

AN UNSETTLED QUESTION.

We had reached that early stage in our married life when we discussed small matters with much spirit and withal, amiability, more perhaps for the pleasure of hearing each other talk than for any other reason. We lived in a tiny house in a small New Jersey town, near enough to New York for me to reach my business easily. The house was our special delight. It was cozy within and without. With its numerous but not too dazzling colors and the second story overlapping the first a bit, it was quaint enough to be attractive in a way of its own.

I believe our Colonial forefathers originated the idea of building the upper story larger than the lower so that holes could be bored in the overlapping portion—a great convenience for shooting Indians when they came too close to be exterminated from the lower porches. There were no Indians to bother us, but I bored some holes, nevertheless. Through them people who came to the door could be seen in time for us to make up our minds whether or not we were at home. My wife said they also enabled her to gain valuable ideas as to the construction of her callers' boudoirs while they were waiting outside for the maid to answer the bell.

But not all who came were boudoirs. Many wore hats, and very dilapidated hats, in the bargain, for like all suburbanites we received frequent visits from members of the vagabond fraternity. Scarcely an hour of the day passed—a meal hour I might better say—but one or more tramps came to our back door. Sometimes one would vary the monotony by coming to the front entrance. By the holes in our overlapping floor we could look them over, and on occasion let them stand until they became tired and went away. As a rule, however, being young and tender hearted, we would give them what they wanted, which, in nearly all cases, was something to eat.

And thus it came about that we fell to discussing tramps. My wife, being of a romantic turn of mind, regarded them as unfortunate rather than vicious, and fitted them out with interesting histories. As they stood at the door we would sometimes discuss them from our vantage point above, even to the length of not answering their summons and letting them go away hungry.

I knew as little about tramps as did my wife, and was less ready at imagining things about them, in this being at a disadvantage. I made up somewhat by being scornful, and saying that circumstance, all by itself, never victimized so many able-bodied men.

One day my wife went so far as to say she believed that many tramps were gentlemen and would appear in their true character if given a proper opportunity. At this I rebelled. I declared that unless it was the instinct for leisure there was nothing about a tramp that snatched of the gentleman. We argued with such warmth that we almost lost our tempers, but regained them again in deciding to submit the matter to a test. The next vagabond who looked as if he might have gentlemanly instincts hid somewhere about him we would invite in and treat as an honored guest. I wanted to have him to dinner, but my wife thought a cup of coffee and perhaps some cake in the parlor would be enough, so I submitted. We also agreed that no back-door tramps would do. The tramp we were to honor must aid in his own selection to the extent of coming to the front door.

Several days passed before our experiment could be made. A number of likely-looking tramps came when I was in town, but as we both wished to be present at the trial, they were not admitted. Finally one Sunday morning after breakfast when we were in the sitting room on the second floor a ring came at the front door. I leaned over and looked through one of the apertures we had made. A dilapidated derby and a fore-shortened view of a sooty black suit of clothes came within my line of vision.

"Here he is," I exclaimed. My wife looked up with much interest.

"Who?" she inquired. "Why, our gentleman tramp come to pay us a morning call. Surely you have not forgotten that we expected him?"

She came forward and we both scrutinized the visitor through the hole in the floor.

"Shabby gentled," said she, musingly. "I think we should better ask him in."

"The tramp had been waiting patiently, but now rang the bell again. Our maid was evidently preparing for church. I hurried downstairs, while my wife coming close behind me entered the parlor to make ready to receive him. I opened the door.

"Why, good morning," I exclaimed with extreme cordiality. "Won't you come in?"

"Thanks," was the reply in tones as well modulated as my own. "I should be delighted. It is pleasant out of doors, but nothing, I am sure, to the comfort of your home."

This was astonishing. I looked somewhat crestfallen, but my wife beamed upon the caller and invited him to be seated.

He settled himself well back in the chair, not on the edge of it, as people do when they do not feel perfectly at home.

"It is a beautiful day," he continued easily. "I do not remember

ever having seen the country look finer."

I told him I had not yet been out of doors, but his praise of the weather would make me eager to go. After a few more remarks about the weather, he fell to discussing the town. He enlarged upon its situation, its convenience to the city, its natural and acquired beauties. Our house also appealed to him. He liked its coziness, its colors and the idea of the big second story. He then spoke of the landscape at the last election, and we exchanged views upon the political situation. From this he admired the color scheme in the furnishing of our parlor, and the agreeable light that permeated the room.

I was charmed. I forgot his shabby appearance, and under the influence of his flattery I talked easily and to my own pleasure—for up to this time I had been the one to feel somewhat ill at ease. My wife kept in the background. Her opinion was being upheld to her complete satisfaction. She smiled upon our guest and upon me, half amused at my so readily yielding to his conversational abilities. In a few minutes she excused herself and returned with a cup of coffee and sugar and cream upon a tray.

"It might refresh you after your walk," she suggested.

He thanked her and took the cup with infinite grace. He declined the cream and took but one lump of sugar. This he dropped in with great delicacy. My good opinion of him grew. This is a feat which I myself can seldom accomplish without splashing the coffee or wetting the tongue. He held the saucer well, and after stirring the coffee to dissolve the sugar he sipped it with exactly enough manifestation of enjoyment. He was a figure for a drawing room sketch in a society novel.

He declined another cup and arose, saying he must not detain us any longer, as the hour for church was approaching. I thought afterward that he left a little hastily, but in this I may have been mistaken. The door closed, leaving us with that feeling of satisfaction which always marks the departure of a courteous guest.

It was a moment before either of us said anything.

"Well," remarked my wife, finally, with a rising inflection.

"The experiment is a great success from your standpoint, isn't it?" I replied.

"I really must admit that a tramp and a gentleman can be one and the same person."

"I should have liked to learn something about him," she replied, "but one couldn't be inquisitive."

The conversation was so delightfully impersonal I wouldn't have broken in upon it for anything.

By this time she had picked up the tray.

"Why, where is the spoon?" I heard her exclaim suddenly. She put down the tray and we both searched for it, but finally gave up and looked blankly in each other's faces. There was no doubt about it. Our guest had taken the spoon with him.

"Do you think," I began finally, "she pressed her hand over my tips."

"No, I don't, dear," she said, "but you must admit he was most polite and entertaining. Perhaps," she added, "he was absent-minded."

I shook my head dubiously, but my wife even to this day is disposed to maintain that our tramp was a gentleman, even if he did take the spoon.

As silver spoons are not too plentiful in our family we have never repeated the experiment. Whether or not a tramp can be a gentleman remains an unsettled question in our home.

Of the brave old confederate of deer who has just died—Major F. G. Skinner, General Beauregard used to tell an amusing story. Prince Napoleon and Count Mercier, with their suite, had been visiting within the confederate lines during our civil war, and riding along the Fairfax turnpike near Centerville, Virginia, they came upon Skinner and a body of southern veterans, experimenting with some new tactics. Skinner left his men in charge of a junior officer, and approached the party.

He had been educated in France under the patronage of the Marquis de Lafayette, who was an old friend of his father's, and Prince Napoleon, who received him warmly, made some remark about the solitary appearance of his troops. Just at that moment, as it happened, an evolution brought the men into such a position that they turned their backs upon the distinguished visitors. The poor fellows had been through a hard campaign and uniforms were too expensive to be laid by for small cause. Their trousers showed the worst effects of their usage, being generally worn through and unpatched. The prince could not repress a smile as his eyes ran along the line of big and little holes. But Major Skinner was equal to the emergency. With characteristic French wit, he said, with a gesture toward his men: "Messieurs, vous voyez la partie de nos soldats que l'ennemi a pas encore vue, et j'espère ne varra jamais. (Gentlemen, you see there the side of our soldiers which has never yet been, and I hope never may be seen by the enemy.)"

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only the silence which costs nothing.—Tillotson.

A KENTUCKY WOMAN'S WIT.

"My dear, why are you wearing the Breckinridge button?" asked a prominent Kentucky matron of her equally prominent husband.

"Why not? I'm going to vote for him. I'm one of a committee to meet him on his arrival home, and to give him a rousing reception."

"I am surprised, my dear husband. I have always believed in you and honored you. We belong to the same church; you have helped me to bring up our children to respect honor and integrity. For the first time in my life I don't understand you."

"Now my dear wife, you don't understand the situation, that's all. You see, Colonel Breckinridge is a great man, a very great man. He belongs to a grand old Kentucky family, and has maintained the glory of our state for years. It won't do for us to go back on him now. The fact is, he's a persecuted man. Those northern fellows are jealous of him and want to get rid of him because he's such a power on the tariff. Take him out of congress and our side will be lost, lost. Kentucky must stand by her own. That's the way to look at this matter."

The handsome matron said nothing but did a lot of thinking, and the next morning appeared at breakfast arrayed in her best clothes, evidently bent on conquest.

"What's the matter? Where are you going?" asked the curious husband.

"The matter is I want \$20."

"Certainly. May I inquire where you are going so bright and early? You're looking uncommonly well."

"Delighted to hear it, because this is gala day, you know. Colonel Breckinridge is expected."

"Yes, but what's that to do with you?"

"Everything. After listening to your plea I've become convinced you are right. Colonel Breckinridge is a bright and shining light to the world; he is an example for all the world to follow, and as you intend to receive him, I also propose to meet him at the station."

"What?" gasped the astonished husband.

"Of course; why not? Half of the money you have given me will be invested in a beautiful bouquet that I shall present in person to the colonel on his arrival. The other half will be invested in as fine a turnout as can be had in town. I shall invite Mrs. Blank to accompany me; thus will I show my faith in you, my dear husband, for where you go, I can surely go. Colonel Breckinridge will have two women at least to welcome him. So good bye until we meet at the station."

"Stop a moment," cried the perplexed husband. "Colonel Breckinridge won't arrive until half-past four this afternoon. You needn't be in such a hurry."

"Yes, I need. Carriages will be in great demand to meet such a hero as you depict, and I must not delay securing a carriage."

"Come back, come back," pleaded that husband. "Sit down, my dear. I've brought me to my senses. You've made a fool of myself. Colonel Breckinridge is no greater man than before, and I've never been on a committee to receive him until now. Why should I make an exception of today?"

"Not unless you want to endorse him by inviting him to your house. Would you like him to escort our daughter to church next Sunday?"

That man looked at his wife as one who had opened his eyes for the first time.

"My dear, let us make a bargain. If you will give up the carriage and the bouquet and not go to the station this afternoon, I'll go out to the farm and stay there over night. You know I haven't been to the farm for a long while, and it's important I should go at once. That will settle this matter for the present, and when election day comes round I'll vote according to my convictions."

It was a bargain, and that's the way one man didn't receive Colonel Breckinridge. He was cured by his own wife.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Twenty-Four Presidents. Washington first of the presidents stands. Next Philip John Adams attention commands. Tom Jefferson's third on the glorious score, And square Jimmy Madison counts number four.

Fifth on the record is plain James Monroe, And John Quincy Adams is sixth, don't you know?

Next Jackson and Martin Van Buren true blue, And Harrison ninth, known as Tippecanoe. Next Tyler, the first of the vice to rise, Then Polk and then Taylor, the second who dies.

Next Fillmore, a vice, takes the president's place; And small Franklin Pierce is fourteenth in the race.

Fifteenth is Buchanan, and following him The great name of Lincoln make all other dim.

Next to Johnson comes Grant, with the laurel and bay, And next after Grant, comes Rutherford Hayes.

Next Garfield and Arthur, then Cleveland the fat. Next Harrison wearing his granddaddy's hat.

Admit little Ben twenty-third in the train, And last on the list, behold Cleveland again.

—Ran's Horn.

The fact becomes clearer every day that the sugar schedule of the tariff bill was arranged to meet the wishes of the sugar trust; and it is for the democratic senators to explain why this was done if there was nothing paid for it.

HOW TO GO TO TILLAMOOK BY WAGON OR STAGE.

Many parties of campers from the Willamette valley are going to the coast this year, and for the benefit of such, the Tillamook Headlight offers a few suggestions as to roads.

VIA FOREST GROVE. Take the Wilson river toll road, at Gales Creek, a few miles west of Forest Grove. The grades are easy, the road is in good condition, and there are good accommodations for man and beast at various places en route. The distance is 60 miles from Forest Grove to Tillamook City. The road runs through fine scenery all the way, beautiful falls are seen on every side, and the finest timber in Oregon is on this route. There is fine fishing and hunting all along this road and it is a camper's paradise. Hundreds of campers came this way last year, and the number will be more than double this year. Daily stages pass over this road.

VIA NORTH YAMHILL. The distance from North Yamhill to Tillamook is 45 miles, and the route has been a popular one for many years. Mr. Crowson, the new proprietor of the toll road, has built many new culverts and bridges, changed the grades so they are easier and generally improved the road. At the toll gate he keeps a good hotel and feed-stable, and Trask post office. Daily mail stages each way pass this place. There are other good stopping places on the road. There are fine camping grounds all along and fishing and hunting are as good on Trask river as anywhere in Oregon. The travel over this route will be enormous this year.

VIA SHERIDAN. This is also an excellent route, there are no steep grades and there is excellent fishing coming down either Three Rivers or Little Nestucca. There is little timber on this road, and it passes through the picturesque Grand Ronde Indian reservation. The road forks at Dolph, one branch going down the Little Nestucca to Oretown and the other down Three Rivers, and the Big Nestucca to Woods.

WHICH TO TAKE. If you are going to Nehalem or Netarts beaches, take either the Wilson river or Trask river roads, however some come to Netarts by way of Sheridan and Nestucca. If you wish to go to Barnegat beach on the sand spit, come to Tillamook, and take one of the boats that run from here to Barnegat.

If you wish to go to Little Nestucca beach, near Oretown, come via of Sheridan and down the Little Nestucca. Those who wish to go to Woods or to Sand Lake beach, should come down Three Rivers.

Another good way to come, for those who do not carry camping outfit, is to take the steamer Elmore at Astoria, which sails for this place every four days.

Specimen Cases. S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of 8 years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Hillsboro Pharmacy.

Now Try This. It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at Hillsboro Pharmacy. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

A Lady of the White House. To the small list of surviving ladies who have presided at the White House a name unfamiliar to all but older readers has lately been added, that of Mrs. Drandridge, the surviving daughter of Zachary Taylor, and who was known at the White House as "pretty Betty Bliss." Mrs. Drandridge whose first husband was Col. Bliss, President Taylor's Chief of Staff, has been visiting Washington lately.

News has reached Albany of the accidental killing of a 16-year-old son of Antony Frazier, of Silver Falls, Marion county. He was on the way to a neighbor's to do an errand, and turned aside to go to the top of the falls on Drift creek, supposedly to see if any of his comrades were fishing there. Subsequently his body was found at that place with a bullet hole entering at the left eye and coming out at the top of the head, the rifle upon his breast, he having fallen backward. It is supposed to have been a purely accidental shot, but just how it occurred no one can tell. Another boy out fishing found the body.

The generality of men spend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.—Bruyere.

PERSONAL POLITICS.

A style of political campaigning prevalent here some score years ago was denominated the Oregon style, but the worst that has ever been published, or conceived, or executed, is mild compared with what is taking place in Breckinridge's Kentucky congressional district. As a sample of the Kentucky style, the following news report, published in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is given:

Five Lexington ladies, the wives of some of the most prominent men in the South, and who vigorously opposed the renomination of Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge for congress, were the recipients of a letter this morning that will go down in history as the most insulting and cowardly epistle ever penned. The authorship of this letter is attributed to a prominent Breckinridge man, and if it is proved on him he will be called to time. Other men, the mere mention of whose names would create a sensation extending outside of Kentucky, are accused of complicity in the matter. The letter was written in Lexington and sent to the postmaster at Pittsburg, Pa., inclosed with a letter asking that it be forwarded back to Lexington. The request was granted, but the postmaster indorsed the envelope of the infamous letter with these words in red ink: "Sent from Lexington with the request that it be mailed here." The letter begins by demanding that the ladies to whom it was addressed, Mesdames Judge Milton J. Durham, wife of the ex-controller of the treasury; Judge Jere R. Morton, Col. A. L. Harrison and two other ladies cease their "vilest proceedings against Colonel Breckinridge." It indulges in a half page of the most insulting insinuations and obscene innuendoes, and insults the ladies in every way imaginable. Threats of the most bloody character are then used, and finally the letter charges that several of the ladies have skeletons in their own family closets that they would not wish aired by the press, and threatens to bring innumerable scandels before the public unless they cease opposing Breckinridge. Further, the letter threatens death unless the demand specified are obeyed.

Mrs. Judge Morton refused to give the letter to the "Globe-Democrat" correspondent, on the ground that it should not be printed. She said, however, that the ladies to whom the letter was addressed were not frightened, but had ample confidence in their husband's ability to defend them from scandal and physical violence. The ladies claim they recognize the hand writing of the letter as that of a prominent Breckinridge man, and in the event that the act is fixed on him he will be called out and the usual satisfaction demanded.

Indignation is great, and there is talk of speedily punishing the author of the letter. The Breckinridge people claim that the letter, like the Crutched letter, was written and inspired by the Owens faction, in the hope that it would be charged to men favorable to the Silver Tongued, and act to his detriment. The ladies declare that the letter has not intimidated them, and that they will oppose Breckinridge more strongly than ever.

SCHOOL REPORTS. Following is the report of Witch Hazel school, district No. 79, for month ending June 1st: No. days taught, 20; No. pupils enrolled, 16; No. days attendance, 181; No. absence, 23; No. times tardy, 3; average attendance, 9; No. of visitors, 4. Those neither absent nor tardy were Loran Palmater, Susanna and Haid Helvogt. MARY IMLAY, Teacher.

PATTON VALLEY, No. 32. The following is the report of Patton Valley school, district No. 32, for the month ending June 8, 1894. No. days taught, 19; No. days attendance, 438; No. days absence, 20; No. times tardy, 3; No. boys enrolled, 9; No. of girls, 15; whole No. of pupils, 24; average daily attendance, 23; No. of visitors, 10. Those who were neither absent nor tardy were: Etta Patton, Mahala Roberts, Blanche Vail, Hannah, Earnest, Archie, Anna and Flora Coughtry, Rosa, James and Myrtle Lee, Winnie Connolly, Ellen and Jane Bates, May Warner, Jesse and Emma Martin. SARAH F. BATES, Teacher.

DISTRICT No. 6. Following is the report of Union school, district No. 6, for month ending June 8: No. days attendance, 727; No. days absence, 355; No. times tardy, 98; No. pupils enrolled, 71; average No. belonging, 62; average daily attendance, 39. Those who were present every day are John and Katherine Thompson, Frederica Wismer and Nettie Owens.

T. A. FLECK, Principal. LIZZIE YOUNG, Assistant.

Senator McPherson's explanation of his deal in sugar stock shows how necessary it is for public men to employ servants who will not take the liberty of sending telegrams for them on which they realize profits of \$1500 at a pop.

Ignorance is a mere privilage, by which nothing can be produced; it is a vacancy, in which the soul sits motionless and torpid for want of attraction.—Johnson.

Brevity to writing is what charity is to all other virtues; righteousness is nothing without the one, nor authorship without the other.—Sydney Smith.

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THE MORMONS AS THEY ARE.

In her new book, "Miss Florence A. Merriam finds that the Mormons are passing through a transition stage in the practice of polygamy; while theoretically the practice has been abolished by many of the older polygamists, the law is openly disregarded. In the village where she spent her summer there were about thirty polygamists, and the different effects of the law were well illustrated. "One woman of strong character was supporting herself, against the wishes of her husband, because she was a second wife and would not break the law by living with him; on the other hand, one of the Mormon elders had obeyed the law by going to Canada with his young second wife, leaving the old mother of his children behind—these being different forms of conscientiousness. Another prominent member of the Church of the Saints, who had six living wives, came under government notice and had to fly to the mountains, where he was hunted by the officers for two years. When he was found, however, a number of wealthy Gentile business connections petitioned for his pardon, stipulating that he should take his oath to abide by the law. Whereupon, being duly sworn, he returned to his six wives, no further questions being asked. One of the village government officials had two wives, but, although the Salt Lake Tribune reported the case, nothing was done about it."

Miss Merriam believes that legislation alone will never completely crush out polygamy. It was established by a subtle appeal to what is best in man and best in woman, "and as long as the woman believes that it is right, the laws can never crush it out." The remedy lies in an education, the broadest and best, an education which will develop reasoning power, which will enable her to read the lessons of the historical growth of the religious systems of the world and which will convince her of the futility of turning to the past for the ethical ideals of the future.

Silver Lake, Lake county, has broken over its levee and is on its way to the desert, where it went in 1881. The water has reached Thorne lake, a distance of 34 miles, filling up an immense country as it goes. The gap is 30 feet wide and draws current from some distance out in the lake to the gap.

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