CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1899.

I am old, and gray, and worn. My son, the Vicompte de Bidache, is in

me to her. When she went, Bidache, where we lived, became unbearable to

me, and I came back here to wait till I.

too, am called. To wait and watch th

uneasy sea, to hear the scream of the gulls and feel the keen salt air.

I have come to the last of the fair

white sheets of paper the cure brcaght for me from Havre this autumn, and it

grows strangely dark even for niv eves

THE END.

SUNSHINE PEOPLE.

moters of Optimism Who

Keep Others Sweet.

"Why do you hurry to catch the 8:30

rain, when you know there's another

hat leaves at 8:45, which would get us

ne young lady of another, as the two

"Because," replied the other, with a

little apologetic laugh, "I always like

get in on the sunshine man's train."

'in-

th

"Pray, who is the sunshine man?"

quired her companion. "The conduc-

"Oh, my, no!" was the laughing re-ponse. "He's the crossest bear that ver was. But there's the dearest little

very morning on the 8:30 train, I don't

now his name, and yet it does seem as

He just radiates cheerful-

if I knew him better than anybody else

ness as far as you'can see him. There

is always a smile on his face, and I never heard him open his mouth except

natured thing. Everybody bows to him

even strangers, and he bows to every-body, yet never with the slightest hint

of presumption or familiarity. It just

warms the cockles of one's heart to see

his shining face, the twinkle of his eye and the bright little flower he alway

wears in his buttonhole. If the weathe

is fine, his jolly compliments make i

merry way in which he speaks of it is as good as a rainbow. Everybody who

goes in regularly on the 8:30 train knows the sunshine man. It's his train.

There's nothing else to distinguish it

from the 8:45, or any other. You jus

hurry up a little, and I'll show you the sunshine man, this morning. It's foggy

and cold, but if one look at him doesn'

theer you up so that you'll want to

whistle, then I'm no judge of human nature."

It was a sweet and genuine tribute of

seem finer; and if it is raining,

o say some kind or courteous or go

old gentleman who goes into

hastening toward a suburban rail

town in plenty of time?"

oad station.

sponse.

in town.

"HOW THEY GROW."

Mark well yon slender stalk of green Just springing forth the clods between While April airs are chilly; With filmy leaflets closely curled, It locks a thy banner furled, But soon will be a lily.

A sparrow's weight would bend it low, A little flood would overflow, A little frost would kill it; And e'en when grown it reaches up And lifts to heaven a heavenly cup, A little dew would fill it.

Yet all the power that Newton saw Bind in one vast and equal law Pebble, and planet growing, Cannot, when spring is come, keep hid The lily 'neath its coverlid, Nor stay its buds from blowing.

t knows no labor but to bloom-od's darling need no cares assu No tribute pay but beauty; t cannot but live in the light, and still to keep its garments wh Is nature more than duty. nts white

What if to-morrow it must die? Is there no Easter in the sky Is there no Easter in the sky To earth's dead blossoms given? Yon world would forfett half its bliss If what is sweetest here in this Brief springtime, had no heaven.

'Much more, O ye of little faith-

(This is the word the Master saith Much more to you His will is! -Nay, but it were enough for me Could I, O Master! only be The Theorem The Miler saith) -W. H. Woods, in Youth's Companion.



SYNOPSIS

STNOPSIS. D'Aurlac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron is in temporary command, appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge against d'Auriac. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in a man and woman, from king's camp at Le Fere, prisoners. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duel follows angered by maining manner of de Gomero toward woman, strikes him, duel follow and prisoners escape. Duel is interrupte by appearance of de Rone, and d'Auriac i told he will hang if found alive at clos of morrow's battle. Riding over field nex day d'Auriac finds Nicholas, victim of d Gomeron's mallee, in imminent danger o death, and released him form curful area told he will hang if found alive at close of morrow's battle. Riding over field next day d'Auriac finds Nicholas, victim of de Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of death, and releases him from awful pre-dicament. After battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness rob-bing the bodies of the dead and wourbed. They find golden collar on de Leyva's corpse, and Babette stabs Mauginot ther partner) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who had escaped from de Gomeron and d'Ayen, her suitor, rides over the field. Madame rescues d'Auriac, and afterwards visits him daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend is heiress of Bidache. When well enough he is taken to her Normady chateau, where he learns from Maitre Palin, nadame's chapian, the king is about to prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to de Gomeron's retreat where they manage to overhear details of plot. Eurn-ing with revenge, Nicholas shoots at de Gomeron. Flying for their lives, the two men think themselves beyond pursuit, when suddenly they are face to face with Biron, one of the traitors, whom d'Auriac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas; d'Auria escapes. Arriving in Paris the chevaller lays what he knows of treasonable plot be-fore Sully, master general of ordnance. Calling on de Belin, a friend, d'Auriac se-cures from him a servant, Ravallac, who had previously been in service of d'Ayen. D'Ayen'smarriage to Madame de la Bidache is to occur within fornight, de Belin to stand sponsor. Palin and madame arrive in paris. D'Auriac has suspicions aroused concerning Ravallac; later witheesse mesting with de Gomeron and Babette, he misses him. The ehevaller is introduced at court by de Belin, where he charges Biron with being traitor to France

ough a skylight, he witnesses meeting le Gomeron and two confederates. They

king's voice, and then without another word they passed out, tramp, tramp, down the stairs, all except Sully, who stayed behind for a momert.

"Monsieur!" he asked, "what has happened between you and the king?" "His majesty has pardoned n.e." "A child might see that. What else

Be quick." "And has given me orders to meet you as yoù enter the Toison d'Or."

The frown on his face cleared. "Well answered, chevalier. The king I see has won a faithful and discreet friend. Make your attack when you hear the petard." Then he, too, turned his broad shoulders on me and followed the rest As the sound of the heavy footfalls ceased I gave a last look at my pistols drew in my sword-belt by a hole, and all booted as I was, essayed the ladder

I had already observed that the skylight was but a light wooden frame-work, with a glazing between, and vould need no great effort to break down-one strong push and the way was clear before me. So I stayed for a minute of breathless silence, then far below came a sharp, shrill whistle, hur-ried exclamations from the plotters, and now the explosion of the petard, that made the house rock to and fro like a tree in the wind.

I had no need to force open the sky-light. The effect of the explosion did that most effectually for me, and blew out the lamps in the room below as well educing it on a sudden to absolute arkness. There was a yell of terror from the room, and without ,a mo nent's hesitation I swung through the window and dropped down among the enspirators. They were to a crowding to the door, and not one took ny note of my entrance, so great was their confusion. I followed the rush of hurrying figures as they passed through he door into a passage in dim light from a fire that burned in a small grate. One end of this passage was ful of smoke, against which the bright flashes of drawn swords were as darts of lightning. Beyond the smoke, and below, we could hear the clash of steel, cries of pain and savage oaths, where men were fighting and dying hard. I dashed down the passage, sword in hand, my only thought to reach the prisoner's room, one of the retreating igures turned and called out: "Quick monsieur-follow me-the stair!

It was Lafin. In the confusion and emi gloom he had mistaken me for his chief. I made no answer, but as I rushed forward struck him on the face with the hilt of my sword, and he rolled over like a log.

There I was, right in amongst the scared plotters, cheek by jowl with M. de Savoy's envoy, and I could have dropped him then and there, but that my whole heart was in madame's room and I knew that there were others who

could and would deal with him. As I elbowed my way through the press, vainly endeavoring to find the way to my dear's prison, we reached a landing from which a long stair led straight up, and here I heard the marshal's voice, cracked with rage and fear

"Lafin! De Gomeron! To me-here!

here!" "Ladies first, marshal—I must look to my bride.

Then through the smoke I saw de Gomeron's tall figure mounting the stair, and I rushed forward to follow him.

It was at this juncture that a portion of our own party forced their way to the landing, and one of them, whose sword was broken, flung himself upon me, dagger in hand, shouting: "Death to traitors!" I had just time to seize his wrist. He tripped sideways over omething that lay very quiet at our feet, and, dragging me down, we rolled over and over with the clash of blades over us. "It is I-fool-I, d'Auriac-let go!" I shouted, as he tried to stab at me "Let go, you." sputtered d'Aubus

son's voice, and we loosed each other. I and no time for another word, and, grasping my sword, which was hanging to my wrist by the knot, I sprang up, and the next moment was hot foot after de Gomeron.

I managed somehow to force my way through the crowd, but the stairway l of men, and at the head It stood the free lance with a red sword in his hand and two or three huddled objects that lay in shapeless masses around him.

against the side of the wall, to let the but a day. It is ten years ago that those oor wretch die in such comfort as ould be, and, seeing my chance at last, hade my way to the front. Shining eyes that never met mine but with the lovelight in them were closed forever; and the gift that God gave me, poor wretch die in such comfort as made my way to the front. that did he take back.

De Gomeron was half way down the stairs by this, and when our swords met, he did not for the moment recoghe Paris with the cardinal, whilst I wait at nize me. But at the second pass realized, and the torchlight showed him Auriac for the message that will call pale to the forehead. "You!" he said, between his teeth.

"Yes, I, from under the Seine;" and I had run him through the throat but for our position where the advantage as all his and my reach too short. He rad backed a step up as I spoke. Whether it was my sudden appearance, or what, I know not: but from this monent his bravado left him, and he now bught doggedly, and for dear life. There was a hush behind me, and the

I will write no more, but sit out on the terrace and wait for the sunset. Per ght became brighter as more torches haps she may call me to-day. "Jacques! were brought, and I could now see the my cloak!" amarguer, white as a sheet, with two d spots on his cheeks.

"Do you like fighting a dead man, monsieur?" I asked, as I parried a They Are the Divinely-Appointed Prohrust in tierce.

He half groaned, and the red spot on is cheek grew bigger, but he made n inswer, and step by step I forced him

He had been touched more than once nd there was a stain on his white satin doublet that was broadening each moeaker, and something, I know not what, toki me he was my man.

But he was a brave man if ever there vas one, and he pulled himself together as we reached the upper landing for one ast turn with the death that dogged him. So fierce was the attack he now made, that had he done so but a mo ment before, when the advantage of osition was his, I know not what had appened. But now-it was different was my man, I was carried away b fire within me, or else in pity might have spared him-but there is no eed to speak of this more. He thrust o high. I parried and returned, so oo high. that the cross hilt of my rapier struck fully over his heart, and he died where he fell.

But one word escaped him, some long

ost memory, some secret of that iron neart came up at the last. "Denise!" he gasped, and was gone. I stood over him for a momen", a frumming in my ears, and then I heard he ringing of cheers and the rush of Then a half dozen strong shoul ers were at the door before me, and as it fell back with a crash I sprang in and took a tall, slim, white-robed figure in my arms and kissed her dear face again and again. One by one those in the room stepped

at and left us together, and for once brave heart gave way and she sobbed ike a child on my shoulder. I said nothing but held her to me, and

o we might have been for a half hour



STEP BY STEP I FORCED HIM UPWARD

when I heard de Belin's voice at the broken door: "D'Auriac! Come, man The king waits, and bring your prison-er." There was a laugh in his voice and a light on his face as he spoke, and my dear lifted her swimming eyes to my face and I kissed her again, saying:

stark on the landing, and held her to me, so that she could not see. So with Lisois before us we passed down the passage, filled now with men-at-arms,

PLEASED WITH ALBERTA. An Excellent Report from Wisconst and Minnesota Delegates.

The opinion of five delegates from Minnesota and Wisconsin, published by the Edmonton Bulletin, are very com plimentary to Northern Alberta. The report says:

'We must say with all sincerity that, driving all over the country for six days, we have not found one settler who was not more than pleased with the country and its productions, and will not return to the land he left. We have seen people here from all parts of the states and all doing well. We met a Dakota farmer by the name of McLean, who has informed us that he has raised more grain here in three years than he did in 13 where he came from, on half as much ground. We have seen a namber of others, both men and women, and all speak in the same strain about Al-berta. They all look well and contented; even the children are happy. In our drives over the country, in passing the countless schoolhouses, we could only see bappiness in the faces of the little ones. We noticed them all well dressed. equal if not better than the same class of children in the State of Minnesota. The wheat that is raised here is just beautiful, the kernel full and plump and may well be termed golden grain yielding 30 to 55 bushels to the acre This statement is not from one farmer but from hundreds, who tell the same tale. Oats yield from 70 to 100 bushels to the acre, barley from 40 to 60 bushels and potatoes from 300 to 400 bushels to the acre.

We have taken particular notice of the climate in regard to the difference between this country and our own. When we left Ada, Minnesota, we were in the midst of a real Dakota blizzard. When we arrived at Edmonton we found the people on the streets still wearing summer clothing, no mittens on their hands and far less use for them. The country is simply more than we ever dreamed of. The printed matter sent out by the Government does not half tell of the grand country in Alberta. open for millions of people to make beautiful homes for themselves. Too much cannot be said in praise. It is all and more than the greatest eulogist

ever thought of giving to the public. We saw cattle and horses in herds grazing on the prairie like in summer time, all sleek and fat. We were formed by several farmers that most of the stock run out all winter. We also found the market extra good here for beef and pork. Hogs fetch 41/2e live weight. Three-year-old steers will will bring from \$40 to \$45 right from the prairie. Coal and wood are here in abundance. Coal is sold in the town of Edmonton for \$2 per ton and farmers can secure coal at the mines themselves for 75c per load. Before closing we say to you one and

all, come to Alberta, where there are homes for millions and a promise for something to lay by for an old age. We are well satisfied with this country, and as evidence have each bought a half section of C. P. R. land in township 55, range 21, west of the 4th initial merid ian, and will return next spring to re side

Hoping this may be of some benefit to the overburdened farmers of the United States.

Sent by Floyd Dean, son of E.S. Dean of Beanville, Mich., who is now in Alberta, and has taken up 160 acres there

After it is too late a man thinks of a lot of bright things he might have said.—Chi-cago Daily News. Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous. A man gets just what he kicks for at a boarding house. In many homes, a man is less fortunate.—Atchison Globe.

To Cure & Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

No man is so good that his neighbors can't see room for improvement.—Chicago Daily News.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Ferral, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.



The above Reward will be paid for in rmation that will lead to the arrest and Conviction of the party or parties and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and alabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near he east line of Franklin Housler's farm, in the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY AUCHU, 88-tf. Prendent.

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"Come, my prisoner!" As we passed out I kept between Claude and the grim figure still lying

human sympathy which this young lady paid to the overflowing kindliness of the "sunshine man." There are a few such men—and women, too—in every community, and God seems to ave set them there to keep the rest of the people from getting too sour and despondent and self-absorbed and un-neighborly. They are the divinely-appointed promoters of optimism, these sunshine folk. Most people have a

among strangers. One glance at the faces of people in any street car will prove this.—Standard. WHEN WE BEGAN.

tendency to grow somber as they grow

older-especially when they are abroad

It Was Not Until the Eighteenth Cen tury That People Appreciated Natural Scenery.

In the eighteenth century people had begun to appreciate natural scenery, but chiefiy when it took the form of extensive prospects, or, what we should now call, perhaps slightingly, pano ramic views. The novelists of that century did not place their characters among elaborately arranged scenery. But the essayists of the period had noted the tendency of the age, and strove to explain the matter philo-

of de Gomeron and two confederates. They plan another meeting for that night when Biron will be present. He determines to communicate again with Sully, but Ravail-lac and de Gomeron being below, and fear-ing detection, is compelled to blied his op-portunity. After a time he sees in window opposite face of madame. They communi-cate by means of signs, he telling her de-liverance is at hand. When night falls d'Auriac goes to join de Bein and Pantin. They meet the king, who with hitmates is playing at pienero in an ordinary. Put-ting on a mask and cloak, the king, with the others, follows d'Auriac to the Toison d'Or, where his majesty may look upon the con-spirators as d'Auriac to spirator: the day.

CHAPTER XX.

AT THE SIGN OF "THE TOISON D'OR."

Turning we beheld de Vitry at the open door, the small and narrow figure of Pantin at his elbow, and close behind the stern features of the grand master, the anxiety on whose face cleared as he saw the king before him. He was about

to speak, but Henry burst in rapidly-"I know all, duke. It is time to act, not talk, Arnidieu! But I shall long re-It is time to act, member this frolic!"

"It would seem that God has given us a great deliverance, sire. All is ready' "Come," said the king, "we have no

time to lose, and if we delay longer that hothead de Belin will strike the first blow

"With your majesty's permission I will make an assault on the rear," I said. "On the rear!" exclaimed de Vitry, whilst the grand master said, "it is impossible!

But I only pointed to the window, and Henry laughed. "Ventrebleu! I understand-a great

idea! But, monsieur, take care how you give away a secret. I shall have no peace if monseigneur the great master hears what has happened."

Some one, with a reckless indifference to his own life—it was, I afterward one side wa found out, Pantin—held up a torch, and conspirators. as the flare of it shot up the stairway de Gomeron threw back his head and laughed at us.

"Twenty to one-come, gentlemen-or must I come to you?" He took He took a couple of steps down the stairs, and the crowd that had made as if it would rush at him wavered and fell back, bearing me, hoarse with shouting for way, with them to the landing.

For the moment, penned up and utter-ly unable to get forward, I was a mere pectator of what followed.

The free lance took one more down ward step, and then a slight figure, with one arm in a sling, slid out from the press and flew at him.

It was d'Ayen, and I felt a sudden hand. varming of the heart to the man who "Ch

was going to his death. "You—you traitor!" he gasped, as using his sword with his left hand, his "Stand back, old fool—stand back— or—there! Take it!" and with a sharp cream dAyen fell backward, the crowd splitting for a moment, so that he alled to the foot of the stairs and came up at my feet. God rest his soul! He lied at the last like a gallant man. They were backing in confusion now,

and above the din I could hear the mocking of de Gomeron:

"Come, gentlemen, do not delay; time presses."

and halted before a room, the door of which was closed. Then the door was flung open and a

stream of light poured forth. We en tered and saw the king standing sur We enrounded by his friends, and a little on one side was the dejected group of

The marshal, now abject, mean and cringing, was kneeling before Henry, who raised him as we entered, saying:

who raised him as we entered, saying: "Biron, and you, Tremouille, and you all who called yourselves my friends, and lay in wait to destroy me, and destroy your country, I cannot forget that we were old comrades, and for old friendships' sake I have already told you that I forgive, and God give you all as clean a conscience as I have over the blood that has been spilt to-

As Lafin, with a white and bleeding face, led his master away, Henry's eye fell on me, and he beckoned me to advance. I did so, leading Claude by th

"Chevalier," he said, "it is saying little when I say that it is through you that these misguided gentlemen have realized their wrongdoing. There is one recompense you would not let me make you for the wrongs you have suf-fered. There is, however, a reward for your services, which perhaps you will accept from me. I see before me a royal ward who has defied her guardian-Ventre St. Gris! My beard is getting over gray to look after such daint I surrender my ward to your care." he said this he took Claude's hand and placed it in mine. "I see, madame," he added, "that this time you have no The autor, into the solution, the the solution of the king's choice. There-objection to the king's choice. There-one rush through at that time might quite right—kiss her, man." ave saved him, but he stood there

hears what has happened." I was young enough still to feel my face grow hot at the approval in the pushed d'Ayen, who was still breathing, mer that was so long and vet seems is Journal.

Spectator: "The mind of man naturally hates everything that looks like re-straint upon it, and is apt to fancy itself under a sort of confinement, when the sight is pent up in a narrow compass and shortened on every side by the neighborhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a spacious horizon is an image of liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immensity of its views, and to lose itself amidst the variety of ob-jects that offer themselves to its observation. Such wide and undetermined prospects are as pleasing to the fancy that the speculations of eternity () the finitude are to the understanding. But if there be a beauty of uncommonness oined with this grandeur, as in the roubled ocean, a heaven adorned with stars and meteors or a spacious land-scape cut out into rivers, woods, rocks and meadows, the pleasure still grows upon us, as it arises from more than a single principle."—Household Words.

They Get It Honestly.

"Why is it that women lay o much more stress than men do upon the value of a pedigree?" "They inherit it from Eve, I guess."

"From Eve? I don't see what she had to boast of in that line."

"It wasn't much, but she wasn't made out of clay, while Adam was, and I'll bet she never got through reminding him of her superior origin."-Toronto News.

Proof of Genuineness.

Minnic-What frauds these beggars are. I met a "blind" man who said: "Please give me a penny, beautiful

Mamie-Yes, he said that to make you It is all over at last, that golden sum- think he really was blind .-- It dianapo

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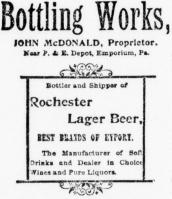
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