

TRUST.

My bark is wafted to the strand By breath divine; And on the helm there rests a hand Other than mine.

MOONLIGHT AND FLOODS.

The floods were out at Wendelthorpe. Boats were moving hither and thither in the lower-lying streets, and out in the open country...

A voice called upward to those within. "How many are you?" And a voice called downward in reply. "Six."

"Then, amid the sound of the water, came up the words, 'We have only room for four.'" "Shall you be able to come back for the others?" asked the farmer.

Then, amid a pause, brief, but sufficient to foreshadow the coming negative. "No, hardly, it was getting too dark and too dangerous. Within were quick questionings and denials, a half-heard debate, caught and lost again between the ominous beating of the rising floods."

"Have you any hope of their coming back in time?" asked the woman. Her companion answered, "No," and she saw through the darkness that he shook his head.

"Nor have I," said she. They stood silently looking into the fast darkening room. They had no occupation but to await the coming up of the water, and they were strangers who had never so much as beheld each other's face by full daylight.

"lose," said he, as he came to her level. "I'll go down and fetch it up." "No, don't! It is too dark. Please don't let us go up."

"I suppose they are rats," she said once, when the sounds grew louder. "I suppose so; do you mind very much?" "No, if we could only see them."

"How long is it to morning?" she asked. "How long is it to morning?" she asked. "How long is it to morning?" she asked.

"No, thank you." He broke himself a piece of bread, and returned to the window, at a few mouthfuls. He pushed open the lattice and leaned out.

"I don't think there is. I looked just now. But I can get up through the window—the roof is close above—and then I can help you."

"Oh, yes, let us go. Is there a trap door?" "I don't think there is. I looked just now. But I can get up through the window—the roof is close above—and then I can help you."

"One would say," said he, watching the dark cameo of her face, as it detached itself from the straight line of masonry, "that you had a kind of enjoyment of all this."

"You don't feel any fear of death, then?" "I fear it physically, of course—the actual drowning and choking—ah, don't let us talk of it. But at least I shall have had this hour of freedom and rest."

"I could bear it better," he returned, "if there were any element of struggle. To sit still in a cage until death chooses to come and put an end to you—that's horrible!"

"What made you say that?" she asked suddenly. "What made you?" "I hardly cared more than what I said, that nobody cared much whether I did or not, and that I did not care much myself. But I am older than you, and I have had about as much out of life as it will ever give me."

the key to everything when you stood up in the boat and said that you would stay." "Yes," said he, "I could not help wondering, as we stepped out, whether what we were really giving to those young lovers was only time to lose their love for each other, even in remembrance. For death can only destroy the future, but life can destroy the past, too."

"Are you sorry, then, that you said that?" "There was a little note of mockery in the question, or his conscience created it."

"No, it seemed the thing to do. One can but act in the present. And even if a man could know certainly that death would keep their love for them, and life would lose it, he could hardly bring himself to say, 'Then let death come.' It takes Apollo to give death when he is asked for the best gift. But yet, what a chance for two lovers to have died together!"

Down at the far horizon the late moon was rising, vague and cloudy. A ghostly light, bringing in its waxy mysterious shadows, spread slowly as the moon drowsily lifted herself and dropped the mists from her shoulders. The man, looking down, in this clearer light, to the water, started and said, "It is coming up much faster."

He drew out his watch, but there came a cloud across the moon and they had to wait. "It is just past twelve," said he. "Perhaps they will come out by moonlight."

"Perhaps," said he. But neither of them had any trust in the hope. He had seen in the moment when they looked at each other that she was indeed younger than his first supposition, though hardly so young as his second. She might be five and twenty. It was not the face of a girl. She had returned to her former position, and now, leaning back against the chimney, lifted up her face to the sky. Her eyes were closed and her lips drawn in. There was but time to look once before the lips curved again into a smile and the eyes opened to a calm gaze.

She had been obliged to speak the last words loudly; for the wind rose suddenly and fiercely, and the shock of the water broke noisily on the walls. And as she ceased came a terrible crash; there were heavy splashes in the water, and water spouted over them as they caught and clung to each other. Long hair was blown before his face. They held each other fast, panting and trembling. She freed a hand and drew aside her hair. There was a sound of water, running, trickling, and dropping. The calm moon, pursuing her leisurely pathway, passed out from behind a cloud, and showed them that the platform at the other end of the house had given way, and the stack of chimneys opposite had fallen.

"If it had been there!" said she. They crunched nearer together, each still holding to the other. The fear in each mind now was the fear of being divided, of losing all human companionship. The waters were rising faster, rising, as it seemed, with a malignant, hungry joy.

"It can't be long now," said the man. "No," said she. There were a few more life-long moments in which they sat silent, breathing hard. The wild gust of wind abated; the moon found a wide, open archway among the clouds; the face of the waters grew by comparison still again.

"And so," said he, "it was for me you said, and even at the end I can't go away in peace without pulling down some one else. And you, who said, as a stranger, and we shall die together, strangers. Oh, the irony of this world. All my life I have been solitary and deserted. It has been my fault—no doubt it has been my fault; and now life is over. It's all too late, and there's no time."

"Do we? Well, the depths, perhaps, of each other, but not the shallows. If we were to be saved we should feel like friends till we came to land, and then you would go your way and I mine; and if we were to meet once a week for a twelvemonth we should speak to each other at first, and then we should nod and smile, and by and by we should pass and take no notice. No, what knowledge or friendship we have does not belong to this life!"

"You believe, then, in another?" "It is hardly that I believe in another life so much as that I can't believe in death. We could not be capable of so much, and destitute of so much, and nothing come. We have not half enough. I feel so much, much more. No, I am not afraid. There's more."

minute, a fuller glory; it was illumining an arch of clouds, and beyond the arch lay measureless liquid, lucid depths. She looked and pointed upward. The full glow shone on her face. He saw in her dark eyes a slow ineffable softening; in all the lines of her features breathed a spirit of exultant reception.

"The open doorway of infinity," said he, fitting to this radiance its apt poetic description, but without anything of the poet's rapture or belief. Her lips moved to a recognizing smile. "And can you look up to that and depart?" she asked.

"That has no voice for me. It is too far off, too silent, too unworked. That glory may come back, as serene, to look down on you dimmed face. But you have to die with me. What hope there is in life or death you have shown me. I don't know that it is lasting or that it is good for much; but such as it is, it comes from you."

Again the water came rushing over the fallen chimneys, and they looked out in momentary apprehension. But the sudden torrent subsided, and the waters went on rising again slowly as before. He then quietly proceeded: "One thinks of life as the life one has known. To-night a glimpse has come to me of something that seems to make life worth going on with. It may be life on the other side of a division; I can't tell. I don't want to be carried back into old life, but I do want life—the life that I nearly saw just now, when we thought that our time was upon us. And I have found you, standing with me upon the brink. We do not know each other, you say; we are not friends, and can't be. I don't know. I only know that I would neither go on nor go back, alone."

Her hand, which still clung to his arm, trembled and was withdrawn, and in the next moment stole softly into his. They sat quite silent, and the endless night drew on. Memories rose before each of them of hopes and dreams that had once been all in all, and now were small and faint and immeasurably distant. Around them, rising always, surged the persistent waters. Now and again gusts of wind awoke suddenly and brought a sweep of waves over the submerged masonry.

Presently cozzing drops began to creep between the chimneys behind them. "We must go up higher," said the man. They quitted their sheltered nook, and, mounting, stood upon the platform of brick-work. The wind flung itself upon them in fury. They clung to the chimneys and to each other, and for a few minutes stood so, battling strenuously to keep their foothold.

The man cried out suddenly, "Oh! if there were only some place for you! It is too hard a death for you. I am so sorry for you." "And even while he spoke the water was up about their feet, snatching and dragging at them. "I am not sorry," she answered. "And oh, not it is not hard; it is the best moment life has ever brought me!"

Her voice was blown away as it crossed her lips. It was only because they were uttered at his ear that he could hear her words. And his, of reply, the winds snatched and carried away forever. The time of words was over. There was nothing now but hard-drawn breath, and the vain struggle of resistance, and then, a placid moon, shining over a waste of floods.

Her voice was blown away as it crossed her lips. It was only because they were uttered at his ear that he could hear her words. And his, of reply, the winds snatched and carried away forever. The time of words was over. There was nothing now but hard-drawn breath, and the vain struggle of resistance, and then, a placid moon, shining over a waste of floods.

Her voice was blown away as it crossed her lips. It was only because they were uttered at his ear that he could hear her words. And his, of reply, the winds snatched and carried away forever. The time of words was over. There was nothing now but hard-drawn breath, and the vain struggle of resistance, and then, a placid moon, shining over a waste of floods.

Captain White, of the Newfoundland sailing fleet, says: "On April 27, in latitude 51 deg. 18 min. north, longitude 53 deg. 25 min. west, I saw an iceberg about three miles in length, and as nearly as I could judge about seventy feet in height. Around the sides of this huge island were many harbors and creeks. During the whole of my experience I have never seen a berg approach this one in size, nor had the oldest sealer on board my ship. It was surrounded by drift ice and a number of small bergs, and had I not been positive of the position of my ship, I should have taken it for an island."

Some years ago, A. R. Spicer, and his partner, James Campbell, of Texas, were mining for gold on a gulch or ravine, one of the branches of Canyon Creek, in Sierra county, California. Their cabin was but a few miles from the base of Pilot Peak, one of the tallest peaks of the Sierras. This peak is covered with perpetual snow, and from its base run six bold mountain streams, all very rich in gold; on its north side run Onton Valley, Hopkin's and Poorman's Creeks, emptying into Feather river; on its south side run Grass Valley, State and Canyon Creeks, emptying into the Yuba river. The unsurpassed richness of the rivers and creeks mentioned is a matter of history, and can be vouched for by Napoleon Hill, now a noted merchant, but who 53 years ago was a rough miner in a rough country, and surrounded by rough citizens. We all know him in those days as "Pole" Hill, but even in that early day we all know him to be "a rough diamond, all the same," etc. Now, to my neighbor-of-fact story: In the summer and fall of 1852, James Campbell and the writer found a very rich mine in the small ravine spoken of above, etc.

As we did not care to desert our rich claim, it behooved us to prepare for the winter by building a large, strong cabin and laying up a good supply of provisions, which, with the help of our only neighbors, we did. Our neighbors were John Mason and his brother "Burt," from Maine, and Texas, with Tennessee thrown in—met and were friends in time of need, etc. We were all four of us solid democrats and could not differ on politics, and as we had no Sunday service, or much of any other service to disturb us, we were happy. We passed our time when not at work in shooting at a mark (we all had Colt's six shooters and Mississippi rifles carrying about an ounce ball) or playing poker or some other innocent game. But Mason and the writer, being about the same age, were "chums." We were known to be the best shots with pistol and rifle far and near, and being always together we were not troubled with much foolishness from sharpers or "men spoiling for a fight." We both had an opportunity to show our nerve and skill with our rifles. It was about the 20th of October, 1852. Our winter set in; commenced in rain but ended in snow. After two days of rain it turned much colder, and about night commenced snowing, but as my partner (Jim Campbell) and myself had an unusually large and comfortable cabin well filled with supplies, we were happy, and concluded to let it snow, etc. Now, allow me to describe our cabin and position. At one end was our fireplace, about eight feet wide; the other end our door, about four feet wide and six feet high. On one side were our bunks or beds, one above the other, as they are on steamboats. The other side was devoted to a general use for our provisions. In the corner next to the door was a half barrel of mess pork; next to it, on a big peg, hung a large fat quarter of beef; near it a large, unskinned, uncured black-luck buck that the writer had killed that morning within 100 yards of our cabin; next to it, on good-sized puncheons, was a keg of molasses and sacks of flour, potatoes, beans, coffee and sugar, etc. After eating a hearty supper we sat by a roaring fire, smoking our pipes of peace, talking and dreaming of homes and loved ones in far-off, distant States—Campbell contending that the Texas girls were the prettiest in the world, and I trying to convince him that for shape, beauty, style and talent, the Tennessee girls surpassed all others. We finally concluded to suspend our discussion till morning and retire to our lonely bunks. We were soon wrapped in our blankets and sound asleep. How long I had been asleep I cannot say; I was awakened by some terrible growls and very uncomfortable noises. By the light of the fire I could see our unwelcome visitors—three large grizzly bears. They had undoubtedly scented our fresh meat, pushed open our door, which we had forgotten to bar, and marched in and helped themselves. The largest one was in front—evidently the mother of the smaller ones; she looked to me in my fright of enormous size. They all at first seemed to be afraid of the fire, but soon became quiet at home. The large one quietly raised herself on her "hind" feet and very nicely pulled down the quarter of beef, which she seemed to enjoy. The cubs soon had down the deer, and after much growling and fussing they settled the matter by eating it up between them with much relish. We had hanging above our flour, potatoes, etc., four real, sure enough Davis' canvassed hams, that cost us 75 cents per pound. To see Madam Grizzly and her immense and hungry cubs going for those hams would have been amusing "to a man up a tree," but to us, who were too near to be at all happy, with no way to escape, it was anything but funny. After finishing the hams they went for the sacks—flour, potatoes, beans and coffee they did not admire. But the sack of sugar they seemed to enjoy very much; they commenced looking around for something more that was good. One of the cubs turned over the half barrel of pork, but they did not like it after so many good things. Madam Grizzly in her way seemed to say it was about time they were going, but before leaving she thought it but right to thank us for our kindness, etc. She turned and came direct to our bunks, putting her nose almost in Campbell's face. I reckon she did not like his looks or his smell, as she gave an unearthly growl, and went marching out with many grunts and growls, her cubs behind her. They kept up their music for awhile, and when far enough off, quick as lightning, Jim Campbell jumped up, ran to the door, barred it up and we were safe. Well, to say that I felt a little better is not going it strong. I thought a little fun might come in. "Say, Jim, I had such a curious dream. I thought we were visited by three Texas girls. After eating up all our grub the largest and ugliest one stepped up and gave you a kiss. Then she gave such a howl that I awoke, and Jim as sure as you are alive your girls turned to great big grizzly bears." "Shut up, you dern little fool, and get out of that safe bed. Hurry about it, and run down and tell the Mason boys to come up at once and come armed, for we must have bear meat or we are busted."

I jumped up and was soon ready. Putting on my long-leg rubber boots, buckling on my six-shooters, and with my trusted Mississippi rifle well loaded, and came direct to our bunks, putting her nose almost in Campbell's face. I reckon she did not like his looks or his smell, as she gave an unearthly growl, and went marching out with many grunts and growls, her cubs behind her. They kept up their music for awhile, and when far enough off, quick as lightning, Jim Campbell jumped up, ran to the door, barred it up and we were safe. Well, to say that I felt a little better is not going it strong. I thought a little fun might come in.

"Say, Jim, I had such a curious dream. I thought we were visited by three Texas girls. After eating up all our grub the largest and ugliest one stepped up and gave you a kiss. Then she gave such a howl that I awoke, and Jim as sure as you are alive your girls turned to great big grizzly bears." "Shut up, you dern little fool, and get out of that safe bed. Hurry about it, and run down and tell the Mason boys to come up at once and come armed, for we must have bear meat or we are busted."

I jumped up and was soon ready. Putting on my long-leg rubber boots, buckling on my six-shooters, and with my trusted Mississippi rifle well loaded, and came direct to our bunks, putting her nose almost in Campbell's face. I reckon she did not like his looks or his smell, as she gave an unearthly growl, and went marching out with many grunts and growls, her cubs behind her. They kept up their music for awhile, and when far enough off, quick as lightning, Jim Campbell jumped up, ran to the door, barred it up and we were safe. Well, to say that I felt a little better is not going it strong. I thought a little fun might come in.

"Say, Jim, I had such a curious dream. I thought we were visited by three Texas girls. After eating up all our grub the largest and ugliest one stepped up and gave you a kiss. Then she gave such a howl that I awoke, and Jim as sure as you are alive your girls turned to great big grizzly bears." "Shut up, you dern little fool, and get out of that safe bed. Hurry about it, and run down and tell the Mason boys to come up at once and come armed, for we must have bear meat or we are busted."

I jumped up and was soon ready. Putting on my long-leg rubber boots, buckling on my six-shooters, and with my trusted Mississippi rifle well loaded, and came direct to our bunks, putting her nose almost in Campbell's face. I reckon she did not like his looks or his smell, as she gave an unearthly growl, and went marching out with many grunts and growls, her cubs behind her. They kept up their music for awhile, and when far enough off, quick as lightning, Jim Campbell jumped up, ran to the door, barred it up and we were safe. Well, to say that I felt a little better is not going it strong. I thought a little fun might come in.

"Say, Jim, I had such a curious dream. I thought we were visited by three Texas girls. After eating up all our grub the largest and ugliest one stepped up and gave you a kiss. Then she gave such a howl that I awoke, and Jim as sure as you are alive your girls turned to great big grizzly bears." "Shut up, you dern little fool, and get out of that safe bed. Hurry about it, and run down and tell the Mason boys to come up at once and come armed, for we must have bear meat or we are busted."

I jumped up and was soon ready. Putting on my long-leg rubber boots, buckling on my six-shooters, and with my trusted Mississippi rifle well loaded, and came direct to our bunks, putting her nose almost in Campbell's face. I reckon she did not like his looks or his smell, as she gave an unearthly growl, and went marching out with many grunts and growls, her cubs behind her. They kept up their music for awhile, and when far enough off, quick as lightning, Jim Campbell jumped up, ran to the door, barred it up and we were safe. Well, to say that I felt a little better is not going it strong. I thought a little fun might come in.

"Say, Jim, I had such a curious dream. I thought we were visited by three Texas girls. After eating up all our grub the largest and ugliest one stepped up and gave you a kiss. Then she gave such a howl that I awoke, and Jim as sure as you are alive your girls turned to great big grizzly bears." "Shut up, you dern little fool, and get out of that safe bed. Hurry about it, and run down and tell the Mason boys to come up at once and come armed, for we must have bear meat or we are busted."

I jumped up and was soon ready. Putting on my long-leg rubber boots, buckling on my six-shooters, and with my trusted Mississippi rifle well loaded, and came direct to our bunks, putting her nose almost in Campbell's face. I reckon she did not like his looks or his smell, as she gave an unearthly growl, and went marching out with many grunts and growls, her cubs behind her. They kept up their music for awhile, and when far enough off, quick as lightning, Jim Campbell jumped up, ran to the door, barred it up and we were safe. Well, to say that I felt a little better is not going it strong. I thought a little fun might come in.

trees. The Mason's cabin was about one-fourth of a mile down the ridge from ours. I was not long getting there, and soon had them up. After striking themselves with rifles, pistols and knives we returned and found that Campbell had ready for us a big pot of hot coffee and us. Campbell such as the bears had left us. Campbell was made boss. He put Burt Mason on the left and the writer on the right, he and John Mason in the center. It was now about light. The trail of the bears was plain and easily followed. We went slow and cautiously for about a mile. The sun was coming up when, to our surprise, we came in sight of our game. They seemed to be in no hurry to get out of our way. Campbell ordered Burt Mason and me to move to the right and left about 50 yards, and not to fire until he ordered, etc. I began to think he never would hollow to us to stop, but he did. The old bear rose up and sat down, facing Mason and Campbell, and bid defiance to them with unearthly growls. "Now, Bob," Campbell yelled, "put your ball right in her ear. If you miss, you are a dead boy." I stood not 50 yards to the right, beside a large spruce pine, took a long and steady sight and sent an ounce ball through the madam's brain. In an instant Burt's rifle boomed out and sent a ball through the heart of one of the cubs. The third one escaped unhurt, as Campbell and Mason were holding back their fires. We soon reloaded and were ready for more, but it was unnecessary, as our bullets had done the deed. The old bear struggled for half an hour before it was safe to go within her reach. The smaller one died easy, as Burt's ball had gone through its heart. Campbell ran up before the large one was quite dead and cut her throat; both bled freely. About three miles from our cabins was quite a town of several hundred inhabitants, called the Crossing, as it was on the main trail leading from Downville going north. It was a place of much interest and trading, etc. John Mason went there for help to save our prize, and he returned about noon with about 25 men, all more than anxious to see the huge bears that Mason had told them about. "Where are the boys that did this shooting?" said one of the hardest looking men in the crowd. "Oh! there you are!" looking at Burt and me. "Well, youngsters, I'll be a little more 'cautious how I talk to ye hereafter. Say, men," he continued, "let's drag this 'big bear' down to the Crossing, have her skinned, and sell her out for the boys. I'll open up for 20 pounds at \$1 per pound." They all gave a hand, and with our gun straps soon had them on the way. Before we got half way we were met by over 100 men, with yells and cheers, but what was more useful, they had ropes and four big mules—the ropes were made good use of, but Brother Mule could not be coaxed nearer than 50 yards of Brother Bear. We finally arrived about night at the town. The town butcher soon had them swung up in his shop; next morning everybody from far and near was there to see the huge beasts. The butcher soon skinned them and was but a short time in selling. The large one netted us a little over \$500, the smaller one and ourselves, etc.; Burt, and I fell heir to the skins, which were sent to Sacramento city to be dressed. Burt carried his to his home; the writer gave his to his old, big-haired, best friend, James Campbell, of Texas,—but few such men as be live in this fast age.

"Now is your time to buy coffins," says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, "because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere—except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison avenue who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him. The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for \$15. There is another which would cost you \$250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that. Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After making one of our rubber-cased caskets, I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments."

"Now is your time to buy coffins," says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, "because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere—except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison avenue who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him. The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for \$15. There is another which would cost you \$250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that. Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After making one of our rubber-cased caskets, I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments."

"Now is your time to buy coffins," says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, "because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere—except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison avenue who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him. The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for \$15. There is another which would cost you \$250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that. Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After making one of our rubber-cased caskets, I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments."

"Now is your time to buy coffins," says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, "because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere—except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison avenue who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him. The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for \$15. There is another which would cost you \$250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that. Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After making one of our rubber-cased caskets, I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments."

"Now is your time to buy coffins," says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, "because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere—except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison avenue who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him. The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for \$15. There is another which would cost you \$250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that. Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After making one of our rubber-cased caskets, I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments."

"Now is your time to buy coffins," says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, "because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere—except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison avenue who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him. The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for \$15. There is another which would cost you \$250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that. Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After making one of our rubber-cased caskets, I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments."

"Now is your time to buy coffins," says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, "because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere—except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison avenue who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him. The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for \$15. There is another which would cost you \$250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that. Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After making one of our rubber-cased caskets, I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments."

"Now is your time to buy coffins," says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, "because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere—except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison avenue who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him. The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for \$15. There is another which would cost you \$250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that. Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After making one of our rubber-cased caskets, I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments."

"Now is your time to buy coffins," says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, "because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere—except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison avenue who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him. The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for \$15. There is another which would cost you \$250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that. Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After making one of our rubber-cased caskets, I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments."

"Now is your time to buy coffins," says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, "because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere—except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison avenue who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him. The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for \$15. There is another which would cost you \$250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that. Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After making one of our rubber-cased caskets, I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments."