

HE IS UP ON SOCIETY.

THE EDITOR OF THE ARIZONA KICKER IS NO SLOUCH.

When It Comes to Etiquette, No One Else Can Travel With Him—The Bad Break That Mrs. de Verde Made Upon a Recent Occasion.

[Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.] ABOUT SIXTY.—When we established THE KICKER, we were a lonesome looking man. We were dead broke for cash, hard up for clothes and we made no pretense as to grammar, poetry or oratory, but in establishing the paper we also determined to establish ourself in society. In fact, we determined to lead it. The people rebelled at the innovation, but we persisted. It gradually dawned upon the populace inhabiting this plateau that we knew the difference between standing up to a dish of dried bean and sitting down to a six course dinner, and they crowded back to give us room



WE WERE A LONESOME LOOKING MAN.

As editor, major and senator, there is no doubt of our being the Ward McAllister of a very large extent of territory, but now and then an individual rises up and attempts to hurt our society feelings. Such was the case last Friday evening when Mrs. Colonel de Verde of Arizona place gave a birthday party and left us out in the cold. She told some of her friends that she did it to rebuke our egotism, and we were no doubt rebuked. In leaving us out in the cold Mrs. de Verde brought disaster upon herself. Viewed from the McAllister standpoint, her party was a flat failure. Half the people present used the finger bowl to drink from, the coffee was sweetened with New Orleans molasses, and she was still napping about when refreshments were served. To further rebuke us she invited the wretched old critic whom we are obliged to refer to as our "esteemed contemporary" and he sat at the head of the table and hollered for tripe and lemonade and corned beef. No wonder the party broke up at 10 o'clock and rushed the gate of its hinges in the mad desire to get away! Yesterday morning Colonel de Verde was taken to Wyoming under arrest. We have known for a year that he was "wanted" there. When the colonel conspired with his wife to pour ice water down our social spinal column, we felt it our duty to send off a brief telegram giving his location. We are not a revengeful man, but we have a policy to carry out. We have provided ourself with a swallow tailed coat, white vest, billed shirt and other adjuncts. We have read up our etiquette. We know when the celery should be removed and the fried eggs substituted. An attempt to snub us may justly be considered a blow at society and will be certain to result in disaster to the snubber.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.—Colonel Keogh, our valued and enterprising correspondent at the World's fair, thus gives our readers his first impressions of Chicago: "Duro my hide, but it beats a cyclone trying to overtake a stampede of the whole herd! Chicago is simply immense. Wasn't founded by anybody in particular, but they woke up one morning and found more'n a million people here. A few old critters who didn't like whiskey kicked for water, and the city went at it and dug a hole which reaches clean across to Muskegon and way up to Mackinaw. They call it Lake Michigan, and it's full of water most all the year round. Not much pasture land and no adobe houses, but every body moving around as if there had been a cloudburst up country and a 10 foot rise of water was expected every minute. Went out with the boys the first thing. Been out with the boys several times. Going out with the boys every day I stay here. More'n a million boys to go out with, and every blamed one of 'em has got the right sort of brand on. Saloon here most everywhere you go, and nobody drinks alone. Saloons are on wheels and keep moving right along with you so as to save time. Got one river here and will have as many more as the people want. Object is to make every body feel at home and split up the money into hanks so that each resident can have some. Women walking around wherever you go, and nobody thinks of laughing them. More'n a million women, and every one worth 6 cents a pound on the hoof. Was introduced to royalty right away. Don't remember what royalty he was, but he held a royal flush to my two pairs and raked in \$15 of good Arizona money. People here show a great desire to oblige. I could have got a room at \$3 per day good enough for a millionaire. Owner offered to consider me a millionaire if I would take it. Policeman not only pointed out a station house to me, but took me in and had my name put on the visitors' book. They don't wear buckskin suits here as a rule, but don't object to a stranger dressing as he pleases. Shall go out to the fair in a day or two. Everybody is pleased thus far, including the critic who got my watch while I was riding on a street car. There is an immense roundup here from all over the world, but Chicago is not overcrowded. You can't overcrowd her. When the pressure reaches a certain point, she bulges out and takes in another slice of the state. This is generally done in the night, so the dust won't annoy people, and you wake up in the morning and find yourself 6 or 7 miles farther away from the city hall than when you went to bed. There is one little piece of state left, I believe, but it was overlooked by accident and will be taken in some night next week."

DISCOURAGING A NEWSPAPER.

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old and had never been sick a day in her life. Trouble with her was she was not in her ways. If she got an idea into her head, it wasn't no use to argue. She'd stick to it if it killed her. "What was the cause of her death?" "Bein so blamed soot. One day she got the idea that she must have some coon meat. We had bacon and b'ar meat in the house, and I offered to get fresh pork, but she'd said coon, and coon she was bound to hev or bust. I talked and talked, but she finally turned on me with: "Reuben, my mouth water's fur coon, and if that's any one on these yere Cumberland mountains I'm goin to hev him befo' I sleep." "She took the ax and started off. I lowed she'd be home by night, but she didn't come. I waited till noon next day and then set out. I knowed about whar she had headed fur, but it was clus upon sundown when I found her. She had started a coon and driv him up a tree and then chopped the tree down." "And got caught as it fell?" "Exactly. A big limb had struck her, and she was shore enough dead. Lay right there pinned to the ground, and she had a beautiful smile on her face. The coon had started to come down and was cotched and killed at the same time, and the carcass wasn't 10 feet away. That's what Mary was smilin at—she'd got the coon and was thinkin how blamed mean I'd feel when she toted it home." "It was sad," I said after a pause. "So 'twas," she sighed, "but I've got one consolation. She's right up there in heaven, and drat her onery hide, she's got to live on the same fodder that the rest of the angels do and quit stoshin around arter coon or possum!"

An American Fable. One day as the fox was passing through the forest he espied a hare, which at once and with great speed disappeared into her burrow. Assuming a smiling expression to hide the chagrin he felt, Reynard approached and said: "My dear madam, perhaps you have not heard the latest news? I have made a public declaration of my intention to reform and lead a different life." "And that's exactly why I was in such a hurry to get out of your way," replied the hare. "Please explain. This lack of confidence on your part hurts my feelings." "Why, sir, in your character of a fox I could always outrun you and find safety, but as a reformer you have got a dozen new tricks which I am not out to and won't feel safe till I learn." "But, my dear madam," persisted the fox, "if you will but come out here and talk the matter over I am sure we shall arrive at a satisfactory understanding. I used to be very fond of hare, but my reformation is complete." By the use of cajolery and argument the hare was induced to leave her burrow, and she was scarcely out when the fox seized her. "How now!" she shrieked. "You solemnly assured me that you had lost your taste for hare!" "Just so, my innocent minded and long legged friend," replied the fox as he made ready for dinner. "While it is true that I have lost my taste for hare I continue to be ravenously fond of rabbit!"



"DON'T YOU DO NO UNLOADIN."

When the cheerin had subsided, Uncle Billy Taylor was called on and said: "A noosepaper will be followed by a skulchouse, and a skulchouse by a livery stable, and afore we know it the wave of civilization will hev rolled over us, and whar will we be? We owe it to ourselves and fucher generations to nip this impudic calamity in the bud. I move that she be nipped. I hain't no orator, but I've got feelin's, and them feelin's warns me to cry out at the top of my voice agin this proposed iniquity!" The editor wanted to get up and say something in reply, but the case was closed. Every man could shut his eyes and call up a picture of bloodshed and desolation, and it was the unanimous verdict that the outfit must move on. We allowed him to turn his mules out to grass for two hours, and he was given a bite of something to eat, and when time was up 30 men escorted him down the creek for a mile and a half. On parting with him Judge Watkins solemnly observed: "Your mind, let this incident sink deep into your nitter and turn you from the evil of your ways. If you want to push them miewls over the rocks and come back and stake out a claim, we'll all help you to be an honest, decent man, but if you are determined to persevere in your awful career then may the Lord have mercy on your soul, and we'll lynch you if you are ever seen on this trail ag'in."

A Major In a Hole. The major and I had been talking of war for a couple of hours as we sat on the veranda in the moonlight, when a man came limping down the street. Just as we caught sight of him the major was relating how he engaged against Hooker's forces at the battle of Antietam, but he cut it so short off that I turned to him and said: "Well, you had driven back the lines and were rushing after them when—when?" "Say, major!" called the new arrival as he halted at the steps, "I reckon I'll hev to see the doctor ag'in."

"Yes, perhaps so. Better see the doctor in the morning. I'm engaged just now, Ben." "I think another bone splinter is workin out on me," continued the man as he felt of his leg. "Yes, perhaps so. Better see the doctor in the morning. I'm engaged just now, Ben." "Cur'us that it don't heal up, sin't it?" queried the man as he felt of his leg some more. "I'll see you in the morning, Ben," replied the major, who seemed to be unnecessarily anxious to get rid of the man. "Yes—say, major, that was a hot fight and no mistake. We lost 16 men out of our company." "Yes—yes! I'll see you in about an hour!" "An awful hot fight. Yo' order him that when we drive Hooker back through the cornfield!" "But you wasn't there. I was thar fur yo', however—as a substitute—and whenever the battle of Antietam is mentioned yo' kin feel that I did my hull dooty! Good night, major!" The major and I sat there for a long, long time after that, but not a word was spoken. We did not even look at each other. By and by, when I was wishing that I was at rest in the cold, damp grave, the major whisperingly observed that he had an appointment to see a man about a mule and rose up and glided away—glided out into the quiet night, and I never saw him again.

A Woman Who Was "Sot." After supper the old mountaineer lighted

old and had never been sick a day in her life. Trouble with her was she was not in her ways. If she got an idea into her head, it wasn't no use to argue. She'd stick to it if it killed her. "What was the cause of her death?" "Bein so blamed soot. One day she got the idea that she must have some coon meat. We had bacon and b'ar meat in the house, and I offered to get fresh pork, but she'd said coon, and coon she was bound to hev or bust. I talked and talked, but she finally turned on me with: "Reuben, my mouth water's fur coon, and if that's any one on these yere Cumberland mountains I'm goin to hev him befo' I sleep." "She took the ax and started off. I lowed she'd be home by night, but she didn't come. I waited till noon next day and then set out. I knowed about whar she had headed fur, but it was clus upon sundown when I found her. She had started a coon and driv him up a tree and then chopped the tree down." "And got caught as it fell?" "Exactly. A big limb had struck her, and she was shore enough dead. Lay right there pinned to the ground, and she had a beautiful smile on her face. The coon had started to come down and was cotched and killed at the same time, and the carcass wasn't 10 feet away. That's what Mary was smilin at—she'd got the coon and was thinkin how blamed mean I'd feel when she toted it home." "It was sad," I said after a pause. "So 'twas," she sighed, "but I've got one consolation. She's right up there in heaven, and drat her onery hide, she's got to live on the same fodder that the rest of the angels do and quit stoshin around arter coon or possum!"

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Presence of Mind. A young woman was recently introduced to Mrs. Croly as "sister of So-and-so, the artist." Instantly the exclamation followed: "I should have known the relationship, my dear, by the resemblance. Why, it is positively startling. I never saw two faces more exactly alike in contour and—"

A Prisoner's Gratitude. Counsel for the defense had pleaded with such earnest and pathetic eloquence on behalf of his client, who stood charged with robbery, that the audience was moved to tears, and the prisoner himself was mopping his eyes with a "wipe" of flowered silk. At that moment the barrister, happening to glance in his direction, suddenly stopped in his speech and exclaimed: "Why, the rascal is using my pocket handkerchief!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Great Progress. On the first day of small Dean's attendance at school he came home in a highly jubilant state of mind. "Oh, mamma!" he cried in excited and exultant tones, "what do you think! I've only been to school one day, and I've learned to say 'yeather and neyther' instead of 'either and neither.'"—New York Tribune.

An Ebbing Tone. Maude—Oh, Charley (sobs), I'm afraid you don't love me any longer! Charley—Good gracious, my love. What has put that into your head? Maude—Because, dear, before we were engaged it used to take you two hours to say goodby, but now it only takes you 10 minutes.—Tit-Bits.

He Spoked It. "What did you do with that cigar I gave you?" "I gave it to Jones." "Did he smoke it?" "Oh, yes. I didn't tell him you gave it to me."—Brooklyn Life.

Interest. Wool—I have been living for a month at a cost of 8 cents a day. Van Pelt—That all it cost you? Wool—Oh, no. I paid \$20 a week. Eight cents a day was what it cost my landlady.—Truth.

The Right Sort. A.—May I offer you a cigar? B.—No, thanks. I smoke very seldom. A.—Then help yourself. With this particular brand you will break off the habit altogether.—Lustige Blatter.

Universal.

MAKING UP HER MIND.

It Didn't Take Her Long When That Question Was Asked. He was a little slow about speaking, and she decided to give him a little assistance. It was a sunshiny day, and she sat on a bench in Lincoln park furtively scanning the roadway; at last she started and opening her book began to read in the most absorbed fashion. She had, seen him coming. He approached with an air of whistling unconcern, twirling his cane and whistling "After the Ball."

"Why, Miss Daisy, is this you?" "Why, Mr. Barnacle, who would ever have thought of seeing you here?" "Well, I thought it was such a lovely afternoon for a walk." "So did I, besides." "Besides what?" "Oh, nothing. It is only concerning myself, not worth mentioning. How is Alice?" "Anything concerning you is worth mentioning, Miss Daisy. As for Miss Alice, I really haven't seen her for an age." "I am sorry the time seems so long. Perhaps you want to go to see her now—if so, pray don't let me detain you." She drove her parasol into the ground with a vim which frightened away a couple of housewifely sparrows which had been discussing the scarcity and poor quality of worms.

"I hadn't intended to go, but if I am intruding I will." "Oh, Mr. Barnacle, I didn't mean that." "Besides I am sure Miss Alice doesn't want to see me." "I'm sure I don't know why a girl with as many freckles as that"—she gave her head a toss which set all the roses on her hat in motion. "And I only came here this afternoon because I hoped I might happen to meet you, as I did yesterday." He tenderly brushed a spider from her dress as he spoke. "I came out this afternoon because"—"Because you thought you might?" "Nothing of the kind, I assure you, Mr. Barnacle. I—I hadn't the slightest idea of meeting you. I only came because"—"Perhaps you expected to meet some one else, then, and I"— "The tears came into her eyes. "I see you are determined to quarrel," she said stiffly. "I was only going to say that I came out this afternoon because"— "Because what, Miss Daisy?" "Because—why, I thought men were never-curious, Mr. Barnacle!" "I am not at all curious, Miss Daisy, but I forgive you the imputation—I could for you anything."

"Oh, Mr. Barnacle! Of course you are not curious, I was only joking. Well, I came out this afternoon because—oh, dear, I can never tell you!" "But you must tell me, Miss Daisy, else I shall think that it was because you expected to meet somebody else." "Well, then, if I must tell, it was because Mr. Coldcash was coming this afternoon to ask me—well, a question, and I hadn't made up my mind how to answer him." There was a silence in which her eyes drooped and the colors in his trousers spoke. Then he said in a firm voice: "I, too, have a question to ask you, Miss Daisy." The sparrows did their marketing unheeded at their feet, and her book lay with crumpled leaves in the roadway. Half an hour later a park policeman loitering by smiled broadly as he looked at them. She had evidently made up her mind.—Chicago Tribune.

Showed Himself a Leader. The inhabitants of a certain Florida town are mostly engaged in wrecking and manage to support themselves very comfortably from the proceeds. Sunday services at the frame church are always well attended. One Sunday recently the church was crowded with worshippers. The minister was at thirdly when a man rushed to the door and yelled "Wreck!" There was immediately a tremendous scramble. The minister called "Halt!" at the top of his lungs, and as the congregation paused was seen to glide down from the pulpit, and saying, "Let's all have a fair start," he rushed down the aisle and was the first one out.—Harper's Bazar.

Different Methods of Travel. Miss Pinkerly (at the World's fair)—Ah, Mr. Tutter, this is a delightful pleasure! How long do you expect to remain in Chicago? Young Tutter—I am making preparations to leave tomorrow. Miss Pinkerly—How unfortunate! I expect to be here three weeks before going back. I was in hopes that I might see something of you while here and possibly that we might go on to New York together. Young Tutter (sadly)—From present indications, Miss Clara, we shall probably both arrive there about the same time.—Truth.

He Knew His Business. It was in a moment of absent-mindedness—even the best of us will be off our guard sometimes—and he had been engaged to some 17 girls. She leaned her head upon his shoulder, and looking into his eye said: "How do you know that you love me, dearest?" He replied with a faraway look in his eyes: "Well, I guess I know my business."—Star Sayings.

Meeting Them Half Way. Egg Importer—Do you want any fresh eggs today? Manager of Stores—Yes, but the committee met this week and decided to get them at 14 for a shilling, instead of 12.—Egg Importer (next morning)—Our hens lay little meeting last night and they weren't going to lay at that price.—Tit-Bits.

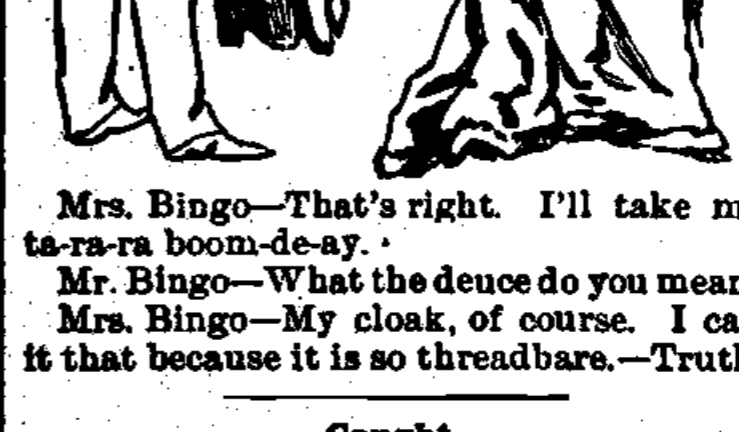
Wanted to Celebrate.

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How He Liked Them.

Eight-year-old Sam spent a winter in Florida and was limited to two little girls for playmates—the only children in the vicinity. Both were charming little maidens—one a plump, heavy little blond damsel, and the other a slim, witchy little dark eyed elf.

It was soon apparent to the young man's mother that he exhibited a decided partiality for Ethel, the stout little playmate, always giving her the largest piece of cake, the lion's share of the caramels, and the preference in all matters of play. So the mother remarked one day, with wise desire to equalize her son's attentions: "Sam, you ought not to give Ethel more than you do Isabel; you should treat them just alike; Isabel is just as nice as Ethel." It is easily imaginable that the small boy's mother was somewhat staggered when that discriminating youth answered gravely, "I like 'em fat."—New York Tribune.



She Wanted a New One.

Mrs. Bingo—That's right. I'll take my ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay. Mr. Bingo—What the deuce do you mean? Mrs. Bingo—My cloak, of course. I call it that because it is so threadbare.—Truth.

Caught. "I had never seen a lunatic before," said Wilkins, "so when my friend told me that that was a lunatic asylum I looked hard to see if I couldn't discover one of the lunatics. Sure enough, there on the top of the fence sat a lunatic. I don't know what possessed me, but I made a face at him. Then down he jumped and came at us on full speed." "Run for your life," said my friend. Off we started, the lunatic, a tall, powerful fellow, in full chase. Oh, how he ran! My heart was beating like a trip hammer. My breath came short and thick. I felt a strange, sinking sensation in my stomach, and my head seemed light enough to fly off into space. Every time I looked back the madman had gained on us. I could hear his quick, light footsteps all ten or a dozen feet behind us. In a minute he would be on us, I turned to face him. On he came, his tongue hanging out like a dog's, his eyes protruding, his hands clenching nervously at his side. I could see a fenshish look of vacant triumph on his face. I braced myself for the shock. His hand fell heavily on my shoulder. "You're it!" he gasped.—Boston Budget.

An Operation at Half Price. A certain millionaire who had turned blind, probably with gazing at his dollar, went to consult an oculist. It was a case of cataract, and the operator's fee amounted to 50 louis. Our Harpagon loudly demurred to paying such an enormous sum, but the doctor remained inflexible, and he had to give in! Next day the practitioner set to work and removed the cataract on the right eye. The patient, overjoyed, cried out that he could see quite well—in fact, he discerned all objects presented to him and distinguished the colors. "Now," said the oculist, "let us proceed with the other eye." "The other eye?" rejoined the millionaire. "What's the use? I can see quite well now, and as you charge 50 louis for the entire operation here's 25. I'd rather remain blind in one eye and keep the other 25 louis."—Observateur.

Hardly What She Meant. Edith—What a lonesome spot a social gathering is where one is such a dancier! Harold—It is indeed, 'pon honor, doncher know. Edith—I don't know what I should have done but for you. You are the oasis of the evening's desert. Harold—Really I am beholden to you, Miss Edith. Edith—Yes, dear Harold, you are the evening's oasis—the one green spot in all the dreary waste.—Texas Sittings.

Frightened. "Do you have any trouble with your freaks?" asked the visitor of the dime museum man. "Lots of it," returned the keeper. "The ossified man is always kicking, but I guess he won't kick much more." "Why so? Have you given in to him?" "No, but I told him the next time he growled I'd give him to the dog faced boy for lunch."—Harper's Bazar.

Obliging. Tramp—Can you give me something to eat, madam? Mrs. Hayrich—Yes, if you will chop up that cord of wood and store it away in the cellar. Tramp—Won't you also allow me to plow up that field and paint the house and barn?—Brooklyn Life.

He Wasn't In Earnest. Mamma—Did the wretch really try to kiss you? Chicago Girl—No, it was about the weakest bluff I ever stood off. He quit and began to apologize the minute I said I'd scream.—Detroit Tribune.

At a Disadvantage. Lady—I wish you would paint me a storm at sea. Marine Painter—Impossible, madam. "Other artists paint storms at sea." "Yes, but I've seen one."—New York Weekly.

RAIL ROAD TICKETS—SPECIAL RATES—Agency Anchor Line Steamships all Euro ports, Mediterranean points; Agency U.S. & U.S. Pacific railway; World's Fair excursion first class cars: Kansas City, St. Paul, Duluth, St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco. Excursions to all leading cities. OWEN'S TICKET OFFICE.

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SMOKE THE CELEBRATED Crystal Spring Cigar 5c. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS. C. F. Lighton, SYRACUSE.

Table with columns: NO., EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE, and list of streets and buildings.

We have been time and again asked the question why the Chilton Paints have such a high gloss. The Chilton Paint Co. in buying linseed oil, contracts for "prime, well-settled, old-fashioned, raw linseed oil." This is, being interpreted, oil crushed from prime or first quality flaxseed and which has been tanked and allowed to settle. The oil is then drawn from the upper part of the tank, leaving undisturbed the lower part. "Old fashioned linseed oil" is from seed crushed and pressed instead of a recent method called the naptha process. Having obtained this oil, the Chilton Co. tank it again, and the oil gradually loses what little moisture it originally possessed and becomes very heavy bodied. It is this cause and the seven mixings and grindings given each shade, crushing and grinding each particle of pigment into each particle of oil that produces the lustre. On well painted houses this gloss alone has been known to last three years; ordinarily the gloss on newly painted houses where common paints are used vanishes in from six months to one year. For sale by C. A. REEVE & CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

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New Optician. S. A. SPANGENBERG has secured accommodations with LOUIS BECHARD, Watchmaker & Jeweler.