She lifts back the window-curtain;
He closes the rate below;
She smiles—a coquette, I am certain;
His eyes take a tender glow.
Will it be this way after marriage?
Will they play at sweethearts through life!
Listen, you who true love dispurace:
They have flirted for years—that's his wife!
—New England Magazino.

SCARLET FORTUNE. BY H. HERMAN.

CRAPTER I.

It was a pretty face. It was a pretty smiling girlish face. The big blue eyes laughed at him from underneath the pink-flowered cotton sun bonnet; a smile danced over the dimpled cheeks, and drew apart the kissable lips. A provoking face-he came very nigh saying to himself, a cheeky little face-and

yet he was in love with it already. He was a handsome young fellow, tall and straight. Those shoulders of his would, in time, broaden, and that chest would expand hugely, but, just then, he was as thin as a rat, and as lithe as a panther.

His dark eyes flashed with conscious pleasure, and he twisted and twirled, with a brown hand, a little moustache in which he seemed to take a youthful pride. His face. dark as a berry with healthful exposure to sun, wind and rain, fairly seamed at the girl, and he shook the wavy mane which fell over his shoulders, as in prayful chiding.

She had folded her rounded arms across her breast, and, in doing so, the sleeves of her cotton gown had turned up just a trifle, and showed the parts which the sun had not touched, pink and rosy. No corset trammeled that supple form; her limbs had as free play as was accorded to the creatures of earth or heaven.

He, who had been nurtured among the dreary luxuries and the ghastly refinements of society civilization, had never thought woman half as lovely as he now adjudged the freeborn daughter of the mountains of the West.

"Then, you're not afraid to be here all alone, like that?" he asked. She looked at him with a mocking,

puzzled enquiry.
"Afeard?" she asked. "Afeard o'

"If your father leaves you here like that," the young man continued, "all sorts of things may happen. There are some mighty bad men about this neighborhood, I can tell you, and they might carry you off and make no bones about it." She burst into a laugh like a ripple

of silvery chimes.
"Bad men!" she exclaimed, with her arms akimbo swaying her body by slightly inclining it to the right, and turning up her witching blue eyes at him. "Bad men!" she repeated; "I reckon thar's shucks on 'em, an no small game neither. Thar's Yutaw Bill. He blowed the top of a man's head off week afore last at the creek; an' his pardner, Blotchface Frenchy, he's been strung up twice, an' Bill cut him down agin each time. Bad men! I reckon they don't make 'em much badder than them

"And aren't you afraid of them?" the young man asked, with just a troubled vibration in his voice.

She laughed again, at her brightest. "Afeard o' them!" she exclaimed. look here, stranger," she continued,
"I can twist 'em round my little
finger—jest like that." With that,
she twiddled the corner of her apron and tied it into a knot. Then she put her little finger into the round collow formed underneath the ball of the apron corner, and holding it up, shook it with its projecting little cotton point at the young man. "That's Utaw Bill," she exclaimed. "an' that's what I'd do with him, if he sarsed me." With that she snicked the tled apron corner with her finger, and sent it flying.

The whole action had been so full of youthful, innocent charm of playful defiance, that the young man was

smitten by it. Who, indeed, in that neighborhood-savage, ferocious, unscrupulous, and murderous, though he were -would have dared to breathe a harsh word to Lucy Maclane, much less to raise a finger against her? A ribald jest, an unkindly word, would een as a seed of dragon's teeth. from which a horde of pitiless, armed avengers would have sprung, and the injury or insult would not have been more than a day old, ere the offender would have swung from the stout limb of some cottonwood tree, or would have lain by the roadside riddled with bullets. Lucy Maclane was the good fairy of that Rocky mountain side, and she was its queen.

Men were murdered among the foothills of the Eastern Rockies in those days of the fifties, with a monotonous frequency. They were law-less times, and the pistol, the rifle, and the knife, were the recognized arbiters of disputes. A man was shot. His corpse would lie, some-times for days, festering in the sun. before a kindly hand could be found to dig an unceremonious hole, into which the body was flung, with just so much decency as to be, by a stretch of imagery, construed into a semi-civilized burial. But he was killed in what was mostly considered fair fight-and few manners of fighting were considered unfair-and no hand was raised to avenge his death. The pistol cracked, and the knife flashed, and the blood flowed, and stained the sward, and left its dark. accusing blotches; but there was no judge. No retribution reached the guilty one. The wrath of the frontiersman was slow and sluggard; it

murders to rouse it.

held despotic sway over all the inferior male creation for many miles around. They all petted her, and loaded her with presents; they idolized and spoiled her. Yet she was as good, as simple, as true, as trusty, as homely and as kindly as any country girl brought up within sound of cathedral chimes. Many an ailing mountaineer her dainty care nursed back to health and strength; dying men had crossed the threshold with lighter hearts when "fairy Lucy's" soft fingers smoothed their pillows of skins. Men would ride for miles and miles out of their way to be glad-

dened by one of Lucy's pretty smiles. The young man returned to the girl the tin cup which he had drained of its refreshing contents of mountain water.

"Thank you, my dear," he said. as his hand grazed her rosy finger tips. The contact made his palms tingle, and his speech became a little bolder. He reined in his prancing horse tightly, and raised himself in his stirrups. "Do you know that you are charming, my dear," he exclaimed, his eyes glistening and flash-

"You bet I do," was the stolid and long-drawn repty.

It shocked the young man first of all, and then made him laugh outright.

"There's nature here." he said to himself. "Glorious unadulterated nature. She is worthy fifty Lady Evelynes. How I'd make them all jump if I brought her into the drawing room at Chauncey Towers."

"Then it's two miles, you say," h

continued, "to Dick Ashland's."
"Jest about that," the girl replied: 'an' that hoss o' yewrn's got to riggle a bit less, I reckon, or yew'll git to the canyon bottom instead o' Dick Ashland's. The path ain't much more'n a yard wide at Blacknose Corner, an' yew've jest got to keep his nose straight, or down yew'll go into the alder bushes."

"Thank you for the warning, my dear," the young man retorted. Old Sam and I have gone up and down many a bad mountain road before to-day, and I think we'll manage to wriggle round Blacknose Corner. Good-bye," he exclaimed, putting spurs to his horse and kissing his

Lucy looked after him as he galloped up the mountain path. The sounds of his horse's hoofs, and the clatter of his rifle against his powder flask became less and less audi-ble, but she still saw him turn, and turn again, waving his hat back to her. Then he disappeared among the great pines and the stunted cedars, and Lucy shading her eyes with her hands against the fierce glare of the midday sun scanned the point beyond the small forest where she knew he would emerge. There a little pale streak seamed the face of the mountain, and opposite the bare and naked edge of the bluishbrown rock the further side of the yawning chasm loomed dark and fierce. Presently a diminutive figure on horseback seemed to crawl out of the deep green of the cedars beyond, and to move like a fly along the precipitous mountain face until it disappeared around the bend.

"He's more hensum than Dave," Lucy said to herself; "an' smarter, an' I guess he looks like good grit." She rolled up her s turned to the small round wash-tub that stood on a block of wood by the door of the log cabin. She dipped her hands into the white and opal foam that glistened with prismatic colors in the sunlight, and soon was busy at her homely work

From where she stood the rough path led down the jagged mountain face, across the broken and rockstrewn ground, to the vast plains that stretched to the east; brown deserts of sun-dried wilderness. where the semi-tropical heat had scorched the sparse grass to einders. where even the lazy wind stirred up myriads of little clouds of brown sandy dust, appearing from the distance like so many smoking bonfires. Looking backwards, looking to the right, looking to the left, the stupendous mountain solitude of the Rockies rose in rugged chaotic piles of dead browns and blues, against which the blotches of vegetation here and there glowed darkly, whilst peak on peak. looming more distantly, became airier and bluer, until, there beyond, the faintest outlines glistened in the summer sunshine.

Lucy had finished her task, and was engaged in spreading out the flannels and other articles of household wear upon a piece of smooth green sward that seemed strangely out of place amid its wild surround ings. That being done, she emptied the tub and carried it to the small outhouse by the side of the cabin. Then she wiped the log, and. fetching her knitting from within the cabin, she sat herself down.

Lucy's little brain was busy. That handsome, bright, dark-eyed stranger had upset its maiden equilibrium. The knitting made but poor progress, and more than once Lucy had to undo what she had completed and to recommence it. Suddenly she rose and stamped her foot in a pretty

"Waal," she exclaimed, in pretty irritation, "it cayn't be that I'm that nuts on him, and ony seen him jest this once, an' know no more about him than about the man in the moon. And don't care to know," she added, with another stamp of the tiny foot. Thar!

A student of female nature would have had his doubts about Miss Lucy's sincerity in her last assertion. Woman is alike all over the world, and the daughter of the Rockies has required more than a few ordinary most of the attributes of her city sis-She was barely eighteen, that ter. To desire an object, and to per-bright-eyed queen of the mountains, sist in asserting to herself and to Ocean,

and the little vixen knew that she others that she does not care for it a bit, is one of the frailer sex's privileges and idiosyncrasies.

Lucy sat on that log, fitfully dashing away now and then at her knitting; at other times staring in front of her, while her work lay untouched in her lap, and the hours passed and the shadows lengthened without Lucy perceiving the change.

The girl was accustomed to be left alone there for days, and nights, too, for that. Bands of Indians could not approach the spot wi thout timely sotice reaching her, and against solitary marauders a couple of doublebarrelled rifles and half a dozen pistols that always hung ready loaded on the cabin wall, afforded her sufficient protection. Not a soul could get near the place without arousing the vigilance and the noisy warning of the watch dogs—huge mongrel English mastiffs—that guarded the cabin, and whose flerce barking reechoed among the mountains for miles when Lucy took them for a run up the hill-side.

The swift dusk was already set in on the mountains when the girl shook herself together, and, fetching a wooden platter from the storehouse, climbed among the wild raspberry bushes that covered the mountain side at the back of the cabin. and collected a plentiful supply of the delicious fruit. Then she en-tered the hut and set the big rough table ready with a joint of roast ven-ison, which she supplemented with corn cake and big-horn fat.

Anon, the distant thump-thump, thump-thump, of horses' feet on rough, rocky ground vibrated on the mountain air. It drew nearer, and came clatter-clatter up the hill. The girl prepared the three great spouting branches of the huge and ponderous Mexican metal lamp with natural wool wicks and rough oil, and placed it in the center of the

It was nearly night when the clatter of the horses' hoofs ceased directly in front of the cabin, and a ringing 'Wagh" echoed on the hillside, Lucy replied with a "Wagh" which had a feminine and cheerful vigor of its own, and a moment afterwards a tall. wiry man pushed aside the bearskin hanging which covered the door, and, with a hearty "Waal, what cheer, Lucy!" caught the young lady round the waist and kissed her on the forehead.

"Thar," he exclaimed, while the girl disengaged herself, "I reckon it sin't every man that's got a daughter like my Lucy to keep house for him while he's prairie-loaning. Heyar, Dave!" he shouted, "our meat's cut thick and no snakes."

George Maclage was a man whom one would have thought a dangerous customer-long, gaunt and thin though his shoulders stood out broad and square. He had a pair of piercing, little, greyish brown eyes, the cold glitter of which contrasted curiously with his jovialty at that moment. His lips were thin and nearly bloodless, the square jaws betokened dogged determination. His upper lip was clean shaven, but his long hair and tuft of beard had changed from its former indistinct sandy color to equally indistinct mixture of grey and fawn. One freckled cheek was distigured by a deep scar, where a knife had cut through the flesh and had left a wound which had never quite healed up. If a man had read that face for its characteristics, he would have found cruelty and greed written plainly there, and he would have wondered how such a man came to be the father of so lovely a girl as Lucy. There were stories abroad of George Maclane's beautiful wife, now long since dead, about whom even Lucy had but the faintest recollections, and whose name was never mentioned by, or in the presence of, Freckled George without the mountaineer baring his head. Thus, I once saw a tiger cub lick the face of a dog that had grown up with it. There is no man so vicious that there is not some corner left pure and undefiled in his heart.

TTO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Protection of Nonsmokers. Among the novel societies incorporated in Europe recently is "The Society for the Protection of Nonsmokers," in Lower Austria. The members, already numerous, propose no campaign against smokers, but they intend to accomplish, if possi-ble, the strict enforcement of the regulations regarding the prohibition of smoking in certain railroad train compartments, public buildings, restaurants, frequented by men and women, street cars, concert halls and other places of public amusement. They wish to prevent smoking, if possible, in all public places. Circulars are to be sent to restaurantkeepers asking that rooms be set apart for non-smozers. Branches of the society are to be established in Vienna, Prague, Bruenn and Graz Influential names are on the roll of membership.

Forgot Its Homer.

Mamma, severely to eight-year-old—How did it happen that you were late for school this morning? Eight-year-old-Well I had to come back after I got started, 'cause I

forgot my Homer." General Chorus—Your Homer?
Mamma—Child what do you mean by your Homer?

Eight-year-old. unconcernedly — Why, the lessons I do at home I call homers" of course.

How He Is Kept Warm. "It's funny about Growler never wearing an overcost." "His wife taught him that." "Hew do you mean?" "She keeps him in hot water all

the time about buying a sealskin cloak for her."- Circago Inter-

SHEPHERDS TURNING TO MUT-TON FOR PROFIT.

Wool as a Secondary Consideration Young Stock in Winter-Pig Pens-Language-Dairy Notes and Household Helps.

Roots for Sheep.

The crying need of our great sheep industry is a better mixed food ration than is generally supplied by owners, and more protection from the inclemencies of the weather.

There is no country on the globe that is going to surpass the United States for sheep raising, and the in-terests in this line are already of such imposing . magnitude that it is almost the leading farm industry. It is not only wool raising that makes the work so valuable, but in many parts of the country adjacent to good markets, owners of sheep are doubling their incomes by raising superior mutton for the market as

Breeds of sheep are being raised which will supply excellent mutton and good wool. The wool, of course, is not so good as the finest grown by those who raise sheep only for this, but is of such a character that it is in fair demand at reasonable prices.

Sheep are naturally hardy, says the Farmers' Guide, and can thrive off poorer food and with less protection than most farm animals, but it does not follow from this that they do not improve under good treatment and repay the owner for an extra outlay expended upon them. On the contrary it has been pretty well demonstrated in many parts of this country that sheep require good food and good care if they are to be very profitable. The grumbling generally comes from those who expect the animals to shift for themselves and make an income for their owners while they do nothing. This is more than can be expected. It is necessary to look ahead and see that food and good food, is prepared for the sheep the year round, and also good shelters.

Formerly sheep raisers never thought of sowing and harvesting crops for their animals. They were supposed to get their living somehow on the prairies and among the mountains. But it is pretty poor economy to attempt that sort of thing nowadays.

We need to grow crops for our

sheep and to supply them with a mixed ration, a diversified feed. In this ration roots play's most important part. They supply the amount of water which all animals need when fed dry food, and dry food must be fed in the winter time. They should be grown extensively for winter use, and should then be cut or mashed so that they can be mixed with the hay. bran, oats or mill feed. These roots will prevent stemach troubles and make the animals gain more from their solid food than if not given at all. It does not answer to make them take copious draughts of water with their meals, for this washes down a great deal of the food without being digested and assimilated. The result is-there is a decided waste. Roots are also nourishing and they are of great value to ewes when giving milk. Sugar beets, all of inestimable value to the flock. and they should be raised for winter use in season, if sheep diseases are to be avoided.

Mixed feeds for sheep are always superior to plain foods, and should always be given when possible. It is in the mixed food that roots attain their greatest value, for they make the mixture more digestible. giving a certain amount of mixed food each day regularly, with roots included, it is estimated that one saves fully twenty per cent in food; in other words, eighty per cent of mixed food is equal to 100 per cent of plain.

The pens that have given us the best satisfaction are small, inexpensive, insignificant affairs, costing from \$5 to \$10 each. The strongest point in their favor is health, fewer hogs being kept under one roof; this one point of health itself should. overbalance any objections that might be urged against them. When the ground around the pen becomes foul by continued occupation, these pens are easily moved, to a fresh location, and the ground previously. occupied by them plowed up and a crop or two raised from it, thereby purifying the soil. After two or three years it can be again seeled to grass and the pens returned to their original location.

A rotation of hog-pens once in two or three years goes farther in the direction of maintaining fertility than anything I have ever tried. this kind of pen, or as many pens of this kind as may be necessary tor-the number of hogs; the original outlay for pens is reduced to a mere nothing in comparison with the large hog house. They will pay for themselves every year they are used. With this system less than half the labor will keep the pens clean; they are warmer, the air is purer, the young pigs are healthier, and large numbers at any season are prevented from piling together. At farrowing time each brood sow is isolated from the others, thereby being removed from anything liable to make them irritable or restless.

Bear in mind I have no wish to hog-house as he desires. I am talking to farmers who may think as I used to, that an expensive hoghouse is necessary to raise fine pigs. And while recommending cheapness and economy in the way of hogpens I look like new.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD. I do not wish to be understood as arguing that "anything is good enough for a hog." The essentials to be secured are health, comfort. warmth and cleanliness, and any outlay of money that goes beyond this must be regarded in about the same light as a prominent breeder regards his expensive 30x60 hog-house. Said he: "It's not much account for swine, but it's awful nice to show to visitors."-Extract from paper by Geo. Wylie, Leeds, Wis., at a farmers' institute.

Young Stock in Winter.

It is the worst possible management to let calves, colts or any other young stock rough it during their first winter. Not only does the cold pinch, but there is the great difference between the succulent grass that they get in the summer and the dry forage of the winter ration. It is true young stock have generally good appetites, but unless they have some grain to keep up animal heat they cannot eat enough of rough fodder to keep them in good condition. The rough, staring coat is evidence how digestion has been injured and the future growth stunted for all time. No matter how well fed afterwards, the damage by the first winter's neglect is never overfirst winter's neglect is never over-come. It is because the stunting of growth is always the sign of im-paired digestion that it is so difficult

"Boby" or of the British d'armes; so they enrolled in large numbers, happy in being able to come. It is because the stunting of growth is always the sign of imto change to thriftiness. The young animal, if kept warm and well fed, makes much more profit from good feeding than it will when older. In truth, however, if the digestion be kept good the first winter it will be better during the animal's entire life. A little linseed meal is almost essential for all young stock in winter. It keeps their coats smooth because it keeps their digestion good. But needs also to be supplemented by warm stabling .- American Cultiva-

Horse Language.

My horse has a low whinny which means "water." and a higher-keyed, more emphatic neigh means food. When I hear these sounds I know as definitely what she means as if she spoke in English. This morning, passing along the street, I heard the same low whinny, and looking up saw a strange looking horse regarding me with a pleading look. I knew he was suffering from thirst, and no language could make it plainer. The language of the lower animals is not all articulate. It is largely a sign language. The horse does a deal of talking by motions of the head and by his wonderfully expressive looks. He also upon oceasion talks with the other extremity. A peculiar switch of the tail and a gesture, as if threatening to kick, are equine forms of speech. The darkey was not far wrong who said of the kicking mule: "It's just his way of talking."—C. P. Palmer, in Science.

Dairy Notes.

Better feed one good milk cow than three inferior ones.

Remember that the cows crave variety of food and will give more and better milk with it.

No animal responds to kind treatment quicker than a cow. A cow can be kicked and cuffed till she goes dry.

Cows will not give a liberal flow of milk unless fed well on a variety of visiting cards to show who he was lood and protected from the severity of the weather.

The New Hampshire experiment station finds that gluten mest tends to produce a much softer quality of butter than cotton seed meal or corn meal, and other things being equal, tends to lessen the churnability of

the butter fats. English dairymen have come to the conclusion that a grass farm is not best for their business, sayra writer. On an arable farm they can get a succession of crops which are the best dairy food, and can procure fifty per cent more of food suited to dairy cows than by keeping the same area in grass.

Household Helps.

A feather bed which has done service for a generation or two is hardly a desirable thing upon which to

The buffalo bug is to be eradicated only by benzine or naphtha. Apparently nothing else will have the slightest effect on him.

It is said that chocolate cake can be kept fresh by wrapping it tightly in buttered paper and putting it in a tin box away from all other sub-

To bake bananas, strip from one side a piece of the skin. Then becsen the skin from the sides of the fruit. dust well in granulated sugar and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. Serve hot in the skins. Nothing should be cooked in iron

essels that can be cooked in earth-

enware. The heat is more uniform, the flavor is better preserved and there is less liability to burn in the earthenware vessel than in the iron. Chamois leather may be cleaned by rubbing it hard wath pienty of soft soap and letting it soak for two hours. Then rub it well with a solution of sada, yellow soap and warm water, rinse it, wring it thoroughly in a course towel and dry quickly. Pull it about and brush it and it will be all the softer and better for the

An inexpensive and pretty fancy is to cover a sofa pillow first with fine sateen in any shade, and over this put a slip of white lace. Oriental prevent any farmer with plenty of in a fine-sprigged pattern is the money from building as expensive a prettiest. Around the slip is a gathered ruffle of lace edging about four inches wide, which matches the pillow cover in pattern. This slip can be arranged to remove when soiled, and be carefully washed to

JAPANESE POLICEMEN. The Most Aristocratic and Polites Co. There is no human being quite;

polite as the Japanese policeman Not to his fellow countrymen, be understood; by no means. He regards the bulk of them, probably, with a good-natured contempt, for, in the language of Mr. Chevaller, h is "a gentieman of birth and education." When, in the pursuit of Western civilization Japan cast of feudalism and put on a frock coar and a silk hat, thousands of samura or two-sworded retainers of the old nobles, found their occupation gone. No more exhilerating little expedi-tions into the territories of neighbor ing princes were possible, and chopping foreigners into little bit soon became a game hardly worth the candle. The swords rusted is their scabbards, and finally were, by imperial decree, discarded altogether, and helped a few years later to dee orate the drawing rooms of Murray. What was to be done with these Hill swash-bucklers, trained to a militar ism quite impossible in the modern army, modelled on the French pattern? The government wanted police. The samurai knew nothing about the status of the British wear, at any rate, one sword, and that a two-handled one.

stabulary Known.

Thus it happens that the Japanes police are the most aristocratic force of constabulary in the world. The are a finely disciplined body, small in stature, but well drilled, and expert in the use of the steel-scabbarded weapon which dangles at their

'It is to the foreigner-whether he be the veriest outcast of a no-nationality sailor from a kerosene ship, or a slick moneyed globe-trotter-that the essential politeness of the Japanese policeman is shown in all its native richness. With the former clas the police of the foreign ports in Japan—Yokahoma, Kobe and Nagasaki-have much intercourse, not of the gentle kind. Yet the scrimmage invariably has but one termination. The truculent son of Neptuneis soone or later handed over to the consular authorities of his country-if he owns one— and lodged in the foreign jail. Perhaps two policemen will be engaged in the operation—perhaps twenty, that is a mere detail. What is important is the fact that once a Japanese policeman makes up his mind to arrest anyone who is in his hands, he sticks to him with bull dog tenacity-never loses his temper or his hold-and conducts his victim to the lockup, if he be a foreigner, with the greatest urbanity and much polite ceremony.

POISON AT DRUG STORES, Most Deadly Substances May Be Ob-

tained in the Original Package.

If there is one thing just a little more absurd than another it is the way poisons are sold in New York. A physician taken with a toothache in a part of the town out of his usual beat went into a drug store on Lexington avenue to get a little belladonna, says the Recorder. The clerk would not sell it to him. He referred to the directory, and produced his sell a small dose of belladonna to no one he did not knew. The doctor effered to write a prescription for himself, but his proposal was scorned.
Then the doctor said he would take a
bottle of clixir of opium, and though
the clerk was "riled" there was nothing for him to do but to sell it. Of dozen people: A day or two after that a woman who is now in an insane asylum, and who even then had the light of madness in her eyes, went into another apothecary shop and with no difficulty at all bought an ounce bottle of morphine. Of course she went home and tried to kill herself After she had taken the morphine she was taken to a hospital and a dozen people made night of it whipping her, walking her, electricising her and finally saving her life. Anything in the original package can be got anywhere. Small doses there is a lot of fuss about. A woman who is a confirmed victim of opium bays an "elixer" as her regular standby, and her family are helpless, because anyone will sel it to her: Another gets an arsenical pill in boxes as it comes from the maker. A man, not being subject to the searches usually practiced on the feminine victim by her family.

questioned John Howard Payne's Claim. When John Howard Payne, the su-ther of 'Home, Sweet Home," died in Tunis, in 1852, the government owed him \$205.92 salary as consula that place It has been owing it ever since Payne's heirs are now trying to get congress to make an appropriation to discharge the obligation If compound interest should be really be reckoned on the sum for the for-ty-one years that have elapsed the heirs of the poet would receive comfortable fortune. However, the bill that has been introduced for their relief only appropriates, the amount of the original claim, \$205.92 which is not enough to fight over The government does not allow in terest on unclaimed money left in its possession.

constantly gets his morphine in the

original ounce bottles and says he has never had his right to do so

A Hist Uncle Jack-Hare you a collection

Karl-No, sir, but I am going of any kind? collect silver dollars as soon as I cal get any to start with. - Life.