

How Matt McGinnis Lost his Nerve.

A Thrilling Railroad Story, by W. L. ALDEN.

While the westward bound express was stopping at the Jericho station I noticed that the station master was in close conversation with the engine driver. This was an unusual act on his part, as he strictly upheld the dignity of his office, and held no communication with engine drivers except to hand them such telegraphic orders as he might happen to have received for them. So after the train had departed, and the station master had returned to his usual lounging place on the platform, I asked him who was the man with whom he had been conversing.

"That man," he replied, "That was Hank Stevens, the best engineer on this or any other road. I've known him for going on twenty years, and have helped to pull him out from under three wrecked engines. He's quiet and careful enough nowadays, but there was a time when that there man was just the greatest hustler, and the biggest daredevil that ever handled the throttle of an engine."

"Speaking of nerve reminds me that there was an engineer on this road once who lost his nerve under very singular circumstances, and Hank Stevens was at the bottom of those circumstances, as you might say. It isn't at all uncommon for an engineer to lose his nerve. It may happen through having his spinal marrow hurt in an accident; at least that's what the doctors say, or it may be that he has been frightened once clean through, and when that happens he's done for. The least little thing will frighten a man who has had one good scare, and he knows it, and is always on the lookout for something that is going to scare him."

"Now this hyer Hank Stevens was, at the time I am speaking of, engineer of the engine that hauled the accommodation train between Athensville, and Tiberius Center, and Matt McGinnis was engineer of the express, being a man who had been 30 years in the company's service, and was considered to have no superior in his line. He was a very nice, quiet sort of fellow, and he didn't like Hank's noisy and reckless ways, for there's no denying that Hank was reckless at times."

"Well, every afternoon Hank's train used to meet the express. Going up would meet her about ten miles north of Herel and going down he would meet her just a mile out of Spartansville. It was his duty to go on a siding and wait for the express, but when she was five minutes late Hank had the right of way, and could go ahead and require the express to wait for him. You may bet your life he never waited more than the five minutes, and sometimes he would pull out when he could hear the express coming, and make her back down to the next station."

"There was a girl somewhere on the line, I disremember just exactly where, though come to think of it she must have lived at Spartansville. No! she couldn't, either, for the accommodation never stopped the night there, and so Hank couldn't have spent his evening with her, which was his general rule. She must have lived at Tiberius Center, where Hank laid up at night and where Matt McGinnis lived when he was at home. Well, anyway, we'll say she lived there, and it isn't of any consequence where she did live so far as this story is concerned."

"Both the men were dead in love with the girl, and she didn't seem disposed to make up her mind which of the two she liked best. Hank used to come to see her pretty near every evening at about 8 o'clock, and Matt used to spend most of the two hours that he had in Tiberius Center every day from 2:30 to 4:34 at her house. As far as I could judge Matt was making a little the best headway, for he always had the girl to himself when he called, while when Hank was there in the evening, her father and mother were apt to be on hand."

"Hank was terribly jealous of Matt, and he never lost a chance to make things unpleasant for him on the road. He would pull out from the siding where he had been waiting for the express a minute before she was due, and when he met her he would show his watch which he had shored on until she was two or three minutes fast, and stick it to that she was right. Reasoning with him wouldn't do any good. There was his train on the track and he wouldn't budge an inch, so in the end the express would have to back down, and Hank would remark to Matt that if he didn't get a new watch he would come to grief some day."

"After a while the girl made up her mind, and she took Matt. I don't blame her, for though he was pretty old for her, he was a good man with considerable cash in the bank, and a big life insurance policy, while Hank hadn't a cent beyond his pay, and was liable from his reckless ways to be smashed almost any day. Of course Matt was in high spirits over his success, and Hank was correspondingly nasty. The first time the two met Matt says: 'Look here, Hank Stevens! I've had about enough of your games, and I'm not going to give you the right of way many more times, when you know as well as I do that you're not entitled to it. Some day you'll pull out of that siding ahead of time once too often.'"

"What are you proposing for to do in the premises?" says Hank, who had a fine command of language, and could be most deadly polite when he wanted to be.

"I propose," says Matt, "for to open my throttle and smash your dirty little accommodation train into 5,000,000 splinters, and you with it. That's what I intend to do, and what I ought to have done long ago, only I had a weak sort of feeling for your passengers."

"All right," says Hank. "You come along with your bullying old express and try to smash me if you want to. We'll see who will come out on top of the heap. I've generally got about two car loads of coal just behind my engine, and I calculate you'll have some little trouble driving through them."

"Now Hank knew well enough that Matt meant what he said. Matt was, as I told you, a mighty careful and conscientious man, but you could drive him too far, and he had certainly made up his mind to run into Hank's train if it kept getting in his way, and I don't blame him. However he never did run into Hank's train, though he thought he did."

"A week, or maybe 10 days, or maybe a fortnight later, the express came round a sharp curve near Antioch about 7 o'clock at night, and precious dark it was too at that time of year. Matt was two hours late, owing to a freight train having got off the track ahead of him, and he had received a telegram ordering him to pass the accommodation five miles east of Antioch, where she would wait for him on the siding. Matt was running at about 45 miles an hour, trying to make up a little time, and he kept wondering whether Hank would wait for him on the siding or would pull out and pull along down the road just so as to delay the express an hour or two longer. 'If he does,' says Matt to himself, 'I'm not the fireman to hear him, there'll be the biggest smash that this road has seen this year.' Just at that minute the express swung round the curve, and there was an engine on the track not more than 40 yards ahead. Her headlight was blazing away, and right under it Matt could read the number of Hank's engine, which was number 34, unless I am mistaken. I remember it because it was the engine that used to haul the train that I was baggage-master of, a year before this here incident happened."

"There he is," says Matt, "and he's done it once too often. With that he pulls her wide open, and stands to his post. The express engine gave a big jump, and fairly sprang on to number 34, that is of course unless I'm mistaken in thinking that it was 34, and I don't believe I am. Still a man can't always trust his memory, and I know that mine ain't what it once was."

"Well, the two engines came together, and Matt, he shut his eyes for a minute, for in such circumstances a man can't very well help winking. To his tremendous astonishment there wasn't so much as a jar, let alone a crash. Number 34—yes, I remember now that that was her number—just sort of opened out as you might say, and seemed to fall in pieces on each side of Matt's engine. There wasn't any train of any sort behind 34, and the express went on her way rejoicing."

"Matt turns to the fireman with a face as white as a consumptive parson's, and says he: 'Jim, did you see that engine?' 'Never saw anything plainer in my life,' says Jim, but it wasn't no engine. That was a ghost if ever there was one.' 'They say that when the express came into Tiberius Center that night Matt had to be helped off the engine, and helped to his house, and a doctor sent for. The doctor said the man was suffering from a severe nervous shock, and must keep perfectly quiet. Matt, he sent in his resignation the very next day, and he never drove an engine on our road afterward. He hung round drinking middling hard and keeping quiet, according to the doctor's orders, for about a month, and then he got a berth on the Montana Southern road. But he wasn't of the slightest use. His nerves were clean gone. He'd think he saw things on the track when there was nothing but melbe a moonbeam, and he'd call for breaks and stop his train, and have the biggest kind of job in trying to tell the conductor what he had stopped the train for. The company dismissed him after about six months, and Matt gave up railroading, and is now driving a truck in Chicago."

"I don't know whether he knows the trick Hank played on him or not. But this was the way of it. Hank spent a lot of money in Chicago, for a pasteboard engine, made to look exactly like number 34, and provided with a genuine headlight, all complete. Then he hid this hyer Quaker engine set up on the track just round a curve, at a time when he knew that the only train which could possibly come along would be the express. Of course he had several fellows engaged in the thing with him, but Hank was a mighty popular chap with the boys, and he could always find help enough for any game that he might want to carry out. Of course the express engine went through the pasteboard concern without ever feeling it, and I don't blame Matt for believing that it was a ghost, especially as he had the fireman to him in that opinion."

"I don't justify Hank, for I always considered that he played it altogether too low down on Matt, and Hank allows that he did, now that he is older, and has come to look at things rationally. I don't think it's the sort of thing he'd do now, though of course the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked, as the good book says."

Telephones in Battle.

The telephone seems destined to play an important part on the battlefields of the future. Experiments were recently made abroad with a bimetallic wire, made up of a core of steel surrounded by a coating of copper. Rods carrying 10,000 feet of this wire can be easily carried by soldiers as a part of their equipment. The entire apparatus necessary for a line a mile long can be used of this wire made to weigh only 54 pounds. The infinite and valuable uses to which such an instrument could be applied will be obvious to everyone.

MODERN PERSIANS IN THEIR HOMES.

Domestic Life of the Subjects of the Shah Described by a Diplomat.

The social life of Persia was originally the natural outgrowth of certain climatic and racial conditions. As it was 2,500 years ago, such it continues to-day practically unchanged. Only when the conditions change will the social life of the country also change. It is a mistake to suppose that Mohamet or the precepts he laid down in the Koran produced any radical deviations in the social or domestic institutions of the countries which embrace his doctrines. He enunciated the great principles of monotheism, new in many parts of the East or forgotten; and only seemed to introduce a new social system by simply placing his official seal of approbation on what already exists, adding a few details here and there, and thus making obligatory as articles of faith customs which had obtained for ages by reason of usage rather than law.

The patriarchal life of the early Persians served as the foundation for the great nation which was finally evolved when numerous tribes were crystallized into a homogeneous, powerful and absolute monarchy. The sovereign continued to be simply a patriarch governing but controlling a larger family or clan, and in her social system the father or head of a family is still in Persia not merely a father, but a ruler to whom all his descendants pay due reverence and allegiance. He is the patriarch until death removes him and his oldest son takes his place.

POLYAMY OF ANCIENT DATE.

It was not the Koran which instituted polyamy, and the kings of Persia with their vast harems merely practiced on a scale suited to their rank a cannibal system established by their ancestors, the early patriarchs. At the outset the women were not kept in seclusion, nor are they now among those Persians who are still nomads. But the kings, in order to exhibit greater state and preserve a pure lineage, introduced the system of carefully guarding their wives and concubines and keeping them from the public eye. The custom extended to the nobles, and was gradually adopted by all classes except the nomads.

But of course it is impossible for any one but the sovereign to seclude his wives entirely, hence the Persian women have liberty to go abroad, but they must be closely veiled, and no man can enter the quarter of a dwelling devoted to them except the husband and the sons. It is evident that these essential traits of Persian life are directly evolved from the early patriarchal system, which is universally practiced in Persia is borrowed from the extreme ceremonies which protect approach to the sovereign, and make his person and power more august and terrible in the eyes of the people.

In like manner it is precisely by strictly maintaining a graded scale of etiquette that men in different social grades protect themselves in country where all are equally the slaves of the sovereign. All these apparently absurd social rules, which so often arouse the derision of Europeans, have their basis therefore in utility. When the necessity for them ceases with changing conditions, this elaborate social system of Persia will pass away, exactly as dueling or the too ready resort to arms for resenting affronts will wholly disappear from the South when it is found that society is sufficiently well organized and compact to give a man other and more rational means for avoiding affront of aggression.

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

The social life of Persia is conditioned also on its domestic life; the two are distinct in that country, instead of being inter-larded or forming one system as with us. Polyamy and the seclusion of Oriental women makes it impossible for the sexes to meet in Persia on social terms, or for such a thing to exist as general society. Whatever society each sex enjoys must be exclusively with members of its own sex. Women may give entertainments or visit, men may do the same; but on all such occasions only one sex is represented.

The interchange of visits among Persian ladies is attended by an etiquette similar to that practiced by the men, with somewhat more attention, perhaps, to serving and urging the guest to eat fruits and confectionery. But except among women of the highest rank, who have private baths attached to their residences, the most important social factor among Persian women is the public bath. There they assemble with their children, and after bathing and having their long tresses dyed with henna and plaited in long braids, which are good for several days, they gather in groups, making the exquisite embroidery for which they are famous, and exchanging the gossip of the neighborhood. Thus they plan the marriages of their children, retail the news they have had from their husbands, and learn what is going on in the world, adding to the means which they possess in no less degree than their European sisters for influencing the male members of their households and swaying the affairs of the nation.

They who think that the seclusion of Oriental women results in a diminution of their influence labor under a great mistake. If anything, seclusion sharpens their wits and quickens their talent for intrigue and the execution of deep-laid designs, and the men are like patty in their hands. Occasionally a European husband, in a sudden paroxysm of rage, or restive under petticoat rule, may temporarily rebel and vigorously assert himself; but he is soon reduced to subjection again, and fair woman resumes her sway. Half the civil wars of Persia have been due to the women.

SOCIAL LIFE BEGINS EARLY.

A man's social life in Persia begins with sunrise, after he has had his car-

ly cup of coffee or tea; has said his morning prayer, and issued from the androom, or woman's apartments, where he invariably lives from the dinner hour at sunset to till morning with some one of his wives. Social life in that country gives place at twilight to domestic life; there is of course no visiting after dark, the whole city retiring, as it were, to the androom and the streets become deserted except by the dogs and an occasional policeman.

The dry, steady and extreme heat which prevails a good part of the year, although not unhealthy, obliges the people to rise early and rest in the middle of the day. Business is therefore transacted or visits are made before ten in the morning and after three in the afternoon. A certain amount of sociality is customary in purely business transactions, the more important the business the greater the etiquette observed. Refreshments are served and honeyed phrases about health and wealth proceed and follow the business discussion. But it is when purely social visits are to be paid and received that one sees to its full extent the wonderful and really burdensome elaboration of social ceremonies in Persia, ceremonies which take one back to the time of Darius.

Much as we may laugh at them here in our simpler democratic circles, yet one cannot afford to despise them who would maintain his position and enlarge his influence in that country. Therefore, while I was resident in that country I was always extremely careful to ascertain and to respect every social custom, and to proceed according to the rank of my guest or host. To offend on these points was to hinder or defeat the purposes for which I was there.

When a visit is to be paid, whether official or friendly, it is customary to give notice. If the guest and the host are of high and equal rank the notice is in writing, and is acknowledge in the same way. When the visitor outranks the host, notice is simply verbal, taken by a secretary, and according to the relative rank of the host, maybe the day before or simply a few hours or even less.

VISITING CEREMONIES.

Custom requires that they should go in a style not only suited to his own rank, but to that of the host. Thus he may be attended by a large mounted retinue of servants, or simply with one or two. As he approaches the mansion of the host he is met by a mounted servant, who at once returns to the house with all speed and announces his coming. On dismounting the visitor is escorted through the grounds by a file of servants whose number is proportioned to his rank. He is received by the host according to their relative social position either at the outer steps at the inner door, in the middle of the reception room, or at the divan where the host may be standing or may even remain sitting.

For the host to offend by not going far enough to meet his visitor is an unpardonable affair, while for him to advance too far is to lower himself to a point from which he cannot well recover. The same system is followed in the matter of sitting, those of equal rank occupying seats equidistant from the door. But he is host or guest, he one present, whether there be one guest or a dozen, must all know their places, and must carefully avoid taking a seat higher than belongs to them even when urged to do so in the strenuous manner.

After the guest is seated he exchanges bows with the host and then bows to every other visitor or member of the family who may be present, each in turn according to his rank. Certain formal compliments are then exchanged, and conversation begins, aided by refreshments. The Persians are more quick, lively and vivacious than the Turks, although by no means the superiors of the latter in any other respect, and hence while a formal visit cannot be well under one to two hours in length, it is generally quite entertaining. Social questions, literature, philosophy, ethics and art are discussed with fluency and intelligence, often relieved by recitations from the poets or humorous anecdotes and jests.

SERVICE OF REFRESHMENTS.

The serving of refreshments on visits of ceremony is, according to prescribed order, that long fixed custom has rigidly ordained. Its character on every occasion depends on the relative rank of the parties concerned, and somewhat also on the season. In the warm season cooling beverages take the place of some of the hot drinks. As a rule, supposed guest and host to be of equal rank, sherbets, tea and pipes are alternately served. Coffee is served last, and is brought in by the distinctly uttered order of the host. This is understood to be a signal for the visit to terminate, and the guest after the tiny cup of black coffee is drank gravely bows, expresses his pleasure at the courtesies of his reception, and requests permission to depart. He is attended to the door by the host precisely to the same point where he was received, but not a step further.

It may be added that the refreshments are served by as many servants in stocken feet as there are individuals present of equal rank, and are presented to each at the same identical moment. These of lower rank are then served accordingly to their social position. The servants must invariably retire backward. When the sons, grandsons, or brothers of the host are present they sit in a row below him according to their ages. One fact a European must never forget on such occasions; a Persian very rarely alludes to his wives when conversing with gentlemen, and it is an unseemable affront for the guest to ask after their health or to leave them his compliments.

Twice the Shoe Size Is the Glove Size. A well-proportioned woman wears a shoe whose number is half that of her glove; for instance, if her glove is No. 6 her shoe should be No. 3.

Daily Care of Clothing.

Not alone at the time of the semi-annual upheaval, known as house-cleaning time, should the clothing receive special care; much advice of offered in regard to putting away the Summer clothing in the Fall, and the proper methods of packing and caring for the Winter clothing during the Summer months; but still more important is the daily care of the articles in constant use. In the average family clothing deteriorates as much from the lack of care as from the natural wear and tear.

A dress or coat should never be hung away with soiled spots on it, even for a few days. It is much easier to remove the spots as soon as they appear than to wait till they accumulate, and, as is often the case, collect dust and dirt until it becomes almost impossible to remove all traces of them. It will take but a few moments to thoroughly brush and shake a dress, or hang it for a little while in the open air on a windy day, and you will be well repaid in its bright fresh appearance, even when it is necessary to give it very constant wear. The proverbial 'stitch in time' must ever be kept in mind, of course; all rips should be sewed with strong thread, buttons replaced as soon as they come off, and button holes reworked when they become ragged.

All coats should be hung on the small wire frames which come for this purpose, or board frames made to fit the shoulders, and they will keep their shape much better than when hung by the loops in the neck or armholes. Pants should be well brushed and hung in a pants stretcher or frame. Fold them carefully, keeping the same as when first bought, and are thus kept looking fresh and new every time they are worn.

Boots and shoes should be carefully dried and oiled when they become wet, and should always be smoothed out, and set in the proper position when taken off, instead of being thrown down just as it happens, to become unshapely; and those not in use should be kept in a bag or box out of the dust.

Buy only fast colors in stockings, and before they are worn darn the heels and toes, and if for children the knees also, with silk or other strong thread, the color of the stocking. If carefully done the stitches will not show on the right side and will add much to the wear of the stocking. Darn all breaks when small, and when they are washed see that it is done carefully and that they are pulled into shape when damp.

Hats and caps should be kept well brushed and those that are not in constant use kept in a box. Ribbons and plumes and all trimming on hats and bonnets should be arranged in proper shape before putting them into boxes. All laces, ribbons, gloves, etc., should be folded as they were when new, and placed where they will be free from light and dust.

All starch clothes will keep nice much longer, if they are carefully smoothed and folded when not in use. Small breaks in underclothing should receive attention as soon as they appear. Choose buttons with large eyes, and sew them on with linen thread, and it will seldom be necessary to replace them as long as the garment lasts. Knit underwear should be patched with pieces of the old, saved for the purpose.

When dresses, coats, etc., become wet, hang them so that they will not be drawn out of shape when dry. Plumes, when wet should be dried and curled over a knife blade and shaken over a hot stove. Clothing thus cared for will last much longer, will fit well until worn out, and, best of all, any garment will be ready to put on at a moment's notice, with the assurance that everything has the fresh, new appearance so desirable.

Household Hints.

All rugs, when shaken, should be handled by the center, not by the edge.

Try a tablespoonful of ammonia to one teaspoonful of water for cleaning jewelry.

Try a sheet of white paper on a dark table cover if you must work at night.

Before laying a carpet, try washing the floor with turpentine to prevent buffalo moths.

Pole rings can be made to run easily by rubbing the pole with kerosene until it is thoroughly smooth.

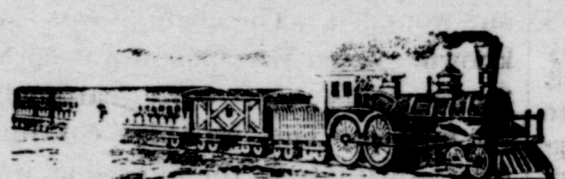
Milk in boiling always forms a peculiar acid, so a pinch of soda should be added when beginning to cook.

If a wart be rubbed with the pared surface of a fresh potato three times a day it will disappear within a month.

When blacking the kitchen range, mix the black lead with vinegar, and a very superior polish, and at small trouble, will be the result.

Cement for China.

A good cement for china consists of a quarter of an ounce of gum acacia, dissolved in half a wineglassful of boiling water, with sufficient plaster of paris added to make a stiff paste.



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