ting your white bells for her-(not any knells for her)-

at are fragrant and rich in their

Chimes that are the control of the c

ity! —Clinton Scollard in Harper's Bazar.

INTERRUPTED.

At about 9 in the evening a man turned the corner of Madison avenue and Sixty-third street, walked slowly along the block, then pausing glanced at a row of handsome houses which stood in their sameness, dark and stately, selected the third, mounted the high steps and authoritatively rang the bell.

It was early spring, the air was soft, the night still, and the sharp clang echoed for a moment before the door was opened by a trim waiting maid. The moonlight revealed to this maid a boyish looking fellow, who held carefully in both hands a flowerpot containing a most beautiful azalea in the full bloom of its pink blossoms. The maid involuntarily smiled as she saw the lovely flower, and the smile was answered by an engaging one from the young man.

"Ha Mrs. Courtland at home?"

was answered by an engaging one from
the young man.

"Is Mrs. Courtland at home?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Courtland?"

"No, sir. They are at the theater."

An expression of disappointment cross
ed the youth's face, and he hesitated as
if puzzled.

f puzzled.
"Won't you step in?"
After an instant's pause the man did
o, threw a comprehensive glance about
im and said, "I promised to deliver
his plant to Mrs. Courtland herself,
ut it's a long way up, and I believe I'll
eave it."

but it's a long way up, and I believe I'll leave it."
He had one of those pathetic voices in which there is an unconscious appeal, and this, together with his frank blue eye and pleasant manner, created sympathy for his disappointment in the maid's heart. So she received the plant carefully from him and was about to place it on a hall chair when the man gently interposed, "Excuse me; I'd rather you'd put it in a safer place."
"Surely," and as the plant was heavy the maid went slowly down the long hall, turning her back completely. The man dropped a card on the chair, pushed the door to with a loud slam, and with astonishing agility and lightness sprang up the staircase, disappearing before her return.
"Well he might hat wasted." whe mut.

"Well, he might ha' waited," she mut-tered, throwing the card into the silver salver, and the man, who paused in the hall above, heard her descend into the basement.

Mr. Courtland, setzing his wife's arms, forced her down before him. "Give it up," he spoke thickly. "Richard, I swear I do not understand

ou."
"Give it up," he reiterated.
"Give it up," he reiterated.
"Heaven help me! He will kill me"—
or her husband suddenly made a mencing movement, as though to seize her
broat.

top!" And with excitement the man out from behind the portieres. three attitudinized in amazed si-

burst out from behind the portieres.

The three attitudinized in amazed silence.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Courtland.
The man hesitated, then answered simply, "Jonas Crane."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Courtland, "take care. He may be armed."

The young man smiles. "I should think, ma'am," he said quietly, "you'll be more afraid of him than me. If I hadn't a' thought he'd hurt you, I'd never given myself away."

Mrs. Courtland looked bewildered. In her surprise she had forgotten her husband's anger.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Well," he replied respectfully, "I'd as lief not say."

"Yes, but you must say. You are not a thie?"

"No'm."

"Well, sir," said the youth cheerfully.
"I work for Boyton"—naming a swell tailor—"and before he sent your suit home he wore it courtin his lady friend and left a letter in it. It was not the kind of a letter, "looking down modestly, "for others to see, and I undertook to get it without lettin you know he'd wore your clokes, but I got ratiled when you seemed so mad. The letter wasn't any ase to you, was it?"

"Yes, Richard, what made you so angry?"

"Gertrade," answered her husband."

ase to you, was it?"

"Yes, Richard, what made you so angry?"

"Gertrude," answered her husband.
"I expected to find no letter. I was giving a lesson in realism. It was a pretense—a little bit of acting to cure my wife's ennui."

"Then you was actin, sir," said Jonas doubtfully. "Tm thinkin it'll be for our mutual advantage to say nothin of all this. Good evening, ma'am," and with a polite little bow Jonas Crane walked down stairs, and they heard him shut the front door softly behind him.

"Well, Gertrude," said Mr. Courtland hopfully, "was the end of your evening successful? If it pleases you, tomorrow I'll try something in the comic line—do a little dance, dally with the scenic or dip into melodrama."

His wife, rousing herself, gave a regretful sigh.
"It was very interesting, Richard, very, but"—looking up to him with a shadow in the lovely eyes—"I wish I had read that letter."—Anne Nettleton in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Well, he might ha' waited," she muttered, throwing the card into the silver salver, and the man, who paused in the hall above, heard her descend into the basepient.

He smiled, listened, stepped into the dimly lighted library, passed through two dressing rooms into the bedroom beyond, turned up the gas slightly, and with a lightening glance took in the apartment and its appointments. As he had calculated, the room was prepared for the night, so he ran little chance of being disturbed.

He touched nothing until he caught sight of a gray coat thrown carelessly over a chair. This he seized, thrust his hand into the inside pocket and drew forth with evident satisfaction a letter, which, hastily examining, he kept. He then replaced the coat with precision, lowered the light, listened intently and prepared to descend, when the click of a night key was heard in the lock.

The owners of the house had returned. A pause. Footsteps on the stairs. Double portieres draped the doors. He slipped between them.

Mrs. Courtland entered, turned up the light and with negligent grace threw off a long opera wrap, revealing that she was a beautiful woman in full evening dress, tall, slight, blond. For a full minute she gazed at herself reflected in the cheval glass, then discontentedly sat down before it and commenced unclasping the ornaments from dress and hair and arms.

A well built man with a plain face and fine carriage entered and stood silently regarding her.

"Tired, Gertrude?" Mr. Courtland asked kindly, "No."

A well built man with a plain face and fine carriage entered and stood silently regarding her.

"Tread Gertrude?" Mr. Courtland asked kindly.

"No."

"Sick?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Bored; so bored."

"Why no thave gone to the opera?"

"I have heard 'Lohengrin' until I hate it."

"Gertrude," tenderly, "you are not unhappy? You love me?"

"Yes," indifferently.

"Then what troubles you?"

"Nothing. Everything is so tedious. I am weary of people, weary of clothes, weary of myself."

"And weary of me?"

His wife did not answer, perhaps did not hear.

Mr. Courtland pondered intently, looking at her curiously as she unwound a dong scarf from her throat. Suddenly he crossed the room, and taking up the gray coat put his hand into one of the pockets.

"Where he went on board the boat one of the pockets.

"Where he is that letter?"

"What letter?" asked his wife, startled by the sharp tone of his voice.

"The letter I left in the pocket of this wife startled by the sharp tone of his voice.

"The letter I left in the pocket of this voice.

"The letter I left in the pocket of this voice.

"The letter I left in the pocket of this voice.

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"The letter I left in the pocket of this voice.

"The letter I left in the pocket of this voice.

wWhat letter?" asked his wife, startled by the sharp tone of his voice.

"The man behind the portieres started.

"I saw no letter," replied Mrs. Courtland, rising.

"You have stolen it!" his voice increasing in harshness as with mechanical courtesy he handed her the scarf she let fall.

"Richard!"

"Stolen it, I say!"

He was a powerful man. His brow grow heavy, his dark eyes glowed, his hands trembled, he looked brutal, and as he strode up to his wife the woman shrank.

"Richard, what is it? Why are you so strange?"

The man concealed became intensely interested.



CARTER HARRISON'S BAD FRENCH

CARTER HARRISON'S EAD FRENCH.

He Wanted Mushrooms, but the Waiter Brought Him an Umbrella.

Some other Americans and myself had been in the habit of dropping into the Cafe Francais after leaving the Grand Opera House.

None of our party spoke French, and the head waiter was the only one in the cafe who spoke English. He had long, flowing, red mutton chop whiskers. As soon as we would take our seats we would be approached by a waiter, whereupon we would begin pulling our own phantom mutton chops to make him understand that we wanted the head waiter.

phantom mutton chops to make him understand that we wanted the head waiter.

"Oui, oui," he would say, and in a few moments our bewhiskered friend, of whom Major Handy is a prototype, would be bowing and smiling and working graciously for a tip.

We met Carter Harrison. He went to the theater with our party, and afterward we took him to the Cafe Francais. Carter Harrison was then, and may be now, very fond of mushrooms. Before going into the restaurant he inquired the French name for them. He was told that they were called "champignons."

We soon were seated at our usual table and one of the waiters came to us. We worked our imaginary mutton chops, but were given to understand that the head waiter was absent. Harrison tried to pronounce "champignon," but could not. He thought he had it perfectly, but his pronunciation was no more like the French of it than my English is like the Hindostance. He couldn't make the waiter understand, until an inspiration came to him. He seized his pencil and drew the picture of a mushroom.

Carter pronounced the word again and pointed at the picture. There it was, plain as day to us who knew what he wanted—the stem and canopylike top of the vegetable. The waiter gazed at it in profound study for a moment, then the light of comprehension spread over his features.

"Oui, oui," he said, and trotted off.

ingine of coin-prenension spread over his features.

"Out, out," he said, and trotted off.
In a few moments he returned, and bowing politely to Mr. Harrison, handed him an umbrella. We looked at the picture of the mushroom, the waiter looked at it, and then Carter, umbrella in hand, looked at it. Then he rose and said something that every American could understand, but which, luckily for him, the waiter did not. Carter ate no mushrooms that night.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

rooms that night.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Rules For Judging Rubber.

An investigation has been conducted by Lieutenant L. Vladimiroff at the St. Petersburg Technical institute with a view to establishing rules or tests whereby the quality of vulcanized india rubber may be efficiently judged. It is a notorious fact that no method of chemical analysis gives a reliable result for this substance. Hence the tests applied were chiefly of a physical nature. From a lengthy series of experiments the following conclusions were deduced: India rubber should not give the least sign of superficial cracking when bent to an angle of 180 degrees after five hours of exposure in a closed air bath to a temperature of 125 degrees centigrade. The test pieces should be six centimeters thick.

Rubber that does not contain more

a temperature of 125 degrees centigrade. The test pieces should be six centimeters thick.

Rubber that does not contain more than half its weight of metallic oxides should stretch to five times its height without breaking.

Caoutchoue, free from all foreign matter except the sulphur used in vulcanizing it, should stretch at least seven times its length before rupture.

The extension measured immediately after rupture has taken place should not exceed 12 per cent of the original length of the test piece of rubber. The test piece should be from 3 to 12 millimeters long, 3 centimeters wide and not more than 6 millimeters thick.

Softness may be determined by measuring the percentage of ash formed on incineration. It may form the basis for deciding between different grades of rubber for certain purposes.

The vulcanized rubber should not harden under the influence of cold temperature.—Electrician.

"Cleveland Is Our President."

"Cleveland Is Our President."

The following literary oddity can be read in upward of 5,000 different ways by starting with the boldfaced C in the center and taking the most zigzag course to any of the four corners:

TNEO ISERPRUOSIVERPRESIDENT NED ISERPRUOSIVERPRESIDENT DED ISERPRUOSIVERPRESIDE

SERPRUOS.
SERPRUOURPRES
-St. Louis Rep

—St. Louis Republic.

Deeds of a Divining Red.

J. M. Grier, a farmer living near
Mount Vernon, has a divining rod which
the says will locate gold and silver. It
consists of two strands of copper wire
twisted together to make a rod, which is
bent, forming an angle, with a ring at
the apex, where the wire is wrapped
with cloth, with loadstone inside. Mr.
Grier says that this divining rod will indicate the location of money, gold or silver, buried in the ground. He has burjed gold and silver and allowed W. H.
Norman and W. G. Perkins, both farmers near him, to search for it. Both men
were successful.—Carthage (Mo.) Press,

CHATS ABOUT MEN.

ator Allen of Nebraska t ge a baseball club. The late M. Renan's name is to be Is there no symbol of the land to be wiven to a street in Paris.

If there no symbol of the land to be A floating weed, some broken, strug branch—

The Rev. Mr. Read of Hackensack, N., has located heaven on the star Alfone.

atic senator room.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Quick, of Applemanting, Mo., it is said, have been marked 77 years, in Wisconsin has been A county in Wisconsin has been amed Vilas, after the senior senator om that state.

A county in Wisconsin has been named Vilas, after the senior senator from that state.

Lord Winchelsea is about to found a weekly paper in England, which is to be the organ of the movement for a union of all classes of agriculturists.

General George W. Jones of Florida, James W. Bradbury of Maine and ex Governor Felch of Michigan are the only living ex-members of the United States senate of 1848.

General Schkopp, of the German army, says, "If his majesty draws his sword, it will never return to its scabbard until his last enemy is crushed, or he, with his people, is overthrown."

General Babney H. Maury, one of Beauregard's schoolmates and a fellow soldier in the Mexican war, lives in Houston. He is one of the few Confederate major generals of remown who survive, and is still a stout and rugged man.

Rev. Joseph Cook, having been asked at what historic event he would have most wished to be present, replied, "The creation," whereupon the Boston Pilot remarks that had this desire been realized the good parson would prebably have wanted to superintend the whole job.

TURF TOPICS.

The Austral Jockey club decided to spend \$125,000 purchasing English thor oughbreds.

Every trainer should have an extra Every trainer should have an extra every frainer should have an extra every trainer should ha

oughbreds.

Every trainer should have an extra pair of shoes ready when his horses go into races, so that if one is thrown and lost it can quickly be replaced.

Lyman Bullard, well known to the turf as a bookmaker and promoter of sporting enterprises, has retired with a fortune to a farm on the eastern shore of Maryland.

fortune to a farm on the eastern shore of Maryland.

Ha'penny, who was generally supposed to have been killed in the collision with Warpath and John Cavanagh at the Gravesend track last September, is alive and doing well.

The vast interest in trotters and pacers may be judged from the fact that over 1,200 tracks hold certificates of membership in the National and American Trotting associations.

The conditions governing the purses of the Pacific Coast Trotting Horse of the Pacific Coast Trotting Horse Breeders' association make it cost an owner more to declare a horse out than it does to start him.

In General Dumas' "Horses of the Sahara" he insists that the Arabs not merely prefer mares, but maintain that they are longer lived. "The horse is fit for work 25 years, the mare 25 to 20 years,"

A Kentucky farmer claims to have made a realized to the set.

A Kentucky farmer claims to have made a valuable discovery in the treat-ment of brood mares in preventing the slipping of foals. Instead of the well tried preventive of hemp seed he has sub-stituted green coffee.

Marquise, rust color, burnt bread and ale auburn are favorite tints in brown. In reds are five popular shades—flam-igo, cerise, oriental, lobelia and Span-

ish.

The empire poke bonnets appear by units only and are fast retiring from the contest for popularity.

Spolito is the name of one of the newest tints in green; fougere, fern green; centaur is the term for screent green; artichaut is a delicate leaf tint. Rovigo is a new beautiful gobelin blue.

artichant is a delicate leaf tint. Rovigo is a new beautiful gobelin blue.

The long popular, wegr defying French mohairs are this season exhibited in all the fashionable colors, light and dark, shot, striped and flowered. These are very generally supplemented with plain goods to match.

The very small models in spring bonnets betoken a coming invasion of luxuriant tresses far exceeding the amount so long considered sufficient. Quite a mass of hair will be necessary in order to wear properly many of the new capotes and tiny princess bonnets.

Very pretty dresses of plain French camel's hair or wool sacking, in pale leaf green, tan color and other popular shades, have round waists of shepherd's check in mauve and green, pink and green, red and cream, brown and chamois color, gray and green, violet and doe color and like effective mixtures.—New York Evening Post.

WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.

WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Blaine will spend the summer in Europe, and will be accompanied by her youngest daughter, Hattie.

Miss Lucy Cabaniss is a caterer and florist at Jackson, Miss., and serves as a woman's exchange to Mississippi house

florist at Jackson, Miss., and serves as a woman's exchange to Mississippi house-keepers.

Miss Mary Conaut, living near Rochester, has managed her father's farm eversince his death, some four years ago, and made it pay well.

Miss Julia Bryant, the daughter of William Cullen Bryant, the poet, has given 1.000 volumes from her father's library to the trustees of the Tilden trust in New York city.

The "Lobster Woman" is the latest Paris wonder. Mine. Virginie Brisson is the woman's name, and for hands and feet she has exact counterparts of the claws of a lobster.

Mrs. Robert Dunlap, who shines in Gotham's society, is prepared for a summer in the hottest climate. She has more than 1,000 fans, among the number some fine old Egyptian and Assyrian specimens.

Brave ship to sail upon the unknown track!
Brave souls that dare, brave hearts that longing
wait,
Though storm and wind assail! Ship, turn not
back!
Let us go on, with faith o'ertopping fate.

I'd said that in this life were more of good Than wicked things; despite the heavy mist of present trial, those who understood Life as it really is could not resist The true conclusion, tried and guaranteed, That we have many blessings; and no gried, the conclusion tried of it the heart ma bleet.

Has ever ocen winout solne sweet rener.

Alast that I, disciple true of gloom,
Philosopher of wee, should e'er confess
That joy upon this earth hath any room,
That mortals find here aught of happiness
And yet, though I seem faithless to my creed
In writing then that optimistic song.
I am not so. It proved its truth, indeed,
When even I, its follower, go wrong.
—John Kendrick Bangs.

Vote as if your vote might carry— Vote for "Progress!" Franchise is a gift from heaven, Sacred trust to manhood given; Be not like dumb cattle driven— Vote for "Progress!"

Vote for "Progress!"

Vote for men above suspicion—
Mo, men of "Progress!", forsooth!
But men who progress are voted and truth—
Fought for "Progress!"

That men who sells his vote for gold
Should be a sleve!

That men who sells his vote for gold
which was the sell of th

Both root and knave!

Vote for your country, God and hom
And for "Progress!"
Don't say, "Let well enough alone,"
But kick aside each stumbling stone
As if this land were all your own—
Vote for "Progress!"
—John Inu

Ah, what is life? so brief at lest—
A waking between rest and rest;
An insect's trail along the sand;
A sem's bright flash upon the hand;
A wave line traced on ocean's shore,
Just rippled there, then seen no more;
A breath upon a frosted pane,
A moment warned, then chilled again;
The shadow of a cloud that stays
Until obscured by passing haze.
Canst think of aught more brief, more fleet
to image forth Time's tiying feet?
On the wave of the control of the brief to death,
And life, which seems on their no death,
And life, which seems on their so death,
Is crowned by immortality!

—Margaret May.

My heart may keep its you the these.

Leave faith and hope till life is past.

And leave my heart's best impulses

Fresh and unfalling to the last.

—Phesbe Cary.

No work is lost, no striving or endeavor But marches through the future's open door, And through the present age is throbbing ever The life of all ages gone before.

GEMS IN VERSE.

How fearful is this scene! Yet many a time In London town I've known an hour more drea. Amid starved souls and faces dark with crime Have felt such heartache as one knows not here What Ioneliness akin to that white starve of hungry faces, hurrying—God knows where —William Ordway I arridgo.

The Baffled Pessimist.

I sat me down to write a rhyme of gloom.
All was in tune for it; my temples throbbed;
In semidarkness was my cheerless room,
And through the trees the sad breeze soughed
and sobbed;
My heart was burning with a fancied woe;
Digestion waited not on appetite;
My spirits came in dull and sluggish flow;
Naught was there in the world that pleased
my sight.

My pen itself would not put down the thought—
The pessimistic thought—that held my mind.
Try as I would the fancy flew uneaught,
Uncatchable as any truant wind.
Yet I wrote oo, and when the rhyme complete
Stared bodly at me from the saffron page
I found myself a veltim to defeat—
I'd written this a truly happy age!
I'd safd that in this life were more of good

bleed,
Has ever been without some sweet relief.

How to Vote.

Let every man who has a vote
Vote for "Progress!"

Not for party, peace or pleasure;
Not for favor, fame or treasure—
Vote for every honest measure—
Vote for "Progress!"

Life.

I ask not for wealth, but power to take And use the things I have aright; Not years, but wisdom that shall make My life a profit and delight. I do not ask for love below,
That friends shall never be estranged,
But for the power of loving, so
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

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The Winthrop, "135th Street and 7th Av. New York it. "For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

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