MOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand, Pause not for toll or pain; Weary not through the heat of summer, Wears of through the cold spring rain, But wait till the autumn comes For the shraves of golden grain

Scatter the seed and fear not. A table will be spread: Vhat matter if y is are ton weary To eat your hard-carned broadt ow, while the earth is broken, For the hungry must be fed.

ow-while the seeds are lying In the warm earth's bosom deep, .nd your warm tears fall upon it-They will stir in their quiet sleep; And the green blades rise the quicker. Percimoce, for the tears you weep-

Then sow -for the hours are fleeting. And the seed must fall to-day; And care not what hands shall reap it, Or if you have passed away Before the waving cornfields Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow : and look outward, upward, Where the starry light appears-Where, in spite of the coward's doubting. Or your own heart's doubts and fears, You shall reap in joy the harvest You have sown, to-day, in tears.

A FALL FOR LIFE.

The merchant ship Druid, from Bombay for London, lay becalmed off the west coast of Hindostan, between Gos and Mangalore, where the Ghants Mountains were seen, towering in savage grandeur thousands of feet in air, with wild torrents leaping down the rocks, flashing through the dark green shrubbery, and rushing with the din of

"If the wind does not rise before tomorrow morning we will have to an-chor," said the captain to Robert Winfield, a handsome young naval lieutenant on leave of absence from the frigate stationed at Bombay. "I don't want to lay the ship's bones on the coast, nor do I like to get too near it. I have heard bad stories of the natives there at any rate. I believe that almost every Hindoo is a thief and murderer by na

Bell Upton, daughter of Major Upton, who was on his way home from his India regiment, on sick leave, heard the words, and, shuddering, draw closer to her invalid father.

A quick glance was exchanged between her and the young naval lieutenant, whose reassuring look seemed at once to dispel her fears.

Major Upton, noticing the glance, frowning, said to his daughter, "Come,

Bell, let us go below."

Winfield had been a suitor of Bell's since she came to visit her father at Bombay, some months before. The girl favored him, but not so the major, who wanted her to choose a wealthy

Bell was beautiful, with a form of unrivaled grace, brown eyes, a clear, pearl-white skin, with little color, and dark golden hair that fell in rippling masses over a pair of magnificent shoulders. The lieutenant watched her admiringly until she disappeared in the cabin

"No harm shall befall her, not while I live," he thought, as he now glanced uneasily towards the coast. "We have arms aboard, have we not?" he added aloud to the captain. "Ay, ay, sir; but it is not likely w

shall be attacked. We are full two leagues from the coast, and before we are near enough to be boarded a breeze will spring up. I have no doubt.

A few hours later night closed round the ship. The sky was covered by thick clouds which obscured the moon and seemed to betoken that a breeze would spring up before long.

Meanwhile the ship having drifted :

league nearer the coast, the lieutenant thought the captain very careless not to have more than his one lookout posted

forward on so dark a night.

Before eleven o'clock the quarter-deck was deserted by all save the officer of the watch, a lazy fellow who was now stretched on the carpenter's chest half asleep, while the watch forward, as Winfield (who stood leaning over the rail amidships) could perceive by the ight of a lantern in the fore rigging. lay reclining on the hatch, some o

them snoring.
Not feeling sleepy, the lieutenant re solved to go aloft on the mizzen topsail yard and watch for the first sign of a ries one lots from the strictest fact and breeze. Arrived on the yard, the truth is indeed a liar. gloom was so intense that he could not see the waters below, although he still gazed in that direction. Was it reality or imagination?" He thought he could detect the dim outline of something shooting around the ship's stern.

He was about descending, when, the moon parting the clouds, a flood of silvery light was poured down on the ship and water, revealing a sight that filled the young man with horror—a scene so sudden and unexpected that his heart seemed to stand still.

While he was aloft Bell Unton had while he was aloft Bell Unton had come out on the quarter-deck, and now stood with her back to the rail, about two feet from it, her head bowed as in deep thought, so that her beautiful white face shown like polished ivory in the bright moonlight. Then unseen, unheard by the young glrl, a Hindoo, with a long, lithe hady naked to the with a long, lithe body naked to the waist, had clambered up the side from a cance containing half-a-dozen of his companions, and had contrived to glide. serpent-like, on the outside of the ship until he had gained a position directly behind her, when he drey a large dirk, which he was now on the point of plunging into the snowy neek of the fair passenger, that she might not give an alarm!

The lieutenant's hand clenched the

The lieutenant's hand clenched the yard like a vice, as he beheig the young lady's peril. He must sare her—he would save her, he thought; yet how was it to be done? To give the alarm would only hasten the girl's doom; to descend, no matter how quickly, he means of one of the back-stays, would be no use, as she must perith before he could reach the deck and attempt to stay the deadly hand.

There was no time to lose. In three seconds the dirk would descend, and er. the girl would be killed at one stroke, so that the murderer's companions, who had already begun to ascend the

results side, could pounce on the drowsy male occupants of the deck. and, slaving them, make themselves masters of the ship almost before a warning could be given.

Like a lightning flash, the instinct of love, the resolution to save Bell in some way from his immediate attack, sent a sudden thought through the brain of the agenized spectator.

The Hindoo murderer, in his position on the outside of the ship, was under the yard, although about forty feet below him, while the girl, standing two feet from the rail, was within easy reach of the native, whose arm and body, as already stated, were drawn back from the bulwarks to give force to the meditated blow. The young man, therefore, deemed it would be an easy matter to reach the Hindoo in the only way it could be done with sufficient rapidity to prevent the accomplishment of his deadly purpose - a way, at once novel and desperate, and which would, perhaps, involve his own destruction.

In a word, not hesitating to risk life or timb for the woman he loved, Lieutenant Winfield resolved to drop down from near the end of the mizzen topsail yard upon the Hindoo, forty feet below. and thus dash him from the rail into the sea, perhaps killing himself, ere he could strik the fatal blow with the uplifted dirk. He would atter a schrill cry - a warning to the crew as he cleaved the air, thus rousing them, perhaps, in time to meet the attack of the robbers, and ensure the further safety of Bell and

The emergency admitted of no delay The young man, clutching the yard-arm near the end, hung by it for a second to make sure he was in a line with the Hindoo beneath; then, just as the dirk was about to descend, he let go of the spar, with a long, wild cry that pierced every corner of the ship, and down he went, cleaving through the air with terrible velocity. There was a whirling, rushing sound, then a thud as the heavy boot-heels of the falling body crushed upon the head of the na-tive ere he could use his knife, dashing him from the rail into the sea, and kill

ing him instantly.

The watch heard the warning cry of the lieutenant, and before the other natives could recover from their surprise at the occurrence which had so suddenly and upexpectedly broken upon them, the decks were alive with the whole erew, and the entire gang of robbers

beat a hasty retreat.

Meanwhile Bell Upton had been s bewildered by that sudden, fearful cry she had heard, and the subsequent splash of the bodies in the water, that not until the boat was lowered and the lieutenant, who had been struggling in the water, was brought aboard and into the cabin, to explain in a faint voice how he had seed her life, did she comprehend all that had happened. Then she threw herself down by the prostrate form of her lover, and hung over him in agony, fearing that he was fatally injured. Soon, however, the doctor gave cheering information to the con-trary.

The young man had sustained a fearful shock from the contact with the Hindook body, but as that body had offered little resistance to his downward progress when he struck it, being simply driven before him into the sea. his lower limbs, although partially paralvzed for the time, were not broken. He had, however fallen dangerously near to the rail. A roll of the ship to the other side, ere he could let go of the topsail ard to descend, would have caused him to fall on the bulwarks, when, of course, he would have been killed.

"Never before," said the doctor, edid I hear of such a daring performance.

"Aye" exclaimed Major Upton God bless him! Here, Bell, he shall have you, girl, for he has earned you. He put both hands of his daughter in the lieutenant's, and turned his head away to hide a few tears upon his

bronzed cheek. Immediately after the young man had been brought aboard, an off-shore breeze sprang up, enabling the captain to head seaward. In due time the vessel reached her home port, when the lieutenant, who by this time had fully recovered from the effects of his fall. claimed his beautiful and willing bride

The Curse of the Hour. There is too much lying. hand we meet with exaggeration, equivocation, deception. We call it all lying, and every man or woman who va-

The expressman agrees most solemly to deliver a trunk for you at a certain place by a certain hour. He delivers it the day after the time promised, and thus lies. The grocer promises to send you the best ten in the market. He takes the first his hand falls upon without any care for the quality, and despatches it to you without a twinge. He is a liar. The printer promises to do your work cheaper than it can be done elsewhere in town. He forgets his promise—charges you what he pleases—and lies. The tailor agrees to deliver a suit of clothes without fail by six in the evening. You get them in the morning, and the tailor is a liar. The destist pleages his word that your teeth as filled by him will be all right for a dozen years. The fillings come out in six months, and the dentist lies. A man over the way is in need of a temporary loan. You lend him a small sum, which he promises by everything to return at a given time. He keeps it a month over the time and is a liar. An adctloneer tells you that a certain picture is by a master artist, when he knows it was painted by a fourth rate pointer. He lies, and is not worthy of trust. A salesman lies about his goods. A bootmaker tells a lie about your watch. The gossiper at the dinner table tells exaggrated stories to astensish the ladies, and is nothing clee than a liar. The foriet assures you that his flowers were picked in the morning, when they are nearly two days old. He lies, and will be about anything. The book publisher advertises that his book is selling by the tens of thousands, when he has not sold a thousand. He is a liar and one door off from the murder-trust. man over the way is in need of a tem-

Everywhere, everywhere we hear ly-ing, lying. Men and women who would knock you down if you called them

liars, lie every hour. Deception is the rule rather than exception. Canvassers lie about insurance companies. Brokers lie about stocks. Editors lie about polities. Evaggeration and misrepresentation rule the hour and are its curse. Gentlemen - ladies - why cannot the

truth be told always and ever? Why all this deception and lying? Why so much faisifying and cheating? In the name of all that is true and good, we beg of you to

Do as you agree! Do as you agree! Do as you agree!

Wealth in English Politics.

It is a remarkable fact that only on man of the very first class of fortune has, in our day, been a Premier, the of-fice having fallen generally to men who, in England, at all events, and by comparison, must be accounted men of mod-erate means. Sir Robert Peel was probably far the richest of them all, save this one, and he was not supposed, as was once shown by an incident in Commons, to be as rich as his will proved him to be, and came in no way up to the vulgar English idea of the magnifico. Earl Grey and Lord Spencer were wealthy men, but not remark able for wealth; and Lord John Russell Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Difraell were not only comparatively poor, but be er than they were. Earl Derby had indeed a vast property, though in his earlier life not so productive a one as it afterward became; but if he had redid, the public, which believed in him as the Rupert of Debate, and not as a millionaire, would not have cared a straw. We suspect that immense incans in themselves rather disqualify men for high office. The millionaires find so many interests in their lives, the pleasant things come to them so easilythough a million a year is no protection against toothache that they get impa tient of the worry, the labor, and the stinging publicity, as of living under a burning glass, inseparable under our system from great political power They fall into easy ways and self-willed ways, and neither tend to fit a man for the acquisition or retention of power in a country which is free, and governed by deliberation. Above all, we suspect great means release the will too much. take away too much of its power of keeping down, as with a spring, the la-tent caprices of the mind. Capriciousness, the desire to gratify volition at its earliest development, is the special fol ly of millionaires, and we suspect is not entirely absent from any one of them. The temptation is like that of absolute power, which invariably, though slowy, weakens the brain of its possessor generating the most disturbing of all thoughts—that he is not as the rest of mankind. Now, nothing interferes like caprice with the slow, resolute climb-ing, the constant devotion to one subject, the perpetual mental attention. necessary to the acquisition, and still more to the retention, of power in England, where the statesman has to please 1,000 masters, and make 5,000,000 people think him wise. Those qualities have belonged to the rich, but they are born of poverty, and are hardly consistent with the character produced by alth so great that the it can never cease to be a sort of Genie, all-powerful, and to be summoned at will. Aladdin might have been Grand Vizier in Bagdad, but would hardly have risen in England to a Principal Secretaryship of State. - Spectator.

Muscle vs. Brains

Drop a stone in a stocking, and it dangerous weapon with which to strike a man. It is the stocking that hits the man it is the stone that hurts him. In a lecture the language hits you, but it is the idea that interests you. Some of the relations between brain and muscle are strange and complex. There are problems difficult to solve. Given man in the head is the restless power of thought, and in the heart the restless fire of sin. Given society-and we have merciless wrong on the throne and innocent truth on the scaffold. Given also sin—darkening all homes, disturbing all hearts, desolating all hopes, blighting all characters, digging all graves. Given a soul—how to find meekness without stupidity, caution without cowardice, courage without rashness. Given man-a felt force in he world of forces. To find the proper balence between muscle and brain broblem. There is a muscle man and a brain man, and there ought to be har-mony, but there is not. Each is struggling for the ascendency. The muscle man on top, and he is an ax. a hoe, a spade. The brain man on top, and he thinks, and plans, and guides, and governs. The muscle man is a doer; he fights forces at a disadvantage; he lifts with the short end of the lever. The brain man is not a doer; he is an organizer, a combiner of forces. He stands in the center of the world, and makes others do the work. The musele man is crude material, gross. The brain man is imponderable, intangible. invisible. He sits by our hearts, and makes our homes; the other makes our houses, and makes our roads. One is even in forms of material things, the other is affections, souls, angels, God! The one is bread; the other is razor. I propose to be a razor. The one is grass; the other is tooth. I propose to be a tooth. You must adjust yourself, and choose your place.

Mr. Ruskin on Brunkenness as a Crime Mr. Ruskin, referring to statistics of drunkenness, and the relative statistics of crime, says that "drunkenness very slightly encourages theft, very largely encourages murder, and universally ensourages idleness, which is not a crime apparent in a tabular form. Drunken-ness is not the cause of crime in any me. It is itself crime in every case. A gentleman will not knock out his wife's brains when he is drunk, but it is, pevertheless, his duty to remain so-ber. The encouragement of drunken-ness for the sake of the profit on the sale of drink, is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money hitherto adopted by the

In the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting; the tree forced to unnatural luxuriance of bloom

"THE SUN DO MOVE, SHUAM." he merts Medern Astronomy

About two hundred people assembled in Lincoln hall last evening to hear Rev. John Jasper, the colored preacher of Richmond, Va., lecture upon "The Rotation of the Sun." The entertainment was unique, and greatly enjoyed by the audience, although very few of his hearers gave indications of having been converted to the reverend lecturer's views. Rev John Jasper is a gen-nine colored preacher, of the type that makes colored revivals and camp meetings so interesting to persons used to the formal elequence and measured prayers of white churches one of those preachers who have an elequence and force peculiar to themselves. He is rather tail in stature, of an angular figure, and was dressed last evening elerical black. A short, crisp, woo beard covers his black face, and the wool at the top of his head has been worn off with frequent rubbing, so that his forehead seems to extend to the hank of his skull. His discourse was full of quaint expressions, and he recounted scenes from the Bible in the vernacular common among the negroes of the south, affording rare entertainment to those of his hearers who have seldom had an opportunity of listening to plantation elequence. At times he fell into the sing-song intonation style of delivery so often, heard at negro revival meetings, and peculiarly noticeable among the colored liaptists. Had be been addressing his own congregation, all the heads and feet would have been

wagging and bobbing in time with the voice of the speaker.
His argument was based outlinely on scriptural quotations to show that "the sun do move." He began with a refer-ence to Joshua, who commanded the sun to stand still, and then gave other passages from the Bible, in which reference is made to the rising and setting of the sun. He wanted to know if when anything rose, it did not move? How would the sun rise and go down without moving? They could see it with their own eyes rising in the east, and then passing over the trees and houses and setting in the west. Yet there are some people who say the sun don't move. After each quotation which he considered a clincher, he added, "and yet they say the sun don' move," with an air expressing both pity and contempt for the unbelievers What man is thar," he asked, "that lives on God's earth that can take microscope, or any other scope, and say that the sun don't move? Whar is he? Whar is the man that can spy from this locality and tell how far the sun is from the earth? He may do it, but then I have my convictions, and he has his. Ninety-five millions of miles from the earth," he exclaimed; "who in the name of God could tell that? What can a man look through and look 95,000,000 miles?" bearers first to "eatch hold" of 1,000, 000 before talking about 95,000,000. His whole discourse was full of inter-esting and apropos little anecdotes and illustrations. He exhibited an earnest and hard-headed faith in the literal text of the Bible, and said that they could call him a "falsehood" or anything When the audience was disthe Bible. persing one gentleman, rising from his seat, asked how the sun got back from west to east, and he answered in the words of Solomon, that it "hastens back to the place of rising." Another gentleman asked if the height of a tree could not be measured in any other way than by climbing to the top and using a tape line, and the lecturer re-plied that it could not be measured ex-

Things that will Disappoint.

cept by using a tape-line or other in-strument. Washington Republican.

Now that so many Americans are gong abroad, it is well enough to mention to the few who have not crossed the Atlantic before, some of the much-vaunted things that are likely to disappoint them. They must not go to Fin-gal's Cave, at Staffa, or to the Giant's auseway, in the North of Ireland, expeeting to be surprised into any degree of admiration, for they will be very apt to find the reality tame compared to the florid, hyperbolical descriptions they may have read. Holyrood Palace, in Edinburgh, will be sure to be pronounced a humbug, save through its as-sociations. The blood stains of Rizzio, on the floor of the unhappy Maria Sta-srt's apartments, are either born of the Most of the Italian Gardens, of which so much has been said, amount to very little. For the most part they are stiff, verdureless, uninteresting. powned Boboli at Florence, and most of those at Rome, are hardly worth seeing. Juliet's tomb, at Verona, and Tasso's prison, at Ferara, as everybody knows, or ought to know, are well enough, perhaps, except that the former is simply a horse trough, and the latter a dingy den, in which the author of the "Jerusalem Delivered" never set foot. The Corso, in Rome, is an insignificant street with nothing to recommend it except discomfort and fleas. The Unter den Linden, in Berlin, is a sorry thor-oughfare, ill paved and deformed with broken trees, half decayed, or actually dead. The Berne clock is like a cheap toy, and preserves one from irritation when not visited. The catacombs of Rome are mere caves under ground, without corpses, relies, or even bones. The objects that might have drawn some people there have long been re-moved. Pere la Chase. Montmatre, Mont Parnasse are as ugly cemeteries as can be found in all France, and this is saying a good deal. Their artificiality and starkness add new terrors to death.
The South of Vrance, including Avignon, Montpeller and Nice, fail to redeem anticipations. The Rhine has little picturesqueness outside of its sacient castles, and bears a generally dreary aspect. The notorious Jardin Mabille is a very common garden, rather inde-cent, but exceedingly stupid.—New

Men think it no shame to give hand-some obsequise to those dead whor-living they had suffered to starve un-noticed; but the struggle of sinking pov-erty passes unseen in its corner.

Rallet Bay.

Mr A. W. Roberts, Superintendent of the Hartford Fundiarm Telegraph, has invented a very Lenious device to be attached to the relinary ballot-box, by which each single ballot is numbered and its number registered, so that the number of stamped ballots in the box corresponds with the number shown on the register. It is a simple cast-iron box, six inches square, with a front of hick fransparent glass, revealing the tire machanism, which is very simple d makes merely a single reciprocating stion without gearing of any kind here is a slit-like aperture on the low-side of the box, for which the ballotor proper is the floor, and the voter is when the attendant turns a little ank one revolution, and a bell strikes, ballot is printed with a number, and a same number appears on the rota ng register, to be seen by all. Those motions are all simultaneous, and as can be put in till the attendant turns the crank, and thus opens the aperture, which is closed by a slide. If two ballots folded or rolled together are put in as one, only one of them can be num-bered, and, of course, the other will not be counted. This numbering is done by printing, the device being that of the ordinary office ribbon hand s'amp. except that this is operated by the mechanism. When the balloting is concluded the crank is locked, the ballot-box itself being locked or sealed by the same action, and the registering apparatus may be removed, to be referred to at any time to certify the bal-Besides these guards against illegal voting, the clerks at the check lists may set the number of each voter's bal-It will be seen that the number of bal-

lot against his name, instead of a check. lots cast may be known at a glauce at any stage of the voting, without referring to the check lists. The registry counter may be made to record any number desired, as only four discs are required to show up to 9,999. One of the best features of the device is its extreme simplicity, which insures certainty of action and reliability. Hartford

Among Polar Boars. Three of the crew of the steamshi ntrepid, Captain Soutar, had a very exciting adventure at the Greenland seal fisheries, this season. During the time that their vessel was fast beset among the ice, three of the crew— Thomas Royal, Wolverhampton; James Winter, Peterhead, and William Mulligan, Dundee set out one day to pay visit to the ship Perseverence, of Peter head, which lay apparently about four miles distant. After walking about two miles it was seen that the distance between the two ships had been mis-judged, and that in reality they were als miles apart, and the dangerous nature of the journey began to dawn upon the seamen when they realized how far they were from any vessel, the sealing clubs being the only weapons with which they were armed. They deliberated wheth-er it would not be the best course to return to their own ship. One of the trio insisted on making the journey, while the others were of the opinion that they

should give up the attempt.

In the midst of their debate a she bear, with one cub, appeared, and as she was fast coming up between the men and their ship, the only chance of es-cape was to run, in the hope of reach-ing the Perseverance. When the men took to their beels the bears quickened their pace, and in a short time were

close upon the sailors. To attempt to face the animals with their clubs was useless, and accordingly, one by one, the men took portions of their clothing and threw them on the ice. In this way the progress of the bears was stopped, as they stopped to snuff and tear at each of the articles as anuff and tear at each of the articles as they came up to them. By this stratagem the men were enabled to keep a little ahead for about two miles. They had parted with most of their clothing, one of them having nothing but his pants, a cravat, and a woolen shirt upon him. He had retained possession of his club, and fastening his cravat to the end of the weapon, he waved it as a signal of distress, and fortunately the attention of the crew of the Perseverance tention of the crew of the Perseverance was attracted to the perilous position of the three seamen. Sevaral of the crew of the Perseverance immediately set out, armed with guns, and after running about a mile, they came up to the three men, just in time to save them, as they had almost no clothing

The bear and her cub were so close behind that the rescuers had no diffi-culty in dispatching them with several bullets. The following morning the three sailors returned to the Intrepid. They were escorted a part of the way by a number of the crew of the Perseverance, and, the male bear being seen in the vicinity, apparently on the look-out for the she bear and her cub, he was likewise killed.

left, and were exhausted with the

Did the Pope Offer the tielden Rose t Queen Victoria!

Among the items of news connected with the Vatican in Rome, communicated to the Daily Chronicle in London. there recently was one which might be labeled "Curious, if True." It was to the effect that Leo XIII had an into the effect that Leo XIII had an in-tention of offering to Queen Victoria the Golden Rose, which, since the mid-dle of the thirteenth century, the reign-ing Pope has presented to some Catho-lie Prized whom he desired especially to henor. The offering to Her Majesty would be as a mark of gratitude and thankfulness for having permitted the re-establishment of the Roman Catho-lic hierarchy in Scotland. We mention this as a passing rumor of the hour. If this as a passing rumor of the hour. If true, it would go to show that Leo is what may be termed a more liberal Pontiff than his venerated predecessor. who avoided even the appearance of friendly relations with the British sove-reign. But Pope Leo, who is underreign. But Pope Leo, who is under-stood to be a very learned man, partic-ularly well read in history, must be well aware that even if he were to offer her the compliment in question, Victoria could not accept it. The act of settlement, passed by the British Parliament, in the reign of King William III, on the 12th of June, 1701, with the express and avowed object of excluding any Catholic from ever becoming sovereign

of Great Britain and Ireland, s ly and strongly forbade all relation communication whatever between cand every member of the royal far of England and the Pope of Romo-penalty, in the event of this provi-being broken, being total forbeits renk and place.

ther Ten. One pound lean chopped fine; put if in a clean with a cover; add one pint cold and four drops muriatic acid; at back of range one hour; then a two hours; strain, and add four and one teaspoonful sait.

heart, and every indulgence of it a seed from which will come it new crop of rank weeks. Had habits are the this

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