

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXL-(CONTINUED.)

a time I was very happy. He was kind | heart was not interested. to me, and I loved him so! We lived in a little vine-wreathed cottage, on the have saved Paul Linmere. His fate and true!" banks of the Seine, and I had my tiny was decided. Twice I waylaid him in flower-garden, my books, my birds, my the streets, and showed him my pale sort of blissful waking trance, that left enjoyed the poor wretch's cowardly mere!" me nothing to desire, nothing to ask horror! for. Fool that I was! I thought it him. I prepared myself with alacrity, for I thought he was getting pleased my story, Louis?"

"No, no. Go on. I am listening to and lapsed into silence. you, Arabel."

"It was a lovely night. The stars gleaming like drops of molten gold, and narrative. the moon looked down, pure and serene which soon burned itself out. After for all my wrongs! have no further use. There is no disto its dreamless sleep!' The next mofloating in the water. I cried aloud in and got only his mocking laugh in return, as he struck out for the shore. I could not swim, and I felt myself sinking down-down to unfathomable deafening roar in my ears, and I knew

no more.' "My poor Arabel, I could curse the but he is dead, and in the hands of God."

was lying in a rude cottage, and two persons, unknown to me-a man and a woman-were bending over me, applying hot flannels to my numbed limbs and restoratives to my lips. I had her to speak. She was silent so long some articles of jewelry on my person, of some considerable value, and with to ascertain. Yes, she did sleep. In these I bribed the persons who had this world she would never waken taken me from the river to cause Mr. | more. Linmere to believe that I had died. They were rough people, but they were kind-hearted, and I owe them a large debt of gratitude for their thoughtful care of me. But for it I should have died in reality. As soon as I was able to bear the journey I left France. Linmere had already closed the cottage and gone away-none knew whither, but I was satisfied he had departed for the United States. I left France with no feeling of regret, save for Leo, my faithful hound. I have shed many bitter tears when pondering over the probable fate of my poor dog."

him-the woman Paul Linmere was to a joyful greeting, and Margaret dehave married, if he had lived."

"I am glad. You may laugh at me, Louis, but the uncertain fate of Leo has given me great unhappiness. But to continue-I engaged myself as nurse- him. maid with an English family, who had been traveling on the continent and were about returning home. I remained with them until I had accumulated sufficient funds to defray my expenses across the Atlantic, and then I home before we went to France. I soon persuade you to give me your escort, got upon the track of him, and learned | if it will not be asking too much." that he was about to be married to a Miss Margaret Harrison, a young lady lightful intelligence for the five hunof great beauty, and with a large for- dred dear friends who have deplored tune. I wanted to see her; for you your absence so long! I had feared must know that I had registered a fear- sometimes that you intended to remain ful vow of vengeance on Mr. Paul Lin- here always." mere, and I desired to judge for myself if it would fall heavily on the woman he was going to marry. For even violently as I had loved him I now hated him.

"I saw Miss Harrison. I accosted her in the street one day, as any common beggar would have done, telling her a pitiful story of my poverty. She smiled on me, spoke a few words of repelling. He divined her fears, and and a physician. From this time she Kingdom, which altogether earn in comfort, and laid a piece of gold in smiled a melancholy smile,

| my hand. Her sweet face charmed me. She kissed an ivory cross laying on I set myself to find out if she cared for her bosom, and proceeded with evident | the man she was to marry. It had all for me love is over! I have had my "Well, I fled with Paul Linmere. For fore, I understood, and I felt that her my brother, my dear, kind brother,

"The night that he was to be married, was to last always. After a while I lay in wait for him at the place Paul wearied of me. Perhaps I was too | where the brook crossed the highway. lavish of my caresses and words of love; I had learned that he was to walk up it might tire him to be loved so in- alone from the depot to the house of tensely. But such was my nature. He his expectant bride, and there I regrew cold and distant; at times posi- solved to avenge my wrongs. I stepped tively ill-natured. Once he struck me: before him as he came, laid my cold but I forgave him the blow, because he hand on his arm and bade him follow had taken too much wine. He laughed me. He obeyed, in the most abject sub- the wrong!" me to scorn, and called me by a foul mission. He seemed to have no will of name that I cannot repeat. That night his own, but yielded himself entirely he asked me to go out boating with to me. He shook like one with the fore a hissing crowd to be tried for ague, and his footsteps faltered so that his life. Oh, Mr. Castrani, I implore at times I had to drag him along. I you-" with me and perhaps would comply took him to the lonely graveyard, with my request. Are you weary of where sleep the Harrison dead, and-" She covered her face with her hands

"Well, Arabel, and then?" asked Cas- deed as you are yourself!" trani, fearfully absorbed in the strange

and holy. Paul was unusually silent, and confronted him. I had no pity. do not quite comprehend. Say it again and I was quiet, waiting for him to My heart was like stone. I rememspeak. Suddenly, when we reached the bered all my wrongs; I said to myself middle of the river, he dropped the oars, this was the man who had made my lifted a hand against Paul Linmere and we drifted with the current. He life a shipwreck, and had sent my soul -never! He is innocent before God sprang up, his motion nearly capsizing to perdition. He stood still, frozen to and the angels!" the frail boat, and taking a step toward | the spot, gazing into my face with eyes | She dropped her head upon her hands me, fastened a rough hand upon my that gleamed through the gloom like and burst into tears-the first she had shoulders. 'Arabel,' he said, hoarsely, lurid fire. 'I am Arabel Vere, whom shed since that terrible night when 'your power over me is among the you thought you murdered!' I hissed that blasted revelation had, as she things of the past. Once I thought I in his ear. 'The river could not hold thought, sealed up the fountain of tears loved you, but it was merely a passion | my secret! And thus I avenge myself | forever. Castrani did not seek to

that, I grew to hate you; but, because I "I struck one blow; he fell to the she would be better for this abandon- cane and tobacco, hundreds of negroes of destroying the dogs is absolutely had taken you away from home and ground with a gurgling moan. I knew ment to a woman's legitimate source of to do my bidding. I spent my time in friends, I tried to treat you civilly. that I had killed him, and I felt no re- relief. She lifted her wet face at last- idleness and luxury. I never had a Your caresses disgusted me. I would morse at the thought. It seemed a very but what a change was there! The want that I could not gratify by a wave gladly have cast you off long ago, if I pleasant thing to contemplate. I transparent paleness had given place of my hand." had had but the shadow of a pretext. stooped over him to assure myself he to the sweet wild rose color which had I am to be married to a beautiful wom- was dead, and touched his forehead. once made Margie so very lovely, and an in America before many months It was growing cold. It stuck me the sad eyes were brilliant as stars shall elapse—a woman with a name and | through and through with a chill of | through the mist of tears. a fortune which will help me to pay unutterable horror. I fled, like one me down like a millstone. For you I of cars which were just going down to for giving me the assurance. You tell all scattered, and I-the city, and in the morning I left New me so. You would not unless it were grace in the grave-and I consign you York and came here. I fell sick. The true!" terrible excitement had been too much ment the boat was capsized, and I was for me, and for weeks I lay in a stupor which was the twin-sister of death. his name, beseeching him to save me, But a strong constitution triumphed, and I came slowly back to health. I had some money on my person at the fully." time I was taken ill, and happening to fall into the hands of a kind-hearted depths. I felt cold as ice; there was a Irish woman, at whose door I had asked for a glass of water, I was nursed with the care that saved my life.

"But I have never seen a moment villain who did this cowardly thing, of happiness since. Remorse has preyed on me like a worm, and once before this I have been brought face to "When I woke to consciousness, I face with death. Now I am going where I sent him. God be merciful!"

"Amen," responded Louis fervently. It was very still in the room. Cashe thought she slept, and stooped over



CHAPTER XXII. mains of the unfor-Lightfield.

when he reached the dwelling of Nurse "Be easy on that subject, Arabel. I Day. Margaret was sitting on the versaw the hound but a few weeks ago. anda, with Leo by her side. The hound He is the property of a lady who loves | ran down to the gate to give the visitor | scended the steps and held out her hand. She was very kind, and almost cordial, for she respected Castrani with her whole heart, and she was pleased to see

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Castrani," she remarked, leading him into the sitting room, "and so also will be Nurse Day when she returns. She has gone to a prayer meeting now. And I am especially pleased to see you just at hoping to find some distraction in new cycle accidents, while seventy-two were set out on my journey. I came to New this time because I am thinking of re-York, for that had been Mr. Linmere's turning to New York, and I hope to

"To New York? Indeed that is de-

"I almost wish I could-life has been so peaceful here. But I must go back sooner or later, as well now as, at any time. I think I am strong enough to bear it," she added, sadly.

"Miss Harrison, I want to tell you a | She was ill, in a wretched room, with

story." She drew back from the hand he laid

never again trouble you with the story | immediate danger. When she knew of my unfortunate passion. I must go her life was to be prolonged she rethrough life without the blessing that fused to make the confession she had would have made this world a paradise. It is not that of which I would speak, and you need have no apprehension for the future. God helping me, I will never say to you a single word that a brother might not say to a dearly beloved sister."

She put her hand into his. "I wish I could love you, Louis Castrani," she said, solemnly. "You deserve my heart's best affections; but "After learning that, nothing could this false world there is one heart loyal

"Margaret, there is more than one true heart in the world, as you will faithful dog Leo-and Paul! Every face, which was not unlike the face of acknowledge when I have told you my pleasant night he used to take me out the dead. And as he believed that I little story. I know now why you dison the river in the little boat which was drowned, the sight of me filled him carded Archer Trevlyn. You thought bore my name on its side. I lived in a with the most abject terror. How I him guilty of the murder of Paul Lin-

> A ghastly pallor overspread her face; she caught her breath in gasps, and clutched frantically the arm of Castrani.

> "Hush!" she said. "Do not say those dreadful words aloud; the very walls utterance puts the life of a fellow mortal in peril!"

"Have no fear: I am going to right "Leave his punishment to God. It all that you desire to know."

would kill me to see him brought be-

"Calm yourself, child. I shall never knowingly injure Mr. Trevlyn. He deserves no punishment for a sin he never committed. He is guiltless of that

"Guiltless-Archer guiltless!" she cried, her face wearing the pitiful, "I dropped the hood from my face strained look of agonized suspense, "I -oh, say it again!"

"Margaret, Archer Trevlyn never

"I believe it-yes, I believe it!" she

"No, Margaret; I would not," replied I cannot verify. When you are calm patriots that they never used the Spanenough to understand I will explain it ish language. They talked only Eug-

"I am calm now. Go on."

"I must trouble you with a little, only a little, of my own private history | what you say." in order that you may understand what follows. I am, as you know, a Cuban word doubted. My Cuban pride revolts by birth, but my father, only, was against it, but my hunger for the mince Spanish. My mother was a native of pie which I can smell from your kitchen Boston, who married my father for love forces me to pocket my pride. Name and went with him to his Southern your other test and it shall be fulhome. I was an only child, and when filled." I was about twelve years of age my parents adopted a girl, some four years my junior. She was the orphan child door. trani sat by the bedside, waiting for of poor parents, and was possessed of wonderful beauty and intelligence, Together we grew up, and no brother and sister loved each other more fully than said a well-known druggist, "but one we. It was only a brotherly and sister- of our greatest annoyances is about ly love-for I was engaged at sixteen corks. I have been in the drug busito Inez de Nuncio, a lovely young Span- ness for nearly fifteen years, and I feel ish girl, who was cruelly taken away sure that my experience is no different ASTRANI re- from me by the hand of violence, as you from that of every other druggist. The mained in Boston, know. Arabel grew to girlhood, lovely trouble I complain of is that almost and saw the re- as an houri. She had many suitors, but she favored none, until he came-Paul tunate Arabel Vere Linmere! Ill health had driven him to consigned to de- Cuba to try the effect of our Southern cent burial, and air, and soon after his arrival he bethat duty accom- came acquainted with Arabel. He was plished he took the very handsome and fascinating, and first train for much sought after by the fair ladies of my native town. Arabel was vain, and It was sunset his devoted attentions flattered her. while his handsome face and fescinating address won her love. And before my parents had begun to ascertain any danger from Linmere's society she had left everything and fled with him.

"My mother was plunged into grief. for she had loved Arabel like an own child, and the uncertainty of her fate think hastened my mother's death. My father left no means untried to discover the whereabouts of the erring girl -but in vain. For years her fate was shrouded in mystery. My parents died, Inez was taken from me, and weary and heartsick I came to New York, scenes and among a new people.

"The day before you left New York I received a message from Arabel Vere. She was in Boston ill unto death. she had a sin upon her conscience

also. "I found Arabel but a mere wreck of her former self. Her countenance told me how fearfully she had suffered. no attendants or medical aid. I had began to mend, and in a couple of days fares about £8,200,000 per annum.

"No, not that. Do not fear. I shall the physician pronounced her out of | summoned me to hear. So long as there was any prospect of her recovery, she said, she must keep the matter a secret. But she could not die and leave it untold. Therefore, she promised that whenever she should feel death approaching she should send again for me, and relieve her soul by the confession of her sin. A few days ago came her second summons.

"Previous to this, only a little while, I had been inadvertently a listener to been arranged by her father years be- day, and it is set. But you shall be an altercation between Archer Trevlyn and his wife, during which Mrs. Trev-Louis! Oh, it is sweet to know that in lyn, in a fit of rage, denounced her husband as the murderer of Paul Linmere. She produced proofs, which I confess struck me as strangely satisfactory, and affirmed her belief in his guilt. She also told him that because the knowledge of his crime had come to you, you had discarded him, and left New York to be rid of him forever!

"So knowing this, when I listened to the dying confession of Arabel Vere, I knew that this confession would clear Archer Trevlyn from all shadow of suspicion. Arabel died, and I buried special vans, and the police have had her. Previous to her death-perhaps to requisition vehicles from the green to guard against accident, perhaps have ears sometimes! Remember their guided by the hand of a mysterious providence to clear the fair fame of an injured man-she wrote at length the history of her life. She gave it to me. I have it here. It will explain to you

> He gave her the manuscript, wrung her hand and left her.

> > TO BE CONTINUED.

## POCKETED HIS PRIDE.

Cuban Patriotism Prevented Him from Speaking, but Not Walking, Spanish.

"Madam," said the tattered wretch, as the woman of the house came to the door, "you see before you a victim of the worst governmental tyranny on the face of the globe."

"You look it," answered the woman, according to the Buffalo Express.

"My looks do not deceive you. Yet, madam. I can assure you it humbles me greatly to be compelled to ask alms of you. Two short months ago, madam, I was rich enough to have bought all the houses on this street."

"Indeed," said the woman, growing interested.

"Yes." pursued the wanderer. "I soothe her; he judged rightfully that had a great plantation, acres of sugar struction can be imagined. The process

"Where was all this?" "In Cuba, madam. I am a Cuban re-

fugee. My plantation was burned by the cruel Spaniards because I had given aid to the patriots. My wife and those cursed debts that are dragging mad, from the place. I entered a train said softly—reverently. "I thank God children were murdered, my dependents "If you're a Cuban," interrupted the

woman, "prove it by talking Spanish." "Madam," said the tramp, with a rails into the chamber. The death is

Castrani, strongly affected. "Heaven pained expression, "in the part of Cuba by anaesthesia, and such a death is forbid that I should raise hopes which where I lived the people were such "Oh," said the woman, "then there's

one other way in which you can prove

"It is humiliating to me to have my

"You might walk Spanish," said the woman, with a smile, as she shut the

Trivial Things. "It may seem a trivial thing to you." ninety-nine out of every 100 persons when presenting a bottle for medicine will invariably retain the cork until you have filled the bottle, put a new cork in it and tied it up, when they will say: 'I have the cork.' This may seem a trifle to kick about, but corks cost money, and then there is trouble occasionally to find one to fit a bottle properly. The amount of money we lay out annually for corks might be cut down fully 50 per cent if our customers would only think."

Interesting Statistics.

An analysis of 2,000 accident policies on which benefits were paid shows 531 persons injured by falls on pavements. 243 by carriages or wagons, seventyfive by horse kicks or bites and fortyseven by horseback riding; 117 were cut with edge tools or glass; ninety-six were hurt by having weights fall on them, and seventy-six were hurt in bihurt by falling downstairs.

Hawaiian Idols.

The collection of Hawaiian idols be-She wanted to see me once more; and longing to the American board, and which were sent to this country as cuwhich she must confess before she riosities by the early missionaries to the died, and she must confess it to no per- | Sandwich islands, has been sent back | son but myself. In obedience to this to Hawaii to be deposited in the Nasummons I hurried to Boston, and the tional museum. They are said to be same train that carried me carried you | the only specimens of the original deities of the islands now in existence.

British Tramways.

The tramways of Great Britain and Ireland receive in fares annually at the present time about £2,600,000, and her immediately removed to lodgings the omnibuses about £2,000,000. There on hers, and her air became cold and switable for her, and provided a nurse are about 45,000 cabs in the United

THE LONDON DOCS' HOME.

Bowwows Given Three Days' Grace and Then Destroyed.

Every morning vanloads of canine

in the Battersea, Park road; and now

three. Three days after a dog has been in the hands of the police the original right of ownership in it ceases, and it may be sold or incinerated as convenience dictates. The process is very simple and it goes on in London year in and year out, whether there is a muzding order in force or not. Every morning a covered van draws up before each of the police stations in the metropolis. On each side are two rows of rings, and at the end is a galvanized iron receptacle. The dangerous dog, if there be one, is brought out of the station and put in the iron box; the harmless wastrels are led from the police yard and tethered one by one to the rings. With the floor-space of the van thus covered with animals, the horse's head is turned toward Battersea. Just now there are not enough of these grocer or other local tradesmen. Arrived at the dogs' home, the vans wait their turn to pass into the yard, their occupants filling the air with cries and swelling the greater chorus within the walls of the home. As one van comes out empty another goes in full. The dogs are taken out, their place of origin and description and any marks of identification on the collar entered in a book, and then in groups of tens and twenties are taken into the kennels. There they pass their days of respite, waiting for owners that come not, and spending the hours in incessant barking and in pitiful and friendly appeals to visitors. When the days of grace are past they are led to the lethal chamber. Just now the home is having two clearances a day and is getting a second furnace built for the incineration of the carcasses. Since the 1st of January nearly 12,000 dogs have passed through the gates-the vast majority of them to pass out again in the form of calcined bone and ash, and of these 12,000 nearly half have come in since the issue of the muzzling order. As the home has accommodation for about 2,000 dogs only and is hard put to it to find kennel room, notwithstanding the additional space it has utilized under the railway arch, the rate of de-Invention of Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, and the writer of this saw it in use recently. It is constructed so as to dispose of 100 animals of the terrier class at a time. The animals are put into a cage divided into two tiers, with light iron bars at the sides. Meanwhile the chamber is filled with narcotic vapor. When the load is made up the doors of the cage are shut, the sliding door of the chamber is raised and the cage is run quickly on the tramdeath by sleep. The dogs are overcome with drowsiness, the moment they breathe the noxious fumes; in a single minute they are in a deep sleep; in three minutes they are dead. Close by never fades. the lethal chamber is the crematorium -a large oven kept at an intense heat by a brick furnace. When the cage is drawn out the carcasses of the animals are cast into it. There is a momentary smell as the hair of their bodies ignites. but that is all. When the process is completed there is nothing but an inadorous ash and incinerated bone. Buried Alive Fifteen Days.

In an earthquake near Naples some time ago a young man was buried in a cellar by the building in which he was tumbling in ruins. At least fifteen days elapsed before he was reached. when he was found to be still alive, and subsequently recovered and is living today (or was a short time ago). Another instance is related where a number of workmen were descending a pit, and a short distance before they reached the bottom an accident happened to the hoisting apparatus. As a result they were buried by the debris. Fourteen days elapsed before they were reached, when they were found unconscious, but still living, and on being brought to the top and cared for all recovered. The secret of the long continuance of life in this case is supposed to be that they were early rendered unconscious and remained in this condition the greater part of the time that they were buried.

The Bicycle Inventor. Nothing can stop the bicycle invent-

or. His applications are received at the rate of a hundred daily at Washington, and already outnumber the total of washing machines, churns and automatic couplers for railroad cars. He seems to be filled with the idea that a bicycle to be operated by hand instead of foot power is the real, original, long felt want. Such a machine might be operated by the legless wonder of the dime museums, but what any one else would want with it is not clear. Many of the inventions are however, of merit, and they relate & details in the intricate portions of the, machine. There are some new things in the line of package carriers, and in the smooth paved cities a year hence at least 90 per cent of the light delivery of dry goods, millinery, hats, shoes, flowers, confectionery, groceries, provisions, etc., will be through the medium of vehicles operated by boys and young men .- New York Journal.

In and Out.

Elfkin-Every one that rides in a Fifth avenue stage pitches into them. Slifkin-Yes, and out of them .- Harlem ,

Nebraska and Iowa Inventors. Amongst the inventors who received patents last week were the following Trans-Mississippi inventors: Daniel Farrell, Omaha, Nebraska, fire extinguisher; Barton W. Kyle, Arlington, outcasts stand outside the dogs' home Nebraska, rotary plow; Zimri D. Gary, South Omaha, Nebraska, seal; James E. Lee, Centerville, Iowa, mining and again a vanload of calcined bone machine; George A. Lockwood, Chariand ash goes out, says St. James Gaton, Iowa, stem-winding and setting zette. There is an interval of five days watch; Charles B. Mather, Ottumwa, between the stages. The law requires Iowa, water-gage; George Roth, St.

Sebald, Iowa, wire gate. George C. Martin, a young high school student and the son of Postmaster Martin of Omaha, Nebraska, has just been allowed a patent for a griddle greaser, that is noticeable because of its uniqueness, simplicity and utility. Mr. Martin is probabily one of the youngest inventors of Nebraska who has ever received a patent.

Amongst the noticeable inventions is a flexible curtain; an apparatus for raising sunken vessels; a novel life preserver; a pneumatic track sander; an elastic, pneumatic steel bicycle tire; a divided garment which can be changed into a skirt or bloomers; an aerial bicycle; an apparatus for drying coffee; a folding crank for bicycles; a motor velocipede; a mechanism for automatically closing leaks in marine vessels; an automatic cow milker; and a new and improved water pillow.

Parties desiring free information relative to patents may obtain the same in addressing Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

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