

**TO A SUNBEAM.**  
(Lighting on my lady sleeping.)  
So lightly touch her dreaming head,  
Nor sadder eyelids sealed asleep,  
But flock with fire the shining sweep  
Of hair about her pillow shed,  
So lightly come and go.

And lose yourself, and find yourself  
In tawny tangles of her hair;  
Content you with the golden snare  
Nor venture like a saucy elf  
To stray beneath her chin.

On carven temples lightly lie,  
Nor vex the amber eye that's hid  
"Nenth either violet-veiled lid;  
Ah! swoon across her cheek and die  
Upon her fervent mouth.

For, having slipped the honey there,  
You may not live another hour  
To wanton with another flower  
Nor burning rose—nor lily rare,  
But perish in the kiss.  
—Pall Mall Gazette.

### A RUNAWAY WHEEL.

"Fred, old man, you are indeed fortunate," said I as I leaned back in the easy chair before the grate fire in his cozy home.

"Yes, fortunate is very word," he answered, musingly. "The events of an hour changed the course of my life. If that hour had been left out of the day, I should not be the possessor of such a home, but would be back in the old bachelor quarters. They were not so bad, and there was only one woman for whom I would give them up. At that time she had refused me—was, in fact, engaged to another."

"I have never regained has been well earned. I was favored by fortune in that hour, but it was seizing the opportunity that made me successful."

"A party of us had gone away on a wheeling trip. We were young and joyous, and the weeks slipped by until it came time for us to think of returning."

"From being in love with Emily Brant I became madly infatuated with her. Though she treated me in the most distant manner, I still thought, with the conceit of youth, that she cared a little for me. I was helped out in this idea by little incidents and trivial circumstances which led me to hope she would accept me."

"I had a rival—a man who did not seem to consider my actions of any importance. I could not seem to make him jealous in the slightest degree. He had naturally a very self-composed manner, but this alone would not account for his bearing."

"I came to the conclusion that I must propose to Emily before we returned to the city. As I would have a much better opportunity of stating my case amid favorable surroundings than in the city with its bustle and interruptions."

"One afternoon we were riding through a beautiful valley, and it so happened Emily and myself were quite a distance to the rear of the party. The road was smooth, the trees arched overhead, the sunlight streamed in golden shafts through them, falling alternately upon Emily as she rode her wheel so easily and gracefully, lighting her heavy and carefully, lighting her close beside her, as we sped on together. I told her how much I loved her and asked her to be my wife."

"Then came the breaking of the dream I had had for so many weeks and months. In a few words, I learned there was no hope for me; that, though she admired and respected me, she had never thought of me in any other way; that there was already an understanding between Mr. Fernow and herself, and that their engagement was soon to be announced."

"At first I could hardly believe my ears. We rode the rest of the way in silence. For me the glory of the day had departed. It was as if a haze, like the melancholy haze of an Indian summer, through which I should see all things for all time, had closed around me."

"If it had been possible, I should have left that night for the city, but circumstances compelled me to accompany the party on one last ride."

"I never saw a gayer set of people than we were when we started the next day. Some of them guayed me a little about my lack of gaiety, but I answered that I was to leave the next day and felt sad in consequence."

"We were to ride down one valley then descend a mountain into another valley. I was the only one in the party who had been over the road, and it was so long ago I had partially forgotten it. When we began to descend the mountain I told them we had better walk, as the road was very steep. They took my advice for a time, and we had gone the greater part of the way, when one of the party, in a spirit of frolic, mounted his wheel and dared the others to do likewise."

"Thinking we were almost at the foot of the mountain, I all followed his example. I was riding in the lead, Ernest Fernow was close beside me. Suddenly, on turning a bend, we came upon a pitch in the road so steep as to greatly alarm us."

"We had all been riding a good speed. This in itself would have mattered little had each one of us had our wheels under perfect control; but timidity, carelessness or fright might mean great danger."

"I saw Ernest Fernow turn white and fall in his brake down hard, while he back pedaled with all his might. Suddenly we were startled by a cry of fear—a cry for help. 'Ernest, save me!' The next instant Emily Brant sped by us. She had lost control of her wheel."

"Ernest paid no heed. He was too frightened himself. He turned his bicycle into the bank and jumped. Even at the speed which she was going I knew she realized he had deserted her."

"Unless you have been similarly placed you cannot understand the feeling of horror that comes over you as you know your wheel is beyond your control on a steep mountain. There is no way to stop but by turning into the bank and taking a headlong plunge, and the chances of injury or death, or to keep on, while the speed increased with each revolution of the wheels, and the chances of escape grow less."

"I realized that if I started in pursuit my wheel would be in a moment more beyond my control. Still, my opportunity had come, and I did not hesitate. A moment more and I was close behind her. I had no idea up to this time what I should do, but as my wheel, owing to superior weight, closed up the gap between us my thoughts began to take form."

"The road, fortunately, was almost straight. I remembered that where it came upon the valley there was a wide, shallow river. It came down the mountain at right angles to this river, then turned to the left. There was a small open field between the road and river. I knew that instinctively she would try to turn away from the river. In that case she would be hurled against a mass of rock through which the road had been cut."

"I must reach her before we came upon the river. For a time our speed was terrific. The rocks and trees seemed to be strangely blurred as they sped by. We could feel the air, like a resisting wall, through which we were plunging. Then we came upon a rise in the road, almost a hill, which reduced our speed somewhat, and I came nearer her."

"As I came close behind her wheel she turned her head as if she could not bear the sight of the water toward which we were plunging."

"She saw me, and in all the horror that surrounded us, I felt a great happiness, for there was trust, confidence and admiration in that look. It said: 'You will save me.'"

"Up to that time I believe she thought she was riding to death alone. 'Then I was close beside her, and as we came to the turn in the road, I reached over and seized for one instant the handle bars of her wheel, keeping both wheels pointed for the open field and the river.'"

"There was a minute's jar as we crossed the field, then the river seemed to spring to meet us. There was a dull shock and a plunge into the water."

"I found myself, when I had recovered from the force of the blow, half standing, half floating in the shallow water, holding Emily Brant, who was white and unconscious. The landscape seemed to be spinning round like a top."

"I realized we had escaped serious injury, as the river had acted as a cushion and lessened the force of our impact, as we plunged from our wheels. She soon revived, but was very weak and dizzy. That night the order of things was changed. I remained, and it was Fernow who left for the city."

"From that day the haze of Indian summer that threatened to envelop my life has given place to the glory of noontide."

For a moment or two, as Fred ceased speaking, we both sat looking at the grate fire, where the coals glowed in the ruddy flame.

I was thinking, knowing Fred as well as I did, that Emily might well as I did, that hour a fortunate one for it a great dread, but all I said was, 'Thanks for the story, old man.'—Henry E. Haydock in *Once a Week*.

### ELECTRICITY AND THE MAIL.

Talk of a More Extensive Use of Wires in the Postal Service.  
It has recently been pointed out that already the telephone is used, by actual count, ten times as much as the telegraph, the annual figures being put now at about 75,000,000 telegrams and 750,000,000 telephone talks.

The long distance telephone system is paralleling the older telegraph lines all over the country, and in the cities the average of use of the telegraph, owing to rapid transit, messenger service special delivery letters, and, above all, the telephone, has dropped much below per head per year.

A suggestion lately put forward by Mr. P. B. Delany, an inventor and electrician of high standing, is the subject just now of warm discussion in electrical circles. Having in mind the statistics quoted above, Mr. Delany announces his firm conviction that it is time to get out of the telegraph its full working value, and that it ought now to be used for the carriage of mails, not in the physical sense, but literally, all the same.

He believes that 40,000 or 50,000 letters of about fifty words each between Chicago and New York could every day be profitably sent over a couple of days by wires at a rate of 12c or 15c apiece. Thousands of such letters now pay 12c in the mail to insure the saving of half an hour after a journey of twenty-four hours, whereas, by Mr. Delany's plan, correspondence between two such metropolitan centers could be easily be interchanged in an hour, and the documents be delivered in clean typewritten print. The plan is based necessarily on a "machine telegraph," which has been on trial before, and not gone very far; but the growth of the great cities and the undoubted desire for swifter, cheaper inter-communication of private and public news, give more plausibility to Mr. Delany's argument than they have had hitherto. His idea is to give the public a low-priced telegraphic mail on the same lines that Rowland Hill first started his universal postal service, and his contention is that the function of railways is to handle passengers and freight, but not anything so intangible as correspondence and news.—New York Post.

**A Farmer's Find.**  
John Stauffer has made an important discovery of anthracite coal on his farm, back of Cherry Run, Va., twenty miles south of Hagerstown. With the aid of his son and one hired man he has mined during the past two or three months twenty tons of coal, and landed the same at the top of a 60-foot shaft by hand. The coal was carefully covered, and the mining went on in the strictest secrecy by the light of an ordinary coal oil lamp. Stauffer has now started from the bottom of the shaft to tunnel into the mountain. The vein is very thick, and the coal has been pronounced equal to the Shamokin Valley product. Stauffer's tract embraces 1,000 acres, but the land is poor and his means are limited. Some time ago options were secured on neighboring lands, but prospecting met with no results. Before Stauffer had investigated the extent of the vein he is now working he tried to enlist the aid of local capitalists in the formation of a company, but was not successful. After this he started right in to work, keeping his movements secret and making surprising discoveries.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

**A Generous Child.**  
A few days ago I ran in to see a woman friend of mine—one of those dear conventional women who take life seriously, and wouldn't do an unusual thing for half your kingdom. While we were talking my friend's little daughter came into the room. She sidled shyly up to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "may I go down to Mamie's just a minute?"  
The day was cloudy and the mother demurred. The little girl insisted. "I have to go, mamma," she said.

"Why, dear?" asked her mother.  
The little girl hesitated a moment and then, to her ultra-particular mother's dismay she cheerfully explained: "Why," she said, "I lent Mamie my chewing gum last night, and I want it myself now."—Washington Post.

**A Grim Jest.**  
Youth's companion: Deathbed jokes are generally not authentic. The celebrated one attributed to Tom Hood, for instance—that he protested against blinding the underaker who had blundered into coming before the great wit was dead, and said that the man had "only come to turn a lively hood"—is known to be decidedly apocryphal.

Nevertheless, a remark somewhat of the same sort, which is attributed to Lord Chesterfield in his last illness, is undoubtedly authentic. Chesterfield was very ill, and his death was only a matter of a few weeks; but his physician advised that he be taken for an easy drive in his carriage, and he went out.

The equipage was proceeding slowly along it was met by a lady who remarked pleasantly to the great invalid: "Ah, my lord, I am glad to see you able to drive out."

"I am not driving out, madam," answered Chesterfield; "I am simply rehearsing my funeral!"

**The Atlantic Monthly for November** will contain among other features three short stories of exceptional quality: In *Harvest Time*, by A. M. Ewell; *The Apparition of Granthier Hill*, by Rowland E. Robinson; and *The Face of Death*, by L. Dougall. There will also be an installment of Gilbert Parker's serial, *The Seats of the Mighty*, and Charles Egbert Craddock's *The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain* is concluded.

The recent series of papers in the Atlantic has attracted more wide attention than George Birkbeck Hill's *A Talk over Autographs*. The fifth and last of the series appears in this issue. Lafadio Hearst's contribution bears the suggestive title *After the War*, and is quite as readable as his other delightful studies of Japan.

Poems, exhaustive book reviews and the usual departments complete the issue. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

**Notes by a Layman.**  
"Never operate if you can help it," said an old and eminent surgeon. "Let nature cure if possible."  
"Operate with confidence as son as possible, and let nature cure afterward," said a younger doctor.

The other doctors are wrangling to this moment over this issue.  
The man whom one takes to be a country doctor, wearing a sack coat and a white necktie, awkward in gesture, not glib of speech, and diffident of manner, is often found to be one of the "star" city specialists, who is listened to with the most respectful attention.

**Deafness Can Not Be Cured.**  
By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperious ringing in the ears, and, if severely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

**When Nearing an Iceberg.**  
The captain of an ocean steamer in most cases finds out when his ship is nearing an iceberg from the men in the engine room. When a steamship enters water considerably colder than that through which it has been going its propeller runs faster. Such water surrounds the veinage of bergs for many miles. When the propeller's action, therefore, is accelerated greatly, without the steam power being increased, warning is sent up to the officer on the bridge that icebergs may be expected, and a close lookout is established.

Young people will find much to interest and please them in the November number of Frank Leslie's *Pleasant Hours for Boys and Girls*. There is a capital short story by Oliver Optic, an article giving some excellent hints for boys on buying and using a gun, by Wilf P. Pond; an interesting description of an incident of the war, by J. Frederick Thorne; a valuable paper on "Children in Japan," by A. R. de Guer-ville; an illustrated poem about an arithmetical puzzle, by Clifford Howard; a story for very little folks; a description of a new and exciting game for boys; several illustrated jingles, and a number of puzzles; while the two serial stories by Edward S. Ellis and Jeanette H. Walworth continue with interesting interest. A unique feature of this magazine, which starts in the November number, is the editor's talks about the new books for boys and girls, in which he points out what is best in the late juvenile publications. The number is splendidly illustrated.

**Three Cabinet Ministers.**  
No other periodical has ever been able to announce articles by three Cabinet Ministers.  
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My mother has been a great sufferer from asthma for ten years, and her recovery is almost without a parallel, on account of her advanced age—over seventy. She has been cured by only a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."—INGLES BANKS, THE BROOK, N. S.

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# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

**None Were Wasted.**  
The resources of a properly trained Biddy are practically inexhaustible. A short time ago I bought some very expensive hothouse grapes for a member of the family who had been sick, but they were not fancied at the time, and I asked the maid to take them away. The next morning I went to her and told her to take the fruit to the sick room.

"Sure, ma'am, O! can't. 'Tis meself thought we wanted them throw'd away!" with the peculiar stupid look an Irish girl puts on and takes off with ease.

"Thrown away, Bridget?" I exclaimed angrily. "How could you be so stupid? Don't you know that kind of grapes are awfully expensive?"

"Don't be put out, ma'am," Bridget said soothingly. "Sure, not one was wasted. O! ate every good grape meself!"

**Trips Undertaken for Health's Sake**  
Will be rendered more beneficial, and the fatigues of travel counteracted, if the traveler will take along with him Rowlett's Stomach Bitters, and use that protective and enabling tonic, nerve invigorant and appetizer regularly. Impurities in air and water is neutralized by it, and it is a matchless tranquilizer and regulator of the stomach, liver and bowels. It counteracts malaria, rheumatism, and tendency to kidney and bladder ailments.

**How to Roast the Succulent Oyster.**  
Select large oysters and have them scrubbed thoroughly, then place them in the oven in a large tin with the round side of the shells down, so that when they open the liquor will not be lost. As soon as they do open remove the upper shell, sprinkle them with salt, pepper and chopped parsley, add a little butter and serve hot as possible on a bed of watercress. Oysters served in this way make an excellent first course at dinner if accompanied by thin slices of brown bread and butter.

**Do You Speculate?**  
Then send for our book, "How to Speculate Successfully on Limited Margins in Grain and Stock Markets." Mailed free. Comstock, Hughes & Company, Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

**The Emperor's Cousin.**  
Prince Albert of Prussia, the second cousin of the German emperor, has been made chief of the regiment of dragoons bearing his name. The prince is, with one or two exceptions, the tallest man in the army, being 6 feet 6 inches in height, and finely proportioned. He is by all means, since the death of Emperor Frederick, the handsomest member of the Hohenzollern family.

**Mathers appreciate the good work of Parker's Ginger Tonic with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken, sleepless and nervous.**  
If you can't break an apple you'll die an old maid.  
When you come to realize that your ears are gone, and no more pain, how grateful you feel, all the work of Hinderbrot's.

It takes two to quarrel, but only one to make up.  
All-Fit Stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, no matter how long you use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to 100 cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Philadelphia.

The man whose heart is set on things perishable loses all when they perish.  
"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10 cents.  
Courage not controlled by prudence is foolishness.  
I cannot speak too highly of Fico's Cure for Consumption.—MRS. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 22d St., New York, October 29, 1894.  
It's had luck to cross a funeral procession.

# Pain often concentrates all its Misery in RHEUMATISM

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For one large loaf of bread use three-pints of sifted cornmeal, three pints of rye flour, one cup of good hop yeast and one cup of molasses. Mix very soft with warm water, pour the mixture into a round pudding tin and allow it to stand until light. Bake with a steady fire for three hours.

**Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.**  
The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.  
It costs more to be proud than it does to be generous.

**If the Baby is Crotching Teeth.**  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, **Mrs. Winslow's SCORPIO SYRUP** for Children Teething.  
We shall soon be hearing of the as I made woman.



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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.

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