He sharply eyes his lonzed for proy, Then like a tiger swittly springs: But from his teeth and far away The bee with little effort wings

And then the bee comes darting down, Swift as an arrow to the plain. And Fido feels upon his crown A lump that undulates with pain,

Enveloped in a great dust cloud.

And howling madly down the street

I'm glad he's stung I'm sure it's right That one so big and strong as he Should come to grief for trying to bite A little inoffensive bee —Harber's Young People

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XVII-CONTINUED. It was as follows:

Dear Sir :- Yours of the 15th instant, informin; me of your safe arrival at Madison and your determination to make that place your home, was duly received. The accident which you speak of as near befalling my ward at Ningar, Palls did not surprise me. He is a carcless boy, and I should not be surprised at any time to hear of his coming to harm from this cause. Of course, you will exercise prop-er care in cautioning him, etc., and then, should be meet with any accident. I shall ex-onerate you from blame in the matter. How is his health? I have at times thought he in-herited the feeble constitution of his father. herited the feeble constitution of his father. understand also from the late Mr Raymond, that his mother was an invalid, and it is hardly to be expected that he would have a very strong or victorous constitution. However, I do not feel auxious on this point as I am aware that you have a knowled e of medicine, and I have full confidence in your ability to take all proper care of my young ward I suppose you have found a suitable school for him I shall be glad to hear that he is doing well in his studies, phonyhon account of his not young ward. his studies, bhough on account of his not very stron; constitution, previously re erred to, it may be well not to press him too hard in the Let me hear from you respectin; Robert's

Let me hear from years, welfare, from time to time.
PAUL MORTON "

James Cromwell read this letter twice over.

"He's a crafty ola spider." he said to himself. "Any one to read it would think that he was very solicitous for the welfare of this boy. It would be considered an excellent letter by those who did not understand it. I am behind the scenes, and I know just what it means. He means to blame me, because I didn't make a sure thing of it at Niagara Falls, and hints pretty plainly about some accident happening to him in future. He is impatient to hear of his death, that is plain, and no doubt he will gladly pay the amount he promised, as soon as he receives intelligence of it."

So James Cromwell, spurred by double motive, veered more and more toward the accomplishment of the dark deed which would stain his soul with bloodshed, and in return give him the fleeting possession of money and the girl whom he loved. Once resolved upon the deed, the next consideration was the ways and means of accomplishing it. he use poison? That seemed most in his line, and he regretted that he had not secured a supply of the same subtile poison which Paul Morton had purchased of him in the small shop on the Bowery. There was likely to be no one in that neighborhood who possessed a sufficient medical knowledge to detect its presence or trace its effects. But it was rare and there was little chance of his obtaining it unless by sending to New York, and this would. of itself, afford strong ground for sus-

picion against him. Then, as to the ordinary poisons. their effects upon the human system were too well understood, even by ordinary physicians, for him to employ them without great peril. He, decided, therefore, to abjure poisons altogether. The fact that he was a druggist would render their use even more readlly suspected than in the case of an ordinary person. One evening while he was still pondering this question, and much embarrassed out the decision of it, he chanced to be returning home from a desultory walk which he had taken. Now, in the town of Madison, somewhat centrally situated, or at least, one side of it was near the center of the town, there was a pond of about two miles in circuit. By the edge of this pond James Cromwell met Robert Raymond. Instantly an idea came into his mind, as casting his eyes toward the pond, he saw a small boat tied by a rope round the trunk of a tree.

"Good evening, Mr. Cromwell,"
sald Robert. "Have you been taking a walk?"

Yes, but I have not been far. When did you come out?" "About half an hour ago."

"By the way, do you know how to "A little."

"I was thinking that we might borrow this boat, and have a little row on the pond. What do you say?" "I should like it," said Robert promptly, for he had a boy's love of water. "Shall I unfasten the

rope!"

Yes, I wish you would." Robert at once sprang to the tree, and quickly untied the rope and set she boat free.

boat free.
"All ready, Mr. Cromwell!" orled. "Jump aboard, and I will get in afterward."

James Cromwell stepped into the oat, his heart beating quick with he thought of the deed which he editated. His courage almost failed him, for he was of a timid nature, but the thought of the stake for which he was playing renewed his courage, and he resolved that, come hat might, that night should be

Robert Raymond's last. Which of us shall row, Mr. Cromwell?" asked Robert.

I will row frst, and you may do

"All right." Cromwell took his place, and rowed "Where am I?"

rather awkwardly until the boat reached the middle of the pond. "Shan't I take the oars now, Mr.

Cromwell? "Not quite yet. I am going to row into that little recess over yonder. You can row back."

The outline of the nond was irregular. In one place there was a recess surrounded by woods, within which they would be shielded from view. It seemed a fitting place for a tragedy.

When they were fairly within it, Cromwell said:

"Now you may take the oars." Robert rose from his seat and stepped toward the center of the boat. His movements were naturally rather unsteady. James Cromwell turn-ed pale, and he braced his shrinking nerves. He felt that now was his time. Unless he acted now his opportunity would be gone. As Robert approached, he suddenly seized the unsuspecting boy around the middle, and threw him into the water. So suddenly was it done, that before the boy understood what had happened to him he found himself engulfed. Never once looking back. James Cromwell seized the oars, and rowed himself swiftly back. When he got on shore, he looked nervously out over the surface of the pond. All was still. Nothing was visible of

"He is drowned!" said Cromwell to himself, wiping away the large drops of perspiration from his forehead.

> CHAPTER XVIII. Cato.

Such was the suddenness with which Robert had been hurled into the water that he had no chance to defend himself. He was scarcely conscious of having been attacked until he found himself in the water struggling for life. He knew nothing of swimming from actual experience, yet under the stress of necessity, and with death staring him in the face, he instinctively struck out. and managed temporarily to keep his head above water. But the shore was a hundred yards distant, and to reach it would have been beyond his unskilled strength to accomplish, if he had not luckily happened to receive assistance.

Unknown to James Cromwell, there had been a spectator of his dastardly attempt to drown the boy who had been placed in his charge.

The spectator was an odd character; an old negro who years ago had built for himself a ruce cabin in the shadow of the woods. He had formerly been a slave in Kentucky, but had managed to escape from servitude, and built himself this cabin, where he lived by himself. He supported himself by working for any one who needed help on the farm or in the garden, and cooked his own food in his simple dwelling.

"What debble's work is dis?" he said to himself. "What's he goin' to kill de boy for? Can't let de poor boy drown, no way."

As he spoke, he flung himself into the water and swam with vigorous strokes toward the place where Robert was struggling. "Hold up a minute, young massa.

he cried, for in his freedom he preserved the language of former days, "hold up a minute, and I'll save yer."

Robert heard this, and it gave him courage to struggle longer. In a short time the negro was at his side and seizing him by the arm, turned and headed for the shore. It was soon reached, and the two stood side by side, both dripping with moisture. Had James Cromwell turned back he might have discovered the rescue, but he did not dare to do so until he reached the opposite side, and then there was nothing to be

"What's all this mean, young massa?" asked Cato, for this was the name of the negro. He had brought no other with him, but one was quite sufficient for his modest require-

"I don't know," said Robert. "The man that was with me suddenly seized me round the waist, and flung me into the pond." "I saw him do it," said Cato. "What made him?"

"That's more than I can tell, un-

less he is crazy," said Robert. "Is dis de fust time he try to drown you?" asked Cato.

Robert started as the force of this question dawned upon him. He recalled the scene at Niagara Falls. and the narrow escape he had from a horrible death at that time.

"No," he answered, "he tried to push me over Niagara Falls once, but thought it was an accident then. I don't think so now.

"You lib with him?" "Yes: my guardian placed me with

"He's a wicked man. Don't you go nigh him again."
"I won't," said Robert. "I shouldn't feel safe with him. But I

don't know where to go to-night."
"Come to my cabin!" said Cato. 'It's a poor place for the likes of you. young massa, but it's better dan sleepin' out in de woods."

"Thanks, Cato," said Robert, for he knew who it was that had saved him. "I will accept your invitation gladly. Lead the way and I will fol-

The negro's hut was near by. was small enough, being only about ten feet square. On the floor was spread a blanket over some straw.

Robert lay down on the rude bed. and though excited by the peril through which he had passed, and by t e thought that James Cromwell had been guilty of such an atrocious attempt, nature at last asserted her supremacy, and he sank to sleep. When he awoke the sun had already risen. The first sight upon which his eyes rested was the black face of his companion bending over him. He did not immediately remember where he was, and cried, raising his head,

"Here, young massa, in Cato's DAIRY .-- LIVE STOCK.

cabin," said the negro. "Yes, I remember now," said Rob

He sprang from his couch and hastily put on his clothes. He found that through the kind services of the negro they were quite dry, though his shirt bosom and cuffs presented a limp appearance, the starch having soaked out of them. This was, however, a minor calamity, to which he paid but little attention.

When he was dressed he turned to go away, though he hardly knew where to direct his course. "Stop," said Cato. "Cato have breakfast ready in a minute."

"Do you mean that I am to break-fast with you, Cato?" "Yes, if young massa will be so

"I think the kindness is all on the other side," said Robert, laughing. "Yes, I will accept your invitation with much pleasure; particularly as I don't know where else to go for any.

Cato appeared to consider that a great favor had been granted to him in acceptance of the invitation, and he set to work zealously to prepare a meal of which his young friend might partake.

In the course of an hour Cato produced a breakfast consisting of hot hoe cakes and fried eggs, which not only had a very appetizing flavor, but stood the test of eating remarka-bly well. Robert's peril of the previous night had by no means injured his appetite, and he did full justice to the breakfast provided. Cato gazed with much satisfaction at the evidences of his young guest's relishing the repast provided, and appeared to regard it as a personal compliment to himself.

White Robert was eating he was considering his future plans. He had in his pocket the sum of \$10; which though soaked in water, he was able to dry; and this, though insufficient to defray his expenses would at least start him on his journey. As to what he might do after this was exhausted, he did not know, but he was buoyant in hope, and he felt that it was no use to anticipate trouble. Enough to meet it when it came.

> CHAPTER XIX. The Day After.

James Cromwell came down to breakfast on the morning succeeding his attempt to drown our young hero, with as composed a manner as his nervous agitation permitted him to assume.

"Where is our young friend?" asked the landlady, for Cromwell and Robert usually came in together.

"I have not seen him since supper," said Cromwell. "I was about to ask you if you had seen anything of him.

"Was he not here last night?" "No, I went to his room just now, and found that his bed is untouched. "That is strange." said Mr. Man-

"I have felt quite troubled about him," said Cromwell, hypocritically. "Do you think anything has be-fallen him?" asked the landlady.

"I think it more likely that he has run away," said Cromwell. "He seemed to be very quiet and

gentlemanly," said Mr. Manton. "No doubt he seemed so," Cromwell, "but his guardian when he confided him to my charge, informed me that he was a hard case, but exceedingly artful, so that no one would suspect it. He was opposed to coming West with me. and my impression is, that he has started for New York secretly. I shall put up a notice calling for information. If I receive none I shall be compelled

give information to his guardian of his sudden disappearance. "You will be compelled to leave your business. I should think that would be inconvenient," said Mr.

to go on to New York myself and

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Agreed to Dig Each Others Graves. The recent death of Jack Odell, the oldest grave digger in Passaic county, New Jersey, brought to light an agreement entered into fifty years ago, when Undertaker Hiram Gould interred the first body in the Sandy Hill cemetery. Odell, who was then the only grave digger in the neighborhood, agreed with Mr. Gould to dig his grave and drive his hearse if the undertaker should die first. Mr. Gould made the same agreement with Odell, and also said he would pay the funeral expenses if Odell died poor. Odell visited Gould's estab-lishment about a year ago and said he had saved enough to pay for his funeral, and turned the money over to the undertaker. Odell died a few days ago. Mr. Gould, who is nearly 80 years old, dug the grave digger's grave and drove the hearse to the cemetery. - New York Press.

Of Course.

Year after year, and all the time. the criminal reports of the city are vastly more favorable to women than to men. The law-breakers of the female sex are but few here, in comparison with those of the other sex. After examining the police returns for the first quarter of this year, and comparing them with the returns of various terms of other years. we are able to say that there is statistical proof that the moralization of women is far superior to that of men. - New York Sun.

Boarding House Item.

Visiting Friend-So you married total stranger from Boston. I always expected you would marry the star boarder. He is such a nice.

quiet gentleman.
Mrs. Hashly—That's the reason I didn't marry him. I don't want to lose that kind of a boarder. They are too scarce. - Texas Siftings.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate Their Department of the Homestead-Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and

Profit in Ten Cows

Prof. H. H. Dean of the Ontario agricultural college addressed a conrention as follows:

Ten cows, perhaps, is the average number which a farmer should have before he will begin to realize that he s dairying in earnest. Where but from three to five cows are milked, they are usually looked upon as a side track-"the women kin have 'em to make a little pin money." Too many persons who own cows are playing at the dairy business, just like children who keep house go visiting and dress dolls. But in order to make money out of cows nowadays we need to study

and hustle. The first requisite is that these ten cows shall be owned and cared for by a dairyman or dairywoman. You say, "Oh, pshaw! that is easy enough. Well, now let us see whether it is or not. The following are some of the points of a good dairyman:

He (or she) should be neat, clean, a good farmer, a good judge of cattle, a good feeder, kind, thoughtful, and should have business ability to buy and sell to advantage. The next requisite is that these cows should be the very best cows that can be had. Every one of them should be a standard cow-cows that will give 6,000 pounds of milk or make 250 pounds of butter in a year, and as much more than this as possible. To get these cows, the surest way is to breed them. Buy them if you can; they are cheap at from \$40 to \$50 per head. The third point is that these cows shall be properly housed and cared for, and be fed on cheap food. The money lies between the cost of production and the price obtained. The former should be as low as possible and the latter-well, all you can get. Grass and soiling crops are good for summer feed, with some bran or meal when pastures fail; and for winter use, silage, mangels, carrots. sugar beets, clover hay, peas, oats, bran, ground wheat, linseed and cottonseed meal. Give variety and all that the cows will eat up clean. After the milk has been produced in the best and cheapest manner it must then be marketed in the best way. There is great loss where this is not properly looked after. If considerable time, labor and money have been spent up to this point, it is very important that the latter part of the business should be well handled. After the needs of the family have been properly looked after-and I do not believe in selling the best and eatag the poorest at home-the rest is usually disposed of in the four follow-

ing methods: 1. Home Dairy. - To make a success of this it is necessary to have plenty of help, good utensils, proper milk rooms, a knowledge of how to make butter or cheese, or both, and a suitable market for the product. If a person is not near a factory or has a market near by, with previously men tioned requisites, it may be advisable to engage in the home manufacture of butter or cheese, otherwise, for the mass of farmers, the factory plan

2. City or Town Milk Trade. - A good city milk trade is very profitable. By making specialties, such as bottling milk, pasteurizing milk, keeping special cows for children and invalids, supplying skim milk at reduced rates and butter milk made from cream or skim milk-this trade is very remunerative. A great deal of labor is connected with the work, and where milk is to be shipped to middlemen there is often a great deal of risk in not getting money for milk shipped.

3. Creamery.—Creameries in Ontario are of two classes-cream gathered and separator. In the former cream is only taken from the farm and the skim milk left for feeding. This class of creamery has an advantage where roads are poor and cows scattered. To insure its success all the patrons should provide deep cans and cold water. A supply of ice is needed to cool the milk below 45 degrees. Cream raised in this manner will not give so high a test, but there will be more inches of cream from the same number of pounds of milk and it will produce a finer article of butter. High testing cream and ordinary shallow pan cream are a hindrance to the buttermaker in a cream gathering creamery. It is necessary in this kind of a creamery, as in all co-operative dairies, that all the patrons should co-operate to make theirs one of the very best One patron can not make the reputation of a factory, though one may

If the separator creamery is patronzed, milk should be sent of good quality-well aerated and cooled-and the skim milk should be fed to calves and pigs, in order to reap the greatest profits. As a rule there is more money made from milk sent to a separator than to a cream-gathering creamery, as the cream is more completely taken out of the milk by the separator than by the ordinary method of setting. Beef and butter make a very good combination, hence in beef raising sections the creamery is more popular than the cheese factory.

4. Cheese Factory.—In sections where factories pay by the hundred, to make money out of cows (and out of your neighbors) get those cows that give a large quantity and send every drop of it to the factory-Saturday nights and Sunday mornings included.

You will doubtless have some neighbors that sell cheap butter. Buy from them and send your milk away. That's the way to make money out of cheese. A well managed joint stock company usually pays higher dividends to patrons than a private factory. If the factory divides proceeds by test it will pay to keep a few cows that give very rich milk to bring up the average of the whole. Cheese factories have paid well in the province. Support the factory if there is one in the locality. It is somewhat difficult to raise calves in cheese factory sections, but by having the best cows drop their calves some time before the factory opens, fairly good calves may be reared. The dairy cow and the hog make a combination that it is difficult to surpass. Not only do they pay well, but they are a "combine" that does not take anything unjustly from anyone else. Give us more cow-hog combines and we'll not hear of so many farmer farm separations.

An exchange says: Three or four geese to a gander are all that should be allowed, if the object is to breed for eggs for hatching.

It is advisable to set the eggs early in the season, as the most vigorous young are obtained from the early broods.

When the goslings are hatched they should be cooped with their mother, and fed on fresh tender grass, cut fine, also chopped cabbage and asmall quantity of dough made from corn meal. Drinking water should be supplied in a shallow dish.

When about three weeks old they should be let out during fine weather and fed with only a little meal, twice a day, and at the age of six weeks whole grain can be substituted.

Grass is as much the natural food of the goose as the cow, and when let run they will naturally take to it. However, H. H. Stoddard says the tamel Canada goose and the longnecked Chinese goose depend less upon grass, finding much of their food in marshes and shallow water.

The same authority says: "In winter the supply of grain must of course be greatly increased, but it should be accompanied by some form of green fodder. Apples are useful, one being allowed daily to each bird; the cheaper sorts may be stored in autumn for this purpose. Rowen, cut fine, well soaked during several hours, sprinkled with meal is a valuable article. Bulk may be obtained by using whole or ground coarse bran and oats Geese, to be profitable, must have water for swimming as well as drinking purposes, but their range should be confined or the birds will swim

away. Geese are very destructive to grass, eating some and tramping down a great deal more. They should have a pasture to themselves, and can be shut in with a fence, tight near the ground. They will not generally fly more than four or five feet up, and if disposed to go higher than this their wings may be clipped.

Geese can be plucked three times a year in the south, but not more than twice in the eastern states, and once or twice in the west. If plucked too near freezing weather they suffer from the cold and do not thrive.

The Winter Dairy Cow in Summer. I am disappointed in one thing con-

nected with winter dairying, says a writer in an exchange. My plan has been to dry off the cows in July and turn them off to pasture, but it is getting more and more difficult every year to dry them off soon enough to do this. This year I could not get them dried up till within three weeks of the time some of them were to come in, and I had to milk them once while they were away. Next year I intend to keep them at home and give them millet and corn fodder and milk them as long as they will give any. It looks as though they were going to develop into perpetual milkers and not give my wife and myself any vacation. Why is it that cows which come in in the spring will dry up so fast in July and August, while cows which come in in the preceding October are such persistent milkers, is something I do not understand. I have a Jersey cow that has given milk seventeen months and is coming in in less than a month, yet she gives over a quart a day. On other hand, the summer cow due to come in in March or April dries up in December or perhaps in November without any trouble. You have only to turn her out to eat frost bitten grass, with a good north wind blowing and the thermometer at 20 or below, and she will dry up fast enough. She will when thus treated dry up the owner's pocketbook as well. What effect this persistent milking will have on the calves I can not tell and do not especially care. I have seen no ill effects yet, and when I do it will be time enough to think about this part of the matter.

Times-Star announces that a chemist of that city has succeeded in making a fluid which has all the properties of ordinary cow's milk, and is equal to the best for all purposes. It is a combination of water, solids and fats, and is absolutely the same as, and indistinguishable from pure milk, and has the advantage of being absolutely free from the diseases and impurities that are often found in milk. This chemical milk will raise a cream, will sour, turn to curd and water, and butter and cheese can be made from it the same as from cow's milk. At present the cost of production is more than \$1 a gallon, but the chemist believes with a few more experiments he can reduce the price to 10 or 15 cents a gallon, and by making it in wholesale quantities can retail it at the usual 6 cents a

The Fondest Hour Memory Becalls The fondest Hour Memory Escalla.

The question naturally suggests itself, which is "the fondest hour memory recalls?" Has the reader, whose attention we hope to engage, ever had a controversy with his stomach on the subject of dyspepsia. After convincing proofs that the digestive hand has a wiceorgan has got the upper hand, has a wise re sort been made to Hostetter's Stomach Bit ters? If so, the "fondest hour" has been re-called by memory in the shape of a lasting called by memory in the shape of a lasting resumption of the power to digest, assimilate thoroughly and eat heartily without fear of being uncomfortable afterward. When the dinner bell, that "tocsin of the soul," strikes agreeably upon the ear, the auditor then greets it as a welcome sound and hastens to obey its summons. The Bitters, to renowned as a stomachic, overcome, too, malaria, bilious and kidney trouble, and remedy nervousness, rheumatism and sick headache.

Fortune's Wheel. Louis Prang, the famous chromo-

hthographer, was a Prussian calico printer at the age of 18, and was tray. eling through Europe for a Bohemian manufactuser, when the revolution of manufactuser, when the revolution of 1848 broke out. He was obliged to flee to Switzerland, and then came to New York in 1850. He did so poorly in one business that he sold out all his rights after a year's hard work for \$25, but with that \$25 he got together capital which in after years enabled him to start a little lithographing shop. It was illness that caused him to reliminate his trade of wood engraping and quish his trade of wood engraving and started him in the line that brought him fame and fortune.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

New Way of Serving Pineapple.

Where the pineapple is very fine and ripe, it may be brought to the table whole; it is a pretty dish, and can be served by digging out the eyes, one or two at a time, with a cheese scoop or pointed spoon. The sections will be found to run clear to the center, and will split as readily as those of an orange. This method of serving a pine apple is that always used in England for the fine hot house fruit, which never costs less than half a guinea Pineapple thus served is eaten by holding in the hand and dipping the pieces in sugar, in the manner familiar to us

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