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CHAPTER XVI.-(CONTINUED.)

"She gives me up! Margle renounces me! Strangers we must be henceforth! What does it all mean? Am I indeed awake, or is it only a painful dream?" He read the few lines of the missive a third time. Something of the old dominant spirit of Archer Trevlyn came back to him.

"There is some misunderstan ng. Margie has been told some dire falsehood!" he exclaimed, starting up. "I will know everything. She shall ex-

plain fully."

He seized his hat and hurried to her residence. The family were at breakfast, the servant said, who opened the door. He asked to see Miss Harrison. "Miss Harrison left this morning, sir, in the early express," said the man, eye-

ing Trevlyn with curious interest. Went in the early train! Can you

tell me where she has gone?" "I cannot. Perhaps her aunt, Miss Farnsworth, or Miss Lee can do so."

'Very well;" he made a desperate effort to seem calm, for the servant's observant eye warned him that he was not acting himself. "Will you please ask Miss Lee to favor me with a few minutes of her time?"

Miss Lee came into the parlor where Archer waited, a little afterward. Archer, himself, was not more changed than she. Her countenance was pale, even to ghastliness, with the exception of a bright red spot on either cheek, and her eyes shone with such an unnatural light, that even Archer, absorbed as he was in his own troubles, noticed it. She welcomed him quietly. in a somewhat constrained voice, and relapsed into silence. Archer plunged et once upon what he came to ascer-

"The servant tells me that Miss Harrison left New York this morning. I am very anxious to communicate with Can you tell me whither she has gone?"

"I cannot. She left before any of the family were up, and though she left notes for both her aunt and her business agent, Mr. Farley, she did not in either of them mention her destination."

"And did she not speak to you about

"She did not. I spent a part of last evening with her, just before you came, but she said nothing to me of her intention. She was not quite well, and. desired me to ask you to excuse her from going to the opera."

"And did you not see her this morn-

"No. I have not seen her since I left her room to come down to you last night. When I returned from my interview with you, I tapped at her doorin fact, I tapped at it several times during the evening, for I feared she might be worse-but I got no reply, and sup- flames. posed she had retired. No one saw her this morning, except Florine, her maid, and Peter, the coachman, who drove her to the depot."

"And she went entirely alone?" "She did from the house. Peter took her in the carriage."

But after that?" 'From the house! he asked, eagerly.

"Mr. Trevlyn," she said, coldly, "ex-

"I must know!" he cried; passionately grasping her arm; "tell me, did she set out upon this mysterious journey alone?"

"I must decline to answer you." "But I will not accept any denial! Miss Lee, you know what Margie was to There has arisen a fearful misunderstanding between us. I must have it explained. Why will you trifle with me? You must tell me what you know."

"I do-not wish to arouse suspicion, Mr. Trevlyn, which may have no foundation to rest on. Only for your peace of mind do I withhold any information I may possess on the subject."

"It is a cruel kindness. Tell me pale and speechless. everything at once, I beg of you!"

"Then, if it distresses you, do not blame me; Peter saw Mr. Louis Castrani at the depot, and is confident he went in the same train, in the same car with Miss Harrison."

"Castrani! Great Heaven!" he staggered into a chair. "Is it possible? Margie, my Margie, that I thought so good and pure and truthful, false to me! It cannot, cannot be! I will not believe

"I do not ask you to," said Alexandrine, proudly. "I insinuated nothing. I only replied to your question."

Pardon me, Miss Lee. I am not quite myself this morning. I will go now. I thank you for what you have told me, and trust it will all be explained.

"I trust so," answered Miss Lee, turnin to leave the room.

Stay a moment! To what depot did Peter drive her?"

The Northern, I think he said."

Again I thank you, and good morn-He hurried away, got into the first

he came across, and was driven e Northern depot. was somewhat acquainted with

the ticket agent, and assuming as nonchalant an air as was possible in his present disturbed state, he strolled into office. After a little indifferent conversation, he said.

By the way, Harris, do you know Mr. Castrani, the young Cuban, who ned the heads of so many of our belles? Some one was telling me

setranil Yes, I think so. He did

for him. He had been hurried so in

his preparations, he said, that he had

Where was he checked to?"

"Indeed? It's a bore to be hurried.

"Well, really, the name of the place

has escaped me. Some little town in

New Hampshire or Maine, I think. We

do so much of this business that my

memory is treacherous about such

"Were you speaking of Castrani?"

asked Tom Clifford, a friend of

Archer's, removing his cigar from his

mouth. Deuced fine fellow! Wish I

had some of his spare shillings.

Though he's generous as a prince.

Met him this morning just as he was

coming down the steps of the Astor.

Had to get up early to see after that

confounded store of mine. Walker's too lazy to open it mornings."

referring to the point.

the bottom of everything."

"You met Mr. Castrani?" said Archer,

"Yes. He told me he was going away

Woman somewhere mixed up in the

case. Said he expected to find one

somewhere-well, hanged if I can tell

where. There's always a woman at

"He did not mention who this one

"Not he. But I must be going. It's

Trevlyn stopped a few moments with

rooms. He was satisfied. Hard as it

other alternative. Margie was false,

and she had gone away from him under

the protection of Castrani. He could

have forgiven her anything but that.

If she had ceased to love him, and had

transferred her affections, he could still

have wished her all happiness, if she

had only been free and frank with him.

But to profess love for him all the

while she was planning to elope with

another man, was too much! His heart

If there had been, in reality, as he

had at first had supposed, any misun-

she had gone alone, he would have fol-

But though he tried to believe her

honor to his manhood, over the half-

the fashionable season to visit some

her flight and the departure of Castrani

together, it was not made the subject of

remark. Alexandrine kept what she

knew to herself, and of course Archer

For a week, nearly, he managed to

keep about, and at the end of that time

he called at Mrs. Lee's. He wanted to

question Alexandrine a little further.

The idea possessed him that in some

way she might be cognizant of Margie's

destination. And though he had given

the girl up, he longed desperately to

know if she were happy. He had felt

strangely giddy all day, and the heat of

Mrs. Lee's parlors operated unfavorably

upon him. He was sitting on a sofa

conversing with that lady and her

daughter, when suddenly he put his

hand to his forehead, and sank back,

In the wildest alarm, they called a

physician, who put him to bed, and en-

joined the severest quiet. Mr. Trev-

lyn, he said, had received a severe

shock to his nervous system, and there

was imminent danger of congestive

His fears were verified. Archer did

not rally, and on the second day he was

delirious. Then the womanly nature

of Alexandrine Lee came out and

asserted itself. She banished all at-

tendants from the sick room, and took

sole charge herself of the sufferer. Not

even her mother would she allow to take

her place. When tempted by intense

weariness to resign her post she would

take that stained glove from her bosom.

and the sight of it would banish all

"No," she said to herself, "people in

If he did that terrible deed, only

delirium speak of their most cherished

secrets, and he shall not criminate him-

I of all the world can bring a shadow of

suspicion against him, and the secret

So she sat the long days and longer

nights away by the side of this man she

loved so hopelessly, bathing his fevered

brow, holding his parched hand, and

He sank lower and lower day by day

so very low that the physician said he

could do no more. He must leave the

case. There was nothing for it but to

At last the day came when the ravings of delirium subsided, and a deadly

wait with patience the workings of na-

shall never be revealed to any other."

thought of admitting a stranger.

fever of the brain.

Trevlyn did not proclaim his own de-

hardened toward her.

trouble him?

sertion.

nearly lunch time. Good morning."

no time for it."

things.'

Alexandrine heard his opinion in stony silence. She sat by the bed's head now, calm and silent; her powers of self-control were infinite. Her mother came in to watch for the change, as did several of Archer's friends, heretofore excluded. She was not afraid for them to come; there was no danger of Mr. Trevlyn criminating himself now. He had not spoken or moved for twelve leave for the north this morning in the hours. early express. I marked his baggage

cide, Dr. Grayson said; he would be

better, or death would ensue.

the disease.

The sundown would de-

The time passed slowly. The sun crept down the west. The ticking of the watch on the stand was all that broke the silence of the room. The last sun ray departed-the west flamed with gold and crimson, and the amber light flushed with the hue of health the white face on the pillow. Alexandrine thought she saw a change other than that the sunlight brought, and bent over him.

His eyes unclosed-he looked away from her to the vase of early spring flowers on the center-table. His lips moved. She caught the whispered word with a fierce pang at her heart:

"Margie" The physician stepped forward, and sought the fluttering pulse. His face told his decision before his lips did.

"The crisis is passed. He will live." Yes, he would live. The suspense was over. Alexandrine's labors were shared now, and Archer did not know how devotedly he had been tendedhow he owed his very existence to her.

He mended slowly, but by the middle of May he was able to get out. Of course he was very grateful to the Lees, and their house was almost the only one he visited. Alexandrine was fitful and moody. Sometimes she received him with the greatest warmth. and then she would be cold and distant. She puzzled Archer strangely. He wanted to be friends with her. He felt that he owed her an immense debt Mr. Harris, and then went back to his of gratitude, and he desired to treat her was for him to believe it, he had no as he would a dear sister.

Perhaps it was because time hung so heavily on his hands, that Trevlyn went so frequently to Mrs. Lee's. Certainly he did not go to visit Alexandrine. We all know how the habit of visiting certain places grow upon us, without any particular cause, until we feel the necessity of going through with the regular routine every day. He was to blame for following up this acquaintance so closely, but he did it without any wrong intention. He never thought it possible that any one should dream of his being in love with

derstanding between him and her, and Alexandrine. But the world talked. They said it lowed her to the ends of the earth, and was a very pretty romance; Mr. Trevlyn had been deserted by his lady love, have had everything made clear. But had fallen ill on account of it, had been as it was now, he would not pursue her an inch. Let her go! False and pernursed by one whom of course he would marry. Indeed, they thought him in fidious! Why should her flight ever duty bound to do so. In what other way could be manifest his gratitude? Vague whispers of this reached Trevworthy of all scorn and contempt, his

lyn's ear, but he gave them at first little heart was still very tender of her. He kissed the sweet face of the picture he heed. . He should never marry, he said; had worn so long in his bosom, before it was sinful to wed without love. But he locked it away from his sight, and as he saw Alexandrine's pale face and strangely distraught manner day by dropped some tears that were no disday, he came to feel as if he had in some dozen elegant little triffes she had given him, before he committed them to the not exactly understand. One day he entered the sitting-room

There was a nine days' wonder over of Mrs. Lee with the freedom of a priv-Miss Harrison's sudden exodus. But ileged visitor, without rapping, and her aunt was a discreet woman, and it found Alexandrine in tears. He would was generally understood that Margie have retreated, but she had already had taken advantage of the pause in seen him, and he felt that it would be better to remain. He spoke to her distant relatives, and if any one coupled | kindly.

"I trust nothing has occurred to distress you?" She looked up at him atmost defiantly. "Leave me!" she said, impetuously;

"you, of all others, have no right to question me!" "Pardon me!" he exclaimed, alarmed by her strange emotion, "and why not

I question you?" "Because you have caused me misery enough already-"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POSTOFFICE SECRECY. Against the Rules for Letter-Carriers to

It is not generally known that Uncla Sam looks upon the address or whereabouts of one of his citizens as an in-

Give Addresses.

violable secret. Such, however, is the case, says the New York World. A New Yorker who had been out of the city for some time found upon his return, a few days ago, that one of his intimate friends had changed his residence without leaving his exact new address. All he could gather was that

his friend now lived in a flat on the north side of a certain street. When he arrived at the block in question he found to his dismay that every house in it was a flat house. He would have to go from door to door until he found his friend's name over one of

the door-bells. He had not proceeded far when he met a letter-carrier making his usual delivery. Here, he thought, was the man who could save him a lot of time and trouble.

"Yes, sir," replied the postman, in response to his query. "I know the party very well. But I am sorry to say I cannot give you his number. It is against the rules."

The same secrecy is observed at the post office. The postal address of anybody will not be given by the federal authorities even to a state officer. This rule is in accordance with the general principle that a man's dealings with lingering fondly over the flushed, un- | the government are of a confidential na-

Autiquity of Monaic Floors.

Mosaic floors, laid with small pieces of different colored stones in regular patterns, were known to the Egyptians 2300 B. C. In Babylon floors of this kind dated from 1100 B. C. They were common in the Athenian and Roman turned upon me with a roar of pain. stuper intervened. It was the crisis of houses.

DIANA AND THE SPIDER.

The "Band, Gusset and Seam" is a society recruited from an exclusive circle of Nob Hill's youthful matrons. It meets through the winter, with aggravated activity during Lent, at houses of the members: "First flannels to the indigent;" its symbol, a thimble, or, crossed by a pair of scissors argent, on a background of flannel gules, surmounted by a spool of thread cou-

The demure maid who serves bouillon, tea and chocolate to the society's fair Dorcases hears tales from every quarter of the globe, of life in the summer colonies along the New England coast, of yachting cruises through Norwegian flords in the yellow wake of the midnight sun, of walking tours in the Landes and camping trips in the north woods. She knows her planet better than many whose orbits are less circumscribed, and can safely be relied upon for information regarding elk in Oregon or salmon in the Columbia, the proper time to hunt the grizzly in Assinibola, and the relative merits of the Andalusian donkey and his twin brotaer the Rocky mountain burro.

After serving the Bradamante of the ociety with a cup of tea and a cavaire sandwich, she retires to a dusky cor ner of the room, refilled the lamp under the brazen kettle, and rearranges the Dresden cups and saucers and the jewel-mounted spoons upon the teak wood table.

When the fluffy-haired Mrs. Jack, the society's president and the hostess of the occasion, begins her story there is a full in the talk, which the wind fills in with a neatly executed arpeggio.

Mrs. Jack's mouth droops in wistful curves, and beside her eyes an infant's would seem unsophisticated.

"Jack says I must go wan nim to a tiger in the face, after my experience on the Big Muddy."

Mrs. Jack's adventures have famillarized the society with Tin Cup, Big Bug, Bumble Bee and Medicine Hat. But the Big Muddy offers delightful fields for speculation, for it has not yet found a place on any map, and its only high roads are the half-obliterated trails left by the Utes when they unwillingly departed for new hunting grounds.

You remember the big-horn I shot after Jack and the guides had tracked him for ten days over the Rattlesnake range in Wyoming?" Mrs. Jack con-

tinues plaintively.

The society remembers the big-horn, as well as the giant shark in the Mexican gulf; the mountain lion and the cinnamon bear with the amber eyes picked off by Mrs. Jack's rifle in the San Francisquito mountains. The idea of her not daring to look a tiger in the face under any circumstances taxes the credulity of the society. Has she ever known fear, ever quailed before beast, bird or fish-this modern Arte-

When she accompanies her husband on his hunting expeditions she wears the woods' autumn livery-leaf-brown way wronged her, though how he did and scarlet-an abbreviated skirt and leggings of brown corduroy, a scarlet leather shirt with elk's teeth for buttons, a hat festooned with trout and salmon flies and shining leaders. A cartridge belt girdles ber slender waist with its depending revolver and hunting knife.

It is remarkable that Mrs. Jack has escaped the cinnamon's embrace, and bruin might well be pardoned such an indiscretion.

"Jack has always said that my physical courage first attracted him. But I had never confessed to him that there

was one test to which I should be unequal. It came on the Big Muddy. aspen. Snow had fallen, and the elk

"We were camped in the quaking were coming down. You could hear them bungling on every side just before dawn. It is easy to stop a band of elk as they pass near your camp by imitating their call upon an empty cartridge shell. I have learned the trick, and Jack had no hesitation in permitting me to choose my own trail one morning and follow it along afoot, he and the guides scattering in other directions. The taste of the camp coffee was still upon my lips; my cheeks tingled with the frosty breath of the morning air as I kept cautiously windward of the elk, whose trumpeting stirred me like martial music.

"A stray bear track showed here and there in the fresh snow. But I was after elk. A hundred miles lay between our camp and the nearest settlement. Ah. the solitude of those woods!

Mrs. Jack leans back in her chair and sighs reminiscently as she gazes into the blazing hearth fire, a charming picture in her house go vn of old blue, brightened with the gleam of Perstan embroidery, interwoven with uncut

"I had gone three miles, perhaps fone, over fallen spruce up the side of a ragged mountain, when, erash, across my trail came a band of elk, hended by a magnificent built. "Crouching behind a bould of I wait-

ed. I have waited so often for blg game, from Alaska to the guif. Jack says that I have seen more than be can ever hope to see if he lives to be a m dred. My hand was steady Jack often gets buck fever, I never do. I took deliberate aim. The eik came toward the bullet and dropped lead without a struggle. Blazing the trail as I retraced it toward the camp for the pack animals. I saw that there were bear tracks. I was not out that day for hear, and I did not care to come upon one alone, although I had no thought of shirking the encounter were

it forced upon me.
"A hear in a bear pit is a cinmay creature. In the wood he chatlenges your admiration by his elever fashion of covering the ground without apparent effort. The one I seem descried ahead of me was tumberin galong like a bunch of tumbleweed, lengthening the distance between us at a rapid

At that instant I needed all my nerve. This time I chose a tree for cover and waited. He came on, without a hait, straight towards me. I fired again, missing him. I was just about to try the third shot when the test came of which I have spoken.

The test?" murmurs the society, breathlessly.

"The test to my courage to which I had always felt I should be unequal. The thing I dreaded in my forest wanderings with Fack." "What?" the society demanded, with

"I had raised my rifle, when I felt something fluttering in my hair. I fan-cied a leader had slipped from my hat rim. Oh, horror! it was a spider!—and as I shook my head violently to dis-lodge it, it struggled into my ear. Thave never been conscious of hav-

ing fired the third shot. Somebow the rifle was discharged, and by the same chance the bullet laid the bear low. "I fainted and when I came to myself I was lying across the bear's body, with six strange men standing around

"Ten thousand boller factories were at work in my brain. 'Hear the noises?' I cried. 'Will no one stop

"And now comes the strangest part of the story.

"The engineer of Jack's yacht once got a mosquito in his ear. It drove him quite mad before we could find a doctor. He hung over the yacht's side, held by six of the crew, begging for death. When the doctor arrived upon the scene he applied a handkerchief wet with ether, to the man's ear, quieting the mosquito's struggles and

restoring the man to sanity.
"I believed myself in the man's plight; stark, staring mad, when, upon this peak of Darien, 500 miles from an ambulance and surgeon, I heard one of the men to whom I had so wildly ap-pealed, reply, quietly: 'Have no fear, madam; you are in safe hands; we are

They deluged my ear with water from a pearly stream, which they brought in a tin cup. Finding the spider still unsubdued, one of the doctors asked for a hypodermic syringe. Five were instantly proffered. An icy army-just think - every bot row penetrated, seemingly, to the sent parilla contains 100 doses. of the gray matter, still without effect upon the spider, whose pernicious activity caused me indescribable agony. "Ether is the only remedy, I said, at last, and as coherently as I could,

repeated the story of the engineer. Ether,' cheerfully returned the doctor who was attending me-'why, of course. Brown, fetch out that ether bottle, and if Brown did not produce, from the depths of his waistcoat pocket, a small bottle of ether, may I be instantly retired from the presidency of our society. It transpired later that Brown was a physician with an alien hobby-entomology- and carried ether | is the name with him everywhere to anaesthize his

specimens. In an instant relief came-such a blessed relief as only one who has passed through an experience like mine

can appreciate.
"The rest of the story is soon told. When I gathered uyself together the six doctors presented themselves to me with due formality. They dined

that night in our camp on my elk.
"Jack was thoroughly ashamed of
me. For what did the elk and bear matter, with the memory of the spider fresh in our minds?

"No, decidedly." Mrs. Jack repeats, as the maid fetches her a second cup of tea. I shall never dare to look a tiger in the face, after my Waterloo on the Big Muddy. It would have been a pleasing legend for my tombstone-"One

To whom the forests were an open book: Who joined to Diana's darring the skill of her spear, Lies here

Slain by a bug .n ber ear."

-San Francisco Argonaut. THIS TOAD WAS A TOPER

Confined in a Tree, He Absorbed a Bottle and its Contents. These toad stories, or rather the combination toad-and-rum stories that are

just at present keeping the Maine Society of Veracious Tail Varnishers pleasantly occupied, received this addition from an artless raconteur in Portland. He says that he and his father were wandering again among the old home-scenes in Hiram, when suddenly the father remembered that sixty-two years before, he had, for a boyish prank, shut a toad in the cleft of a maple tree along with a three-ounce bottle of old rum that he carried to the field for the purpose of nerving his boyish When, among the flood of old associations, that wave of touching re-membrance regarding the dead toad rushed over him, the old gentleman sought out the maple. Ah! there it The woodman had spared the But the bark had closed over the cleft, and there was no sign that any tond had office hours there from 12 to 12 at that place. But the son borrowed a hatchet directly descended from the one George Washington used to carve the cherry tree with, and, with the paternal finger pointing tremblingly, hacked into the maple trunk.

The cavity was opened, and, says the narrator, "we sprang away in horror, but from the bottom of it was the head of a blinking toad. His fore feet were at the sides, and as we looked he stretched himself and crawled to the front of the hole. We hadn't strength enough to stop him as he leaped over the ledge into the river and was out of teach. We searched a long time for him, but not a trace could be found. We would have given a good many dollars to have saved him, but it was too late. The question we wished to solve is still unarswered. The toad had swallowed the bottle, but had be derived any benefit from the liquor contained therein?" There is clearly no question as to the truth of the story, for there is the hole in the water. where the toad jumped, to prove it; but the gentleman who so pleasantly narrates it has evidently missed the point. There isn't the least doubt that when the Maine prohibitory law was passed the toad made himself a special deputy and promptly seized the liquor and stored it, according to the statutes made and provided. That's the kind of toad he was.-Lewiston Journal.

You May Feel That Way Tuesday Winks-Did you have a good time restorday? Binks Of course I did. Don't you

see how used up I am !- Somerville

Trans-Mississippi Inventions.

OMAHA. Nebraska, June 27, 1896. -Amongst the Trans-Mississippi inventors who received patents the past week Messrs. Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha. Nebraska, report the following: Daniel Harmon, Davenport, Nebraska, road grader and ditcher; Clarence H. Judson, Council Bluffs, Iowa, card shooter; George Lamos, Fort Madison, Iowa, gas engine; George D. Foster, Preston, Iowa, portable corn shock press; John H. Nelson, Omaha, Nebraska, drink mixer; George R. Perk-ins, Schuyler, Nebraska, photographic tank; Hans H. Sieh, Millard, Nebraska, improved combination cart, and Conrad Stroebel, Omaha, Nebraska, re-

versible plow.

Amongst the curious inventions issued the past week are found the following: a machine for weaving cross wires in wire fences; an electrical energy indicator; a fodder bundler; a button hole sewing machine; an antitrain robbery aparatus; an improved pencii for arc-lamps; a mechanism for onverting continuous rotary motion into alternate rotary motion; a pneu-matic fire alarm; a bicycle skirt comprising attached bloomers; and a spring actuated saddle post for bicycles. A copy of any of the, above patents

will be mailed upon receipt of 10 cts.

The Blackwater State. Nebraska has been termed the Black water State. The explanation of this poetical nickname is found in the fact that the water of the principal streams is as dark as that of the rivers flowing from the bogs of Ireland. The soil of Nebraska is very rich and loamy, and it is said there are peat beds in the state, the statement being apparently confirmed by the color of the water. which is caused by the presence of or

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