

THE SADDEST THING.

They asked me once, when life was young— Its tale untold, its songs unsung— And Hope still near. I laughed and said: "To know my cheeks must lose their red, And every shimmering, golden thread In this fair coronal, its glory shed, Be coiled and folded, snowy white— A sign of sorrow, loss and light— This is the saddest thing!"

They asked me again when partings came, And Death, triumphant, breathed the name Of one held dear. I wept and said: "To sit alone, here, with one's dead And list in vain their footsteps! This— To wait their coming, and forever miss Their voices. Surely life's sad tale when told No other grief so deep can hold. This is the saddest thing!"

But now—I sit dry-eyed and cold, And wonder that a living form can hold A heart so dead, and if you ask: "What is it now? What new, hard task Has left you hopeless?" Thus, to-night, I answer, with a clearer sight: "The saddest thing—to sit alone And face, all tears, Love's outgrowth— This is the saddest thing!" —Katherine B. Huston, in Dramatic Magazine.

A COLONIAL FREE-LANCE

By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS [Copyright, 1897, by D. Appleton & Co. All rights reserved.]

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

As time went, we saying little or nothing between us, I marked our follower's looks as she drew on. Little by little came the details of her canvas, and, as I picked point after point, there dawned on me the almost certainty that our pursuer was none other than the Sprite, the last vessel of his majesty's flotilla I cared to meet. From the deck of the Ajax I had been informed of the Sprite's absence on patrol, and through the whole morning had held in my mind the dread of meeting her, only feeling safe from that particular craft since noon. Probably she had been sneaking under easy sail along the Long Island coast, and had only fairly sighted us after the western sun had thrown a broad light on our canvas. Then with a keen nose for anything less than a three-decker, she had piled on her clothes the sooner to come by about what business a trader had to sail the king's sea without being under convoy. I dared not unfold my suspicions, but the girl, with the eye of a hawk and the instinct of a woman, saved the necessity. Turning to me after a long and searching look at our pursuer, she said: "Capt. Thorndyke, that vessel looks like the one that took me from Philadelphia to New York. I hardly know why I think so, but I fear me 'tis the same."

"Ay," I answered, hoarsely. "I have that fear, and God help us if they overhaul us, as they are like to do, barring a miracle!—Have you aught to offer, Ames?" said I, addressing her brother, whose face had taken on a look of hardness the like of which I had marked at the Dove when he was posing as an old man. "Nay, friend," he returned, suddenly falling into the Quaker style of speech, and without taking his eyes from the vessel astern—"Nay, friend—I have but a light knowledge of sea possibilities. To run as thee be running means to be beaten in the race. There has a head for tricks. Are thee lost? If so, there is but one thing for thee and me." And turning his eyes to mine, he made a quick gesture toward the water, which motion I thought was unobserved by the girl. But I was wrong in my surmise.

"Has it come to this then?" she ejaculated with sudden terror in face and voice. "Am I to be left alone and at the mercy of those yonder?" "Beverly! Beverly! you will not commit suicide and leave me without a protector!"—Donald Thorndyke, she continued, her terror giving place to an impetuousness royal in its effect, "you have sworn not to desert me! Are you nerveless at last? Nay, I know you too well. I ask your pardon," she faltered with a bend of her head and a rapid change to humility; "I am wrong. Better give back to the Almighty direct the life He gave you rather than have those yonder, if enemies they be, take the giving into their merciless hands. I was wrong. I let the woman in me speak first. Your honor is greater than my mine!" And with this she placed both hands to her face and sobbed aloud.

I listened in silence to this outburst with its shifting emotions. There was no answer to make. The blackness of the last few days seemed to gather and settle itself over me like a pall. We had been on the brink of safety, the threshold of content, honor and success, and to see the prizes snatched away at this late hour was beyond human endurance. The softness of the air, the mellowing light, the silky veiling on the sky above us, and the lively sparkle of the ocean, suddenly changed from gay congratulation to a hideous grin of irony and malice. Without a word in return I grasped the spokes of the wheel with my whole heart seemingly bent on meeting each surge in a manner to save our speed. To comfort the girl was beyond my power even had I lain in my province, and in real life no man, I fancy, ever juggles with the truth (be it never so bitter) while looking squarely into the face of death.

Neither did Ames go to his sister's rescue. As though to let her gather the full import of the future, he stood apart, only saying, as the poor girl's sobbing decreased: "There is a God in Heaven, and what must be, must be." If, however, I had remained silent it was not because I was stunned, for, though my tongue was dumb, my brain was active enough. There was one chance in a million that our pursuer was not the Sprite, or even one of the British fleet. If so, well, if not, I would sell myself at such a price that there would be but little triumph for them over my carcass. Turning at last to Ames, I said: "Until it be made certain that we be lost to one another, I shall hold my life as dearly as ever. The mere capture of the schooner—unless that fellow astern be the Sprite—need not bring despair. We will run as long as run we can, and then fight; after that the action of each lies with his own conscience. As for me, I shall not be hanged from a British prison, but I swear again that while you or your sister live and I can lift an arm for either I will still cling to the breast of God has given me. If, becoming powerless, I choose to cheat the rope, I will be like many a captain who goes down with his ship. I take it 'twould be no common surfeit for my honor would not have suffered."

"Ay, I said naught to mean the cowardly taking of one's own life," answered the

youth stoutly. "Fight we will so long as powder and shot hold out, Quaker or no Quaker. We be scant of the first, though. I would to Heaven a sudden darkness like that which fell on Calvary would settle on us now! We might then take to the dingy astern and sneak for the Long Island shore."

He had hardly spoken when the mainsail flapped, and the wind, which had been rapidly growing lighter, almost went out. I cast my eye on the following schooner, and saw with some satisfaction that she, too, had lost the breeze she had been carrying with her, for no longer did she heel to its pressure, and, I thought, no longer were her sails belling, but, like ours, hung in folds, only occasionally roused by the dying puffs. By this she had drawn to within a couple of miles of us and was still coming on. Under our stern there was barely a wake (so slowly we moved), the froth from our bows and rudder having given place to an oily flatness filled with tiny eddies, through which the boat we still towed slowly dragged its way. Now there was a yellow haze on all the horizon, that told of the evening sky, but the sun's broad light still lay over the ocean, and it would be hours ere darkness could furnish us shelter. By then our fate would be known.

CHAPTER XIX. THE CAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER.

I wondered mightily that they had not fired at us, but the solution of the riddle came to me when I remembered that the Sprite had but one powerful gun forward, and hitherto she had not been in a position to use it on us without blowing away her own forward rigging. Her silence thus confirmed my fears as to the identity of the vessel, nor were we long in doubt as to the malevolence of her purpose. Still she glided toward us, wafted as is a feather over a smooth pond, while we rolled to the long reach of the surges without more way than would take us a fathom in a minute.

For all the deadness of the Phantom, I still stuck to the wheel, that she might not round into the wind. Ames and his sister had gone below to reload the firearms and lay out their ammunition, when, just as the last gaff of wind went out and the shivering sails set the reefing points beating the canvas with a musical ripple, the enemy slewed a couple of points to the south, and a ball of white smoke broke from her bow. Plainly as day I marked the shot as it struck the water and in great leaps came skipping toward us. It passed us well astern, for, with the fall of the wind, we had swung into the trough of the sea, and the Phantom was now parallel to her pursuer, the latter lying off our starboard quarter.

There she might remain, and, using us as a target, sink us at her leisure, though I had little fear of this action on her part, as the British policy was ever to capture anything that could be of use, only destroying that which they could not carry away. I watched the flight of the ball until the spouts sent aloft as it struck the sea became smaller and the missile sunk in the distance. It was a command to come into the wind and show our colors, and hoping (though without reason) to defer to the last fall of the bolt, I descended into the cabin and fumbled through the flag locker for the Union Jack. I had the ensign in my hand when the girl looked up from her work and quickly asked: "Are you to make a last stand under that? Nay, then, Donald," she said, with an appeal in her voice, and for the first time giving me my first name alone, "unless you hope to blind them for good and all by the sight of that bunting, 'twere a weak thing to do. You say you will fight; then fight under your own colors. It will make no difference in the end." And with this she bent to the locker, picked up the ensign of the colonies, and, holding it out, dragged from my hand the red flag of the enemy. It was a noble act, and worthy of the spirit which had been equal to bearding Clinton in his own quarters. It put into me the stimulus I needed. Without a word I turned and bounded up the companion, and in a moment the stars and stripes were hanging at the main peak, barely unfolded by the zephyr that was still playing aloft.

It was a plain defiance, and met with a ready answer. The bunting had been aloft no longer than was necessary for those on the distant vessel to have made it out with a glass, when again came a spurt of smoke and another ball leaped toward us. It was a well-aimed shot, and, had the gun been trained a trifle more to the right, it would have ended matters on the instant. As it was, the ball dipped close to our stern and beneath the trailing dingy. There was a swirl of spouting foam, a tearing crash, and the little boat leaped into the air amid a shower of splinters, spun over and over like a top, and then settled, keel upward, with a clean-cut hole yawning in her bottom. We did not look, while yet the splintered flash of the cars was distant, our arrangements were completed. For defense we had two rifles, four pistols, three cutlasses and my rapier, though the latter and one of the cutlasses, being of no use, were left in the cabin. The lady was to take charge of the ammunition and reload the firearms as used, for, though her brother and myself both begged and commanded her to remain below, she had for the first time drawn for herself her own line of action by simply shaking her head and following us to the deck. She was white as chalk as she stood and watched the near approach of the boat, but I will swear that her fear (if fear it was) was not for herself.

Just before the enemy drew into rifle shot I went forward and opened the fore-castle slide, calling both prisoners to come up, for I had a mind that I might use them to make a show of numbers on our deck. But in return I received a volley of curses only, and, as I had no time to try discipline, I shut and again fastened the hatch, rejoicing the others aft. Even at this stage I was possessed with the foreboding hope that we might drive off the boat-pranching boat, and, if they were short-handed aboard (a condition not unlikely), might be crippled us with their long gun, something might happen in the way of wind from another quarter or the coming darkness to enable us to escape. The hope, however, was not enough to give life to my spirits to make it worth the telling to my companions. I had put my past behind me, never hoping to repeat what I had so often done with set teeth awaiting with little fear and less doubt, for the result of the coming hour. Ames lay along the deck with his rifle over the counter; the girl sat in the companion door ready to reload the arms as they were passed to her; and I, looking for the proper moment to open fire, stood in plain sight above the taffrail. Slowly they came on until I could count ten men and an officer, and as I marked the

easy range I told Ames to let them have it. The crack of his rifle was yet in my ears as I saw the bowman pitch forward, his oar slipping from his hand into the sea. There was a slight commotion aboard, and the boat's progress ceased; but it was only to recover the lost oar, and then on they came again. Resting my gun over the rail, I calculated the roll of the schooner and in my turn fired. This shot told as well as the first. A man in the waist sprang to his feet, beat the air with his hands for an instant, and then toppled over the side, hanging half in and half out of water, as limp as a bag of wet salt. At this there was more delay, and by the time they were again well under way both their hands had been reloaded, and as yet there had been no call for the services of Miss King.

"Let them come nearer," said I, "and then give them both barrels at once, and after that the pistols." There was a grim determination in the way their oars flashed now, and as they came to within 200 feet we both, by this time under the shelter of the rail, fired on the count of three. Through the smoke that drifted on us I saw the officer sink back in his seat and the crew cease, then there came a yell from the boat, and two muskets were discharged at us, but without effect. What fools they were to delay, for I had reloaded before the first motion had been made to continue the course! But to my amazement it was for only a moment they held on their way. As I fired again, apparently without hitting, I saw the boat's head slow about, and then they quickly hauled off and started to return to the distant schooner.

It was so far a triumph. Out of ten men we had disabled and perhaps killed three at least, one being an officer. Why they had fled still numbering enough to have vanquished us could only be accounted for by the supposition that they knew naught of our weakness, and feared the plain showing of our colors was but a sign of strength and fearlessness, if not a lure beckoning them to ruin. I had not dreamed of such an easy conquest, and for the while it was all I could do to restrain the extravagance of my feelings. I turned to Miss King. Her pallor had given way and left two bright spots of excitement which glowed on her cheeks and matched well the brilliant sparkle of her eyes. She was trembling with suppressed emotion, and as I held out my hand to her in unspoken congratulation, she took it, and, lifting to her lips my grimy fingers, rose without a word and hurried forward. The impulsive spirit of her brother showed itself in the cry he gave us, with half a sob and half a laugh, he danced about the deck and then threw himself into my arms, breaking therefrom, shaking his fist at the retreating boat, and in mighty un-Quaker mood, though in Quaker style, damned the British high and low, adrift and ashore.

"A curse on thee, thee white-livered, scarlet-backed cowards!" he shouted at the end. "To let two men and a girl drive thee! Oh, by the Lord God above me, the battle is not with the strong! Donald! Donald! mark thee well! I tell thee we will yet best them though they send the whole ship's company! We will rise from the depths! Thy hand and head have so far shown the way! They will yet prevail!" I was well aware that this exuberance was but the reaction following strain. I felt the



"We both fired on the count of three."

relief myself, but knew, despite the fact that we were so far safe, the repulse would prove but a respite. The lump that had risen to my throat when I saw that the enemy was beaten off still held me speechless, but it passed presently, as did also the wildness of the youth, and ere long we were speculating as to the next probable move of the discomfited redoats. It was true that I had realized the first part of my secret hope of overcoming the boat, but, on scanning the horizon, there was no sign of a rescuing wind, though I thought the south held some promise of a later breeze. There was naught to do but stand at bay and await the issue. Nor did we await it for long. The sun was sliding rapidly to the edge of the sea, being but an hour high, its path lying in a line with the now thoroughly bearded schooner off our quarter; its glare throwing a dazzling pathway betwixt the two vessels. It is more than likely they scented the advantage given them by their present position, for not long after the return of the first expedition against us I saw three boats leave their side and proceed along the track of blinding glitter.

To aim into this eye-watering brilliancy with any but a mere chance of hitting a mark was an impossibility, but, with the old determination to face the worst, Ames and I repaired to our posts, though the girl still lingered forward.

As I saw the uselessness of protracted defense, I let her slide away, knowing that at the bow she would be clear of flying bullets when the boats should come near enough to return our fire. How the attack was planned was at once apparent, for to cover the onset of the boarders the schooner again opened on us with its forward piece. In evident fear of striking their own men, they abandoned their former manner of ricocheting the ball across the water, and instead drove point blank at us. Although we lay a plain target, and their schooner, like the Phantom, was at rest, the first shot flew wide of us; the second passed somewhere aloft, yet so near that I heard the horrible humming of the ball, and the third—To this day they know not all they did, nor for the matter of that, did I at the time. We had let the boats come near, that we might shoot with effect, and I had fired and was about to pass the rifle to Gertrude, who in my excitement I fancied had by this time returned to the companion, when to my astonishment I saw she was not behind me. There was no time for protracted search, for, as I sprang from the cabin, where I had gone to look for her, I heard her brother discharge two pistols in quick succession and saw a boat sweep under our counter. In an instant it had hooked on to our starboard channel. With a round on Ames and the two remaining pistols and poured the contents into it with scarce a chance of missing, while I rushed to his side, and lifting the heavy hatch cover from the cabin, against which it had been leaning, hurled it on to the heads of the packed mass below. Beyond the fact that no man boarded the schooner at this point, what execution was

made by the broad and bulky timber I never knew, for at that moment the third shot from the schooner struck the foretopmast just above the hounds. In a thundering crash down came the spar with the square-sail, the outer canvas, topmast, fore and back stays, blocks and upper running gear in general, the broken mast smiting the deck with the sound of an explosion.

The din of the shot and the tumbling wreck slewed me around as though I had been on a pivot, but it was only to see that all was lost. From beneath the fore-sail boom I saw that the other boats had boarded us on the larboard bow, and already half a score of men were swarming over the side. Even then my thoughts went to the girl, but she was nowhere in sight. Body and brain work quickly in times of excitement, and thinking that possibly she had fallen through the gaping hatch and into the hold, though time was scant, I sprang for the opening and looked down, calling her by name. There came no answer, neither was her body in sight, the dull gray of the lead alone meeting my eye. Springing again to my feet, I drew my cutlass and retreated to the quarter deck, where stood Ames with drawn steel, his back braced against the wheel and his breath coming and going as though from violent exertion. "Tis the final stand, my lad!" I exclaimed, as I ranged myself by his side and turned to face (for the last time, I thought) the enemy, who were now pouring aft. "Gertrude is gone! I could find her nowhere!"

"I know it!" he panted. "The game's up, I marked her when she—"

I lost the rest, for at that instant an officer whom I at once recognized came running up, followed by half a dozen marines. As he caught sight of me he halted, and, eyeing me with profound astonishment, suddenly broke out: "Good God! 'tis Thorndyke! Touch not that man, on your lives!" he shouted. "Here's game worth a whole watch! Surrender, ye rebel! Throw down your arms and surrender! Can't you see you are beaten? You doubly damned spy, the rope will have its own! By Saint George, but this is luck!"

"Surrender to you, Lieut. Belden?" I vociferated in turn. "By the Lord, no! Come and take me if ye can, but 'twill not be alive. Your rope is not for me, nor will the colors aloft be struck while I stand on this deck! I have given over this world, and fear neither ye nor the pink shrimps at your back! Come, now, and clutch your luck!"

If I was strong as two men before, I felt the strength of ten within me as I spoke. "The swath I would have mowed through that press would have brought the bullet I invited, but there was no advance. True, the crowd showed a tendency to rush in as I thus defied them, and several muskets were leveled at us, but Belden nipped the act by waving his sword and threatening punishment to the first man who fired a gun or advanced without orders."

It was plain that to him the prize was a tremendous one, nor would he have the glory of defeating me dimmed by my death, and to this ambition to take me alive and see me hanged was doubtless due my final safety. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

KNOW THE MEANING. What Emancipation Meant to the Down-Trodden Peasants on Russian Estates.

One evening our village priest found a middle-aged peasant, Anton Savelleff, reading a book of psalms. He was reading a psalm of which each verse began with the word "Rejoice."

"What are you reading?" he was asked. "Well, father, I will tell you," was the reply. "Fourteen years ago the old prince came here. It was in the winter. I had just returned home almost frozen. A snowstorm was raging. I had just begun undressing when we heard a knock at the window; it was the elder, who was shouting: 'Go to the prince; he wants you.'"

"We all—my wife and our children—were thunderstruck. I signed myself with the cross and went; the snowstorm was blinding me as I crossed the bridge. 'Well, it ended all right. The old prince was taking his afternoon sleep, and when he woke up he asked me if I knew plastering work, and only told me: 'Come to-morrow to repair the plaster in that room.' So I went home, quite happy, and when I came to that bridge I found my wife standing there. She had stood there all the time, with the baby in her arms, in the snowstorm, waiting for me. That was, father, under the old prince."

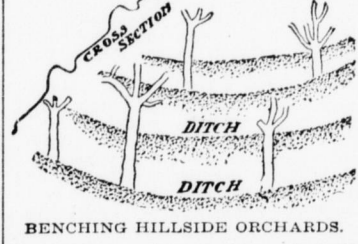
"And now the young prince came here the other day. I went to see him, and found him in the garden, at the tea table, in the shadow of the house; you, father, sat with him, and the elder of the canton, with his mayor's chain upon his breast. 'Will you have tea, Savelleff?' he asks me; 'take a chair.' 'Peter Grigorieff!'—he says that to the old one—'give us one more chair.' 'And Peter Grigorieff—you know what a terror for us he was when he brought the chair, and we all sat round the tea table, talking, and he poured out tea for all of us.' 'Well, now, father, the evening is so beautiful, the balm comes from the prairies, and I sit and read 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'"

This is what the abolition of serfdom meant for the peasants.—Prince Krapotkin, in Atlantic.

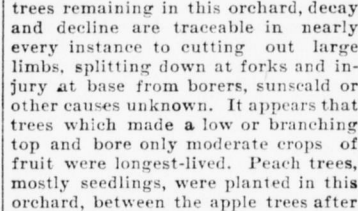


HILL SITE ORCHARDS. An Interesting Subject Interestingly Discussed by a Successful Fruit Grower.

The majority of old orchards in Illinois were planted on hill sites and the varieties were mostly sweet or very sour sorts, seedlings being about as numerous as budded or grafted stock. Of the named varieties of apples, Rambo, Pippin, Belflower, Milam and Talmam Sweet were perhaps the most common. As a rule these early orchards were planted for family use only and were given but little attention, being used for pasture for hogs, sheep and other stock. With such indifferent treatment very large crops of fruit were seldom produced, and the trees were not drained of their vitality. The big Minkler shown in the en-



graving is growing upon a steep north hillside—slant fully half-pitch—in a hill orchard owned by Mr. J. H. Loy, in Effingham county. It is six feet in circumference, 35 years old and is estimated to have produced \$150 worth of apples. The orchard has a northern and southern slope, with a ridge wide enough for one row of trees. Originally there were about 300 trees, consisting of 15 or 20 sorts. The trees were planted 35 years ago and most of that time the orchard has been pastured. At this time not more than 50 trees remain, the majority of which are in rapid decadence. The 25 Ben Davis trees were the first to die, and the Jennings and Minklers are the best preserved of those surviving. Nearly all the trees living in this old orchard are on the north hillside and they are best where the slant is steepest. So far as can be determined from a study of the old trees remaining in this orchard, decay and decline are traceable in nearly every instance to cutting out large limbs, splitting down at forks and injury at base from borers, sunscald or other causes unknown. It appears that trees which made a low or branching top and bore only moderate crops of fruit were longest-lived. Peach trees, mostly seedlings, were planted in this orchard, between the apple trees after the latter were in full bearing, but were short-lived and not very productive, which I think was rather owing to the fact that they were in sod than from



MINKLER TREE 35 YEARS OLD.

any other cause. It is worthy of note in the study of this orchard that the trees were longest-lived that were on the sides and at the base of the hill. My studies of this and many other old orchards on hill sites seem to warrant the following conclusions: That trees planted on hill sites will come into bearing earlier and will produce heavier crops of fruit than on level sites; that a north hillside is a better site than a south hillside; that an orchard on a hill site will be shorter-lived than on a level site; that the longevity and fruitfulness of an orchard on a hill site would be greatly increased by sub-soiling and clean cultivation, as such orchards suffer greatly from lack of moisture; that only such varieties as are not given to overbearing should be planted on hill sites if longevity is desired in the orchard; that a hill or orchard ought to be benched, which may be done by plowing at a right angle to the slope and breaking the soil on the lower side of the trees, as shown in our illustration.—A. D. McCallen, in American Agriculturist.

HORTICULTURAL HINTS.

The best time to prune the peach is early in the spring. Clear lime water is the best for destroying worms in pots and in fern cases. One of the best things to keep rabbits away from trees is a mixture of coppers and glue. After raspberries have grown two or three crops it pays to apply a little manure around them. Marks made by a common pencil in zinc labels will after a time become distinct and legible. No special ink is needed. The cherry succeeds better about the house or elsewhere in grass than most other fruit trees. It needs very little pruning. The compact form of growth of the currant adapts it to close garden quarters, while its ability to thrive in a partial shade is greatly in its favor.—St. Louis Republic.

\$500 Reward

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

FINE LIQUOR STORE—EMPORIUM, PA.

THE undersigned has opened a first-class liquor store, and invites the trade of Hotels, Restaurants, Am. We shall carry none but the best American and Imported

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, GINS AND WINES,

BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc. Choice line of Bottled Goods.

In addition to my large line of liquors I carry constantly in stock a full line of CIGARS and TOBACCO. Mr. Pool and Billiard Room in same building.—CALL AND SEE ME. A. A. McDONALD, PROPRIETOR, EMPORIUM, PA.

F. X. BLUMLE, EMPORIUM, PA.

Bottler and Dealer in BEER, WINES, WHISKIES, And Liquors of All Kinds. The best of goods always carried in stock and everything warranted as represented. Special Attention Paid to Mail Orders.

EMPORIUM, PA.

GO TO J. A. Kinsler's,

Broad Street, Emporium, Pa., Where you can get everything you want in the line of Groceries, Provisions, FLOUR, SAIT MEATS, SMOKED MEATS, CANNED GOODS, ETC., Tea, Coffee, Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars. Goods Delivered Free any Place in Town. CALL AND SEE ME AND GET PRICES. REAR P. & E. DEPOT

EMPORIUM Bottling Works,

JOHN McDONALD, Proprietor. Near P. & E. Depot, Emporium, Pa.

Bottler and Shipper of Rochester Lager Beer,

BEST BRANDS OF EXPORT. The Manufacturer of Soft Drinks and Dealer in Choice Wines and Pure Liqueurs.

We keep none but the very best Beer and are prepared to fill Orders on short notice. Private families served daily if desired. JOHN McDONALD.

PATENTS

Devices and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patents in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPHLET, 'How to Obtain Patents,' with list of cases in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address, C. A. SNOW & CO., Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE IN CHICAGO AND NEW YORK AT THE OFFICE OF A. B. KELLER NEWSPAPER CO.