A Story of the Inner Vision of the Highlanders, Commonly Called the Second Sight.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XII.-(Continued.)

"Will she listen?" I asked.
"She dares not," answered Margaret,
with a smile; "she has a terrible idea

of my powers."

Janet obeyed without a word of re ply, and we were left once more alone, lighted only by the dull glow of the fire. The night had gathered cloudy and dark without, reminding me of that night when she told me the story of the two brothers. But this time no storm disturbed the silence of the night. As soon as Janet was gone, Margaret said:

"Will you take the pillow from under

my head, Duncan, my dear?"

I did so, and she lay in an almost horizontal position. With the living hand she lifted the powerless arm and drew it across her chest, outside the bedelothes. Then she laid the other arm over it, and, looking up at me,

'Kiss me, my bairn; I need strength for what I am going to do for your sake."

I kissed her.
"There now!" she said, "I am ready
Good bye. Whatever happens do not speak to me; and let no one come near me but yourself. It will be wearisome for you, but it is for your sake, my And don't let the fire out. Don't leave me."

I sat thus for a long time. again replenished the fire—that is all I know about the lapse of the time when, suddenly, a kind of physical re pugnance and terror seized me, and I sat upright in my chair, with every fiber of my flesh protesting against some—shall I call it presence?—in the neighborhood. But my real self re-pelled the invading cold, and took courage for any contest that might be at hand. Like Macbeth, I only inhab-ited trembling; I did not tremble. I had withdrawn my gaze from the fire and fixed it upon the little window, about two feet square, at which the dark night looked in. Why, or when I had

done so I knew not.

I saw two fiery eyes looking in at the window, huge and wide apart. Next, I saw the outline of a horse's head, in which the eyes were set; and behind, the dimmer outline of a man's form seated on the horse. The apparition faded and reappeared, just as if it retreated, and rode again up close to the window. Curiously enough, I did not even fancy that I heard any sound. Instinctively I felt for my sword, but there were a superior of the sword there was no sword there. And what would it have availed me. Probably I was more in need of a soothing draught. But the moment I put my hand to the imagined sword-hilt, a dim figure swept between me and the horseman, on my side of the windowa tail, stately female form. She stood facing the window, in an attitude that seemed to dare the further approach of a foe. How long she remained thus, or he confronted her, I have no idea; for when self-consciousness returned, I found myself still gazing at the window from which both apparitions had vanished. Whether I had slept, or from the relaxation of mental tension, had only forgotten, I could not tell; but all fear had vanished, and I proceeded at once to make up the sunken fire. Throughout the time I am certain I never heard the clanking shoe, for that I should have remembered.

The rest of the night passed without any disturbance; and when the first rays of the early morning came into the room they awoke me from a comforting sleep in the arm chair. I rose and approached the bed softly.

Margaret lay as still as death. But having been accustomed to similar conditions in my Alice, I believed I saw signs of returning animation, and withdrew to my seat. Nor was I mistaken; for, in a few minutes more, she murmured my name. I hastened to her. "Call Janet," she said.

I opened the door and called her. She came in a moment, looking at once frightened and relieved.

"Get me some tea," said Margaret. After she had drunk the tea, she

looked at me and said:

"Go home, now. Duncan, and come back about noon. Mind you go to bed." waited till I saw her fast in an altogether different sleep from the former, if sleep that could in any sense be called.

CHAPTER NIII

As I walked home, before I had gone many hundred yards from the cottage. I suddenly came upon my old Con-stancy. He was limping about, picking the best grass he could find among the roots of the heather and cranberry bushes. He gave a start when I came upon him, and then a jubilant neigh. But he could not be so glad as I was. When I had taken sufficient pains to let him know this fact, I walked on, and he followed me like a dog, with his head at my heels, but as he limped much I turned to examine him, and found one cause of his lameness to be that the loose shoe, which was a hind one, was broken at the toe, and that one-half, held only at the toe, had turned round and was sticking right out, striking his forefoot every time he moved. I soon remedied this and he walked much better.

After removing the anxiety of my hostess and partaking of their Highland breakfast, I wandered to my ancient haunt on the hill. Thence I could look down on my old home, where it lay unchanged, though not one human form, which had made it home to me moved about its precincts. I went no nearer. I no more felt that that was home than one feels that the form in the coffin is the departed dead I sat down in my old study chamber among the rocks, and thought that if I could but find Alice, she would be my home-of the past as well as of the future; for in her mind my necroman tic words would recall the departed. and we should love them together.

Toward noon I was again at the cot tage. Margaret was sitting up in bed, waiting for me. She looked weary, but cheerful; and a clean white mutch gave her a certain company air. Janet left the room directly, and Margaret mo-tioned me to a chair by her side. I sat the kitchen fire. Several country peo-

down. She took my hand and said:

you would not understand what I meant. Nor do I understand the things meself. They seem quite plain to me at the time, but very cloudy when I come back. But I did succeed in getting one glimpse of her. She was fast asleep. She seemed to have suffered much, for her face was very thin, and as patient as it was pale."

"But where was she?" "I must leave you to find out that, if can, from my description. But, alas! it is only the places immediately about the persons that I can see. Where they are, or how far I have gone to get there, I cannot tell."

She then gave me a rather minute description of the chamber in which the lady was lying. Though most of the particulars are unknown to me, the conviction, or hope, at least, gradually dawned upon me, that I knew the room. Once or twice I had peeped into the sanctuary of Lady Alice's chamber, when I knew she was not there; and some points in the description Mar garet gave, set my heart in a tremor

with the bare suggestion that she might now be at Hilton Hall.
"Tell me, Margaret," I said, almost panting for utterance, "was there a mirror over the fireplace, with a broad, gilt frame, carved into huge represen tations of crabs and lobsters, and all crawling sea-creatures with shells on

them-very ugly, and very strange?" She would have interrupted me before, but I would not be stopped.

"I must tell you, my dear Duncan," she answered, "that in none of these trances, or whatever you please to call them, did I ever see a mirror. It has struck me before as a curious thing, that a mirror is then an absolute blank to me-I see nothing on which I could put a name. It does not even seem a vacant space to me. A mirror must have nothing in common with the state I am then in, for I feel a kind of re pulsion from it; and, indeed, it would be rather an awful thing to look at, for of course I should see no reflection of myself in it. But," she continued, "I have a vague recollection of seeing some broad, big, gilded thing with figures on it. It might be something else, though, altogether."

"I will go in hope," I answered, rising at once.

Not already, Duncan?"

"Why should I stay longer?" "Stay over to-night." "What is the use? I cannot."

"For my sake, Duncan.

"Yes, dear Margaret, for your sake. Yes, surely." "Thank you," she answered. "I will

not keep you longer now. But if I send Janet to you come at once. And, Dun-can, wear this for my sake."

She put into my hand an ancient gold cross, much worn. To my amazement I recognized the counterpart of one Lady Alice had always worn. I pressed it to my heart.

am a Catholic; you are a Protest ant, Duncan; but never mind; that's the same sign to both of us. You won't part with it? It has been in our family for many long years."
"Not while I live," I answered, and

went out, half wild with hope, into the keen mounain air. How deliciously it breathed upon me! * * *

Margaret sat, propped with pillows, I saw some change had passed upon her. She held out her hand to me. I took She smiled feebly, closed her eyes, and went with the sun down the hill of night. But down the hill of night is up the hill of morning in other lands, and no doubt Margaret soon found that she was more at home there than here.

I sat holding the dead hand, as if therein lay some communion still with the departed. Perhaps she who saw more than others while yet alive, could see when dead that I held her cold hand in my wram grasp? Had I not good cause to love her? She had exhausted the last remnants of her life in that effort to find for me my lost Alice. Whether she had succeeded 1 had yet to discover. Perhaps she knew Alice.

I hastened the funeral a little, that might follow my quest. I had her grave dug amidst her own people and mine; for they lay side by side. The whole neighborhood for twenty miles round followed Margaret to the grave. Such was her character and reputation, that the belief in her supernatural pow-ers had only heightened the notion of

her venerableness.

When I had seen the last sod placed on her grave, I turned and went, with a desolate but hopeful heart. I had ack about noon. Mind you go to bed." a kind of feeling that her death had She closed her eyes once more. I sealed the truth of her last vision. 1 mounted old Constancy at the church

CHAPTER XIII.

HILTON.

It was a dark, drizzling night when I arrived at the little village of Hilton, within a mile of the Hall. I knew a respectable second-rate inn on the side next the Hall, to which the gardener and other servants had been in the habit of repairing of an evening; and I thought I might there stumble upon some information, especially the old fashioned place had large kitchen in which all sorts of guests met. When I reflected on the utter change which time, weather, and a great scar must have made upon me I feared no recognition. But what was my surprise when, by one of those coincidences which have often happen-ed to me, I found in the hostler one of my own troop at Waterloo! His countenance and salute convinced me that he recognized me, I said to him:

"I know you perfectly. Wood; but you must not know me. I will go with you to the stable."

He led the way instantly.
"Wood," I said, when we had reached the shelter of the stable, "I don't want to be known here, for reasons which I will explain to you another

"Very well, sir. You can depend on

me, sir."
"I know I may, and I shall. Do you know anybody about the hall?"
"Yes, sir. The gardener comes here sometimes, sir. I believe he's in the house now. Shall I ask him to step this way, sir?"

"No. All I want is, to learn who is at the hall now. Will you get him to talk? I shall be by, having something to drink."

ple were sitting about it. They made "Duncan, my boy, I fear I can give room for me, and I took my place by you but little help; but I will tell you at able on one side. I soon discovered all I know. If I were to try to put into words the things I had to encounter before I could come near her.

began to talk to him.

"What's the last news at the Hall,
William?" he said.

"News?" answered the old man,
somewhat querulously. "There's never nothing but news up there, and very new-fangled news, too. What do you think now, John? They do talk of turning all them green-houses into nothouses; for, to be sure, there's nothing the new missus cares about but just the finest grapes in the country; and the flowers, purty creatures, may go to the devil for her. There's a lady

"But you'll be glad to have her at home, and see what she's like, won't It's rather dull up there now,

"I don't know what you call dull," replied the old man, as if half offended at the suggestion. "I don't believe a soul missed his lordship when he died; and there's always Mrs. Blakesley and me, as is the best friends in the world, besides three maids and the stableman, who helps me in the garden, now there is no horses. And then there's Jacob,

"But you don't mean," said Wood, interrupting him, "that there's none o'

the family at home now?"
"No. Who should there be? Least ways, only the poor lady. And she hardly counts now-bless her sweet "Do you ever see her?" interposed

one of the by-sitters.
"Sometimes." "Is she quite crazy?"
"Altogether; but that quiet and gen-

tle, you would think she was an angel instead of a mad woman. But not a notion has she in her head, no more than the babe unborn." It was a dreadful shock to me. Was

this to be the end of all? Were it not better she had died? For me, life was worthless now. And there were no with the chance of losing it honestly.

As I sat in dull misery by the fire, it struck me that it might not have been Lady Alice after all that the old man spoke about. That moment a tap came to my door, and Wood entered. After a few words, I asked him who was the lady the gardener had said was crazy.
"Lady Alice," he answered, and add-

"A love story, that came to a bad end up at the Hall, years ago. A tutor was in it, they say. But I don't know the rights of it."

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a levely morning in autumn, walked to the Hall. I entered at the same gate by which I had entered first, so many years ago. But it was not Mrs. Blakesley that opened it. I inquired after her, and the woman told me that she lived at the Hall now, to take care of Lady Alice. So far, this was hopeful news.

I was shown to a room. None of the sensations I had had on first crossing the threshold were revived. I re-membered them all; I felt none of them. Mrs. Blakesley came. She did not recognize me. I told her who I was. She stared at me for a moment, seemed to see the same face she had known still glimmering through all the changes that had crowded upon it, held out both her hands, and burst into tears.

"Mr. Campbell," she said, "you are changed! But not like her. She's the same one to look at; but oh, dear!" We were both silent for some time

At length she resumed-"Come to my room. I have been mistress here for some time now.'

I followed her to the room Mrs. Wil-on used to occupy. She put wine on the table. I told her my story. My labors, and my wounds, and my illness, slightly touched as I trust they were in the course of the tale, yet moved all her womanly sympathies. "What can I do for you, Mr. Campbell?" she said.

"Let me see her," I replied. She hesitated for a moment. "I dare not, sir. I don't know what

it might do to her. It might send her raving; and she is so quiet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nowhere in Russia do politics enter into the life of the people. Politics in Russia is the czar, and watever he does is right. You cannot induce a Russian, at least an archangel, to touch on politics even in friendly conversation. When the czar's "name-day' comes round, as it did the other day the houses are decorated for the event. But even this is controlled by the authorities. "Two flags for this house, three for yours, hang them out of the window," and it is done,

They worship the late czar—they have made him a saint, as they have made a messiah of Alexander III. Ask them when the St. Petersburg railway is to be made, when the poor are to be better paid, when the children are to play in the sunshine instead of slaving in gangs in the ships—"When the czar comes," is always what they say. The czar will never come. I think they might take that as established if they would, though the other czars have come, passing up that way on their pilgrimage to the Holy Isles.—Longman's

Supposed Age of Niagara Falls.

Niagara Falls are about 31,000 years according to the conclusions of Prof. Spencer and other geologists. Surveys made at different times during the last fifty years are taken as the basis of Prof. Spencer's calculations, and lead him to conclude that for about 11,000 years a small stream, falling about 200 feet, made a fall nearly like the present American fall, but not so high. Then the height was slowly increased and the stream enlarged, and the three cascades that formerly followed each other in the river became merged into one great cataract much greater than the present one The second process took about 17,000 years, and for the last 3,000 years or so the falls have been reaching their present condition.—Springfield Repub-

A New Jersey justice of the peace has just administered a dose of "Jersey justice" to two judges of the su-preme court of the state who were caught illegally hunting ducks.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

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

Garget in Cows.

Dr. John S. Meyer, a Missouri veterinarian of prominence, spoke as fol-lows at a Missouri institute:

"Mammitis," or inflammation of the milk gland, is commonly called garget. It is an affection to which cows and heifers are prone at any time of the year. Mammitis is of rare occurrence in the mare or fillies.

CAUSES .- Irregularities of diet; the direct application of cold or heat; exposure to cold and damp; retention of milk; insufficient and careless milking; over stocking; over driving with distended udder; contusions and external injuries, as blows, bruises or wounds, or a too plethoric condition of the system.

SYMPTOMS. - Enlargement of the udder, with heat; redness; excessively tender, and a hard, consolidated feel of the part more particularly affected, attended not unfrequently, when the hind quarters are affected, with a straddling gait; the sub-cutaneous veins are distended and corded. On drawing the teat, instead of normal milk issuing, a thin yellowish fluid is passed, which, as the disease proceeds, becomes denser and fœtid, and mingled with it, curdled lumps, due to an acidulated change in its composition. The constitutional disturbance is often considerable, indicated by a quick pulse, increased breathing, rising of temperature, suspended rumination and appetite, a decrease in the quantity of milk from the unaffected quarters, and irregular evacuations of the bowels. As the disease proceeds, all these symptoms become augmented; the udder increases in size, the hardness gives away to a soft, pitting, doughy feel, resulting from the formation of pus, which, if allowed to find an outlet itself, leaves behind a ragged, sloughing wound. To this succeeds mortification, induration or atrophy, the finale of which is a partial if not total loss of the quarter; or mortification may extend to the whole gland and cause the death of the animal. Acute mammitis seldom attacks the whole gland, but is confined to one or more quarters, and is expressed by swelling, heat, pain and redness of the part inflamed, with an alteration in the physical properties of the milk, which is curdled, whey like and mixed

with blood. The exudation formed in the substance of the glands very frequently destroys its secreting properties, blocking up the acini, lactiferous ducts and sinuses, and leading to the conversion of glandular structure into a mass of fibrous tissue. This alteration of structure is followed by a wasting of the previously swollen part, which becomes a hard, almost cartilaginous mass, smaller than the healthy portion of the gland, and constitutes an unsoundness.

A cow with only three quarters of the udder secreting milk is of less value than when the whole is intact. In some instances the secreting properties may return after the next calving. but in others this desirable result is not obtained. It is nevertheless surprising, the amount of pain and suffering cattle go through, without a speedy and fatal termination, in comparison with other animals, particularly the horse.

TREATMENT.-Removal of the existing cause, if taken in hand early; hot fomentations, such as clothes or rugs wrung out of hot water, or bathing the udder well for ten or fifteen minutes with warm camphorated water every one or two hours; if there is extreme pain, there should be added tincture of opium or thoroughly cooked poppy seeds, and the gland often and gently milked. Should absesses form they should be lanced and the sack syringed out two times a day with carpolized warm water; one part of carbolic acid to forty of water. Should there be gangrene the gangrenous portion usually is removed by excision. If the fever is high give potassium nitrate in the drinking water three or four times a day, in tablespoonful doses, or tincture of aconite root in 15-drop doses for cows every four hours for two days. The diet should be light and easily digestible, as gruel, bran mashes, linseed meal, pulped roots and such like.

Winter Quarters for Poultry.

The quarters must be warm, but more especially dry. Dampness is more damaging than cold, and roup may easily be caused by a slight crack or crevice in the wall, and a leaky roof will cause disease, whether the birds get wet or not. It is not necessary for the fowls to become wet and to feel the effects of dampness. A damp floor or wall causes the air in the house to be chilly and disagreeable, and the birds draw up and shiver in the corners. The temperature need not be high, about 50 degrees above zero is warm enough. Even 40 degrees is not too cold. What is desired is not to have the house cold enough to freeze the combs.-Ex.

THE JARRAH TREE.—There is a tree in western Australia called the jarrah tree, the wood of which is said to be almost everlasting. The natives make nearly everything of this timberpianos, work boxes, wharves, buildings and ships. It has never been known to decay and is poisonous to all insects. It does not burn freely, but only chars, which makes it specially valuable for building purpos

Oleo, as Viewed Logically.

At the Missouri dairy meeting J. R. Ripley said: That pure butter and cheese may be produced at a profit, it will be necessary to enact such laws as will force the retail, as well as the wholesale dealers in imitation compounds, to sell their stuff on its merits. So long as skimmed milk and filled cheese may be branded and sold as "full milk cheese;" so long as oleomargarine, butterine and other fraudulent imitations may be sold as the best "creamery butter;" so long as the dishonest manufacturer is permitted to make and color his nauseous compound in imitation of a genuine gilt edged article, and the unscrupulous dealer defraud his unsuspecting patrons, that long will the dairy interest languish and the products of our pastures and fields be manufactured into dairy products with little prospect of profit and often at an actual loss. If the manufactured imitation of butter is as pure, as clean, as wholesome as genuine creamery product; if there are those who prefer it, believe typical food, containing all the elements necessary to sustain life and maintain a vigorous growth of the human body; if it is a nerve and muscle building and health restoring food, then in the name of reason and justice, should it not be so branded and colored that they may know when they are getting it, that they may not be deceived and thereby forced to use the natural product of the cow against their wish and will? If, upon the other hand, the manufactured imitation is a fraud, a nauseous compound, possibly manufactured in some instances from the fat of diseased animals, possibly containing the germs of disease, and chemicals injurious to the stomach, then as a sanitary measure, and in the interest of an industry so immense, so honorable and so valuable to the community where conducted. that is being sapped of its vitality and robbed of its legitimate profits, and in justice to the people who abhor and detest it, who value it only as they would axle grease or machine oil, I ask why it should not be so branded or colored that they may detect or avoid

Feeding for Egg Production. In the report of the Canadian experiment farm, the following, relative to poultry occurs: Food is a very important factor, because by finding what the egg is composed of, and feeding such constituents we are more likely to get the egg. Turning then to Mr. Warrington—an English chemist of note—he tells us in an article in the Agricultural Gazette of London, England, that the white of an egg is rich in the alkalies, potash and soda, a part of the latter being present as common salt; that the yolk is extraordinarily rich in phosphoric acid, and contains much more lime than the white. The fundamental principles to be borne in mind, continues Mr. Warrington, in arranging the diet of a hen, are that the largest ingredients in eggs are lime, nitrogen and phosphoric acid. We have thus found from one chemist of what the egg is composed, and we learn from another that green bones, which have been heretofore thrown away or given away by the butchers. when "cut up," not ground up, are the best and cheapest egg making material extant. Green bones are rich in albumen, phosphate of lime, and phosphoric acid which go to make egg and shell. The result has been a revolution in the economy of egg production in winter. An immediate result has been the invention and manufacture of mills to "cut up" the bones. And so we have what has heretofore been actual waste converted into eggs commanding a high price. Surely this is a great step in the right direction.

SCRAPS.

A good plan whereby a farmer may utilize more waste, is to have a pot set aside, into which all the kitchen and table waste in the shape of meat scraps, pieces of bread, uneaten vegetables. etc., may be thrown. Heat this up in the morning with boiling water and mix in bran, shorts, provender or whatever is cheapest and most abundant on the farm, until the whole is a crumbly mess. A small quantity of black or red pepper should be dusted in before mixing. Let the mixture stand for a few minutes until partially cooked, and feed in a narrow, clean trough to the layers in the morning. A light feed of oats at noon, and a liberal ration of wheat, buckwheat or other grain for the evening meal should bring plenty of eggs. Each layer should be sent to roost with a full crop to carry her over the long night fast. It is imperative that green food in the shape of unmarketable vegetables, clover hay or lawn clippings-the two latter dried in summer and put away to be steamed for winter use, should be supplied. If green bones are fed they may be given in lieu of any of the regular rations, reducing the quantity of grain in proportion to the quantity of bone used.

PROPER QUANTITY TO FEED.

The practice of cramming the hens with wheat at every ration is the very way not to get eggs. Too much wheat, buckwheat or barley will go into fat rather than eggs, and fat is a disease in poultry. The morning mash should be fed in a long narrow trough about one and three quarter inches in width, nailed to the side of the house so that the hens can not jump into and soil the food. Feed only enough soft food to satisfy, never so much as to gorge. When a hen has had so much food that she will go into a corner and mope, she has had too much, and if the overfeeding is continued she will become too fat to lay. If cut green bones are fed, it should be in proportion of one pound to every sixteen hens. If fed morning and night, a small feed of oats at noon and night is all that will be necessary. Experience will teach the "happy medium" in feeding.

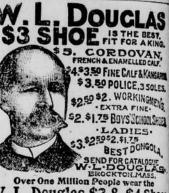
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