



BY M.T. CALDOR.
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

"God bless you, sir. If ever Charles Collinwood can serve your son, believe me, it shall be done. Heaven will reward you."

This was Mr. Vernon's parting with the admiral. Both were conscious of a subtle, mysterious whisper, telling them it was their last meeting on earth—and so it was.

That of Walter and Eleanor was still more brief. The young hero forced back the wild tumult that clamored eagerly to ask of her one promise to remain faithful, and pallid and calm, held out his hand, saying earnestly:

"May heaven bless you with all the happiness it has for earth! Good-bye, Ellie."

She had come weeping and sobbing from his father's embrace. The blue eyes had drenched with their briny rain the soft rose of her cheek to a faded white; the sweet lips quivered sadly. Walter's eye took in all, yet he said only:

"Good-bye, Ellie!" Eleanor had no voice to reply. Parting thus from the only friends she had ever known, with but a vague, unsatisfactory hope of some time, somewhere meeting them again, quite prostrated her sensitive temperament. Weeping, fainting, nearly broken-hearted, her uncle carried her in his arms back to the cabin, while Walter, with dry, burning eye and rigid lip, descended swiftly to the boat that was to take them back to the "Hornet."

In silent grief his father took a place beside him. The word was given to cast off, when suddenly the admiral himself appeared above, leaning over the railing and calling Walter's name. He threw down a ring wrapped in a slip of paper. Walter grasped it nervously. Full well he knew the ring; many a time had Ellie brought it out to see the sparkles play in the sunshine that came flickering through the Hibiscus and palm trees; but he stopped not to examine it anew, but spread out the paper to read the brief line written there. Huddled, blotted as they were, no diamond in England or India could be so precious to Walter Vernon, though they were only these: "I shall wait for you, Walter."

Walter's face was covered by his hands, but the straight, shapely fingers could not hide the tears that at length came pouring through them.

CHAPTER X.

FIVE years after the "Hornet" and "Collinwood" parted company upon the ocean, was gathered in merrie England, at a famous gallery of paintings in London, a fashionable crowd—the living tide swaying to and fro, yet lingering ever, some for Art's dear sake, and some from obedience to a more tyrannical mistress—Fashion—at a group of pictures which bore the mark of a new genius, whose star had but lately shot up brilliantly on the sky of fame.

Upon a seat not far from these pictures sat a gentleman, whose foreign cloak and slouch had nearly concealed his face and figure; only the brilliant, melancholy black eye roving restlessly over the crowd, and the glossy black moustache shading the scornful lip, were visible. There was a listless languor in his attitude that seemed belied by the keen attentiveness of his glance. Suddenly the eye sparkled in earnest attention, and quite unconsciously he bent eagerly forward. A gay party passing by floated toward him the sound of a well-known name.

"Lady Eleanor Collinwood—pray tell me in what direction you saw her?" asked eagerly an aristocratic-looking gentleman.

"Ah, there it is," spiritedly replied a brilliant-looking girl, twisting her pearl and gold opera glass affectingly, "you are no exception to the general rule. Viscount Somerset, the attractions of our new star outweigh all others. Were she not so lovely in character as in person, I should be jealous of her, but as it is, one must acquiesce gracefully. I give you full permission to leave us and find her. We saw her in their carriage with Lady Annabel and Sir Marcus Willoughby."

"Upon my word, Lady Isora, you are as keen and sharp as the frosty air of this November day. I assure you I find present company agreeable enough to keep me here until we meet or overtake the Collinwoods. I have a message for Lady Annabel from the admiral, whom I met at Bath. By the way, I fancied I discovered a likeness in that beautiful girl on the canvas yonder to Lady Eleanor. This Vernon keeps so private no one knows about him. Perhaps, after all, it was a glimpse of her face that inspired him to so grand an effort."

The gay talkers chattered on, unmindful of the eager listeners behind them. At length came a stir of expectation.

"Here they come, Somerset. See what a crowd of elite follows. You'll have little chance for conversation. How wonderful is the way Lady Annabel holds over all hearts, with her pale, spiritual face and gentle dignity! See, the Duke of B— is talking with her. Have you ever doubted she might be a

duchess any day? But never was wife so faithful and devoted to a husband's memory as she. How she must have loved him!"

"Duchess! Yes, she might have had her choice of two or three coronets at the least. Everybody knows how our best and noblest men have sued in vain. She wins almost as much admiration as her daughter now."

"Hush, they will hear you! Good afternoon."

"A fine day, Lady Annabel. I have a word for you from Bath."

The muffled figure bent forward yet farther. How the eye glittered with a lustre feverish and unnatural!

"Lady Annabel Collinwood, Eleanor's mother!"

At the very name came the flood of old emotion, sweeping away the breastwork that for five years of strenuous toil, of stupendous exertion, had been closely guarded, lest a single wave should overlap the restraining barrier.

No wonder Walter Vernon—Signor Vernoni he had allowed the Italians to call him, and the name came with his fame to England—no wonder he gazed with breathless interest as the group advanced, to see for the first time Lady Annabel Collinwood!

He could have selected her from a crowd of ladies as fair and graceful as she—a slender, pale-faced woman, with a well-bred, quiet grace, deep, mournful eyes—not like Eleanor's, blue and sunny, but dim and dark as the midnight sea, carrying with her a nameless, invisible and yet potent atmosphere of refinement and purity. This he saw at first, but a second look showed him flashes of light corruscating over the dim iris, and making the eye resplendent; waves of rich thought breaking over the symmetrical features, and glorifying them with light and shade of eloquent meaning; smiles rare and seldom, but wonderful and magical when they came, arching into beauty the lips that were Eleanor's own. He felt at once the spell by which Lady Annabel still swayed all hearts, although more than forty years had passed over her smooth, fair forehead. She was leaning lightly upon the duke's arm, but her attention was given to the young viscount, who was relating in his lively way the meeting with the courteous admiral.

The tall figure and massive head of the noble duke concealed the couple who walked behind, and Walter was obliged to wait until Lady Annabel and her companion turned to the pictures before he beheld her for whom his heart had sighed so long.

Eleanor was only sixteen when they parted upon the far-off Pacific. Five years, replete with the important change from girlhood to womanhood, had passed—would she seem the same? His beating heart nearly suffocated him as Walter once more gazed upon Lady Eleanor Collinwood.

Ah, the relief!—it was still his Ellie, though the youthful grace and beauty had ripened into matured perfection—though the slender form had grown more stately, and the girlish diffidence had merged into a calm, self-possessed dignity—a well-bred grace that the island experience could never have given her. Still the soft blue eyes were their guileless look of pleading innocence; the sweet lips dimpled with the very smile poor Tom had so often compared to the first unbeam that glistened through the cloud over the sea, when the "Petrel" lay a wreck among the reefs.

How swiftly his pulse leaped, his eye burned! Would that smile ever beam for him again? Not a breath of intelligence had passed between them since their parting; for all he knew she might have forgotten his very existence. He could tell it speedily. And then, with jealous rage, the unknown artist turned to her companion, on whose handsome face so plainly was written his devoted admiration. There was a manly, high-bred air about him that pierced poor Walter like a sword. He was good, he was noble, he was worthy of her—that could be read at a glance. No wonder she listened so gracefully to his animated words.

With a stifled groan Walter turned away. Duke, marquis, noble lord—whichever he was, he had a right to offer his homage and suit; but for the plebeian painter, where was there any hope, any plea whereby to win the favor of that high-born, aristocratic mother, even though Eleanor herself were true to that voluntary promise—"I will wait for you?"

The black folds of Lady Annabel's dress swept across his feet, and while the hot blood mounted his cheeks Walter bent his head, as though his presumptuous thoughts were laid bare before that sad, dark eye.

Then a single word in Eleanor's well-known voice came to his ear—it was hurried, agitated, vehement. So well he understood every tone of that beloved voice, he knew something had startled her, and yet she had spoken but one word—"Mother!"

"What is it, my love?" asked Lady Annabel, turning at once where her daughter, alternately flushing and paling, stood before the famous pictures that had won so much attention. They were evidently champion pictures, representing the same scene by daylight and at midnight—a high, steep point of land, jutting out into the sea, whose

surf beat in frothy petulance against the reef. The feathery palm-tree canopy and gorgeous vines whose brilliant blossoms lay like garlands over the white rock, betrayed the tropic clime no more plainly than the intense blue of the over-arching sky. Nature was inexpressibly lovely, but the gazer's eye was caught and riveted by the human figures. A young girl, graceful and beautiful, was seated there like a queen upon her throne, and beside her, nearly at her feet, reclined a youth whose countenance was partially concealed as he was looking up eagerly into her face, which wore a wild, sorrowful, yearning look, as her eyes and extended hand pointed to the far-off line where sky and water met. Not one could gaze upon the picture and not know the whole was not yet comprehended—the story not half told.

CHAPTER XI.

ITS companion was dark in the background—a dim sky and stars showing faintly the outline of embowering trees; but upon the rock, instead of its queen, blazed a bonfire that lit up luridly the foamy sea, and gave a

ruddy gleam to three figures waiting near—the youth and maiden and tall, grave man, who were all gazing off with a wild intensity of expression that gave a gloomy look to every face over the water.

"Ah, the pictures!" said Sir Clement Willoughby. "I have looked at them full an hour before, to-day. They are thrilling, are they not? I must seek out the artist; it will be an honor for any man to know him. That midnight is superb."

Eleanor stood with wild eyes that could not drink in eagerly enough the old familiar scene. Now the blue orbs kindled joyfully, and again the tears came welling over them.

"Oh, Walter, Walter!" cried she, in a tone of anguish that startled all and thrilled one heart with joy.

"What ails you, Eleanor?" asked her mother anxiously.

"Oh, mamma, take me home, and let us come alone. I must see the pictures alone."

The ladies and gentlemen gathered around her looked astonished and embarrassed.

"But my child," said her mother gravely, "we do not understand; you owe the company some word of explanation."

Eleanor struggled for composure, and dropping her veil over the flushed cheek and tearful eyes, said more collectedly:

"I was taken by surprise. It is our island home, mamma, and that is Walter and Mr. Vernon and myself. Oh, those well-known scenes—it breaks my heart to go back to them, and yet to know nothing of the friends who shared them with me! It was Walter who painted the pictures. Oh, I am sure it was Walter! I must see him—I must find him."

Lady Annabel turned hastily to the pictures, while a look of pain and annoyance swept across her face. She was evidently revolving some subject carefully in her mind, for after the first swift glance she dropped her eyes to the floor.

Sir Clement Willoughby was re-examining the pictures, more especially the first one. His eye wandered questioningly over the graceful form of the youth at the feet of the island queen, and when he turned to the other it was to catch what knowledge he could from the side glimpse of the boyish face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Horses Will Remain.

The horseless age is a long way off. It is out of sight, and is likely to remain so, notwithstanding the arrival of the bicycle and the motor wagon. When the reaper was invented pessimists foretold the starvation of the agricultural laborer. The sewing machine was bitterly fought by people who saw nothing in store for the seamstress. The world to-day knows the results. It is true that electric street railways have dispensed with the service of many thousand horses and that the bicycle has decidedly injured the lively business, and yet it is a fact that the export trade in American horses is making giant strides forward. The exports for 1895, just compiled, are \$3,000,000 in value—about twice that of 1894. Europe will keep on buying American horses, and the equine which at home has survived the competition of the steam railroad and the trolley line will hold its own with the "bike" and the horseless wagon. Horses will be cheaper, just as watches are cheaper now than formerly, that is all.—New York Journal.

Poured Water in His Boots.

The Rev. Leonard B. Worth of the Baptist church has begun a suit for divorce from Elvira W. Worth in Oklahoma. The clergyman alleges that his wife asked him to deed all of his property to her and made threats that if he did not she would not live with him, but would make it hot for him all his life. On one occasion, he says, she filled his Sunday boots with water.

Brotherly Love.

Love is the only recognizable element of power in this world. Every one who has grown beyond childishness of heart and mind acknowledges that the only thing which makes life worth living is the good we can do for others.—Rev. C. J. Wood.

"Jaysam Brown" of Kansas seems less eccentric when you analyze it, and discover that it is only a blame fool way of writing "James Samuel."

A WONDERFUL SHRUB.

Grows on the Banks of the Ganges and Cures Many Bodily Ills.

One of the latest botanical discoveries of interest to seekers for health is called Alkavis, from the Kava-Kava shrub of India. It is being imported by the Church Kidney Cure company of New York, and is a certain cure for several bodily disorders. The Kava-Kava shrub, or, as botanists call it, "Piper Methysticum," grows on the banks of the Ganges river, and probably was used for centuries by the natives before its extraordinary properties became known to civilization through Christian missionaries. In this respect it resembles the discovery of quinine from the peruvian bark, made known by the Indians to the early missionaries in South America, and by them brought to civilized man. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1,200 hospital cures in thirty days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is in malaria. We have the strongest testimony of many ministers of the gospel, well known doctors and business men cured by Alkavis. So far the Church company, No. 422 Fourth avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of this paper who is a sufferer from any form of kidney or bladder disorder, Bright's disease, rheumatism, dropsy, gravel, pain in back, female complaints or other afflictions due to improper action of the kidneys or urinary organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

Difference Was Felt.

"It was so dark in the parlor when young Dr. Plummer came in that I didn't notice he had shaved off his mustache."

"Didn't you? I felt the difference while you were getting a light."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggists to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Bank of England notes are made from new white linen cuttings—never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery.

(Mike, having been directed to go down to the station and see when the next train left, is gone about two hours.) Perkins (anxiously)—Well, Mike? Mike—Well, sor, I had to wait a long time, sor, but it has just left.—Harper's Bazar.

WOMAN'S LONG HOURS.

She Tolls After Man's Day's Work Is Done.

What She Has to Contend With—Work That Sooner or Later Breaks Down Her Delicate Organism.

The great majority of women "work to live" and "live to work," and as the hands of the clock approach the hour of six, those employed in stores, offices, mills and factories, hail closing time with

joy. They have won their day's bread, but some duties are yet to be performed, and many personal matters to be attended to. They have mending to do, and dresses or bonnets to make, and long into the night they toil, for they must look neat, and they have no time during the day to attend to personal matters.

Women, therefore, notwithstanding their delicate organism, work longer and more closely than men.

They do not promptly heed such signs as headache, backache, blues, pains in the groins, bearing-down, "all gone" feeling, nervousness, loss of sleep and appetite, whites, irregular or painful monthly periods, cold and swollen feet, etc., all symptoms of womb trouble, which, if not quickly checked, will launch them in a sea of misery.

There is but one absolute remedy for all those ills. Any woman who has to earn her own living will find it profitable to keep her system fortified with this tried and true woman's friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which, if not quickly checked, will launch them in a sea of misery.

We are glad to produce such letters as the following from Miss M. G. McNamee, 114 Catherine St., Utica, N.Y.: "For months I had been afflicted with that tired feeling, no ambition, no appetite, and a heavy bearing-down feeling of the uterus. I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Soon those bad feelings passed away; I began to have more ambition, my appetite improved and I gained rapidly in every way, and now I am entirely well. I advise all my friends to use the Compound, it is woman's truest friend."

Brotherly Love. Love is the only recognizable element of power in this world. Every one who has grown beyond childishness of heart and mind acknowledges that the only thing which makes life worth living is the good we can do for others.—Rev. C. J. Wood.

"Jaysam Brown" of Kansas seems less eccentric when you analyze it, and discover that it is only a blame fool way of writing "James Samuel."

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"STAR TOBACCO."

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Gosling—What do you think of this new tie of mine? Wiggins—My boy, it's not a tie. It's a colored supplement.—Truth.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, 1895.

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is the title of Prof. G. W. Cunningham's new work on this wonderful and mysterious science. Every reader will acquire amazing and startling knowledge of the secret, ancient learning of "The Wise Men of the East." You will see at once which is your own, or your friends' ruling planet. Price, postpaid, 25c. 50c and \$1.00, according to binding.

THE ASTROLOGER'S CORNER.

Some slight changes necessitated using less space for this department. Prof. Cunningham is daily receiving flattering testimonials of his genius and marvellous power in reading the signs and planets. His horoscope life readings with charts are daily convincing people of the great and VALUABLE INFORMATION to be had through his wonderful knowledge of astrology. He receives letters from every state and territory and his fame has extended into foreign lands.

Under no circumstances will names of correspondents be published, but the following are extracts from recent letters: "I received my horoscope, am much pleased with it. It is as near right as is possible to make it." Another writes: "I am surprised at its correctness."

Prof. Cunningham now proposes to tell your ruling planet and send a test reading **ABSOLUTELY FREE** to applicants whose letters happen to be the First, Third, Ninth and Twelfth opened from each day's mail. All applicants for these **FREE** READINGS send: sex, race or nationality, place, year, month, date, hour and minute of birth, A. M. or P. M., as near as possible. Applicants entitled to **FREE** READINGS will receive them by return mail with their 25 cents refunded less 5 cents postage. All applicants must send 25 cents to pay for their reading in case they do not win **FREE** reading. **DO NOT DELAY**; send at once; you are just as apt to win as anybody, and if you do not, you will receive a valuable test by astrology for the small sum of 25 cents. Those not knowing their time of birth should send 4 cents for further instructions. These rules apply to all applications. No more applications for readings to be published will be received; there are more now than probably can ever be published, owing to changes that are likely to occur at any time. So all who have applied, or intending to be published should enclose 25 cents in stamps and take part in the above contest. About 100 letters have been returned to me "unclaimed." All who gave fictitious names but not correct the error at once. Wonderful Horoscope Readings with Chart at from \$1.00 to \$5.00. Their completeness will be in accordance with amount of money sent. I will not be responsible for money sent in a letter. Send money order or stamps. Address:

PROF. G. W. CUNNINGHAM,
Dept. 4, 194 S. Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME READINGS FOR THIS WEEK:

Jamie, Walnut Springs, Texas. According to the data furnished you are a mixture of the indications of the signs Aries and Taurus, as well as the planets Mars, Venus and Neptune. You are medium height; plump form; the complexion hair and eyes, medium to light; you are dignified in general appearance; you are endowed by nature with an industrious, ambitious, energetic disposition; you can endure but little opposition without losing self-control, however you will soon regain your normal mental status again. You are fond of the occult and mysterious, and especially a-trology. You are also fond of the fine arts, music, poetry, etc. You would make a good astrologer if you would study it. You had better avoid marriage.

Mrs. S.B., 2631 Capitol. According to data the zodiacal sign Leo, which the sun rules, was rising at your birth, therefore the sun is your ruling planet, or signifier. You are tall, slender, muscular and wiry; the shoulder side in proportion to the rest of the body; medi m to light complexion; hair and eyes; the eyes have rather a fierce expression; you are proud, dignified and commanding; endowed with ambition, energy and will power; you are very magnetic and have the faculty of convincing people to think the same as you do; you are fond of having your own way and are a natural leader in anything you may become interested in. You always have trouble with love affairs.

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Eternal Vigilance.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." It is the price of everything worth having. It is the price of life itself. A man need not be always looking for danger, afraid that something will happen to him; but he must form a habit of care about the important things of life. It isn't half so much trouble to take care of yourself as it is not to. A man who follows regular, healthy habits, feels good all the time. Life is worth living to him. But a man who "don't want to bother" with taking care of himself has more pain and misery crowded into one day than a good healthy, hearty man who lives right would ever know of in a whole year.

When a man's stomach is out of order, and his digestion don't work; when his liver gets to be sluggish and won't clear the bile out of his blood, it is time for him to look out for himself. He gets no nourishment out of his food. His blood gets thicker and thicker with impurities. His nerves get irritated. He loses energy and fighting force. He may say, "I can stand it, I will feel better to-morrow," but the chances are he will feel worse to-morrow and worse still next day. He ought to put himself right at once. He needs Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is made for just this condition. It rouses up the digestive and nutritive organs, and gives them power to extract from the food all the nutritious elements and transform them into rich, nourishing blood. It enables the liver to cleanse out all bilious impurities and pour into the circulation an abundance of highly vitalized blood, full of the life-giving red corpuscles which build up healthy flesh, muscular strength, and nerve-energy. It does not make flabby flesh. It is the only suitable tonic and strength-builder for corpulent people.

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