

GLADYS MAKES TROUBLE.

BUT HER OWNER WAS HAPPY, FOR HE WAS LOSING FLESH.

The Desire for Household Pets Results in a New Invention—The Cat That Was Five Times Barred—The Dog Was Always Jolly When Needing a Thrashing.

Another new method for the reduction of obesity has been discovered, as all great discoveries are brought about, purely by accident.

You see, it was just like this, expounded its inventor. My wife and I went to housekeeping a while ago for the first time, and she thought she couldn't keep house without some pets.

At that time I was working a rowing machine night and morning, swinging a fifteen pound club, and various things of that kind to keep my flesh down. Well, the first week after the dog came, it kept me so busy effecting reconciliation between her and the cat, teaching her that I didn't enjoy tearing off down the block after her every time the door opened, and curbing her propensity for rearranging rugs and the little curtains and sashes my wife hangs around on tables and chairs, and in bringing things, particularly my wearing apparel, from the back yard, where she had a trick of dragging them, that I didn't have time to use the machine and club at all.

After harmony had been established between Gladys and the cat, peace seemed to have been declared on her part with all the feline race. She began to cultivate a guinea tomat that came growing into the yard, but Tom didn't reciprocate her friendly approaches. He had known bitter experiences, and his instincts were pessimistic and aggressive.

He made a dive at Gladys, who was all unprepared for the onslaught, and, of course, she got the worst of it. In a hull in the proceedings I put a bullet through Tom's back and finished the fray. I intended to hit the cat in the head, but with the usual perversity of his kind, he continued to spring just enough to take it in the back. He crawled up a tree in a sickening and writhing way, kicking out his quivering hind legs, and my wife began to cry and get white, and say she knew she was going to faint. I begged of her not to until I could bury my dead, before the neighbors rushed in, and just then the cat gave one last wiggle and dropped out of the tree. I put my wife on the bed with the Pond's extract bottle, as I couldn't find the cologne, and rushed down to bury the cat under a rose bush.

Gladys looked on approvingly, and when the grave was smoothed over she sniffed around it in a satisfied sort of way, which intimated that the interment was all correct and proper.

The next night when I got home that cat lay under the rose bush without a hair on its carcass, and beside it sat Gladys triumphant, radiant and expectant, waiting my commendation. Some of the dirt from that grave was on the parlor windows, some in the pan of lettuce set out on the door step, and a lot more was over the fence in the next yard. Well, I licked the dog as usual, as scientifically and handsomely as I knew how, rubbed her nose on the cat, on the spade in the grave, explaining meantime that I wanted the cat left alone. Then I buried it again, Gladys capering about the yard, catching the various fluttering pendant garments on the clothes line in her teeth, and swinging round and round in great glee until the clothes tore or the pins came out.

The next night when I went home my wife was gone. I didn't want to inquire, I knew without. A heavy tiger skin rug had been dragged into the next room and turned upside down, with a white silk scarf of the cabinet around the tiger's head. A large fur rug had been dragged away from the fireplace and piled up with a down pillow and a rug of choice skins from the couch; in a corner a Venetian glass ornament lay in fragments on the floor, and in the midst of the devastation, in a white and gold chair so decked out with blue ribbons and plush that neither I or any guest who ever came here had sufficient temerity to sit down in it, sat Gladys, animated, expectant and delighted to see me. I went to the window to get a whip and looked out. There lay the cat, stark, stiff and staring.

It took me a long time to polish that dog off as she deserved and get the cat buried again to my satisfaction, and it was not quite agreeable, even to me, to be rubbing the dog's nose in the corpse in the way she deserved.

The next night, when I went home, I found my wife crying by the wash bowl and holding some wriggling, squirming thing sewed up in a little muslin bag under water with her finger. It proved to be three of the four kittens which she had asked me to kill, and which I had forgotten. The Lord only knows how long she had been about it, for she sobbed out that they wouldn't die and she was so faint and sick. I went out to enrich another rose bush with the last remains of the three embryonic cats, when Gladys came rushing up so delighted about something that I knew she needed her usual licking. The cat was not entirely disinterested; only his two hind feet stuck up straight and hairless above the ground. Evidently I had in my haste buried him with his feet up. I thrashed the dog and the next night found the two four feet underneath. I hammered the dog again and buried the cat. That was the last of it. The fifteenth I buried that animal his grave was undisturbed, and I had lost five pounds.

Every night there's some new development. Last night it was a pair of \$10 shoes she had attempted to make something off of, and to-night it will be something else. Of course it's a little expensive, but I eat and drink everything I like, and the flesh is melting off of me like magic. Beats all the systems of reduction I ever heard of.—New York Sun.

Catarrh of the Stomach.

The complaint from which Mr. Larsen suffered, catarrh of the stomach, is generally known to the sufferer as "dyspepsia." Among the symptoms may be noted a dull, heavy pain or oppression in the stomach shortly after eating, accompanied by the formation of gas and a belching of wind. Usually the stomach becomes tender or painful and frequently feels cold, as if there was a lump of ice held against it or in it. The breath often is offensive, and there is an ugly, bitter, slimy taste in the mouth, especially in the morning. The patient often has headache, and is troubled with vertigo or a feeling of lightheadedness or dizziness; also may have palpitation or fluttering of the heart, and frequently suffers much from constipation. There is a constant feeling of languor, dullness and heaviness, of oppression and exhaustion, great depression of spirits, a disinclination for all exertion, and a general bad, wretched feeling.

In some cases the skin becomes hot and dry, particularly the feet and hands; in others, again, the feet and hands are cold, and there is a great heat in the body and head. Sometimes there are sharp pains, front and back, under the shoulders, and there may be chronic diarrhoea. The tongue is usually coated, and often there is nausea and vomiting after meals.

The appetite is variable, generally poor, and there is often an excessive flow of saliva. The patient suffers from an increased fever during the night, frequently perspires while asleep and is troubled with heartburn. Generally the face is flushed or the skin becomes sallow, and sometimes there is a dry, hacking cough, while the voice is hoarse and husky.—Boston Globe.

A Postal Box.

A patent postal pillar box of an ingenious character has been exhibited at the Athenaeum club, Melbourne. The box is octagonal in shape and stands seven feet in height, having a diameter of about two feet, and it has three divisions. The top one contains a series of compartments, in which there are police and fire alarms, the former being communicated with by means of a telephone, while the fire brigade is apprised of an outbreak of fire in the locality by the pressure of an electric button. The central division, which is the largest, is devoted to the reception of letters and newspapers, the ordinary slot or opening through which the letters are placed being covered with a wire comb, to prevent the letters being extracted by the insertion of thin sticks or pieces of wire.

The letters fall into an iron box which is fastened on to the door, and when it is desired to clear the box all that the postman has to do is to touch a spring, which causes the bottom of the box to fall, and this allows the letters to drop into the open bag underneath. There is a dial immediately above the door denoting the times at which the box is cleared, and on the door being closed the hand on the dial indicates at what time the next clearance will take place. The bottom division is reserved for the batteries used in connection with the police telephone fire alarms, and on top of the roof an electric lamp is affixed.—Sydney Herald.

Reflections. Stills are no better in conversation than in a foot race. Folly must hold its tongue while wearing the wig of wisdom. It is the foolish aim of the atheist to scan infinitude with a microscope.

When poverty comes in at the cottage door, true love goes at it with an ax. A vein of humor should be made visible without the help of a reduction mill. The reformer becomes a fanatic when he begins to use his emotions as a substitute for his reasoning faculty.

Many an object in life must be attained by flank movements; it is the zigzag road that leads to the mountain top.

All the paths of life lead to the grave, and the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short cuts. The office should seek the man, but it should inspect him thoroughly before taking him. Humility is most serviceable as an undergarment, and should never be worn as an overcoat.

The Good Samaritan helps the unfortunate wayfarer without asking how he intends to vote.—J. A. Macon in Century.

Foreign Ministers at Washington. Foreign ministers demand the most scrupulous observance of the stereotyped rules of etiquette, and watch with scrutiny every attention and inattention to them. A failure to seat a member of the corps or his wife in the precise seat belonging to his or her rank at the table would, probably, destroy the pleasure of the occasion. Not one inch farther from the host or hostess than belonged to the country they represent would be tolerated. The placing of the diplomats in line to be presented at occasions of ceremony must be done in strict observance of rank and importance of each. Hence, persons dining or entertaining these dignitaries must first post themselves accurately on the status of every kingdom, province and principality, if they expect to give their guests pleasure and to avoid a scene, such as has characterized occasions where "second class Earth America" has occupied positions a few places above "first class Europe," or where little European provinces have been given more conspicuous places than greater kingdoms.—American Magazine.

Persian Shoes. A high heeled lady's slipper from Monaco, an upper of richly embroidered velvet, has a sole, stank and heel carved out of solid wood. Then in Oriental lands wood is largely employed. The museum collection includes many interesting specimens from Asiatic countries. The Persians have shoes made of wood and richly inlaid, which are really little raised platforms with a strap across the front for the toes to pass through. One pair of these are elevated a foot from the ground and are veritable stilts.—Washington Star.

TEDDIE'S CHASE.

"O mamma, mamma, did you say I may have the eggs I find today?" And Ted, with glee, To the barn ran he, Where he thought old Toodlekins ought to be. He hunted high and he hunted low Everywhere that a hen could go; Over the snow, Behind the plow, And into the shed of the milky cow.

He moved the barrels and things about; He emptied the boxes inside out; He looked in the barrow, Behind the barrow, And into the oat bins, dark and narrow.

He searched the crib and the woodpile through, Then down to the brook where the alders grew; Along the edge Of the soft green sedge, And in cozy nooks of the orange hedge.

And where was Toodlekins all this while? Well, I really think if a hen could smile, "I could be at the race And find my chase Of Toodlekins for his hiding place."

"Twas up in the roof, on a broad old rafter And Teddie may take his turn at laughter When her chickens try To walk or fly For what will they do up there, so high?"—Mrs. J. M. Dana in Youth's Companion.

That Close Shave. Whenever a man comes into my shop and asks for a clean shave, I wish that I knew him well enough to show him a piece of his skin under a microscope after he has had his shave and is feeling his smooth face in a satisfied way while the boy brushes him off. The hair of the beard, in growing, raises little hills of flesh around each root, and in shaving a man smoothly the razor cuts these off, leaving the blood vessels exposed. Under the microscope these bleeding vessels can be distinctly seen, and the flesh is seen to be entirely without the covering of skin it should have. The natural result is that the close shaver is always troubled with colds and affections of the throat. Close shaving is so much a western habit that eastern barbers say they can tell a western man by his dissatisfied look when he gets out of the chair and feels that he has some of the skin still left on his face.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That's All that Saves the Poems. The "eloquentist" has hid his light under a bushel as long as he can. He is now determined to let his light shine, to lift up his voice and spare not and to magnify his office for all it is worth and to let his horn if he doesn't sell a clam. A Chicago eloquentist, discussing in The Voice the elements of a successful recitation, speaks of "other pieces like 'Mother and Poet,' 'The Raven' and like productions of no great literary merit that produce marvelous effects when well recited." Often wondered what kept those mediocre jinglers so long, when some of my own finest efforts, worthy to go ringing down the echoing aisles of the copy dummy, stranded on the shingly beach of the cold and sullen W. B. It's the "reading" that has rescued Mrs. Browning and Poe from the insatiable maw of that relentless monster, O. B. Livion, Sr.—Robert J. Burdette.

Anxious to Edit the News. Don't forget the editor when you have a news item. If your wife whips you, let us know of it and we will set you right before the public. If you have company tell us—if you are not ashamed of your visitors. If a youngster arrives at your house and demands food and raiment, buy a marvelous work of cigars and come around, and if you are a cash subscriber we will furnish a name for him or her, as circumstances warrant. If you have a social gathering of a few friends bring around a big cake, six or seven pies and a ham—not necessarily to eat, but as a guarantee of good faith. You needn't bother to invite us as it may be a little too cool for our wardrobe. We mention these little things because we will want the news, and we will have it.—Millington Times.

He Kissed Me. A Nebraska paper narrates this educational incident: A high school girl, class A, being told by her teacher to parse the sentence, "He kissed me," consented reluctantly, because opposed to speaking of private affairs in public. "He," she commenced, with unnecessary emphasis and a fond lingering over the word that brought crimson to her cheeks, "is a pronoun; third person, singular number, masculine gender; a gentleman, pretty well fixed; universally considered a good catch. Kissed is a verb, transitive—too much so; regular—every evening; indicative mood—indicating affection; first and third person, plural number and governed by circumstances. Me—oh, everybody knows me," and down she went.

The Future of Electricity. It would be quite impossible to forecast the future, even for a single decade, with reference to the applications of electricity, even though discovery were ended. The mere expansion of industries already in some degree established will give them an importance which we cannot now estimate. But discovery is not ended, and it is more than probable that results will yet be reached which, although they cannot be at variance with the general doctrine of energy as now understood, may to some extent revolutionize our methods, with corresponding advantages.—Professor C. F. Brackett in Scribner's.

A Business Transaction. Little School Boy—Mamma, you said if I'd bring you a reward of merit, you'd give me a new knife. Mamma—Yes, my pet. "Here it is." "But this has Tommy Toodle's name on it." "Yes'm; I traded him my old knife for it."—Harper's Bazar.

Well Provided For. "Hello, old man! Congratulate you! How are the wife and baby getting along?" "All right, thank you." "And how is it with yourself?" "Oh, I am living way up on the things the neighbors send for my wife."—Boston Herald.

APPRAISING DIAMONDS.

The Scales Used Are So Accurate That They Will Weigh a Hair. The arrangements for such an examination are quite elaborate. First of all the scales are tested. These are marvels of accuracy and will readily weigh a hair. An eyebrow dropped on the scale slowly upward. These scales are placed upon a broad table leveled by a careful calculation, around which stand the appraiser, his assistants, the experts and the importer. They do not talk, because a tremor of the scales and consequent inaccurate weighing might result from loud articulation. After the doors have been closed several innocent looking wooden boxes are placed on the table and unsealed. Two or three boxes of the size that bonbons come in may contain \$500,000 worth of sparkling diamonds. The stones are wrapped up in pockets of paper like druggists' powders. These pockets are unfastened and laid on the table. The invoice is consulted and the government expert makes his inspection and calculations in the presence of all parties. His judgment is final and there is no appeal from his decisions.

If he thinks a diamond is worth \$100 a carat, and the importer has it invoiced half that sum, up goes the invoice to the expert's figure. It is in the valuation of the larger stones that the finest discriminating power is required and the most thorough knowledge of diamonds necessary. Flaws that are absolutely undetectable to the naked eye, but which affect the value of the stones, according to location and quality, are discovered by the aid of the magnifying glass, which is indispensable to the expert. Every gem undergoes the same scrutiny. It is turned in all directions and viewed from all points. In comparison with the number of imperfect stones, the real gems are rare. After the entire lot has been examined the appraisement is made and a duty of 10 per cent. added to the price. There is rarely any difference between the government appraiser's calculations and the invoiced prices of stones.

Appraising diamonds is very hard on the eyes. The sparkle and glister of the stones cause colors to dance before the inspector's eyes, rendering minute scrutiny difficult. A short rest restores the tired eyes, and the examination is resumed. The whole process is an extremely interesting one, and is made more so by the general air of mystery which surrounds the diamond appraisements. The precious stones are shipped from the principal European diamond centers in wooden boxes about six inches long and half that depth and width. Nothing appears more careless, but in reality this method is the safest that could be adopted. None but the shrewdest thief would suspect that an ordinary wooden box, handled like any piece of express matter, contained a fortune in diamonds. It is rarely that they go astray, and the European agent of a big importing house can ship his purchase directly from the diamond centers in plain boxes, subject to regular express rates, with no fear as to their safe arrival.—New York Star.

Irregular. The little steamboats which run on the Florida rivers are reported to have a very elastic schedule of time to run upon. The habits of the easy going people are no doubt to be credited with the uncertain movements of the craft. A writer from that state says that no one seems to know exactly when the boat will arrive or depart, and, moreover, no one seems to care or to think that it matters at all.

"If she does not come today she will to-morrow," is the prevalent tone of answer to inquiries. "She'll be along about 5 o'clock." "No, she won't; she'll not come till 9 or 10." "She'll run down to Melbourne next trip." "No, she won't; she'll stop here," and so forth, say our various sources of information.

There is a tiny little steamer, which is announced and intended to run to the southern end of the river, and which looks like a coffee pot as it comes puffing fustily along, when we see it at last. For some days we do not see it; and further, no one seems to know exactly where the little craft is.

"Say, have you seen the Haul-over?" "Well, the Diana, she saw her the day before yesterday up river." "She went up this morning." "Why, she went down yesterday." Says one, in compassionate tones: "The poor thing's took sick and stopped for a little rest. Laid up for repairs at the blacksmith's." This last surmise turns out to be the correct one.—Youth's Companion.

All About Laughter. It has been observed that laughter is indicative of particular temper and character, according to the sound of the laugh that prevails in a combination. Persons that laugh in a broad Latin "A" are open hearted, honest people, fond of noisy jollity, but perhaps of volatile mood. Excessive jerking laughter, however, is an evidence of vulgarity. Those laughing in a dry "A" are respectable, but little expansive, and a hard lot of people. When the Latin "E" prevails, there prevails also a phlegmatic, melancholy temper. Timorous, unsteady people, also those imbued with malignity, laugh in a kind of swelling "I." Laughter in "O" is the utterance of proud, bold, imperative, somewhat bantering people. Beware of those that in "oo" (o). They are traitors, haters, scorners.—Boston Budget.

An Entimely Gesture. The following is extracted from an address by the bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Magee) to a class of candidates for ordination: "Most of you," he said, "will do well to avoid action in the pulpit. I shall never forget a raw boned curate I once had, with hands like legs of mutton. I can see him still preparing for a grand peroration, and leaning over the pulpit with outstretched dependent palms, as he exclaimed, 'Paws, me brethren, paw!'"—London Exchange.

Italians in the Argentine Republic.

During the last thirty-three years about a million and a half immigrants have reached the Argentine provinces. Of these, 65.25 per cent. are officially set down as Italians. These figures, however, do not sufficiently indicate their real preponderance. In the first place, a fourth of the total immigrants are not classified except as entering the state by way of Montevideo, where it is very common for transshipments of passengers from Europe to take place. Probably if the Montevideo returns were analyzed, the percentage of Italians would work out as not less than 75 per cent. of the whole. But there is another and still more important fact to be borne in mind. The Italians in South America increase with remarkable rapidity, the marriages made between them and the natives proving peculiarly fruitful—a circumstance not observed in such a high degree among the other immigrants.

In 1885 the Italian chamber of commerce of Buenos Ayres calculated that the inhabitants of Italian birth and parentage then residing in the republic numbered over a million, while at the present moment it is estimated that persons in whom Italian blood or Italian race influence predominates, constitute more than half the existing population, now reckoned to be over three millions and a half. Under such circumstances can it be doubted that in a very few years the Italianization of the Valley of the Plate will be complete?

The only fact that tells against such a supposition is the newly adopted immigration policy of the Argentine government, which has lately instructed its agents in Europe to do all in their power to attract immigration from among the northern races. The danger of being swamped by the most vigorous of the Latin peoples is fully realized at Buenos Ayres, and considerable numbers of Belgians, Hollanders, North Germans and Swedes have already been attracted by almost free passages and generous grants of land. We doubt, however, the continued success of such a policy. Emigration flows with difficulty in new channels.—The Spectator.

Killing Mrs. Proudie. When Dickens was remonstrated with by hosts of London ladies for killing "Little Paul Doubay," a critic said, "If Dickens don't kill Paul, Paul will kill Dickens." The critic thought that if Dickens had allowed Paul to grow up into manhood, he, the author, would have failed in fitting him to his surroundings, and thus injured his own reputation.

While Anthony Trollope was writing "The Last Chronicle of Barset," he surprised a friend one day by saying to him, "There's the end of Mrs. Proudie!" "Why?" asked the friend.

Mr. Trollope replied that he was writing one day in the club, while a group of young clergymen, gathered around the fireplace, were talking about the novel, which was appearing as a serial. He could not help overhearing them, as they praised the work, but agreed that Mrs. Proudie was becoming an intolerable nuisance.

"What did you do?" asked the friend. "Well," replied Trollope, "I hesitated a good deal what to do; but I finally made up my mind and went up to them and explained that I couldn't help hearing what they were saying, and I added, 'I am very much obliged to you, I am Anthony Trollope, and I'll go home and kill Mrs. Proudie.'"

And so he did.—Youth's Companion.

How to Be Smart. The gingham kind is to the fore, and mankind being ignorant, talks about sweet simplicity and doesn't know that it is mounted on silk and is quite as costly as a woolen one would be. To be smart, you must sit up straight in your victrola and not loll in one corner of it. Your shoes must shine, even if you haven't time to cultivate your intellect. The outside world only sees the brightness at one end.

You must wonder if really nice people ever did wear diamond ear rings except at balls. You must wear your gloves neither too tight nor too loose, but to fit. And if you want to achieve the very height of smart indifference, you must languidly ask the sister of the man you are going to marry "what his first name is?"

Reforming Prisoners. There is one fact in connection with prisoners and punishment that has been positively established; that is, that it is possible to transform these schools of crime into schools for reformation and education. The record of prisoners returned to prison after one term of service to the state has heretofore been from 80 to 90 per cent. This percentage has been reduced by the methods for mind and body culture adopted by the Elmira reformatory to 15. This 15 per cent. may yet be decreased farther when raw legislators will consent to let the expert managers quite alone, after giving them requisite state aid. The suppression of crime can be secured only by the suppression of criminals. They must be transformed into honest citizens.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Large Grape Vine. The largest vine in the world is said to be one growing at Oya, Portugal, which has been in bearing since 1802. Its maximum yield was in 1864, in which year it produced a sufficient quantity of grapes to make 165 gallons of wine; in 1874, 146 gallons, and in 1894 only 79 gallons. It covers an area of 5,315 square feet, and the stem at the base measures 63 feet in circumference.—New York Telegram.

A Precocious Iowa Youngster. A second street mother discovered a pack of cards in the pocket of her young hopeful and threw it into a little bonfire in the back yard. She forgave the bright youngster when he attempted to tramp out the fire, singing the while: "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck."—Duluth Tribune.

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