INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER V .- (CONTINUED.)

ocean blended into one, "when I sit and pines for freedom!" here I grow so impatient, Walter; I long to skim like the albatross yonder with daring wing, along, above the heaving waves. The world—the world oh, papa, is it not very hard for us as -so beautiful-so grand-I would see

it. My spirit tires of this sameness; it requi for one taste of the pure air of free-

of con "Silly girl! What is freer and purer duct, at Chicaan this sea breeze, playing so dain- this freedom from sin and sorrow, but onder with your curls? What more The old indless, vast and grand than this of the siren song the radiant-faced were rud r-changing ocean at your feet? Why pied and c-changing ocean at your feet? Why spirit—somid you sigh for anything fairer?" its head incause, fair as it is, it is our prison. either part, n go no farther; her we must stay, to pray that this peaceful Eden may who ed to the narrow breadth of this prove my grave." of men who ed to the narrow breadth of this try thirty yearnd, when the wide illimitable had entirely objectore us. Ab, Walter, I turned, it was before us. Ab, Walter, I state rights, whick kind wish to cheat me into state rights, whick with my own yearnings? Do so, which with my own yearnings? the point, where, far away, our and mother-land waits for us?

obition imprisoned in your alents and germs of genius, can. and passive here, carve out paper in the drawer." the great arena of the world. ink of it I grow restless-

ed up vehemently and at her imploring hands to side.

'Come, come!" she cried, as passionately as though the onleaping waves rising to his eyes-"you are pining for would bear her words to friendly ears. "Oh, ocean, mighty ocean-that spared effort required in the battle of life. See, us from thy yawning graves for a liv- here in this deserted island is a grand ing tomb, be merciful. Send hither a opportunity for heroism that you have bark to hear thy foster children back quite overlooked. Do not be startled, to the embrace of mother earth-a messenger of hope and mercy. Mighty

Neptune, where are thy spells now?" The girl stood, frozen by the spell of her own emotion into a statue of such wild and matchless loveliness that the gazers almost husbed their breath in vantage of the isolation of her life here, sudden fear that the myth she had invoked might rise from his foamy couch | portunity to see others and judge for to seize and bear her away for his bride. The only reply came in the hoarse

beating of the surf that seemed to moan wildly, "Not yet-not yet."

Her outstretched arms drooped dejectedly, the glow died from off ber face, and with a deep, deep sigh she sank slowly back to her seat again.

Walter answered scothingly: these wild, intense cravings for action struggle for worldly fame and prosper- her. ied in obscurity-and yet often and man thus early in your boyhood." often comes a strong conviction that excitement and honors of the world, we to the peaceful innocence of our life here."

She shook her beautiful head doubtingly. "I can scarcely agree with you-bet-

pineness and inaction."

Walter was looking fondly in her

"It is not strange that you fret and pine, Ellie dear. A brilliant lot amidst the noblest and best of our happy land doubtless awaits you, but for me it would be one continued struggle; and seif, and the pale-leaved blossoms that though I would welcome it gladly, yet it comforts me to think that in its absence I enjoy a blessing which freedom | were shed there. from the island would take forever

with the noble heiress."

CHAPTER VI.



nantly.

ter, to make that incided with her. heartless speech-' And breaking into tremulously:

Oh what does not the helpless, friendless child owe to you and your hardly fit for my Lady Somerset to father, but for whose untiring love and speak to; but the older I grow the more care I might now be an ignor sit, un- I come to reason that our souls are couth and awkward creature, of whom, if ever rescued, my relatives would be ashamed? No. no, Walter; come what may, you will always be the best and her when one of my shipmates that dearest -- no one else can fill your place."

Walter touched with his lips the white little hand flung toward him in from Americky, where, if they behave, ing, for if the mind be engaged in takthe earnest gesture. What more might all the folks are lords and ladies, and, have been said was prevented by the

quiet advance of Mr. Vernon. springing down from the rock and run- of puzzling over what don't concern ning to hang fondly on his arm. "Ah, us?-though sartin, here in this 'ere mon pere, we have had such a delight- forrin place, we don't get any special in Wisconsin, set apart \$19,000 in his ful excursion at the brook up in the country, and we were industrious, 100, rest of us, only for having the angel na- his own body and those of his brothso that even Tom praised our fine tur' of all womanhood. string of fish."

Mr. Vernon passed his hand caress-ingly over her bright curls.

"And yet my canary is weary of her "Ah," said she, fixing her eyes stead- pretty cage, her seeds and sweetmeats, fastly on the dim line where sky and and beats her wings against the bars

never meant you should know it, but,

Eleanor colored. "Ah, you overheard our silly talk. I

well as you?"

"My child," answered he, solemnly, pants like an imprisoned thing longing it will be of little use for me to tell you what a bitter cruel enemy I have found this same world for which you sigh. I may bid you prize this calm peace, you will be deaf to my words, because Hope sings ever to the ears of youth. No, my children, I long no more for the busy haunts of men. I am ready

"Now, then," said he, rousing from his reverie, "I shall send you, Ellie, to duil that I cannot perceive the the house. You will find the French lesson I prepared on your table, and What a glorious name might you may translate it as neatly as you Tom has plenty of freshly-made

Eleanor obeyed at once, glancing at Walter as if expecting him to follow; but his father laid a restraining hand on his arm, and Walter remained at his

"My son," said Mr. Vernon gravelyso graevely that Walter felt the tears action; you long for the excitement and Walter, when I tell you that I have made a painful discovery today-that you love Eleanor with an affection more fervent than a brother's or a friend's. grily: I put it to your own conscience and manliness-is it honorable to take adand win her love before she has opherself? There is no doubt, judging from the jewels in the trunk, the coat of-arms on her clothing, and Tom's account of the servant's idea of the family's importance, that Eleanor is the child of noble and aristocratic parents. for I have often told you of it. Now, Her sigh was echoed dismally, yet then, have you a right to profit by the accidental circumstance of the ship-"Nay, nay, dear Ellie, do not look so wreck, and take advantage of her guile--this dismal lamenting for talents bur- ity-conquer yourself, Walter; be a

There was a yearning, pitying tenwere our wildest hopes gratified, and derness in the tone that belied the we safely restored to all the pleasures, calm, reasoning words. Walter knew that his father grieved for him, and would look back with a sigh of regret looking up proudly, although his lip

quivered, he said: "I know what you mean, father, and I will be worthy of your goodness. Ellie shall never hear a word or hint from me to suggest there is anything else in ter sorrow and sore trouble than su- the world besides a brother's friend-

ship." His father bent down suddenly and left such a kiss on his forehead as in his dreams Walter had received from an unknown angel mother, and was gone. Walter continued on to the little

wood beyond the cliff, and only himwere wet with briny dew knew of the passionate flood of boyish tears that

Thenceforward there was a quiet dignity of manliness about Walter's de-She looked down at him question- meanor that puzzled Tom and Eleanor as much as it pleased his father. He one of them turns around to look after "Do you not guess, dearest, that once did not take so many strolls alone with the other-very short odds against in your own circle bumble Walter Ellie, but always managed to find pre- both doing so, says the Nineteenth would scarcely presume to intimacy text for Tom's company. He no longer Century. It is not the gait or the used the slightest freedom in word or figure or the hair of the stranger that set, but treated her with as much hon- has attracted atention; it is the dress, orable delicacy as he might have used | not the person within it. The gentle LEANOR reached toward his queen. Her probable rank anarchists who are busy organizing down her little and superior station were more fre- the debrutalization of man will, of hand to his shoul- quently alluded to, until, pouting with course, attribute this little falling to der, and her blue preity vexation, Eleanor declared that the vanity of the feminine mind by eyes shone indig- she would throw into the sea the spark- reason of man's tyranny in excluding ling chain of diamonds whose unknown women from boards of directors and "Had it been any crest had raised such a formality be- other intellectual arenas. It may be one but you, Wal- tween them. Tom in his droll way co-

"I know," said he. "I've allers been brought up to think nature made a sobs, she added great difference in folks when she folk in --- county thought we were pretty much equal in the Lord's sight, if so be we all do right. Shiver my timbers if I didn't use to get into a corwent down off here in the 'Petrel' argued with me about it. Ye see, he came cording to his account, they live amazingly happy. Well, well, the Lord Here is our father," cried Eleanor, knows all about it-where's the use sign that little Ellie's any better'n the

> "There," said Eleanor, laughing where they will be interred on the old gayly, "see what a philosopher our Tom | family estate, in the shadow of a grand | the length of the day. has become! Look that you take a les- monument.

son from him, Sir Walter. I am becoming much aggrieved, you are so formal and polite. You don't frolic with me; you don't pet me. I declare, Walter, you haven't kissed me for these three

As she spoke she held up her beautiarchly.

Poor Walter colored crimson, stammered incoherently, and then darted

Ellie burst into tears; Tom whistled and Mr. Vernon, closing his book, fol-

CHAPTER VII.



lowed after his son.

RECKON I'll find Walter and fix the flag as we agreed," said Tom, looking ruefully at the weeping girl. He had hardly disappeared when Mr. Vernon returned, and began quietly wiping away the tears from the girl's An earnest, serious

conversation ensued, from which they were interrupted by Walter, who came rushing in with a face so ghastly they both sprang up in alarm.

"Quick, father, quick! Come up to Tom. He is hurt; he is dying, I am afraid."

Mr. Vernon seized a flask of brandy, preserved carefully for such exigencies, and darted after his son, who had flung an arm around Eleanor, and almost carried her in his rapid flight back to

At the foot of the tall tree to which the flag staff was nailed they found poor Tom. He was lying just as Walter had left him, with a face wearing the awful, unmistakable signet of death. Mr. Vernon shuddered, and flinging himself frantically beside him,

groaned: "Oh, Tom, Tom, what terrible thing has come upon us? What has happened to you?"

The glaring eyes turned lovingly to the distracted group.

"My hour has come this time. The 'Petrel's' ribs wasn't cleaner stove up than mine are now. Tom's last voyage is nigh on it ended."

"It can't be, it shan't be," shouted Walter fiercely, and passing his arm under the drooping head he poured a little brandy in his hand and wet the clammy, parted lips, and turning impatiently to his father, said almost an

"Why do you look so hopeless? Help me take him up; help me to do what will make him well again."

"No. no, lad, don't move me; it's no Tom tells ye so himself-he's sighted the promised land already. Good children, dear children, ye're corry to lose poor Tom; he thanks you kindly. Mr. Vernon, sir-"

"Tom, my best friend, my preserver and savior, say on, I hear you," sobbed You know the exclusive pride of such, the strong man, hiding his quivering face.

"I'm going fast, and I must say quick while I can talk all I want you to do. I've wrote down where my sister lives hopeless. I confess you have spoken less, unsophisticated nature? Here is long ago; you'll see it, and if you ever the truth. I, too, have these longings- | your task, grander and nobler than any | get away from here I know you'll see and I know the Lord is merciful."

hand in his and press it tenderly for a

response. "I know ye'll miss me, but the use of the change will soon come. I'm sorry so much hard work will fall to you without Tom's stout arm to do it, but the Lord's will be done. He knows what's best, and can take care of you." He paused again to rest, and seemed sinking into a stupor, until Walter tried to move him to a more comfortable position, when he smiled feebly in thanks, opened his eyes, and said with

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

considerable energy.

WOMEN STARING AT WOMEN. A Man's Comments on This Weakness

Two women pass each other on the street of a provincial town; they are not acquainted, yet it is long odds that conceded that psychology and betterment are more recondite fields than millinery, but this would be but a duli world and far uglier than it is if every woman had a soul above chiffons. Odds brought 'em into the world. Why, our grenadine and tarlatan! That were a consummation by no means desirable. No let all men who have eyes to see withal or hearts to lose set great store by the pains bestowed on pretty dressing, but if one may speak and live the art should be studied with subtler tact than is sometimes seen. It should be better concealed; it is distressing to see a young woman's eyes, wandering over the dress of her with whom she is talking note of external detail conversation ceases to be intercourse and becomes the crackling of thorns under the pot,

A Loyal Irrahman.

A layal Irishman, who recently died will for the purpose of transporting ers buried in this country to Ireland.

LEISURELY BICYCLE RIDING. The Only Way to Get Enjoyment Out

of the Exercise. The easy, graceful, moderate, leisurely style of bicycle riding is coming into vogue and practice, particularly with ful face, the crimson lips pouting ladies. On the most popular cycling are blossoming into curious flowers roads in this city and county may now be seen, any fair day, numbers of ladies, alone or accompanied, riding miles an hour, and either enjoying the fact is really a matter of great importance, and from the standpoint of good health and reasonable physical exercise it is both noteworthy and a source of satisfaction.

Bicycling is comparatively a new exwheels and wheelmen for a quarter of a century, it is only within four or five years that the pastime has become so popular as to be almost universal. And like every new exercise, it has been done to excess, and is only now beginning to be properly utilized and made a reasonable pleasure. The little child that has just learned to walk cannot make his little legs go fast enough to keep up with his desire to get over space, but by and by he learns to walk with easy grace, and to take such exercise as is both healthful and pleasant. Bicycle exercise has scarcely passed the childish, the rushing, the scorching era, but it is approaching the more graceful and less impulsive stage. The impulse to spin over the ground on a wheel is as irresistible, at first, as the toddler's desire to fairly leap from one point to another, and everything is forgotten but the exhibaration and new excitement. It must be something like the sensations of a little bird the first time he tries his wings. But, as already suggested, ladies and gentlemen who ride the wheel are learning that there is a keen delight in riding easily, gracefully and leisurely. It affords pleasure which "scorching" can never give. It permits conversation, it allows observation of and appreciation of beautiful scenery. It develops love of nature as well as both muscle and lung power. It does more; it prevents redness of face, shortness of breath and superfluous perspiration. The leisurely rider does not get tired; for a nice, easy pace may be continued hour after hour without fatigue, and after a ride of this kind the rider is refreshed and feels that the exericse could be continued indefinitely.

There can be no doubt of all this, for ladies and gentlemen who are fully competent to speak testify to the pleasures of riding at a moderate pace. Moreover, having overcome their early impulses to rush from one town to another or to "chase miles" in order to establish a record of no avail to them after it is made.

There will always be "scorchers" and young beginners, and these will continue to ride as if a cyclone were after them; but ladies and gentlemen generally are surely adopting the leisurely pace and are enjoying it to the fullest extent.-Elizabeth (N. J.) Jour-

When Napoleon Learned Humanity. Bonaparte had ruled men's hearts by Tell her I was willing to die, his use of a cause, securing devotion that I allers tried to do the best I could, by rude bonhomie, by success and by sufficient rewards: Napoleon quenched Mr. Vernon could only take the cold devotion by a lavishness which sated the greediest, losing the affections of his associates by the demands of his gigantic plans. As he felt the foundations of his greatness shivering he became more and more human. Early in 1813 he said: "I have a sympathetic heart, like another, but since earliest childhood I have accustomed myself to keep that string silent and now it is altogether dumb." He was mistaken; throughout that season he was profoundly moved by the horrors of war; his purse was ever open for the suffering; the king of Saxony was released from his entangling engagements; in spite of his hard-set expression, on the retreat from Leipsic he forbade his men to fire the suburbs of the city in order to retard the pursuit of their foes, and before he left Mainz for St. Cloud he showed the deepest concern and put forth the strongest effort in behalf of the dying soldiery.-Century.

CURIOUS FACTS.

All men of genius are said to have eyes clear, slow moving and bright. This is the eye which indicates mental ability of some kind, it does not matter what.

It is a noteworthy fact that the locomotive engines which drew the Tsar and the Imperial party to Moscow for the coronation were of American manufacture.

The veddahs, or wild hunters of Ceylon, mingle the pounded fibres of soft and decayed wood with the honey on ca changes with almost every generawhich they feed when meat is not to be tion.

Some one has calculated that the postmen of London walk, together, something like 48,360 miles per day, a distance equal to twice the circumference of the globe.

The quantities of bananas shipped from West Indian and adjacent ports into the United States now amounts to and 1,624 in America. 13,000,000 or 14,000,000 bunches annually, valued at considerably over \$20,-600,000.

Prof. Geikie estimates the amount of sediment carried to the sea by the Thames in a year at 1,865,903 cubic feet, while it is estimated that the Missizzippi deposits in the sea in a year solid matter weighing \$12,500,000,000 pounds.

By a simple rule the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising, which will give the length of the night, and douLILY AND JIMSON WEED.

From two big black seeds planted two

months ago in the garden of Mr. E.

B. Du Val have sprung plants which

that puzzle those familiar with horti-

Flowers a Baltimore Florist Has Raise from Two Black Seeds.

culture, says the Baltimore Sun. The flower will probably be named "Du Val along easily, at a pace of six or eight lily," as it is a new one in Maryland. Mr. Du Val's garden is in the rear of landscape or chatting pleasantly. This his home, Whitmore Heights, on 2d street, Walbrook, across the way from the handsome residence of Mr. Julian Le Roy White. It has become a curiosity shop for flowers from the use of seeds and cuttings which are sent to Mr. Du Val by horticulturists all over ercise. Although there have been the country in order that he may try them in Maryland soil. When the two black seeds arrived in May from a New York seed house Mr. Du Val had them planted in a choice place in the garden. He became interested in the two shoots which soon sprang up from the seeds. The tender stalks were tightly curled in , knob, like that on a growing lima sean stalk, until the stems were nearly . foot high. Then the curl straightened .nd a bushy plant developed, from which soon rose a flower stalk. Another thing which aroused Mr. Du Val's curiosity about the new plants was the information he had received with the seeds that they came from a cross of a "Jimson" weed with the common yellow or white lily, which abounds in old-fashioned gardens and about old country places. The "Jimson" weed. or Jamestown weed, as it is more properly known, receives its name from Jamestown, Va., where it was first known in this country from its growth about refuse heaps. It is of Asiatic origin, is a variety of stramonium and has a disagreeable odor from the leaves. Its flower is a deep purple in color. From this strange admixture of plant life Mr. Du Val has brought to the Sun office the first bloom. The flower is about eight inches long and measures six inches across the bell-shaped corolla, which is indented like both the parent flowers, the points ending in tendril-like twists, as do the "Jimson' weed flowers. The corolla is purple outside, while the inside is of cream color. Three layers of fleshy petals make up the blossom, the petals being joined with what tailors would call a "lap seam." A green calyx supports the flower, which grows on a stout stem. The deep purple color is continued in the stamens and pistil, which form a group deep down in the lily cup. The leaves of the plant are like magnified oak leaves and when pressed emit the true "Jimson" weed odor. Mr. Du

Li Hung Chaug's Mournful Bouquet.

Val will report on his strange lily to

the seedsmen and will retain some of

the seeds for future experiments in his

garden.

A funny little story comes to us from Russia in connection with the fetes for the czar's coronation. A member of the American mission, an army officer, was calling on Li Hung Chang. It so happened that this member had a very pretty and charming daughter, whom Li Hung Chang so greatly admired that he asked the father's permission to send some flowers to her. which of course was granted. Imagine the American officer's feelings, however, when Li Hung Chang had carried down to the carriage an enormous wreath of white heliotrope, with an appropriate mourning inscription. White heliotrope was the only flower that a Chinaman could offer to a young girl, the Chinese statesman explained. There was no place to dispose of the flowers except on the top of the carriage, and as the American was on his way to join a procession to spend the day going about to ceremonies and functions, there was nothing for him to do but to carry the wreath with him. -Harper's Bazar.

One Condition

"Think beautifully," said the doctor to his sleepless patient, "and you will fall tranquilly asleep. Can you try?" "That depends," answered the patient, "on the size of the mosquito."

SPOKEN LANGUAGE.

The word "language" comes from the Latin "lingua," the tongue. The rabbis taught that the language

spoken by Adam was Hebrew. The Chinese language has 40,000 simple words and only 450 roots.

Philologists agree that all languages are developed from one root. Geiger says that "all words are developed from a few simple sounds."

Jager, Bleek, Muller and many others assume language to be an evolution. The speech of the aborigines of Afri-

Very rapid speakers enunciate about two words per second, or from 120 to 150 per minute.

In 1801 there were only 5,000 Italianspeaking people in the United States now there are 460,000. Of the leading dialects, 937 are spok-

en in Asia, 587 in Europe, 276 in Africa Elihu Burritt, the learned black

smith, is said to have understood from forty to fifty languages. There were, in 1801, 230,000 persons in the United States who spoke French;

there are now over 1,000,000. In ninety years the Spanish-speak ing people of the world have increased from 26,190,000 to 42,800,000.

For sprains apply cloths wrung out of very hot water until inflammation and pain have subsided. For black and blue spots an ounce of muriate of ammonia to a pint of lukewarm water bling the time of the setting will give makes a good application to be kept ea constantly.

Rest for Children

It is far better not to allow a child to be out of doors at all in the middle of the day, when the sun is hottest, and always to insist that it lie down for an hour after dinner. Whether the child sleeps or not does not matter; it is resting and that is what is re-quired; and unless this is a rule rigidly enforced, it will not be carried out, most children, after the days of their infancy have passed away, being very disinclined to be compelled to lie down, except at such times as when they wish to sleep.

Dishonored Drafts.

When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the bowels perform their functions feguiarly, and the liver works like clockwork. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

They Study Great Speeches.

A feature of the work arranged for a class of women who are studying American history will be a study of the speeches of American orators who represented different schools of thought and different sections of the country. Another class of women interested in the same subject is studying the history of the forts of their state.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me. Wm. B. McClellan, Ches-ter, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

A Real Mrs. Partington. A Real Mrs. Partington.

An English paper tells of a real Mrs. Partington. She walked into the office of the Judge of probate and asked, "Are you the judge of probates?" 'I am the judge of probate," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect. You see, my husband died detested and left me several little infidels, and I want to be appointed their executioner."

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