A SONG OF LOVES Love is a shallow brook Tenderly wooing Each shady nook mered suing Love is a river strong Restlessly sweepin Part sigh and song Laughter and waeping

Love is an ocean deep Round the world flowing. Where hidden sleep Realms beyond knowing.

* * * * Draw closer, heart of me, Thy secret telling; Which of these loves with the Maketh its dwelling? -Duffield Osborne, in Harper's Buzar.

THREE RIVALS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS. Laura Hunt stood on the front porch Laura Hunt stood on the front porch of her aut's residence looking across the garden where the artemisias were in bloom and late dahlas nodded their heads upon their slender stalks, and the seeds were browning on the morning-

vines. e made a pretty picture in a calico She made a pretty picture in a calico of crushed strawberry tint, belted at the waist, and with a white kerchief pinned turban fashion about her head to keep her gold-brown, waving hafr from the dust.

She had been doing the Friday's sweeping, as became a poor relation, while the cousins, the Misses Cumfry, were taking their last morning nap, with Madame Cheatham's celebrated dream of cowslips on their noses to repair the ravages of late hours, and gloves on them hands to whiten them. To carry out the Cinderella simile, these Misses Cumfry ought to have been ugly spinsters with very evil tempors, but really they were very pretty girls, with neat features and trim figures, twins who loved each were very pretty girls, with near features and trim figures, twins who loved each other and cared 'for nobody else, and who had been humored into a sort of dual selfishness by their mother, while Laura, their cousn, the child of her late husband's sister, was early taught to make herself useful and find some oc-cupation for every hour of the day. So Laura had already swept and dusted the parlor and filled the flower vases and tidled the cup-cleset and rubped the dining-room windows, while the twins, side by side in their pretty, white bed, were still fast asleep. As Laura leaned upon her broom and contemplated the luggeing autumn flow.

As Laura leaned upon her broom and contemplated the lingering autumn flow-erg, some one watched her from the road is young man, fashionably dressed, and with his full share of good looks. "If that is the girl she is rather pret-ty," he said to himself. "That makes it is not although the scales follow

casier, and although I'm a lucky fellow, I expected to find a dowdy or a fright. Pretty checky business this, but I'm en-dowed with the natural qualities necess sary for the adventure."

And he walked slowly up the road, opened the gace, and lifted his hat grace-fully.

Beg pardon," he said. "Mrs. Cumfry live here Yes," answered Laura, glancing at

"Laura Hunt. I'm all right," he said

"Than's finit. The bright, he data to himself. "If's a book agent or a lightning rod man, or somebody with silver polish, of course," continued the shrill voice. "You might as well have said no as 1." "Oh, auntie, Tm sure he is nothing of the sort," said the softer voice of the girl who had spoken to him. "They always look so tired and anxious, poor things! And he is so-so stylish." "Good! I've made an impression," said the young man to himself, as the steps of a woman came toward the door, and a middle-aged lady opened it and entered the parlor.

young men are scarce here. I think I'll do it." reached its climax. Laura looks into the parlor where he had been writing, and sees the blotting-book which Dora once decorated for him laying upon the table. He has blotted his letter hastily, and a do it." "I have no need to keep boarders, so I don't make a practice of it." she said, after a little pause. "But still, to oblige-." whole page of the large, square paper has used has been transferred to "It will be a great obligation," said the young man; and so it came to pass that when Dora and Cora came down to their late breakfast, the news they heard fully aroused they from their still rather stu-But behind the writing reversed, of course. But behind the table rises a mirror, and looking into this, Laura sees the note plainly reflected. She sees her own manne. "He has been praising me to some of his friends," she says to herself; then she finds herself reading this: "Keep quiet, and I will certainly pay you soon. I am going to marry an beir-ess. You know I am in Chew & Chow-ser's law office, and know about all that is going on there. Lately I learned that a rich old man, who cannot live six months, had made his will in favor of a certain Laura Hunt, his grandnicee. The girl doesn't know it yet. She is s poor relation in an aunt's house, and doesn't ferem of her good luck, so I took time by the forelock, came here, prepid conditio

pid condition. "A young gentlemen!" they cried. "And is ne nuce? Is he handsome? How funny he should come here!" "Yes, it is odd," Mrs. Cumfry said. "I wonder whether he has seen either of

you?" The idea was so delightfully romantic that they kissed each other then and there, and rushed upstairs as soon as they had swallowed their chocolate to put lace in the bands of certain new fall dresses in which to appear at the lunch table, where they should meet the stran-row for the first fine

table, where they should meet the state-ger for the first time. Meanwhile, out in the kitchen, where she was rubbing the spoons, Laura was saying to beiself: "Who knows but he has seen me? I'm

doesn't dream of her good luck, so I took time by the forelock, came here, pre-tended to be smitten, and we are engaged. She jumped at me as a means of escape from the housework, and I shall hurry on the wedding. My bride to be is not putter girls in the house, but-" "Three was no more, but Lanra had read quite enough, and if the twins, reconciled, and making common cause against a common enemy, could have seen poor Laura's heart just then, they would have felt themselves avenged. Laura was very misgrable for awhile, then she began to be glad that she had had dowverel Morton's motives in time. as nice-looking as either Dosa or Cora. It was singular, his coming so, and he stood watching me from the road quite long while.

It was she who set the table for lunch.

It was she who set the table for lunch, and she wore the crushed-strawberry calico, but the apron was removed, and a bow at her throat and another in her hair were becoming, Cora and Dora blushed and giggled, and talked pretty nonsense. Their mother kept her eyes upon them, but certain glances, of which they were not aware, 'reached Laura, and she laughed to herself as she washed the dishes at the kitchen sink, and heard the twins playing duets in the parlor. Through the window she saw Richard Beech mending his fences.

Through the window she saw Atland Beech mending his fences. It would be stupid after all, she thought, to marry a plain man who owned a little two-story house, which had sunk a little to one side, to go on washing dishes and ironing table cloths all her the

Mr. Mayne Morton's wife would prob-

found herself laughing, and as Richard looked up from nis work, she nodded and smiled to him. That night Mayne Morton went dis-consolately home to New York. He was no longer engaged to an heiress, and when Laura married Rich-ard Beech, the twins made such lovely bridemaids, that the two groomsmen fell in love with them on the spot, and every-body was as happy as possible over after. Family Story Paper. life. Mr. Mayne Morton's wife would prob-ably have servants to wait on her. Then, how beautifully he wore his handsome clothes. And Dick Beech had on an old striped linen jacket and a fisherman's hat, in the 'brim of which sundry straws were sticking. Dick was good and in love with her, but neither Dora nor Cora would have looked at him, and, oh, the joy of cut-ting them out with an elegant New Yorker! Dick looked up just then, but he could not catch Laura's eye as he usually did, and when he called on Sunday erening, Laura was not disposed to give him a chance to talk to her in the corner. In fact, by this time she had learned that Mayne Morton had come to the house on her account solely. He had told her so one Saturday after-noon, following her to the far end of

He had told her so one Saturday after-noon, following her to the far end of the garden where she was spreading napkins to bleach, to talk to her. "I know you'll be angry," he said; "still, I want you to know my reason for coming to Mrs. Cumfry's to board was a glimpse I had had of you. Faint heart never won fair lady, and I never mean to lose the girl I love because of not going to the point at once. You know I shall not let my wife do housework and wear cotton gowns. You don't nd wear cotton gowns. You don't mow what life might be yet."

know what life might be yet." Laura was too bright not to coquette a little, but her heart was beating with flattered vanity.

She was angry at herself when a mem-ory of Dick Beech's pleasant face---a little soft heart-tug as it were, came over

her. She drove it away;she tried to believe but drive it away, she then to balave that she liked Mayne Morton for himself, that she was not moved by a longing to live elegantly and a wish to triamph over the petted twins, but it is impos-sible to deceive one's self in such things. As the weeks passed on, great changes courred in the little household.

THE PARTY OF PROGRESS. ANSWER TO THE STATEMENT

> "WHY I AM A REPUBLICAN."-WHAT THE REPUBLICAN PARTY REPRE-

SENTS. Valued correspondents of the Press have suggested that it would be well to put in plain words the reason which a member of the Republican party might be supposed to give to the question "Why I am a Republican." We take great pleasure in undertaking a task at once so easy and so agreeable. Any Republican on being challenged to give an account of the faith that is in him will make no mistake if he responds sub-

an access will make no mistake a sub-stantially as follows: I am a Republican, first of all, because I believe in the political principles of the Republican party. Foremost the Republican party. Foremost the descent protection to American I am a Republican, first of all, because I believe in the political principles of the Republican party. Foremost amongst these is protection to American industry. Just now this is the leading national issue. It is forced to the front by a savage and persistent attack that is made against the protective system, partly in the interest of foreign manu-lacturers, partly under the influence of a coteric of free trade theorizers who know a good deal about books, but nothing at all about business, and partly in accordance with the general Demo-cratic idea of opposing whatever the Republican party favors. I believe in. this system because it is wise in principle and beneficent in practice. It was in-dorsed by George Washington. It was sanctioned by John Adams and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and a host of the greatest and best men of the country. History shows that when there has been a protective tariff the country has pros-pered, and when there has been ittle or no tariff protection these thas deven its of no tariff protection there has been little or no prosperity. Protection has given profitable investment to capital and or no prosperity. Protection has given profitable investment to capital and steady employment to labor at rates of wages double those that are paid for the same ' work in free trade England or could be paid. in free trade England or could be paid here if anti-protection Democrats and doctrinaires had inder way. And at they some time it has, by enormously increas-ing the home supply and the home de-mand, steadily reduced the price of almost every protected product, as the *Press* has shown beyond dispute in its series of "Tariff Fictures." Protection has enabled the United States to pay its national debt at an average rate of the past twenty-five years of \$174,000 a day, presenting in this respect a sight which the world has never before seen. Within this past year, under the operawhich the world has never before seen. Within this past year, under the opera-tions of the McKinley law, which its enemies prophesied one year ago would raise the prices of the necessaries of life and strangle trade, there has been more domestie trade, more exports of Ameri-can goods abroad, and actually more im-ports of foreign goods, reckoned by value, than in any twelve months before

ports of foreign goods, reckoned by value, than in any twelve months before since our national existence began. Meanwhile one dollar has bought more of the necessaries of life than ever be-fore, and the people, rich and poor, have had more dollars to buy with. I am a Republican because I am a protectionist, and I am a protectionist

A protections, and i an a protections because I am an American. Another principle of the Republican party is honest money. It is that every 'dollar' shall be worth 100 cents. It is, as President Harrison has said, that every dollar issued by the Government hold he metch creating as much as a vary

every dollar issued by the Government shall be worth exactly as much as every other dollar issued by the Government. It is opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of "dollars" that were worth 80 cents yesterday, are worth 75 cents to cents yesterday, are worth 75 cents to-day, may be worth 70 cents, less or mcre, to-morrow, but never have been and, unless present conditions of the mining industry are reversed, never can be worth 100 cents. The Democratic party, on the other hand, with a few honorble exceptions, stands committed to a debased silver coinage to-day, just as it stood for irredeemable and deprecated greenback currency a few years ago, just as it was responsible for the wreck and ruin caused by the wildcat banks, the "shimplaster" money before the war. I am a Republican because I am an ifonest mon in my political as in my private conduct, and I know that lowering the monetary standard means robbery, and especially robbery of those who can least afford to be robbed, the poor and the wage earner.

wage carner. The Republican party stands for honest elections. In the national plat-forms of the party this priaciple finds a conspicuous place. In the Fifty-first Congress a bill to secure a free vote and

ever a political party joins will the enemies of the public school to get the votes of ignorance or superstition as in Wisconsin and Illinois, it is always the Democratic, never the Republican party. Wherever a political party is in league with the assassins of society, with keepers of grog shops and gambling dent and brothels and receivers of stole-mode leaving meening virtual for police and prothels and receivers of sole goods, levying pecuniary tribute for pulse "protection," as in the league between Tammany Hall and the law breakers of New York, it is always the Democratic New York, it is always the Democratic, never the Republican party. Because I believe in law, intelligence and decency

I am a Republican. I have said that I am a Republican, first of all, because I believe in the political principles of the Republican party, and I have cited thess: Protec-tion to American industry, honest elections, justice to vaterans, free schools and public morals. Now I say, in the second place, that I am a Repub-lican because the past of my party is one of which I am proud. That would not alone be a sufficient reason, but taken together with the party's present at-titude on living questions it makes assur-ance doubly sure. "There is but one I am a Repub ance doubly sure. "There is but one lamp," said Patrick Henry, "by which my feet are guided. and that is the lamp of experi-ence." "History is philosophy teach-ing by example," said Dionysius of Hali-carnassus, and this saying has passed current for ages as one of the coined in-gots of human wisdom. History teache-me that the Democratic party was the party of nullification, of human slavery, of the suppression of free speech, of soccession, of armed rebeiltion at the South, of Copperheadism at the North, of national repudiation; that the Demo-cratic party was opposed to free home-steads for the people out of the public domain; that it connived at the plunder-ing of the nation's treasury and the steeling of the contry's arms and war-ships under Buchanan; that it declared the wave failume after detreburg has ance doubly sure. "There is but one lamp," said Patrick Henry stealing of the country's arms and war-ships under Buchanan; that it declared the war a failure after Gettysburg had been fought and won; that under Demo-cratic control the country went from bad to worse, from poverty to bankruptcy, and from bankruptcy to the verge of disruptior; and that in all the thirty years and more since Democratic guns opened fire on Fort Sunter the party, as a party, has never got control of any one State, or any one city, or any one branch of the Federal Government without giv-ing evidence that it has not changed its nature.

Maximum and the second yood as gold. It settled the Alabama elaims by an arbitration that combined "peace with honor." Is joined the At-lantic to the Pacific by lines of transcon-tinental railway. It gave to our Govern-ment a foremest place among the nations of the earth. Its men have been com-mensurate with its measures. Not now to allade to the living, except to say that they are worthy successors of the noble dead, the Republican party is the party of Lincoln and Chase, Seward and theeley, Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens, of Grant and Garfield. Because no intelligent citizen can re-

Because no intelligent citizen can re-count the history of the one party with-out pride, or of the other without shame, I am a Republican and not a Democrat. —New York Press.

A Great National Issue.

A Great National Issue. Edward J. Phelps, Cleveland's Minis-ter to England, has thus defined the issue of the Presidential campaignt "It will be tariff. The only way to test the question of protection and free trade is by trying thom." "Preimer Salisbury, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, declared that England will not falter in its devotion to free trade, but that, in view of recent protection successes, Great Britain may expect to to stand alone as the free trader among nations.

otions. Ohio's vote testifies to the world the verdict of the whole Union on the trial of protection and reciprocity. A country unrivaled in facilities for protecting its unrivaled in facilities for protecting its labor and expanding its commerce is ready to displace Great Britain as the first of manufacturing and trading na-tions. It is the shadow of our coming supremacy that frightens the Tory Prime Minister. With living necessities cheaper than ever, with scores of millions of dollars distributed among our laborers and dealers heretofore paid to foreign indus-

WHAT IS LIFE! . A little crib beside the bed A little face above the spread A little frock behind the door A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown nat A little blue eyed face and fair, A little lane that leads to school A little pencil, slate and ruls

A little blithsome, winsome maid. A little hand within it laid;

A little cottage, acres four, A little old time household score, A little family gathered round,

A little family gathered found, A little furth heaped, tear dewed mound; A little added to his soil, A little rest from hardest tolt

A little silver in his hair,

A little stool and easy chair; A little night of earth lit gloom, A little cortege to the tomb. —Baltimore Herald.

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PITH AND POINT.

He who talks and talks away Escapes what other bores might say. A counter irritant—An impudent dry poods clerk.—Buffalo Inquirer.

The description "late lamented" ap-plies forcibly to the delinqueut debtor. It is not at all surprising that parrots should use poly-syllables.—Boston Jour-

The farmer who closely packs his load of wood is sure to strike the popular chord.

When the Chairman of a meeting wants rapt attention he get it with his gavel. -Statesman.

There's pitch in the voice, and that's why some singers' notes stick.—Pitts-burg Dispatch.

No, Matildy, felines don't go rowing in a cat boat; they row on back fences. —Elmira Gazette.

A man never has so great a trouble as when he has one he can't blame on any one else.—Atchison Globe.

It is easier to forgive enemies we have worsted than enemies who have worsted us,-New York Herald.

A man never has so great a trouble as when he has one he can't blame on anyone else.—Atchison Globe.

as yone else.—Atchison Gloos. The business in which you know you could make the money is generally the other man's.—*Texas Siftings.* The man who lives upon his brain, By wit earns all his bread, Ne'er finds it in the least way vain To stand upon his head. —Harper's Bazar.

-Harper's Bazar. Queries-"Does Miss Prym believe everything in her Bible?" Cynicus-"Yes, except the entry of her birth."-Yew York Journal.

Employer—"'Your first duty will be to post this ledger." New Clerk (rather too readily)—"Yessir; where shall I send it?"—Pick Me Up.

Bunting—''Why on earth do you call your wife 'Misery? " 'Larkin—''Most appropriate name in the world, sir. She loves company."—*Truth.*

"Oh, ma," cried Willie, as a few of the crew ran by, "Inc. 5" men up the avenue with those perspirers on."-Harvard Lampoon. "I am not vain, ah no," she wrote, With evident sincerity. The doorbell rings, to the glass she springs, With positive celerity. -Yankee Blade. the crew ran by, "there go some more men up the avenue with those perspirers

It was the cynical bachelor who sym-

phatically observed that there was no slight danger attending a fashionable wedding there was so much typhus about it.-Boston Transcript.

it.—Boston Transcript. Actor—"I have worked hard to please the people. I have tried everything in the business but they won't be pleased." Manager—"Have you tried going out of the business?"—Brooklyn Citizon. Willie (scared)—"Now we've milked the scare what'll we do? Pan'll he awful

It always seems to me that cheek Succeeds in besting worth and skill; Why, e'en in church one small red cent Makes more noise than a dollar bill.

Makes more user —Colorado sun. Timid Citizen (who has just escaped rom a riot)—"Who are you, sir?" "Po-iceman—'I an a member of the police There is my badge." Timid

Three is in more than one sense the most inaccessible country in the world. Embosomed amid the summits of the Himalayas, it consists of a sories of plateaus and is credited with the highest regularly inhabitsted spot in the universe ---the Buddhist monastery Halne, 16,000 for a how cred lowed

The Buddhism, for it is the holy city of that Lhasa, the capital of Thibet proper, has been fitly described as the Mecca of Buddhism, for it is the holy city of that ancient cult. In this country, we are told by the Buddhists, may be found the distingtion proceedings over present on told by the Buddhists, may be found the two divine incarnations ever present on earth, the Dalai Lama or Gem of Majesty and the Teshu Lama or Gem of Learning. The former perpetually resides in the holy city and the latter in the southern part of the country. These personages, it seems, never pass beyond the age of youth, for after a brief mortal existence they die or disappaar and shortly after-ward a reincarnation takes place. The only Englishman who ever reached Lhasa was Thomas Manning, who was disguised as a Chinese doctor. He "interviewed" the Dahai Lama, a mere boy, at the beginning of the present

Then she went to the window and looked out. Richard Beech was busy painting the front door of his little vellow house.

yellow house. What a pretty residence he could build on that ground if he had a rich wife, she said to herself. Then she found herself laughing, and as Richard

The Forbidden Land.

Thibet is in more than one sense the

nere boy, at the beginning of the present century. Previous to this Warren Hastmere boy, at the beginning warren Hast-ings had endeavored to gain admission to the country, but found himself check-mated. Although his special envoy, Mr. Bogle, was folled, another emissary, Captain Turner, in 1872 was allowed to be Torch Lumbo, in the south, to pay reach Teshu Lumbo, in the south, to pay his respects to the new Teshu Lama on the occasion of another incarnation. From the time of Manning's adventure to the present the "Palnis," or white con-querors of India, as we are called, have been kept out of Thibet. Two French priests, Messrs. Hue and Gabet, paid the capital a visit about 1845, and these are girl who had spoken to him. "They always look so tired and anxious, poor things! And he is so—so stylish." "Good! I've made an impression," said the young man to himself, as the steps of a woman came toward the door, and a middle-aged lady opened it and entered the parlor. "If it's anything to subscribe for—" she began. "Then, seeing a smile on his face, paused suddenly. "There are so many of them," she apologized. The young man bowed and offered her his card; on it she read: ."Mr. Mayne Mortkon."

the said. "I am quite a stranger, Mrs. Cumfry," young Morton replied, "but I think you knew my aunt, Miss Brunder, once mon a time. She boarded with some if your neighbors." Mrs. Camfry smiled vaguely; she did not remember the name; still, no doubt he was right. "I an tsking my vacation rather late," he said, "and this is such a pleasant lit- de place, and my aunt told me that if you would take me to board I should be so comfortable." "I?" cried Mrs. Cumfry. "Why, I haven't taken a boarder in five years! Then it was only old Mr. Palmer, the "Her it was only old Mr. Palmer, the pale state agent. He yave no trouble and wanted the comforts of a home." "Exactly what I want, and I will promise to give no trouble either," said young Morton. "I detest hotels; I can't endure the class of people one meets at a common boarding house. A refined family, especially where the young ladies were musical, would be my ideal." This thought had occurred to him as he remarked the presence of an upright piano, og which the twins were wont to play duets. Mrs. Cumfry looked at him. "He is stylish." she thought. "Laura was right, no doubt. He is very well the is especing twins in the innocence of their morning slumbers.	Cumity home, bringing Mrs. Cumity from her room, and Laura up the kitchen stairs to the twins' own apartment, when, behold those young ladies in wrath and tears. Dora grasping a handful of tulle from Cora's neck, Gora a little tuft of hair from Dora's curls. "It is II" screams Cora. "It is II" screams Cora. "It is II" screams Cora. "He always wants me," sobs Cora; wanted." "He always wants me," sobs Cora; "only you hang on forever, when we wish you wouldn't." "Oh, my children I" sighs the mother; "it is only that you are both so pretty that he doesn't know which to choose." It is Laura's face that looks in at the door at this moment—Laura who closed it, and stands with an air of Triumph at the foot of the' bed on which Cora has cast herself. "Really," she says, in a superior tone. "I couldn't help overhearing, and since Cora and Dora are quarreling about Mr. Morton, perhaps I'd better tell them that I am engaged to him." She draws a ring from her boson and slips it on her finger, and there is a tableau-no matter for particulars. She has had her triumpn. The petted dugh- ters of the house have been passed by for her sake, and the man can have had no motive but pure love. Still she cannof feel proud of her own conduct, for she hows well that she likes Dick Beech fan better than she does Mayne Morton, even now.	 B. C. Tradition all.rms that the Chinese had bronze coins as early as 1120 B. C. But Herodotus, "the Father of History," ascribes the "invention" of coins to the Lydians, about nine centuries B. C., and there is no satisfactory evidence that coins were known prior to that date. The original process of coining was very simple. A globular piece of metal, having a deined weight, was placed on a die, engraved with some national or ruligious symbol, and struck with a hanmer until it had received the Impression. One of the most ancient Asiatic coins was the Persian Daric, a gold coin struck during the reign of Darius, nearly five centuries B. C. The first coinage in Rome was about the year 600 B. C. The metal used was bronze, and the unit of value was called an as, was brick shaped and stamped with the figure of a sheep or an ox. Silver was first coined at Roma in the year 275 B. C. The first Roman gold coin was issued only about seventy-four years B. C. The Saxons coined the first British pieces about the year 274 D. D. The first Colonial coins issued in this country were struck in Massachusetts in 1652. They were three, six and twelve 	The Republican party is the friend of the soldier. It believes that justice, not to speak of generosity, demands that the men will on imperiled their lives to save ou. country requires the redeemed nation to care for its deliverers and for their loved ones, with the open palm of gratitude and not with the elinched flat or parsi- mony. I am a Republican because I at a patriot. The Republican party stands for the school and the home. From that party have come the most liberal approvin- tions, the most effective laws on behalf of free public education. From that party have come practically the only laws that exist to-day designed to restrict the traffic in intoxiceting drinks, or by other means to limit the terrible evils of im-	deles heretofore paid to foreign indus- inities for their wares, with Federal laws and treaties opening rich avenues of American flag, we are more than ever and treaties opening rich avenues of American and the British policy. The average startift, the issue next we are varied the lessue of 1935. But the varies are are area that for the issue of 1935. But the varies of the issue of 1935. The the pre- tore the the the issue of 1935. The the varies of the issue of 1935. The the issue of gold beside him, a bundle of bills of the table, and a miscellaneous assortment of the table, and the mangage in counting the table, and	<text><text><text><text><text></text></text></text></text></text>	
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