INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXIII. the closely written the hand now pulseless in death. All was made clear: Archer Trevlyn was exculpated. He was innocent of the crime which she had been influenced

to believe he had committed. She fell on her knees and thanked God for that. Though lost to her it was a consolation ineffable to know that he had not taken the life of a fellow-mortal.

Her resolution was taken before morning. She had deeply wronged Archer Trevlyn, and she must go to him with a full confession, confess her fault, and plead for his forgiveness.

Castrani, who came in the morning, approved her decision, and Nurse Day, who was told the whole story, and listened with moist eyes, agreed with them both. So it happened that on the ensuing morning Margie bade farewell to the quiet home which had sheltered her through her bitterest sorrow, and accompanied by Castrani set forth for

She went to her own home first. Her aunt was in the country, but the servants gave her a warm welcome, and after resting for an hour, she took her way to the residence of Archer Trevlyn, but a few squares distant.

A strange silence seemed to hang over the palatial mansion. The blinds were closed-there was no sign of life about the premises. A thrill of unexplained dread ran through her frame as she touched the silver-handled bell. The servant who answered her summons seemed to partake of the strange, solemn quiet pervading everything. "Is Mr. Trevlyn in?" she asked, trem-

bling in spite of herself. "I believe Mr. Trevlyn has left the

country, madam " "Left the country? When did he go?"

"Some days ago." "M. Trevlyn-take me to her! She was an old friend of mine."

The man looked at her curiously, hesitated a moment, and motioning her to enter, indicated the closed door of the

"You can go in, I presume, as you are a friend of the family."

A feeling of solemnity, which was stepped inside the parlor. It was shrouded in the gloom of almost utter darkness

Margie stopped by the door until her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and then she saw that the center of the room was occupied by a table, on which lay some rigid object—strangely long It has been so weary! And I have wantdving water lilles.

table and lifted the massive cover. She If the pall, uttered a cry of horror, and you would not wonder-" sank upon a chair. The door unclosed noiselessly, and Mrs. Lee, the mother told me. My poor wife! God rest her. of the dead woman, came in.

It was long before she grew comof the tragedy—for tragedy Margie felt tions. Margie, I want you to pardon

The story can be told in a few brief words. Alexandrine and her husband I tove him as I would a brother." had had some difficulty. Mrs. Lee could not tell in relation to what, but his return should give her the privilege suffer. I will believe so." of throwing herself at his feet and begging his forgiveness.

But he did not return. A wrek, ten very forgiving toward her." days passed, and still no tidings. Alexbusiness in Philadelphia and was on graveyard, Margie?" the eve of leaving the country for an indefinite period. His des' ination was no other man's presence had the power pot and set out for that tity.

brought back to her spiendid home—a corpse! That was all

CHAPTER XXIV.



HE summer days your wedding night?" fled on and gie, outwardly calm at rest." and quiet, lived maiden aunt.

ever came of Archer Trevlyn. Margle AR into the night | thought of him now as we think of one Margie sat reading being dead, with tender regret, and love almost reverent. He was dead to sheets, penned by her, she said, but it was no sin to cherish his memory.

In the third year Margie's aunt married. It was quite a little romance. An old lover, discarded years before in a fit of girlish obstinacy, came back, after weary wanderings in search of happiness, and seeking out the love of other days, wooed and won her over again,

There was a quiet wedding, and then the happy pair decided on a trip to Europe. And, of course, Margie must accompany them. At first she demurred; she took so little pleasure in anything, she feared her presence might mar their happiness, and she dreaded to leave the place where she had passed so many delightful hours with him. But her aunt and Doctor Elbert refused to give her up, and so, one beautiful September morning, they sailed for Liverpool in the good ship Colossus.

For many days the voyage was prosperous, but in mid-ocean they fell upon stormy weather and the ship was tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waters. It was a terrible storm, and great apprehensions were entertained that the vessel might founder, but she would doubtless have weathered the blast in safety if she had not sprung a

The fearful intelligence was announced just at the closing in of a dark dismal night, and every heart sank and every face was shrouded in gloom. Only for a moment! The men sprang to the pumps and worked with a willas men will work for their lives-but their efforts were vain. The water increased in the hold, and it soon became evident that the Colossus would hardly keep affoat until morning.

But just when they were most helpless, most despairing, the lights of a strange ship were seen. They succeeded in making their desperate condition known, and by day-dawn all were safe on board the steamer, for the stranger proved to be a steamer on her way to New York.

The decks were crowded; Doctor II bert was looking after his wife, and Margie, clinging to a rope, stood frightened and alone. Some one came to her, said a few words which the tempest made inaudible, and carried her below. almost awe, stole over Margie as she The light of the cabin lamps fell full on turned the handle of the door and his face. She uttered a cry, for in that moment she recognized Archer Trev-

"Margie Harrissa!" he cried, his fingers closing tightly over hers. "Margie! Mine! Mine at last! The ocean has given you up to me!"

"Oh, Archer, where have you been and still and angular—covered with a ed to see you so much—that I might tell drapery of black velvet, looped up by you how I had wronged you—that I might ask you to forgive me. Will you Still controlled by that feeling of pardon me for believing that you could strange awe, Margie stole along to the ever be guilty of that man's death? saw beneath it the pale, dead face of fully it was represented to me-what Alexandrine Trevlyn. She dropped overwhelming proofs were presented,

"I do know all, Margfe; Alexandrine She believed me guilty and yet her "Oh, Margie! Margie!" she cried, fatal love for me overlooked the crime. "pity me! My heart is broken! My She deceived me in many things, but darling! My only child is taken from she is dead, and I will not be unforgiving. She poisoned my mind with suspicions of you and Louis Castrani, and ed enough to give any explanation I was fool enough to credit her insinua-

"I do, freely, Castrani is a noble soul

"Continue to do so, Margie. He deserves it, I think. The night I left home she knew that Alexandrine blamed Alexandrine revealed to me the cause herself for the part she had taken. of your sudden rejection of me. We Mr. Trevlyn left her in anger to go to quarreled terribly. I remember it with Philadelphia on business. He was ex- bitter remorse. We parted in anger, pected to be absent about four days. Margle, and she died without my for-Meanwhile his wife suffered agoules of giveness and blessing. It was very remorse, and counted the hours until hard, but perhaps at the last she did not

"If she sinned it was through love of you, Archer, and that should make you

"I have forgiven her long ago. I andrine was almost frantic. On the know the proofs were strong against eleventh day came a telegraphic dis- me. I am not sure but that they were patch, brief and cruel, as these heart- sufficient to have convicted me of murless things invariably are, informing der in a court of law. You were conher that Mr. Trevlyn had closed his scious of my presence that night in the "Yes. I thought it was you. I knew

not mentioned, and his unhappy wife, to thrill and impress me as yours did." feeling that if he left Philadelphia "I meant to impress you, Margle. I without her seeing hirs, all trace of brought all the strength of my will to him would be lost, hurr'ed to the de- bear on that object. I said to myself, she shall know that I am near her, and There had been an secident about yet my visible presence snall not be alf way between New York and Phila- revealed to her. I had found out which delphia and Alexandr'ne had been was your window from one of the servants, and I watched its light which burned through the dusky twilight like the evening star. I wonder if you had a

> "I did think of you-" she blushed, brought the au- and hid her face on his shoulder-"I tumn mellowness did think of you. I longed inexpressiand splendor. Mar- bly to fly to your side and be forever

thought for me that night, Margie-

"My darling!" he kissed her fondly, at Harrison Park and went on: "I saw you leave your with her staid room by the window and come down the garden path. I had felt that you preciate the blessings at last bestowed A year passed would come. I was not surprised that away thus mono- you did. I had expected it. I followed

you should. After that I hurried away. I think he will have his recompense. I was afraid to trust myself near you longer, lest I might be tempted to what I might repent. I fled away from the place and knew nothing of the fearful He Is Said to Be Philadelphia's Capt deed done there until the papers announced it next day."

"And I suspected you of the crime! O, Archer! Archer! how could I ever forgive me?"

"I want forgiveness, Margie. doubted you. I thought you were false unfortunate glove confirmed you, I be proud of. suppose. I dropped it in my haste to afterward I expected to hear of it in connection with the finding of Linmere's body. I never knew what became of it until my wife displayed it, that day when she taunted me with my crime. Poor Alexandrine! She had the renunciation, and your departure from New York-in those days when I deemed you false and fair-I offered her my hand. I thought perhaps she might be happier as my wife, and I felt that I owed her something for her devoted love. I tried to do my duty by her, but a man never can do that by his wife, unless he loves her."

"You acted for what you thought was best, Archer."

"I did. Heaven knows I did. She died in coming to me to ask my forgiveness for the taunting words she had the Philadelphia police departmentspoken at our last parting. I was cruel. from "sub" to regular patrolman, to I went away from her in pride and anger, and left behind me no means by which she could communicate with me. I deserved to suffer, and I have."

"And I also, Archer."

"My poor Margie! Do you know, dear, that it was the knowledge that you again? A month ago I saw Louis Castrani in Paris. He told me everything. He was delicate enough about it, darling; you need not blush for fear he might have told me you were grieving for me; but he made me understand that my future might not be so dark as I had begun to regard it. He read to me and made clear many things regarding which I had previously been in the dark. Is all peace between us, Margie?"

"All is peace, Archer. And God is ery good. "He is. I thank Him for it. And now I want to ask one thing more. I am

not quite satisfied." "Well?"

"Perhaps you will think it ill-timednow that we are surrounded by strangers, and our very lives perhaps in peril -but I cannot wait. I have spent precious moments enough in waiting. It has been very long, Margie, since I heard you say you loved me, and I want the precinct. Only give me a show at

She looked up at him shyly. "Archer, how do I know but you have

changed?' "You know I have not. I have loved but one woman-I shall love no other through time and eternity. And now, at last, after all the distress and the sorrow we have passed through, will er flew into the roll-call room with an you give me your promise to meet what- incandescent glow in his eyes. The store for us, by my side?"

She put her face up to his, and he kissed her lips.

"Yours always, Archer. I have never had one thought for any other." So a second time were Archer Trevlyn and Margie Harrison betrothed.

On the ensuing day the storm abated, and the steamer made a swift passage to New York.

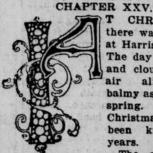
Doctor and Mrs. Elbert were a little disappointed at the sudden termination of their bridal tour, but consoled themselves with the thought that they could try it over again in the spring.

Trevlyn remained in the city to adjust some business affairs which had suffered from his long absence, and Margie and her friends went up to her old home. He was to follow them thither on the ensuing day.

And so it happened that once more Margie sat in her old familiar chamber dressing for the coming of Archer Trevlyn. What should she put on? She remembered the rose-colored dress she had laid away that dreadful night so long ago. But now the rose colored dreams had come back, why not wear the rose-colored dress?

To the unbounded horror of Florine, she arrayed herself in the old-fashioned dress, and waited for her lover. And she had not long to wait. She heard his well-remembered step in the hall. and a moment after she was folded in his arms.

T CHRISTMAS



there was a bridal at Harrison Park. The day was clear and cloudless-the air almost balmy as the air of spring. Such a Christmas had not been known for years

The sun shone brightly, and soft winds sighed through the leafless trees. And Margie was married and not a cloud came between her and the sun.

Peace and content dwelt with Archer Trevlyn and his wife in their beautiful point of the bill will penetrate the man's home. Having suffered, they knew better how to be grateful for, and to apupon them.

At their happy fireside there comes to My, then another, and no tidings you silently, saw you kneel by the grave st sometimes, of an evening, a quiet, scarcely."

of your parents, heard you call out upon | grave-faced man. A man who Arcaer your father for pity. O, how I loved Trevlyn and his wife love as a dear and pitied you, Margie-but my tongue brother, and prize above all other was tied-I had no right to speak-but earthly friends. And beside Louis Cas-I did kiss your hand. Did you know it, trani, Leo sits, serene and contemplative, enjoying a green old age in peace and plenty. Castrani will never "You recognized me then? I meant marry, but sometime in the hereafter, (THE END.)

> THE BIGGEST POLICEMAN. Malin.

Philadelphia has cause for civic pride in the possession of the biggest and strongest guardian of the public peace have been so blind? How can you ever in the country over-Police Captain Edward W. Malin of the Second division, says the Philadelphia Press. There may be heavier wearers of the blue uniform, to me, and had fled with Castrani. That but mere avoirdupois is not a thing to

Capt. Malin measures in height 6 feet escape without your observation, and 6% inches. His weight is 200 pounds, which makes him splendidly proportioned. Beside him the 6-foot 200pounder looks small enough to be coxswain of a university crew.

The labor of growing heavenward so tremendously has not taxed his brain misfortune to love me, and after your and vitality, for Capt. Malin is strong and hardy, and when he shakes your hand warmly you think of the great steam hammer in the Krupp gun works at Essen. As for a hearty slap on the back, a timid man would prefer a tap from a trolley car. Capt. Malin will have been connected

with the police force of Philadelphia nineteen years on the 26th of next October and has passed through the several grades of duty from that of a "sub" patrolman to the responsible position of one of the five captaincies of sergeant, to lieutenant, and to captain. His record has been an honorable one, and it goes without saying that Capt. Malin has had a comparatively peaceful career, although he has always been courageous and faithful to duty. But the most reckless lawbreaker or a synwanted me which was sending me home dicate of him would well hesitate to mix up in a personal encounter with a giant who would be more than likely to tuck the company under his arms and save the patrol wagon the trouble of carrying the victims of misguided confidence to the station.

He has been injured more than once in the performance of his duty, but, as the dying confession of Arabel Vere, the small boy said after the fight, "You ought to have seen the other chap.' It is told of the big captain that when acting as lieutenant in the old police headquarters at Fifth and Chestnut streets, he was one day sitting by the door that led into the cellroom. Capt. Malin was alone and was trying to read a newspaper. In one of the cells a man with a many horse-powered voice was shouting alound his yearning to get out and whip "anything with brass buttons on it."

"You got me in here when I was drunk and helpless. Now I'm sober and I can eat up any two coppers in them."

Lieut. Malin was patient until he deemed patience was a drug in the market. The bellicose prisoner was spoiling for blood. Nothing else would quiet him. The lieutenant sent for the jailer and told him to open the cell lieutenant slowly rose from his chair until he was looking down at the prisoner far below. He said gently:

"Were you looking for something?" "I-I-I-thought I--"

"Hadn't you better go back and keep quiet?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. Don't hit me please," and the war was averted by arbitration.

Capt. Malin was born and "raised" on a farm near Gradyville, in Delaware county. He worked out of doors through his boyhood and didn't know what a cigarette was. Lots of work, sleep, fresh air, and healthful food made a man of him and gave him a famous start in life.

A DANGEROUS BIRD. What Will Happen Some Day to an In-

cautious Hunter of Blue Herons.

"Some of these days," said the 'longshore hunter, "I expect to open my daily paper and see a headline something like this: 'Killed by a blue heron.' and I'll tell you why. The blue heron is a big, powerful bird which has already disfigured the faces of several men. The men have wounded a bird and then thinking to capture it alive they went up to it. Why I'd as soon try to kiss, a wounded grizzly. The birds grow as tall as six feet and have of muscles to move it the quickest with their bill points through a quarter-inch "The hunter goes up to the bird and

as a robin, with only a broken wing. 'What a fine pet it would make,' the fool hunter thinks. Then he picks the bird up and starts for home in a wagon or a boat, with the bird between his knees. The bird's neck is drawn back like a letter 'S.' All of a sudden the bill shoots up and gives the man a gash alongside the eye three inches long. That is what always has happened. The wounded bird has missed its aim, but sometimes, and you want to remember it, this feathered spearman will drive its bill far into its enemy's eye, and like a steel umbrella stick the brain. I guess the bird's aim has always been spoiled by the pain of its wounds, and so many a human life has been saved. I don't monkey with wounded bitterns, or cranes-well,

STUBBORN FIGHTERS OF NILE. Trouble Ahead for the Expedition Up

the River. There is trouble ahead for the expedition up the Nile if the dervishes have become good riflemen, as a cable dispatch from London reports on the authority of a correspondent of the Army and Navy Gazette. According to this correspondent the dervishes can now deliver a deadly rifle fire which will enable them to combine European tactics with formidable onsets of cavalry and spearsmen in the old style, says the Boston Herald. He adds that the British tactics of forming squares and awaiting the shock of battle will not longer answer against the Mahdists and, if persisted in, will result in rout and ruin.

In the stubborn fighting between the British and Mahdists during the expeditions of 1884 and 1885 the square was a favorite formation with the British, who met in this way the flery charges of the dervishes at Tamai and Abou Klea. Such tactics were sound enough under the military conditions then existing, as the tribes had few rifles and little skill with this weapon. Thus solid formations, which would have crumbled to pieces under fire, offered the best means of meeting the desperate rushes of the Soudanese spearsmen. How formidable these charges were was shown at the battle of Tamai, where the Hadendowas crushed in the face of a British square, captured several gatling guns and forced the "Black Watch," one of the toughest fighting regiments in the Brit-

ish service, to give ground. We said at the time that if the Arabs ever attained skill as marksmen, so that their rifle fire would match the excellence of their spear work, the British would have to give up the idea of fighting in squares and face the charges of the tribesmen in open order. If, as the correspondent of the Army and Navy Gazette asserts, the dervishes are now able to combine firearms effectively with the cold steel. the Anglo-Egyptian troops have a far more formidable task before them in their present invasion of the Soudan than Sir Gerald Graham and Sir Herbert Stewart had to deal with in the expeditions of 1884 and 1885.

ATMOSPHERE OF MARS.

The Far-Away Planet Blessed with Per-Let us now remark that the Martian

meteorology is less complicated and more pleasant than that of the earth, says the North American Review. There the weather is almost always fine, especially during summer. Very seldom are there clouds, even in winter. Generally when we are unable to distinguish through the telescope the details of the geographical configuration upon the planet, the fault is in our own atmosphere and not in that of Mars. It is very rarely the case that, when our atmospheric conditions are good, we are unable to see these details. During the last period of observance of Mars in 1894, I, to speak for myself, encountered only fifteen days (from Oct. 10 to 25) when the surface of the planet was veiled by its own atmosphere. Clouds are excessively rare on the surface of Mars, and perhaps exist at all only as fogs or light cirrus; they are not clouds of rain or storm. These veils are very infrequent there, while they are perpetual upon the earth. Probably there is not a single day in the year when the entire surface of the earth is uncovered so that it could be satisfactorily observed from space. The planets have two meteorological systems that are absolutely antithetical. Furthermore, in the rarefled atmosphere of Mars there can be no powerful winds, like the trade winds and the predominant atmospherical currents which rule terrestrial climates. Occasionally, however, observers have noted long streaks of snow which appear to have beeen produced by currents in a tranquil atmosphere. Shiaptrelli, for instance, observed such streaks ("trainees") in November and December, 1881, around the northern pole and extending a considerable distance from it. But such things are exceptions. The normal

Torpedo for Grave Ghouls The coffin torpedo is the latest device

condition of Mars is fine weather.

to foll the grave robber. Of late years the practice of despoiling graves has become so widespread that every effort has been put forth to find some means to end it. It is believed the present invention will

achieve that purpose.

This new contrivance is a regulation bomb, as deadly as any ever invented by anarchistic genius. It is placed in the casket just previous to interment. and after it is placed in position the necks like a fish rod and just the kind lid of the casket screwed down, it will the most strength. They could drive ing to attempt to force the casket be an exceedingly dangerous undertakopen. The lid of the closed coffin presses down a spring. Raising this lid, even in slight degree, releases the sees it lying there looking as innocent spring, causing it to strike a percussion cap. The resulting explosion of the cap also explodes the bomb, and, while the concussion would wrench the casket, it is almost impossible for the person who is trying to open the gasket to escape instant death.-New York Journal.

Matrimonial Difficulty in Maine. It was not "a very pretty home wedding"-the one that didn't come off at Old Orchard the other night. It would have been a wedding, though, if the clergyman hadn't asked the man if he drank, and on being answered in the affirmative, refused to perform the ceremony. While the couple were pleading with the good man to reverse that righteous decision, an officer of the law appeared and stopped all further proceedings, for the time at least, the would-be bride being a pauper.-LewisTrying to Suit Him.

"Josiar," said the young man's father, "do ye remember what he said the other day 'bout not being able to do whut I asked yer to round the farm sence ye got educated, 'cause ye want-ed su'thin' deep ter accypy yer 'ten-

"Yes, father." "Wal, I've got the very thing fur ye. Qie man Tunkins is diggin' a subcel-lar."—Washington Star.

That Terrible Scourge.

Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects, liostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "fills the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingrealents are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and shorn of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquored by it.

Lack of Realism.

Mr. Wickwire-"What ridiculous, impossible things these fashion plates

Mrs. Wickwire-"I know they used to be, but most of them are engraved

from photographs nowadays."
Mr. Wickwire—"This one can't be. Here are two women going in opposite directions, both with brand new gowns on, and neither looking back at the other."-Indianapolis Journal.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Somehow, we always distrust the bill of fare at a boarding house that calls its boarders "guests."

Trans-Mississippi Inventions.

Омана, Nebraska, July 31, 1896.-Amongst the inventors who received patents last week were William S. Witten, South Omaha, Nebraska, feed-holding bin; Gaylord C. Wooster, Rulo, Nebraska, scale beam; Jehiel F. Wynkoop, Muscatine Iowa, rubber cap for axle nuts; George P. Kistner, Low Moor, Iowa, disk cultivator; Edward A. Hinrichs, Davenport, Iowa, doll.

Amongst the curious inventions were found an interchangeable toy and box; a combination bloomer and bicycle shirt; a non-puncturing pneumatic tire provided with a steel shield; a bicycle adapted to be used on ice; a duplex bicycle tire comprising superposed flexible tires; a device for raising and low-ering bicycle tops; and an attachment for bicycles comprising a folding rod that can be expanded and is provided with a mirror adapted to be used on ladies' bicycles so that they can arrange their bangs while in transit.

Free information relative to patents may be obtained in addressing United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebr.

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he can live on love. History is what character has written.

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