CHAPTER IX. A FAMILY PLOT

A PAMILY PLOT.

Little did poor Dr. Walker imagine as he sat at his breakfast table next morning that the two sweet girls who sat on either side of him were deep in a conspiracy, and that he, munching innocently at his muffins, was the victim against whom their wiles were planned. Patiently they waited until at last their opening came.

Patiently liney was a copening came.

"It is a beautiful day," he remarked.

"It will do for Mrs. Westmacott. She was thinking of having a spin upon her tricycle."

"Then we must call early. We both intended to see her after breakfast."

"Oh, indeed!" The doctor looked

"Oh, indeed!" The doctor looked pleased.

"You know, pa," said Ida, "it seems to us that we really have a very great advantage in having Mrs. Westmacott living so near." "Why so, dear?"

"Well, because she is so advanced, you know. If we only study her ways, we may advance ourselves also."

"I think I have heard you say, papa," remarked Clara, "that she is the type of the woman of the future."

"I am very pleased to hear you speak so sensibly, my dears. I certainly think that she is a woman whom you may very well take as your model. The more intimate you are with her the better pleased I shall be."

"Then that is settled," said Clara de-

I shall be."
"Then that is settled," said Clara demurely, and the talk drifted to other

murely, and the talk drifted to other matters.

All the morning the two girls sat extracting from Mrs. Westmacott her most extreme thewas as to the duty of the one sex and the tyranny of the other. Absolute equality, even in details, was her ideal. Enough of the parrot cry of unwomanly and unmaidenly. It had been invented by man to scare woman away when she poached too nearly upon his precious preserves. Every woman should be independent. Every woman should be independent. Every woman should hearn a trade. It was their duty to push in where they were least welcome. Then they were martyrs to the cause and pioneers to their weaker sisters. Why should the washtub, the needle and the house-keeper's book be eternally theirs? Might they not reach higher—to the consulting room, to the bench and even to the pulpit?

Mrs. Westgrupt's segrificed her triggel.

"What are these?" she asked.

more serious daughter.
"Clara!" he gasped. "I could not have believed it!"

"he gasped. "I could not have be-

"But why, in the name of goodness"—
"Mrs. Westmacott recommends it."
"Oh, a lady of mature years may do many things which a young girl must avoid."

avoid."

"Oh, no," cried Ida. "Mrs. Westmacett says that there should be one law for all. Have a cigarette, pa?"

"No, thank you. I never smoke in the

"What is it, papa?"
"You are smoking!"

Mrs. Westamott sacrificed her tricycle ride in her eagerness over her pet subject, and her two fair disciples drank in every word and noted her every suggestion for future use. That afternoon they went shopping in London, and before evening strange packages began to be handed in at the doctor's door. The plot was ripe for execution, and one of the conspirators was merry and jubilant, while the other was very nervous and troubled.

When the doctor came down to the dining room next morning, he was sur-

When the doctor came down to the diming room next morning, he was surprised to find that his daughters had already been up some time. Ida was installed at one end of the table, with a spirit lamp, a curved glass flask and several bottles in front of her. The contents of the flask were boiling furiously, while a villainous smell filled the room. Clara lounged in an armechair with her feet upon a second one, a blue covered book in her hand and a huge map of the British islands spread across her lap, "Hullo!" cried the doctor, blinking and sniffing, "where's the breakfast?" "Oh, didn't you order it?" asked Ida.

"Il No; why should I!" He rang the bell, "Why have you not laid the breakfast, Jane?"

"If No; why should I" He rang the bell. "Why have you not laid the break-fast, Jane?"
"If you please, sir, Miss Ida was a-workin at the table."
"Oh, of course, Jane," said the young lady calmly. "I am so sorry. I shall be ready to move in a few minutes."
"But what on earth are you doing, Ida?" asked the doctor. "The smell is most offensive. And, good gracious, look at the mess which you have made upon the cloth! Why, you have burned a hole right through."
"Oh, that is the acid," Ida answered contentedly. "Mrs. Westmacott said that it would burn holes."
"You might have taken her word for it without trying," said her father dryly. "But look here, pa! See what the book says: 'The scientific mind takes nothing upon trust. Prove all things!" I have proved that."
"You certainly have. Well, until breakfast is ready I'll glance over The Times? Oh, dear me, this is it which I have under my spirit lamp. I am afraid there is some acid upon that, too, and it is rather damp and torn. Here it is."
"The doctor took the bedraggled paper with a rueful face. "Everything seems to be wrong today," he remarked. "What is this sudden enthusiasm about chemistry, Ida?"
"Oh, I am trying to live up to Mrs. Westmacott's teaching."
"Quite right, quite right!" said he, though perhaps with less heartiness than

though perhaps with less heartiness than he had shown the day before. "Ah, here is breakfast at last!" ss than cult, for I have not been used to it."

breakfast at lastr But nothing was comfortable that prining. There were eggs without egg-oons, toast which was leathery from being kept, dried up rashers and grounds in the coffee. Above all there was that dreadful smell which pervaded every-thing and gave a horrible twang to every

"No, thank your morning."

"No? Perhaps you don't care for the brand. What are these, Clara?"

"Egyptians."

"Ah. we must have some Richmond

"Rum, papa."

"Rum? In the morning?" He sat down and rubbed his eyes as one who tries to shake off some evil dream. "Did you say rup?" icai experiments a ntile later in the day."
"But Mrs. Westmacott says that women should rise early and do their work before breakfast."
"Then they should choose some other room besides the breakfast room." The doctor was becoming just a little ruffled. A turn in the open air would soothe him, he thought. "Where are my boots?" he asked.

shake oir some ever dream.
say rum?"
"Yes, pa. They all drink it in the profession which I am going to take up."
"Profession, Clara?"
"Mrs. Westmacott says that every woman should follow a calling, and that we ought to choose those which women have always avoided."
"Quite so."

Gems or Turkish. I wish, pa, when you go into town you would get me some Turkish."

"Quite so."
"Well, I am going to act upon her advice. I am going to be a pilot."
"My dear Clara! A pilot? This is too

doctor was becoming just a little ruffled. Aturn in the open air would soothe him, he thought. "Where are my boots?" he asked.

But they were not in their accustomed corner by his chair. Up and down he searched, while the three servants took up the quest, stooping and peeping under bookcases and drawers. Ida had returned to her studies and Clara to her blue covered volume, sitting absorbed and disinterested amid the bussle and the racket. At last a general buzz of congratulation announced that the cook had discovered the boots hung up among the hats in the hall. The doctor, very red and flustered, drew them on and stamped off to join the admiral in his morning walk.

As the door slammed Ida burst into a shout of laughter. "You see, Clara," she cried, "the charm works already. He has gone to No. 1 instead of to No. 3. Oh, we shall win a great victory. You've been very good, dear. I could see that you were on thorns to help him when he was looking for his boots."

"Poor papa! It is so cruel. And yet what are we to do?"

"Oh, he will enjoy being comfortable all the more if we give him a little discomfort now. What horrible work this chemistry is! Look at my frock! It is ruined. And this dreadful smell!" She threw open the window and thrust her little golden curled head out of it. Charles Westmacott was hoeing at the other side of the garden fence.

"Good morning," The big man leaned upon his hee and looked up at her.

"Have you any cigarettes, Charles?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Throw me up two."

"Here is my case. Can you catch?"

A sealskin case came with a soft thud on the floor. Ida opened it. It was full.

"What are these?" she asked.

"Exyrtians."

"This is a beautiful book, papa. "The Lights, Beacons, Buoys, Channels and Landmarks of Great Britain." Here is another, 'The Master Mariner's Handbook.' You can't imagine how interesting it is."

"You are joking, Clara. You must be joking."

"Not at all, pa. You can't think what a lot I have learned already. I'm to carry a green light to starboard and a red to port, with a white light at the masthead, and flare up every 15 minutes."

"Oh, won't it look pretty at night!" cried her eister.

"And I know the fog signals. One blast means that a ship steers to starboard, two to port, three astern, four that it is unmanageable. But this man asks such dreadful questions at the end of each chapter. Listen to this: 'You see a red light. The ship is on the port tack and the wind at north. What course is that ship steering to a point?"

The doctor rose with a gesture of despair. "I'c ant imagine what has come over you both," said he.

"My dear papa, we are trying hard to live up to Mrs. Westmacott's standard." "Well, I must say that I do not admire the result. Your chemistry, Ida, may perhaps do no harm, but your scheme, Clara, is out of the question. How a girl of your sense could ever entertain such a notion is more than I can imagine. But I must absolutely forbid you to go further with it."

"But, pa," asked Ida, with an air of innocent inquiry in her big blue eyes, "what are we to do when your commands and Mrs. Westmacott's advice are opposed? You told us to obey her. She says that when women try to throw off their shackles their fathers, brothers and husbands are the very first to try-to rivet them on again, and that in such a matter no man has any authority."

"Does Mrs. Westmacott teach you that I am not the head of my own house?"

The doctor flushed, and his grizzled hair bristled in his anger.

"Certainly. She says that all heads of houses are relics of the dark ages."

The doctor flushed, and his grizzled hair bristled in his anger.

"Certainly. She says that all heads of houses are relics of the dark ages."

"What are these?" she asked.
"Egyptians."
"What are some other brands?"
"Oh, Richmond Gems and Turkish and
Cambridge. But why?"
"Never mind!" She nodded to him
and closed the window. "We must remember all those, Clara," said she, "We
must learn to talk about such things.
Mrs. Westmacott knows all about the
brands of cigarettes. Has your rum
come?"

switch.

"Oh, you darling! You played your part so splendidly!" cried Ida.

"But how cruel it is! When I saw the sorrow and surprise in his eyes, I very nearly put my arms about him and told him all. Don't you think we have done enough!" enough?"

"No, no, no. Not nearly enough. You

Mrs. Westmacott knows all about the brands of cigarettes. Has your rum come?"

"Yes, dear. It is here."

"And I have my stout. Come along up to my room now. This smell is too abominable. But we must be ready for him when he comes back. If we sit at the window, we shall see him coming down the road."

The fresh morning air and the genial company of the admiral had caused the doctor to forget his trouble, and he came back about midday in an excellent humor. As he opened the hall door the vile smell of chemicals which had spoiled his breakfast met him with a redoubled virulence. He threw open the hall window, entered the dining room and stood aghast at the sight which met his eyes.

Ida was still stitting among her bottles, with a lit cigarette in her left hand and a glass of stout on the table beside her. Clara with another cigarette was lounging in the easy chair with several maps spread out upon the floor around. Her feet were stuck up on the coal scuttle, and she had a tumblerful of some reddish brown composition on the smoking table close at her elbow. The doctor gazed from one to the other of them through the thin gray haze of smoke, but his eyes rosted finally in a settled stare of astonishment upon his elder and more serious daughter.

"Clara" he gasped. "I could not have belowed tim." "No, no, no. Not nearly enough. You must not turn weak now, Clara. It is so funny that I should be leading you. It is quite a new experience. But I know that I am right. If we go on as we are doing, we shall be able to say all our lives that we, have saved him. And if we don't, oh, Clara, we should nover forgive ourselves."

[CONTINUED ON THURSDAY.]

A Winter Day.

The sky is ashen gray, and o'er its face is spread a sullen, angry scowl. From far As eye can pierce the trembling sowdakes fall.

Like pretty butterflies they dip and dart, we right, now left, as if in very play.

We wight, now left, as if in very play.

The little children, just be loose from school, and the cashiry spries all madily run, But strive they as they may the clusive flakes by many devious paths to earth descend And find their bed with myriads beneath. Reverberating through the cold, crisp air, Their merry voices ring in boist rous glee, Irightonia, a scene most melancholy else. Her ladyship, proud earth, like some grand is robed in warm, soft cleak of sevene warm.

dame.
Is robed in warm, soft cloak of ermino rare. Its robed in warm, soft cloak of ermino rare. The tim rous birds the elements dety. And wing their fillsh despite the driving storm. With nimble feet some dash the drifts antice To gather such rance 'mid the wintry blasts. From every eave pellucid pendants hang. And bide the coming of the sun's first rays. To eatch their warmth, then disappear frov yiew.

To catch their warman, the view,
view,
All nature lies in sweet repose. But, loi
All nature lies in sweet repose. But, loi
Upon the ear the sleighbells' jingle falls
In rhythmic cadence, if unmusical,
But faint at first, then with a gradual swell,
Clear and more clear the chime, till all the air
Is filled o'erflowing with a wild delight,
Is filled o'erflowing with a wild delight,
Michael Joseph Donnelly.

There, in the merciless morn's first glow, Grim, defiant, I faced my foe, He who had wronged me with savage hate, Face to face on the field of fate, And I said, "He must die; he hath played his part;
My sword shall cleave through his hateful heart!"

heart!"
Then to the battle, with one true thrust
He stood defenseless, his sword in dust.
He stood defenseless, his sword in dust.
I marked the spot where his false heart lay,
I lifted my glittering blade to slay,
When lo li my fury I seemed to feel
A hand that clutched at the lifted steel—
A hand that warded the blow I dealt,
And wild before me a woman knolt.
I could not strike my hated foe.
In wrath and mercy I bade him go.
Fooll forgetting the wrongs of years,
To drown revenge in a woman's tears,
—Fank I. Stanton.

Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind;
Not cruelty nor mercy change her mind.
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
—Sir J. Denham.

JUDGES SENT TO JAIL.

Fley Prefer Imprisonment to Making an Unpopular Tax Levy.

The judges of the St. Clair county court in Missouri, B. R. F. Copenhaver, George H. Lyons and Thomas D. Nevitt, have again been sentenced by Judge Philips of the United States district court to imprisonment in the Jackson county jail in Kansas City for contempt of court. Judges Copenhaver and Nevitt have both been imprisoned before for the same cause, but their associate on the bench at that time was Judge Johnson, who was so old and feeble that he was not imprisoned. Judge Lyons was elected last fall to succeed Judge Johnson and knew he would have to spend a large portion of his term in jail.

In the language of the commitment, the judges are to remain in jail "until such time as they comply with the writ of mandamus heretofore issued in the case of the Ninth National bank of New York against St. Clair county." The writ of mandamus mentioned requires them to make a tax levy for the payment of certain bonds is sued by the county as a bounty for rail-Turkish."

"I will do nothing of the kind. I do not at all think that it is a fitting habit for young ladies. I do not agree with Mrs. Westmacott upon the point."

"Really, pa! It was you who advised us to imitate her."

"But with discrimination. What is it that you are drinking, Clara?"

"Rum. pana."



THE JUDGES IN JAIL.

roads that were never built. This the judges, in obedience to the well understood wishes of their constituents, refused to do, as they had before refused and as the judges of Cass county, who it will be remembered were imprisoned about a year ago, had also refused.

as they had before refused and as the judges of Cass county, who it will be remembered were imprisoned about a year ago, had also refused.

The view of the matter taken by the United States courts is that the bonds bind the county for the payment of their face value, and that. having passed into the hands of "innocent third parties" they must be paid, no matter whether the work for which they were issued has been done or not. The people of the counties claim that the issuance of the bonds was obtained that their payment cannot equitably be demanded. The sentiment against paying them is very general, and the judges were elected on that issue.

There is a pitiful story connected with case of Judge Copenhaver. During his first imprisonment his daughter was taken ill and then became insane and was sent to an asylum. Upon his release from jail on parole in February to convene court and commit her once more to the asylum. He then returned to jail, and in March received the sorrowful tidings of his daughter's death while insane.

Shortly after that the judges were released made the poor obetor's act, the sentence having included a fine. As soon as the new bench was organized the mandamus directing the tax levy was served upon the judges, who refused to obey it and were again placed in jail.

A BRAVE YANKEE GIRL.

She Drives a Stage, and No Footpad Can
Hold Her Up.
Ellen Stewart of Yarrow valley, Conn.,
has been a stage driver for three years or
more, and her route is over 20 miles of very
rough and lonesome country. She has had
adventures, of course, since she has been
at the work, and more or less serious accidents from washed out roads and snow
drifts, but she has kept right on, driving
every day in the year but Sundays, and
the business in the route has increased considerably since she has had charge of it. She
came very near being frozen to death one
night last winter, when she was stalled in
a snow drift and found it impossible to dig
her way out, but some farmers rescued her,
and in a few days she was on the box again.



ELLEN STEWART.

Miss Stewart has also had some trouble from tramps. One night in the spring one of them attempted to "hold up" the stage. It was a bright moonlight night, and Ellen was late. In a lonely part of the road where heavy forests flanked it on either side a man suddenly stepped from behind a tree, and catching the horses by the bits stopped them.

"Throw out that mail heav"

side a man suddenly stepped from behind a tree, and catching the horses by the bits stopped them.

"Throw out that mail bag!" commanded the fellow gruffly.

Miss Stewart always carries a revolver in a convenient pocket, and in the wink of a cat's eye she had the muzzle of it squarely on the tramp's head.

"Get up on that rear horse!" was the reply that the highwayman got to his order. The man didn't move. "Get up there, or I'll shoot you," coolly said the girl. The tramp came to the conclusion that he had better obey orders and scrambled on to the back of the horse.

"Now, sit still till we get to the postoffice, or you'll be sorry," said the girl, who kept or you, who had been sorry, and the girl, the man under cover of the revolver. In three-quarters of an hour Miss Stewart drove up to the postoffice with her was a crowd of hasky young farmers in the office, and in 10 minutes the would be highwayman was beyond the possibility of escape.

Have the description of the control of the mail and is now within the walls of the mail and is now within the walls of the mail and is now within the walls of the mail and is now within the walls of the mail and is now within the walls of the pullentiary. For this piece of work Miss Stewart received a purse of \$160 contributed by the farmers along the route.

EVE'S TEMPTATION.

She put her hand into the breast pocket and drew out a little package wrapped in paper and tied with blue ribbon.

"I do wonder what it is?" said she, and then hemmed the patch down. "There wasn't much to mend, after all. I thought the tear much longer. He caught it on a nail in the office. Now, I do wonder what is in that package?"

Eve put the coat over a chair and took up the parcel.

"Tom won't mind," she said. "I will just take a peep. I'm sure it's for me."

Then she undid the ribbon, unfolded the paper and saw letters.

Just take a peep. I'm sure it's for me."
Then she undid the ribbon, unfolded the paper and saw letters.
"Dear Tom! He keeps my letters next his heart, and he has never told me."
But the writing was not hers. She saw that at a glance.
"His mother's letters," she said. "He loved his mother's letters," she said. "He loved his motherso."
Then she began to tremble a little, for the letters did not begin with "My dear son," nor with anything like it. She cast her eyes over them. They were love letters.
"Tom had loved some other woman before he met me," she said, beginning to cry. "Oh, what shall I do?" Then she cried out, "Oh, foolish creature that I am! Of course she died, and he only loves me now. It was all over before we met, and I must not mind."
But here she paused, gave a scream and

must not mind."
But here she paused, gave a scream and
then threw the letter from her as though a
serpent had bitten her. It was dated in the
previous week. It was not four days old.
"Oh! oh! oh!" shricked Eve. "Oh, what
shall I do? Oh, where shall I go?"
At every cry a thought pleroed her breast
like a stab.
"Tom, my Tom! What shall I do? Tow!

like a stab.

"Tom, my Tom! What shall I do? Tom! Tom! He to be false—Tom! Oh, I have gone mad! No! There they are! They are really there—those letters! Why do I not die? Do people live through such things as these?"

as these?"

Then she knelt down on the floor and gathered "up the letters and steadily read them through. There were 10 of them. Such love letters, No other interpretation could be just upon them. They were absurd love letters, such as are always produced in a court in case of a breach of promise. And they called him "Popsy Wopsy." "Darling Parling," "Lovey Dovey," "Own Sweetness" and "Angel of My Soul," and they were all signed "Your Own Neilie."

"It is all true," said poor Eve, wringing her hands, "and it is worse than anything that I have ever heard of. I trusted him so: I believed in him so. My Tom—mine."

Then she wiped her eyes, gathered up the letters, wrapped the silver paper about them, tied the bline ribbon and put them back in the awful breast pocket of that dreadful overcoat and hung it up in the hall again.

"Tom shall never know," she said. "I'll not reproach him. I will never see him again. When he comes home, I shall be dead. I will not live to bear this."

She sat down to think over the best means of suicide. She could hang herself to the chandelier with a window blind cord, but then she would be black in the face and hideous. She would drown herself, but then her body would go floating down the river into the sea, and drowned people looked even worse than strangled ones. She was too much afraid of finearms to shoot herself, even in this strait. She would take poison. Yes, that would be best, and though she should never see Tom again he woulds take poison. Yes, that would be best, and though she should never see Tom again he would see her, and remorse would sting him.

So having put on a hat and thick veil Eve betook herself around the corner to the nearest drug store. The druggist was an old German; a benevolent looking one, with red checks and a smilling mouth, and when she asked him for poison for rats he said "Sof" and beamed mildly upon her. "I want it very strong," said Eve.

"Yon" said the druggist.

"But not to give more pain than is necessary, nor turn the face black," said Eve.

With

die-and I long to live so. Oh, Tom, Tom, save me!"

"Yes-yes!" he cried. "Oh, good heaven! What poison!"

"Hoffman will know. I bought it from him. Perhaps he can save me," cried Eve. Away went Tom, white as death, to the iruggist around the corner. He burst into the store like a whirlwind.

"The lady!" he gasped—"the lady who bought poison here an hour ago. She took it by mistake! Can you save her? Is there an antidote? She is dying!"

"No, no!" said the old German. "Be calm! Be at rest! No, no! She cannot die of dat! When a lady asks me for a poison that will not turn a rat black in the face, I say to myself, 'So!' I shmells somesing, and I give her in de paper a little sugar and somesings. She could take a pound. Go home and tell her so. I never sells poison to women dat ery and do not wish de rat to become black in de face! So be calm!"—Hearthstone.

The Mexican government virtually con-

The Mexican government virtually controls elections in that country. A man anoke one morning to find on his -lesk an official notice of his election to office, that being his first intimation that his name was mentioned as a candidate. The government had nominated and elected him.

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