

AT TWILIGHT.

Each luminous, tinted cloud
That glowed in the fields of air
Now dies in its own waning shroud...

THE SQUIRE'S WIFE.

Squire Clover listened in silence, but
with a quiet smile upon his lips, to his
old cronies' views of their various hardships...

But after they had all spoken he
knocked the ashes out of his pipe and
proceeding to refill it, said:

"Ay, neighbor, ye've told some pretty
queer stories, but I'll warrant I can tell
one that can match 'em. I rather guess
'twould astonish those acquainted with
my quiet, modest-looking wife yonder...

"Now, David," expostulated Mrs.
Clover, both reddening and smiling as
she met her husband's quizzical look...

"Ah, sure it is easy talkin'," said the
squire, shaking his head with demure
gravity. "But when a girl—an' especially
such a pretty one—flies directly into a
fellow's arms, what else can he do?"

"Laughingly declaring 'that she'd stay
to listen to no such nonsense,'" Mrs.
Clover gathered up her work and ran
away; and her husband, after shaking his
jolly sides with silent laughter, until some
of those present were fearful that apoplexy
would be the result...

"I was a poor boy, as perhaps you
know, with nothin' but a pair of stout
arms and broad shoulders to push my
way in the world with; but I had a
brave heart, an' wasn't afraid to work,
an' on the whole, ain't always dissatisfied
with what my hands have brought me."

"The summer I was twenty-one I
went to work for Sue's father.
"Mr. Bean was a well-to-do farmer,
and Sue his only child. He wasn't any
ways stuck up about his property, but
he set a great store by Sue an', as he
knew that some day she'd have as good
a farm as there was in the county, nat'ral-
ly expected that the man who got
her would be able to give as much as he
took."

"So I had no more idea of ever bein'
Sue's husband than I had of flyin'; an'
yit the very first time I set eyes on her
I knew, as well as I know now, that no
other woman would ever be to me what
she was."

"I remember the day just as well as
if 'twas yesterday. I had seen Mr.
Bean down to the village the night
before, an' 'twas agreed that I come the
next afternoon."

"When I came to the house—an' a
nice lookin' house it was, with a broad
piazza each side on't—I was dubious as
to whether I had better go in the side
or back door. I finally concluded to
take the latter."

"As I passed by the kitchen window
I heard a voice singin', as sweet an'
clear as a robin's, an' on lookin' in I
saw Sue standin' by a table, kneadin'
bread, and I never see a prettier picture
afore or since."

"Ah, lads, ye may talk about girls at
the piny, but they ain't half so much to
my mind as the one I saw at the
moldin'-board; the flour she was siftin'
an' no whiter than her round, un-
covered arms, and with as bright a bloom
on cheek and lips as the roses that were
clambering over the porch."

"Wal, arter starin' at her pretty face
as long as I dared to—quite unbeknown
to her—I knocked at the door."

"Come in!" sang out a voice that set
my heart to beatin' like a sledge ham-
mer."

"Liftn' the latch I walked in.
"Is Mr. Bean to home?" I stam-
mered, coloring as red as a beat, as
Sue turned her black eyes on me."

"Yes; father's somewhere about,
He'll be in a minute. 'Won't you
take a seat?"

"In goin' across the room, I stum-
bled over a pail, which so flustered me
that sat I down in a chair where a large
gray cat lay curled up asleep, and who,
spittin' an' clawin at me, sprang out of
the window."

"I could see by the dimples that came
round Sue's pretty mouth that she had
hard work to do to keep from laughin'
outright. But she didn't 'pear to take
any notice on't, and pretty soon old Mr.
Bean came in, an' then I began to feel
more comfortable."

"They were real nice sort of folks,
who treated their help like their own
family, an' I soon began to feel at
home."

"All but with Sue; I couldn't seem to
say two or three words to her without
blunderin', an' was always doin' some
awkward thing or other whenever I
went nigh her."

"I don't think I'd have felt quite so
shy if I had known her opinion of me,
for I wasn't a bad lookin' chap in my
young days—broad shouldered an'
straight as an arrow—with big hazel
eyes an' brown hair, as full of crinkles
as curled maple."

"I hadn't been to Mr. Bean's long
before I found out that Sue had a
beau. His name was Silas Peterkin,
son of the store-keeper down in the
village."

"He was a white-faced, slim-waisted
feller, with little hands an' feet that I'd
been ashamed to own, but which he
seemed to feel mighty proud of."

"He used to come to see Sue about
twice a week, dressed in his store
clothes, and lookin' as if he'd just
stepped out of a band-box.
"Sue never seemed to act as though
she had any partic'lar likin' for Silas;
but 'twas easy seen that the folks set
great store by him, an' was mighty
pleasant at the idea of his steppin' up
to their darter."

"As for me, I never see him sittin' by
Sue, an' smirkin' up into her face, but
what I felt as if I wanted to fling him,
head first, out of the window."

"So matters went on until Septem-
ber, when Mr. Bean gave a huskin'
party."

"We young fellers set to work with
a will, an' afore sunset the corn was
all husked an' piled away, and the
barn floor swept clean for the dance
an' supper we was to have in the
evenin'."

"Pretty soon the women folks began
to flock in, all dressed in their best,
an' lookin' as fresh an' bloomin' as a
flower garden after a shower."

"But Sue was the prettiest of the hull
lot, dressed in her white frock, with the
pink ribbon tied around her waist."

"Silas Peterkin, he was there, of
course, an' as soon as I see him I went
to the house."

"As I was standin' on the back steps,
out of sorts with myself an' everybody
else, I heard a voice say:
"'David!'"

"An' turnin' round, I saw Sue,
lookin' as smilin' as a basket of chips.
"'Aint you comin' down to the
barn?" says she."

"I rather guess I ain't wanted,"
says I.
"'Oh, yes, you are,' says she; 'I
want you.'"

"She looked and spoke so sweet that
I was enamored a mind to go. But
jest then I heard Silas calling her; and
mutterin' somethin' about havin' some
tools to grind, I walked off."

"I was most sorry for't, though,
when I caught a sight of her face as
she walked away with Silas, an' saw
how sober it was."

"Sittin' down on the back steps, I
went to work; the raspin' of my file
sounidin' a deal pleasanter to my ears
than the fiddlin' that floated up from
the barn down in the medder."

"It had been uncommonly hot for a
number of days past, but this had been
the hottest one of all. Not a leaf
moved, and there was somethin' un-
nat'ral in the stillness of everythin'
around. There was a strange look to
the sky, too; it was streaked overhead
with purple an' violet, with a sort of
yellow glare in the west."

"Old Bose, the dog, who had been
wanderin' restlessly about for the last
hour, now set up a mournful howl."

"When I went to fodder the cattle I
found the poor critters huddled to-
gether in one corner of the yard, uterin'
low bellows of terror and dismay, their
instincts warning them, as all these
signs did me, of the tornado that was
approachin'."

"Goin' back to the house I shut every
door and window.
"Then thinkin' of the folks in the
barn—that was the most in danger of
anythin'—I ran down the garden to-
ward the meadow where it stood."

"But I had hardly gone two rods be-
fore it came—liftn' me off my feet, and
hurlin' me against an opposite fence!
I picked myself up and hurried on.
As I come in sight of the barn—or,
rather, where it once stood—the air was
filled with dust an' flyin' shingles an'
timber!"

"As soon as it cleared away a bit, I
saw Sue standin' in a most perilous
position right in the midst of it!
"'Shouted 't her to come away; and
jest then the wind took her up as if she
was but a feather, bearin' her directly
toward me. I opened my arms an' she
came right into them."

"As she did so, one of the flyin' sticks
hit one of my arms, makin' it useless;
but holdin' her tight with the other, I
took her to some low bushes in a little
hollow between two hills."

"The tornado was as short as it was
violent, and though a good deal of
damage was done, luckily, no one was
hurt much."

"Sue escaped without a scratch. My
arm was broken; but considerin' who
nursed me, you needn't waste any pity
on me for that!"

"I heard afterward, as soon as the
alarm was given, Silas Peterkin took to
his heels, an' never stopped until he
reached his father's door."

"Whether he heard that the old man
vowed that he'd set Bose on him if he
ever came nigh Sue agin, I can't say,
but his visits ceased from that day."

"I sent him an invite to my weddin',
which took place a few months
arter; but as he didn't come, I'm sort
of mistrustful that he was afraid of
another tornado."

The Ruling Passion.

We all know the proverb: The ruling
passion strong in death," and that
it is also strong in the making of wills
there is abundant evidence. Here is a
unique specimen: Mrs. Margaret
Thompson, of Boyle street, Burlington
gardens, London, died in 1776. She
had a passion for Scotch snuff, and
her will stated that, as it was usual to
put flowers in the coffins of departed
friends, and as she had never found any
flowers so fragrant and refreshing as
the precious powder, she ordered her
old and trusty servant, Sarah Stuart,
to take care that her body was covered
with the best Scotch snuff. She was
to be carried to the grave by six men,
the greatest snuff-takers in the parish of
St. James, who were each to wear a
snuff-colored beaver hat instead of
mourning. A half-dozen old maids
were to be selected as pallbearers, and
each was to be supplied with a box of
snuff wherewith to refresh themselves
on the way to the grave. The officiat-
ing clergyman was to be paid a fee of
5 guineas, on condition that he walked
in front of the coffin, and took a "cer-
tain quantity, not exceeding one
pound!" Sarah got £20 on condition
that she strowed at least two bushels
of the said snuff at the door of the
testatrix's residence and walked before
the corpse for the purpose of distribu-
ing every twenty yards a large handful
of Scotch snuff to the ground and upon
the crowd.—Leeds Mercury.

Two Robout, N. Y., men have matched
their canary birds to sing for a prize.

The Grand Old State Redeems Herself.
"Tha't's something like it," ejaculated a
long-haired passenger, laying down a news-
paper, with a smile of satisfaction on his
stubby face. "Tha't's something like it:
Toa't's great. Tha't's like old times. It
does my heart good. Oh, I tell you the
old state is still here, and I know she'd re-
deem herself. I know she'd get back to her
milk some day and protect her reputation.
God bless the old state of Missouri—she's
covered herself with glory. Here, stranger,
take a pull at my bottle, will ye?—drink to
the health of the grand old state what's
redeemed herself!"

"Certainly," replied the stranger, reach-
ing out for the bottle—"certainly, my
friend; here's lookin' at ye. But what has
the grand old state of Missouri done to
redeem herself?"

"What has she done? Why, sir, she has
had two of her infernal newspaper editors
shot in one week. Isn't that glory en-
ough to last her all summer?"—[Chicago Herald.

How to Avoid Premature Old Age.
The following advice is given by Dr. Ben-
jamin Ward Richardson:
To subsist on light but nutritious diet,
with milk as the standard food, but varied
according to the season.

To take food in moderate quantity, four
times in the day, including a light meal be-
fore going to bed.

To clothe warmly but lightly, so as that
the body may in all seasons maintain its
equal temperature.

To keep the body in fair exercise, and the
mind active and cheerful.

To maintain an interest in what is going
on in the world, and to take part in reason-
able labors and pleasures, as though old
age were not present.

To take plenty of sleep during sleeping
hours. To spend nine hours in bed at the
least, and to take care during cold weather
that the temperature of the bedroom is
maintained at sixty degrees Fahrenheit.

To avoid passion, excitement, luxury.

Made a Match of It.
Here's a little bit of fun from the New
York Sun: Visitor (at Castle Garden)—
"Are all those immigrants Norwegians?"
Official—"No, sir. A few of them are
Swedishborgians." This recalls a story told
by a Troy clergyman. A certain man who
was a follower of Swedenborg had for a
wife a very excellent lady of orthodox
church affiliations. She came to the min-
ister one day in great tribulation owing to
the discovery that her husband's religious
views were a little off-color, from her own
point of view. She cited her own fidelity
to her creed and then ejaculated: "To
think that I have gone and married a Spit-
zenberg!"—[Troy Times.

By One of the "Comps."
A convenient article for the kitchen is a
stout tin box, in which may be kept the
stove-polish and brushes and cloths used
about the stove. A two-quart pitcher with
a metal top—something to act as a boy-
cott against mosquitoes and flies who hap-
pen to miss the last car—is also a handy
thing in the kitchen. It can be taken out
the back way, and, by shining through
alleys, you can get back and enjoy your
beer without any of the neighbors catching
on.—[St. Louis Critic.

Smiling Fortune.
Mrs. Anna M. Cross is the lucky posses-
sor of the slip of paper which by yester-
day's turn of the wheel entitles her to \$30,000.
She is a widow aged about 35, and
she has lived here for about three years.
For the past year and a half Mrs. Cross
has been employed as keep-keeper, and
each month has invested part of her earn-
ings in tickets. This is the first prize she
has won and the news of her good fortune
almost overpowered her. Together with
her daughter she boards at Whitaker's
hotel. For the present at least Mrs.
Cross will continue to keep books, and
when she receives the money she has sensibly
concluded to invest it in real estate.

A small travels seventy inches in an hour.
The Omaha Typo foundry can furnish
new newspaper outfits on short notice.
Prices same as in Chicago and freight
already paid to Omaha.

Josh Billings always reckoned "rum and
tansy" among the last arts.

AGENTS WANTED.
To represent the Mutual Reserve Fund
Life Association of New York." The larg-
est, strongest, and most prosperous Insur-
ance Company on the globe, age and securi-
ty considered—1,400 members in Ne-
braska, between \$5,000,000 and \$8,000,000
insurance. Liberal Commissions paid to
active, energetic agents. No others
wanted.

If you wish an agency or to insure your
life in a good Company, address B. H.
Robison, General Manager, Omaha, Ne-
braska.

The woman movement—street corner
flirting.

Congested Liver is frequent in the
Spring, and is relieved by CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS.

It will require more than nine tailors to
make a man of the average dude.

As a hair dressing, Hall's Hair Renewer
has no equal. Ask your druggist for it.

The only warranted cure for chills and
fever is Ayer's Ague Cure.

The Misses Austin, of Louisiana, have a
\$450,000 claim against the United States.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—320 acres
heavily timbered land in Morgan county,
Mo. Will sell cheap for cash or trade for
Omaha, Mo., property. Address for partic-
ulars, Western Newspaper Union, Des
Moines, Iowa.

Ballet tramps are invariably whirly
minded.

Don't fail to see the BATTLE OF GETTYS-
BURG when you visit Omaha. Special rates
to excursion parties. D.H. Wheeler, Jr., Sec'y.

The question of to-morrow—What shall
we have for breakfast?

The Omaha Typo foundry can furnish
new newspaper outfits on short notice.
Prices same as in Chicago and freight
already paid to Omaha.

\$500 Not Called For.
It seems strange that it is necessary to
persuade men that you can cure their dis-
eases by offering a premium to the man
who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr.
Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases
of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh
Remedy," who would never have applied
to him, if he had not been for his offer of
the above sum for an incurable case. Who
is the next bidder for cure or cash?

To find the newest books out go to a cir-
culating library.

A Wonderful Freak of Nature
is sometimes exhibited in our public exhibi-
tions. When we gaze upon some of the
peculiar freaks dame nature occasionally
indulges in, our minds revert back to the
creation of man, "who is so fearfully and
wonderfully made." The mysteries of his
nature have been unraveled by Dr. R. V.
Pierce, of Buffalo, and through his knowl-
edge of those mysteries he has been able to
prepare his "Golden Medical Discovery,"
which is a specific for all blood taints, poi-
sons and humors, such as scrofula, pimples,
blotches, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ul-
cers and kindred affections. By druggists.

A water proof garment—The coat of the
toper's stomach.

A Bonanza Mine
of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's
"Favorite Prescription." Lo the merits of
which, as a remedy for female weakness and
kindred affections, thousands testify.

A railroad is not going very well when it
passes a dividend.

No OTCUM in Pico's Cure for Consumption. Cures
where other remedies fail. 25c.

The friend who sticketh faster than a
brother—P. O. Verly.

Our young friend Frank Warner, who
just graduated from Fliott's Business
College, Burlington, Iowa, has secured
a fine position in Burlington.

A promising writer—The man who draws
up a note.

IN THE COUNTRY ALL SUMMER.
The man who takes his family into the
country for the summer should remember
that he will save his children a great deal
of pain and himself a large amount of
money in doctors' bills if he is thoughtful
enough to carry a supply of PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN KILLER. The medicine is a standard
specific for all cases of cramps, colic,
cholera morbus, diarrhoea, or dysentery.

The condition of some of our streets is
simply awful.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER:
THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.
offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIC BELT
and Electric Appliances on thirty days'
trial to any man afflicted with Nervous De-
bility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Il-
lustrated pamphlet in SEALED ENVELOPE
with full particulars, mailed free. Write
them at once.

When is a thief like a seamstress? When
he cuts and runs.

Old pill boxes are spread over the land
by the thousands after having been em-
ployed by suffering humanity. What a mass
of sickening, disgusting medicine the poor
stomach has to contend with. Too much
strong medicine. Prickly Ash Bitters is
rapidly and surely taking the place of all
this class of drugs, and is curing all the ills
arising from a disordered condition of the
liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

The Paris journals now always refer to
Mr. Gladstone as "The Old Grand Man."

Pervert crooked heels and blistered heels by
wearing Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

Many of the girls of the period are less
fast than figures.

A thorough, practical education in every
Dept., short-hand, type writing and tele-
graphic courses taught. Write for College-
Journal Lincoln Business College, Lincoln, Neb.

The best ornament in a house is an am-
able and virtuous wife.

For Cuts, Galls, Old Sores, Scratches,
Thrush, etc., use Stewart's He-
aling Powder, 15c and 50c a box.

Spongers of newspapers are not held in
the highest estimation.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac
Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

Green kid gloves should be handled with
exceeding gentleness.

Carter's Little Liver Pills will be found
an excellent remedy for sick-headache.
Thousands of letters from people who have
used them prove this fact. Ask your druggist
for them.

The cyclone is a modern invention that
has not proven a blessing.

Salt Rheum
Is the most common of all skin diseases, and is often
exceedingly disagreeable. The skin becomes dry
and hot, grows red and rough, and often breaks into
painful cracks, while small watery pimples appear in
great numbers, discharge a sticky fluid, causing
intense itching. Hood's Sarsaparilla has won-
derful power over this disease. It purifies the blood
and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a
scar.

"I had salt rheum over nearly my entire body.
It is impossible to describe my sufferings. When I be-
gan to take Hood's Sarsaparilla the disease began to
subside, the watery pimples, with their agonizing
itch and pain, disappeared, and now I am cured."
LYMAN ALLEN, No. Chicago, Ill.

"I suffered from weakness and low spirits, and
also had eczema on the back of my head and neck,
which was very annoying. I took one bottle of
Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I have received so much
benefit that I am very grateful." Mrs. J. S. SNYDER,
Pottsville, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. At 6c per box. Prepared
by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apocartes, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar
A positive cure. No Krate.
No Paster. No Pain. W. C.
PAYNE, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Omaha Business College.
Everything pertaining to a Thorough Business Education
taught by Experienced and Practical Teachers.
TELEGRAPHIC, SHORTHAND, and PRACTICAL WORK, in from 3 to 6 Months.
Actual Business Practice, Penmanship, Book-keeping, etc. For specimens of Penmanship and College
Journal, address RATHBUN & DAILEY, Omaha, Neb.

TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
SLICKER
Is The Best
Waterproof Coat
Ever Made.

Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER
is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the heaviest storm.
Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your store-keeper does
not have the "FISH BRAND," send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 29 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

AT SEVENTEEN A BLY KIBB IS SO WET. AT SEVENTEEN THERE'S NIGER STILL. AT SEVENTEEN IT'S JUST THE SAME.
AT SEVENTEEN THERE'S A TREAT. THERE'S A WAY WHERE THERE'S A WILL. THERE'S STILL KEEP UP THE OLD, OLD GAME.

Obstinate Constipation Readily
Yields to the regular use of CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS.
The only trade that is "sharp" just now,
is the barbers'.
WOMEN
BROWNS
IRON
BITTERS
THE
BEST TONIC.

Needling renewed strength, or who suffer from
debility, irregularity in their sex, should use

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable
tonics, and is irrefragable for Diseases peculiar to
Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It En-
riches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the
Appetite, Strengthens the Nerves and
Nerves-in fact, thoroughly invigorates.

It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or
produce constipation—suffer from medicine as do,
Mrs. ALBERT LARLEY, Greenwood, Neb., says:
"I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for Nervous De-
bility and have been greatly benefited."

Mrs. C. D. NEWELL, Phillips Station, Neb., says:
"I was so weak and nervous that I could scarcely
walk, had no appetite, and passed sleepless nights;
in fact, my life was a burden to me. I tried many
remedies, but without benefit. One bottle of
Brown's Iron Bitters has cured me. I cheerfully
recommend it."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines
on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by
BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Prickly Ash Bitters
IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION
CONTAINING ASH BARK AND
PRICKLY ASH BERRIES
SASSAPARILLA, SERRA-PENNA, MANDRAKE-BUCHU
AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES.
It has stood the Test of Years,
in Curing all Diseases of the
BLOOD, LIVER, STOM-
ACH, KIDNEYS, BOW-
ELS, &c. It Purifies the
Blood, Invigorates and
Cleanses the System.

DYSPEPSIA, CONSTI-
PATION, JAUNDICE,
SICK-HEADACHE, BIL-
IOUS COMPLAINTS, &c
disappear at once under
its beneficial influence.

It is purely a Medicine
as its cathartic prop-
erties forbid its use as a
beverage. It is pleas-
ant to the taste, and is
easily taken by child-
ren as adults.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.
Sole Proprietors,
ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY.

ELY'S CATARRH
CREAM BALM
A God-send to
Ely's Cream Balm.
I had Catarrh for
years. My nose would
bleed. I thought the
sores would never
heal. Ely's Cream
Balm has cured me.
—Mrs. A. M. Jack-
son, Portsmouth,
N. H.

FREE FARMS IN SAN LUIS.
The Agricultural Lands in San Luis
County, California, are now being
surrounded by prosperous mining and manufacturing
towns. PARKER'S PATENT MAGNETIC
CROSS BARRED IRON RAILS, with a
GREEN OF GOVERNMENT LAND, subject
to pre-emption and homestead laws for sale
actual settlers at \$3.00 per acre. LONG TIME
Farm irrigated by immense canal. Cheap railroad
rates. Every attention shown settlers. For map,
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CO., Opera House Block, Denver, Colo., Box 359.

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