ANTIQUITY OF THE PUMP. Man in All Ages Has Employed Ingenious

Devices for Raising Water. The development of the modern steam pumping-engine forms one of the most important features of progress in the field of mechanics. According to this writer, however, the ancients were not without a great deal of ingenuity in devising methods for the raising of water, and it is of Interest to study some of these methods, as introducing principles still in use in the construction of pumping machinery.

Machines for raising water may be said to be as old as civilization itself, and their invention extends so far beyond written history that no one can say when the art of lifting and distributing water began. Egypt, the land of unfathomable antiquity, the oldest civilization of the orient, noted not only for her magnificence and power, but for her knowledge, wisdom and engineering skill, understood and made practical use of such important hydraulic devices as the syphon and the syringe, the latter being a remarkable invention and the real parent of the modern pump. Whether or not syringes were ever fitted with inlet and outlet valves, thus making the single-action pump, is not known; but bellows consisting of a leather bag set in a frame and worked by the feet, the operator standing with one foot on each bag, expelling the inclosed air, the exhausted bag being then lifted by a string to refill it with air, implies the use of a valve opening inward, and it is difficult to conceive of a continuous operation without one.

A representative piece of mechanism occurs frequently on the sculptures of early Egypt. It has the appearance of. and is generally believed to be, that of a pertable pump. The hydraulic screw thing. It is you who hurt very much, is also attributed to this people, but "Oh, Lord, if people only wouldn't l their main reliance seems always to have been the Shadoof, seen everyinvention so simple and so well salapted to their needs that it remains to-day substantially the same as it has through all the centuries since history began.

The same may be said regarding the chain-pump in China, an invention the origin of which ante-dates the Christian era. This simple machine, which seems never to have been improved upon, is in such common use that every agricultural laborer is in possession of one. Where irrigation is conducted on a larger scale, the chain-pump is made proportionately larger and moved by a very simple tread-wheel; and still larger ones are operated by yoking a buffalo or other animal to a suitable driving

The application of steam to raising water is of uncertain origin. Long before the Christian era cortain applications of fire to vessels containing water, by which effects were produced calculated to astonish ignorant worshipers. web practiced by the priests of Egypt. Gree and Rome; but their knowledge

TOME PECULIAR PETS.

Ments of the Despised Rat Family and Their Ways. The is not popular with pet-lovers

come repagnance which our race decladis-Frank Buckland, of England instance-insist that he is, abovither little animals, amusing and wining. He is full of gam- Fairbanks." tten, and scrupulously neat i wits, he is particular and notional to maiden, the last degree when he is cared for learns to perform tricks of all sorts, and, what may seem most singular in one against whom every man's hand is

The white rat is often kept by boys, more, however, as a curiosity than as a house. They patched it up some way pet, and always under protest from their mothers. But boys lose interest, and do not like care, so the poor creature is apt to be neglected and become an offense in the household. This need never occur with any rat that is cared for, especially if he is not confined to a close cage. The white rat is neither so ntelligent nor, in my opinion, so prety as his brown relative. The black me-never! He ought not to," and white rat of Japan is sometimes resemble our own rats in his character-

the friend who cares for him.

A winsome pet is the common brown mouse, and now I fancy I hear the most vigorous protests from my readers, who, though they do not shrick and take refuge on chairs and tables like Howell's feminine characters, still have a strong feeling of distaste to him. Nothing can be imagined more dainty, graceful and altogether captivating than the tricks and manners this humble resident within our walls. Once allay the poor little creature's fears of his big clumsy human purse-cutors, and his delightsome qualities are apparent, Frisky in movements, in conceits, and eccentric of action, he is a never-ending source of entertainment. Moreover, he is as teachable as the rat, absolutely neat in

his ways, and most loving to his friends. A singing mouse, which is not so great a rarity as one would suppose rom the newspaper fuss that is sometimes made over one, has an added attraction as a pet. The singler is no doubt similar to that of the marin set,

and resembles the canary song a good deal smothered. All these little creatures should be tamed and attached to people by their affections, and not kept as prisoners in In the former case they display their peculiar characteristics, and take perfect care of their coats, while in the latter they require constant watching and attention, and show no individuality whatever. It is not a pet that is kept in a cage, it is a priso and a prisoner in his unnatural and un happy life can never afford much pleas -Harper's Bazar.

OI MOTHER.

"Of mother, I want my bonnet tied!" "My hat has lost a string?"
"Must I be Bobby Barnes' horse!" "Is gis your pitty wine?

"Say, will you make us chicken pie!"
"Somebody's hid my sinte!" "See what on ugly reat, mainma; I tored it on the gate."

"O' mother, Mamfe's coming in, With Moll, and Bess, and Fred; Can we have excum and cake to-night, And send the boys to best?"
"Dear mother, may I wear your shaw!"

Fer going for a drive.
If Charley should propose, marema, May I ask him in at five?

"Of mother, send those children out, They make such fearful die I've got my sermon well along,

As far as 'What is Sin'.
And cas' t you bear in mind that cup Of strong ten for my head; And mix a few light relia and bake? You know I hate cold bread."

O! mother, mother, should you cease One little hour the care That day by day, year after year, For this dear brood you bear,

It seems the wheels of life must ston,

Rich mother-love! It springs, A free, sweet fountain; and it lends The commenced duty wings.

-- Estelle Thomson, in Home Magazine.



CHAPTER XIV.-CONTINUED.

"But you will let me know what it all means, Norrie? It is so hard to credit John's being a brute to you, when your leaving him as you did has just knocked all the go and the grit out of him."

Nora's thin lips carled incredulously, and she fumbled restlessly with the centents of her portfolio. Dick closed his eyes with a groan of

despair. "Does the leg hurt very much? Let

me wet the bandages "I had forgotten all about the pesky

"Oh, Lord, if people only wouldn't be so mysterious! There is some mistake at the bottom of all this misery, and that's where along the banks of the Nile, an | what I said to Lorre when Rafe and I left home. I said: 'Lorrie, everybody goes to the city when they get miserable and want to hide. Sib Fairbanks went there, Dennis went there, and John's wife has gone there.' I said: Lorrie, you needn't blurt it all out to John, but when we get to New Orleans Rafe can hunt Dennisup, and I'll ferret out John's wife. When I find ber, I'll kill her but what I'll get to the bottom of this nonsense."

"And now here you are-" "Where is Rafe? Why is he not here Aith you?" Nurse Hamilton asked, in a dry, harsh voice.

He got off yesterday with Dennis. 1 missed the boat, you know. I meant to have gone, too."

"And who is Dennis?" "Who is Dennis? Didn't John ever

tell you about Dennis and Ida Fairbanks? That's another Lorimer mess." The portfolio slid from Nurse Hamilton's lap upon the polished bare floor sect never to have been turned into and lay there unheeded. Dick was in a Engering Magazine. private apartment. There were no other patients to see the gentle, whitecapped ministrant kneel beside his narrow iron cot, clasp his hands in both of hers, and, with her soft eyes glued ravenously to his face, whisper, in a voice over which she had lost all conin gal; but persons who have overtrol:

> "No. I never so much as knew there was a Dennis Lorimer. Dear, dear boy, tell me about Dennis and Ida

Then Dick told her-somewhat fanre care of his person, washing and tastically, perhaps, for he was young, brushing his fur as carefully as a cat. and the romance of it grew with the Though not over-dainty in feeding telling-all that he knew of Dennis' when he is wild and has to live by his unfortunate wooing of the Glenburnie

"And, you see, of all us boys," he addand able to choose. The rat is pecu- ed, "John is the only one who would diarly amenable to instruction, readily ever consent to be a go-between. It tooked like playing a trick on mother. But Dennis and John were always particular cronics, and the last time he raised, he becomes warmly attached to came up he coaxed John over, and John coaxed her over. She went with John one night to see Dennis at old Isham's between them. Then when mother got ill, she began to worry so over Dennis that Rafe and I started out in search of a brother, and found him. But you were the long-lost sister I was hunting for. I got disheartened, though, and agreed to go home with the boys."

"Dick, oh, Dick, I have been such an awful fool! John will never forgive

John's wife was sobbing, there on her sean in our country, and he is said to knees by the boy's bedside. He laid his hand caressingly on her bowed head.

"Won't you please tell me all about it, sister Nora? I know I'm nething but a lubberly boy, but we Lorimer boys don't go back on our womenkind for a trifle. I told the boys Norrie was all right. Thank God, you have not made me take a word of it back. Won't you let me send word to John. Norrie? Just telegraph the one word: 'Come.'

"Not yet. Wait. Go to sleep now, dear. I must think, alone."

She stood up, kissed him tenderly on the forehead, and then stole quietly away to her own room.

The day was nearly gone when she came back to him. Her face, thinner and whiter by many degrees, Dick thought, than when John had first brought her to White Cliffs, wore a look of such absolute screnity that it had gained an angelic touch of beauty.

"Norrie, you are divine! You look as if you had been closeted with an

"I have been," she said, with sweet gravity-"the angel of peace. I have written to John myself, Dick." "Hurrah! Won't somebody please

throw up my hat for me?-that is, if I own such a piece of furniture." "And oh, Dick, are the Lorlmers for-

giving?" "The Lorimer torgiveness is not involved here. Oh, by the way, this came while you were gone." He put an un-sealed note in her hand. "That must hackney coach occupied by two white have been a monstrous long letter, Norrie. You've been gone three hours."

made her look at the signature first.

"Sibley Fairbanks." She started, and with a wildly beating heart rend on. What she read was this:

"MY DEAR MR. CORDER: I have just heard by the mercat chance (your surgeon being a personal friend of mine) of your inconvenient He tells me that there is not shadow of dancer attendant upon it. I should have called in person to inquire, but am making forced and hurried preparations to leave for Glenburnic, having just been wired that my father is dead. Permit me to express my regrees at your pain and detention. Your friend and neighbor. SIBLEY PARRIANES."

Sibley Fairbanks. Poor Amelia's first husband! The man who had deserted her so heartlessly. She had never seen him. Mellie married him while she, Nora, was teaching in a school in Arkansas. But Mellie's child would know its father at last. Would it be for Ninette's bappiness?

She folded the letter and slipped it back in the envelope. Dick had opened it impulsively by running his forefinger under the flap. The unbroken wax impression of a martlet confronted her.

She stared at it with horror in her eyes and a confused buzzing in her cars. Was that, then, the solution to the Norcross tragedy? Had this brute, after flinging her poor Mellie aside like a flower that had lost its fragrance, come back in a jealous frenzy and utterly cruelly? If God reigned, there must be justice among men. Not revenge; sim- At last: ply justice! She put the letter back on Dick's bed,

minus the envelope. She sat mechanically through the half-hour which she declared nervously was all she could spare him that night.

There was work for her to do, and the wraith of her murdered Mellie reproached her for not being about it. She repreached herself for her bewildered indecision. She stood under the gas-jet in her own room a long time risen from her knees that she said aloud, as if in answer to a protest: Patience, my dear. It will take him three days to reach his destination."

CHAPTER XV.

him off, after consultation with a lawyer, my dear."

She did not answer him. She was horses of the other. His withered! reading the note. Feminine instinct black face had beamed a homely welcome to "his boy Sibley" long before the gangway had been adjusted. Sibley had waved his hat cordially in return. It was towards Cato's vehicle that he was hurrying, when a sober face and a massive form were interposed between it and him:

"I am sorry, Mr. Fairbanks, but-you are my prisoner." He recoiled a step and looked the man

amazedly in the face. "Your prisoner?" The man extended a folded piece of

paper. He declined touching it. "Who are you?" "Martin Hastings, sheriff of Dalton."

"But are you not making a mistake, Mr. Sheriff?" "Not unless the mistake lies in thinking that you are the Sibley Fairbanks

herein described." Again he offered the warrant for perusal. This time Sibley took it and sycamore trees that stretched their gnarly branches protectingly over him. with Cato watching the whole strange

scene in throbbing anxiety. Fairbanks grew ghastly white as he read. The paper trembled in his grasp. When he handed it back it fell between him and Sheriff Hastings. He took out his white silk handkerchief and wiped extinguished the life he had marred so the great beads from his forehead. The was afraid to trust himself to words.

> "Does that mean," he asked, huskily, that I must go with you-go back to New Orleans?"

"It does," "Do you know what brought me here?"

"You are here to attend your father's funeral. We have thought of that, and are disposed to make it as easy on you as possible. My companion here-my deputy-is entirely unknown in this neighborhood. With your permission after she had completed her prepara- he will drive to Glenburnie in the same tions for retiring. It was after she had carriage with you. I would advise you to go quietly. He can pass as a friend who came up with you, you know.'

"I suppose you mean to be kind, so I ought to thank you. I do," said Sibley, with mechanical courtesy.

"No call for gratitude; only, you see, "By comparison with electricity steam | there's no use your kicking against the is a slow-plodding beast. I can head pricks, and there's no use our making it any rougher on you than need be."

"What is my friend's name?" asked She said it aloud, as if she would re- Fairbanks, smiling somewhat grimly, assure the unresting spirit that was as the sheriff beckoned to his com-



"HE CALLED HER NORRIE."

in the direction of solving the Norcross

If ever she felt tempted to give over the hopeless task of unearthing her sister's slaver there would come back to her, with reproach in its shadowy eyes. a vision of Amelia, not as she had seen her in the Norcross mansion, ablaze with jewels and flashing in yellow satin, but Amelia in her peculiarly helpless, clinging childhood; Amelia in her pure, happy girlhood; Amelia in her winning, unsullied, budding womanhood; the Amelia whom she had loved and protected before that rash marriage with Sibley Fairbanks, which had been dissolved, as rashly, at the close of three years.

Of that Amelia, and of none other, would she permit herself to think. It was that Amelia who was still appealing to her for help. She raised her arms despairingly.

In all this wide world, full of clear heads, strong arms and tender hearts, there was none to care, not one to help her throw the light of truth upon that dark, dark spot in her memory. Perhaps it had been reserved for Dick to help her. Perhaps the clew had been

put into his hands for her guidance. No one could have had any motive for that dastardly deed but Sibley Fairbanks. Amelia—the beautiful, willful Amelia-had not made him a good wife. She had heard only Mellie's partial statement; but it had been enough.

Sibley Fairbanks had the motive of jealous revenge to steel his arm; andthere was the witness of the seal of the Fairbanks family.

"I will do it, my dear. I will follow this clew to its bitter end. Perhaps then you will rest, and so will L. Yes, steam is a slow plodding beast. especially when every nerve in one's

body is aquiver with impatience. Sibley Fairbanks, steaming slowly up the river in answer to Ida's telegram. was in just such a feverish state of unrest, until, eagerly running across the clumsy staging that was flung out for spreading sycamore trees. One was a ago.

Old Cato stood bareheaded by the for his home-staying.

forever goading her to fresh endeavor panion, a slight, boyish, beardless young "Moore. As gentle as a girl, as long

as you walk straight, but Old Nick him self couldn't get away from him." He had eaught and misread the wintry smile on Fairbanks' lips. "I have no desire to try his patience

in that direction," said his prisoner, walking haughtily away in the direction of his own carriage. At its steps he paused and courteously turned to the officer of the law, with a regal air: "Before me, Mr. Moore."

Moore entered the vehicle. Sibley stepped in after him. Old Cate clambered to his perch on the high old-fashioned box, and touched up his horses briskly. It was a grim home-going! What fiction should be invent to account to Ida, the most fastidiously reserved of women, for bringing a strange man home with him to his father's funeral? She would think him a brute. He was not good at lies. He was sick of shams, and of trying to parry fate's spiteful thrusts. Should be say to her,

with blunt truthfulness, that this beardless boy, from whose cassimere trousers-pockets a pair of ugly hand-cuffs were permitted to obtrude, was his keeper?—that he was a prisoner of the law, wanted for the murder of his wife, the little Ninette's mother? He could fancy his high-bred Ida's horror and disgust. It would not be an easy thing to do.

It grew harder even in the bare contemplation of it, as each revolution of the wheels brought him closer to the home whose shelter he had spurned in his hot boyish resentment ten years ago. It grew to the proportions of a ghastly impossibility, as the crunching of the wheels on the graveled drive brought to the open front door of Glenburnie a touchingly helpless group.

Ida, as tall and stately as some pure white Easter lily, Ninette, his own little daughter, all a flutter with flaunting ribbons and crisp embroideries, clinging to Ida's black draperies, and old Dido, the old mammy who had his convenience at his own landing, he rocked him to sleep in her withered saw two carriages waiting under the arms so many, many times in the long

They were waiting for him, watching for him-glad of his home-coming, eager

He grouned aloud, and dropped his head upon his breast.

"Is that all there is of them?" Moore asked, looking out at the small feminine group.

That is all."

"No men folks but you?" "None."

"It's hard lines, no mistake. I wish it wasn't me that had to take you away from them again to-morrow. Hanged if I ever had a rougher job put on me." "It is creditable to you to feel so. I am obliged to you."

"Oh, as for that, it's natural to suppose that anybody in my line of business is a brute; but if you can think of any way in which I can soften this consistently with my duty, command me."

"I cannot think at all," said Sibley, leaning back among the moth-eater cushions of the old family coach, with a groan of helpless wretchedness, "I have it!" said Moore, briskly,

am a man prospecting for land. You read it, standing there under the old kindly gave me a lift this far. Your man puts you out at the front door and drives away with me. He can hide me somewhere. The day after the-after the-"

"The funeral is set for to-morrow," said Sibley, steadily. "The boat that brought us up returns from Vicksburg to-morrow night. I will be there,"

"I will trust you! I never felt surer able by death. of a man since I went into the busi-

"Thank you."

They were at the front door. Cato drew up with a jerk. Sibley let himself out, and, giving Cate an order in a banking firms in California, all once low tone, turned slowly and hesitating. | did a large business in this line. ly towards the little group in the door-

Moore's device had given him a respite only-a very short one at that. Ida's arms were about him. Her wet check lay against his. Dido's sobs were ringing in his ears. Ninette was standing land, "It's good enough for the Irish," shyly aloof, looking on with grave won- was her remark when a remonstrance der at this dismal scene of welcome.

"Auntle!" she spoke presently, sharp. rebuking words, "you said my papa was coming to make us all glad and happy. He has come, and you and mammy Dido do nothing but ery and wipe your eyes far as a substitute half-back."-Puck. on your handkerchiefs. Is that my

Sibley put Ida away from him and the question."-Cleveland Plaindealer. turned towards the small faultfinder. He held out his hands.

"Is that my Ninette? Do you not remember me, child? Have you not the News. faintest recollection of me? No love at all to give me?"

At each yearning question Ninette shook her small golden head in graveeyed negation. Then, in rapid crest Life. cendo:-

"I remember my Norrie! I remember Uncle John, and Dick, and Rafe, andand Celeste. But you-never! Auntie Ida said my papa was the most beautiful man in the world. She showed me his picture, and made me kiss it every day, and taught me to pray God bless my papa' every night. But you don't look one bit like my papa's picture; not one tiny little speek.

He drew back his suppliant hands. "Let her be," he said, as Dido whisher continue to worship the unreal father you have all made her acquainted

with. Where does our father lie, Ida?" Ida turned, and, with her hand resting upon his arm, led the way towards the drawing-room, where all that was left of Ames Fairbanks lay in state upon a velvet-draped couch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMPERTINENCES OF LANGUAGE.

How Ead Pronunctation Often Gives Evil Sense to Innocent Words. The idiosyneracies of literature are quaint and interesting. They creep

alike into song and sermon. Take that poetic form, for example, where the sense depends almost wholly on the punctuation, as in the case of a popular song which is usually ren- May coat faced with black moire and dered in this way, with a pause at the last word of the line:

"Oh let me sit beside you in your eyes." The succeeding line of this remarkble request makes everything clear:

"Reading the promise of our Paradise." It shows how necessary an evil punctuation is, if sense would be made. A command in a popular recitation is

usually given in breathless haste like "Jump, jump, boy he obeyed:" A pious divine who never used more than a couplet of verses in his sermons. amused his hearers by thus quoting

from an old poem: " Birds in their little nests agree And 'tis a shameful sight. He was much chagrined with this doubtful illustration, until he hunted up the other two lines and justified his

quotation: " When children of one family Fall out and scratch and bite." -Detroit Free Press.

Rest for Mind and Body.

A sick person should be kept in bed, and a very sick person should not be allowed to leave it for any purpose whatever. Appliances can be obtained which render it unnecessary, and these should be used. All exertion should be avoided as far as possible. The bed can be arranged and the sheets changed with very little movement. A good nurse will make every motion tell, and not worry her patient with futile ones. Rest of mind is as important as rest of body. Worries, large and small, must be kept at a respectful distance. If things go wrong in the household, or at the office, the invalid cannot help it, and should not know of it.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Bridget Knew Her Business. A lady had been ill and under medical treatment for a long time. As she grew no better all the while she became distrustful of her physician's skill and did not wish to see him, and yet was not bold enough to tell him so. She communicated her state of mind to her maid. "Lave 'im to me, mum; lave 'im to me!" said the girl. By and by the doctor came to the door and Bridget opened it about an inch. "Sorry, sir," said she, "but ye can't come in the day, docthor!" "Can't come in? How's that?"

"The mistress do be too ill for to see ye

the day, sir!"-Philadelphia Times.

POINTS ABOUT MONEY.

THE grand total number of coinsgold, silver, copper and bronze-now in circulation throughout the United Kingdom is more than 909,000,000, which would mean three for every inhabitant of Europe.

THE Hebrews had no coins of their own until the days of the Maccabees, who issued sheltels and half shekels, with the inscriptions: "Jerusalem, the Holy," "Simon, Prince of Israel." These bear no images.

Tur carliest American coinage was made for the Virginia company at the Bermudas. The coins were of brass, with a "hogge on one side, in memory of the abundance of hogges that were found on the islands at their first landing." ONE silver helf-dollar is one-half the

veight of the silver 5-franc piece of France, Belgium and Switzerland, of the 5-lire coin of Italy, of the 5-peseta of Spain, of the 5-drachma of Greece, and exactly the same as the florin of Austria. DURING the thirteenth century the

Chinese emperors made money from the inner bark of the mulberry tree, cutting it into round pieces and stamping it. To counterfeit or to refuse to accept it as a legal tender was punish-

VERY large amounts of private gold coins were formerly minted in this country by individuals. Reid, of Georgia, the Bechtlers, of North Carolina, the Mormons in Utah and several

QUEEN ELIZABETH raised the standard of English money to a point higher than was ever before known, but at the same time made a separate coinage, containing half the usual amount of precious metal, for special use in Irewas made.

PITH AND POINT.

OLDMAN-"Did your son get through college?" Patedegras-"No, only as "The question which confronts us," howled the orator, "is how to confront.

MANY people would rather turn somebody else down than to go to work and turn something up .- Galveston "Well, Topsey, and what do you do

on the plantation?" Topsey-"Well, miss, I mostly breaks de dishes and gits licked fo' tellin' lies."-Brooklyn "Can you tell me in what year the town of Pompeii was burnt?" "I don't remember the precise date, sir, but it.

must have been on an Ash Wednesday." -Le Littoral. "He may not be altogether original, but he imparts to everything a something of his own." "Yes, he will takeup a fellow's bon mot and make a-

chestnut of it."-Judge." CLERK-"light I ask what you intend to do with these five hundred pered a repreach in her pink car. "Let young men you are advertising for?" Shoe Dealer-"I am going to give one away with each pair of women's shoes to keep them tied."-Indianapolis Journal.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

RUFFLES, or overlapping frills somewhat deeper than ruffles, are taking the place of the balloon puffs which for some months past have formed the upper part of the fashionable sleeve. DELICATELY-FIGURED bengaline silks

are very popular. They come with unpatterned material to match and are used for church, visiting or reception costumes. A PRETTY restume of the now fashionable butcher's blue linen has the bell skirt untrimmed and a Princess

in a great variety of beautiful colors

made with very wide revers. With this is a serpentine blouse of black China silk dotted with blue. Among the dresses being imported for early fall wear are those that have the skirts flounced to the hips or waist. On some of these costumes are eighteen, or even twenty, flounces, and the

sleeves are a mass of tiny frills from.

the waist to the shoulder. I Lost My Hearing

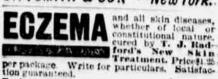
As a result of cutarrh in the head and was deaf for over a year. I began to take Hood's Sarsana rilla. To my surprise and great joy I found when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. I kept on and I can hear perfectly well. I am troubled but very little troubled but very little with the catarrh. I con-

sider this a very re- Herman Hicks. markable case." HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills.

Positively cure Bilious Attacks, Constipation, Sick-Headache, etc. 25 cents per bottle, at Drug Stores. Write for sample dose, free.

J.F. SMITH & CO., From New York.



T. J. Radford Eczema Co., Kansas City, Mo. References Union National Bank and Evans-Gallagher Drug Company. CUT THIS OUT.

DOD'T FORGET Land A Nyman. of Time, Outo, make first-class Machinery, and Tools for Boring and BRILLING WELLS. OF NAME THIS PAPER POST UNE