And never shadow without the light. From our shadow we cannot flee away; It walks when we walk, it runs when

But it tells which way to look for the We may turn our backs on it any day.

Ever mingle the light and the shade That make this human world so dear; Borrow or joy is ever made, And what were a hope without a fear?

A morning shadow o'er youth is cast, Warning from pleasure's dazzling A shadow lengthening across the past, Fixes our fondest memories there.

One shadow there is, so dark, so drear, So broad we see not the brightness round it;

Yet 'tis but the dark side of the sphere Moving into the light unbounded. -Isa Craig-Tenot

THE CONCLUSION.

The smoking room at the club was deserted except for two men who sat in easy chairs before a crackling grate fire. One was absorbed in the evening paper, theother gazed into space and puffed a particularly good havana.

Fresently a third person sauntered in and exchanged half a dozen words with the others. He was a muscular, well-built fellow, with a firm mouth and handsome eyes, but the face was made unattractive by a tired, indifferent expression. He walked over to the table, and, pickirs up a magazine, absently turned the pages. It did not seem to interest him, for he threw it carelessly back and walked out of the

"Jerome looks old," said Martin, gracefully flecking his cigar-ashes partly on the tray but more largely fortunate part, it didn't; but that has on the rug.

"Yes," said Ford, looking up from the evening paper, "his trip into Asia doesn't seem to have braced him up." He went on reading, but Martin felt in a conversational mood, and was not

easily suppressed. "Poor health?" be inquired.

Ford looked up again. "Hardly that. Haven't you heard the story? He had a bad time over a love affair about three years ago. Men don't die of broken hearts, nowadays, but they are darned uncomfortable things." Ford was a bachelor; perhaps he knew whereof he spoke.

"Yes," said Martin, "I suppose they are uncomfortable, if a man is built that way. Tell me about Jerome.' Ford let the newspaper fall to the floor, and tapped the cushioned arm of his chair with his eyeglasses.

"Not much to tell," he said. Like most men under such circumstances he enjoyed the opportunity of telling of the affair, but hated to seem

"Go on." said Martin, carefully ex-

amining his cigar. "Jerome is a fool," said Ford, fierce-"He fell in love with a girl and can't get over it. The fair one in the case was Marian Crosby: an uncommonly attractive girl she was, too. Went in for society and that sort of thing, but had plenty of brains inside her shapely little head. Had a score of admirers, but first and foremost came Jerome. He had known her since her school-days, and they had always been excellent friends, although he was ten or twelve years older than she. Jerome had everything worth having to offer her, besides being a loveable fellow, and we all took it for granted that she would marry him. I went there often in those days, being an all-around friend of the family. Mrs. Crosby told me in a moment of confidence one evening when I had been dining there that she thought there was little doubt of Marion and Jerome being married before long. 'They are not engaged,' she said, 'and I suppose it is not in good taste for me to speak of it, but Mr. Jerome has been devoted to Marion for more than a year, and I am sure Marion is fond of him-how could any girl in her right senses be otherwise? Jerome never did anything by halves. If he loved the girl. of which there was small room for doubt, I knew he loved her with his to her affections, it was harder to tell about them. Although a very jolly young person she had a persistent little way of keeping her affairs to herself, and one never felt inclined to take the risk of making himself obnoxious by asking questions. Though not specially talented in that direction, she was passionately fond of music, and one winter quite neglected her society friends to go into a bohemian set, more or less professional, where her cleverness made her uncommonly welcome. It was there she met young Welhausen, a violinist, who gave promise of making himself famous. He was a young German of the middle class and possessed of only ordinary education, but the musician in the man raised him above the commonplace and showed in his proud. clean-cut chin and the delicate lines about the mouth, only half hidden by his moustache. He spoke English fluently, but with oddly turned phrases and a decided accent. He and Marian became friends at once. She admired his talent and found him intereseting. He thought her intensely pretty and charming. Well, you know how such

say such bateful things. "Poor Jerome was horribly broken up. Mrs. Crosby told me after ward that he pleaded with Marian an entire afternoon to see the mistake she was making in marrying a man so entirely longing to a different class, and with to Katherine of Aragon.-London Letideas of life totally unlike her own, ter.

pere and mere made a tremendous

row. They had other plans for Ma-

women whom every one expects to

marry well and who consequently

never do, and her 'sisters and cousins

and aunts' chimed in and made them-

selves disagreeable; that is the ad-

vantage of being a relative-one can

But Marian seldom changed her mind after it was firmly made up, and in spite of Jerome and the protests of her family she and Welhausen became

"It would have been a blessing to Jerome in those days if his father had never left him a cent and he had been obliged to dig for a living. As it was, he tried to write a novel, and when it was finished sent it to twenty-two publishers, one after another, each of whom returned it marked 'Unavailable' or without comment. The twenty-third returned it with a note more forcible than courteous, saying that the manuscript was 'utterly unavailable, without a redeeming feature,' whereupon Jerome decided that literature was not his forte, and, calmly putting the packet in the fire, tried to think of something else to occupy his time and attention.

"Late in the spring Marian and Welhausen were married. By that time the family had calmed down and concluded that the young Germn was rather a nice fellow after all, although, perhaps, not exactly the man they would have chosen for Marian. He was not welcomed into the family as Jerome would have been, but both he and Marian seemed fairly well

satisfied with his reception. "After the wedding Jerome decided to go abroad. It was rather a humiliating position for him, as every one knew of his attentions to Marian, but he did not seem to consider it so, and never referred to the subject, even in the remotest manner. His going away was by no means an idea to escape observation. It was merely taken up as something to absorb his time and attention. He had been to Europe half a dozen times, and wanted something new and exciting, so he decided on central Asia. If he had been the hero of a novel the author would have killed him off in a conflict with the natives, but being a man in real life. and especially Jerome, he came back without a scratch, but with a confoundedly blase air."

Martin took out a fresh cigar and lighted it.

"And of course her marriage to Welhausen turned out happily?" he said. "No," said Ford, "that was the unnothing to do with Jerome."

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

In 1858 theFirst Express Was Run Across the Plains.

"The first express run across the Butterfield in 1858," said Alexander Benham of Montana, the manager of the first overland express. "It started at Little Rock, Ark., and followed a southern route through Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, and then to Los Angeles, Cal. About two years later, in 1860, our company was formed for the purpose of carrying the mails to the Pacific coast. It was known as the Central Overland and Pike's Peak Express company. William H. Russell, Alexander Majors and a man named Wadell formed the company, and the contracts with the government for carrying mails were made out in their names. I was chosen manager, and had my officer in Denver.

"The southern route run by Butterfield did not have as much prominence as ours, which for years was known as the 'pony express' route. It started in at St. Joseph, Mo., running through Nebraska to Fort Kearney, to Fort Laramie, Wyo., thence to Denver, to Salt Lake City, to Placerville, Nevada, and to Sacramento, Cal. The whole trip, extending half across the continent, was made in seventeen days, when no acident befell, and accidents were not so numerous as some people have imagined. From St. Joseph to Denver the trip took seven days and from Denver to Sacramento was a journey of ten days. That was, of course, by the regular stage route, and little time was lost in making it.

"To accommodate our business we had about 150 coaches, most of which were kept running all the time. To haul them we had 1,500 horses scattered along the route from St. Joseph to Sacramento. In addition we had 6,000 or 7,000 head of cattle, which were used in hauling heavy freight and transporting feed for the horses and provisions for our men. You can see that the business was not by any means a small one, and it continued to grow as long as there was any use for transportation. This was until the completion of the Union Pacific Railway to California in 1870. Then overland traffic and mail service could be managed to better purpose by the railentire mental and physical force. As. road, and our pony express went out of existence. But up to that time from the day that the route was first opened in 1860 its brsiness had steadfly increased. Even the building of it; the man who has it not struggles to the railroad assisted us, for our line was the best adapted for carrying to western station employes and provisions."-Chicago Journal.

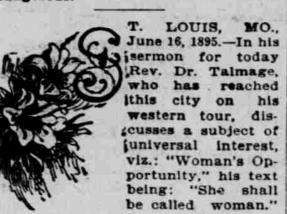
Laces in English Palaces. The princess of Wales has just made her daughter-in-law a very handsome present, namely, three flounces of most magnificent old English point lace, said to be worth something in four figures. Some lace, of course, is as valuable as precious stones-old Venetian point, point d'Alencon, the best English point and others. Now, it is fulness of demeanor, gild it with splenvery well known to the intimates of Marlborough house that the princess of Wales, who has always been one of the best dressed women in Europe, always keeping within the fashion, though never countenancing eccentricity, has one cherished hobby in the direction of dress; a great fondness things go. If two people like that see for collecting lace, of which her royal much of each other they fall in love, highness has a great number of specand so it was in this case. Crosby imens of extreme beauty, value and rarity, only equaled by the collection possessed by the queen, who is also a rian. She was one of those young great connoisseur of the same expensive and beautiful fabrics.

It is said that the princess of Wales' collection of lace is worth in actual money over £30,000 (only this I think is below the real figure), while, if "associations" are also taken into consideration, some of the more historic pieces are, of course, priceless. But in historical laces, of course, the queen beats the princess, for her majesty possesses some magnificent-laces, the out of the sphere in which she exist- property of former sovereigns, some ed-a man of another nationality, be- of the most beautiful having belonged

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PROPER SPHERE FOR WOM-AN-HER OPPORTUNITY.

The Noted Preacher Says That Capacity Is the Guiding Star of Woman's Usefulness-The Allurements That Are Dangerous.



Gen. 1i., 23. God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres-man to be regnant in his realm; woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an exerlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment. thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect; and then I open on my desk the swarthy, irontyped, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning, and George Ellot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection; but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple-and Matthew Simpson the bishop and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large, that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and

set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affec- the next. Soon all these bright eyes tional. No human phraeseology will | will be quenched, and these voices will ever decline the spheres; while there is be hushed. For the last time you will in intuition by which we know when a look upon this fair earth. Father's man is in his realm, and when a wom- hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, an is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say: "This is the line and | must start. Will it be a lone woman on that is the line." My theory is, that if a trackless moor? Ah! no. Jesus will a woman wants to vote, she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and of his hand and the storm will drop; there are effeminate men. My theory and another wave of his hand and midis that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown-thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to

try to seek out the height and depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity. My chief anxiety is, not that woman

have other rights accorded her; but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. First, she has the right to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and then tarry a comparatively little while; but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world, are a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. Oh, woman! thank God you have a home and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear a Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the of a princess. abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God, and your cheerdors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in every city-humble, two stories; four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man who would die on the threshold rather than surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees anrels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. I' is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and con-

four letters with which to spell out that

ing capitals, H-O-M-E.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together-soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long. and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust-Oh, she was the queen! The charlots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went up all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! mother!" Ah! she was the queen-she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police-their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons, and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damna-

Oh, woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these ailurements to dissipation and to fashion, Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh. give God your heart, give to God all your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to him, for this world and child's hand will no more be in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you come up in that hour and offer his hand, and he will say: "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave night will break into midnoon; and another wave of his hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed and heavenglinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel of the Red Sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air; and with sisters of charity, who bound up the battle-wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

Your dominion is home, O woman! What a brave fight for home the women of Ohio made some ten or fifteen years ago, when they banded together and in many of the towns and cities of that state marched in procession, and by prayer and Christian songs shut up more places of dissipation than were ever counted. Were they opened again? Oh yes. But is it not a good thing to shut up the gates of hell for two or three months? It seemed that men engaged in the business of destroying others did not know how to cope with this kind of warfare. They knew how to fight the Maine liquor law, and they knew how to fight the National Temperance society and they knew how to fight the Sons of Temperance and Good Samaritans; but when Deborah appeared upon the scene, Sisera took to his feet and got to the mountains. It seems that they did not know how to contend against "Coronation," and "Old Hundred," and "Brattle Street," and "Bethany," they were so very intangible. These men found that they could not accomplish much against that kind of warfare, and in one of the cities a regiment was brought out all armed to disperse the women. They came down in battle array; but oh, what poor success! for that regiment was made up of gentlemen, and gentlemen do not like to shoot women with hymn-books in their hands. Oh, they found that gunning for female prayer-meetings was a very poor business! No real damage was done, although there was threat of violence after threat of violence all over the land. I really think if the women of the east had as much faith in God as their sisters of the west had. and the same recklessness of human criticism, I really believe that in one month three-fourths of the grog-shops for other public purposes. of our cities would be closed, and there would be running through the gutters of the streets, Burgundy, and Cognac, whenever he appears above water, and and Heidsick, and old Port and Schiedam Schnapps, and lager beer, and you would save your fathers, your husbands, and your sons, first, from a drunkard's grave, and second, from a drunkard's hell! To this battle for home let all women rouse themselves. Thank God for our early home. Thank God for our present home.

Thank God for the coming home in heaven. One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest. The children said, play more. Children always jugal affections, and you had only just | want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this height and depth, and length, and dream: It seemed to me that I was in breadth, and magnitude, and eternity a far-distant land-not Persia, although of meaning, you would, with streaming | more than Oriental luxuriance crowned eyes, and trembling voice, and agitat- the cities; nor the tropics-although ed hand, write it out in those four liv- more than tropical fruitfulness filled the

Italian softness filled the air. And ? wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said: "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiand delve in the mine, and swelter at the forge?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said: "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands and shouted: "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here;" and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands. and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing, and leap and shout: "Home! home! home!"

Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.

A BONAPARTE LOVE LETTER.

Endearing Terms with Which Lucien

Wrote to Mme. Recamier. An invincible charm wraps up your very indifference. You repulse my prayers, you order me to be silent, you repeat the declarations that drive me to despair, you chill my hopes, you dispel my illusions as fast as they crowd on me, and although one word would make me happy you will not say It. A gesture, a kind look, another sight of you in the garden walk where you avoided me would transport my soul. I prefer to hear you chide me to being banished from your presence forever. In telling me that I am a mad man you infuse a grace into the harsh words that make me truly mad. Those pretty trifling airs and graces of which you are unaware are mingled so deliciously with your refusals that I cannot resent what you say. They go to the bottom of my soul. My Juliet, believe me when I say that I never knew what a demisentiment was, that I could never lie to a woman, that I am capable of going through fire and water for her, and that I should be broken hearted were it not for the fancy that a momentary gleam of joy passed over your face the last time I approached you. I was too timid to show my feelings. I did not dare ask you for as much as a piece of ribbon, as a symbol of my slavery, for a lock of hair, a flower. Send me a snip of ribbon or a tress. Write nothing. I shall then respectfully throw myself at your feet. The only thing I want is to see the tear of sensibility fall from your eye, or to hear from you that you trust me as a friend. This, indeed, would be a blessing. Oh, Juliet, a ribbon, a lock of hair, or a tear!-L. B.

Too Lazy to Move

A most curious and sluggish creature is the tautawa, a nine-inch lizard. whose home is in New Zealand. This little imitation saurian has the reputation of being the laziest creature ever created. He is usually found clinging to rocks or logs along the shores of rivers and lakes and has been known to remain in one position perfeetly motionless for many months. P. O. Box 23, Quincy I How the creature manages to exist is a mysterv.

Many people in the state of Washington who dislike the abbreviation "Wash.," are trying to substitute "Wn." for it. Spain has a magnificent domain of

119,000 square miles, a territory as large as the combined area of Missouri and The largest sailing ship affoat is the

remodeled Persian Monarch, 3,923 tons measurement. Her iron masts are 184 feet high from the deck.

There will be a copy of the great bazaar of Constantinople, a Cairo square and an exact reproduction of the Alhambra at the Paris exposition in 1900. Jinklets-I want my wife to be a woman who thinks before she speaks. -Plunkett-Why don't you say you are confirmed bachelor?-Detroit Free

"What makes them call Boston the hub?" "I guess it's because its such a center for wheels," replied the vulgarian who thinks Browning is nonsense. -Was' "ton Star.

Many of the pleasure gardens and castles of the Japanese nobles are now turned into parks and schools, and used Two or three species of birds are

known to accompany the crocodile

they give it the alarm when danger ap-Dears. The brain of man is the most convoluted of that of any animal in the world. The lower the animal in the scale of intelligence the smoother the

brain. The humming bird, in protecting its young, always files at and pecks at the eyes of its adversary. Crows have been found totally blind from the humming bird's bill.

There are practically no oaths in the Japanese language. About the most emphatic remark available for use, even by finrikisha men in a street blockade. is shinksu, or "beast."

Lady-How nice you removed that bunion. Chiropodist-Yes, I have had considerable experience. I used to do all the carving at one of the biggest gardens; nor Italy-although more than hotels in this city.-Tamamny Times.

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