A STUDY OF HEADS.

The Horrors and Ghastly Attractions of an Anatomical Museum.

One of the most ghastly sights in Munich is to be witnessed in the Anatomical museum, on Schiller strasse. It consists of the heads of persons who have been guillotined in Bavaria for a good many years back.

I dropped into the museum yesterday and paid for my prurient curiosity by the loss of my appetite for the rest of the day. The museum contains a good many attractions, but these heads are the great drawing-card. Nothing is said about them in the guide-books, and so the average tourist goes and comes without the slightest suspicion that so remarkable a spectacle is to be seen for a very small fee. The heads in question are just inside of the door, to the right as you enter. They are inclosed in rows of glass jars filled with alcohol. There are seven in a single row which are made more conspicuous than the rest, for the reason, I suppose, that they are souvenirs of criminals who attempted some extraordinarily audacious thing, and therefore became specially celebrated. The eyes were all closed, and the faces expressionless I looked in vain for any that bespoke still, by facial distortion, the agony of dread which must have inspired the victim as he approached the instrument of his death. Not a few wore mustaches, but none beards; from which I infer that it is customary to shave the chin before execution. The eyes of over half the heads had been cut out.

An examination of the places where the neck had been severed revealed skilful work on the part of the machine, as a rule. Some were as neatly cut as an apple that you halve to divide with a friend. One head had evidently belonged to a man with a short neck, as the amputation had taken place so close to the chin as to almost pare off its under surface. A few necks were very ragged where the knife had struck, as though the machine had bungled—necessitating more than one stroke. The heads of prisoners executed in Bavaria are thus publicly preserved, for the warning of those who are disposed to be similarly lawless and the bodies are turned over to the medical students for dissection.

The anatomical collection contained many other remarkable attractions. There were shelves loaded down with skulls and dried heads. The various organs of the body were preserved according to several methods, some specimens being preserved in alcohol, others dried, pickled, etc. The odor was by no means savory, or else my imagination is too vivid. There were glass tanks filled with alcohol containing nearly full-length sections of the body, sawed and split so as to illustrate the functions of all the myriad organs. There were dried bodies intact, hung up as skeletons are usually hung. There were also all sorts of malformations and monstrosities presented in bottles and glass retorts. The assortment of infants with an extra number of heads, arms or legs was especially comprehensive. A series of glass jars contained heads of individuals who had evidently met with violent accidental deaths, as their cracked skulls or mashed countenances implied,

In fact, the place was such a repository of horrors that I hurried from it with a feeling that I had been following some invisible Mephistopheles into the infernal regions by special permit.—*Cor. Kansas City Journal.*

How it Feels to be in a Battle.

The question has been often asked: "How do soldiers feel when in battle?" and it is one difficult to answer. A long experience amongs veterans in the ranks leads the writer to believe that the emotion experienced in going under fire is much the same with all men. To the raw recruit the crash of small arms and the roar of cannon were simply appalling; he felt that he was going forward to certain death. With pale cheeks and clenched teeth he held his place, determined to do his duty as best he might. If very much excited he loaded his musket, and, forgetting to put on the necessary percussion cap, went through the motion of firing, only to ram a fresh cartridge on the top of the first one, when, for the first time using a cap, he was incontinently knocked down by the tremendous recoil of his gun, and believed he was badly wounded. Instances are known where muskets have been found on battle-fields containing six or seven cartridges. Finally, the green soldier discovers that he is not hurt, and that everybody does not get killed in an engagement, so he regains confidence and passes successfully through his baptism of fire.

To the veteran it is far different. He knows too well that every battle reduces the average chance of his escape, yet so habituated does he become to rattling fusilades and desperate charges, he scarcely heeds the danger surrounding him. The shriek of the shells over his head, the buzz of the bullets past his ear, are now familiar sounds, and, trusting to the chances of war, the infantryman fires rapidly with his musket or the artilleryman calmly rams home another charge of grape and canister as his battery opens at close range on an advancing body of the enemy. All men are naturally afraid of death, but the trained and experienced soldier learns to keep down that fear, and nonchalantly do whatever is required of him.—*George F. Williams.*

The Prince of Wales attained his 43rd year yesterday. His birthday was publicly celebrated on Saturday, when the usual royal salute was fired. The Guards went through the ceremony of trooping the colors, which attracted a large crowd of spectators to Hyde Park, and at night a large number of handsome illuminations were displayed in the city.

The Nun of Kenmare, who was compelled to turn back from her mission to America by the seasickness of Sister Evangelista, resumed her journey yesterday, taking passage on the Alaska at Queenstown. Canon Monahan is already on his way to New York, and it is hoped that a large sum may be collected in America to aid the Nazarine Sisters in their work of caring for orphans and semi-orphaned children.

In the British House of Commons Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, stated that Mexico ratified the agreement in regard to the conversion of the Mexican debt made in England on October 28th.

ELECTION BETTING.

Some of the Great Sums Wagered by New Yorkers.

Lumping all the money that has been bet in this city on general and particular results of the elections the amount will not fall far short of $2,000,000. Most of it is in the hands of stakeholders, or deposited in bank in the form of certified cheques. At Kelly & Bliss', in Twenty-eighth street, the casher said that they were holding $200,000, which had been bet in varying amounts from $100 up to $10,000. They would not pay out any of the money until after the official count. Among the heaviest betters during the campaign was Major Shaugnessy, of Montana, formerly Sheriff in that Territory. He has bet at various times at the Hoffman House sums aggregating $30,000, all on Blaine. He will probably be one of the heaviest losers in in the sporting fraternity. William Wise, of Harper's, has bet altogether $25,000 on Cleveland. While he will be a general winner he will lose some of his more reckless bets, among which are several of $1,000 to $5,000 that Cleveland would have 100,000 majority in this State. Mr. Kelly, of Kelly & Bliss, is said to have bet $50,000 on Blaine. S. V. White, the broker, better known as Deacon White, is said to have bet $60,000 on Blaine, which is the largest amount any individual has staked on the result. Jay Gould made three bets of $5,000 each the Saturday before election, all on Blaine. He has, besides, bet about $15,000 on the tatooed knight and must now add $30,000 to the general losses he has sustained by the defeat of his favorite candidate. His partner, Wash Connor, loses $5 000, which he had bet through his brother. James D. Smith, a broker, also loses $5,000 on Blaine.—*N. Y. World.*

A Tin Horn Brigade Let Loose.

The stars and stripes floated last night from every point on the outside of the Democratic National Headquarters where it was possible to stick a flag. Beside the portico a big placard portrayed the downfall of the Republican party. Between the brilliantly lighted windows a bit of canvas floated, with the legend,

"We've Got 'Em!"

Hundreds of men men banked the sidewalks opposite the snapping flags and whooped things up for Cleveland. Hundreds of other Democrats jammed the parlors. Tiny brooms protruded from their coat lapels, Cleveland pasteboard spectacles hung on their noses, and little feathered roosters adorned their hats. Every man had a tin horn inside his coat when he came in. With one accord they swung their hats in air, and yelled,

Three cheers for New York!
Hooray for Cleveland!

Then each man jerked out a horn, glued his mouth to it, and blew with all his lung power until the building rang as if rent by a convention of fog horns. Then they cheered for everything that came into their heads. It was humorously and tremendously infectious. In half a minute both indoors and out these couplets were reverberating everywhere:

'Rah! 'Rah! Hooray for we,
We've hung Jim Blane on a sour apple tree!

Blaine! Blaine! Oh, where is Blaine!
Sick at his stomach in the State of Maine!

Whoopla! Whoopla! Grover's in,
Don't you forget it, Grover's in?

Hoot, hoot hoot Jay Gould,
The people of Gotham can't be fooled!

—*New York Sun of Saturday.*

Gas and Girls.

The Superintendent of the Toronto Telephone Exchange says in an interview: "A part of our new apparatus will be a two-man-power gas engine, and it will be used for rather a novel purpose. People who ring up the central office on the average of two or three dozen times a day probably may not think that there is severe manual labor in answering the call of 900 such subscribers. The right arms of our lady operators are continually at work twirling the cranks of the electric bells, and they can tell you what sort of work it is. They've all developed wonderful muscles in their arms on the head of it, but still it is fatiguing work and we find that it can be done just as well by machinery. The gas engine will supply the motive power for the running of these bells. All the operator will require to do to answer a call will be to press a button and the bell rings."

French as it was Spoken by a Scotchman.

Says the Waterloo *Advertiser:* "Mr. White, who has just been elected to the Local Legislature for Megantic, is a shrewd, intelligent Scotchman, just in the prime of life. He is a business man and has strong common sense. Though not an orator he is a good public speaker, and will no doubt be heard in the debates of the House. Mr. White, however, cannot speak French, and during the canvass his opponent, Dr. Hume, had the advantage of him in that respect. Mr. White's French Liberal friends, seeing that something had to be done, got up a short French speech for him which he committed to memory. The delivery of this speech with a pronounced Scotch accent is said to have been one of the most humorous incidents of the campaign."

Enormous profits are anticipated from the pearl fisheries in Lower California.

While a freight train from Montreal on the C.P.R. was entering on to the bridge across the Ottawa, about 10 o'clock yesterday morning, two cars left the track. One of them before the engine could be stopped was hanging over the embankment into the water. Workmen were busily engaged all day, and at a late hour this evening got the line cleared for traffic. The reason of the cars leaving the track was due to a stick of timber which got displaced from a loaded car.

The supposed suicide at Montmorency, Que., some weeks ago turns out only a humbug. The young man Blanchet, it appears, had run heavily in debt, and probably wishing to elude his creditors, skipped over the line, taking with him $180 belonging to his father, and leaving notes in his hat, etc., beside Montmorency cataract to make out that he committed suicide. A young lady is said to have left with him to share his ill-gotten gains. The father of the decamper is a man of very limited means, and this loss has affected him very much. He is too old to work, being 76 years of age.

ELECTING THE PRESIDENT.

Work to Be Done by the Electors Chosen Nov. 4th.

New York *Herald:* Technically speaking the President is not elected by the people and the people do not vote directly for any presidential candidate. They cast their ballots for electors, and these electors choose a President and a Vice-President. In each State the number of electors is equal to the number of senators and representatives which the State has in Congress. In New York there are 36 electors. Each party has an electoral ticket with the names of these 36 electors printed on it. Voters who wish to vote for Cleveland will cast their ballots for the Cleveland electoral ticket. The electoral ticket which receives the greatest number of popular ballots in the State will be chosen by the people, and the electors named on it will be entitled to give their votes for the candidate whom they represent. The electors who are chosen will meet in each State on the first Wednesday in December and cast their votes for a President and Vice-President. As a matter of law they can then vote for whom they please. They are not legally bound to vote for Cleveland or Blaine or any other person who was a candidate before the people. As a matter of usage and public trust they are expected to vote for the candidate whom they are pledged to support. Certificates of the votes cast by the electors in each State are then made out and sent to Washington. These certificates will be opened in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives and counted on the second Wednesday in February. The total number of electoral votes is 401. The candidate for President receiving a majority of these, that is, 201, will be declared President. If no person has such majority, then the election goes into the House of Representatives, which is required to choose a President from the persons (not exceeding three) who have received the most electoral votes for President. In the House the vote is by States, each State having one vote.

Humors of the Campaign.

(From Saturday's N. Y. World.)

Later in the day a solid phalanx of 500 happy Democrats passed the *Sun* office, and, anchoring in front of the *Tribune*, shouted in chorus, like a crowd of college boys:

Blaine, Blaine,
We gave him a pain,
The con-ti-nen-tal liar
From the State of Maine.

HOW ARE ALL THE STATES?

Then a big fellow in a tall silk hat inquired with stentorian tones: "How's New York?" and from 500 throats came the cry with unison, and with the peculiar rhythmic cadence so familiar during the campaign:

Oh—she's all right!
How's Indiana?
Oh—she's all right!
How's Connecticut?
Oh—she's all right!

Catching sight of the flags on the *Tribune* building the crowd set up a shout of "Take down the flags." Some one suggested that they should be inverted as a signal of distress, and the volatile crowd at once took up the couplet yelling:

Nancy Reid, you've made a mess—
Turn down the flag, you're in distress.

No answer come from the tall tower and the twenty-five policemen, and an ominous placard both proclaimed "No admittance." The bulletin in front of the office at 10 o'clock seemed to incense the crowd. It read:

The *Tribune* can find no reason to change its estimate of the result, namely, that Blaine has won.

The crowd, as soon as it appeared, took up the cry, "Another *Tribune* Lie," and after yelling that over until they were tired drifted into:

Grover, Grover,
Had a walk over.

A few minutes later a new chorus was sung in answer to the couplet of the Blaine men of

Ma, Ma,
Where's my pa?
Gone to the White House,
Ha, ha, ha!

One man astride an electric-light pole asked the questions and hundreds roared the answers. The Gould primer began with:

Who buys up Presidents?
Jay Gould!
Who corrupts the Supreme Court?
Jay Gould!
Who furnished Blaine's soap?
Jay Gould!
Who are we after?
Jay Gould!

This usually ended the lesson with a howl that was expressive.

A Tale of the Sea.

St. James' Gazette: Mr. Padgham, of Roodlane Chambers, writes: "In the month of July last a lady took a passage per steamer Galicia for Cadiz from London. She had an infant with her, but hardly any luggage. She seemed much attached to the infant, but was very reserved in her manner. When the vessel was off the Portuguese coast, near Lisbon, it encountered very rough weather, and a heavy sea washed the poor thing overboard when walking one morning on the after-deck, leaving the infant, a bright little boy, friendless. The only clue to identity was the child's linen being marked 'H. Johnson,' and a letter addressed 'Mrs. Johnson, Post Resante, Cadiz, being found in the lady's bag. The captain brought the child to London, where it has been placed in the care of a nurse until some one may claim it. Every inquiry has been made at Cadiz, but no clue can be ascertained. The lady was tall, fresh-colored, about 28 years of age, and well educated. Any communication will be gladly received by Mr. R. Pike, 1 New London street, or by myself, as I was a passenger on board at the time."

Prof. Jones, Superintendent of Schools, with another gentleman and five ladies entered a skiff upon an artificial lake at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, on Saturday night. The boat capsized, and Prof. Jones, Ella Carpenter, a school teacher, and Etta Leter and Edward Braugh, students, were drowned. The others were saved.

An Ottawa despatch says the square timber outlook in the woods this winter is unfavorable, and other kinds of lumbering promise only slightly better. For the first time in 27 years Mr. Peter McLaren will take out no square timber this winter, having last season's yet unsold in Quebec, with no market offering.

A Great Problem.

—*Take* all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines,*
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures,*
—Take all the *Ague,* Fever and bilious *specifics,*
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *revivers,*
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short,* take all the best qualities of these, and the *—best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that *—Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all *—concentrated.*
—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or *—combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY Buffalo, Oct. 1st, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A WORKINGMAN.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name

Cali and other towns in Southern Colombia report that the severest shock of earthquake experienced for three years was felt on Thursday night. The church of San Pedro at Cali was wrecked, and another church and several houses suffered severely. Other towns escaped without serious injury.

Halcyon Day.

How varied the range of association upon the human mind. Memory is ever fond of preserving pictures of events, but the character of such events must be different to meet the peculiarities of the individual. The pleasant recollections of one would fail to find a place in the memory of another, but to our mind the halcyon days are those that follow the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the same safe and painless corn cure, for it promptly relieves the misery by removing the aching corns. Try Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, and see that no substitute is palmed off as genuine.

Mrs. Cagley, the wife of an English Life Guardsman, is said to be the coming London beauty. She was a Miss Campbell and the daughter of a music dealer.

As if by Magic.

This is always the case when Polson's NERVILINE is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more penetrating and quicker in action than any other remedy in the world. Buy a bottle of Nerviline to-day, and try its wonderful power of relieving pain of every description. Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is just the thing to have in a house to meet a sudden attack of illness. Only 25 cents a bottle. Sample bottles only 10 cents, at any drug store.

William Taylor, Bishop to Africa, says his parishioners have only two suits—dirt and paint. The Bishop probably thinks being "clothed in sunshine" too thin.

—The old custom requiring saleswomen in dry and fancy goods stores to stand all day long without rest or relief is being superseded by more humane rules in many of our leading business houses. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is highly praised by those who have not yet been freed from the old necessity for constant standing, and is a genuine blessing in every such case, as well as to the tired-out housekeeper who must be on her feet all day.**

Owen Brown, the only survivor of the Harper's Ferry episode of 1859, lives in the Jay Cooke island mansion "Gibraltar," Put-in-Bay Island. Owen is now 55 years of age.

Throat and Lung Diseases

a specialty. Send two letter stamps for a large treatise giving self-treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

According to the London *Truth* a member of the aristocratic family of Cavendish has opened a tea shop at Eastbourne, in Kent, and is receiving a full share of public support from the inhabitants and visitors, who have benefited so much by the judicious enterprise of his relative, the lord of the soil.

* * * Pile tumors, rupture and fistulas, radically cured by improved methods. Book two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Lord Byron is said to have written the last cantos of Don Juan on the backs of old play bills and read them therefrom to the Countess Guiccioli.

James A. Buck, a Canadian, sends out an address to the "thirsty of knowledge," as he calls them, saying that he is willing to go to any city in the United States or Great Britain to teach the true origin of our race, the true cause of human depravity, and true salvation, if his expenses are paid.

There were 18,928,000 bushels of grain used the past year in the production of spirits.

You Can't Make $500 by Reading This,

even if you have chronic nasal catarrh in its worst stages, for although this amount of reward has for many years been offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of catarrh they cannot cure, yet notwithstanding that thousands use the Remedy they are seldom called upon to pay the reward, and when they have been so called upon they have universally found that the failure to cure was wholly due to some overlooked complication, usually easily removed by a slight modification of the treatment. Therefore, if this should meet the eye of anybody who has made faithful trial of this great and world-famed Remedy without receiving a *perfect* and *permanent* cure therefrom, that person will do well to either call upon or write to the proprietors, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., giving all the particulars and symptoms in the case. By return mail they will get good advice, free of all costs.

The despatch from New York announcing the result of the Presidential election reached Lima in two minutes.

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Thos. T. Shine, of Lockport, went out and left her seven-months-old baby in care of an eight-year-old brother. When she returned she found that the baby had been shot by the boy through the head. The baby died last evening.

Compared with other English counties Devonshire and Somersetshire have suffered very little from the agricultural depression, the farming being dairy and root crops chiefly.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

☞ ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. ☜

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

D. C. N. L. 47 84.

30 DAYS' TRIAL
DR. DYE'S

(BEFORE) (AFTER)

ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them once for illustrated pamphlet free.

EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. C. P., S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Oculist and Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, and Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorefield's and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital. 317 Church Street Toronto. Artificial Human Eyes

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Best PLACE to secure a Business Education or Spencerian Penmanship at the SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE Detroit, Mich. Circulars free