

FATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AR into the night Margie sat reading the closely written sheets, penned by the hand now pulseless in death. All was made clear; Archer Trevlyn was fully exculpated. He was innocent of the crime which she had been influenced to believe he had committed. She fell on her knees and thanked God for that. Though lost to her it was a consolation in itself to know that he had not taken the life of a fellow mortal.

Her resolution was taken before morning. She had deeply wronged Archer Trevlyn, and she must go to him with a full confession, confess her fault, and plead for his forgiveness. Castrani, who came in the morning, approved her decision, and Nurse Day, who was told the whole story, and listened with moist eyes, agreed with them both. So it happened that on the ensuing morning Margie bade farewell to the quiet home which had sheltered her through her bitterest sorrow, and accompanied by Castrani set forth for New York.

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

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

"Is Mr. Trevlyn in?" she asked, trembling in spite of herself. "I believe Mr. Trevlyn has left the country, madam." "Left the country? When did he go?" "Some days ago." "Mrs. Trevlyn—take me to her! She was an old friend of mine."

The man looked at her curiously, hesitated a moment, and motioning her to enter, indicated the closed door of the parlor. "You can go in, I presume, as you are a friend of the family."

A feeling of solemnity, which was almost awe, stole over Margie as she turned the handle of the door and stepped inside the parlor. It was shrouded in the gloom of almost utter darkness.

Margie stopped by the door until her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and then she saw that the center of the room was occupied by a table, on which lay some rigid object—strangely long and still and angular—covered with a drapery of black velvet, looped up by dying water lilies.

Still controlled by that feeling of strange awe, Margie stole along to the table and lifted the massive cover. She saw beneath it the pale, dead face of Alexandrine Trevlyn. She dropped the pall, uttered a cry of horror, and sank upon a chair. The door unclosed noiselessly, and Mrs. Lee, the mother of the dead woman, came in.

"Oh, Margie! Margie!" she cried, "pity me! My heart is broken! My darling! My only child is taken from me!"

It was long before she grew composed enough to give any explanation of the tragedy—for tragedy Margie felt sure it was. The story can be told in a few brief words. Alexandrine and her husband had had some difficulty. Mrs. Lee could not tell in relation to what, but she knew that Alexandrine blamed herself for the part she had taken. Mr. Trevlyn left her in anger to go to Philadelphia on business. He was expected to be absent about four days. Meanwhile his wife suffered agonies of remorse, and counted the hours until his return should give her the privilege of throwing herself at his feet and begging his forgiveness.

But he did not return. A week, ten days passed, and still no tidings. Alexandrine was almost frantic. On the eleventh day came a telegraphic dispatch, brief and cruel, as those heartless things invariably are, informing her that Mr. Trevlyn had closed his business in Philadelphia and was on the eve of leaving the country for an indefinite period. His destination was not mentioned, and his unhappy wife, feeling that if he left Philadelphia without her seeing him, all trace of him would be lost, hurried to the depot and set out for that city.

There had been an accident about half way between New York and Philadelphia and Alexandrine had been brought back to her splendid home—a corpse! That was all.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE summer days had on and brought the autumn mellowness and splendor. Margie, outwardly calm and quiet, lived at Harrison Park with her staid maiden aunt.

A year passed away thus monotonously, then another, and no tidings

ever came of Archer Trevlyn. Margie thought of him now as we think of one being dead, with tender regret, and love almost reverent. He was dead to her, she said, but it was no sin to cherish his memory.

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

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

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

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

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

The decks were crowded; Doctor Elbert was looking after his wife, and Margie, clinging to a rope, stood frightened and alone. Some one came to her, said a few words which the tempest made inaudible, and carried her below. The light of the cabin lamps fell full on his face. She uttered a cry, for in that moment she recognized Archer Trevlyn.

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

"Oh, Archer, where have you been? It has been so weary! And I have wanted to see you so much—that I might tell you how I had wronged you—that I might ask you to forgive me. Will you pardon me for believing that you could ever be guilty of that man's death? If you knew all—if you knew how artfully it was represented to me—what overwhelming proofs were presented, you would not wonder—"

"I do know all, Margie; Alexandrine told me. My poor wife! God rest her. She believed me guilty and yet her fatal love for me overlooked the crime. She deceived me in many things, but she is dead, and I will not be unforgiving. She poisoned my mind with suspicions of you and Louis Castrani, and I was fool enough to credit her insinuations. Margie, I want you to pardon me."

"I do, freely. Castrani is a noble soul. I love him as I would a brother."

"Continue to do so, Margie. He deserves it, I think. The night I left home Alexandrine revealed to me the cause of your sudden rejection of me. We quarreled terribly. I remember it with bitter remorse. We parted in anger, Margie, and she died without my forgiveness and blessing. It was very hard, but perhaps at the last she did not suffer. I will believe so."

"If she sinned it was through love of you, Archer, and that should make you very forgiving toward her."

"I have forgiven her long ago. I know the proofs were strong against me. I am not sure but that they were sufficient to have convicted me of murder in a court of law. You were conscious of my presence that night in the graveyard, Margie?"

"Yes, I thought it was you. I knew no other man's presence had the power to thrill and impress me as yours did."

"I meant to impress you, Margie. I brought all the strength of my will to bear on that object. I said to myself, she shall know that I am near her, and yet my visible presence shall not be revealed to her. I had found out which was your window from one of the servants, and I watched its light which would fly to your side and be forever at rest."

"My darling!" he kissed her fondly, and went on: "I saw you leave your room by the window and come down the garden path. I had felt that you would come. I was not surprised that you did. I had expected it. I followed you silently, saw you kneel by the grave

of your parents, heard you call out upon your father for pity. O, how I loved and pitied you, Margie—but my tongue was tied—I had no right to speak—but I did kiss your hand. Did you know it, Margie?"

"Yes." "You recognized me then? I meant you should. After that I hurried away. I was afraid to trust myself near you longer, lest I might be tempted to what I might repent. I fled away from the place and knew nothing of the fearful deed done there until the papers announced it next day."

"And I suspected you of the crime! O, Archer! Archer! how could I ever have been so blind? How can you ever forgive me?"

"I want forgiveness, Margie. I doubted you. I thought you were false to me, and had fled with Castrani. That unfortunate glove confirmed you, I suppose. I dropped it in my haste to escape without your observation, and afterward I expected to hear of it in connection with the finding of Linmere's body. I never knew what became of it until my wife displayed it, that day when she taunted me with my crime. Poor Alexandrine! She had the misfortune to love me, and after your renunciation, and your departure from New York—in those days when I deemed you false and fair—I offered her my hand. I thought perhaps she might be happier as my wife, and I felt that I owed her something for her devoted love. I tried to go my duty by her, but a man never can do that by his wife, unless he loves her."

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

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

"And I also, Archer."

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

"All is peace, Archer. And God is very good."

"He is. I thank Him for it. And now I want to ask one thing more. I am not quite satisfied."

"Well?"

"Perhaps you will think it ill-timed—now that we are surrounded by strangers, and our very lives perhaps in peril—but I cannot wait. I have spent precious moments enough in waiting. It has been very long, Margie, since I heard you say you loved me, and I want to hear the words again."

She looked up at him shyly.

"Archer, how do I know but you have changed?"

"You know I have not. I have loved but one woman—I shall love no other through time and eternity. And now, at last, after all the distress and sorrow we have passed through, will you give me your promise to meet whatever else fortune and fate may have in store for us, by my side?"

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

"Yours always, Archer. I have never had one thought for any other."

So a second time were Archer Trevlyn and Margie Harrison betrothed. On the ensuing day the storm abated, and the steamer made a swift passage to New York.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXV.

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

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

Peace and contentment dwelt with Archer Trevlyn and his wife in their beautiful home. Having suffered, they knew better how to be grateful for, and to appreciate the blessings at last bestowed upon them.

At their happy bedside there comes to sit sometimes, of an evening, a quiet,

grave-faced man. A man who Archer Trevlyn and his wife love as a dear brother, and prize above all other earthly friends. And beside Louis Castrani, Leo sits, serene and contemplative, enjoying a green old age in peace and plenty. Castrani will never marry, but sometime in the hereafter, I think he will have his recompense. (THE END.)

THE BIGGEST POLICEMAN.

He is Said to Be Philadelphia's Capt. Mallin.

Philadelphia has cause for civic pride in the possession of the biggest and strongest guardian of the public peace in the country over—Police Captain Edward W. Mallin of the Second division, says the Philadelphia Press. There may be heavier wearers of the blue uniform, but mere avoirdupois is not a thing to be proud of.

Capt. Mallin measures in height 6 feet 6 1/2 inches. His weight is 200 pounds, which makes him splendidly proportioned. Beside him the 6-foot 200-pounder looks small enough to be coxswain of a university crew.

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

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

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

"You got me in here when I was drunk and helpless. Now I'm sober and I can eat up any two coppers in the precinct. Only give me a show at them."

Lieut. Mallin was patient until he deemed patience was a drug in the market. The bellicose prisoner was spilling for blood. Nothing else would quiet him. The lieutenant sent for the jailer and told him to open the cell door, and as the hinge grated the fighter flew into the roll-call room with an incandescent glow in his eyes. The lieutenant slowly rose from his chair until he was looking down at the prisoner far below. He said gently:

"Were you looking for something?"

"I—I—I thought I—"

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

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

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

A DANGEROUS BIRD.

What Will Happen Some Day to an Incautious Hunter of Blue Herons.

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

"The hunter goes up to the bird and sees it lying there looking as innocent as a robin, with only a broken wing."

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

CALIFORNIA PRUNE ORCHARDS.

Rare Beauty and Almost Perfect Cultivation of the Fruit Trees.

A ride through one of the vast prune orchards when the trees are in full bloom is an experience never to be forgotten, says Harper's Weekly. Some of these orchards, consisting of 500 acres, contain 50,000 trees, their ages varying from 5 to 10 years and planted in regular rows from ten to twenty feet apart. No pebble nor clod nor blade of grass can be found among the friable soil of the miles-long aisles which intervene, tasseled by the flickering shadows of the swaying snowy petals which project on either side from flower-laden branches. Bird and bee and butterfly are alive to the situation and puncture the perfumed air of a cloudless May morning with song, buzz and voiceless wing. Among the embarrassment of beauty walks the alert intelligent orchardist, watching with the trained eye of an artist the development of the tiny bud of the embryo prune upon the tree until picked at the prime of its perfection with the deft hand of an expert. In order to produce the desired uniformity of size and shape each fruit-bearing bough is subjected to such thinning and pruning that there lie scattered about the base of a tree often more rejected prunes than are left hanging upon its branches. As the eastern plum pest, the curculio, is unknown in California, as scarcely a drop of rain falls upon the trees from May until November, and as there is no scorching sun to shrivel the delicate skin of the prune nor rough wind to mar its contour, a bough of full ripened clusters represents one of perfect prunes. In an area from six to ten miles square planted with fruit trees 18,000 acres are in prunes alone. They cover the billowy surface of the majestic foothills, as well as the plain, with a beautiful irregularity impossible to describe. At plucking time thousands of busy hands are at work—chiefly those of boys and girls—preparing the luscious fruit for curing under the rays of the midsummer sun. The average yield from the crop is about eight tons per acre. The average cost of caring for the orchards, harvesting and curing the crop, is \$30 per acre, leaving a net income per acre of \$210.

Lived Without a Brain.

A Williamsport man has surprised the scientists by living for years without a brain. John Bly, aged 20 years, who died recently, had suffered for a long time with a tumor, which grew into the very base of the brain and occasioned his death. The growth had a visible effect upon his brain and the case became a curiosity to the medical profession. The tumor was imbedded too deeply into the brain tissues to admit of an operation. It was found that the tumor was nearly as large as a billiard ball. It was so located as to demoralize the nerves of the sight center and, as a consequence, young Bly was blind for over three years. It was developed at the autopsy that the entire brain had been hollowed out by the action of the tumor. The cavity was at least five inches in length and was filled with pus. All that was left of the brain was a thin shell, composed of the tougher tissues, which were less susceptible to the proceeds of decay. When an incision was made in the shell the whole mass collapsed. The circumstance which made the case almost unprecedented in the annals of medical science was the manner in which the patient retained his rationality and faculties under the circumstances. He had the senses of touch, taste, hearing and smell, had very tolerable control of his locomotor muscles could talk, and, in fact, was comparatively discommoded in no other way than by the loss of vision. His retention of memory was remarkable. He was able to memorize poems up to within two weeks of his death.—Wilkesbarre Record.

In a Coconut Orchard.

A Yucatan correspondent of the Philadelphia Record describes a large coconut plantation of a New England man down there. "On a tract of 1,000 acres (purchased from the government at the rate of four cents per acre) he has set out 10,000 trees, and expects in due time to make a princely fortune therefrom. It requires six years for the trees to begin to yield returns; and it is estimated that in ten years for the time of planting the grove will be worth at least \$1,000,000, on which it will yield an annual income of 10 per cent. A full grown coconut tree will mature from sixty to 100 nuts every year. Another American is experimenting in this neighborhood on ramie, or vegetable silk, and declares that its cultivation is to become an important factor in cloth-making materials. Ramie is a member of the bromelia family here, known as 'silk grass,' and grows wild in the hot sands of the coast. Today it is worth 35 cents a pound in Manchester, England, where the demand for it is immensely ahead of the present supply."

Lucky Thirteen.

"I believe that the number thirteen brings me good luck," said P. T. Thornton, of Louisville, at the Metropolitan. "I don't know whether or not it was because I was born on the thirteenth of the month, but I have watched it for years and whenever there is a combination in which thirteen appears it is a lucky one for me. I am as much of a crank in favor of the number thirteen as anyone can possibly be against it. If I am having a dull business on the road I ask the hotel clerks to give me room No. 13. It is remarkable how many hotels have no room with that number, and I am told that I am the only man who ever asks for a room with that number. Most men object to be given such a room.—Washington Star.

Trying to Suit Him. "Joslar," said the young man's father, "do ye remember what he said the other day 'bout not being able to do what I asked ye to round the farm sense ye got educated, 'cause ye wanted su'bin' deep ter accepy yer 'ten-tion?"

"Yes, father." "Wal, I've got the very thing fur ye. Ole man Tunkins is diggin' a subcellar."—Washington Star.

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

Lack of Realism. Mr. Wickwire—"What ridiculous, impossible things these fashion plates are."

Mrs. Wickwire—"I know they used to be, but most of them are engraved from photographs nowadays."

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

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken Internally. Price, 75c.

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

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

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

Free information relative to patents may be obtained in addressing Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Be a fool while you are young; it is better to cause grief to parents than to children.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

You can't make an old man believe that he can live on love.

History is what character has written.

Strong Hood's Sarsaparilla

Muscles, steady nerves, good appetite, refreshing sleep come with blood made pure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

Notre Dame, Indiana. Full Courses in Classics, Letters, Science, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. The Preparatory and Commercial Courses. Free to all students who have completed the studies required for admission into the Junior or Senior Year of any of the Colleges of the United States. A limited number of Candidates for the Ecclesiastical state will be received at special rates. St. Keweenaw Hall, or boys under 15 years, in uniform, commencing in September, 1896. Catalogues sent free on application to THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART

ST. JOSEPH, MO. The course of instruction in this academy, conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart, embraces the whole range of subjects necessary to constitute a solid and refined education. Property of desecration, personal notices and the principles of morality are objects of unceasing attention. Extensive grounds afford the pupils every facility for useful bodily exercises; their health is the object of constant solicitude, and in sickness they are attended with maternal care. Full term opens Tuesday, Sept. 1. Terms for session of 8 months, payable in advance, \$15. This includes tuition, board, washing, courses in French, German or Latin, use of library and other facilities. For further particulars address THE SACRED HEART ACADEMY SACRED HEART, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

SOUTH MISSOURI, WEST MISSOURI.

The best fruit section in the West. No droughts. A failure of crops never known. Mild climate. Productive soil. Abundance of good pure water. For Maps and Circulars giving full description of the Rich Mineral Fruit and Agricultural Lands in South West Missouri, write to JOHN M. FURLEY, Manager of the Missouri Land and Lumber Company, Neosho, Newton Co., Missouri.

STEADY WORK

WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to sell STARK TREES. Absolutely best "Superior" ever known, new system, STARK BROTHERS, LOUISVILLE, MO., ROCKFORD, ILL.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide" or How to Obtain a Patent. O'FARRELL & SONS, Washington, D. C.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

Write for catalogue. OMAHA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO. Have freight charged.

PATENTS.

Examine experience. Send sketch for advice. F. O. DUNN & WEAVER, McGill Building, Wash. D. C.

OPIMUM AND WHISKY

Whisky and Opium. Send for catalogue. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER.

LINDSEY-OMAHA-RUBBERS!

W. N. U., OMAHA—32-1899

When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.