

Less Than Half Fare
To Buffalo and return via the Wash R. R. For the G. A. R. reunion the Washab will sell tickets on Aug. 31 and 22, at less than Half Fare, with choice of routes via all rail from Omaha or Chicago to Buffalo or by steamer from Detroit, either going or returning. The only line running reclining chair cars (Seats free) from Omaha or Chicago to Buffalo. All trains run via Niagara Falls. For tickets and further information call on Agent connecting line or at Washab Ticket office, 1415 Farnam Street (Paxton Hotel block), or write
GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

A Lady.
A lady is civil, puts the awkward man at his ease, turns away the wrath of an angry one, does not run over you in the street, or scold in a loud voice, or descend to angry repartee, or turn people out of her pew in church.—Boston Post.

Shake Into Your Shoes.
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Work for Others.
There are farmers in the northern and eastern states who work for their neighbors a good deal more than for themselves. Their own holdings are small, but they have patent reapers, binders and threshers that they rent, together with their own services and the use of their horses, if necessary, therefore a fixed sum or a percentage of the product.

There is a Class of People
Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Buried for Two Centuries.
In the heart of a large pine tree, three and one-half feet in diameter, James Miller of Marinette, Wis., found a knife that was about a foot long and one and one-half inches wide. The age of the tree is estimated to be over 200 years, and the knife was buried in it when the tree was in its infancy, for it is right near the heart and only about six feet from the base.

Read the Advertisements.
You will enjoy this publication much better if you will get into the habit of reading the advertisements; they will afford a most interesting study and will put you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable, they send what they advertise.

He Had Skated.
Maude—Did you ever try your hand at skating, Mr. Blinkers?
Mr. Blinkers—Yes, well—or—that is, my hand and several other parts.—New York Herald.

FARRELL'S RED STAR EXTRACT is the best; all grocers will refund you money if you are not satisfied with it.

A good man is one who never gets in anybody's way.

Hogeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.
Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Conn.

You cannot make wise a fool by feeding him on fish.

Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Most mortals never practice economy until they have to.

The Dress Suit.
The dress suit is after all the badge of the gentleman. The breeding of a man is brought out in it, as no other medium will disclose. At the coachman's ball recently those few fine-looking specimens that, in gorgeous livery, grace the box seat that wore dress suits were the most out-of-place and ill-at-ease looking personages in the hall. You cannot put a cad in a dress suit and have him look like anything but a cad. This is a peculiarity of the dress suit, and to its adaptability alone, to the anatomy and gentility of the men of the higher grade, does it use its way and impregnability—Clothing and Furnisher.

WASHING A FINE ART.
Ever since spinning was a type of womanly industry from age to age, it has been expected that beautiful apparels should clothe the women. From the classic robes of Aspasia to the rich dresses of Elizabeth, and thence to the wedding gown of Parthen Frisco, we see the attractiveness of dress. But at this time only has it become possible for all women to be becomingly attired at a small cost, the supply of beautiful inexpensive dress fabrics now to be had, making it an easy matter. Yet there are women who insist that the expense of having summer gowns laundered is greater than the original cost, and that in the end light wools or summer silks are more economical. This is a mistaken idea, as washing prettily belonging to a fine art, which is very easy to learn. Any girl no matter how delicately reared can wash her own summer gown. A bright day, plenty of water, and a little pure soap are the necessary aids in the work. To do it, fill a tub two-thirds full of warm water, dissolve a fourth of a cake of Ivory Soap, (which will not fade the most delicate colors), add it to the water, wash the garments carefully through it, rinse first in clear water, then in blue water, wring, dip in the starch, hand on the line in the shade. When dry, sprinkle, and iron on wrong side. Eliza R. Parker.

What Defendant's Counsel Said.
"And, your honor, when we reflect on the very strong safe, the bad tools, the poor light, cramped quarters and my client's natural weakness, am I not right in claiming he earned the stolen twenty thousand marks by the sweat of his brow?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Financial Statistics.
Jeremy Diddler—You called me a dead beat. You must take it back, sir, or suffer the consequences.
Col. Percy Yerger—I never take anything back.
"You don't?"
"Never, sir, do I take anything back!"
"All right! You are the man I've been looking for. Lend me a half dollar."

CURED IN THREE MONTHS.
Knoxville, Tlaga Co., Pa.
Dr. J. C. Hoffman, Isabella Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir—Your medicine has cured me of the Morphia Habit in 3 months. I have no desire for the drug. I had taken opiates for more than thirty (30) years. I am now most 81 years old, and feel very grateful for your kindness to me.
GARDNER MATTESON,
Care of Mrs. Ben Boom.

Petulous Amusement.
Jeweler—Your watch is magnetized. Have you been near a dynamo or riding on the electric cars recently?
Jim Hickey—No, but I've been—er—calling a good deal on a very attractive young lady.—Puck.

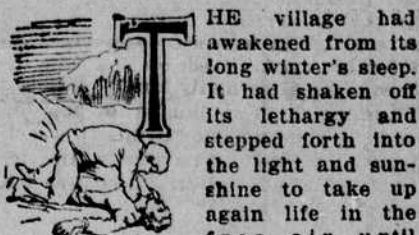
Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Strawberry Shortcake.
In the far north they require considerable grease. The Indians in Alaska eat strawberries soaked in seal oil.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

To turn one's coat is sometimes an evidence of courage.

A WRESTLING MATCH.



HE village had awakened from its long winter's sleep. It had shaken off its lethargy and stepped forth into the light and sunshine to take up again life in the free air until the months should speed around and the harsh winds and the snows drive it back to a close kitchen and a stifling stove. The antiquated saw-mill down by the creek buzzed away with a vim that plainly told that the stream was swollen with the melted snows of the winter just past. The big grist-mill bumped and thumped in deep, melodious tones, as though it were making an effort to drown the rasping, discordant music of its small but noisy neighbor.

The double doors of the store were wide open. Had all the other signs of spring been missing, this fact alone would have indicated to the knowing, if the snow had not melted and the birds not come come back it was high time they did, for those doors never stood open until the patriarch felt it in his bones that the winter was gone and he could with safety leave the side of the stove within and migrate to the long wooden bench on the porch to bask in the sunshine. "Boys," he said at length, "it's time we're gettin' out ag'in. Spring has come."

With that he hobbled toward the door.

"Good, Gran'pap," said the Chronic Loaf, rolling off the counter and following.

Then the old Storekeeper opened both doors.

The old oak bench that had stood neglected through the long winter, exposed to wind and warping rain, gave a joyous creak as it felt again on its broad and knife-hacked back the weight of the Patriarch and his friends, and kicked up its one short hickory leg with such vehemence as to cause the Storekeeper to throw out his hands as though the world had dropped from under him and he was grasping at a cloud for support.

"Mighty souls!" he cried when he had recovered his composure and equilibrium.

"My, oh, my!" murmured the old man, his child-like face beaming with contentment as he sat basking in the sun. "Don't the old bench feel good ag'in. Me an' this oak board has been buddies fer nigh on sixty year."

The season seemed to have infused new life into the Chronic Loaf as it had into all nature, for he suddenly tossed off his coat, with one leap cleared the steps, and then began dancing up and down in the road.

"It jist makes a feller feel like wastlin', Gran'pap," he shouted, waving his arms defiantly at the quartet on the bench. "Come on."

At this indisposition of these four to take up the gauntlet he had thrown down, the Loaf became still more brave and defiant.

"Hedgins!" he sneered. "You uns is afraid, eh?"

"Nawthin' to be afraid of," snapped the Miller. "Simply because

spring's come ez it's ben comin' ever since I kin remember, I haln't a-goin' to waller 'round in a muddy road."

"Nur I, nuther," growled the Shoemaker.

"Well, I bantered yer, an' you uns' all skeert ter wettle, dead skeert," cried the Loaf, drawing on his coat and grinning triumph through his bushy whiskers.

"Come, come," said the Patriarch, beating his stick on the floor to call the boaster to order. "Ef I was five years younger I'd take your banter; I'd druv your head inter the mud tell you'd be afeared of showin' up at the store fer a year fer fear some un'd shovel yer inter the road. Thef's what I'd do. I hates blowin', I do—I hates blowin'. Fur be it from me ter blow, particular as I was somethin' of a wrestler when I was a young un'."

"I bet I could 'a' throwed you in less time 'an it takes me ter set down," the Loaf said, as he seated himself on the steps and got out his pipe.

her, eh? Well, mebbe you never seen her grave-stun. It stands be the alderberry bushes in the buryin'-ground, an' ef you haln't seen it yer otter, fer then ye might get an idee what sorter a woman she was. Pretty? Why, she was a model, she was—a perfect model. Ha!—You uns don't often see sich hair nowadays ez Becky Stump hed—soft and black like. Eyes! Why, they sparkled jest like they was filled with new buggy paint, an' was all watery like. An', mighty souls, but she could plough! fer she wasn't none of your modern girls as is too proud to plough. Many a day I set over on the porch at our place an' looked down across the wallee an' seen her a-steppin' along th'oo the 'fen', an' I tho't how I'd like ter hev one han'le while she'd hev the otter, an' we'd go trampin' along life's fur-row together.

"The whole thing came to a p'int at a spellin' bee up to Swampy Holler school," continued the Patriarch, un-mindful of the interruption. "Becky Stump was there an' looked unusual pretty, fer it was cold outside an' the wind had made her face all red on the drive over from home. Sime was there, too, togged out in store clothes.

"It didn't take me five minutes to see that Sime Cruller was tryin' to show off afore Becky Stump; was trying to prove to her that he was a smarter lad than me.

"When intermission come Sime he gets off in one corner an' begins blowin' to a lot of the boys. I heard him talkin' loud about me, so I steps over. He said it was all a mistake; that he could beat me at anything—spellin', wrastlin', or fishin'. He was showin' off ag'in, fer he talked loud like Becky Stump could hear, an' I makes up me mind I wouldn't stand his blowin'."

"See here, Sime Cruller," I says, says I, 'you uns is nawthin' but a blow horn,' I says. 'You claims you kin wrastle. Why, I kin thow you in less time 'an it takes to tell it, an' if you step out-side I'll prove me words.'

"You thow me!" he says. Then he begin to laugh like he'd die at the very idee.

"With that we went outside, foller'd by the rest of the boys. They was a quarter moon overhead, an' the girls put two candles in the schoolhouse winder, so with the snow we could see pretty well.

"At it we went. Boys, you otter 'a' ben there! You otter 'a' seen it! That was wrastlin'! When Sime an' me clinched I ketched him 'round the waist with me right arm an' gets hold of the strap of his right boot with the forefinger of me left hand. He gets his left arm 'round my neck an' down my back somehow, an' with his right hand tears the buttons off me coat an' grabs me in the ar-mo-ole of me waist-coat. Over we goes, like two dogs, snarin' an' snappin', while the boys in a ring 'round us cheered an' the girls crowdin' the schoolhouse porch trembled an' screamed with fright. We twisted, we turned, we rolled over an' over tell we looked like livin' snowballs. Sime got off the boot I'd a' holt on, an' an' gives me a sudden turn that almost sent me on me back. But I was quick. Mighty souls, but I was quick! I ups with me foot an' landed me heel right on his chist an' he went flyin' ten feet inter a snow bank, keryin' me coat-sleeve with him. He was lookin' up at the moon when I run up to him, an' I'd 'a' hed him down, but he turned over.

"But I was quick. Mighty souls, but I was quick! I kep' me feet an' gits one han' inter his waistcoat pocket an' hung to him. Whenever you wrastles git your man by the boot-strap or the pocket, an' you has the best yer is. Ef I hedn't 'a' done that, I might not 'a' ben here today. But I done it, an' fer a full hour me an' Sime Cruller rolled 'round', even matched. Time an' agin I got sight of Becky Stump standin' on the porch, her hands gripped together, her face pale, her eyes almost poppin' outen her head, she was watchin' us so hard, an' the very sight of her urged me on to in-human efforts. It seemed to have the same effect on Sime. The nose-bloes to run outen both me nose-holes an' yit I kep' at it. Me heart beat so hard it made me buttons rattle. Still I kep' at it. Sime was so hot it was fer me jest like wrastlin' with a stove, an' still we kep' at it. Then all of a sudden—it was two hours after hed just clinched—everything seemed to swim—I couldn't feel no earth beneath—I only know'd that I was still holdin' on to Sime—then I know'd nawthin'."

"When I came to I was layin' be the schoolhouse stove, an' Becky Stump was leaning over me rubbin' a snow-ball across me forehead. The otter folks was standin' back like, fer they seemed to think that after sich an exhibition it was settled an' they didn't want to disturb us.

"Becky, I whispers, 'did I win?'"
"You did," she says. "You both fainted et oncet, but you fainted on top."

"An' now, I s'pose you'll hev me, I says, fer it seemed like there was somethin' in her eyes that kinder urged me on.

"She was quiet a piece, an' then she leans down an' answers: 'Do you think I wants to marry a fen?' No, sir, I'll merry no man I can't lick."

"Well?" cried the Loaf.

"Well?" retorted the old man.

"Did she ever merry?"

"The Patriarch shook his head.

"Go look at the grave stun," he said, "an on it you'll see wrote: 'Ere lies Becky Stump. Her peaceful soul's at rest.'"

Food for Reflection.
Rev. Mr. Longliff (anxiously)—How did you like my substitute's sermon last Sunday, Deacon? Deacon Bluntleigh—it was a treat.

A Queer Profession.
"Window-gazing" is a profession in London. A couple of stylishly dressed ladies pause before the window of a merchant, remain about five minutes and audibly praise the goods displayed inside. Then they pass on to another store on their long list of patrons.

Visitors to Lincoln Park in Chicago will be delighted with the souvenir book of this beautiful spot now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. It is a magnificent publication of 96 pages full of ever-flowing with delicious half-tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic.

No stranger visiting Chicago should be without a copy of the "Souvenir of Lincoln Park." It can only be procured by enclosing twenty-five (25) cents in coin or postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Where "Tip" Was Born.
Another change has taken place in the old house on Sixth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, in which Joseph Jefferson was born, and now the very dwellers in the house are ignorant of his existence or of his glory. Until recently the house was occupied by a dealer in Florentine casts—which is at least one form of art. But now there is a barber's pole at the side window and a Russian peddler's stand at the door, and the dwelling is a tenement house given over to the lower class of Poles.

Arouse to Action.
A dormant liver, or you will suffer all the tortures incident to a prolonged bilious attack. Constipation, headaches, dyspepsia, tired tongue, sour breath, pain in the right side, will diminish you of neglect. Discipline the recalcitrant organ at once with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and expect prompt relief. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaint, nervousness and debility are thoroughly removed by the Bitters.

Not in It.
She—Who do you think is the prettiest girl in the room?
He—Oh, I don't know. That little brunette over on the sofa, I guess.

And then the stupid fellow wondered all the rest of the evening why her manner toward him suddenly grew so cold.—Somerville Journal.

\$10.00 Given Away.
Andy P. Whitmer of East Chicago, Ind., writes: "I would not take \$10.00 for your book, 'Dr. Kay's Home Treatment,' if I could not get another." It has 68 pages and 55 valuable recipes. For ten days we will send one free. Address Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

Bees.
One species of bee more determined to secure safety and privacy fashions a neat tubular gallery of clay outside its doorway, and at the entrance to these galleries a number of the pigmy owners are always stationed, apparently acting the part of sentinels.

Hall's Cathartid Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

A Moonshining Minister.
A preacher who has had charge of a congregation in Lincoln county, Tenn., was arrested for "moonshining" but-assured a United States commissioner that he distilled supplies only for his own family and not for illicit trade.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

A tempest in a teapot sometimes turns out to be a disastrous storm.

I shall recommend Pico's cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1885.

Probably the Lord made Eve to show Adam what he escaped.

Dr. Kay's Renovator, renovates and restores as good as new the whole system. Trial size, 25c. See advt.

Strive with all your might to come up to your own standard.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

Every man has a streak of genius, but in most men it is all streak.

Our Agents Sell
either this Suit or Overcoat for **\$4.00**

Write for a bright bustling man in your locality to represent us. Complete outfit free. Two departments. Ready to go. **\$4.00 to \$13.00**
Made to measure: **\$12. to \$25.**
Write for terms to agents.
WHITE CITY TAILORS, 222-226 Adams St., Chicago.

\$100 To Any Man.
WILL PAY \$100 FOR ANY CASE

Of Weakness in Men They Treat and Fail to Cure.

An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a MAGICAL TREATMENT for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervous and Sexual Weakness, and Restoration of Life Force in old and young men. No worn-out French remedy; contains no Phosphorus or other harmful drugs. It is a WONDERFUL TREATMENT—magical in its effects—positive in its cure. All readers who are suffering from a weakness that blights their life, causing that mental and physical suffering peculiar to Lost Manhood, should write to the STATE MEDICAL COMPANY, Omaha, Neb., and they will send you absolutely FREE a valuable paper on these diseases, and positive proofs of their truly MAGICAL TREATMENT. Thousands of men, who have lost all hope of a cure, are being restored by them to a perfect condition.

This MAGICAL TREATMENT may be taken at home under their directions, or they will pay railroad fare and hotel bills to all who prefer to go there for treatment, if they fail to cure. They are perfectly reliable; have no Free Prescriptions, Free Cures, Free Samples, or C. O. D. feature. They have \$250,000 capital, and guarantee to cure every case they treat or refund every dollar; or their charges may be deposited in a bank to be paid to them when a cure is effected. Write them today.

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\$12 to \$35 can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can give their whole time to the business. Spare hours, though, may be profitably employed. Good openings for towns and cities. **S. F. GIFFORD, 11th St. Main Bldg., Richmond, Va.**

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Stark Curry, Louisiana, La., or Detroit, Mich.

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The best Red Rope Roofing for ic. per sq. ft. caps and plans included. Rubst rates for material. Samples free. The FAY MANUFACTURING CO., Chicago, Ill.

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OPIMUM MORPHINE AND WHISKY HABITS. HOME CURE. Book FREE. Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, Isabella Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water. W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 32—1897.

When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.

Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, enabling it to retain all its remedial value, and it disguises the taste for the palate. Some pill coats are too heavy; they will not dissolve in the stomach, and the pills they cover pass through the system as harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill with a good coat. Ask your druggist for

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Prevents contagion. Painless. Does not irritate. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

PIANO FREE
Send us 20 cents and a two cent stamp and we will mail to you, Free, a 40 cent copy of our popular and beautiful song entitled "The Old Fashioned Bonnet Mother Wore," with printed instructions how to obtain a new upright piano, or music box or bicycle, from us free of cost. Send your name, P. O. County and State—plainly written to the White City Music Co., 418 26th St., Chicago, Ill.

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Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storm. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for Pommel Slicker. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Gout Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

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Every single one of the many parts of a Columbia bicycle is passed several times through the hands of skilled workmen who examine it in the utmost detail. Such an elaborate system of inspection is expensive, but no expense is spared in building Columbias. They are as near perfection in adjustment and finish as human ingenuity can make them.

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HARTFORD BICYCLES, \$50, \$45, \$40, \$30,
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