

There Are Such Women.
The dainty little French performer on a vaudeville stage was drawing a charcoal sketch of a ship at sea, with the towers and battlements of an oriental town in the background. It was a night scene, and the moon was full and visible. Everybody saw the picture except a woman well in the front of the theater. She saw it with her eye, but her imperfectly constituted brain didn't see that the lines on the board represented anything.
"Do you see the ship now?" asked her impatient husband.
"It must be night," she said.
"Of course it's night. Don't you see the moon?"
"What is that white stuff in the rear?" she asked, referring to the oriental city.
"Dear me," said her husband, "you are like the fool that can't see the man in the moon, only worse."
"Any way, he's a handsome man," pursued the female. "Do you suppose he's 45 or 55?"
"Don't you see the ship and the city now?" persisted the husband.
"I see something that looks like cheese," she admitted, but at the look of despair on her partner's face she added:
"Oh, yes, now I do see it all. How stupid I was. How pretty and clever it is, to be sure. He's a handsome fellow, and well dressed. Shall we go home, dear, or see what the next act is?"
Without answering her husband arose and helped her on with her coat, and they left the theater, together in body, but widely, widely, separated in spirit.
—New York Commercial Advertiser.

He Was at Home.
When Mr. Felix Mahoney was a special pension examiner, he had a bit of an experience which deserves a place in the singular coincidence list. It happened up in Connecticut. Mr. Mahoney and a temporary hireling of his were driving along a country road in a sleigh, when in a snow filled cut the conveyance broke down. In the field beside the road Mr. Mahoney caught sight of a man's head. He lifted up his voice and called to the man. The head rose slowly, higher and higher, till its owner's entire figure was revealed, as he climbed out of a grave he had been digging.
"Where does Jim Smith live?" roared Mr. Mahoney.
"Hey?" said the gravedigger, for of course he was deaf. You never heard of a gravedigger in a story who wasn't.
"Where does Jim Smith live?" roared the pension examiner again, fortissimo. The gravedigger pointed to the nearest house.
"Well," said he, "that's his house over there."
"Is he at home?" bellowed Mr. Mahoney.
"Oh, yes," said the gravedigger. "He's at home. I'm just digging his grave."—Washington Star.

Coal in the Transvaal.
In one colliery not half a dozen miles from the gold mines I have seen a seam of coal 70 feet in thickness. This coal, though of a low quality, suffices for the purposes of the gold mines, and there is a sufficient quantity of it to outlast for the lives of all the gold miners. Besides these coal deposits near the gold-fields and those others by the Vaal river, which furnish coal for the railway system far down into Cape Colony, there are literally hundreds, perhaps even a thousand, square miles of coal in the Middleberg and Ermelo districts lying between Pretoria and Delagoa Bay. In the midst of these coal beds is the outcrop of iron ore, and running through them is the lately constructed railway to Delagoa Bay. With these vast coalfields close to a first rate port on the Indian ocean the prospects of the coal mining industry seem brilliant.
—South Africa Today, Younghusband.

The Bicycle Flead.
"One most obtrusive unpleasantness in the conversation of the bicycle flead," observed a nonbicyclist, "is his habit of personally appropriating every part and particle of his machine. It is apparently not enough that he should possess the bicycle in its entirety, but also in detail. 'My wheel,' when uttered two or three times to every sentence, is had enough, but when it comes to 'my saddle,' 'my tires,' 'my valves,' 'my handle bar' and so forth, the effect is both irritating and irrational. I once heard a man discourse for hours upon 'my inner tube.' Being then not so erudite upon the thing as I am now, I had the greatest difficulty in determining what he meant. From the viewpoint of him who does not ride, the possessive case is nowhere so overworked as in the conversation of the bicycle flead."—New York Sun.

President Kruger on Office Seeking.
A good story of President Kruger is told in an article on "Mining and Politics in the Transvaal," in The National Review. Some of the president's young relations applied to him for office. He considered awhile and said, "I can do nothing, for the high offices of the state are in firm hands and for little clerkships you are too stupid."

Editing by the Golden Rule.
A country editor puts the old question in new snags and says to his subscribers: "Brother, don't stop your paper just because you don't agree with the editor. The last cabbage you sent us didn't agree with us either, but we didn't drop you from our subscription list on that account."—Gordon (Neb.) Journal.

Thirty-four years ago a picturesque scene was enacted in the Danish capital. A deputation of Greeks stood before the old king of Denmark and asked that they might offer the crowns of their country to his great nephew, Prince George. For an answer the old man turned to the youth, bade him take a seat at his side and saluted him as his brother sovereign.

"Light Housekeeping."
"Rooms to rent for light housekeeping" is a sign that is steadily creeping into the windows of down at the heel mansions and into others which, though bearing a prosperous air, house occupants who "have experienced reverses."
Just where the line is drawn between the light and heavy variety of this domestic science it is difficult to determine, but it is conclusive proof that if you buy your pastry in bags at the bakery; if, lacking a back door of your own at which to receive the morning milkman, you are obliged to lay in wait for that personage at corners, then you are a "light housekeeper"—though perhaps your burdens are heavy.
We are prone to look upon these humble housekeepers as beings without home or country, because their foothold upon the terra firma of society is so light, but often there is much snugness within the few rooms and much culture, too, though it is hard to conceive of a culture that is nourished on bag lunches.
If you will get up early enough some morning, you may see the husband of one of these light housekeepers, with his paper and pitcher, just returning from a chilly encounter with the milkman, and as he passes into his rooms you may catch a ray from the smile which awaits him, and which, unlike the house, belongs entirely to him.—Chicago Post.

Marriages in Southern India.
The inhabitants of southern India have peculiar marriage customs, according to Dr. Boeck, the German explorer. There are always two marriage ceremonies, he says, one taking place when the betrothed ones are mere infants and the other when the bridegroom takes his wife to his own home. At the infant marriage rites two brothers of the boy place him on an elephant and take him around to give him a glimpse of the city where he and his bride are to live, and at the same time the girl's mother is doing her share by singing to the little one a marriage song.
At the final marriage the mother-in-law leads the young husband by the nose into a room, where his friends and relatives are awaiting him, and amid the loud noise of tamtams, the shrill whistles of pipes and the roaring of trumpets, the bride enters, unveiled. She gives the men present an opportunity to gaze at her, because in future no man but her husband may look at her face. Should this rule be broken at any time, her husband must commit suicide, and she must be burned on a funeral pyre before the sin is blotted out.
The bride is placed in a basket during the Brahman marriage ceremony, and when it is over she emerges veiled and closely guarded by her husband and his friends.—New York Tribune.

Unfortunate Beginning.
Sir William Rowan Hamilton, professor of astronomy in the Dublin university, used to speak with the strongest reverence of Bishop Brinkley, his predecessor. He had for him a filial affection and used to recall with a humorous melancholy the time of their first meeting, when, said he, "I am afraid I offended him."
"I was a youth of 18 and sat next him at some public luncheon. We did not speak, and I felt that good manners required me to break the silence. My eye happened to rest on a large map of Van Diemen's Land hanging on the wall. I turned to him.
"My lord," said I, "were you ever in Botany Bay?" The bishop turned to me with a look of severe displeasure.
"Eat your soup, sir," said he, "eat your soup." And then it occurred to me that he thought I was asking whether he had ever been "transported," for at that time Botany Bay was where desperate criminals were sent for a punishment.—Youth's Companion.

His Only Love.
A Horton spinster has quite a romance connected with her life. In her younger days she had a sweetheart and he asked her to be his wife, but as she was too young to marry she refused him. They separated and the years fled by, bringing with them much sorrow for the giddy miss. Ten years afterward, on the very day of the month on which she refused him, came a letter from the sweetheart of her childhood asking again for her hand. She did not love him, but decided to never marry any one unless it be this man. She refused again, and every year since then she gets a letter on their anniversary with the same old question written therein. The letters are not full of love. Oh, no, simply a question, that is all—a dozen words or more written in a businesslike way, with his name signed below. Perhaps they will get married some day, but very likely not.—Horton Headlight.

Not Many Bluestockings.
The latest census of Egypt shows that the country is about the only one in the world where the men are in a majority over the women. The male sex in the khedive's dominions exceeds the female by 160,000, and it is curious to note that this numerical predominance of the male is very evenly spread over both upper and lower Egypt. It is only in the sparsely peopled and newly recovered province of Dongola that the women are more numerous than the men. Another interesting fact is that the proportion of Egyptian women knowing how to read and write is just a little over one half per cent.—New Orleans Picayune.

Out of Sight of Land.
Hazel—Weren't you awfully afraid the first time you crossed the ocean?
Nuttie—Well—er—for a time I did feel a sort of groundless apprehension.—New York Journal.

Oldest Bank Note.
The oldest European bank note is Swedish, dated 1661; but the British museum, in London, has a Chinese note three centuries older.

MIGHTY WEARING ON A MAN.
This Soaring White Mama Trots Around With Baby at Midnight.
The lord of the manor slept although the baby had the colic and was in no wise disposed to suffer in silence. "Wah—oop—oo—oo—wah!" wailed the infant. Distracted at the child's distress the mother rushed wildly to the cradle. "Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye," cooed she. "Gr—r—r—slas—pool!" snored the lord of the manor. The woman made tea quick laps around the room, danced the suffering babe vigorously and performed a great variety of exhaustive antics popularly supposed to make young children forget their troubles. "Woop!" yelled the little one. "Hush-a-bye baby on the tree—." "Gr—r—r—slas—pool!" The lord of the manor slept. One by one the sands of time flowed through the hour glass. Minutes grew into hours. Just as the rising sun was coloring the eastern horizon with a delicate glow the baby fell asleep. With a smile of tender radiance the mother placed her darling in the cradle and imprinting a soft kiss upon its brow turned to her own couch. The lord of the manor stirred and opened his eyes. "Can I help you, Maria?" he feebly asked, with a yawn. The wife and mother sighed. "No, John," she wearily rejoined. They slept. "I shouldn't be surprised—." It was the lord of the manor talking to a friend next day. "If I look mighty haggard. This being up nights—." He gaped prodigiously. "With the baby is mighty wearing on a man." The lord of the manor looked decidedly dissatisfied with life.

TABLE TURNING IN CHINA.
How the Almond-Eyed Medium Conducts a Celestial Seance.
As things go by contraries in China, we find the phenomenon of table turning is reversed; in other words Chinese tables, instead of turning on their legs whirl around on their heads with their legs pointing to the ceiling. The directions usually given are to place a couple of chopsticks at right angles across a mortar or bowl filled with water, and upon these the table is turned upside down.
Four children are then called in and to each is assigned a leg, on which one hand is gently laid, while the other seizes the free hand of a companion. The medium then reads an incantation and soon the table begins to heave with emotion and at last revolves, carrying the legs along with increased velocity, until the table is whirled on its axis. The Chinese are said to implicitly believe that table turning is the work of devils or spirits, yet it is never performed save for the sport it yields, nor do they ever attempt to hold communion with the spirit world by this means.

A DEVOTEE OF MORPHEUS.
The Duke of Devonshire Sleeps in the House of Lords.
It is said the Duke of Devonshire goes to sleep in the house of lords. What else is he to do should that august house sit late, as it does three or four times a year? Besides, it is the custom to go to sleep in parliament when you have a mind to. The rules forbid the perusal of a newspaper, a magazine or a book. If a peer or a member of the commons desires to read he must go to the reading-room or the library.
Therefore, when a bore is on his legs about 10 or 11 o'clock, and his diffuse and uninteresting commonplaces are running out in turgid verbosity, what better thing can a statesman do than go to sleep?
When is the lower house as Lord Hartington the duke was a confirmed sleeper, with his legs against the clerk's table, his hat tilted down over his eyes, his mouth open and arms folded, or balancing his body upon the seat. At times his lordship was guilty of an approach to snoring. People who go to bed about 3 or 4 in the morning must take their sleep somewhere.

A Gigantic Goddess of War.
In the Japanese capital there is a gigantic image of a woman made of wood, iron and plaster. The time of its erection and the name of its designer are in dispute, but it is known to have been dedicated to Hachiman, the god of war. In height it measures 54 feet, and the head alone, which is reached by a winding stairway in the interior of the figure, being capable of holding a company of 20 persons. The goddess holds a sword in her right hand and a huge painted wooden ball in the left. Internally the statue is the finest anatomical model in existence, every bone, joint and ligament being represented on a gigantic scale in proportion to the height and general size of the huge figure itself. The large eyes are magnifying glasses, through which a fine view of the surrounding country may be had.

Origins of Donsing.
During the reign of Henry VII. there lived in Lincoln, England, a famous balliff named Joe Dunn. Joseph was very clever in the management of his business, and so dexterous in annoying those who refused the payment of an account with which he had been entrusted that, "to set Dunn on him," or "to Dunn him," became common advice to the owner of a bad debt. To this personage we owe what to not a few people is one of the most disagreeable words in the language.

Her Day Would Come.
We are all prone to retaliate for personal slights, but perhaps the funniest incident of it is one of an old Irish woman, who, seeing a funeral to which she had expected an invitation pass her door, expostulated angrily: "Oh, go on wid ye! go on wid ye! go on wid ye! But maybe there'll be a funeral at our house soon, and this we'll see who'll be axed!"

General Wheeler Had a Most Exciting Service Throughout the War. He has told me how his horses were shot under him again and again and how he escaped without injury, although he always rode at the head of his troops. Of all the commanders under Jefferson Davis he stuck closest to him. He was with Davis when the cabinet moved from Richmond to Cokesborough, N. C., and he then had eight brigades of cavalry. He told Davis that the soldiers considered the war was over and that he had trouble in holding his troops together. Davis did not agree with him, and he ordered 16,000 horseshoes sent there to equip his troops for flight through the south.
A short time later, however, when he got ready to fly, Wheeler was about the only commander who could get soldiers to go with him, and it was little General Joe who followed the Confederate president with a troop of 500 men. Davis and his cabinet soon saw, however, that their hope was a forlorn one, and they sent orders to Wheeler to disband his troops and take care of himself. This Wheeler did and a short time later was captured by the Union troops and was sent with Jefferson Davis north to prison. Alexander Stephens and Postmaster General Reagan were taken with him, and on the way north General Wheeler says that Stephens thought he was going to sure death. He said as much to General Wheeler, and the general replied, "Well, Mr. Stephens, if this is to be your fate, what must be that of President Davis?" Alexander Stephens raised his hands and replied: "Oh, don't speak of that! His fate is so horrible to consider." General Wheeler said he had no idea he would be killed, and the way he joked about the matter of their joint imprisonment horrified Alexander Stephens.—St. Louis Republic.

Washington Widows.
I like gratitude. I like to hear of grateful people, and an anecdote I heard recently of one Washington man has pleased me immensely. He has recently married the widow of a very wealthy gentleman, and on the proceeds of the transaction he has built a handsome house. When the house was finished and the moving into it was accomplished, the wife and her mother fell to discussing just where they should hang the portrait of the former husband. They had just decided to hang it in a small room on the second floor when the new husband came in and heard of the matter.
"Hang him up stairs!" he said.
"No, siree, No, siree. That man was my benefactor. I owe everything I have to him. He shall hang in the place of honor."
And husband No. 1 now smiles down from over the mantel in the drawing room.
But that makes me think of another Washington widow who has recently bestowed herself and her belongings on a second husband.
"It's so fortunate," said she to me. "My first husband's last name began with a W, you know, and so does my second husband's first name. All Mr. W.'s handkerchiefs are just the thing for Willie, and I haven't even had to have the initial on them changed."—Washington Post.

Age of the World's Charmers.
Miss Browning dilates on a most consoling story. The women who influenced the destinies of nations were none of them "actually young." Well, what does Miss Browning call "actually young?" Nineteen is not old, and she who saved France from returning members to a British parliament was 19 at her death. There is a tendency in the male sex to like them young. Helen of Troy was, it is calculated, about 120, but she was the daughter of a god. Cleopatra is put by Miss Browning at about 50 when Antony reckoned the world well lost for her. In any case her medals make her a plain woman, with a very long nose. Mary Stuart had turned things upside down before she was 25, and Diane de Poitiers was 43 and Mme. Scarron 45 before they captured royal lovers. These veteran charm-ers had health and intelligence, but Lady Hamilton was fat, as well as 40, when she fascinated Nelson.—London News.

Cod on Ash Wednesday.
Once a year, on Ash Wednesday, the anglers of all the middle class eat salt fish, and this salt fish is always cod. Shrove Tuesday is a kind of London fish shop festival, in which the whole of the "decoration" is salt cod and half lemon. The cod are salted in the shops, being split and very lightly but sufficiently salted, with a view to imparting flavor rather than to preserving the fish. They are then rolled loosely and elegantly and a lemon laid upon each. The origin of the lemon is difficult to trace. Egg sauce, and no lemons, is the traditional "relish" with salt cod, the eggs being also a survival of the old Lenten list of fare. Possibly the lemons were originally part of the surplus stock laid in for the previous feast of pancakes on Shrove Tuesday.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Early Piano.
The earliest known mention of the pianoforte was in a playbill dated May 16, 1767. The piece announced was "The Beggar's Opera," with Mr. Beard as Captain Macbeath, Mrs. Stephens as Mrs. Peachum, Mr. Shuter as Peachum. The principal attraction was given us, "Miss Bookler will sing a song from 'Judith,' accompanied by a new instrument called pianoforte."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Annual Consumption of Paper Used in Amoy, China, is said to be nearly \$10,000,000. Most of it is of local manufacture. The Chinese don't like foreign made paper.

One pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth.

Final-Proof-Notices.
J. W. WEHN, JR., Register.
W. R. AKERS, Receiver.
Parties having notices in this column are requested to read the same carefully and report to this office for correction any errors that may exist. This will prevent possible delay in making proof.

U. S. Land Office, Alliance, Neb., May 25, 1898.
Notice is hereby that
John H. Shirk,
of Hemingford, Neb., has filed notice of intention to make final proof at same time and place on timber claim application No. 1367 for the sec 34, tp 28 n, r 24 w.

U. S. Land Office, Alliance, Neb., May 25, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before T. J. O'Keefe, U. S. Commissioner, at Hemingford, Neb., on June 18, 1898, viz:
Deltie May Rickett,
nee Fellows, who made her E. No. 2661, for the sec 34 sec 12, tp 28 n, r 48 w.

U. S. Land Office, Alliance, Neb., May 25, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before T. J. O'Keefe, U. S. Commissioner, at Hemingford, Neb., on June 18, 1898, viz:
Thomas O'Keefe,
of Hemingford, Neb., who made H. E. entry No. 716 for the sec 34, tp 28 n, r 48 w.

U. S. Land Office, Alliance, Neb., May 25, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before T. J. O'Keefe, U. S. Commissioner, at Hemingford, Neb., on June 18, 1898, viz:
Vaclav Vejraska,
of Hemingford, Neb., who made H. E. No. 4250, sec 34, tp 28 n, r 48 w.

U. S. Land Office, Alliance, Neb., April 27, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before T. J. O'Keefe, U. S. Commissioner, at Hemingford, Neb., on June 4, 1898, viz:
George A. Fendrich,
of Hemingford, Nebraska, who made her 3748 for the sec 34, tp 28 n, r 48 w.

U. S. Land Office, Alliance, Neb., April 27, 1898.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before T. J. O'Keefe, U. S. Commissioner, at Hemingford, Neb., on June 4, 1898, viz:
John Kaufman, Charles W. Smith, all of Hemingford, Neb.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF BOX BUTTE COUNTY, NEBRASKA.
In the matter of the Petition for the Adoption of Wilbert Warren, Infant.
ORDER OF HEARING.
Upon the filing and reading of the Petition of Lars E. Fodnes praying for the adoption of Wilbert Warren, the infant child of William Warren and Ada Warren, both deceased, it is ordered that a hearing be had upon said matter on the 6th day of June A. D. 1898 at the County Court Room in Hemingford, Box Butte County, Nebraska at which any person interested may appear and show cause why said petition should not be granted, and the said child adopted by Lars E. Fodnes and Bertha Fodnes of Box Butte County, and that due notice of this hearing be given by publication for four consecutive weeks.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 5th day of May A. D. 1898.
[SEAL] JAS. H. H. HEWETT,
county judge.

Public Sale.
I will offer at public auction at Jos. Forejt's place, three miles west and two miles south of Lawn on Tuesday May 31, 1898, at 11 a. m. the following described property: 30 head of cattle; cows, heifers and steers. 6 head of horses. 1 wagon, harness, building logs, 130 posts, household goods and numerous other articles. Terms cash.
FRANK KUDELKA.
MEETING OF BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.
Hemingford, Neb., May 9, 1898.
The County Commissioners will meet as a Board of Equalization in this office on Tuesday, June 14th 1898 and remain in session not less than three days. Any complaints against the 1898 assessment should be made at that time.
F. M. PHELPS, County Clerk.

A Map of United States.
Send me 15c stamps and I will mail you a map of the United States, three feet four inches wide and five feet three inches long. Painted in six colors. Mounted on rollers. Shows every state, county, important town, and railroad in the United States. New edition, just received, contains ten handsome half-tone pictures of principal buildings of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition.
J. FRANCIS,
General Passenger Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

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One pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth.

COMPLAINTS AGAINST WELL CLAIMS.
Hemingford Neb., May 9, 1898.
The County Board will meet on Wednesday, June 22, 1898, to consider claims filed for filling wells. Complaints against said claims will be heard on that day.
By order of the Board.
Attest: F. M. PHELPS, Clerk.
GEO. W. DUNCAN, Chairman.

NOTICE TO ROAD OVERSEERS.
Hemingford Neb., May 9, 1898.
You are hereby notified the claims for filling old wells should be filed in this office in on or before June 10th 1898. Claims filed after that date will not be acted on at the June meeting.
By order of the Board.
Attest: F. M. PHELPS, Clerk.
GEO. W. DUNCAN, Chairman.

Bulls For Sale.
I have 8 head of thoroughbred Herefords one to two years old at my ranch four miles southeast of Box Butte. Will take your old bulls in exchange. W. E. HALL.

Lumber, Coal and Lime!
Just received a car of select eastern lumber for tanks. Also all kinds of hard wood, cedar shingles, lath, lime, and all kinds of lumber.
Ready made tanks, or will make tanks to order. Prices to compete with anyone the Northwest. Come and see us before buying elsewhere. Tanks and tank lumber a specialty.
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