Far inland through her made verse, We heard the carlews erv. And watched (the reen hills all aroun 1)

The fishing-boats so by Now on the breakers white with foam, The nerce storm seemal to ride: And now upon the shinin : sin Is, Crept, murmuria; the tide

Not lost! The singer and har son; Shall live forevermore Her memor: speaks in every wave That breaks on Appledors: -Harper's Bazan

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRIEME.

CHAPTER VII-CONTINUED. me one morning, "what a lovely month me, no one joined Lady Latimer. September is. The red and gold, the russet brown and deep crimson of the

sunlight on the valley, and the blue | Fleming was looking at them. haze on the distant hills. She turned tears.

beautiful world it is! I never knew women." until now. I seem to have slept through my life, and to be just awakening. Do you see the green of the grass and the lovely blue of the sky? Why, Audrey, I never knew how much until now."

Ah, my dear, my dear! neither you nor I was wise enough to know what was teaching you.

One evening-it was the month of September and the moon was shining was warm and pleasant.

"Audrey," said Lady Latimer, "let us go as far as the white gate just to look at the river."

I wrapped a black lace shawl round her golden head and white shoulders, and we went out together, leaving the shining lights that streamed from the great windows, and the dim, soft shadow of the old house behind us, down past the lime trees, to the white gate that was canopied with trees.

"Open it, Audrey, and let us go down to the water's edge," said Lady Latimer.

We went, and I remember as though it were yesterday, our shadows on the long grass, and the wooing sigh of the wind in the fast-dying lime leaves.

The moon shone full over the river, every wavelet seemed to catch a ray of silvery light; the sight was beautiful as fairy-land. Lady Latimer stood silent for some minutes; then in a low, soft voice she began the lines:

"I passed without the city gate, I lingered by the way. The palm was bending to her mate. And thus I heard her sav: "The arrow to the quiver,

And the wild bird to the tree The stream to meet the river, And the river to the sea The waves are wedded on the beach, The shadows on the lea And like to like-and each to each And I-to thee

" 'The cedar on the mountain, And the bramble in the brake The willow by the fountain, And the lily by the lake: The serpent coiling in its lair, The eagle soaring free. Draw kin to kin, and pair to pair, And I-too thee

"The palm was bending to her mate, I marked her meaning well: And passed within the city gate, The old fond tale to tell

"I can remember, Audrey," she said, "when I read those lines, and that like will seek like, that the young seek youth, the beautiful seek others as fair. Everything in nature loves, even to the butterfly who loves the bluebell, and the bee which is betrothed to the bloom: and if flowers at last. and birds, bees and butterflies, all love, how much more we- I thinknay, I am sure, that I have been blind | all my life until now,"

"And what has given light and sight to your eyes now?" I asked. I could not resist the question, although I knew it would have been so much better left alone; but she looked passionate, loving heart, and left enat me with calm, sweet eyes.

seems to me that the eyes of my soul his guests. He had grown older and are just open, and that they see in- more feeble lately, and as life slipped finite light-infinite brightness. Ah away and he lost his grasp of its

had taught her, and my heart went out to her in great loving pity. She went on, a perfect rapture of happiness shiring in her face. "Even the moonlight is different to

me. I thought it cold and capricious. Now I see the light is tender and full of poetry; new I see-" But the words were never finished. Quite suddenly the white gate opened,

and we heard a voice that made my heart beat, say:

Philip said you would be here by the me. Lady Latimer was mistress of blame em on me and I'll never say a

tender, beautiful blush-the rapt ex- that he should walk and ride by her pression when she turned to Colonel side, that he should be her escort, North, and said, with a smile: .. How did you know that I should

be here?"

and Miss Lovel have gone to look at the moonlight."

"I, of course," interrupted Lionel, we have found you."

There was one moment of delicious on the air.

"We need not hurry in," said Colonel North. "Several of them are coming. A stroll by the river on this moonlight night will be much better than sitting in a drawing-room by the light of lamps!"

Then came half an hour that was like time stolen from Paradise. It seemed quite natural that Captain Fleming should walk by my side, even more natural that Colonel North should walk with Lady Latimer. Others joined us, but no one broke up "I never knew before." she said to these little groups; no one came to them half an hour with the colonel,

We talked about everything bright and beautiful; of the river that rolled trees, are even more beautiful than on to the sea, of the moon that shone their green leaves; and I like Septem- in the sky, of the wind whose ber flowers better than those which whispers were those of a lover among come in spring; there is nothing so the leaves Then I perceived that lovely as the white chrysanthemum." Colonel North and Lady Lati-Poor child! I knew afterwards why mer were standing by the rustic she found September the fairest of bridge which spanned the river. The months. Again, we had driven one black lace shawl had fallen, leaving noon to Ashton Firs, taking with us her golden head bare, and her lovely luncheon for the sportsmen. We face all washed by the moonlight. jam. stood for some minutes watching the She looked wondrously fair. Captain

"What a beautiful pair they would "Oh, Audrey," she said, "what a Lady Latimer is one of the fairest of at least, they joined us at dinner.

the side of the fair and radiant woman.

We remained out-of-doors nearly an hour. I went with Captain Fleming music there was in a bird's song. I to the square of fountains. They were never knew what the brook sung indescribably beautiful under the light about, or the wind told to the trees, of the harvest moon, and I am afraid | Captain Fleming. we forgot every one else. I did. It was the night of nights to me. But ton's Cray, I sat next to Captain Flemwhen we came back to the drawing- ing at dinner. We talked, as usual, room Lady Latimer was there. The beautiful tenor voice of Colonel North was ringing through the room, and bright as day in the midst of a dark- she stood by the window listening, blue sky-the gentlemen sat longer with a dreamy smile on her fair face, than usual over their wine. The night and these were the words that he

"Not much I southt, I had my dream-Dear love, your very words I quote-A rose, the ripple of a stream, A blue sky and a boat

"But roses fade as roses blow. And summer skies can lower and frown The stream runs deep and dark, and so

This toat of ours went down She smiled as she listened to the

"Roses fade as roses blow, but this one will never die."

"Who gave it to you?" I asked. "Colonel North," she answered; and I saw all heaven in her face as she uttered the words. Then-then I knew

CHAPTER VIII. I then knew all. I knew that she had found the something missing in her life, that she had learned what the birds sung about and the wind whispered to blossom and leaf, what the waves said when they broke onthe shore. She had learned the great secret of life, which was love; but she did not know it ah! thank God for smile

that. She would not have looked so happy, so bright, so innocent, if she had known what had happened to herself. She did not know; that was my chief cause for gratitude. The knowledge might come to her, but it had not done so yet, and I vowed to myself that if I could I would guard her from it. She had entered fairyland, but she was all unconscious that she had passed the golden gate. She had listened to the songs of Paradise, but she did not know they had sounded in her ears. She had drunk of the chalice which is all foam, but she had not recognized its flavor. She saw sudthey were so much Greek to me. Now | denly, and as she had never seen it I understand them perfectly. They before, all the beauty and brightness mean that everyone must have love, of the world, but she did not know what had opened her eyes. I prayed

heaven she never might. She was so innocently happy, the expression on her face was one of glad content; even Lord Latimer noticed it

"It seems to me, Grace," he said to her one morning, "that you have

grown better looking." I thought to myself, "Oh, blind of eyes, blind of heart, not to understand." Surely, any one who loved her might have seen the danger she was in; so young, so fair, with such a tirely to her own resources-for Lord "I do not know," she answered. "It Latimer spent very little time with pleasures, he grew morose and more I knew, though she did not, what stern. He liked Lionel Fleming, and he spent a great deal of time in talking to him; but he never went out with the sportsmen, he never joined the luncheon parties. He dined every evening with his guests, but he never

appeared in the drawing room after dinner. She was left, then, to herself. to the influence of the sweet, sad music and the harvest moon. There reader?" was no one to say, "Do not let Colonel North sing your heart away;" no one to say, "Do not go out every evening ments of that responsible position?" while the harvest moon is shining;" the house, Colonel North the most im-Ah me! the light on her face-the portant guest in it. It was natural that he should make her the especial object of his attentions; but it was not cmpt., I said to Lionel, 'Lady Latimer 1 shining, he should ask her to go down a key. - Truth.

was it quite natural that he should

gather all the flowers she wore, and "said at once, 'Let us find them.' And talk so much poetry to her. I thought THE often of her simple words to me, "How nice it must be to have some sile.ice, when it seemed to me that the one to say loving words to you and very moonlight throbbed and thrilled bring you nice flowers!" She had both now-flowers and words.

I tried my best to take care of her. I often sacrificed the time I might have spent with Captain Fleming in sitting beside her, trying to take some little of her attention from Colonel North. I might as well have tried to fly over the moon; but, thank heaven! no one saw it except me.

The boys loved Colonel North. He was their beau-ideal of a soldier, a nonsense about him," which was Bob's | this city. favorite description of him. Give and they were quite happy. "He knows how to treat a boy; there is no make-believe about him," they said. To my wonder, astonishment, indignation and dismay, they preferred him to the heir of Lorton's Cray. They all wanted to be "tall as the colonel. handsome as the colonel, and just as upright." In fact, the colonel was the hero of the hour. Captain Fleming came next, but, as Bob irreverently expressed it, he was not "real

During this happy month of Sep-North is my ideal of a soldier, and hall to the vicarage, and every week, They saw nothing of what troubled me Indeed, the dark, soldierly face and so greatly; my sweet mother would figure showed to great advantage by not have understood such a thing. They considered Colonel North a king among men-so brave, so gallant, so courteous; they quoted him and admired him. He was a Chevalier Bayard in their eyes, but they preferred

One night, when they dined at Lorlaughed and amused ourselves; a rose that I had been wearing was transplanted to the buttonhole of his coat. After dinner he talked to me again. We had dancing that evening and he danced with me. I am not quite sure intelligent enough to know how to supwhether I remembered the existence of any other person. When the evening ended I saw an expression of until it is too late to complete the letter anxiety on my mother's face. She called me to her side in the great entrance hall, and, raising her face to mine, she looked straight into my eyes.

handsome, mother," I replied. Her face cleared a little; this open praise disarmed her.

"He seems to like talking to you, course, my dear child, you always needs further stenographic work done. bear in mind the difference in your positions. You have too much sense, Audrey, to let your mind get filled with absurd ideas. I-I should not like you to be made unhappy because I am not here to look after you; it would imbitter my whole life."

I smiled. I had never hoped, I had never thought of hope, so that I could safely look in my mother's face and I took her to the great hall window,

whence we could see the stars shining in the sky. I pointed to the brightest and the largest. "Do you see that star, mother?" I

asked. "Yes," she answered. "I should sooner think of asking it

to come down from heaven to me than

of filling my mind with foolish ideas about Captain Fleming." TO BE CONTINUED.

A Mustache Over Seven Feet Long. The people of Bellington W. Va., are proud of one of their citizens, whose only claim to greatness is his enormous beard and mustache. His name is Brown—plain James Brown but nature could not hide his identity even in the Virginia mountains, especially after bestowing on him such an enormous beard. Brown is six feet | Miss Blank." and one inch in height, but even his great stature does not hinder his chin beard from trailing on the floor when he stands erect. The mustache is even a greater curiosity than his beard, being nearly seven feet and four inches "from tip to tip."

How They Do it in Paris.

There is to be a lawn tennis clut established in Paris upon a grand stale. It will have eight courts, two of which will be covered and available for winter play: there will also be dining-rooms, dressing and bath rooms. It is the intention of the club to hold two tournaments each year, to Blank; and the matter finally termiwhich English players will be invited, and an English professional has been engaged who will look after the lawn and instruct players when necessary. The subscription is fixed at 150 francs it will be raised to 200 francs.

He Knew His Business. "You wish to join our staff as proof-

Applicant-Yes, sir. "Do you understand the require

word."-London Judy

Philanthropic. Editor-What are you going to do lent.) with these iron boxes.

Enterprising Publisher—Sh-. I have natural that he should look at her, a scheme. Into each of these botes I "I felt quite sure of it. You love when he was singing, with his whole am going to put a loaf of bread, and discovered America, which was unthe moonlight, and you love the river. heart in his eyes, and that every ten coupons cut from our paper will When we found the drawing-room night, while the harvest moon was entitle a starving person to the use of

and look at the river with him; nor MUST HAVE ABILITY.

SUCCESSFUL WOMAN STENOGRAPHER.

A Business That Brings Large Returns and Requires More Than Mechanical Skill-A Compliment Cost Her a Situa-

The commonly accepted idea that the women who fill positions of stenographers are usually women of low-grade business ability, and that their work is daily affairs and experiences of some

The hotel stenographers of St. Louis are said to be above the average representative women of the craft, and this belief has very good grounds upon which to rest, for they are, for the most part, women who have had sufficient business experience to make them fully capable to handle correspondence of all sorts; and, indeed, this is an absolutely necessary qualification for the woman who wishes to be successful in this particular line of stenographic work.

The dictation that comes to the hotel sibly be imagined, says the St. Louis Republic. One day perhaps she may take down what the patent medicine man says about his "sugar-coated". tember, Lord Latimer did not forget pills, and the next day, or the next hour my father and mother. Every day even, from the lips of the orator, who is, to me suddenly, her eyes filled with make," he said, suddenly. "Colonel there was a dispatch of game from the or the orator who would like to be, distinguished for elegant and polished speech, a harangue that it keeps her wits as well as her pencil busy trying to follow.

The commercial traveler who sells all grades of wine, the iron merchant who has a thousand and one names for as many different ores, and, in fact, men who represent every kind of business under the sun, hurriedly dictate their letters, and expect, too, that they shall be properly transcribed on the typewriter. To do this the typewriter must be more or less familiar with the typical terms of each line of business, as well as knowing how to spell and punctuate correctly. More than an ordinary amount of common sense and good judgment must also be possessed and

exercised. If in the haste of taking notes a word is omitted, the stenographer must be ply it, for it is not always possible to refer such matters back to the dictator for the particular outgoing mail it may

have been intended to catch. There is yet another thing that the stenographer in public office needs al-"Audrey," she said, "for the first time knowledge of business, and that is tact. most as much as she does a thorough in my life I am anxious over you. I It would never do for her to hand back am not quite sure if I have done a a letter to the man who had dictated it words, then, lightly touching a yellow wise thing in letting you come to live and tell him any little error he may rose that she wore on her breast, she here. My dear, the heir of Lorton's discover is his own. The only way for Cray is a very handsome young man." her to get out of such a thing as this is "He is as good and brave as he is to graciously admit that more than likely she misunderstood him. If it is his own error and he knows it, he may not admit to her that it was, but he all the more admires her generosity in shouldering the blame, and remembers her, Audrey," she continued; "but, of most profitably to herself, when he

Then there is a strange social phase of life that comes more before the notice of women in this particular line of work, perhaps, than in any other, and this, too, she must school herself to meet. "Has it ever occurred to you," said

one of these bright typists who has a desk in one of the largest hotels of the city, "how very many men there are so unfortunate as to be unhappily married? That is, according to the stories the poor fellows seem so willing to inflict we poor hotel stenographers with."

If the last man who had told this sensible little woman his "tale of woe" had been near to see the mirth it had provoked, he would, no doubt, have been ashamed to think he had proved such a poor judge of human nature for one and woven such a weak bit of senti-

mentality for her to only laugh over. In the office of a wealthy business corporation, not long ago, the chief clerk found it necessary to dictate a letter to the lady stenographer that was afterward to be passed into the hands of the manager for signature. He goodnaturedly accepted the task he had found so agreeable, and promptly proceeded with it. Standing behind her chair he began his dictation. All went well until the letter was about half way completed, then the gentleman, who had his eyes fixed on the young lady's soft, wavy coil of hair, thought he would pay

her a nice little compliment. "What very pretty hair you have,

Miss Blank smiled, but said nothing. The letter was finished and handed to the manager. He, glancing over it, discovered a sentence entirely foreign to the subject matter of the epistle, in the very middle of the page. When Miss Blank was called in to explain she opened her big blue eyes in a sort of wondering fashion and said: "Why, I only put down just what Mr.

Brown said. Miss Blank was excused from further explanation, but the quality and quantity of laughter that was thrust upon Mr. Brown was more than that gentleman could stand, and it soon became a question as to who should give up a position and leave the office-he or Miss

nated when Miss Blank quietly handed in her resignation. The women who have their desks in hotels or office buildings pay a certain percentage or bonus for the privilege, and spend as many hours a day or night for the first 100 members, after which there as they may see fit. As a rule they find it necessary to remain until quite late, for a great deal of their dictation is given after business hours, so as to have it ready by the morning of

the next day. It is quite the exception now to go to any city and fail to flud a stenographer in all the large hotels and public buildings. Women have found that if they have the ability they can make these "Perfectly, sir. Whenever you positions pay them better than the ordi-"You are here, Lady Latimer. no one seemed to notice anything but make any mistake in the paper just nary salary received by stenographers in individual offices.

> At the Board School. Master-Now, what is Christopher Colombus famed for? (The class is si- LOOK for our announcement in NEXT issue of this

Master-Surely somebody knows that. Tommy-I know. For frying eggs. Master-No. He is notable for having known then.

Tommy-How did he know it was America when he hadn't been there before?-Judy.

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The Press and the Pulpit.

came to a newspaper man in this way:

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paper would be a failure." The editor

replied: "You are right, and, the min-

ister who will at all times and under

all circumstances tell the truth about

his members, alive or dead, will not oc-

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Sure Death to Hair.

of hair has often been discussed. It has been shown that starchy mixtures,

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statue is in place.

The influence of diet on the growth

Mention name of paper.

You editors dare not tell the truth. If

Poughkeepsie Press: A preacher

Tobacco in South Carolina.

Ten years ago not a pound of tobacco was grown in South Carolina for wholly and simply mechanical, may be market. There were stray patches very easily dispelled by looking into the here and there, and forehanded people in some of the upper counties of the of those who are employed in hotels state possibly produced enough of a not gentleman, and a "man who had no and other large and public buildings of superior quality to supply a strictly home demand, but tobacco growing as a money making industry was unknown in the state. Last year 1,000,cupy his pulpit more than one Sunday, 000 pounds of tobacco of the best variand hen he will find it necessary to eties and some of the finest quality leave town in a hurry. The press and were grown and sold in the county of the pulpit go hand in hand with white-Darlington alone. The acreage devowas brushes and pleasant words, magted to the cultivation of the plant was not 5 per cent of the acreage devoted nifying little virtues into big ones." to the cultivation of cotton, yet the The only sure cure for pin worms in horses known is Steketee's Hog Cholera Cure. Never fails to destroy worms in horses, hogs, sheep, dogs or cats; an excellent remedy for sick fowls. Send sixty cents in United States postage stamps and I will send by mail Cut this out, take it to druggist and pay him lifty cents. Three packages for \$1.50 express paid.

G. G. STEKETEE,

Grand Rapids, Mich. value of the tobacco product was 16 per cent of the value of all the cotton raised in the county. The money value of the tobacco crop of the county was stenographer is as varied as could pos- \$120,000.-Charleston News and Cour-

What a Blessing It is to have strong nerves, and how many are denied it. They to whom nature has been niggard in this respect can enjoy nerve vigor and quietude if they use Hostetter's Stomach bitters, one of the linest nervines and tonics in existence. Dyspepsia, a profine source of nerve inquietuae, is invariably overcome by this genial medicine, which is also potent as a remedy for maintail and kidney trouble and tonstipation

sure death to the growth of hair. No Good. Mrs. Will J. Chalmers, daughter of Chemical analysis proves that hair is the late Allan Pinkerton, and herself a composed of 5 per cent of sulphur and notable figure in Chicago, in West Side and its ash; of 20 per cent of silicon society at least, has lately added to her and 10 per cent of iron and manganese. retinue of English butler, who, being The foods which contain the larger a late importation, was unaware of percent of the above named elements the existence of the naval orange. The are meat, oatmeal and graham. Henry other day Mrs. Chalmers ordered a box pointedly says: "Nations which eat of this fruit to be sent home. During most heat have the most hair." ing dinner, a few intimates being present, the lady of the house, sur-Of medicinal agents is gradually releprised that the oranges did not make gating the old-time herbs, pills, their appearance, inquired of the butdraughts and vegetable extracts to the ler what had become of them. rear and bringing into general use the

"His you please, mum," said the butpleasant and effective liquid laxative, ler, "I 'ad to send 'em back. Hevery one of those oranges 'ad 'oles in 'em." Coe's Cough Balsam

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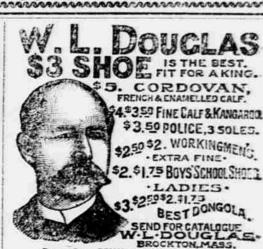
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