

Emperors in England.

Between the downfall of the Roman empire of the West and the beginning of our own century four emperors have landed upon our English shores. The first of these, Baldwin II, of Constantinople, though he was the son-in-law of the crusading hero Jean de Brienne, for seven long years of war and strain the octogenarian emperor of the East was at first hardly suffered to set foot upon the coast (April, 1238), as he came without an invitation on the occasion of his first visit. Though given so dubious a welcome he managed to leave the country 4700 richer than he entered it; and when he came a second time—a penniless, fugitive beggar who had been forced to sell the holiest treasures of Christendom, the cross on which Christ had suffered, and the crown of thorns that once had circled the Saviour's head—he seems to have trumped up a tale of kinship to the king (1247).

The next inspired visitor was one of quite another kind. It was the last year of the fourteenth century (1400 A. D.), and Henry IV, of England had just supplanted his unfortunate cousin, Richard II, on the throne, when all Europe was startled by the news that Manuel II, emperor of Constantinople, had already started on a pilgrimage to the West to beg the leading monarchs there to aid against the Turks. His progress was a long, triumphant march. Wherever he went there was revelry and feasting. At Venice he was lodged in the palace of a marquis; at Padua the citizens turned out with flaming torches to escort him to his house; at Paris Charles VI, rode out in state to meet him. In England he received a welcome such as never yet had been given to any foreign prince. At Blackheath Henry IV met him and led him through London in state (Dec. 21). Christmas was spent at Eltham. There were jousts and revellies of every kind. The grave aldermen of London with their little "sones" (sons) to help them came out to the old Kent manor house in Christmas week and "made him a great mowing" (i. e., masquerade with king of misrule or merrymen in the new old style) for which they had "gret thanks." At the tournament Henry's eldest daughter, a little maiden of some nine winters, was queen of beauty; and in the affected style of the age, strangely clad warriors from every realm of fairland or fact presented their homage or ran their courses in the lists before her—Manuel looking down upon this strange scene either in bewilderment or delight. Everyone was delighted with so gracious a host as Henry—who, so he wrote to a Greek friend at Florence, was "full of charms" and "friendly unto all."

The English, on the other hand, could not gaze enough on this splendid looking emperor of fifty, this model of manly activity and well-proportioned vigor. They doubtless whispered to one another the tales that came from Paris as to his almost superhuman agility: how, when the French king met him outside Paris, offering him a splendid milk-white horse, Manuel had then and there leaped from his own steed on to the strange creature without so much as setting even one foot upon the ground. They wondered at his snow-white beard—once of a full, rich golden hue—that fell down in profusion over his broad breast—like the beards of the French heroes in the greatest of all mediæval epics. They wondered at his simple dress of flowing white and at his piety as manifested in the daily services he frequented—services conducted in his own Greek tongue and not in the foreign Latin idiom to which they were accustomed. And they heard, perhaps, of a strange incident still living in Constantinople, who claimed descent from British heroes now dead a thousand years and more—"nobles" who still, in the far-off metropolis of the East, spoke their own English tongue and still bore in their hands the same huge battle axes that had crushed the Norman down at Hastings.

The next emperor to visit England was Sigismund—the emperor of the West. He, like Manuel, came to Eng-

land from Paris, and he, too, had great hopes of inducing the king of England, Henry V, to make peace with the king of France and join in one common effort against the conquering Turk. He was welcomed with a splendor that surpassed even the welcome of Manuel, Richard de Beauchamp, the great earl of Warwick, called the "prince of courtesy" by his contemporaries, met him at Calais. The king's youngest brother, the "Good Duke of Humphrey" of Gloucester, the founder of the Bodleian library at Oxford, was sent down to receive him at Dover. At Canterbury he was entertained by Archbishop Chicheley, the founder of All Souls' college; at Rochester and Dartford he was met by two more of the royal brothers, the dukes of Bedford and Clarence; while at Blackheath stood the king himself, Henry V, fresh with all the glory of Agincourt, round his brow, and round him gathered some five thousand of his greatest knights and nobles—along with the mayor of London, Master Nicholas Wotton the draper, accompanied by his aldermen and the city companies in all the splendor of their scarlet robes and many colored liveries. With characteristic modesty Henry quartered his imperial guest in his own palace at Westminster, while he himself sought a humbler lodging at Lambeth. Parliament was not allowed to break up till the emperor had arrived; and a few days later, Sigismund was hurried off to Windsor to be made a knight of the garter—under circumstances of unusual splendor.

Several of our old English chroniclers have preserved an elaborate account of the inauguration banquet on the occasion and of the wonderful dishes upon that royal table—dishes made up to represent the exploits of that St. George, the champion saint of England, in whose honor the Order of the Garter had been founded and in whose name Henry himself had bidden his little army strike home on the day of his greatest victory; dishes of an artistic perfection in design such as would have gladdened the heart of such a master of the cookman's craft as Alcibiades himself. Like Manuel, Sigismund—perhaps the most gifted sovereign of his century—won the hearts of all. When Henry heard of the great victory gained by his brother at Harfleur (August 16, 1416), he galloped off from the Kentish village in which he was staying and would not dismount from his horse's back till he had carried the news to Sigismund at Canterbury; and then the two kings together entered the great minister to render solemn thanks to God. Sigismund's courtesy found expression in his declaration that not merely the lords of his time, but the kings of the future, would be indebted to him, having gained so signal a triumph, but his captives were to be congratulated for having fallen into the hands of so noble a conqueror. As they left Canterbury for the coast Sigismund's retinue strewn the streets with pamphlets on which were written Latin acrostics singing the praises of their English host, and the English land—verses doubtless written by the emperor himself, who was an unrivaled linguist among the monarchs of his time. And for hundreds of years after his departure the English loved to tell each other of the advice he had given to their king—the soundest advice ever given by a foreign prince to English sovereign—bidding him at all costs guard the narrow seas and keep Dover and Calais safe as the very "eyes" of his dominion.

The next emperor to land in England was Charles V; but the story of his two visits—especially the last one when London was decorated to greet him as it never has been before and probably as it never will be here. He came too long to speak of here. He was the last of the emperors who have been seen in England. He alone came with the fixed intention of making peace between two realms that both Manuel and Sigismund had longed to reconcile. Once more we have an emperor in England: He, too, has not visited Paris on his way. Is his role then that of Charles V, or is it that of Manuel and Sigismund?—Saturday Review.

At the Great Capital City

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Consul General Lincoln, writing from Antwerp, to the state department reports: Messrs. Schroder & Voorwilde, tobacco dealers of Antwerp, write me for the names of exporters of Wisconsin tobacco. They say they are especially interested in this kind of tobacco, and can find ready sales for it. They would like to establish connections with one or more American houses.

Inspector General Breckenridge in his last annual report to Major General Miles, makes an argument in favor of the organization of a carrier pigeon service in the army. The navy has experimented successfully with pigeons. It has been decided by the United States commission to the Paris exposition to establish a corn kitchen, for the purpose of showing the Europeans the many food uses to which corn meal and corn products can be put. There will be a number of gas ranges where the process of preparation will be shown.

The war department is going to send four or five hundred soldiers to Alaska early in the spring. They are intended for service in the Cape Nome districts. It is estimated that there will be a large influx of fortune hunters on account of the attractive statement which are being made regarding the prospects there. The duty of the troops will be to preserve order.

A new departure in the policy of the interior department is emphasized by unequivocal refusal which have met all recent requests for loans of Indians for exhibition purposes, and Secretary Hitchcock and Mr. Jones, commissioner of Indian affairs, have determined

the memorial which the Hawaiian people presented to congress. It was handsomely bound in seal leather, and the engraving was in old German text, with the capital letters colored in red and gold, with all sorts of beautiful decorations. At the top of the memorial, which appears to congress for some legislation for the islands, was a shield of red, white and blue. The entire back work was done at Honolulu, and it shows that the people of the island are not lacking in artistic taste.

The war department made public yesterday a statement showing that there are 200,000 storm sufferers in the island of Porto Rico, dependent upon charity, who must continue to look to America for means of subsistence until the banana crop ripens, 2000 more tons of food is needed to stop starvation. The death rate is fearful.

The postoffice department has prepared circulars inviting proposals for carrying the mails next summer from both San Francisco and Seattle to St. Michaels and all points along the Yukon river, as far as Dawson City, Canada; for Nome, Alaska, where the rush of gold seekers is expected next spring, and for additional service to offices on the Alaskan coast.

Senador Quesada, the Cuban commissioner at Washington, has been black-balled by the Metropolitan club of this city. His name was proposed by John Hay, secretary of state, and ex-Assistant Secretary W. W. Rockhill, seconded the nomination. The reason for the action is unknown. The Metropolitan club is the most exclusive club in Washington.

DAWN OF NEW CENTURY.

Rev. A. L. Hutchison, in Seattle, Jan. 2, 1900:—If you are not startled by "dawn of the century" matter I would like the privilege of placing before your army of readers the following calculations.

Two errors to my mind occur in your quotation from the Chicago Post and from the eminent astronomer, Flammarion, December 24th.

First—They both seem to ignore the fact that the Christian era did not begin with the year 1, but with the first hours and days of Christ's life. The second error is in assuming that the year 1900 will not be completed until twelve months hence.

No parent would think of reckoning a child's life from the year one of his existence. You would calculate your son's age from the very hour in which he came into the world by birth. Then you count his age by birthdays in weeks and months. If he should die when eleven months old, the year one would never be written for him, but when the twelve months are fully completed you say "my son is one year old." That year is past. There remains ninety-nine years of his century. If he lives through those ninety-nine years he would say: "I have lived 100 years." And they would be all in the past. Then he would count one month, six months, ten months and say, "I am 100 years and ten months old." When twelve months have passed he would say, "I have lived 101 years." He would not say, "Now I open my second century," but, "I have lived one year in my second century and it is gone."

When Christ was born the world began counting. When he was six months old, half of his first year was gone. When twelve months were ended, year 1 had passed away completely. When our forefathers wrote 1800 years they sealed the record of 1800 years of our era as entirely in the past. If a note given on February 22, fell due in 1800, July 1, the computation would be written thus:

Yr.	Mo.	Day.
1800	7	10
1799	2	22

In like manner when we wrote 1800 we declared that 1800 years of the Christian era were past. Every banker and business man, every student computing accounts, would write the time as I have written it. Last 4th of July would be written:

Yr.	Mo.	Day.
1800	7	4
1799	7	4

i. e., 7 months and 4 days of the year 1900 had passed away. At Christmas we would write the time, 1899 years, 11 months and 25 days. And so when we wrote 1900 on Monday morning, we declared as plainly as figures can that 1000 years of Christ's life had been fully rounded out. Now we write 1900 years, 3 months, 2 days. You ask me "would you take payment of \$20 that way?" Most assuredly. Let us see, Jones owes me \$20. He hands me 75 cents. Would he believe that his first century of cents must be credited to him as beginning when "dollar one" is completed? Not likely. He has paid 75 cents on the first hundred cents, and thus is due \$19.25. Then he hands me 80 cents and I accept to him for \$1.55, i. e., 55 cents on his second hundred cents. Then he hands me \$10, that makes his payment 1,100 cents completed and 55 cents on his twelfth hundred. Then he hands me \$7 and he has paid me 1,855 cents, i. e., 1800 cents completed and 55 cents on his nineteenth dollar. Now for the illustration in it, he hands me 45 cents, i. e., he has paid me 1,000 cents completed and 5 mills in the twentieth dollar. There remains now 90 cents and 5 mills to be paid. When he adds this to 1,000 cents and 5 mills I have 1,900.5 cents plus 90.5 cents or \$20, all paid up. And the twentieth century of pennies is entirely a thing of the past to him. The twentieth century began January 1, 1900.

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson drug store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of a gripe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action. South Chicago Daily Calumet. For sale by J. H. Lunn Druggist.

BEECHAM'S PILLS will dispel the "blues."

RUBBER COLLECTORS' WORK

To the Natives of West-Africa It's a Sort of Picnic.

I have already briefly alluded to the vegetable products of Nigeria, the collection of interest, and deserves more extended treatment, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

Of late years the West Africa rubber industry has grown enormously. In some cases the increase has been phenomenal. The Niger Coast Protectorate and the Gold Coast have within the space of six years doubled their rubber exports. The performance of Lagos has been still more remarkable, although unfortunately the wastefulness, or perhaps it would be fairer to say the lack of scientific knowledge on the part of the natives in tapping the trees and vines, has led to a notable falling off in production during the last two years. According to the statistics recently published in the Bulletin Official of the Congo State, the rubber exported from the territories of the state in 1888 realized 10,000 pounds on the Antwerp market; while in 1898 rubber to the value of 64,000 pounds was exported from the Congo. It seems evident that western Africa will before long rival Brazil as the rubber producing country of the world.

In Nigeria rubber is found, roughly speaking, from Abutshi, 120 miles up the river Niger, as far as Jebba on the Niger and Yola on the Benue. We will suppose, then, that a rubber-collecting expedition has been decided upon by the inhabitants of some village 15 or 20 miles from the river side (rubber in Nigeria is scarce on the actual river banks).

Soon after dawn all the available men and women gather together—a light-hearted, jabbering crowd. Excitement and animation reign throughout the village. The ground is strewn with the implements necessary to the rubber collector's art, and with the victuals essential to the sustenance of his body while the work is being pursued. They include such varied articles as calabashes, "machettes," knives, dried ham in bags, and fresh water in bottles which once contained that delectable, throat-peeling liquid known as Hamburg gin. Mingled with them in apparently hopeless confusion numerous spears and flint lock guns lie scattered. An African forest is not quite as safe as Hyde Park; there is generally something of other on the prow in the shape of leopards, or "hermas"—more often the latter—and it is just as well to be prepared for any emergency. Hence these warlike accompaniments calculated to deceive the inexperienced into a belief that raiding and not rubber is in question.

Through the village and beyond it, passing plantations of millet, yams, Indian corn and cassava, winds the caravan, until the fringe of the forest looms near. Then, abruptly parting with the bright sunlight and the waving fields, we plunge headlong into an atmosphere of gloomy, fantastic weirdness and disappear amid the silent shadows of the giant trees. By this time the caravan is reduced to a single-file formation. It has stretched out for a mile or more along the narrow, curving path, which often takes the form of an almost complete circle, those who compose its extreme rear being within hailing distance of the leaders, while between the two extremes and the center is a broad belt of impenetrable bush. And what a solemnity broods over all! Everything is hushed. The bare feet of the natives sink noiselessly on generation of fallen, rotting leaves. The air is damp, humid and enervating. We glide along in the semi-religious light as though oppressed by some vast, undefined, awesome presence. It is a world of great black shadows and mysterious depths, and within it the soul shrinks and falters beneath a weight of indescribable, all-potent, unvarying melancholy. A hot breath, laden with sickly and overpowering perfumes, rises in stifling gusts till the brain reels and you long with a great yearning for air and light and waving fields. And then suddenly a glimpse of Paradise! Shattered by lightning, or, perchance, rattled with the larvae of some monstrous coleoptera, a forest giant has tumbled headlong, tearing by the impetus of his fall a great rent in the sombre dome above, through which, though chastened and subdued, the sun's rays filter down upon the path beneath. There, in that temporary clearing, nature seems to have lavished all her gifts. Festoons of glorious orchids stretch out their capricious blooms, asking to be plucked. The wild tamarind, with its exquisite plum-colored, plush-like fruit, invites the touch. Round flowers and fruit flowers and fruit flatter countless brilliantly colored butterflies, and the glimpse of a deep tropical blue, far overhead, completes the fairy sight. No palm-tinged oasis among shifting sands can be more blessed to the traveler than these gem-like clearings amid the sullen gloom of the tropical forests of western Africa.

But to return with apologies for this digression, to our rubber collectors. No sooner has the member of a caravan—every one acts as a rule, independently of his fellow—pitched up on a spot which seems propitious than down comes the load from off his head. A little preliminary in the shape of refreshment is ever conducive to good labor, so recourse is had to the cleaving gin bottle and the dried yams. These inner cravings having been satisfied, the rubber-collector makes with his "machette" a number of transverse incisions in the thickest boughs of an adjacent rubber tree or vine, as the case may be; hangs his calabashes (empty gourds) beneath the cruel rent, sees that the sap is running; looks round for more trees, makes more incisions, hangs up more calabashes, and then, feeling thoroughly satisfied with his labors, casts himself down upon the ground and lies there awhile, heedless of the crawling legions of the insect fraternity. Every now and then he will lazily rise and make the round of the trees he has tapped, to assure himself that the sap

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is flowing freely into the calabashes. A good workman will collect three or four pounds of rubber a day, so that, taking an average of say two pounds for each individual, a caravan numbering 150 souls will gather a considerable quantity of the stuff in a comparatively short time. The sap is then boiled in an iron pot, to make it coagulate, salt, and time being sometimes added to help their process of solidification. It is then rolled into balls. When the calabashes are full, the homeward march begins.

The last stage in the business, so far as the native is concerned, has then to be carried out. The rubber having been collected it must be sold. So off goes the collector to the nearest trading station with the spoil. Now, if the ways of the heathen Chinese are dark, the ways of the heathen son of Ham are, like his complexion, darker still. The rubber, he knows, is bought by weight. Primitive reasoning convinces him that if he rolls his rubber round a stone or bullet, not only will it weigh more, but he will be able to make more balls out of the rubber he has collected. The consequence is that the European trader, when he cuts the rubber ball in two (being used to these little pranks), frequently comes across a stone, bullet or other heavy substance embodied in the center, to the unbounded astonishment, needless to remark, of our friend the collector, who cannot for the life of him understand who placed it there, and asserts with much emphasis and gesticulation, that only a ju-ju or spirit of the most depraved character could have played an honest man so low down a trick.

When the rubber has finally passed into the white trader's hands, after the preliminary native preparation, it is still found to contain a large proportion of water (about 10 per cent.) and emits a most disagreeable odor. This water has to be ejected before the rubber is fit for the European market. The balls or cakes are, therefore, placed in a pressing machine, resembling an ordinary mangle, then cleaned of the impurities which may still remain, and finally cut into strips ("biscuits") is the term used in the trade, soaked in sea water to prevent "cweating" and shipped home in wooden casks.

ABOUT THE ANGLO-BOER WAR.

Topography of South Africa Favors the Boers.

No correct understanding of the task or position of the English army in South Africa can be had without a knowledge of the geography and topography of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State—especially of the border lines of these two republics, says the Chicago Times-Herald. The fighting and tactics of the last two months have been about Ladysmith, Mafeking, Kimberley, Modder river, Tugela river, Colburg, Belmont and Stromberg.

The boundaries of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, which the English must cross before they can conquer, are formed by the Mkuai, Umvoti and Tugela rivers, the Khatlamba or Drakenberg mountains, and the Modder and Orange rivers. At every point on the southern, southeastern and southwestern approaches to the republics there is either a river to be crossed, an open plateau to be marched over or a plateau and mountain wall to be scaled. The Mkuai, Umvoti and Tugela rivers sweep across the northeastern border of the Transvaal, the Tugela forming a barrier to the approach at Ladysmith, Dundee and Majuba Hill. The mountain elevations here range from 1200 feet above the level of the sea to more than 11,000 feet. This is in Natal land, where the English occupy the plain approaches and the Boers hold the mountain heights. The Tugela is deep, swift, has slippery banks and is exposed to gun fire from the hill and mountain crests. In this neighborhood and also at Colenso, on the Tugela, there are peaks like Mount Aux Gources, 11,150 feet in height; Mount Melanie, 7,000 feet in height; Majuba, 7,600 feet; Champagne Castle, 10,357 feet, and Giant's Castle, 9,557 feet. The Boers are familiar with every trail of the ranges, have excellent artillery at the passes and guns that command formidable places in the stream. Topographically the English are in the position of a man who must fight uphill a distance of over 150 miles before he passes Majuba and enters the Transvaal valleys. His opponent may always fire down upon him.

The Drakenberg range forms part of the southern boundary of the Transvaal and nearly all of the eastern boundary of the Orange Free State. At Butka Buthe, Ladybrand, Thlotso, Ongelous Nek and Zastron the elevations run from 1000 to 8000 feet, while the passes are few, the streams usually swollen with floods, and the trails obscure or misleading. It is palpably evident that the English are without mountain guides and can not rely on the loyalty

of the Natal Dutch to give them accurate information. In the colesberg district, due south of the Orange Free State, the Orange river forms a barrier of no small size. The stream is one of the noble South-African waterways, the Boer side by plateaus and small ranges from 500 to 1000 feet high. The Modder river breaks away from the Orange south of Kimberley and forms a second obstacle to the approach to the diamond fields. About the Modder river and Kimberley the elevations reach a height of 1100 feet and are controlled by the Boers.

The English column of General Buller is at Tugela river; Methuen is at Modder river. White is cooped up in Ladysmith, Gatacre is at Sterkspruit, and Kimberley is besieged. Topographically, Buller has a climb before him averaging 5000 feet; Methuen's climb will average 2500 feet; White has Boer guns looking down upon him from an elevation of 500 feet, and Kimberley is commanded by guns from 600 to 700 feet above its plane.

If this outer prospect is not inviting the inner topographical formation of the Transvaal is less so. The inner rim is known as the Roggeveld, Nienveld and Quathlamba ranges. The highest point is the Mauchberg, 9,250 feet. There are several ridges known as Verzemelburg, Randberg, Slaugapiesberg and Komatiberg. These fall precipitously eastward toward the Libombia range, which maintains a mean elevation of 2000 feet.

It Saved His Leg.

P. A. Danforth, of LaGrange, Ga., suffered intensely for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg, but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in ten days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Burns, Boils, Pain or Piles it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by Dr. Stone, druggist.

VALUABLE CATTLE.

Corvallis Times, Jan. 6th: This week Mack Porter sold two thoroughbred Polled Angus bulls for \$200. One was a last spring's calf, and the other was about 18 months old. The purchaser was a Mr. Seavey, who resides a few miles from Eugene.

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