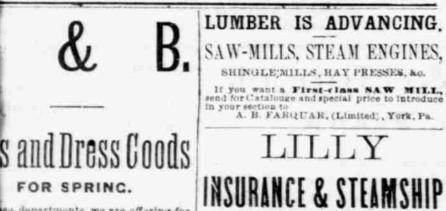


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she has learned to love better than life itself. "Miriam, my love, the unexpected meeting with a friend of yours in the park at Heath-

CHAPTER XXVI.

Allan Percival satin his hired apartments at No. 22 Rue de St. Helene, Trouville Trouville across the river, not the grand eep of bright beach dipping gently down into the bay this side.

"So she has written to her solicitors concerning the Heatherleigh estate, and desires them to dispose of it, with the exception of a few things in the Hall, for which she will send her cousin. Allan Percival, shortly,"

reading from a newly-arrived letter. "Well, let me see. What is it she wants unearthed from that cursed ruin, any way " and he draws forth a shp of paper from the letter. "Oh, yes; her mother's jeweis, to be found where she concealed them before her flight from Heathericigh. behind the third row of volumes on the library shelves. 'Behind the third row at the left-hand end I will find a secret panel;

thing else, that is, in make-up. From every nation on earth almost they gather, gather, rather and affiliate, and no one feels abroad, either.

Allan Percival felt as much "abroad," perhaps, as any one in Rotten Row, for he cemed present only in the flesh as he threaded the motley crowd. "Business will all be settled up to-mor-

row," he said, as he lighted a cigarette in the seclusion of his lodging-house, "and then for my jewel's jewels. But let me see," he said, fumbling in his pockets. "Where is that slip the garrulous old feland renewed the search. Three small boxes low gave me, and what is it, anyway? I and silver drinking cups next rewarded his haven't thought of it since he gave it to me until tais blessed moment.

pockets without examining them and again "By the way." continued Allan, search-ing for the paper, "he thought I was the he searched the recess. counterpart of my unfortunate father. Well, I have no desire to be, only in feature, for he was undeniably handsome. Poor father!" and he sighed audibly.

"There it is now," he ejaculated, drawing the long-sought-for ship from the

attentively to a voice sounding down the aisles of the by-gone, and he heard it say: monds; diamonds scintillating even in the dim light told him he had the required "Curses on that old Hall, that sent me jewels. Shutting the casket he discovered adrift; curses, I say!" and it was the voice the letters L. P. engraven in the center of of his father.

And in connection with this maledictive sentence he heard a sweet, soft voice, and "Augt Percival," he murmured. "Oh! I feel so strange in this awful place, where sweet Lady Percival died; from where my it said in a deprecating tone: "Alian! Allan !" And it was the voice of his gentle father fied, and from whose doors my darlady mother. ling was driven in her widow's weeds! God

But Squire Bancroft interrupted this communion of spirits akin, and broke Once more he put his hand into the recess Allan's painful reverie by saying: "Ere hit his." At the same time he wiped a susendeavors. These he deposited in various

picious moisture from his old eyes and locked the great doors in silence. Allan Percival left Heatherleigh as one in a dream. The long, desolate avenue,

"The family plate, by Jove!" And out it down which his darling had passed alone in came from the remote corner of the cupher grief did not seem real to him. The board. Silver, silver! And here was clanging of the great gates sounded afar off a riddle he could not solve: How could this and even the hum of the carriage wheels httle place hold all this! He tried the other on the echoing drive beyond came to his side of the aperture, and to his astonishcar as unnatural and deadened. H

ip in Mrs. Hancock's home and when bey are all together no gaver household can be found. The eldest daughter is the wife of Governor Merriam, of Minnesota; another the wife of Lieuenant Hare, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., and a third married Captain Eugene Griffen, of the Engineer Corps. Recently Captain Griffen resigned from the army to accept a position in the Thomson-Houston Electric Light and Railroad Company, and went to live in Bos-

Paying a visit to one of the old famfiles of the Hub. Mrs. Griffen casually mentioned that her grandmother was an Adams, of Boston, and cousin of John Quincy Adams. In a few days Miss Adams, an old lady of ninety-four years, sent for Mrs. Griffen, and it was soon discovered that Mrs. Griffen's grandwithow was the old Jady's whom she had never heard since the lays of the runaway marriage. Mrs. Hancock at once went to see her aunt and learn about her mother's early life. As the old lady remembered the lonely years which she had spent without knowing and enjoying the society and ove of those who were the nearest and would have been the dearest, she could notrefrain from weeping. Each daughter of Mrs. Hancock has been, to see the old lady and the few years that may yet be spared her she hopes to pass with some one of the family. Miss Adams, though so old, has regained her second sight and can read without glasses. She is as active mentally and as interested in all the topics of the times as fifty years ago. Mrs. Baker, of Covington, Ky , another aunt of Mrs. Hancock, is still living at ninety years. Mrs. Baker has no children, and her niece, Mrs. Hancock, will inherit her ample property. The youngest and only unmarried daughter of Mrs. Hancock bears the historic name of Ahigail Adams. The author, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, has also proved to be a cousin of Mrs. Hancock. Truth is stranger than fiction is every day proved. -- Wash-Ington Cor. Philadelphia Times.

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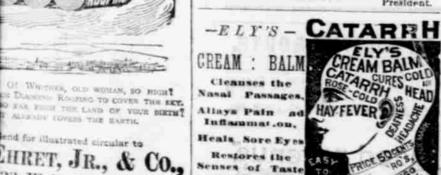
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to be the case, nevertheless. Well, she has olved it, sitting here in the winter's sun-J. B. Mullen, Agent, shine, and the rose will bloom where the rue hath grown, for love can never forget LILLY, CAMBRIA CO., PA. his own.

ROBERT EVANS.

"though, of course, you caught sight of a during my illness. Yes, the face inside," she adds, with a faint flush. Drawing the locket from her bosom, she inclasps the chain which I had restored to her neck while she was asleep in the first age of convalescence, and touches the ecret spring as I had done in those days of ncertainty, and again Allan Percival's

ithout him."

lace beams up to mine. "He is very handsome there," I say, UNDERTAKER, believe he is handsomer over in England,"

She smiles at the compliment, and I continue. "A finer looking gentleman than Atlan Percival was when I saw him last would be hard to find; well-dressed, courtly and kind."

crieigh gives mean opportunity of sending you a letter. The great burden of my life is, dear

ne, whether you love me, as I desire with my hole soul, or not. I remember of giving you

address when I visited you at the Rest.

we born in the dark days of thread ng the val-y of death is not to be put uside easily, and I

ust beg of you, dearest, to say if you have

inged your mind, or if you have by our long

'I was poor when we parted, but I am now

a independent circumstances, having fallen eir to landed property in and near Trouville

ecause I merely wish to speak of my affu-nce, but it may be that you think I am think-

ag of your wealth, though I can hardly see why

ild imagine a Percival dissembling.

"If you have found that you can love me, oh !

I r am, darling, bid me come to you. If not,

coup the locket I gave you at "the Rest" as the

Then that is the problem she has been

ying to solve all these months of separa-

on-whether she could forget her anguish

or the dead enough to be happy with the

lving. She doesn't say this, but I divine it

"I never have shown you his gift men-

loned in the letter," she says with a smile

"ALLAN PERCIVAL."

rift of only a relative. I remain yours,

my mother's family. I tell you this, not

paration found that you love me even a little.

you have not written to me as yet. The

She smiles again and slips the locket back in its resting-place with a sigh of conent. "I must write to him immediately," she says, caressing the letter, and looking up for an affirmative, as I suppose.

"Yes, certainly," and I bring her writing materials, and once more step out of her sauchum sauchurum of thought. I am confident that Allan Percival will receive the answer which he desires and I am content.

A letter has come to me from over the sea; a letter with a big black seal, and I read with swimming eyes and sinking eart that Peggy is dead.

Poor Peggy, who wished so much to see the face of her young misthress" once nore, has left the shores of time without even that boon being granted. Ancil has gone back to Ireland to end his days, which can not be many, among his relations, and Heatherleigh is desolate now of even a livng sound.

Ancil before he left the Hall with a strange, far-away expected on creeping into her face. "Well, we all have to die," she says,



and Without Street - 2 C 1.20

I am alarmed. She seems turning to stone, and there is the same old haunting look in her eyes of a year ago.

back from somewhere whither she was drifting.

"Don't be alarmed," she says, drawing a deep, palaful breath and looking at me as if were a dozen miles away instead of so many foet. "It is only sudden, so sudden for me," and she turns away to hide her stony face. There is something about her words and manner which tells me plainly that it is not the news of Peggy's death alone which affects Miriam so strangely.

e it to the right hand and bring all I find in the little recess," " reading from the "I must answer it," she said, when I had inished. "Allan will be so disappointed if slip. "Then there is more in that secret I do not. He is noble and true, as you said," cupboard than Lady Percival's jewels, judging from this," he said, meditatively. she goes on to say, "and I find, after such a Well, whatever is there, I will get. ong separation, that I can never be happy

"What a life she has led, to be sure, dear girl! But after this earth shall blossom out a paradise for my darling," he added, with Then he feil into a reverie, and slipping

the letter into his desk he sat gazing out of the window, oblivious of every thing around him; regardless of every thing excepting his own speculations. If the chain of thought traced by his busy brain had been resolved into words, they would have read something like the following :

"I don't wonder Miriam doesn't want to set foot in Heatherleigh Hall again ! What a lot of misery has been entailed on the unfortunate ones of the Percival house. God1 if I only had lived to thrust a sword up to the hilt in the heart of that depraved ancestor before he could have uttered that malediction that has cursed the lives of my nearest and dearest!

"Poor, dear love! and she bids me come to her. Happy man that I am! Strange, wasn't it, that she should come to me first and nurse me through that torrible illness ! And I loved her passionately before she had been there two hours; but she thought it an infatuation or haliucination of the sickroom. And, too, her heart was sore over her husband's death, and she was in no ood to listen to me.

"Well, I was a fool to imagine she might. but I had always led such a lonely life, even before my parents died-the curse was on em, too, and I existed in its shadow alsoand after that, I was lonelier that ever before. I was poor, too, then; and there is no knowing what she may have thought of my importune love making. No. I did not consider, for the very reason that I was madly in love with my beautiful cousin. 1 never thought of any thing else. But it was the love of my life, as no one knew better than myself, and now, after years of separation, I am called; and I am going to ier, my love, my life, and we will be very happy. But I must go to Heatherleigh first. Armed with my letter of introduction I will see her solicitors, and then go to the Hall for her.

"I am glad I am here to go; she must be spared the pain, the sadness of this visit, and I will bring the jewels and whatever else she has hidden behind the panel. Mirwas crafty; cunning, wasn't she, to think of all this in the midst of so much else. To be sure, what a sly little love I have'

And he started up with a smile on his handsome face to find it nearly dark. The theorem of a past, and somewhere tinkles the preffy u, nof "Lucia." This rollicking watering-place, Trouville, seems to-any noisier than ever to the steady blood of the Percival as he gazes down on the Parisian-stamped throng. Well, his estates had been disposed of also, and he was going over the sea, away from it all. And beyond the ocean surges they, he and Miriam, would begin life nnew. He had a little business yet with his

bankers in London, and this errand of Miriam's, and then, ah! then, away. Locking his desk he sauntered downstairs, humming softly to himself an old English song, while his thoughts were trying to locate a pretty cottage somewhere near Bay View; or was the cottage itself all the Bay View there was! He would shortly know, for Miriam was there, and

he should sail in a fortnight if nothing happened. The solicitors having Miriam's financial affairs in charge were waiting to see him, and Allan Percival had no trouble in assuring them that he was no fraud.

Barring the letters of introduction, it would not have been a hard task to have convinced the gray-haired attorney that he was a Percival, at least, for that portly old gentleman looked him over critically and then said : "Why, my fine fellow, you are the picture of your father, Alian Percival! I knew him when he and I were young, and a fine gentleman he was, too. But he married your mother against the will of his august father, and that ended the money business with him, in form of inheritance, at least. But 1 judge your finances are in ship-shape," he added, shrewdly, glancing at Allan again.

diary in which he had placed it for safekeeping and had so soon forgotten. "Oh! I must present this to the jolly old Bancroft, and 'obtain the keys and a guide.' As if I needed 'a guide' to explore Heather-ieigh! That isn't it, however. I need a fellow to keep an eye on me while I explore. I understand it. Ah! yes. Then the smiling old squire has the keeping of

the Hail, chl I remember of having heard that he was, or would have been, a staunch friend of my uncle, Sir Rupert's, if that curious old curmudgeon would have stooped to recognize his betters "

A balaful glow crept into the fine eves. and the cigarette was tossed into the open grate spitefully.

"I am afraid I am not so much the child of my mother as I have always imagined. he resumed, as if in apology to his better self, "for I feel as Miriam must have flit when she talked to me of the niall when I was ill. How well I remember the flash of her beautiful eyes as she rehearsed to me how Sir Rupert waved her off from his presence. Away in the cold world he sent her in her sorrow! No wonder she even

wishes to sunder every tie binding her to the roof that sheltered him."" He walked back and forth the length of the little apartment, savagely, restlessly. It seemed that the spirit of the Percivals and given Allan a fresh baptism of the

rankling hate, which could carry its victims into the desperate on short notice. "I don't know," he ground through his set teeth, and he shivered; "I don't know but that the evil brooding in the accursed halls of our ancesters reaches out for its victims even here, for it seems to me that

the nearer I get to Heatherleigh the more unlike myself I become." He paused before the diminutive mirror over against the window and surveyed himself for some minutes in silence. Then he went back to the mantel and, resting his elbow on the corner of it, tried to control his hatred of the dead. The pitiful tales of cruel, angry treatment told him by his father as enacted toward himself by Leon Percival, his father, rushed hoth across his mind; and the cruelty of Sir Rupert to his beloved dared him to forget them, or to remember them kindly.

The angry flush he had noticed so plainly a the mirror surged up to his noble brow and his soul burned for revenge. But they were dead-all of the maledictive ones-and were, perhaps, gotting their dues, while he, Allan Percival, was standing there giving vent to the spirit which had dragged them lown. Ah! this would never do, his soul whispered, warningly. No; this giving way to the vanity of useless wrath would ever bear to be dailied with. By a power ful effort he choked down the rising anath ema and betook himself to assorting some papers he had brought with him from Trou-

Seated at the table, allor the contents of a heavy leather-bound portfolio, he ent eagerly to his task in order to over me the tumuit within. A sigh of relief escaped him. "I am glad," he said, with a remor in his voice, "that my mother was a nild, sweet-souled woman, and that I partake of her nature greatly, else how should I ever come through it all with unstained

"But, after all," he continued, while his face paled with sorrowful emotion, "after all I am not to forget that I am a Percival! and that if I should be able to change my name a thousand times, the blood would

He looked for a moment as if he would be glad to slip from his identity, even though e might evolve a mere slave.

"If when Leon Percival in his wrath disnherited my father he had only taken from him the arrogance, the senseless, passionate spirit, and the unforgiving, relentless soul of the house, what a blessing his disinberitance would have been ! But it was only the property and the honor of being named as one of them that he missed, that is all. "Oh! I am glad," he exclaimed, tri-

imphantly, "that I haven't a farthing, no, not a farthing of the Percival wealth !!

He looked up as he finished his exultant sentence and caught sight of his face in the tell tale mirror. Then he laughed softly to himsell. "Psnaw:" said ne, and the evil feeling had ebbed out its last tidal wave, and he was left in possession of his sweet mother's nature to which he so often referred with fondest pride.

Three days after we leave Allan Perc

ment a panel moved easily back, revealing a capacious recess, and the "corner" he thought he had reached was not a "corner,"

only a sort of division. "It's deuced lucky I brought my traveling case, or else how should I smuggle all this away from Heatherleigh! Egad! I feer like a thiof 1"

be merciful, I wish I was out of this !"

the cover.

Having stowed all the valuables away in his large value, he shut up the recess and replaced the books he had removed. "I believe I will go upstairs now and see what has become of the squire," mused

Allan, looking about him. But the Squire was coming down. Allan heard him on the stairs, and forthwith he

began to be deeply interested in a yell paged volume, for whose contents he didn't care a half-penny. "The books are quite hinteresting, I should think," said Bancroft, peeping in

and seeing the young barrister deeply engaged, as he thought, in reading. "Oh! yes;" Alian made answer, with a yawn, "interesting enough, but I'm deuced tired of them, and, as I have taken the titles

10000 Acres . . War H 前的

HE THRUST HIS HAND INTO THE APERTURE. of some and selected others for which they sentme, I guess we may as well go, that is, if you have no further business in this horrid place?

"Orrid place! Why, this his the wery place to dream hof romances by the 'our, sir. Our tastes differ, to be sure. Now, hi could stay 'ere for ha week.'

"Lord !" ejaculated Ailan, in horror. "I should be a raving maniac in half that

"Umph!" and the jolly squire looked at him in amaze. Then he said : "Books packed, hi suppose " and at the same time eyeing the traveling case keenly.

"Yes," answered Alian, prevaricating.

CHAPTER XXVIL Squire Bancroft had not been so long in the gallery for nothing. He had almost wept over the fine portrait of the youngest son in the reversed row, Alian Percival, last child of Leon Percival, the austere, as he was known.

And now, on coming out into the hall, this young sprig of a Londoner put him so much in mind of the picture of the highspirited youth he used to know that he stopped short to think:

"Hi feel some ow has hif-," he mused, and then taking his gaze from the traveling bag he acted on the impulse of the moment.

"Look 'ere, young friend," said he, touching Alian on the shoulder as they stepped out into the sunshine. "Pardon me, but hi can't 'elp but see that you resemble so much one portrait hin this gallery hupstairs. His hit possible hi ham haddress-ing a Percival? Can hit be that you have the son hof Hallan Percival, so long hago disinherited solely because 'e 'ad sense henough to marry ha sensible woman?"

The squire's first sentence sent a susnicious impression with its curious articulation, and his tap on Alian's shoulder seemed to augur no good to the contents of the case he carried. But the compound question which followed the eccentric old fellow's prelude puc those fast-rising fears of detection to flight, and substituted a choking sensation of oppressive wrong in

thought of it, and remembered Miriam's borror of the place. He paused at Hedge Place, the squire's

ovely cottage, and letting him out with many warm adjeus, drove mechanically on toward the city. Hastings came in view, and he drew ; igh of relief. The shimmer of the sea be yond gave him a new impetus, and he smiled. "It won't be so very long now." he said, waking up, "until I shall see her, my own.'

He consulted his watch. "I have time to get every thing attended to in my care and reach London to-morrow; then a final interview with my bankers there,

good-bye to a few friends, and I'm off on th reacherous waters yonder." "Back again !" Allan ejaculated, as b threw open the door of his lodgings, a entered with his precious hardows +W. I'm blest if I'm not glad the affair is wh ing up. What a great deal grows out of ittle, sometimes, to be sure. settling himself comfortably in his chair) the table and emptying his pockets of the Heatherleigh find. "If I had not met that old lady in the park that blustering autumn lay last year, I presume I should not have

been there again this time. "I guess I had better shut the door and insert the key, lest I have auditors." With this timely conclusion he fastened the door, and, returning to the table, spread out the contents of the three dusty little boxes on the green chintz cover.



SUSPENSION BRIDGES. How an Edinburgh Professor Illustrated

Their Utility. For centuries suspension bridges have been built, sometimes of chains, sometimes of ropes, these latter often made from the bark of trees; although iron suspensions are of comparatively recent times. One of the highest enincoring authorities of the United States thus briefly states that "the conomy of metal in a suspension bridge, inder the average circumstances of its stainable depth, is from one-fourth to e-half of that in a tubular or simple

irder-bridge of equal strength and bridity." The simple rope bridges in Peru and in Central Asia are merely two opes hung side by side across some pace sought to be spanned; then a kind platform is laid on these ropes, and he inverted bow or dip is such that can or beast may cross. The suspen ion bridge, as we have it, is composed of two or more chains, and from these thains a level platform is hung by suspension rods; the chains are generally secured to either side of the chasm cossed by what is known as anchorige, by passing over piers. The chains sed to construct these suspension ridges are wire ropes or chains composed of links. As already intimated, the cost of the suspension bridge is nuch less than that of many other kinds of large bridges, because of the amount of material required. The late Prof lenkin, of the University of Edinburgh, hus clearly illustrates this: A man light cross a chasm of 100 feet hanging to a steel wire 0.21 inches in diameter lipping 10 feet; the weight of the wire ould be 12.75 pounds. A wrought-iron beam of rectangular section, three times as deep as it is broad, would have to be about 27 inches deep and 9 inches broad to carry him and its own weight. It would weigh 87,500 pounds." Trains do not as a rule cross suspension bridges at a high rate of speed, and unless othervise strongly fastened so as to overcome lateral and other oscillation, the angers are considerable. Engineers ave, however, so thoroughly studied bese and all other matters in connecon with bridge-building that these reat structures are now made with a iew of meeting all such strains and contingencies. Some of the best-known

suspension bridges in the world have

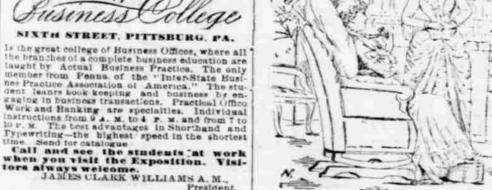
-----ANTIQUITY OF DOLLS.

An Exquisite Little Image Carved in Oak Found in a Roman Coffin.

The other day I went into a store on State street where toys constitute the bulk of the stock. The man at the doll lepartment, although he had been selling dolls until I fancied he looked babyish-"twenty-five years in this bushness." he said-had not wearied of it. "I do not know when the world was without dolls," he remarked. "I have not had time to look it up, but as far as my opportunity has permitted I have discovered that every nation on earth had iolls. The domand for thom now 1s as great as when I first went into the busi-

A day or two later, curiously enough, I found an article in one of the magazines containing an account of the opening of a coffin in Rome. It had been discovered in excavating. The coffin was marble. How many hundred years since it was buried? The name of the dead was deciphered and from the formation of the letters and the bas-re-Hof on the lid it was concluded that the woman-for it was a woman-lived at the beginning of the third century after Christ. She was not one of the nobility. and the name on the sarcophagus showed that her family was Greek. The surgeon who took out the skeleton and arranged it gives the opinion that the woman was about seventeen years of age at her death. When the coffin was opened a box was discovered, in which were a number of toilet articles still in a state of preservation; a couple of fine combs; a small disk of polished steel; a small silver box, probably for cosmetics; a hairpin, six inches long. made of three pieces of amber A remarkable discovery was the preservation of myrtle leaves-a wreath with a silver clasp-that had fallen from the head. There was no trace of the features, of course, but the teeth were fine and regular. A ring-an engagementring (2)-with a man's name engraved thereon, was found near the skeleton hand. On each side of the head were gold ear-rings, with drops of pearls. Mingled in a heap with the vertebræ of the neck and backbone there were a gold nocklace, woven as a chain, with thirty-seven pendants of green jasper, and a large brooch, with an intaglio in amethyst, representing the fight of a griffin and a deer. Near the left shoulder was lying an exquisite little doll carved in oak.

This, if there was nothing else, would



DRAWING THE LOCKET FROM HER BOSOM. her face takes on such a deathly pallor that

"Miriam " I exclaim in alarm, having an mpression, somehow, that I must call her

EXPANDED METAL Miriam reads the letter dictated by old CUT FROM STEEL SOMETHING NEW. For Residences, Churches, Cemeteries, Farms GARDENS, Gates, Arbors, Window Guards, Trellisos, re-proof PLASTERING LATH, DOOR MATS, c. Write for Illustrated Catalogue: mailed free handing me the black-bordered missive, and CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO Hardware Men keep It. Give name of this paper

