

The VALIANTS OF VIRGINIA & MALLIE ERMINIE RIVES (MRS. POST WHEELER) ILLUSTRATED BY LAUREN STOUT

CHAPTER XXX.

In the Rain. Shirley stood looking out at the rain. It was falling in no steady downpour which held forth promise of ending, but with a gentle consistency that gave the hills a look of sodden discomfort and made discomfiting muddy pools by the roadside. The clouds were not too thick, however, to let through a dismal gray brightness that shone on the foliage and touched with glowering lines of high-light the dragged tufts of the soaked bluegrass. Now and then, across the dripping fields, fraying stains of mist wandered, to be curled in the flooded hollows where, here and there, cattle stood looking at intervals in a mournful way.

The indoors had become impossible to her. She was sick of trying to read, sick of the endless passages and purposeless invention of needless tasks. She wanted movement, the cobwebby mist about her knees, the wet rain in her face. She ran upstairs and came down clad in a close scarlet jersey, with leather gaiters and a soft hat.

Emmaline saw her thus accoutered with disapproval. "Ladly-mercy, child!" she urged; "you ain't goin' out! It's rainin' cats on dogs!" "It's nether sugar nor salt, Emmaline," responded Shirley helplessly, dragging on her rain-coat, "and the walk will do me good."

On the sopping lawn she glanced up at her mother's window. Since the night of the ball her owling self-condemnation had overlaid the fine and sensitive association between them. She had been full of horrible feelings that her face must betray her and the cause of her loss of spirits be guessed.

Her mother, had, in fact, been troubled by this, but was far from guessing the truth. A somewhat long sight of Valiant, and she had not witnessed the tournament. She had hung upon Shirley's description of it, however, with an excited interest that the other was later to translate in the light of her own discovery. If the thought had fitted to her that fate might hold something deeper than friendship in Shirley's acquaintance with Valiant, it had been of the vaguest. His choice of her as Queen of Beauty had seemed a natural homage to that swift and unfinching act of hers which had saved his life.

There was in her mind a more obvious explanation of Shirley's altered demeanor. "Perhaps it's Chilly Lusk," she had said to herself. "Have they had a foolish quarrel, I wonder? Ah, well, in her own time she will tell me."

There was some relief to Shirley's overcharged feelings in the very discomfort of the drenched weather: the sucking pull of the wet clay on her boots and the flirt of the drops on her cheeks and hair. She thrust her dogskin gloves into her pocket and held her arms outstretched to let the wind blow through her fingers. The moisture clung in damp wreaths to her hair and rolled in great drops down her coat as she went.

The wildest, most secluded walks had always drawn her most and she instinctively chose one of these today. It was the road whereon squatted Mad Anthony's whitewashed cabin. "Dah's er mas gwine look in dem eyes, honey, ea gwine make 'em cry on t'ry." She had forgotten the incident of that day, when he had read her fortune, but now the quavering prophecy came back to her with a shivering sense of reality. "To dah's fash on she ain't afeah'd, er dah's fash on she ain't afeah'd. Er's de thing what eat de heat outen de breast—dat what she afeah'd of!" If it were only fire and water that threatened her!

Shirley threw herself face down on the soaked moss. "Oh, God!" she cried. "I love him so! And I had only that one evening. It doesn't seem just. If I could only have him, and suffer some other way! He's suffering, too, and it isn't our fault! We neither of us harmed anyone! He isn't responsible for what his father did—why, he hardly knew him! Oh, God, why must it be so hard for us? Millions of other people love each other and nothing separates them like this!"

Shirley's warm breath made a little fog against the star-eyed moss. She was scarcely conscious of her wet and clinging clothing, and the soaked strands of her hair. She was so wrapped in her desolation that she no longer heard the sound of the persevering rain and the wet swishing of the bushes, starting now to a hurried step that fell almost without sound on the spongy forest soil. She started up suddenly to see Valiant before her.

He was in a somewhat battered walking suit of brown khaki, with a leather belt and a felt hat whose brim, stiff with the wet, was curved down visitor-wise over his brow. In an instant he had drawn her upright, and they stood, looking at each other, drenched and trembling.

"How can you?" he said with a roughness that sounded akin to anger. "Here in this atrocious weather—like this!" he laid a hand on her arm. "You're wet through."

"I—I don't mind the rain," she answered, drawing away, yet feeling with a guilty thrill the masterfulness of his tone, as well as its real concern. "I'm often wet."

His gaze searched her face, feature by feature, noting her pallor, the blue-black shadows beneath her eyes, the caught breath, uneven like a child's from crying. He still held her hands in his.

"Shirley," he said, "I know what you intended to tell me by those flowers—I went to St. Andrew's that night, in the dark, after I read your letter. Who told you? Your—mother?"

"No, no!" she cried. "She would never have told me!" His face lighted. With an irresistible movement he caught her to him. "Shirley!" he cried. "It shan't be! It shan't! I tell you! You can't break our lives in two like this! It's unthinkable."

"No, no!" she said piteously, pushing him from her. "You don't understand. You are a man, and men—can't."

"I do understand," he insisted. "Oh, my darling, my darling! It isn't right for that spectral thing to come between us! Why, it belonged to a past generation! However and the outcome of that duel, it held no dishonor. I know only too well the ruin it brought my father! It's enough that it wrecked three lives. It shan't rise again, like Banquo's ghost to haunt ours! I know what you think—I would love you more, for if I could love you more, for that sweet loyalty—but it's wrong, dear. It's wrong!"

"It's the only way." "Listen. Your mother loves you. If she knew you loved me, she would bear anything rather than have you suffer like this. You say she wouldn't have told you herself. Why, if my father—"

She tore her hands from his and faced him with a cry. "Ah, that is it! You knew your father so little. He was never to you what she is to me. Why, I've been all the life she has had. I remember when she mended my dolls, and held me when I had scarlet fever, and sang me the songs the trees sang to themselves at night. I said my prayers at her knee till I was twelve years old. We were never apart a day till I went away to school."

She paused, breathless. "Doesn't that prove what I say?" he said, bending toward her. "She loves you far better than herself. She wants your happiness."

"Could that mean here?" she demanded, her bosom heaving. "To see together—always—always! To be reminded in everything—the lines of your face—the tones of your voice, maybe—of that! Oh, you don't know how women feel—how they remember—how they grieve! I've gone over all you can say till my soul cries out, but it can't change it. It can't!"

"Valiant felt as though he were battling with bruised knuckles at a stone wall. A helpless anger simmered in him. "Suppose," he said bitterly, "that your mother one day, perhaps after long years, learns of your sacrifice. She is likely to guess in the end, I think. Will it add to her pleasure, do you fancy, to discover that out of this conception of filial loyalty—for it's that, I suppose—you have spoiled your own life?"

She shuddered. "She will never learn," she said brokenly. "Oh, I know she would not have spoken. She would suffer anything for my happiness. But I wouldn't have her bear any more for my sake."

His anger faded suddenly, and when he looked at her again, tears were burning in his eyes. "Shirley!" he said. "It's my heart, too, that you are binding on the wheel! I love you. I want nothing but you! I'd rather beg my bread from door to door with your hand in mine than sit on a throne without you! What can there be in it for me unless you share it? Think of our love! Think of the fate that brought me here to find you in Virginia! Think of our garden—where I thought we would live and work and dream. (till we were old and gray—together, darling! Don't throw our love away like this!)"

going at him through great clear tears that welled over and rolled down her cheeks. "I can't fight," she said. "I have no strength left." She put out her hand as she spoke and dropped it with a little limp gesture that had in it tired despair, finality and hopelessness. It caught at his heart more strongly than any words. He felt a warm gush of pity and tenderness.



"Doesn't That Prove What I Say?" He Said, Bending Toward Her.

He took her hand gently without speaking, and pressed it hard against his lips. It seemed to him very small and cold.

They passed together through the wet bracken, his strong arm guiding her over the uneven path, and came to the open in a flash.

"Don't come with me," she said then, and without a backward glance, went rapidly from him down the shimmering road.

(To be Continued.)

"HOWDY, ST. PETER!"

Preacher Wins Over Congregation by Greeting Apostle in His Trance. For several hours the other night the Rev. Alexander Brown, colored, lay on the platform in St. Paul's A. U. M. P. church, where he had keeled over in a trance, muttering descriptions of paradise, with its golden streets, pearly gates, and glimmering angels, while the congregation sat spellbound.

The minister had a vision, he said, several days ago, that he would go into a trance and be "transported to heaven."

After emerging from his trance he declared he had actually "been in heaven," mentioned friends he had "seen and talked to," and told of the many beautiful things he saw.

On falling down, apparently unconscious, Brown was so quiet that the congregation began to have doubts as to his itinerary, but suddenly he exclaimed: "How do you do, St. Peter."

This silenced the worshippers until he "returned to earth" again.—Wilmington (Del.) Dispatch to the Philadelphia North American.

Rough on the Goat.

Two men got into a dispute as to which smelt the strongest, a goat or a tramp, and being unable to decide they agreed to leave it to the judge.

"Alright," said the wise judge. "Trot out your animals." First the goat was brought and immediately upon his entrance the judge fainted. The tramp was then brought in, and the goat fainted.

STRIPED TAFFETA MAKES AN EFFECTIVE COSTUME DECORATION



Every effort is made by modists to accentuate the lines of gowns. The results are sought by the use of striped fabrics or by the adjustment of drapery. Illustrated here is a striking afternoon gown of cotele. The lingerie vest is combined with striped taffeta, while the tunic has a flounce of the taffeta with the lines running diagonally.

CORPULENCE AND GENIUS.

Tartian Proportions Common Among Distinguished Men. The connection between feeding and literary genius is commented on by Robert Sherard in his "Modern Paris." Zola, he says, wrote best when he was very stout, and that when his bulk dwindled, so did his talent. Theophile Gautier, himself enormous, maintained that a man of genius should be fat, and for proof pointed to "that more barrel than man," Balzac, to Alexandre Dumas, "always fat and jolly," to the "hippopotamus in breeches," Rossini, and to the plump and well-fed appearance of Victor Hugo and Sainte-Beuve.

Byron would never have agreed with Theophile Gautier's dictum that men of genius should be fat. For the increase of his too, too solid flesh was the one thing of which he was afraid, and various frigid diets were adopted to keep it under. "Don Juan" was written almost entirely on gin and water, and in 1813 he lived on six biscuits a day and tea. Previously at Athens he had tried a diet of rice in small quantities washed down by vinegar and water, and later on he tried one thin slice of bread for breakfast and a vegetable dinner, keeping down hunger by chewing tobacco. And apparently such diets stimulated the brain while mortifying the flesh.—London Chronicle.

Why Surgeons Can't Trust Their Hands.

While the surgeon's success depends to a large extent upon his hands, they are at the same time a source of the greatest danger to himself and his patient. No process has been discovered which makes it certain that a surgeon's hands are free from microbes, and incapable of carrying infection to a patient. This is why the good surgeon will not perform the most trivial operation without first covering his hands with properly sterilized gloves.

Prolonged scrubbing with soap and running water, followed by another thorough scrubbing in from 70 to 80 per cent alcohol, removes the outer layers of skin and bacteria, and makes the surface of the hands sufficiently clean. But there still remains the danger that many microbes which stay concealed in the tiny crevices at the base of the little hair glands will be forced to the surface by perspiration and the use of the hands in handling instruments, and makes an infection of the wound possible. While practical experience shows that this danger is very slight, yet its possibility is sufficient to make it undesirable ever to operate with the bare hands.

Notwithstanding the fact that experiments show that alcohol is not a germicide, practical results show that its proper use cleanses the hands better than any other method in use today. The trouble is that most surgeons have either had a little alcohol poured over the hands or dip the hands into the alcohol. Both these methods are useless. The hands must be scrubbed in order to be cleansed successfully.

Red Snapper in Oregon Waters.

Several fine red snappers have been caught in the John Day river by a fisherman who was out for black bass with hook and line. The incident recalls the almost forgotten planting in the river several years ago of the fry of this fish, taken from the Gulf of Mexico. The experiment had come to be regarded as a failure.—Portland Oregonian.

WANTED

Wanted—Lace curtains to launder. 513 North Second street, Phone 1043.

Wanted—For your electrical work call 801 white. W. H. Cover.

Wanted—To rent, five or six room house. Telephone 89.

Wanted—Do you want a married or single man on farm? We can supply you. Carl's Employment Agency.

Wanted—Horses to clip. West End feed barn.

Wanted—To borrow \$2,500 on good city property. Address W-26, care T-R.

Wanted—To buy young calves at any time. Phone 61 on 17.

Wanted—Good horse for boy in country, 12 years old, large for age, experienced in farming. For particulars address R-28, care T-R.

Wanted—Let D. A. Moore clean your wall paper. Phone 1261 Green.

Wanted—For your electrical work call J. W. Sanders, 1113 red.

Wanted—Lace curtains to launder. Phone 384 green.

Wanted—Wagon, second hand running gear, in good shape, for one horse. J. A. Cook.

Wanted—All kinds of hauling. Phone 1138 red.

Wanted—List your property with me. I will bring buyers and sellers together. Always have demand for property on installment plan. Let your wants be known. W. E. Crawford, real estate and employment. Phone 895. Over 214 East Main.

Wanted—To do your upholstery and repair work on that old chair or couch now while I am not busy. Expert workman with factory experience who can make an old piece of furniture look like new again. Lon Roberts, 119 West Main. Phone 525.

Wanted—Household goods to move; ashes and rubbish to haul. Phone 801 green.

Wanted—Ashes to haul, and all kinds of rubbish. Phone 1287 green.

Wanted—All kinds of hauling. Phone 11 yellow.

Wanted—Every one to know that the services of the visiting nurse employed by the Visiting Nurse's Association are to be had at what patients are able and willing to pay or without pay, by those in straitened circumstances. Telephone Susan Lammpan, 308 West Main street, phone 471.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Wanted—At once, by widower with four children, on farm, experienced man and wife, without children, by month or year. Give reference. W. H. Anderson, Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Wanted—At once, single experienced man on farm. Give references. A-5, care T-R.

Wanted—Locomotive firemen, brakemen, wages about \$100, experience unnecessary. Send age, postage, Railway, care Times-Republican.

Wanted—Locomotive Firemen, Brakemen, wages about \$100, experience unnecessary. Send age, postage, Railway, care Times-Republican.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Three in family; no children. 407 1/2 East Boone. Mrs. E. H. Powell.

Wanted—Saleslady in music store must be good reader; some knowledge of bookkeeping. Apply A-25, care T-R.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Mrs. T. Binford, 110 North Second avenue.

Wanted—Capable housekeeper for family of four on farm near Eldora. Wife invalid. See or write Thomas Lytle, Eldora, Iowa.

Wanted—Old established concern desires the services of a woman of good address and education. Business experience not necessary. If you have other qualifications that are good, State age, references, experience. Address Henry Drows, manager, Pilgrin Hotel.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Wanted—Position as housekeeper on farm by experienced woman. Address W-26, care T-R.

Wanted—Work by good strong woman. Phone 1133 green.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale—Old newspapers, a large bundle for 5 cents at the Times-Republican.

For Sale—Top buggy, good condition. Wheat's blacksmith shop, 106 East Church.

For Sale—Carey safe; inside 12x17x-11 1/2 inches; in good shape; price 25. J. F. Inkelas, Melbourne, Iowa.

For Sale—Set of single driving harness, cheap if sold soon. J. C. White, 111 South Second street. Phone 439 green.

For Sale—150 bushels Ohio seed potatoes, nice size, free from scab, extra fine seed. A. E. Judge, R. F. Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Choice Red River Early Ohio potatoes, direct from Red River valley, \$1.25 a bushel. Peckham Stores.

For Sale—A snaph in a drug stock for doctor or pharmacist, in a little town. No other doctor within eight

miles. Can be bought right. Reason for selling, owner not a pharmacist. Call or write Bank of Popeloy, Popeloy, Iowa, for information.

For Sale—Spring wagon, two seated, rubber tired stayer surrey as good as new. Set of driving or light work harness, hand made. Parlor Grocery.

For Sale—Red clover seed, testing 99.81. Mammoth and Alsake clover, testing 98. Timothy seed, fancy re-cleaned, testing 99.74. Phone or write us. We prepay freight. Bowles & Billings, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Pure fresh milk from tested cows, 107 East Church street.

For Sale—Book case, good as new; and refrigerator, large size, 710 East Main. Phone 271 yellow.

For Sale—A seven passenger, six cylinder automobile used very little. Will sell for half what it cost. Address Auto Seven, care T-R.

For Sale—H. P. five passenger touring car. Will sell cheap. J. O. Blow, Beaman, Iowa.

For Sale—Cheap, a gasoline lighting plant, in good repair. Owner going out of business. Apply at 9 West State street.

For Sale—Hobart electric coffee mill, in very good condition. George C. McCord's grocery. Phone 284.

For Sale—Genuine Red River Early Ohio seed potatoes in original 2 1/2 bushel sacks. Oppice Fruit Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—New and second-hand carom and pocket-billiard tables, and bowling alleys and accessories; bar fixtures of all kinds; cash payments. The Brunswick-Bank-Candler Company, 113 Walnut street, Des Moines, Iowa.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY.

For Sale—Old house to be moved. Phone 1556 green.

For Sale—Two mostly modern houses. Inquire of E. D. Batesole, grocer.

For Sale—Three residences of the Best estate, Mrs. L. Bush, administratrix, 304 East State.

For Sale—Quick, a lot in Melrose park for \$200. Phone 1251 or call 115 East Main.

For Sale—Nearly new modern bungalow, a dandy. Also ten acre tract cheap. G. S. Nugent, over First National Bank.

For Sale—Old Congregational church, complete with ground, 60x100, or will sell the furniture separately. For further information see board of trustees, or phone 335 or 277.

For Sale—A fine lot on paved street, one block from street car; west part of city; fine shade. C. E. Pearson Land Company. Phone office 1303, residence 1113 white.

For Sale—On easy terms, two cottages on north side. Odett Land Company.

For Sale—Hotel nearly new, fifteen rooms, new furniture, live town, Marshall county. Good transient trade, twelve regular boarders. Terms to suit. Reasons for selling, sickness. Address R-14, care this office.

POULTRY.

For Sale—Eggs for hatching, I sent you my mating list, but to date I have failed to receive that order. Why send east, to the much advertised breeders and pay a fancy price for your eggs when you can get better stock and eggs of me at a lower price? When you buy eggs of the breeder with a whole page advertisement in the poultry journals you help pay for that ad. My adverteisment is small, which enables me to sell at a lower price. Remember I have been breeding Rose and Single Comb Reds for ten years, and they are now equal to the best, and when you get eggs of me you are getting them from the highest scoring ten reds in our Big Show of 1913, in a class of over 500 birds.

There are no strings to my proposition except the ones you get around that package of eggs you order. My eggs are hatching fine this season and I am going to make you a remarkable offer. If you do not get twelve live chicks from every fifteen eggs you order of me, I will send you another setting at half price. Don't send an infertile egg back to me, just write me a letter stating your results. I guarantee you the quickest deal you ever had. Don't delay, sit down and send me what order at once. If you don't see both lose money.

You'll get more and better Reds, Tom Oxenfield, Marshalltown, Iowa, Phone 856 green.

For Sale—One pen Barred Rocks, Rose Comb Rhode Islands, Single Comb Buff Orpington, eggs for hatching. F. H. Houghton.

For Sale—Mastic egg tester, succentia green food tablets, Hillcross house extermiator, Oculous, Petaluna, incubators, and fresh air breeders. Don't waste time with infertile eggs, write me. C. C. Lounsbury, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Silver Wyandottes eggs from two special matings, including my prize-winner, \$3 per 15, from choice open faced stock \$1.50 per 15. \$3 per 50. Mrs. A. J. Palmer, State Center, Iowa.

For Sale—Rose combed Rhode Island Red eggs, 75 cents setting. \$4 per 100. George Manfull, 11 Inglewood street.

For Sale—Fine Partridge Rock eggs for hatching; cheap for that strain.

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WANTED—FOUND—LOST—

absolutely tropical the year around, can positively double your money within twelve months? If interested write Frederick A. Stokes, 1169 Phelan bldg., San Francisco.

NORTH DAKOTA LAND.

For Sale—A good quarter section of farm land in Kidder county, North Dakota, fourth county from Minnesota line. Ninety acres has been cultivated; set of buildings including two-story house built in 1911; well; twenty acres fenced; ready to move on at any time. Worth \$30 per acre, will sell for \$22.50. Very easy terms. E. D. Ecton, 212 Palace Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

NEBRASKA.

Sioux County, Neb., has more value for the money than any place on the globe; we have improved farms and ranches from 160 to 3,000 acres, priced from \$8 to \$30 per acre; for dairying, stock cattle and small grain, we can't be beat. What size place do you want? Proctor & Anderson, Harrison, Neb.

MISSOURI LAND.

For Sale—A beautiful improved 324 acre farm in northeast Missouri, 25 miles from Fort Madison, Iowa, on the Santa Fe railroad; 170 acres under cultivation, balance fine blue grass pasture; new eight room house with furnace heat, bath, hot and cold water; two large barns, hay racks, corn crib, etc.; two large orchards, all kinds of fruit; all fences fine condition; three miles of live town, one mile to school. Price \$25,000. \$5,000 cash, balance back on place at 5% per cent to suit buyer. A rare investment. Write J. E. Carr, Farmington, Iowa.

FOR SALE—OIL LANDS.

For Sale—5,000 acres in adjoining small tracts; Pittsburg county; farming, pasture, oil and gas land; \$10 per acre. Write John E. Cavanagh, McAlester, Okla.

MAN OR WOMAN WANTED.

To collect applications for the big 76,000 acre land opening and the big 8,900 acre orchard development project. Total application expense to place one in position to take part in the opening is only \$15—no more, no less. Within the reach of all. Can be paid all cash or \$3 monthly. Remember that the "land opening" includes 5,000 10, 20, 40, 80 and 160 acre tracts of land.

This proposition sells itself to the "land hungry" people. Easy sales and quick money for you even if you only put in a portion of your spare time. Experience not necessary.

Send for free application coupons and terms to agents. Address Room 1608 Grant Northern Bldg., Chicago.

TO RENT

To Rent—Large new house on South Twelfth avenue. Cheap. Inquire 701 Woodbury.

To Rent—Modern up-to-date house at 404 North Fourth street. Phone 222.

To Rent—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping, 507 East Linn.

To Rent—Modern furnished rooms, 7 South Sixth avenue. Phone 1024 red.

To Rent—Furnished front room, 161 North First street.

To Rent—Furnished sleeping rooms, 708 West Linn. Phone 848 red.

To Rent—Heated flat. Inquire at 109 1/2 West Main.

TO EXCHANGE

For Exchange or Sale—Two and one-third acres, inside city limits. Seven room house, barn and chicken house. Land lays high and dry. Will accept half in trade in city property, balance terms. Call evenings, D. A. Moore, Phone 1261 green.

CEMENT STOCK.

Holders of preferred and common stock in the Northwestern States Portland Cement Company, of Mason City, Iowa, and Southwestern States Portland Cement Company of Dallas, Tex., desiring to sell or buy will get the latest market quotations from us. Inquiries on any other securities promptly answered. Wollenberger & Co., Investment bankers, 169 South La Salle street, Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If you love sweet peas send a 3-cent stamp and we will send you a package of our special mixture of thirty named varieties, together with our catalog of beautiful flowers. Catalog alone free for the asking; if