2003

255.2

My Lady Peggy Goes to Town

By FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS

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(Continued from last week)

"Fie upon thee, waven arregod're waiting woman new to a lady of fashion-to wit, myself-and well used to journeys up to town in coaches every season! Lud!" Here Peggy stood in a puddle to take breath. "I wonder if we'll ever pass muster at the inn. And yet I'm sure landlord or

dame or hostler 'd never think of me." "Maste, madam," returns Chockey, "for do not forget the coach starts at 5 on the stroke, and we've still the quarter mile to go."

And on they went, Peggy with measured tread, Chockey plodding after, into the inn yard, where even now the great coach with its four bays waited the signal to start.

"All h'up for the London mail! shouted the coachman merrily.

And Lady Peggy and her woman, neatly sandwiched between a fat, fussy dowager and a swearing, tearing old gentleman who together absorbed the fnest of the vehicle and all the attention of their fellow passengers, found themselves on the road to town.

No one paid the least heed to them save that at the stops the guard came civilly to ask Chockey if her mistress required any refreshment, to which Chockey, well prepared, always answered "no," since to raise their veils might betray their identity. So 'twas in hunger, silence and oblivion that the momentous journey was taken.

Without incident the journey up to the great city is accomplished, and by \$ in the afternoon up pull the four norses before the door of the King's Arms in the Strand, and Lady Peggy and her woman and her box are set down in the yard amid the din and bustle incident always to the arrival of travelers.

Not much attention is bestowed on them, a couple of unpretending appearing women, evidently not persons of quality, as the meek little calfskin Box is their sole belonging. Coming up to London, too, without even one manservant bespeaks but little consideration in the throng of ladies of fashion, gallants over their coffee, courtiers popping in for the news, sparks intent on ogling a pretty face or noting a frim ankle that much o'ercrowded the gard, ordinary and parlor of the King's Arms.

Just here once for an instant Lady Perry's brave heart failed her; most, Wheh she espied at the door, just getding into her silken curtained chair, a lady so young and beautiful, so righly girt, so spick and span, with such wonderful patches and such snowy powdered locks, such sparkling eyes, such begemined angers glistening through her mitts, and linew at once that Lady Diana Weston was indeed "in town!"

She faltered a bit, indeed sank down on the box, which Chockey had set in a corner of the yard, and for a brief moment both mistress and maid bedewed their masking falls with a few splashing tears.

plucking up her spirits. "Chock," said she, "beckon me a boy from yonder group. Inquire the path to the corner of Holywell foad and Lark lane. Order



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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I suffered with stomach complaint for years. got so bad that I could not carry my children but five months, then would have a miscarriage. The last time I became pregnant, my husband got me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the first bottle I was relieved of the sickmess of stomach, and began to feel better in every way. I continued its use and was enabled to carry my baby to maturity. I now have a nice baby the window grays, while the noises girl, and can work better than I ever that are all new to these two come could before. I am like a new woman," -MRS. FRANK BEYER, 22 S. Second St., Meriden, Conn. — \$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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him shoulder the box and lead the way. Speak with a swagger, Chock. Knock the drops out of your lashes with a laugh, girl! Let 'em think we're old hands at the town and used to being waited upon!" Lady Peggy straightened herself in her grimy shoes and gave the Levantine a twitch which she hoped was quite the mode.

Meantime Chockey did her mistress' bidding, and in less time than it takes to set it down the two were following the lad in and out of such a net and mazework of streets and lanes as set their heads a-whirling. Now they wheeled around this bend, now across that alley, foul smelling as a ditch or a dirty dog; anon up a broader way where knockers shone and chairs waited at the curb, then a cut down here, and at last this was Holywell road and yonder the opening of Lark lane.

Well, to be sure, 'twas a sorry spot. As Lady Peggy paid the boy and stood on the step she ruefully surveyed the environment. The wigmaker's opposite, with a wig in the window, she half laughingly noted, the very yellow counterpart of Sir Bobin McTart's round pate; a dingy chocolate house at t'other end of the row of dark, timbered, nodding houses, and this one of the stretch, taller, grimier even than its forlorn neighbors, was where poor scribbling Kennaston hunted that jade called Fame!

At double knock came hobbling the charwoman, loath to be disturbed at her twilight pipe, but brisking at sight of Lady Peggy's now uncovered face and shilling between fingers.

Yes, indeed, here his lordship lodged and ate. Was his lordship at 'ome? Nay, that was he not, but surely might be before cock crow tomorrow. His lordship's sister! Lawk! Would her ladyship and her ladyship's woman condescend to come in and mount? What a beautiful surprise for 'is young lordship when he did get 'ome, to be sure! No, he 'adn't gone out aione; a gay spark, a gentleman of the first quality, 'ad come, as often 'e did, and fetched h'off 'is lordship with 'im last night. 'Is name? Was it Sir Robin McTart peradventure? No, no, that was a name she 'ad never 'eard! 'Twas no duke nor earl neither, but a-Sir,

And as the old woman and Chockey, carrying the calfskin box between them, reached the last landing and set their burden down in thankfulness, Lady Peggy, feeling the way, said:

"Sir Percy de Bohun, perchance? Methinks my brother has a companion by some such title."

"Aye, that's 'im! Ah, my lady, as splendid a gentleman as ever sang 'God Save the King!' Free with 'is sovereigns, my hadf, as trees is with their nuts, and to match 'im for oaths -there's not that prince of the blood as can swear so beautiful when 'e's dead drunk. These is 'is lordship's your brother's chambers, my lady," throwing open the door and ushering Then spoke Lady Peggy, rising and Peggy and her servitor into as dingy, dirty, empty, sad, bare and unkempt an appearing place as ever mortal and intrepid lady set two tired feet within. But Lady Peggy for the nonce was only eager on one point.

"Drunk, say you, dame? And wherefore should so generous a young gentleman be a-gallopin' that silly road,

"Lawk, your ladyship, 'ow should I know? But his lordship's own gentleman, my lady, what 'olds 'im up and steadies his lordship in 'is cups, do say"-the old charwoman, whisking the dust of ages from a wooden chair, sets it for Lady Peggy and bends to tidy the hearth and gather together the few shingles and fagots strewn

"'Say' what?" urges Peggy, with eager eyes and a sixpence shining in her hand-another shilling's more than she dare hazard of her slender store.

"Do say, my lady-God bless your ladyship's sweet face!-as it's hall on account of a young lady!"

Lady Peggy's eyes sparkle, and all at once the smoky room seems cheerful, and the tardy blaze in the fireplace glows and thaws her chilled bones and blood.

"Ah," she says, smiling. "Yes, my lady, a splendid young lady of fashion, an heiress, a beauty, with half London a-danglin' after 'er, and 'er that 'aughty as if she was of the royal family and 'im a-killin' 'imself

for 'er sake." And back again slide Kennaston's chambers into their original depravity of dirt and dreariness, and down goes the charwoman to her pipe, and Lady Peggy on the wooden chair, Chockey en the box, spread their fingers to the reluctant warmth and are silent, while the clock ticks on the mantelshelf, while the slit of blue that peers in at rasping, roaring, shouting up to them through the broken pane-the dizzying, multitudinous, incoherent surge of London town as it first smites ears not yet wonted to its fascination or its meaning -merely lonely, forlorn, dispirited newcomers who have not yet learned the

The waiting woman is the first to move. With the homely, excellent instincts of ber class she rises and, after a slow

passion and the melody that lie hidden

in its Babel.

it up," as she mentally designated her attempt. She seized the stumpy broom from its corner and swept the brushed the maze of cobwebs chiling and walls, beat the mats, Wiped the stools and table, the broad window sills and the shelves, shook out the dingy, ink stained cloth, straightened the litter of books and papers, quills and herns and finally went aspeering into the cupboards. A grimy coffeepet and a well matching kettle were fished out and rubbed, the kettle filled with water from the tubful on the landing and straightway hung upon the crane, plates and cups and saucers and spoons brought forth, a paper of coffee, a jug of milk and a bottle of sugar discovered, and presently Chockey handed her mistress a cup of steaming mecha and modestly poured one for herself.

"Oh, Chock!" cries Lady Peggy, setting down the empty cup. "What a fool was I to come! What am I, forsooth, in all this great desert but a grain of sand! And Percy, not"-Lady Peggy stamps her muddy red heeled shoe fiercely-"a-dying for me in the least, and my twin a-living in such a hole! Wherever does he sleep, Chock?" Surveying the barnlike apartment in disgust and dismay, her gaze finally was arrested by a ladder slanting in the darkest corner and reaching up to an

epening in the ceiling. "Up there, I dare be sworn! Lud! If this 'tis to be an author," flouts Pegy, "God ha' mercy on 'em! I tell you | flights. what, Chock, I'll tarry a little, have a word with Kennasten; then we'll back, girl, whence we came, quick. I'll send word to Sir Robin McTart, and then let wedding bells ring as soon as ever he sees fit. No more of love for me, Chock. I'm done with it forever in this world. I'll take marriage in-

stead!" Checkey shakes her head ruefully as her mistress, more to emphasize her latest resolve than from any other mofive, flings wide open the cracked doors of the clothespress next the chimneypiece and gives a tempestuous shake out to the garments a-hanging on the

"Lud! Look! Kennaston's suit of gray velvets, not much the worse for wear! Small need has the poor lad for fine clothes, I warrant ye. Most like a-keeping of 'em for pawnshop use and bread and butter! Chock, unlock the box and get out the waistcoat I broidered for my twin at much expense of temper against his birthday. So Smooth it out. It's brave, eh, Chock. Fit for court, I should fancy, and, that's right, the laced cravat! Poor duck! 1 do misdoubt me if he's seen a frill on his wrist since quitting home! There!" Lady Peggy surveys the gifts she's

brought as Chockey takes them out. "Lawk, madam, 'twere better, were't not, I bundle all your ladyship's duds and mine up yonder against his lordship's comin'?"

"Right, Chock. Up with 'em, and I'll steady the road while you climb," suiting action to word as Chockey, bearing the calfskin box, cautiously mounts the rickety ladder.

"What's it like, Chack?" "Nothin' I ever seed afore, my lady; dark, stuffy, a mattress a-sprawlin' on the bare boards and a pair of torn quilts and a piller no bigger'n my fist; that's all."

"Enough, Chock. Ten and I can sleep our one night in London there soundly"-Lady Peggy proud lip quivmorrow at first crow we'll back to Ken- lies at death's door." naston. We'll have been up to town, Chock, and, saving my twin, never will Lady Peggy look again on face of any man who now treads London street. I swear!"

"Hark, madam!"

a-popping, while the hubbub in the street below cuts short her mistress' valiant speech. Such a hullabaloo! Such a shouting, echoing from one end of the precinct to t'other as speeds mis-



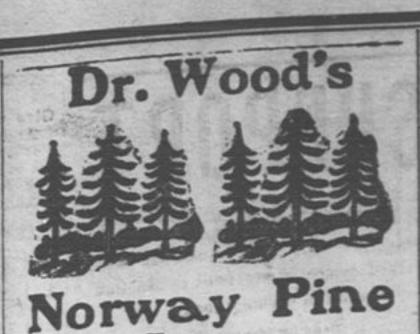
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tress and maid both to the window, a-craning their necks far out; as sends the charwoman from her inglenook under ground a-hobbling up the steep four

CHAPTER IV. HROUGH the fast gathering mist, through the smoke that's London's own, the two women, leaning, behold a gay company of gallants rounding the far corner, 200 feet away, linked arms, swords a-touching, heels a-clattering; one voice high and young uplifted in a lilt like this-Lady Peggy had heard that voice be-

"In years to come when gallants sing In praise of ladies fair,

All will allow, I pledge you square, That brighter eyes ne'er banished care Than those that bade us do and dare When George the Third was King! Let roof and rafter chime and ring; Let echo shout it back; we sing The merry days, my lords and sirs, When George the Third was King!"

And at the chorus a brave dezen more of pairs of lusty lungs to take it up and urge it on with flashing rapiers, knocking points, in the flare of the lights from the coffee house at hand, and good twelve of plumed hats a-tossing in the air and catch again, and laughter loud and long, then dring down as that fresh sweet voice begins its second verse, and just so the old charwoman knocks hastily at the door, calling in Lady Peggy's head and Chockey's from the open.

"'Haskin' your ladyship's parding," says she, "but I thought it no more'n my duty to acquaint your ladyship, as can't see from this 'eight, that your ladyship's brother, Lord Kennaston, 's a-comin' 'ome and a-bringin' with 'im 'is comrades, among 'em Sir Percy de Bohun, and mayhap 'er ladyship 'd like best"-now addressing Chockey, as Lady Peggy paced the floor in a too evident agitation-"Alke best," continued the dame, "to 'ide 'erself, and, hif so, the noble gentlemen, had of 'em, I'm thinkin', bein' summat raised with wine, my 'umble bit of a place his hat 'er ladyship's service for the night or as long as 'er ladyship sees fit, for I am this minute sent for to ge down ers "as I could on down or twixt my into the country immediate, where, mother's best lamb's wooll Come God help us all, my tenth daughter, down, Chock, by the fire, and, list, to- what's marked to her second husband,

And all the while the old charweman is speaking between her bits of broken teeth Peggy hears that other voice uplifted, ringing, gay, glad, care free, as it seems to her strained ears, up and down the darkening little Chockey jumps from the ladder, eyes street, tapping at the window panes, tapping at her heart strings and stretching them to such a tension of anger, outraged pride and wounded affection as never lady suffered before.

She thanks the eld woman and hastily dismisses her; then, facing about from the window, whence she has been able to descry the merry group making a rush into the coffee house, her ladyship, seized by a sudden mad impulse,

says to her Woman: "Chock, take my purse, tumble as fast as your two legs can carry you down, out, across to the wigmaker's we laughed at when we came in, buy me the yellow wig, Chock, that adorns the front, and come not back without it an you love me, Chock. Wheedle, coax, promise more'n there is here," sticking the purse in the asteunded weman's hand, "but get me the wig that is the very double of dear Sir Robin's own sweet pate."

She pushes Chockey out on the landing with an impetus that sends her well on her errand, and then, shutting and buttoning the door, Lady Peggy gets herself out of her furbelows and petticoats, her stays, her bedice, her collar, brooch, kerchief, pecket, hoop and hairpins and into her brother's suit of grays, the new waistcoat and cravat she's brought him for a gift; she tips the coffeepet and washes her face and pretty throat and hands in the brown liquid; she plaits her long hair and winds it close and tight about her head; she buckles on Kennaston's court out two black beetling brows over her | the which she gave me. wherewith to own slender ones:

"An I know not how to play at being Sir Robin, Lady Peggy's chosen sweetheart, boldly and with a loud voice; know not how to swear and prance and pick a petty quarrel, crying 'Match me your Lady Diana with my Pretty Peggy! then never did I dozen times for sport don my twin's breeches and coat and masquerade at being that sweet ereature a man! Ha! I have it all at?

fingers' ends!" ches Peggy, rumpling in her discarded pocket. "Here's the very letter I writ for Sir Robin to take and present to my brother. 'Twill stand me in good stead tonight that I forgot to give it to him. If Chockey but succeed in cajoling the man out of his wig, and if the gallants come not ere I can fit it to my head!"-opening the door impetuously almost to bump against the returning Chockey's nose.

"Theu hast it! Oh, Chock! 'Tis E. Be not afraid. Come in; adjust it to my poll-so! Lose not a moment. Pick up my petticoats. Leave not a scrap that bespeaks a woman-there! You're dropping a hairpin. Now, up with you to the loft! And no matter if rats nibble your toes, Chock, or mice come play bopeep with your eyewinkers or spiders weave across your mouth, an you stir, cry out, move an inch to the creaking of a beard, I'll leave you here your lone self to shift as best you may! Up, girl!" touching the speechless Chockey with the rapier tip urgingly. "And 'tis Sir Robin McTart that bids you!"

The obedient and trembling waiting woman was not much sooner out of sight in the loft than again the voice echoed up to where Lady Peggy stood in the grewsome ambush of the landing, well back in the darkest corner behind a pile of boards and debris, bricks and dust and what not else tumbled there from the chimney during the last and many previous storms.

Nearer came the song, then the chorus, broken now with more of chat and laughter; the footsteps sound upon the | that puppet and I are thirty minutes street, the house door opens, slams, and older! Mark me, your sister shall know up they troop, stumbling in the black- and hear I'm willing to die for herness, but knowing well the way, it seems; merry, jocund, up, up, with the refrain of the song still lingering amid her courage well screwed up, and, with their talk in snatches, until they gain

"Are we then indeed at your door, Kennaston?" cries the first to reach, as he feels at the latch.

"Split me, Escombe, you're there if you can go no farther. Egad, sirs!" cries the young host, "an I never reach to pinnacle of fame's ladder, at the least do I lodge as high as I could get, a roof that suits my empty purse."

"Nay, Kennaston." Peggy, in her man's gear, trembles at sound of that tone, for 'tis Percy who speaks now, whiles they all push pellmell into her twin's chambers, strike lights, pull out candles from cupboard, stir the fire. "Nay, Kennaston," says this one,

"while De Bohun lives there's ever a full purse, lad, t' exchange for thy empty one, and well thou knowst it." "Tut, tut," answers the young man

of letters, adding as he glances about, "pon my soul, gentlemen, my Hebe has been outdoing herself. Saw we ever before in this room stools lacking dust, floor riffraff, walls their festoons, hearth its ashes, coffeepot its rust and, by my life, the kettle filled and steam-

A peal of mirth greets this nimble sally as the host pulls from the table drawer a pack of cards and his guests from their pockets a dozen bottles.

"Dead broke am I, my lords and gentlemen," says he, "but here's the whole court and the deuce," flinging the pack in the midst of his guests. "Play away an ye've a shilling left amongst ye. Let it be commerce or hazard. I'll hold the counters, fill the glasses as long as there's a drop to pour. Keep a lookout for sharpers," laughing, "and thank God I've even a garret wherein to welcome men of vogue like yourselves." A burst of applause follows this,

plumed hats are tossed aside, wrist frills upturned. His grace of Escombe is shuffling the pack. Sir Percy stands with his back to the fire, coat skirts held from the cheerful blaze he's made. Stools are drawn up. The host takes his silk kerchief from his throat and polishes the mugs. Chockey has her eye glued to a chink in the cover that divides her loft from the scene of revelry below, when a bold knook sounds at the door, and the master with a cheery "Come along!" throws wide the portal.

The fine gentleman who stands before him makes a prefound bow, to which he responds with one not less magnificent.

"Allow me, Lord Kennaston of Ken-



"Allow me, Lord Kennaston."

brother of Lady Peggy Burgoyne rapier; she fetches his gray plumed; whom I have the pleasure of addressing"-and at her name Sir Percy lets Stomach and Bowels. Cleanses press; she ogles herself in the six inch his brocaded skirts flop and starts formirror; she swaggers, swings, struts, ward eagerly-"of addressing, to preand, says she, dipping her finger in the sent to you this note in the handwritsoot of the old chimney and marking ing of your lordship's adorable sister,

present and commend me to your lorn. ship's good offices while I am up in

Another salaam given and returned while Kennaston with grace ushers hisnew acquaintance in, sets him a stool. all the while eye quick perusing Lady Peggy's scrawl.

"Gentlemen," says their host, "allowme to introduce to you, and, sir, thesegentlemen to you, Sir Robin McTart of Robinswold, Kent, his grace of Recombe, Sir Percy de Bohun, the Hon. Jack Chalmers, Sir Wyatt Lovell," etc. The which ceremony being concluded amid many bows and all due forms of mutual delight, the newcomer was cordially invited to take a hand in the.

Now, as true 'twas that Lady Peggy had never been in a coach until the morning to which this was evening, so true was it that her ladyship had not a farthing to her pocket left, and, al. though a good gamester's daughter. she hesitated, making pretense of hanging her hat and of settling to its proner place her rapier and pinching her ruffles. While she did so, the rest chat. ting, Sir Percy crossed the room and in a tone that was not heard save by the one he addressed said to Kennas.

"As I live, sir, now's my chance. I'll pick a quarrel with this jackanapes that's dared to oust me from Peggy's heart. Aye, will I, the sooner the better! Blood 'll spill, Kennaston, or ever sake or to kill!"

Peggy meantime in this second got a laugh fitly disguising her voice, said she, seating herself with her legs well under the table-for at this particular juncture her ladyship, looking down. had beheld with dismay the womanish and forgotten fashion of her shoes:

"Gentlemen, your humble servant's fresh from Will's, where, 'pon my life, such an apt company of wits and beaux encountered I as swept my pockets clean and left me not the jingle of a shilling wherewith to bless myself. Your grace, my lords, sirs and gentlemen," quoth Peggy with a fine inclusive wave of her hand, "will, I'm sure, thus excuse me from the game tonight."

But she had counted without either host or guests, for all of these save Sir Percy de Bohun on the instant pulled purses out and tendered them, crying as with a single voice:

"Fie, fie, Sir Robin! Are we highwaymen, tricksters? Honor us by using our sovereigns as they were your own. Eh, Sir Percy, have we not the right of the matter?" asked Jack Chalmers,: turning to the tall young man, who, having crossed the room again, now, stood leaning moodily against the chimneypiece, frowning, tapping hearth with heel in too evident impatience of the subject of discussion.

"I humbly ask your pardon, Mr. Chalmers," he replies, "both for differing with you all and for expressing the same. To my way of thinking," adds-Sir Percy, with deliberation ill matched by the flash of his eyes as they take a scornful measure of the supposed Sir Robin-"to my way of thinking, any gentleman who carries his company into any other gentleman's chambers without the means of a paltry game of loo or ecarte in 's pocket 's not quite such a proper young man 's he might be!" And with this Sir Percy laid his hand upon his sword hilt, and Kennaston laid his upon that, attempting to stay the torrent.

"Tut, tut!" cried this one and that. "His lordship's dead drunk with Cupid. Sir Robin, mind him not," whispers another.

"De Bohun breaks a joke," exclaims a third, all at once. And in the same moment also up springs my Lady Peggy, hand on hilt,

too, and says she loudly, same time as the rest: "A plague on you for a libeler, Sir Percy de Bohun. Mayhap it's the errand your lordship's up in town a-pursuing hath turned your lordship's brain?" Here Lady Peggy laughs in derision and stands full height up

drawn upon her girl's red heels. "Curse me, but you are impertinent, sir!" responds Percy, taking a step forward, his anger rising as he beholds. his purpose galloping to the goal of its quick fulfillment. "What then, an it please you, is my 'errand up in town?' since you are thus familiar with my gaits. Tell 'em off, Sir Robin McTart. I give you leave!"

"With your leave or without it," cries Peggy in a voice that causes Chockey to lift the loft cover an inch higher, and so, kneeling with nose flattened against floor, to behold her mistress' fine and splendid show of valor. "I'd have you hear, sir, that to persons of fashion the matter of your sult near Lady Diana Weston's a jeer and jest of the first flavor, for 'twere easy seen a lady of her quality, sir, 'd not be a-wasting her time on you."

"Sir!" cries Sir Percy, now thoroughly aroused and far more in earnest than ever he was at the beginning, "you lie! Aye, my lords, sirs and gentlemen! Nay, you cannot stop my mouth," unsheathing his rapier. Peggy does likewise, each pushing and warding from them the restraining hands and words of that premi

(Continued next week.)

VEGETABLE SICILIAN Perhaps you like your gray hair; then keep it. Perhaps not; then remember—Hall's Hair Renewer always restores color to gray hair. Stops falling hair, also.

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