THE BROTHERS.

A True and Tragical Incident of Thirty Year Ago.

"I beg your pardon, but is this Mormon The person addressed looked up from his

The person and coffee pot with an expression or surprise not ununingled with suspicion, for certainly such an unnecessary amount of politeness, the time and place considered, seemed to afford sufficient ground for doubt. However, as what he saw through the smoke of the fire was only a tall, brown-bearded and handsome man, whose clothing and bearing seemed to indicate that he had istely arrived from the "States," the miner cor cluded it was all "square," and grunted ou in answer : "Mormon Guleb? Betcher life.

The stranger again spoke : "Then can you

But now a singular thing, happened. The miner had risen from his kness, and for the first time turned his gaze full upon the stranger. It was only for an instant, and ing down the barre of a revolver, with a flerce eyeglaring back of it, while a threaten-

No games on me, now, old man, I knows What d'yer want?" The stranger looked not a little amazed and startled, as well be might; but seeing in a moment that the other's action rather indi cated a defensive than offensive intention, be

asked quietly :
"What is the meaning of all this? Can't a man ask a civil question in this country?"

The miner lovered his weapon slightly, but answered, with an omnious shake of the It won't do, Wallace; it won't do, my

boy. No games among old pardners, you know. It won't do, Arth." A light seemed to treak upon thestranger's e, though it still expressed much amaz "Arth," he repeated, "thank heaven I have come right at last. You mean my brother."

Your brother ?" "Certainty. You have made a mistake, but not a strange one. I am Phillip Waltace. Arthur and I were always figuring in cases of mixed identity back in the states. We are twins."

The bronzed and rugged-faced miner cook to whom the speech was addressed stood allently regarding the stranger while it was teleg uttered, holding in one band the fry-ing pan with its half slices of bacon, and in "Twins," he uttered at last. "Are you and Arth Wallace twins-both on yer?"
The stranger becked a smile, as he an-

I think I can arsure you that we are so, indeed; not only twins, but both of us such. But if it had been Arthur, why, may I sak, should you have greeted him like that?" It was a natural question, certainly, but there seemed much in it that was confusing to the person addressed. But he answere at last with a counter query, while his eyes lwelt curiously upon the face of the stranger, "You're jest from the states, I reckon?"

"Then o' course you don't know some of our hasty ways out here in the diggin's, nor how ready a man gets to be with his weepons. I've knowed Arth a long time, ob, yee, and we've allus been friends. Still we'd had a

we've altus been friends. Still we'd had a breeze sometimes, as chums will, you know, and seein' him come up on me sudden't and quiet like that—why. I didn't know what was up, d'ye see?"

The stranger did not seem altogether satis-fied with the side light reflection upon his brother's character, but a moment's thought convinced him how unterly devoid of any in-tention to oftend the words of the speaker were, and be answered with a smile: wore, and be answered with a smile:

"So that was it I contess I wondered.
But I can hardly tell you how glad I was to
hear my brother's name from you, anyhow,
as it showed me that this time I had not gone

as it showed in that this time I had not gode satray, but had reached a place where people know him, at least. Is it not true?' "True that I know Arth Wallace? Well, I should jest remark. On, yes, I know him as I said—lact is, most on us do around about Perbara here was something a little sing-

the result of the speaker, bu, if so, the other was too much gratified by the intelligence to notice it. There wis something more of reverence than usually applies to the words in the manner in which he said, lifting his fine eyes for an instant to the beautiful blue sky above him: "Thank God!"

"Thank God!"
Something like a flush of shame came over the miner's face as he listened, and, as it to still some un welcome internal emotion, he saked, hastily:

"Re you look in' fur your brother?"
"What clee?" was the answer. "This is a grand country you have here," turning as he spoke, a sweeping glance over the gloriously beautiful extent of mountain and valley, canyon and ravine, visible around them, "but still I scarcely think I should have left New York but with some stronger desire than to behold beautiful scenery."

"I come fur the dust myself," remarked the miner, isconically, once more dropping

"I cone fur the dust myself," remarked
the miner, isconically, once more dropping
upon his knee and busying himself with his
cooking utensils.

"True, and an honest and proper reason,"
said the stranger, quietly; "but I did not
even have this necessity to urge me. Perhaps," he continued, half to himself, "it
would have been more to my advantage had
my circumstances been different."

"But Arth, your brother, he come anyhow." said the miner waking up.

"But Arth, your brother, he come any-how," said the miner waking up.

"Ah, but he was a rever born, and I the stay-al-home. That made all the difference, And if I am here now it is only because he has scened to torget us of late, and I come to remind him of the mother and those others he left at home."

Something, perhaps it was flying cinders, seemed suddenly to get into the miner's eyes and threat, for he drew his hand heatily

to say:
"I'm sorry, stranger, but you won't find
Arth in these diggins."
"No?" And I thought I had overtaken
him at last! But you know him—you can

On yes, all the boys here knows him, but

I can't jest may where becould be found now. He left here two months ago, anyhow, sud we haven't heard much of him since, least ways not to know where his camp is now. He's somewhere further up the hills yonder,

He's somewhere initial approximation of the last of th erratic brother, and he found now that there was still a great degree of uncertainty as to his where abouts. Still he had never before heard anything as positive, and at all events he could not now be far from the end of his

He gianced anxiously toward the west, where the sun was already resting upon the pine topped mountain range. "How far is it to the next camp in the direction you speak of?" he asked. "Could I reach there to night?"

"Thunder and blazes," I should think

not," was the emphatic answer. It's fifteen miles in a straight line, and the Old Boy miles in a streight line, and the Old Boy only knows how many along the trail. 'Bides that, stranger, how fur d'ye s'pose you'd get after derk in these yers hills with your neck in one piece, not to speak of some of the gentry you might meet on the road? You don't think you're on Broadway or the buily vards, do you?"

"Are the roads really dangerous, then?" asked the stranger.

"Well, p'raps not in the daytime, exactly," answered the miner. "Tain't the roads, but the glitter of 'em that's dangerous. No one 'cept a born fool or a bighwayman travels 'din at night."

"Well, I bope I'm neither of these of the contract of the contract

though for what reason he did not inform his guest.

The latter, however, paid no special attention to this circumstance, but gisnoed curlously about him, as if he saw much in the natural, objects within his range of vision considerably more interesting than mero humankind.

considerably more interesting than mere humans ind.

It was, indeed, a picturesque scene. The camp was situated upon a hill slope, which descended with a moderately steep incline toward a water-course below, slong which most of the mining operations of the vicinity were conducted. The higher slopes of the hills were thickly covered with oak and pine, but the wood had nearly all been cleared off throughout the camp, though at intervals here and there a large tree had been left standing. One of these reared its mighty creat high in air near the tent before which Walisce stood, and the vast trunk seemed to be utilized comewhat in the manuer of a builetin board. At least a meeting in the nature of a poster or placard seemed to be nailed upon it, on which, however, from where Walisce attend nothing cound be read except the top line:

He might, perhaps, have had sufficient curlosity to approach and read the remainder of the poster, but by this time the little group of miners had drawn near enough to group of miners ha! drawn near enough to exchange greetings with him.

It was evident that the cook had made some explanation in regard to his presence there, but the looks which were turned upon him by the new comers, even in the midst of their cordial and friendly greetings, expressed something more than surprise, and he could not avoid hearing one mutter, "Good Lord, deliver us!" in a manner which seemed to indicate that it was no trifling emotion which the speaker thus expressed.

indicate that it was no trifling emotion which the speaker thus expressed.

There was one among the group of bronzed and bearded gold-seekers, on whom the others seemed to look somewhat as to a le-dar—a handsome, blue-eyed and courtly-manuered individual to whom Wallace felt instantia draw. His commenters called mannered individual to whom Wallace feit instantly drawn. His companions called him "Bob." Robert Morris Manly, attorney-at-law, his name, style and title had been back in the states. This gentleman was peculiarly courteous in his greetings to Wallace and entered into conversation with him in a manner that seemed to indicate every desire to make the stranger feel himself entirely at home.

But in the midst of a pleasant remark upon some indifferent subject he suddenly paused, while an involuntary frown betckened the intrusion of some unpleasant thought. He cleared his brow in a moment, however, and cleared his brow in a moment, however, and went on with the conversation, but Wallace did not fail to notice that he seemed an instant after to turn a peculiarly fiery glance upon the cook, to whom Wallace also imagined he addressed a remark in an angry whisper. Whother this was so or not the cook shortly after strolled away from the fire, to which he returned a moment later, holding a large bunch of crumpled paper, which he tossed carelessly late the flames terming his culinary occupation. There was nothing in this circumstance of course, but when the stranger found occasion to glance about him a few moments after he could not but notice that the large placard which had before decorated the glant pine which had before decorated the giant pine

which had before decorated the giant pine was no longer there.

Philip Waltsce ate his supper that evening with a traveler's appointe, increased, perhaps, by the whole-souted hospitaity of which he found himself the object, and further hightened by the knowledge of the long sad undoubtedly weary ride before him on the morrow. None of his new-found entertainers seemed able to give him any definite informa-tion concerning his brother's present where-about, though all had known him well while he had lived in the camp. None there were but had a good word for him, too, and Philip smiled to himself to observe that even among hese men Arthur's reckless and kindly ge these men Arthur's recitees and kindly gen-eronity of disposition had won the same appre-ciation accorded to it at home. "Arthur was always thoughtless to a degree," he said, in response to one kindly speech, "but his heart was in the right place after all. I am glad he fell among people who were able to under-stand him."

stand him."

The four miners glanced silently from their guest to each other, and went on with their

moking.

Morning found Philip Wallace up with the asorning found Philip Wallace up with the caricat of his entertainers, eager to make his preparations and resume his journey. Early as he arose, however, he was not allowed to perform anything which had in it the least element of lator, his hosts insisting upon arranging everything. Bob Manly himself saddled his mule, and it was he, too, who exchanged the last hand-clasp with the guest as he departed.

"Be careful and look out for yourself," said Manly; "you travel a rough road, and a

said Manly; "you travel a rough road, and a man needs to have his eyes about him everywhere in these hills. "I shall be careful," answered Wallace,
"and you need not have no fears for me. But
thank you for your caution and your kind-

"Good-by, then, and good luck to you."

"Good-by, then, and good luck to you."
"Good luck, indeed, if I but happen on that
wild boy, Arthur," returned Walisce, gayly.
But Manly made no answer to this, turning
away with a last wave of the hand, and a
strange lock in his kind eyes.
When he had gone a singular state of affairs
seemed to prevail in Mormon Guich Camp.
Usually little time was lost, after the morning
used bad been partaken of in returning to Usually little time was lost, after the morning meal had been partaken of, in returning to shovel, pick and long tom. But to-day it was different. Some mysterious intelligence seemed to have gone abroad, having its source at the tent of Manly and his companions, and thither the other denizens of the camp, without a solitary exception, speedily gathered. There was no loud talking, but much quiet and earnest discussion among the miners, it seemed impossible for anything like a definite conclusion to be arrived at, though numerous suggestions were offered.

"It's my belief," and Sailor Pete, "that you fellows have done an unfair thing in letting him go on. Why couldn't you have told him?"

him?"

Bob Manly turned his steady eye upon the speaker. "Would you have been willing to do it, Pete?" he saked.

Pete hesitated. "Perhaps not," he said at

do it, Pete?" he saked.

Pete hesitated. "Perhaps not," he said at last, "but anyhow, you shouldn't have set him travel atone. It isn't safe you know."

"Say it isn't," again said Bob, calmiy.
"But put yourself in his plan, said say whether you wouldn't rather go alone?"

Sailor Pete said no more.

Meanwhile for hours Philip Wallace rode quietly on his way among the mountaina. The trail he followed was a rugged one, which would have been utterly unsafe for any animal less surefooted then a mule, but he knew enough of the particular animal he rode to trust confidently to its judgment. He was not unmindful of the caution Manly had given him, however, though the natural dangers of the road excited a much larger share of his attention than any other character of peril which might attend upon his progress. Still, he had already traveled sufficiently in unsettled regions to render him unway, though in the present instance he did not feel inclined to believe there was any great necessive for caution. But he was wrong.

Through the mist which hung about the ravines in places Wallace became suddenly a ware of a figure standing in the roadway before him, and at the same instant came the words:

"Throw up your bands!"

fore him, and at the same instant came the words:

"Throw up your hands!"

"No, by——!" shouted Wallace savageiy, in reply, even as he spoke feeling his broad-brimmed sombrero lifted from his head by a builet. But his own pistol was instantiy in his hand, and its report sounded simul taneously with that of the robber's second shot. Wallace felt that he had again escaped and any too that his own weapon had done

shot. Wallace felt that he had again escaped and saw, too, that his own weapon had done surer work. The man shead gave a sudden, gasping cry, swung half round in his tracks and fell on his face in the path.

"Lie there, you hound," said Wallace fiercely, riding up to him with his pistol in his hand, while he glanced savagely about for other faces. "It is a death you deserved to dis."

for other taces. "It is a death you deserved to die."

The robber moved as he heard the words and the next instant rolled, with a convulsive movement, over upon his back, turning his ghastly face up to the sky. The eyes of the two men met.

For one moment Philip Wallace set as motioniess as if turnen to stone, gazing into the dying eyes that met his own. Then he lifted his writhing hands convulsively scove his head, and uttered one choked inarticulate unutterably swful cry.

The robber half sprung from the ground.

"Pail Phil!" he cried. "Oh, Christ have mercy. You have killed me!"

He was dead before the school of that cry died away in the ravines.

'cept a born fool or a highwayman travels 'din at night."

"Well, I hope I'm neither of these charge-acters," answered Wallace with a faint smile, "so I'il stay here until morning. I dare say I can hire a bed somewhere in the camp."

"You'll find a bed—you won't hire it though—right here in this yere identical ranch," said the miner, adding by way of emphasising the hospitality of his pertners: "and my advice is you don't say muthin' to the boys about payin' fur it nor your grub neither. H'yar comes the boys now, so jest alt down, stranger, and take pensession, while I fly round with the supper.

Four staiwart copies of his immediate enterialners were, indeed, to be seen strolling letsurely toward the tent before which he stood, while at greater distances other groups were to be steen, also evidently quitting work for the day and repairing to their canves homes, before each of which a column of smoke could the scen arising, showing that there, too, preparations for the evening mediate repairs and coffee-kettle now seemed to have he surther letters for one vertains with the surther letters for convertains with the surther letters. He surther letters for convertains with the surther letters for convertains with the surther letters for convertains wi

upon the ground—" here are the proofs. Yes, gentlemen, I found my brother."

And as they looked upon the weapons they say that they were stained with blood.

But no man answered him, no man stayed him, and once more mounting he rade slowly down the valley.—George Homer Meyer, in the San Francisco Examiner.

SUABBD BY A BLAUE SPUOK. The Uncasny Companion of a Minister's Grave yard Walk,

A Methodist minister, lately a resident of Hamilton county. Ohio, who has been visit-ing friends in our city, relates the following thrilling episode in his life, which cocurre while he was stopping in Van Wert, Ohio:

It was on a beautiful moonlight evening in June, and the atmosphere was just about as sultry as it has been at any time during the present summer. I was enjoying myself in the company of some relatives who lived about three miles from Van Wert on the old Wiltshire road. At a late hour I arose to go, but my friends insisted that I should rego, but my friends insisted that I should re-main for the night, as my way would be very lonescene. It was suggested that some ghost might appear to me at the cemetery or some individual might rob me. This was a beautiful country burying ground, and was situated about midway ou my routs. I was quite amused at their artiful method of per-suasion and laughed vociferously. It was very ridiculous to ma, indeed, that there should be a ratifing of dry bones or the ap-parition of a spirit in a modern cemetery. The people of today had made too much advancement, as I thought, for such idle fan-cies as that.

advancement, as I thought, for such idle fancies as that.

"Thus I proceeded on my way with no thought of danger—indifferent to the warnings that had just been given me. As I drew near to the cemetery, however, and began to see the tail, white shafts of marble looming up among the evergreens, my imagination was tensioned to its utmost capacity, and, I confess, I was a fit subject for terror. It seemed as if all the spook stories to which I had listened in my childhood chased each other in quick succession through my brain, and the very chirrup of the crickets or the incessant song of whippoorwill intensified the loneliness of this little nook of earth. The long line of dark trees that threw such strange shadows across the fields and the mellow light that fell from the moon upon every grotesque stump or stately hook of earth. The long line of cark trees that threw such strangs shadows across the fields and the mellow light that fell from the moon upon every grotesque stump or stately monument only to intensity my joneliness.

"I arrived at last at the corner of the cemetery, and oh, horrors, right in the very centre of this field of dead men's bones, and from the shadow of a broad new tombstone, I saw a tall, black creature rise and atand erect. The apparition seemed in the distance like a huge cadaver clothed in a robe of sack-cloth. The dreary eyes were sunken deep in their sockets, and the few irregular sangs that served for teeth were pressed like fangs against the thin and wrinkled lips. This monster gazed a moment in all directions; then with a steady, measured movement it made directly for ms. I stopped and gazed at the creature, and started back bewildered, but, at once regaining my senses, I concluded to proceed, and, if possible, to put on the appearance of unconcern. As I proceeded the spectre proceeded also, and, as certainly as I live in the present moment, it seemed as if we would both meet at the same point in the road. After going a short distance I slackened my pace, in order to let the mysterious something have all the room in front of me it might desire, and in a few moments I congratulated myself on being about twenty lest in the rear.

"Contrary to my anticipations, there was no conversation opened between us, but in a strange, ghost like manner, the long withered form moved shead of me until it reached a little old, abandoned burying ground at the right of the road. This spot was far more descolate than the new cemetery, for it had become entirely neglected, and at that late hour of the hight appeared as an interminable thicket, so completely were the weeds, bushes, briars and trees tangled and matted together. Into this uncanny place my ghostly terrider passed and disappeared. I have never understood the nature of this

my ghostly terrifier passed and disappeared.

I have never understood the nature of this
apparition up to the present time, and I am perfectly willing to give my name to any one who would be inclined to doubt the oc-

RIIQUBITE OF THE CINAR. Ethics of a Good Rule that is Frequently Vio lated in This CHy.

From the Chicago Journal. A late authority on eliquette promulgates the dictum: "You should never smoke in the presence of ladies anywhere." It is a safe cigar code. It should be followed undeviatingly by every man who is not perfectly the innate tact to know when to make excep. tions to established forms and ceremonies. All etiquette is based on reason. The reasons why men should not smoke in the presence of women are two—first, the smell of tobacco All ettiquette is based on reason. The reasons why men should not smoke in the presence of women are two—first, the smell of tobacco may be distasteful to them. He is to take that for granted in all cases till he has certain proof to the contrary. It is not sufficient to ask any individual lady if she objects to his indulging in the weed. Ladies have their un written code of minor matters, and one of the rules is to smile aweetly when asked "if tobacco smoke is offensive," and say "not at all," even when they know with direful certainty after lumigation commences they must retreat or choke with coughing. Therefore, never smoke in the presence of any lady until you have seen yourself preceded in that by some gentleman whose knowledge of her true attitude toward the weed is unquestionable.

Second, the act of smoking in another's society indicates a temporary release from forms and ceremonies. It is an indication is as ephemeral as you please—it may only last the closing hour of a banquet—but any observer seeing a gentleman amoking in a lady's presence would draw one of two conclusions—either that the lady, from ignorance or from loss of self respect, held lax ideas of her own dignity, and was tolerant of short intimacies, or that the gentleman's position toward her was one of well-established social intimacy. Now, it is in the latter case that he may, under certain rostrictions indulge in his cigar.

When walking with any lady on the public street he may not smoke. Why? If she is not related to him he should not tacitly imply their intimacy. If she is his wire or sister or mother observers may not know that fact, and whether they do or not he should not treat his relatives with less respect than he would accord other lady companions.

He may not ride in public in a lady's company with a cigar in his mouth. Why? Riding presupposes greater intimacy than walking. In the latter the couple may be the subjects of a chance succounter, but a vehicle indicates a pre atranged association. It is not just to your lady compa

Much Study Mede Him Med

"Redney" Burns, the notorious convict serving a sentence in Joilet, Ill., penitenti. ary, for complicity in the Runow murder in Chicago in 1880, has been taken to the insense Chicago in 1880, has been taken to the insene asylum at Elgin, crazed from overwork and overstudy. When Burns entered the penitentiary be could neither read nor write. He soon acquired a passion for study, and by working overtime procured the money with which to buy books. In three years he mastered Greek, Latin, French and German, in addition to the common English branches, and was well up in the sciences. His cell was full of all kinds of books in various languages, and he was the wonder of the penitentiary. Burns was considered the toughest criminal in the Tweifth precinct while living in Unicago.

MAMMA · It's . Mamma!' here and . Mamma . there, Till I am like to drop; It's ' Mamma! Mamma! all the time, Oh, will it never stop.

"It's ' Mamma ! Mamma ! Mamma !' till It would wear out a saint !"
Ah, poor, tired mother ! Thus I hear

You ofttimes make complaint, But when the quiet night descends, And every voice is still, Oh, does no vague but haunting fear, Your gentle bosom fill?

Oh, does no sudden heart throb make You seek the children's bed, And call heaven's bleesings down upon Their precious curly heads? Their little hands make mischief, and I heir little feet make noise ; But oh, what could you do without Those naughty girls and boys ?

Ah, think of lonely mothers who

All day in silence sit; Across those hearthstones nothing now But ghostly shadows flit. Ah, think of those who never hear The sweet child velose call; When copyly grins reach gut to find the letter greet all.

DRIFT.

What with the increasing demands upon our time made by the multiplication of new books and new magasines so steadily going on from year to year, there is serious dauger that in a lew generations the men and women of our country will have no time left at all for the reading of those lew elassies of our literature without which all other reading, however voluminous, and however good in itself, is like the excellent of an elaborate structure upon a foundation of and. There are a few books in our literature which are are a few books in our literature which are absolutely essential to true culture. They are the alphabet of culture; the condition are the alphabet of culture; the condition sinc qua non. Without them it is not even possible to have a correct conception as to what literary culture is. They are the awakeners of the literary concience; the standards of literary good and evil. They form in us correct tastes; inspire in us the love for the good and distants for the bad; they are the rock-foundation upon which alone the superstructure of true culture and efinement can be built.

A person may have read a thousand books, all of Outda, the Duchess, E. P. Ros, yes, and even all of the really good and standard even all of the really good and standard poetry and works of fiction in the whole lan-guage, and yet have less true literary cul-ture than he who has profitably read only one thousandth part as much, if that thou sandth part consisted of even only one of those works which lie at the foundation of our literature, one of its living and potent foundation stones, as it were.

All culture that has not a right foundation All culture that has not a right foundation is hollow, superficial, mere veneering. The refinement and polish that go beneath the surface, the solid reality, can be attained only upon the solid and real substratum of literary character that comes from the assimilation of the noblest thoughts and purest feelings, given to us in their worthlest form, by comparatively a few men in the great books they have written.

Knowing this to be indisputably true, often have misgivings as to the literary future among us. I see indeed that the taste for reading is steadily and rapidly growing But is the taste for good reading, for the bear reading doing so? I notice that our young reading doing so? I notice that our young folks especially, even our boys and girls, are becoming invoterate omnivorous readers. But unfortunately, too, I cannot conceal the fact that nine-tenths of all their reading is utterly unprofitable, and not a little of it harmful. Nine-tenths of it is of such literature at the reading less than the reading the second seco ture as they would not want to read, if they had a proper literary foundation laid, if they had ever read the few vital and formative books of our language.

I am quite positive that of a hundred of Lancaster's young men and young women professing "literary tastes" and passing for "literarily cultured," who have read Mr. Haggard Rider's latest, or Mr. Crawford's, "of course!" not ten have read more than one or two of Hawthorne's volumes, and not five have read a single volume of Emerson. All have read some of Longfeliow's and Whittier's poems, a little of Lowell and Holmes, but how little of Emerson? Probably none at all but want they had to read in their school "readers," or what they have since come across quoted in some novel.

Do you think I under-estimate the number of those who have read Emerson among our younger generation? I wish I did. But, bonestly, I rather fear I have over-estimated the number than otherwise.

Now consider what this means. Nothing else than that ninety-five per cent. of the most diligent readers, the most "cultured" and "literary" young men and young women, in our community, have failed or women, in our community, have failed or neglected to lay the very corner-stone with-out which no American dare claim anything like adequate literary culture or correct tasts. For not to have read Emerson, or better, not to read Emerson—for one never gets done reading him any more than one gets done reading black separe or the Bible—though everything else have been read in the lan-guage, is little short of diagraceful for an American, and certainly a fatal "one thing thou lackest" in the aspirant to right tasts and true refinement in the realm of English letters. For this culture, according to letters. For this culture, according to has been thought and said in the world;" and as Emerson himself defines it, "Literature is the record of the best thoughts;" and it is an acknowledged fact that in our American record of "the best thoughts" the writings of Raiph Waldo Emerson stand at the very head. "The best that has been thought and said" in this country cannot be known without knowing what Emerson has thought and said.

I don't want you to think that this is my opinion alone. It is the accepted opinion of all critics. Thus George William Curtis declares of his complete works, as recently is sued in the Riverside Edition of eleven beautiful volumes, "In no equal body of writings is there a more uniform value. It is all golden, and it is unquestionably the richest contribution of American genius to universal ilierature." "To no English writer since Milton," says another critic of high and scknowledged standing, "can we assign so high a place; even Milton himself, great genius though he was, and great architect of beauty, has not added so many thoughts to the treasury of the race." James Russell Lowell, our greatest living post, and scholarly critic and essayist, wrote of Emerson when he was yet alive, "There is no man living to whom, as a writer, so many of us feel and thankfully scknowledge so great an indebtedness for ennobling impulses. We look upon him as one of the few men of genius whom our age has produced; and sued in the Riverside Edition of eleven genius whom our age has produced; and there needs no better proof of it than his mas-culine faculty of fecundating human minds."

Similar testimony could be quoted from E. P. Whippie, E. C. Stedman, and in fact all the leading American critics, while those of England fully agree with them. I don't except Matthew Arnold, who really granted all that is worth claiming for Enereon, his much discussed criticism finding fault only with the outer form, not the vital substance of his writings. I have space, however, only for one or two more witnesses.

His most charming biographer, Dr. Holmes himself in the volume on Emerson in the "American Men of Letters" series, says, "It seems to us to day, that Emerson's best literary work in prose and poetry must live as long as the language lasts; but whether it live or lade from memory, the influence of his great and noble life and the spoken and written words which were its exponents, blends, indestructible, with the enduring elements of civilization." And he creates a provinging this attance from Mr. quotes approvingly this stanza from Mr. Cranch's lines addressed to Emerson : The wise will know thee and the good will

The age to come will find thy impress given In all that lifts the race a step above Itself, and stamps it with the seal of heaven."

"His writings," says Dr. Holmes on another page of the same delightful blography, "whether in prose or verse, are worthy of admiration, but his manhood was worthy of admiration, but his manhood was the underlying quality which gave them their true value. It was in virtue of this that his rare genius acted on so many minds as a trumpet call to awaken them to the meaning and the privileges of this earthly existence with all its infinite promise. . . . He shaped an ideal for the commonest life, he proposed an object to the humblest seeker after truth. Look for beauty in the world around you, he said, and you shall see it everywhere. Look within, with pure eyes and simple trust, and you shall find the Deity mirrored in your soul. Trust yourself because you trust the voice of God in your inmost consciousness."

most thorough and critical historian of our literature, of whom the worst that his critical can say is that " What he has to say is, so far as we have observed, the unspoken opinion of the time among the discreet,"—which I of the time among the discreet,"—which I consider to be a high compliment, however unintended. Prof. Chas. F. Richardson says: "On the general estimate, the work of Emerson is of great importance to America and the world. His name, by any standard of just judgment, must ever stand in honor. The ideal, the beautiful, the true, the godlike, he set in burning words over against the merely material, the utilitaries, the false, the politic, the animal and worldly. Be received to the median world the second.

There is also the estimate of the latest,

ism, of the inner light, never lost since the days of Plate. He told the world anew, and in fresh words, of the great First Cause, by whom and in whom are all things. He ever supplasticed the potency and the duty of individual freedom and of the development of the man. In this last line of work he schieved his greatest results. 'He bold, be free,' he exclaimed to all men; but he added: 'He true, he right, else you will be ensiaved cowards.'' Referring to these words of Emerson on the use and worth of the best books: "If you can kindle the imagination by a new thought, by heroic histories, by uplifting poetry, instantly you expand, are cheered, inspired, and become wise and even prophetic," Prof. Riebardson truty says, "In these teres words Emerson describes his own books, and their effect upon the reader. In verity they 'kindle the imagination by a new thought (in almost every cessay), by heroic histories (in "Representative Men,") by uplifting poetry.' And their readers 'instantly expand, are cheered, inspired; and become wise."

It is because of their expanding, uplifting, inspiring influence, as well as on account of their pure and wholesome Americanism of the only true and representative kind, that I deem a thorough acquaintance with Emer-son's works quite essential to every intellison's wofks quite essential to every intelligent American, to counterant the evil tendency that would make our culture a mere imitation and mimicry of French and English forms of thought and modes of expression. To quote his own words in his noble lecture on "The Fortunes of the Republic": "Let the pession for America cast out the passion for Europa. Here let there be what the earth waits for,—exalted manhood." True culture must come from within, not from without; it must be American, original, or it will be no culture at all, but only an imported veneering, not part of ourselves, but smeared on like a foreign varnish on the outer surface.

I think that a great deal of the altogether deplorable neglect of our most eminent and most sturdily American writer, the ripest truit of our American life and culture, comes fruit of our American life and culture, comes from the widely prevalent notion that his works are "too deep" for the general reader, and can be enjoyed only by scholars and philosophers. To get forever rid of this groundless idea it is only necessary for any one to take up his "Society and Solitude," "Letters and Societ Alms," "Conduct of Life," or his "English Traits," "Representative Men.," or either of his two volumes of "Essays." In fact, there is not a volume of his which does not contain on every page thoughts so fresh, sentiments so nobie, and words so elequent, that every being with words so eloquent, that every being with any intelligence and not devoid of heart and conscience, is bound to have his attention ar-rested and his interest aroused at once.

I positively know this to be the case, not only from my own experience when I was a mere boy, but also from the circumstance that only this last winter a little circle of young men and indies were induced to take up an essay or two of Emerson's, "on trial," and the verdict of every one of them was that they are "just splendid." Unless I am much mistaken the majority of that circle will not rest till they have read all of this invigorating author's works.

If it could be done, I think one of the best means of advancing the mental and .noral culture of our American reading public, would be to forbid the reading of any literawould be to forbid the reading of any literature at all, after our boys and girls leave
school, until the works of Hawthorne and
Emerson have been mastered. Devote one
year to these two authors, and a foundation
will be laid on which afterwards a structure
of real literary culture will grow without any
further guidance. Irving, Longlellow,
Lowell, and all the rest of Europeau and
American great and good, true and pure
writers will naturally follow; while as naturally, the trivial stuff on which now so
much time is wasted will scarcely even be much time is wasted will scarcely even be looked at. As it is, however, all I can do is to endeavor to persuade people to try E.mer-

In order to a fair trial, however, don't get some small-typed, poor-paper, incomplete and unappetizing edition, but get the new Riverside Edition. It is the only complete and competently edited one in existence, concompetently edited one in existence, con-taining one entire volume of prose "Miscel-ianies" (vol. X), and a very considerable number of poems, in vol. X1., never before published. Besides the beautiful, plain and elegant style in which this set of books is issued, the clear and large type, heavy, creamy paper, and handsome uniform bind-ing, are apouted in themselves to tennel one to take them up and read them; while every book-lover knows how important an element in the proper enjoyment of any work these mechanical features are. None knows this better than the men who with such consummate taste and skill preside over the Riverside Press.

UNCAS.

THE IRIOH IN THE REPULUTION.

Repelling a Critic Who Attempts to Belittle Their Great Work at That Time. A writer in the North American Review for July discusses " Irish Aid in the Revo Mugwumpery, of true-blue Toryism, or, in-deed, of downright Know-Nothingism. For the chief characteristic of the Mugwump is to assume complete knowledge when he pos-senses less than haif; to breathe a spirit of disdain and supercitious superiority which was the vitality of Toryism during and after the Revolution; and it is the essence of Know-Nothingism to belie the merits of and suppress the truth about those whom it is pleased to denominate "foreigners" as the best means of expressing contempt for them. All this is in the short but vicious essay on "Irish Aid in the American Revolution." The writer asserts that the Irish " cannot

point to a single name like Lafayette, Kosclucko, Pulaski or Steuben ; but there was Conway, "and there was "Conway's Cabal."
He quotee from Bancroft, whose treatment
of this portion of history is inadequate and
misleading, both as to the Irish in the American army and in relation to the sympathy of
the people of Ireland with the Revolution,
He even puts Grattan in the attitude of hos-

He even puts Grattan in the attitude of hos-tility!
There are, happily for truth, many sources of information on this question of which Mr. Bancrott did not avail himself. There is, for instance, the report of the committee of the House of Commons printed in 1784, and to be found in the British Museum, sithough rare outside of it. Eimund Burke was a member of the committee whose duty was to inquire into the conduct of the American war. A mong the witnessee was Major-Gen. rare outside of it. Edmund Burke was a member of the committee whose duty was to inquire into the conduct of the American war. Among the witnesses was Major-Gen. Robertson, who had served in America twenty-four years. He should have known, therefore, whether any assertim about Washington's army was likely to be substantially true. He swore that Gen. Lee informed him that half the patriot army "were from Ireland." Even in the troope that came with Lafayette will be found the names of well-known Irishmen. The staff itself included refugees from Ireland, who were glad to get a whack at their ancient enemy.

As to names to match any in the annais of the war, who else but a Know-Nothing could forget—all Irishmen or the sons of Irishmen—Anthony Wayne, Knoz, Washington's secretary of war and the navy; Hand, Washington's adjutant general; Stephen Moylan, Richard Butler, the Sullivana, one of whom commanded the Northern division; Stark, Flingerald, Washington's beloved aide-de-camp? Who will venture to say that any man, native or of foreign birth, ecilpsed during the Revolutionary strite the glory of Barry, the father of our navy? The writer siludes to the legend that the soldier who tried to polson Washington was an Irishman, who did it for an English bribs. But he forgets to tell how Irish Jack Barry corned the bribe with which Lord Howe tempted him. He forgets or does not know that "Conway's cabal" was so called merely for alliteration; that Conway was an insignificant member of the jealous clique which isoluded Gates, Schuyler and Lee, none of them Irish; that Conway was balieved, in the words of Sullivan to Washington. What did the English Lee and the English Arnold?

The services of Irishmen in the Revolution were not limited to the fighters. War is not successfully brought to an end by valor only; money is needed; and it was the Irish merchants of Philadelphis who, in 1780, when the treasury was empty and the army in dealers of the Constants of Independence, was an Irishman. Jehn Misce, who read that does in the

fac-similes of the signatures. Nine of the signers were of Irish blood.

The anti-Irish commentator mentions that a number of Irish descried. So they did; so did hundreds of others of all nationalities. He finds it inconvenient, when mentioning that Lord Rawdon raised a regiment of Irish, which has been denied, to mention also the fact that a Connecticut regiment mutinied in a body and had to be disciplined by Pennsylvania troops.

As to the sympathy of the Irish in Irishad with the Revolution, only a phenomenally the first that a Connecticut regiment mutinied in a body and had to be disciplined by Pennsylvania troops.

As to the sympathy of the Irish in Irishad with the Revolution, only a phenomenally the first had been defined the first personal than it was perfectly notorious. All that Bancroft can cite is a flunkeyish address presented to the king by Lord Kenmare and a dozen or so of his lik; and Proude, who is no partisan of the Irish, decisres that these noblemen and gentry did not represent the Irish people. Their heirs in title and estates presented a jubiles address the other day to the Queen. Some future writer of learning like this commentator's will cite that as proof that the Irish people went wild with joy over the queen's jubiles. It is true that troops were sent out from Ireland during the Revolution. They did not arrive in time to do any fighting; they were subject to the orders of the king wherever they were stationed, and the socion of the Irish people were at that time eligible to sit in Parliament—the Anglicana, as we would say how; the Protestana, as they were called then. That very incident furnished Grattan with the opportunity to deliver one of his most celebrated speeches to find out.

Whenever news of a patriotic victory was any curiosity to know what Grattan believed and said about the war should go to his speeches to find out.

Whenever news of a patriotic victory was received in Dubin the people were rejoiced, and their joy found appropriate vent, fully recorded. An officer who res

A WILD ROSE.

The first wild rose in wayside hedge This year I wandering see, I pluck, and send it as a piedge, My own Wild Rose, to thee.

For when my gaze first felt thy gaze We were knee-deep in June; The nights were only dreamier days,

And all the hours in tune.

I found thee, like the eglantine, Sweet, simple and apart, And from that hour thy smile bath been The flower that scents my heart

And even now when June doth grace Fresh copse or weathered bole With roses, straight I see thy face, And gaze tato thy soul. A natural bud of love thou art,

Where, bending down, I view, Deep hidden in thy fragrant heart, A drop of heavenly dew.

Go, wild rose, to my Wild Rose dear, Bid her come swift and soon. O, would that she were always here, It then were always June.

-Alfred Austin in London Speciator.

Merces and Mercines.

There are few who endure bodily trombles without complaint. Did you ever meet among the heroes and heroines of your acquaintance—if any such there have been—one with a yellowish cast of countenance and that jaundiced aspect generally, which the most unpractised eye recognizes as the product of a disordered liver, who did not complaint, and psevishly too, of the sorceness of the recalcitrant organ, of pains beneath the right shoulder blade, of dyspeptic symptoms, constitution and headache? Of course you never did, and of course the individual was nor using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, or he would not so have looked-so have complained. To purify the blood when contaminated with bile, and conduct the secretion into its proper channel, to re-establish regularity of the bowels, banish billions headache and remove impediments to complete digestion, nothing can approach in efficacy this pecches alterative and tonic. Malarial complaints, always involving the liver and kidney and bladder inactivity, are gemedied by it. It is a capital appetizer.

SPBUIAL FOTIUMS COUGH, WROOPING COUGH and Bronchitts immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by H. S. Coohran, druggist, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa. (4)

A Bad Misfortune A Sed Milefortune.

Is to raise's nice family of boys and girls and then have them carried into an early grave by that terrible disease Consumption. Heed the warning and check it in its first stages by the prompt use of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, warranted to cure and relieve all cases. Frice 50c. and 21. For sale by H. P. Cochran, druggist, No. 137 North Queen street. Trial size free.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Nos 137 and 130 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa. (2)

| Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!! ¡Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MES. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYEUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic it is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleas It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleas ant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle. msy31-lyd&w SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Curs is sold by us on a guarantes. It curs Con-sumption. Fold by R. B Cochran, druggist, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa. (3)

Perhaps no local disease has puzzied and baffied the medical profession more than masal catarrh. White not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing, nauseous and disgusting itis the flesh is helr to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream listins few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

The Repulsion of Lengton The Population of Lancaster

The Population of Lancaster
Is about 30,000, and we would say at least onehalf are troubled with some affection of the
Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are according to statistics more numerous than
others. We would advise all not to neglect the
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Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price
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H. H. Cochran, druggist, 137 North Queen street. RAPID TRANSIT.

The latest and best form of rapid transit is for a person troubled with a sick headache to take a dose of Dr. Lestle's Special Prescription and what a rapid transit train the affliction takes for its departure. See advertisement in another column.

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THE BAST SALVE in the world for Cuta, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Sait Kheum, Fever Sores, Telter, Chapped Hands, Chilibiatas, Corns, and all skin Eruptions, and positively cures Files, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give portect satisfaction, or money refunded. Frice S cents per box. For sale by H. B. Occhran, Druggist, Ros. 57 and 189 North Queen St., Lancaster, Fa. junes! by d

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Gueen St., Lancaster, Fa.

(1)

Brace Up.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headache, you are fidgety, nervous and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whicky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alterative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of the Liver and Kidneys restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters. For sale at H. S. Cochran's Drug Store, 137 and 139 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Fa.

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Probably no one thing has caused such a rush of trade at Cochran's drug stors as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Br. Singa's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Authma, Bronchtis, troop and all threat and lung diseases quicing cured. You can test it before buying by reiting a trial bottle free. Every bottle warranted.

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Good Appetite,
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that the most delicate stomach will bear. A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATIME. And all Germ Disco

THE MOST SQUENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUE
BLOOD FURIFIER. Superior to quinine.
Mr. F. A. Eiller, 600 East 187th street, New
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He had run down from 170 pounds to 77, beach
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Uninten did him no good whatever.
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mays: "I am ninety years of age, and for the
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in on the literal suffered from up all hope.
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GOLDEM SPECIFIC.
It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreek. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken Golden Specific in their men who have taken Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. IT NEVER FAILS. The system once impresented with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For sale by CHAS. A. LOLHER, Druggist, No. 9 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa. april-lydTu Th&S

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. Mexican War Veteran.

The wonderful efficacy of Swift's Specific as a remedy and cure for rheumatism and all blood diseases, has never had a more conspicuous illustration than this case afforês. The candid, unsolicited and emphatic testimony given by the venerable gentleman must be accepted as convincing and conclusive. The writer is a prominent citizen of Mississippi. The gentleman to whom Mr. Martin refers, and to whom he is indebted for the advice to which he owes his final relief from years of suffering, is Mr. King, for many years the popular night clerk of the Lawrence House, at Jackson.

Jackson, Miss., April 20, 1817.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CONFANY, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen.—I have been an invalid pensioner

Of the Lawrence House, at Jackson.

Jackson, Miss., April 28, 1897.

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Gentlemen.—I have been an invalid pensioner for forty years, having contracted pulmonary and other diseases in the Mexican War, but not till the lat of March, 1875, did I feel any symptoms of rheumatism. On that day I was suddenly stricken with that disease in both hips and ankies. For twenty days I waired on crutches. Then the pain was less violent, but it shifted from joint to joint. For weeks I would be totally disabled, either on one side of my body or the other. The pain never left me a mousent for eleven years and seven months — that is from March I, 1878, when I was first attacked, to October I, 1878, when I was diret attacked, to October I, 1878, when I was diret attacked, to October I, 1878, when I was cured. During those eleven years of intense suffering I tried innumerable prescriptions from various physicians, and tried everything suggested by friends but if I ever received the least benefit from any medicine taken interhally or externally, I am not aware of it. Finally, about the first of September I made arrangements to go to the Hot Springs of Arkanasa, having despaired of every other remedy, when I accidentally met an old acquaintance, Mr. Ring, now of the Lawrence House of this city. He had once been a great sufferer from rhoumatism, and, as I supposed, had been springs was in vain—he found no relief. On his return from Hot Springs he heard for the Erst time, of S. S. as a remedy for rhoumatism. He tried it and six bottles made a complete ourse, Several years have passed since, but he has had no return of the disease.

I immediately returned to try it. In September I look four bottles, and by the first of Usical and Six Dottles made a complete ourse, Several years have passed since, but he has had no return of the disease.

I have no interest in making this statement other than the hope that it may direct some other suffers to a sure source of reliaf, and II has the result is an well

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