on aight, as I sat in the shadows. That gathered on woodland and hill, seard, ringing out in the distance. A whistle so clear and so shrill

That it startled me from my dreaming. Well I knew 'twas a lover's song That was whistled in time to heart beat And hurried his footsteps along.

Twas the old time song, "Mollie Dard And over and over again The clear notes rang out in the stillnes And echoed o'er hilltop and glen.

wondered if she would be waiting And watching for him at the gate, and thinking how fouldy she'd chide him For being a few minutes late.

se notes died away in the distance.

I was humming the sweet refrsia,
was wiping away the tear drops

And fighting the old time pain.

prided myself in forgetting, But the notes of that dear old tune Had opened the flood gates of mem'ry And brought back that far away June.

The years had rolled back and I waited To hear his dear whistle again. The signatte tell he was coming To greet me, my king among men. lorence A. Jones in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

FRENCH GAS.

It was on the seventh landing, half way up the fourth flight, that I met faithful Sally, with her expression at half mast, and a dangerous looking document in her hand. Our Sally was the tyrant of the cozy little apartment in the Faubourg St. Germain, and played in addition the dual role of nursemaid chef.

"I cannot think what it is," said she, rolling her eyes mysteriously. "It was a kind of soldier that brought it, and he was pretty stiff about it, too. And so," she continued, "I've just busied myself packing up a bit."

"Packing up," I groaned, "and we paid our three months' rent in advance but yesterday! Why, what are you thinking of?"

vance but yesterday! Why, what are you thinking of?"
"I'm thinkin'," said she, turning red at the idea of being questioned, "that it wasn't for nothin thim Frinch frogs was singin' and jumpin' Boulanger in the streets all last night." By this time we were in the parlor and she had closed the door. "I'm thinkin!" she want on solemnly holding in'," she went on, solemnly holding up the document, "that thim Germans have declared a year. up the document, "that thim Germans have declared a war, and we've a right to go home. God knows I want no foreigner givin' me the last sacramint in Frinch!"

Sally's lip quivered; she fell into the best chair, fanning herself with her apron. She realized that there was no time for etiqutte in the hour of death

It was a long document. From the beginning to the argument proper was about twenty-five centimeters—a little about twenty-five centimeters—a little more than a yard of "whereas, wherefore, in the name of the French Republic "liberty, equality and fraternity the august municipal government of Paris "the government officers of the eight ward "the sacred provisions of French law," etc. In short, if I wanted gas in the house, I would please comply with the formalities prescribed by law.

Sally went out to broil the beefsteak, while I made an unsuccessful attempt to drown my excitement in a French newspaper without any news in it.

In France there is much that is controlled by law. Among other things the government is gas, and gas is the government. A month before our war excitement a slippery, smiling land-lord had called to say that the apart-nent house in which we lived had changed hands, and he had become the owner. A noble old gray stone structure was the house, with solid oak stairs that were the pride of my

"True, the building is over a hun-

looked at him with interest.

for my tenants, and I am going to put gas into the house."

When he left I gave him a good American handshake. Sally and I were delighted. No more spots of glimmer in oceans of gloom. No more Rembrandt dishwashing—one-half the plate in light, the other in blackest shade. No more candle grease on the furniture. No more struggles with those wound up French lamps that are useless unless you can afford to keep a clock maker. No more sitting down to read or write like an Irish corpse,

With a dozen o' candles around his head.

With a dozen o' candles around his head.

"By next week at the latest," said I to Saily, "we shall have gas."

During the next week our anxious lookout discovered no signs of the promised luxury. The week following we saw two workmen talking in an airy French way with two others. Toward the end of the following week it resulted in an amicable breakfast on our sidewalk. After that it went on our sidewalk. After that it went on swimmingly—according to the French standard. In less than a month there were breaks in the sidewalk; at the end of six weeks we entered the court by means of a plank that bridged a chasm four feet deep. As time rolled on, and we had by force of habit almost become attached to candle light, we had a message; yich centenarian. we had a message; rich centenarian smells, born of the garlic of dead empires, rose up from the cellar to tell us that something was going to happen soon. It happened.

Again the faithful Sally met me on the tells to time all in smiles and

Again the faithful Sally met me on the stairs, this time all in smiles and her best embroidered apron. "It's Gen. Boulanger," said she. "He's been waiting half an hour; but it's all right; he sa ms interested in the pictures and things."

"You're rud," I gasped. What are you talking about?"

"He's come because we're neighbors and Americans, of course, "she went on. "Heaven be praised! for if there's a war he'll look after us himself, and see that we get home all right."

The Frenchman who rose to meet me, with his pointed beard, cocked hat, frock coat, gold stripes and brass buttons, did not look unlike Boulanger.

langer.

"My dear madame," said he, with one hand on his heart, very like an initation Frenchman in an American play, "I have called to see you on behalf of the city of Paris, to attend to the municipal regulations in connection with the city's Mutual Parisian Company of Heating and Illuminating by Gaa."

"Oh?" said 1, innocently. "Well, just make out the receipt, and I will pay the deposit. You cannot have the gas put u too soon to please me."

It conveit the books and briesabrac from the center table, puting the articles carefully on the floor, one by one. Then he hald his cocked hat on a

chair, and opening a portfolio of docu-ments, spread them all over the large round table. "It is not so easy, madame," he an-

He was right; it was not easy. I came to this conclusion when he went away, papers and all, about nightfall. In addition to a deliberately written chapter concerning my plain, uneventful career set down in a ledger, Sally's Gen. Boulanger carried away three documents, promising to decorate them with the state seal, and return them to be signed in a new place. swered. rate them with the state seal, and return them to be signed in a new place. The first was an elaborate description of our family tree, no detail so small as to be unwelcome; the second was devoted to personalities concerning myself—my motives in living in Paris, or living at all, future intentions, assets, liabilities and political views; the third was a solemn promise on my part not in any way to maltreat or abuse the Mutual Parisian company of Heating and Illuminating by gas, nor to break or steal its possessions, such as meters, lead pipe and iron gratings. Moreover I had personally to write down in a book that gas was wanted, and that I, no other, desired this particular gas.

ticular gas.

A few days later I thought the chamber of deputies had strayed from their quarters when Sally ushered in five large, round Frenchmen in heavy overcoats and high silk hats. They were the landlord, his secretary, an architect, a builder and a representa-tive of the Mutual Parisian company of Heating, etc. Such a powwow at once began as would pale a ward primary. The upshot of it was: "Where would I have the gas jets?"

"Center lights in the parlor and dining room," said I, "and side lights in the other rooms."

A roar went up like the board of brokers in harvest time; they shook their fists in each other's faces and shook their canes at me. Then they held each other down and argued with

me, one a time.

I was "so small, so inexperienced; nothing but a poor little foreigner!"

"Did I know that gas was a very

"Did I know that gas was a very dangerous thing?"

"Did I realize that if I slept in a room where there was a gas jet not one of them would be responsible for my health?"

"But, gentlemen," I ventured to remark, "in America we have gas in all the bedrooms."

"Impossible!" thundered the five.
"Contrary to all law." "It would be dangerous to children." "Frightful catastrophes would result." "Why, in America, of New York, we are told, they have not even enough of gas to they have not even enough of gas to properly light the streets!"

Overwhelmed for a time, I feebly wondered if we did have gas in all the bedrooms. The big five, outwardly polite, but inwardly convinced that I had tried to deceive them, squeezed single file through the little doors of single file through the little doors of all my small rooms, tapping walls, measuring spaces, and talking against time. They finally consented to one gas jet in the dining room, one in the hall and in the kitchen two—one each for illuminating and cooking. Sally sooned learned to say "gaws" or "gozz," her equivalent for le gaz, and the word, however uttered, became the bousehold syronym for interminable household synonym for interminable.

French law provides that gas pipe shall be laid on the outside of walls, even if they are frescoed by Bougue-reau himself. And to discourage suicide, every room where gas is burned must have a grating about six by twelve inches connecting with the hall, and the hall must have a grating connecting with the outer air. Some-"True, the building is over a hundred grading dred years old," said the new landlord; "but as it stands it will outlast two new ones. We no longer build good houses; we modern Frenchmen are too hurried, above all in Paris, where everything is done with a rush."

had the half must have a grading connecting with the outer air. Sometimes Sally used to laugh until she will she watched the workmen. A couple of masons would come and dig a hole in the wall. In a few days a carpenter would come and "I shouldn't say a word. I am an netrorising young chap myself," he other kind of a workman would come ontinued, soothing down his embonant set an iron grating in it. By continued, soothing down his embonpoint, the result of over half a century of French cooking. "Now, although mamma considers it a dangerous risk, for once I am going against
her advice. I want to do something
for my tenants, and I am going to put
times with her advice. I want to do something hanger would come in twice or three times with samples; ultimately, with the idea of concealing the

and finally they sent a nice old gentleman to give me gas lessons. He
taught me how to light the gas with
the aid of a match, and how to turn it
off. I was obliged to solemnly repeat
the formula after him, and prove my
proficiency by going through the motions. He instructed me, moreover,
as to the danger of blowing out the
gas, pointing his carefully worded
phrases by a most ominous and terrifying pantomime. At the close of his
lessons he gave me a key to a lock box
in the main hall, and charged me
thirty cents for a kind of a French
monkey wrench. In case of fire I was
not to think of saving my family, myself or my valuables until I had
menced the lock box, and with the aid

opened the lock box, and with the aid of the monkey wrench turned off the gas from our apartment.

We will pass over the return of Eally's Gen. Boulanger with a bill of seven dollars and twenty cents for the

government stamps that went on the documents already described, a tax that made me thoroughly appreciate the people who once made tea in Boston harbor. There was, as a matter of tourse, a deposit of six dollars to guarantee the gas bills; but it is needless as well as painful to dwell upon another man in brass buttons who got three dollars for installing the mater or still man in brass buttons who got three dollars for installing the meter, or still another with gold i, id on his sleeves who collected thirty cents a month each for the care of the gas burners. The banker and the family doctor assured us that all these things were legitimate and customary, and all I could do was to lie awake nights and assure myself we would enjoy that gas enough to make it pay.

We had only been trying to enjoy the gas for a few weeks when there was a murder epidemic in Paris. It culminated in a horrible affair; the inhabitants of a small apartment were murdered in their beds—servant, child and all. The Herald and Galignani warned Americans not to admit to

the gas for a few weeks when there was a murder epidemic in Paris. It culminated in a horrible affair; the inhabitants of a small apartment were murdered in their beds—servant, child and all. The Herald and Galignani warned Americans not to admit to their homes any men who did not come on authentic and well under

stood business.
One day I was invited to the Ameri

can quarter for a noonday breakfast.
"It may be late in the afternoon before I return," said I to Sally; "and now, above all things, be very careful whom you let into the flat when you are alone with the child."

"You are our prisoner," said the two gendarmes to Sally, who was luckily none the wiser for what they said, but went ahead with her expla-

"The murdering villain come in an' pertended to be a gas man come to take the meter, whin sure I'd a right to know him for a thafe whin the rale gas man had just left from takin' the meter and puttin' that same in the book. 'Gaws,' sez he to me in Frinch. 'Ye can't come in,' says I. An' whin he paid no attintion to what I said, but walked by me into your room, I knew him for a murderer, an' I turned the kay on him like a cat. 'Aha!' says I, 'ye'll find the gas book an' the jewels in the desk; but it isn't far ye'll go with 'em.' An' thin, the child bein' aslape, I laid her in my room and locked her in, bless her heart! an' thin I called out the parlor windy fer the police." "The murdering villain come in an

cera and muscles, are taken to an in-spector's office and subjected to micro-scopic observations. Should there be any indication of a tubercular character, of trichina or cancer, the meat is declared unfit for food and is destroyed. Careful inspection of the cows of Dutchess and Westchester counties kept for their milk shows that counties kept for their milk shows that there are very few cows over nine years of age that do not show consumptive tendencies. On farms where milk cows are fed on distillery swill and brewers' grains, in a year and a half they are found to be far gone with consumption, and are then killed for the New York market. It is horrible to think that those parts of the animal which are evidently unfit for food as fresh meat are converted into Bologna sausages.—Herald of Health.

Done Up by His Own Hand.

There is an author in this town, though the world perhaps hardly knows it, who writes a worse hand than did Horace Greeley. He hugs the delusion that he writes beautifully—all infernally bad writers do. About a month ago a newspaper man made the author—you will observe the distinction—a bet that if he sent a short story to a certain magazine in his own handwriting it would be returned to him with or without thanks, and that the same story type written would be accepted.

The bet was accepted, the trial made, and the newspaper man won the bet. The story written with a pen came back. With it was a politic note stating that Mr.—must not suppose that the story was rejected for lack of merit, etc., etc. The type written story was accepted, and the check somewhat recouped the author for the money lost on the wager.—Pittaburg Dispatch.

Slaying English Sparrows. computation: "Here, then, is the summing up of the first season of sparrow law: Two hundred and fifteen target guns, at an average cost of three dollars each, \$64.5; ammunition for same, \$64.50; doctors' bills for little girls wounded by mistake, \$430; total expense, \$1,139.50. From which deduct \$400—total receipts—and it is seen the sparrow law is worth \$739.50 to the fathers of Chicago, and not a noticeably bad thing for the sparrowa."

NOVELTIES IN SLOT MACHINES.

There Seems to Be No End to the Inge

now, above all things, be very careful whom you let into the flat when you are alone with the child."

"You know you can depend on me," she answered, with an expression like Joan of Arc at the stake. It was easy to see she did not like to be left alone, but was nerving herself for the worst.

As usual, I waited in vain for an omnibus that afternoon, and came home in one of those little victorias it hat cost thirty-five cents a trip in Paris. When a block away from the house I observed that there was an unusual excitement in our street. I looked up to see if I could catch a glimpse of the child. High up, hanging out of my bedroom window, was a crazy Frenchman, yelling at the top of his lungs. It seemed to me I was years paying the cabby and climbing the stairs.

When I arrived at our landing the trial was just beginning, and I had only to join the crowd. One gendarme, whose sword clanked against the oakean balustrade, had my fainting Sally by the arm. The concierge, his wife and all the neighbors chattered in concert. There were the butler from the ministry of war, the two gendarmes who were arresting Sally, the man and his who was having hysterics in the arms of her maid, and several little errand to boys in blouses.

A perspiring, disheveled Frenchman mopped his brow and pointed at Sally. "This woman," said he, "is a murderess. She locked me in a room, and, had I not summoned assistance, would undoubtedly have assassinated me." You are our prisoner," said the two gendarmes to Sally, who was 'you endarmes to Sally, who was 'you are our prisoner," said the two gendarmes to Sally, who was 'you endarmes to "The slot and nickel business is yet in its infancy," remarked a Jerseyman who is engaged in manufacturing au-

ped small coins into slots and thus pro-cured their confectionery.

"It is only within a few years that the slot machines have assumed any prominence. People are beginning to think now that the field of ingenuity is about exhausted, but they are mis-taken. It has really just begun to open. There will be something new every few months, for I know half a dozen like myself who are puzzling a their brains over new devices. I am so thoroughly identified with the busi-ness now that people stop me and ask what I am going to get out next, and try to engage machines in advance without knowing what they are going to be.

ups. There is really no end to the ap-plications that can be made of automatic machines and no limit to the field of operation. They go every-where, from the church fair down, and

all sorts of people drop their pennies and nickels into them. "I know of weighing machines which take in from \$18 to \$20 a week. Now, take in from \$18 to \$20 a week. Now, there is an impression abroad that automatic machines are receptacles for bad coins, brass checks and other things which will operate the levers. In fact, the percentage of bad money is not one-tenth of 1 per cent. The machines are not complicated, but safeguards lie inside of the slot to prevent the introduction of wires. Smaller solves then five cent pieces fall saids vent the introduction of wires. Smaller coins than five cent pieces fall aside after entering the slots and are caught in a separate receptacle. The good coin falls a certain distance and strikes a lever just hard enough to release the machinery. A lead "nickel" will do this, but even so the loss is nothing in the majority of machines. None of the machines are sold. They are usually put out on shares running from 10 to 20 per cent, and this satisfies those who have the machines in charge."—New York Sun.

The fact that consumption can be cured is daily becoming more and more impressed on the mind of the layman. One of the simplest and best methods of fighting this dread malady is the warm milk treatment, and while undergoing it the patient is advised to go on some farm, where he is sure to get it fresh, and where, moreover, he can pass his days in horseback riding. When the entire treatment is under-The English sparrows increase so rapidly that they have become a nuisance. In Chicago a prize of two cents is paid for the head of each sparrow killed. Last year 20,000 sparrows' heads were paid for. The 400 was divided among 215 boys. An ingenious paragrapher in Chicago makes this computation: "Here, then, is the summing up of the first season of sparrow law: Two hundred and fifteen target guns, at an average to the summer of the season of these features is more important than either of the others.—New York Telegram

The Most Wooderful Kittens.

A most wonderful toy has been on private exhibition in Paris. Fancy seven life sized kittens, covered with real skin, but with eyes of emerald set in pearly white enamel and each playing on a musical justrument—a flute, ing on a musical instrument—a flute, a zither, a violin, a drum, a harp, a cornet and an accordion, all perfectly harmonized and playing the most difficult operas, then you have the picture complete. The mechanism is similar to that of a music box, and the whole apparatus, kittens et al., is valued at 20,000 france.—St. Louis Republic. FROM THE STATUE TO ASPINWALL

A Lively Voyage Graphically Described

by a Lady Tourist

A Lively Voyage Graphically Described by a Lasty Tourist.

Precisely 998 miles from the Goddess of Liberty and her uplifted torch lies San Salvador, the little island where Columbus made his first landing in the New World. Some sacrilegions Yankee of later days has dubbed it "Waiting Island" but for ourselves, readers mine, let us stand by the ancient name conferred by the great discoverer as he knelt under the shadow of the cross.

Passing this historic bit of land, whose flash light may be seen far over the ocean, a run of eighty miles brings us close to the revolving beacon on Bird Rock. Like others of the Bahama group (except Hayti), this small island is owned by England and governed from Nassau, the revenue from it being barely sufficient to support its lighthouse. And thus it is, by bits of territory scattered all around the globe, that the favorite boast of Britain is true, "Upon her domains the sun never sets."

A few hours later we reach Fortune Island, at which point, if the weather be favorable, letters may be put off, to be afterward picked up by some north ward bound steamer of the Atlas or Pacific Mail lines. But nobody is advised to pin his faith on the reliability of this postal service in communications of importance, such, for example, as a tardy proposal to your sweetheart or words of reconciliation

munications of importance, such, for example, as a tardy proposal to your sweetheart or words of reconciliation to a one time friend. The chance, however, brings blessed relief to those who are suffering the first pangs of homesickness, even though the hasty love messages never reach their destination. Letters sent in this way go without stamps, ship mail being allowed to pass free in the United States, to the other end of the line, where double postage is collected. Two boat loads of Jamaica negroes came rowing alongside by the dim light of a crescent moon, and the engine suddenly stopped, as if the throbbing heart of the ship stood still with anxiety lest the precious budget of letters be lost in its perilous transit to the tossing bark below.

"The mardering villain come in an pertended to be a gas man come to take meter, with sure I'd a right to know him for a thafe whin the raises man had just left from takin' the book. 'Gawa,' see he to me in Frinch.' 'Ye can't come in,' asys I. An' whin he paid no attintion to what I asid, but he was a man had just left from takin' the book. 'Gawa,' see he to me in Frinch.' 'The con't come in,' asys I. An' whin he paid no attintion to what I asid, but he was a proper to a see that the same of a see that the same in a who wants to be a monopolish, appen to reach the peen on a clear in the desk; but it isn't far yell ge with the same of the same and t

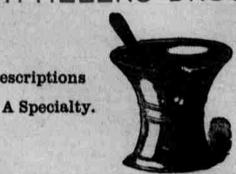
Although jealousy is the most unreasonable of passions, few persons fear the rivalry of creatures far beneath them in the scale of being. It would be possible, one would think, to be jealous of a man, but not of a donkey. Mr. T. A. Trollope writes: "We took one morning a little excursion to Tusculum, on which my wife rode a donkey belonging to a very competent guide. This man knew every point where it was desirable to draw rein in order to enjoy the lovely and varied views. The donkey, who, no doubt, knew all these halting places as well as his master, once turned aside from the path, in a very business like fashion, and planted himself before a gate from which a specially pleasing outlook was to be seen. My wife, thinking to please the man, said: 'How well your donkey knows his business. He came of himself to this lovely view, just as if he enjoyed it.' But the effect of her words was very startling. The man became suddenly and furiously angry. 'No, not he! I—I know how to make ladies and gentlemen see the views, and all that is to be seen. He!—he is an ass, and knows nothing. I—I am the guide!' he cried again and again. 'The beast is an ass, I tell you! He knows nothing.' In short, he was furiously jealous of his donkey, and bitterly resented the compliments paid the beast's sagacity as so much taken from his own praises."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Does the Pitcher Plant Eat Meat? Notwithstanding the admitted fact that bits of meat, insects and other animal substances are more quickly decomposed in the leaves and other trap like appendages of the pitcher plant, sundews, venus fly traps and various insect eating plant, than they are in open air, there is a body of scientists who deny that the plants themselves have any agency in the matter, or exercise any vital power in capturing the prey that falls in their nets. Dr. Mostedt is one of these skeptics. He favors the idea that the decomposition of the imprisoned insect is owing to of the interisoned insect is owing to chemical action simply, and that the effect is produced in almost exactly the same way that a person is poisoned by coming in contact with a poisonous plant.—St. Louis Republic.

Removing Shine from Cloth. Removing Shine from Cloth.

To remove shine from black silks and diagonals, lay the garment on a table and with a fiannel wet with cider vinegar rub the shiny places well until they have disappeared. It does not matter how wet the garment gets. Hang it up in the shade to dry, and the shiny gloss that made a new garment look old will have disappeared, leaving it as fresh and crisp as if just from the store.—New York Journal.

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