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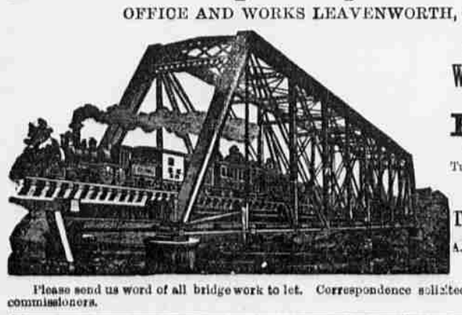

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Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days"

CHAPTER XXXIV CONTINUED.

"What will they say? What will they do? I should think they would at once turn me out of their house."

Frank smiled a sad little smile. "Dear Beatrice," he said, "can you fancy either Horace or Herbert turning out a dog who came to them for protection? That is," he added, "if the dog had not been in the mud."

"Ah, Frank, but I have been in the mud," said Beatrice sadly. "I have years of mud upon me. It will never come off, Frank."

Frank, as a man should, tried to console her, tried to persuade her that the mud was after all neither so very black nor so very thick. She shook her head.

"Ah!" said Beatrice, "it all comes back to the old cry—'If what has been done could only be undone!'"

"Yes," said Frank, "the cry of the first man who developed speech; his thought perhaps before speech came to him; and so it will be the cry of the last man who stands on the wreck of the world."

There was silence once more until Frank broke it by repeating his original question. Beatrice told him she could not leave Munich until Sarah returned.

"But she is in London. Why not telegraph to her? Tell her to wait there."

"I would, but I do not know where to find her. She was going to her friends. The friend who posted my letters. Sarah used to send them, but I never thought of asking the address."

"And she is making terms with this man," said Frank rather bitterly, "is empowered to let this ruffian rob you."

"Money is nothing. He can have all he wants if he will trouble me no more."

Carruthers bit his lips. He cared little for money as money, but it enraged him to think of this villain living in luxury at the expense of the woman he had so wronged. However, he believed that when it came to the Talberts having a voice in the matter, Hervey would find himself not so well off as he anticipated.

"Frank," said Beatrice, "I will leave with you as soon as she returns, I promise. Now let us talk of something else. We may have but a day or two longer here. Let me have those days to look back upon—days of calm before the storm breaks."

Carruthers understood her. He forced himself to talk to her in something like his old style. The mirth, if it could even be called mirth, was hollow. The imitation ran falsely. But Beatrice was grateful; if only to have her thoughts turned from the one current.

"No one can fully realize what a noble thing it is to be English," said Frank, "until he has returned to London after a tour in Germany. It is a gratifying thing when you enter your hotel and for the first time comprehend the true mission of the great Teutonic race."

"What mission?"

"To find," continued Frank, "that this great nation was created apparently for the purpose of supplying waiters to the English speaking races. It is a great patriotic truth which has consoled me for many inconveniences I have suffered from its application."

Then he told her about the strange people at his hotel in Munich. About the smart American girls who would call Paris "Parrus." About all the other familiar table d'hote characters.

"It amuses me most," he said, "to talk to the porteurs and waiters about the king. Every one has some fresh tale about his eccentricities. You know he turns night into day. Starts off driving at 1 in the morning!"

Yes, Beatrice had of course heard that.

"Floats about on a lake, on top of the palace, and fancies himself Lohengrin. Hides away from everyone—do you know why?"

"An unhappy love affair years ago," said Beatrice.

"That may have been the origin of the tomfoolery," said Frank. "But the reason he keeps himself hidden now is not romantic. He is growing so fat he is ashamed to show himself. Fancy a fat Lohengrin!"

"I don't believe it," said Beatrice indignantly. "Most ladies look upon King Ludwig as possessed of the beauty of a Greek god."

"It's quite true. The other night he sent for one of the singers from the opera. She had to sit in a punt on the lake and sing to him. Fancy a prima donna in a punt singing to an invisible king. Well, the punt was small and the lady stout. Just in the middle of a grand cadenza over went the boat. What do you think the king did?"

"Naturally, pulled her out."

"Not a bit of it. He rang a bell and walked away, leaving the poor thing to splash. Makes one feel a republican to hear such things."

So Frank talked, but all his fooling was forced. They had been walking about aimlessly, and scarcely noticing where. "Shall we go anywhere—to one of the galleries?" asked Beatrice.

"No," said Frank. "It's too fine for pictures. Let us go and look at the statue of Bavaria." The statue being a long way off, they took one of those delightful little fiacres, hired, including a coachman with a broad silver band round his hat, for something like sixpence the half hour. One, almost the only one, relic of bygone cheap living in Munich.

They inspected the colossal statue, but did not yield to the temptation of going up into its head via the leg. They walked through the Hall of Fame at the back of the statue. But sight-seeing did them no more good than Frank's forced gayety. They were both sad at heart.

"Where shall we go now?" asked Frank as they came back to the fiacre. "Is there anything else to see about here?" He couched this question in curious German, and addressed the driver. The driver said the great south cemetery was not far off.

"I don't like cemeteries," said Frank doubtfully.

"I do," said Beatrice. So they drove according to her wish.

They passed under the great arched entrance to the place of tombs. Beatrice, who was now deep in sad thoughts, looked neither to the right nor left—and Frank was looking only at Beatrice. They walked straight into the great open space, and for awhile, with the bright May sun shining down on them, wandered about the forest of tombs, which, after the manner of all continental memorial stones, looked untidy from the withered or tawdry wreaths which had been placed on them last All Souls' Day, and left to decay at ease. Carruthers was somewhat disappointed in the cemetery. Although this was his first visit to Munich, he fancied he had read or heard that this cemetery was one of the finest in Europe. He told Beatrice he was disappointed.

"Perhaps the finest monuments are under the piazza," she said.

They walked across to the broad piazza which runs round the center space. As Beatrice had suspected, the finest and most costly and artistic monuments were against the wall. Some of them were magnificent works of art, but Carruthers paid them scant attention. Whether it was the melancholy surroundings or the strain which at Beatrice's wish he had put upon himself to keep their conversation away from the subject ever uppermost in their hearts, he could not tell, but it seemed to him that at this moment his sorrow was more unendurable, more abiding than ever.

"This!" he muttered. "To this it all comes. The end of love, the end of ambition, of wealth, of poverty, of pain, of joy. All come to it, and other men and women walk over our graves and wonder who we were. Beatrice! Beatrice!" he cried, in a voice of exquisite agony, "we can live but once and our life is wasted!"

Bravely as he had borne himself, Carruthers had at last broken down.

Beatrice started. These words were the first which had been wrung from him which implied the slightest reproach. It only wanted this to complete her misery. She bent her head and the tears ran from her eyes. Then she looked at Frank with a pitiful, appealing gaze which went straight to his heart.

"I was a fool—a weak fool," he said. "Forgive me."

"No, you are wise. Oh, why was I ever born?"

"Let us go," said Frank. "I hate this abode of dead mortality."

So with heavy hearts they walked along the broad piazza toward the entrance to the cemetery. Somehow their hands met, and they went hand in hand.

Neither spoke. Carruthers was telling himself that he was weaker than he thought, that he could not bear the situation longer. He would see Beatrice safe in England. He would see this man and insure her future peace. Then he would—he must leave her. To see her, hear her voice, touch her hand, yet know she could not be his was more than he could ask himself to bear.

So as they walked down that piazza they felt that they were bidding each other a farewell which might well be eternal. No wonder their hands refused to part.

As they drew near to the entrance they passed what was to all appearance a shop with a plate glass front opening on the piazza. In front of it were two or three men and women and several children; the last-named on tip-toe, and flattening their flat Teutonic noses against the glass. Frank also glanced that way and saw such a curious sight that, in spite of his preoccupation, he stopped.

A little way inside the glass was arranged on banks of evergreens and flowers what seemed to be a dozen dolls, of various sizes, but all large for dolls. Each was dressed in smart long robes with tinsel and other decorations, and each doll bore a large number. A curious sight! Carruthers drew near and then the truth flashed upon him. They were dead babies! There, each in its little nest of leaves and flowers, they lay awaiting the day of burial.

"They are dead!" said Frank, turning to Beatrice.

"Yes. I remember hearing it was the custom here to let them wait like this; but I forgot all about it. A horrible custom, is it not?"

Is it a horrible custom? If startling to strangers, is it more horrible than the English custom of letting the poor dead thing lie for days in an upper chamber, lie there often until the last sight one carries away of the loved one is a sight to be forgotten? Who has not known those fearful days which precede an English funeral? The fearful room with its boxed-up odor of death striving with those of sweet scented flowers, eau de Cologne and carbolic acid. It may seem harsh to bear away the poor dead clay at once, but not so harsh as the custom which jeopards health for the sake of sentiment.

Is it a horrible custom to think of a loved one exposed to the eyes of the public? Horrible at first sight to watch women bringing children and lifting them up to see what lies behind the glass. But why should the dead fear to face their fellow creatures' gaze more than the living? Why should the living be taught that the sight of death is so to be dreaded?

But if the sight is horrible to a stranger it is fascinating. Notice all who visit the Munich cemetery for the first time. If they peep in at one window of the wartsaal they will peep in at all. Beatrice and Frank formed no exception to this rule.

There are several of these windows. In the one next the babies they saw the body of all old priest. He lay on his slanting bier of evergreens, dressed in his best clothes, his cold hands holding the crucifix to his cold heart. He slept with peace written on his sweet waxen face. Was this horrible?

And so to the end. With reverent eyes Frank and Beatrice saw them all, the poor dead things, lying on their green biers awaiting interment, lying there with a wire fastened to the hand so that if life was by any chance to return, whether by night or by day, a bell must ring and bring aid. But they never ring for aid, these poor dead things!

Frank and Beatrice turned away. It seemed to Frank, at least, that the spectacle they had seen was a fitting ending to their excursion. They walked away slowly and in silence. But they had not seen all.

In a room at the very entrance, so that comers and goers might the more readily notice it, lay the body of a man. Not on fragrant boughs, but on a plain slate bier, for there was no one to authorize the expenditure necessary to give it a bed of evergreens. A black cloth was thrown across the body and the white face was turned toward the window.

And Frank saw that white face and knew it—and Beatrice saw that white face and knew. She grasped Frank's arm, strove to speak, gave a sharp cry and fell senseless on the stones. Carruthers lifted her and bore her to the fiacre. He bade the man drive home at once.

Beatrice revived. She looked at Frank in a dazed way. "I dreamed—it was a dream!" she said in a whisper.

Beatrice saw that white face and knew.

"It was no dream," answered Carruthers in a hoarse, choked voice. Not another word was exchanged until they reached Beatrice's home. Here Frank wanted to accompany her to her rooms. She shook her head.

"Go back, go back," she whispered. "You will see to all, learn everything, will you not?"

He nodded, re-entered the carriage and drove back to the cemetery. The blood ran fiercely through his veins. This man, the man who stood between him and happiness, dead! It could not be! Such things as this never happen in real life. Some chance resemblance must have misled him and Beatrice. Will Carruthers, who had never yet wished a fellow creature dead, be blamed because he trembled at the thought?

There was no mistake. He gained access to the room. He saw the body uncovered, saw the sling which had been removed from the broken arm. And as he stood and gazed at the dead man he seemed to hear the voice of the strange servant begging him in wild accents to wait for Beatrice. Her prophecy had come true; her curious faith had not deceived her.

He looked long on the white face. Pity, except the pity one feels for violent death, did not move his heart. But, nevertheless, the man lying there had once been loved by Beatrice; might, had he so willed, be loved by her even now. How strange it all seemed! At last he turned away.

He had to answer many questions; see sundry officials. He said he identified the man as one Maurice Hervey, an artist. He could say nothing more about him—nothing about his friends. He had exchanged very few words with him. Then he left money for the corpse to be removed to another wartsaal and decently laid out. Also money for funeral expenses, and for a stone with M. H. on it to be put over the grave. They told him the funeral must take place on the morrow. Then he went back to Beatrice.

She would not see him, so he left a note saying that all was done. The next day he stood over Maurice Hervey's grave.

CHAPTER XXXV.

OLD FRIENDS AGAIN.

He did not see her the next day. He called twice; the second time she sent word that she would rather not see him until to-morrow. She was not ill; she would only rather be left alone. So in a curious, indescribable state of mind Mr. Carruthers spent the day in wandering about Munich.

On the morrow he called and was admitted. He found Beatrice alone. She looked pale, but very beautiful. He noticed at once a change in her manner. A certain graceful timidity and shyness seemed to have fallen upon her, which added a new charm to the girl he had hitherto found so calm and self-possessed. Beatrice, it may be, noticed a change also in Carruthers' bearing.

"Tell me all," she said in low tones, as after a quiet greeting he took a chair near her.

He told her all. How the man some nights ago had been picked up on the rails, almost cut in two by the wheels of an engine which had passed over him. How he had been carried into Munich and placed in the wartsaal. How, the usual formalities having been observed, he had been left for identification, and then, with or without identification, for burial. He told her what instructions he himself had given, and how yesterday he saw his grave.

Beatrice heard him without interruption. When his recital was finished she sat in deep thought. Frank watched her in silence.

"How did he come there, on the railroad, I mean?" she asked at last.

Frank shook his head. "No one can tell," he said. "It might have been accident, it might have been suicide. From the position in which he was found the authorities incline to the latter. But he had plenty of money in his pocket. I don't know how much, for in these cases the exact amount is never stated. In short, no one knows how it happened."

Frank spoke the truth. No one knew. The railway tickets having been collected long before Munich was reached, for all the officials of the train knew, Hervey and Mrs. Miller might have disembarked with other passengers. The woman's box, which was registered through to Munich, was lying in the baggage office unclaimed. Perhaps it lies there till this day. Her hand bag went where such things go when left in a train. Could the steward or the guard have seen the dead body they might have recognized it as that of a passenger; but it was put out of sight long before the great train came tearing back from Constantinople. So no one in Munich knew more than was embodied in the official report.

"What brought him to Munich?" asked Beatrice. "How did he know I was here?"

Frank could only shake his head again.

"He must have seen Sarah," she continued, answering her own question. "He must have learned from her where I was. Why did she not write and tell me? Some harm may have befallen her. I wish she was back."

"Would you like to see his grave?" Frank asked after a pause. Beatrice shivered.

"No," she said, "I think not—unless you would call it unwomanly not to do so."

"No," said Frank. "I can see no reason for it."

"What could I do at his grave?" asked Beatrice softly and dreamily. "One goes to a grave to weep. I could not weep. After a load, which one has for years carried day and night, is lifted from the mind, one does not weep, one rejoices. Frank, I dare not stand over a grave and feel like that. Let me say I forgive him. I can do no more."

"No one who knew all could ask more."

"'Speak nothing but good of the dead,'" she continued in the same dreamy way. "Frank, I cannot recall any good of which to speak. For a few weeks I loved him, or thought I loved him; but that was years, years ago. Ah me, those years! All I can now do is to say I will speak no evil of him. He is dead. I forgive him, and will try and forget him."

For the first time the tears rose to her eyes. There was a long pause. Beatrice and Frank were now standing. He took her hands in his and held them.

"Beatrice—darling," he whispered. "Do you remember the words you said a few days ago—said in this very room? When there seemed no chance of happiness for you and me. Dearest, all is now changed. We are in a new world. Beatrice, will you say once more in our new world what you said in the old?"

Lower and lower she bent her head, and the blush rose and deepened on her white cheek. Then she raised her head, and her gray eyes looked into his.

"Let me leave you one moment," she whispered. Without waiting for the permission she drew her hands from his and glided away, swiftly as she had left that evening at Hazlewood House, but this time without leaving him hopeless.

She came back in less than a minute, and her boy came with her. Holding him by the hand she stood and looked at Frank.

He understood. He drew the boy to him, sat down and put the little fellow between his knees. Placing one hand on his head, he looked up at Beatrice with a grave smile.

"Dearest," he said, "children may come to us or not; but this boy shall always be to me as my own son. He shall never mourn for his unknown father; never, if I can help, know shame covers that father's name."

He raised the child and kissed it. Harry, with whom Carruthers was always a prime favorite, put his chubby arms round his friend's neck. Beatrice watched them and smiled softly.

Carruthers, after disengaging himself from the boy's embrace, put him gently aside, rose and held out his arms. Beatrice came to them, laid her head on his shoulder and wept happy tears. He whispered words of passionate love, kissed her again and again, and all the while Master Harry watched the two with childish attention, and wondered what was the meaning of the curious scene. At last they remembered his presence, and Beatrice handed him over to his Bavarian nurse—an act of expulsion which he much resented.

Somehow, the thought that death alone had given the right to love made Frank and Beatrice's love-making quiet and restrained. They were happy, of course, or Frank was, but not demonstratively happy. After he had told her a thousand times that he loved her, Beatrice kneeled at his side and held his hand.

"Frank, my own Frank," she whispered. "You will never bring the past up against me? I have been wicked, deceitful, but, dearest, I have suffered for it. Frank, you shall know every thought of my heart. I will be a true wife. If anything ever told me that the remembrance of the past made you doubt me, I should die—I should die, Frank."

Of course he took her in his arms and vowed she was the sweetest, truest, noblest, etc., etc. What, in fact, every one vows in a position similar to his.

Then she asked him to leave her for awhile—leave her to think over all that had happened. He obeyed. He, too, wanted to think.

Naturally he called again later in the day, and the two began in a rational way to discuss their plans for the future. Beatrice was very uneasy about Mrs. Miller. She blamed herself for not having taken the address which would reach her in London.

It was settled that they should wait a week longer in Munich, in the hope of hearing news of Beatrice's emissary. Then Carruthers spoke of something which all day he had been revolving in his mind.

"Listen, Beatrice. We are to go back together and your cause is now my own. There is something to be faced. There are those who have a right to ask you to explain your absence. But there is a right you can give which will over-ride all others. Dearest, let us return as husband and wife."

She flushed and trembled. "Oh, Frank, how can I? So soon?"

"Soon! Beatrice, it is more than five years. That man was dead to you more than five years ago. He died when your love died."

"True! It is true!" she murmured. "He died then, not now."

"I feel that I do not ask you to do this for selfish reasons," said Frank. "I ask it because it is best for you. A few months' engagement to you would not be weariness, darling. This I must sacrifice." His arms went around her and their lips met.

"Now for your answer," he said.

She placed her hand in his. "Let it be as you will, my love, my lord. I have no will but yours—oh Frank, Frank! I feel that I can face anything, face anybody, so long as I know that we are not to be parted—know that you are to be mine forever."

So they were married in Munich. Why not? Who was this dead man that he should stand between them? What had he done that he should be considered? That she should truthfully say that she forgave him—that she would speak no evil of him, was all, nay more, than could be justly asked of the woman he had betrayed in even a baser and more callous way than the word usually means when applied to villains and women. Even when he met his death was he not on his way to work her evil? Maurice Hervey dead a week ago! No, the man she had known as Maurice Hervey died when years ago he dropped his mask, and showed her what lay underneath.

Beatrice and Frank were married. They found an English nursemaid who was going home. They engaged her to accompany them, and take care of the boy. In due time they all reached London. Beatrice's anxiety respecting her faithful servant had now grown very great; so the first thing they did was to try and gain tidings of her.

The only thing they could do was to apply to the police; and soon after the description of the missing woman was given they were told that it seemed to answer to that of a woman, unknown, who was in the pauper lunatic asylum. So to the asylum they went, and having been shown the clothes worn by the woman, knew that their fears were well founded. Frank had felt no doubt about the matter. The nurse's manner on a certain night had assured him as to what the end would be. He told Beatrice so.

Beatrice was greatly shocked and distressed. "Poor Sarah," she said, "she was never mad with me, I could always calm her. She was my right hand for years, Frank. She helped me, tried to shield me—" here Beatrice blushed as painful memories rose—"You will never know how the poor thing loved me, Frank."

No! Frank will never know, nor will his wife know how the woman loved her, and what she did for her sake!

Beatrice saw the doctor and questioned him. He told her that the woman was in a hopeless state; what appeared to him to be the gloomiest, most incurable kind of religious mania. The chances were she would not live long.

Beatrice begged that she might see her. The doctor shook his head. An interview would do the patient harm. Beatrice would not believe this, and asked the doctor to tell her poor servant that she was here. He could judge from the effect of the news as to the advisability of a visit. The doctor humored her. He soon returned and said that the mention of her name seemed to redouble the poor woman's delusions. She had turned her face to the wall and made gestures of absolute aversion. Frank drew Beatrice aside.

"My dear girl," he whispered, "depend upon it she saw this man, let slip the name of Munich, and knew that he was on his way to you. The grief at what she had unwittingly done quite upset her poor brain. She is so troubled at it that she will not see you."

Beatrice went to the doctor. "Oh," she said impulsively and with tears in her eyes, "will you go to her once more—only once. Tell her, try to make her understand that I am married and happy."

Mrs. Carruthers being a beautiful woman in distress, the doctor, being a young man, obeyed. He soon came back shaking his head. It was no use. The effect of his communication had been such that he must strictly forbid a visit. It was, he said, one of the commonest symptoms of such mania that the patient turned with aversion from those who had been most loved by her. So Beatrice sorrowfully gave up the struggle.

All they could do was to see that Sarah was removed to a place where she could be cared for, and where kind treatment was assured. There, let it be said, she is now. But it will not be for long. The doctors and the keepers know that the days of the poor mad woman, who spends eighteen hours of the twenty-four on her knees, are numbered.

After they had done all they could for Sarah, Frank and Beatrice turned to their own affairs. None of Beatrice's people knew of her being in London. Frank, of course, saw many acquaintances, but as Beatrice knew so few people their companionship created no remark. Upon inquiry at the hotel patronized by the Talberts, they learned that the brothers had not yet come up for their perennial visit, but were expected next week. So one fine day Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, the boy and his new nurse, went down to Blacktown.

* * * * * *

Our long lost, but, I hope, beloved friends, Horace and Herbert, were one afternoon returning from Blacktown in the large wagonette. As they came up the drive they saw something unusual—something which made them glance at each other with dismay. On the front doorstep, sunning himself, and looking as if Hazlewood House and its appurtenances were his in fee simple, stood a little boy.

No wonder, the moment some one took the horses' heads, that the Talberts jumped down to inquire what this apparition meant. The loss of the bright hair having so changed the boy's appearance, they did not at first recognize him, so no wonder that Horace, who connected painful memories with mysterious children, groaned out, "another child!"

They put their eye-glasses up and saw that the small stranger was making violent demonstrations of friendship. The dancing blue eyes which looked up at them seemed strangely familiar. Herbert was the first to discover the truth.

"It is Beatrice's boy!" he said.

"It is," said Horace, solemnly. To make sure they asked him who he was and whence he came.

He informed them that he was "mother's bewitchful boy," and he waved his arms to show that the distance he had come was more than his mind could grasp. Then here commenced his friendly advances, holding up his face in a way which showed he expected to be kissed. He was so imperious and assertive that they yielded. Herbert bent down and kissed him. Horace, who noticed that his brother's appearance as he did so was not dignified, lifted the urchin up and likewise kissed him. Then they went indoors to learn what it all meant.

The child preceded them, and had they harbored any doubts of his identity such doubts would have been set at rest by the way in which the little urchin rubbed his feet. No child who had not lived a part of his life at Hazlewood House would have performed the act so thoroughly.

Whittaker was in the hall. "Who are here, Whittaker?" asked Horace.

"Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, sir," replied Whittaker. The Talberts stared at each other, then, hanging their hats on the proper and respective pegs, entered the drawing room.

They saw Frank standing there with that quaint, dry smile on his face, and then they saw Beatrice coming toward them with outstretched arms. Herbert again stared blankly at Horace, who could not, however, respond to the look because Beatrice had thrown her arms round his neck.

"Kiss me, uncle Horace, and say you forgive me," she cried. "I have caused you all sorts of worry and anxiety, but say you forgive me."

She *had* caused them worry and anxiety. Indeed they had latterly been sorely pressed to account for Beatrice's absence to Lady Bowker and others. Nevertheless she was their sister's child and a thorough Talbert. She was also in distress. So Horace yielded, kissed her, and told her how glad he was to see her again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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CHOLERA

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PROPOSALS FOR SUBSISTENCE STORES.

OFFICE PURCHASING AND DEPOT, COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE, Omaha, Neb., August 13, 1885.

Proposals in duplicate, in sealed envelopes, addressed to the undersigned marked "Proposals, September 21, 1885," and subject to the usual conditions will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon, September 21, 1885, at which time and place they will be opened in presence of bidders, for furnishing and delivery at the subsistence storehouse in this city, or on railroad cars, at or near place of manufacture of the following articles, viz—

594,000 pounds flour, high ground, to be made from good sound wheat. The bids will state the price in new strong single cotton sacks and in double sacks. The outside sack to be burlaps, well sewed and corners tied, each sack to contain 100 pounds net of flour.

113 barrels vinegar, 3½ grains strength, standard. Sample may be seen at this office.

35,100 pounds soap, laundry, pound bars, in cases holding 60 pounds, cases strapped. Samples of flour, vinegar and soap to be sent with proposals, one fourth of the flour to be delivered by October 15th, the remainder by November 10th; the vinegar and soap to be delivered by October 15th.

Proposals will also be received and opened at the same time by Major W. H. Bell, C. S., Cheyenne depot, Wyoming, for delivery of the above at Cheyenne depot, or on R. R. cars at or near place of manufacture and by Captain F. F. Whitehead, C. S. Denver, Col., for delivery at Denver, or on R. R. cars at or near place of manufacture.

The right is reserved to reject any or all proposals. Blank proposals can be obtained on application.

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