The Columbian.

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The Columbian.

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SELECT STORY.

MR. BROWNE'S HEIRESS.

BY R. M.

"If you mean to go in for art, old fellow, you must make up your mind to travel by a veritable Via Dolerosa before you attain success, especially if you have to live by it," said my friend Ted Ochre. I have been through the whole business, and know all about it."

I have since proved his words to be true, although I have less cause to complain than many of my comrades of the brush, for a lucky accident provided my wife and myself with the means of living till I got a fair start. But I passed through some grievous experiences before that had happened.

When I had begun to make a little progress, and had saved enough money to enable me to do so, I determined to give myself several weeks' stay in the country, where I hoped to recruit my health, at the same time that I pursued my studies.

I meant to live as cheaply as possible, and work hard all the time; yet it was with a host of pleasant anticipations that I jumped into a third class carriage at Liverpool street, and, after a three hours' journey arrived at a quiet little country station for W——. After having ascertained from one of the porters that there were good lodgings to be had at the village inn, I walked up the platform toward the place of exit. As I passed the first-class carriages, my attention was arrested by one of the windows being let down in a violent hurry.

"Eh, porter! Where are they all?" exclaimed an irritable voice, belonging to a stout elderly gentleman, who was struggling with swollen gouty fingers, to turn the stiff handle of the door.

With some difficulty I managed to open it for him, just as the station master had given the signal for the train to move on.

The porter, catching sight of me opening the door as the train was moving, shouted to me to "Stand back!" and ran to enforce his command; but the irate passenger forced open the door, which the official had nearly reshut, and jumped out, falling as he did so with one foot between the platform and the train.

Catching him as he fell, while the porter at the same moment signaled for the train to stop, I was fortunate enough to extricate the old gentleman from his perilous position.

"It's Mr. Browne! I hope you're not hurt, sir!" exclaimed the station master, coming up.

"Hurt!" he replied, stuttering with rage. "I'll—I'll report every man jack of you. If it had not been for this gentleman—"

"He knows 'twarn't my fault, said the porter sulkily; "you would get out o' that train arter she'd started."

"In that case," began the station master, very deferentially, "if Jones is correct—"

"Correct! The rascal—I—I—"

"The man is right enough so far," I interrupted; "but there was no one near to open the carriage door, and at the last moment, after some difficulty, I opened it myself."

"Gross neglect—ugh!" with a growl of pain; "and as sure as I'm director—ugh!—"

"I am afraid you are severely hurt," I interrupted; "let me assist you to the waiting room."

"No, no; straight home at once; my carriage is waiting," he replied, taking my arm, and answering only by a fierce growl the sulky apologies of the porter, he limped painful to his carriage. Just as I had helped him in the station master hurried up, and exclaimed:

"I trust you are not seriously hurt, I—"

"Hurt!" he growled, with renewed indignation. "I think I have only broken my leg, but that's nothing—nothing of any consequence!"

"You see, Mr. Browne, it's not your usual train," replied the crestfallen official. "Will you let me send the doctor on?" he asked.

"No!" roared the old gentleman. "I think that would be the wisest plan," I suggested; "for though I think it can be nothing more serious than a bad sprain—"

"Good gracious, sir! What can you know about it? I tell you I'm in agony. Well," to the station master, who stood waiting his instructions, "why d'ye stand gaping there?" Then to me, as I turned to go: "Get in, can't you? Get in!"

"Thank you, but I must find my way to the inn," I replied, rather stiffly, for I did not relish the tone of the request.

"Bother it all! Can't you see I'm mad with pain?" he asked irritably. "Is it likely that I am going to let you go to a wretched country public house—it's nothing better—after saving my life?"

"Seeing that the kind-hearted but choleric old gentleman was really distressed at my refusal, I yielded to his wish, and after half an hour's drive found myself established as an honored guest in his luxurious home. He insisted that I should take up my quarters there during my stay at W——. Every obstacle that I raised was surmounted by him with such perseverance that in spite of myself, I was forced to yield to his desire.

It was certainly pleasant at Dalehurst. All that wealth could procure was to be found there, for its owner was rich, and allowed Genevieve, his daughter, carte blanche in the exercise of her cultivated and refined tastes. His daughter, ah! how can I describe her? Beautiful, intellectual, gracious and an enthusiast about art, was it wonderful that I lost my heart long before I knew it? When I did discover it—but I must speak of the happy days that preceded the shock of that discovery.

As I had supposed, Mr. Browne's injury proved to be nothing more dangerous than a severe sprain, but it kept him a prisoner for several days, and as I was always out at work till dinner time, he grew to look forward toward my presence in the evening in quite a ridiculous manner.

He was very much interested in my pictures, although he knew nothing about art, but he thought he did, and his daughter's sympathetic appreciation atoned for his incomprehensible criticisms, and was dangerously delightful to me.

Of course, I was mad, foolish, culpable, not to understand that it was something more than intellectual sympathy which made our intercourse such a happiness to us both; but I suppose I was feeling too intensely to analyze and define my feelings.

I think, too, that as he knew my position, Mr. Browne acted in a most thoughtful way, for he insisted that Genevieve should take lessons of me; and what could he expect when two young people, with so many sympathies and tastes in common, were so constantly thrown together? I can conscientiously declare that, had I realized my danger, I should have fled long before I did, for I believed at that time that Genevieve was her father's heiress, while I was a poor, struggling artist.

When one morning my host announced that he expected his nephew, Reginald Vane, and some friends down for the shooting, I felt a vague presentiment that something unpleasant was in store for me, and insisted on taking up my quarters at the inn, for I knew that with a house full of young people whose sole idea was amusement, while mine was work, I should be out of place and at a disadvantage. Genevieve, however, would not hear of giving up her lessons, and whenever they took place it was invariably insisted upon that I should remain to dine at Dalehurst.

The moment I saw Reginald Vane I conceived an intense aversion to him, and he took no pains to hide the fact that the feeling was mutual.

The first evening I spent in his society he treated me with a supercilious affectation of superiority which made my blood boil. The fact that he was in love with his cousin, and madly jealous of every man that found the slightest favor in her eyes, restrained me from openly resenting his many impertinences; but there is a limit to forebearance, and when one evening after I had been singing with Genevieve, he made some insulting allusion to fortune-hunters, pointing his remark with a look at me that no one could mistake, we came to an open quarrel.

The next morning I sought an interview with Mr. Browne, to bid him farewell.

"Tut, tut, man!" he answered cordially. "So that jealous idiot has been showing his airs to you, eh? He spoke to me last night but I told him I knew you and could trust you."

But I knew that I could not trust myself, so begging him to make my excuses and adieux to Genevieve, I departed, with the intention of seeing her no more.

The old gentleman must have begun to suspect the truth during this interview, for despite my own agitation, I noticed how worried and anxious he was looking.

I was at the time at work on a landscape which would keep me, as I reckoned, about a week longer in the neighborhood, but for the next day or two my picture made little or no progress; work seemed an impossibility.

Then a feverish energy seized me. I was presumptuous enough to believe that Genevieve returned my love; a thousand significant trifles helped me to this conclusion. With such an incentive to spur me on, I told myself that I must quickly win the wealth and position which would give me a right to speak. With a rapidity which surprised even myself, I finished my picture and began another to pair with it.

Day after day I worked, exposed to the sun, and scarcely stopping while the light lasted even to take necessary food.

About three o'clock one afternoon I had finished, and started to return to the inn. I was feeling triumphantly excited—heart and brain were full of Genevieve. "If I could only see her once more!" I thought, as I pounded through the wood with down-bent head.

As if in answer to my longing, on looking up suddenly I saw her. She was at some little distance from me, and as with eager steps I hurried forward, I perceived that she was not alone. I stopped, dizzy and confounded, for her companion was my rival, Vane. Her hands lay passively with in his grasp; she seemed to be listening willingly to his eager words; but no—suddenly the downcast eyes were raised—she spoke vehemently—she struggled to release herself. I rushed madly forward.

"It's a falsehood!" I heard her exclaim; "and you are a coward!"

Then her face was turned toward me in surprise, delighted recognition, fear, trouble, and the next moment her persecutor had measured his length on the ground, while I reeled and fell, for a great darkness swam before me, then all was blank.

* * * * * *

A world peopled with many faces, in turn strange, familiar, compassionate, cruel, merry; events following one another with inconceivable rapidity, some joyful, some the reverse; a confused agonized struggle after comprehension of something cruelly puzzling, a gradual relinquishment of the effort, and at last I knew my mother's sweet worn face as it bent anxiously over me. At first her face was all that I recognized, and, soothed by the consciousness of her presence, I slept. Gradually recollection returned, then followed the tedium of a long and weary convalescence, during which I learned that they had sent that very day from Dalehurst to inquire about me, and had also sent fruit and flowers continually till I out of danger, and that they had now gone abroad.

* * * * * *

"I beg pardon!" I exclaimed absently, for I had come into sudden and violent collission with a lady who, like myself, was turning the corner of a street in Hammersmith. There was a dense fog, and she was closely veiled, so it is not wonderful that I did not at first, recognize her. "Miss Brown! is it possible, and alone? I have grown independent you see," in slightly tremulous tones. "You must let me put you into a cab. Where are you going?" I asked, feeling like one who dreamed.

"Home—no, no please!" as I took umbrella and music-roll from her hand, "indeed, I cannot let you," but the words were weak and faltering, and I ventured to disobey.

Drawing her hand through my arm I walked by her side in silence, for I could hear by her quick, irregular breathing that she was struggling with some painful emotion.

"What must you think of us?" she exclaimed at last—"our silence! It was not my fault. Are you quite strong again?"

By degrees I drew forth from her that they were quite poor now, and that she was giving daily music lessons in order to herself and her father, who was weak and ill and terribly altered. Quite poor indeed they were and living in apartments, to which, by her tasteful arrangement of the relics that remained to them of their prosperous days, Genevieve had nevertheless managed to impart an air of refinement and elegance. It was only just in time that I had found them, for poor old Mr. Browne was, as any one could see, quite broken up, and seemed to depend entirely upon his daughter. She told me that when I had come upon them in the wood her cousin had just been refused by her, upon which he taxed her for entertaining an affection for a penniless fortune-hunter, who had been kicked out of Dalehurst as soon as her father became aware of his presumptuous designs. Then followed her indignant words and my interference and sudden faint. As a whole party had been pic-nicing there help was not far off, and Mr. Browne would have had me carried to Dalehurst had it not been for his nephew's strenuous opposition.

A few days afterward her father had spoken to her and begged her to receive Vane's attention favorably. Gradually it came out that he had been speculating and was ruined, if she did not help him to retrieve his position by this marriage, but this he did not tell her till they had all quitted Dalehurst for the Continent, and she had again refused her cousin. From her mother she had inherited a sum which brought her £50 a year. Upon this pittance, and what she could make by teaching, my brave girl had struggled to maintain herself and her father until now. I had not been mistaken with regard to Genevieve's sentiments, for I won from her the confession that she had loved me from the first. So now that there was no money to come between us, I asked and obtained her father's consent to our union. We were married very quietly, both for the sake of economy, and also on account of her father's declining health.

Among the relics of his former grandeur, Mr Browne had retained a picture which, in spite of everybody, he had always persisted in believing to be of great value. This he presented with much satisfaction to his daughter on the occasion of her marriage. He was getting quite childish now, and she nursed and humored him with unfailing sweetness and devotion.

One morning, on coming down into the kitchen, I found her busily engaged in cleaning her father's picture.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I am trying to make this 'old and valuable picture' look a little more decent," she replied, laughing gayly. "Poor papa has taken it into his head that I do not value it, so I am going to give it the place of honor in the dining room."

Of course I grumbled, for it was really an awful production, and equally of course, my darling coaxed me into acquiescence.

"Look here, dear," she exclaimed very suddenly, "how oddly this paint has peeled off here in the corner! It looks as if there were another picture underneath."

I looked carelessly at first, then curiously.

"So it does," I replied, and taking the cloth from her hand I carefully continued the process till about four square inches had been cleaned off, revealing part of a lamb.

"My word!" I exclaimed, and Genevieve must have thought me mad, for, catching up the picture, I hurried away with it to my studio, packed it up, tore out of the house, took a cab and in half an hour's time was excitedly watching the operations of the restorer to whom I had taken it.

To make a long story short, it turned out to be a Correggio which some Goth had covered with his own infamous daub. It was sent to Christie and Manson's and sold for £2500.

Mr. Browne's triumph may be easily imagined, but he would not allow that the money belonged to him. "It was his dear girl's dowry," he said.

"So you see you have married an heiress, after all, you mean fortune hunter!" cried Genevieve, with glad tears in her eyes.

"Yes, and therefore I shall paint no more 'pot-boilers!'" I exclaimed. I kept to this resolve, and next year I had a picture in the Academy.

A banyan tree is a forest in itself, giving shelter and shade to whole villages of huts. Its wide-spreading branches are supported by many separate stems or trunks, formed by descending aerial roots which on reaching the ground become fixed as props to the great leafy roof above. Natives of parts of India regard the tree as sacred, and it is not surprising that the deep twilight which always prevails under its dense foliage should impress with awe the simple Buddhist dwellers in its shade. Respecting the size reached by this tree, it may be stated that Forbes, in his "Oriental Memories," mentions a banyan which was nearly 2,000 feet in circumference, measured round its principal stems, while the ground covered by its branches was considerably more extensive. The large trunks numbered 450, and the smaller ones exceeded 3,000. Even the 2,000 feet—or more than one third of a mile—does not represent the full circumference over which this colossal plant's chief supports had been spread, as a flood had carried away a very large part of the tree before Forbes saw it, reducing the number of larger trunks from 1350 to the 350 now remaining. The banyan belongs to the genus which includes the common fig, and is known as the Indian fig (*Ficu Indica.*)

By cutting back the hybrid perpetual roses after they have flowered, later crops of flowers will be more certain to appear.

Waiting for a rise—The young lady who hangs on to a strap in a horsecar.

It takes a long time for a woman to get into the thirties, but when she does get there she stays!

Gen. Jackson's Duels.

HIS FIGHT WITH DICKINSON AND THE BENTONS.

Gen. Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, and immortal as the patron saint of Democracy, is one of the few men whose record was not materially sullied by his duelling. To fight seemed in perfect accord with the man's courageous temperament and the whole drift of his career. The first affair of honor in which the General was engaged was when he was a very young man, and holding the office of District Attorney in Western Tennessee. It was in the summer of 1796. Major-General Sevier had just been elected Governor, and still retained his commission as General, Jackson wanted him to resign, and they became engaged in a dispute, in which Sevier told Jackson that he had run off with another man's wife. This happened in the streets of Knoxville. Jackson replied:

"Great God! Do you mention her sacred name?" Both drew pistols and fired shots in the crowded street. One man was grazed, but no one was seriously injured. When Jackson challenged Sevier the latter declined to fight because he was a poor man and had a large family dependent upon him. Soon after this meeting the parties came together on the main road from Knoxville unexpectedly. All were on horseback. Jackson, who was accompanied by Dr. Van Dyke, called upon Sevier to defend himself. The latter jumped from his horse, which ran away with the pistols in the holster. Sevier's son drew on Jackson, saying he would protect his father, and Van Dyke drew on Sevier, but travellers interfered, and no blood was spilled.

In this case Jackson was popularly adjudged to be in the right, as the lady in question was then his wife, and had been deserted by her former husband. He held her name sacred.

In 1805 Gen. Jackson heard that Charles Dickinson, a young lawyer, had spoken disparagingly of Mrs. Jackson. This was something he would not allow under any circumstances. He found Dickinson, who told him if he said it he must have been drunk. The matter was for a time amicably arranged. Again Jackson heard that young Dickinson had been talking. The general then went to the young man's father-in-law and told him that he wished the young man would hold his tongue and comport himself as a gentleman. He wanted no quarrel, and counselled Capt. Ervin to exert his influence to quiet the young man down. Meantime a horse race was to come off in which Jackson and Dickinson were interested. The stakes were $2,000 a side. Before the race the horse in opposition to Gen Jackson broke down, and $800 was forfeited. A young man named Swann, in speaking of the notes placed up on each side, said something that impugned General Jackson's veracity, and Jackson, when the matter was brought before him, promptly said that whoever made the statement was a d——d liar. Swann addressed a letter asking an explanation. The General replied by reiterating his language, though he did not know whom it struck when first used, and referred to Dickinson as a tale-bearer, a cowardly poltroon and liar. Swann then challenged Jackson, who in accordance with a threat previously made, caned Swann in a public place. Dickinson next wrote a fierce letter to him, and left on a trip for the South, expecting an answer on his return. While he was away another duel came off between two gentlemen, Mr. Coffee and Mr. McNairy, who were mixed up in the same affair, Coffee being wounded. When Dickinson returned on May 20th, he published a long letter in the Nashville *Impartial Review*, full of cutting sarcasm, and branding Gen. Jackson as a coward and poltroon. The inevitable came. Before the article appeared in print Dickinson was handed by Gen. Overton, Jackson's second, a peremptory challenge. It was promptly accepted, and Dr. Harrison Collet carried Dickinson's reply, naming Friday, May 30th, 1806, as the date. Gen. Jackson wanted to fight at an earlier date, but the other would not consent. The location of the duel was a long day's ride from Nashville, in Kentucky, across the Red River. It was the general opinion that the meeting would be fatal to Jackson. Dickinson was a marksman of unerring accuracy, and was considered the crack shot of Tennessee. He was certain he would kill his antagonist. The morning before the duel he kissed his young wife good-by assuring her he would be home the following evening. She was in entire ignorance of his mission from home. Dickinson was accompanied by a party of gay young men. All disported themselves as if on a pleasure tour. On the journey the principal amused them by giving exhibitions of his skill with the pistol. At a distance of twenty-four feet he fired at command four balls into a space that could be covered by half a dollar. At a wayside inn he cut a string at a good distance with a pistol ball, and instructed the landlord, should Andrew Jackson pass that way to point it out to him. It was also said that he wagered $500 that he would come within half an inch of a certain button on Jackson's coat, and had several thousand dollars wagered on the result of the fight, betting he would kill his antagonist at the first fire.

Gen. Jackson's demeanor was entirely different. His second, Gen. Overton, and himself conversed solemnly together on the prospects. They knew the opponent to be a sure shot, and counted every chance. The men were to stand at eight paces, with pistols down, and fire at the simple word without further ado. The two parties passed the night at country taverns about two miles apart. Jackson had determined to let his adversary fire first, as he knew him to be the quicker and the surer, and then take his chances later. Jackson was dressed in a loose frock coat, which concealed the slenderness of his phisique and rendered the exact position of his vital parts somewhat uncertain. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer, Jackson being more commanding and superior. There was a still intensity in his manner that rendered him grand as he stood under the tall poplars on that bright May morning awaiting the crack af doom.

The word "ready" was repeated by both men, and Gen. Overton shouted the signal, "fire." Dickinson almost instantly fired. There was a puff of dust from Jackson's coat, and he raised his hand and clasped it to his breast. His friends waited to see him fall, but he stood calm and implacable as fate. Astounded at his failure, Dickinson recoiled a step or two, saying: "Great God! have I missed him?"

"Back to the mark, sir!" shrieked Overton, with his hand on his pistol.

Dickinson recovered his composure, and stood with his eyes averted. Gen. Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. It stopped at half cock. Carefully he recocked it, and a second time took aim and fired. Dickinson reeled, and was caught by his friends. A deadly pallor came over his face, and his trousers became crimson from the life blood that trickled from his breast. The ball had entered one side and come out at the other.

Jackson was joined by Overton and they hurried from the field. Looking down, Overton saw that the General's shoe was full of blood. It was the first he knew that his friend was wounded. "My God, are you hit," he exclaimed. "I believe he has pinked me a little, but say nothing about it," Jackson replied.

Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He struck the mark where he thought would pierce Jackson's heart, but the slender figure and deceptive dress of his adversary rendered the wound not fatal. The bullet raked the breast bone and broke two or three ribs. Jackson was laid up for weeks, and though he lived to a ripe old age, the wound was the eventual cause of his death. It was a case in which one or the other had to be killed, and Jackson was to blame no more than the other man. Dickinson died the following day, before his wife arrived at his bedside.

The next encounter of importance in which Gen. Jackson was engaged was in 1813. It was no fault of his. A young Captain named William Carroll, who later became a General, was a favorite of Jackson's. Jesse Benton, a brother of Col. Thomas H. Benton, challenged Carroll to fight a duel for some imaginary offense. Carroll succeeded in getting Jackson to be his second, though the General did all he could to make a pleasant settlement. Jesse Benton was untamed and fiery, and would fight. They met, and Carroll wounded him. Jackson, who was aggravated that the fight should take place at all, made light of the affair all around. Jesse Benton then poured into the ears of Thomas Benton a wonderful tale, and Thomas at once denounced Jackson as an ingrate, a traitor, &c. Jackson said he would horse-whip him on sight, and every one believed it. On the 3rd of September all the parties were in Nashville. Jackson with his friend, Col. Coffee, went to the Post Office where they saw the two Bentons standing.

"Now, you d——d rascal, I am going to punish you," said Jackson to Tom Benton, advancing, riding whip in hand. Benton made a movement to draw a pistol, and Jackson drew his, still advancing, whip in hand. Jesse Benton then discharged a pistol loaded with slugs at Jackson, literally tearing up one of his shoulders. Jackson fell, weltering in blood. A running duel then commenced in the street though, without effect. Coffee shot at Thomas Benton and knocked him down a flight of stairs, and friends of Jackson tried to kill Jesse Benton, who was wounded with a dirk. Jackson came very nearly dying, and carried Benton's ball to his dying day. This was the last of the important engagements in which Gen. Jackson figured.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Coward Seeks a Pension.

At a club dinner in New York recently, an examining surgeon related the following incident showing how the arrears act developed pensioners out of sound and undeserving men. During the war he was surgeon of an infantry regiment. When the regiment first went into battle he observed, sitting behind a big tree at a safe distance from the fighting line, the captain of one of the companies. "What are you doing here, Captain?" asked the doctor. "I am not feeling well," replied the officer in a doleful voice. The surgeon was too busy looking after the wounded to stop and inquire as to his complaint. A few weeks later the regiment got under fire, and the surgeon found the same captain skulking behind a barn. "Hello! sick again?" he exclaimed. "Well, the fact is, doctor, I'm not exactly sick. I may as well own up that I'm a coward. There's no help for it. It must be constitutional. Now, doctor, what's the use of my staying in the army? Won't you help me get a discharge?" The surgeon thought he was doing the country a service when, a few days afterward, he recommended that the man be discharged on the ground of general disability. He heard nothing of the captain until sixteen years later, when he received a letter from the pension office informing him that Captain Blank had applied for a pension from the date of his muster-out that he, as surgeon of the regiment, had certified to the disability, would he kindly inform the Government as to the nature of the disease from which the officer suffered? The surgeon replied that the complaint was chronic and incurable cowardice, not contracted in the line of his duty, but constitutional. The captain did not go upon the roll, and his plan for getting some $4,000 for arrears and $20 a month for the rest of his life came to grief. How many schemes no less dishonest have succeeded through the complaisance of examining surgeons less honest than the narrator of this incident, could only be ascertained by a thorough overhauling of the whole pension list and a re-examination of the entire army of pensioners.—*Century.*

Dr. Bjornstrom, superintendent of a lunatic asylum at Stockholm, introduced a printing press and some type into the establishment for the benefit of an insane compositor. The other patients became interested in printing and the Doctor soon gave them a more extensive apparatus. The result is the recent publication of the Doctor's book on "Disease of the Mind," which was set up, printed and bound by the patients, and is pronounced a very good piece of work in every respect. It contains 202 pages.

The really highest strung men in the West are the horse thieves.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats fine is soldered on each side of a plate of hard nickel composition metal, and the three are then passed between polished steel rollers. From this plate the various parts of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. are cut and shaped by dies and formers. The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engine-turning. The composition metal gives it needed *strength, stiffness* and *solidity*, while the *written* guarantee of the manufacturers *warranting* each case to wear *twenty* years proves that it contains *all* the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from *actual results*, as *many* of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth by years of use without wearing through the gold. DUBUQUE, IA., Dec. 14, 1880. I have used one of your James Boss' Gold Watch Cases for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand and know of its having been used before I got it, but do not know how long. It looks good for ten years longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case until so informed by a jeweler a short time since. I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be all they are represented to be, and more. O. MCCRANEY, *Dep. Col. Int. Rev. 1st Dis. Iowa.* Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be Continued.)

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