LIFE'S DAY.

When the day is young and fair, Birds sing in the dewy air, Glinting sunlight everywhere. Hearts are buoyant, free from care, Souls are strong to do and dare; When the day is young and fair.

Sunny hours have elimbed to noon. Chiming one by one their tune, All the ways of life are strewn With its hopes; alas, so soon, They have withered, could not bloom In the suitry heat of noon.

But the evening comes apace, With its soft illumined face, Bringing prace to hearts of grace, Hearts that through the dizz; race, Kept on with a stendy pace-Hearts of truth, God's hearts of grace. -Sidney McLean, in The Current.

A Grandfather For Sale.

"It's all very well for you, Cabot, to quote that trite remark about rank bemg only the guinea's stamp. You know as well as I do that the social guinea-here in Boston, of all placesmust be stamped before it will go into circulation. Society strongly resembles retail trade in this one particular. Let me offer a lump of the purest gold to any small dealer as payment for the goods I have bought of him, and he would at once say he'd rather have the dirtiest bank-note in town than my unstamped metal; wouldn't he?"

"Well, I suppose he would. If we were in a more primitive state of existence the yellow metal, as it came from mother earth, would satisfy our greed. Now it has to be vouched for as gold before it can take its proper position among the other circulating mediums."

"Exactly so! And as we are not in a primative state, but a very 'highly cultured' one, I, for example, need to have a stamp before I can pass muster. All the wealth my Midas of a father left to me will not take me more than just so far; yet I dress according to the laws of to-day, I don't eat with my knife, I know how to raise my hat to a lady; in short, I flatter myself that I make a fairly good appearance. But I have no grand father worth speaking happen to know-know, mind youof." And though there was a mock that he can claim lawful ownership it pathos in his tone, Maxwell Jennings meant more of what he said than he He has papers in his possession which would have been willing his companion should suspect.

Edgar Cabot glanced at him a little | quiry, contemptuously; then he allowed his eyes to wander enviously around the luxurious appointments of Maxwell's rooms. Everything bespoke an abund- side if there was such relationship." ance of both money and taste on the casual observer would never have sup- | ly?" sed that a man who could appreciate the engravings and books which crowded the walls and tables was a mushroom of an hour, the son of a man who had amassed a large fortune by the manufacture of rum, and judicious speculations in stocks and mines. The moment that Tom Jennings' business and all other possessions fell into his son's ily, and when his name was proposed hands, that young man sold the obnox- for election there was not a single black ious distilleries and went abroad for ball against him. He was accordingly three years to finish the studies his fath- notified that he was duly elected er had sent him there to begin. Old member of the Miles Standish Club. Tom Jennings had the sense to know that he could never aspire to any higher position in life than the one he was born into; but he was determined to "make Max a gentleman," and so far as cultivation and study could do it, he succeeded. "By Jupiter, Jennings, if I had a tithe of your money I wouldn't care a picavune if I hadn't a grandfather!" sighed Cabot, whose bank account was as short as his pedigree was long. "And I Cabot, would give a hundred thousand dollars this minute if I had one of your dignified ancestors." Jennings answered earnestly. "Yes, I'd give it giadly if I in any way could claim a great-uncle or grandfather of note! "A fellow has a perfect right to sell what is indubitably his own, hasn't answered: he?" asked Cabot, thoughtfully.

would be careful to say so, too, for people rarely insist upon one's proving father? that So-and-so is his 'kin'; and if any body was still dubious you could be justly indignant because your word way doubted.'

"I think if I buy one of them I would like to have the other to keet him company; he might feel lonesome so entirely out of his element. What will you take for the two?" asked Jennings, seriously.

Cabot looked fixedly at him for an instant; then, seeing that he was ir earnest, answered:

"Oh, I'll not jew you in this trade. I'll be grateful if you will give me a hundred thousand for the two of 'emthe old Colonel and the Judge."

"Are you sure that will satisfy you! Suppose I say a hundred and twentyfive for the two?"

"That will suit me still better, of course," said Cabot, aloud. To himself he added: "The fellow is a bigger muff than I thought. However, he is a good fellow, and I will help him swear that they are his kinsmen, just to see how many gullible fools there are in the world."

"How will you have the money? Ir bonds or real estate?" asked Jennings, "or a happy combination of both?"

"If you are really in earnest, I would prefer a little of both."

"Meet me at the Suffolk Bank tomorrow, at ten, and I will turn the 'tin' over to you. It is an hour that will suit you, I suppose, as you are a man of leisure?"

The hour and the whole tenor of the proposition suited Cabot to a nicety; sc the next day the transfer was made, Jennings receiving, in lieu of a given sum of money, a receipt for "all right and title to the possession of the late Colonel Henry Cabot and the late Judge Frederic Cabot formerly the possession of Edgar Cabot, and to all honors, rank, glory, etc., which may accrue from the ownership of the same.

A few days later Cabot proposed the name of Maxwell as a member of the very exclusive West End club to which he belonged. At this proposition there was some demur, and Cabot quietly said to one of the objectors:

"I know what you fellows are thinking of. You fancy that Max has nothing but his money to back him for admittance here, but you are mistaken. his excellency, the late Judge Cabot. prove it.

"Are you sure?" was the amazed in-

"I am. I have seen the document to which I refer."

"It must have been on his mother's

"Did you ever hear of my aunt, part of the one who resided there. A Letitia, who disappered so mysterious-

yon have bought Mr. Cabot's grand | THE OWNER OF REST VALLEY. natural things; love, fatal consequen

"It is true that Judge Cabot now be-Curious Life-History of an Ex-Congressman's Daughter. longs to me-that he is my grand-

father," was Max's answer. "Since Pauline has broached the subthe career of the late Mrs. Lizzie H. ject, Mr. Jennings," said Mrs. Randall, Monmouth, who died recently in this "I must own that I am a little curious town, has just come to light, writes a to know what gave rise to this remark-Canterbury, N. H., correspondent of able story which is going around about you and Edgar Cabot.

"Oh, it is very simple. Cabot was hard up, and I traded off a few dollars for an ancestor or two," replied Max, lightly.

"Do you really mean to claim those dead Cabots for your own?" asked Dr. Randall, a little testily.

"I do. Why not?" was Max's querv. "Is not what you pay for your own?" no. While he was hesitating for a center of the town. Years ago she suitable answer which should cover the whole ground and yet not hurt Max's feelings. Max continued:

"You know, sir, that you value descent above money. Let us suppose a case: If a man had a daughter, and two men were to present themselves as suitors, the one with a good name but a poor purse, the other in exactly the reverse condition, to which would you advise her to give an affirmative answer?"

Dr. Randall appreciated the full meaning of this question, which was anyone excepting to a few intimate friends. She remarked to a neighbor even harder than the previous one to be answered. He could not collect his that if the public did not wish her to thoughts as quickly as his older daugh- starve she would accept any offerings ter did, however. Before her father of provisions that might be tendered. Her way of receiving gifts was as folcould frame a reply, Olive said, delows: She would, unseen, let down a terminedly:

"I think it would be well to let the rope from her chamber window, girl have some voice in such a matter. and when persons brought her persents I think that the characters of the two they would attach them to the end of the line, and after their departure Mrs. men ought to be taken into consideration. I don't believe any girl would Monmouth would lift by the rope into her chamber what had been deposited want a man who could sell his grandfor her outside. father. She'd be more apt to see worthy qualities in the one who didn't siderable time, her friends and what few consider money the only thing worth relatives she had being anxious that having." she should not become a public charge.

There was no mistaking the significance of Olive's tones, or of her flushed face. Dr. Randall loved his children, so, saying to himself: "Max is at heart a gentleman, in spite of his extraction; perhaps there was good on his mother's side," he pretended to make a jest of the whole matter, and answered:

"Ah, Max, you see what a minority I am in! My wife always agrees with Olive, and even Pauline echoes, her. so I dare not dispute a word she says."

Max looked pleased, and Mrs. Randall positively beamed on her husband. But fancy the feelings of all when Max said:

and vicinity. Through the efforts of "The most singular part of the whole the latter numerous Boston merchants sent Mrs. Monmouth as gifts large affair is this: One of my-of old Tom packages of sample wall papers and Jennings' friends heard of this bargain odd window shades. She charged a between Cabot and me, and put me in small admittance to examine her house, the way of proving that Tom Jennings adopted me in my earliest infancy out which in the warm season would bring of an orphan assylum, where I had been her some ready money. F.nally age placed by mother just before her death. and disease unfitted her to take care She was in consumption, and as her last hours drew near she made a confidant of Tom Jennings' wife, and told

ces, pride, the one thing that holds many a strong nature in check, are

swept away by this mighty power. Lives are wrecked, reputations blasted, and tragedies enacted through this insane passion that fills our lunation asylums and prison cells with its vic tims. I doubt if heaven's shining messengers stood with flaming sword at the The Boston Journal. As is well known, portal's of this monster's keep had she was the daughter of the late ex- power to stay its course, for with the Congressman Harper, the widow of strength of attachment comes the in Col. Monmouth, of Texas, an author of tensity of the fever that consumes.

I believe that jealousy is one of the compotent parts of all human nature. A latent germ, perhaps, in many who vices in the Worsted church, at Hill's are unconscious that the least taint corner, near the Shaker village, and | lurks within their veins until some cirthrough the quaintness of her artistic cumstance forces it to the surface, and Dr. Randall could neither say yes nor home, known as Rest Valley, in the they are suddenly awakened to the fact that there is a slumbering volcano in gave out that she had lost through a their breasts, ready to throw out the clergyman to whom she confined her lava which withers everything it business affairs nearly all of a hand- touches. - Mary V. Stiles, in St. Louis some property which she had inherited | Magazine.

Now is the Time

to see the Niagara in all the beauty o its winter garb, environed by marvel ous and fantastic forms of ice and snow. Gigantic icicles form on the overhanging rocks and reach from summit to generously. For years she lived in a chamber, refusing to see or speak to base of the tall precipices. The icebridge generally extends from the Horseshoe Fall to a point near the rail road bridge, lasts generally from two to three months, and is crossed by hundreds of foot passengers during the winter. The ice forming the bridge is ordinarily from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet thick-rising from fifty to sixty feet above the natur al surface of the river. The tinge of the waters from the dark green of summer is sometimes changed to vellow: the trees on Goat Island and Prospect Park, sheathed in a glittering mail of ice, formed and added to by the incessantly rising spray, seem partially buried; a mass of quaint and curious crystalline forms stand in lieu of the bushes; the buildings seem to sink under ponderous coverings of snow and ice; the tops of trees and points of rock on which the dazzling white frost does not lie stand out in bold contrast, form-Write for Catalogue of 10 CENT MUSIC, congining nat ing the deep shadows of the entrancing picture. The whole presents a wild, savage aspect, grand and imposing beyond adequate descr ption. If one can see Niagara but once, it

had better be in winter than in summer. The scene is one of peerless grandeur, worth going hundreds of miles to see, and daily excites the enthusiastic delight of the Mchigan Central passengers who gaze enraptured upon it from the magnificent standpoint of Falls View, above and almost on the brink of the Horse Shoe Falls.

From this point, says Peck's Sun, editorially, "the Michigan Central gives its passengers the most beautiful view to be seen on this earth. There of herself, and a few months ago a may be more beautiful views on some kind neighbor carried her to the house other earth, but no railroad runs there of a niece in London, where she had yet."



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The last and strangest chapter in all

ability, and an eccentric person gener-

ally. She was best known to the pub-

lie in her later years by her public ser-

from her father. She managed, how-

ever, to retain her humble home and a

wood lot of a few acres. Then she be-

gan what she called her struggle with

poverty. Persons who had known her

in prosperity felt a great interest in

her, and gave her food and clothing

She kept along in this way for a con-

She wrote a pamphlet, that a friend got

published for her, entitled "Living on

Half a Dime a Day," in which she re-

lated that there had been times in

which she had lived with a daily ex-

pense for food of only 5 cents. She

wrote that she was "a woman with

broken health and broken fortune." At

leangth she conceived the idea of decor-

ating her house with paper ornamenta-

tions and mottoes, and by much skill

and labor she made her home so

wonderfully attractive that it became

famous with the public, especially with

many summer visitors from Boston

Jealonsy.

fly to its sheltering arms for rest.

but with hope left out. I would call it

a monster greater than the python of

old, for where is the hand that can

stay its ravages when once its hydra head is lifted?" Step by step it makes

progress to the verge of the maelstrom

where lie so many wrecked barques which started on life's journey with

such fair freight of hopes and prom-

ises; withering the freshness of the

heart and narrowing the judgment, it

it makes a pandemonium of home and

happiness; like the swallow, goes and

comes then finally takes a farewell

this many sided evil-and often dis-

played when least expected-is that

which makes one envious of another's

personal influence or position. If the

hitherto dearest friend of such a per-

son is unfortunate enough to arouse

this antagonistic feeling, he or she will

not hesitate to the meanest subterfuges

and innuendoes; especially is this the

case where the offending party has the

least claim to good looks or facinating

manners. At once they become the tar-

everything to them is tinged with a

lurid light. With such persons friend-

of the serpent is trailed over all the

hitherto pleasant relations. Envy and

doubt are allowed to creep in and blind

the eves to true merit and motives,

Sacred confidences are laid bare and

put to such base uses as would cause

friendship to veil her face in shame and

make the very name a by word.

flight.

"Of course he has."

of my line of the Cabots. The births in my family this last hundred years have been in inverse proportion to the deaths. There has been a frightful mortality among us. If I die childless, as now seems probable-my divorced wife being in d sgustingly robust health -there will be no one to pride himself on the dead-and-gone Cabots, so, Jennings' I've a mind to sell them out to you. I am badly in want of money; you think yourself-or, to be more exact, Dr. and Mrs. Randall think you -badly in want of ancestors. What will you give me for, say old Colonel Cabot? The one, you know, who was killed in King Philip's war.'

"What an absurd idea!" exclaimed Jennings, with a laugh.

"Not at all absurd. The old codger is now my great-uncle; if I sell him to you, why, of course, he'll be yours. Or, if you don't like him, there's my grandfather, Judge Cabot-how will be fill your bill? Now, Jennings, don't my soul-much more such a trifle as a grandfather-for a hundred thousand dollars.

Jennings knew that Cabot spoke the truth about his financial condition, and, being a good-natured fellow, who was grateful to Cabot for several introductions which he valued very highly, especially the one to the aforementioned Randalls, determined to help Cabot out of his pecuniary quagmire by hu-moring him in his ridiculous proposi-

"I declare, Cabot, if the thing were feasible I'd accept your offer with im-mense gratitude. But suppose I should

give me a receipt for him, I suppose? | became suddenly very much interested chiefs with Queen Victoria's picture on the window of a cab and cries to the strange and often ridiculous amusethem, in anticipation of her majesty's Just as I would give you a receipt for | in the evening paper. ments-like wine it seems to bring out driver: e money you paid to me for him." A little later, in all about two months "golden jubilee." This seems to in-"Certainly I should," answered Jenthe idiosyneracies of character and runs "Why don't you go faster? I am gothe money you paid to me for him." 1 /11 the entire gamut of feeling. Caused ing to be married this morning, and at LNGINESAULTRES nings, laughing at the idea of giving nings called on Dr. Randali's family given all her subjects colds in the head. after all by that "spasm of the heart" this rate I will arrive too late for the one evening, and Olive's younger sister, -Philadelphia Inquirer. RACINEWISCONSIN so graphically described in Chesbro's wedding." a receipt for an ancestor. "Then you could truthfully say that an irresist bie girl of thirteen, named Driver (sympathetically): "Welf, I have seen persons under the in- what of it? I am giving you plenty of LERD FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOUTE. Victoria. yon had documentary evidence that Pauline, said to him, somewhat ab-Cutting down appropriations-Putting a Judge Cabot was an ancestor of your ruptly: watch watch 'Oh, Mr. Jennings, is it true that yune. watch on the bar-keeper .- New Orlesas Pica- ildence of this capation do the wost un- I time to reflect." -- Paris Journal. W. N. U., Omaha 853--11

"I thought she committed suicide?" "Some of us Cabots are such lunatics that we think suic de preferable to a mesalliance," replied Cabot, significantly.

So the story went around that Max Jennings had just discovered that he was a descendant of the old Cabot fam-

As soon as Jennings received this not fication he hastened to the Reception Committee of said club, and explained the whole matter to them. Whereat, pleased with his frankness, and highly amused at the absurdity of the transaction, the club, at its last meeting, unanimously elected him a member "on his own merits, and not those of his supposititious ancestors;" and also, equally unanimously, dropped from its roll the name of Edgar Cabot, "A man who could sell his grandfather not being night, Dr. Randall, to tell you this stoworthy of the noble name of a Miles Standish Brother," was the verdict. ry: to-morrow---'

Dr. Randall, in common with most of the sons of the first settlers, was a member of this same club, so he natur- Mills." ally told his wife about the transaction between Cabot and Jennings. She

"I am sure it evinces a very proper feeling on Mr. Jennings' part to want "I, as everyone knows, am the last a grandfather; but surely he must have known such a sale was impossible. What better off is he for the nominal ownership of Judge Cabot?" Does it give him any of the Cabot virtues?"

"Has the actual ownership of such a grandfather given Edgar Cabot any of those virtues? Do you think the Judge has much to be proud of in such an heir?" asked her husband.

"You know, my dear, I never had any love for Edgar Cabot, and I have still less for him now. Do you suppose that Mr. Jennings had any idea that this purchase would enhance his value in our eyes? He has certainly been very attentive to Olive lately, and I have feared that she liked him too well."

"That will never do!" exclaimed the doctor, emphatically. "I cannot have one of my girls marry the son of that old creature who posessed but one virknow."

"As it has done in the case of Edgar Cabot." said Mrs. Randall, dry-

ly. She liked Max. and she more than suspected that Olive returned the love which Max so evidently felt for her, and she did wish that there could be her. And then his wealth, too! Poor mother felt.

"There are exceptions to all rules," said the doetor, concisely, "and Edgar Cabot is the exception to this one."

tell any one that Judge Cabot, belonged this passion and notes its influence on A French firm has received an order Time to Reflect. exception?" suggested Mrs. Randall, but her husband made no reply, only to me, who would believe me?" various temperaments, but has abunrom London for 2,800,000 handker-A young man thrusts his head out of "If you were to buy him of me you'd dant food for moralizing over the

her that she had been deceived by a the kindest of care, but died soon false marriage between herself and the afterward. father of this Edgar Cabot. As the years passed, and Tom found that the Cabots were not, as a rule, dissointe men, he thought he would investigate the so-called false marriage, He did so, and found that it was a genuine one; that my father, Edward Cabot, had had no intention of deceiving my mother, but having died suddenly before my birth, had kept the marriage secret only for fear of his father's wrath, for my mother was a plain farmer's daughter. poor but honest, as the phrase is. Old fom had become fond of me, and knowing that the Cabots had nothing to bemore will turn up.' queath me except the name, he legally adopted me as his son. So, you see, I ourchased my ancestors of my older half brother, Edgar Cabot. I came here to-

"Max, was your mother's name Rachel?" Dr. Randall asked, abruptly. "Yes; Rachel Dennison, of Weston

"I was present at your birth, boy, and your mother told me this story. I investigated it for her sake, and found it true, your father having been a widower before he met your mother. When I next saw her she was dead and the baby had vanished, so the whole thing went out of mind until this moment." Here the doctor had to pause to rub his spectacles, and Pauline took advantage of the brief silence to say:

"Now that you've got a grandfather of your own, I suppose you and Olive will be getting married, and then you'll be my brother Max, will you not?"-Francis E. Wadleigh, in The Current.

An Ingenious Brute.

No reasonable being can doubt that if cruelty to animals is to be effectually checked, some stronger corrective must be employed than anything which the aw at present provides. Take, for instance the case of Robert Gallen, who was prosecuted at Crediton last week. old Tom Jennings, a most disreputable Gallen was trying to get a mare with a heavy load of coals up a steep hill rentue, that of generosity, so far I as can dered slippery by frost. The mare hear. No, no; that must not be! I came to a standstill, and finding that a look so amused. I assure you I am in have nothing against Max Jennings severe thrashing did not supply the himself, but, "blood will tell," you necessary stimulus, Gallen hit upon the ingenious idea of collecting a quantity of furze and lighting a fire under the

poor beast, whose stomach was shown to have been burned severely. For this Gallen was fined 10 shillings. I do not so much blame the magistrates for this contemptable sentence, seeing that the some way devised by which he could be costs came to four times the penalty, transformed into a suitable husband for which makes a pretty heavy fine for a poor carter. But I contend most stren-Olive had not all the pretty things which aously, that in order to appeal to the girls of her age ought to have, the feelings of a brute like Gallen, something more efficacious than a pecuniary

penalty is needed. -London Truth.

Effects of a Long Reign.

No one who studies the vagaries of "May not Max Jennings be also an

The Science of Noses.

The nose we all know, forms The strange part of her history lies in the fact that a will which has been prominent feature in everybod.'s cafound and probated proves that instead reer, but it has been left to M. Sophus of being in poverty she left a handsome Schack, a Danish disciple of Lavater, property. She bequeaths to one relato fiund out that it is an infallible index tive \$1,000 to several others \$500 apiece. to human character. He tells us in a to still more smaller sums, and to the Women's Benevolent society connectbook just published that his discovery ed with the Baptist church in Canteris a result of a long and patient study bury \$200. Her home and wood lot of this facial organ among people of all also go to relatives, and what is renations. According to his experience, markable, property sufficient is found the moral and physical nature of a to meet all her bequets, and, as a person can be gathered from the formagentleman from Canterbury remarked tion of his nose. A well-developed to-day, "We don't know how much nose, he says, denotes strength and courage; a little turn up nose indicates cunning and artfulness; a delicate, straight nose, taste and refinement; a curved nose, judgment and egotism The old adage that "jealousy is as and a thick, misshapen nose, dulines cruel as the grave," is, to my way of and want of tact. But this is not all thinking, wrongly put, for were the "The nose," proceeds our physiognograve one half as cruel as this taunting mist, "discloses to the intelligent ob fiend, no one would desire, with the servers the faculties possessed by the longing which at some time or other in owner. It also indicates the intensity of his intellectual activity and the life comes to poor jaded humanity, to delicacy of his moral sentiments. Final ly, the nose, which belongs both to the Were I asked to diagnose this passion, mobile and immobile parts of our it would be as the chill of despair, the visage, reflects faithfully the fugitive sting of envy, the fire of lunacy, and movements of our inclinations." If a! claim for it precedence in the celebrated this be true, it is evident that people box presented by Jupiter to Pandora,

who desire to disguise their character or dissemble their passions must in

The Place for Chair-Makers.

Gazette.

future beware of their noses, or rather,

they must wear faise ones .- Pall Mail

Last winter when living in the C ty of Mexico I tried to buy a better chain than the one assigned me in my room at the middle class hotel, where I was stopping. But to my dismay I found that the furniture man wanted me to pay \$10 for a chair which could be had Not the least contemptible phase of almost any where in the United States for \$2,50. I spoke to our minister about it one day by chance, when he explained to me that the duty on the cheapest of chairs was at the rate \$60 per dozen!

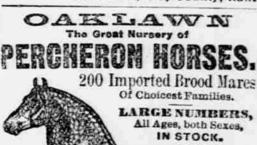
Let some few enterprising young American mechanics or carpenters act upon this. Go down the capital of Mexico and make furniture. All the fertile valleys are lined with willow trees. All the little mounta'n streams come tumbling down through lanes of little wilget for invidious remarks, and branded low trees. Take a hint from one who by their suspicious natures as designing; knows the land well and go down there and make willow ware, chairs especially. The only possible thing that could ship counts for nothing, for the slime interfere with your certain fortune would be a revision of their tariff laws. And this I do not think likely to take place. Mexico is trying hard to inspire home industry with life and healthy action; and "protection" is far more likely to be incouraged than set aside, as things now stand.-Joaquin Miller.

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