

WO bright, laugh ing girls bent their curly heads gether over a table littered with writing material.

"There," Jeannie, throwing down her pen and waving a sheet of paper with a tri-umphant flourish,

"that list is fin ished at last, thanks be to goodness And it's just perfect; you see if it isn't just twelve names."

Jeannie licked the ink off her fingerschoolgirl habit she had never been able to conquer-and shoved the paper over for her friend's closer inspection,

who exclaimed in surprise: 'Why, Jeannie, you've left out Tom Cunningham's name!"

'Well' suppose I have?" replied Jean-"I didn't think," said Meta, slowly,

"that you would give a party without inviting Tom Cunningham."
"Oh, bother Tom!" retorted Jeannie,

with a scornful toss of her pretty head and a deepening pink color in her cheeks. "I ain't going to invite him. wouldn't have the number thirteen at my birthday party for anything in the

"Well, you can leave somebody else out," suggested Meta. "Oh, it isn't that."

What has he done lately to incur your displeasure? You don't seem as cordial to him as you used to be."

"The reason is just this," said Jeannie, decidedly, "he has moved to a new boarding house and the number of it is that dreadful unlucky thirteen." Meta burst into a fit of merry laugh-

ter.
"Of all the silly girls that ever were heard of you are the silliest, Jeannie Gray! If I were you I'd just invite him

and break the superstition."
"I couldn't do it," returned Jeannie. "I have a perfect horror of number thirteen, and, you know, Meta, this is my first real dinner party. I have been looking forward to it for years, for mamma always told me that I could give a dinner party on my seventeenth birthday, and wind up with a dance in the evening, and anything that even suggested thirteen would spoil all my

"What did you do on your thirteenth birthday"? inquired Meta. "Oh!" gasped Jeannie. "It happened on a Friday, too! I had a big birthday

party, but I didn't think anything about it till it was all over. "And what dreadful misfortune hap-

pened to you?" 'Nothing at all," said Jeannie, feebly.

"And didn't you enjoy yourself?" To tell the truth, I never had such a good time in my life, but I was young

and giddy then.' "And according to that," argued Meta, "the ill-luck accompanying thirteen exists only in your mature im-

agination.' Well, so long as I think it," persisted Jeannie, "it would make me unhappy,

and I can't help it.' I have found thinking a very bad habit," said Meta, "unless I thought right, and you know sometimes we that kind of thing; that is, we think we are right. Now, you don't mean to say you are going to throw over such a nice, good fellow as Tom Cunningham for a silly superstition. And you know

well enough you won't enjoy yourself bit if he isn't around somewhere.' 'Oh, won't I, indeed?" retorted Jean nie, with a vain attempt at defiance.

needn't be too sure of himself." "Oh, Tom is not likely to show up where he is not wanted," said Meta, 'and it would be only natural if he felt himself slighted.

"In don't see what reason he has to expect that I should invite him to my

dinner party.'

"It seems to me he has every reason

to expect it; you have always shown i



"DREAM OF LOVELINESS." marked preference for his company and he has always been ready to take you wherever you wanted to go and give you a lovely time. I'm sure to snub how because he lives at No. 13 seems too ridiculous for anything. Why don't you tell him the reason? It would

"He can find out the reason," turned Jeannie, with willful petulancy 'I have invited my twelve for next week, and I am not going to have thirteen around. So help me to address the envelopes, like a good girl."
"Have you all the invitations writ-

"I had before you came in, but have changed my mind about some of them, so will write them over again. Shall I address the envelopes from this list?" asked Meta, holding the one

recently completed in her hand.
"Well, no," answered Jeannie, hesi-"I shall need that to correct from. Here are some all ready," she added, taking a few daintily-folded notes of cream-laid paper from a pile and placing them beside Meta. "These I intend to go, and as I finish the others you can address them. I wish my

handwriting was as clear as yours. The girls worked busily and silently for some time; only once Meta looked a trifle perplexed as she opened one of the notes and she asked:
"Did you say all of these were to

"Yes," answered Jeannie with a little

And Meta continued her writing after marking the tears in Jeannie's eyes When her work was finished she arose from her chair.

"These are all finished now." she said. taking up her wrap which she had re-moved on entering. "Do you wish me to post them for you?"
"If you will," replied Jeannie, trying

to look bright and gay. "And now that the invitations are out I can think about my dress and other fineries. "I suppose you will wear pale blue?" said Meta, touching a sore point.

"I don't believe I will," said Jeannie, evasively. "I wore blue at the-the last party I was at, you know.

This explantion was rather lame, and she knew it, for Tom loved blue, conse quently for the past six months Jeannie had sported every imaginable shade and

"Oh!" said Meta. "Well, good-bye, I must be off." And she gathered up the letters and took her departure.

Jeannie arranged the dinner table herself. All the decorations were blue and white. A broad band of blue sating edged with white lace ran down the center of the table. A blue and white china jar occupied the center. It was filled with blue and white flowers, and a bunch of blue and white violets tied with blue ribbon was placed at the plate of each guest, and Jeannie could not prevent a great lump from bobbing up in her throat as she laid the dantiest bouquet at the place that should have been Tom's.

Then she ran upstairs to dress herself, but when she saw a dream of blue loveliness spread out on the bed she just nestled her face in its gauzy folds and sobbed out: "Oh, Tom!" and sat down and had a good cry.

"What an idiot I am!" she said to herself when she wiped her eyes, "to turn my nose red and my eyes like two burnt holes in a blanket, all for nothing; for why should I care if he isn't here?'

So she put on her gayest smile and went down to receive her guests, a study in blue both inwardly and outwardly.

The dinner wasn't half as nice as she had expected, although everything was brilliant except the guests, and she thought them stupid; the man be side her bored the life out of her. And she was glad when it was over and they all adjourned to the large parlors where tea was served and the musiclans struck up some lively air, which soon set a few of the younger couples to waltzing.

Jeannie had to confess that her pa rents had spared no pains to make her birthday party a success.

"If only Tom were here," she kept whispering to herself, "I would be suhappy. And, if I wasn' premely ashamed to add insult to injury I would send and ask him to come even now. Just then her mother's voice, behind her, said: "I think we have lamps enough;

there are thirteen in this room."
"Glad of it," spoke up her father 'There's luck in odd numbers. Hello, Tom! better late than never. I was wondering why you didn't show up be

"Sorry to be late, sir," answered Tom's voice; "but a business matter that I couldn't help kept me till too late for dinner and too late to send a mes sage. Good evening, Miss Jeannie!" as turned a radiant face toward him. 'Many happy returns of the day. have my apologies to make for not fillplace at dinner, according to your kind invitation, but it was impossible, I assure you. I hope you were able to fill my place at the last moment?" 'We filled your chair." said Jeannie

in a flutter of shy delight. he murmured in her "Thank you," ear. "I am glad to know you, at least,

cannot easily provide a substitute for my unworthy self." 'Don't say that," pleaded she.

"I won't," he answered softly. "If you think me worthy will you be my partner in this waltz?" "With pleasure," she responded, giv

ing him her sweetest smile And ever after?" he whispered.

When their entrancing waltz was ended he left her in the flowery recess of a

bay window while he went to fetch her some cream. Just then Meta rustled to her. "Oh, Meta," cried Jeannie, "he's

come! "Of course he's come," echoed Meta

'when you invited him.' "I didn't invite him," but I don't care

now so long as he is here."
"You did invite him," replied Meta,
"for you gave me thirteen notes to ad-

dress, and his was the thirteenth."
"I thought I had left his out." "Well, how do you feel about it?"
"Very happy," answered Jean "Very happy," answered Jeannie, with shining eyes, "for, oh, Meta, let me whisper, I have accepted Number Thirteen, the luckiest number in all

"Ahem!" said Meta.

## AN ELECTRIC SWINDLE.

Rat Polson Is Sugar; a

His Kills the Rodents. Enormous business has been don lately at French fairs by a man who professed to sell a rat powder that perfectly harmless to human beings but which struck rats dead on the spot In order to convince the sceptical, the man first of all powdered a slice of bread with the stuff and ate a piece of it himself. Then he put the remainder under a glass case in which a rat was kept in activity. The rat went to ea the bread and instantly fell dead. At five pence a box the powder went off like hot rolls, and the lucky proprietor of the specific was in a fair way to make a fortune. But the police, who ir France are very active in protecting the people from fraud, looked into the matand found that the powder was nothing but ordinary sugar. They also discovered that the case was connected with a powerful electric battery, and that the moment the rat touched the bread the current was turned on, and it was thus his death was brought about. The man was arrested at the fair

An Annoyance of Travel in India Travelers in India, especially if they are afraid of burglars, find great an-

neyance in the doors of hotel apartments. They are sometimes so swelled that they will not shut, and at other times so shrunken that the lock is useless. In dry weather they shrink and they swell in damp seasons.

HYPNOTISM ON SHIPBOARD

Ocean Travel Will Be Deligatful When Fach Ship Has a Hypnotist.

"Hypnotism," remarked the drummer to the hotel clerk, "is a great snap." "So is a turtle," responded the cle "But there is lots in it," added the

drummer. 'In what-the turtle?"

"Aw, let up," commented the drum-"Hypnotism has solved the ridmer. dle for me, and I'm going to Europe "What has it done? Dropped a cou

ple of thou, into your inside pocket?" "Of course not. You know I have never gone because I couldn't stand the seasickness.

"That's what you always said." "That was the reason, too; but yes

terday I met a friend who has been over there for a couple of years, just because he was afraid to come back

"Couldn't he compromise with his

creditors?" interrupted the clerk. continued the "As I was saying," drummer, regardless of the interruption, "he was so shaken up on the trip over that he was afraid to come back and he might have died on foreign soil if he hadn't run across a distinguished hypnotist in Paris who was coming to America, and the Frenchman suggested that he make an experiment on him he had only been anxious to make, to wit, continuing a sensitive in the hypnotic condition for an indefinite period. My friend proved to be a good subject, and after a few experiments ashore they went aboard ship, the hypnotist put him under the influence that is, by suggestion, as they say, simply telling him every morning he wouldn't be sick, and he came across as smooth as you please, and never was sick for a moment. The captain of the ship was so pleased with the experiment that he secured the services of a hynotist to go with the ship regularly I'm going to Europe on that ship in May, and I won't be the only one either. It's going to boom ocean travel and I'll tell you how it feels when come back.'

The clerk gave a long, low whistle of doubt, and sent a pitcher of ice water to room 13.

THE LITTLE GIRL QUEEN.

Wilhelmina of Holland Has Tantrum Like Other Young Ones. without the goods.

A pretty little story about Wilhel-mina, the girl queen of Holland, has just found its way into the Dutch papers. The queen is at present only fourteen years of age, and she is credited with even a larger measure of capric and precocity than is usually granted to less exalted young ladies at that interesting period of life. Her mother the queen regent, therefore, thinks it well at times to deal somewhat severe ly with Wilhelmina's little ways. Late-ly the young queen, desiring to speak to her mother, knocked-not, perhaps in the most dignified fashion-at the door of the room in which the queen regent was engaged.

Who is there? "It is the Queen of Holland!" (im periously).

"Then she must not enter" (peremptorily) At this rebuff the little queen suddenchanged her tactics, and, softening her tones, said winningly: "Mamma, i

is your own little daughter that loves you and would like to kiss you."
"You may come in." And so Wilhelmina wins her way into the heart of

the most phlegmatic of Dutchmen.

CHINESE SAY WISE THINGS.

Their Maxims Are First-Rate, Though They Can't Fight.

The following are familiar specimens of Chinese proverbs. The English version is given also in each instance: "To cut off a hen's head with a battle ax." (Much ado about nothing.) "It thunders loudly, but little rain

falls." (Much cry and little wool.) "A thousand chiefs a thousand (Too many cooks spoil the broth).

"There's a time to fish and a time to dry nets." (There's a time for all things) "One strand of silk doesn't make

thread." (One swallow doesn't make a summer.)

"If you don't enter the tiger's den ou cannot obtain her young." (Nothing venture, nothing win).
"The court is like a ship at sea-

everything depends on the wind." (Put not your trust in princes.)

Speaking Nonsense of the Dead. "Probably more nonsense is written concerning deceased persons than upon any other subject," observes the New York Christian Advocate (Meth.). read accounts of the 'most useful,' 'distinguished,' 'honored,' and 'beloved' citizens, whom we know to have been financially dishonest, unkind to their families, or intemperate; and yet the papers speak of them as models. But the most striking illustration recently appearing is this: 'She was of a nerv ous temperament and was easily moved to anger, but she was also of a forgiving spirit, and frequently retracted a hasty remark.' This reminds us of an English drama that represents some military man as having shot a barmaid, and satirically adds that the noble fellow went down the next morning to see her, and expressed a willingness to overlook the whole matter. 'Speak noth ing but good of the dead,' is a safe maxim, but it does not require the attributing to them of qualities that the whole community knows he or she did not possess. One of our ministers-who was afterward expelled for immorality -preaching at the funeral of a man of the most disreputable character, a com mon drunkard, a miser, and profane, delivered his usual closing exhortation and called upon us 'so to live as to be prepared to meet the old gentleman in another world.'-something that every one in the house, including his own fam-

ily, hoped to avoid."

Was He Great? A curious detail of Napoleon Bonaparte's costume was the religious care with which he kept round his neck the little leather envelope, shaped like a heart, which contained poison which was to liberate him in case of irretrievable reverses of fortune. This poisor was prepared after a recipe that Cabanis had given to Corvisart, and after the year 1808 the emperor never un-dertook a campaign without having his little packet of poison.

ABOUT PATENTED ARTICLES.

The Mistake of Charging Fancy Prices for New Ideas.

A new article of domestic hardware has been put on the market which is a stable in all families and competes with a similar utensil which is sold for 15 and 20 cents, says the Engineer. The price of the new article is \$1. Before it can be in demand and generally adopted to the displacement of the old utensil, a great deal of work will have to be done, which is very much hampered by the prohibitory price put upon new goods. The number of persons who will be willing to pay the price of four or five of the old style goods for one of the new style will not be large, we think, and a wiser policy would have fixed a lower price. This leads us to say that every year there are large num-bers of similar articles put on the market, which would have a larger sale if they were sold at mercantile prices. By this we mean a consideration of the first cost of the goods when ready for delivery to jobbers, the jobbers' profit and the retailers' as well added, for these things are considered by buyers, both wholesale and retail, before there week we went into a store where a filter was for sale. Upon asking the price of one of half a gallon capacity, we were informed that it was \$20. It was a plain casting with no fittings or fixtures and with some porus material inside of it of no particular money value. The castmay have cost 50 cents, and an outside figure for the cost of the utensil would be \$1, yet \$20 was the price to the buyer. We demurred at the to the buyer. price and gave the same reasons for so doing that are given above, but the seller's argument in favor of the high price was that it would filter some fabulous number of gallons of water per day. This had no connection whatever with the cost of the goods; a frying-pan will turn out 500 pounds of cooked material day and a 25-cent faucet will permit thousands of gallons of water to pass through it daily. These are the functions of the articles sold; they are expected to be efficient, but there reason in this fact for adding 2,000 per cent to the cost of them. that articles are patented leads many persons to feel that the public expect to pay stiff prices for such things, but we believe this to be erroneous. Nowadays those who have money to spend consider prices very carefully, and if they are unreasonable they simply go

## REMEMBERED IT IN TIME.

If Peter Daly Had Shot He Would Have

Been Oath-Bound to Eat Snakes. Peter Daley, St. Bernard's "own" councilman, tells the snake story of the season. Here it is, in Peter's own pleasing style, according to the Pittsburg

"Well, you know Mike Scott and I started out yesterday to shoot ducks. There were several more of the boys with us, but we had the guns. Say, Scotty's no slouch of a shot, I tell you. He can give Billy Case cards and spades. Well, we didn't see a blamed thing to shoot, although we went all around the ice ponds. It began to grow monotonous, and I swore that I would eat the first thing that I shot. Not five minutes later, as we were walking along Bloody run, one of the fellows called to me and said: 'Come here. Pete, and see the bunch of snakes. I hurried over to where he was, and there, sure enough, was a round mass of wriggling, squirming snakes. At different points around the ball a head an . a forked tongue could be seen sticking out. One of the boys said: 'Shoot into them. Pete,' and I raised my gun and was just pressing the trigger when I happened to think about by oath. "Well, I couldn't eat snakes, and I had to put down my gun. The boys all gave me the laugh, and then Scotty pulled up and let toth barrels go right into the bunch. Well, you ought to have seen the sight. He killed every blamed one of them, and there must have been at least twenty-five. Most of them were shot to pieces, but we counted seven that had been left whole. They would measure about two feet and a half each. Well, good night, fellows; I'm going out after ducks again in the morning and

want to get to bed early. So long. And the genial Peter took his departure, leaving his hearers to cogitate upon the tale he had unfolded.

IS BILL COOK COMMONPLACE? Study of a Famous Outlaw by a Priso

Superintendent.

Superintendent McIntyre of the Albany County penitentiary has been ob-serving Bill Cook, the young and muchadvertised outlaw from the is not much impressed with him, writes an Albany correspondent of the New York Sun. He says that he has just put Cook on a shirt machine and he is busy cutting out wristbands. He finds Cook to be nervously eager to conform to all the rules and earn as much commutation as possible by good behavior. As for any latent wickedness, the superintendent says it is not in him. is merely a very ordinary youth, stolid even to the verge of stupidity, whose achievements have been largely in the imaginations of the Indian Territory marshals and western newspaper writ-ers, who have pictured him in places he never visited doing deeds he nerve to perform. Superintendent Mc-Intyre says there is nothing of the hero or the villain about Bill Cook. He is a very commonplace criminal. There are others in the batch of western boarders whom he will watch closer.

A Dainty Room.

In a pretty country house lately furnished for a bride one of the sleeping rooms is all in white and violet with touches of gold. The wall paper has a white ground strewn with bunches of purple violets connected by delicate gilt festoons. The rug is of a mossy green with a purplish shadow. woodwork is enameled white, the furniture is of white enamel with brass ornaments, the bedstead is of brass, and the window curtains, bed cover, bolster, and little spreads and covers of white organdy covered with purple violets and green leaves. Yet the organdy washes without fading, as everything in so dainty a room always should unless the owner is a millionaire, and even then one would probably take more pleasure in living in it if sure that it could renew its beauty by contact with sun and soap water, which always single push passes the pins throuseems so much cleaner a way of being the paper and sets them in position. clean than dry scouring.

ROMANCE OF A RESTAURANT. Marriage of "Appetite Bill," a Gotham

Celebrity, to a Pretty Waltress. Miss Mamie Hammill and William Fream were married in St. Peter's R. C. church, Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening, says New York Recorder. bridegroom, who is engaged daily in the pleasing pastime of opening oysters in a Fulton street restaurant, is known by his immediate friends as "Appetite Bill," while the charming bride, when on duty in the same place, was known as "No. 11." William was engaged in a sort of a wrestling match with a particularly obstreperous bivalve one morning a few months ago when the sweet voice of "No. 11" fell on his ear. as she gently murmured: "Brown the wheat for No. 11, and draw one in a Her voice was like unto music shell." to William, and he determined to make the acquaintance of the fair owner. This was soon accomplished, and the became fast friends. Friendship eventually ripened into a much stronger feeling and they became engaged. The numerous good-looking, well-dressed youths who had been wont to congregate at Mamie's table and bask in the sunshine of her smiles wondered at the change in her. They were very carefully waited on, and treated with great courtesy, but the cheerful smile with which she had been in the habit of greeting them was lacking. A few, more daring than the rest, made desperate love to her, but her heart remained true to "Appetite Bill," and the young genlemen were thrown down so hard that they decided that it was a clear case of the "marble heart." Meanwhile the courtship progressed smoothly, and a week ago Mamie confided to her fair colaborers the news that she and William were to be married. The other girls, of course, pretended that they were awfully surprised, that they had never suspected it and showered congratulations on Mamie. The wedding took place, and all the girls were present with pocketfuls of rice, which they showered on the blushing bride and happy-looking groom. After the wed-ding a reception was held at the bride's house in Bergen street, near Smith. After the honeymoon William will be found opening oysters at the old stand, but to Mamie the Scriptural texts and the seductive "sinkers" will be but a sad memory. Her customers will miss her, but what is their loss is "Appetite Bill's" gain.

## MRS. GREELEY'S DISCIPLINE.

Threw Hat and Coat of Her Husband's Guest Out of Doors.

"While I have the floor," said Amos Cummings, while in a story-telling mood the other day, "I might as well tell a story about Horace Greeley. I worked with Greeley for years. He always called me 'Asa;' never could re-member 'Amos.' One day I went over to see Greeley at Chappaqua about some newspaper business. The old gentleman saw me coming as he stood looking out of the window and opened the door himself.

" 'Come in here, Asa," he said in his high, mealy tones, as he led me into a fashion of parlor.

"I followed him into the room, and as I was only going to remain a moment laid my hat, gloves and cane on a center table. Greeley and I had just immersed ourselves in a talk when Mrs. Greeley swept into the room. Now. Mrs. Greeley was what one might call a spirited woman. The moment entered the door her eyes fell indignantly on my trousseau as I'd piled it up-hat, gloves and stick-on the table Without a word, and before I could speak to her, she swooped on the outfit like a fishhawk, and the next moment

threw them out of the window. "Then she left the room, without taught somebody that the hall was the place for hats and canes and similar bric-a-brac. I was inclined to get a trifle hot; a man naturally might who sees his hat pounced upon and cast into the shrubbery. But before I could get up or say a word Greeley stretched out his hand in a deprecatory way and cheered me with a remark:

" 'Never mind, Asa; she thought they

were mine. "Afterward, however," concluded Cummings, "when I recalled what Greeley's hat used to look like I had my

NEED EYES TO JUDGE WEIGHT

A Blindfolded Person Is Deceived by the Bulk.

M. Flournoy, of Geneva, recently devised a novel experiment for testing the limits of human intelligence. He arranged a series of common articles of all sizes, and requested his class to put them in order of weight. The weight of all was really exactly the same, but only one student discovered this fact. The majority placed a small leaden weight first, and a large wooden basin last. The ordinary mind, apparently, ranges the weight of objects in inverse proportion to their size. Only when the eyes are shut does a true appreciation become possible, says the Cincinnati Gazette, showing that the sensations of innervation, by which we should be enabled to tell when the support of different objects calls forth the same expenditure of energy, do not properly

Horse Doctors Himself.

A striking instance of animal instinct, or "horse sense," is revealed by the actions of an old horse owned by Henry Root, a prosperous farmer of Wissahickon. Mr. Root's horse has been troubled for months with rheumatism of the entire body, and all the treatment of learned veterinarians failed to relieve the suffering animal. One day, upon being turned into the meadow, the horse pawed up the loose earth with his hoof and stooped down to lick up the earth. Almost immediately the beneficial effects were noticeable, and ever since the rheumatic horse has taken his daily dose of mud to the extent of nearly a half peck per day. He is almost entirely cured.

A Clever Invention.

One of the cleverest inventions ever patented is the machine for sticking pins in the papers in which they are sold. The contrivance brings up the pins in rows, draws the paper in position, crimps it in two lines, then at a single push passes the pins through

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TIMBER CULTURE FINAL NOTICE FOR PUBLICA INITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Notice is hereby given the Delinger has filed notice of make commutation proof before and receiver at their office is brasks, on Saturday, the 26-1895, on timber culture application the Northwest quarter of section township No. 30; north, rangel He names as witnesses: Good Knoxville, Nebraska; Lewis Wat ville, Nebraska; Lewis Wat ville, Nebraska; Joseph Sptes Bolter, both of Walnut Grore, 36-49-6

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Notice is hereby given that in named settler has filed noticed to make final proof in support and that said proof will be not Register and Receiver at O'sel, on Monday, July 8, 1895, viz:

ALFRED HILEMAN, H. K. For the ned section is, torse range is west.

He names the following with his continuous residence up vation of, said land vin Wilcox, and Wallace Johnon county, Nebraska, Stephen honor, Holt county, Nebrask, Gordon, of Ray, Hoit county, Sed-A7-6np JOHN A. HARRET

ORIGINAL NOTICE

Amos L. Shannon and Elizabeth defendants, take notice that the defendants, take notice that the vestment Company, a corporate by virtue of the laws of best chusetts, plaintiff, filed a pedistrict court of Holt count, against you and each of you are prayer of which are to force mortgage executed by Ames L. Elizabeth Shannon, to the Globar Company, upon the souther section eleven, in township trees of range ten west of the that county, Nebraska, given to seem ment of a promissory note that due upon said note and mortgage 324, 1889, for the sum of \$500 that due upon said note and mortgage annum from February I. 184, for with interest thereon at the proposition of the seem of thereon.
You and each of you are requisional petition on or before the August, 1895.
Dated July 2nd. 1895.
GLOBE INVESTMENT OF

By S. D. Thornton, its Atteney. RUSSIAN THISTLE NOT

RUSSIAN THISTLE NOM.
To Joseph Sampson, S. Z. Weeker, vestment Company, Ezra J. Welling Marchael Company, Expany Low. Black Hills Mortgage Company, Anna M. P. McKee, Geomany, Anna M. P. McKee, Geoman, Martha E. Yearsley, Ollinited States Mortgage Co., I Francis C. Grable, Colonia Estates Mortgage Co., George L. E. Yearsley, Jowa Investment O., Little, William McDonald, Som Meyers, Wm. B. Bader, Sherman James E. Lake, Edward B. Rest. Low. F. J. Burnett, E. C. Burnst, Tage, Iowa Investment Co., Alice M. Lord, Chable, Colonia Colon Robert Wormald, F. P. Powel, I.I. Valley Loan & Trust Co. Charles L. Moore, Colonial and United agge Company, Frank Fuller, I. Iowa Investment Co., Colonial States Mortgage Co. Harrey Paurnett, Fred K. Burmeister, Emden, H. C. Farmen, Colonial & General Co. Colonial & General & General Colonial & General &

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within one week 1895, I will proce law to destroy aw to des



Co to SHLLIVAN MERCANTI Their Prices on Shoes if You Want to Save Money