

WHITE INJUSTICE.

An African Living in Leads on the Slaughter of Matabels.

It is impossible for me to see this day pass without having thanked you for the human; yes, most Christian manner you plead for my ways and everywhere oppressed and hated people. Laughed to scorn by your own countrymen and colleagues in the house known as the "House of Commons"—but which should be the "House of un-Commons"—you hold on to your own cause. I hope you may live to see the fruits of your labors. Dr. Livingston did not see his, and there were not enough Scotchmen to continue his well-begun work, so it fell to the desired lot of the "great African explorer," Mr. Stanley, to crush it.

Cetewayo, after the most unjust war in Zululand said: "The English sent us first, missionaries; second, a consul; third, soldiers." And thus a people who were capable of being civilized, were destroyed, and the few remnants are forced to labor at very small pay for the conquerors on their own soil; and very likely the only education they get is, "Servants, obey your masters!"

Prejudice against the colored man, even in this country, is so very great, that the Britons never will Christianize Africa. What, then, is the use of missionaries? Is their mission to make "the last state of the man worse than the first"? According to a letter written by an Englishman in South Africa the whole of the "Christian church" there were in favor of the chartered company (how can any Christian government charter a lot of money seekers?) waging war against the Matabels. Goethe, in his "Faust," says: "Churches have eaten up whole countries, and yet have never enough."

In South Africa it seems that filthy lucre has there, too, drawn the "Christian church" into the 300 to 1,000 per cent that Matabeland offers. The noble lady who pleaded the cause of the Zulus has, it seems, retired with a broken heart! Wilberforce, Pitt, and the noble Quakers who pleaded the cause of the negro are dead, and Englishmen, who have ever made capital out of the negro's blood, have found another way of getting their monstrous percentage at the negro's cost and lost. This time, though, the lot has fallen to the Radical party to stay at least a little, the bloodhound's tooth.

May the omnipotent God sustain you, honorable sir, and your party for the great true christian and human good you are seeking to secure for his less favored creatures.—London Truth.

Help for Malarial Neighborhoods.

People who are unfortunate enough to live in damp houses, particularly near undrained land, are apt to think there is no help for them save in removal. They are mistaken. Successful experiments have shown that it is quite possible to materially improve the atmosphere in such neighborhoods in a very simple manner—by the planting of the laurel and the sunflower. The laurel gives off an abundance of ozone, while the "soulful eyed" sunflower is potent in destroying the malarial condition. These two, if planted on the most restricted scale in a garden close to the house will be found to speedily increase the dryness and salubrity of the atmosphere, and rheumatism, if it does not entirely become a memory of the past, will be largely alleviated.

The Tomato.

The tomato has a curious history. After the revolution of San Domingo, many French families came from there to Philadelphia, where they introduced their favorite pomme d'amour. Although introduced as early as 1896 from South America into England, it was looked upon with suspicion, and its specific name, "Lycopersicon," derived from lykos, "wolf," and persikon, "peach," referring to the beautiful but deceptive appearance of its fruit, intimates pretty clearly the kind of estimation in which it was held. It is now, however, all but universally used.

Replenishing a Wardrobe.

She, coaxingly—Your little wife is very anxious to see her mother again. He—Yes, of course—very natural. She—I cannot go to visit her, you know, without a complete new traveling outfit, and a few new dresses for extra occasions; but if you feel very poor, my love, I can stay at home and have mother come here, you know. He—Poor! Nonsense! I'm making money right along. Here's a check.—New York Weekly.

What, Indeed?

Mr. Grimme—It is just an outrage the way the little innocent birds are being butchered to adorn women's hats. Mrs. Grimme—But, my dear, don't you remember that it was the bright bird wing I wore on my hat as I was going along the street that attracted your attention and led to your marrying me? Mr. Grimme—What in thunder has that got to do with it? That only makes the case stronger.—Indianapolis Journal.

Time to Intrude.

Mother—Is Mr. Kisser in the parlor yet? Little Son—Yes. "What are they doing?" "They are sitting a good way apart, and talking; but sister has taken off her Elizabeth ruff." "Very well; I'll go down at once."

A Biased Opinion.

Bob—Dick, do you believe in putting a tax on bachelors? Dick—Yes—siree—give it to 'em—nail 'em to the mast! They have no business to be having so much easier a time than us poor married wretches.—Courier-Journal.

A TIP THAT FAILED.

The Waiter Was too Joyous to Be Very Successful.

It is not always the man with the most swagger suit of clothes who dispenses offhand generosity. It was this modern axiom which was brought home with crushing force, to a waiter in a French table d'hote restaurant in New York.

With a shiny, bell-crowned silk hat, long, double-breasted coat, latest pattern trousers, spats and patent leathers, a heavy swell walked pompously in. A smiling Gallic waiter took him in tow and seated him in a good position. He served him obsequiously, led his red wine to perfection, served the different courses at the proper temperature and winked gleefully at the other envious waiters.

He was sure of a big tip. After the meal was finished the server chased after a fifteen-cent cigar, paid the bill and brought back the change in suggestive ten-cent pieces. He struck a match and proffered a light, stood upon his tiptoes and helped the customer on with his clothes, and all the while his smile grew expansive.

Then the swagger diner began to gather up his change. He took every dime from the plate, and the customary tip not remaining, the face of the Gaul began to shrink. His smile began to broaden as the diner paused and ran his fingers through his little change pocket, and a wide grin endangered his ears as a gloved hand reached toward his itching palm, into which fell two coins. His fingers closed eagerly, and, bowing obsequiously, he saw the guest depart.

At this point he looked at his hand. Chagrin and mortification chased each other across his mobile physiognomy. Strange guttural sounds trickled through his teeth. His face grew red, and with a bursting, splitting, Parisian oath he hurled the coins from him and plunged through a doorway into the kitchen.

Dutch Smokers.

The Hollanders are perhaps of all the Northern peoples those who smoke the most, writes the author of "Holland and Its People." The humidity of their climate makes it almost a necessity, and the very moderate cost of tobacco renders it accessible to all. To show how deeply rooted is the habit, it is enough to say that the boatmen of the trekshult, the aquatic diligence of Holland, measure distances by smoke. From here, they say, to such-and-such a place it is not so many miles, but so many pipes. When you enter a house, after the first salutations, your host offers you a cigar; when you take leave, he hands you another.

The Banker's Son.

When Mr. Goschen was chancellor of the exchequer and all alive with his scheme for the introduction of one-pound notes, he met Mr. "Hughie" Drummond at dinner one evening. "Hughie" was introduced as a banker's son and a member of the stock exchange, and Mr. Goschen at once began to question him as to what that institution thought of his idea of the paper money. "Oh, we don't think much of it," replied Mr. "Hughie." "Indeed, and why not, pray?" asked Mr. Goschen, somewhat taken aback. "Well, you see, you can toss with a sovereign, but a flimsy is no good to anybody."—Argonaut.

He Really Wanted a Shave.

A curious case of the tramp was seen the other day. He was a veritable one with a three weeks' growth of stubble. Sliding into a restaurant he asked for alms. "What would you do with a dime if I gave you one?" asked a guest. "Spend it on a shave," he said. He got the dime, nobody, however, believing him. One of the spectators followed him to a shop in the neighborhood and the man did spend the money on a shave, and on being spoken to about it said he thought he might now strike a job, he looked so respectable.

He Moved On.

"What do you want?" asked the housewife. "Suthin' ter eat." "I haven't anything in the house except some bread and corned beef. Do you want some of that?" "No," he said sadly, "I guess I'll move on. It 'ud be a pity ter waste such a fine appetite on such poor victuals."

Had Him There.

Lawyer—When were you born? Witness—I can't tell you. You told me a while ago that I must only say what I knew myself, and not what I heard other people say. I didn't look at the almanac when I was born.—Texas Sittings.

A Diplomat.

The Wife—I've quit asking people if my bonnet is on straight. The Husband—Why, my dear. The Wife—I love you too much, John, to disgrace you by calling anybody's attention to an old bonnet like this.—Truth.

Artificial Whalebone.

A process of forming artificial whalebone from animal hair, consisting in subjecting the hair to a softening bath, then to a bath of acetic acid, and, finally, placing the mass under great pressure, has been invented.

No Longer Owls.

Jess—They had been married a month before her father suspected it. Bess—What aroused his suspicions? Jess—A big slump in the gas bill.—Truth.

CRUSHING A FOREIGN SNOB.

A Cool-Headed Newspaper Man's Retort to the Remark of a Swell.

Foreigners have a fatal inability to appreciate the turns of American humor and repartee, and there is now a diplomat of more or less prominence in the foreign service at Washington who is looking for the blood of an American correspondent on the score of an insult received in the theater. They were both standing back of the rail in the National the other evening during the performance of "The Little Trooper." The sprightly Della had just got through with her duel scene, and the chorus broke out after the manner of choruses to close up the act. His diplomats was quite taken with the performance. "Aw, quite clevah," he ejaculated, "vervy clevah sword play for girls; let's have that again," and he commenced to applaud. "Quite clevah," he insisted, turning to a newspaper man standing alongside him, "won't you join me in this encore?"

"Well, you've seen it once," was the dry response of the blase reporter. "If you want to see it again why don't you come in to-morrow night?"

The legation was quite taken off his feet by this unexpected rejoinder, and failed entirely to see any humor in it. "I—er—don't you know I consider you quite impertinent," exclaimed the would-be encorer. "I—es—in fact think you are no gentleman!" "And do you know what I think of you?" was the easy reply. "I think you are no judge." And the foreigner, who was looking for at least a challenge to a duel, collapsed at this indifference to the cole, while the correspondent and his next door neighbor went out to get a drink.

AN UNAPPRECIATED GIFT.

A Washington Department Woman Received One Pet Too Many.

There is a department woman in Washington whose fondness for pets is known to all her friends. Not long ago a woman who boards in the same house with her bought a squirrel in a cage, and to give her a pleasant surprise put it in her room one afternoon. The department woman came home and went to her room. She did not appear at dinner. There was no light in her room. Not a sound was heard from her. At last, late in the evening, her friends began to be worried about her and one of them went up and knocked on the door. The department woman was within and in a whisper she answered the knock.

"I can't stir," she said. "Some ad-deheaded fool has put a squirrel in here and it's got out of the cage. Every time I try to strike a light it flies all around the room. It's torn a big hole in the lace curtain and smashed two of my vases. There's an ink bottle on the bureau, and I don't dare move for fear he'll knock that off next. What am I going to do?"

There was a consultation outside, but nobody could think of anything to do. The department woman stood it until nearly midnight, and then her wrath getting the better of her prudence she decided she'd light the gas if the squirrel broke everything in the room. And when the gas was lighted there was the squirrel safe in his cage again. But the woman who bought him has found another boarding place.

The Bridal Suite of Nicholas II.

"Vanity Fair" gives a description of the apartments in the Winter palace that are occupied by Nicholas II and his bride. The bridal suite was once occupied by Alexandra Feodorovna, consort of Nicholas I. It opens out of the Pompeian chambers and includes the famous reception-room, which is lined with malachite and lighted with candelabra of lapis-lazuli. Almost all of the furniture is richly gilt, and the chief decorations are copies of Raphael's paintings. The bedroom is chiefly remarkable for a magnificent frieze, and out of the adjoining dressing-room a heavily curtained door leads to the Romano-Moresque bath, which is one of the most noteworthy features of the whole palace. In a little room hard by the imperial family used in former years to pass their evenings together. A private marble staircase gives access to a sort of grotto and conservatory that are filled with luxuriant tropical vegetation.

Flower Ghosts.

Anyone who wishes to see the ghost of a flower has only to make a very simple experiment. Let him go up to a cluster of blossoms and look very intently for several minutes at one side of it. Then very suddenly he must turn his gaze upon the other side of the same cluster. He will at once distinctly see a faint and delicate circle of colored light around this second half of the cluster. The light is always in the hue which is "complementary" to that of the flower. The specter of the scarlet poppy is of a greenish white. The ghost of the primrose is purple. The ghost of the blue fringed gentian is of a pale gold tint. In these circles of color the shapes of the flower's petals are always faintly but clearly seen.

She Forgot the Watchdog.

The umbrella of a Catholic penitent was stolen while she was at confession. She went with the story to Cardinal Wiseman, hoping probably to obtain compensation. The only consolation she got from the cardinal was this: "My child, I am sorry for you; but the scripture tells us to watch as well as pray."

Exchanged Life for a Beer.

In the cemetery at Barnstable, Mass., is the following inscription: "Here Lyeth interred ye body of Mrs. Hope Chipman, ye wife of Elder John Chipman, aged 45 years, who changed this life for a beer ye 8 of January, 1683."

Resolutions.

To the officers and members of Eden Robekah Lodge No. 41:

We, your committee, appointed to prepare suitable resolutions of condolence and sympathy upon the death of the mother of our esteemed sister Agusta Martin, do most respectfully present the following:

WHEREAS: The almighty in carrying out his inscrutable designs and in silent reminder of his all-wise power, suddenly on the 15th day of January, 1895, removed from our midst, Mrs. Ale, thereby severing for a time, the earthly ties that bound her to her family, yet to this affliction they bow in humble submission fully recognizing that their loss is her gain. Therefore, be it

Resolved: That in this hour of bereavement and sorrow, we as a lodge, tender Brother and Sister Martin our sincere sympathy, and command them to the care of him whose province it is to give aid and to take away.

"So let her sleep that dreamless sleep. Our sorrows clustering round her head. Be comforted ye loved who weep. She lives with God, she is not dead." Fraternaly submitted in F. L. and T., ALBERTA UTLEY, CORA MEREDITH, MABELLE CORBETT.

It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill. Writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called Kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began using Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to the cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 70c. for large bottle At P. C. Corrigan's Drug Store

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by P. C. Corrigan.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by P. C. Corrigan, Druggist.

Carlton Cornwell, foreman of the Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's cough remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy. I can commend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by P. C. Corrigan, Druggist.

PEOPLE'S STORE.

Hey diddle diddle! Our old cat can't fiddle, Nor the cow jump over the moon, But our honest advice is, to come see our prices, And you hearts will be happy right soon. Tea sugar and candy (these goods are just dandy, They're not dirty, not shop-worn, or old) Cheese butter and honey, for very small money, At Adam's new store will be sold. Grapes apples and spices, nuts onions and rice is But a few things among a whole lot. Oil ginger and lard, Oh! It is very hard though To tell all the nice things we've got. If you give us an order we'll fill up your larder With good things a thousand or more. Good weight and full measure, is ever our pleasure, And the goods left right at your door. Yours truly, ADAM & CO.

F. E. and M. V. Ry.

Change of time of passenger trains No. 3 and 4 to connect with the flyer on the C. and N. W. for Chicago and points east. A dining car will be put on the Northwestern train so that passengers can get supper leaving the Valley, also breakfast going into Chicago on "A La Carte" plan. Passengers going to Omaha can do so and get home in two days instead of three as heretofore. W. J. Dobbs, Agent.

There is no way of getting children to go good like showing them how.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEB., December 5, 1894.

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 the register and receiver at O'Neill, Neb., on January 19, 1895, viz:

DANIEL TOOHILL, one of the heirs of Daniel P. Toohill, deceased, H. E. No. 1406, For the SW NW 1/4 and NW SW 1/4, Sec. 3, Twp. 28 N Range 11 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Harry Foxie, John Wynn, James Wynn, James Gallagher, all of O'Neill, Neb. JOHN A. HARMON, Register.

NOTICE.

Andrew Anderson, defendant, will take notice that J. L. Moore, Trustee, plaintiff, has filed a petition in the District Court of Holt county, Nebraska, against said defendant, impleaded with G. W. Wheatland, real name unknown, and Mrs. Wheatland, wife of G. W. Wheatland, real name unknown, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a mortgage dated July 18, 1888, for \$700.00 and interest, on the east half of the southeast quarter of section 22, and the north half of the 24th quarter of section 22, all in township 25, north, of range 11 west of the 6th p. m. in Holt county, Nebraska, given by Andrew Anderson, Trustee, plaintiff, to the defendant, and assigned to plaintiff, which mortgage was recorded in book 39 page 469 of the mortgage records of said county, and to have the same foreclosed and the land sold and the said lands sold to satisfy the same. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 4th day of March, 1895. Dated January 22, 1895. J. L. MOORE, Trustee, Plaintiff. By S. D. Thornton, his attorney.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of Holt county, Nebraska. Anglo American Land Mortgage & Agency Company, Limited, a corporation, vs The Valley Loan & Trust Company, a corporation.

The Valley Loan & Trust Company, a corporation, Milton H. Whitney, Charles S. Fairchild, Harry E. Moore, George H. Ladd and Frank Hagerman, receivers of the Valley Loan & Trust Company, will take notice that on the 17th day of January, 1895, the Anglo American Land Mortgage & Agency Company, Limited, a corporation, plaintiff herein, filed its petition in the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, against said defendants the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendant, the Valley Loan and Trust Company to the Lombard Investment Company upon the following described real estate, situated in the county of Holt, and State of Nebraska, to wit: The north half of the Northeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the north east quarter of section 31, and the south east quarter of section number Ten (10) in township numbered Thirty-one (31) north, and of Range numbered Twelve (12) west of the sixth principal meridian, and the payment of a certain promissory note, with coupons attached, dated July 21, 1890, for the sum of \$1,000 and due and payable on the 1st day of August, 1895; that there is now due and payable on said note and mortgage the sum of \$1,000, with interest at 10 per cent. from the 1st day of August, 1893; the further sum of \$1,000, for taxes, with interest at ten per cent. from the 1st day of January, 1893; the further sum of \$14.94, for taxes with interest at ten per cent. from the 2nd day of January, 1895, for which sums, with interest from this date, plaintiff prays for a decree that defendants be required to pay the same, or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 25th day of February, 1895. ANGLIO AMERICAN LAND MORTGAGE & AGENCY CO. LIMITED, Plaintiff. By A. B. COPPERTON, ATT'Y.

In the District of Holt County, Nebraska.

Farmers' Loan & Trust Co., Plaintiff, vs Nelson Moore and the south west quarter of section 31, township 25, range 9, west of the 6th p. m. in Holt county, Nebraska, Defendants.

State of Nebraska, Holt County: To Nelson Moore and the south west quarter of section 31, township 25, range 9, west of the 6th p. m. in Holt county, Nebraska, and all persons interested in said real estate: You are hereby notified that you have been sued by the plaintiff in the above entitled action; and that in said suit, the petition of plaintiff is now on file in the office of the clerk of the district court in and for Holt county, Nebraska, claiming that it has a lien on the real estate above mentioned, for and on account of certain tax sales made of said property on the 31st day of December, 1893, and on the 7th day of November, 1891, and the payment of subsequent taxes thereunder; the service of notice to redeem from such tax sales, and the execution of certain tax deeds pursuant thereto.

That the payment of taxes which plaintiff seeks to recover, and for which she claims a lien, were made as follows, to-wit: December 31, 1888, twenty-one and 50-100 (\$21.50) dollars. November 7, 1890, twenty-one and 41-100 (\$21.41) dollars. July 14, 1890, nineteen and 60-100 (\$19.60) dollars. November 7, 1891, twenty-one and 16-100 (\$21.16) dollars. May 2, 1892, fifteen and 64-100 (\$15.64) dollars. September 29, 1893, sixteen and 90-100 (\$16.90) dollars; besides the sum of ten (\$10.00) dollars paid by plaintiff and its assignor as costs for serving notices to redeem; said claim of plaintiff amounted on November 15, 1894, to the sum of two hundred one and 85-100 (\$201.85) dollars; and plaintiff prays in its petition, a foreclosure of its said lien against said defendants and said real estate and all persons interested in said real estate, and prays that said property be sold to satisfy said claim, with interest, attorney fees and costs of suit. And you are further notified that unless you appear thereto in the office of the clerk of the district court in and for Holt county, Nebraska, on the 21st day of January, 1895, said petition will be taken as true, and judgment and orders rendered accordingly. Dated December 11, 1894. FARMERS' LOAN & TRUST COMPANY, Pl'f., By M. J. Sweezy and E. H. Benedict, Its Attorneys.

Notice to Non-Residents.

William Mayne, single, Leonard Lowery and A. G. Marr non-resident defendants, notice is hereby given, that on the 26th day of December, 1894, Jacob S. Leise the plaintiff in this action, filed his petition in the office of the clerk of the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by William Mayne, Leonard Lowery and A. G. Marr, defendants, upon the south west quarter section nine, township 28, north range 11, west 6th p. m., in Holt county, Nebraska, which mortgage was executed and delivered to Nebraska Mortgage and Investment Company and filed for record on the 13th day of March, 1889, and recorded in book 47 of mortgages at page 46; that there is now due upon said mortgage the sum of \$600.00 and interest from October 1, 1894. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 4th day of February, 1895 or the same will be taken as true and judgment entered accordingly. H. M. UTLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Awarded Gold Medal Midwinter Fair, San Francisco.

Sioux City, O'Neill Western Railway (PACIFIC SHORT LINE)

THE SHORT ROUTE BETWEEN

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Connects at Sioux City with all the lines, landing passengers in

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Homeseekers will find golden opportunities along this line. Investigate before going elsewhere.

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W. B. McNEIL, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

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the great feature of which will be SEVENTY-FIVE PORTRAITS of Napoleon, showing him from youth to death; also portraits of his friends and contemporaries and pictures of famous battlefields; in all nearly 200 PICTURES.

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