

ACCIDENT.

How a Besieged Army Obtained Drinking Water—After a Rain Soldiers Went Down on their Hands and Knees and Drank Water in the Horses Hoof Tracks.

From the Press, Milroy, Ind.

One of the first to offer their services for the country in the Civil War, was A. R. Sefton, of Milroy, Rush County, Ind. He was a good record, and when the great difficulty was settled, he was honorably discharged.

Today Mr. Sefton is 56 years old, a prominent farmer, the head of a large family, and notwithstanding the ill effects of army life, is enjoying excellent health.

There was a period in Mr. Sefton's life during the war which was most interesting. He was a member of the 38th Ill. Infantry which was often in the front in close business. The life of every soldier in a hard one, and Mr. Sefton was no exception.

"We were in Tennessee, penned in on all sides. Our rations were very scarce," said he, "and we had begun to go on 'quarter allowance.'"

It was in the middle of August, the wells of the community were nearly all dry, and we were some distance from any stream, consequently we had great difficulty in getting water for cooking and drinking purposes. One night there came a hard rain, and the next day we were started on the march. The sun shone hot, and our plodding along was very tiresome and oppressive. Every one of us had only a little water to drink, and as the rain was not enough to replenish the wells or streams, our canteens went empty.

We were hurried on, and the only way to quench our thirst was to go down on our hands and knees and drink from the hoof tracks made by the horses. Of course the water was muddy and very filthy, but it was a case of life or death.

"Some of us were taken sick from the effects of this, and I was one of them. I was laid up for several weeks in a field hospital from fever. Many times afterward I became afflicted with different ailments. My kidneys

It Was Play For Him.

The train ran off the track and plunged down a steep embankment. Engine, baggage car, coaches and sleepers were jumbled in one awful mass.

The screams of the injured passengers rent the air.

It was frightful.

Jones, the world renowned half back, partially awake.

Three passenger cars were piled on top of him.

A piece of pipe was coiled around his neck.

The rim of one of the great driving wheels of the engine rested on his face.

His legs were pinned down by a heavy beam.

A pillow had been forced against his mouth and nose, making it impossible for him to breathe.

His arms were pressed against his sides, and he tried in vain to move.

But willing hands were at work upon the wreck, and at last Jones, the world renowned half back, was dragged out.

Looking around, in a dazed sort of way, at the wreck, he asked:

"How many yards did we gain on that 'down' boys?"—Cleveland Leader.

The Considerate Woman.

It was the busiest hour of the busiest day the store had seen in a long time, and the busiest place in all the store was the lace department. Four women, four frantically eager women, were waiting. The fifth woman had the only saleswoman at that end of the counter and was looking at lace, real lace. I think she must have examined a dozen pieces. The four women seemed on the verge of apoplexy.

"Haven't you something wider?" asked the fifth woman.

"Certainly," answered the tired saleswoman, dragging out another box.

"This is \$15 a yard."

The eyes of the fifth woman glistened.

"Yes," she said to her companion, "that's like mine. I just wanted to know what he paid for it. That's all."

And she sailed out of the shop. Not one of the four women waiting found a word to say, but the saleswoman gasped weakly. "Well, I never!"—Washington Post.

A Jandulized View.

"I don't see why it should be deemed a disgrace," the youthful teacher remarked in the course of the conversation, "for a woman to ask a man to marry her."

"It isn't a disgrace," replied the elderly maiden. "Idiocy is a misfortune."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Another Matter.

"Do you think a man has a right to open his wife's letters?"

"Well, he may have the right, but I don't see how he could have the courage."—Chicago Record.

Her Great Need.

Every woman ought to pay a reasonable degree of attention to her person, and especially to having her hair neatly and becomingly dressed.

Two days after a great fire had devastated a north country village a worthy philanthropist of the place was serving out clay pipes and tobacco as relief for the poor homeless men when a young woman presented herself before him.

The line, of course, had been made up of men, and the donor asked the girl, who was extremely pretty and refined in appearance, what she wanted with a pipe. She blushed and repeated her request.

"Why, you do not smoke?" said the worthy philanthropist.

"No, but please give me a pipe."

"If you will tell me what you are going to do with it, I'll give you one."

The girl hesitated, and then, raising her hand to the fringe of her hair, she said: "I want to curl my fringe."

She got the stem of the broken pipe and went away laughing. She had been rescued from a burning house only 24 hours before and was then almost on the verge of starvation, and when she sought the pipe to curl her hair she was unquestionably badly in need of clothing.—Strand Magazine.

Her Suggestion.

It was at a Jefferson avenue residence, and the young man in the case had been going often and staying late until the maiden fair felt the monotony of it.

Last Thursday evening about 11 o'clock the conversation dragged so that it almost pulled the carpet out by the tacks, and for a minute or two he sat in cogitative mood, with his hand to his forehead.

"I was just trying to remember something," he explained.

"Yes," she replied.

"I had something pleasant to tell you."

"Ah, what was it?" and she brightened a bit.

"Um—um, let me see," he said, rubbing his head. "I can't just think what it was."

The light faded out of her face, then it came again.

"Perhaps it was 'good night,'" she suggested quietly.

He looked at her for a full minute; looked at her as if she had said something by mistake, looked at her as if she might have an explanatory remark or two to add, but she never flushed.

Then he got up and went away, and he never came back.—Detroit Free Press.

Even Worse.

"Why, he abused me like—like—"

"Like a pickpocket?"

"Worse than that. More like a judge sentencing a pickpocket."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Dog and the Law.

Once it is established that the nature of the species is gentle and that every dog is a law abiding and peaceable Bruno then it becomes necessary, before liability for the vulgar transgressions of a fierce Towser can be fastened on the owner, that he should have previous knowledge of the usual and not to be expected features.

This is called scienter, and until an owner has this knowledge of his dog's viciousness he is not responsible, though in the error of its ways not acting as becomes a gentleman of the dog species or a lady, as the case may be.

To be more accurate and exact, once a dog has departed from the narrow path of rectitude and demanded itself in ways other than should obtain with a strictly proper and gentle animal, and the owner knows it, then it loses status and caste and must be put down as a vicious animal, and the owner keeps it at his peril.

Lord Coleridge, it seems, was anxious to reduce the law on the subject to a nicety in the way of succinctness and brevity, and he succeeded by saying that "every dog is entitled to one bite," and the case has special reference to spring lamb or veal. The expression is varied by making it "green dog is entitled to one worry."—Green Day.

Racial Peepers.

A Swede and an Irishman, both of them tolerably well known about town, got into an argument in front of the courthouse, and they began telling each other how it was too bad that their ancestors had ever happened to shed the wolf robes and take to living under cover.

When things got a bit warm, the Swede remarked that there was no doubt in his mind that the Irishman would be entitled, by reason of his ancestry, to join some of the pedigree associations but for the unfortunate fact that most of those ancestors were hanged for stealing sheep.

"I suppose they did their sheep stealing with the understanding among themselves that they were all kings, and that it was all right to go over into the next county and steal whatever they could lay their hands on," said the Swede in conclusion.

"Yes, an he be all accounts," said the Irishman. "Your ancestors lived in kingdoms so very small that every time they smelled a stockfish in the yard of a neighbor they jumped over the fence to get it, an if they got back they made a national affair of it, if there was any pursuit."—St. Paul Globe.

Grotesque Spanish Honor.

The Washington Times recalls a story about the Duke of Wellington that illustrates the fantastic idea of honor held by many Spaniards, contrasted with the practical common sense of Englishmen.

When the duke was co-operating with the Spanish army in the peninsula against Napoleon, he was desirous on one occasion during a general engagement that the general commanding the Spanish contingent should execute a certain movement on the field.

He communicated the wish to the Spaniard personally and was somewhat taken aback to be told that the honor of the king of Spain and his army would compel him to refuse the request unless Wellington, as a foreign officer graciously permitted to exist and fight on Spanish soil, should present the petition on his knees.

The old duke often used to tell the story afterward, and he would say, "Now, I was extremely anxious to have the movement executed, and I didn't care a twopenny damn! about getting on my knees, so down I pumpled!"

Luminosity in Plants.

Many instances have been recorded of flowers being luminous at night. They only seem to do this on rare occasions, hence they are to be envied who have the good fortune to witness the phenomena.

Though the writer has often endeavored to get fortune's favor, she has never smiled on him but once, when he saw the phosphorescent glow from fungi in a hollow tree, just like the glow of a match when rubbed in the dark.

A German naturalist, Herr Haggren, seems to have met with a number of instances in his country—or, rather, the night watchman he employed did. He concludes the phenomena are more likely to occur when it is dark, after rain, following a sunny day.

July and August gave the most instances. Occurrences began soon after sunset, and there were none after dawn.

He could not decide the cause of the luminosity.—Mechan's Monthly.

"Doubtful Characters."

When Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson paid a visit to Kirkwall and wished to see St. Magnus' cathedral, they had to get the assistance of the United Presbyterian minister to show it to them.

"I was," Mr. Gladstone said, "such a doubtful character that even in the company of Tennyson I was not sufficiently respectable to be conducted over it by the proper authority." The story is told by Mr. Patrick Campbell, for so many years Mr. Gladstone's election agent in Midlothian.—Westminster Gazette.

Queer Reckoning.

Indian street peddlers throughout Mexico sell bananas for 12 cents a dozen, but when offered 24 cents on payment for two dozen bananas the peddlers refused it and demanded 25 cents.

The course of reasoning is that 1 real is 12 cents; 2 reals, 25 cents; 8 reals make a dollar. So the traveler must pay a real for one dozen bananas, but 25 cents for two dozen, and no amount of argument will convince the peddler that this is not right.

Why She Could Smile.

"Your wife always wears such a happy expression," Mr. Williams. She always seems to be smiling."

"Yes, she didn't have to earn the \$47 worth of gold that she wears in her front teeth."—Cleveland Leader.

She Had Been Reading Dooley.

"Oh, well, what's the use being a hero, anyway?"

"Why are you discouraged?"

"It isn't on my own account. I heard a woman arraigned in costly garments refer to him as Teddy Roosevelt yesterday."—Cleveland Leader.

Not Always a Good Title.

"My boy," said the old gentleman who was trying to impress one of the lessons of life upon his young hopeful, "in all the affairs of life don't forget to aim high."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the boy bitterly, "but with my luck the chances are that after the battle I would find that success had been lying down in the trenches. I tell you, dad, those blind old hit or miss rules don't go any more. The thing to do is to aim for what you're after."

Not a Scientist.

College Professor—Your father is a wealthy farmer. I understand. He conducts his farm on scientific principles, I presume?

Student—No, he runs it to make money.—New York Weekly.

THE AMERICAN NILE.

SUCH IS THE GREAT RIO GRANDE, WITH ITS VAGARIES.

It is a River of Freakish Habits and Must Be Seen More Than Once to Be Understood—Flows Mainly Underground, but at Times There Is a Torrent on Top.

"It's a river 1,500 miles long, measured in its windings," said the man from New Mexico, speaking of the Rio Grande. "For a few miles, at its mouth, light draft steamers run up from the gulf of Mexico. Above that it doesn't float a craft except at ferries. In the old days, when New Mexico was a province of Spain, the people along the river used to have ferryboats, and the only way they had of getting across was by fording. For this purpose a special breed of large horses was reared to be kept at the ferries. When the river was too high for these horses to wade across, travelers camped on the bank and waited for the waters to subside. Now there are bridges over the river at the larger Rio Grande towns, and in other places rope ferries and rowboats are the means of crossing."

"In times of low water a stranger seeing its current for the first time would be apt to think slightly of the Rio Bravo del Norte, as the New Mexicans love to call the great river. Most of the time it is a small part of a very wide channel, but would seem only a little muddy stream, for ordinarily nine-tenths of the Rio Grande is underground, the water soaking along toward the gulf through the sands beneath its channel. The valley, bounded everywhere to left and right by mountains or foothills, is sandy, and the water, percolating the sands down to hard pan, spreads out on each side so that it may always be found anywhere in the valley by digging down to the level of the river's surface. For the greater part of the year the river above ground flows swift and muddy, narrowing as it swirls round a sand bar and widening over shallows. But the thing that strikes the stranger most is the disappearance altogether for stretches, many miles in length, of its channel, which, except, it may be, for a water hole here and there, is as dry as Sahara. The river is keeping right along about its business, however, and where a rock reef or clay bed blocks its subterranean current it emerges to the surface and takes a fresh start above ground, running as a big stream which, farther down, may lose itself in the sands again."

"It is when the floods come down that the Rio Grande shows why it requires so big a channel for its all the year round use and demonstrates that if the waterway were even wider it would be an advantage to residents along its banks. It is fed by a watershed of vast area and steep descent, which in times of rain and melting snows precipitates the waters rapidly into the channel. In June, when the snow melts on the peaks about its headwaters in Colorado and northern New Mexico, and later in the summer, when heavy showers and cloudbursts are the order of the day, the Rio Grande overflows its banks, deluging wide tracts of valley and sometimes carving a new channel for itself, changing its course for miles. Where the valley is unusually wide and sandy, as below Isleta and in the Merilla valley, the old channels in which the river used to flow are plainly indicated in the landscape."

"No one who has seen the great river in flood is likely to forget the positive ferocity it seems to display as its waters sweep all before them, and woe to the man or beast who is overtaken by them! The flood arrives without warning. The sky may be clear above when the traveler, leisurely jogging across the wide channel, hears his wagon wheels grate upon the sand with a peculiar sound. It means that the waters are stirring the sands beneath him, and then, if he knows the river, he lashes his horse, making at all speed for the nearest safe. The chances are that before he gets there he hears the roaring of waters up the channel and sees them coming down toward him with a front like a wall, rolling forward and downward as if over a fall, with a rising flood behind. Many a man and whole wagon trains have been overwhelmed in this way, and buried in sands or cast away on desert banks, no human eye has ever seen them again."

"The great river has its pleasing and romantic aspect, so fascinating that it is a saying among people who live in its valley that 'whoever drinks of its waters and departs will come again to seek them.' Like the Nile, the Rio Grande enriches the soil of its valley to the point of inexhaustible fertility. Along its banks in New Mexico are fields that for two centuries have been cultivated yearly, yielding great crops and there are as productive today as when they first were tilled. Irrigating canals, called acacias madras (mother ditches), convey water from the river to be distributed through little gates to the fields of the valley, which it both waters and enriches. A trip along the river reveals a succession of pictures of a primitive civilization of the old Spanish-American type. Adobe villages, with small, thatched huts, and the spacious houses of the vicos, or great men; orchards, vineyards, wheatfields and grazing cattle are all features of the scenery of the Rio Grande, the American Nile."—New York Sun.

SKELETONS IN CLUBS.

THE QUEER PERFORMANCES OF THE TWO BLANKS OF NEW YORK.

Mystery of the Man Who Stole Food at Free Luncheon—Another Man With a Historical Name Who Took to Wearing Old Clothes and Was Dropped.

A decently dressed man, with a shaming gait and a shifty eye, walked down Broad street one afternoon last week and attracted the attention of a broker who was standing in his office window. The broker watched the man closely until the fellow had disappeared around the corner into Wall street. He had called a visitor's attention to the man.

"Have you ever seen that fellow before?" he asked.

"His face is familiar, and I am sure that I have seen him somewhere, but I can't place him. Who is he?"

"John Blank," said the broker, mentioning a family name that was well known. "I am a member of three good clubs," continued the broker, naming three that one would naturally place at the head of the list of New York clubs, "and in the course of a long experience with the management of them I have seen some curious club skeletons. They are unpleasant. Blank was a skeleton in the club until we finally got rid of him, and to this day none of the men who knew the facts about his expulsion has ever had any explanation of them."

"So far as family connections are concerned, Blank is eligible to any club in this city, and we always understood that he had a good income. It was about five years ago, when I was a member of the loose committee, that my attention was first called to Blank. A member of the club came to me one day and said: 'See here, I've got a disagreeable duty to perform. You know that refreshments are served at every regular meeting of the club, and I have noticed for several months back that John Blank has stowed away a lot of things in his pockets on every such occasion.'"

"Why, that is absurd," I replied, "and I suspect that he has been drinking too much. You know that these monthly lunches are free to the members."

"That was the view that I took of it the first time that I noticed it," he replied. "But I watched this man at the next meeting very closely. He was not intoxicated. He ate his lunch, and then I saw him wrap up a piece of chicken, some lobster salad and a brick of ice cream in separate packages, put them under his overcoat and leave the club. It's an amazing proceeding, and I think that it is high time that something was done about it."

"This man's complaint interested me, and I investigated it. Some of the club waiters told me that Blank had occasionally taken articles of small value from the club, and that he always carried away a package after a free supper. There seemed to be no reasonable explanation for his little steals. He was and is a lawyer in good practice, and, as you know, he lives very comfortably. I consulted with some of the other house committees, and we decided to look out for Blank at the next supper. He turned up promptly, and, sure enough, we saw him stealthily make up a package from the lunch table and walk out with it. There was nothing left for us to do but to ask for an explanation."

"Charges were preferred against him and a formal notification was sent to him. Blank paid no attention to it. We thought that he might not have received it and we sent him another notification and made sure that it reached him. Blank ignored it, and then we dropped him for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. Blank never came near the clubhouse after his first notification, and so far as I know he has never given an indication of resenting our action in dropping him. Now what do you suppose was the explanation of his thefts? I never have been able to find one that was satisfactory. It has been asserted that despite his large income he is naturally a very miserly fellow, but that is merely gossip. I meet him occasionally, and he is always affable. It was a disagreeable affair, and to this day an inexplicable one."

A man who had listened attentively to the broker's story said:

"I can equal that with an experience in my own club. The man in question has recently died and it is only charitable to say that he was probably insane for several years before he died. He was Arthur Blank"—mentioning a historical name. "About three years ago this man began to wear very shabby clothes. He had always been very careful in his dress, and this change was surprising. He came to the club and sat around, looking like a tramp. His linen was ragged, and even the waiters looked askance at his clothes. I knew that he had money, but it was not a pleasant task to suggest to him that he should get some new clothes. He was an old bachelor, and he had rooms in an expensive bachelor apartment house. His condition was a disgrace to the club and as a last resort half a dozen of his old friends got up a purse of \$100 and went to his tailor and ordered a new suit of clothes for him. They told the tailor that it was in payment of a wager. When the suit was made, they packed it in a box with a new hat, new collars, shirts and two scarfs and sent it to Blank. A letter was inclosed which read:

"Dear Blank—By express I send you the outfit that I lost by my last election wagon. The signature was such that no one could read it. There was some speculation as to how Blank would take this hint. Two days later he turned up at the club in his new clothes, and when he was congratulated on them he said they were the result of an election wagon. The new clothes were too much for him, however. He got drunk on the strength of them and staid drunk at the club for the next two weeks, when he was dropped from membership."—New York Sun.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Wise Answer.

It takes but an ordinary man to return an angry answer to an insult. The extraordinary man is he who, under such circumstances, holds himself so well under control that he controls his adversary also.

Persia once possessed such a man and was clear sighted enough to make him a judge. He was the chief judge of Bagdad in the reign of Caliph Hadee, and his name was Aboo Yusuuf. He and his wife were poor, but he knew his own deficiencies and was actually sometimes in doubt as to whether he possessed sufficient wisdom to give a just decision in cases peculiarly shrouded in mystery.

It is related of him that on one occasion, after patient investigation of facts, he decided that he had not sufficient knowledge to pronounce on the case before him. There was in his presence a poor courtier, one of those men who take long to learn that wisdom and impudence are not closely related.

"Pray, do you expect that the caliph is to pay you for ignorance?" he asked, hoping to place the judge at a disadvantage.

"I do not pay me—and pays me well for what I do know. Were I to attempt to pay me for what I do not know the treasures of his empire would not suffice."—Youth's Companion.

A Fascinating Stranger.

"A Worcester man," says the Worcester Gazette, "who makes frequent trips to Europe fell in with a fascinating stranger the last time he was across. The stranger, who may be designated as Ferguson because that does not sound at all like his real name, was an American, his manners were those of a gentleman, and he seemed to be well supplied with money and to know a great many people worth knowing. In conversation with the Worcester man one day Ferguson said: 'Worcester is a charming city, and I have some very dear friends there. I presume you know Colonel E. J. Russell? He is an old and highly esteemed friend, to whom I am deeply indebted for many favors.'"

"When the Worcester man returned home, he met Colonel Russell one day and in course of conversation remarked that he had met a man in Europe who said that he was an old friend. Colonel Russell thought for a moment, and then he replied: 'Oh, yes, I remember Ferguson very well! I ought to, for he lived with me for seven years once. It was when I was warden of the state prison at Charlestown, and I will say that Ferguson was one of the quietest and best behaved prisoners that I ever had.'"

A Lost Opportunity.

The Chicago Record says that some time ago a young organist secured permission to practice on the big organ in the Auditorium. An elderly man walked in and took a seat a few rows away from the musician. The young organist noticed him, and was encouraged to "show off" and do a few tricks of play for his audience. He ramblod on for an hour, and the elderly man sat there, apparently impressed. The young man tired at last and was about to lock the organ when the elderly man approached him and said in broken English that he wished to play for a few minutes.

"They don't allow any one but an experienced organist to touch the instrument," said the young man loftily.

With a little gesture, suggestive of meekness and humility, the stranger presented his card, "Alexandre Guilmant, Paris."

Then it was time for the young organist to swoon. He had missed the chance of his life. For an hour he had been entertaining the great master with homemade drivel.

Where to Carry Stamps.

"Business men have various ways of carrying their postage stamps," said the stamp clerk of their morning while sitting in his chair at the stamp window in the general postoffice. "A good many men who post their letters here always have one or more stamps about them. Some of them carry their stamps in stamp cases, but the economical man carries his stamps under the band of his hat or in his pockets."

"The other day a young man called for 'five twos,' and putting one on a letter which he had to mail, he took out his watch and opening the back of it slipped the remaining stamps into the case. They don't stick to the cover, and that is about the best way one can carry stamps if he has a watch."—New York Sun.

Vindication.

"Are you not ashamed to look your children in the face?" hissed the unhappy girl.

Her father bit his lips; that done, he cut loose.

"I will no longer endure to be unjustly reproached!" he cried. "You mother's folks!"

Sinking into a chair, he wept weak tears, not strong enough indeed to phase the colors in the upholstery.—Detroit Journal.

Poisons In Food.

Decomposition in animal products often develops poisonous alkaloids, and cases of illness from eating canned goods are usually traced to this source. There is also an element of danger in food that may be formed by the action of the contents of the can. Both these sources of danger have been reduced to a minimum by improved methods of canning, but it is idle to deny that they exist, and they demand reasonable precaution in purchasing and using canned goods.

A French physician has apparently proved to a certainty that the contagious period in whooping cough comes previous to the appearance of the "whoop."

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