

SUNSET.

Hol sound the alarm—the western sky's on fire;
The flames dance wildly o'er each fleecy spiro,
Staining cloud castles with their crimson glow,
Reflecting glory on the earth below.
But see! from out the east, faint flushed with red,
The ghosts of darkness come with stealthy tread,
The flames' fierce progress they full soon arrest
And quench the mighty conflagration in the west.
—Frederick C. Barber in New York Press.

THE FRONTIERSMAN.

Captain (afterward colonel) William Crawford—the same man who was barbarously tortured to death by the Indians in 1782 near the site of the present village of Upper Sandusky in the state of Ohio—on a certain occasion was marching a company from the frontier of his own state toward the western wilderness.

Crawford's men were principally hunters and farmers from what were then the border settlements of Virginia, belonging to that hardy and enterprising class from whose ranks at a later day were furnished those bands of sturdy pioneers whose dauntless deeds have filled with thrilling interest the annals of the "Dark and Bloody Ground."

When on the verge of the settlements, in consequence of some accident, Crawford found himself without adequate means of transportation for his baggage and supplies. At this juncture his eye fell on a wagoner who had stopped to feed and rest his horses in the vicinity of the camp. In such an emergency the captain felt no hesitation in pressing the services of the team and its driver, and lost no time in communicating his intention to the latter.

The driver, who was an evident disbeliever in the doctrine of "military necessity," became highly incensed, declaiming eloquently on the inviolability of private property, in relation to which he would probably have concluded by quoting the constitution of the United States—had it been then in existence. But arguments were vain. He was alone in the midst of a military band, ready and abundantly willing to enforce their commander's orders.

The wagoner was a burly, double-fisted, square-built fellow, whose face bore the marks of many a hard fought battle. In his own locality his name was, fictitiously speaking, famous. He had on more than one occasion gouged out his eye and bit off his nose—I don't mean his own—and was looked upon in consequence with much the same sort of respect which dueling communities, if any such there be at present, are accustomed to pay to him who has winged, much more to him who has killed his man.

The wagoner at length became quiet, directing a sullen look at the soldiers, as if making an internal comparison between his own strength and that of the forces opposed to him. Apparently deriving but little encouragement from the scrutiny, he turned once more to the captain and observed that every man ought to have a fair chance; that the odds against him deprived him of the power of protecting his rights; that he would, however, make a proposition which the captain, in his opinion, was in honor bound to respect.

"I will fight you," said he, "or any many in your company. If I am whipped I will go with you cheerfully; if I conquer you shall let me off."

The wagoner proved himself a skillful diplomatist. He either knew Crawford's character or had read it during the interview. The captain was a thorough backwoodsman—stout, active and chivalrous—and not distinguished in the field of pugilistic prowess. A refusal of the challenge might be construed into a lack of personal courage, than which nothing could more certainly deprive him of the respect and confidence of his men. Besides it is not unlikely that his own disposition and code of ethics may have suggested that there was nothing unreasonable in the wagoner's claim of "a fair chance." He at once acceded to the proposition, and both parties began to prepare for the encounter.

At this instant a tall young man who had recently joined the company and who had been leaning carelessly against a tree trying the scene with apparent indifference, stepped forward and drew Crawford aside.

"Captain," said he, "you must let me fight that man; he will whip you."

Crawford was unwilling to exhibit the appearance of "backing out," but the youth contended that to have the captain beaten, which would be the inevitable result of his persistence, would tarnish the honor of the company, and, moreover, expressed the opinion that he was the only man who could whip the wagoner. The confidence of the youth had something in it calculated to inspire the confidence of others and enabled him to carry his point. Crawford having done all that policy required in accepting the challenge prudently suffered himself to be persuaded by his men to let the stranger take his place.

There was a great disparity in the appearance of the two men. The wagoner was in the full vigor of maturity. His herculean frame, hardened by exposure and exercise, to say nothing of his great experience in such contests, seemed to promise every advantage. The form of his antagonist beneath the folds of his hunting shirt appeared slender and loosely put together, as well as lacking in the capaciousness and power of ripened manhood, but when divested of the garment that concealed his proportions a more perfect specimen of physical development was never beheld. The swelling muscles were unnumbered by an ounce of superfluous flesh. The glossy skin of his exposed arms exhibited in its polished smoothness and fineness of texture the surest proof, when found in man or beast, of nature's aristocracy. Such a skin as plainly marks the human thoroughbred as the silken coat of the racehorse, through which can be traced

the most delicate veins and the outlines of every muscle, distinguishes its lordly owner from his plebeian brother, doomed to drag the plow and bear the heat and burden of the day.

The two combatants for a moment glared at each other with a fierce earnestness which betokened a fixed resolution on the part of each "never to submit or yield." The wagoner threw himself into an attitude which evinced a complete mastery of the most manly of arts and brutal of "sciences." The position and bearing of the young man may have been indicative of a want of that complete educational training so perceptible in his adversary, but the flash of his eye denoted genius, and genius, you know, can do everything—except what is useful.

The wagoner speedily assumed the offensive, aiming a blow which must have felled an ox. The youth, who never for a moment lost his antagonist's eye, sprang dexterously aside, and ere the other could recover his guard or regain his balance, which he had partially lost in missing his aim, with the bound of a tiger the young soldier threw himself forward, dealing his huge enemy a blow between the eyes, to which was added the momentum of his whole body. Such a sound as is heard when a butcher knocks down a bullock accompanied the blow—and not less prostrate and apparently lifeless lay the bully.

Although the etiquette of "the ring," as then expounded, would have permitted the victor to follow up his advantage till his opponent cried "enough," in cases in which the party had evidently received enough, but was unable to say so, as in the case of a prisoner "standing mute by the act of God," it was usual for the plea to be entered for him. Such was the course pursued in the present instance; but the plea, which the young stranger seemed imperfectly to hear, required to be enforced by the active interference of the bystanders.

The condition of the vanquished man began to excite the most lively apprehensions. Some insisted that his skull was broken, for they had heard it crack, while others took a more hopeful and as the event proved correct view of the symptoms. After a persevering use of the approved remedies, including the dashing of gourdful after gourdful of cold water in his face, the wagoner slowly opened his eyes and began to rub them. He was soon able to sit up, and in a few minutes more had regained his legs. He had had "a fair chance" and was evidently satisfied. Without a word he proceeded to hitch up his team, after which he turned to the captain and reported himself "ready."

The name of the youth was Daniel Morgan, whose subsequent exploits in the American revolution, in which he rose to the rank of brigadier general, have been read by every schoolboy in America. His achievements during the two terms he served in congress are not so widely known.—Exchange.

Feeding the Pet Dog.

Pet dogs should never have but one full meal a day, and that about 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening. A little milk or broth should be given in the morning, but nothing else. They should have a dish of mashed greens, well boiled tripe, lightly boiled liver once or twice a week; not a full meal, but mixed with their food.

Remember that their food must be nourishing; for example, tough ends of steak and bone pieces boiled until they can remove the bones, then salted and thickened with potatoes or stale bread. Terriers must have meat of some kind often. Never give any dog chicken bones, there is nothing much more dangerous. About once a month get a joint of the neck of beef and let the dog have the bones after cooking.

Puppies should be fed four or five times a day on boiled milk. When two months old bread may be added, or a little very finely mashed potatoes; never meat until six months old, and then very sparingly until they are a year old. Feeding meat to young dogs causes distemper. They may have small, safe bones after three months. If they get diarrhea, give a little cheese.—Mrs. Theodore Wright in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Toughest.

The plain boarder looked up from his plate furtilly. The landlady was gazing directly at him. He trembled slightly, for he was about to cross the Rubicon, and Ven. Cesar had a shiver when he made that break, successful as it afterward proved to be.

"What is it?" she inquired.
"He hesitated a moment."
"The beefsteak," he replied.
"What's the matter with the beefsteak? I'm sure I buy the best in the market."
"It's tough, madam."
"You only think so," she said warmly.
"Possibly I do, madam," and his nerves came to a tension, "but I know there is only one thing in the wide, wide world tougher than it is, and that is the conscience of the landlady who could place it before a boarder without at the same time providing him with an ax or at least a saw."

Today that man is living at a cheap restaurant.—Detroit Free Press.

The Government Time Service.

The Western Union company earns about \$1,000,000 annually from its electric clock service, charging fifteen dollars a year for setting each clock at noon daily. The time sold thus profitably it gets from the government for nothing, but anybody can have the same privilege free of charge by putting an instrument and a wire into the observatory. Captain McNair, the naval officer in charge, is anxious to furnish time ball service to private individuals and concerns in every seaport city, only demanding as a condition that he shall have a return wire furnished him in order that he may publish corrections in the newspapers. Such time balls would enable mariners to correct their chronometers. It was chiefly for this purpose, in fact, that the time service was originally established.—Washington Cor. Boston Transcript.

MRS. POTTER PALMER'S HOME.

It Will Be the Social Center of Chicago During the Fair.

Every reader knows by this time that Mrs. Potter Palmer is the presiding genius of the women's part of the Chicago World's fair, a position to which she is entitled by social standing, ability to contribute, executive ability, and what is perhaps of equal importance—a capacity to get along pleasantly with any other woman. By common consent



THE POTTER PALMER PALACE.

her magnificent city residence will be the social center during the fair. All the aristocratic entertainments in furtherance of the fair will be held there, and it will be headquarters for the ladies in control.

This palatial home, often called the Potter Palmer place in happy alliteration, stands upon the lake front, just south of Lincoln park, and its cost was \$750,000. It is built of graystone in the style of a mediæval castle. It has often been described, and an idea of its magnificence may be gained from the fact that it contains sixty-five sleeping rooms, besides a splendid array of halls and parlors.

Dens of Snakes.

Donald Burns, a veteran animal trainer of New York, will collect and have charge of one of the most unique and uncanny exhibits at the World's fair. It will terrify any ruff soaked individual on the verge of delirium tremens to approach Mr. Burns' charges, for he will look after the snakes, and snakes only.

He proposes to make this great den of snakes, which will be placed in the National History building, one of the most startlingly realistic exhibitions ever known. Already he has more than fifty different species in readiness for the fair, and his agents are at work all over the world in collecting serpents.

World's Fair Guards.

Colonel Edmund Rice, of the United States regular army, has been detached for the duty of commanding the guards for the Columbian exposition, and the force he is organizing excites the admiration of all visitors. At the opening of the year he has less than 600 men, but the entire force is to be 2,500, and they are selected with unusual care and discrimination. Every man must be 5 feet 8 inches high and pass a severe examination for courage, strength and intelligence. In fact a majority of those so far selected are graduates of high schools and colleges.



COLONEL EDMUND RICE.

Colonel Rice has a brilliant military record. Born in 1842, he enlisted under the first call in 1861 and was a captain in the Fourteenth Massachusetts before reaching his twentieth year. As major of the Nineteenth Massachusetts he won special mention for conspicuous gallantry at Gettysburg and came out of the war a colonel. His subsequent service in a regular army gave him special qualifications for his present task. By shifting his details from one part of the grounds to another he expects to have each man familiar with the whole ground and able to answer any question as to localities that visitors may ask.

Figures of American Animals.

Occupying prominent positions upon pedestals on the various bridges within the World's fair grounds will be large figures of native American animals, such as the bison, or buffalo, now nearly exterminated. It is believed that this will prove one of the most attractive features of the exposition. The modeling of these animals has been intrusted to Edward Kemeys and A. Phinister Proctor, both of whom have made careful studies of the subjects.

Endeavors at the Fair.

The Hotel Endeavor is to be a feature of the Columbian exposition, and a very praiseworthy one indeed. It is to be built by the societies of Christian Endeavor, on a large square eight blocks south of the fair ground and on the shore of Lake Michigan. The style may be likened to that of a large Mexican hacienda—that is, the hotel is built in the form of a hollow square, with a court in the center, and every one of its 700 rooms will be both an inside and an outside room. The outer dimensions are 306 feet square, and the inclosed park is 217 by 242 feet, inclosing forest trees as high as the building itself.



HOTEL ENDEAVOR.

From St. Petersburg comes the surprising information that women may be employed upon the state railways in the future to the proportion of 20 per cent. The nature of the work they are to do is not specified, and probably will be clerical.

Very Merry.

Tomdick—Did you have a merry Christmas, Hojack?
Hojack—Yes, indeed. Johnny killed the cat and smashed the parlor mirror before he had had his new argun an hour.—Harper's Bazar.

Great Value in Old Newspapers.

When spring cleaning time arrives old papers are called for to put under the carpet. Several layers of them make a good carpet lining, and if a thicker padding is desired straw can be used between two layers of paper. This makes a very elastic lining and a very inexpensive one, which can be renewed every season. Cut in long, narrow strips old paper makes good stuffing for chair cushions and pillows. It may not be equal to down, but it is quite as good as inferior hair for this use.

Several thicknesses of paper placed between cotton batting makes a warm, light bed comfortable, and ironholders and kettle holders are made in the same way, the paper being laid between and the whole covered with calico.

On very cold winter nights we put a newspaper coverlet over our house plants, and never have known them when so protected to be pinched by Jack Frost's icy fingers.

It was an old nurse who found out how to replenish noiselessly a coal fire in the kitchen. She had the coal brought to the room in a strong newspaper with the corners gathered up and tied. When fresh fuel was needed she could place the paper just as it was on the fire with scarcely a rustle. If she could only invent some noiseless method of poking the fire with a newspaper her name would be held in honor in our household, at least, forevermore.

If you have doors leading to porches, etc., which are not used during the winter you may find that the wind whistles through, no matter how securely they are locked and bolted. Fold newspapers in long, narrow strips and press them firmly in all cracks with a thin bladed knife, and the whistling wind will not trouble you again from that source. If you find it stealing in beneath the window sash, raise the window, place a fold of paper on the sill, then close and lock the window.—Philadelphia Times.

French Royalists.

The royalist ladies do not like the idea of having, when invited by the Comte and Comtesse de Paris on visits of three days to Stowe, to bring six dresses with them. Three of the toilets are to be worn in the day time at the rate of one a day, and three in the corresponding evenings. The entertainments at Stowe are not very entertaining, and the royalists have made up their minds that nothing short of a war disastrous for France can bring royalty back. Those who would stand the best chances of being invited are generally hard up. A due whose name was a good deal associated with that of the Duc d'Orleans is, for instance, unable just yet to clear off a bill of about £500 to a tradesman.

A duchess of tiptop position in the Orleans ranks (not the Duchess d'Uzes) is so dipped as to be unable to marry her daughter, she finding it impossible to repay sums of money that she still belonging to the young lady, who still being a minor cannot sign a paper which would cover her grace from being sued by a future son-in-law. Another, from a society standpoint, still more influential grande dame, has to borrow money of the son-in-law of a great financier. The lender takes pride in avenging slights put upon his race in former times by proclaiming his generosity. She would far prefer spending the proceeds of a loan in a gamble to buying six dress dresses for a three days' visit to Stowe.—London Truth.

An English View of a Popular Woman.

Marion Harland has been written up by an English journal. "She may be ranked," says the article, "among the foremost of the many American women who have attained an enviable position in literature. Her initial book, 'Alone,' published thirty-five years ago, created a considerable sensation. "It is classed as the first work of an American born woman, though it was quickly followed by 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Marion Harland is in no sense a woman of one idea or one field of labor. Her first reputation was won by her novels, her second by her cookery books. She is a graceful versifier and an admirable public lecturer.

"She lives in New Jersey, where she takes personal care of her flowers, and especially prides herself on her roses. She manages a large poultry yard, is the constant companion of her husband and the most cherished counselor of her children. At sixty years of age she is as actively at work as she was twenty years ago. The secret of her continued productiveness is found in her admirable health and systematic work."

A German Proposition.

Here is a new declaration of equality quite the most advanced of anything yet presented. Frau Helene Lange, of Berlin, argues that just as German youths are made to spend at least one year in barracks, so their sisters should be compelled to spend a year in kindergartens, creches, hospitals, factories or kitchens. As the youths may choose their garrison and troop, so the girls should be allowed to select their branch of service and should receive certificates of merit at the end of the year, those showing inclination and talent for any special branch being rewarded by promotion and allowed to direct the next year's recruits. Frau Lange deplores the way in which German daughters of prosperous parents spend their time in "energetic or lazy doing nothing," and considers that this year of service would form and strengthen the character of the coming woman.—Exchange.

Learn What All Things Mean.

Let who so will call half that is unclear, And over men's backs let things sit and brood; Yet I have found rich colors in the mud, And hints of beauty in the dreariest scene. I have seen patience with that sober mood That from the world impetuous youth would banish; And he who judges is compassionate, For in my dusty soil I found of late The indubitable footprints of the God.—London Academy.

The Horse's Prayer.

Going up hill, whip me not;
Coming down hill, hurry me not;
On level ground, spare me not;
Loose in the stable, forget me not.
Of hay and corn rob me not;
Of clean water stink me not;
With sponge and water neglect me not;
And soft, dry bed deprive me not.
Tired or cold, wash me not;
If sick or cold, chill me not.
With bit or rein, oh, jerk me not,
And when you are angry strike me not.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Two Ideals.

Heaven's best and truest handiwork is she,
Fashion'd in dignified simplicity,
No pretentious gilding makes her shine,
But that pure gold whose glory is divine.
The one adornment upon which she bent
Is this—a quiet spirit's ornament.
She scatters flowers of love and joy around,
And whoso'er she treats is hallow'd ground
To her are sacred all the ties of life,
Whether of mother, daughter, sister, wife,
She speaks of courage when life's path is drear
And whispers hope into the dying ear.
In such an one 'twas ideal woman's seen—
Heaven's royal though perchance earth's un-
crown'd queen.

Refined, with that innate, unstudied grace,
Which changes not, whatever the time or place
Cultured in mind, yet modest and sedate,
With learning's mere possession ne'er elate,
Of courage dauntless—one in whom the weak
With confidence many their protector seek,
Upright in all his ways, To god from youth
Led by the watchwords—Honor, God and Truth.

Fitted for a woman's pathway to attend
As husband, guide, companion and friend;
And fitted, too, that children's lips should
Frame for him the title "father"—sacred name!
Herein is seen, form'd on heaven's noble plan
In simple dignity, my ideal man.
—Sarah Ann Stowe.

Now!

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before you all alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Stop them, and by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis a wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out bravely and truly
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching, as you go,
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver.
He will make each seed to grow.
So until his happy end
Your life shall never lack a friend.

America.

Oh, Mighty Princess, plucked from thy too
savage lord,
How beautiful thou art in thy new state!
The arms and heart of freedom gave thee grace
Thou hadst not known if thou hadst
remained on.
The world indeed had never known thy like,
For there are none like thee in all the earth;
None e'er approach to thy near perfect state
Or give to grand humanity one view of all thy
gifts.
The strong right hand of every son thou
claim'st
Should never be uplifted but in love for thee.
To stay or slay the base, ignoble hind
Who seeks to take thy life or do thee wrong,
America! Bold synonym of courage and of
truth,
God give thee triumph in thy noblest sense,
To pattern after God indeed, if so might be,
—And to thy earthly gifts add these—
Love, justice, mercy; they will bring thee
peace.
The "peace that passeth understanding" which
shall grow
Till all thy wakened shores shall feel its glow.
—Eliza Allison Park.

Better to Fall.

'Tis better to fall where another succeeded
Who sacrificed principle, honor and truth.
Too often, alas, are these virtues unheeded
To gain what is sought by the ambitious youth.

The struggle to live, to excel one another,
To win great applause and the pleasure it
brings,
Has made men forget both their neighbor and
brother
And placed on their humors adaptable wings.
And then what of him who is humble, more
modest,
Who does what he can to uphold what is best?
Does he seek applause when he enters a pro-
test?
"Perhaps," say a few. "Aye, aye," he says the
rest.

Yet think of the lives that have crossed "over
yonder,"
Whose voices are hushed in that sound final
sleep—
Grand lives, over which e'en philosophers ponder—
What praises in life did those noble men
reap?
—Martin Hennessey.

A Goodly Heritage.

My vineyard that is mine I have to keep
Pruning for fruit and pleasant twigs and
leaves.
Tend thou thy corn field; one day thou shalt
reap
In joy thy ripened sheaves.

Or if it be an orchard, graft and prop
Food bearing trees, each watered in its place;
Or if a garden, let it yield for crop
Sweet herbs and herb of grace.

But if my lot be sand, where nothing grows—
Nay, who has said it? Tune a thankful
psalm,
For, though thy desert bloom not as the rose,
It can yet rear thy palm.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

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