



Sweetest thing that can be seen
Is a baby, fresh and clean.
Dainty clothes and tender skin
Need pure soap to wash them in.
Nurse and mother must be sure
Baby's bath is sweet and pure.
Free from grease or alkalis;
Ivory Soap their want supplies.

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A RONDEAU.

O sweet-day dream—that phantasy achieves,
I would not wake to find my dream deceives.—
It seems so real—that with my will at bay
I stretch my arms out in a childish way
To grasp the olden hope of morns and eves
While the smiling flowers, the buds and leaves,
In which the rapture of my mood believes
Make glad the summer air like roundelay—
Oh sweet day dream!

Ah, strange that dreamland ever mocking
leaves,
Unto the pleasures, after-memory grieves,
Time, when the sun of life filled youth's rare
day,
When all the future seemed endless May,
And Love drew near the light that Fancy
weaves.—
Oh sweet day dream.

—ANNIE G. MURRAY, in Boston Sunday Herald.

DISCONTENTED.

"Dear me," said Letty Wyngard,
"I shall go crazy. Five children all
clamoring at once, the preserve kettle
boiling over, the pickles fermenting,
moths in my Sunday shawl and the
dog running away with the soup-bone
for dinner."

And Letty stood in the middle of
the room, holding her head with both
hands, as if she momentarily expected
it to sail up into the air like a balloon.

Letty was very pretty, after an odd
gypsy type, with great dark eyes, a
brown, healthy skin, and hair as black
as a crow's wing—and, as yet, not
even the five children, and the endless
round of daily cares and duties to
which, as the wife of a poor, young
carpenter, she was condemned, had
planted a wrinkle on her velvet-
smooth forehead.

John Wyngard burst out laughing,
and that, in Mrs. Wyngard's case,
proved the one hair that broke the
camel's back. She began to cry.

"Now, Letty, don't be a goose,"
said he, soothingly. "Why, what do
you know about real trouble?"

"I don't care," sobbed Letty. "I'm
sick of it all. I'm tired of patching
old clothes, and hashing old meats,
and hoarding pennies. I'm tired of—"

"Your husband and your children,"
gravelly interrupted Mr. Wyngard, "is
that it, Letty?"

Mrs. Wyngard pouted and was
silent. She didn't like to own to it,
but for the moment she almost felt
that she was tired of them.

"I might have married rich," she
said, slowly, twisting the baby's
strings around and about her finger.

"I might have been Howard Linsley's
wife, and he is a very wealthy
man they tell me."

"It's a pity you didn't," said John,
provokingly.

"Yes, it is a pity," said Letty, stung
beyond endurance, as she flounced
out of the room.

And then as she sat down to sew a
button on Johnny's jacket and braid
little Helen's hair and show Rosie
about the arithmetic sums, and, finally,
when the four eldest ones were
packed off to school, to bathe the
baby and rock it to sleep, Letty
Wyngard could not help thinking how
much brighter and smoother her path-
way would be if, instead of saying "no"
to handsome Howard Linsley, she
had uttered the other monosyllable.

Not but what she loved John better,
far, than Howard—but this wearing,
grinding succession of petty cares and
toil was sapping all the life and elas-
ticity out of her.

She looked disdainfully down at the
faded calico dress she wore, patched
and darned in more than one place.

"If I had married Howard Linsley,"
she said to herself, "I could
have worn silks and jewels every day,
with hired servants to wait on me and
an elegant carriage to drive out in
whenever I pleased. Oh, dear, what
a world of trouble this is!"

And Mrs. Wyngard laid her little
rosy-cheeked infant down to sleep, she
felt as if her lot had fallen in very
thorny places.

Just as she had taken her place once
again over the brass kettle in which
she was trying to "do up" some rocky
pound pears which a neighbor had
given her, there came a knock at the
door.

"Come in," said Letty, and the
housekeeper from Hadfield Hall, the
big mansion on the hill, came mincing
across the threshold.

Letty dusted off a chair in consider-
able of a flurry, for Mrs. Ellison was
a grand lady in her way, who wore
black silks and laces and had her bon-
nets directly from a New York mil-
liner every spring and fall.

"Won't you sit down, Mrs. Elli-
son?" said she, coloring to the roots
of her pretty hair, and secretly hop-
ing that Mrs. Ellison did not observe
the patch on her calico dress.

"Thank you, my dear—I am in a
great hurry," said Mrs. Ellison. "I
have some fine laces and muslins and
Valencian handkerchiefs here from
my lady at the hall. The laundress
hasn't come down yet, and she ain't
willing to trust the lady's maid with
'em, and they must be ready by dark
—and so I told her I knew a person
in the village that was a master hand
at laces and fluting and such like, and
I depend on you, my dear, to do 'em
up for me."

Letty hesitated an instant.
"She'll pay you a dollar at least,"
said Mrs. Ellison. "She ain't none of
the stingy sort, my lady ain't."

A dollar, in Letty Wyngard's eyes,
was no inconsiderable sum. A dollar
would buy the new shoes that Rosie
needed so sadly—or flannel for the
baby's winter socks—or half a hun-
dred other necessities which Letty
could think of.

"Yes," said she, "I'll do it. My
preserves will soon be finished. Lay

the bundle on the table please. So
the new family have arrived at the
hall at last?"

Mrs. Ellison nodded assent. She
had lived housekeeper with the Had-
fields of Hadfield Hall for 20 years, and
was sorry enough when the old place
went into other hands. But a situa-
tion was a situation, so she had stayed
on.

"Yes," says she. "Mr. and Mrs.
Howard Linsley."

Letty gave such a start that the
preserve kettle had nearly tipped over
into the fire.

"Linsley!" cried she, with a little,
hysterical laugh. "What a funny
name!"

"Handsome, stylish people, with
more money, to all appearances, than
they know what to do with," went on
Mrs. Ellison. "I just wish you could
see her dresses and jewels! Stephanie,
the French maid, showed me, when
she was unpacking 'em, and it's as
good as a play!"

Letty said nothing, but stirred
busily away at her preserves, while
the old housekeeper mandered on
about the wealth and grandeur of the
new possessors of Hadfield Hall.
And all this might have been hers!

"When shall I send for the laces?"
Mrs. Ellison finally asked, when she
rose to depart.

"I'll take them home myself, about
dusk," said Letty, inwardly resolving
to get for herself a glimpse into the
paradise which so nearly had been her
own.

And so, at twilight, with the daintily
ironed and fluted laces in her basket,
she walked up to Hadfield Hall.

How stately it looked with its broad
colonnaded facade, all glittering with
lights, its grand conservatory at the
back, where palm-leaves and bananas
brushed the glass top, and its terraced
grounds! Oh, if she had only said
"yes" to Howard Linsley 11 years
ago!

Within, everything was in keeping.
Axminster carpets, like banks of moss
covered the floor—marble statues in
velvet-lined niches—lights glowed
softly, and tables, loaded with rare
ornaments, stood around.

"Hush!" said Letty, as Mrs. Ellison
with some pride, pointed out the vari-
ous beauties of the place. "What is
that noise, like a woman crying? In
the next room, I think."

Mrs. Ellison's face clouded over.
"It's Mrs. Linsley's poor dear,"
said she. "The master's a brute. He's
been drinking too much—Mademoi-
selle Stephanie says he always drinks
too much—and he struck her! Struck
her, and called her a whimpering fool
before all of us servants. I never saw
a man strike a woman before, and I
declare it made me sick all over. But
Stephanie says it's a common thing
enough. Oh, my dear, she's wretched
in spite of all her money."

"Has she no children?" Letty
softly asked.

"She had two, but she lost 'em both.
Mademoiselle Stephanie says she often
cries and wishes she was dead, too.
And I don't wonder much, with such
a husband as she's got. Hush! there
he comes now."

And shrinking behind a carved
group of Italian marble statuary, the
two women watched Howard Linsley
stalk gloomily by, with red, inflamed
eyes, sullen, down-looking face and
shuffling, unsteady footsteps.

Silently Letty Wyngard went home,
thanking God in her heart that she
was a poor man's wife.

"Have you heard of the accident?"
asked old Peter Styles, who was stand-
ing out at his gate, as she hurried by
in the deepening dusk.

"No; what accident? What has
happened?"

"That there house as your husband
was workin' in has tumbled in! All a
heap of ruins! Something wrong about
the foundation, they say, and—"

"Oh, my God!" wildly interrupted
Letty, clasping her hands. "Was he
hurt? My husband?"

"Well," hesitated old Styles, "there
was two men killed and one had his
arm broke. But—"

Letty waited to hear no more.
Swift as an arrow out of a bow she
sped homeward, a horrible dread
winging her footsteps with almost
incredible speed. Oh! if John should
be killed—John, her faithful, loyal
husband, whom she had recked so
lightly of—whom that very day she
had allowed to leave her without the
good-bye kiss. If her children should
be fatherless—if—

"John! John!" she wailed, as she
pushed open the door, and went,
breathless, into the kitchen.

"Well, little woman, what is it?"

And oh! thanks to an all merciful
Heaven—John Wyngard himself
turned his bright, living face toward
her from the hearthside, where he was
sitting, with a child on either knee.

"I know what is in your dumb, ques-
tioning eyes, Letty. I am not hurt,
thank God. I had just gone to the
hardware store for another barrel of
nails when the building fell. No,
Letty, you're not rid of me quite so
easily."

Letty threw herself, sobbing, into
his arms.

"Ah, John, John, love me. Hold
me closer to your heart, John. I've
been repining and selfish. I've never
been half good enough for you; but,
please God, I'll be a better woman,
and a more faithful wife from this
night henceforward."

And then she told him the history
of her day's adventures.

"It's natural enough, little wife,"
said John, kindly, stroking her hair.
"But for all that I'm glad you've re-
alized money isn't always happiness."

And a more contented couple than
John Wyngard and his wife Letty
never sat by cheery fireside upon that
bleak winter evening. Letty profited
by her lesson.

It is supposed that the average
depth of sand in the deserts of Africa
is from thirty to forty feet.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Warm Shelter for Hogs.

In protecting fattening hogs from
the cold of winter, it is best to depend
rather upon warm sheds and wind-
breaks than on the amount of bedding
too much exposure will make neces-
sary. When chilled by exposure, hogs
will invariably pile up, and with large
heavy hogs this will prove disastrous
to some of the herd where any num-
bers are kept together. Too much
bedding will only add to the danger.
Last winter a neighbor, on one bitterly
cold night, lost more hogs than
would have paid for help to have made
a warm and sheltered place for the
swine to sleep in. A hay shed three
feet high at the back and four and a
half feet high in front, facing the
south, would have cost him nothing
for material, as it was lying about his
place unused, and if he himself could
not have found time to construct the
shed, he could have hired the work
done for less than the cost of one hog.
It is looking at such things as these in
time that mark the difference between
the successful and the unsuccessful
farmer.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Charcoal as a Fertilizer.

There is scarcely any fertilizing ele-
ment in charcoal itself, excepting the
small amount of potash that it con-
tains. Even this is not so available
as it would be if the charcoal were
completely burned and reduced to
ash. But the dark color of charcoal
enables it to absorb the heat that the
sun's rays bring to it, so that when
spread upon garden land where a
warmer soil is desired it may often be
an advantage to early vegetables, pro-
viding always that the plants where it
is spread be covered at night, so that
the warmth gained by day may be re-
tained during the hours of darkness.
But charcoal may be made directly a
fertilizer through its great capacity
for absorbing ammonia after it has
been placed in stables where nitro-
genous manures are fermenting. This
ammonia the charcoal will retain,
uniting with whatever potash is avail-
able for such use in the charcoal, and
thus forming a nitrate of potash.
Charcoal is the best thing to place in
the bottoms of small plant pots to
give the roots drainage way. Stones
are often used for this purpose, but if
any fertilizer material sinks down to
the stones it would run through and
be lost in the saucer holdi'g the pot.
Where charcoal is used it would re-
tain all the nitrogenous fertility so
that roots coming in contact with the
fertilized charcoal could use whatever
it contained that they needed.

Indian Cultivators of the Soil.

Those who contend that the Indian
is incapable of becoming a good agri-
culturist take their cue from a few
isolated cases. In most cases where
failure has been recorded the failure
comes from the inability or incapacity
of those who are appointed by the
government to lead them. Whoever
has had the opportunity of traveling
through the country settled by the
Cherokees and Choctaws must have
seen quite as frequent evidence of agri-
cultural success among those people
as could be seen among white people
anywhere. It is, however, to be sug-
gested that this is chiefly on account
of the country being more favorable
to agriculture than localities further
north.
But we learn from the Helena In-
dependent that the Crow Indians are
rapidly advancing in industrial agri-
culture. Crops have been raised in
the Crow region chiefly by irrigation.
In less than ten years these Indians
have constructed eight large irrigating
canals, sufficient to irrigate from two
thousand to ten thousand acres each,
and are now working on another that
is even larger. It is to extend for
probably fifty miles. A few white
men are employed as skilled artisans
by the Indians; but the work itself is
done by them. It is said that they
are remarkably thrifty, not spending
all their money, but saving some,
which is invested in truly sensible and
business ways.—Mechan's Monthly.

The Forest Worm.

The development of the forest worm
with such astounding rapidity compels
us to look into the future with a good
deal of alarm. Are we to have this
pest for several years in succession?
As near as I can find out they have
appeared in New York but once before
within the memory of anyone now liv-
ing—that was in 1830 or in 1831. At
that time they remained for only two
years. We have no record of the
cause of their disappearance. It is
probable, however, that they were
met by some counter attack, either
of the insect or of fungoid character.
My sons inform me that such enemies
of the caterpillar are already at work,
while other foes are attacking them in
the cocoon stage. They were hatched
out this year about the first of April
—appearing first on the plum trees
and apple trees, and rapidly spread-
ing to most of the other shade and
fruit trees. They did not touch the
magnolias, tulip tree, Kentucky coffee
tree, persimmon, pawpaw, English
elm or Norway maple, and in general
did not prefer the soft maples of any
variety.
Among forest trees they objected to
the butternut and the walnut, but ate
the maples, white elm, oak and bass-
wood, taking the ash as soon as it
leaved out—later than the rest.
Among the fruit trees it did not
choose the pear or the cherry. It
stopped its work of defoliation about
the twentieth of June, although many
cocoon were spun earlier than this.
The moths emerged from the cocoons
about July 1. The work of the moth
lasts from two to three weeks. The

eggs appear to be identical with the
tent caterpillar, but they are glued on
all sorts of trees. I have even found
them wrapped around currants on the
currant bushes. The tent caterpillar
confines himself to the apple and wild
cherry, with an occasional nest on a
pear, plum or peach tree, but the fore-
most worm eggs must be sought for
everywhere, even upon the flower
shrubs. The problem what to do has
no more definite answer than fight,
fight, fight, and kill, kill, kill at every
stage of the existence of the pest.
My lawns and orchards are proof that
where the worm is at its worst we can
conquer. We met them with torch,
with arsenical spraying, with kerosene
emulsion, and where the worms were
gathered, as they were, in vast masses,
we crushed them with gloves saturated
in kerosene. We have only to re-
member that while kerosene is death
to them it is also death to trees if
carelessly applied.—E. P. P., in New
York Tribune.

Points About Milking.

A good milker can not make a good
cow out of a poor one, but a poor
milker can and will spoil the best of
cows and neutralize the most judi-
cious feeding. The foundation for a
good or poor milker is laid at the very
start.
In order to succeed, the beginner
should have a liking for the business.
He must become acquainted with his
cows and not only know them by sight
but should study their individual
characteristics and temperaments in
order to know just how to handle
them. He should also have some
competent person to show him just
how to begin. No one could reason-
ably expect children to become good
penmen by giving them a pen, a bot-
tle of ink and some paper, but that
the way a majority learn to
"They are given a pail, a stool, a milk
can and a cow, and left to their
own devices. A miserable failure is often
the result. The cow on which to begin
is a quiet, easy milker, and one that
is not giving a large quantity. Under
no circumstances should the beginner
continue to milk after his arms or
hands commence to ache. Better
have another finish the cow. This
will only have to be done a few times.
Milk well and milk fast from the very
start, but don't milk too much. Al-
ways avoid that jerky motion which is
so common. Also the habit of strip-
ping with thumb and finger. The
practice of wetting the teats is very
bad, as it induces the growth of warts
and scabs and is as unnecessary as it is
filthy. Deal gently but firmly with
the cows, and bear in mind that a good
milker is always a skilled workman.—
New England Homestead.

Clearing and Fencing in Winter.

During the next few months there
will be a considerable length of time
which can be devoted to clearing and
fencing. Thickets and hedge rows of
briers surrounding fields that are be-
ginning to encroach upon the culti-
vated lands should be cut back. We
oftentimes see small five or ten acre
fields divided by a strip of two or
three acres of second growth pine.
These little orchards of pines could be
easily cleared and the small fields
thrown together, making a large one.
Time, a most important item, would
be saved by bringing all the work pos-
sible in one field. The sunshine
would have a better opportunity to
reach and furnish the growing crops
with its life promoting rays, while the
evil influences of shade from surround-
ing trees and their constant drain
upon the soil would be dispensed with.
There is never a day, even in bad
weather, when the farmers cannot find
some useful employment for all the
labor on his premises. There is not a
farm, little or big, which does not at
every season of the year find use for a
good, well fenced pasture. Keeping
the cow, calf and horse enclosed within
a lot and no pasture in which to let
them graze is an expensive luxury.
Oftentimes the trouble about provid-
ing water in sufficient quantities each
day becomes a hardship on certain
members of the household, and the
work is but poorly done. It is rare
that one sees cattle confined in these
close lots looking well; generally they
present a rough coat; are poor and
have saddened faces. Every man has
an abundance of spare time from field
work during the year, especially the
winter portion, in which to cut, split
rails and build a nice pasture, through
which a stream of good water should
run. It is always preferable to have
two pastures, one located on bottoms
where grasses can be found growing
during winter and the other on higher
lands if desired, to utilize the summer
grasses. Every pasture should be
occasionally plowed and harrowed if
possible, and such grasses and clovers
sown as will give best returns for the
labor expended, through the cattle
and stock for which they are intended
to feed. There is too little attention
paid to our pastures. Oftentimes
when the pasture looks green and in-
viting, the grasses are deficient in
nutrition and the stock do not fatten
and thrive near as well if better
grasses were used. There is no finer
grass for permanent spring and sum-
mer pasture than Bermuda, and no
grass which can be more easily sodded.
For upland or bottoms nothing is
superior, and it is the most nutritious
of all grasses grown in the United
States. Let us have more and better
pasturage. It will mean more and
better cattle. It will give to each
farmer a larger profit on his business
and more satisfaction and pleasure in
the conduct of his affairs.—Atlanta
Journal.

Apologetic.

Bridget—I can't stand missus, sur.
Von Blumer (sarcastically)—It's a
pity Bridget, that I couldn't have se-
lected a wife to suit you.
Bridget—Sure, sur, we all make
mistakes.

A Quaker City Cat Story.
The family group were speaking of
cats and their ways, and the peace-
looking grandmother was asked to say
something.
The old lady smiled, for she is not
often slighted when in the company of
younger people, and consented to tell
a story about a kitten she had when
she was a child.
"You know," she said, "I had a
stepfather, and he liked to see me
working about the house instead of
playing with a kitten, so he ordered
me to throw it in the brook which ran
through our meadow.
"I was forced to do it, though I
cried a great deal. I threw it in three
times, but the little thing struggled
out each time and finally dragged it-
self home after me. Then I pleaded
so much that I was allowed to keep it.
"From that time on it was kind of
wild, not staying in the house, but
skulking around the barn. When it
was full grown it began to kill our
chickens, so my stepfather said it had
to go. This time he caught it and
tied a stone around it and drowned it.
After an hour or two he drew it from
the water and buried it.
"Now comes the part that is stranger
than fiction. Two days after the same
old yellow cat dragged itself up to the
barn. We visited the place we had
buried it and found it had come to
life and rid itself of the stone, in what
I know not, and dug itself out.
"It stayed by the edge of our
woods, getting the milk I set out
every now and then, but disappeared
when winter came."—Philadelphia
Call.

My Mother Had Consumption
"My mother was troubled
with consumption for many
years. At last she was given
up to die. A neighbor told her
not to give up but try Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral. She did so
and was speedily cured, and is
now in the enjoyment of good
health." D. P. Jolly,
Feb. 2, 1899. Avoca, N. Y.

Cures Hard Coughs
No matter how hard your
cough is or how long you have
had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
is the best thing you could
possibly take. But it's too
risky to wait until you have
consumption, for sometimes it's
impossible to cure this disease.
If you are coughing today,
don't wait until tomorrow, but
get a bottle of Cherry Pec-
toral at once and be relieved.
It strengthens weak lungs.

Save the Nickels.
From saving, comes having. Ask your
grocer how you can save 15c by investing
5c. He can tell you just how you can get
one large 10c package of "Red Cross"
starch, one large 10c package of "Rubin-
ger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two
beautiful Shakespeare panels, printed in
twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth
Century Girl Calendar, all for 5c. Ask your
grocer for this starch and obtain these
beautiful Christmas presents free.

An Auto Wedding Party.
An electric car profusely decorated
with white ribbons, traveling through
the streets, was the cause of con-
siderable amusement in London re-
cently. The occupants of the car
were guests going to attend the wed-
ding of an employe of the electric tram-
way corporation, who had chosen the
novel conveyance for his bridal coach.
A local newspaper characterizes the
bridegroom as "eccentric" in conse-
quence. Evidently trolley parties
are an unknown pleasure in "the old
country."

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!
Ask your grocer to-day to show you a
package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink
that takes the place of coffee. Children
may drink it without injury as well as the
adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O
has that rich seal brown of Mocha or
Java, but is made from pure grains; the
most delicate stomach receives it without
distress at the price of coffee, 15c. and
25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Will Run Into Savannah.
It is announced that, commencing Decem-
ber 10, 1898, the Southern Railway Company
will operate through train service over its
own line via Columbia, Perry, Blackville and
Allendale, S. C., to and from Savannah, Ga.
Commencing that date its through car
service will be operated in connection with
the Plant System south of Savannah, Ga.,
and the Florida East Coast Railway, to and
from points on the east coast of Florida, with
direct connections to and from Key West,
Fla.; Havana, Cuba, and Nassau, N. P., via
Miami, Fla., in connection with the Florida
East Coast Steamship Line; and in connec-
tion with Plant System south of Savannah
to and from other points in Florida, includ-
ing points on the coast, with direct connec-
tions to and from Key West and Havana, via
Tampa, Fla., in connection with Plant Steam-
ship Line.—Washington Post, Nov. 10, 1898.

**At a meeting held in London the other
day it was resolved to initiate an automob-
ile club.**
There is more Catarrh in this section of the
country than all other diseases put together
and until the last few years was supposed to be
incurable. For a great many years doctors
pronounced it a local disease and prescribed
local remedies, and by constantly failing to
cure with local treatment, pronounced it in-
curable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a
constitutional disease and therefore requires
constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure
discovered by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo,
Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the
market. It is taken internally in doses from
10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on
the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.
It offers one hundred dollars for any case
it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testi-
monials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Range cattle in the Southwest are selling for
\$10 a head more than they sold for six
years ago.
VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured
by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. FINE \$1
bottle for 2 weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline
Ld., 381 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1871.
Russia has now about 229,000 miles of
railway line, including the great extension
in Siberia.
Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me
many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins
Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.
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An improved automatic safety lock
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two links, which catch in the sides of
the well and support the car.
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Ask the average person where the
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