

MADAME'S DIAMONDS.

In the drawing-room of a small house in Mayfair two pretty women sat talking earnestly. The manner and speech of the elder were eager and perhaps a trifle insistent; while the younger manifested that hesitation which is sometimes likened to the first pourpouche of a beleaguered fortress, inasmuch as both are the precursors of capitulation.

"After all it is not such a very great thing I ask, Clara; and we were school fellows once."

It was the insistent elder lady who spoke.

"Yes, dear, I know; but Jim is so hard up, and after all, I really don't want the necklace."

"You told me you meant to go to a Drawing Room this year, and I know you haven't got such a diamond *reviere* as this; just look at it!"

Here the temptress took from her pocket a flat leather case. She opened it and displayed a necklace of large single stone diamonds which flashed with prismatic splendor before the mild blue eyes of Clara Forrester.

"Oh!" she cried, "and to think that they really are only paste, Augusta!"

"Yes; and that I offer this splendid *reviere* for only £15—why, it's absurd! It must be worth £20 at least."

"What did you give for it, Gussie?" inquired little Mrs. Forrester inconsequently.

"Why, you don't suppose that I bought it—a poor, struggling woman like me?" A peculiar smile shone in the speaker's fine dark eyes.

"Oh, no! One of my customers—whose name I need not mention—owed me a bill which she could not pay in full. I goodnaturedly took this necklace and struck £20 off her account. At the present moment I am in great need of £15—so I came to you."

"But surely, Gussie, with your large business—"

"My business doesn't pay," interrupted the other sharply, "for my expenses are enormous; and you have no idea, Clara, how difficult it is to get one's money in. Women seem to think that lady dressmakers can wait years before their accounts are paid. It is really too bad!"

"I am so sorry for you, Augusta," cooed Clara, eyeing the necklace affectionately, for her friend had left the case open that the jewels might plead for her; "and I—really—think—that is, I will try and scrape together the money."

"Thank you; then it is settled," replied the other in a business-like tone. You need not pay me the £15 today. I will leave the necklace with you, and you can send me the money tomorrow morning. Then? she added in a rather hesitating tone, and with a slight increase of color in her cheeks, "there is one little thing I should mention, Clara. You see, I am letting you have the necklace for about half its real value. Some day, when business is brighter, I might wish to buy the necklace back—say for £20."

Mrs. Forrester's eyebrows went up a little, but as she did not in her heart think the contingency a very likely one, she replied good naturedly.

"Oh, certainly, dear."

"It would be better to make a note of it," said Augusta Fetherstone, still hesitating. (The lady was known to the world in general as her customers in particular as Madame Faustine.) "Suppose you give me a sort of I O U, or rather a promise in black and white, to sell me back the necklace, on demand, for £20!"

Mrs. Forrester got up and went to her writing table.

"Perhaps you had better write the memorandum yourself, Augusta. I don't know how to express it."

Mrs. Fetherstone went over to her friend and taking a sheet of paper wrote a few words in her bold, dashing hand. Mrs. Forrester signed her name at the bottom of the sheet and then remarked—

"Oh, that reminds me," said Mrs. Fetherstone with a look of anxiety in her eyes that rather belied her indifferent tones. "I think it would be better if you didn't mention this little matter to Mr. Forrester."

Mrs. Forrester started and her fingers trembled as she handled the case containing the jewels. A vague feeling of uneasiness stole over her.

"Not tell Jim that I have bought your necklace!" she cried, looking at her self-possessed friend inquiringly. "Oh, Gussie, I couldn't do that! How should I explain my possession of the necklace? And, besides, I must get the £15 from him; I have no money of my own."

"Don't distress yourself, dear. I didn't mean that you should keep our little transaction a secret," replied the other soothingly; "but you need not show him this—or mention it, I should say—for of course I shall keep this little memorandum."

She folded up the signed sheet of paper and put it carefully inside the front of her gown.

"Oh, is that all? Well, I don't suppose it matters very much; and if you wish I won't tell him anything about that bit of paper."

But deep down in Clara Forrester's heart lurked an uncomfortable doubt. Why had Augusta exacted that curious promise of secrecy from her? Why should she not tell Jim of the secret clause in the compact she had made with Mrs. Fetherstone? Might not the curious condition attached to the sale of the necklace give rise to some complication at present undreamed of?

But Mrs. Fetherstone appeared quite satisfied by the success of her mission; and she at all events felt no hesitations, doubts, or fears as to the wisdom of the curious transaction. And yet she had far more reason than had simple-hearted Mrs. Forrester to be apprehensive of future difficulties. Her handsome face was bright with smiles, and she kissed her friend affectionately as she bade her "good-bye."

When she was gone, little Mrs. Forrester surveyed her new acquisition with great satisfaction, and stified any inward compunction for the extravagance she had been persuaded into by picturing how nice the diamonds would look on her pretty little neck.

"Really, no one—not even that sharp-eyed, spiteful Mrs. Seawell—would suppose them paste," she said, glancing admiringly at the flashing circle in the case; "and, besides, I have done poor Gussie a good turn. She ought to make my presentation dress at cost price. I wonder if she will."

This idea carried her off into a new field of thought—one she was often compelled to traverse; for the Forrests were

not well off, and the endeavor to keep up appearances and keep out of debt called forth all the little woman's economical ingenuity.

That evening she told her husband of her purchase, and Mr. Forrester, after a little demur, handed her over three £5 notes, which she duly forwarded to Madame Faustine.

A week later that energetic and enterprising personage filed the schedule of her debts in the Court of Bankruptcy. They amounted to some thousands of pounds; while her assets were represented only by the stock and good will of the business carried on by her in Mantilla street and a few hundreds due to her from her customers.

The bankrupt's examination created a good deal of amusement in court; for the loudly ascribed her claims; but this clearly she had in getting her money from some ladies very well known in society, who also borrowed money from her, which was added to their account, but was, unfortunately not always repaid.

Madame Faustine's creditors declared themselves willing to be merciful, and, in the end, accepted half a crown in the pound in satisfaction of their claims.

"Poor, dear Gussie," commented Mrs. Forrester to her husband. "I thought she must be dreadfully hard up to sell a trumpy-paste necklace."

"Ha, ha! Of course she is," grumbled Mr. Forrester; "and are we not all—hard up? Is not your unfortunate Jim at his very wits' end at this moment for a few hundreds! I tell you what it is, Clara. My girl, if matters don't mend pretty soon I shall have to throw up the cards and follow your friend's example—file my shuttles, as they say in Australia—yes, and make tracks too; for the climate of London will soon be too hot for me."

"Oh, Jim," cried Clara, clasping her hands, "you—you don't mean that we shall have to give up our pretty house and—all our pretty things?" She finished with a despairing glance round the room.

"Yes, I do."

Mr. Forrester was a handsome but rather flashily dressed young man; he was popularly supposed to be clever, but this clearly he was not, perhaps, not weighted with the necessary amount of caution. His business combinations usually lacked completeness, and his calculations more often resulted in calamity than in triumph. Still, hope sprang eternal in his breast, and he was always "just going" to land the coup that was to be the foundation of a princely fortune.

At that moment he firmly believed that the possession of a thousand pounds in cash would enable him not only to stand once more firmly on his financial feet, but that it would be the nucleus round which would gather other thousands that would in their turn have the same attractive power. Then the goal of his business career would be gloriously reached, and he would retire and be done for ever with the f-v-er and the fret of the Stock Exchange.

Mrs. Forrester went off to her own room in tears, for she did not wish to add to dear Jim's troubles by any display of grief. Somewhat cheered by her "good cry," she began to overhaul her wardrobe and the trinkets, an employment which always had a soothing effect on her nerves. They had been hidden to a dinner party at the house of Lady Eglantine, and she was particularly anxious to look her very best on an occasion when, no doubt, she would see and be seen by some very smart people, for Lady Eglantine's set lived and moved and had their being in an orbit more exalted and aristocratic than the Forrests'.

The magnificent paste necklace would certainly give *eclet* to the plain white satin gown she meant to wear, and Mrs. Forrester took it out of its case with pride, and once more congratulated herself on having done "poor dear Gussie" such a good turn. She threw back the collar of her gown and clasped the necklace round her throat in order to judge better of the artistic effect of her pretty white skin and the glittering stones.

"How beautiful they look!" she said, turning and twisting her neck to make the diamonds flash. She had some little difficulty in taking off the necklace, and in her attempts she must have injured the clasp, for when at last it was unfastened one half of it was detached from the rivets.

"How tiresome!" she said. "I must be mended at once, and I really can't go out today, for Tuesday is my day 'at home,' and some people will be certain to come."

Then she suddenly remembered that Jim had not yet departed to the city. On his way he could leave the necklace and a jeweller's and call for it later in the day. She put the necklace into its case, gave it to Jim, who grumbled a little, but, like the dutiful husband he was, promised to execute the commission.

When Jim Forrester came in late in the afternoon his cheeks were so flushed and his eyes so glittering that his wife for a moment thought he had lapsed from his usual sobriety. But her fears on that head were soon dispelled, and she then guessed that something connected with "business" caused his exhilaration.

"Have things gone well with you in the City, Jim? You look as if you had landed that coup at last."

"Well, you're not far out in your guess," replied Jim, with a singular smile; "I've certainly had a stroke of luck which may turn out to be my financial salvation."

"I'm so glad, dear."

She was, in fact, so glad that she quite forgot to inquire for her necklace; but the next morning at breakfast she reminded her husband of the Eglantine dinner party was to come the next day, and she begged him to bring the necklace back that evening.

"I won't forget; you shall have the necklace, Clara," said Forrester, as he went out, "and astonish all the women at Lady Eglantine's."

He was as good as his word. That evening Clara received her necklace back; it was so beautifully mended that no one would have suspected that it had ever been broken. She wore the *reviere* at Lady Eglantine's and on many other occasions during the season, and it attracted quite as much attention, admiration, and envy as she had anticipated.

Whether the fortunes of James Forrester were bettered by the social *kudos* paid to his wife, who wisely never let any one know that her beautiful *reviere* was "only paste," or whether the period of his ill luck was at last over, it is difficult to say. But the fact was indisputable that about this time James Forrester's star was in the ascen-

dant. Everything he touched financially prospered. His credit in the city stood high, and that day so long hoped for, the day of landing the big coup, seemed within measurable distance.

Meanwhile Madame Faustine, having undergone the process vulgarly called "white-washing," was again flying her commercial colors in Mantilla street. By the end of the year the business was once more prospering moderately well, and before Christmas she presented the informal agreement signed by Clara Forrester, handed over to her friend the £20, and received back the paste *reviere* that had been poor little Clara's joy and pride for so many months.

"You kept your promise—you did not tell Mr. Forrester about this!" said Mrs. Fetherstone, tossing the memorandum in the fire.

"I never told him. He will wonder why I sold you back the necklace, I daresay."

"You may tell him if you like—now," replied the other smiling. "I am ever so grateful to you, dearest Clara, for obliging me."

But some hours later, after Mrs. Fetherstone had paid a visit to a certain noted jeweller in Bond street, her handsome face expressed an emotion that was certainly not gratitude. She went out of the shop, carrying with her the leather case containing the paste *reviere*, jumped into a hansom, and ordered the man to drive as fast as he could to Mrs. Forrester's house. Her eyes were blazing with anger, and her lips writhed with the effort she made to keep calm as she entered the drawing room.

Mrs. Forrester was seated alone. She was dressed for dinner; but her husband had been "delayed in the city, and the dinner had been put back" for an hour.

"Augusta is anything but a matter!" she said as her friend swept into the room like a whirlwind.

"Yes, Clara, this is the matter—you who you pretended to be my friend, have cruelly betrayed—cheated—lied to me."

"Augusta!"

"My necklace! Where is the necklace I—entrusted to you?"

"Why, Augusta, you must be mad! You bought back your necklace from me not twelve hours ago."

"That's true!"

She laughed hysterically, and with shaking hands opened the case. "Yes, look at it—a paltry paste thing!"

"Paste!—why, of course the necklace is paste," retorted the astonished little woman, staring with wide-open eyes at the glittering stones.

"The necklace I sold you, Clara Forrester, was worth £3,000; this thing isn't worth ten."

This fiercely uttered announcement strengthened the conviction that had been slowly growing in Mrs. Forrester's mind that her friend was mad. She sidled towards the bell, and resolved to humour the maniac.

"Really, dear, £3,000!—that is a large sum of money."

"It represented the savings of many years," declared Mrs. Fetherstone, reddening.

"Of course, dear—of course. Oh, there's Jim! I hear his step," said Clara in a tone of relief. "You tell him about the—necklace, you know—"

The unfortunate little woman was becoming incoherent with fright.

When Jim Forrester entered the room and saw his pale, trembling wife shrinking under the withering glance and bitter words of the handsome widow, he was for the moment at a loss to understand the situation; but a less passionate sentence from Mrs. Fetherstone soon enlightened him.

"Ah, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive!"

he ejaculated when the widow had told her story. "Let me, in my turn, tell how all your clever little calculations failed, my dear Mrs. Fetherstone. A few months ago my wife told me that she had bought a paste necklace from you for £15. She did not tell me," he added, with a smile, "that she had made any compact with you as to re-purchase. Some days afterwards my wife broke the clasp of the necklace and requested me to take it to be repaired. The jeweller to whom I took the necklace admired it greatly, and much to my surprise made me accept a receipt for it. Thinking this a curious thing I casually asked its value. He told me that the necklace was worth £3,000. At first I was utterly amazed and incredulous. Then a light broke in on me. I remembered that the lady who sold the necklace was on the eve of bankruptcy, and that she had, by a compact with my wife, made the clasp of the necklace and pray don't interrupt me. Well, after some cogitation, I came to the conclusion that I was entitled to the necklace paid for with my money. I bought another necklace—really 'only paste' this time—which I returned to my wife. The other I sold—"

"Wretch!" burst out Mrs. Fetherstone furiously.

"I sold," continued Mr. Forrester calmly, "for £2,000. With this money I not only averted a domestic financial crash, but, by judicious speculation, I doubled, trebled, quadrupled that £2,000! Yes, Mrs. Fetherstone, thanks to your stratagem, James Forrester is a made man. Nor is he an ungrateful or an utterly dishonest one. What was yours shall be again yours—either the diamonds or the value they represented, which would you prefer?"

"The money—the money!" gasped the widow. "I never want to look at diamonds again!"

"You will prefer paste—real paste? Ah, then with my cheque for £2,000 I will ask you, dear Mrs. Fetherstone, to accept the necklace in your hands as a little souvenir of the 'good turn' my wife did you, and that you, unwittingly did me. And if you will at the same time accept the advice of one not unversed in the manoeuvres of the great world of finance, let me counsel you in future not to sell real diamonds for paste—even to your dearest friend.—Denzil Vane."

European Ideas of Ownership.

They have curious ideas of ownership in Europe. In France there is an unwritten but immutable law that a painting shall not be exhibited without the artist's consent, no matter what the wishes of the owner may be. And now a literary and artistic congress in session at Milan, Italy, has decided that the right of reproduction does not pass to the buyer of a picture. Thus you may buy for a picture, have it in your possession, and have a clear and free title to it; but you don't quite own it after all.—Washington Post.

Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

The Original and Genuine!

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents.

This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made. Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.



Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Extracts from Letters:

One says:—"I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply GORGEOUS as a dessert!"

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

Factory and Office 18 Sackville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Factory and Office 18 Sackville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Business Men

want neat, well-fitting, tastily made Suits. We have got together a magnificent line of goods for this class. All colors, weights, sizes and prices—and every price made is a bargain. Drop in and see the goods yourself.

R. W. LEETCH, The One Price Clothier, 47 King Street, St. John, N. B. NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reef, we sell the finest in the City.

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Three Trips a Week FOR BOSTON

Until further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7.30 a.m. Retaining will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a.m., and the same days, at 8 o'clock in the afternoon, stopping at Portland at 9 p.m., for Eastport and St. John.

On Wednesday Trip the steamer will not call at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 9 p.m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

STEAMERS. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.-(LTD.) S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander.

Sailings for November and December. From the Company's Pier, Red's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 a.m. local time, for Digby and Annapolis. Returning same days.

Passengers by this favorite route are due at Halifax at 6.35 P. M. HOWARD D. TROOP, President.

RAILWAYS. Intercolonial Railway.

After Oct. 17, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00; for Halifax, 10.15; for Sussex, 10.30; for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal, 10.55.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8.25; from Quebec and Montreal (Monday excepted), 10.20; from Point du Chene, 10.25; from Halifax, 10.30; from Halifax, 12.30.

WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR UNRIVALLED

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS West, from Windsor Street Station, MONTREAL, as follows: Every Tuesday at 9 p. m.

DETROIT & CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p. m.

Seattle, Wash. and points on the Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a. m. Via the "800 LINE" to

Minneapolis and St. Paul. Holders of Second-Class Passage Tickets to or through these points, will be accommodated in these Cars, on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Particulars of ticket agents.

B. MONTICELLO, G. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, MONTREAL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WESTERN COUNTIES R. Y. Fall Arrangement. On and after Monday, 17th Oct., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m. 12.10 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.40 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.40 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.52 p. m.

LEAVE ANAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m. 4.55 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.00 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth 11.5 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8.25 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m. Connections—At Annapolis with trains of Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway; at Digby with Steamer City of Monticello for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with Steamer Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Wednesday, and Saturday morning. With Sleep daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 100 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway. J. B. BURNETT, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

QUEEN HOTEL, HALIFAX, N. S. WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for affording the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces. If not in all Canada, the QUEEN contains 150 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and w. c.'s on every floor.

The parlors attract a great deal of attention, as nothing superior in this line is to be seen in Canada. The cuisine has been made a specialty from the first and amply justifies its reputation. One yield will satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel. A. B. SHERATON, MANAGER.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

BARBER HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N. B. Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches for its attendance upon arrival of all trains. F. B. COLEMAN, Proprietor.

CONSORN HOTEL, CONSORN STATION, MANAWAKA, N. B. JOHN H. MOINERNEY, Proprietor.

Opened in January, handsomely and most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick. Yarmouth, N. S. General Superintendent.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO. Ltd. ROBB-ARMSTRONG ENGINE SIMPLE AND COMPOUND.

Containing all the latest points of Standard American High Speed Engines and several improvements.