

JACK PLAYNE'S STORY.

This story is not about myself at all, though it is written as if it was going to be. I am the man that knows the boy the story is about. I am only Jack Playne. He was a very different sort of a fellow from me.

His mother was the Widder Hennings. His father had been dead six or seven years, when this story begins. They came to Greenbush for a good many summers before he died, and after that the widder made up her mind to stay there.

You see, she came of an excellent family. In early times one of her ancestors was governor, and a great uncle had been a senator, before it was 'low' to be a senator. That is she used to say so.

I don't know about it. I've always had to work hard and live plain, and there was always the taxes hot and heavy, whatever else happened, and 'senator' always looked high enough for me.

And in most all families of her connection the boys went to college and the girls to boarding school and spoke French and played the piano. Not that I have ever heard of there being much money in the family, but they paid their way and studied hard, and got to be lawyers, or doctors, or preachers.

Never none of em worked downright hard with his hands for a living. One reason the widder stuck to Greenbush, was the school. The teacher was excellent, and as it cost nothing, nothing could be better for her son, Horatio, ('Rash' for short) 'untill' as she'd say, 'he's ready to prepare for college.' Seems to me as if I could see her now.

The same black satin dress, winter and summer. In winter a threadbare, black cloak, in summer a neat shawl, darned in some places very nicely, and black mits and the same black satin bonnet, made over and over once a year, through it all.

She had some lace she could put on when she went out to tea at the doctor's or the squire's, and jet and gold ornaments, which were very old, to fasten the lace and swing in her ears. And the Widder Hennings was a splendid woman; tall, straight as an Indian, and head set well back on the shoulders.

I often watched her go up the broad aisle, and thought I'd like to have tested her with a plumb line; she was so straight. But Eliza says I'm forever carrying the shop with me. Then she'd a wonderful high, hooked nose, and eyebrows that arched over her black eyes like the front door of the mansion house, and hardly a grey hair in her head.

Must have been an awful cross for such a fine looking woman to give up dress, and all the pomp and vanities of this world to live in such a plain way in Greenbush.

Dear heart! she never kept no help, only once a fortnight Bertie Doolittle did the heaviest of her washing. The little things, such as handkerchiefs and collars she did herself and called it her 'fine wash.' It looked like a doll-baby's washing day.

The cottage itself was a cheaply-built, plain finished affair, with common wood-work; but I often found time to do little jobs for her in slack times; and what with the garden, and the interest on the life insurance, and the water color and few flower lessons she gave the Squire's wife and doctor's daughters she got along.

She often made presents of embroidery to brides and babies, and presents were made to her. Once she got a barrel of potatoes, once a barrel of winter apples, and once a bushel of pears, or something like that. On the whole she got along.

If anybody came in while she was crocheting, or at her tatting, or her embroidery, (not an inch of which she ever used at home) she would talk about how much more ladylike it was to have nice under-clothing and plain dresses, than 'outside show on rage.' Eliza used to say the things on her clothes line were mended till they were real curiosities.

However, they were better than debts, and didn't tangle her steps like mortgages for the place was clear and her own. For my own part, I never could see the sense of such a common sort of person as Queen Victoria living in such style, and such a natural born queen as Widder Hennings working so hard and faring so plain.

But as for Rash. Not but what he was the best of sons, ready to help in everything she wanted done. And didn't he put into lessons, when he found how his mother was not on his learning? And how good he'd listen while she'd tell of the old governor, and the senators, and the teachers, and the professor, and how anxious she was to have him study hard! She'd been well educated herself, and taught him some Latin and French, and he wasn't a bad scholar.

But, wherever he got it from, it didn't seem to be what he'd choose. He'd study hard and keep up his classes; and every spare minute he got, he'd be fusing around in my shop. He'd pick up bits of half and quarter inch stuff, and notch and whittle, and carve and fit, and turn out the neatest little toys, chairs and tables, and such like, that you ever saw. He gave one to my little Bess the winter she broke her leg—she's got it yet! It's like a chair I once saw in a church, carved gothic back and arms and a table to match. Sometimes it has been all I could do to get him to give enough attention to his books, he'd be so busy with his work. I kept a strict lookout for that. I've got such a little learning myself, that I know its value; and he never missed a lesson on my account.

I'd seen too many make a love of whittling and talk a mere excuse for idling away precious time; and after all there was no genius of any account.

Horatio was getting to be a large boy, when some connection died and left him a matter of five hundred dollars. It was to be used at his mother's discretion, either kept till he was twenty-one or sent on his education.

Mrs. Hennings she decided at once that it should help him through college. She could help out the balance, somehow; and it seemed like the good old days of the governor and senator came again, when she could talk about 'colleges,' and so forth.

So one evening, as he was sitting by her, reciting his Latin to her, she just began the subject, and Rash told me all about it the next day. Rash said he never saw no one so beat as his mother was, when he told her she shouldn't touch that money, but just as soon as I thought him old enough he was going to learn a trade.

'A trade! And what trade?' 'Why, a carpenter and joiner, to be sure, I love that sort of work, and Jack Playne says I'll do well at it.'

'But, my dear son, what ever made you think of learning that trade? There never was a carpenter in our family, and in fact, I don't know as they ever amount to very much.'

'Why, my dear mother,' said Rash, 'you forget: Wasn't our own Saviour one; and don't that make the craft honorable forever?'

'True, my dear child. Yours is a just reproof; and yet our Saviour did not choose his humble calling. It was a lesson of obedience which he was taught by submitting to his parent's necessities. His work had been fixed and fitted for him before the foundation of the world. But for you, my dear boy, I had hoped to see you in the chair of the professor.'

'I'm afraid, dear mother, said Rash, quite humbly, 'that I'd rather make the chair than sit in it. I know it is not so great a work, but it is my work, which, after all, is the important thing. And if I make the chair strong and well, and handsome and easy, I don't see why I'm not just as respectable as he is. It's my work to build the pulpit for another man to preach in; and we may as well accept the facts. But, mother, don't you want to see some of my work; things I've done odd spells?'

For his mother had bowed her head on her hand, and her voice was growing soft, and her lips showed a white thread. She wasn't one of the crying sort. I hate a weeper; but they don't begin to be so unmanageable as the stony-eyed sort, that neither speak nor cry.

In a minute or two, Rash came down out of the woodshed loft with his arms full. There was a set of toy bedroom furniture, and a ship full rigged. And best of all, was a work box for his mother inlaid with different kinds of wood, with a raised oval of apple-tree wood on the lid, carved out into a wreath of the finest fern leaves, enclosing her initials. It was just as neat work as if one of the New York or Boston men had done it, and Rash was just a boy, and altogether self-taught in the way of carving.

'It's most a pity to show this tonight. I was going to keep this for your birthday, day after tomorrow, but somehow it seemed only right and natural to show it now, when we were talking the thing over.'

Set as Widder Hennings was against Rash's learning a trade, she could not help admiring his work, for it was so neat, not a notch anywhere. For one day, when he was making it, it says I to him:

'Now, Rash, whatever you've got in hand, don't you stop to think if you can afford to do it just as well for the money you're to get for it. There's one thing you can't afford, and that is to bungie. It hurts you more than them you work for. Don't ever do anything you can't warrant 'pon honor.'

And I'll never forget how his eyes sparkled; and he told me how the cathedrals of the middle ages were built by men who made religion of their work, and built as if they were worshipping and doted not cheat the Lord, and that in them the back of an ornament or statue is finished, though nobody can see it without the greatest pains, with just as much neatness as if it was to show in the public square; and that was the way he meant to work and live. As I said, the widder was pleased in spite of herself.

'And where did you get this pretty design?' said she, pointing to the fern wreath.

'Why I wanted a pattern of some sort, and just then Bessie Playne came along and she'd got just such a wreath as this twisted around her hat. I thought it was none the worse for being so near at hand, and so I just drafted it off, and whittled it out. See—here is the draft.'

And with that he took it out of his box. Now the widder, though she is as proud as Lucifer, is nobody's fool; and she saw plain enough that there was more than a common jack of a carpenter in her boy; for she could draw and paint in water colors herself, and was called a good hand at it. So the long and short of it was, that she gave her consent to Rash going into my shop to learn my trade, at the end of the school term. And then she sent Rash up stairs with his treasures, and went to bed.

And what a sick headache she had next day! Rash got his own breakfast and came over after sister Eliza to stay with his mother, and that's how he told me all about the talk. She had a blind, sick, stupid headache all day. She got up when the sun went down, and she didn't really feel like herself for a day or two. And I consoled her hair was never so black and glossy again, as it had been.

Eliza Playne, my sister, went over and stayed with her a day or two.

But how Rash did work; never slighted the least thing, worked early and late. I tell you one didn't get such 'prentice work often! And such work holds out forever, in more senses than one.

When Rash was about eighteen and pretty near out of his time. Squire Porter came home. He was traveling in Europe several years, buying pictures, books, and curious things generally, and the next thing was to fit up his house. I had a job, of course; but in his library he wanted extra work—aloves for his books, gothic carving, and what not; and of course in needed an extra good hand.

'I've just the hand for fancy carving like that,' says I, 'and if you'll trust him with it, he'll get at it like training day.'

'Who is it?' says the Squire. 'Mind I don't want it botched, and ain't afraid of my money.'

'Not a bit of it,' says I. 'It's young Horatio Hennings, son of the Widder Hennings—who lives in the cottage by the big willow.'

'Dear, dear,' says the Squire, 'I know her folks, and it must have cost her a struggle to consent to have her boy learn a mechanic's trade.'

So then I just set down and told the Squire the whole story, how the boy would not be kept back, though he wasn't unmindful of his book, but that he had such a hankering after tools that he'd have stolen his chance if he hadn't been allowed, and what excellent work he turned off and all about it. And the Squire he listened and laughed and says he—

'Send him in. I don't know him, nor he me; but take care, don't spoil it all.'

Just as I expected, the job was just to Rash's mind. He got up them shaves in first rate style, and threw in a lot of fancy carving. There was an alcove for the 'English Classics,' as the Squire called 'em, and Rash built it out of the best oak, and carved a wreath of oak leaves and acorns over the arched cornice. The one for Greek and Latin he ornamented with laurel leaves, and the big ones for histories had a centre-piece of armor and banners and shields and what not. But the one of American authors, he carved the finest thing you ever saw. Over the top was a mass of water lilies, magnolias, golden rods and dropping down the sides were vines of the trailing arbutus, he called it, but for all the world our own Mayflower. Why, the library was just a picture-book, and folks haven't done wondering at it yet. I'd not have done it for ten thousand years.

When it was all done, and the chips all swept out, the Squire invited a party to see his improvements. Not a large party, but some choice friends from Boston and New York, and some acquaintances he'd made in traveling, and an Englishman who had written books himself, who was stopping with him. And the best of all was, he invited Rash. And his mother, too.

He did, now, really! Rash he went to Boston and bought her a new black silk, a good one, and a dress cap (widder's cap, they called it) and a new suit of clothes for himself. (He'd had good wages for overwork a good while.)

It was a wonderful bright moonlight night, and as I sat at my door smoking, I saw them pass. Mrs. Hennings had on her new black silk, opened from the neck to the waist in front, and some fine, old, yellow lace in the neck, festooned with her little black pin, and her earrings on, and her widder's cap and her net shawl, and new laylock kid gloves on her hands. Shapely hands too, if she did work; and in one of them a fine old Japanese fan, which her grandfather had brought home in some of his voyages.

And Rash! He'd grown to be a tall lad—almost a young man, and really out of his time now, with rosy cheeks and black curly hair, and just a shade on his

upper lip. And his clothes fitted as well as if they were wet and clung to him. I tell you, as he stepped along with his mother, Rash looked 'good enough to eat.' So Eliza said.

The Squire invited them to the house and took 'em into the wonderful library, to have coffee, or tea or something. Whatever it was, it was a mere excuse to get them there. Then he began to show his alcoves and explain them; and when they'd all seen the taste and judgment he'd shown in picking out his flowers and leaves and vines to match the kind of books, and everybody had admired it, the English author, in particular was struck, the Squire brought in Rash, and introduced him as 'the artist,' and introduced him and his mother to everybody. And he got one order from a New York man on the spot; and the Englishman said to him, that 'one who could house books so royally must do it for love of them, as well as love of his work.' And he said something Rash didn't tell, (but his mother did) I most forget, about its being a wonderful country, where even their artisans had the manners of gentlemen. At least it was either artists or artisans, I don't know which.

As Rash handed his mother a cup of tea, he said to her in a low voice, 'Now mother, isn't it better to be a first rate carpenter than such a poor professor as I should have made?'

'I don't think you would have failed at anything,' she answered.

But the Squire heard her and laughed. 'I don't know about that,' says he; 'many a good mechanic is spoiled to make a poor professional man. It's far better to be sure the work is your own work, and its the best of its kind, than to be notional about the work; and by the by, Horatio, there's a bit of spending money for you, and I'll come round tomorrow and get a receipt in full.'

So ended this royal evening. Next day, the Squire called round and proposed that Rash should go to New York, and study with an artist friend of his, who was also architect, for a year. Didn't he jump at the chance? As for the envelope it had a check for a thousand dollars; (the work was done good cheap at that—I'd not have done it for twice that, if I could have done it at all.)

So now, Rash's fortune was made. He made lots of money with his designs and carvings, and now he's married to the Squire's daughter, and lives in Fifth Avenue? Not a bit of it. He came back, and married little Bessie Playne, my pet, and has a pretty place at Yorkers, and the widder lives there, too.

I guess they get along pretty well. Both the women think that Rash is perfect, which is the main thing. Sometimes I go up there for a day, but the widder, she has so much to say about the governor and the senator, and blood and gentility, that I am mostly glad to get home and stretch my legs by the kitchen fire place, and smoke my clay pipe. She has a great deal to say about the genius in blood; and though I don't doubt genius helped Rash, I guess it was as much grit as genius. However, I don't know much about it.

A History in a Nutshell.

A fortnight ago a gentleman, now on a visit to Halifax, was fishing in the Tay near Dundee. The boatman's name was Douglas Mackenzie. He knew that the angler was about to visit Canada, and a remarkable history was outlined in this brief conversation. Said the boatman:

'You're going to Canada?'

'Yes, I am.'

'If you happen to see Sandy Mackenzie tell him that his cousin Douglas is still alive. He lives in Canada?'

'That's a big country, how shall I find him?'

'He is pretty well known. Sandy is the ex-premier. How does it come that he is the ex-premier of Canada and you are only a crofter working for fourteen shillings a week?'

'We were both stone masons. We both worked on that bridge yonder (pointing to the structure). Sandy went to Canada. I remained home. He is an ex-prime minister. I am only a poor crofter.'

'Wouldn't it have been better if you had gone to Canada too?'

'Yes. It would have, perhaps, been better if thousands of us were in Canada instead of in Scotland. But we are content here, and contentment with godliness is great gain. If you see Sandy, don't forget to give him my best wishes and tell him cousin Douglas is still living and well.'

There seems now good reason for believing that the members of the Tory party are anxious for the return of Tupper. In fact, it is said many of them have expressed a strong desire that he should return without delay and become their leader. It is admitted that Sir John is no longer equal to the post. He scarcely appears to speak that does not exhibit both ill-nature and incapacity. The common expression on his own side is that the Prime Minister has lost his head. But the truth is that the Prime Minister has depended more upon rosy-dreams than ability for his success.

Since Confederation there has been no Government measure, except the Canadian Pacific Railway contract, which has been fully and exhaustively discussed before discussion arose upon this measure. Here he has been held to a discussion on the principles and character of his bill, and he has shown himself, as a debater, one of the weakest men in Parliament. He has exhibited arrogance and ill-nature. He has resorted to strange devices in order to repress opposition and to secure progress. He had recourse to bluster and bullying. His friends were induced to sing and shout and make hideous noises, with a view to putting an end to discussion, but without success. Then long sittings were tried, and then obstinate silence, but all to no purpose. The one important thing to try—honest and fair discussion—he did not resort to. He knew that upon this ground he had many superiors in Parliament, and into a fair, open field he would not venture. The discussion, if it has done no other good, has dispelled many illusions. It has undeceived many of Sir John Macdonald's admirers, and they now discover that he is a very much smaller man intellectually than they had supposed; that he has not that grasp of general principles and that knowledge of public affairs which secure respect even from opponents. The result is that not a few Tories declare that Sir John's day of political ascendancy is over; that he is no longer the man he once was; that there are in his case marks of senile imbecility. We think they are mistaken. We believe Sir John is now but little inferior to what he was in the prime of life, but the discussion which has been forced upon them has exhibited his weakness, and his friends have, at all events, come to the conclusion that he is no longer qualified to lead.

When he had not a majority to back him, he was as helpless a leader as ever sat in Parliament. He has depended upon noise and the rowdy propensities of some of his own followers to carry his measures through the House of Commons. The opposition have determined that such tactics shall no longer serve the Chief of the Tory party; that he must be met with firmness, and his measures subjected to criticism. When the Prime Minister is invited into that arena which alone is legitimate in Parliament, he shows himself as incapable a man as ever endeavored to succeed by argument and reason. His followers are mistaken if they suppose that this is the result of age; the truth is that they have ascribed to him qualities which he does not possess, and it was only necessary that he should engage in a protracted controversy to show that in his case they were wholly wanting.—[London Advertiser.]

Uncle Davy was giving the boys some advice in their love-making affairs, and one of them asked how the young people did when he was sparking. Then was great times, boys, he said in reply. We didn't have no more keroseene. We done our sparkin' by a plain tallow dip; but most frequently just by the fire-light. Fire-light is warm'n', boys, and tickers just enough to make a girl's eyes shine. It's mighty soft and purty, too, and kinder in a way none of your gas-lights knows anything about. Sometimes the fire shined up a little too powerful in places, and the young man would git up without sayin' anything and put a shovelful of ashes on it. Then he would cuddle up to the girl in the shed, and she would cuss some, too, and it really didn't seem like there was anything else in the whole big round earth to be wished for. Purty soon the fire would git obstreperous again, and the little flames would twinkle in and out, as if they wanted to see what was goin' on, or had seen, and was laughin' and winkin' about it and having some fun, too, and the young fellow would reach for the shovel and the ashes and over the bright flames all up. And sometimes—remember, now, only sometimes—the girl would git up and put ashes on, and then—well, boys, when the bluebirds came in the spring, and the fashin' worms crawled out of the ground, and the boys set on the green banks of the little creek waitin' for a bite, and the Johnny-jump-up nestled in the sunny places, there was a weddin' in the old house, and when the winter comes again they set by their own fire and the shovel and the ashes was out of a job.

Improved Telegraph.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 8.—Successful experiments were made today with the Hathaway-Linville type-writing telegraph instrument, by which messages are transmitted by means of a key board similar to that of a type-writer, with the advantage that a copy is recorded at each end of the line. The invention is expected to revolutionize the telegraph and telephone service.

Good the year around.

At all seasons, when the system is foul and the digestive powers feeble, or the liver and kidneys inactive, Burdock Blood Bitters are required.

Gen. Sir Raders Buller telegraphs from Egypt that the whole British force has reached Dongola, that all the stations south of that place have been evacuated and that 7225 refugees have gone north.

The need of merit for promoting personal merit is due to J.C. Ayer & Co., whose incomparable Hair Vigor is a universal beautifier of the hair. Harmless, effective, agreeable, it has taken rank among the indispensable articles of the toilet. To scanty locks it gives luxuriance and withered hair it clothes with the hue of youth.

A Human Barometer

The man with rheumatism can feel the approach of bad weather in his aching joints. Hayward's Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, aches, pains and injuries. 2

Prince Bismarck is more than six feet high. He has a powerful chest and broad shoulders, and his big handsome head is utterly without hair; it is like a small dome of polished ivory. Thick white brows hang over his eyes. He has a dark, frowning, somewhat cruel expression. His moustache is thick and grey and conceals the mouth entirely. The face is full of folds and wrinkles. When he speaks the color of his face changes from pale to red, and gradually becomes light bronze. Bismarck's voice is, oddly enough, soft and almost weak. After he has spoken for a while it grows hoarse. His style is apt to be conversational, and it may be suggested that his eloquence is more forcible in print than in sound. His addresses are written with great vigor.

A voice from London

Repeats the oft repeated story that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best, least harmful, most certain and prompt of all preparations ever offered for the removal of corns. Kennedy & Callard, London, Ont., writes, 'nothing ever introduced has given the satisfaction that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has. "We recommend it." Beware of cheap or poisonous substitutes. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere. Putnam & Co., proprietors, Kingston. Always safe, harmless, and sure.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs; none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

In 1827 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 65 years old, hale and hearty, and am indebted to your CHERRY PECTORAL for my life. HORACE FAIRBROTHER, Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Group.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? "Beverly, June 15, 1882. Mrs. ESTER GEDDIE, 139 West 128th St., New York, May 15, 1882.

I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effective remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. Lake Crystal, Minn., March 15, 1882. A. J. GRAVE.

I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALKER, Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRADDOCK, Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

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