CHAPTER I

rolling in fierce and sullen clamor against the sharp precipitous shore of a small island, far away amidst the Pacific group, little known rarely freand

quented. The anger of the storm-king still manifested itself in the hoarse bay of the surf, while the moaning of the wind, yet lashing the water to white caps of foam, echoed fitfully along the shore and sea; but the fury of the elemental strife had passed, for where huge masses of sullen clouds were trooping away, showed in the west a broad line of smiling blue.

As the despairing wretch greets the hand that sets him firm upon the pinnacle of joy-as the parched and failing desert traveler halls the music of the fountain's dash-as dying creatures seize at life-so was the sight of that patch of fair sky-that island green and fresh as Hope-welcomed with transport by the ship-wrecked remnant of a staunch and gallant company, who but a few hours before had walked in fearless security on the deck of what was now a dismasted, broken wreck, plunging, tossing, sinking-not safe for the nest of a sea-gull.

Of a freight of forty souls four human creatures alone survived, and these had been drifting to and fro clinging to the caboose, which had been washed from the deck, and fortunately preserved from dashing upon the long sunken coral reef that extended from the island a league or more.

"Courage, sir; didn't I tell you, never say die? I reckon by this time old Nep has tired out his dolphins. I could make a whole rig out of that ere blue patch, and the sign's as sartin here in these heathen parts as in England-God bless her! That fair weather's close alongside; the wind's going down, and the current's a-setting us toward the shore as softly as a cat drops her kitten. I wish for these poor little creturs' sake it would hurry itself a little, though to be sure I'm not above comfortable on my own account. I like salt water, but ain't anxious to soak in it-that's a fact. But avast there! I'm not giving to looking or the black side of things-nary a grumbler could I ever call a good shipmate. It's hard to think of all bur poor fellers gone to Davy Jones's locker-but the Lord must have known it, and Tom Harris ale't a-going to question Providence just yet!" And the honest, rough old tar shook his head to dash off the tears that mingled with the briny wave that plunged over their frail retreat.

A sigh came from the individual he addressed-of whose personal appearrance just then it would be unfair to judge-with the water trickling down his sharp pallid features, which wore a look of haggard suffering and exhaustion. He changed his position a little to rest the arm that held firmly upon the wreck a boy of nine or ten years, by whose side lay a little girl not more than six years of age, fainting and quite worn out with fright and exposure, her head drooping forlornly against the brawny shoulder of the kind-hearted sailor.

"I hope your brave spirits will nold out, my noble fellow; as for myself, I confess I am g. owing hopeless. Is there no way to increase our speed or guide this ark of our safety?"

Tom was not so used up but he could

laugh. "If we had oars and row-locks both fixed up on poor old Sambo's palace. I reckon our arms are pretty well used up, sir, and these little things must be held on. We might as well keep cool and let the work be done for us. 'Reggars musn't be choosers!'

This philosophical reasoning was presently lucidly explained and extide brought them to shallow water, ewy hand of the weather-beaten tar. With a cheery hallo Tom sprang down from his perch, and, wading along, soon drew the little caboose high and dry on the beach.

'Look a-here now, sir," said he, "see how much better this 'ere was done for us than we could ha' done for ourselves. Don't you see this 'ere is the was a mighty sure pilot. Now let me naively: see what's to be done."

The children were too much exhausted to complain, save by an occasional sigh or a groan. The little girl, indeed, was nearly insensible, and Tom, giving no thought to his stiff and aching went cheerily to work. He carhis little charge to a soft spot of green farther in shore, and then becan looking around anxiously for traces of fresh water; his sharp eye was not long in spying out a modest-looking mented river o' sand-bars, the Houghly vegetation that crept almost to the peb- try and I l'arned a pawerful shint bles of the beach.

"Water ain't very far off," multered he, "for this 'ere dumb mouth tells me fruit tree right back of us, and if the so; and howsomever human creture set a had example, I never knew one o' Natur's sign-boards to lie."

of a drunken man, for his swellen feet for pulling at the work, and I'm glad on me, were very painful; but he kept the same | you're cheering up." cental smile, which, like a sunbeam, rightened a rough and uncomely little Walter Verson, timbily. "Oh. I'm rather have him call on yes. - Truth.

scene into quiet beauty. Presently his HE waves came eye flashed with the triumph of success, and bending down to lift away a velvety spray of moss, he discovered a tiny spring bubbling up clear and

rocks that formed pure enough for a fairy's dainty lip. Fertile in expedients-for Tom had been taught in the thorough school of necessity-he did not demur at the absence of a drinking vessel, but gathera roll, filled it and hurried back to his companions. He found the boy clinging to his father and asking piteously for water, while that father sat in icy stoicism-or rather in the apathy of despair-without any attempt to help

himself or his child. Tom Harris looked at him sternly as he raised the insensible little girl and poured the water over her face and began chafing her icy hands; and after a moment's hesitation, with a little you. tremor of tenderness softening the roughness of the words:

"I don't know nothing about you, sir but if I may be so bold, I must say I don't think you take a very good way to thank the Power that has saved you sit looking as glum as a man who's had the worst luck in the world, when these little innocents need all our care." The man he addressed turned fierce-

"Be still-what do you know about me?" said he. "I tell you this casting upon a desolate, wretched island is fit crown for a life that has never seen a fair hope that has not turned to ashes in my grasp-that has endured more misery than one of your temperament has power to think about. Just heavens! I had but one feeble ray of comfort left in me-the hope of educating that boy to escape from such a life as mine. And this is the end of my hopes -wrecked, nearly naked and destitute, on a deserted, lonely island, to perish as miserably as I have lived-and you talk to me of the gratitude I owe!"

CHAPTER II.



OM Harris dropped the limp little hand he held to gaze in pitying wonder upon the wild misery that haggard face depicted, and then said soothingly. "Avast. shipmate! I know

nothing about you. to be sure, but shiver my topsails if by-and-bye I can't point out something pleasant for you to look at. Jest about this time I'd thank you heartily to help me bring this poor thing back to life. You won't let her die now, will ve?-for if we're to stay here long she'll be the prettiest flower and sunbeam this place will have for

The boy crept along wonderingly to the sailor's side, and mechanically his father followed, and began chafing the polished little limbs, until with his earnest exertion came back to his face a calm, sad, but no longer bitter look. "Go for a little more water, while I roll her to and fro," said he quietly.

After a sharp glance at his face Tom obeyed. When he returned the sufferer's blue eyes were open, and she was murmuring a few broken words, of which "Hannah, Hannah," were alone intelligible.

"Poor little thing!" said Tom; "that was the gal's name who took care of her. I've often talked with 'em on deck. She's gone, and so is the grand-looking gentleman, her father, maybe. Please God, there's one man left to see to her! As long as Tom Harris has a loaf in his locker or a cent in his pocket she shan't want-the lonesome, pretty little thing!" And with an awkward tenderness, inexpressibly touching, the rough sailor lifted the tiny childish hands to his lips-a token to register his silent vow.

Suddenly then the shipwrecked passenger, Paul Vernon, grasped with his emplified. In its own good time the thin soft fingers the hard, brown, sin-

"God bless you, honest soul!" said he. "I beg your pardon for my ill-humor. On my knees will I beg forgiveness of that overruling Power that has sent me here to be taught by you. Who knows but here my weary, tempest-tossed spir-

it will find peace and rest?" He paused, overcome with emotion, only smooth place to land? The tide while Tom, wringing his hand, said

"I'm sure I'm much obleeged to you, sir, for I was a puzzling my wits how I was ever to get along without anybody to help and cheer me up. Now I see all's right, and, to be sure, I think we've found a pretty snug berth. Anyhow, we wouldn't change with our poor shipmates, stark and cold in Davy Jones' locker. Now, you see, I was ashere in Injee aigh on to a year after the old 'British Queen' was wrecked in that tororn-like plant among the juxurious and I roamed pretty far into the counmore'n I ever knew afore about during the engagement, why did you those trees and plants. I see a breadworst comes to the worst, who, we'll have a pretty tolerable home here, I'll New York Weekly. he bound. We we get tired of each So he went atumbling and recting other the chiltren will make as happy mething in the aig-mag course as kings. Besides, I'm tolerable amart

"What does he say, father" ventured ;

so hungry for some bread. Let me find the tree.'

"Wait a moment, my son; the little girl needs our first care, and no doubt Tom will say as I do, that when we explore the island it had better be as a united company."

"All we need to be afeard of, I'm thinking, is of poisonous sarpents. I'll run and strip up a nut, seeing as it's handy. We'll want something to please the poor little thing when she comes to, and take off her thoughts."

Tom disappeared in the luxurious undergrowth of tangled vines and shrubs, and almost immediately returned with a bunch of ripe bananas and a cocoanut. He flung the boy a generous share and with the rest he approached the little girl, who was looking around her in affright.

"Don't be afraid, dear little one. See what nice fruit I've brought you. You remember me-don't you know Tom, who made the little ship for you, and ing a broad, glossy leaf, wound it into how poor Hannah laughed at it? You know Tom, don't you?"

She looked closely a moment, and then burst into tears. "Good Tom, good Tom, carry me

back to Hannah." Tom's lip quivered.

"Oh, no, don't-that's a darling-don't cry; it makes poor Tom feel so bad to see you. If you'll be good and not cry, nor be asking about Hannah and the rest, I'll find lots o' pretty things for

The child still looked grieved and troubled, but Mr. Vernon took her tenderly in his arms, and Walter came shyly to offer her a nicely peeled banana, and she laid her head back on the friendly shoulder, smiled languidly, and from death. 'Pears like it's sinful to in a few moments was sleeping sweetly. As much relieved as a tired general

might be who sees the last column of his victorious army filing off to rest and triumphant peace, Tom motioned for Mr. Vernon to lay her down, and leaving the boy to watch over her, the two men withdrew to a little distance.

By this time the clouds had swept away in airy columns swifter and more noiseless than those victorious troops alluded to, leaving their bright banner of blue spread out-a glorious canopy that smiled down upon the subsiding surf, the Eden-like island, and the shipwrecked group.

"I'm right glad to see the sun again." said Tom Harris, "though it makes me feel womanish to think o' the change since we see it last time. It's nigh about a week since the first storm caught the 'Petrel,' and I'm sure the cap'n never see sun or moon afterward. I heard the mate say they couldn't make out much about their position, because the wind shifted so often and blew so terribly. Well, well, the Lord's will be done; but I never dreamed you and I and these two little ones were to be spared from the gulf that swallowed all the rest."

Here Tom drew his horny hand across his eyes and heaved a deep sigh: then, with the press of working thought, added quite cheerfully:

"We can dry our clothes now, I sup pose, after a fashion, but what we're to do for a change is more'n I can make out."

Despite his melancholy. Vernon could not forbear a laugh at Tom's puzzled, rueful face.

"At all events we shall be left to our own resources; neither tailors nor speculators will be likely to molest us."

"I'll hang up my jacket now. 'Twill do for the little girl when her pretty clothes are put in the sun. One thing sartin, I can make some native cloth by-and-bye, else I didn't learn right of old squaw Yellow Cheek."

"Make some cloth!" ejaculated his companion in astonishment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Odd Plumage Worn by Women.

Americans are appropriating by degrees the fondness of European women for supplementing their coiffures with decorations of feathers, ribbons or jew-Well arranged coils of hair may be a very pretty thing, but the exigencies of an evening toilet demand that something more elaborate and fanciful shall overtop them. It was with the most dressy of evening gowns that the headdress described here was recently worn. It is now acknowledged to be absolutely the latest and most correct adornment for evening coiffures. Highstanding plumes, drooping flowers, and masses of jewels are out of date beside this very striking novelty. It is composed simply of two long, heavy algrettes, caught by a knot and bow of velvet, both being of a color to harmonize with the gown. The velvet knot is cleverly designed to give height to the coiffure, while the drooping aigrettes form a complete frame for the face. No evening gown will now be complete without its accompaniment of soft plumage for the wearer's head.

The Expinaation.

From the Washington Star: seems to me that the idea of an aristocracy is not popular in this country.' said the Count de Faique.

'Not at all popular," replied Miss Cavenne. "And yet the American young wom-

en marry a great many European noble-'Yes, that's true. The prevailing crase for antique bric-a-brac is get-

ting to be positively alarming." A Clear Case of Bulblosing.

Judge-If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong even marry her?

Absect Husband (meekly)-1-1 did'nt marry her. She married mo.-

Oute Natural. Mand-I like George Richards to call

Max-I don't. Mand-Of course not, fear. You'd son Globe.

RULES FOR A CYCLIST

THE THOMPSON STREET CLUB LISTENS TO A NEW SET.

Concerning a Little Game of Poker The Committee to Decide Disputes Must Be Composed of Members Above Reproach.



EM'LEN." said President Toots, as he rapped the club to order, "yo' am all awar' of de fack dat dis am a combinashun clubpoker an' bike raixed in about equal quantities. Dar am rules to govern each, howeber, an'

it won't do to git 'em mixed up. Fur dis reason I hey drawed off and had printed de rules applyin' to each. De rules to govern when out on de bike am as follows:

"Sit erect: wid eyes to the front an' detarmined loak on de face.

"Don't attempt to pass between de hosses and de dash-bo'd of a treet-kyar. "Pay no attention to brick-bats, ashcans, cabbage-heads an' fence rails thrown arter yo' by de envious an' jeaelous-minded populashun.

"Avoid runnin' ober pedestrians if yo' kin but when yo' can't avoid it pick out a fat man an' pull de throttle wide open. A fat pusson allus acts as a cushion fur de rebound.

"De gineral rule am to keep to de right, but if dar am a house in de way don't be obstinate.

"When two bikests am about to meet heaed-on dar am two rules to apply. Yo' kin either jump off an' go into de nighest saloon an' take a mint julip frew a straw or keep right on an' knock de odder feller fo'teen feet high an' smash him all to squash.

"If yo' meet a cow when ridin' in de kentry yo' kin turn to de right or de left or go right ober her, jest as yo' please. If it happens to be de cow's brudder 'stead of de cow herself de rule am to dismount an' climb a tree an' wait for him to git tired.

"When yo' look ahead up a hill an' see a farmer an' his two sons waiting fur yo' armed with scythes, co'ncutters an' sled stakes de rule don't say 'zactly what yo' should do. Dis gives yo' a show to turn off into de woods an' look for chestnuts.

"One quick, sharp ring ob de bell means danger to a beer wagon if it don't git outer yo' way.

"Two rings am a summons fur de street-kyar to shet off steaem an' cum to a sudden stop an' let yo' pass in front

"Three rings means dat de feller crossin' de street wid his hat on his ear an' his feet steppin' high am right in line wid yo'r wheel an' if he don't git up an' hump hisself he will be invited to a surprise pa'ty.

"A continuance ding! ding! ding! of de bell, accompanied by a wavin' of de left hand in de air signifies dat vo' has got tired of ridin' in de street an' am gwine to take to de side-walk an' dat account."-Harper's Round Table. it will be jest as well fur de entho astic populashun to hunt fur doah-

WAYS. The president announced that he hoped to soon perfect the following improvements to the bicycle

An attachment that will lift a man's cap off his head when he meets a female and replace it again after she has passed on. It will make no distinction between homely and good looking girls and there will be no color line about it.

An attachment to cast a noose over dog's head and swing him in behind the bike. When he has been dragged 100 rods and has made up his mind that the bike is alive and dangerous the noose opens and he is allowed to go on suspended sentence.

An attachment to hold and operate a squirt-gun containing at least one gallon of water. This is for offensive and defensive operations against the small boy who wants to shove a broomstick between the spokes to see how quick a bike can stop.

An attachment to be fastened to the front wheel which will go ahead and look for tacks and pounded glass, pick up wallets and lost diamond pins and sound the depths of all mud-holes not over ten feet deep.

"Gem'len," said President Toots as he laid a box of poker chips on the table, "dar' am poker an' poker. Dar' am poker wha' a flush beats a straight an' poker whar' a straight beats a flush an' robs de widder an' de orphan. I has played poker whar' three jacks knocked out a full house and I has played poker whar' a full house scooped in a \$10 pot ober fo' aces. We must hev sartin rules an' stick to 'em, an' dem rules will be as follows:

"De value of de hand will be ace high, one pa'r, two pa'rs, flush, threes, straight, full-house, fours an' royal

"De man who stands pat can bluff de man wid fo' aces if he wants to, but if he gits busted all to squash dat's his own lookout.

"Dar will be no limit as to bets. Diswith enable a pore but respectable young man who may hold a royal flush to rake in a house an' lot an' a bushel of jewelry at one swipe.

"All queshuns in dispute to be left to a committee of three an' should any member of dat committee to be found wid three kings up his sleeve or fo' area down his boot-leg excuses won't go an' previous good character won't count for shucks."—Chicago News.

Hard on the Men. Every waman who has seen a great deal of the men has a higher opinion of peace than she has of love -AtchiDR. WOLFE AND GEORGINA.

A Hard Test for One's Gravity-Peculiar Accent and Phraseelogy.

In front of us stood a short, stout, elderly man, an unmistakable Hebrew in features and complexion, says Blackwood's Magazine. He spoke English fluently, but with an extremely strong foreign accent, and his manner and phraseology were peculiar, in a fashion which made it very difficult to listen to him with the seriousness which his subject demanded. He enlarged on his work in Palestine and Asia Minor generally, which had undoubtedly been of a most praiseworthy description, but when he proceeded to illustrate the customs of his race by chanting some of their native song in a high-pitched voice it proved very difficult for me, light-hearted enough in those days, to hear him with due calm and decorum. Even his imitation of the lamentations of the Jews at the wailing place outside the walls of fallen Jerusalem, which ought to have been deeply pathetic, became from his intonation and style exactly the reverse.

The culminating overthrow of my gravity came with an anecdote which he told of an Arab chief who had of fered him his daughter in marriage and anxiously pressed the beautiful bride upon him. "Yes," exclaimed Dr. Wolfe, stretching out his arms toward a quiet, dignified lady who sat on sofa near him. "Yes, that chief begged me to have his child, with the brown eyes like a gazelle, to wed her and keep her always: but I said to him: 'No! no! I have my Georgina at home I want no more wives. I have my Georgina in my house already, and that is enough, oh, quite enough." I must own that I had to beat a hasty retreat from the effects of this speech on the propriety of demeanor I had been trying so hard to maintain.

Not a Cent in Sight.

Baron Rothschild was once caught in predicament that many people experience daily, and that is getting into a conveyance of some kind, and then not having the money to pay the fare. The driver of the omnibus into which Rothschild entered demanded his fare, and the Baron, feeling in his pocket, discovered that he had no change. The

driver was very angry. "What did you get in for, if you

had no money?" "I am Baron Rothschild," exclaimed the great capitalist, "and there is my card.

The driver scornfully tossed the card away. "Never heard of you before," said he, 'and don't want to hear of you again.

What I want is your fare." The banker was in great haste. "Look here. I've an order for a million," he said; "give me the change." And he proffered a coupon for that

amount. The driver stared and the passengers laughed. Fortunately a friend of the Baron entered the omnibus at the moment and, taking in the situation, immediately paid the fare. The driver. realizing his mistake, and feeling re-

morseful, said to the Baron: "If you want 10 francs, sir, I don't mind lending them to you on my own

Tired and Sleepy.

"Speaking of cures for insomnia," said an old soldier, "makes me think of our starting out one morning at 7 o'clock, marching twenty miles and meeting the enemy at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and fighting till 6, and then marching back to where we started from, getting there at 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Some of the men left in camp had made a fire to cook their coffee by and had kept it going through the evening. It was now a big bed of red coals, with an occasional flicker of flame going up from the charred end of a halfburned stick. It was a chilly night. and I thought I'd sit down on a log that there was alongside the fire for a few minutes and get warm a little before turning in. The next thing I knew it was 6 o'clock. I had gone to sleep the minute I sat down and had fallen off the big log without waking up.

"Now, if, as sometimes happens, l find myself inclined to lie awake nights, I just think of the comfort of my present bed as compared with that by the log, and that as enough."

Traveled on His Face.

"You are dead beat." At the harsh words the cyclist roused himself and opened one eye. The policeman, bending over him, went on: You have been trying to travel on

your face." The cyclist opened the other eye. "I have," he admitted. "On my face and one elbow. But they could not stand the strain."

And, rising weakly to his feet, he staggered toward the nearest drug store, bearing the fragments of his wheel with him.-Wisconsin Sentinel

For a Song. 'Magnificent house, isn't it?" Yea.

"Indeed?" "Yes, he's the author of 'Papa's Jag is Three Days Old,' you know."-De troit News.

"And he bought it for a song."

Cauldn't. Wife (in church)-"Jabez, why didn't ou put something in the contribution

Husband-"Husb. Jane; I didn't have anything less than a 2-cent piece about

A man feels drowsy after a hearty dinner, because a large part of the

blood in the system goes to the stomach to aid in digestion, and leaves the brain poorly supplied. Pearls are in greater demand than ever and are largely used for necklaces.

United States Patent Office Report

TRANS-MISSHSSIPPI INVENTORS 351 patents were issued to United inventors the past week, of which number Nebraska inventors received 2 patents, while 10 Iowa inventors were rewarded. James Gilbert of Omaha, Nebraska, receiving a patent for a thurst bearing for marine engines while W. H. Fairchild, Diller, Nebras-

ka, received a patent for a corn planter.

Amongst the notable inventions are found a railway track layer; a sand papering machine; a fence comprising a split tubular rail having a projecting serrated tongue; a vegetable cutter, grader and dish strainer, a pad attach-ing attachment for sewing machines; a machine for forging car wheels; a pocket for prize fruit; a hair curler comprising a pliable web provided with longi-tudinal rolls: a self-feeding mucilagebrush; a new tubing for bicycle frames, comprising two half sections provided with projecting flanges, between which half sections and flanges is held a web plate; an electric igniter for gas engines; an improved carpet sweeper; a golf club; a support for musical performances; a tire shrinker attachment for anvils; a bicycle shoe provided with an outer sole comprising a layer of fibrous material; a field anchor for check row corn planters; a step cover for stairs; an improved bicycle pump; a folding brush; a collapsible chair; an inflated bicycle tire comprising a plu-rality of tubes arranged to form tami-inations with intervening air spaces; a fire proof floor or roof; a combined chid's wagon and velocipede; a combi-nation bloomer and divided skirt: and a a lap board in the form of a cylinder.

Parties desiring free information relative to the law and practice of patents may obtain the same in addressing Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebr.

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