The sunshine bright and soft, warn Showers

Cave turned the little buds to flowers, and, nestling 'mid the tender green,

The primrose once again is seen.

Dear little blossom, fair and pale, Source free as yet from winter's gale, Thy dainty, sweet simplicity fa full of loveliness for me!

As shines a star in azure deep A little primrose oft will peep From mossy bank, or grassy ground, And brighten all the world around.

Some say the hot-house plant is best, but oh, more beautiful, by far, to me the little wild flowers are

A primrose needs no care, nor heat, But blooms unaided, fresh and swee And scarce has dreary winter fled Before it lifts its yellow head!

Thus naught it knows of human care when I pluck a primrose fair, low this pretty flower must be : Nature's own sweet gift to me! nstance M. Lowe, in Cassell's Little



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CHAPTER II.-CONTINUED.

Dr. Brodnar was rescued from dad complication by his especial treasare, Joe, the driver.

"Go and bring your mother," he said, quickly, as he lifted the unconscious lomers from the carriage in front of Leep your mouth shut." Joe was out of hearing before the doctor reached his operating-room. The doctor's aseistant, half dressed, appeared quick-ty. Somers was stretched upon a table, and his wound critically exam-The bullet had entered over and behind the right ear, and the side of the head was clotted with blood. A second wound an inch farther back became visible as the blood was washed away, but a probe carefully inserted in the forward wound came out of the other, touching the skull in There was no particle of brainmatter in the blood.

"Syncope from concussion," said Brodnar. "Watch him carefully until Treturn and do not permit him epeak." The sound of wheels approaching caused him to descend the steps three at a time. He pressed back the aged negro woman who was dismount-"To the same place, Joe! Hurry!"

he said, and the door closed.

The woman so hastily secured was aone other than the "mammy" who since infancy. She had been encouraged to absent herself for the night Trained under the old regime, with a sense of proprietorship in her old mistress and daughter, with a deep and Impregnable pride in the family, she aceded no cautioning. Nevertheless Dr. Brodner said as they entered sithe deserted yard:

"There has been an accident, mam-Ask no questions and answer Permit nobody to see your young mistress. Do you understand?"
"De chile ain't hu't, young marster?"

"No. A friend was. Her mind has en affected deeply by her father's condition and this shock has upset her.

You must know nothing more of it." Frances sat as he had left her, in the armchair. She offered no resistance when they laid her upon the bed and administered an opiate. The stains of blood were carefully removed from her hands, and her wrapper changed and Dr. Brodnar prepared to depart for the day was now breaking. He remembered the pistol, and was searchthe floor for it, when the reaction set in and Frances began to cry bit terly. Obeying his silent motion, mammy passed into the dressing-room and

took the girl's hand. The whole blame rests upon me he said, gently. "Keep quiet; I will see you through." And then a cry burst from him: "What a fool! what a fool! And to think that Dick Somers-! cound of this name the girl's grief be came almost uncontrollable.

"He loved me," she said, brokenly
"And it has cost him his life!"

"Loved you! Never! If he had aimed better, I could forgive him." She was "If he had aimed better!"-then she

eat up with almost frantic energy.

"Yes. The wound is not fatal.

Take me to him-I must, I must go to him-"You are simply mad!"

"He is my husband—I love him!

Brodnar groaned and turned away his head. Suddenly the girl shivered and drew back, her gaze set fearfully an something behind him.

"Close the window," she whispered (a a changed voice, "they may return." Why-what-what do you mean? He was upon his feet, a strange light

in his face.
"It came from that window," she whispered fearfully; "some one fired

in Heaven!" he cried, "I thank you! Dick! Dick! forgive me!" He plunged out into the gray dawn and left the girl amazed and terrified.

CHAPTER III.

Richmond at the time these events were occurring was in a tumult of ex The quarrel between the morth and south in congress had long since reached the acute stage, and preparations were forming for that America for four long years. South Carolina had led off, followed by Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia. Louisiana and Texas. The capital of confederacy was in the far south,

that if war followed she would furnish dark lashes. the battle ground by reason of her geographical position. Few people be-lieved in a serious conflict to come, but there were some who foretold a bloody powerful, who gave time and direction | pected. to public sentiment.

There was much discussion in state hand rang out loudly the hour. military circles, and a confident prediction that when the crisis came the south must recall her sons from the service of the union, and enlist them to the floor. In the quick look she under the banners of the state's rights gave to her surroundings terror was

Upon his couch in the rooms of Richmond's popular physician Richard Somers lay, convalescent. His wound proved easy of management and healed rapidly. But in the empty hours given to him for recovery he reviewed his late experience, and with small comfort for himself. Carried away by sentiment, he had permitted himself to involve seriously a young girl intrusted to his care. He had acted like a sentimental boy, he told himself, rather than as man coolly transacting a piece of business to which a friend had commissioned him. Evidently the whole mat ter hinged upon the succession of property, and he was simply an instru-ment. But he had suffered himself to be swept along by sentiment, and had declared his love for a girl altogether unknown to him-indeed, unseen. In conclusion, somebody had put a bullet through his head, the only mistake being in the matter of aim. He had received no explanation from Brodnar other than that an error had cost him the wound. There was a multitude of apologies, the tenderest of care-and But one day he arose dressed himself, and, barring a slight dizziness of head, found the world about as he had left it. And then Brod-

self had knowledge. "You were shot from a window by some one who saw you strike a match, my dear fellow, and who didn't care whether your eyes were closed or not,"

nar told him of such facts as he him-

he said. "But who was the assailant—and what was the object?"

"Under the window I found tracks, the track of a woman's number two shoes, clear cut and sufficiently deep to suggest that the wearer was in all probability a settled woman. And yet a heavy woman's foot would not have been so trim. There you have it all." "Why should she have been there,

and why should she have shot me?" "My dear fellow, ask me who wrote Shakespeare and the letters of Junius. Frankly, I know nothing on earth about this shooting beyond the simple fact. Perhaps the shot was not aimed at Somers reflected for a moment.

"Possibly you are correct in the suggestion. But if you, with all the in-formation you have and knowledge of these people, are at sea, I have chance to unravel the mystery. Evidently my best plan is my first plan-to leave at once. Some one lives who saw me in that room. The sooner I go now the better for the good of all. Only I would have you tell me again—if I may venture that far-if my young friend is well, and understands that my re-covery is accomplished."

"She is well," said Brodnar, with some constraint, "and understands." "Look here, Francis, the truth is." said Somers, rising, "I am not fond of mystery. I proposed to keep my promise and shall, but, man, I came near being involved in a lifelong affection that night, and I ask you now if I am to leave here with no further informa-

"Yes," said Brodnar, "otherwise you would defeat the object of the whole Nothing could be more unfortunate for the girl than that you should see her again or knowledge of that marriage get abroad."
"So be it," said Somers, sadly. "I

keep my promise. To-night we say good-by." Brodnar sat, moodily silent. drumming upon his desk, his eyes upor the floor. Suddenly he stood erect.

"Somers, I owe you something, owe you more than I may ever be able to

you more than I may ever be able to repay; I shall tell you this much, and let you decide for the woman—"
"A telegram, doctor, for Mr. R. Som-ers—your care." A boy had entered hurriedly and stood waiting. Somers took the message from the doctor's hand, and, the messenger vanishing. he read aloud:

"Report in person immediately to this of-"STANTON,
"Secretary of War."
Brodnar looked steadily into the glad,

bright face of his friend, who was upon his feet in an instant and full of excitement.

"Will you report there?"
"Will I? It is the dream of my life, Brodnar!-but-but-you were say

ing—"
"Nothing."
"I don't understand you, Frank." "No member of the family, Dick, you nave entered, ever drew sword against Virginia. You must choose between

woman and-" "My country? Is that it? How would you choose, Frank?" Brodnar was silent, looking away. "Take this message to her for me, my friend; it is the last request, perhaps, I shall ever

"Dick-" "Say to her that Richard Somers

passes out of her life to serve his country. His duty done, please God, and she needs his arm, he will follow her to the end of the earth. Say that for me; and then, farewell."

CHAPTER IV.

The morning sun striking through the eastern window of a hotel room shone full upon the face of a woman who lay sleeping there. She was dressed as for the street, but her hair was loose and fell about her shoulders in gleaming, golden masses. Even in the trying light upon it her face was beautiful.

litical intrigue, it had been easily fore- in blonde types, and the even brows seen that Virginia, being a slave state. were as delicate as though penciled would join her southern sisters, and by an artist. Upon her cheeks lay long, dark lashes. Sleeping, she seemed scarcely more than a girl in age, the few lines upon her face fading out of prominence; and yet there was a wom-anliness in her trim, settled figure that struggle, and these were among the told of years not otherwise to be sus

The bell of a tower clock near at sleeper stirred uneasily, opened her eyes, and instantly, as full conscious ness returned, bounded from the bed party, leaving many vacancies difficult apparent. A moment later she had to fill.

Description of the bell-cord and was waiting, her watch in hand, by the door. A ne gro servant knocked and was admitted. She did not notice his old-fashioned and courteous salute.

"Why was I not called for the six o'clock train?" she began in great agi-

"We call t'ree times, ma'am-t'ree times; an' you say 'all right' ev'y time, ma'am.

"I answered?" "Yes, ma'am. An' we t'ink, ma'am,

mebby you done change yo' min'." Something like despair came to her face. "The time now?" "Nine o'clock, ma'am. Clock des struck, ma'am. Gem'man downstairs sen' dis cyard, ma'am, an' say—" The gen-tleman in question passed the speaker,

stepping across the threshold. 'You may go," he said, curtly, and waited until the old servant had re-tired and closed the door. Then he turned coolly towards the woman. "And now, madam, what does this mean?"

"Raymond!"

"Why have you left London?" The woman did not answer. She had cried the name hysterically and started forward; then, suddenly, drawing her hair from her face, she shrank away from him, her gray eyes distended in terror or the expectation of violence. In the presence of this pantomime, the man's face lost its cynicism and stern-ness. He was unmistakably astonished. "Well," he said, at length, "what is it?"
"You here!" the exclamation was

"You here!" the exclamation was but a whisper. "I thought--" "Why should I not be here? Didn't you write, requesting me to come? was not in the city yesterday, no last night, and have but just received your foolish letter. Are you mad, indeed-that you come to this citythat you follow me up in public!— Name of Heaven, woman, what is the

matter with you?"
"Not in the city last night! Not in the city! Then—then—" She caught a chair. "Oh, I am ill—ill!" She seemed about to fall, but her companion made no movement to assist her. "There is some—mistake!" she whispered. "Some awful-mistake!"

"What are you talking about?" He stood looking curiously upon her. She turned suddenly, ran to him, and, falling upon her knees, clasped her arms about him, giving way same time to a paroxysm of hysteria that swayed them both with its vio-lence. He stooped impatiently, broke her clasp with a violent effort, and half pushed, half lifted her into the



FURIOUS HE SNATCHED THE LET-TER FROM HER.

chair. Burying her face in her hands,

she gave way to violent weeping while

the stranger introduced to play compered world. His face might have been line figure, his face might have been line to test in scales of collecting the fact of play complements of guide, philosopher and friend. What complicahandsome at one time, but something tions might not arise from such a sithad fled from it, and something had come to it since then. That which had come men usually call the marks of dissipation; that which had fled they had no name for.

He might have been genuinely indignant or playing a part, but he gazed sternly a few moments only upon the agitated woman, his black eyes gleaming wickedly; then, with a sneer and slight gesture of dismissal, turned away. Taking from his pocket a case, he proceeded calmly to select and light a cigarctte, and walking unconcernedly to the fireplace, tossed his match into it. Standing with his back towards her, he busied himself with a hunting scene above the mantel. And thus, presently, the woman, ceasing to cry, found him. She clasped her hands upon her chair-arm convulsive-

ly and lifted her head. With a few rapid motions she twist-ed the fallen hair into position and arose to her feet.

"When you have finished with the icture," she said, "listen to me." picture,' Startled, he whirled and faced her Her figure was now erect and head lifted. The tenderness was gone from her eyes. Wide open, they seemed to measure and threaten him. He came slowly forward, the sneer unpon his face. "You gave me your promise to re-main in Loudon until I returned," he

said, "and you have broken it." "And you! you told me that you were here to wind up some estate matters and would return immediate-

Where is my child, sir?" The man's face flushed and grew deathly pale. He took two quick steps forward and hesitated. "It is useless, Raymond, to try to frighten me. You were born a ward—and I was not. Look to your-lf!" She drew from her bosom a letter and extended it towards him. "I found this after your departure; it is from your mother." His assumed indifference vanished. Furious, he snatched the letter from ner and raised his arm.
"Wretch!"

"Take care," she said, coldly, slowly withdrawing her hand. "You are dealing with a desperate woman. You are welcome to your letter. I know it by heart. In it I am called by a vile name—and you are told that a bride and fortune await you at home. You came." He was silent. "You do not deny it," she added. With a slight gesture he turned away and seated

"There is no need to deny it now." he said. "Sit down, Louise." waited a moment, and, moving a chair few feet away, seated herself, facing him.

"We have both made mistakes" h said, coolly, preparing to light another cigarette, "and I am willing to admit that in all the matters between us I have been equally to blame, but,' he added between puffs, as he smoked "you have a full share to settle for yourself. It is, however, too late to discuss the beginning of this association. We must consider its end; for, as you evidently surmised, the time to end it has come." She made no re ply, but waited for him to continue, her clear gray eyes riveted upon his. "You have not believed me, but it is true, nevertheless, that I am entirely dependent upon my mother. My lit-tle property has long since disappeared with yours; she holds the whip hand. Ever since her second mar riage she has intended me for a young girl, her stepdaughter, in fact-

"You have known this all along-?" "Yes; and while the child was grow ing up she has tolerated this life of mine. Now she proposes to end it. The question is, How may you and I "I see!"

"You are practical enough to under stand that I am helpless. If I should refuse the old lady, I could not live 24 hours without work; nor could you. If I yield, as I must, you will be provided for—with little—Nanon."

[To Be Continued.] HUMORS OF ADVERTISING.

A Comparison Showing the Differ ence Between English and American Style.

It is in their intimate tone, their confidential attitude, that the Eng-lish advertisements differ most widey from our own, says Agnes Repplier, n the New Lippincott. The brief announcements, so familiar to us, of "well furnished rooms," "pleasant apartments at the seaside," "board for two single gentlemen in a private family," have a cold, almost repellant aspect, when compared to the genial hospitality with which strangers are invited to enter "the fair, free homes of England." Miss Sophia Deale, of Devonshire, for example, offers to reeive a few "sketching boarders, or other students requiring peace and quiet. View of pines and harbor from windows." One sees the "sketching boarders" — every Engishwoman sketches as a matter of course washing in the sky line on their little pads, and grateful occasionally for the shelter of Miss Deale's windows in a land of perpetual showers. Still more personal is the following seduc-

tive advertisement which appeared once only in a well-known magazine: "Home for lady in charming old de-tached cottage near River Thames. Convenient to station. Seventeen miles from London. Would suit literary lady requiring quiet yet cheerful home. For companionship and tuition to a young wife of neglected edu-cation, would arrange easy terms."

There is the material for a novel n these suggestive lines. The lonely, ignorant young wife in her "de-tached" cottage; the husband, older, stood by.

The man was of medium height and ing to feel his sense of superiority; uation; though, in point of comfort and luxury, it falls far short of a companion advertisement in the same pa-

per.
"A gentleman residing alone in his distinctly superior summer home (one hour from London) desires a permanent guest of congenial and refined tastes (lady or gentleman), who would have the run of his delightful, secluded gardens, and of the entire premises equally with himself, and who would appreciate the retirement of a quiet home. Write fully, stating age, habits and profession.

A Greater Need. The Young People's Weekly prints a pathetic story of a poor, half-starved child, living in a city alley. Some one had given her a ticket to a free tea

She was wild with delight, and was running to tell her mother of her good fortune when she stumbled over a child crouched on the stairs, crying. She asked what was the matter. The

and entertainment.

child said her mother had beaten her because she asked for some breakfast. and she was so hungry she could not

help crying.
"Well," said the other child, placing the ticket in her hand, "take this and get a good tea. I've had no breakfast. but my mother never beats me And she passed on, leaving the ticket in the hand of the astonished child.

Crime Decreasing.

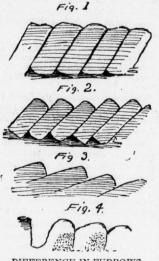
In 1869 there were 10,314 juvenile offenders in England. Now there are and while no one expected that Rich-Perfectly oval, it possessed a combiamond was to become the center of ponation of dark shadings rarely found You intended to desert me. You lied!
4,500 only in various reformatories.



POINTS ON PLOWING.

Tilling the Soil to the Greatest Advantage Is an Art Understood by Very Few Farmers.

A farmer should be quite a mechanic in his nature to succeed in tilling the soil to the greatest advantage. So many farm operations are more or less mechanical in their na-ture that the man without a mechanical turn is sure to do many things far from well. This is especially true in the matter of plowing. Thousands of acres are plowed each season, the best results of which are not experienced simply because the were not turned properly. Take Fig. , for instance. Much plowing is to e seen where, as in this case, the furrows are standing on edge, little inclined beyond the perpendicular.



DIFFERENCE IN FURROWS.

In this position the upper part of the sod will not decay, but will keep on growing, sending up shoots between the furrows, to the annoyance of the cultivator. With furrows set like those in Fig. 1, there is a constant falling back into the furrow after the plow has passed, which makes exceedingly bad work.

The furrows in Figs. 2 and 3 are well turned and the sod will be en-tirely covered when the harrow has passed over the land. Fig. 3 shows how shallower plowing permits a more complete turning of the sod. But shallow plowing of sod is not generally desirable, especially if witch grass is in it.

A good deal depends upon the plow,

as well as upon the plowman, if a furrow is to be well turned. It takes skill to fashion a mold board that will do the best kind of work, and, unfortunate it is, many plows have not had skill expended upon Don't buy a plow until you know from the work of the same make of plows that the "share" will turn the furrow neatly and deftly, and that, too, without the necessity of a constant "coaxing" on the part of the one holding the handles. Under good average conditions, a first-class plow will almost run itself, relieving the workman of much hard labor.

Fig. 4 shows a common and result of using haste in plowing ground," that is, ground that ground," that is, ground that was planted the season before. In his haste to get over the ground rapidly the plowman often tries to carry too wide a furrow, with a result that a portion of the soil in each furrow is not moved at all. This is shown in the dotted portion. This cannot well happen in plowing sod, since the whole furrow is held together by the grass roots, and must all rise to-gether. But in old land the earth is crumbly and rolls up over a part that is not moved at all. As the object of plowing old land is to lighten the soil and expose it to the action of the air, there is no small loss in curred by stirring for too wide a fur-row.—N. Y. Tribune.

Making an Asparagus Bed.

To prepare a bed for asparagus take the warmest, mellowest land you have, spade it deep in September and work in lots of horse manure. Also use salt freely, say, half a bushel to a square rod. You can raise the young plants from seed, or get roots from a gardener or some neighbor. Set out early in spring after a deep and thorough spading. Keep clean and let grow two years if plants are little, so as to get strong roots. Then in the spring of the third year you can begin to cut for your table. Use a sharp knife and cut slanting. After the middle of June let grow. Cover with coarse horse winter, and loosen between roots with a fork early in the spring.—Ella M. Hess, in Agricultural Epitomist.

Liver Trouble in Fowls

Recently a poultryman talked in public of liver trouble in fowls and expressed the opinion that it is to be met with almost entirely in turkeys. We are certain that it exists to a considerable extent among chickens, but is often not recognized as such. When apparently healthy fowls drop over dead it is sometimes, if not fre quently, due to this trouble. The writer had this trouble in his flock at one time, and ascertained the facts in the case by an autopsy on the fowls, which autopsy showed the livers enormously dilated with the blood that had been drawn from the heart and all other parts of the body. It is probably a germ disease.—Farmers' Review.

There Is a Class of People

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Reently there has been placed in all the grocey stores a new preparation called iRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes he place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few an tell it from coffee. It does not cost over a smuch. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 ets. and 25 ets. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

An Error of Judgment. A colored citizen gave a justice of the peace a big fat possum as a wedding fee. Meeting the groom a year after, the justice said:
"Well, Jim, how do you like married

life" "Well, sah," was the reply, "all I kin "Well, sah," was the reply, "all I kin say is—I wish I'd eat that possum."—At-lanta Constitution.

Are You Going Abroad?

Are You Going Abroad?

If you are going abroad be sure to select the Lackawanna Railroad as your route East. The terminus of that line is within two blocks of the docks of the ocean liners operated by the Cunard, Hamburg-American, White Star, North German Lloyd, Netherlands American, American, Red Star and French Lines. To the traveler, often encumbered with luggage and accompanied by his family, the advantage of landing so near his point of embarkation is at once apparent. Not only is the Lackawanna Railroad the most convenient line to the piers near his point of embarkation is at once apparent. Not only is the Lackawanna Rall-road the most convenient line to the piers of the great Trans-Atlantic Steamers, but the comitor to its patrons is the special care of a Steamship Agent who will be found on the docks of all the principal lines. From Chicago three through trains are run daily in connection with the Nickel Plate offering a service unsurpassed in luxury and convenience. From St. Louis there is also a through daily service in connection with the Wabash Railroad.

Conscientious by Degrees.

It is well to be thankful for small mercies. Such is the opinion of a man from whose pocket was stolen a purse containing £25. Some months later he received this letter: "Dear Sir: I stold your money. Remorse naws my conscience, and I have sent you £5. When remorse naws again I'll send you some more."—Tit-Bits.

Wonderful,

Wonderful,

Yes, and more than wonderful; one might say "most wonderful" when speaking of Palmer's Vegetable Cosmetic Lotion, which, for over fifty years, has been the standard preparation for the skin. Mr. Joseph Inkrat, of Cincinnati, Ohio, wrote: "Your Lotion has cured me of a very annoying face cruption, with which I have been troubled for a long time. It is a wonderful medicine." This testimony is echoed by all who have used this great healer and beautifier and none fail to praise it and recommend its use. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl Street, New York, for samples of Palmer's Lotion and Lotion Soap.

A New Wrinkle.
"The idea! What's this?" exclaimed the man who was idly skimming the fashion

page.
"What's what?" inquired the other.
"It says here 'Leghorns will be much used this summer.' I've heard of a shoe horn, but a leg horn's new to me. I suppose tight trousers are responsible for it."—Philadelphia Press.

Career and Character of Abraham

Career and Character of Abraham Lincoln.

An address by Joseph Choate, Ambassador to Great Britain, on the career and character of Abraham Lincoln—his early life—his early struggles with the world—his character as developed in the later years of his life and his administration, which placed his name so high on the world's roll of honor and fame, has been published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and may be had by sending six (6) cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The Hard Part. "No," said the society reporter, "it is not so hard to get descriptions of the costumes. The hard part is to write the descriptions so that each lady will consider herself the best dressed woman present."—Baltimore American.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Leroy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes New or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c.

Mr. Mann-"You talk about fashionable trimming for a bonnet! Why, anything you can stick on to a bonnet is the style." Mrs. Mann-"Anything, dear, but what you have on hand."—Boston Transcript.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Mr. Newlywed—"Come, won't you break bread with us to-day?" Jack Jester—"No, thanks, old man; you see I can't stand manual labor; by the way, is it her first attempt?"—Ohio State Journal.

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

If you would be happy you must learn to live a day at a time.—Chicago Daily News.

The stomach has to work hard, grindi the food we crowd into it. Make its wo easy by chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

It is no use praying for peace while you ake cream on your pickles.—Ram's Horn. The man who boasts that he never speaks ill of an enemy must have been whipped about every other day when he was a school-boy.—Indianapolis News.

We face a great many of our troubles bravely, because the real fact is that we are so situated that we can't run away.—Atchi-son Globe.



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is solved for you when you fit your wheel with G & J Tires. Full of life and speed—easy to repair when punctured—durable and always satisfactory. Just the kind to stand hard service on country roads. Ask your local agent or write us for catalogue.

> G & J TIRE COMPANY. Indianapolis, Ind.



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