I should be so lonely without you, dear, Why, even now, if you be not here For the shortest day, there's a certain lack Which does not vanish till you come back. And if you were gone forever, dear, The aching throat and the hot swift tear Were a feeble vent, and a futile, due To the aching absence, dear, of you.

I should be so lonely without you, dear.
Kiss me again, so I know you're near.
HI should reach for the old embrace
And my arms should close on a formless space.
In the midst of the world and its hollow cheer.
In the gayest throng, I should thrill with fear—
The fear of the vold which the world would be,
If you were gone from the earth and me.

I should be so lonely without you, doar, Though I still might heed the passing year; Though I still might held the passing year; Though I still might toil from sun to sun, What would it be when the work was done? You would not see and you could not share And who, of the rest, would really care?

And if I were gone and 'twere you were left.
I know your breast were as much bereft;
And though God were good and seraphs near
If I were away, while you were here,
I should be so lonely without you, dear.

—J. Edmund V. Cooke, in A Bunch of Pansies

A GLOVE BUTTON.

How It Furnished an English Traveler a Short Story.

Everything happened exactly as it does in those charming novels, which, of all literature, are my favorites. I was very late for the train; it was on the move; the porter bundled me in, lung my bag after me, slammed the door and whistled. And the lady who sat in the opposite corner of the carriage gathered her feet under the seat to avoid my hurtling bag. She was extremely pretty.

"Depend upon it," said I to myself at once, "she's going to stay with the Blairs. For it had to be so—it always is so." I was going to the Blairs, you see.

mairs. For it had to be so—it alimins, so." I was going to the Blairs, you see.

Unhappily, she did not seem inclined for conversation. She was accommodating, but not discursive as to the window; it was summer, and there was no foot warmer to bridge the gap between us. The annoying girl had a paper and buried herself behind it. This was, of course, all wrong. Something would happen soon, however.

Something did. The lady put down the paper and gazed in a puzzled manner at her left glove. I peered cautiously round the edge of the Huntsman. Her eyes expressed doubt and difficulty. I saw what was the matter; a button of the glove was undone. I am never intrusive or precipitate. I bided my time. Why, we were hardly at page ten of the novel yet.

She tried to button the glove. The glove was not too large; she could not button it. Her brow wrinkled into a perplexed little frown.

I love a dainty woman, and a woman whose life is spoilt by an obstinate

I love a dainty woman, and a woman whose life is spoilt by an obstinate glove button is just the woman for me. She was bound to ask me to button it

She was bound to ask me to button it in another moment.

But she did not. A sudden smile—a smile of illumination—spread over her face. She had got it! Of course she couldn't button the tiresome thing with her glove on! Who could? With another smile for her own folly, she quietly unbuttoned all the buttons of her right glove and drew it off. Then she turned with quiet confidence to the left-hand button.

her right glove and drew it off. Then she turned with quiet confidence to the left-hand button.

Had it not been for the look of the thing I would have kissed her on the spot. As it was—and notwithstanding my interest in racing—I allowed the Huntsman to drop and fastened my eyes on her. Her hand was the most lovely hand I had ever seen—small, plump, tapering, white, pink-nailed. I dote on a good hand.

plump, tapering, white, pink-mailed. I dote on a good hand.
She buttoned the button of her left glove with immediate and complete success, and smiled rapturously; indeed, she held up her hand and surveyed the job with immense complacency. I was smiling broadly myself, now, because I saw what was going to happen. Thank heaven, however, I made no sound! I wouldn't have spoilt it for the world.

I saw what was going to happen. Thank heaven, however, I made no sound! I wouldn't have spoilt it for the world.

Her white teeth gleamed radiantly between her parted lips, as she gently drew on the right glove. She treated the glove lovingly, working and pulling and patting, stopping to look now and again, conducting the thumb with infinite adroitness into its compartment. Then she gave a final persuasive tug to the upper part, and prepared to button the glove.

She tried the first button. She stopped to think A curious expression stole over her face. She shook her head again. Her right hand moved toward her left. Was she going to unbutton her glove again? As I hope to be saved, she undid two buttons!

Then it struck her, and in an instant.

ons! Then it struck her, and in an instant

ner face fell all a-laughing, and I burst into a loud peal.

She looked up in momentary indignation, in swiftly succeeding fun, in irresistible sympathy. Then she laughed a low, long, luxurious ripple. "I ought to have told you," I gasped. "But, you see, I hoped you'd undo them all again."
"But what am L to do?" she asked."

Il again."
"But what am I to do?" she asked.
"What am I for?" I returned.
"Well, if you don't mind," she sald.
I crossed over and sat down next her.
"There is," I observed, starting on he top button of the left hand glove,
'no man so good that he cannot find a woman too good for him—"
She lifted her eyes with an inquiring raze.

"It was just what I liked about you."

I interrupted.
"I must have been thinking of something else."
"Of course you were," said I, proudly. "You were thinking of me. But it would have been the same, any-tow. You are a perfect woman."
"Have you known me long enough—"
"Yes, for anything," said I.
"Even to take five minutes to button a glove for me?"

a glove for me?"

"It is nearly done," said I, undoing
"It is nearly done," said I, undoing
the second button again. "But I can't
manage this one. Now, if I had a
hairpin, I should be the happiest—I
mean I should be able to manage it."

"I am afraid my hair will come
down."

"I am in favor of risking that," I ob-

She gave me a hairpin and I but-oned the glove with it and put it in

toned the glove with t and put to in my pocket.

"My h irpin, please," she said, holding out her hand.

"But am I to get nothing out of it?" I cried, indignantly.

"The reward of a good conscience,"

"It is not enough."

"Oh, but you must give it to me."
"Well," said I, "I'll give it to you

"Well," said I, "I'll give it to you when we get there."
"Get where?"
"Why, to the Blairs, of course. How amused they'll be to find that we've made acquaintance."
"But I'm not going to the—where is it?—the Blairs?"
My face fell a little, but I recovered in a moment.

in a moment.

"Oh, well," said I, nodding my head,
"you live quite near and we shall often
meet. I'm going to stay a month.
I'm not sure now it wouldn't be two

months."
"I'm sure I hope you'll enjoy yourself," she said, "and find plenty of
gloves to button, but why—the train's

"All right, all right," said I. "We've nother hundred—a whole splendid nundred—miles to go. And it's a slow

train at that."
"I'm afraid I don't know what you

rain at that."

"I'm afraid," I returned, "that I am being a little hasty, but—"

"Unless I'm hasty," she interrupted, with a laugh and a blush, "I shall be carried past my station."

And she folded up her paper and took hold of her parasol.

"You are not going to go out there!" I cried, aghast. "You're not going even to the same station?"

"I'm very sorry, but the next is my station." I thought for a moment. The plot was not exactly what I had expected, but it might do as well. And I rose from my seat and took my bag down from the rack.

"A wire will put it all right," said I with a cheerful nod. "It's impossible to leave you stranded alone at a way-side station like this."

"But I live here!" she cried, gleams of wonder and fun in her blue eyes.

"There could be no other reason for getting out at such a place," said-I disdainfully.

"And I shan't be alone," she continued. "If I were—"

"Ah, if you were—"

"Ah, if you were—"
"Oh, well, but I shan't be. I'm to be

"On wen, our same met."
"That's rather a mistake," I admitted.
"By my husband," said she.
For a moment I said nothing. The train was nearly at a standstill. The lady looked out of the window.
"It's not treating me quite fairly," I abserved.

observed.
"Yes, there is George," said she. "Oh, you've not given me the hairpin!"
"I never will," said I, in sad determination.

"Oh, very well—"
But George was at the window. I
will not describe him. I should probably do him an injustice. George, from
outside, could have seen nothing but a
slight graceful, distant bend of the
head. I saw more, much more; gleaming eyes, white teeth, everything in
the world. And a voice said, quite in a
whisper:

the world. And a voice said, quite in a whisper:
"I wonder if those Blairs are nice?"
There was regret, longing wistfulness, in that whisper. George was outside.

I could but hold up my hairpin with

a romantic air.
And the lady was gone!
"Hang it!" said I to myself as we rolled out of the station. "It's only a short story, after all!"
But it wasn't a bad one.—London News.

HARD TO PLEASE.

Jack Tars Who Were a Very Unappreclative Lot. The meals on board a sailing ship are

The meals on board a sailing ship are perhaps monotonous enough to justify the chronic grumbling of sailors. Monday's dinners are all alike; Tuesdays' and Wednesdays' can be foretold, and so on through the list. And the sailors, having little to think of in smooth weather, eat—and grumble. As to the latter habit, a good story is told.

Once upon a time there lived a skipper whose wife told him that if she went to sea, the poor sailors for whom she cooked would never find fault with their food; so her husband took her with him on his next voyage.

Now this good woman attended to the cooking herself, and the scouse was thick with fresh vogetables, the bread

the cooking herself, and the scouse was thick with fresh vogetables, the bread was white and destitute of weevils, the ment was good and the duff almost half plums; but still the men growled. Then the skipper's wife bethaught has

PATRIOTIC PIGEON.

After Four Years of Captivity in Berlin It Returns to France,

stances are more remarkable, probably, than that recorded of one of the birds employed to carry messages into Paris during the siege. These birds, domiciled in Paris, were taken out by balloons, and after being laden with tidings from without, were liberated, and made their way back to their homes. One day a pigeon from one of the

One day a pigeon from one of these balloons was captured by a German soldier of the besigning army. He gave it to his officer, who presented it in turn to his commander, Prince Frederick Charles. The prince sent tas a gift to his mother in Germany, who happened to be somewhat of a pigeon fancier.

fancier.

The princess, delighted with the gift, placed the captive in a great dove-cote, where it was surrounded with every luxury that the most exacting bird could ask for, but whence it could

not escape.

Here the French pigeon lived, appar-

Here the French pigeon lived, apparently happy enough, for four long years. But it did not forget its fatherland.

One day a door of the great dove cote was left carelessly open. The French pigeon flew out. It was never seen by its German hosts; but ten days later it was beating its wings against the doors of its old cote in the Boulevard de Clichy, Paris. It was recognized by its old keeper, and received the welcome due to a patriot returned from a long captivity.

MUST LEARN TO KNEEL

How the Arab Children Help to Tame the Little Camels. In Arabia the camel is the "beast of purden." But this useful animal is

burden." But this useful animal is known by another name as well. Can you tell me what it is? The camel is "the ship of the desert."

Arabia is about one-third the size of the United States, and about one-third of Arabia is covered by deserts.

This broad belt of deserts surrounds the valleys that are a part of the great plateau which occupies the interior of the country. And across these go "the ships of the desert."

These "ships of the desert" carry the goods of merchants from one city to another. There is no water on the



FEEDING TIME.

desert. But the camel has three stom achs instead of one. And before setting out on a journey, one of these stomachs the camel fills with water, so there is no danger of becoming thirsty on the way. There are two kinds of camels, the Bactrian and the dromedary. The Bactrian has two humps on his back, and is a native of Turkey and China. The dromedary has only one hump, and is "the ship of the desert" of which we have been speaking. This camel lives in Arabia.

The Arabian children make much of it. While the little dromedaries are being trained for beasts of burden, they and the children learn to like each other. The first thing the little, camel is taught to do is to kneel down. A camel is so tall it must kneel down to be loaded. So when the dromedary is two months old it is made to kneel down for several hours every day. A rug is thrown over it, and heavy weights are placed all along the edge of this covering to prevent it from getting up.

of this covering to prevent it from getting up.
When it is four months old it is put into an inclosure with other animals. The Arab children feed them with camel's milk and water twice a day. After each meal they touch their legs with a little switch. This means: "Kneel down," and the camels mind what the switch says. In a little, while they learn to drop on their knees as soon as the stick is lifted.

The camel is easily trained, because it is obedient. And I have heard the patience of the camel talked about when some children were mentioned.—Greta Bryar, in Our Little Ones.

Greta Bryar, in Our Little Ones.

Bold Canine Conspiracy.
A dog had been worried by another dog of greater size and strength, and when he returned home it was observed that he abstained from half the proportion of his allotted food, and formed a kind of store of his savings. After some days he went out and brought several dogs of the vicinity back, and feasted them upon his hoard. This singular proceeding attracted the attention of his master, who observed that all the dogs went out together. Following them, he found they proceeded to the outskirts of the town, where the leader singled out a large dog which was immediately assailed by all the guest dogs, and severely punished.

She Did Not Think So.

THE THEATERS.

land in German.

Sarbou is now busy with another play of the French revolutionary period. It is called "Louis XVII.," and is based on the story of one of the persons who claimed to be the dauphin, son of Louis XVII.

LOIE FULLER, is to appear soon in Paris in a new tragic pantomime, by Armand Silvestre, called "Salome." She will dance five times in dances entirely different from her former performances; one, the religious dance, is gaid to be an absolutely novel curiosity.

Paris theaters took in \$5,000,000 in 1894. The Grand Opera heads the list with \$930,000; then follow the Comedic Francaise, \$400,000; the Opera Comique, \$300,000; the Vandeville, \$295,000; the Renaissance, \$201,000, and the variety performance at the Folies Bergeres, \$223,000.

\$223,000.

An English melodramatist proposes to make his hero rescue the loved one from "a position of horrible danger" by means of a flying machine, "no mere stage property, but a magnificent piece of machinery constructed on scientific principles and worked by a powerful steam engine."

steam engine."

A COMPANY of Chinese actors is to appear soon at the Nouveau theater in Paris in a piece called "Le Dragon, Vert," constructed by M. Michel Carre, the author of the pantomime "L'Enfant Prodigue." The dialogue is in French, but a number of purely Chinese scenes will be interpolated. will be interpolated

A MUSICAL MELANGE.

A NEW symphonic poem by Sieg fried Wagner, based on Schiller's "Schnsucht," will be performed this spring in London.

Planisrs in Munich must close their windows while they are performing. If they neglect to do so, a policeman, or a neighbor, or a pedestrian steps in and warns them.

Longery Lower. "They

neighbor, or a pedestrian steps in and warns them.

Loxofellow's "Ballad of Carmillan," set to music by a young Scotch composer, Mr. Archibald D. Arnott, was recently sung for the first time by the London Choral union.

"The Last Rose of Summer," one of Patti's favorite songs, was the work of Thomas Moore. The melody is a very ancient Irish tune, formerly known as "The Groves of Blarney." This tune has been found in collections of Irish music at least two hundred years old.

An "English Folk Lore" symphony, by Dr. Creser, organist of the chapel royal, was recently produced at Bradford. The themes are all taken from early folk tunes; that of the introduction is "Goe from My Window," found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal book, and sung, according to tradition, by Ophelis in "Hamlet."

SOLDIERS OF NOTE.

PRINCE LOUIS BONAPARTE, son of the late Prince Napoleon, is a colonel in the service of the czar. GEN. BOULANGER'S body is to be re-

GEN. BOULANGER'S body is to be removed from the Brussels graveyard, where it lies, and buried in the Montparnasse cemetery in Paris.

The first toy used by Napoleon was a cannon. In after life he declared that his choice of his profession was largely influenced by that little cannon.

GEN. GORGEI, who commanded the Hungarians in the revolution of 1840, and was accused by Kossuth of betraying them, is dangerously ill at Budapesth.

MARSHAL CANROBERT'S death revive

MARSHAL CANROBERT'S death revives the fact that it was he who commented on the charge of the Light brigade at Balaklava by saying: "C'est magnifque; mais ee n'est pas la guerre."

GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR, commander of the military district of St. Petersburg, has issued an order prohibiting the officers under his command from attending theatrical performances during Lent.

PEOPLE IN EUROPE.

It is said that the only lineal descendant of John Knox, the Scotch reformer, is a member of the congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame. HENRI ROCHEFORT, on returning to Paris, declared his intention of freeing France from the four R's: Reinach Roche, Rouvier and Raynal, panau-

FATHER TEKERLE, a German, has been ppointed prefect of the vatican li-brary by the pope, in place of Mgr. arini, who died of apoplexy a little

CATIMI, Who died of apopiexy a little while ago.

FATIER KNEIPP, the barefoot cure advocate, has been a visitor to Paris recently and the recipient of many courtesies. He is now a member of the pope's official household.

M. CLEMENCEAU, the French duelist, keeps up his practice with rapier and revolver every day, so as to be able to accommodate with precision and dispatch anyone anxious to find an under taker a job.

ADELINA PATTI has a weakness for Mexican spaniels, and wherever she goes carries one with her, usually wrapped up in silk shawls.

At Paderewski's concertat Leipzig for the benefit of the Liszt monument, three thousand persons were present.

was white and destitute of weevils, the shelf before the hens in inquiring gaze.

"And no hand so small that it cannot find a glove too small for it."

"It's not true, "she cried. "See, I can move all my fingers."

"It's not believe you can," said I.

"But look."

"I am looking. I can't see them move. Perhaps I might be able, you know, to feel them."

"Do you mind buttoning the other now?" she asked.

"It is better than nothing," said I, and began to button it.

"It was very curious," she remarked, "that I shouldn't have seen that as often as I unputtoned one glove in order to button the other I should have."

"I say, Bill, what d'ye think this loomin' fowl died of?"—Youth's Cotation."

"I say, Bill, what d'ye think this loomin' fowl died of?"—Youth's Cotation."

"I can't see them move. Terhaps I might be able, you know, to feel them."

"At last," said see the triumph, "the move? where a good little girl.

"Must I ask Him that every night, manna?" Nora was thoughtful for a moment. "Manna," she said, in an injured tone, "Yes, little one," her mother replied. Nora was thoughtful for a moment. "Manna," she said, in an injured tone, "Yes, little one," her mother replied. Nora was thoughtful for a moment. "Manna," she said, in an injured tone, "I say little will be the side of the composer, will be observed by the performance of a programme of his music. She DId Not Think So.

Nora was thought de regently, as used to ggs, and severely punished.

She DId Not Think So.

Nora was in her little night dress. Mrs. Strong, having given her a good little girl.

"Must I ask Him that every night, manna?" Nora was thoughtful for a moment. "Manna," she said, in an injured tone, "Yes, little one," her mother replied.

At little Girl's Reason.

"I'm glad I don't own all the dolls in the world," said Mable; 'because, you know, if I couldn't possibly have another."—Harper's Young People.

interruptions from the friends of her mamma or her big sister, or where the younger children have the right of way. Some place there must be where she can talk over the last party with her dearest Aminta, or sit and dream of the last dance at that party and of certain sweet, whispered nothings; a sanctum where she can perchance let her maiden fancies overflow in rhymes too sacred for any eye. If this can be apart from her bedroom so much the better. There is often an unused hall room that can be taken for this purpose, and only needs a little ingenuity on the part of the fair owner to make it a very holy of holies.



ma's brocade curtains for a starting

A PRETTY CORNER.

ma's brocade curtains for a starting point. The room, a second-story hall room in a wide, old-fashined house, built when land was something less than thousands of dollars a front foot, was vacant by reason of the fact that the son and heir is away at college. The paper, a pinkish cream and gold, and the woodwork, also of pinkish cream, lent themselves readily to a color scheme of blue and cream, suggested by the aforesaid brocade curtains of an exquisite silk and linen texture and of the most fashionable and delightful shades of blue.

The door leading into the hall was taken from its hinges and one of the wide curtains hung in its place from a pole of cream enamel and gold. In the deep window a seat was fitted and cushioned with blue corduroy; Moorish fretwork was placed across the top, and from this fell a second curtain, divided in the middle and looped back at either side. Close to the glass underneath the shades the window was curtained with sheer white curtains like the rest of the house. On the wall at the right stood a capacious box lounge covered with the brocade. The pillows had washable covers of white linen embroidered with the motif of the brocade in blue Roman floss. In the box underneath some of mademoiselle's party dresses repose at full length.

Opposite, nearly the whole length of the room, stand low book shelves of oak filled with rare and dainty editions of her favorite authors, while the top is used for the display of bricabrae and souvenirs of her last trip abroad. On the right of the window as you enter is placed the low bamboo tea table, with its pretty appointments, and at the left is the oak desk eozily littered with writing materials. Two low easy chairs, a work basket and some beautiful etchings and photographs in oak or white and gold frames complete the charming interior.

THE ENGLISH IVY.

THE ENGLISH IVY.

Training the Plant So That It Always
Looks Fresh and Green.

Old plant growers do not need to be
told of the good qualities of the English ivy for a successful indoor climber;
but those who are just essaying house
plants may be pleased to learn that
with this plant they can have a climber
to train up and along the wall, and
over pletures, if desired, and that
it always looks fresh and green.
Its leaves are thiek and of a leathery
texture, and are capable of withstanding the effects of considerable changes
in temperature, of dry air, dust, and all
the other disturbing agencies to plant
life which are present in living rooms.
Planted in ordinary potting soil in a
medium-sized pot it is ready to commence a growth which will continue
for years, if only it is supplied with
water and kept free from insects. It
should be trained in such a manner
that it can be taken down and restored
again to its position, and this can be
done by the use of a good strong cord Training the Plant So That It Always
Looks Fresh and Green. that it can be taken down and restored again to its position, and this can be done by the use of a good strong cord or a wire. It is more or less subject to green fly, as are nearly all other plants, and it is liable to harbor scale insects. If the young plant has no scale insects on it, and there are none on other plants in the house, it may remain exempt from them indefinitely. It is better, therefore, to guard this point is start, empt from them indefinitely. It is better, therefore, to guard this point in start-ing a plant. Green fly, of course, is easily overcome by the well-known usual methods. Sulpho-tobacco scap perhaps is the best for the purpose in connection with this and other house plants.—Vick's Magazine.

Dainty Almond Macar Dalaty Almond Macaroons.

Pound four ounces of blanched almonds fine in a mortar, with one tablespoonful of rose water. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth auch then gently stir into them half a pound of powdered sugar and the pounded almonds. Drop them by the teaspoonful on buttered pans or on white paper dust them lightly with powdered sugar and bake them slowly for about twenty minutes have write them. and bake them slowly for about twenty minutes in a rather cool oven. Almonds are blanched by letting them lie in boiling water for a few moments until the skins rub off easily with a cloth.

N. Y. Ledger.

Camphor Cures the Grip.

Camphor Cures the Grip.

Doctors generally agree that camphor is the deadliest foe to grip that is now known. A drop of eamphor on the tongue is excellent to break up an incipient cold, but it is a painful remedy, as it burns like a coal of fire. Much easier to take is a little lump of camphor gum allowed to slowly dissolve in the mouth. The burning sensation is very much lessened and the help seems quite as certain.

Out delay to Thomas Mulbearn, executor.

Less REBECCA YEAGER, late of Black Creek township, deceased.

Exert REBECCA YEAGER, late of Black Creek township, deceased.

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for moneyer to see the business conducted for moneyer to see the subject to sale and the sense and the self-incomplete the self-i

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregorie ateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Sy lost remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics

our physician know of what it is composed i

ned with every bottle?

of all other remedies for children combined? $\underline{\textbf{Do You Know}}$ that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting thi

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts. The fac-simile hat H. Flitcher! is on every signature of hat H. Flitcher! wrapper.

Mere to Attend School

Printing

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ILLUSTRATED. W. E. BROKAW, Editor.

It gives the single tax news of the world besides a large amount of the best propagandmatter. Every single-taxer, and all others who wish information regarding this world-world best of the single-Trainer and the single-trainer an

JOHN F. FORD, Business Mgr.,



Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons? Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of

507 Fagin Building

 $\underline{\textbf{Do You Know}}$ that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than ther countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

se Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

