

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXI .- (CONTINUED.) difficulty.

a time I was very happy. He was kind | heart was not interested. to me, and I loved him so! We lived banks of the Seine, and I had my tiny flower-garden, my books, my birds, my faithful dog Leo-and Paul! Every bore my name on its side. I lived in a sort of blissful waking trance, that left me nothing to desire, nothing to ask for. Fool that I was! I thought it was to last always. After a while Paul wearied of me. Perhaps I was too lavish of my caresses and words of love; it might tire him to be loved so intensely. But such was my nature. He grew cold and distant; at times positively ill-natured. Once he struck me: but I forgave him the blow, because he had taken too much wine. He laughed me to scorn, and called me by a foul name that I cannot repeat. That night he asked me to go out boating with him. I prepared myself with alacrity, for I thought he was getting pleased

"No, no. Go on. I am listening to you, Arabel."

with my request. Are you weary of

my story, Louis?"

"It was a lovely night. The stars gleaming like drops of molten gold, and | narrative. the moon looked down, pure and serene and we drifted with the current. He sprang up, his motion nearly capsizing 'your power over me is among the which soon burned itself out. After for all my wrongs!" that, I grew to hate you; but, because I had taken you away from home and an in America before many months deafening roar in my ears, and I knew asked for a glass of water, I was nursed

"My poor Arabel, I could curse the villain who did this cowardly thing, of happiness since. Remorse has but he is dead, and in the hands of preyed on me like a worm, and once be-

was lying in a rude cottage, and two where I sent him. God be merciful!" persons, unknown to me-a man and a woman-were bending over me, applying hot flannels to my numbed limbs and restoratives to my lips. I had of some considerable value, and with to ascertain. Yes, she did sleep. In these I bribed the persons who had this world she would never waken taken me from the river to cause Mr. Linmere to believe that I had died. They were rough people, but they were kind-hearted, and I owe them a large debt of gratitude for their thoughtful care of me. But for it I should have died in reality. As soon as I was able to bear the journey I left France. Linmere had already closed the cottage and gone away-none knew whither, but I was satisfied he had departed for the United States. I left France with no feeling of regret, save for Leo, my faithful hound. I have shed many bitter tears when pondering over the probable fate of my poor dog."

"Be easy on that subject, Arabel. I saw the hound but a few weeks ago. He is the property of a lady who loves him-the woman Paul Linmere was to a joyful greeting, and Margaret dehave married, if he had lived."

"I am glad. You may laugh at me, Louis, but the uncertain fate of Leo has given me great unhappiness. But to continue-I engaged myself as nurse- him. maid with an English family, who had been traveling on the continent and were about returning home. I retained with them until I had accumulated sufficient funds to defray my expenses across the Atlantic, and then I et out on my journey. I came to New York, for that had been Mr. Linmere's nome before we went to France. I soon got upon the track of him, and learned that he was about to be married to a Miss Margaret Harrison, a young lady of great beauty, and with a large fortune. I wanted to see her; for you must know that I had registered a fearful yow of vengeance on Mr. Paul Linmere, and I desired to judge for myself if it would fall heavily on the woman he was going to marry. For even violently as I had loved him I now hated

"I saw Miss Harrison. I accosted her in the street one day, as any commos beggar would have done, telling | She drew back from the hand he laid her a pitiful story of my poverty. She on hers, and her air became cold and suitable for her, and provided a nurse are about 45,000 cabs in the United omited on me, spoke a few words of repelling. He divined her fears, and comfort, and laid a piece of gold in smiled a melancholy smile.

my hand. Her sweet face charmed me. She kissed an ivory cross laying on I set myself to find out if she cared for her bosom, and proceeded with evident | the man she was to marry. It had all been arranged by her father years before, I understood, and I felt that her "Well, I fled with Paul Linmere. For

in a little vine-wreathed cottage, on the have saved Paul Linmere. His fate and true!" was decided. Twice I waylaid him in the streets, and showed him my pale face, which was not unlike the face of enjoyed the poor wretch's cowardly mere!" horror!

"The night that he was to be married, where the brook crossed the highway. I had learned that he was to walk up alone from the depot to the house of his expectant bride, and there I resolved to avenge my wrongs. I stepped before him as he came, laid my cold hand on his arm and bade him follow me. He obeyed, in the most abject submission. He seemed to have no will of his own, but yielded himself entirely to me. He shook like one with the ague, and his footsteps faltered so that his life. Oh, Mr. Castrani, I implore at times I had to drag him along. I you-" with me and perhaps would comply took him to the lonely graveyard, where sleep the Harrison dead, and-" She covered her face with her hands and lapsed into silence.

"Well, Arabel, and then?" asked Castrani, fearfully absorbed in the strange

"I dropped the bood from my face and holy. Paul was unusually silent, and confronted him. I had no pity. and I was quiet, waiting for him to My heart was like stone. I rememspeak. Suddenly, when we reached the bered all my wrongs; I said to myself middle of the river, he dropped the oars, this was the man who had made my life a shipwreck, and had sent my soul to perdition. He stood still, frozen to the frail boat, and taking a step toward | the spot, gazing into my face with eyes me, fastened a rough hand upon my that gleamed through the gloom like shoulders. 'Arabel,' he said, hoarsely, lurid fire. 'I am Arabel Vere, whom you thought you murdered!' I hissed things of the past. Once I thought I in his ear. 'The river could not hold loved you, but it was merely a passion my secret! And thus I avenge myself

"I struck one blow; he fell to the ground with a gurgling moan. I knew friends. I tried to treat you civilly. that I had killed him, and I felt no re-Your caresses disgusted me. I would morse at the thought. It seemed a very gladly have cast you off long ago, if I pleasant thing to contemplate. I had had but the shadow of a pretext. stooped over him to assure myself he I am to be married to a beautiful wom- was dead, and touched his forehead. once made Margie so very lovely, and shall elapse—a woman with a name and through and through with a chill of a fortune which will help me to pay unutterable horror. I fled, like one those cursed debts that are dragging mad, from the place. I entered a train me down like a millstone. For you I of cars which were just going down to for giving me the assurance. You tell all scattered, and I have no further use. There is no dis- the city, and in the morning I left New grace in the grave—and I consign you York and came here. I fell sick. The to its dreamless sleep!' The next mo- terrible excitement had been too much ment the boat was capsized, and I was for me, and for weeks I lay in a stupor floating in the water. I cried aloud in which was the twin-sister of death. forbid that I should raise hopes which where I lived the people were such his name, beseeching him to save me, But a strong constitution triumphed, I cannot verify. When you are calm patriots that they never used the Spanand got only his mocking laugh in re- and I came slowly back to health. I turn, as he struck out for the shore. had some money on my person at the I could not swim, and I felt myself | time I was taken ill, and happening to sinking down-down to unfathomable fall into the hands of a kind-hearted depths. I felt cold as ice; there was a Irish woman, at whose door I had

with the care that saved my life. "But I have never seen a moment fore this I have been brought face to "When I woke to consciousness, I face with death. Now I am going

"Amen," responded Louis fervently. It was very still in the room. Castrani sat by the bedside, waiting for her to speak. She was silent so long some articles of jewelry on my person, he thought she slept, and stooped over more.

CHAPTER XXII.



ASTRANI remained in Boston. and saw the remains of the unfortunate Arabel Vere consigned to deplished he took the first train for Lightfleld.

It was sunset when he reached the dwelling of Nurse Day, Margaret was sitting on the veranda, with Leo by her side. The hound ran down to the gate to give the visitor scended the steps and held out her hand. She was very kind, and almost cordial, for she respected Castrani with her whole heart, and she was pleased to see

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Castrant," she remarked, leading him into the sitting room, "and so also will be Nurse Day when she returns. She has gone to a prayer meeting now. And I am especially pleased to see you just at this time because I am thinking of returning to New York, and I hope to persuade you to give me your escort. If it will not be asking too much."

"To New York? Indeed that is delightful intelligence for the five hundred dear friends who have deplored your absence so long! I had feared sometimes that you intended to remain here always."

"I almost wish I could-life has been so peaceful here. But I must go back sooner or later, as well now as at any time. I think I am strong enough to bear it," she added, sadly.

"Miss Harrison, I want to tell you a story.

loved sister."

She put her hand into his.

"I wish I could love you, Louis Castrani," she said, solemnly, "You deserve my heart's best affections; but "After learning that, nothing could this false world there is one heart loyal band as the murderer of Paul Linmere.

"Margaret, there is more than one true heart in the world, as you will acknowledge when I have told you my pleasant night he used to take me out the dead. And as he believed that I little story. I know now why you dison the river in the little boat which was drowned, the sight of me filled him carded Archer Trevlyn. You thought with the most abject terror. How I him guilty of the murder of Paul Lin-

> A ghastly pallor overspread her face; she caught her breath in gasps, and I lay in wait for him at the place clutched frantically the arm of Castrani.

> > "Hush!" she said. "Do not say those dreadful words aloud; the very walls have ears sometimes! Remember their utterance puts the life of a fellow mortal in peril!"

> > "Have no fear; I am going to right the wrong!"

> > "Leave his punishment to God. It would kill me to see him brought before a hissing crowd to be tried for

"Calm yourself, child. I shall never knowingly injure Mr. Trevlyn. He deserves no punishment for a sin he never committed. He is guiltless of that deed as you are yourself!"

"Guiltless-Archer guiltless!" she cried, her face wearing the pitiful, strained look of agonized suspense. "I do not quite comprehend. Say it again -oh, say it again!"

"Margaret, Archer Trevlyn never lifted a hand against Paul Linmere -never! He is innocent before God and the angels!"

She dropped her head upon her hands and burst into tears—the first she had shed since that terrible night when that blasted revelation had, as she thought, sealed up the fountain of tears forever. Castrani did not seek to soothe her; he judged rightfully that she would be better for this abandonment to a woman's legitimate source of relief. She lifted her wet face at lastbut what a change was there! The transparent paleness had given place to the sweet wild rose color which had It was growing cold. It stuck me the sad eyes were brilliant as stars through the mist of tears.

"I believe it-yes, I believe it!" she said softly-reverently. "I thank God me so. You would not unless it were

"No, Margaret; I would not," replied

"I am calm now. Go on." "I must trouble you with a little, only a little, of my own private history in order that you may understand what follows. I am, as you know, a Cuban Spanish. My mother was a native of Boston, who married my father for love home. I was an only child, and when I was about twelve years of age my parents adopted a girl, some four years my junior. She was the orphan child of poor parents, and was possessed of wonderful beauty and intelligence. Together we grew up, and no brother and sister loved each other more fully than we. It was only a brotherly and sisterly love-for I was engaged at sixteen to Inez de Nuncio, a lovely young Spanish girl, who was cruelly taken away from me by the hand of violence, as you know. Arabel grew to girlhood, lovely as an hour! She had many suitors but she favored none, until he came-Paul Linmere! Ill health had driven him to Cuba to try the effect of our Southern cent burial, and air, and soon after his arrival he bethat duty accom- came acquainted with Arabel. He was very handsome and fascinating, and much sought after by the fair ladies of my native town. Arabel was vain, and his devoted attentions flattered her, while his handsome face and fescinating address won her love. And before my parents had begun to ascertain any danger from Liamere's society she had

left everything and fled with him. "My mother was plunged into grief, for she had loved Arabel like an own child, and the uncertainty of her fate I think hastened my mother's death. My father left no means untried to discover the whereabouts of the erring girl but in vain. For years her fate was shrouded in mystery. My parents died, inez was taken from me, and weary and heartsick I came to New York, hoping to find some distraction in new scenes and among a new people.

"The day before you left New York I received a message from Arabel Vere. She was in Hoston ill unto death. She wanted to see me once more; and she had a sin upon her conscience which she must confess before she died, and she must confess it to no person but myself. In obedience to this summons I hurried to Boston, and the

"I found Arabel but a mere wreck of her former self. Her countenance told me how fearfully she had suffered. She was ill, in a wretched room, with Ireland receive in fares annually at no attendants or medical aid. I had her immediately removed to lodgings the omnibuses about \$2,000,000. There and a physician. From this time she Kingdom, which altogether earn to began to mend, and in a couple of days fares about 48 200,000 per annum

"No, not that. Do not fear, I shall the physician pronounced her out o. never again trouble you with the story immediate danger. When she knew of my unfortunate passion. I must go her life was to be prolonged she rethrough life without the blessing that | fused to make the confession she had would have made this world a paradise. summoned me to hear. So long as It is not that of which I would speak, there was any prospect of her recovery, and you need have no apprehension for she said, she must keep the matter a the future. God helping me, I will secret. But she could not die and leave never say to you a single word that a it untold. Therefore, she promised brother might not say to a dearly be- that whenever she should feel death approaching she should send again for me, and relieve her soul by the confession of her sin. A few days ago came her second summons.

"Previous to this, only a little while, for me love is over! I have had my I had been inadvertently a listener to day, and it is set. But you shall be an altercation between Archer Trevlyn my brother, my dear, kind brother, and his wife, during which Mrs. Trev-Louis! Oh, it is sweet to know that in lyn, in a fit of rage, denounced her hus-She produced proofs, which I confess struck me as strangely satisfactory, and affirmed her belief in his guilt. She also told him that because the knowledge of his crime had come to you, you had discarded him, and left New York to be rid of him forever!

"So knowing this, when I listened to the dying confession of Arabel Vere, I knew that this confession would clear Archer Trevlyn from all shadow of suspicion. Arabel died, and I buried her. Previous to her death-perhaps to guard against accident, perhaps guided by the hand of a mysterious providence to clear the fair fame of an injured man-she wrote at length the history of her life. She gave it to me. I have it here. It will explain to you all that you desire to know."

He gave her the manuscript, wrung her hand and left her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POCKETED HIS PRIDE.

Cuban Patriotism Prevented Him from Speaking, but Not Walking, Spanish.

"Madam," said the tattered wretch, as the woman of the house came to the door, "you see before you a victim of the worst governmental tyranny on the face of the globe."

"You look it," answered the woman, according to the Buffalo Express.

"My looks do not deceive you. Yet, madam, I can assure you it humbles me greatly to be compelled to ask alms of you. Two short months ago, madam, I was rich enough to have bought all the houses on this street."

"Indeed," said the woman, growing interested.

"Yes," pursued the wanderer. "I had a great plantation, acres of sugar cane and tobacco, hundreds of negroes to do my bidding. I spent my time in idleness and luxury. I never had a want that I could not gratify by a wave of my hand."

"Where was all this?"

"In Cuba, madam. I am a Cuban refugee. My plantation was burned by the cruel Spaniards because I had given aid to the patriots. My wife and children were murdered, my dependents

"If you're a Cuban," interrupted the woman, "prove it by talking Spanish." "Madam," said the tramp, with a Castrani, strongly affected. "Heaven pained expression, "in the part of Cuba enough to understand I will explain it ish language. They talked only Eug- the sharp, three-cornered needles lish."

"Oh," said the woman, "then there's one other way in which you can prove what you say."

"It is humiliating to me to have my word doubted. My Cuban pride revolts by birth, but my father, only, was against it, but my hunger for the mince pie which I can smell from your kitchen forces me to pocket my pride. Name and went with him to his Southern your other test and it shall be ful-

"You might walk Spanish," said the woman, with a smile, as she shut the

Trivial Things.

"It may seem a trivial thing to you," said a well-known druggist, "but one of our greatest annoyances is about corks. I have been in the drug business for nearly fifteen years, and I feel sure that my experience is no different from that of every other druggist. The trouble I complain of is that almost ninety-nine out of every 100 persons when presenting a bottle for medicine will invariably retain the cork until you have filled the bottle, put a new cork in it and tied it up, when they will say: 'I have the cork.' This may seem a trifle to kick about, but corks cost money, and then there is trouble occasionally to find one to fit a bottle properly. The amount of money we lay out annually for corks might be cut down fully 50 per cent if our customers would only think."

Interesting Statistics.

An analysis of 2,000 accident policies on which benefits were paid shows 531 persons injured by falls on pavements. 243 by carriages or wagons, seventyfive by horse kicks or bites and fortyseven by horseback riding; 117 were cut with edge tools or glass; ninety-six were hurt by having weights fall on them, and reventy-six were hurt in bicycle accidents, while seventy-two were hurt by falling downstairs.

Hawaiian Idols.

The collection of Hawaiian idols belonging to the American board, and which were sent to this country as curiosities by the early missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, has been sent back to Hawaii to be deposited in the National museum. They are said to be same train that carried me carried you the only specimens of the original delties of the islands now in existence.

British Tramwava. The tramways of Great Britain and the present time about £2,600,000, and PACKING ONE'S CLOTHES.

Done Properly, It Means Little Labor

The marvel of packing clothes is that it is so simple. When you see for the first time a professional French packer you will come to your journey's end without a rag to wear. He puts three times as many things in the same space as you would. Some goods wrinkle so badly that no care can avert catastrophe; they come to grief even in the hands of a French maid at home. Test everything you buy from this point of view. With material not given over to evil you can learn to pack so that your clothes won't tell the tale of their prison house. The cardinal point is to wrap up every delicate garment separately; of course, it should be folded smoothly, and to teach how to fold clothes in print is not easy. Any good dressmaker, however, can give you points on that, and the wrapping is the more important thing. Pin towels or sheets of tissue paper about your garment, but remember that newspapers are what you should fold between each layer of pretty things in the trunk. Nothing else is so good; it is so unyielding that wrinkles and protuberances cannot make themselves felt through it to mark the fabrics beneath them any more than if you used sheet-iron.

In packing breakable articles it is astonishing how many people will jam them down in corners and sides where they get the full force of every concussion against the unyielding walls. Tie on your corks well. Put your bottle near the middle of a compartment, and you may carry ink and shoe dressing in safety around the world. In packing such things as delicate hats, bonnets and fancy waists of such a frou-frou nature that no pressure can be allowed on them it is still better to fill up the empty space of the boxes allotted them with lightly twisted sheets of tissue paper than to give them a chance to move, and with all due respect to the best packing in the world it is still well to unpack as soon as you

TOUGHEST SCALP IN NEW YORK. Surgeons Use a Mallet When Sewing

Wounds in "Skinner" Meehan's Head.

"Skinner" Meehan, at one time the leader of the famous "Cat Alley" gang, has what is perhaps the toughest scalp in New York, if not in the world, says the New York World. The surgeons at Gouverneur hospital have had much experience in sewing up wounds and they are entitled to speak with authority. They unhesitatingly declare that Mr. Meehan's scalp has never been equalled for thickness and tenacity. A few nights ago "Skinner" engaged in an altercation with Policeman Turner of the Madison street station. Skinner hit the officer on the nose with his fist and the blue coat retaliated by breaking his nightstick over Meehan's head. "Skinner" resisted, even after discretion was advisable, and before he was subdued his scalp was lacerated. When the surgeons at Gouverneur hospital, to which the injured man was taken, attempted to sew up the wounds The skin was as thick and tough as alligator hide. A blacking brush was secured, and using the back of it as a mallet, the needles were driven through the skin and seventeen stitches were placed in position. During the operation "Skinner" swore volubly, and after it was concluded he started out looking for his assailant. His parents are respectable people, but "Skinner" has been bad for a long time.

Sports May He Varied. The awarding of the prizes concludes the entertainment, and is always a time of great interest. Some woman-generally the hostess-presents them, with a few mock heroic words, and a little quick wit enhances the fun and laughter. There is generally enough food for discussion over the incidents of the afternoon to last as an amusement till the carriages are ordered. Those who have taken part in sports not infrequently ride off on their cycles. and garden-party attire nowadays has its fair sprinkling of narrow skirts and tweed suits. The sports may be endlessly varied as ingenuity suggests. A clever and inventive host and hostess may devise most fascinating novelties in the events. It is only an imagination devoid of much play which will be content to run endless cycle sports on the precise lines which have just been indicated.

Bath for the Baby.

Have the water warm, not hot, then throw in baby's bath satchet. This is small flannel affair, containing a mixture of bran, crushed Castile soap, orris powder and almond meal. renders the water soft and fragrant and imparts delicacy to the skin. Now put baby in. After a few minutes ablutions deposit him in a large square of Turkish toweling, which is laid over your lap. Wrap him closely in it, thus shutting out all air. In this you can rub and cuddle him to your heart's content till he is nearly dry. After unfolding, rub him briskly with a dry towel, powder, and dress him immediately. There will be no danger of his taking cold when bathed in this fash-

The Raby Microphone. A recent invention consists of an appartus by means of which a microphone suspended over a child's crib automatically rings an electric bell situated at any convenient point on the least noise made by the child. The microphone, as is well known, is a very sensitive form of telephone transmitter capable of detecting the faintest sounds.

Nebraska and Iowa Inventors

mongst the inventors who received patents last week were the following Trans-Mississippi inventors: Daniel Farrell, Omaha, Nebraska, fire extinguisher; Barton W. Kyle, Arlington, Nebraska, rotary plow; Zimri D. Gary, South Omaha, Nebraska, seal; James E. Lee, Centerville, Iowa, mining machine; George A. Lockwood, Chariton, Iowa, stem-winding and setting watch; Charles B. Mather, Ottumwa, Iowa, water-gage; George Roth, St. Sebald, Iowa, wire gate.

George C. Martin, a young high school student and the son of Postmas-

ter Martin of Omaha, Nebraska, has just been allowed a patent for a grid-dle greaser, that is noticeable because of its uniqueness, simplicity and utility. Mr. Martin is probabily one of the youngest inventors of Nebraska who has ever received a patent.

Amongst the noticeable inventions is

a flexible curtain; an apparatus for raising sunken vessels; a novel life preserver; a pneumatic track sander; an elastic, pneumatic steel bicycle tire; a divided garment which can be changed into a skirt or bloomers; an aerial bicycle; an apparatus for drying coffee; a folding crank for bicycles; a motor velocipede; a mechanism for automatic-ally closing leaks in marine vessels; an automatic cow milker; and a new and

improved water pillow.
Parties desiring free information relative to patents may obtain the same in addressing Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

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"Hear about Barrick? Fell off his wheel last night on his head and was unconscious for more than two hours."
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thought it would affect him that way. I have so often heard him spoken of as such a hard headed business man."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

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