The Chleago Evening News Tells of the Rise of St. Louis.

St. Louis now claims a population of 600,000, which, if supported by figures, makes the Missouri metropolis the fifth in size of the large cities of the United States.

St. Louis was founded in the year 3001 B. C. by a protoplasm who was off his feed and didn't care what he did. Having started the place, however, he didn't feel like leaving and did not leave until he discovered that it was no place for a live, go-ahead proto—and he left. As nothing was ever heard of him afterward, it is believed by eminent authorities that he went up into the Ozark bills and kicked himself to death for having boomed such a town.

About the twentieth century, B. C. the late Mr. Chedoriaomer made an expedition to St. Louis and up to the day of his death he regretted it. In his memoirs he says: "Of all the dead, past-due burgs that I ever honored with my presence St. Louis takes the cheese." Mr. Chedoriaomer was a close observer and knew what he was talking about. The next person of note to visit the town was Shalmaneser in the year 701 B. C. He mistook at for a national cemetery and did not stop off, but proceeded on to Keokuk, Iowa.

The town wabbled on with indifferent success until William the Conqueror's time, when some live business man built a morgue and them the began to grow. Abe Slupsky's discovery of the Mississippi in 1421 gave the town a boom and the ceasure of 1425 gives it a population of 105. When it is recalled that only 4,500 years before all that there was of St. Louis was a protoplasm this rapid growth is fraight with interest. During the last 500 years its progress has teen a trifle slow but steady.

Mr. Chedoriaomer would scarcely recognize the St. Louis of to-day. It has several jusiness blocks, a post-office and a rillroad lands freight and gassengers within walking distance of the town pump. Travelers between the nrth and south stop off for lunch. In business it is retro-

Gets His Own Price.

Though Mr. F. Marion Crawford probably carrs more money by his pen than any other living writer he is perhaps not so well paid in proportion to the amount of work that he does as is Mr. T. B. Aldrich. As a matter of fact, Mr. Aldrich always puts his own price on his work, and he is always sure of getting it. One magazine of New York City takes everything that he sends it. He simply writes the price in a corner of the MSS, and it is paid. What a delightful aspect of literary success this presents! A few weeks ago an editor wrote to Mr. Aldrich: "Won't you please drop a poem into our sign and draw out as anoth more as you want draw out as much money as you want for it?" Mr Aldrich dropped a lozen lines, as directed, and drew out \$30."
—New York Recorder.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR-"Just think, six of my patients recovered week." The Old Doctor—"It's own fault, my boy. You spen much time at the club."—Life.

NEVER judge a woman's cooking by the cake she takes to a diurcle social.—Texas Siftings.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root out all Kidney and Badder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Labratory Binghampton, N. Y.

Geologists say New Orleans will soo out of sight.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

The Magic Touch

Hood's Sarsaparilla

You smile at the idea. But if you are a sufferer from

Dyspepsia

- ood's · sarsa-

Cures

PNU 25



HANDSOME

WE WILL MAIL POSTFAID

a fine Panel Picture, entitled

"MEDITATION"

in exchange for 18 Large Lion

lleads, cut from Lion Coftan

wrappers, and a Seeds stamp to

oper other din premiums, includour other line premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.

WOOLSON SPICE CO.,
450 Huron St., Toledo, Omo

DENS ON JOHN W. MORRIS, Success fully Prosecutes Clairns, Late Principe Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrsin last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

near Deer Park.) Tonic atmosphere, no malaria, nosquitoes, Mountain Chautauqua, \$7 and up per w'k PATEN'I'S, TRADE MARKS. Examination of invention. Send for Inventiors Guide, or how togst spatent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.



Should fortune prove a traitor
You must not make ado;
And as the clouds are gathering
Upon hope's future sea,
And pessure's fickle spectre
Leaves naught of joy with thee—
Pause and think J

Pause and think I
Think of true souls and kindredLoved ones, though far away,
Whose tears of warm affection
May consecrate the clay
That shall be heaped above you
When life's short dream is o'er,
Of those who'll strive to meet you
Upon the other shore—
Pause and think!

And when temptation's finger
Shall becken you to stray,
Or stren-rolee of pleasure
May lure to evil way,
When right and wron conten ling—
Both seeking to control
The best and worst within you
To save or wreck your soul—
Pause and think!

Think that a step once taken Can never be retraced, That naught's so hard to burnish As character defaced, And ere in some weak moment. You listen to the for Pray heed the admonition. Refore you further go-Pause and think!

Defore we censure others For follies they have sown,
It would seem most consistent
To contemplate our own;
An I ere our tongues be loosened
At character to strike,
Let this fair thought come to us. 'How much we are alike Pause and think

Think that a word once spoken For gool or evil bearing, Adown the years may roll; And in the distant future, No knowing when 'twill be, The fruits of what you've spoken May all come home to thee-

Pause and think!
-William Erickson, in Home and Coun

"OLD LANTERN."



for ye, Airs. man, cheerily responded the peddler.

And out from the glittering festoous of tin dippers and wash hand basins a young girl sprang lightly, a smile striving desperately with the traces of recent tears on her cheeks.

Rather an unconventional tableau was this under the yellow June sunshine, the narrow road fringed with tall white daisies, and the gnarly old pear trees tossing their snow-white toughs above the one-storied cabin, in whose doorway stood old Dorcas Hall, with her wrinkled hand held up to shield her eyes from the sun.

tail, with her eyes from the sun.
"Why," she sxclaimed, "it's Kitty
Colton, ain' tit? Or be I dreamin'?"
"No, Mrs. Hall," saud Kitty, with a
little quiver in her lip, "you are not
dreaming. It's really me."

dreaming. It's really me."

"And what brings you here?"

Kitty's blue eyes shone through a medium of tears starting suddenly from some hidden spring deep down

medium of tears starting suddenly from some hidden spring deep down in her heart.

"Because—becauso I've nowhere else to go!" she faltered. "The auction was this morning, and everything was sold—and oh, the old house is so dreary! I couldn't stay there. I thought perhaps the woman who is moving in might want me to help with the housework; but she hastwo grown daughters of her own."
"La!" said Mrs. Hall. "So you come to me, did you? Well, I sin't very rich, but what I've got, Kitty, you're welcome to."
"Didn't I tell ye so?" said Jake Martin, who, up to this period, had been energetically chewing a straw. "Mrs. Hall, she never went back on no one yet. It'll be a roof over your head, anyhow, and if there's a brand new tin wash basin wanted in Kitty's room, here it is, free gratis," and he unearthed from its bed of straw a shining new article. "And I only wish I could do more."

'I need a new tin dipper awful bad," observed Mrs. Hall. "My boarder, he's a great hand to drink fresh, cool water outen the well, and I declare to goodness I'm ashamed of my rusty old cup 'thout no handle!"
"Wal, I won't be mean. Here's a dipper for ye, too," said Jake—"not quite the biggest size, but I guess it's large enough. Mind, though, Mrs. Hall, you don't patronize Tim Hawkins next time you need a wash-boiler! Tim, he's a drefful, oily-tongued feler, but his wash-boilers is jest whited suppulchres—that's what they be.

"No — ner yet a book-agent," chuckled the old woman. "He's a travelin' photographer—that's what he is. And he don't mind cold meat a bit, and he says my riz bread and cookies is jest what his mother used to bake, and he's jest as reg'lar with his five dollars a week as the Tuesday mornin' comes 'round. What's that you've got in the basket, Kitty—a cat?"

"Oh, no!" Kitty answered, springing up with sudden recollection. "It's a fowl, Mrs. Hall—it's Old Lantern, the speekled Dominique hen. They couldn't find her when Eli Wardwell bought in all the others for two dollars and a quarter—and some of them real White Spanish, too. So, when she came clucking and cawing up from the swamp, the auctioneer said I might keep her. Such a gentle old thing! She used to eat out of graudma's hand. I may have her here, Mrs. Hall?"

"Of course you can," assented the good old woman. "Mine is all Black Top-knots, but I guess they'll agree, and she'll pick up her living somehow round the yard. Now come in and or selection is the came clucking and cawing up for many the cracks, and the bit pick up her living somehow round the yard. Now come in and or selection and cookies is jest what his mother used to do have a dollar!"

And Kitty whispered to Mrs. Hall that night:

"It hink he is ince-looking when he is mice-looking when he is ince-looking when he is mice-looking when he last on the size of vest-butons, white teeth of his—don't you?"

It think he is incic-looking when he is ince-looking when he is ince-looking when he is ince-looking when he had knows those white teeth of his—don't you?"

It think he is incic-looking when he last on dollar!

"It hink he is incic-looking when he is indentified to Mrs. Hall that night:

"It think he is incic-looking when he had hows those white teeth of his—don't you?"

It hink he is incic-looking when he is incic-looking when he last on dollar his his white.

"It hink he is in dickled to Mrs. Hall that night:

"It hink he is nice-looking when he is incic-looking when he is incic-looking when he is inc

ma's hand. I may have her here, Mrs. Hall?"

"Of course you can," assented the good old woman. "Mine is all Black Top-knots, but I guess they'll agree, and she'll pick up her living somehow round the yard. Now come in and have some dinner. I've got b'iled pork and dandelion greens to-day. Mr. Higgs he ain't to hum, an' it's kind of a scrappy dinner, but there's plenty for you an' me. Set down and eat all yo can. There's some folks finds fault with dried apple pies, but I guess this one's pretty tol'able good. I put plenty o' fennel seed in it."

And when Kitty Colton had eaten and drunk of the humble fare, she was better able to her story to Mrs. Hall —how the old homestead, with all its outfittings, had been sold to satisfy the accumulation of debt which had been rolling up since her mother's ill-

been rolling up since her mother's ill-

been rolling up since her mother's illness.

"I surely must find some way of
earning my bread," said the girl. "If
only I knew which way to turn!"

"It's a pity, ain't tt," said Mrs.
Hall, industriously shaking the tablecloth out at the back door, greatly to
Old Lantern's satisfaction, "that Obed
Stilton ain't back from sea? Secondmate he is now, ain't he?"

Kitty colored deeply, and dropped
a "flowing blue" cup on the table,
fortunately without its sustaining any
damage.

damage.
"It would make no difference to me,
whether he was at home or not," said

Mrs. Hall stared.

Mrs. Hall stared.

"Why, ain't ye keepin' company?"
she bluntly demanded.

Kitty shook her head, and stooped to pick up a two-tined fork—vain device—to hide her blushes.

"No." said she, "we never were engared!"

"No." said she, "we never were engaged!"
"But he used to come to your house Sanday evenings, steady?"
"That was nothing."
"Obed Stilton was a real smart fellow," observed Mrs. Hall, as she spread a red-and-black table-cover on the table.

Kitty cried a good deal the first night or two of her sojourn at the Widow Hall's, but youth and health are cheerful elements, and presently she began to smile again, especially at the gradually revealed oddities of Mr. Benjamin Higgs, the boarder.
"Isn't he homely?" said she to her hostess.

"Isn't he homely?" said she to her hosses.

"Well—no—not jest exactly homely," said Mrs. Hall. "I don't deny that his nose is a little to one side, and his eyes ain't a pretty color, nor his teeth ain't exactly reglar. Of course he ain't got a profile like Obed Stilton had. But he's got a dreadful pleasant face, especially when he smiles, and he is handy bout the house. He whitewashed my buttery ceiling better'n old Jubal Jones could'a done it, and the way he fixed the stove-oven can't be beat."

"Do you think he is young?"

"Bort solder folks than forty in the world," said Mrs. Hall. "Young people, they don't think nobody has no business to live arter they're sixten years old. But they find out arterwards."

One day, however, Kitty—who had gone to the bare went.

arterwards."
One day, however, Kitty—who had gone to the barn after eggs—came crying back to the kitchen.
"I'll never speak to that man again!" sobbed she—"never! Oh, I hate him—I hate him!"
"Laws sake, child, what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Hall.
"Old Lantern is dead. I saw him shoot her!"

shoot her!"
"Mr. Higgs! Shoot Old Lantern?" "Mr. Higgs! Shoot Old Lantern?"
"She sat there right on her nest in
the haymow, under the big beam
where the sunshine comes in. She
knew me, for I saw her black eyes
sparkle like glass beads, just as they
always do when she catches sight of
me; and then—and then—oh, I never
can forgive him!" wailed Kitty.
"But I never heerd no gun go oft,"
said Mrs. Hall.
And at the same moment Mr. Higgs

tern!"
"Wal, I swan!" said Jake Martin.
"Engaged to that feller! Why I was
a-calculatin' to ask her to go pardners
with me in the tinware business one o' these days!"
"You're too late," said the Widow

Hall.

"And Obed Stilson, he's come home

"And Obed Stilson, he's come home from sea, and he's askin' questions pretty lively about Kitty Colton," persisted Jake.
"He's too late," said Mrs. Hall.
"Wal, I don't so much keer," said Jake, "if the photograph man makes her happy."
"I guess he will make her happy," said Mrs. Hall. "He's buildin' her a nice new house on Blue River, and Old Lantern's to have a first-class hennery. Yes, he will make her happy."—Saturday Night.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Male mosquitoes do not bite. Bees fly from eighteen to twenty niles an hour.

Soap is one of the best sterilizers of impure water.

Gold leaf 1-250,000 of an inch thick was rolled in Elwood City, Ind., re-

A long, strong thumb always indicates great will power and force of character.

There are venomous fishes whose spines inflict dangerous wounds, much ike the stings of snakes.

Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is about to collect, on a large scale, the nests and eggs of birds native of that section.

that section.

Where telephone wires are overhead the speed of transmission is at the rate of 16,000 miles a second; through cables under the sea the speed is more than 6000 miles a second.

A composition for hardening steel, named "Durol," has been tried for two years by such firms as Krupp, Mannes, Manns and others in Germany and is said to give entire satisfaction.

and is said to give entire satisfaction

On the highways of Great Britais more than 8000 steam engines are in use for transport services. A trection engine, on good roads, can draw a moderate sized train of wagons sixty miles a day.

moderate sized train of wagons sixty miles a day.

It is reported that a vein of sylvanite ore, from two to four inches thick, has been struck in one of the mines at Cripple Creek, Col., which will run \$150,000 to the tor. Sylvanite is native tellurium with a large proportion of gold and silver.

By a simple rule, the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising, which will give the length of the night, and doubling the time of setting will give the length of the day.

the length of the day.

Bathing is often answerable for aural disease when ducking the head is practiced. The ear is intolerant of cold water, and, in addition to this, the stimulating properties of sea water render it irritating to the ear, and liable to set up inflammation.

An automatic apparatus for indicating to passengers in railway cars the

and the apparatus or indicating to passengers in railway cars the name of the next station has been adopted on the underground railway in London. As each station is passed a card bearing the name of the next station drops into place in a glass-covered frame and an electric bell rings to call attention to the change.

The attempts to scene an ellow of

The attempts to secure an alloy of aluminum and platinum have at last been successful. The alloy is of a handsome yellow color, not unlike gold alloy with five per cent. of silver, and is suitable for protecting steel articles from rust. It contains only a very small proportion of platinum, and, therefore will not be expensive.

Korean Sports.

boarder, he's a great hand to drink fresh, cool water outen the well, and I declare to goodness I'm ashamed of my rusty old cup 'thout no handle!'

"Wal, I won't be mean. Here's a dipper for ye, too," said Jake—"not quite the biggest size, but I guess it's large enough. Mind, though, Mrs. Hail, you don't patronize Tim Hawkins next time you need a wash-boile! Tim, he's a drefful, oily-tongued feller, but his wash-boilers is jest whited suppulchres—that's what they be. "Mornin', Mrs. Hail! Keep up good courage, Kitty!"

And he climbed to his high sata among the pie-platters and pudding basins, and shook the reins as a signal for the old horse to leave off munching dissies and resume his leisurely pace down the road.

Kitty sat down on the doorstep and burst into tears once more.

"If you're got a boarder," said she, "I surely can't stay!"

"La, child, don't fret!" soothed Mrs. Hall. "He sleeps out in the barn, for coolness sake, and sin't no more trouble'n a kitten."

"Ob, Mrs. Hall, it isg't a tramp?"

"But I never heerd no gun goof," said Mrs. Hall same moment Mr. Higgs and exultant.

"Ig uess I did it that time," said he.

Kitty could only flash an angry glanter dogether the finest collection of games ever made in the world, has made an interesting discovery in his diate.

Kitty sta wath of the Cnivers-tity of the Line world, has made an interesting discovery in his diate.

"When I surely can't stay!"

"But I never heerd no gun goof or," guest of my the said exame moment Mr. Higgs and exultant.

"But I never heerd no gun goof or," guest of my the said exame in, beaming and exultant.

"Guest I did it that time," said he.

Kitty sculd only flash an angry glathered together the finest collection of games ever made in the world, has made an interesting discovery in his date of games ever made in the world, has made an interesting discovery in his date.

Kitty state of the finest called the same moment Mr. Higgs and proved the finest called to define an interesting discovery in his date.

Kitty said Mrs. Hall. "He

that he should not be so interior to the testudinal family in this important respect.

It is impossible to say how long a tortoise, under favorable conditions, may live. There are tortoises in the Galapagos Islands, off South America, where the species with the handsome shell is mostly found, that were probably alive before the discovery of this continent by Christopher Columbus. In the Zoological Garden at Philadelphia there is a snapping turtle from the Mississippi whose age is calculated at 300 years. He is moss-grown, but hale and hearty, and his jaws are as vigorous as an alligator's. A small tortoise that had lived at the time of Charles I.'s Archbishop Land was killed by a cart in the grounds of Lambeth Palace a few years ago. He was doing his best to get out of the way, but a tortoise, though sure, is no match for a horse.

Falace a few years ago. He was doing his best to get out of the way, but a tortoise, though sure, is no match for a horse.

There are now many famous old tortoises and turtles in the world. One of them has just died at Colombo the capital of Ceylon, one of the stopping places on the route from Australia to England. The tortoise was of the species testudo elephantopis. He passed the greater part of his life at "Uplands," a resort on the coast near Colombo, where he was visited by thousands of passengers annually. His age was estimated at 200 years, and he measured six feet from snout to tail, the shell alone being four feet six inches in length. The species to which he belonged originates in the Seychelles and Mauritius Islands. But from early times they were found convenient to carry on ships as a reserve supply of live fresh meat. Now they are almost extinct. They were preserved from total extinction by Sir Arthur Gordon, who as Governor of Mauritius, ordered that two specimens should be sent to him annually by the natives as tribute.

The Colombo tortoise was sent from Java to the Governor of Ceylon, which was then a Dutch colony. When the British annexed the island in 1796 the tortoise was transferred to their care. Like most tortoises he was of a placid and peaceable disposition, but seems to have been by no means averse to human society. From time to time he carried children on his broad back, a task which he performed with apparent cheerfulness. On one occasion, however, he successfully resisted the efforts of seven men to remove him from the garden where he resided to the grounds of an exhibition.

Recently the local government acquired "Uplands," where the tortoise lived, as a graving dock. He was removed to Victoria Park, about a mile inland, where he sickened and died in a short time. Had he been left in his accustomed place he might have lived to a far greater age, as he had shown no signs of ill health prior to his removal.—New York World.

The Coffee Lands of Mexico.

"I have just returned from an extended tour through Mexico," said Milo T. Jarvis, of St. Paul, "and an convinced that the coffee lands of that country are only inferior to those of Brazil in extent, while the variety and quality of the Mexican product is by far the superior. The only reason why so many of these fields remain idle is the lack of capital and enterprise. The tonographic and son why so many of these fields remain idle is the lack of capital and enterprise. The topographic and climatic conditions of the country are especially adapted to the productions of varieties and grades of coffee as that produced on the island of Java itself. The few who have availed themselves of the great opportunities in the past now congratulate themselves not only upon the result of their work, but upon the large fortunes already made in the enterprise. There is still plenty of room and the same opportunities still exist. To men of industrious habits desirous of carving out a fortune, these new and thieror untouched lands will afford the opportunity with but little capital or labor."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Denmark's Wealth in Relics.

The most remarkable crown jewels and silverware are to be found in Denmark, a country not generally regarded as exceptionally wealthy. They are the result of 300 years' collection and resemble nothing that can be seen anywhere else. Part of the throne itself consists of three solid silver lions, life size, and in the chancel of the royal chapel there are solid silver statues of the Twelve Apostles.

There is also an equestrian statue in solid silver of King Christian IX., mounted or horseback, with groups on the base representing the various arts.

mounted or horseback, with groups on the base representing the various arts and industries which go to make Den-mark prosperous. The country has been reduced in area and importance by various ways, but the royal dignity has remained unimpaired and is in many respects greater than that of monarchs of very much larger coun-tries.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Lived on Chocolate for Sixty Days.

A French woman has just concluded a remarkable and very interesting leat. With a view to testing the sustaining powers of chocolate, she has lived upon that preparation alone for sixty days, and has lost but fifteen pounds in the interval.—Rochester Post-Express.

The Royal Baking Powder is indispensable to progress in cookery and to the comfort and convenience of modern housekeeping. Royal Baking Powder makes hot bread wholesome. Perfectly leavens without fermentation. Qualities that are peculiar to it alone.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

送りとながってなる。ななりとなる。ななりとなる。ななり、ななり、ななりにな

The nicest bed is a pan of rising read. The old maid is the cat's good Samari-

If it wasn't for the rat I would be an I think I have a pretty nose when it

The oven was about the hottest place

The oven was about the hottest place I was ever in.

I am blamed for a great many things the girl breaks.

In all my experience I never saw a cat hit with a bootjack.

Every cat that gets on our back fence doesn't come to see me.

When people go to sit down they nover see I am asleep in the chair.

When I can't get the ribbon off my neck I try to drag it in the dirt.

If I hadn't the talons the small boy would find no fun in pulling my tail.

What Is In a Trade.

A trade makes you independent.
A strong crutch upon which to lean.
It is a passport to all countries and

It is a passport to all countries and climes.

A demand note which passes current everywhere.

Something which can be carried in our heads and hands.

The only property which can not be mortgaged or sold.

It is a calling which can be declined or taken up at pleasure.

The one thing that can not be learned in an academy or college.

A thiog about which neither friends nor kindred can cuarrel.



KNOWLEDGE

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and 81 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"WILLIE," said the visitor, "what is your ambition?" "I'd like," said the boy, putting down his yellow-covered story of the plains, "to have people tremble like leaves at the mere mention of my name."—Raymond's.

"THAT'S what I get for my pains," sobbed the small boy, as he swallowed a dose of castor oil.—Philadelphia Record.

Those who praise God by proxy are advised that there are no high-pri substitutes in the heavenly hosts.



that there's trouble ahead
—If you're getting thin,
—If you're getting thin,
—If you're getting thin,
is impoverished, and your
organs deranged, so that
is impoverished, and your
organs deranged, so that
whatever you cat fails to
properly nourish you.
And just as long as you
remain in this condition,
Consumption, Fneumonis,
and other Serofulous and
Consumption, Fneumonis,
and other Serofulous and
illiely to fasten upon you.
You should build you for fasten upon you.
You should build you for fasten upon you.
You should build you for fasten upon you.
Follow the fasten upon you.

Ocean Port, N.J.

Dr. R. V. Plence: Dear Str.—We have used



YOU WANT THEM TO PAY THEIR OWN WAY,

Book Publishing House



"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., ad St. and 147 Washington St., BOSTO