ND you don't even know her name!" said Mrs. Renwick. "My dear Kenneth, there never was anything so ridiculous."

tillery shifted his feet to a more comfortable position on the sofa.

"Of course I know her name," said he; "and a very pretty one it is. Perry—Miss Perry."

"But who is it you are talking about?" said pretty Joyce, who had been preparing a mustard paste for her brother's chest.

ther's chest.

apt. Renwick answered promptly:
v sweetheart!" 'Kenneth, don't be ridiculous!" said

"Kenneth, don't be ridiculous!" said his mother, somewhat tartly.

"The sweetest, prettiest blossom in all the Adirondack wilderness!" pursued Kenneth. "The fairest of "Catnip tea! I declare, Joyce, I won'tdrink it. What do you take me for?"

"It's the best thing in the world for a cold on the chest," said Mrs. Renwick. "Oh, if you had only kept away from that camping party!"

"I mistook her for the boatman's daughter the first time," said Capt. Renwick. "She—"

daughter the nrst time,
Renwick."She—"
"Kenneth, don't talk—please d'ont
talk!" urged his mother. "It's the
worst thing you could possibly do, with
your lungs all congested, and—"
"But I must talk!" said the captain.
"Consider, mother, Joyce hasn't heard
a word about it. She only came last

a word about it. She only came last night. Fancy, Joyce, my being fool enough to mistake her for a boatman's

daughter!"
"Why, aren't boatmen's daughters as niee and ladylike as anyone?" said Joyce, readjusting her apron ribbons. "Oh, but this boatman lives in a perpetual state of shirt sleeves!" said Renwick; "and he is a living fountain of tobacco juice and talks abominable grammar through his nose. And his wife is a low class of Meg Merrilles, who takes too much bad whisky whenever she has an opportunity. How I ever made such a blunder I can't imagwife is a low class of Meg Merrilles, who takes too much bad whisky whenever she has an opportunity. How I ever made such a blunder I can't imagine. But Jenkins sent me up to the lake head to hire a boat, and when I saw her sitting there among the water Illies, I jumped at once to the conclusion that this was the boat to hire. My good girl,' says I—faney my idiocy!—if you will just row me up to Needle point, and call for me again in the evening, I'll give you a dollar.'"
"And she?" said Joyce.
"Rowed me up, of course. I wish-you could have seen the way in which she handled the oars. But it was Dolph, the tobacco-soaked old boatman, who called for me at sunset. Why didn't you send your daughter?" says I. 'It wasn't my darter,' says he; 'It wasn't my darter,' says he; 'It wasn't my darter,' says he is graceful, and as intelligent as he is beautiful."
"Did you apologize?" asked Joyce.

the is beautiful."
"Did you apologize?" asked Joyce.
"Of course I apologized," said Capt.
Kenneth. "And we had a good laugh
over it. She had been after waterliles, she said. She paints 'cm. in
water colors. I am to have one when
they are finished. Joyce, you must
know her. She is a beauty. And she
dances like a sylph, and sings like
Putti, and—"
"Nousense!" said. Joyce.

Patti, and—"
"Nonsense!" said Joyce. "A farmer's daughter, seen through the big end of the opera glass! You were always a victim to delusions, Kenneth."
"My dear Joyce, I assure von—"
"Children, children!" remonstrated Mrs. Renwick, piteously, "do have a little common sense. Kenneth, you know you ought not to talk. Joyce, don't you hear how hoarse your brother is? If pneumonia should set in after this exposure—"

this exposure—"
Capt. Renwick made an expressive grimace. Joyce looked a little appre-

"Mamma," said she, "you always were a pessimist. It's only a cold that ails Kenneth."

"But it is settling on his lungs, my "But it is settling on his lungs, my dear," said Mrs. Renwick, plaintively. "And out here in the wilderness there in 't even a drug store short of fifteen miles. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Why did I ever allow myseif to be persuaded to come to the Adirondacks?"

"The scenery, mamma!" said Joyce, soothingly.

"But one can't eat and drink scenery. And this woman' knows absolutely nothing about omicities and French

and this woman knows absolute the about omelettes and Frenching about omelettes and Frenching coffee, and she never broiled a beef-steak in her life until I showed her

steak in her life until I showed her how. As for her soups, they are simply uneatable. And the beds are as hard as the nether millstone, and the mosquitoes are unendurable!"

"All these are trivial annoyances," said Capt Kenwiek, skillfully contriving to tip over the catnip tea. "To me, the Adirondaeks are the garden of the world! I shall never be willing to go anywhere else in the summer. And she says it is even finer here in the winter, with the trilling exception of a little solitude."

"Kenneth," cried his mother, in agonized accents, "you must not talk!"

agonized accents, "you must not talk!"
"My dearest mother, I am all right if
you only won't fret!" declared the

you only prodigal son. But Capt. Renwick's eyes were un-naturally bright, the hot flush of fever burned on his check, and his breathing was alternately hurried and

come? Joyce, look out of the window! See if there are any signs of him."
"The doctor?" ejaculated Capt. Ren-wick, raising himself on one elbow among his pillows. "You don't say you have sent for a doctor?"

"Why, of course I have!" said Mrs. Renwick-"for Dr. Barton, from Nyles-

Renwiek—"for Dr. Barton, from Nylesburg."

"A snuff-taking old flend who will dose me with calomel, and experiment on me with every one of the hundred-year-old drugs in his saddle bags!"

"Dear Kenneth!" pleaded Joyce.

"My son!" sobbed Mrs. Renwiek.

"No!" ejaculated Kenneth. "I'll be hanged if I do! I despise doctors, anyway! And what sort of a medical man do you imagine would perch himself up here on the boughs of these everlasting pines?"

"Kenneth, you must see him!" said Mrs. Renwick.

Mrs. Renwick.
"Mother, I won't," stoutly declared

"Mother, I won't," stoutly declared the rebel.
"But what will he think?"
"What he pleases. It will matter little to you or me what he thinks," said Kenneth. "All I know is that he shan't cross this threshold. Give him his fee and tell him to go!"
Mrs. Renwick and Joyce looked despairingly at each other. Undoubtedly the captain was master of the situation. If he chose to set the doctor and his gallipots at defiance, what was to be done?

be done?
At that moment, however, there was a slight rustle downstairs.
"The doctor has come!" cried Joyce, excitedly, "with such a pretty little horse and phaeton. Oh, Ken, I'm sure "The doctor has come!" cried Joyce, excitedly, "with such a pretty little horse and phaeton. Oh. Ken, I'm sure he isn't old, and he doesu't take snuff. Oh. I'm so sorry I didn't catch a glimpse of him."
"He has come, has he?" said the captain. "Then tell him to go about his business."

business."
Mrs. Ogden, the fat landlady, put in her head at this juncture.
"Please, mem, the doctor," said she.
"Tell him.—" hoarsely shouted Kenneth, flinging the pillows right and left.

left.

But before he could complete his sen

But before he could complete his sentence the door opened and a tall young lady, in a blue cloth ulster and a pretty plumed hat, came in, with a flat morocco case in her hand.

"Miss Perry!" he exclaimed, staring at her from the sofa, with a face suddenly lighted into new brightness and enthusiasm. "How kind of you to remamber me! You are acquainted with denly lighted into new brightness and enthusiasm. "How kind of you to remember me! You are acquainted with my mother, are you not? Joyce, this is Miss Perry."

The tall young lady looked composedly around her.
"I am sorry to hear of your illness. Capt. Renwick," said she. "We must see what we can do for you."
"But," added Kenneth, stretching his neck to get a look at the door, which was still slightly ajar, "where is the doctor? They told me he was coming up."

doctor? They told me he was coming up."

The beautiful lady sat down and gently took Kenneth Renwick's wrist in her delicate fingers.

"I am the doctor," said she. "Have the goodness to remain quite still for a few moments while I ascertain the pulse and temperature."

Capt. Renwick was struck dumb. An electric thrill-seemed to dart through yvery pulse and vein. But Joeyce's eyes



"I AM THE DOCTOR. sparkled, and the dimples came out around her mouth.

she cried. "A doctor?"

around her mouth.

"You!" she cried. "A doctor?"
Dr. Barton nodded, still intent on the enameled face of her watch.

"Pernella Barton. They call me Perry for short. Capt. Renwick always called me Miss Perry. I don't believe he knew I had any other name."

"And you are really a doctor!" said Joyce. "Oh, Kenneth, how fortunate!" Dr. Barton examined her patient's tongue, listened at his lungs and made some abstruse hieroglyphics in her note-book. Then she measured out some gray powders in infinitesimal papers, and left her directions in the most business-like way in the world. "I shall look in again this evening," she said. "It seems to be nothing more than a severe cold. But I do not intend that it shall gain any headway."

"I put myself entirely in your charge," said Ca, & Renwick, with a contented air. "I'm perfectly certain that I shall get well."

"I thought you were going to send the doctor about his business," maliciously whispered Joyce.
"But I didn't know what sort of a doctor it was," retorted the captain. Pneumona did not set in after all. Dr. Barton proved a true prophet, and soon dispelled the heavy cold. But

Pneumonia did not set in after all.
Dr. Barton proved a true prophet, and
soon dispelled the heavy cold. But
Capt. Renwick had yet another allment
—in the region of the heart.
"Mother," he said, coaxingly, "wasn't
I right? Ain't she lovely?"
"The sweetest girl I ever saw," Mrs.
Renwick warmly answered; "and the
most talented."
"You will be the nost fortunate map.
"You will be the nost fortunate map.

"And if, mother—"
"And if, mot

MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

SCHUMANN'S mother was gifted in the Chopin's mother was as delicate as

Goundo's mother was fond of pairtng and music.

John Quincy Adams said: "All that I

am my mother made me."
SPOHE'S mother was an excellent judge of music, but no musician.
RALEIGH said that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother.

GOETHE pays several tributes in his ritings to the character of his mother. MILTON'S letters often allude to his other in the most affectionate terms. Wordsworth's mother had a char-acter as peculiar as that of her gifted

MOHAMMED revered his mother and

inculcated similiar reverence in his teachings.

St. Augustine, in his books, speaks of the debt of gratitude he owed to his

other. HAYDN dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother. Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist and very quick at rep-

von Ranke's mother was literary and the author of several essays and other works.

The character of Washington's mother is too well known to need more than an allusion.

FORECASTS OF FASHION.

RIBBONS, in all the pretty new Dresden designs, will be much used as trimmings for gowns this summer.

A VERY captivating mourning parasol is trimmed with chiffon flounces headed by a border of black violets.

LIGHT SUMMER VELVES, in all the new and lovely colors, are being imported for warm weather wear.

SPRING hostery displays exult in an unusually large variety, indulging all the new fads in plaids, checks and stripes.

WHITE and eeru linen collars and cuffs, hemstitched or trimmed with lace, will be used on heavy gown ma-terials this season. SOMEDOY says impertinently that "a woman is a creature who can wear a feather and a tin buckle and call it a

bonnet."

SLEEVES are to be either long or short, and the newest silk blouses for housewear have elbow-sleeves trimmed with lace-flounces.

It is stated that M. Jean Worth has the best of the feeth we have repeated to the state of the stat

inherited his father's clever artistic originality, and that he will successfully continue the paternal business.

ALL SORTS.

MISS MARY PROCTOR, the daughter of the astronomer, will lecture on as-tronomy at Chautauqua during the coming summer.

tronomy at Chautauqua during the coming summer.

Phor. Max Muller knows eighteen different languages to the extent of being able to speak or write in any one of them, and a considerable number in addition less perfectly.

Henry Arthur Jones' latest play holds the record for length of title. It is 'The Triumph of the Philistines and flow Mr. Jorgan Preserved the Morals of Market Pewbury Under Very Trying Circumstances."

The littlest woman in the world, Miss Isabella Pindar, of the Bahamas, is on a visit to her brother, Gen. Abe Sawyer, of Key West, Fla. She is 35 years old, 30 inches high, and weighs 50 pounds.

Eddig Thompson, of Clarksville, Ind.,

50 pounds.

EDDIE THOMPSON, of Clarkaville, Ind., is a little more than 4 years of age, and weighs 124 pounds. He measures 3 feet 6 inches in height, and measures 40 inches around she waist. It takes a shoe about the length of a No. 3 to fit him, and he wears a man's hat—a 636 in size.

COMMON MEDICINES.

COMMON MEDICINES.

TARTARIC acid was first extracted by Scheele, in 1770.

OPILM is the julee of the unripe capsules of the poppy.

BROMINE was discovered by Ballara, of Montpelier, in 1820.

PHOSPHODIUS was discovered in 1600 by Brandt, of Hamburg.

CHROMIC acid was first employed as a caustic by Sigmund, of Vienna.

SULPHURIC and nitric acids were known to Geber, the alchemist, in the eighth century.

CHEOSOTE was discovered in 1830 by Reichenbach, who extracted it from the tar of wood.

VINNOAR is mentioned in the Egyp-

the tar of wood.

Vinegar is mentioned in the Egyptian records as a medicine in the tenth century B. C.

Potassium, the basis of many medicines, was discovered in 1807 by Sir Humphrey Davy.

Alconol. was first distinguished as an elementary substance by Albucasis, in the twelfth century.

AT A RIPE GLD AGE.

THOMAS WILLIAM WINNIETT, who died in Williamsburg, N. Y., recently, in his ninetieth year, superintended the construction of the isthmus railroad from Aspinwall to Panama.

DR. WILLIAM HOTCHISS, who died recently in St. Louis, was averse to water for cleansing purposes, and rarefy permitted it to touch his skin. Some of his acquaintances claim that he knew the secret of long-city, and that he

many appointments for seeing her; and when he returned to the Sveneth artillery he was an engaged man.

"And after the first of November," he says, "Dr. Barton will be my family physician for life."—Saturday Night.

—Every bad man in a town strengthens the devil's mortgage on the city.—Ram's Horn.

Convention ever held in that state.

Convention ever held in that state.

ADREAS HAFTAS, the last veteran of the Greek wars of liberty of 1821, died in Athens lately at the age of one hundred and sixteen. One of the streets in Athens is named after him, and his function was a state of the same was a public one. He had often earl was a public one. He had often expressed the wish to live till 1901, in order to say that he had seen three centuries.

Knew Her Business.

"It do seem funny to me," complained the Georgia mother, "that you will stick to that Si Lovingood, that ain't got nothin' on earth but that there little ten-aere farm that every-body knows is wore out, when you got a chance to marry that there rich man from the north. What is the matter with you, Polly, anyway? Throwin' away a rich man fer a common, ornery cracker! What ixues you got?"

The maiden smiled a wan smile.

got?"

The maiden smiled a wan smile.
"Polly wants a cracker," was all she
deigned to say.—Cincinnati Tribune.

As Experience Taught Him.

As Experience Taught Illin.

The Silient Partner—That bargain sale in dress goods don't go at all. I marked 'em: "All wool, entirely new, worth two dollars a yard. Reduced to ninety-eight cents!" But it does no good.

good.

The Head of the Firm—You've got lots to learn about this business yet.

Mark 'em: "Damaged! Damaged! Were worth five dollars a yard, now going at one dollar and ninety-eight cents!" and they'll sell like hot cakes.—

The Same Old Peel. A little thing, but me, oh my,
It made me see stars in the sky
Most awful quick;
I touched the thing with my boot neel,
It was a small banana peel,
But oh, so slick,
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WILLIE WASN'T IN IT.



"Willie! have you been fight?"
"No, mamma. This feller outela me, and I wasn't in it."—Brooklyn I

"There's no place like home," droned the organ.

"Ears sprang to the eyes of the man with the dusty hat.

"There's no place like home."

"I hope not," sighed the man, for his thoughts were with the bare, wet floors and a dinner of cold potato on the top of the sewing machine.—Washington Star.

A Look Ahead.

There before Crusoe's eyes was the print of a human foot.

"Suffering Christopher!" he exclaimed. "Neighbors!"

His brow clouded with anxiety.
"I wonder," he mused.

Hastening to his home he changed the combination of the lock on the coal-bin.—Puck.

A Paying Talent.

Mrs. Literati—My little son has the most remarkable powers of imagination I ever knew in one so young. He will surely be a writer, and a successful one. Western Guest—Successful? He kin jist roll in wealth. Quick es he's old enough you take him out west and start him in real estate.—N. Y. Weekly.

No Comparison. Cobble—The tortures practiced among the Chinese must be terrrible.

Stone—That's nothing. Cobble—Do you know of anything

worse?
Stone—I guess you have never seen a young mother giving a baby its first bath.—Brooklyn Life. Just 8o.

Wife (affectionately) — How's your heumatism this morning, John?
Husband—Pretty bad, my dear, prety bad.

Husband ty bad.
"Why don't you try the mind ener?"
"There ain't anything the matter with my mind; it's my joints."—Texas Siftings.

Wasn't She Cute?

Wasn't Sho Cute?
Miss Passe—How much did you pay
for that hat?
Miss Freshly—As many dollars as you

are old in years.

Miss Passe—Is it possible that you will wear such cheap things?—Syracuse Post

Proprietor—Why did you treat that roman so coolly?
Clerk—You noticed I sold her an ariele that didn't really suit her?

"Yes."

"She bought it because I treated her as if she couldn't afford it."—Pearson's.

After the Ceremony.

Bride (discussing the event)—It seemed o me that there was a slight hitch while we were taking our positions at the chancel.

Groom—Possibly. But it was nothing compared with the hitch that followed.—Brooklyn Life.

No Help for It.

ton)—I really don't feel as if I could eat a thing, Mr. Castleton.

Castleton (resignedly to waiter)—
Bring in the whole bill of fare.—N. Y.
Herald.

Recommended. Clerk--How was that underwear I

sold you?
Customer—Fine. I gave it to our night watchman, and he hasn't closed his eyes since.—Clothier and Furnisher. A Law Lyric.

"Delay me not, I'm off to court,"

"The hustling lawyer said.

There I'm warming to wed.

"Detroit Free Press.

TOP BUREAU DRAWER.

to the an Absolute Revelation of a Whombule Character.

pourri—gloves, laces, hairpins, frizzes, collars, letters and a hundred other things? This denotes an uneven, unsystematized, happy-go-lucky life, one that fate loves to pursue. The orderly woman who establishes a standard for people to live up to always keeps this bureau drawer in order. Her life is of the tranquil kind. The woman who fills her bureau with boxes possesses an excess of order that makes life a burden to the ones who live with her. She is conservative and not very adaptable nor tolerant. While order is the first lane to Heaven, order does not by any means produce Heaven. However, the bureau drawer never poses. You may profess sentiments that are not yours, and your milliner and dressmaker lend you a personality which you do not possess, and pose successfully for what you are not; you can buy correct books and pose for a litterateur by living up to their bindings. In your house and its furnishings you can buy artistic effect and harmony of color and grand pictures, and even the atmosphere that belongs with these evidences of culture will hover about. You can have a Louis Quinze room without knowing why you have it, and you can buy your coat of arms and your antiques and your ancestors, and you may escape the soul of all that they represent and the world will be none the wiser. But let the world have a peep in the top drawer of your dressing table and it will find out things about your real character of which it has never dreamed.—Philadelphia Times.

FANCY WORK BASKET.

Two Medium-Sized Peach Baskets Con stitute Its Foundation.

attute Its Foundation.

A standing work basket is such a comfort when one sits down to mend or sew. First of all, because it is more capacious than the ordinary little basket. Then it is such an independent sort of an institution, being able to stand alone, that it quite relieves its



A FANCY BASKET. owner of the many little attentions she must bestow on the unpretentions small basket. A very convenient and attractive basket may be made at home, using two peach baskets, as shown in cut. The lower one may be left unfinished inside, merely serving as a support. The upper one should be lined inside, and furnished with numerous pockets and a cushino or two for needles and pins. Cover the outside with pretty cretonne or silkoline, putting a band and bow where the two baskets meet. The top is made of a long straight piece of the right width. owner of the many little attentions she putting a band and bow where the two baskets meet. The top is made of a long, straight piece of the right width to gather up in the center with a draw-string, the other edge being fastened under the upper frill. The draw-string should be long enough to let all the fullness out, so that the top may be turned down on the outside when the basket is in use.—Rural New Yorker the bas Yorker.

INTRODUCE THEM.

INTRODUCE THEM.

Boys and Girls Should Be Presented Formally to Adult Visitors.

It is a common oversight in too many households not to introduce the children to visitors. Guests are formally presented to the adult members of the family, but the younger boys and girls are either ignored altogether, or else introduced in a general way without giving their individual names. This course is almost certain to result in awkwardness and constraint on their part when grown. There is a difference between putting children forward undulyand giving them their just meed of recognition. And pray take pains, in making introductions, to speak the names distinctly, and, above all things less, do not omit their mention. How many of us have been annoyed to have a hostess greet an intimate friend, to whom we were entire strangers, with some such salutation as: "Ol Henry, so pleased to have you meet Miss Blank," leaving us to discover his surname as best we may. It is not a bad plan for the family to rehearse by themselves some of these little social formalities.— Congregationalist.

Chafing Dish Parties

Chating Dish Parties.

So great is the rivalry among the owners of fine chafing dishes and choice recipes to be cooked in them that cooking clubs, of both men and women, frequently meet and prepare a lunchcon or ten o'clock supper entirely over the chafing dish. Each person brings or sends his dish and the materials for making it in advance, and the feast is cooked course by course by the different chefs. To prevent a superabundance of one kind of food, each guest is notified of the dishes that will compose the menu, or permitted to send in word of the concection at which he is most skillful. In this fashior a chafing dish party may have much of the delight and terror of a summer pienic.

Toothsome Fig Cake.

Toothsome Fig Cake.
Two cups sugar, I cup butter, 3½ cups flour, ½ cup sour milk, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon cream tartar, 1 pound figs, shredded, 5 eggs, ½ teaspoon vanilla, little mace, whites of 2 eggs for frosting.—Mrs. J. L. R. Trask, in Farm and Home.

CASTORI

for Infants and Children.

OTHERS, Do You Know that Paregorie most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell no

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child less you or your physician know of what it is composed? Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combin

ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of 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?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was ia had been proven to be absolutely harmless? 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 was because of this perfect preparation, your children may 1, and that you may have unbroken rest!

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts. the fac-simile hat H. Hetcher wrapper. The fac-simile is on every

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Mere to attend School

Printing and Paper!

The TRIBUNE'S job printing AND CAVE department now contains the best facilities in the region for turning out first-class work. The office has been entirely refurnished with the newest and neatest type faces for all classes of printing. We have also added recently an improved fast running press, which enables us to turn out the best work in the shortest time. Our prices are consistent with good work.

We carry at all times a large stock of flat papers of various weights and sizes, as well as colored, news and cover papers of good quality, cardboard, cut cards, etc., which we will sell blank at low rates. Our envelopes, noteheads, letterheads, billheads and statements are made from the highest grade stock used in commercial printing, whilst our prices on this kind of work are as low as any. Having a large and powerful cutter, we are in a position to do paper cutting of any kind at a low figure.



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