walks." Things like Miss Leary's Lenten sewing classes are mentioned among the "very extraordinary," and the successful artists are "quite clever," and if their new books and pictures are "not bad" they are altogether admirable. — New York Letter.

Mrs. Ellerson's Generosity.

Nothing is more inspiring than a chat on franchise for women with Mrs. C. C. Ellerson. Her pocketbook and her sympathies have been with women from her early childhood. She has endowed art schools and libraries in female colleges until her name is a household word in every American university. She has now crowned all previous efforts by erecting and furnishing a free school for Indians in Indian Territory, as well as by interesting others who have aided by supplying teachers. Mrs. Ellerson is a soul-enriching woman full of nerve. — New York Recorder.

She's a Friend to Actresses.

There is no matron of the drama in New York city, but Mrs. D. P. Bowers stands in the position of benefactress to many young women who now shine as particular stars in some of our leading companies. She has spent hundreds of dollars in educating and clothing actresses who came to her in distress. She is at present endeavoring to establish a national school of dramatic art in America. A few weeks ago she made a lengthy visit to Washington to interest several well known legislators in the scheme. — New York Recorder.

Mrs. Frederick Herrick, the daughter of the renowned Marion Harland, has made herself favorably known by her efforts to establish public baths for the poor of the metropolis, and also in supplying the public schools with gymnasiums for the pupils. Mrs. Herrick is a charming and youthful matron of 29. She inherits her mother's literary talent, but seems bound to bend her energies in the spirit of reform rather than to shine in the literary world.

The two women of this generation who have earned the largest incomes are Ouida and Patti. Mrs. Burnett's literary income is said to be greater just now than that of any other author. Her American revenue from the play of "Lord Fauntleroy" is \$85,000, to which may be added her English profits and her proceeds from the sale of the book.

Mrs. Rebecca Bean, of Petersburg, Col., is a grand daughter of John Quincy Adams. Her mother was Elizabeth Adams, the president's youngest and prettiest daughter, whose elopement with her poor but worthy lover, Alfred Shinn, was the occasion of a national sensation.

And now we learn of another angelic scheme of women, to wit: An organized society whose prime object is to "look after bachelors' linen" after it comes from the laundry. This is, indeed, a merciful beneficence.

The well known Austrian writer, Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, is to be honored on her sixtieth birthday by having her portrait painted at the expense of the Vienna government, to be placed in the town hall.

According to Rudyard Kipling Lady Dufferin's work in India has done more and promises more in the solution of the troublesome eastern empire problem than all masculine suggestions and efforts.

Notwithstanding the alleged helplessness of women Germany has 5,500,000 working women, England 4,000,000, France 3,750,000, Austria 3,000,000 and America 2,700,000, including all occupations.

The Clara Barton Training School for Nurses, organized in Chicago last August in connection with the National Temperance hospital, is a most gratifying success.

EARLY PHOTOGRAPHY.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF THE ART IN ITS INFANT DAYS.

Prof. S. F. B. Morse the Pioneer in Daguerreotype Work—The First Sun Picture Ever Taken in America—How It Was Done.

There are some interesting memoirs connected with early photography in this country and city. Photography dawned on the world at about the same time as telegraphy and at about the same date as steam railroadin'. And Morse, the leading man in the telegraph, and Daguerre, the leading man in the photograph (at first called the daguerreotype), became personal friends, and each got interested in the other's lines—a thing which very seldom happens to that class of people.

Morse, when he was in Paris trying to push his lightning messages, was introduced by Robert Walsh, of Philadelphia, the American consul at Paris, to Mons. Daguerre, who was trying to push his sun pictures. The two men took a great fancy to each other, just like two brothers; showed each other their inventions and told each other their plans. Each promised to help the other after he had first helped himself, and each kept his promise.

Daguerre never got a chance to be of much real aid to Morse in Paris, but he did what he could all the same—talked enthusiastically about the telegraph and slung his shoulders enthusiastically, as only a Frenchman can. But Morse, when he got back to New York, took hold of his chimera Daguerre's hobby and introduced it into the metropolis. The first telegrapher many thus be said to have been the first photographer.

There was at this time in New York a fine instrument maker, almost a genius in his way, called Prosch, who had a shop in a basement on Nassau street, a very curious sort of a place; a den of scientific odds and ends, haunted by odd and scientific men. Morse saw Prosch and gave him a full idea of Daguerre's inventions, and showed him a plan of the apparatus needed to carry out Daguerre's ideas. He also gave Prosch an order to make this apparatus. Prosch set to work and made a rude affair, which was the first picture taking apparatus ever made in this country, and turned it over to Morse. And then one morning, a really memorable morning, in its way, Morse, with the aid of this rude instrument, took the first sun picture or daguerreotype ever taken in America.

He took it off of the steps leading to Prosch's den. He placed the camera on the steps and got a pretty good picture of the old brick church (the Rev. Dr. Spring's church) opposite to the city hall—on the spot now occupied by the Times newspaper and the Potter building. In the foreground of this picture was a hack, and its sleepy horse, with its still more sleepy driver.

This first daguerreotype or photograph, was, of course, a primitive affair, worse than a tin type now, but it was, nevertheless, a great, wonderful thing under the circumstances. It demonstrated that pictures of the earth and things and people on it, could be taken by the aid of the sun, just as certainly and truthfully as ideas could be transmitted by electricity, and really one fact was almost as important as the other. It was a truly memorable morning in New York when Morse took the first daguerreotype of Prosch's basement steps, although it then took him nearly an hour, all in all, to complete the operation.

Professor Draper was a great friend of Morse, and he got interested in this new thing. He and Morse experimented together. Draper was great on chemistry. He soon improved on the original daguerreotype, and one day he astonished Morse by takin' his (Morse's) picture with his eyes open, giving the natural expression of the eyes.

He took a big step onward; for at first all the pictures taken of human beings had to be taken with the eyes closed, on account of the glare. Imagine a pretty woman sittin' for her picture and havin' not only to hold her tongue but close her eyes—shut her eyes as well as shut up. It would be as hard that way to have your picture taken as your tooth taken.

Draper and Morse used to take their early pictures from a window of the old university building, where Morse lived. One of their successful pictures was the tower of the Church of Messiah, about the size of a playin' card. The first picture were all of 'em pictures of buildin's, streets and so on. But at last Morse took a portrait—put the human face and figure into a sun picture. This was a step onward and upward; for as Morse took his first object picture on the steps leadin' to Prosch's cellar, so he took his first face and figure picture on top of the university building, in a sort of a studio he had erected there on the roof, and which was the first photographic "studio" ever started in America.

The first lady whose picture was ever taken by the sunlight in this city was the young daughter of Professor Morse. The next lady taken was his daughter's bosom friend, and the pictures taken of these two are still in existence among the choicest curiosities and treasures of Vassar college.

The first man in New York who made a regular business of takin' pictures or photographs was the instrument maker Prosch, whom I have already mentioned. Prosch saw a big thing in it, and opened what he called a "daguerreotype gallery" on the corner of Later street and Broadway. His first sitter and customer was Professor West, of the old Rutgers female institute, who was thus the very first man who ever paid to have his photograph taken, all the other pictures up to this time havin' been taken as an experiment, free.

But the professor paid for his pictures like a man, and from that time on the business of takin' pictures has flourished in New York. It would make a photographer sick nowadays to think how Prosch had to get his sunlight for this first picture. He had to hang a big mirror right outside his shop, on Broadway, so as to reflect the sunlight full on the professor's face. — New York Mercury Interview.

A Mistake Corrected.

First Sweet Child—Oh! Isn't it lovely! How I wish I could have some real old lace, too.

Second Sweet Child—Mamma bought this yesterday. It's just common lace, like yours.

F. S. — Why, I thought it was the same kind those Bonanza children wear. S. S. C. — No, I just tumbled down in the mud.—Tid Bits.

The Baltimore American calls attention to a great danger of woman suffrage—viz., that the women may want the men to bet them \$50 bonnets against \$6 hats on the result.

A BELLE OF LINCOLN'S DAY.

Though That Was Years Ago, Mrs. Kate Chase Is Still a Beautiful Woman.

Mrs. Kate Chase sat in a large easy chair in the cosy parlor of a woman gentia in this city who was entertaining a few of her friends. She was the gentlest of them all, this woman with so remarkable a past—gentle and still so beautiful. She was dressed in the deepest black of the nearest, most elegant description, from which the warm pink glow of the cheeks and lips, the blonde glints of hair and occasional rays from the shy, sad eyes were the sole relief. She was the typical lady—not the lady of rush and hustle and advancement, of progress, platform or pen—but the lady of the drawing room, the bonnet, the carriage, quiet refinement, repose.

Although queenly in appearance when standing, she looked rather a little woman sitting down. Her form is fine lined, symmetrical, and just plump enough for height. Her head has a dignified but not haughty or aggressive set on a well turned neck, not noticeably long. Her shoulders slope just right, with a faint touch of womanly coquetry in their expression. The lines of bust and waist are simply perfect, her hands and feet noticeably small. Her face is oval in outline, the flesh looks firm, the texture of the skin is smooth and unspotted by make up. She is a decided blonde of that rare class of blonde coloring which I can only describe as "sunset." Her forehead is rather low and wide, with slender arched brows and much refinement of expression in it.

Her eyes are the most efficient in the world to describe, however, but easy to illustrate. You see but a half dozen pairs like them in a lifetime. They are not large; they have a "hidden" look among the thick dark lashes, and they have always a look as if they had been crying hard—without the redness—the most "feting" eyes on earth, irresistible in youth, suggestive of first love—you doubtless can think of a pair among your lady friends. From the cast of her face one would imagine her nose to be a straight Grecian, but it has the slightest little tip upward which does not in any way mar the symmetry of outline. Her lips are very red and full, with fascinating dints at the corners. Her hair is massed above her brow in large, loose rings of gold. A few glints of silver shade into the blonde in front of the ears, without attracting observation.

Her fine black Henrietta cloth dress was tight fitting and double breasted, with crepe reverses, cuffs, foot band and buttons. Her bonnet was close, small, well set back, with a long crepe veil falling below her waist. A dull black flower pin at her throat was her only ornament. She sits perfectly still while talking, her little hands folded in her lap, the varying expression of her face and the lighting and darkening of her wonderful eyes alone accompanying the changing thought. Her voice is musical and full of sentiment.

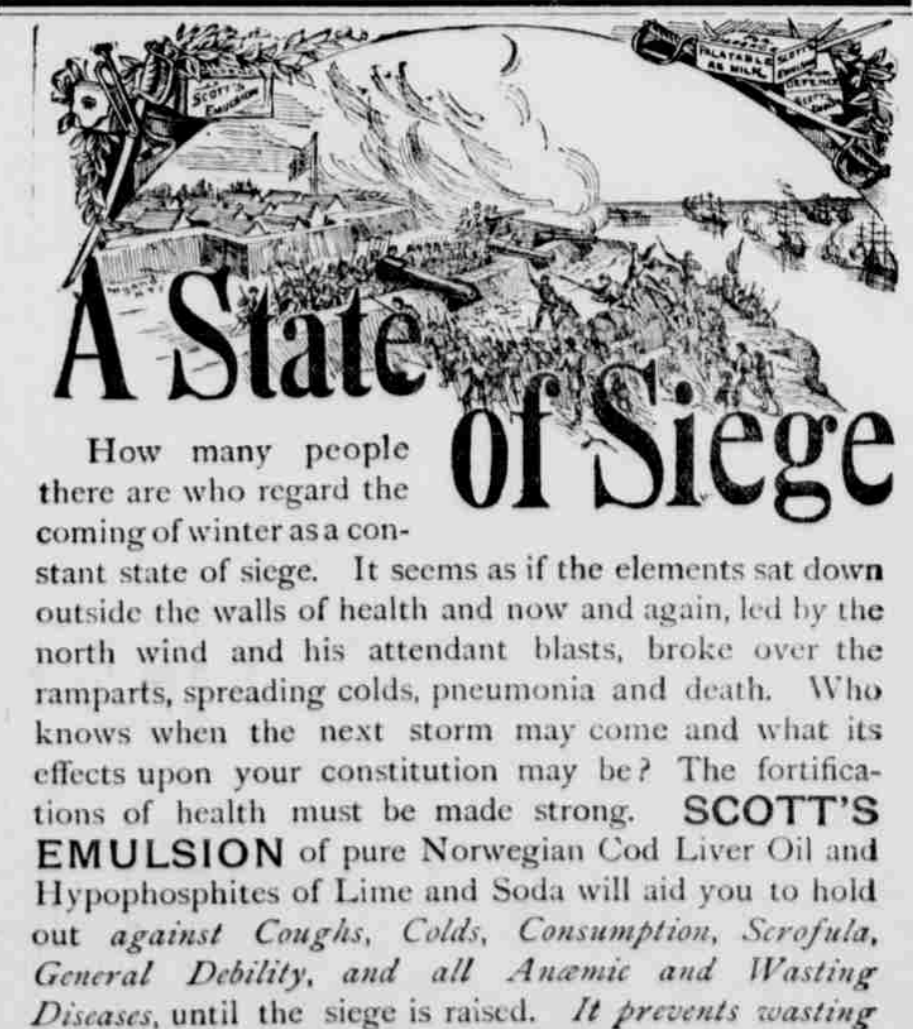
Her home is in Washington, but she was on here making a visit to her daughter Ethel, who is a member of Richard Mansfield's company. — New York Cor. Pittsburg Press.

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In Cipher.—"I sigh for you my love," he said. But these were the ciphers he meant instead—\$1,000,000.



A State of Siege

How many people there are who regard the coming of winter as a constant state of siege. It seems as if the elements sat down outside the walls of health and now and again, led by the north wind and his attendant blasts, broke over the ramparts, spreading colds, pneumonia and death. Who knows when the next storm may come and what its effects upon your constitution may be? The fortifications of health must be made strong. SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will aid you to hold out against Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases, until the siege is raised. It prevents wasting in children. Palatable as Milk.

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