THE TEN FOOT DRIVE.

By CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

CHAPTER I.
THE NEW MASTER.

"Three cheers for our new master!"

"And a jolly good one at that!"

"Why, he's every inch a gentleman, little!"

"Hip! Hip! Hurrah!"

With an impressive rumble of wheels and jingle of gold mounted harness the handsome carriage whirled by in a cloud of dust. Battered hats and shaggy caps were raised off, brawny, coal begrimed arms were waved in salutation, and a cheer from a hundred throats went echoing among the lofty, stony hills that frowned upon each other across the narrow mountain stream. The employees of the Monckton Coal and Iron mines, marshaled to welcome the new master and heir to Thomas Monckton, millionaire, performed their part in the ceremony with an unctuous affability. The figure in the carriage responded with the slightest of bows, and seemed, if even that trifling exertion had wearied him, to look back upon the demonstrations with an expression of utter indifference, almost apathy, which seemed habitual to his fine but effeminate features.

There was one among the assembled miners, however, who took no share in the demonstration, uttered no cheer and offered no sign of respect. He did not even remove the wide felt hat which shaded his scowling brows. With bare arms folded across his broad chest, and his powerful frame poised in a defiant attitude, he surveyed the excited throng with a smile of bitter contempt. When one of his companions touched him upon the shoulder to attract his attention, he shook off the hand with an angry movement and turned away, vouchsafing no reply to the questions addressed to him.

As the carriage swept by, the frown deepened upon his forehead, and his attitude became still more insolently aggressive. It seemed as if he wished his insulting and offensive air to be marked by the occupant of the vehicle. If that was his object, he attained it, for, standing in the front rank of the crowd, the carriage passed within an arm's length of him, and for an instant the gaze of the young proprietor rested full upon him. But it was with a cold impassibility that only added fuel to the anger and hatred raging in his breast. It would have gratified his imperious and discontented spirit if the mine owner had exhibited some sign of shrinking or annoyance, but the frigid stare which met his own lowering look abashed him in spite of himself.

His attitude became still more insolently aggressive.

"I am less than the dirt under his horses' hoofs," he muttered between his set teeth as his eyes followed the sumptuous equipage disappearing in the distance. "But our turn will come one day, and then"— He left the remainder of the sentence significantly unspoken.

He pushed his way roughly through the crowd and was joined upon the road beyond by two or three of his most intimate associates. He gave no heed to them, however, but walked moodily on, with his head bent upon his chest and his eyes cast down. Though a workman like themselves, his companions evidently regarded him with a respect not altogether unmixed with fear, and for a time they kept step with his long, impatient stride, without venturing to interrupt his meditations.

"He seems a decent sort of young fellow, the new proprietor," remarked one of the number at length.

"He don't favor his father, as I can see," said another, "and that I take to be a good sign for us. Old Monckton was as ugly as a hitching post and harder than a flint, whereas the son is what you may call handsome and ought to be liberal and easy according."

"That's good logic, John," replied the man who had first spoken. "Handsome is as handsome does, eh, John?"

"I've an idea, mates," put in the third man. "It's this: I move we draw up a paper, addressed to the new master and signed by all hands. Matthew North, here, could do it up in great style. He's got education, in a way, and writes like book print."

"And what is this paper that Matthew North is to draw up 'addressed to the new master?'" There was a ring of scorn in the deep voice, and the dark eyes gleamed sternly from under the frowning brows.

"Why," was the hesitating reply, "a sort of petition like, saying as we, the hands employed in the Monckton mines, presents our duty and welcomes our future boss, with good wishes, et cetery. Then you throw in, promiscuous, as how things has been pretty considerable hard on us for a spell back, and how we would be grateful for a raise of prices and wages; likewise, also, a reduction of hours. All fair and square and respectful, as is proper between master and men."

Having concluded this speech with a flourish, the speaker glanced at his companions as if expecting some sign of approbation, but the man addressed as Matthew North broke in with a loud, angry laugh.

"'Present our duty,'" he repeated sneeringly. "Why not humbly petition for the privilege of living at all? Are we not poor, enslaved and degraded enough already that you wish to formally sign away the small fragment of liberty we have left?"

"Now don't lose your temper, Matthew," responded the other deprecatingly. "It was just a notion of mine which I spoke out frank and friendly, as among old side pardners. But if you don't approve, why, there's an end of it. We all agree that you have the longest head among us, Matthew, and we're bound for to follow your lead."

"You are a pack of children and fools," rejoined North harshly. "Because this man is young and what you choose to call handsome you believe he will be just and generous. Wait and see! Old Monckton—Miser Monckton—was a coarse, ignorant, grasping scoundrel, but he was one of us, for he handled a pick in these very mines in his youth. This man, his son, is a gentleman!" The hatred and contempt with which he uttered the last word cannot be described. "Yes, a gentleman. He was educated abroad; he knows nothing of us or our condition and cares less. To him we are merely the drudges which he inherited with his father's wealth. We are not men in his eyes; we are less than his horses and dogs, and so long as we consent to toil, starve and risk our lives to pamper his luxury we and our wives and children may rot in our poverty and degradation."

North had the true demagogue's power, and his belief in his own words lent him a rude eloquence which was irresistible over the class with which he consorted. The kindling eyes and quick breathing of the three men he now addressed testified to the influence he wielded.

"You say he is handsome," he went on, with increasing heat. "He may be; I am not a judge, but as he passed, lolling in his carriage, covering us with the dust from his wheels, I looked into his cold, dead eyes and his pale, womanish face, and I tell you before many months are over you will wish old Miser Monckton, three times as ugly and three times as mean and grasping, were back again."

For a moment after he had done speaking there was silence; then, in a low, threatening tone, one of the men ejaculated:

"Mates, it's no petition that we'll take to the new proprietor. It will be a demand."

"And if he refuses we'll burn the house over his head."

"And him with it."

"The sooner the better, say I! To-day—this hour!"

"Will you never learn wisdom?" interrupted North impatiently. "You go from one extreme to the other. You will break a few windows, make a disturbance, get yourselves shot and beaten for your pains, in the end submit, glad even of the chance to toil and starve in the old wretched way."

"What a fire you are, Matthew!" replied the last speaker in humble admiration. "Nobody ain't thought of going agin you. All you have got to do is to say the word and leave us for to carry out your orders."

"That's so," chimed in the other two.

"We'll stand by Matthew North."

"And you will do well," said North. "Your cause is mine. It is just and must prevail. Wait! Bide your time until 'tis ripe, and then"—he glanced from one to another of the attentive faces, with the gleam of fanatic resolution in his eyes—"strike for your rights and strike hard and sure."

"Hurrah for Matthew North!" cried the three men in a breath.

A cold smile flitted across the dark features, and again he repeated, in a significant tone:

"Wait."

CHAPTER II.
IMOGENE DUKE.

At a crossroad leading to a small hamlet clustered about the mouth of the coal pits his three companions left North to continue his walk alone. He had not gone a dozen yards when the beat of hoofs caught his ear, and a girl, riding a powerful black horse, swept around a turn in the road and pulled up sharply, opposite where the young miner stood.

As he caught sight of her his whole manner changed instantly. The moody expression left his face; a slight flush rose in his brown cheek, and the wild light in his eyes gave place to a tender, beseeching glance. His haughtily erected head was bowed humbly, and as he removed his large hat and remained silent, waiting for her to address him first, he presented a very different figure from the fanatic and demagogue whose violent words had cowed his rude companions 10 minutes before.

He removed his large hat and remained silent.

"Is it you, Matthew North?" said the girl, in a clear, resonant voice that sounded in the young man's ear like a chime of joyous bells. She beckoned him to her side with an imperious wave of her small, gloved hand. "What are you doing here at this hour, and why are you not at your post in the mine?"

North approached, holding his hat in one hand, while with the other he stroked the glossy neck of the horse.

"It is a holiday," he replied, with an accent of contempt struggling through his respectful tone. "The new proprietor—the young lord of the manor—came to take possession of his domain this morning, and we, his servants, were graciously given leave to welcome him."

"Ralph Monckton," exclaimed the girl vivaciously. "What is he like, Matthew? When I saw him last, he was a lank, overgrown boy. Little as I was, I remember, he was afraid of me and blushed furiously when my father introduced him to me. Tell me about him."

A flame of hatred sprang into North's eyes as he answered:

"I only caught a glimpse of him as he went by in his carriage. He did not condescend to speak to us."

"Is he handsome, Matthew?"

"It may be so, Miss Duke," replied the young man, with an affectation of indifference which his resentful air belied. "I profess little knowledge of such things. His features are regular. His face is colorless as a sick girl's. His hair is light and carefully parted in the middle. His figure is small and slight"— He raised his own powerful frame unconsciously, as it seemed, to his full height. "His eyes are pale blue and cold as a dead man's. That is about all—oh, to be sure, I did see something like an eyeglass hanging to the lapel of his coat."

"Oh, Matthew, Matthew!" laughed the girl, "why do you hate the poor gentleman so?"

"Gentleman!" repeated North, stepping back as if he had received a blow. "Yes, you are right, Miss Duke," he added in a low, bitter tone. "He is a gentleman, the owner of millions, brought up in luxury and college bred—yes, that makes him a gentleman, even here in America, where we pretend to recognize no class distinctions—and I, a poor workman, his paid laborer, have no right to criticise him."

"Come, Matthew," replied the girl seriously, "you are unjust. I did not mean to wound you. You know I have no class prejudices. A man is a man, no matter what his station may be, and so that he is honorable and upright it is nothing to me whether he wears broadcloth, or"—glancing at the coarse flannel shirt which displayed the grand muscles of North's chest—"the meanest attire. I am a true American girl, Matthew. Never forget that."

"I thank you for those words," exclaimed North, with a passionate gesture which caused the young horsewoman to straighten herself in her saddle, while her cheek flushed faintly. "A man is a man, as you have said, and you may have the chance, one day, to see for yourself which is the real man—this languid, weak eyed millionaire or Matthew North, the gang boss."

"So long as you act worthily, Matthew," said the girl, turning her lustrous eyes upon the excited face of the young miner, with a gentle glance which seemed to quiet him at once, "I shall always be your friend—if my friendship is of any value to you."

"Oh," he murmured impulsively, "it is worth all the world to me. I would lose life sooner than your good opinion."

The black horse, which throughout the conversation had pawed and snorted restively, now seemed to get his head, for he bounded forward suddenly, as if relieved from the curb. For an instant Matthew North saw a little hand waving him adieu; then horse and rider disappeared in a cloud of dust.

For many minutes North stood gazing after them like a man in a dream; then, with a deep breath, he passed his hand confusedly across his forehead. A small, dark object lay in the road at his feet. He stooped and picked it up; it was a lady's riding glove. He brushed the dust off it reverently, turned it over and over on his large palm, and with a sudden, passionate movement pressed it to his lips. Glancing about him with a shamefaced air, as if fearing he had been observed, he hastily thrust the glove into the breast of his shirt and strode rapidly away.

CHAPTER III.
THE PETITION.

Miss Imogene Duke's curiosity as to the new proprietor was not speedily gratified. Ralph Monckton remained secluded in his dwelling, and though, as a boy, before his long stay abroad, he had known the few families of the better class in the neighborhood, he seemed to be in no hurry to renew his relations with them. Nor did he exhibit more interest in the welfare of his mines, leaving all business to be transacted by his agent and overseer, a burly, square jawed, grim looking person of the name of Joyce, whom he had picked up somewhere on the other side and brought home with him. Joyce appeared to be invested with absolute authority, and his narrow, tyrannical nature and overbearing manner soon won him the ill will of every man connected with the mines. He proved himself a merciless slave driver, and the discontent which the severe rule of the elder Monckton had aroused among the employees grew daily in intensity, and though for the time restrained smoldered beneath the surface, ready to burst into devouring flame at any moment.

Of this state of affairs Ralph Monckton was ignorant, or if he had any knowledge of it he was supremely indifferent. He never once visited the pits whence his vast wealth had been drawn and knew none of his employees by sight. Once he had passed a group of them on the road and in return to their respectful salutation had stared at them through his eyeglass without other response, a circumstance which did nothing toward softening the dislike he shared with his overseer.

One afternoon three weeks after Monckton's arrival Miss Duke, returning from her regular daily ride, observed a group of workmen gathered about the main gate of the Monckton mansion. Among them she recognized Matthew North, whose flushed face and glittering eyes betokened ill restrained anger. The girl pulled up her horse at the outskirts of the crowd and listened. The overseer, Joyce, was speaking evidently in reply to some demand on the part of the miners.

"I tell you no!" he said in a harsh, peremptory tone. "The mine is safe enough as it is, and we are not going to spend money to humor your whims."

"The expense would be but trifling," replied North, with a slight tremor in his voice, "and might be the means of saving many lives. The oldest hands among us—and Reuben Wilkes, here, who was in just such a disaster himself—say they can hear the water behind the head wall in Ten Foot Drive, and that it will surely break through. A stout bulkhead of heavy plank"——

"I tell you no, for the last time," interrupted Joyce, still more harshly, "the Ten Foot Drive is going to stay as it is."

"Will you not at least lay our request before Mr. Monckton?" asked North, his broad chest heaving in his effort to retain his self control.

"I will not," was the sharp answer. "My word is final."

"Then the blood of those who will be murdered by your inhuman neglect be on your head," exclaimed North, giving way to his passion. "You have been warned in time, and you have refused to heed the warning."

"I have heard enough," retorted the overseer roughly. "And take notice, you, Matthew North, I've my eye on you for a mischief maker. Mind what you are about, or it will be the worse for you."

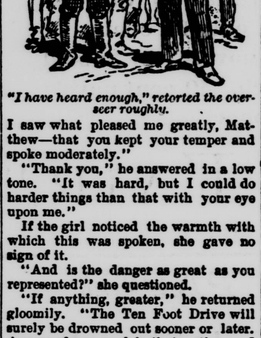
North's lips parted to give vent to a wrathful answer when he caught sight of Imogene Duke sitting upon her horse, an attentive observer of what was going forward. He checked himself instantly, and though the blood still surged to his temples he addressed his companions in a voice that was almost calm.

"Disperse, friends," he said. "We have done our utmost to obtain our rights, and we have failed. There is nothing more to do here."

Muttering among themselves, but obedient, the men moved off, leaving North to walk beside Miss Duke's horse. Both were silent for some moments.

"You heard?" he said finally.

"Yes," she replied, bending her bright eyes upon him approvingly, "and I saw what pleased me greatly, Matthew—that you kept your temper and spoke moderately."



"I have heard enough," retorted the overseer roughly.

"Thank you," he answered in a low tone. "It was hard, but I could do harder things than that with your eye upon me."

If the girl noticed the warmth with which this was spoken, she gave no sign of it.

"And is the danger as great as you represented?" she questioned.

"If anything, greater," he returned gloomily. "The Ten Foot Drive will surely be drowned out sooner or later. A score of men work in that section, and if the water breaks through while they are there not one will escape alive."

"And that overseer refuses to take precautions?"

"As you saw," he replied bitterly. "But what are the lives of a few poor laborers? Their wives will weep and their children go hungry, but others will take their places, and so it will go on while the few are rich and ruthless and the many are ignorant and helpless."

"Is there no remedy?" The girl's beautiful face was full of pain and sympathy. Her lip quivered, and there was a mist in her mild, calm eyes. "Can nothing be done for these poor people?"

"Yes," he answered, with sudden vehemence. "Were we, who are far the stronger did we but realize it, to turn the tables and put the lives of our heartless masters in jeopardy, there would be a change. And, by the living light, the time will come"——

"Matthew!"

The word was very gently spoken, and there was no accent of warning or reproach in the speaker's tone, but it calmed the man's excitement instantly. The powerful arm raised in menace dropped to his side. He hung his head, and in a low, smothered voice he said:

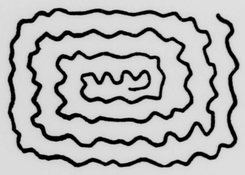
"Why can I not remember? Why can I not be as you would have me?"

"Please do not speak so," was her earnest response. "It is not what I wish, but what your own sense of right should teach you. I am only an ignorant girl, Matthew, but I am very sure that wrong cannot be righted by wrong."

North made no reply, but continued to walk beside her horse with his head moodily bent until they reached the crossroad leading to the pits, where she bade him a smiling adieu. He paused a moment to watch her as she rode onward.

"Bless her, sweet angel!" he murmured brokenly. "She knows I love her without hope, yet she does not scorn or avoid me. Poor, foolish dream of mine! Between the day laborer and the rich man's daughter there is a gulf as wide as the world. Heaven help me!"

[To be Continued.]



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A Significant Movement.

One result of the hard times which the people of Washington, in common with those of all other States in the Union, are suffering from, is a general agitation going on all over the State in favor of a greater economy in the conduct of public affairs, State, county and municipal.

Almost every State paper contains reference to such movements. In Colfax, the center of the great wheat producing region of the State, a largely attended meeting of representative taxpayers of all shades of political opinion was held recently and committees were appointed to thoroughly investigate the condition of county affairs, with a view to requiring from the public servants a closer attention to the details and the enforcement of rigid economy and business-like methods in the collecting and expending of the people's money.

A like investigation has been set on foot in Clarke county, the great fruit section; in Garfield county, and in most of the larger cities, in relation to municipal affairs.

During good times when every one has money, the payment of taxes is not the burden that it becomes in times like the present, when every one is called to retrench in their personal expenditures to meet the reduction in income. With every personal expenditure being thus rigidly scrutinized, it is but natural that attention should become directed toward public expenditures, which are met directly from the pockets of taxpayers, and that the enforced personal economy should lead to a demand for a like economy in the conduct of public affairs.

This agitation, going on in so many different places in the State, is resulting in bringing home to the people the fact that county and municipal governments are primarily business agencies for the transaction of the public business of the community, and not in any large sense governments, endowed with political power.

As county and municipal organizations have no substantial political or legislative capacity, no reason exists why considerations of party politics should enter into the selection of the officers of such organizations, and more than the selection of employes for any private business.

When this is lost sight of, and such offices are distributed as the reward for partisan services, it is no more than natural that the public servant should look upon his office as a "private snap," rather than a "public trust," and should be more active in continuing the class of partisan services which led to his selection, than in the performance of the duties of his office.

This was aptly expressed by a bureau employe at Washington in the days before the civil service commission, when sharply reprimanded by a superior for idleness. "Why," said he, "I had to work too infernally hard to get in here to feel much like working now."

The agitation now going on in so many places independently may result in a concerted action in the near future to endeavor to withdraw all county and municipal offices from partisan politics, and to make the sole test for such public offices honesty and capacity, and faithful and honest performance of duties the sole prerequisite to re-election.

Then, and only then, will the public business of the county or municipality be conducted on business principles and the public revenues be economically conserved and expended.—*Ex.*

GRAY'S Harbor shipped 5,838,000 feet of lumber by water during February. Hoquiam's exports were 3,218,000 feet; Aberdeen, 3,020,000 feet; Cosmopolis, 600,000 feet. Besides this the Northwestern Lumber Company, of Portland, shipped 20 carloads to Eastern trans-continental points.

A FLOOD at Wallula, on the 22d inst. come within 20 inches of the high water of 1882. A number of gardens have been destroyed, fences destroyed, haystacks ruined, and one farm house was completely wrecked by the raging torrent.

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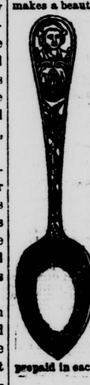

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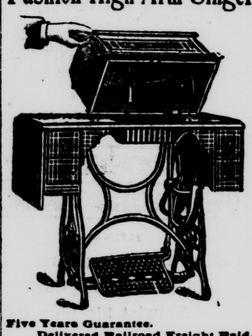

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The automatic bobbin winder winds all sizes of thread on the bobbin as easily as a spool of thread is wound, without care or attention on the part of the operator, except to keep the treadle moving. Owing to the machine having what is termed a tight and loose wheel, the bobbin can be wound without running the working parts of the machine. This is quite an advantage, as it does not necessitate removing the goods from underneath the presser foot, or even unthreading the machine.

The needle is short and straight, thus insuring great strength; it is also self-setting, requiring no care on the part of the operator.

The pressure on the sewing foot is adjustable, and when the foot is raised to remove the work from the machine, it brings into play the automatic tension release. This takes the tension from the thread, and the goods can be removed from the machine without bending the needle or breaking the thread. Every operator on old style machines will appreciate this.

The woodwork is of either antique oak or walnut, at choice of purchaser.

Each machine is furnished with the following accessories and attachments:

Oil can filled with oil, 12 needles, 6 bobbins, wrench, guide and guide screw, large and small screw driver, instruction book, foot hemmer, feller, ruffler, tucker, binder, and a set of 4 hemmers of assorted widths. We also furnish a written guarantee warranting the machine for five years, breakage of needles and shuttles excepted. This shows the great confidence we have in the machine, which we justly claim to be the best value for the money ever offered.

How to obtain this Machine.—We will send this machine **FREE, freight paid** to nearest railroad depot, to any one sending us 40 yearly paid subscriptions, or for 20 paid subscriptions and $10.00 in cash; sold to subscribers only for $24.50 cash, railroad freight paid. Sewing machine agents sell this machine for $55.00 and $65.00.

The following testimonials were furnished us by the manufacturers:

LAFAYETTE SPRIGGS, Quincy, Ky., under date of June 24, 1892, writes: "I have one of your High Arm Sewing Machines. We have had it about 3 years, and it has proven to be just as good as represented. It is said to be one of the best machines in our neighborhood by all who have seen it."

MISS SALLIE MCCLELLAN, Vanceburg, Ky., under date of June 22, 1892, writes: "I received the machine and am delighted with it. It does lovely work. There is not another machine in our town for which I would willingly exchange mine. It is a perfect gem in itself. I think I will be able to send you some orders by fall. Everyone likes this one so much."

HENRY JORDAN, Millersburg, Ky., under date of June 26, 1892, writes: "Your Premium Machine is the best one I ever saw. I would not give it for any of my neighbors', some of whom have paid $60 for their sewing machine. I will tell all of my neighbors about your machines."

National Souvenir Spoons.

EACH SPOON GOLD LINED.

These Spoons are full size and beautiful specimens of the engraver's art, and are made of nickel silver and heavily plated with pure sterling silver. They come half dozen in a set, all differently engraved. The bowl of each spoon has a lining of 22 karat gold, which gives them a beautiful appearance; each set is complete in a satin lined case. Nothing could be more appropriate as a gift than a set of National Souvenir Spoons.

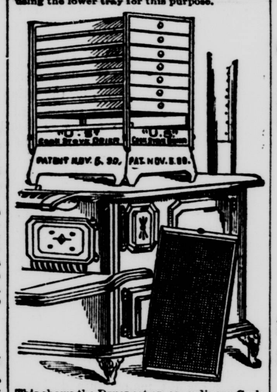
We will Give this Full Set FREE to any one sending us 3 new paid-up yearly subscriptions; or for 2 new paid-up yearly subscriptions and $1.00 in cash added; or it will be sold to a subscriber for $2.50 cash; delivered prepaid in every instance.

EVAPORATE . . .
. . . YOUR FRUIT . . .
. . . AT HOME
WITH THE
U.S. COOK STOVE DRYER.

We think this is one of our most attractive offers to our subscribers, anyway to those who have a few fruit trees or an orchard.

To the ladies of the household in town or country it is a little gold mine. Thousands of careful, prudent household managers, who have no time or necessity to engage in evaporating fruit for market as a business, but who have frequent use for just such an article as this for making smaller quantities of dried fruit, berries and vegetables for their own use for sale, will find it the most satisfactory and profitable investment they could make. A lady can easily lift it on and off the stove, as it weighs about twenty-five pounds. It has interchangeable galvanized wire cloth trays, which will not rust or discolor the fruit, etc., and will last for years. It is made of iron, except tray frames and supports.

Can be used for broiling beefsteak, fish, etc., using the lower tray for this purpose.



This shows the Dryer set on an ordinary Cook Stove.

The "U.S." COOK STOVE FRUIT DRYER OR EVAPORATOR.

THOROUGHLY TESTED AND APPROVED.

LATEST - CHEAPEST - BEST

WEIGHT, 25 POUNDS.

Handsome metal base. Can be used on any kind of stove. Dimensions—base, 22x16 inches; height, 29 inches; eight galvanized wire cloth trays, containing 12 square feet of tray surface.

No extra fire. Always ready for use, and will last a lifetime. Easily and quickly set on and off the stove as needed, empty or filled with fruit.

As a great Economizer and Money Maker for Rural People it is without a Rival.

Has it ever occurred to you that, with a little labor, wasting apples, berries and vegetables can be quickly evaporated and are then worth pound for pound for flour, sugar, coffee, butter, rice, oatmeal, etc.?

HOW TO OBTAIN ONE FREE.

To any one sending us 10 new paid-up yearly subscribers will be sent FREE, securely packed and crated, one of these U. S. Cook Stove Dryers, with outfit complete; or it will be sent you for 5 new paid-up yearly subscriptions and $2.50 in cash added; or it will be sold to subscribers for $5.00 in cash.

In all cases the Dryer will be sent by freight, securely packed and crated; freight to be paid by the receiver, but as the Dryer only weighs 25 pounds the freight charges will be trifling.

Read what people say who have a Cook Stove Fruit Dryer:

TESTIMONIALS.

BROCKVILLE, N. Y.

SIRS:—The U. S. C. S. Dryers sold by us this season have given good satisfaction. Mrs. Andrews, of Ellington, N. Y., says she can easily dry 2 bushels a day. Yours respectfully,
Mrs. F. PIER.

LAIDIG, Fulton county, Pa.

GENTLEMEN:—We did not get the Cook Stove Dryer until the drying season was nearly over. It is a gem to any one who wishes to dry all kinds of small fruits, and also all kinds of fruits on a small scale. It is marvelous the rapidity with which it prepares green fruit for the sack. No one can describe its merits unless they try one. It is worth the price asked for it for corn alone. Yours truly,
JNO. F. JOHNSON.

BABY'S SET.

This quadruple silver plated set, consisting of a mug, Rogers spoon and napkin ring, in a plush lined decorated case, makes a lovely present for a child. It is very durable, besides being very pretty. We will give this free to any one sending us 4 new paid-up yearly subscriptions, or for 2 new paid-up yearly subscriptions and $1.00 in cash; or we will sell it to a subscriber for $2.25. 30c. must be added for postage in each case, whether as a premium or purchase.

SIZE, 5¾ x 4¾ x 4½ INCHES.

THE **PREMIUM CAMERA**

Is the Latest and Most Wonderful Invention in Photography.

With this Camera any man, woman or child can take pictures of anybody or anything equal to the work of any $25.00 Camera in the world.

No dark room or practice is necessary, as the Camera can be loaded in broad daylight by merely dropping in a light-proof film cartridge, and these cartriges can be sent by mail to the factory or taken to any photo goods dealer or photographer to have the pictures finished, or you can finish them yourself.

THE PREMIUM CAMERA

is made and finished in the best manner, with polished cherry case, and has an achromatic lens which is set to take pictures at any distance from eight feet up, and is self-focusing.

Full Directions are sent in a little book with each Camera. The Premium Camera is sent already loaded, and extra cartridges can be ordered from the factory (the address is given with the Camera) at 60 cents each, postage 3 cents extra.

Our Terms for this Camera are as follows

We will **give** one of these Cameras already loaded for immediate use **FREE** to any one sending us 12 new paid-up yearly subscriptions to this paper, or for 6 new paid-up yearly subscriptions and $3.00 in cash; or a **subscriber can buy** a Camera for only $6.00. Sent prepaid for 40 cents additional, whether as a premium or purchase.

As an evidence of real merit we would state that it is the Camera used by the artists and reporters for one of the largest New York morning papers in making all the local views that are reproduced in its columns.

The following testimonials to the manufacturers speak volumes for this wonderful little instrument:

TESTIMONIALS.

Abilene, Texas.

Gentlemen—My Camera continues to give entire satisfaction. I am obtaining excellent results. Very truly yours,
(Signed) W. F. BATZER.

Austin, Texas.

Sirs—Have made several fine negatives with your Camera and think it about as good as any instantaneous instrument I have ever used.
Truly yours,
(Signed) C. W. BARTHOLAMEW.

Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen—Too much cannot be said of the little Camera. I have more than 14 dozen pictures and have had but one bad one and that was my own fault. Since I have had your Camera I have had it with me on my wheel wherever I go, and it is a little gem. If I could not get another I would not take $50.00 for it.
Very truly yours,
(Signed) M. S. KALURT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen—I think the Camera is great. I can turn out just as good work with it as I can with Eastman's Kodak of $25.00, which sells for $30.00 in some places. I am a professional photographer and know a little about it.
Yours truly,
(Signed) FRANK G. SQUIER.

VALUABLE
SILVERWARE OFFERS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have arranged with the selling agents of the justly celebrated firm of Rogers & Hamilton, whose goods have a world-wide reputation, and were purchased exclusively by the World's Fair Commissioners for use in the Administration Building of the World's Fair at Chicago, to offer to our subscribers the production of this concern at wholesale prices. A glance at the terms we offer these magnificent wares at will no doubt create astonishment and cause an enormous demand for them. These are not Cheap John goods, poorly plated, but are all heavy triple silver plate on steel or white metal and will last a lifetime, as there is an extra thickness of silver where the most wear comes on a spoon or fork. This is not done by any other manufacturer.

Solid Handle Steel Knives.

SILVER PLATED.

WARRANTED 1 DWTS. SILVER TO EACH DOZEN.

Forks to match. Half dozen of either knives or forks **given free** for 6 new yearly subscriptions, or sold to subscribers for $3.00. One dozen, $5.85. Retail price of these goods is $8.25 per dozen. Postage prepaid in all cases.

CHILD'S SET.

KNIFE, FORK AND SPOON.

TRIPLE SILVER PLATE.

Set, packed in fancy lined box, given free for 4 yearly subscriptions. Sold to subscribers for $1.75. Sent securely packed, postage prepaid.

Sugar Spoon and Butter Knife

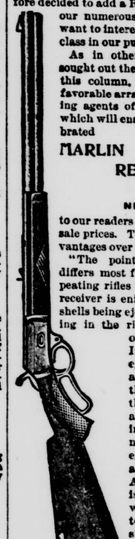
EXTRA PLATE. SPOON GOLD LINED.

Set, packed in fancy lined box, given free for 4 yearly subscriptions. Sold to subscribers for $2.00. Mailed, prepaid, to any address.

RIFLES
—AND—
SHOT GUNS

Nowadays nearly every man and boy owns or wants to own a Rifle. Hunting is always popular and often a necessity. We have therefore decided to add a Rifle and a Shot Gun to our numerous premium offers. We want to interest everybody and every class in our publication.

As in other premiums, we have sought out the best articles to offer in this column, and have made very favorable arrangements with the selling agents of the Marlin Arms Co., which will enable us to offer the celebrated



MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE,

NEW MODEL

to our readers as a premium at wholesale