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FREELAND, SEPTEMBER 6, 1894.

A swindler has been arrested in Philadelphia for attempting to obtain \$450 from a young man by promising to make a full-fledged editor out of him. Some people have yet to learn that editors are born, not made.

A patent has just been taken out for glasses and mugs with a quick-silver thermometer, in order to enable the drinker to determine which temperature of the liquid will be the most agreeable to his taste and most beneficial for his health.

J. M. Barrie, a well-known scientist, says that nothing equals a day in bed. It is better than a holiday at the seaside. Spend the whole day in bed, and then, next morning jump into a cold bath. This treatment will make you feel as if you have been a week at the seaside.

Editor Rosewater, of the Omaha Bee, has bolted the Republican party of Nebraska and denounces the nominee for governor, Mr. Majors, as a scoundrel and forger. The day has gone by when editors will give their support to all the queer things which conventions sometimes name as candidates.

The English papers state that the Japanese government has 1,000,000 "bouillon capsules," each of which is said to be equal in solid nutriment to a pound of beef. It is claimed for this form of solidified soup that a soldier can carry in his knapsack a sufficient number of capsules for several months' rations.

The Reform Club, of New York, has devoted a number of *Tariff Reform* to "Sugar, Sugar Tax, Sugar Trust." It is an admirable compilation, and any one who wishes to know just what the trust is and how much money Gorman, Bruce and Smith have given it out of the pockets of the people can learn it from this pamphlet. It is to be had for five cents by addressing the club, 52 William street, New York city.

A beggars' strike is perplexing Bucharest, the principal city of Romania. The police have prohibited mendicants from frequenting certain quarters, where they cause great annoyance. All the beggars in the town assembled and drew up a notice that unless the prohibition was withdrawn they would strike and take by force the bread they were not permitted to beg. The town authorities are considering their demand.

Peculiar atmospheric effects always stir up the nervous people in the community. The New York World says the haze that has recently overhung that city and vicinity, making the sun look like an illuminated pumpkin out of a job and otherwise "queering" the celestial scene, has created a great deal of startling talk. The end of the world, a cholera epidemic, a European war, a renewal of the tariff agitation and other dire calamities have been predicted on account of the sun's weird appearance.

Miss Lamson and Miss Judson, two society young women of Cleveland, who recently astonished their friends by joining the Salvation Army, are going to New York to take an advanced course of training before entering regular mission work. They have been living in barracks in Cleveland, and will now receive final instructions from General Booth. Both of the young women gave up homes of luxury. Miss Lamson's father is judge of the court of common pleas, and Miss Judson's family is quite wealthy.

An Indiana farmer named Stanley has a unique grievance on his mind and has given it to a lawyer to see what he can do with it. Mr. Stanley declares that during Congressman Bynum's campaign two years ago he was positively promised, along with the other farmers, \$1.25 a bushel for his wheat in case Cleveland was elected, and the thing struck him as such a fine commercial venture that he didn't do a thing but raise much wheat—2,800 bushels all told. The law of supply and demand, with strong competition in the foreign markets, cut off Mr. Bynum's promises, however, to a 65-cent value last year and a 45-cent value this year, and Mr. Bynum is to be sued for the difference.—*Phila. Times.*

"FOOL LONNIE"

"No, he didn't," cried the Widow Temple, hotly. "He didn't mean any harm. If he'd 'a' been left alone, he wouldn't 'a' done any either."

"I hadn't understood, Mrs. Temple," began Sheriff Blatchford, blandly, "that anybody touched him at Barry's."

"Maybe they didn't touch him, but they hurt his feelin's an' sometimes that is worse than bein' hit some-where."

"Yes," interpolated a pink-faced, flaxen-haired girl, who sat close beside the Widow Temple, as though to give her both moral and physical support, "those Barry children have just made and called him 'Fool Lonnie' for a year or two now, every time he went by there—and he spleens against it—and so would you, Mr. Blatchford—or anybody else." The girl was evidently strongly wrought up. Her sweet lips trembled like the wild columbine, the color of which they bore, and the blush on her rounded cheeks came and went as she talked.

"But he doesn't control himself when he gets angry, Miss Idalye—that's the trouble. He broke up that wheelbarrow like kindling wood. There's no knowing what damage he might have done if Mr. Barry hadn't happened to come around. They think Lonnie'd oughter be shut up at the expense of the town—if you don't feel able to bear it yourself—but they don't think he oughter be going round free so."

"Well, he had, Mr. Blatchford," returned Widow Temple, with spirit. "He's just as harmless, when he's used right, as you or I be. I don't pretend he's as smart as other folks—I know he ain't—but there ain't a peaceable boy in town—an' Idalye 'll tell you so, too—than he is when he ain't put upon—an' he don't always pay back then—not by any means."

"But anybody would get angry with those Barry children, Mr. Blatchford," put in the girl, eagerly. "They're just as spoiled as they can be. I've had them in school when I taught on Tea street—and I had more trouble with them than I did with all the rest put together. If anybody's shut up, it had better be those little scamps. Everybody in the neighborhood is down on them. And Lonnie has almost as much sense as the rest of us, Mr. Blatchford. He takes up the paper and reads it off as sensibly as I do, sometimes. And he is as strong as a horse, and works as steady as any man in town, if he's only looked after a little. He does all the farm-work—and he carries me to school every morning when I'm teaching—or comes after me Friday night if I'm where I can't come home every day—and if you should take him off and shut him up—why, what would ever become of mother and me?" The girl buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. Her mother, too, began to sob, and wiped her eyes on her apron.

The sheriff looked around uncomfortably. He wished that this job had fallen to some one else.

"Ahem!" he began. "Yes—I know Lonnie isn't well—he isn't what you might call a fool, Mrs. Temple."

"No, I ain't," broke in Lonnie himself. He had been sitting in sullen silence during the whole conversation, on the other side of the room, with his dull eyes fastened on the floor. Now he was looking up and the color was mounting to his face. "I wish you'd stop making my mother feel bad,—and making Idalye cry. Don't cry, Idalye! There!"—pulling a chair up beside the two women, and confusedly trying to stop them.—"I wish you'd go away, Mr. Blatchford. You make them feel bad."

He was a tall and powerful young man of, perhaps, twenty-two or three, with a shock of sandy hair and whiskers which almost concealed his sunburned, but well-featured face. His large, pale-blue eyes, usually almost expressionless, flashed now as he regarded the sheriff. His mother, understanding the need of keeping him especially calmer at his time, ceased weeping and began to pacify him.

"There, there, Lonnie,—no, we won't cry any more. Go an' set down where you was before. Mr. Blatchford ain't to blame, Lonnie. Mr. Barry made him come because you broke that wheelbarrow an' talked so cross to his children."

Lonnie obediently resumed his former seat, and the frown on his face lightened.

"I guess that Barry boy won't make up any more faces at me for one while!" he chuckled. "I broke up his little wheelbarrow, so you couldn't tell what it was made for in the first place."

"That's what's the matter, Lonnie,—don't you understand?" said the sheriff, severely. "I'll have to take you up and punish you, if you do such things."

"Those Barry children oughter be whipped," continued Lonnie, sulkily. "They plague me. They plague me every time I go by there!"

"They will stop if you don't hurt them."

"I don't hurt them. I never did anything to them until they called me bad names. Mother and Idalye didn't tell you half the bad names they called me. And they do this."

promise to look after him closer than you have heretofore,—and I suppose you'll have to pay for the wheelbarrow."

The widow turned pale, but her daughter, whose pink cheeks had also lost their color, did not allow her mother to speak. "Very well," she said, proudly, "and my brother will not trouble anybody in this way again."

"You must promise to be good to little children," said Mrs. Temple to Lonnie, "an' not take their things. An', specially, you want to be sure an' go on the other road, so as not to go by the Barry house."

"I did—ever since you told me, I went round by the other road. I like to go round by the other road. Mr. Doane's house is on it, and I like to go in there and ask Mary Doane to please get me a glass of water."

"You didn't do that?" gasped his mother, in dismay.

"Yes, I did, too. I did it yesterday and day before."

"Why, Lonnie, you mustn't! If you want any water you must get it at home. Folks'll think you're a regular nuisance. They don't like to be jumpin' up 'n' gettin' water for folks. Why, if you get to hangin' round Mary Doane's that Lem Harris will be after you."

"I thought Lem Harris used to like Idalye best," said Lonnie, tentatively.

"Nonsense!" laughed Idalye, coloring furiously. "Who would have thought of your getting that idea! Anyhow, he likes Mary Doane now, and the minister is going to marry them pretty soon or that's what everybody says, and Mary doesn't deny it."

The girl's fair face darkened. She turned silently to the window and drummed listlessly upon the small, old-fashioned pane. She was young, but the mysteries of life were already pressing hard upon her. Early in the evening she went to bed. The excitement of the day had tired her. She left Mrs. Temple mending beside the lamp, while Lonnie whittled aimlessly into the woodbox.

They sat quietly enough after the girl had kissed them good-night, until Lonnie said, suddenly, "Doesn't Idalye want to marry Lem Harris?"

"What a question!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, dropping the stocking which she was darning. "What under the sun put that into your head?"

"Well," said Lonnie, evasively, "she went to the picnic last summer with him."

"So she did," admitted Mrs. Temple, "but that was a year ago. Lots of changes take place in a year, especially among young folks."

"I don't think he oughter marry Mary Doane," persisted Lonnie. "I think he oughter marry Idalye. Then Idalye wouldn't have to teach school."

"I think he oughter marry Idalye."

"Idalye likes to teach school a sight better than Mary Doane does," laughed his mother, "and now Mary Doane won't have to teach school—so it's six of one and half a dozen of the other."

The young man muttered something under his breath, which his mother could not hear, but at last he ceased his whittling and stumpled off to bed, first kissing her dutifully. That was something which he never forgot. He loved her and his young sister very dearly, and, so far as his poor, darkened understanding allowed it, he served them faithfully.

Two or three days later Idalye went over to visit Mary Doane, who was a pretty, pleasant girl, and had always been her intimate friend since they had learned their letters side by side in the primer class at the district school. That night, while Lonnie was out doing the chores, she and her mother sat in the twilight after the tea dishes had been put away and talked over the news.

"And she finally owned up she was going to marry Lem?" inquired Mrs. Temple, sharply. "I should think she might have told you before—intimate as you always have been."

"Well, it seems they thought they might have a long engagement. That's why they have kept it so still. I expect I should myself. You don't want all creation talking about it for two or three years. Now Lem's got a good, steady place over at the Mills. He comes to see her every Sunday, but he generally comes around by the other road. That's why we haven't seen him any oftener. She really did think of teaching over at the Plums. It wasn't all talk. Now she says I may have the Plums, if I want to, and then I can come home every night. What do you think of that?"

"You don't get any more pay?"

"No; just the same."

"I like to have you at home as much as you can be, of course, Idalye. But how do you feel, yourself?"

think there was something up, when I had all those letters. Don't look so worried, mother. It won't be for a year yet. I've said that. I don't want to be married till I'm twenty, and I shan't be till March, you know. But I haven't told Phil about Lonnie, and his folks don't seem to know anything about him. It's only twenty miles over there, you know,—and I thought they would find out somehow,—but they haven't,—and, oh, I hate to tell him!"

"I ain't anybody's fault," began Mrs. Temple, defensively, after a long pause.

"I know that," rejoined Idalye, wearily, "and Lonnie'd be so handsome and nice, if he only hadn't met with that awful accident. As it is, he's the kindest, gentlest boy I ever saw,—ain't he mother?—and just as innocent as a good as if he was a church member. I'm sorry he's been bothering the Doanes. He's been there twice since you told him not to. I guess I shan't have to talk to him myself. Just to think, he never can go to any of our picnics and parties,—and how good he has always been about it! It just about breaks my heart. But of course nobody'd ever want to go with an idiot—"

"Idalye!" cried her mother, tremulously. "Don't call him that!"

"Well,—it's what everybody does call him, mother,—and, of course, it's what he is. We might as well face it. That's what I'll have to tell Phil. Oh, I hope I'll live as long as he does, so as to make a home for him."

The girl shuddered.

"Oh, mother, I hope so!" she cried, sharply. "And don't on any account let him think I'm engaged. He would be sure to let it out. It's funny how he has got a fancy into his head that I cared for Lem Harris. I never did,—not a red cent!—But I am sorry that people are getting to be afraid of Lonnie. That's the chief thing which worries the Doanes. You don't think he'll hurt us, Mrs. Doane said to me,—and I said, 'Mercy, no!' He wouldn't hurt a fly. And then she went on about how terrible he had looked down there at the Barry's. Of course he did. I'm not so very sorry for my part."

"Well, you oughter be," reproved Mrs. Temple, earnestly. "Don't you let Lonnie hear you talk that way, Idalye. It's been the worst thing for all of us that ever happened. I'd have done anything to prevent it,—even if those children did deserve to be scared."

"Oh, yes, of course," apologized Idalye, soberly. "I know all that. But he won't do anything more."

"I'm not so sure of that," returned Mrs. Temple, with an anxious look on her face. "He don't act real natural to me nowadays. He's restless,—an' he never used to be,—an' he seems to be thinkin' an' mutterin' to himself more'n I ever heard him before. He acts to me as if he was tryin' to puzzle something out."

At this moment they heard Lonnie's footsteps. He was bringing in the milk. They could not talk any more that night.

The next day was Sunday, and, as is so often the case after a period of uncommon coolness in the summer, a hot wave had settled over the country. The Widow Temple and her children usually attended church with unvarying regularity, and to-day was their pastor's first Sunday after his return from his summer's vacation; but the heat was so intense, and they all felt so depressed after the occurrences of the week, that they decided to stay quietly at home.

They had just finished their late breakfast, when a carriage stopped suddenly at a fork of the road a few rods below the Temples', and a young man alighted from it. Some one in the carriage said, "Good-by, Lem. Be here about half-past five this evening, and I'll carry you back." The young man walked rapidly past the farm house, and in the direction of the Doanes'. He was jauntily smoking a cigar, and lifted his hat gayly to Mrs. Temple and Idalye as he went by. He was slim and good-looking.

"I wonder where Lem Harris is going," remarked Lonnie, with dull suspicion.

"Why, he's going to see Mary Doane," Mrs. Temple returned. "He goes over there every Sunday, now that he has gone to the Mills to work. You don't generally see him because he goes by the other road. He had a chance to ride to-day, I suppose, so he came this way."

"Don't you know," supplemented Mrs. Temple, a little impatiently, "I told you he was keepin' company with Mary Doane, an' they're goin' to be married, come fall?"

"I don't believe it," he said, stubbornly. "I think he oughter marry Idalye. He used to keep company with her. She'll feel bad if he don't."

"Oh, you goose! You haven't the least idea what you're talking about!" laughed Idalye, good-naturedly. "I'm delighted to have him marry Mary Doane."

He glanced at her suspiciously, and evidently doubted her sincerity, but he said nothing further. His face was flushed and his eyes looked wandering and excited.

"Poor boy!" sighed his mother, tenderly. "You are the dearest and best boy in the world, an' mother an' Idalye love you. He is all tired an' hot," she continued, soothing his troubled hair. "He has had a hard week,—come an' lie down on the lounge in the parlor. It's nice an' cool in there. Lie down an' go to sleep,—mother's boy,—mother's boy!" The tears fell from her eyes as she laid his unresisting head upon the pillow, but he did not see them. His thoughts seemed to be far away. He lay there all the morning, and much of the time he was asleep. Mrs. Temple and Idalye had hard work to rouse him for dinner.

All of the afternoon Lonnie sat outside of the house, under a great oak tree, watching the night and shadows on the wooded hills near by, and now and then picking up handfuls of grass and flowers and examining them idly.

His mother brought him an old religious newspaper,—for it was true, as Idalya had informed the sheriff, that Lonnie could read, and that he appeared to understand at least a part of what he read. But he did not seem able to confine his thoughts to the paper to-day, and after glancing at it a few minutes, he threw it aside and resumed his aimless meditations.

At last he rose with a serious air, and began to pace back and forth beneath the great tree. He held his head bearing and a grave reasonableness in his whole demeanor, which impressed his mother, as she sat not far away, yearningly watching him. "Oh, if he only hadn't 'a' fallen on the ice so," she moaned to Idalya, who was reading beside her, "what a splendid man he would 'a' made! He's better'n half the men as it is," she went on, chokingly. "He's good, an' he's industrious. The idea of shuttin' him up in an asylum!"

"Oh, mother, don't!" begged Idalya. "I can't bear to think about it."

She threw her book aside, and a moment later her clear young voice rang out upon the warm summer air, accompanied by the strains of the "instrument," otherwise a cheap melodeon, which was her choicest possession.

The old-fashioned clock struck five just as she went in. Shortly afterward, Lem Harris came around the curve of the road leading from the Doanes'. As he went by, he hesitated a little. Then he paused outright. Mrs. Temple thought that he was fascinated by Idalya's music,—but he turned on his heel and came through the wooden gate to the spot where Mrs. Temple was sitting. She rose uneasily to receive him.

"I wish, Mrs. Temple," he began in a low voice,—and glancing cautiously at Lonnie, pacing abstractedly back and forth beneath the great tree, "I wish you would contrive to keep Lonnie away from Mrs. Doane's. It bothers them, after his performances at the Barry's."

"I know it does,—I know it," admitted the widow, tremulously. "I didn't know it along at first,—but I mean to stop it right off,—though they needn't worry about him, Lem. He wouldn't hurt one of 'em any more'n he would Idalye 'r me."

In spite of Idalya's singing, and softly as they had spoken, the young girl, pacing back and forth three or four rods away, had heard them, with a dark frown upon her face; but she still retained the indefinable air of dignity which she had worn ever since he had begun to walk up and down the green-sward.

"What's the matter, mother?" he asked, ignoring almost with hazy eyes the presence of the young man. "What did you say, mother?"

"Never mind, Lonnie," she urged, soothingly. Lem Harris began to edge away.

"What did you say to my mother?" demanded Lonnie, striding after him. The young man attempted to smile, but made a failure of it. "It's of no consequence, Lonnie. Never mind. I guess I'll go now. Good-by."

"But you won't go!" cried Lonnie, excitedly, and planting himself directly in front of his visitor. "You won't go till you tell me what is the matter."

"Nothing's the matter," retorted Lem Harris, plucking up courage and beginning to grow impatient. "Let me by there. I want to go."

"There is something the matter, too!" Lonnie's voice trembled, and his vast frame was shaking.

"There isn't, either!"

"You lie, Lem Harris, you lie!" yelled the idiot, and with the words he raised his powerful hand and felled the young man to the earth.

With a shriek the distracted mother flung herself between them and lifted the fallen man from the grass. Idalya came rushing out, her pretty face as white as Lem Harris'. Lonnie did not stir. His eyes were wild and startled. He quivered from head to foot, and seemed utterly bewildered.

"Why, he don't know anything!" exclaimed the widow, breathlessly. "I do know but you've killed him. How take 'n carry him in 'n lay him on the lounge. Oh, me! What did you ever do for! Now they'll take you away 'n shut you up, sure! Oh, me! Oh, me!" and both she and Idalya groaned as they hurried about, getting camphor and other restoratives for the injured man.

They had scarcely entered the house when Mr. and Mrs. Doane drove by on their way to the early evening meeting. Mrs. Temple saw them, and breathed a prayer of thankfulness that they had not happened along in time to see Lonnie knock down their prospective son-in-law. By this time she had assumed herself that it was only a question of a few moments when the young man would revive. Lonnie had struck him squarely on the forehead. The skin was broken there, and a bump had arisen which was as large as a bird's egg.

"There goes Mr. Doane. Shall I call him?" asked Lonnie, with touching simplicity.

"No—for pity's sake, no, you crazy boy! Why, they'd have you shut up right away, Lonnie. Lem'll be all right pretty soon—he's breathing regular enough now—an' I don't want anybody to know about this till they have to. They'll know soon enough. Oh, what made you do it, Lonnie?"

"He bid to me," affirmed Lonnie, defensively.

"That don't make any difference. You hadn't oughter raise your hand against anybody. He didn't mean any harm. You can't understand anything rightly, and you mustn't never get so mad as that again."

"Will they shut me up, Idalye?" he asked, pathetically, turning to her as if she might contradict his mother, and give him some hope.

While they were thus absorbingly occupied Lonnie stole off and sped like a deer along the road to the Doane farmhouse. The sky was rapidly clouding over, and the air was sultry and oppressive. Faint mutterings of thunder were heard in the distance. It was plain that there was going to be a storm.

The idiot pressed on wildly, unheeding the threatening aspect of the heavens, until he had covered the long half-mile which separated him from the Doanes'. Mary was standing in the doorway, looking up at the ragged clouds. When she saw Lonnie coming she started a little and made as though she would go in and shut the door, but she finally did not. Indeed, there was an agonized expression on his face, which moved her tender heart to pity.

"Oh, Mary!" he cried, bursting through the gateway and rushing toward her, "you won't let them take me and shut me up, will you?"

"No, no, of course I won't, Lonnie," she answered, soothingly. "Come in and sit down till you get your breath, but you don't want to wait long or else you will be caught in the storm. It's almost time for father and mother to come,—for they will see the storm coming up, I think, and won't stay to the meeting. I'm afraid they will get wet, though, the best they can do."

She sat down and looked at Lonnie. There was something about him to-night,—an eager, bright look, which brought back the face of the boy that he had been before he was hurt,—when he was the best scholar in his class, and full of hope and promise. It made her feel very sad, and a trifle uneasy.

"I don't want to be shut up," he repeated, piteously, breathing hard still, but evidently much comforted by her promises.

"Of course you don't," she said, cheerfully. "Nobody does,—and there isn't any need of it."

"If a man tells me I lie, I oughter knock him down," pursued Lonnie, tentatively.

"Oh, n-no, I guess not," faltered the girl. "I wouldn't knock anybody down, if I was you. It's wicked."

"No, it isn't," he reiterated, positively. "Not if he tells me I lie."

He watched her narrowly. Some cunning instinct forbade him to reveal the name of the man whom he had knocked down.

"Yes," she continued, more emphatically. "Some men might knock him down,—but not you. It would make people afraid of you, and then you would surely have to be shut up, and all that I could say wouldn't help you any."

Her manner was very serious. He looked at her with painful intusiveness. "I don't want to be shut up," he went on, "because I want to go to the minister's."

The girl laughed. "Well, why don't you go, then?" she asked.

"I want to go to the minister's and marry you, Mary," he said, simply. He lifted his head,—that poor, bewildered head,—with again something of the dignity of a man.

"I want to go now, Mary," he continued, rising and straightening his tall figure, while she, too, stood, astounded, before him. "And you must go with me, right down to the minister's, and be married,—and then no other man can marry you,—and then you won't dare to take me away and shut me up."

"Oh," laughed the frightened girl, tremulously, and trying in vain to conceal her agitation at this strange proposal, "you must wait till the folks come home. There! I think I hear them coming now!"

She ran to the window and looked out, but though she offered up an anguished prayer for their return, no one appeared down the long, dark road. The sky was growing blacker constantly. Great drops were already falling, and distant thunder was rattling hoarsely.

"You had better hurry home, Lonnie," she pleaded. "Hurry! You will be wet to the bone if you don't hurry."

"No," he said, decisively. "I am going to the minister's with you to get married,—and then Idalye can marry Lem Harris. I want her to marry me,—and I will marry you. Put your things on as quick as you can. We can get there now before it rains much."

"No, we can't," she replied, with spirit. "It is raining now. Don't you see it is?—And I couldn't think of going without my father. The father always has to give the bride away."

Her convincing tone made the poor fellow pause a moment. Then the sweat broke out in great beads on his forehead and he cried furiously: "No, he doesn't! You are making fun of me! You are like the Barry children, who run out and make faces at me!—and call me 'Fool Lonnie'!—Yes, you are, too!—And you must come, Mary,—right away!—Why, Mary!—his tone changed to one of infinite tenderness,—"I can carry you, Mary,—see how strong I am! Get your hat, Mary,—get your hat, quick!"

The girl stood irresolute, and almost ready to faint with terror.

"Why, I should have to wear my waterproof," she argued, gaining her voice by a violent effort, and still affecting to speak lightly. "It would never do to be married in a waterproof! You will have to wait until the rain is over. It will be over pretty soon."

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