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Hold Fast to Faith.

On the journey of life, outstretching before us,
May the emblem of faith be fixed to our breast.

For the skies that to-day hang pleasantly o'er us.

May bring with the morrow the bitterest test.

Our path though to-day be a garden of roses,
To-morrow may lie through hedges of brier.

For whatever we plant late often disposes,
And we reap in disaster our fondest desire.

Though now we may dwell in the sunshine of gladness,
And the hearthstone of home be lighted with joy;

The charm of affection, unbroken by sadness;
And the cup of our pleasure untouched by alloy;

Yet there may all flee like a mist of the morning.

And the warmest of friends grow cruel and cold;

Adversity's pall may enshroud the bright dawn;

And our happiness end, like a tale that is told.

And our life, that to-day is blooming with pleasure,
To-morrow, perhaps, it may blossom with tears;

For one whom we guard as earth's richest treasure,
May be garnered by death in his harvest of years.

Our heart may be strong in its life-giving function,
And soothe our young brow with the mantle of health;

But the destroyer thinks not of a soul's denied union.

Like a thief in the night he cometh by stealth;

Be this then our motto, life's journey pur-

suing.

Hold fast to faith if we would to our goal;

In believing alone is the way of abiding.

For pain that is suffered whilst under the rod.

And when at the end, the dark valley descending.

We shall not be lost in the depths of despair.

And the light of our faith, with radiance blinding,
Shall illumine the brighter the crown we shall wear.

—Howard N. Fuller.

THWARTED.

"Mother!"
A look of tender expostulation; the swift moving of aged lips to a smile. Two faces almost touched as a pair of strong arms relieved feeble ones of a heavy package of books.

"Well, dear," said the mellow old voice of Mrs. Maples, addressing her son, Lynn; "I thought you had enough to carry."

Lynn Maples' arms might have been said to be full, for he carried a dry-goods bundle, a valise, a well-packed satchel, and an umbrella; but he took quick possession of the books, and then, after an instant's evident regret, that he had no arm to offer his mother, stepped from the store door, and turned to hail a horse-car.

A fair face, that had been turned steadily toward the store since they emerged from the store, leaned forward now into the sunshine, as Annie Lorraine, among the velvet cushions of her phaeton, followed with her brown, attentive eyes the movements of mother and son.

"Amusing, watching the crowd sometimes," remarked an elegant young man at her side, reconciling himself with what grace he could to Miss Lorraine's inattention.

"Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly.

The next moment, with a sharp cry, she had sprung from the velvet cushions and was foremost in the gathering crowd.

Bewildered, and for once shaken out of his boasted repose of manner, Percy Dudley followed her.

An aged woman, her beautifully silvery hair disheveled, her black dress covered with dust, had just been lifted from the ground by a burly policeman, and was instantly claimed by a young man.

"Will some one call a carriage?" cried Lynn Maples, his mother lying senseless across his breast.

"Take mine! pray, take mine!" the astonished Dudley heard Miss Lorraine saying.

But before he could get his breath, he was shouldered one side by Lynn, who had accepted Miss Lorraine's offer without a thought, and was only anxious to get his mother to a place of safety.

He laid her in the deep seat, and supported her with one arm, while Miss Lorraine put the lines into his other hand.

"Turn down this side street—quick—out of the crowd," she said; "and leave the phaeton at the St. James hotel for Miss Lorraine."

The burly policeman had finished placing his packages and bundles about his feet, and mechanically Lynn Maples obeyed the man's given him by the silvery voice and sweet brown eyes.

The pretty ponies bore him quickly from the scene, and through several quiet streets to his home.

By this time Mrs. Maples had regained consciousness, and could descend from the vehicle with his assistance, though much shaken.

In stepping from the sidewalk to take a horse-car, she had been interrupted by the passing of a carriage, and stepped back beneath the horses of another.

Lynn Maples was a blue-eyed, tender-hearted fellow, with nothing remarkable about him but his purity of character and domestic tastes, contrasting strongly with the habits of the young men of the day.

Though six-and-twenty, his mother had hitherto been the sole lady of his love, and she was a little surprised to hear him exclaim suddenly, out of a reverie, the next day:

"Who, Lynn?"

"The young lady who offered me her carriage."

"You forget, dear," placidly, over her knitting, "I did not see her."

"I wonder who she is?"

And Lynn continued to wonder. He had left the phaeton at the St. James hotel, and the proprietor had assured him that all would be right. Apparently the episode had closed.

On the contrary, Annie Lorraine, a remarkably independent, young lady for one of but twenty years of age, had taken pains to inform herself that Mrs. Maples was not seriously injured.

She asked a hundred questions of her informant—who chanced to know the Maples—and learned that they were in moderate circumstances; perfectly respectable; that they lived in a flat in Hotel Dighton; that Lynn was a dry-goods clerk, and supported his mother and a young sister.

Percy Dudley stood by chafing.

"It seems to me you are very much interested in that fellow, Annie!" he exclaimed, at last.

"I am, I think," she answered, carelessly.

Dudley looked at her from under a frowning brow. He, Percy Dudley, the irresistible, the best match of the season, had paid this girl the most unmistakable attentions for four months without the slightest sign of having made but the most ordinary impression upon her.

Yet he continued his suit, since there was not another girl worth one hundred thousand dollars in his set, nor anywhere that he knew of, to be had.

His jealous eyes observed that in driving with Miss Lorraine, they never passed the store where Lynn was employed without turning her glance toward the entrance; and once, when he chanced to be filling a lady's carriage with bundles, she bowed to him, with a faint flush upon her lily face.

From that moment Dudley hated Lynn. Though he did not for a moment entertain the thought that Miss Lorraine gave him more than a passing approval, and he could see that the young man had something noble and attractive in his air, he was jealous even of her mere respect for him.

It was mere accident that the two met again and again during the winter, at church, at a fair, in a picture gallery, where Miss Lorraine offered Lynn the sweetest courtesy, but it infuriated Dudley.

"Curse the fellow! I'll make him cut his own throat before long!" he muttered.

He caught Lynn out, and obtained an introduction. It was in a concert-room.

"Good many ladies present. By the way, there is Miss Annie Lorraine in front. Do you know her, Mr. Maples?"

"I have the pleasure—slightly," replied Lynn, a flush coming into his fair, blonde face.

"Pretty, eh?"

"Very beautiful, I think. Do you know where she resides, Mr. Dudley?"

"What, don't know? Oh, up town somewhere!" answered the other, catching at a sudden thought. "So you don't know much about her circumstances?"

"No. Do you?"

"Something," carelessly. "She's an orphan, lives with an aunt. By the way, my dear sir, she seems to know you better than you do her."

"She did me a favor last fall, on the occasion of an accident."

"Ah! Well, it seems that on that occasion you took the young lady's fancy. In short, she fell in love with you."

"With me?" stammered Lynn, blushing furiously. "I am not worthy the honor."

"There is no accounting for women's fancy," burst forth Dudley, savagely.

Lynn was too bewildered to notice the sneer.

"You are a friend of hers?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—an old, and intimate one. She's an odd girl—given to unaccountable fancies, you know. Oh, yes, I know her well! And my advice to you is to strike while the iron is hot, and offer yourself to Miss Lorraine—that is, if so inclined yourself."

"I—I admire her very much!" stammered Lynn, trembling with agitation.

"Yes, certainly; I understand. Well, she's going South next week; but she'll be at the Parker Fraternity to-morrow evening. You'd better see her there, and make a sure thing of it. I'll give you my word she'll accept you."

"Thank you! thank you!" murmured Lynn, the lights swimming before his eyes, and the music fading on his ears.

He cared no longer for the latter. He got away out of the hall, and spent a restless night, full of excitement and the most exalted emotion. For the first time he knew that he loved the lily-faced, brown-eyed girl.

The next night found him at the musical entertainment of the Parker Fraternity. He was foolish, perhaps, but he chose to accept, and for once, Percy Dudley gracefully yielded his claims.

"You are as fond of music as I am, Mr. Maples," she said, with a sweet cordiality of manner which made her irresistible to all men who looked at her.

"May I escort you home, Miss Lorraine?"

"I—I have something to say to you."

She gave assent. Her brown eyes widened slightly with surprise, but she chose to accept, and for once, Percy Dudley gracefully yielded his claims.

She came down into the moonlight, her rich evening dress over her arm, her face cool and sweet. Lynn had a misgiving that he was mad, but he could not help it. Before they had walked six blocks and crossed the park he had offered himself to Miss Lorraine.

She did not speak—her face was quite white. He felt the little hand on his arm tremble. But her voice was silvery clear when she spoke at last:

"Mr. Maples, you have known me but a comparatively short space of time. What has caused you to address me like this?"

"My fervent love would not have given me courage to do so, Miss Lorraine; but an old friend of yours—one who claimed to know you well—assured me that you were not quite in different."

His voice failed him.

"Who was this friend, Mr. Maples?"

"Mr. Dudley."

He saw her eyes flash. She stopped at the foot of a flight of marble steps.

"I am at home now. Will you come here to-morrow and get your answer, Mr. Maples?"

Her face, gentle and downcast, did not tell him enough to bid him hope, but he could not forbear doing that in the sight of her lovely face. He glanced up at the wide portals, bronze lions and arched casements, thinking after he had bowed and left her, that Annie Lorraine's aunt must be rich.

Another night of palpitating hope and fear, yet he came with a manly face to Annie Lorraine to let her hear answer.

He was a little surprised to find Dudley in the room into which he was ushered. He sat looking in a dazed, smiling, complaisant, yet with a flushed face and covert signs in his eye.

Miss Lorraine rose from the sofa, and advanced cordially to her visitor, offering her jeweled hand.

"You have come promptly for your answer, Mr. Maples," she said, "and I will be prompt with you. I accept your offer of marriage, and give you, in the very acceptance, my most sincere affection. Yesterday was the first of April, and I think it is Mr. Dudley who will tell us who is the April fool."

With a cry of rage, and a furious oath, he sprang to his feet; but Miss Lorraine turned her back on him, and walked with Lynn into an adjoining parlor, and he made his exit from the house without her adieu.

In scheming to make Lynn Maples offend the heiress by an offer of marriage, he had shot beyond his mark, and, losing all hope of Annie Lorraine and her fortune, bitterly repented his trick of the first of April.

Natural Language of the Hands.

The hand has a great share in expressing our thoughts and feelings; raising the hands toward heaven, with the palms united, expresses devotion and supplication; wringing them, grief; throwing them toward heaven, admiration; dejected hands, despair and amazement; folding them, idleness; holding the fingers intermingled, musing and thoughtfulness; holding them forth together, yielding and submission; lifting them and the eyes to heaven, appeal; waving the hand from us, prohibition; extending the right hand to any one, peace, piety and safety; scratching the head, care and perplexity; holding the right hand on the heart, affection and solemn affirmation; holding up the thumb, approbation; placing the right forefinger on the lips perpendicularly, bidding silence.

A small boy, whose deportment at school had always ranked 100 per centum, came home one night with his standing reduced to ninety-eight.

"What have you been doing, my son?" asked the mother. "Been doing," replied the young hopeful; "been doing just as I have all along, only the teacher caught me this time."—*American Punch.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

The refuse of oats, it is found, may be advantageously utilized as material for paper manufacture, the object being effected by first immersing the oat husks in water in a tank, so as to float off all foreign seeds, etc., which would materially deteriorate the quality of the paper. The oat husks are then allowed to settle, and the surface scum and floating seeds are drawn off by an overflow pipe at the top of the tank, or otherwise removed; after which the water is completely drained from the husks by a waste-water pipe at the bottom of the tank and beneath a perforated false bottom, or filled with a strainer which retains the oat husks. The latter may be left to steep in the water for from five to ten hours after or during the removal of the scum; the steeping, by softening them and helping to loosen the silica from the fiber, facilitates the subsequent boiling process.

The fees which physicians may charge in Prussia for their services is regulated by law, and according to the most recent ordinance, the charge for the first visit to a sick person is fixed at two marks (twenty-five cents standing for a mark), and one mark for each subsequent visit; where, however, several persons belonging to the same family and dwelling in the same house have to be treated at the same time, then, for the second and each succeeding person, only the half of these fees respectively is to be charged—the same rule is to apply to boarding schools and similar institutions, also to prisons. When there is a consultation of several physicians about the treatment of a sick person, including their personal visits, each physician is to receive for the first consultation five marks, and three marks for each subsequent similar consultation. On the occasion of the first visit to the physician's residence for his medical advice, one mark and a half. For the administration of chloroform, etc., when necessary for the treatment of the patient, three marks.

About four years ago a novel plan for instructing the children of the poor in the art of housekeeping was put into operation at the Wilson Industrial School for girls in New York. The little girls were taught in an attractive manner, and with the aid of toy implements, to wash, sweep, dust, set the table, make beds, and a variety of other things, in a neat and thorough way. The system was known by the name of the "Kitchen Garden." It has gradually extended, until there are now ten or a dozen classes in New York, and others have been formed in Hoboken, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Plans have also been made for establishing kitchen gardens in many other cities. A short time ago a meeting was held at a private residence in New York for the purpose of organizing a "Kitchen Garden Association," so that the principles upon which this system are founded may be improved as much as possible, and that there may be uniformity of action among those interested in it. Children seem to be deeply interested in this novel method of learning housework, and last winter a class was formed in Boston from the children of prosperous families.

The observations of statisticians have been of late directed to the serious but steady decrease in the population of France, as evinced by the gradual lessening of the birth rate. In 1878 the number of births was 927,911, a lower average than that of the last four years. In 1861 the average was 2.69 per cent., in 1862 it was 2.65, in 1863 it rose again to 2.69, but between 1864 and 1868 it sank to 2.63. From 1874 to 1878 it further declined to 2.56, and in the latter year it was only 2.53. There are two causes for this decrease, viz., the fewer number of marriages, and what is far more important, a great decline in the number of children resulting from these marriages. In the period between 1864 and 1868 the average of marriages was 0.79 per cent., which declined in the corresponding years of the next decade to 0.78 and is now only at the rate of 0.75. The proportion of children to each marriage is dwindling more and more, with the exception of Brittany and some of the departments in the center and south, where the agricultural population is under the system of co-operative farming. In the class composed of petty tradesmen or the well-to-do peasants there is seldom more than one child per marriage, and M. Baudrillard has stated that in one of the rural communes in Flanders he ascertained the number of children among the best of the peasantry to be thirty-seven for thirty-five families. The illegitimate births in 1878 numbered 67,913, being 1,001 over and above that of the preceding year.

The library of an Iowa clergyman, at Waterloo, contains the largest collection of works on hymnology in America, if not in the world. Three thousand volumes of hymnals and illustrated works make up this unique collection.

A Leader of the Gauchos.

The north Atlantic coast is not the only region whose inhabitants are demoralized by the northeast wind. Governor Rosas, of Buenos Ayres, who was successful in subduing the Indians of the pampas, never treated with them when the wind blew from the north-east. He found from experience that during such periods the savages were morose and indisposed to submit to reason or force. When, however, the wind came from the southwest they became reasonable, and then the governor found little difficulty in making honorable arrangements with them.

This Rosas was a remarkable man. He was a splendid horseman, and even the gauchos, the modern representatives of the centaurs, admitted that he excelled them in riding and throwing the lasso. Once, at a public celebration in the city of Buenos Ayres, he gave an exhibition of his skill. Stationing a gaucho, with a lasso, at a corner of the public square, Rosas rode at full speed down the street. As he entered the square the gaucho threw his lasso and caught Rosas' horse by the foreleg. The animal fell headlong and broke its neck. But Rosas leaped from the saddle, alighted on his feet, and walked off, raising his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers of the people.

The leader of the aristocratic party was Lavalle. Rosas shut him up in Buenos Ayres and then besieged the city. The war was a shocking one, no quarter being given on either side. Lavalle's supplies giving out, he determined to come to terms with Rosas. One day he rode out to the gauchos' camp, under a flag of truce, and asked to see General Rosas. As he was absent, Lavalle accepted an invitation to enter the general's tent, remarking that he had but little rest for a long time, and would, if there was no objection, sleep until Rosas' return. Stretching himself on the ground, he fell asleep in a few minutes. When Rosas entered the camp he was informed that Lavalle was in his tent.

"To what good fortune am I indebted for this news?" asked Rosas.

"He came under a flag of truce," replied the officer, "and asked permission to repose until your return."

"Do not allow him to be disturbed," said Rosas. "Any one who can sleep in the tent of his most deadly enemy must be a brave man. Let his fate be what it may, he shall have a peaceful sleep to prepare for it."

When Lavalle awoke he and Rosas had a conference. It resulted in the termination of the civil war, and both sides welcomed peace.

Two Terrible Duels.

The London Telegraph prints the following: A horrible story of a duel between two inhabitants of Morocco is reported from Oran. The two principals, both occupying a good position, were enamored of the same beauty, and agreed to fight for her possession. The combatants met at a short distance from Mequinez, each being armed with a carbine, a revolver and a hunting-knife, and mounted on horseback. The dustists rushed at one another at full speed, which resulted in one of the horses being killed, and the fight was continued on foot. After the two men had received several bullets in different parts of their bodies, they closed, and commenced a violent and horrible struggle with their knives. One of the men thrust his knife into the other's throat, and received a cut from his enemy which opened the whole of his chest. Too weak to use their arms, the dying men took to biting one another, and expired, the one with his teeth closing on the other's cheek, who gave up his last breath in endeavoring to rip open his adversary's body. The object of the encounter was thus gained, as each prevented the other from obtaining the hand of the girl, who must in future endeavor only to captivate one admirer at a time if she wishes to secure a husband.

After all, this is child's play compared with a desperate encounter described by the *Imparcial*, of Madrid, as taking place at Valparaiso. A quarrel between two rival professors of music led to a challenge, the instrument selected being neither pen nor sword, but the piano. The conditions of the "encounter" were that neither party should eat or drink until honor had been declared duly satisfied, and that no waltzes or other lively airs should be indulged in. Seconds were appointed, and the duel proceeded without intermission for forty-eight hours, at the end of which time one of the musicians, after playing a "Miserere" for the one hundred and fiftieth time, fell forward, and sank exhausted on the floor. He was taken up a corpse. His adversary had been literally transformed into an "enraged musician," and was in that state removed to the hospital. The seconds themselves gave signs of being seriously "touched," and each of the pianos was found to be in a hopelessly crazy condition. Such, at least, is the result of the medical examination.

Bound East—The books published in Boston.—*New York News.*

Kiss Me Before You Go.

Your way lies over the hillside,
Out in the rain and sleet,
Out in the world's wild turmoil,
Where the bustle and business meet;

But mine by the noiseless streamside,
Where the lancelot embers glow
With a changeful life-like motion—
Kiss me before you go.

My quiet way will be haunted
With visions none others can see,
Glances more precious than diamonds,
Smiles full of meaning to me;

The sound of a welcome footstep,
A whisper thrillingly low;
Ah, thought will clasp memory closely
Kiss me before you go.

For this world is full of mischances,
And one of those may fall;
That we two ne'er again in the freight,
Make one shadow upon the wall.

Oh, then, once more in the parting—
Alas! that it must be so—
Leave me a fond benediction;
Kiss me before you go.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Archery is becoming fashionable in the South.

A brother of "Blind Tom," the negro piano player, is a day laborer at Columbus, Ga.

The Chicago Journal says that a hopping branch of industry in Illinois is frog culture.

Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, intends it is said, to become a lecturer when his congressional term expires.

The first friction matches were six inches long and five cents apiece. Considerable prejudice was raised against their use by their occasional explosion.

The mayor of Leavenworth said he liked to see boys enjoy themselves, and then turned about and arrested a lad who gave him a volley from a bean-shooter.

De Lesseps estimates that the Brooklyn bridge will last for six centuries. We shall watch that bridge with some curiosity to see just how near he hits.—*Boston Transcript.*

They are actually building a railway up to the summit of Mount Vesuvius. It must be pleasant to ride on a road that has to build lava sheds along every section.—*Hawkeye.*

It is said that 4,300,300 head of cattle now roam the Texan ranches. New York follows, in point of numbers, with a bovine population of 2,100,400. California leads in sheep, with 6,770,600.

In his article on the "Orchestra of To-day," in *St. Andrew's*, Mr. Sidney Lanier laments the neglect of the flute, and hopes to see the time "when the twenty violins of an orchestra will be balanced by twenty flutes."

The first coal fields worked in America were the bituminous fields of Richmond, Va., discovered in 1750. The first use of anthracite coal was in 1768-9, first used to burn in common grates in 1808. The first successful use of anthracite coal for smelting iron was in 1839, at the Pioneer Furnace at Pottsville, Pa.

Weary of submission to her despotic will, he resolved to see her for the last time and break with her forever. "Behave yourself like a man," said his sympathizing friend to him as they parted at the door of her boudoir. They met an hour later. "How is it?" said the friend. "Did you behave like a man?"

"Very like a man," said the unhappy slave; "I made an ass of myself."

Italian emigration to the United States has increased so rapidly as to attract the attention of the Italian government, and it is said that measures will be taken to prevent the exodus of the people, which now amounts to a drain of 185,000 a year. Italy is not overpopulated, and if ought to be so happy and prosperous that emigration would have no temptation for its inhabitants. But its recent political advancement has not been gained without cost; and the national debt is large and the annual taxation heavy. Italy is a poor country compared to the United States, and yet its debt is \$1,977,117,345, and its yearly expenditure per capita, \$10-12, while ours is only \$6.13.

Bearing Each Other's Burdens.

Life seems with unnecessary pain. For every living soul there is work to do, effort to make, sorrow to alleviate. No day in the short time allotted to us here should pass without some attempt, however feeble, to lessen the load of suffering pressing so unequally on the lives of those around us. All can do some little, and if each soul that has suffered would take a share in removing or lessening the burden of another, life would be other than it is. An old writer beautifully says: "All can give a smile." How few value a smile as they should, yet who does not know the brightness which some faces bring whenever they appear? The smile of kindly recognition, the acknowledgment of existing suffering, the free masonry of endurance, all are conveyed by a glance, and none can tell how often the effort to be cheerful has helped a weaker sufferer to endure.—*Social Notes.*

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