Under the the bending mountain skies I lay, with half-shut, dreamy eyes, In the sweetest morth of spring .-When a little cloud came, so soft and white, It seemed but a fleecy streak of light, Or the flash of an angel's wing.

I had marked the mountain's fitful mood, Its tall head wrapped in a flame-red hood, Or its base in a misty shroud; But through all its cliffs where sunbeam

played, And in all its shifting light and shade, There was nothing like the cloud.

So fair, so far, it seemed to float, With the airy grace of a white-winged boat, And the deep-blue sky for a sea, It might have been that an angel crew Were voyaging the distant blue With the Pilot of Galilee.

O winsome ship of the upper sea, My fettered thought looks up to thee, In thy supernal place, And longs thine airy decks to tread, Thy cloudland-charted course to thread Through realms of trackless space.

In vain does blinded science guess The texture of thy dewy dress With earthly mechanism! I view thee through another glass, And make thy borrowed beauty pass Through Fancy's finer prism.

But, ah! no cloud-compelling Jove Will hear the prayers I breathe above To stay thy wayward flight; And while I strain my yearning eye, Thy trailing banners through the sky Are bidding me good-night. -William Rice Sims, in Lippincott.

A WIFE'S TRIUMPH.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"I don't deny but what I was considerably surprised to hear of Joe's marriage,' said Mr. Ailesbury, sitting in his wheeledchair in the sunshine. "I didn't know's he had no such idee in his head. But verything happens for the best, and the old place is clean run down for want of a nice stirrin' housekeeper. Berenice Stubbs charges a dollar and a half a bald head and a genial smile. that. Things didn't go this 'ere way in at once. the life-time of my secon I departed-no. nor yet while my first was livin'. I'm willin' now to confess that I was sort o' turnin' over in my mind the idee of asking Pantheon Jones's widder if she'd any objections to share my solitary lot; but this marriage o' Joe's puts things in a different light. I wasn't sartin but what he was going to be an old bachelor. I do hope his new helpms te can riz bread and flanning cakes, and soft soap. Berenice Stubbs never made soft soap. She was fairly ruining me with bar soap boughten at the store. And there's all me to be the maid-of-all-work. my two deceased pardners' calico gowns upstairs, in the blue paper trunk, waitin' to be made patchwork of. Of course she'll be handy with the needle, or Joe wouldn't hev selected her."

And Mr. Ailesbury chuckled at the prospect of "the good time coming." 'Is this my new home, Joe?"

whitewashed kitchen, looking around in in's son. a bewildered sort of way. She was slight and small, with large blue-gray eyes, and a delicate complexion. Her traveling dress was of the softest pearl gray, and she wore daintily fitting gray kid gloves, and boots so tiny that it almost seemed as if the grass of the door-yard, ain't worth half what she used to be. I like the harebells of Sir Walter Scott's hope your wife is prepared to take right poem, must have "risen elastic from her hold of the butter and the poultry Her stalwart husband, standing beside ber, looked down with beaming pride on her miniature beauty.

"Why, yes, pet," said he. like what you had fancied?" The bride laughed hysterically. "Not in the least," said she.

dare say I was absurdly fanciful." "I guess," said old Mr. Ailesbury, "that Mrs. Joe had better change that finicky dress for something plainer, and help Berenice Stubbs with the supper.

"She's too tired to do much to-night, father," said Joe. "Tired! What's she done? I don't their side." call it hard work to go ridin' in the rail-

road cars. Do you?" Berenice Stubbs, a hard-faced female with a waist like the town pump, and sharp, twinkling eyes thatched with sparse white lashes, regarded Mrs. Jo-

seph Ailesbury with scant favor. werry through a day's wash," said she.

"These small folks is powerful wiry sometimes," said the elder Ailesbury. "My first dear deceased wasn't no taller than Mrs. Joe-but my! what a hand she was to turn off work.'

When Mrs. Joe came in from the garden after tea with a bunch of clover

"Now you're here, Mrs. Joe," said he, "to sort o' see to things, I've told Beresort of a housekeeper you'll make."

Mrs. Joe looked helplessly at her husband. "I dare say she'll turn out a capital

housekeeper, father," said he. "But you won't find out about it at present. I'm day. I ain't no hand at nursin' sick going to take her to Welland Falls to see Cousin Simeon Ailesbury. Her mother one had to sit up all night with you." used to know Consin Simeon years ago."

"What, all that way?" croaked the never done it?" Joe nodded.

"Traveling's dreadful expensive."

"And you'll have to stop overnight at some tavern." "Yes."

"It seems to me," growled the old "Joe," said he, when his son came in man, "that all this is a senseless waste a few hours later. "I've been very of money. You'd both of you a deal sick?" better settle down and go to work. I didn't go mooning around the country when I married my dear deceased first, nor yet my dear deceased second. Life is made for work, not for play."

"Time enough for that, father," said | yard sod by now."

married-ordinarily, oftener than once in a life-time.

Mrs. Joe drew a long breath of relief when she found herself out from under the farm-house roof.

"Joe," said she, "I'm afraid I'm going to be an awful disappointment to your father.'

"As long as you're not a disappointment to me," he retorted, laughing, "it doesn't so much signify.

"There must be a deal of work in that house-four cows, a hundred turkeys, a flock of sheep, a poultry yard full of Leghorn fowls, butter, eggs, cooking, washing, baking, scrubbing-"How do you know all this?" asked

"Miss Stubbs told me. Oh, Joe! why didn't you marry Berenice Stubbs?" "Look in the glass, little girl, if you

want that question answered. "But I am so useless. You should have seen Miss Stubbs look at me when I said I didn't know how to make bread, and that I never had done a washing in

my life." "You'll easily learn, Ellie," "Do you think I shall, Joe?" A little

cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," came over the pearly frankness of her brow. "Did your mother wash and bake and brew?"

"Presumably she did. But I don't remember her; she died young.'

"Was she your father's first dear deceased?"

Joe nodded. "What was the other one like?"

"Tall and pale, with a cough, and a habit of taking wintergreen-scented snuff."

"Would you like me to take to wintergreen snuff?" she queried. He laughed. "It hardly seems, dear, as if you

could belong to the same race as those two poor, pale, drudging woman," said "Do all farmers' wives die early,

Joe did not answer. He was un-

folding the paper to read the latest news by telegraph. Cousin Simeon Ailesbury was the village doctor, a pleasant old man with a

week, and wants the washin' put out, at | Ellen Ailesbury made friends with him

"You are very like your mother, child," said he. "She always reminded me of a little mountain daisy." Ellen's lip quivered.

"I am glad you speak so kindly to me, doctor," said she, "for-for somehow since I came to the old farm-house I feel as if I were a fraud." "A fraud, my dear!"

The bright tears sparkled now. "I was brought up to teach," said she. "I can do nothing about the house. And Joe's father seems to expect course I can learn. I'd do anything to

is such a disappointment." "Humph!" said Dr. Ailesbury, "I'll speak to Joe about that."

please Joe. But it's hard to think one

And that afternoon when Ellen and Mrs. Dr. Ailesbusy were gone to look at The bride stood in the clean-scoured, old man had a long talk with his cous-

At the end of the week Joe went back to the Ailesbury farm.

"Well, I'm glad ye've got through gallivanting," said the old man, with a Engineer John Hogan, and the fires long breath of relief. "All the farm were looked after by Oscar Feshner .work is behind, and Berenice Stubbs

and_" "No, father, she isn't," said Joe, valiantly. "Ellen isn't very strong, and of farm life."

"What did you marry her for?" snarled the old man. "To be my companion and friend, father, not my drudge and servant."

"Your mother warn't above work." "My mother was dead and buried, sir, at the age of thirty-worn out, as all Berenice is sort o' plagued with neuralgy the neighbors tell me, by the hardships of her life. Your second wife, too, was a victim of the Moloch of work. I don't Borneo; seven-eighths of the supply to intend to lay, Ellen in the churchyard at

> Mr. Allesbury's brow darkened. "I won't have no one in the house who

don't earn their board," said he. "Very well," said Joe. "We'll rent the little Barrow house down Locust Lane. It will be handy to my work at the carriage factory, and Ellen shall have "Don't look a bit as if she could a strong servant to help her with the

Old Ailesbury started up forgetful of

"Joe," said he, brandishing his crutch, mere wax doll-"

Just here his foot slipped; he fell, a dead, heavy weight, his head against the

"A month!" cried the old man, in a nice Stubbs she can go home for a half a cracked voice, "a month since I had on the mat for pigs, etc. The raw sago week, and I'm curious to find out what that fall! Then I must 'a' been out of is sold to the Chinese, who put it through my mind. I must have had a fever." "Well, I guess you just have," said

Berenice. "And who took care o' me?"

"Mrs. Joe, to be sure. Night and people, and there was a hull week some "But that slim, pale-faced cretur

"Yes, she did. She said you was Joe's father, and there was somethin' about your eyes an' forld, as you laid "Well, it costs something," admitted asleep, that reminded her o' him. And she wouldn' leave you a minute."

"God bless her!" said the old man, turning his face away, with a curious thrill at his heart.

"Yes, father." "And they tell me I nearly died."

"They tell you the truth, father."
"The doctor says if it hadn't been for your wife I'd 'a' been under the church

the reckless Joe. "A man doesn't get j "I believe it is so, father."

"Joe, she's an angel!"

"Don't I know it, sir?" "Joe, I'm sorry I said all them things about her. Do you suppose, Joe, she'd stay here if I'd hire a gal to do all the

rough work?" "We have planned, sir, to move into

the Barrow cottage, and—"
"But you mustn't do that, Joe. can't feel to let her go," urged the old man. "All the luck would go out of the house, once the door closed on her. Ask her to stay, Joe. Tell her-"

The door opened softly. Ellie herself came in. "Father, do you want me to stay?"

she whispered. "God knows that I do, child!" "Then I'll stay."

That self-same evening Berenice Stubbs was engaged to remain permanently as house-worker and general factotum "Yes, I'll undertake all that," said

"Mrs. Joe mayn't know much about housekeepin', but there's lot's besides housekeepin' in the world. Mrs. Joe can do things I can't."

And Ellie took her place as queen of the little home kindom.

"Your wife must be a wonderful person, Joe," said the squire, next week. 'Your father is never weary of singing her praises, and Berenice Stubbs never heard a word in her disfavor. And of all the people that I know, your father and Berenice are the hardest to please. Pray, is Mrs. Joe an enchantress?'

"Well, I rather think she is," said Joe .- Fashion Bazar.

Ninety Miles an Hour.

A mile in 39 4-5 seconds or at the rate of over ninety miles an hour is the fastest run ever made by a railroad train. This unparalleled feat was accomplished the other day on the Bound Brook railroad between Neshaminy Falls, Penn., and Langhorne by engine No. 206, drawing two ordinary coaches and President McLeod's private car "Reading," which is equal to two coaches in weight. Other miles were reeled off with speed as astonishing as this crack mile, and at the second of the "fly" the world's record was broken. The fastest mile was scored in 39 4-5 seconds. The fastest five miles in three minutes, 26 4-5 seconds. The fastest ten miles in seven minutes, twelve seconds, averaging fortythree seconds per mile. The occasion for this race against time grew out of some good natured chaffing that took place at Judge Green's dinner to the Farmers' Club at the judge's residence in Easton. William M. Singerly was telling Mr. McLeod, the President of the Reading Railroad Company, that for thirteen years he had been making it a diversion to time fast railroad trains, and that he had rarely traveled faster than fifty seconds. The result of the conversation was that President McLeod made preparations for yesterday's speed trial and invited Mr. Singerly and a number of friends to ride on the train, consisting of an engine and three cars. The engine was No. 206, of the Wootten pattern, burning anthracite coal. It has five feet eight inch driving wheels, and a pretty cascade in the woods, the is one of the ordinary patterns of fast engines in use on the Philadelphia and ing Railroad. It was built at Reading, Penn., and stands to-day as a tri-

Washington Star.

umph of the skill of American mechan-

ics. The locomotive was handled by

The native name of sago palm in Bor-neo is "rumbiah." These palms grow from twenty to fifty feet, generally along the banks of rivers and in swampy land. she has never been used to the hardships | There are two kinds -Melroxylon Loris and Melroxylon Rumphil. The latter is especially favored by nature by being naturally protected from its incessant enemy and devourer the wild pig. It is armed with strong long spikes, and in cultivating sago nothing but good strong fences will keep out these burglars of the forest, for where they are bent on sago it takes a good deal to stop them out. Sago is a leading feature in Europe comes from that country. trees supply more nutritive matter than an acre of wheat, and six trees more than an acre of potatoes, The sago is obtained from the heart of the palm in the following manner: Just before the terminal spike of the inflorescence appears, which grows to four or five feet in length about six or eight years after planting, the palm is cut down at the root, divided into lengths to suit the manipulator, each length split in two, when the pith is scooped or dug out with bamboo hoes, a thick skin or rind "if you've been such a fool as to marry a only being left. The pith is placed in mats over a trough or canoe by the waterside, and, water being constantly poured over it and trodden out by the pinks in her hand, her father-in-law was sharp edge of the table. The sentence natives, a rough separation of the starchy matter from the pithy woody matter is arrived at, and the former runs off into troughs below, while the latter remains many washings and send it to Singapore and thence it finally reaches England .-New York Herald.

The Old Paint Brushes.

"What becomes of all the old paint brushes?" I heard a curious individual ask a New York painter of prominence recently. The answer was a revelation to me, as it will be probably to many readers of the Republic. "They are gathered up here in New York," was the reply, "by one individual, who visits all the shops regularly and buys them on the same principle that the rag-picker buys old rags. He takes them to his shop, soaks them in a chemical preparation and bleaches them. He then sells them to the tooth-brush manufacturers, who make them up into tooth-brushes of the finest and most costly brand."

The Gossiper does not tell this story for the purpose of make teeth cleaning unpopular, and he hopes that ladies with beautiful teeth will continue on the best of terms with their tooth powder and the little machine with which they apply it. -St. Louis Republic.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

GREASE OUT OF MARRIE.

To take grease out of white marble, apply a little pile of whiting or fuller's earth saturated with benzine and allow it to stand some time. Or apply a mixture of two parts washing soda, one part pomice stone and one part chalk, all first finely powdered and made into a paste with water; rub well over the marble, and finally wash off with soap and water .- Scientific American.

TO PREPARE CITRON FOR DRYING. Cut the citron in quarters, soak is warm water a little while, then scrape out the inside clean and peel. Make a syrup of light brown sugar, adding only water enough to dissolve the sugar well, skim off anything that rises until clear. Cut the quarters in two and cook ir syrup until the citron is well preserved but not soft; pour out in a collendar and drain, then lay citron on a platter in warm oven to dry. When thoroughly dry pack in a jar with layers of sugar between; tie up securely. When needed slice very thin into the cake dough .-New York Observer.

WASHING AND CURLING FEATHERS.

To wash and curl feathers, use warm soapsuds and rinse them in water a very little blued, if the feathers are white; then let the wind dry them. When the curl has come out by washing the feather or getting it damp, place a hot flat iron so that you can hold the feather just above it while curling. Take a bone or silver knife and draw the fibers of the feather betwen the thumb and duli edge of the knife, taking not more than three fibers at a time, beginning at the point of the feather and curling one-half the other way. The hot iron makes the curl more durable. After a little practice one can make them look as well as new feathers. When swansdown becomes soiled it can be washed and made to look as good as new. Tack strips on a bon. piece of muslin and wash in warm water with white soap; then rinse and hang in the wind to dry. Rip from the muslin and rub carefully between the fingers to soften the feather .- Detroit Free Press.

PICKLES AND CATSUPS. Mixed Pickles-Take one peck of green tomatoes, sliced, five large onions, chopped, and one head of celery, picked up fine. Put in a jar or earthen bowl with salt sprinkled evenly through. Let them stand twenty-four hours, then drain thoroughly and boil fifteen minutes in two quarts of water and one quart of vinegar. In a porcelain kettle put four quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, half a pound of white mustard seed, two tablespoons of cinnamon, one tablespoon of cloves, two tablespoons of ground mustard; when hot add the vegetables, which have been well drained, and cook together ten minutes.

Piccalilli-Take one peck of green tomatoes, ten onions, one cauliflower and one peck of small cucumbers. Slice the tomatoes and drain through a coarse linen bag. Pick up the cauliflower (a head of cabbage chopped can be substituted) and chop the onions. Mix all together. Sprinkle half a pint of salt over them and let it stand until next day. Mix together one pound of white mustard seed, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of cinnamon broken up fine, two ounces of whole peppers. Add to the vegetables half a teacup of grated horseradish and place them in a porcelain kettle in alternate layers with the spices, cover with cold vinegar and boil ten minutes, stirring constantly. After putting in a jar cover with green horseradish leaves and

an inverted plate. Green Tomato Catsup-Take one peck of green tomatoes, ten large onions and half a pint of salt. Chop the tomatoes and onions and thoroughly mix; then place in an earthen dish in layers with the salt and let them remain twenty-four hours. Mix together one-fourth of a pound of white mustard seed, one tablespoon of allspice, one of cloves, one of ground mustard, one of ginger, two of black pepper, and half a pound of brown sugar. Put the vegetables, after being drained, in a porcelain kettle, add the spice mixture, cover with vinegar and boil slowly two hours, stirring al-

most constantly, Tomato Catsup-Slice up one peck of ripe tomatoes; boil until tender and strain through a wire sieve. Add to them one tablespoon of ground cloves, one of allspice, two of cinnamon, one teaspoon of cayenne pepper, two tablespoons of salt, two of ground mustard and one pint of vinegar. Boil slowly three hours, stirring often.

Plum Catsup-Wash and cook one eck of sour blue plums until tender; then sift through a wire sieve. Add half a pound of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoons of ground cinnamon one of mace and one of allspice. Cook together slowly for two hours.

Spiced tomatoes-Scald and peel one peck of ripe tomatoes. Add four pounds of brown sugar, and one quart of vinegar, two tablespoons of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of mace and one of allspice. Boil slowly two hours, stirring often .- American Agriculturist.

Civilization in Japan.

That a high state of civilization exists

n Japan can be no longer doubted. Any lingering doubt on the subject is dispelled by the fact that a claim for nearly a million dollars is being pushed in the Japanese courts. Mr. Suminokura Gentatsu is the claimant. Somewhere about the year 1600, one of his ancestors, named Ryoi, cut, at his own expense the Takase and Saga canals, in Kioto and received from the authorities the right to levy a toll on all vessels passing through the canals. In 1869 the Government appropriated this and many other such privileges, and turned it over to the Kioto City Government, which has since collected the tolls. Mr. Suminokura is now suing the city of Kioto to recover his property rights. He claims \$850,000 as the cash value of the canals, and \$130,000 as the amount of reven collected by the Government; \$980,000

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Shirts are still plain.

Bolsters are being forced out of favor. A few velvet slippers are worn in London with paste buckles. Navy blue for the late winter and early

spring of 1892 is now talked of. Little soft white-felt hats have their

brims lined with soft silk in red, blue or The Empress of Austria's latest fads

are climbing mountains and learning Greek. Manufacturers of printed silks are

again pinning their faith on black grounds The Continental tie, with its large flap tongue and paste buckles, is very neat for

Princess Clementine, daughter of the King of the Belgians, is about to be-

Canvass shoes, in white, tan and gray, are largely purchased for country and seaside wear. One inch of piece velvet sewed along

the edge of a walking skirt will out wear twenty braids. Collars on the newest gowns look like exaggerated neck-bands extending almost

up under the ears. Vassar's most popular instructor is Miss Mary W. Whitney, who is the

Professor of Astronomy. In Antwerp a woman has taken a prize in Flemish literature, which is offered by the State once in five years.

Black kid, embroidered with gold stars and having two gold buckles on the toe and single strap, is novel.

Around the foot of skirts lace and foulard ruches may be widened at intervals to give the effect of festoons. A white batiste blouse has a collar of dark blue passementerie and is

belted with a sash of blue watered rib-Bronze ties are worn again, and, in spite of all talk to the contrary, the high Louis XV. heels and pointed toes are in

Collars are going up, especially in the back, and before the year is over the heights of Elizabeth's ruff will be passed.

The best way for ladies to kill time is to play at work. Spinning is coming into fashion as a drawing-room Lady snake charmers are getting

scarce and the wages paid them by American museum managers have risen to \$100 A woman with a short, fat neck may wear, becomingly, the black velvet

leave it alone. Alice B. Wiles has been selected to act as the President of the Illinois Board of Women Managers of the Columbian Exhibition.

Black lace is rapidly taking prece-

band. Let the thin, long necked woman

dence of every other dress trimming. even the popular tinsel braids and bul-lion embroideries. Amelia Arnold has issued an appeal to the women of London to use all

their influence to prevent the barbarous system of docking the tails of The society editor of a leading newspaper in Boston is a bright young colored woman who is commended in the highest manner by her associates and

employers. Mme. Albani, despite her talent, attends well to the ways of her household. enjoys to the full her home life, and is a most devoted mother to her only child, a boy about ten years of age.

A daughter of General Neal Dow is so exceedingly enthusiastic in her devotion to Volapuk that she is striving to propagate it by translating English books into that idiotic idiom. Church statistics show that there are

now 920 women either occupying pulpits or licensed to do so. The Universalist denomination leads the list of churches in the number of women it has ordained. Bishop Ellicott, of Gloucester and Bristol, England, has a daughter who is possessed of decided musical genius.

Miss Ellicott has taken the contract to

write a cantata for the next Gloucester

There has been seven marriages among the female clerks of a New York weekly paper in seven years, and they each occupied the same desk, which has become a greatly prized one among the remain-

The pages who waited upon the members of the Legislature of Oklahoma during its first session were Carrie Melone, Maud Myers and Florence Hadley, thus opening up a new field for feminine energies.

Dr. Alice Bennett, the resident physician in the women's department of the Pennsylvania State Insane Hospital, boasts that she knows by heart the name and the ailment of every one of the 900 patients under her care.

A Life Saved

pump setter in the employ of Ramsay & Co., the well known pump makers of that place. He is a member of Ramsay Engine Co. He says:

"My wife without coubt owes her life to Hood's Sarsaparilla. A few years ago she was at death's loor, due to blood poisoning, or as physicians say pysemia. After everything else failed Hood's Sarsaparilla brought her out of the crisis all right. Since then she has suffered at times with num

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and is gradually getting over these troubles. She clings to Hood's, takes nothing else, and we believe it will effect a complete cure."

Malaria or Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague, Sour Stomach and Belching; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite,



A ringing noise in the ears, headache, deafness, eyes weak; obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, bloody and putrid; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Not all of these symptoms at once. Probably only a few of them.

That's Catarrh. A medicine that by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties has cured the most hopeless cases. One that will cure you, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing. A medicine that doesn't simply palliate for a time, but produces perfect and permanent cures.

That's Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. A cash payment of \$500, not by you, as you might expect, but to you, if you can't be cured. It's an offer that's made in good faith, to prove their medicine, by responsible men, the proprietors of Dr. Say s

That's the kind of medicine to try. Doesn't it seem so?

'August Flower'

How does he feel ?--He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating-August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?-He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy .- August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?-He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there-August Flower the Remedy. How does he feel?-He feels

after a spell of this abnormal appe-

tite an utter abhorrence, loathing,

and detestation of food; as if a

mouthful would kill him-August Flower the Remedy. How does he feel?-He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools-

August Flower the Ramady. ® NY N U-35 **Harvest Excursions**

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