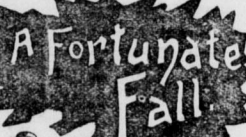


THE WORLD-MENDER.

A man who loves God with that holy zeal
Which works for human weal;
A man who knows himself God's instrument
For faithful and eternal service moant,
And feels in all good wrought
The moving fire and pulse of his own thought,
He sees the glory shining from afar—
A Bethlehem star.
Toward which he presses with unfaltering
feet,
Headless of lions roaring in the street,
And men that, scornful, shout—
"Fool, fool, thy jack-o'-lantern goeth out!"
Unshaken, ever he pursues his light,
By faith more sure than sight.
Believing, while he walks the dusty way—
Himself a herald of the promised day—
That Truth, at last, shall reign
Triumphant, though her advocates lie slain.
—A. L. Muzzey, in Arena



A Fortunate Fall

LETTER—a reply—at last!
Wayne Gilbert dropped the architect's implements which he had been drawing the plan of a many-storied apartment-house and snatched the envelope. A moment later he dropped it as if it had stung him, for his own writing stared up at him. The passionate letter he had written was returned to him with the seal unbroken.

"Well, this latest hint should be sufficient," he said, bitterly, to himself. "Only an idiot or a scoundrel would persecute a girl with attentions after such an intimation."
He was not generally an idle fellow. His fellow-clerks felt frequently rebuked by his determined industry. But now he sat a long time with his hands gripping the arms of his chair, and his gaze fixed blankly on the opposite wall. He thought it all over; his love story was not a long one. Three months previous he had met Vivien Van Roosevelt at the home of his cousin. He had straightway fallen headlong in love with the girl—with her stately dark beauty, her gentle manner, her delicious sense of humor, her voice, that was so mellowly fascinating. And he never once reminded himself after the absurd fashion of men in love—that he was only an architect's clerk, and she "a lady of honor and wealth."

Of this fact the little blind dog seemed also oblivious, or to it indifferent. For when Gilbert had said, boldly and yet tremblingly: "I love you, dear!" she lifted his sweet eyes that were dim but illumined.

And she had pledged him her heart, hand, and womanly fealty.

But when he urged speaking to her guardian, she had tremulously protested:
"He is a hard man, Wayne. I am not quite of age yet. Anthony Van Roosevelt has other plans for me. I must not at once let him know they can never be realized."

So they had continued to meet at the house of Mrs. French, Gilbert's cousin, until ten days ago. Then Vivien had failed to keep her appointment. She ignored the gifts he sent her, the flowers, and books, and matinee tickets. He dared not go to the house himself, after her express command to do so. She came back, saying the message given to her was that Miss Van Roosevelt was engaged.

"It appeared to me, Wayne," his cousin commented, in repeating the incident, "that Vivien had merely proffered an excuse for the sake of politely dropping our acquaintance."
He could not bear to hear another voice the dread that confronted him. "She would never be guilty of such rudeness, Emily," he declared, and took himself away.

He wrote to her once, twice, a third time. To the first two letters, no reply was returned. The third was sent back unopened.

Well, the brief romance was ended now.

When Wayne was ready to leave the office, he went to the door of the private office and knocked.

"Come in," called a deep voice.

Mr. Mason, the senior member of the firm, glanced up pleasantly at the young man, whom personally he liked, and professionally was fast learning to respect.

"I wish to tender my resignation, Mr. Mason—I am going away."
"To leave the city?"
"Yes, sir."

"I am sorry to hear this. Is there any reason in the office for your resolution?"

"None, sir. My relations with all here have been very pleasant. The motive that influences me is purely personal."

"When do you wish your resignation to take effect?"
"As soon as you find it convenient."

Ten minutes later she was walking, moody and dispirited, through the city streets. Only those who found it necessary to do so would venture abroad that evening, one fancied. The heavy snow of a few days previous had turned to slush, and this severe and sudden cold had transformed to rough, slippery ice. An easterly wind, filled with particles of a fine, stinging sleet, was blowing.

The day had darkened down, and street-lamps were gleaming out points of gold in the gloom when Wayne Gilbert found himself before the palatial home of Anthony Van Roosevelt. The lower floor was brightly lighted. One blind that remained undrawn permitted the watcher to see into the dining-room. A servant was moving around placing the dinner on the table which was snowily covered and sparkling with cut-glass and silver.

"It is no wonder," said the man on

the sidewalk, to himself, looking in with hot, angry eyes, "that she, accustomed to such luxury, repented her rash promise to me."

He waited on, longing to see her enter the room, even if the sight set his heart aching more sharply. The door opened. An old gentleman, Anthony Van Roosevelt, entered. Then followed a man small of stature, emaciated of feature, prematurely old. Undoubtedly he was the son of the master of the house, of whom he had heard Vivien speak. But, although Gilbert waited, weary, haggard and half frozen, until the two men had finished their meal, Vivien did not appear.

He had given up his absurd hope, and was turning away, with a groan, when the hall door opened and Oscar Van Roosevelt came out. Wayne walked on—he was on the opposite pavement. Suddenly he heard a fall, a curse. He ran across the street. The young man who had just emerged from Van Roosevelt's was prone on his back.

"Let me assist you," Gilbert said. He took the other by the arm, lifted him as he would have lifted a child. At the same instant he noticed that several letters which the unlucky pedestrian had been carrying lay scattered on the sidewalk. He picked them up with the intention of restoring them. He handed back four. The fifth he retained, for the light from a lamp on the corner showed him that it was addressed to him, in a pretty English hand:

"MR. WAYNE GILBERT."
His mind one queer blur and confusion, conscious only that the letter belonged to him and that possibly there was treachery afloat, he slipped the envelope into his pocket. With a muttered word of thanks, young Van Roosevelt took the letters extended, brushed the sleeve of his coat and hurried away, walking, however, with more caution. Under the street lamp Gilbert opened his envelope. He read:
"This is the last letter, dear Wayne, that I shall write to you. I cannot understand why I have received no word or message from you since my illness. This is my third note. The others I gave the housekeeper to post. Perhaps she blundered. This I shall intrust to my cousin, Oscar Van Roosevelt. If I do not hear from you in answer, I will conclude that we have said farewell."
"VIVIEN VAN ROOSEVELT."

Gilbert walked straight back to the house he had lately been staring at, went up the steps and rang the bell.

"I wish to see Miss Van Roosevelt," he said to the servant who appeared.

"Your name, please?"
He heard, distinctly, a soft voice in a room on the right, saying:
"Who—who is that, Uncle Anthony?"
Then the door was abruptly closed.

"Gilbert," the caller said to the servant. "Mr. Wayne Gilbert."
"Miss Van Roosevelt," the girl said, hastily, "is not at home."

"That," declared Gilbert, in his quietest tone, "is not true."
He pushed past the girl, walked to the door on the right, opened it, and went in.

Anthony Van Roosevelt straightened up in his chair at sight of the intruder, and a slender, girlish figure, lounging among silken pillows on a low couch, started erect, and held her hands out to him with a little happy cry.

"Then he was standing beside her, the thin hands held tightly in his."

"I wish to see your last letter," he said. "It fell from the pocket of a man who had just left this house."

She handed him the letter, and he read it.

"It is dated four days ago. I have written you repeatedly. I have sent you messages and gifts."

Vivien looked at her guardian. She was as white as her gown. Her rose, steadily.

"I understand," she said, quietly. "Your insistence that I should marry your son is now explained. You and he have been in league against me, and against my lover. Even the servants you have bribed to treachery. My heavens! how nearly you succeeded!"

The old man hung his head.

In face of all the evidence that could be adduced, he knew denial would be vain.

"The girl rang the bell."
"Order the carriage," she said to the servant. "Tell Rosette to pack my clothes and jewelry at once, then to bring my wraps to me here."
Then she turned to Wayne.

"I am strong enough to leave the house now; but I have been very ill. I shall go to the home of my aunt."
"Until you will come to your own, darling," he whispered.

Two months later she became of age, and her large fortune was at her disposal. Her guardian and his scheming son glowered over the paper in which they read the notice of her marriage. But at that very time Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Gilbert, speeding south on their wedding trip to the land of the magnolia and olive, were laughing over the occurrence which led to their reunion.

"That fall of your cousin's was a fortunate one," averred Gilbert.

"Fortunate?" echoed his pretty bride.

He gave a gay, positive nod.

"Yes—for me."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Jinks—"Waite is a prince of good fellows." Filkins—"Most people don't regard him as such." Jinks—"That's true; but princes seldom get there by popular suffrage, you know."—Kate Field's Washington.

HOUSEKEEPERS' CORNER.

To SCALE fish easily, dip them in boiling water.

Boiled cabbage is much sweeter when the water is changed in boiling. Tocou meat may be made tender by laying it a few minutes in vinegar water.

In baking bread or rolls, put a saucapan of boiling water into the oven. The steam will keep the crust smooth and tender.

Most of the heavy cake and bread is the result of the oven door being banged in closing. It should be closed as gently as possible.

BEFORE beginning to seed raisins, cover them with hot water and let them stand fifteen minutes. The seeds can then be removed easily.

BOILAN liquids, jellies or fruits may be turned into glass, without breaking the vessel, if you press the bowl of a spoon on the bottom while filling.

For starching muslins, gingham and calicoes, dissolve a piece of alum the size of a hickory nut for every pint of starch. This will keep the colors bright for a long time.

KID gloves may be cleaned, when slightly soiled, with a small piece of oiled silk wound tightly about the finger, and rubbed vigorously over the surface of the glove.

GLASS which has grown dull can be restored to a fairly bright condition by washing with diluted hydro-chloric acid and afterwards rubbing with moistened chalk or whiting.

Old paint and varnish may be removed by an emulsion formed of two parts of ammonia shaken up with one part of turpentine. It will soften them so they may easily be scraped off.

For laundry use keroseine is very effective in whitening clothes. A half a teacupful in a boiler of clothes will produce a most satisfactory result. Yet care must be exercised when using this explosive material.

LINEN crash, blue denim or ticking are the best possible fabrics for covering iron holders. Make them removable by basting one end together and occasionally put them in the family wash. Beeswax for smoothing saddlions should be tied in a piece of white muslin to prevent waste.

A SNOWDROP TREE.

How to Make a Novel and Pretty Decoration for the Table.

By means of the following device you can make a very pretty and novel decoration for the table. Incline a wax candle over a glass of water. As each drop of melted wax falls into the water it instantly takes the form of a white cup, somewhat resembling the flower of the snowdrop. These cups you can vary in size according to the inclination of the candle. Now take a



piece of fine wire and slightly curve it at one end. Heat the straight end of the wire and pierce the center of the wax flower while it is in the water. Having made a hole through the flower push it to the curved end. Prepare a dozen wires in the same way and then join them together in the manner shown in our illustration. You will now have a beautiful tree of wax flowers, which will make a pretty and effective ornament.

Curds and Cream, Without Wine.

Into a quart of new milk, warm from the cow (or heated to the same point afterward), stir two tablespoonfuls of extract of rennet. You can buy a bottle in any drug store for twenty-five cents. Stir well, pour into a glass dish, and leave in a warm place for half an hour, then grate nutmeg over the top, and set in a cold place till wanted. With it serve a jug of plain cream, and a little maple sugar, scraped down with a knife, and piled in a pretty little fancy dish or saucer. This is instead of the sherry and sugar generally stirred into the cream. Too simple, is it? Just try it, and see that your dessert will take five minutes to make, and will cost you about ten cents, unless you like it so well that you have to make double quantity next time.—Mrs. E. M. Jones, in Country Gentleman.

Colors and Complexions.

Every woman who has ambitions to look her best should have a list for private consultation of trying colors. Each complexion has its best and its worst possibilities. Most persons can wear dark blue or green, for instance, but very few can wear dark red. It is wise to accept one's limitations and dress within them. If peacock blue is unbecoming—and it usually is—why should we make grys of ourselves by donning it? If white is our kindest ally, why not choose white whenever it is possible to have it?

Best White Molasses Candy.

One pound granulated sugar, one pint sirup; boil till quite thick when dropped in cold water; then add one pint best Porto Rico molasses and three or four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil to a snap. Remove from the fire and stir in quickly one-half teaspoonful of soda and flavor with essence of lemon. Pour on the slab and work white. This makes a better candy than that usually sold by confectioners. Good candy can be made in this way by using all Porto Rico and no sugar.

"GRANNY'S POCKET."

That is the Name of the Novelty Work-bag so Popular Just Now.

"Granny's pocket," as it is called, is being carried by all workers in needlecraft, whether their vocation is the darning of socks or the weaving of silken spider webs upon lustrous bits of satin or bloomy velvets.

The idea of this cleverly devised workbag is borrowed from a Parisian bonbon bag which was presented, with a cargo of toothsome dainties, to some fair one, who, afterwards had rifled the pretty trifle of its sugary contents, was supposed to wear it at her side as a receptacle for sewing materials.

Since the granny pocket has made its debut upon this side of the water, however, its duties have been slightly altered. In selecting this novelty as a gift, the donor fits it out with needles, a gem of a thimble, the finest as well as the tiniest of scissors, along with many more sewing necessities, and so the granny pocket, minus chocolates and preserves, becomes altogether a sewing pocket.

It is sometimes a decided piece of luxury, made of blossom strewn satin, with silky lining, lace cascades and fluttering ribbons, but for those who are seeking prettiness and practicality at a low price, chintz, sateen or one of the gayly plaided gingham is selected, as it makes up very effectively.

The cut of the granny pocket is very similar to that of a bib apron. The lower part of the bag is given a slight

stiffening of cardboard; it is gathered in with drawstrings near the top, like any ordinary bag, and the upper part has the bib form. Flutings of ribbon or the material furnish the edges and bil-part of the bag, and there are loops of ribbon at the top, by which it is secured to the side of the wearer.

Two tiny pockets attached to the front are designed to hold the needles, thimble, cotton and scissors when not in use, while the pieces of work are tucked out of sight inside.

Mother finds the granny pocket a useful affair, which enables her to have her sewing in compact form close at hand; the young lady of the household considers it just the daintiest stowaway for her bits of embroidery; and even the small girl, whose extensive doll family call for countless trunks and wraps and hats, follows in the lead of mamma and big sister, and smuggles her scraps and materials into a miniature granny pocket.—Golden Days.

MAKING RAG CARPET.

Durable Floor Coverings Which Cost But Little Money.

Making rag carpet is by no means a romantic occupation, but it is, just the same, a very useful one, and, carried to a successful issue, provides the house with articles that are in some respects quite as good, if not better, than a reasonable amount of money would purchase. They are better, because one is not afraid to use them, and economical, because they consume the bits and scraps that would otherwise clutter the closets and tuck-away corners, and the carpet may be as pretty and tasteful as the patience and ingenuity of the maker may please.

Sometimes it is worth while to dye rags for rugs and carpets, but this is not always necessary. White and light colors, contrary to well-accepted theories, are much more desirable than dark. They show less lint and dirt at all, are more easily kept clean and may be washed with perfect impunity.

To make practical and simple rags, cut up cloth into half-inch wide strips, taking pains to make them as even as possible. Sew them end to end strongly, and with care make them smooth and even as may be. Put all colors separate, making a ball of each sort. When this is done begin by crocheting with a large hook either a long strip or a circle, according to the shape of the rug desired.

It is well to work back and forth rather than round and round, as in the latter case the rug is more likely to curl up at the edges. Crochet one color after another to make stripes, and finish off with a border of something bright and happy.

If carefully handled, strong and durable floor coverings may be made in this way. Silk can be cut or torn into strips and wrought into curtains or draperies of various sorts, or very pretty and delicate foot cushion coverings can be made in this way, or rugs so spread over the couch or to cover the feet when one sleeps.—N. Y. Ledger.

Vaseline Makes Itchy Faces.

Vaseline should never be put on the face, as it will produce a growth of hair very quickly on the smoothest skin. If the hairs are very stiff and coarse the electric needle may be necessary. But the continued use of pumice stone and cream will give wonderful results if persevered in for a few months.

To Improve the Complexion.

To improve the complexion one should keep the pores of the skin open. Wash the face and ears with very hot water and then put in sufficient cold water to make it tepid for the body. The face should be washed in hot water at least three times daily.

THE MEMORY MANTEL.

How to Use All Kinds of Souvenirs in Decorating.

The Clever Idea of a Wide-Awake South-ern Belle—German Favors and Other Trifles Employed to Good Advantage.

What have the girls done with the German favors, dance programmes, menu cards and other souvenirs of last season's outing at seashore, lakeside and mountain resort?

The agency here concerning these trophies is from a wide-awake southern belle and provides far better use for the mementoes of a season's triumphs than the careless tucking away in boxes and out-of-the-way nooks.

This southern belle put together a German favor mantel in her own private snugery at a summer resort, and those who saw it began at once to treasure up like hoards until the home-ward flitting, when they were to be brought out and assigned a decorative part.

This memory mantel alluded to blossomed with Old Point Comfort and White Sulphur Springs trophies. The drapery which furnished the background for the odd assortment was of snowflake Swiss, through which the palest of water-green silk gleamed and glistened. The drapery arrangement was exceedingly simple, being almost foldless in order to show to the best advantage the knick-knacks. The silk-lined Swiss was simply stretched from corner to corner above the white enameled mantel, and caught in the center with two of the German favors—tiny bathing-cloth parasols, gaily as a dragon's wing, and flecked with beach jewels, in the form of Old Point moonstones.

Each corner was adorned with gayly-tinted ribbons tipped with silver bells. Fantastic clown heads, satin slippers, ivory wishbones, silver horseshoes, sweetmeat baskets, jockey caps and whips, banjos, mandolins and violins in miniature, along with a dozen other fancies, dotted the crisp white drapery. Around even the tiniest of these favors hovered pleasant memories of past cruicities, and more than one bit of sentiment was interwoven with the novel jumble.

This was purely a German favor mantel. But the notion could be carried out in half a dozen different directions. A "lucky" girl, one of those always stumbling over curiosities, like Mrs. Whitney's "Leslie Goldwites," and which she wishes to handle in an original manner, can build herself a marine mantel. There would be the lovely seaweeds which she has brought home, in ofttones of green and brown for festooned corners, and pink-lined bits of shell work to stud the drapery.

A vacation among the hills has yielded to more than one girl very delightful possibilities for such a mantel. Somebody in an idle hour has carved her a birch-bark canoe; some one else brought an offering of lichens and other forest treasures—baby pine cones, big cones and birds' nests; and, if she has a spice of barbarity in her nature, she has even treasured up the rattlesnake's skin as a startling eye-opener.

The memory mantels offer pleasant employment for a stormy winter day in disposing of the pretty souvenirs in one's boxes and drawers, and the odd decorative piece will furnish many a merry little dish of gossip for the favorite den.—Dorothy Maddox, in St. Louis Republic.

How to Take Care of Rings.

"Don't wear your rings under gloves unless you remember to have them thoroughly examined twice a year," is the advice given by a jeweler. The constant friction wears out the tiny gold points that hold the stones in place, and unless strict attention is paid to them they become loose in a very short time. Small purses of suede leather are made on purpose for rings, or any soft pouch of skin or chamois may be used to place the rings in when desiring to carry them around with one. They should never be put into the ordinary pocketbook, as the rubbing against coins is also bad for them. Diamonds can be cleaned at home to look as well as when done by a jeweler if only a little trouble is taken. They should be thoroughly cleaned in alcohol and then dried in boxwood sawdust. Pine sawdust is too oily for this purpose.

The Question of Age.

A rather impertinent scientist has discovered that the only instances in which he finds correct dates given by women in regard to their ages is when they are under 25 or over 85. At these periods of life, according to this Frenchman, they may be trusted. He is a court officer, and his evidence is deduced from experience with female prisoners. Such, he asserts, invariably give their ages as 29, 39, 49 or 59, and on these premises he works out the conclusion that a woman wants to keep in the decade behind her actual age period, but through a lingering sense of honesty keeps as near the line as she can.



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