

THEOREMATIC DREAMS.

WARNING RECEIVED BY A TEXAS FARMER AND HIS WIFE.

Dreaming of a Raid of Mexican Greasers, Which Was Fulfilled in the Pantocho Perras Massacre—The Neighbors Couldn't Understand Why the Farmer Moved.

Impending perils may cast a shadow persistently over a waking state, while the mind is under the influence of a self-deluding optimism—the wish that is father to the belief in the significance of the threatening danger.

I remember the instance of an American family that had settled in the northern uplands of Cameron county, Texas, but before the end of a year removed to the vicinity of a larger settlement and sold their half completed home for reasons that remained a mystery to their upland neighbors.

"We had selected that building site after a deal of prospecting," the first proprietor of that house told me one day, "and at first it seemed a promising site that nobody had pre-empted it."

"It was a broad hill with a fine prospect east and south; we had an abundance of timber, fine range, two good springs, and a ledge of soft limestone within a thousand yards of the house, where you could shape out building stone with a common saw. I never could hope to find better neighbors; they actually got up a picnic to celebrate our arrival, so glad they were to have English speaking folks within visiting distance."

"We had every prospect of getting an improved road and a postoffice, and three months after our first entry I would not have sold that homestead for ten times my direct expenses. But about half a year after that ranch seemed a haunted place and I didn't feel at rest night or day, though people that know me are not likely to call me superstitious. I never was afraid of darkness even when I was a boy and a swarm of ghosts would not scare me worth a cent. But one night, about a week after I had got home from a trip to Brownsville Landing, I dreamt our house was tackled by a band of Greaser bushwhackers (Mexican bandits) and that they shot me down and killed my little boy with a club, and then loaded their horses with everything they could move."

"Two nights after I had exactly that same dream over again, and I could see every stick and stone in our yard, when I tried to make a break for our next neighbor and was shot down just as I runned through the gate. I noticed the very horses and saddles of that gang and could have recognized every one of them if I had met 'em in daylight, and I now do believe that I did see them somehow or other on that trip to the landing."

"The idea began to haunt me when that dream had come back for the third time, though I never said a word; but one morning my wife seemed uneasy till all our farm hands had started to work, and then asked me to come out in the garden for a minute. 'Do you think there are any robbers in this neighborhood?' she asked me when we were quite alone. 'Why, did you see or hear anything suspicious?' I asked her back. 'No, but I had such a strange dream last night,' she said, with a sort of a shudder. 'I dreamt a gang of Mexicans came to our house and made me run for my life, and just before I got through the door I saw them knock down little Tommy with a club.'

"I don't know," she said. "I kept calling collar one of them, and I kept calling for you in English to save yourself, but just as you dashed through the gate I heard the crack of a shotgun and then I fainted. 'I made no reply, but that minute I felt that we couldn't stay any longer, and two weeks after I made up my mind to move to Indianola. There were no Mexicans in our immediate neighborhood at that hill farm, and no serious robbery had happened anywhere nearer than Casa Blanca, but I felt that I had to look for a new home if I expected to get an hour's peace, and it often seemed to me that I was doing a sin if I let my little boy out of sight for ten minutes. So we made up an excuse about schools and postoffice and managed to sell our pretty place for a few hundred. The neighbors thought I must be half crazy, but I couldn't help it; and just ten weeks after we were gone we got the news of that Pantocho Perras massacre. The whole neighborhood had been sacked and outraged, and as I know my boy, I am now morally certain that he would have stood his ground and got himself killed if he had seen any brute lay his hands on his mother."

"The very homeliness of that account impressed me with a conviction of its absolute truth, and to the whole I consider it the most characteristic instance of what Artemidorus would have called 'theorematic dreams.'—Felix L. Oswald, M. D., in 'The Open Court.'

The Meanest Man in Creation. A man in Clay, who owes us over two years' subscription, put his paper back in the postoffice last week marked "refused." We have heard of many mean men. There is the man who used the wren on his neck for a collar button, the one who pastured a goat on his grandmother's grave, the one who stole copper from a dead man's eyes, the one who got rich by giving his five children a nickel each to go to bed without supper and then stealing the nickel after the children were asleep; but for pure downright meanness the man who will take a paper for years, mark it "refused," and then stick it back into the postoffice, is entitled to the first premium.—Linedville (Ala.) Democrat.

THE FOOLED ELM.

The bold young Autumn came riding along One day where an elm tree grew. "You are fair," he said, as she bends her head—"Too fair for your robe's dull hue; You are far too young for a garb so old; Your beauty needs color and sheen. Oh, I would clothe you in scarlet and gold, Begetting thy grace of a queen."

"For one little kiss on your lips, sweet Elm, For just one kiss—no more—I will give you, I swear, a robe more fair Than ever a princess wore. One little kiss on those lips, my pet, And by you shall stand, I say, Queen of the forest, and, better yet, Queen of my heart's away."

She tossed her head, but—he took the kiss (That the way of lovers bode); And a gorgeous dress for that sweet carress He gave ere the morn was old. For a week and a day she ruled a queen In beauty and splendid attire; For a week and a day she was loved, I ween, With a love that is born of desire. Then bold-eyed Autumn went on his way In quest of a tree more fair; And nimb winds tattered her garments and scattered—

Her finery here and there. Poor and faded and ragged and cold She roamed and moaned in distress, And longed for the dull green gown she had sold For a lover's fickle carress. And the days went by and the winter came, And his tyrannous tempests beat On the shivering tree whose robes of shame He had trampled under his feet. I saw her reach to the mocking skies Her poor arms here and there, Ah, well-a-day, it is ever the way With a woman who trades with sin.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Once a Week.

Brilliant Flesh Tints. He had conceived an idea for a great classical picture, and he hired a stalwart gentleman of toil to pose for the muscular figure required for the center of the picture. He painted for days and days, and he thought whenever he had his model before him that he had never seen such rich flesh tints before. And he studied those flesh tints and worked till he had got them perfect. Then he called his brother artists in and showed them the picture.

"Those flesh tints don't seem quite right. Where did you get them?" "They're rich, aren't they? But they're from nature. They're from my model." "Well, they don't look quite natural." "The last touches had to be given and the model had come to pose for the last time. When he stripped his torso and took his position the painter stared aghast. The brilliant flesh tints had vanished and he was a plain, ordinary flesh-colored individual."

"How's this? What's the matter with you?" "What?" "You've changed your skin. It used to be redder than that." "Oh, that was from the red undershirt I used to wear, and I had a bath this morning."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Added a Profriso. An old vag, who has been in the habit of calling on a certain business man on Griswold street for dimes, was asked the other day how much he would take to keep away for all future time. He thought for a moment and then replied: "Give me fifty cents and I'll never bother you again." "I'll do it. Here—let me draw up a writing to that effect." An agreement was drawn up and the vag read it over and laid it down with the remark: "I can't do it. There's something cold blooded about that." "But you agreed to." "Yes, I know; but think of a man selling his manhood for fifty cents! I'd starve first!" "Well, how much do you want?" "A dollar." "I'll split the difference with you." "Well, I'll sign, but I want a proviso inserted that I do not hereby lose my self respect, and that I do not forfeit the right to come up stairs and strike the man in the next room if I get hard up." It was added, and he signed and went off to strike a free lunch counter.—Detroit Free Press.

How They Were Made. Among exclamations in common use "Hullo" and "Hurrah" have curious origin, attributed to them. It is said by the author of the "Queen's English" that the people of Carnwood forest, Leicestershire, when they desire to hail a person at a distance call out "halloo!" but "halloo!" This he imagines is a survival of the times when one cried to another: "A loup! a loup!" or as we would now say: "Wolf! wolf!" "Hurrah!" again, according to M. Littré, is derived from the Slavonic huraj, "to Paradise," which signifies that all soldiers who fell fighting valiantly went straight to heaven. "Prithoe" is obviously a corruption of "I pray thee," while "marry" was originally a method of swearing by the Virgin Mary.—All the Year Round.

A Losing Game. "Ow did it work?" said one small boy on the street to the other. "Ow did you do it?" "See: The old man he dropped a dime, an' I picked it up an' ranned after him, an' I says: 'Mister, here's a dime as you dropped,' an' he 'uts it's hand in his pocket an' he says: 'You're an honest little boy; here's a quarter for you.'"

"Wal, I dropped the dime right in front of the old woman, wen she had 'er purse open, an' I picked it up wen she walks along, an' I follows her an' says: 'Here, missis, is a dime you dropped.'"

Well! "Wal, she takes it an' says: 'Thank you, little boy,' an' puts it in her pocket, an' I'm ten cents out."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Copper Kettles Bad. Cider is turned into vinegar upon exposure to the air, by the oxygen gas in the air, which unites with, or oxidizes the alcohol, changing it into acetic acid, of which vinegar is only a weak solution. Pickles are colored green by boiling in a copper kettle, because the vinegar unites with the copper, forming a green colored salt, similar to verdigris. As this coloring matter is unwholesome and poisonous, the practice is not one to be recommended.—Boston Budget.

NO CURE FOR BALDNESS.

A Tonsorial Artist Says a Fortune Awaits the Man Who Can Solve the Riddle. "Can hair be made to grow on bald heads?" Said a fashionable hairdresser, in response to a reporter's query: "Yes—and no. If a person becomes bald owing to illness the hair can be made to grow again. In fact, it will grow again without making, but it can be aided and stimulated in its growth by tonics. But if a person is deprived of his or her hair by natural loss of vitality, it will not grow again, and nothing has ever been compounded that will restore it. Natural baldness comes on gradually, and the awful day of its complete triumph over the hair's existence may be postponed by the use of tonics, but the final catastrophe can't be prevented. Long experience has taught me that fact, although years ago I had the personal opinion of the renowned Dr. Bazin, of Paris, to that effect. I have dressed heads for more than a quarter of a century. I have lamented with hundreds of my patrons from whose heads not only the hair of time but the indiscretions and carelessness of youth were gradually but persistently plucking the natural and often luxuriant covering, and have anointed, drenched and plastered their too apparent polls with lotions, tonics and pomatums, and rubbed and kneaded and manipulated their falling scalps until, if there had been one ember of hair life left slumbering there, it must surely have been brought back to its wonted fire and vigor, and have given it up at last and handed them the card of the wigmaker. If I have used one hair restorative I have used 500, and every one was warranted to not only prevent baldness but to restore to bald heads their sometime birsute glory. Look at me. See what a remarkable growth and youthful gloss of hair I have. It has not changed in twenty-five years. Why?"

The hair dresser seized his soft brown hair with both hands, and with a vicious jerk removed it from his head. It was a costly wig, and his head was as white and bare as a billiard ball. "That is why!" he murmured bitterly. "And I am not only a hair dresser, but one skilled in every tonsorial art! If there were help for baldness other than the skill of the wig maker, do you suppose for a moment that I, of all men, would not know it, and knowing it, would not only have rescued myself, but have saved to myself hundreds of my most profitable customers? If that is not proof enough that a man once bald is always bald, just call to mind doctors of your own acquaintance who are bald as glass globes. They are learned in the mysteries of drugs and their preparation. They know what result their combination and application will produce. If any one living were capable of curing baldness some one among these experts in the science of medicine ought to be. You never had occasion to go to a doctor to get a prescription for baldness. I have."

"Come to me for a cure for anything else," my medical adviser said. "Anything else," said he, "and I will cure you. But baldness! Why, my dear sir, Esculapius himself was as bald as—a bald as—well, as bald as I am!" "And he was baldy this doctor of mine. An onion has more hair than he had! No, my son. If there lurked anywhere in all the materia medica, of not only this age but of past ages, the name of one little herb or drug, or whatever you may call it, that could bid even one hair to grow where there had been ten before, there would be no bald doctors nor bald hairdressers, and the discoverer of this boon would live longer in the hearts of men than would the much spoken of individual who is expected to reach the summit of all greatness some day by making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before."—New York Mail and Express.

A Rival of the Virginia Natural Bridge. High up in the crest of the mountains on the Birmingham, Sheffield and Tennessee River railroad there is to be found one of nature's wonders. It is a natural bridge, as complete, as perfect, as symmetrical, and in some essentials, more remarkable than the great natural bridge of Virginia.

The bridge lies between the stations of Lynn and Delmar. It is about fifty-eight miles from Sheffield and twenty-nine miles from Jasper. Its length from abutment to abutment is 175 feet. Its width is 25 feet, and the thickness ranges from 4 to 6 feet. It is of pure sand stone, and has no doubt stood the climate changes of ages. Leaning over the bridge you see in the ravine which it spans, some sixty feet below, the shimmer and sparkle of many springs of clear, limpid water, which bubble from the sandstone soil, and joining flow down the ravine. A singular feature is a sub-division or smaller bridge, constructed on the same pattern, perhaps even more perfect lines, which leads from one side of the bridge proper.—Tusculumia North Alabamian.

Persevere. The cause of nine parts in ten of the lamentable failures which occur in men's undertakings lies not in the want of talents, or the will to use them, but in the vacillating and desultory way of using them, in flying from object to object; in starting away at each little disgust, and thus applying the force which might conquer any one difficulty to all series of difficulties so large that no human force can conquer them. Commend me therefore to the virtues of perseverance. Without it all the rest are little better than fairy gold, which glitters in your purse, but when taken to market proves to be slate or cinders.—Carlyle.

A Simple Scientific Experiment. Take a bottle and place a cork over the mouth. The cork must be sufficiently large to rest lightly upon it, without falling into the neck. Snap the neck of the bottle sharply with the thumb and finger, and the cork will fall from the bottle towards the hand giving the blow, and not away from it, as might be expected. This effect is due to the principle of inertia, the quick blow forcing, as it were, the bottle away from the cork before the motion can be transmitted to the cork itself.—Buffalo Times.

MOTHERLY DEVOTION.

The late Queen Mary of Bavaria is said to have been as warmly devoted and blindly obedient to her son, King Ludwig II, as she had been to her husband, King Max. From the day of his accession, she looked upon him more as a king than a son. A story is told which shows how dearly mother and son loved each other. They were gazing out of one of the windows in the frescoed hall of Hohenchwangau, with one of the finest views in the world before them—the green Schwansee in the foreground, the pine clad hills reflected in its pure surface, and above all, the noble mountains stretching on every side. The king drank in the wild beauty of lake and mountain, and raised his eyes to the sky. The queen, who never soared too high, gazed with delight at an imposing pine which towered high above the window at which they stood. Suddenly the queen exclaimed: "What a glorious Christmas tree this would make if we could decorate it!"

The king passed his hand over his eyes, smiled and kissed her. That was in August. In December he expressed a wish to spend Christmas at Hohenchwangau. The queen, always willing to do what he wished, followed him thither. On Christmas eve, with loving care, she decorated a little tree, and, as in the days when she was a mother of 20, she rang the bell to call her children. The great event of the evening seemed over, the lights were blown out, when suddenly a gong sounded, King Ludwig took his mother's hand, and leading her to the window—out of which they had gazed together that morning in August, he pushed back the shutters and disclosed to her astonished eyes the gigantic tree lighted with a thousand wax candles, which burned bright in the frosty night and were reflected in the snow and icicles on trees and shrubs around.—London Globe.

The Specter Guest. An undertaker in Madrid, who lived over his shop, one night gave a grand ball. At the height of the festivities a gentleman in full evening dress joined the company. He danced with the hostess and her daughter; he danced with the guests. He seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. The undertaker thought he recognized the face, but didn't like to be rude and ask the stranger's name. By and by all the guests departed and only the unknown was left. "Shall I send for a cab for you?" said the host at last. "No, thank you; I'm staying in the house." "Staying in the house! Who are you, sir?" "Why, don't you know me? I'm the corpse that was brought in this afternoon."

The undertaker in horror rushed to the mortuary chamber, where in Spain it is usual for the dead to be removed. The coffin was empty. His wife and daughter had been dancing with a corpse! But it turned out that the gentleman had only been in a trance and had suddenly recovered. Hearing the revelry above, and being possessed of a keen though ghastly sense of humor, he had got out of his coffin and joined the festive party. He was presentable, for in Spain the dead are generally buried in full evening dress.—New York Herald.

Cassowary Fishing. The habits of the cormorant and of our native fish hawk are generally known. Their methods of taking fish are very much like those of birds of prey. But the cassowary fishes according to a method of its own. Mr. Powell witnessed its operations on a river in the island of New Britain: I saw a cassowary come down to the water's edge, and stand for some minutes apparently watching the water carefully. It then stepped into the river where it was about three feet deep, and, partially squatting down, spread its wings out, submerging them, the feathers being spread and ruffled.

The bird remained perfectly motionless, and kept its eyes closed, as if in sleep. It remained in this position for fully a quarter of an hour, when, suddenly closing its wings and straightening its feathers, it stepped out on the bank. Here it shook itself several times, whereupon a school of small fishes fell out of its wings, and from amidst its feathers, which the bird immediately picked up and swallowed.

The fishes had evidently mistaken the feathers for a kind of weed that grows in the water along the banks of the rivers in this island, and which very much resembles the feathers of the cassowary. The smaller fishes hide in these weeds to avoid the larger ones that prey on them.—Youth's Companion.

Eel Skins for Rheumatism. "Give me two large eel skins," said a young woman who entered a North End drug store at the time a Globe man happened to be quenching his thirst at the soda fountain. "Eel skins?" said the Globe man to the clerk, when the young lady had left with her purchase. "What does she want of eel skins?" "Rheumatism," said the drug clerk. "You'd be surprised at the number of people who use eel skins for rheumatism. I know an old man whose arms and legs are completely strapped with them, and he believes that they prolong his life. We have more or less call for them, but I understand that up town stores don't keep them, although once in a while their customers ask for them. We get our skins of a fish dealer on Atlantic avenue. He purchases them from South Boston people, who sell the skinned eels for food, and when the skins are dried, sell them to various customers. In many of the fish stores on Atlantic avenue you will see a bunch of the skins suspended from the wall by a hook. They are very oily and soft, and while I don't take much stock in them, numbers of people have implicit faith in them. I am told that there is a German family in South Boston that sells these eel skins to various people throughout the United States and realizes a snug little income therefrom."—Boston Globe.

A HORSE'S BROKEN HEART.

The emotional life of the horse is remarkable. There are instances on record where the death of the horse has been traced directly to grief. One instance is called to mind which occurred more than twenty years ago. A circus had been performing in the little town of Unionville, Pa., when one of the trained horses sprained one of his legs so that he could not travel. He was taken to the hotel and put in a box stall. The leg was bandaged and he was made as comfortable as possible. He ate his food and was apparently contented until about midnight, when the circus began moving out of town. Then he became restless and trumped and whined. As the caravan moved past the hotel he seemed to realize that he was being deserted, and his anxiety and distress became pitiful. He would stand with his ears pricked in an attitude of intense listening, and then as his ears caught the sounds of the retiring wagons he would rush, as best he could with his injured leg, from one side of the stall to the other, pushing at the door with his nose and making every effort to escape.

The stableman, who was a stranger to him, tried to soothe him, but to no purpose. He would not be comforted. Long after all sounds of the circus had ceased his agitation continued. The sweat poured from him in streams and he quivered in every part of his body. Finally the stableman went to the house, woke up the proprietor and told him he believed the horse would die if some of the circus horses were not brought back to the hotel. At about daylight the proprietor mounted a horse and rode after the circus. He overtook it ten or twelve miles away, and the groom who had charge of the injured horse returned with him. When they reached the stable the horse was dead. The stableman said that he remained for nearly an hour perfectly still and with every sense apparently strained to the utmost tension and then, without making a sign, fell and died with scarcely a struggle.—Western Sportsman.

"Oh Korrek." Moses Folsom, of Port Townsend, sends the following sketch of the origin of the use of the letters "O. K.," which, he states, was furnished him personally by James Parton: While at Nashville in search of material for his history, Mr. Parton found among the records of the court of which Gen. Jackson had been judge a great many legal documents indorsed "O. K.," which meant "Order recorded," but often so scrawlingly written that one could easily read it as O. K. If Major Downing noticed a bundle of legal papers thus marked upon President Jackson's table, documents, perhaps, from his former court, in which he still had interest, it is very easy to see how a punster could imagine it to be "O. K.," or "oll korrek."

No doubt Seta Smith, who wrote under the nom de plume of "Major Jack Downing," had much to do with creating the impression that President Jackson was unlettered and illiterate, whereas many existing personal letters, military reports, court opinions and state papers show to the contrary. He lived before the day of stenographers and typewriters, and yet carried on a voluminous correspondence. Hundreds of his personal letters to old soldier friends are still preserved as heirlooms in the south, and his handiwork is numerous in Washington. He was evidently a rapid penman, and made greater use of capital letters than is the present custom, but misspelled words and stumbling sentences were few and far between.—Portland Oregonian.

A Famous Betrothal Over Forty Years Ago. "I wonder how many people know that Victoria the Good, as it has been suggested the queen of England shall be called, when she fell in love, had to do the proposing for herself?" said an Americanized Englishman the other morning. "I was much interested in reading recently the account of her betrothal. It had always been expected that she and her cousin Albert would eventually make a match of it. When they were both about 15 years old he visited England, but did not make much impression on the newly crowned queen. However, three years later he made up his mind to a 'now or never' game, and with his brother visited her at Windsor castle. Like more humble lovers, he was placed in a rather embarrassing predicament by the non-arrival of his luggage, and was thus prevented from dining with her majesty on his first evening as her guest. For five days did Victoria study him, and then after first telling her adviser, Lord Melbourne, what she had decided to do, she sent for Albert, saying that she desired to see him particularly. One account of the affair, certainly valuable for its brevity, reads as follows: "What the queen told him was that she loved him with her whole heart, and that she desired to be his wife." She was accepted without hesitation, as any good looking sovereign of 20 might have hoped to have been, and so they were married."—Philadelphia Press.

The Weight of Individuals. The average weight of a boy at birth is seven and that of a girl a little more than six pounds. When they have attained the full development of man or womanhood they should weigh twenty times as much as they did at birth. This would make a man's average weight 140 and a woman's about 125. The height of a male at birth is 1 foot 8 inches and that of a female 1 foot 6 inches. Fully grown, a man's height should be about three and a half times greater than at birth, or 5 feet 9 inches, while a woman should be 5 feet 3 inches. The weight of individuals who are fully developed and well formed, however, varies within extremes, which are nearly as 1 to 2, while their height varies within limits which at most are as 1 to 1-3. Taking 200 pounds as the maximum of man's weight and 85 as the minimum we would have the average of 142 pounds. Placing the maximum weight of woman at 165 pounds and the minimum at 70 pounds, and we get an average of 127 pounds.—Philadelphia Record.

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