#### RECOGNITION.

No zong is ever vain; the shyest bird Whose melody is sweet is not unheard. The nightingale, in loneliest woodland

glen, e'er beyond the charmed ears of men soon or late, the world's outreaching

And, soon or late, the world's outreaching hand
Plucks each rare flower that blooms in desert sand.
Nor ocean's depths, nor arctic snows can

Secure the secret of their treasure gold.

Think not to be o'erlooked; mankind is And naught of value long escapes its eyes Each day, in cot or palace, from your

birth.
The world has paid you all it found you worth.

ff you have missed the goal toward which you yearned, Be sure of this: the goal has not been

earned. may be false, but man is ever true, man to man still meas his honest due

Who rails at fate but mocks his own re-

treat, weeps at "fortune's frown" admits defeat,

And yielding, marks his great unworthi-

ress,
For failure never yet deserved success.
The world is jealous, but the world is just,
And gold is bought with gold and dust with

every worthy name is given renown, every royal head is placed a crown. C. Laughlin, in Washington Home



#### PART IV.

### CHAPTER XVII.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR - THE JOLLY-BOAT'S LAST TRIP.

This fifth trip was quite different from any of the others. In the first place, the little gallipot of a boat that we were in was gravely overloaded. Five grown neen, and three of them—Trelawney, Redruth and the captain—over six feet high, was already more than she was meant to carry. Add to that the powder, pork and the bread-bags. The gunwale was lipping astern. Several times we shipped a little water, and my breeches and the tails of my coat were all spaking wet before we had gone 100 yards.
The captain made us trim the boat

and we got her to lie a little more even-All the same, we were afraid to breathe.

In the second place, the ebb was now making -a strong rippling current run ning westward through the basin, and then south ard and seaward down the straits by which we had entered in the morning. Even the ripples were a danger to our overloaded craft; but the orst of it was that we were swept out of our true course, and away from our proper landing-place behind the point.

If we let the current have its way we should come ashore beside the gigs, where the pirates might appear at any moment.

"I cannot keep her head for the stockade, sir," said I to the captain. I was steering, while he and Redruth. two fresh men, were at the oars. "The tide keeps washing her down. Could

you pull a little stronger?"
"Not without swamping the boat," said be. "You must bear up, sir, if you please—bear up until you see you're gaining."

I tried, and found by experiment that the tide kept sweeping us westward until I bad laid her head due east, or just about right angles to the way we ought

to go.
"We'll never get ashore at this rate," said I.

"If it's the only course that we can lie, zir, we must even lie it," returned the captain. "We must keep upstream.
You see, sir," he went on, "if once we dropped to leeward of the landingplace, it's hard to say where we should get ashore, besides the chance of being boarded by the gigs; whereas, the way we go the current must slacken and then we can dodge back along the

"The current's less a'ready, sir," said the man Gray, who was sitting in the fore-sheets; "you can ease her off a bit." "Thank you, my man," said I, quite as if nothing had happened; for

all quietly made up our minds to treat bin like one of ourselves. Suddenly the captain spoke up again

and I thought his voice was a little

"The gun!" said he. "I have thought of that," said I, for I made sure he was thinking of a bombardment of the fort. "They could ever get the gun ashore, and if they Ad, they could never haul it through

"Look astern, doctor," replied the

captain.

We had entirely forgotten the long nine; and there, to our horror, were the five rogues busy about her, getting off her jacket, as they called the stout tarpaulin cover under which she sailed. Not only that, but it flashed into my mind at the same moment that the od shot and the powder for the gun had been left behind, and a stroke with an ax would put it all into the possesdon of the evil ones aboard.

"Israel was Flint's gunner," said

Gray, hoarsely.

At any risk, we put the boat's head direct for the landing-place. By this time we had got so far out of the run of the current that we kept steerage way even at our necessarily gentle rate of rowing, and I could keep her steady for the goal. But the worst of it wa that, with the course I now held, we turned our broadside instead of our stern to the "Hispaniola," and offered a target like a barn door.

I could hear, as well as see, that brandy-faced rascal, Israel Hands, plumping down a round-shot on the

"Who's the best shot?" asked the

captuin "Mr. Trelawney, out and away," said

me off one of those men, sir? Hands, if possible," said the captain.

Trelawney was as cold as steel. He

looked to the priming of his gun.
"Now," cried the captain, "easy with that gun, sir, or you'll swamp the boat. All hands stand by to trim her when he

The squire raised his gun, the rowing ceased, and we leaned over to the other side to keep the balance, and all was so nicely contrived that we did not ship

They had the gun, by this time, slewed round upon the swivel and Hands, who was at the muzzle with the rammer, was, in consequence, the most exposed. However, we had no luck; for just as Trelawney fired, down he stooped, the ball whistling over him, and it was one of the other four who

The cry he gave was echoed, not only by his companions on board, but by a great number of voices from the shore, and looking in that direction I saw the other pirates trooping out from among the trees and tumbling into

among the trees and tumoning into their places in the boats. "Here come the gigs, sir," said I. "Give way, then," said the captain. "We mustn't mind if we swamp her now. If we can't get ashore, all's up."
"Only one of the gigs is being manned, sir," I added, "the crew of the

other most likely going round by shore to cut us off." "They'll have a hot run, sir," returned the captain; "Jack ashore, you know. It's not them I mind; it's the round-shot. Carpet bowls! My lady's maid couldn't miss. Tell us, squire, when you see the match, and we'll hold

In the meanwhile we had been making headway at a good pace for a boat so overloaded, and we had shipped but little water in the process. We were now close in; 30 or 40 strokes and we should beach her; for the ebb had already disclosed a narrow belt of sand below the clustering trees. The gig was no longer to be feared; the little point had already concealed it from our eyes. The ebb-tide, which had so cruelly delayed us, was now making reparation, and delaying our assail-The one source of danger was

"If I durst," said the captain, "I'd stop and pick off another man. But it was plain that they meant nothing should delay their shot. They



As Trelawney fired the ball whistled over our

had never so much as looked at their fallen comrade, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to

crawl away.
"Ready!" cried the squire. "Hold!" cried the captain, quick as

an echo. And he and Redruth backed with a

great heave that sent her stern bodily under water. The report fell in at the same instant of time. This was the first that Jim heard, the sound of the squire's shot not having reached him. When the ball passed, not one of us precisely knew; but I fancy it must have been over our heads, and that the wind of it may have contributed to our disaster.

At any rate, the boat sunk by the stern, quite gently, in three feet of w ter, leaving the captain and myself, facing each other, on our feet. The other three took complete headers, and ame up again, drenched and bubbling.

So far there was no great harm. lives were lost, and we could wade ashore in safety. But there were all our stores in the bottom, and, to make things worse, only two guns out of five remained in a state for service. Mine I had snatched from my knees and held over my head, by a sort of instinct As for the captain, he had carried his over his shoulder by a bandoleer, and, like a wise man, lock uppermost. The three had gone down with the boat. To add to our concern we heard voices already drawing near us in the woods along shore; and we had not only the danger of being cut off from the stock ade in our half-crippled state, but the fear before us, whether if Hunter and Jovce were attacked by half a dozen they would have the sense and conduct to stand firm. Hunter was steady, that we knew; Joyce was a doubtful case—a pleasant, polite man for a valet, and to brush one's clothes, but not enfitted for a man-of-war.

With all this in our minds, we waded ashore as fast as we could, leaving behind the poor jolly-boat, and a good half of our powder and provisions.

# CHAPTER XVIII.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR—END OF THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

We made our best speed across the strip of wood that now divided us from stockade, and at every step we the voices of the buccaneers took the voices of the rang nearer. Soon we could hear their footsteps as they ran, and the cracking of the branches as they breasted

"Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick for it in earnest, and looked to my prim- he had said the words, I think we all ing. "Captain," said I, "Trelawney is the

dead shot. Give him your gun; his own is useless." They exchanged guns, and Trelawnev, silent and cool as he had been since

the beginning of the bustle, hung a mo-ment on his heel to see that all was fit for service. At the same time, observing Gray to be unarmed, I handed him my cutlass. It did all our hearts good to see him spit on his hand, knit his brows, and make the blade sing through the air. It was plain from every line of his body that our new hand was worth his salt.

Forty paces further we came to the edge of the wood and saw the stockade in front of us. We struck the inclos-ure about the middle of the south side, and, almost at the same time seven mutineers—Job Anderson, the boatswain, at their head, appeared in full cry at the southwestern corner.

They paused, as if taken aback, and before they could recover not only the squire and I, but Hunter and Joyce om the block-house had time to fire. The four shots came in rather a scattering volley; but they did the business; one of the enemy actually fell, and the rest, without hesitation, turned and plunged into the trees.

After reloading, we walked down the

outside of the palisade to see the fallen enemy. He was stone dead—shot through the heart.

We began to rejoice over our good success, when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my ear, and poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell his full length on the ground. Both the squire and I returned the shot; but as we had nothing to aim at, it is probable we only wasted powder. Then we reloaded, and turned our attention to poor Tom.

The captain and Gray were already

examining him, and I saw with half an eye that all was over.

I believe the readiness of our return volley had scattered the mutineers once more, for we were suffered without further molestation to get the poor old gamekeeper hoisted over the stockade and carried, groaning and bleeding,

into the log house.

Poor old fellow, he had not uttered one word of surprise, complaint, fear, or even acquiescence, from the very beginning of our troubles till now, when we had laid him down in the log house to die. He had laid like a Trojan behind his mattress in the gallery; he had followed every order silently, dog-gedly and well; he was the oldest of our party by a score of years; and now, sullen, old, serviceable servant, it was he that was to die.

The squire dropped down beside him on his knees and kissed his hand, crying like a child.

"Be I going, doctor?" he asked. "Tom, my man," said I, "you're go

ing home. "I wish I had a lick at them with the

gun first," he replied.
"Tom," said the squire, "say you for-give me, won't you?"

"Would that be respectful like, from me to you, squire?" was the answer. "Howsoever, so be it, amen!" After a little while of silence, he said

the thought somebody might read a prayer. "It's the custom, sir," he added, apologetically. And not long after, without another word, he passed away In the meantime the captain, whom I had observed to be wonderfully swollen about the chest and pockets, had turned out a great many various stores—the British colors, a Bible, a coil of stoutish rope, pen, ink, the log book, and pounds of tobacco. He had found a longish fir tree lying felled and cleared in the inclosure, and, with the help of Hunter, he had set it up at the corner of the log house where the trunks crossed and made an angle. Then, climbing on the roof, he had

with his own hand bent and run up the colors. This seemed mightily to relieve him. This seemed mightly to reneve him. He reentered the log house and set about counting the stores, as if nothing else existed. But he had an eye on Tom's passage for all that; and as soon as all was over came forward with another flag and reverently spread it

Don't you take on, shaking the squire's hand. "All's well with him; no fear for a hand that's been shot down in his duty to captain and owner. It mayn't be good divinity,

but it's a fact.

Then he pulled me aside.
"Dr. Livesey," he said, "in how many weeks do you and squire expect the

I told him it was a question, not of weeks, but of months; that if we were not back by the end of August, Blandly was to send to find us; but neither sooner nor later. "You can calculate for yourself," I said.

"Why, yes," returned the captain,

scratching his head, "and making a large allowance, sir, for all the gifts of Providence, I should say we were pretty close haufed."

'How do you mean?" I asked. "It's a pity, sir, we lost the second load. That's what I mean," replied the captain. "As for powder and shot, we'll do. But the rations are short, very short—so short, Dr. Livesey, that we're perhaps as well without that ex-

tra mouth. And he pointed to the dead body un-

der the flag.

Just then, with a roar and a whistle, a round shot passed high above the roof of the log house and plumped far beyond us in the wood.
"Oho!" said the captain. "Blaze

away! You've little enough powder already, my lads." At the second trial the aim was bet ter and the ball descended inside the stockade, scattering a cloud of sand,

but doing no further damage.
"Captain," said the squire, "the
house is quite invisible from the ship. It must be the flag they are aiming at.
Would it not be wiser to take it in?"
"Strike my colors!" cried the cap-

agreed with him. For it was not only a piece of stout, seamanly good feeling it was good policy besides, and showed our enemies that we despised their

cannonade. All through the evening they kept thundering away. Ball after ball flew over or fell short, or kicked up the sand in the inclosure; but they had to fire so high that the shot fell dead and buried itself in the soft sand. We had no richochet to fear; and though one popped in through the roof of the log house and out again through the floor we soon got used to that sort of horse play and minded it no more than cricket.

"There is one thing about all this. observed the good captain; "the wood in front of us is likely clear. The ebb has made a good while; our stores should be uncovered. Volunteers to go and bring in pork."

Gray and Hunter were the first to come forward. Well armed, they stole out of the stockade, but it proved a useless mission. The mutineers were bolder than we fancied, or they put more trust in Israel's gumnery. For more trust in Israel's gurnery. For four or five of them were busy carry ing off our stores, and wading out with them to one of the gigs that lay close by, pulling an oar or so to hold her steady against the current. Silver was in the stern-sheets in command; and every man of them was now provided with a musket from some secret maga-

zine of their own.

The captain sat down to his log, and

here is the beginning of the entry: "Alexander Smollett, master: David Live "Alexander Smollett, master: David Livesey, ship's doctor: Abraham Gray, carpenter's mate; John Trelawney, owner; John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner's servants, landsmen—being all that is left faithful of the ship's company—with stores for ten days at short rations, came ashore this day, and flew British colors on the loghouse in Treasure island. Thomas Redruth, owner's servant, landsman, shot by the mutineers; James Hawkins, cabin-boy—"

And at the same time I was wonder ng over poor Jim Hawkins' fate.

A hail on the land side.
"Somebody hailing us," said Hunter, who was on guard.

squire! captain! Hallo, "Doctor! Hunter, is that you?" came the cries. And I ran to the door in time to see Jim Hawkins, safe and sound, come climbing over the stockade.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### SHE SAVED HER BICYCLE.

# Louisville Physician Tells Why His Bill Was Cut Down.

"Had it been a man," said one of Louisville's best-known physicians, "I should have known what to do. But a woman is a conundrum in herself and in a majority of her actions.

"I had been attending in the family for weeks. I patched the husband up after his almost fatal misunderstanding with the trolley car. I saw the young wife through a serious illness. After months had expired I sent a most reasonable bill with a modest hint that I was in need of some money. It seems that I could not have selected a more inopportune time for this gentle dun The husband was lamenting the aggregate of family bills and the paucity of the family purse. There was a contin-uous and unending call upon his slender esources that had become maddening He would pay the doctor, who had bee faithful and considerate, but there he would draw the line for some time to come. They must retrench, and as custodian of the purse strings he would see that they did retrench.

"When the wife came to settle she vas visibly depressed. If I would only cut the bill in two she would pay it at One of the most potent pleas in her behalf was two tears just ready to of her behalf was two tears just ready to start and a just perceptible quivering of her pretty lips. The other was a pressing need of ready money on my part. I'm not a Napoleon of finance, by any means. So I wrote a receipt in full and accepted 50 cents on the dollar.

"Then the little woman fairly danced n her glee. She waved a handful of bills triumphantly above her head and said, exultantly: 'Now I can pay the installment on my bicycle. I was almost wild for fear I was going to lose it.' I gave her as good an imitation of laughing as circumstances would permit, but it was a mighty good thing that she was not a man."-Louisville Post.

# The Incredible Truth.

The only instance I have ever heard of smuggling by anyone on a big scale was the case of a traveler who had brought rom Cuba a large quantity of cigars for his own smoking. He was honest up to a certain point; for, on being asked by the customs officer if he had anything to declare, he pointed to his portmanteau "That is full of eigars." I dare say," said the official, laughing, and writing his cabalistic hieroglyphic in chalk, let him go free. I regret to say that the traveler's honesty was not proof against such a temptation to evade the proper duties.—Nineteenth Century.

## Her Perplexity.

There is a little girl living out on Tilden avenue who is rapidly causing her father's hair to assume the color of the driven snow.

The other day she looked up at him from between his knees, and asked: "Papa, was it a wise person who said od die voung?'

"Yes," said the musing man, "I guess

"Well." she went on, after thinking it over for some time, "I'm not so much surprised about you; but I don't see how mamma ever managed to get growed up."—Cleveland Leader.

## Declined.

Hazel-To-day is my birthday, colon d. What are you going to give me?

Nutte-Let me give you myself! "Oh, no. Mamma won't allow me accept extravagant presents."—Yellow Book.

The common pond frog's actural to the capture of thicket.

I began to see we should have a brush tain. "No, sir, not I;" and, as soon as lifetime is 12 to 15 years.

# WHO'S TO BLAME?

Stories of Neglect in Camps Stir Up Officials.

TALK OF INVESTIGATION.

War Department Bureau Chiefs Say Inquiry is Courted.

ALGER CORRECTS ABUSES.

His Visit to Camp Wikoff Has Resulted in Much Good-He Calls to Account Men Responsible for Neglect of the Sick Sol-diers.

Washington, Aug. 27.—Gen. Corbin, adjutant general of the army, says no complaint has reached the war department from any major general, briga-dier general, colonel or men of the army, regarding want, destitution or lack of supplies for the care of the troops. No demand has been made for supplies other than the regular requisitions for troops which general requisitions for troops which come in the ordinary routine way. Gen. Cor-bin declines to be interviewed on the subject of the many stories affoat re-garding destitution and mismanagement of the war, saying that the facts

will come out in due time.

The whole department is greatly stirred over the many newspaper accounts of what has been going on, and it is the subject of discussion every-where about the war department, but apparently each head of a bureau believes that an investigation of the sub-ject will vindicate him and his department. The officers in Washington say that the accounts of suffering have been exaggerated, but if there ha been suffering further than war naturally would bring, the fault has not been with the officers in the department here. Each officer professes to ment here. Each officer professes to be willing that there should be an in-vestigation. Some officers say that it will be necessary and that they will welcome a complete congressional in-quiry which will bring out all the

There seems to have been neglect There seems to have been begieve in carrying out the order of the de-partment which allowed 60 cents a day to all soldiers in hospitals, the amount to be a general fund from which could be drawn money to purchase delicacies and necessaries for sick soldiers. This order is dated August 10.

According to the records of the sur geon general's office it was received there on the 13th and sent out to the various officers on the 15th. It should have reached these offices on the 17th, especially those along the Atlantic seaboard. It seems, however, that if t did reach them it was disregarded by many surgeons. The surgeon gen-eral's office complains that other or-ders sent out have not received the attention which should have been given

Officers at the war department depecate the manner in which com plaints have been made, on the ground that the whole matter will discredit the American army and have a bad

effect on discipline.

The president has received the following letter from Gen. Joe Wheeler

at Camp Wikoff:
"I was very glad to hear that you would visit Montauk Point very soon. The visit of the secretary of war has accomplished more than I can express. He has promptly corrected evils, made valuable suggestions and given direc tions regarding administration. In addition his personal visit to 1,500 sick soldiers in the hospitals has cheered them up and it is difficult to adequate by convey to you the change for the better since the secretary's arrival. The announcement that you will visit the soldiers has already added to this improvement and your presence here for even a single day will accomplish good, the great extent of which you

can only realize after you have made your visit." New York, Aug. 27.—Secretary Alger sterday resumed his work of inve tigation of affairs at Camp Wikoff. He gave first attention to granting 30-days' furloughs to the men of the Seventy-first New York volunteers and the Second Massachusetts. Gen. Alger told the commanders of these regiments to make out the list of all men who were able to leave camp so they can depart for their homes as soon as possible. The Rough Riders are also to be granted furloughs; so will

ne Michigan volunteers.

At the expiration of their furloughs the Seventy-first's men will not return to Camp Wikoff, but to Camp Black to be formally mustered out. The Second Massachusetts men war report at South Farmington for mustering out

after their furloughs.

Gen. Alger has given notice that sick regulars will also be allowed to go home on furloughs, so that within a few days thousands of the men who are now in camp will be away to make room for those now c transports in the bay waiting to come ashore and those expected on transports vet to come from Santiago, including Gen Shafter and his staff. Gen. Alger said he did not know when he should leave

as he wanted to see things in better shape before he went away.

Gen. Alger while making his rounds made a careful inquiry on routine affairs and whether a sufficient sup-ply of ice and milk had been received at the hospitals. When he found what he considered neglect anywhere he plainly called to acount those responsible.

Another transport reached the cam Friday. It was the D. H. Miller and she has the men of the First regular of them are sick, but there were no deaths during the voyage, neither are there any of the sick men down with contagious disease. There were two deaths in camp yesterday.

# Nervous People

Are great sufferers and they deserve sympathy rather than censure. Their blood is poor and thin and their nerves are consequently weak. Such people find relief and cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla because it purifies and enriches the blood and gives it power to feed, strengthen and sustain the nerves. If you are nervous and cannot sleep, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its nerve strengthening power.

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla Is America's Greatest Medicine \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

#### An Explanation.

"Look!" exclaimed a lady to her companion at the opera. "There is Mrs. Oldine in that box. Her hair is jet black and I'm positive it was streaked with gray the last time I saw her."

"Very true, dear," replied the other, "but you know her only brother died three months ago."

"Indeed! But what has that got to do with the color of her hair?"

"Why, don't you understand? She's in mourning."—Chicago Evening News.

#### As It Is in Puerto Rico.

As It is in Puerto Rico.

This is what happens in Puerto Rico every morning: "I am not feeling very well this morning, general," says Gen. Miles to Gen. Garretson. "I think I'll take something." "Take something with me," says Gen. Garretson to Gen. Miles "Guess I will," responds Gen. Miles. "I'll just go out and take a town."—St. Louis Chronicle. Shake Into Your Shoes

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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet.
It cures painful, swollen, nervous, smarting
feet and instantly takes the sting out of
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# Wars Within Wars.

"Another quarrel going on next door."
"What's the matter this time?"
"She wants to name the baby 'Dewey'
and he wants the name for his wheel."—Indianapolis Journal. Wheat 40 Cents a Bushel.

How to grow wheat with big profit at 40 cents and samples of Salzer's Red Cross (89 Bushels per acre) Winter Wheat, Rye, Oats, Clovers, etc., with Farm Seed Catalogue for 4 cents postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. Popular.

"He seems to be as popular as any young man here, and yet they say he is a widower," "Yes. You see his wife left a new bicycle when she died."—Up to Date. To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. A big necktie may cover a multitude of blotches on a shirt front as well as charicy covers a multitude of sins. — Washington (la.) Democrat.

Write W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Queen Crescent Route, Cincinnati, O., for free & Crescent Route, Cincinnati, O., for fre books and maps, \$5.00 Cincinnati to Chatta nooga Excursion, Sept. 8-10.



So the falling of the hair tells of the approach of age and declining power. No matter how barren the tree

nor how leafless it may seem, you confidently expect leaves again. And why?

Because there is life at the roots.
So you need not worry about the falling of your hair, the threatened departure of youth and beauty. And why? and beauty. And why?
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out: it begins to grow: and the glory of your youth is restored

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