

AT NIGHT.

Would that I owned the castles,
All of my living days,
Castles that rear their turrets
There in the grate fire's blaze.

Peopled with lads and lasses,
None of them past sixteen—
Age of the great romances,
Greatest the world's ere seen.

Lads, every one a gallant,
Courtiers of sturdier heart
Wedded to love and honor,
Daring the fates to part.

Each lovely lass a princess—
Princess of joy and grace—
Gleams from a heart that's melting
Lighting each fairy face.

Then 'twould be worth the living—
This life—for millions of days,
Were but the world we live in
That of the grate fire's blaze.

JUANITA.

A Story of Old Mexico.

The little town of San Carlos is so much like most other little Mexican towns that it hardly needs any careful description. Lying as it does in the heart of that vast wilderness of Old Mexico, a tiny patch of green on the face of the sun-scorched earth, it seems insignificant to a degree, and naturally it is not down on the map—such towns rarely are. Its few fields, bravely struggling against the heat and drought, are but sparsely watered by a little creek which flows from a ravine close by, and which seems to disappear into a thirsty earth a few hundred yards farther on. San Carlos itself is composed merely of a few gray abode houses clustered together around a square little plaza, and the remnants of what had once been a tiny chapel, built hundreds of years before by the old Spanish fathers, and still standing, a crumbling, time-worn monument to their memory.

Yet primitive as was the little town, here Juanita had lived all the happy eighteen years of her life, and right here she was contented to stay until she should be laid away beside her sleeping grandfathers and great-grandfathers in the little graveyard beside the chapel, for she loved the dear old place; and—possibly because she knew nothing of the great world beyond—she never even thought of leaving it. Then, too, there was another and still stronger reason. Her father, old Don Jose, had promised her to the son of his oldest and dearest friend, who had fought with him years before in the war with the hated Americans and who had been wounded in the battle of Cerró Gordo before the famous old City of Mexico itself. Now secretly—this was just what the young people had desired. Pedro and Juanita had grown up together from childhood. They had been constant companions, and were they not the handsomest couple in the whole broad valley? Had not Juanita all her father's lands as her dowry, which, united to those which Pedro owned, would make them the largest land owners in the village? It was certainly a most desirable match, and the two old men congratulated each other, as old men will who have seen their fondest hopes fulfilled, and emptied many a sparkling cup to the health of Pedro and his fair young bride.

But now Juanita was sorely troubled. Everything had gone along smoothly as ever until one day something had happened which bid fair to upset all their plans for the future. On a certain bright morning there had ridden up to the door of her father's hut one of a band of Americans who were prospecting in the gray mountains that lay away over to the west. He was a fine looking young fellow, and 'or a man who had been prospecting 'or two years under the fierce sun of old Mexico he was remarkably fair, and then his blue eyes had a frank expression about them which was far different from the ever-suspicious glance which characterized the men of that quaint country. He wore the usual dress of men of his occupation, a blue flannel shirt and corduroy trousers tucked in at the top of his heavy boots, a red handkerchief knotted carelessly around his neck and huge Mexican spurs dangling from his sides.

Juanita had been standing in the little opening on the opposite side of the house and had not seen him until he was almost beside her, so that it appeared to her as if he must have suddenly sprung from Mother Earth.

Harding had seen her about the same instant she had seen him, and as he doffed his wide sombrero and asked in imperfect Spanish to see the don, unconsciously his pulse quickened. Juanita was really a very beautiful Mexican girl, by far the most beautiful creature he had seen during the whole course of his stay in that desolately arid country, and the expression on the girl's face flattered him not a little. Still he had almost forgotten her when he had finished bargaining with her father for provisions for himself and his men, which he did at last succeed in getting only at the payment of a fabulous sum, and when he turned and saw her standing where he had left her he started and would have spoken had he not felt the piercing little black eyes of Don Jose fastened upon him. As it was, the old man detected the start and ordered his daughter hastily into the house.

Ever since that time Juanita's thoughts had been in dire conflict with one another, and late that night when all was quiet in the village she had crept noiselessly into the little chapel, and, kneeling before the time-worn image of the Holy Mother, had prayed, with tears streaming down her

cheeks, that she would direct her and help her to forget. But far up among the hills on the great range that overlooks San Carlos the prospector was standing alone, whistling softly to himself and gazing down into the wide plain at his feet. Some little distance behind him his companions lay sleeping, and on a flat rock which answered for a table, some one had overturned the coffee pot and a dark, oozy stream was slowly running down the side. One of the men moved a little in his sleep. Harding started and looked around at him. Then as the moon rose slowly above the peaks behind him he turned, knocked the ashes from his pipe, wrapped himself up in his blankets, and without more ado was sleeping soundly.

Nearly a week passed and the feeling of restlessness which for a time had possessed Juanita had nearly been forgotten when again Harding rode into San Carlos. Poor little Juanita! All her attempts to forget him had been in vain then, for as she saw him come into the plaza her heart gave a great bound for joy and she flushed under her olive skin to the tips of her dainty fingers. The flush suited her dark face and heightened its beauty, thought Harding, as, dismounting, he asked if Don Jose were in. As luck would have it he had gone over to see a friend, and the two fell into conversation. She was shy at first, but the evident ease of her companion finally set her last fear at rest, and when the old don did return they parted the best of friends and with an understanding that they were to meet again down by the old well hidden away in the little ravine outside the town. After an hour's talk with her father Harding again left the house and, swinging himself into the saddle, rode carelessly out toward the hills.

A mile or so from the town he made a slight change in the direction he was taking and so little by little headed for the ravine.

Just as the sun went down Harding reached the well, and after turning his pony to nibble the juicy blades of grass which grew around it, threw himself down to wait. He had been there perhaps two or three hours when the bushes were parted gently and Juanita came toward him. She had slipped away, she said, while her father and Pedro sat smoking, and had come as she had promised, but she must hurry, for the time was short and her absence would be noticed. Little by little, between questions and promises, she told him all her brief life history, of Pedro, of her father's wishes and lastly of her own new love for him, and when at last she could say no more she stood looking up at him, her eyes full of the love she had just confessed, until he took her in his arms and kissed her.

In the same instant they were startled by a sound behind them. Don Jose, his face pale with fury, stood scowling at them. Chokingly he ordered the girl away, and when she was gone he turned to Harding. "Curse you," he said, "you shall pay for this—Santa Maria! du Americano!" and disappeared as quickly as he had come.

There was no mistaking that, and the young fellow knew that if he stayed where he was his life would not be worth the waiting. His first fear was for Juanita. Loosening his revolver in his belt, he mounted his pony and rode slowly toward San Carlos. Some moments had passed in this way and he had almost reached the mouth of the ravine, when he saw a figure coming swiftly toward him. An instant later he recognized Juanita. The poor child was almost exhausted from running.

"Go! go!" she sobbed; "they are going to follow you. Don Jose and Pedro, they will kill you if you stay! Ah no, not now," she cried, as Harding held out his arms to her, "they will find me here with you and then"—and then, as the impulse seized her, she flung herself into his arms and sobbed as if her heart would break.

She had not been a moment too soon, for even as he spoke the sound of galloping hoofs reached them, as riding furiously, their two pursuers dashed into the ravine.

With one arm supporting the trembling girl, Harding coolly unslipped his revolver and waited. The Mexicans were within thirty yards before they saw him, and then as they opened fire with their uncertain aim, he slowly raised his own weapon and pressed the trigger. With a bitter curse on his lips one of the men pitched forward from the saddle and fell to the ground. One more shot came from the remaining man before the revolver spoke again, and Harding heard a smothered cry at his side as the riderless horse plunged past him and vanished up the ravine. Then he put up his revolver and turned again to Juanita.

She was strangely quiet as she gazed up into his face and smiled. A quickly spreading stain over her fair young breast told him the reason at a glance. That last bullet of Don Jose's had found a mark, and as the shouts of alarm reached them from the village, whither the horse had gone, the light faded slowly from Juanita's eyes and they closed forever.

For some moments Harding did not move, then he laid her gently down beneath a lonely little willow, kissed once the fair bloodless lips, and mounting his pony rode out of the ravine past the dead bodies of the two Mexicans, and with his head sunk deep on his breast turned his horse's nose toward the distant mountains, on whose summits the last beams of the waning moon still lingered.—H. A. Webster in Yale Conrart.

Cost of the Electric Wagon. Experiments made in Paris show that an electric wagon costs forty-seven per cent. less to run than a horse wagon, and thirty-two per cent. less than a petroleum motor.

TEXAS RANGERS.

History of the Force and Something of Its Work.

The east and north Texas members of the Legislature are in favor of abolishing the State ranger force. The members of the West and Southwest Texas who know and appreciate the great value of the rangers not only are opposed to the proposed abolishment of the force, but are anxious that the appropriation for their maintenance be increased and that the number be increased one hundred men. At present there are four companies of rangers in the field. Each company consists of eight men, including the captain.

The law creating the State ranger force, officially known as the Frontier Battalion, was adopted by the Legislature on April 10, 1874. This law provides "that upon satisfactory evidence being furnished the Governor of this State that hostile Indians, Mexicans or other marauding or thieving parties are depredating upon the lives or property of the citizens of any county or counties upon the frontier of this State the Governor is hereby required, and shall organize or cause the same to be done, seventy-five men for each county that may be so infested, and that the whole number of men shall not exceed 750."

Each member of the ranger companies is required to furnish himself with a suitable horse, one six-shooting pistol, army size; blankets, clothing and camp equipment. The State furnishes all necessary ammunition and also provides each officer and private with an improved breechloading cavalry gun at cost. The captains receive \$100 a month, the sergeants \$50, and the privates \$30.

At the time the ranger force was created the Rio Grande frontier was infested with numerous bands of hostile Indians and Mexican outlaws. These marauding bands were committing numerous crimes upon the peaceable settlers and the authorities were unable to cope with the thieves and murderers. The stockmen were the principal sufferers. Bands of Indians and Mexicans would round up large droves of cattle, boldly driving them across the Rio Grande and dispose of them in Mexico. It was alleged that many of the county authorities were in league with the outlaws and for that reason the stealing was permitted to go on without interruption.

When the call was made for men to join the ranger companies some of the most noted Indian fighters in the State volunteered their services. The first companies to be organized were sent to the Rio Grande border counties, where they were engaged for several years in a ceaseless warfare against the Indians and outlaws. These little bands of State troops soon became such a source of terror to lawbreakers that many of them fled from the State. To the rangers is due the credit of having reduced smuggling along the Rio Grande to a minimum. They rendered great service to the United States authorities in ferreting out and capturing noted smugglers.

The rangers still are of great usefulness to Texas. They are busy trailing murderers, thieves and other criminals. They also perform a splendid service to the stockmen in the matter of recovering stolen stock. The records of the Adjutant-General's Department show that the rangers have recovered 1,239 head of stolen cattle and horses in the past two years. It was through the efforts of a company of rangers that the political feud in San Saba county, which was the cause of thirty-four men being killed in that county within the past eight years, was broken up.

In Galveston, only a few weeks ago, the county authorities refused to interfere in a prize fight that had been arranged to take place between Choyanski and Hall. The Governor sent Captain McDonald and a detachment of his ranger company to Galveston to see that the law was not violated. Captain McDonald and his men gave the pugilists and the promoters of the contest to understand that the fight must not come off and it did not. There have been comparatively few train and stage robberies committed in Texas and this fact is due to the efficiency of the rangers. The rangers are in the saddle every day in the year. Last year each member traveled more than 2,000 miles on horseback.

Scientific Bread-Making.

The following conversation in which a young lady attending a science school tells how bread is made, is a striking commentary upon a correspondence which has recently appeared in the columns of the St. James Gazette on the subject of British cooks: "Bread," she exclaims; "Well, I should say I can make bread. We studied that in our first year. You see, the yeast ferments, and the gas thus forms permeates everywhere, and transforms the plastic material into a clearly obvious structure, and then—"

"But what is the plastic material you speak of?" "O, that is commonly called the sponge." "But how do you make the sponge?" "Why, you don't make it; the cook always attends to that. Then we test the sponge with the thermometer and hydrometer and a lot of other instruments, the names of which I don't remember, and then hand it back to the cook, and I don't know what she does with it, but when it comes to the table it is just splendid."

Aluminum Musical Instruments.

"Quite a variety of musical instruments, such as mandolins, guitars, banjos, violins and drums, are now made out of aluminum," said a manufacturer of musical instruments to a Star reporter recently. "The advantages that this metal has over wood are resistance to climatic influences

and superiority of tone. Some of the mandolins are made with the body, including the top, entirely of aluminum; others with the top of spruce, the neck of maple, and the other fittings of the usual kind. Such a mandolin is sold at from \$25 to \$200. The prices for mandolins made entirely of aluminum range somewhat lower.

"Guitars with a spruce top and the back and sides of aluminum in a single piece are sold at from \$25 to \$150. Banjos are made with aluminum rims, fitted with heads of the usual kind, and they are also made with aluminum heads. Such a banjo, with wire strings, could be played in the rain without getting out of tune or being hurt by the weather.

"The aluminum violin that is now upon the market is in its body all aluminum, while the neck and other fittings are all of wood. All the aluminum instruments are handsome, and the aluminum fiddle, with its silver-gray body and finger board and tailpiece of ebony, is of great beauty. It is a costly instrument, ranging in price from \$50 to \$400.—Washington Star.

Making a Glazed Hat.

There is in the east of London a tolerably numerous class of small masters and workmen who are little known to the general public, though the immense vehicle, driving and conducting order of men know and patronize them well.

This class is formed by those who, having spent many of the summer months in the collection of men's old hats of every shape and form, are at this season busy almost night and day—mostly at their own homes, too—in covering these same hats with a waterproofing and glazing mixture, which they make themselves out of pitch, resin and other ingredients, so that cabby and his brethren may for a shilling, and often much less, have headgear that will defy all weathers.

These "glazers" generally employ their wives and children in the process, and they, for the most part, supply their customers at first hand going from cab yard to cab yard. Often enough cabby on the rank hands an old hat of his own to the glazer, who takes it home, waterproofs it, and brings it back in a few days. Sometimes a great firm with many carmen will patronize one particular glazer, who is then very busy at this season of the year.—Tit-Bits.

Hawaii's Volcanoes.

In acquiring Hawaii the United States has gained, besides one of the most fertile and rich islands in the world, some of the finest mountain scenery presented anywhere in the universe—a district which, could it be transplanted with all its grandeur of scenery and climate, would make the fortune of an American hotel-keeper in a year. The mountains are all volcanoes. They are a class by themselves. They are not only the tallest, but the biggest and strangest, in the world. Considering that the Pacific (18,000 feet deep there, to over 15,000 feet above the sea level, they really stand 33,000 feet from their sub-oceanic base to their peaks. The active craters on the islands number 300, but the dead craters, the ancient chimneys of subterranean lava beds, are numbered by the thousands. Evidences of extinct volcanoes are so common that one seldom notices them after a few weeks' residence on the islands. Ancient lava is present everywhere.

Origin of St. Valentine's Day.

St. Valentine was a bishop of Rome during the third century. He was of most amiable nature and possessed remarkable gifts of eloquence, and was so very successful in converting the pagan Romans to Christianity that he incurred the displeasure of the emperor and was martyred by his order, February 14, A. D. 270. When the saint came to be placed in the calendar his name was given to the day of his death, and this was made a festival. The custom of sending valentines on this day originated with the ancient Romans. At the feast of the Lupercalia, which was held on the 15th of February, in honor of the great god Pan, the names of all the virgin daughters of Rome were put in a box and drawn therefrom by the young men, and each youth was bound to offer a gift to the maiden who fell to his lot and make her his partner during the time of the feast. This custom became allied to the name of St. Valentine only through a coincidence in dates.—Detroit Free Press.

A Curious Portrait of Charles I.

A curious picture has turned up at Birmingham, England, which reveals for the first time the astonishing fact that after the execution of Charles I. his head was neatly stitched to the body, a silk cap was placed over the flowing locks, and then the portrait of the martyred sovereign was painted in oil. This strange picture is now in the possession of Mrs. Leonard Mackay, of Birmingham. Mr. Mackay obtained the picture from the Holt family, who for years had preserved it in Ashton Hall, the family seat, near Birmingham. The portrait is pronounced an excellent likeness of the King.—New York Journal.

Relative Proportions of Letters.

To those who have never considered the subject it might appear that each letter is of equal importance in the formation of words, but the relative proportions required in the English language are these:—A, 85; b, 16; c, 30; d, 44; e, 120; f, 25; g, 17; h, 64; i, 80; j, 4; k, 8; l, 40; m, 30; n, 80; o, 80; p, 17; q, 5; r, 62; s, 20; t, 90; u, 34; v, 12; w, 20; x, 4; y, 20; z, 2. It is this knowledge of how frequently one letter is used compared with others that enables cryptogram readers to unravel so many mysteries.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

CHIEF OF POLICE SHOT.

A Fusilade of Pistol Shots Followed an Afternoon Hobby in a Clothing Store—Shotguns Aimed at Prisoners—Playful Act of Little Boy Results in Terrible Consequence.

Clayton E. Palmer, Chief of Police of Punnutataway, was shot and seriously wounded by a negro whom he was trying to arrest for larceny. The negro in company with another of the same race entered the clothing store of M. H. Morris and stole a pair of trousers and a vest valued at \$10, and made ready to leave town on the train for Bellwood at once. Mr. Morris notified Chief Palmer and he went after the men, finding them on the train. The thieves opened fire and at the first shot hit Palmer in the face, the ball entering just back of the mouth and ranging downward and backward, lodging just under the skin about the scapula. He was removed to the office of Dr. Morris, where the ball was extracted and he was taken to his home. A posse of citizens started after the negroes, and Richard Williams shot and wounded one in the hand and hip. The first one was captured in about an hour and lodged in the city lock-up, the second being captured an hour later and brought into town by an excited crowd of citizens who expressed a desire to lynch the offenders. The men gave the names of Lin Harris, aged 21, of Lynchburg, Va., he being the wounded one, and the other Robert Scott, aged 25, of Frederick Hall, Va., and both are employed at the new tunnel under construction for the B. & O. P. R. R., about four miles from town. They are supposed to belong to the gang that made Unity so long a source of trouble to the authorities. Threats of lynching are freely indulged in, and the authorities have guards stationed in the city prison to prevent anything of that nature from happening.

The goods stolen from Mr. Morris were left on the train by the negroes, who started to run as soon as they had shot the Chief of Police. Excited men made frantic efforts to reach the culprits and went so far as to aim loaded shotguns at their heads. They were roughly handled by the crowd, frequently knocked down and severely hammered over the head and about the body. The town is almost wild over the affair, and it is the topic of conversation everywhere.

Blinded His Baby Sister.

Agnes Toole, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Toole, of Cedar Avenue, Scranton, was rendered totally blind by her 3-year-old brother pouring iodine into her eyes. The little girl was lying in her crib when her brother obtained a bottle containing two ounces of iodine. In a spirit of playfulness he poured the iodine into his sister's eyes burning them frightfully and entirely destroying the sight.

A Bullet in His Head.

Victor Brogner was found dead on the road near the almshouse, on Gass Hill, Shamokin, by John Bizinskie, who at once notified the authorities. Coroner Shindel discovered that a bullet from a revolver had lodged in the centre of Brogner's forehead. The Coroner, aided by County Detective Miles Dougherty, learned that Brogner, who was a Frenchman, aged 55 years, had separated from his wife one year ago. Their only child, Nellie Brogner, aged 16 years, was greatly beloved by her father, who feared the evil might overtake her on account of the young girl attending so many public dances. He urged her to stay oftener at home, and because she would not the Frenchman informed a number of people during the past week that he was going to kill himself. Having no doubt that he committed suicide, the Coroner decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

Street Caved In.

A dangerous cave-in occurred on the High Road, in the centre of the town of Mahanoy Place. The aperture created is nine feet wide, fifteen feet long and fifty feet deep. The town's built immediately over the Lawrence Colliery, owned by the Shaeffer estate, of Pottsville, and it is evident that the earth has settled into the colliery, thus causing the disaster. Because of the cave-in, it was necessary to suspend traffic on the Schuylkill Traction Company's line, as the tracks lie along the edge of the chasm. Several feet from the other side of the opening are five houses, whose occupants, fearing further damage, immediately moved to a place of safety. It was only because of the frozen condition of the ground that the cave-in was not of a much more extensive character.

Mine in a Fire.

The home-stad of Samuel Tyson, at King of Prussia, near Norristown, was burned. The dwelling and greater part of the furniture were entirely destroyed. Included in the destruction was a collection of minerals, said to be one of the largest and most complete private collections in the country, and of inestimable value. Mr. Tyson operates a large farm. He is a man of advanced years but pursued the study of mineralogy with youthful zest. In trying to save his treasures, he was severely burned about the face and hands. The fire was caused by a defective flue over the kitchen fireplace, and the flames had gathered considerable headway before discovery.

Prisoner Escaped with Lawyer's Hat.

Harry Dorman was arrested at Williamsport by Deputy United States Marshal Stewart on a charge of selling oleomargarine without a license. He requested a private interview with his attorney, Charles Bartles, and while the latter was talking with him in the hallway, Dorman seized Mr. Bartles' hat and fled. He has not yet been captured. Dorman was also under bail for alleged counterfeiting.

Mt. Carmel Has a Boom.

An order just issued by the Lehigh Valley Railroad compels the immediate removal of twenty-seven families of employees of the road to Mount Carmel. The order has caused quite a little boom in real estate and business circles. The renewal of the coal traffic is the reported cause.

Those Loving Girls.

Ella—Clara is certainly a lucky girl. She must have been born with a gold spoon in her mouth. Hattie—Yes, and from all indications I should judge it was a table-spoon.—Chicago News.

"Only the First Step is Difficult."

The first step in Spring should be to cleanse Nature's house from Winter's accumulations. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this work easily. It is America's Greatest Spring Medicine. It purifies the blood, as millions of people say.

It makes the weak strong, as nervous men and women gladly testify. It cures all blood diseases, as thousands of cured voluntarily write. It is just the medicine for you, as you will gladly say after you have given it a fair trial.

Bad Blood—Although past 70 years of age I am thoroughly well. It was three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla that made me so after spending over \$60 in medical attendance. My trouble was a raw sore on my ankle." Mrs. LOUISA MASON, Court Street, Lowell, Mass.

Running Sores—"After worrying four months I gave my children Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured them of running sores. Hood's Pills cured me of dyspepsia and constipation." Mrs. KATE E. THOMAS, 31 Governor St., Annapolis, Md.

Consumptive Cough—"Five years ago I had a consumptive cough which reduced me to a skeleton. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did and recovered normal health. I have been well ever since." MATILDA BRIDGEWATER, Cor. Pearl and Chestnut Sts., Jeffersonville, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver bile, the non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Emerson on Newspapers.

Many years ago Emerson, in a letter to a college boy, said: "Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of the attention, and the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get their best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read when the mind is creative, and do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember, they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. You can't quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born."

Goodly—What is grander than a man you can trust? Cynicus—One who will trust you.—Jewish Comment.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 46,970]

"I had female complaints so bad that it caused me to have hysterical fits; have had as many as nine in one day.

"Five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and it has been a year since I had an attack.

Mrs. Edna Jackson, Pearl, La.

If Mrs. Pinkham's Compound will cure such severe cases as this surely it must be a great medicine—is there any sufferer foolish enough not to give it a trial?

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give \$1000 for each movement; it is such a relief."

ATLANTA, GA. 100 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.



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