

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

True Story Told by One Who Lived There—Lock of Woman's Hair When Found Gave Substance to a Strange Tale—Days of Slavery Recalled and a Dreadful Crime Unfolded.

In an ordinary street car one day sat three women—two gossips, evidently cronies, and a lady. The latter looked listlessly out of the windows, absorbed in thought, until she heard her own name mentioned, with many exclamations of oh's, ah's and "who would have thought it?" Soon she discovered that it was not really personal, but a rebash of foolish stories, in which she and her family, ruined fortunes and former social prominence were the topics, but when she heard wonderment expressed that the old haunted house was now her abode, she sat, listened and was anxious. One said: "If she knew the house has the wickedest history in town, and no one ever stays there beyond a month or two! An apparition always appears with mute, but piteous appeals, as though asking for release."

The lady, we will call her Mrs. Kendall, felt the grave insult that was cast upon her when she heard them quote: "Oh, yes, it is a big house, but Mrs. Kendall gets it cheap, because a disreputable woman had positively got located there, remaining with her iniquities a long fortnight, until they were evicted!"

An avalanche of trouble had swept over Mrs. Kendall. Money had melted away! But it was necessary to keep up a semblance of a home. An invalid in her family had to be cared for, kept in retirement and protected. It required a whole floor of the house to insure this. She had, already, spent a good portion of the money that had been scraped together by the sale of bric-a-brac and cherished objects. She could not move again. She must stay in that odious old place. An agent had rented it to her, and when she hurried to his office he laughed at the rehearsal of the gossip's chatter, spoke of the wonderful history of the house, and offered to make any repairs, but the lease must stand. Too poor to move, the place became to her like the evil presence of an outlaw. How she hated it!

There were many rooms, large and comfortable, plenty of light—not a place for a ghost to walk in; yet strange noises and low moans were heard. It might have been the wind whistling down some half concealed speaking tubes. The house was in a lonely deserted part of Washington, very near Georgetown.

No negro servants would ever sleep there nights, for a tradition was rife that a slave robber had once owned the place, and that there was a secret walled passage that led to the river. For, as Mrs. Kendall remembered, up and down the Potomac negroes were stolen, drugged, heavily manacled and on dark nights brought in boats to the water gate, and hurried up the slimy secret passage, to lie in the hidden room of this big house until they could with safety be started in well covered wagons on their long journey to the cotton fields of the South, there to be sold, at large profits. It was easy to label them runaway slaves and easy to take an unfrequented route; there were neither telegraph lines nor telephones. In the few newspapers that circulated there were quaint advertisements from their angry masters offering large rewards for poor slaves, found either dead or alive. It was all laid to the door of those "cursed abolitionists." Mrs. Kendall did not believe all these tales, nor did she wholly discredit them. She ventured down into the many-vaunted old cellar, saw no uncanny door, though she did hear those strange moans and sighs. The entire subject was forbidden, and in the family there was never any discussion about it.

The old house had assumed a cheerful look; there were no darkened windows, and on every broad window sill beautiful flowers nodded and bloomed all day. The mystery was over, moral health had returned and a speculative builder was negotiating for the house, with all its outlying land, thinking he would build an apartment tenement, with a park of its own. Mrs. Kendall was well pleased, feeling her deliverance from that unaccountable horror had come. Strange things came about instead. You will say so, too, if you will but finish this true story.

It was in April, the weather as beautiful as a dream of paradise. Mrs. Kendall walked slowly home to the old house, not feeling altogether well. Looking up at the back wall she saw how much the crack had widened, and thought frequent rains had wrought injury.

All around some faithful gnarled old apple trees were filled with blushing pink flowers, and the air redolent with their perfume. Entering the house she mounted the stairs, only pausing to look up at the low ceiling, over the landing, as she had often wondered how the space was occupied, and why there was no opening, no door, to the space that must be there. She entered her own room and closed the door. Sitting at the writing desk was a dark, thin young woman, with great melancholy eyes, who rose and silently pointed to the ceiling, and then held out her emaciated hands as if in supplication. Mrs. Kendall stepped forward not in the least frightened—never associating the incident with anything supernatural—and said, in a gracious way, "My poor girl, can I help you?" The two women smiled, and then, for the first time, Mrs. Kendall noticed the splendid long black hair, and then the manacles on the delicate wrists. The room was damp and dark in a moan.

Mrs. Kendall had become unconscious. It was late in the afternoon before any return to life was apparent. She was in bed; a strange doctor, a strange nurse standing on either side! The nurse said softly: "It is a case of double pneumonia." The doctor answered slowly: "Yes, with heart complications." Through days of weariness and suffering through all the different stages of that fell disease were passed. Conscious, calm, without fear; patient, willingly waiting for the dread messenger, yet never even remembering the apparition on that April day. Devoted and dearly beloved daughters were near. Nothing ever seemed to give warmth; she was like one cold and already dead. Friends of old brought rare, sweet flowers.

The days of the crisis had come; a strange solemnity reigned in the sick room and in the house. Mrs. Kendall appeared waiting for the final end. Suddenly she said in a whisper: "I would like to see Father M.," who had just called to make a sympathetic inquiry. When he came again Mrs. Kendall astonished every one by saying that she wished to join the Catholic Church. Doctor and nurse were consulted. Things were quickly prepared and a faithful Catholic friend knelt beside the bedside of the dying, lighted candles in hand; extreme unction, the last sad rite of the church, was administered; the solemn words of the credo were repeated, and Mrs. Kendall seemed to pass over and beyond this life. But as she sank into that deep slumber, a sweet, clear voice, like that of a thrush, sang a low and tender song.

Mrs. Kendall felt instinctively that, instead of dying she was called back to this life. Suddenly the visages changed; a large imposing figure appeared, stern of countenance, yet with something sanely about him, as if by magic the epoch was the ante-bellum days; all was action; doves of slaves went by quickly; evil-faced men came; gold was lying around; through the room was carried a young girl with long, floating black hair—a door seemed to open where none had been before. The men who went in came out hurriedly, and one had blood on his hands. They had a look of Cain in their half-averted eyes; they accused each other, a few whispered words, then they shook hands, over what was a bloody compact. The elder said: "It had to be done! the bloodhounds were after us; we were nearly traced here, and this house will be watched. We must run for our lives." The elder man, more cautious, more devilish, made answer: "Here we stay; we must ward off suspicion. I have money; we will share both danger and money." "But," said the other, "you made a mistake in the girl! I tell you, this one is old Colonel Fairworth's daughter; the other was the mulatto." Shivering with fear, the other replied: "Where did you put her?" "She is on that low bed, with the ropes."

All this Mrs. Kendall saw and heard. The strange, strong face saddened and only allowed a little more to be shown. A great turmoil arose over the disappearance of Miss Fairworth, and the broken-hearted old father, coming daily to tell his grief to the murderer, offering everything; half, yes, all his fortune to find even a trace of his idolized daughter, because, he thought, a man who knew so many people might learn something.

The murderer, sitting in terror, obliged to listen and always afraid of his cowardly companion in crime. An answer came, as if to a question, "Yes, murder will out; a great storm will rend these walls; the secret room will be brought to light, the skeleton and nothing but the long black hair of all the beauty left to tell the tale."

And the cowardly murderers? They shall be forever burdened with their crime; poor, abandoned and crazed by hunger, they shall bring out the truth. Then Mrs. Kendall came back to life; the doctor spoke: "The crisis has passed." It was near twilight; flowers were on the windowsill. The daughters came in softly on tiptoe, saying, "Mamma, it is us; you are here. Now, it is the twilight of a lovely May day. Some time you will be well enough to be outdoors and drive with your friend, Mrs. A." The nurse came to the bed with such a look of relief. Mrs. Kendall whispered: "How long did I sleep?" "A little over forty minutes," said the nurse as she looked at her watch.

"What is the magic that gives dreams the mighty power to annihilate time and space?"

Mrs. Kendall's family while living in the country were somewhat the victims of a terrible storm that carried destruction everywhere.

Mrs. Kendall's first thought was to come to the old house in Washington and see what havoc had been wrought. She did so. As she drove up it was as she surmised; that cracked sidewalk had gone down, and, as one of the workmen said who was trying to repair damages: "This old house ought to have been utterly destroyed. Many crimes were committed there. Why, there was a room that had been walled up; in it we found a skeleton; it must have been a woman, for there was a lot of long black hair; I reckon some doctor had his shop here."

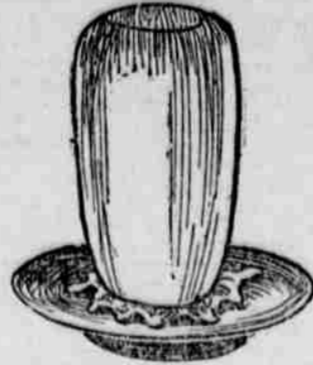
Mrs. Kendall shivered, but said nothing, though she was glad when a news-boy offered her a paper. Looking at it mechanically, almost the first thing she saw was that some charitable people were endeavoring to get two half-demented men, who were living in a shanty down on the river flats, to abandon the hovel which they occupied and consent to be placed in a better home. She drove there also. Looking at them she felt that she again saw the murderer. The hovel was in sight of the box. "Their chains were invisible but..." —Washington Star.

Berliners are not satisfied with fifteen cents as the minimum cab fare. They want seven-cent and even three-cent fares for shorter distances.

AGRICULTURAL

An Inexpensive Feeder.

After the syrup has been made, pour it into an ordinary fruit jar, cover with a single thickness of cheese cloth and tie with a string around the neck of



the jar. Now invert on top of it a breakfast plate, and turn the whole upside down on top of the brood frames in the position shown in the illustration. The syrup will ooze out as fast as the bees sip it up, and no faster. There is no danger of any bees drowning in the liquid or even getting their feet wet.—F. G. Herman, in the Cultivator.

Green Manuring.

There are plenty of farmers who do not believe in or practice green manuring. They think it a better and more profitable plan to harvest a crop, whatever it is, and feed it to animals. They also hold that the process of soil amelioration by this means is too slow, and takes altogether too long. These and other objections to green manuring are plausible and rather hard to refute. Still the fact remains that favorable results are often obtained by plowing under green crops. Sometimes a farmer has land that is deteriorating under annual cropping, and he cannot well put it in a condition to return a profitable cultivated and harvested crop. He may have used all available home-made manure, and it may not be convenient to purchase concentrated fertilizers.

In such a case, rather than let the land go fallow, he may find it to his interest to cover it with some crop on purpose to plow it under. One advantage of this course is its extreme cheapness. It costs the farmer practically nothing but the seed, the labor of plowing the ground at the time of sowing, and again when the crop has made a suitable growth. Something is gained by the improvement of the mechanical condition of the soil, by preventing the growth of undesirable weeds which would otherwise have taken possession of the land, and by increasing soil fertility to some extent. The addition of humus by the decay of the crop is in some soils of great importance. The argument that no fertility is added to the soil by simply returning the crop that grew upon it does not apply to a leguminous crop, that is able to draw a large part of its support from the air. If the plan of green manuring is not followed under any other circumstances, it is certainly advisable to sow some hardy crop on the removal of a harvested crop, to remain through the winter as a cover and be plowed down in the spring.—S. B. Keach, in New York Tribune Farmer.

Case of the Poultry.

At this season of the year great care is needed to keep birds comfortable, especially on cold nights. If buildings are not extra warm, the best way is to place the roosts in a corner of the room and put up a partition around them, leaving a door in front, or hang up an old carpet to let down after they go on the roost. Their bodies will warm the space they occupy and prevent frosted combs, which most often happens at night, while the birds are quiet. Be sure none are left outside the roosting place. During severe weather keep doors and windows closed tight and ventilators shut. Birds do not need any outside air in zero weather. Study how to keep the air out, and not how to let it in. On warm days give them plenty of air on the opposite side of the building from that on which the wind blows. When a bird has taken cold and makes a noise resembling a crow, give a little kerosene oil from a small oil can, so as not to cause strangling. One dose usually is sufficient, as in a few hours the noise will cease. If the case is severe give two two-grain quinine pills, and, if needed, give two grains at night and in the morning until better. Epsom salts in water is also good, a teaspoonful at a dose, once. This is also good for roup.

When birds have lice, you will usually find them in the fluff more than under the wings. Rub with insect powder down to the skin, and it will kill the lice. Put plenty of kerosene oil on the perches, both upper and under sides, especially the latter, as that will kill the red mites that go on the birds at night, but do not live on them during the day. For scaly leg put kerosene oil on the legs. If a very bad case, mix with a little fresh grease; otherwise use clear. Two or three applications a week will work wonders in a short time. In case a bird becomes ruptured, use a soft cloth and replace the parts, washing the parts in strong alum water, giving also a few drops of iodoform or something of that quieting nature. Place the bird in a low coop to prevent flying or excitation. Wash the parts affected several times if necessary, and keep the bird quiet, and if the rupture has not been caused very long the bird will be all right in a short time, unless a bad case.—Mr. and Mrs. S. Rider, in New York Tribune Farmer.

Scientific Cheese Making.

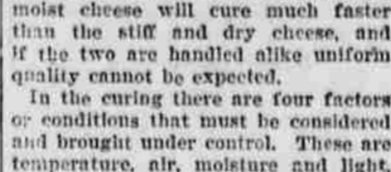
The cheesemaker should be more acquainted with the scientific reasons of curing than many profess to-day, and there is room for improvement in this line which is pretty well recognized by the dairy schools and experiment stations. The growth and development of the bacteria which cure the cheese are something that can be understood so well that it is possible to control the whole process. The man who makes cheese for the market should know how to hold the cheese to give it a certain flavor, and when the curing should cease. It is impossible for any farmer or factory to produce uniform grades of cheese otherwise. On some farms the cheese produced varies so much that it would be impossible to say that the different grades were made by the same man. This is not due so much to the difference in the cows and milk as in the process of making and curing. Some cheese should be cured much faster than others, and again the reverse is the case. Unless one understands the reasons for this it is impossible to produce like results. Every cheesemaker has found that in spite of his best efforts the cheese of one day's work is stiff and dry, and that of the next day too moist. In such a case different treatment is demanded. The moist cheese will cure much faster than the stiff and dry cheese, and if the two are handled alike uniform quality cannot be expected.

In the curing there are four factors or conditions that must be considered and brought under control. These are temperature, air, moisture and light. Unless we know how to control these we cannot expect to produce the highest results with the cheese. Temperature probably is the most important and intractable of these factors, and it is something that requires persistent study. A proper temperature in the curing-room will often produce good cheese, even when other conditions are against the work. The temperature should at first be kept between sixty-five and seventy degrees, and lowered then gradually to sixty degrees. In the spring of the year the temperature should be kept higher, as the cheese should be cured faster. In the winter sometimes the temperature toward the end can even descend as low as fifty degrees, but the cheesemaker must be very careful at such times. Good ventilation is essential and also a certain amount of light.

The regulation of the light bears an important part in the making of cheese, and we do not yet know all that it will do for us. The moisture, of course, must be controlled, but that is a matter for each one to solve for himself.—James Ridgeway, in American Cultivator.

A Homemade Brooder.

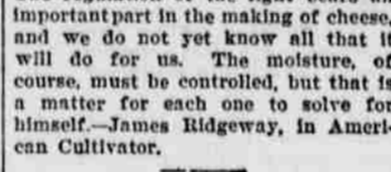
This brooder has given excellent satisfaction. The cut shows the lamp below a sheet of iron that securely shuts off the lamp chamber from the



space above. Red the sheet iron in white lead to make it air tight. Above the sheet iron is a floor of matched stuff, and in the center is a five-inch drum opening into the space between the floor and the sheet iron. Around the top of the drum are openings that let the hot air out into the brooder. The top of the drum extends for ten inches all around the drum and from the outer edge a flannel curtain is hung, enclosing a circular space with the drum in the center. The curtain is "slashed" up every three inches. The dotted line shows where the cover can be placed for an inside border. If it is to be used out of doors it must have a sloping cover. Put two lights of glass either in the cover or in opposite sides.

Not more than fifty chicks should be placed together when hatched, and two weeks later not more than half this number should be brooded in one lot. For fifty chicks just hatched, the brooder should be three feet square and the sheet-iron top of the cover should have a diameter of twenty inches. The ventilating holes are one inch in diameter. Cut rectangular openings in the sides and fit glass to the inner and outer edges of the opening. This will give tight double windows for this brooder, but the regular brooder stoves that can be bought from any poultry supply house are better.

Chicks persist in running under the incline. To obviate this, a plan is shown in the second illustration, where the lamp box is narrow and extends in front of the brooder. A narrow trench



can be dug in the ground for the lamp box, bringing the brooder proper down level with the ground, so that the chicks can run in and out at will. Put the lamp in at the front and push it along under the middle of the brooder. Then close the cover in front. The lamp chamber must be ventilated in front and at the rear by two holes at each point.—American Agriculturist.

At a Japanese banquet it is considered a compliment to exchange cups with a friend.

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed; and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.

These Fowls Knew When the Roost Was in Danger.

"People generally think turkey have the least sense of all the domestic fowls," said Frank Wilkinson, a Virginia farmer, the other day, "but I've got some that seem to have more gray matter than a great many human beings I know. One night a short time ago my wife and I and some visitors were out driving in the evening. As I was putting up the horses after returning home I noticed my turkeys were not roosting as usual in the big buttonwood tree by the barn. Instead they were perched on the fence posts and in the limbs of other trees. It struck me as mighty funny, as turkeys on the place had roosted in that tree ever since I could remember. I mentioned it to my wife when I went in the house, and she said she had noticed it when we drove in and thought it peculiar. That night about midnight a hard wind and rainstorm came up and the old buttonwood blew down. Now, how did those turkeys know that tree was doomed? At sundown there was no sign of a storm, and the buttonwood was fully 50 years old and apparently as staunch as ever. I tell you, I've had great respect for the judgment of turkeys since then."

Scotland bore the name of Calcedonia, literally the busy country of the Galla of Gael. The word Gael, or Gael, is a corruption of Gadhel, signifying in the native tongue "a hidden cover," while Scot, derived from the native Scute, means a wanderer.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF CLEVELAND, ss. LOUIS CORST, Notary Public.

FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A million one-dollar bills, packed so tightly that they would make a pie 275 feet high.

Many School Children Are Sick.—Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Constipation, Stomach Troubles, Teething, Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Brussels has a church clock wound by atmospheric expansion induced by the heat of the sun.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

One thousand five hundred and thirteen novels were published in England in 1901.

FIT'S permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 23 trial bottles and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Two men and one woman living in Worcester-shire, England, state that they are centenarians.

If you want creamery prices do as the creameries do, use JUNE FIRST BUTTER COLON.

There are two women of seventy-five years and over for every man of that age in the borough of Finsbury, England.

Jamaine Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOMAS ROSS, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Dublin Museum now possesses a large stuffed elephant, the first mounted specimen ever exhibited in Ireland.

NEW JOB IN BANKS.

Little Soap and Water Improves Paper Currency.

An official of the United States Treasury at Washington recommends the washing of bank notes and other paper currency. If the bankers of the country only knew," he says, "the great difference that a little soap and water makes in a dirty bank note there would be more clean money in circulation. If you have never seen the operation just spread a soiled note upon a marble slab and use a little brush that has been well soaped and go to work scrubbing, lightly, of course. But a few strokes are necessary to secure a clean note. I give my personal attention to all the paper money brought into my household, and I can tell you I feel repaid for the little work it causes. I can see every reason why there should be a person employed in the banking houses for this particular duty. Certainly the neglect in doing so gives ample cause for complaint from the patrons concerning the dirty, oily notes that are too frequently handed to them. They may be full of germs which, of course, are dangerous and this risk could be easily eliminated by the simple use of soap and water.

Inventor of Paper Collars.

Uncle Sydney Clark, of Black River Falls, Wis., a well-known character and an inventive genius who had made fortunes for others, is still hale and hearty, though in his ninety-third year. Mr. Clark was the inventor of the paper collar and also the improvement on the same through the amalgamation of paper and cloth. Mr. Clark is a native of Rockland county, N. Y., and has been a resident of Black River Falls for many years.

The first celebration of Christmas in the White House occurred on December 25, 1800.

A Cough

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Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing to stand by our medicine.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SLANG

The Slang Dictionary of Slang—Only Dictionary of its kind published. Contains nearly 40,000 up-to-date slang words and phrases with definitions. Instructions as well as amusing. Price 10 cents. Slaves of Slang, Slang Pub. Co., 401 1/2 Ave. B, N. Y.

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PUT UP IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES.

A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain relieving and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once and relieve rheumatism and neuralgia. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it. It will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all my 100 remedies."

Price, 10 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail.

No article should be accepted by the public unless the name carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

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210 Kinds for 16c.

It is a fact that babies' mouths are found in more gardens and on more farms than in any other line of business. There is no reason for this. We own and operate over 500 acres for the production of our great catalogues telling all about 210 kinds of Seed, Billies, and for Spruce, Yew, Birch, Spruce, Spruce, etc., all for only 16c. in postage and 10c. in handling.

Include your name in the production of our great catalogues. In order to include you to be the one to make the following improvements offered:

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