

IF I SHOULD GO.

If I should go away,
And you no more should meet me like the
May—
I say, if I should go,
Who long have lived and long have loved
you so—
Would you not feel some natural, sweet re-
gret?
Would you remember yet?
If I should go away?
And you should see the breaking of the
day—
Would you not still remember how I stood
And saw the same sun lightning all the
wood
Where the pines waved? Where all the flow-
ers are wet
With sweetest dews? Would you remember
yet?
If I should go away—
Sweetheart there are no words for me to
say!
I cannot go and leave you! God would not
Have any violet of our love forgot!
But, if His violets with no tears were wet,
Would you—O, sweetheart, love of mine,
forget?
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

TARNEY'S TEMPTATION.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.



UNLESS there was a horse-trade or something of equal importance on hand, Lyman Tarsney was pretty sure to be found at the postoffice at matitime; not because he expected a letter, but because the post-office was in a grocery store plentifully supplied with comfortable box, barrel and counter seats. It offered abundant opportunities for sly nibblings of crackers and cheese, and was the clearing-house for the gossip of the village.
When, one day, the postmaster really did hand Tarsney a letter, he was much surprised and examined it doubtfully. The envelope was addressed plainly enough, and bore the New York postmark. Who in the world could be writing him from New York?
Tarsney went to one side and opened the letter with mingled eagerness and doubt. Perhaps somebody had died and left him a fortune? Stranger things had been heard of. When he had gained a partial understanding of the contents, he hurriedly left the postoffice, his whole lazy body quivering with excitement.
Around the corner he paused, undecided where to go to examine his prize in secret. Then he slouched with unaccustomed energy out of the village into the woods, turning abruptly from the beaten path as soon as he was out of sight of any house, and keeping on till he felt sure he was in no danger of being seen.
He wormed his way into the midst of a thicket, and re-examined his prize. The contents of the envelope consisted of a neat circular, printed in imitation of the work of a type-writer, a strip purporting to be a clipping from a newspaper and a small slip bearing a name and address.
Tarsney read the circular carefully. It was couched in a strain well calculated to flatter the vanity and whet the greed of the reader. After stating that the writer was desirous of obtaining a shrewd man to handle his goods, which were nowhere mentioned as counterfeit money, but always as "goods," the circular continued:
"You can make money faster and easier by dealing in my goods than you ever dreamed of before in your life. It was never intended that one man should have millions and another nothing. The wealth and good things of this world are too unevenly distributed.
"Unless you have money enough to live on comfortably for the rest of your life, this is just the business you should take hold of, as my goods can be handled with perfect safety and immense profits, and enable you to provide yourself with a competence for your old age and pass your remaining years in ease and comfort.
"There is no wrong about it—Uncle Sam has millions of our money locked up in the Treasury, uselessly and unjustly so.
"So on went the letter to a considerable length, in a way shrewdly calculated to find the weak point of such a man as Lyman Tarsney. When he had finished reading the circular, he was gasping at the magnitude of the possibilities which seemed suddenly to have opened before him. His hand trembled as he turned hungrily to the printed slip that accompanied the circular.
It purported to be a newspaper clipping, setting forth that, in spite of the utmost vigilance of the officials, certain engraved plates had been stolen from the United States Treasury, from which notes—exactly the same as the genuine except that they did not have the sanction of the Government—were being printed by the thousands of dollars' worth. The following extract is a fair sample of the duplicity of the article:
"As the case stands these people in New York have everything their own way, for their shrewd work seems to be carried on in perfect safety, and there is not the slightest chance of detecting them or the people with whom they do business. It seems to be a positive fact that they are in possession of duplicate Treasury plates exactly the same as those used by the Government, and the paper is similar to that upon which the genuine notes are printed. It is a profound mystery how and from whence they obtain it. The greenbacks which the New York

scoundrels are dealing in are so fine and perfect that there is not one chance in ten thousand of detecting them, and all the detectives have failed to unearth the slightest clue to makers or users."
Lyman Tarsney had never been desperate or depraved. His sins had been chiefly of omission rather than of commission. He had never stolen aught except precious time, and the happiness and comfort of his wife and children.
He had always been one of those sanguine souls who are content to wait patiently for something to turn up, instead of rolling high their sleeves and turning up something for themselves.
In the old home State he had done fairly well, till finally he had conceived the belief that in Missouri was located the El Dorado where kindly nature returned a maximum of reward for a minimum of toil. Thither he had journeyed with his little flock, and purchased a run-down farm "on time." The succeeding season was a poor one, and Tarsney's minimum of labor brought him so little of reward that he was unable to make the necessary payments on the farm, and in due time lost it.
The family presently found shelter in a shabby rented house in the outskirts of the village, and Lyman degenerated by degrees into a good-natured loafer, a trader of horses and catcher of fish—a worthless lumber of the ground.
The "green goods" circular came to him like a revelation. It aroused his avarice and his long dormant ambition. He had never had his chance before, he told himself; but now his chance had come. The artful arguments seemed prepared especially to fit his case. They stilled his sluggish conscience and blinded his dull eyes.
"The wealth and good things of this world are too unevenly distributed. It was never intended that one man should have millions and another nothing."
The words met with Tarsney's unqualified indorsement. The appeal to his desire for comfort in his old age seemed like the pitying words of a kind friend. True, it was counterfeit money. Ha! Was it?
Did not the newspaper clipping state that the notes were printed from genuine plates made by the Government? What mattered it to him if these plates had been stolen? It was no affair of his. Was not the money the same, whether printed with Uncle Sam's sanction or without it?
The Government had millions, billions for aught he knew, locked up in the Treasury vaults, of no use to anybody. Why should not he profit by Uncle Sam's carelessness? The tempter won.
The coming of dusk admonished him of the flight of time. He placed the precious documents carefully in his pocket. When he reached home the scanty supper was waiting for him.
"Poppy's tum! poppy's tum!" whooped the little white head two sizes larger than the baby that wore it.
There was always a baby in the Tarsney household. These children loved the shiftless, worthless father, who was always good-natured, who whittled little toys for them, and was ever ready with a story.
He had no relish for the simple supper that night. The food had choked him. He noticed, he knew not why, that his wife's cough seemed worse than common, though in truth it had been growing worse for weeks unperceived by him. But the poor woman looked more cheerful to-night than was her wont.
She was not patching or mending this evening, but was nursing the feeble baby in idleness. Her thin cheeks were faintly flushed. The little white heads were happy and excited over something unusual.
"Dear what, poppy?" piped the head that was two sizes larger than the baby.
"I'm to git all the fine washin' an' ironin' from the hotel," said Mrs. Tarsney, with almost a happy smile. "I can make 'most a dollar a day out of it."
Poor soul! Happy at the prospect of added toil!
"An' me and John are to begin pickin' grapes at the nursery day after to-morrow," said Jim, ten years old. "We'll git half a cent a pound."
"I made six cents herdin' Mis' Barlow's ducks this afternoon," chimed in Lyddy, the eight-year-old girl.
For a long time these poor souls had worked, saved and denied themselves that they might return to the old home State. The hunger for home had been knowing at Mrs. Tarsney's heart for many a long, long day. She had uttered little complaint, but had toiled on, wearing her life out at the washub in the hope of one day returning to the dear old home community. Sometimes she said hopefully:
"Maybe my health will be better when we get back home."
The younger children knew only by hearsay about the old home, but they were all strong in the belief that it was the happiest place on earth.
They were all of one accord hungry to go. No self-denial tending to bring the happy time nearer was too great for them to make. Every dollar, nickel, penny that could possibly be spared was sacredly hoarded to that end.
The sum required to take them all was a very great one in their eyes. Mrs. Tarsney, with pathetic pride, felt that they must not go looking like beggars. New clothes must be provided for all, and no matter how cheap, new clothes for the entire flock would cost what was to them another large sum.
In the battered old pewter sugar bowl in the little cupboard beside the

chimney was one hundred and forty-two dollars and seventy-nine cents, the savings of many long days of toil and privation. Out of the board the husband and father, too, must be well clothed and provided with a railway ticket. He had added but little to the fund, possibly five dollars in all—but then he was the husband and father. Mrs. Tarsney was afraid of banks, and so the slowly growing hoard was kept in the old pewter sugar bowl.
"It won't be so very long now," the poor woman said, hopefully, and then a paroxysm of coughing shook her. "My dollar a day will count up pretty fast, and Johnny and Jimmy will make a great deal while grapes last."
Lyman Tarsney lay awake all night long, torn by doubts and indecision. He believed he loved his little flock. He would have done right by them long ago, he told himself, if only something had turned up to give him a chance to do so. The something for which he had so patiently waited had been a long time in turning up. But now, he thought, the opportunity had come; he had his chance at last.
Just as the first faint gray was creeping up in the east, Lyman Tarsney arose from beside his sleeping wife and stole the battered old pewter sugar-bowl and its contents, every penny of which represented so much of patient self-denial, of toil and privation.
As he slunk through the room Mrs. Tarsney, disturbed by some slight noise that he made, stirred uneasily and coughed in her sleep, and the wretched man paused suddenly, as if a reproachful voice had called to him. But the poor woman did not awaken, and he crept out of the house with the precious hoard in his clutch.
He started to slink rapidly away, and then stopped, he knew not why.
The gray of the early morning hung over the sleeping earth and dimmed the stars, fading slowly before the coming day. Soft sounds of the passing night were borne to his ears with seemingly unaccustomed clearness.
It would be train time in a few minutes. Tarsney took two or three slouching steps toward the gate, and then stopped again. The patient wife and mother, the little flock of white heads—how terribly they would be cast down when they discovered the loss! Their grief—
But was he not acting for the best, doing the best for them? he asked himself. It would not be for long, and then he would come back with a much greater sum of money than he had taken away. He would make it all up to them then, and they would all go back to the old home State.
Still he did not go on. He turned and crept cautiously to the window, left open for the admission of the breeze. The room was wrapped in darkness.
He could hear the regular breathing of his sleeping inmates. Mrs. Tarsney coughed again feebly, in her sleep. Disturbed by the sound, one of the little white heads in the trundle-bed almost beneath the window stirred uneasily and murmured, "Poppy!"
Lyman Tarsney clutched the window-sill, and then there came the long-drawn, far-off whistle of the east-bound train, admonishing him that he had but just time to reach the station. He turned and slouched quickly to the rickety, half-hingeless gate, then paused with his hand on its top. The little white head's murmured "Poppy!" seemed still sounding in his ears.
He stood there for a little while, then his hand dropped from the top of the gate and he looked up at the far, far-off, fading stars in the graying sky—looked up helplessly, dumbly for a little time, and in that time he knew himself for what he was.
He saw his utter worthlessness. The cruel, criminal neglect of years was made as clear to him as if a great voice had shouted the truth in his ears. Lyman Tarsney gasped, bared his head and stood up straight beneath the stars.
The rumble of the approaching train grew louder and louder, but the man turned and tiptoed into the house, and replaced the battered old pewter sugar-bowl in the little cupboard beside the chimney.
When the rest of the family awoke with the coming of the sun, the husband and father was sleeping as soundly as any of the white heads had slept. The fragrant breakfast was kept waiting for him as he slept on, and the clamor of the white heads was hushed—Poppy was sleeping. A goodly part of the forenoon had slipped away before he awoke.
"I dunno but you ought to have waked me sooner," he said to his wife, in a half-shamefaced way. "I'm goin' to work to-day. I've been thinkin' about-wal, if we're goin' east we've got to work. I—er—you don't need to take that washin' from the hotel, Marthy. You'd better rest—I'm goin' to work."
And he worked that day and for many days thereafter—worked with a zeal and faithfulness all the more marked because of his idleness of many a day before.
If there was any touch of heroism in this, I think it was augmented by the fact that Lyman Tarsney never knew what he had escaped by keeping out of the clutches of the "green goods" men.—Youth's Companion.

A South African Home.

A typical Southern Africa household described by Olive Schreiner had an English father, a half Dated mother with a French name, a Scotch governess, a Zulu cook, a Hottentot housemaid and a Kaffir stable boy, while the little girl who waited on the table was a Basuto.—New York Advertiser.



WEEDS BY THE WAYSIDE.

The borders along the public highways and country roads are too often the seed-beds of noxious weeds. This is often the case also along the railroads. Along the latter the passing freight cars are constantly jolting off and distributing injurious weedseeds from remote places. This evil is increasing every year, and the adjacent fields show the bad effects. During the present season in Maryland the fields have been dotted with the common white daisies to an extent that actually threatens the crowding out of the grasses and clovers in the meadows. In Baltimore County there are roads where the sow-thistle, teasle, wild carter and many other noxious weeds are annually allowed to grow in rank profusion. The winds and birds are among the agencies that distribute weedseeds over the country, and year by year they are gaining a strong foothold at the expense of the crops. In some States there are county laws which require the roadside and fence-corners to be kept clear of weeds. Such laws are of great benefit and materially assist the farmer to keep his fields free from weeds.—Home and Farm.

HAY RACKS FOR SHEEP.

Hay racks are now constructed of iron, or iron and wood, and although slightly higher in first cost are cheaper in the long run than those made of wood only. Those on wheels are most convenient, as one man can easily shift them about without assistance. All racks should be provided with "economizers." A simple and efficient one, says the Farmers' Voice, consists of a light wire railing running the whole length of the rack on each side, about eighteen inches in height, standing about a foot from the rack, to which it is attached by means of cross bars bolted on the ends of the latter. By this means waste of hay is prevented, all that is pulled out and left un-eaten falling between the railing and rack, in place of being trampled under foot by the sheep, as it would be were this precaution not taken. Some have troughs beside the racks, which are useful for feeding with corn, etc. Troughs are best made of wood. Those intended for feeding grain and cake should be V-shaped. For turnips and other bulky food the flat-bottomed pattern is preferable. Covered troughs are not very extensively used, being cumbersome and expensive. One or two of them are, however, useful on every farm for holding an supply of rock salt for the sheep; to allow the brine to escape a few saucer holes should be made in the bottom.

WEEDS ON THE FARM.

The annual expenditure for labor in keeping down weeds on the farm is a large item, but there should really be no weeds, says the New York World. A large number are destroyed by cultivation of crops, and a persistent warfare is waged against them, but in most cases the work of destruction is not thorough, as a sufficient number of weeds escape to reseed the land for the next year's crop. The repugnance of most farmers to using the hoe, depending on horse cultivation entirely, is responsible to a great extent for the presence of weeds, but even when the harrow and cultivator are used the work is not as frequent as may be necessary.
There are a great many kinds of weeds, and they come up at different times. Work must be applied so as to do the most damage to the weeds at the least cost, and this means not only to begin on the weeds early but often. The work is performed to the best advantage when the weeds are just coming through the ground, as a slight scratching of the soil will then be more effective than the cultivator or plow later in the season. As soon as the seeds germinate they should be destroyed.
Every weed that grows robs the crop of nourishment and moisture. During a period of draught weeds can bring to the surface and evaporate as much moisture as other plants, being veritable pumps, which take moisture from the soil, and the larger they are permitted to become the greater the capacity of their roots to take away from the crop the necessary plant food. It is when the corn is young that it needs the greatest care, and it is more difficult to keep the weeds out than when the corn plants are higher, as they are more liable to be covered with the cultivator.
For that reason the thorough cleaning out of the weeds gives less labor next year. To delay the work until the weeds are established is to increase the labor and delay the crop, as the land cannot grow weeds and corn at the same time. If all the weeds are killed by the reaper, harrow, cultivator and hoe, allowing not a single one to grow, even searching the fence corners, and the work repeated a second year, the land can be completely cleared of all weeds and kept clean, which will lessen the labor, benefit the crops and give greater profits.
HOW TO PLUCK FRUIT.
Every person, child or adult, when plucking fruit of any sort, should be taught how to separate the stems from the twigs or spurs without damaging

the buds that contain the embryos of a future crop. When plucking apples or pears, instead of hauling off the fruit with spurs, buds and leaves, take hold of the apple or pear, and at the same time thrust the thumb-nail against the base of the stem and pull on the fruit, and thus sever the stem from the fruit spur at the seam prepared in the growth of the stem and spur for the separation of fruit and spur. When plucking cherries, take hold of the long stems and separate them with the thumb-nail, handling the fruit by the stems rather than by taking hold of the fruit. If the hand clasps a cluster of cherries, and the fruit is hauled off carelessly, the fruit spur will be broken off together with all the half-mature fruit. Then, if the cherries are fully ripe, and they are clawed off without taking hold of the stems, the fruit and stems will be separated, to the great damage of the ripe fruit. When cherries are to be used immediately, they may be pulled off the stems. But when the fruit is to be sent to market, the stems should not be separated, as the rupture of the fruit incident to the separation of the stems will hasten decay and damage appearance, because as soon as the stems of cherries are removed from the fruit the juice will flow out.
Almost every variety of cherries fall to ripen with desirable uniformity. For this reason the persons who pluck the fruit should be instructed to glean only the ripe fruit without hauling off immature specimens. But whoever is allowed to pluck cherries should have this brief precept: "Be careful of the fruit spurs," reiterated, until he or she will understand that the fruit buds, the fruit spurs, the little branches that are loaded with fruit, must not be crushed by the feet or pulled off by careless hands. Make every dillard understand that every twig and fruit spur broken off represents a cluster of cherries of next year's crop, and the fruit for many future years actually lost by inexcusable heedlessness. There should be many placards posted up where pickers can read the important words: "Do not break off the fruit spurs."—Country Gentleman.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Good sweet pork can only be made from good, sweet food.
The jars containing fruit must be made absolutely airtight.
Sow turnips now. They will be useful for the stock next winter.
London milk is dyed cream color to suit popular fancy by mixing one teaspoonful of liquid annatto with eight quarts of milk.
For colic in sheep give half an ounce of Epsom salts, a dram of Jamaica ginger and sixty drops of the essence of peppermint.
The flesh of the donkey is said to be excellent eating, being as delicate in texture as the finest mutton, with the flavor of roast pork.
Much of the failure in getting rid of weeds is due to not pulling them up. Except at certain times cutting off weeds will not destroy them.
Plenty of exercise means abundant ability to eat and assimilate food. We do not commonly give the occupants of the pig pen exercise enough.
Put up the farm and garden products in an attractive form. It is not dishonest to put the best looking on top if all underneath is sound and good.
France is reported to be taking an increased interest in swine raising, and it is thought that this will enhance the attention given to the production of corn.
A farmer advises thinning early apples. Thinning is often profitable, even if the surplus is wasted, but in this case they can be fed to swine, and thus create bare spots in the fields.
If the grain shocks are allowed to stand very long in the fields which were sowed to clover last spring they are liable to kill the plants they cover and thus create bare spots in the fields.
When the horse is of a nervous temperament great judgment must be used in its handling. If a nervous horse hears the sound of a firecracker the animal thinks that everything it sees has powder in it. Handle gently.
As much as half a ton of fertilizer to the acre has been applied to potatoes right in the drill without injury. It should be well mixed with the soil.
It is found by many growers profitable to use a larger amount, but the excess should either be sown broadcast or spread along the drill after the plants have come up.
Test your cows and find the exact value of each one. This may be done with little trouble, and without any scientific work, merely by churning the cream taken from the milk of one cow at a time, by itself, in a small churn, or in a fruit jar, even, which will answer each purpose, and thus test the character of each one.
In a report presented to the French Academy of Science, M. Genin states that he has discovered a sure and easy means of ascertaining whether eggs will produce cock or hen chickens. He says that, after three years' experience, he has found that eggs containing male germs are wrinkled at the small end, while those containing female germs are perfectly smooth at both ends.

The Trolley.
"There is no use in our trying to compete with the trolley lines," said a railroad man the other day, to a reporter of the Philadelphia Record, as he glanced ruefully over some figures, which showed a decrease of \$40 a day in his company's receipts from suburban travel on a branch line since the opening of a trolley road. "We have to give too much to our patrons," he continued. "We provide handsome terminals, fine suburban stations, heat, water, light and a seat for every passenger, while the trolley lines furnish almost nothing but transportation. They furnish no stations; crowd the passengers in, so that many have no seat, and in that way manage to make money. We can't do things that way, and so I see no money for us in trying to compete with the trolleys. Of course, they can't touch us on long distance traveling, but in the near future I expect to see them absorb a large amount of our suburban travel."

She Fought With Wolves.

James McGrew tells us that last Thursday his wife and daughter were in the timber picking flowers, when for a time they became separated. Six wolves attacked the little girl, and when she began to scream her dog came to her rescue.
When the mother returned she found her daughter backed up against a tree and the dog having a hand-to-hand fight with the ugly brutes. Mrs. McGrew frightened them off and started for home. The wolves followed them, howling, barking and fighting. This happened near Egg Lake, this county.—Bieber (Cal.) Gazette.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

The preparation of canvas for painters is a lucrative trade.

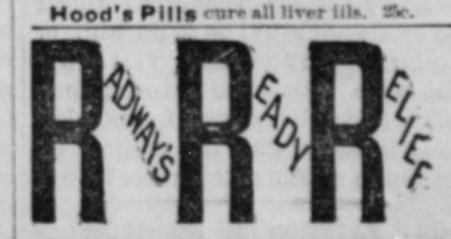
\$100 Reward. \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is cancer. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Pure and Wholesome Quality. Commends to public approval the California Liquid Laxative Remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidney, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.
The Grip of Pneumonia may be ward off with Hall's Honey or Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drosc Cure in one minute.
Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure is the only remedy in the world that cures in half an hour. No opium. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y., M. D.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.
If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

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Overcome by the heat or extraordinary exertion, the physical system, like a machine, needs to be renovated and repaired. The blood needs to be purified and invigorated.
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures and the nerves and muscles strengthened by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an appetite, removes that tired feeling and gives sweet, sound, refreshing sleep.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.



For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and general aches, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate relief, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

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A half a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharge continues, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach, will afford relief in five minutes. Internally—A half a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Stick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pain.
Malaria in its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, caused by MALARIAL FEVER, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price 10 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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