in June Time.

They walked down the meadow, one morning

in summer,
Among the sweet scents of the withering
hay,
And heard, in the woodland, the brown part-Beat up his shy soldiers to drill for the day.

The song of a lark, far above them, was ring-It seemed that heaven's gate to the bird must be near, thic, like a refrain to the far-away singing. The sound of the mother bird's talk they could bear.

They passed by the bars where the blossom-Made bright the tall grass, lifting clusters of red For the kiss of the sun, as a girl to her lover Lifts up her pink cheek with her wishes

"Did you hear what the south wind was telling the clover?"
He asked of the girl with the rosy-red cheek;
"It thinks it's discovered in me, dear, a lover
Who's something to tell you, and yet fears
to speak.

"It said to the rose by the wall: 'See him sry-To hide from our eyes what he's thinking to-day,
Were we blind we would know all his thoughts
by his sighing;
Spenk out, foolish fellow; while the sun
a) nes make hay."

His eyes fell, and pale grow the sweet brier envy to see the bright cheek he had nge what the meeting of mute lips we'yes tell of love with no words to as-

The winds, and the birds, and the brook fell to singing.

Because two young lives plighted troth in that kiss.

And down in their hearts was a gladder song And lovers will learn what the tune of it

-Vick's Magazine.

### SWEET VIOLET.

"Ina, let me look at you."

The girl addressed turned slowly, and stood, with scornful, haughty face, before her father.

It was a lovely face-or would have beer so but for the hardness upon it, and the curl of the red, perfect lips. "You are looking your best. Come. it is time to go."

"But Violet has not yet come down." The slow, sweet voice had so much coldness in it that Glynn Raven looked again at his daughter, this time with a contraction of his straight, black

"She is here," he said curtly, as Violet fitted into the room, and paused before him.

Such a bright, winsome, saucy face as was lifted to his in the lamplight! Such a pair of laughing, merry, untamable eyes as met his own, with mockery in their dancing depths!

On this young, daring life, Glynn Raven knew he would never be able to lay his iron hand in surety, and it galled him to the quick.

He might crush down the warm heart, and make barter of the youth of Ina, with all her stately grace and imperial beauty; but on this merry, spritelike elf, he felt that he would only lay

an elusive grasp.
"Tapa," she said in the crisp. of times that had never faltered be his anger, non trembled belone. buke, "is not Ina lovely? Will to find a flaw in her to-night? Ah, Eu- his bride." gene Blanco will not! Will he be at the ball, papa?"

His eyes flashed angrily, and he bit

his nervous lip. "We are not going to a gathering of paupers!" he answered, hotly.

Involuntarily Ina turned her proud head as though to reply as hotly to his words, for the young man of whom her father spoke was all the world to her the lover from whom she knew herself parted, but to whom she knew she would be ever true.

A fortuneless son of one whose name had echoed through her country once, with blessings following wherever it was spoken; yet Glynn Raven had stung him with sneering words and laughed at his love for Ina as though

it were a folly. "Hush, dear," whispered Violet, softly, as she folded a cloak over her sister's robe of silvery white, then covered her own snowy garments, and took Ina's hand. "I wanted him to say something that would wake you up, and make you ready to defy him, for"-she glanced over her shoulder and saw that her father was not near enough to hear-"for, my dearest, Eugene Blanco will be there to-night, and — Hush! Come!"

The slight fingers fluttered in her clasp as she led Ina from the room and out to the carriage, into which their father put them.

She could say no more, for the dark, stern face, which neither of them had ever loved, and Ina had feared all her ile, was before them; and they were going to a ball, given by Grant Delos, or the handsome, stately home to which Glynn Raven was so anxious to see Ina go as a bride, that he had of late made life a humiliation and a torture to the

The ball was going on when they arrived; but Mr. Raven had seen that they were not too late for the dance he had heard Ina promise the host, who advanced and claimed it as soon as he

saw them. Violet had but time to whisper a word in her sister's ear, before the latter was led away.

"Make him take you to the conserv-

atory after your dance." Stately, lovely, but with almost silent lips, Ina moved through the fig-The dance through, she loosed

the cluster of roses at her belt, and, as they fell to the floor, set one slippered foot upon them, as though by accident. "Ah," she said, softly, looking at the crushed petals, "I have lost my

roces." ne young man stooped and gathered up the flowers, with a courteous

"Permit me to keep these, and, if you will, you may choose from any of he said.

She bent her head, but no smile came quiver, as she remembered Violet's words; but she took Grant's arm and allowed him to lead her to the con-

servatory. In one of the dimly-lighted walks a tall, fair man, whose blue eyes, as ter.

they rested on Ina, glowed with such light as "never yet was seen on land

"Ina, dearest, Violet has told me all," he said, as she placed her hands in those he eagerly extended. "Come with me. I have much to say to you. He drew her down the walk, and

dark, bright, eltin face so far below his Violet nodded her small head cheer-

"It is all right, Mr. Delois," she said, her dark eyes laughing into his. "That oentleman has loved my sister for a long time, and she has loved him just as long. But papa did not think love worth much where there was no money so Eugene Blanco was forbidden to even look at Ina, and she was forbidden to even think of him. Do you think that they obeyed my papa, Mr. Delois?

He looked down at her, and, despite a slight pang at his heart, smiled; she was so bright and winsome, with that dancing light in her frank, brave eyes, and that satisfied smile on her

"I fear he was not obeyed," he said, slowly.

She nodded again.

"One should never command the impossible," she said, sagely; "and my papa did. He is hardhearted, has always been so, and Ina is afraid of him. I am not, so I told Eugene to meet me here to-night (I knew you would invite him, for I heard he was a friend of yours), and I made things plain to I told him that unless he ran off with Ina, papa would marry her to somebody else soon—probably to you,

"My dear Miss Violet!" She colored a little, but stood her

ground firmly. "You think Ina lovely-you know you do!" she insisted; "and you would have kept on thinking her lovelier every time you saw her, until you would want her for your wife; and you are rich, so papa would have been delighted to give her to you, and she would have been miserable all her days."

A slow color burned along his cheeks

as he heard. "Am I so likely to make a woman whom I love, miserable?" he asked, slowly. "Miss Violet, do you know how heavily and surely you strike?" A quick compunction gleamed in her eyes. She laid ner hand coaxing-

ly on his arm, and he saw how sweet she could be in every impulse of her "If she loved some other man, would

you want her for your wife?' she questioned.

"Then you will not misunderstand me again, nor think I hold you less noble and worthy than you are.' How sweet the words sounded from

her pretty lips! His hand stole up and prisoned the little fingers on his arm. "You are working for your sister's

happiness," he said gently. "If you want any aid, let me bestow it." She laughed merrily, saucily.

They we go she died joyous w. "Eugene had a carriage outside,

and I showed him the little door at the fastidious friend, Grant Delois, be able | end of the eastern walk. He has won "And IP"

Grant Delos could not refrain from laughing down in the merry, sunny face, and he would not let go the lit-

"You will find another sweetheart," she said softly. "You will find someone who will love you as Ina loves Eugene.'

"I trust so, verily. Ah, here comes your father, and I want to ask himmay I?-to let me win his daughter. Not Ina, fair as she is, and much as I admire her—love could not grow to full estate in my heart for Ina—but are going to hire out to a dime museum within the last half-hour I have learn- or hunt a cave in the hill. ed how a man may yearn to hold a girl's soft hand in his forever, and think the world gained if he gains her to love him. Violet, may I speak to your father?"

The sunny, saucy eyes had drooped; the merry face had taken a shyness never seen there before upon its ellin beauty; the firm, small hand, which had not trembled once in all her life from fear, trembled now as Grant Delois clasped it.

"Violet, my dearest, say I may?" "If-if you but soften his anger to-wards Ina-yes!' she whispered.

And then, suddenly freeing herself, she flitted away like a s adow. How he did it no one but himself ever knew, but Grant Delois did soften the

anger of Ina's father. And when Eugene Blanco and his bride met Mr. Raven, he was very civil

As for Violet, her whole impulsive, fearless heart went out and wound itvery happy.

Gen. Sherman's Daughters, Miss Sherman has until recently given much of her time to a class of little boys in the parish church. She dresses in deep mourning, wearing some such texture as the nuns have for home use. Her little bonnet is close fitting, her hair is brushed back smoothly from her face and hidden under the clinging black nun's veil, and the severity of her toilet has led many strangers to take her for a cloistered woman. Miss Rachel Sherman is less severe in dress, and the mischievous lights that play among the over, the lights were blown out, when tresses of her bright red hair and the merriment of her smiling face make wig took his mother's hand, and, leadthe contrast between the daughters a ing her to the window out of which matter of remark. Like their father, they had gazed together that morning the Misses Sherman are very fond of in August, he pushed back the shutsociety, and while all drawing-rooms ters and disclosed to her astonished and daucing affairs are "regretted," they are habitual diners out. In the thousand was candles, which burned approaching ordination of their brother as a priest, which will occur next mouth, there is not a little discussion trees and shrubs around. as to the future of the Misses Sherman. It is not likely that either of them will to her lips-they were trying not to ever marry, and while Miss Rachel Sherman is not the sort of a woman to bury herself in a nunnery, there are many friends of the family who would in no way be surprised if Miss Sher- agreeable." Maiden thinks of iceman announced her determination to cream and the picture is a success .they came face to face with Violet and lead a religious life .- Clara Belle's Let- Boston Courier.

#### Ingenious Beggars.

Have you ever been accosted in the street by a seedy, dilapidated individual with luminous nose and a husky voice, who opened on you something in this style: "Excuse me, sir, but could I have a few minutes' conversation with you? I have not always been thus," etc. Of course you have, Grant turned astonished eyes on the You know in a minute that he is a professional beer worker. You have ome respect for the haggard, brawny fellow who says frankly: "I am hungry and thorsty," and seldom let him go empty-handed. There are two incidents that occur to me that for their ingenuity stand unrivaled. The first one occurred at Chicago a year ago last winter. The writer, in company with a friend, was standing one Sunday evening on the steps of the Ciareadon hotel when a very toughlooking man approached with a week's growth of beard on his face and said: "I am a thief. I have just been re-leased from J diet prison. I want 10 cents for a drink, 10 more for a bed, 10 for a cocktail in the morning, and or shall I have to try further? The supreme cheek of the man gained him for a long time after being affected. York, as a party of us were coming from the theater. We were stopped by a ragged individual with a small kitten in his arms. He opened the conversation immediately and said: "Gents, maybe you think I am going to spar you for money, but I ain't. I am not hungry or thirsty and have a place to sleep, but I have no cash. I want a few pennies, not for myself, but to buy some milk for this poor litian of the kitten .- Albany Argus.

### 'Twouldn't Work.

He was a plain, farmer-like man, and he was in c arge of a young man with his head bound up and otherwise njured. After one of his trips to the water cooler to give his patient a drink, one of the passengers inquired: "That young man met with an ac-

"That's exactly what he met with, Gosh durn him!"

"Relation of yours?" "My second oldest boy, Bill. I'm aking him home to be nursed up. Liked to have his empty head knocked

"Wail, a young feller up our way umbled off a train on this road and broke a leg and got \$2,000 damages. It sort o' give our Bill sumthin' to think of, and after getting a good ready he starts out to go up to Roches-

"Of course it does. Bill went again the rules and regulations, and he's If ae'd had his head knocked off I might have got a few undred on a compromise, but as it is he'll have to grin and bear it. That is, if his grinner wasn't smashed all to flinders along with his nose. Hey, Bill, how you feeling now?

"Purty weak, father." "Shouldn't wonder, but it's all right. Boy of your age, who hain't got nuthin' but marsh hay in his head, deserves no pity. Jist lay back and

### Filial Love.

The late Queen Mary of Bavaria is said to have been as warmly devoted and blindly obedient to her son, King Ludwig 1L, as she had been to her husband, King Max, says the London Globe. From the day of his accession she looked upon him more as a king than a son.

A story is told which shows how dearly mother and son loved each other. They were gazing out of one of the windows in the frescoed hall of Hohenschwangan, with one of the finest views in the world before them -the green Schwansee in the fore-ground, the pine-clad hills reflected in its pure surface, and above all the noble mountains stretching on every side. The king drank in the wild beauty of lake and mountain, and raised his eyes to the sky. The queen, who never soared too high, gazed with self about Grant, and she was very, delight at an imposing pine which working orchardists who have developed towered high above the window at this unequaled land of Pomona. The which they stood. Suddenly the queen exclaimed: "What a glorious Christmas tree this would make if we could decorate it!" The king passed his hand over his eyes, smiled, and but the sowing and growing of clover kissed her. That was in August. In alfalfa and kindred plants in the December he expressed a wish to spend orchards and treating the whole as a Christmas at Hohenschwangan. queen, always willing to do what he quire thorough irrigation continued wished, followed him thither. On Christmas eve, with loving care, she decorated a little tree, and, as in the days when she was a mother of 20, she of the ground with water destroys the rang the bell to call her children. The great event of the evening seemed eyes the gigantic tree lighted with a bright in the frosty night, and were refleted in the snow and icicles on

### She Thought of It.

Photographer: "Now, miss, I am about to expose. Put on a pleasant

### Farm Dofes.

Glanders Described.

Too much caution cannot be taken in regard to this terrible disease, and it is of first importance to be able to cognize it when it first appears. For this: eason we copy from a report by Dr. J. N. Cook, veterinary surgeon, made by direction of the commissioner of agriculture of

Glanders and farey are names employed to distinguish two forms of the same disease, or, in other words, they are two diseases essentially identical, however dissimilar in their external appearance. The term glanders is applied to the disease when the nasal or respiratory organs are af ected, with the lymphatic glands involved; and farey when the malady is localized in the skin and subcutaneous tissues. The contagion of glanders may produce farey, and of farey may produce glanders. It is a malignant, contagious and fatal disease, due to the introduction into the animal economy of an animal poison, which infects the whole system. Glanders in the 10 for a sandwich, 40 cents in all. My chronic form is the most often met with recommend is nothing extra, I am and the most to be dreaded, from the aware. Talk quick, will you give it,

the amount asked. The other inci-dent was in Union Square Park, New dent was in Union Square Park, New one or both nostrils, and a swelling of the submaxillary glands under the jaw, corresponding to the discharge, as it may be from one or both nostrils. The character of the discharge is glutinous, and adheres to the skin and hair around the nostrils. Ulcerated patches can be seen on the mucous membrane inside the nostril, and a swelling may occur on the legs, followed by farcy boils, which break and run. Farey in the acute form will be accompanied by sudden swelling of tle starving cat, which I found crying in this park." The party was for a extreme tenderness around the joints. moment stunned, but amid roars of followed by farcy boils about the size of laughter a purse of nearly a dollar a chestnut. These boils will appear on was collected and given to the guardian of the kitten.—Albany Argus. Various constitutional symptons ac-company the disease—high fever, loss of

appetite, emaciation, etc.

Enough has been said to give an idea of the general character of the disease in its various forms, and, in view of its fatal effects, wherever it appears among horses and mules, and the great danger to human beings, as they are liable to contract the disease, which proves as fatal to man as to horse or mule, I would respectfully sugg st that the stock now affected be destroyed, and such measures be adopted by the state as will suppress the further spread of the disease

### A Big Duck Ranch.

Not far from Boston is situated the

largest duck farm in the world. For years past the business of raising ducks for market has been carried on upon an enormous scale in this ne hborhood. The biggest establishment de voted to the industry used to be found along the shore, it being supposed for-merly that the webfooted birds could window, and purty some along comes a switch board and flattens his face until you can play man until you can play man with him which'll scare a phys around with him which'll scare a veller pup out of a year's growth."

was a most convenient source of foodsupply in the shape of fish, which were caught in huge quantities with seine and net for quacking stock. The trouble as her candle gradually with this method of feeding, however, the features of the man "And the company refuses to come was that the flesh acquired an undesirable fishy flavor, calculated to diminish its selling value. Then, too, it was discovered at length that ducklings could be raised and made to thrive without and water facilities at all; in short, that tirely (hic) immaterial."-Lewiston natatory exercise was merely a luxury Jour for them, and not a necessity by any means. And it is on this theory that the gigantic duck farm at Easton is conducted.

Eve ything appertaining to the rearing of the ducklings is performed artificially, for this business is one in which art outdoes nature altogether. Even in olden times the device was resorted to of employing the materna! offices of the hen for hatching out the duck eggs and bringing up the broods. turns out the fuzzy little yellow creatures especially-prepared soft food. The duck thus brought by patient methods to marketable size is sure to be tender, juicy and most delicate in flavor. At 40 to 0 cents a pound it pays the producer admirably. Most breeders say that the "Pekin" duck, a bird of Chinese origin, is the most desirable for all purposes. is hardy, matures early, and weighs from 14 to 20 rounds to the pair.

### Killing the Codlin Moth.

Industrious observers among our fruit growers in the beautiful Boise valley have gathered facts concerning the codmoth which will probably benefit the fruit growers of the world at large. That destructive little midnight marauder has left a blight on some of our fine orchards for five years. At one time the outlook was gloomy for the hardmoth seemed to have found its native requirements complete in our mellow, dry alluvial. But at last an effective remedy has been found. It is nothing c'over meadow. The meadows here re throughout summer. Such irrigation means to flood the whole surface at short intervals. Whether or not the flooding moth or whether some property of the clover causes its destruction has not been emonstrated, but it is settled beyond doubt that orchards seeded to clover are free from the pest and those cultivated in other crops or without crops are seriously affected. The result was not noted before the present season and the facts gathered establish only the good effect without demonstrating the exact cause. The meadows require more water than other crops. It is the custom here to harvest three crops of hay. So it is safe to say the orchards seeded to clover are flooded with water every ten days .- Corr. Portland Oregonian.

The mistress and divorced wife of Henry Ewing had a fight over his corpse at 127 George street, New York, Oct. 8, while two undertakers whaled each other in the front yard over the possession of the corpse. This broke up the funeral, which came off later.

### The Englishman Was Silenced.

An Englishman was being entertained in a Beacon street parlor one evening when the conversation turned upon the difference between English

and American cities. "One thing is shocking to us," the Englishman observed, "and that is the many cases of violence in the streets That, you know, is so different here. That, you kno in the English city."

"Different!" exclaimed one of the young ladies who was entertaining the guest; "I never saw haif the violence in the streets here that I have in England. Why, when we were in Liverpool last summer we started out one day to take a walk, and we had only got across the street from the hotel when a horrible great dranken fishwife came up to me without any provocation and offered to fight me for sixpence. I never was so frightened in all my life."

"What did you do? Call the police?"

she was asked. "Call the police?" she echoed; "there was no police in sight to call. I don't know what I should have done if a coalheaver hadn't come along and volunteered to take the quarrel off my hands by tighting the horrible creature for

nothing. "And you got away without harm?"
"Yes; but I never had anything like that happen to me on the streets of an

American city." "No," the visitor responded, dryly. "it couldn't you know. An American coalheaver would have charged you at least double for taking the affair off

your hands.' "Very likely," coolly put in a young! HAWKS & SHATTUCK lady, who had not yet spoken; "for the truth is that only in England are even coalheavers fond of fighting with women."

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The conversation was found to be taking a turn that would on the whole not prove conducive to social harmony, and the subject was therefore dropped. -Boston Courier.

#### A Strictly Judicial Answer.

One of the best stories of white-haired, white-chokered, courteous Calvin Record is about a mellow old lawyer who used to live on the banks of the Androscoggin. The 'Squire was given to deep potations and was famous for his fine distinctions. It is said that in special pleading he could split a hair even more closely than Mr. Record can himself.

But often after the shades of night had fallen, the 'Squire might have been seen struggling home so boozy that he apparently could not split a shingle, to say nothing of a hair.

One night when he was drunker than usual, he staggered completely out of his course and could not find it. Realizing that he was lost and drifting into unfamiliar regions, he called at a house to ask for information. "Madame," he gravely said to the

lady who came to the door, candle in hand, "can you tell (hic) me where 'Squire Blank lives?" "Certainly," she said, and gave him

as her candle gradually brought out the features of the man before her a puzzled expression came into her face. and she finally asked: "But isn't this 'Squire Blank?"

"Madame," replied the old lawyer, assuming a judicial air, "that is en-

### Three Millions of 'Em.

singer, as he handed it in, "just as it fell from my pen. I wrote it in twenty-five minutes." "I see," said the editor, "but it will take about twenty-five years to get it into print." That, my son, is the trouble with a poem or sketch that makes all its time on the first quarter. It hasn't the staying But now the motherly barnyard fowl has been superseded by the incubator, which either breaks down at the turn or gets shut out at the distance pole. Anyby thousands, ready to nestle under an imitation manma with steam-pipe vitals minutes. The trouble then is to get and gorge themselves to adult fatness on any one else to read it. - Burdette in Brooklyn Engle.

### Expected Trouble.

"How much do you gin'rally git for a of the minister who married him.

"The law allows me a dollar." "Well, great Scott, man, here's yer dollar. I don't wanter go to law 'bout it! Reckon I'll have trouble enough now, anyhow."—Time.

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