Fired and sleepy, with drooping head, I wonder why she lingers, And when all the good-nights are said, Why somebody holds her fingers.

Holds her fingers and draws her down, Suddenly growing bolder, Till her loose hair drops its masses brown Like a mantle over his shoulder.

Over the baluster soft hands fair Brush his cheeks like a feather; Bright brown tresses and dusky hair Meet and mings together.

There's a question as 'col, there's a swift careas She has flown like a bird from the hallway: But over the balu-ters drops a "Yes," That shall brighten the world for him alway.

## CURED OF JEALOUSY.

Mr. Andrew Frosty chanced to reside in one of a long, straight row of houses, no one of which here any special mark on its front by which it could be distinguished from another. Each had seven steps and a portico.

Tack on another item. Mr. Frosty was terribly jealous of his wife. Now, it is an awful thing for a man to be jealous of his wire at a.l. with or without reason. When man or wife falls into such a habit as that, they may as well draw their cotton caps over their eyes and say good night to the world. Living is no sort of an object to them.

But whether Mr. Frosty had any reason to be fealous of his wife is not what we are going to settle. And yet we never thought he could have; for a more amiable wife than she made him it would be hard to mal. Mrs. Frosty was young and beautiful, and her manners were very taking. It may be that these were Mr. Prosty's reasons for his jealousy; but if so, why didn't he marry a plainer woman ?

Not many doors off and in the same row of dwellings lived Colonel Sawyer, who rather prided himself on being esteemed a gentleman. Without assuming to be what is popularly termed a ladies' man, he nevertheless was extremely particular in his carriage toward them, aiming always to impress them with a sense of his perfect purity, chivalry and truth. No one in the neighborhood ever suspected him of being capable of insulting any oneleast of all a lady. Mothers held him up to their sprouting sons as an example of the lofty and true. And fathers spoke of him to their daughters, and hoped that if they ever thought of marriage they would be satisfied with nothing less than a character like him.

Coming home musingly and with his head bent one evening, the colonel thought no such accident was possible that he should mistake his own house, especially as he had been in and out that way so many times. Perhaps the very fact that he felt such a confidence was the greater reason why he should make a mistake at all. But as he was very much occupied with his reflections, he abandoned himself entirely to what he knew of the way home, and thought he should reach there all in good time. The con-equence was that he quietly slipped himself in through Mr. Frosty's front door, hung up his hat and coat in the hall, and started for the dining-room.

As all the houses in the row were so much alike on the outside, their internal arrangements were pretty much on the same pattern. Mr. Frosty's hall seemed like his own, and the diningroom door opened where his did.

The instant he opened the door he began to awaken to his error. The table was spread in the middle of the room, and Mrs. Frosty sat near the

grate reading.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, bowing and scraping confusedly. "I beg pardon!

Really, Mrs. Frosty, I beg pardon!"

In a moment the astonished lady was

on her feet, her face flushed with the natural excitement of so unlooked-for a visit. She knew not what to say.

"This is a ludicrous mistake, I declare, Mrs. Frosty," said the colonel.

"Here I am invading your house, when

I thought I was safe and snug in my own! This comes of these houses wearing such similar faces. But it is my first mistake, and I hope you'll ex-

Mrs. Frosty comprehended instantly, and laughed heartily.

"I may get caught so myself, you know," she said, "and we are always grateful for a call from you, Colonel Sawyer. Now you are here, and dinner will soon be on the table, why don't you sit down with us? I am expecting my husband every minute."

The colonel began to thank her and excuse himself on account of urgent engagements for the evening, but while he was doing so the front door was

heard to open.
"There!" said his wife, my husband is coming now. You'll not be detained any longer than you would at home. Come, I think you'd better stay."

Along came Frosty through the hall,

and his sour face would have turned sweet milk in a twinkling. The instant he caught the sound of a male voice in the dining-room his old suspicions be-gan to flame up again. As soon as he could creep along as far as the door, in his stealthy way and look in through the crevice and see who was there, his rage burst all bounds and made him a temporary madman. Colonel Sawyer and his wife were in the room alone!

That was quite enough!

"Now, what does this mean, sir?"
shouted the enraged husband, dashing
up before the thunderstruck colonel.
"This is just what I've been expecting for a long time! I knew there was some mischief like this afoot. What are you doing in my house? Tell me, sir—or march yourself out sooner than you came in !"

The colonel had got over his astonishment enough to commence a calm explanation, when Mrs. Frosty, bursting into tears, threw herself before her angry husband and implored him to be cilent, for it was a triffing mistake, and

Colonel Sawyer would immediately explain it all. But the enraged man

would hear nothing.
"Leave the room!" he exclaimed to his wife. "I'll hear nothing from you! I've had disgrace enough brought on

me already. Leave the room!"

Mortified and in tears, she passed out to brood over her misery and mortification alone. Colonel Sawyer essayed to begin, though it was exceedingly hard work, and he could accomplish nothing but with almost superhuman effort.

"I mistook the house, sir, that is all," said he. "My intentions were perfectly honorable, and out of this house, sir, you shall not call them in question without being held personally responsible. I am quite ready to leave the place, I assure you.

He began to do so. "That is very well to say," replied the jealous husband. "I should advise you for the future, however, to be little careful before you go into other persons' houses, and see if your own number extends the whole length of the street!

Colonel Sawyer withdrew, resolved to have no future words with such a creature. He saw that he was beside himself with jealousy, and he knew that speech would be wasted on him.

Perhaps it was a couple of months after this that a party of gentlemen lingered rather late at a luncheon at a tavern, and forgot that it was fairly four o'clock in the afternoon, until they found it had long ago struck six.

They were all jolly fellows; their eyes
were flashing and their cheeks were getting rosy. The luncheon must have put them in the best of spiritsor, rather, the best of spirits in them. Among them was Mr. Andrew Frosty.

If there was any one of them par-ticularly "mellow," it was but fair to say it was Frosty. He had evidently improved his opportunities during luncheon. Going out into the bracing air after such a banquet, Mr. Frosty began to feel the effects very sensibly. By hook and by crook he finally sailed round to the street in which his domicile stood, pushing along till he thought he had got about where he ought to live, and went up the steps. After hanging up his great-coat and hat in the hall, he stepped along to the door of the dining-room and opened it. Who should suddenly appear to him, as he looked around the room, but Colonel Sawyer's wife? Frosty rubbed his eyes, stammered, made half a bow, felt wholly lost, and finally gave it up.
"I declare!" he exclaimed, looking

blanker than the wall, "I've mistaken

"Oh, no. my dear sir," said Colonel Sawyer, immediately rising and going up to him, "you have done no such thing; you know you have not! You have only stelen in here to bring disgrace upon my family. I've been sus-pecting this for a long time, and now, sir, I'll just walk out myself with you, and be at the trouble of finding your own house for you."

Upon this the colonel put on his coat and hat, and insisted on accompanying Mr. Frosty home. Not a syllable of explanation would he listen to.

Oh, no, no !" he would say whenever Frosty began to apologize. "I understand it all well enough. I see how it is. It's all very well to say you've lost the way into my house, but I should for the future advise you before going into other persons' houses to just look and see if your own number runs the length of the street."

Just the language Frosty had before used to him and just what scaled his lips. Frosty was floored completely. But that was not the best of it. The colonel insisted on going home with him and going in; and he offered his services in such a pleasant, yet persistent way that Frosty could not have shaken him off even if he was not himself rendered submissive by reason of his own mortification. The colonel, therefore, went in and told Mrs. Frosty about it, which so thoroughly pleased that amiable lady that, in view of previous circumstances she set up a resistless laugh in the face of her humbled lord, in the midst of which his very polite escort took occasion to quietly withdraw. But Frosty was thoroughly cured of his jealousy, for he admitted that it was quite possible for a respec-table man to mistake even the number of his own door.

Only Comparative Poverty. "There is very little genuine poverty in America," said Judge A. W. Wilder, recently. "Our poverty is rather com-parative than real. We have men with incomes of one hundred thousand dollars a year and more. Beside these colossal fortunes the man who supports a family on nine dollars a week appears poor indeed. And yet a man may sup-port a family very comfortably on nine dollars a week if he will set properly about it. They may have snug and cheerful rooms, comfortable clothing, and plenty of healthful food. The great trouble in this country is that men acquire luxurious habits before they are able to indulge them. The man who earns but one dollar and a half a day must have his toddy and his cigar ; must patronize the barber and the street cars as though he earned five times that sum. His wife and children must dress as expensively as those of men with twice his income, and the result is that instead of being happy and independent, he is ever between the devil of pride and the deep sea of debt

"All Americans expect to be rich some day-some fortunate turn of the tide is to bring their long delayed ship to port—and they go on living beyond their means in anticipation of that 'good time' which is always coming, but seldom arrives. I am not theorizing; I have lived on nine dollars a week and supported a family. We were just as comfortable then as we are now. We were just as rich, for we had everything we actually needed and paid cash for it."

Paper quilts are used in Europe.

SHE WAS FIRM.

For Prudential Considerations She Preferred to Walt. Miss Mabel McQuinney had said

Softly and in a whisper she had uttered the word, but Victor Spoonamore had heard it. And Victor was wildly, madly, de-

liriously happy. The moon went behind a friendly cloud for a moment.

During which moment the bold, ardent youth embraced an opportunity and but the moon has come out again Let us proceed with the narration of

the plain, unadorned facts. Up and down the broad South Side boulevard they strolled, says the Chitime. Her little hand rested in the hollow of his arm. Being a young man possessed of more than a thimbleful of brains, he knew better than to grab her elbow, after the fashion prevalent in Bridgeport and Kalamakosh, and yank her along the sidewalk like a frugal husband on a small salary endeavoring to steer a reluctant wife past an auction room.

"It only remains now, Mabel," he pleaded, for you to name the day.

Make it early, please."

Miss Mabel proceeded to temporize. "What will your family say when they hear of this?" she asked.

The family will be delighted. fancy nobody will be greatly astonished, but if your people can stand it mine can. It's our own affair, anyhow. It wouldn't make any difference what the family thinks."

"It's an old family, isn't it?" "We can trace our ancestry back hundreds of years," said the young man, proudly. "There was a Spoennemower in Shakespeare's time. A Spoonlemure was an officer at the court of King George III. The Spoonamores came to this country in 1817, and many of them have filled positions of honor and trust in Virginia and New England for the last seventy-five years. It was a Spoons-more that officiated at the laying of the corner-stone of the Boston State House. There were Spoonamores in the diplomatic service in President Madison's time. There were plenty of them in both armies during the war of the rebellion. One was a Brigadier General. A New Jersey Spoonamore designed the house you and I will live in, Mabel a large, stately building on Prairie avenue, with seventeen rooms and all the modern conveniences.

"You have reason to be proud of your people, Victor. Don't you hold family reunions sometimes?"

"Once in awhile." "There must be a great many of

"Hundreds, Mabel—hundreds." "Are there any other representatives of the family in Chicago besides you?" she asked after a moment's silence.

"None that I know of," he answered. "That settles it, Victor," exclaimed the young woman sadly but with iron "We shall not be married until the World's Fair is over !"



The Pelican—Ah, my dear sir, you just fill the bill.

A Bridal Tour.

Uncle Mose happened to visit the Tombs, when he heard his name called and found Sam Johnsing was one of the inmates of a cell.

"Dat's pretty rough on yer, Sam. What's yer doin' in dar?" "It am mighty rough. I is in heah for stealin' a hoss up in Harlem, and

now I can't get married." "Why de debbel didn't yer git mar-ried fust and steal de hoss afterwards?"

"Bekase I needed de money from de sale ob de hoss to go on de bridal tour Old Mose said something about the State paying for the expense of the bridal tour up the Hudson and passed on.—Texas Siftings.

Found at Last.

Agent-You use a typewriter, I see. Business Man-Yep. "And work it yourself?"

"Yep."
"Well, sir, I am introducing a new form of typewriter. It writes script instead of Roman letters—looks just "What if it does?"

"One of the letters in it is a u with dot in the middle, so if you don't know whether a word like receive is is spelled ei or ie."— "Cracky ! I'll take one."-New York Weekly.

Hubby Gets His Orders. Wife-What's the white stuff on your Husband-Chalk from a billiard oue

Wife (sniffing)—Hereafter I wish you to use chalk that doesn't smell like toilet powder.-New York Weekly.

A Compliment on Ice. Mrs. Gadd-You do not show you

Mrs. Gabb (delighted)—Don't I?
Mrs. Gadd—No ; I see you've scretched it out of your family Bible.—New York Weekly.

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LIST OF DEALERS IN COLUMBIA COUNTY. The following is a list of dealers of Columbia County as taken, returned and classified by me for 1998.

BENTON B. G. Keilar, Stoves and Linware C. D. Carpenter, 1 pool table C. L. Belles, store J. J. McHenry, store Holland McHenry, store Holland McHenry, store
C. R. Cox, farm tools
Billinime & Riddell' store
Aifred McHenry, store
Ira McHenry, turniture
G. L. & C. B. McHenry, store
H. F. Rwerltt, coal
E. Knouse, coal
C. H. Edson, store
J. M. Kline, musical instruments

J. Saltzer, organs and sewing ma chines
Steek & Co., drugs
F. L. Distiehurst, furniture
G. L. Reagan, drugs
H. C. Laubach, hardware and

stoves
Henry Dreifus, clothing
M. A. Markle, furniture
Joseph Schain, store
Swayze & Co., store
W. T. Snyder, walf paper
Garrison & Bros. store
B. F. Dreisbach, organs and
ing machines
M. G. Smith, confectionery
T. H. Doan, hardware
M. Levy, clothing M. Levy, clothing L. J. Townsend, jewelry Bredbenner & Stiles, groceries W. F. Oswald, boots and shoe

W. F. Oswald, boots and shoes Smith & Bros., store Klinetob Bros., furniture B. F. Sponenberg, 1 billiard and 2 pool tables C. N. Kisner, drugs Isaiah Bower, store A. J. Butler, stoves and tinware Berwick Store Co., (Lim.) store J. M. Lilly, agt. coal

BLOOMSBURG. Harman & Hassert coal Hicomsburg Car Co., coal N. W. Barton, groceries E. K. Ralston groceries W. F. Hartman, stoves and tin-

W. F. Hartman, stoves and the ware J. D. Armstrong, groceries Bloomsburg Car Co., store J. W. Masteller, notions M. Ellenbogen & Bro., notions, W. H. Gilmore, 3 pool tables G. A. McKelvy, drugs H. W. Sloan, store L. T. Sharpless, wholesale groce ies A. M. TOST

les L. Bharpless & Co.\* groceries Louis Gross, clothing Moyer Bros, wholesale drugs W. H. Brower, carpets H. V. White & Co. , grain Alexander Bros. & Co., wholesale tobacco Alexander Bros. & Co., whole tobacco
W. S. Rishton, drugs
I. W. McKelvy, store
G. W. Keiter, carpets
C. A. Kleim, drugs
I. W. Hartman & Son, store
C. S. Furman, harness
J. H. Stacker, groceries
W. J. Correll & Co., furniture
J. W. Eyer, store

I. W. Eyer, store
Hidiay Bros., groceries
Thomas Hickey, groceries
J. K. Pensyl, store
P. P. Harter, Furniture
L. E. Whary, stoves and tinware
J. T. Davis, notions
J. Saltzer, organs and sewing machines

chines S. F. Pencock & Co., hardware James McCloskey, 3 pool table J. R. Townsend, gent's furnishi goods
C. E. Savage, jewelry
F. D. Dentler, boots and shoes
J. G. Wells, jewelry
W. H. Brooke & Co., books and st

W. H. Brooke & Co., books and stationery
Cummings & Verdy, confectionery
D. W. Kitchen, grain
I. Maier, clothing
W. O. Holmes, stoves
J. Garrison, flour and feed
Eshleman & Wolfe, stoves
H. J. Clark & Son, store
M. M. Phillips & Son, confectionery
D. Lowenberg Est., clothing
J. R. Schuyler, Hardware
Charles W. Runyon, hardware
Heas Bros., jewelry
Jacob'kelbr wholesale notions
W. H. Moore, store
Evans & Eyer, clothing
J. H. Mercer, drugs

. H. Mercer, drugs D. A. Creasy, store J. A. Hess, boots an ta bus ate G. P. Ringler, drugs P. K. Vannatta, wall paper

W. C. Richart, feed and g. Farmers Produce Rx. (Lim.) store
W. R. Kocher & Co., store
W. R. Kocher & Co., coal
Creasy & Wells lumber
P. G. Miller coal
R. Mears groceries
W. Garretson, Jr. books a

W. C. McKinney boots and shoes Gidding & Salsburg clothing BRIANCHERE. D. F. Fowler store

C. E. Clewell groceries
S. D. Rinard store
J. F. Fisher drugs
C. C. Willits drugs
L. C. Willits drugs
K. S. Cleaver stoves and tinware
Monroe Settringer I pool table
I. W. Fox boots and snoes
J. A. Swank store
H. Seesholtz store and coal
B. Rhawn & Son stoves and
hardware

S. B. Rhawn & Son stoves and hardware
H. R. Baidy store
H. F. Spangler clothing
David Derr boots and shoes
J. D. Bodine boots and shoes
C. S. Waltz stationery
Simon Roup coal
David Giffen coal
Lloyd Berger clothing
John R. Deimer store
Sharpless Bros, store
T. D. Berninger's Sons furniture
E. M. Tewksbury fertilizers
J. A. Guiterman store
A. S. Truckenmiller organs and
sewing machines
T. E. Harder furniture
Wallace setizinger I pool table
C. S. Schmick & Son hardware
Edward Ward boots and shoes
C. W. Harder Jumber
John L. Walter tobacco
A. Truckenmiller I pool table
D. Ervin confectioner; and groceries

CENTRALIA.

CENTRALIA.

L. Fetterman groceries
C. H. Getchey store
C. G. Murphy store
Thos. Irvin store
A. Ball confectionery
Heary Gillespie confectionery
Thomas Cleary groceries
H. C. Michael furniture
D. C. Black groceries
Harry Levitt clothing
Andrew Leneban groceries
C. Fetterman 1 pool table
Ed McFadden 1 pool table
Ed McFadden 1 pool table
Ed. E. Davis drugs
A. E. Fetterman groceries
A. B. Fortner stoves and tinware
M. Douns 1 pool table
G. W. Davis drugs
J. W. Goldsworthy 1 pool table
James Dyke dressed meat
L. A. Riley & Co., store

CENTER.

Low Bres. & Co., store. G. E. Sponsier store Brobst & Son groceries Z. T. Fowler coal and grain H. F. Hower store CONTHIGHAM. G. W. W. ller groceries Dan. Goodman store Mid Valley Supply Co.

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A. B. McHenry store
Geo. M. Howell store
J. W. Larned store
Jones & Walter store
Mary Lewis store
J. M. Ammerman store

L. Brenner (agt.) clo E. E. Parker store Jacob Rantz store Blank & Co., store A. S. Kramer, grain i A. J. Derr store

LOCUST

Wm. Adams store
Wm. H. Billig store
Adam Harig farm tools
W. H. Small, store
L. H. Daniels store
E. H. Whitner store
Thomas Seaborn farm to
E. C. Yeager store
J. W. Snyder store
C. E. Yeager store

Allison Derr store W. P. Zaner store W. M. Longenberger store U. J. Campbell store

R. Schweppenheiser store J. W. Creasy store R. J. Berninger furniture D. A. Hess coal A. W. Snyder store Aaron W. Hess coal H. W. Hess wholesale oil D. C. Bond store MILLVILLE. J. C. Christian clothing V. P. Eves & Henry furniture J. B. Eves, implements, fertilize Byron S. Keller, stoves and the

ware
Masters & Co., store
Kills Eves & Bro., store
C. S. Ely drugs

H. R. Grimes store Arthur Roberts store Yost and Yinger store H. D. Quick coal MT. PLBASANT.

Henry Kindt store L. S. Wintersteen store White & Conner, agricultural im plements
H. B. Low, coal, grain
A. M. Dewitt store
Amos Neyhard furniture
A. B. Stewart store
Fleckenstine & Bro., store

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R. W. Lyons store W. B. Houck store

Issaac Reichart store Issaac Reichart store
A. B. White store
A. P. Howell store
James Reichard grain
W. E. Dietterich
N. Richart groceries
William Bogart store
J. Workheiser store
J. Workheiser store
Silver Storing Ouarry Co., at Silver Spring Quarry Co., store

Andrew Laubach store
A. H. Herring store
Jacob Lorah (agt.) store
B. D. Cole store
Thomas E. Proctor store
R. J. Force drugs
John P. Kennedy I pool table
Elijah Hess store

May 5 '98,-4w.

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