A LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

Br "The Duchess."

CHAPTER XI-CONTINUED. "Nonsense! He has evidently only Just come-

"I won't go home with him," says Dulcinea in a choking tone; "I won't!" "Don't be a fool!" says her cousin.

angrily. "You shall go with him! It will kill all talk. You must be mad to refuse such a chance of doing away with your folly." He takes a step for-

"Andy!"-frantically. But he has escaped from her now, and has reached Anketel. There is a word or two, and then both men return to where she is standing, feeling more dead than alive.

"Here is Sir Ralph, Dulcie," says Andy, in a rather nervous fashion. "By the way, you are driving, Anke-tell--eh? Could you give my cousin a lift?"

"With pleasure"-gravely.

"You pass our gates, you see, and -er-we-we'd no idea when we started for our walk, that er-er-we should be so late. be so late. Found ourselves, you know"-the falsehood sticking horribly in his throat-"at the station before we knew whore we were.

"I understand"--quickly. It cuts Anketell to the heart to hear the lad lying thus; and such fruitless liesand delivered so haltingly, so lovingly! "Eyre left to-night by the train,"

says Andy, with a highly nervous, miserable laugh. "She-we-"' "I see," says Anketell, hurriedly. "You came to see him off?--very nat-ural."

"It's a long walk home for Dulcie," says her cousin, more haltingly than ever. "But if ----" ever.

ever. "But if ——" "Of course I can give your cousin a seat." says Anketell. He addresses himself entirely to Mr. McDermot, altogether ignoring Dulcinea. This, and something in his tone strikes a chill to Andy's heart; but he compets himself to go through with the sorry farce. As for Dulcinea, a kind of cold recklessness has come to her that does duty for courage. Her late tears lie frozen in her eyes. Her glance is fixed immovably on the ground beneath her: yet, in spite of that, she knows that Anketell has never once deigned to glance in her direction.

"Thank you," says Andy diffidently. "And—"-pausing—"if, when you came to our back gate—if you were to drop her there, it would be better. Will you? You see, if the governor You see, if the governor knew that—er—I- had kept her out so late, he—he'd be down on me. It's all my fault, d'ye see—every bit of it." "I quite see," says Anketell grave-

"I quite see," says Anketen grave-ty, laconically, as before. "By the bye I can give you a seat, too." "No, thanks! I'd rather not --really. I shall enjoy the walk." The poor boy is choking with shame, and feels that to accept even so trifling a favor trying so dellberately to deceive would be more than he is equal to. "It s a lovely evening, and nothing of a walk."

He waves an adieu, and turns aside; but seeing him go, Dulcinea wakes from her stupor. "Audy" cries she wildly, a fever of

entreaty in her whole air; "Audy, come with me. Come!"

But he is deaf to her entreaties. He shakes his head, and hurries out into the darkness of the night beyond.

"Pil bet I'll be home before you!" he calls out from somewhere they can no longer see him. "It's a mile to walk, but three to drive; that gives me a good chance."

It is three miles indeed!-three of the longest miles Dulcinea has ever driven. There are moments when she tells herself that it cannot take all

fusal to carry out her design-her ve-hement relief when she saw her cousin. But her abandonment of Eyre at the last moment did her no good with him; rather it increased his passionate. grieving anger that is tearing his heart in two. False she was to her very core. And weak as false. False to both.

A heavy sigh breathing from his companion's white lips at this moment wakes him from his stormy reverie. He turns to her.

A star or two have pierced the heavens, dusk by this time, and there, on the left, a pale, still crescent is stealing to its throne. Diana, a very young Diana, is awake at last:

"Wide the pale deluge floats." Slowly up from behind the hill beyond

she comes, shedding glory on the earth with each slow, trailing step. "How like a queen comes forth the lovely moon, From the slow opening curtains of the

clouds.

Walking in beauty to her midnight throne." She gives Anketell the chance of see ing how his companion looks.

Cold, shivering, chilled to her heart's core. Her pretty face is not only sad, but blue; her little hands, lying gloveless (what had she done with her gloves?) on the rug, look shrunken to even smaller dimensions than usual, and are trembling. A sharp pang contracts Auketell's throat. "You are cold!" says he, in a tone so icy that no wonder she shivers afresh.

"No, no!" says she hastily, through chattering teeth. "You must be!" says he angrily,

"with only that little thin jacket on you. Here!" (pulling up with decided violence a warm plaid from under the seat) "put this on you." "I would rather Lot," said she,

making an effort to repulse him.

"Put it on directly!" says he, so fiercely that she gives in without another word. In twining it around her his hand comes in contact with hers. "Your hands are like ice!" says he, his vo'ce once again breath-ing fury. "What do you mean by it? Was there no rug, that you shou d thus be dy ng of cold?" "I don't mind the cold; I don't think

it," says she wear ly. "Then think of it now! put your of it.

hands under the rug instantly!" His manner is really almost unbear-

able; but Miss McDermot has got to such a low ebb that she has not the courage to resent it. He pulls up the

rug. "Cover them at once!" says he, and she meekly obeys him. What does it matter?--it is all over between him and her. It is quite plain to her that, even if ignorant of this evening's work, he still detests her. His tone.manner. entire air, convince her of that. Well, she will giv: him an opportunity of honorably getting rid of her. She will tell him of her intention of ranning away with Eyre. That will do it! He is just the sort of a man to stick to his wo d through thi k and thin, however hateful the task may be. But when he bears that she deliberat ly meant to run as ay with some one Oh, was it deliberate? She will tell him, but not now. To-morrow, perhaps. No (sternly)-to-mor-row, certainly. He is coming to dine with them, and after dinner. in th. drawing room, she can then give him the opportunity of releasing himself this unfortunate engagement. from How glad he will be! how

Anketell moves uneasily in his seat. What is that little soft, sad, brokenheart d sound that Las fallen on his ears? Dulcinea is crying -- so much is plain. Not noisily, n t obtrusively--it is, it deed, a stifled, a desperately stifled sob, that betrays.

"I am afrait you are unhappy about something." says he, unrelentingly. He is frowning. Fretting for that demusd follow he tails here if fellow, he tells himself, and the thought does not throw oil upon the waters. He seems to pause for a reply, but cone coming he goes on: "To fret about anything is fo'ly," sa.s he hardly. "There is a way out o most difficulti-s, I dare say you wil find one out of yours." This lost lover she is crying for -this lover lost lover sue is crying for -this lover lost by her own fear of sac-rificing too much for him-may be re-gained. No doubt, enchained by hor lovely face, he will be glad to be re-called. She can write to him, and h 4 will respond warmly And he is a called. She can write to him, and hawill respond warmly. And he is a man of means. Once The McDermott had been told that he, Anketell, declines to carry out the engagement with his daughter, the old man will be pleas d enough to give her to Eyre who has undeniably good prospects. As for Dulcinea, ter sobs h ve now As for Dulcinea, ter sobs h ve now ceas d entirely. Anketell's last wor's have struck a chill t her heart. He is not in touch with her. He feels nothing for her. Her distress causes him 10 pain. It is impossible he should know of her unfortunate affa r with Eyre; and yet once again her reart dies within her. That terrible doubt returns. It was souched, n t killed. Her tears dry upon her hot cheeks. This is no time for tears. If -if he was at the sta ion when she arrived, and had seen her meeting with Eyre-without Andy! O. no, no! Anything but taat!

ts virtually empty. Now, seeing her nurshing return to the nest she for-gets all the distress, the absolute torture she has been enduring and, being Irish, lets the past go in the joy of the gind present. All is forgotten, save that her child has returned to her.

"Oh. Bridget!" says Dulcinea, cling-ing to her; "oh. Bridget!" "There now! There me darlint!

Take yer breath now. 'Tis home ye are, and sufe wid yer ould Biddy. Hush now, alanna!' —squeezing her to her ample bosom. "Arrah! who'd be able to harm ye wid me at hand? But"-anx'ously-"where were ye at all at all?"

"Oh, Bridget, how I love you!" cries the poor child gratefully, clinging to her with all her might. "I thought you, too, would be against me." 'Is it me, asthore?-me who nussed

ye?"

"Well, he said you had it 'in for e,' or something like that." "Who, darlin'? Tell me the name me.' o' the scamp who'd say such words o'

me!' "It was Andy."

"Masther Andy?" You've seen him. then?" says the old woman eagerly. "He was wid ye, Mi-s Dulcie," drawing her to the fire. "Sit down here. agra! an' tell me all about it."

She l ads the girl to the roaring wood fire that is blazing up the chimney-a fire so careful y tended in hopes of her darling's return, that it is now indeed a noble spectacle-and pushes h r into a big arm-chais. And Dulcie, worn out with conflicting passions, doubts that have grown to cer-tainties, and certainties that have once again resolved themselves into doubts. sinks into the welcome chair, and drawing down the old nurse to the hearthrug beside her, pours into her ears the tale of the evening. With many sighs and many sobs she makes her humiliating confession; but in spite of Andy's dire threat, the faithful old nurse refrains from censure of any kind.

"It's all over now, honey, all at an end," end," soothing her. "There, there, fie, now, to spoil your purty eyes! Bure, what were ye but a bit mistaken! Bad Scran to Masther Andy for fright-enin' yer like this! 'Twill be all over in no time. Sorra one will know of

"He knows of it-part of it-he-" "Misther Eyre? He's a gintleman," says Mrs. Driscoll, who has in her pocket at this moment the very handsome douceur he had bestowed on her at parting.

THE INDIAN'S RELIGION.

study and the more curious because his ideas concerning the theory and practice of medicine are so interwoven with his religion that it is hard to say where the one ends and the other

When he catches the first salmon of the spring run he propitiates it by offerings and ceremonials, so as to appease the displeasure of its kind and to insure that the run will not fail the next season. He also takes care that the bones of slain beaver and deer shall not be gnawed by the dogs and the spirits of the slain enraged as a consequence.

The most of his religious

INTERESTING MATTERS PER-TAINING TO THE FARM.

Yarding and Shedding Sheep--Tile Drains--Device for Lifting Beeves--Triumphs of Science -Winter Poultry Keeping --Short Notes.

Yarding and Shedding Sheep.

Dr. Henry S. Randal mentions in his valuable work, "The Practical Shepherd," that in the year 1862 an unusually large percentage of the lambs produced in some counties in New York were imperfectly formed, and the mortality among them was unprecedentedly heavy. In attempting to account for this loss, which amounted in some instances to 33 per cent. he says that an extraordinarily deep snow fell in the early part of the winter, and was replenished about as fast as it wasted away until the opening of spring.

It was remarked that most of the breeding ewes clung closely to their stables-doing little more than rising to eat and then lying down again. The flocks most accustomed to yarding in many instances did not tread down the snow a dozen yards from their stables during the winter. But the weather was steady and cold, so that they continued to eat well, and thus their inactivity increased their fleshiness, and their fleshiness reacted and increased their inactivity. On the opening of spring they seemed to be in uncommonly good order but while they appeared to be well, there were nevertheless, unmistakable sym-toms of a plethoric habit in the best fed flocks-and it was in the best fed flocks that the loss of lambs was, as a general thing, the most severe.

This unusual mortality among lambs he thus attributed to the unfavorable condition of the mothers, due to their close confinement—a condition aided by an epizootic influence. He does not say, though it may per-haps be properly inferred, that the epizootic influence was itself an effect from the close confinement. He urged as a preventive of such disasters, the letting out of breeding ewes on the letting out of breeding ewes on the fields for a limited time each day to dig in the snow for green food, and thus secure the daily exercise which every sheep needs to keep it in healthy condition. An Iowa sheep owner, writing to the

An lowa sneepowher, when a to a solution Prairie Farmer, goes far beyond this conservative view. He believes in tearing down all sheep sheds and leaving the flock out of doors night and day the year round. And for this opinion, which has naturally aroused much opposition among sheep men, he presents some pretty strong grounds.

· His farms are composed of fine bluegrass lands, and he keeps his sheep on the sod and not too long in the same place. They are all Shropshires, and he has four flocks of 1,500 to 1,800 each, all either full blood or grades. These sheep are all fed out of doors on the blue grass sod, and never have seen muddy lots or sheds.

In answer to an objector, who said that the beauties of the no-shed system were demonstrated in Missouri a short time ago, when one man who had no sheds lost out of a flock of 200 ewes twenty-five lambs in as many hours, he said, the same destructive storm swept over Iowa, and the openair advocate had between three and four thousand lambs out in it, of which he did not lose one-third as many as the Missouri man lost, while a neighbor, whose flock was housed in one of the finest sheep barns in the country lost 25 per cent, of his lambs. "I can demonstrate the fact." he says, "that ewes running on good pastures in open fields in summer and pastures in open heids in summer and in winter, and never shedded or yarded, will grow strong, fat and healthy, and their progeny will be stronger, healthier and better than the progeny of any sheep that are compelled to spend half of their time in a close shed or yard their time in a close shed or yard. Their offspring will stand thirty-five degrees more cold than the puny thing that comes from the housed-up ewe." If, he adds, the money that is today spent for sheds was spent for barbed wire and high posts and used to build fences with twelve wires on them, strung so close together that dogs could not get through them, it would save millions of dollars' worth of sheen that are killed by does or lost sheep that are killed by dogs or lost by shedding them, which is equally bad. The ground of this contention is that nature has given the sheep a warmer coat than any other domestic animal, and that if the sheep are kept clean and healthy their wool will be rich and oily, and will turn any storms, keeping the body perfectly dry. These views, though novel, are certainly worthy of careful consideration. Their promulgator has had twenty years' experience, and has tried both systems, so that he is no mere theorist. It would be a great gain indeed if sheep sheds could be dis-pensed with.

against each other, fit the joints well THE AGRICULTURAL WORLD together, put fine earth around tile about six inches deep, then fill the remainder in with the plow or shovel, but do not allow horses or cattle to tramp in it when fresh filled in, or ground is wet.

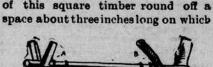
On rolling land tile drains need not be so close together, but it is necessary to put them where the surface water mostly stands, but do not put them more than three feet under ground for quick service, unless in places through high ground, where it is unavoidable. The size of tile should vary with the amount of water and the distance of drains apart. For flat ground, fifty feet apart and forty rods long, with one inch fall to one hundred feet length; the outlet should have three and a half or four inch tile for thirty or thirty-five rods, and the remainder with three or three and a half inch. In ditches of shorter distance three or three and a half inch is large enough, according to the water they have to carry; for branches from ten to twenty rods a three inch tile makes a good ditch with the above fall.

Tile does good service where the drains are one hundred feet apart if put in lowest places. Drains from sixty to eighty rods long should have five or six inch tile for an outlet. A six inch tile will carry all water on flat land from forty acres without in-

jury to crops from wet weather. The advantages of tile draining are many. Plowing may be done from a week to ten days earlier in the spring; tile-drained land is half manured. Although open ditches do good service where tile ditches can not be made, their disadvantages are great; with tile drains the water will soon disappear from the surface atter a rain, while with an open ditch it will stand outside of bank for several days; you can farm and raise the best crops over tile drains, while an open ditch is waste land for weeds to grow on; you never need to clean a tile drain, if properly put in; you must clean out an open ditch every two or three years; your open ditches harbor vermin, such as muskrats and the mink who die holes along the harb mink, who dig holes along the bank for horses and cattle to step in and break their legs; your tile ditch will not harbor anything and gives you no trouble if you have a screen over the outlet.--C. L. Meinzer, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Device for Lifting Beeves.

Our Illustration represents an apparatus which makes the skinning and dressing of beef on the farm a comparatively easy matter. In the crotch or fork of a good sized tree place one end of a stout pole. Rest the other end of a fork formed by fastening together two 4x4 inch scantlings or other similar timbers by means of a rope or stay chain and spreading apart the bottom. To the pole or cross piece attach two strong ropes long enough to reach the ground. Tie to the ends of these ropes a 3x3 inch oak or other hard wood scantling 4 feet long with two pins inserted in either end at right angles to each other. About eight inches from each end of this square timber round off a



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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Interesting Statement of His Beller

on That Subject. The Indian's religion is a curious begins.

He seems to believe that everything has a spirit—that all animals and even trees and stones, have within them spirits. When he slays a dangerous animal, therefore, he offers tobacco or apologies to it and explains the necessity his family was under for food; or else he lays the blame of its destruction upon somebody else.

e hours to come this short, short way, and wonders if Anketell has not made a mistake and turned into some unknown road. It is so dark by this time that to see where she is is impossible

And yet it is a fine night, too-no sign of rain or storm. Certainly the moon is lying hidden, and the stars are apparently forgetful of their duty; but the wind that flies past Dulcinea's check is singularly mild and kindly of the time of year. or the time of year. Everything seems hushed; no sound arises to break the monotony of the silence that has fallen on her and her companion. Now and again a rustling in the wayside branches, a fluttering of wings, a sleepy "Cheep-cheep," betray the presence of those "smale foule." "That slepen alle night with open eye," according to Geoffrey Chancer; but other noises are there none.

Shame, fenr, fatigue, are all keeping Dulcie durab. Oh, to be home in her own Dulcie durab. On to be nome in her own chamber, sale from prying eyes, safe in any place where she may weep out her very soul in comfort. Oh, this terrible, terrible drive! will it never come to an en i? And he—why is he so silent? Can he know? She starts with n herself as this thought occurs to her, but quickly flings it off with one as grim. No, a thousand times no. If he knew, he would not be here with her now. He would not conde-s'end to sit beside her; he would cast Oh, if he ever does hear of it her off. what then? But if he knows nothing, why does he not say something to her? Again the first torturing doubt sets in.

As for Anketell, he has even forgot-As for Anketell, he has even forgot-ten he is silent, so busy are his thoughts with all the past miserable hour. Again he seems to be standing in the dusky corner of the station; again he sees her come slowly forward. The qrick advance of Eyre, her recep-tion of him so devoid of surprise of any kind, her giving up of the small bag to him; how plainly it is all writ-ten on his brain in type that will stand out clear to the day of his death! No fear of it fading.

fear of it fading. And then-the agonized watching for the train to come in: the horrible fascination that compelled him to wait and see her go--go with that other!-that was the worst part of it. He had thought that at the last moment, the very last, as her foot was on the step of the compartment, he would spring forward and draw her back, an t im plore ber to return home and-marry his rival later in a more orthodox

But she had not given him that op-portunity. He had watched her im-passioned change of decision -her re-

CHAPTER XII.

"Fortune's wings are made of Time's feathers, which stay not whilst one may measure them."

"The consciousness of being loved softens

the keenest pang." It has come to an end at last-this interminable crive. He has driven her up to the back gate, has lifted her carefully out, has bidden her a most distant good-night. Miserable, frightened, leaving hope behind her and ex-pecting a storm before her, she runs down the sh r. road, through the farmyard, and into the house. Her father—what will he say? She shivers in every limb as she dwells upon his wrath. It would be serious enough if it had only to do with her being out of the house at this hour. But when he hears of t e sequence, the breaking off of her engagement with Anketell, how will it be thea?

Racing upstairs a the top of her speed, she rushes into her own room and into the arms of Mrs. Driscoll.

The old woman, worn out with fear for the fate of her darling, has spent the last two hours wandering from room to room, and pra.ing loudy to all her saints. Prayers un eurd ex-cept in heaven, as the gaust old house

directed to the propitiation of these innumerable spirits. on the one hand. that they may not do him harm and on the other, that they may be won over to help him. He hopes they will make him a successful warrior and hunter, give him rain when he wants it. keep him well and strong, or cure him when sick.

Good spirits however, the Indian cares very little for; it is the bad. malevolent spirits that concern him most. Hence the Indian 'shaman." or medicine man, is also his priest, so far as he has any. For it is the shaman that pretends an ability to control bad spirits and coan them out of a person when they have entered and taken possession.

That the Indian believes in some sort of future existence is true, but that this belief has crystallized into the form of a 'Happy Hunting Ground," of which we have heard so much, is much to be doubted. To the Indian mind the future is

vague and uncertain. He seems to be much more concerned in propitiating the spirits of the friends that have gone before of which he is much afraid, than of preparing himself for a future state of any sort. The idea of eternal punishment he never direams of

The idea of a Great Spirit, or Su-preme Deity, says the Youth's Com-panion, who watches over the dettinies of mankind, was brought to the Indian by his white brother, and is a conception to which the Indian had not reached.

All On Account of Sanday.

Two lone. lorn Buffalo women. when they reached home after a lec-ture one night, says the Courier, found that they had forgotten their latch-key. So they rang the bell. They waited and waited, and rang again. After fifteen minutes of wait-ing and bell-ringing, the girl opened the dcor. .Katle, why on earth have you kept us waiting so? Didn't you hear me ring?" cried one of the women. 'Yes, ma'um' cried Katie, with air of some confusion; .but I t'ought it was me young man ma'am an' me an' him had a fallin' out last Soondah. an' i t'ought I'd learn him 9 lesson ma'am."

A Gentle Hint. He -- What do you regard as most essential-beauty or wealth? She-Well-or-I'd marry wealth if I were you .- Life.

Tile Drains.

All land that has no sand or gravel subsoil should be under-drained.

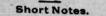
The first thing in drainage is a good outlet, whether open ditch or tile; large enough to carry the water from the smaller drains.

It the ground is rather flat, with little fall, cut the ditches from fifty to seventy-five feet apart, with not less than one inch of fall to one hundred feet of length, not less than twenty inches deep in the most shallow place, nor more than three feet deep, unless to get the grade or level. Cut ditch in bottom perfectly level, so there will be no riffies in it, lay the tile close profitably.

LIFTING BEEVES.

place two iron rings. To the rings attach iron hooks or stay chains. After the animal is killed killed and hind legs are skinned, in-sert the hooks in the large tendon above hock joint. Two men, one at each end of the

gamble, can easily lift the carcass, either raising it off the ground at a short distance at a time. It can be secured at any height by means of the rope A, which is arranged with a ser-ies of loops. These are slipped over the turning pins or handles and thus prevent unwinding. As the skinning proceeds the men will have to stand on barrels or some other elevation to enable them to swing the carcass clear of the ground. This apparatus can be used for lifting hogs, sheep, etc., but need not be made so strong nor so tall. The whole thing is entrely home made and easily constructed. If no tree is convenient to support one end of the pole, a post can be set in its place or three rails, fastened near the top and set up like a tripod,



will do very well.

Do not set up a breeding establishment unless you intend to work constantly toward improvement. Breeders who are in for revenue only are a detriment to the business.

Good horses always pay for the cost of growing them. This can be proven any day by visiting a large horse market. It will also show that there is no money in smalll common horses.

A record for registering black-faced mutton sheep is now being established. The new record will be known as the "American Black Faced sheep Record." The Secretary of the asso-ciatiod is L. W. Strong. Seville, Ohio.

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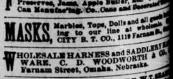
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