

...ON TO MEET.  
 ...Will begin its season at  
 ...noon Monday.  
 ...on, Dec. 1.—Members of  
 ...the unusually slow in putting  
 ...appearance here for the regu-  
 ...which convenes next Mon-  
 ...this time there have been  
 ...than half a dozen ar-  
 ...day. From now on, how-  
 ...expected that the rush will  
 ...that a very full attendance  
 ...their places on the opening,  
 ...of the leaders of either  
 ...here as yet. This is espe-  
 ...of the house of representa-  
 ...Speaker Reed nor Mr.  
 ...the floor leader of the major-  
 ...Washington until Sat-  
 ...day.  
 ...exception of the pronounced  
 ...pro and anti-Cuban con-  
 ...members of both houses  
 ...to be holding their judge-  
 ...peyance until they ascertain  
 ...sources exactly what the  
 ...as to Cuba.  
 ...matter of the currency it  
 ...ally established, that  
 ...and their free silver allies  
 ...stubbornly anything the  
 ...likely to propose, and the  
 ...the opposition in the senate  
 ...mountable inclines many  
 ...publican members of the  
 ...to the opinion that it would  
 ...to attempt any legislation.  
 ...There is some talk of a re-  
 ...ucus on this question, many  
 ...bers believing that if a cur-  
 ...sure is to be passed differ-  
 ...be most easily adjusted and  
 ...action secured in this way.  
 ...burn (la.), who is chair-  
 ...committee on interstate  
 ...commerce, says he has re-  
 ...ly letters during the recess,  
 ...from mercantile bodies,  
 ...on the anti-scalping and  
 ...s, and he expects both these  
 ...to receive early attention.  
 ...on, Dec. 1.—When asked  
 ...there was any truth in the  
 ...ed reports that he had been  
 ...the attorney-generalship,  
 ...retary Day, of the state de-  
 ...said: "The president some-  
 ...was kind enough to tender  
 ...position of attorney-general  
 ...of a vacancy in that office,  
 ...r consideration, I have been  
 ...obliged to decline for rea-  
 ...ly personal." There is every  
 ...believe that Judge Day will  
 ...work in his present position  
 ...department.  
 ...on, Dec. 1.—Secretary Gage  
 ...ay that in the annual esti-  
 ...would send to congress, he  
 ...he about \$20,000,000 and not  
 ...0,000 as the amount of the  
 ...deficit for the fiscal year end-  
 ...90, 1898. The secretary said  
 ...pected the receipts from cus-  
 ...steadily and that in the  
 ...paths he anticipated quite  
 ...rtations.  
 ...on, Dec. 1.—Representative  
 ...man of the committee on  
 ...ons, arrived in Washington  
 ...Speaking to a reporter, he  
 ...policy for the approaching  
 ...gress as chairman of the  
 ...mtee would be to hold the  
 ...s, so far as he could con-  
 ...to existing conditions.  
 ...on, Dec. 1.—Reports that  
 ...state department late Tues-  
 ...from Hayti were to the  
 ...considerable excitement pre-  
 ...and that the situation was  
 ...for this reason it was deter-  
 ...hasten the departure of the  
 ...arblehead, and the naval of-  
 ...communicated with this  
 ...impression appeared to pre-  
 ...at Prince that a German  
 ...was rapidly approaching the  
 ...course it is stated that the  
 ...goes solely for the pro-  
 ...tecting American interests  
 ...be threatened by the out-  
 ...rder in Hayti. The latest  
 ...German sources, however,  
 ...at no occasion will be given  
 ...between the United States  
 ...on account of the Haytian  
 ...and that the matter will be  
 ...on, Dec. 1.—Senator Shelby  
 ...has been offered and has de-  
 ...position of chairman of the  
 ...commerce commission. The  
 ...William R. Morrison, the pres-  
 ...expires January 1. Sen-  
 ...m was the author of the

**WHO DIED JUST NOW?**  
 Who's dead? Who at this moment died,  
 Or far away or close at hand—  
 Out where the ocean furrows hide  
 Or on the crime-infested land?  
 Who, when you heard to read this line  
 (No matter where, no matter how  
 Death came to him and gave the sign  
 Of beckoning), who died just now?  
 King, was it? Bishop? Robber? Wife?  
 Or babe in some worn mother's arms?  
 Or patriarch just finding life  
 Possessed of newer, fresher charms?  
 Perhaps it was a boy, whose face  
 Was bright with youth—perhaps a  
 bride—  
 Perhaps a chief of some wild race,  
 Stretched on his bulwark shield—who  
 died.  
 And where? In fair and sunny Spain?  
 Or in the endless northern night?  
 Or on the parched Sahara plain?  
 Or on some stony mountain height?  
 Touched Death some islet of the sea  
 Where oceans part and oceans meet.  
 Or did he come a guest to be  
 Within the house across the street?  
 Who died just now? Each human breath  
 (So calculating men declare)  
 Is but a tally for a death  
 In this great hive of men, somewhere.  
 Somewhere just now o'er trembling lips  
 There passes forth life's final sigh,  
 Just as the disappearing ships  
 Drop down below the line of sky.

Who died just now in all the world?  
 For some one, statisticians say,  
 Is for each passing moment haried  
 Down Azzel's dark and gloomy way.  
 To stand, saunt-eyed and white and awed,  
 Where Clarion's boatlights dully shine.  
 Who was it died just now? Pray God  
 Not some one of your kind—or mine.  
 —Chicago Record.

**A TIGER EPISODE.**  
 BY AQUILA KEMPSTER.

**REMEMBER IT?** What a question! It's ten years gone and more, yet I was in the night with the cold sweat pouring from me and the echo of that last awful cry ringing in my ears. Forget it? I wish to God that I could, but—well, this is the story: We were stationed at Nassirabad, the hottest and slowest hole in the whole Indian empire. The only thing to break the awful monotony was hunting, and after two years there I was naturally something of an expert. Game, outside round the Ajmere hills, was pretty thick—this is, deer, nalgai and such like—while well up Chandri way there were lots of tigers to be had for the potting.

Now, when one of the officers goes off a-hunting he generally picks on one of us "Tommys" who knows the ropes and takes us along. As there's generally tidy good picking for Tommy, the job is well liked; so when young Simpson—our latest sub—asked me to go along and show him around, why, I naturally jumps at it and packs my kit before I knew where we were bound. When I heard no other place than Chandri jungle was to be our stamping ground I kind of squirmed a little, 'cause I'd been there before and knew the particular kind of place it was. It's full of tigers, and they're always hungry. Why, when the locomotive is plugging up the hill at night the stokers have to throw open the fire-box door and let out the light so as to scare the brutes off with the glare on the outside of that little patch of jungle, and half a dozen Parsee firemen have been clawed off the tender by the brutes as the engine grunted past. The bill is so steep there that you can't make more than 12 miles an hour with those old rattletrap locomotives anyway.

Of course I wasn't frightened; but taking a beginner out to a place like that isn't fun. There's no telling what a fellow'll do when stacked up against big game for the first time; the finest shots in the world will go to pieces at their first sniff of a tiger or a batf—not that elephants are particularly dangerous—but when your finest pigeon and target shots tremble so that they can't hit a deer at 50 yards it's no joke to take a beginner up in the woods at Chandri. I tried to hold him, but he wouldn't hear of it; told me (as how he had promised a skin to a young lady back home for her birthday, and a skin he was going to have. So we started.

We took the night express and dropped off early in the morning at Chandri village, where I got the stuff for our camp, a bundle of bamboos, some stout cord and a young kid for bait. We then struck across country, keeping well in the open, for the Chandri river, a little half-dried-up stream that quenches the thirst of more tigers in a week than all the other rivers in a month. We crossed this stream about three in the afternoon, and on the edge of the jungle I found a banyan tree, up which I scrambled with the help of the youngster, and in a short time had hacked a space clear to fix my bamboos, which I nailed and lashed into a kind of platform, strong and roomy enough to hold us both comfortably. Then I slipped down by a knotted rope, which was to serve us as a ladder.

drops quick out there, and the long gray shadows were creeping over the land before we were safely housed. We made a hearty meal and had a good slug of brandy to keep the chills off; then we lay smoking and talking in whispers, with our eyes and our Martinis sighted on the vague form of the kid that was dimly visible in the gloom. Later the moon came out, a great, big, round, creamy thing, looking somehow awful solemn sailing up there so still and mournful-like; and the plaintive cry of that poor little kid as it snuffed 'round after its mother all added to the ghostliness of the whole business. I'm not superstitious, but I own I did feel uncommon queer that night.

I think maybe I got a trifle drowsy; anyway, my eyes were so misty that I lost sight of the tip of the gun and the kid together. Then there was a loud rattle, and I was back in Chandri jungle with a jump that fetched my heart into my mouth. But it wasn't a tiger, just a ring buck; but, say, what a buck! In all my hunting days in India I never clapped eyes on his equal. He stood for a moment sniffing kind of suspicious, then walked up to the kid and began nosing it. I felt Simpson stir in the shadow where he lay, and the next moment his Martini spoke and the buck dropped—a fine shot, yes; but he had such good light he couldn't miss it. So far it was all right, but what next?

"Jones," says he, "keep a good watch out; I must have the skin before a tiger spoils it. I never saw such a fine one in all my life, and I wouldn't miss it for a fortune." An' he up's to go down the tree. Well, s'well! me! you might have knocked me down with a feather. That kid had been howling for a tiger to come and eat him for an hour or more, and now this crack-brained idiot must go and add himself to the brutes' supper!

Well, I raved and I prayed and I cursed at him; it wasn't a bit of good; his British blood was up, and, like thousands of other youngsters who make the backbone and glory of our army and navy, he didn't know what fear was, but just grinned. They're great daredevil fighters, but they haven't any more sense than a sucking calf. There's only two places on earth where they can be safely trusted—in bed and leading a forlorn hope. When I saw he was bent on it I just gritted my teeth and pulled up my gun as he slid down the rope. In two minutes he had skipped over the stream and had his knife at work on

**THE WHIRL OF A FLYING BODY.**

the buck, the kid meantime trying to pull up to him as if he were its mother. Well, sir, I just lay there with the muzzle of my gun sighted on his head—when the thumping of my heart didn't shake it off. If the tiger would only try to sneak out on him—for I felt an awful certainty that he would come—I could save him; but if the brute sprang, God help him! Not a man in the empire could pot a tiger on the jump except by a fluke.

As he knelt there in the moonlight I saw him push back from his side the scabbard of an Indian tulwar—a present, I believe, from the rajah of Ajmere—to prevent the blood from staining it. While I was admiring his coolness and cursing his cussedness, even at that moment there was the flash of a long black shadow across the moonlit space, the whirl of a flying body, and a huge tiger flung herself on him.

She overshot the mark and would have cleared his stooping form and given me a chance, but he must have felt, rather than seen, the danger. With one desperate wrench he drew the sword from its sheath in a long upward sweep that caught the brute fair in the middle and clove it clean through flesh and muscle to the backbone.

There was a frightful cry of rage, and as the beast's great hind paw contracted in death agony it caught poor Simpson's skull, literally tearing it off. With an awful haunting cry he fell down across the buck and the three lay there dead, while the kid cowered away, bleating with fear.

**FIRST WOMAN CITIZEN.**  
**Her Sturdy Lads and Clever Lassies Become Prominent Citizens.**  
**Known as the "Widow Ryan"—Was a Clever Business Woman—Short Sketch of Her Life and What Some of Her Children Accomplished.**

From the News, Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Hundreds of thousands of men of foreign birth have taken out papers declaring their citizenship in Indiana since that State was admitted into the Union in 1816 without creating remark or comment. It was a different matter, however, when along in the forties the first woman of foreign birth applied for and received her papers of citizenship after declaring in set form that she renounced all allegiance to every prince or potentate on earth.

This "first woman citizen" was an Irish widow who settled in southern Indiana with her progeny of sturdy lads and clever lassies upon a farm which she had bought. She had taken out naturalization papers in order to manage her property to better advantage, and for the further purpose of starting her family as true Americans with a full understanding of the advantages and responsibilities of American citizenship.

"The Widow Ryan," as she was known in Daviess County, Indiana, was a great woman, wise, clear-headed and left nothing for those who grew to be worthy men and worthy women, and who have left their impress upon the State.

One of these sons, James B. Ryan, became treasurer of the State of Indiana, and an in-law, M. L. Brett, also held that high and honorable position. Another son was the Col. Richard J. Ryan who was probably the most brilliant and gifted orator that Indiana ever produced, and who during the war for the Union served his country in the Thirty-fifth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, better known as "the Irish Regiment."

Another son, Thomas F. Ryan who is now 59 years old, and with a few intervals of absence has been a resident of Indianapolis for forty-two years. Mr. Ryan has been an active business man all his life and has seen more than one fortune come and go in the vicissitudes of trade and sudden panic.

In the early fifties smitten by the gold fever he went by way of the Isthmus of Panama to California, and he has always retained the free-hearted, open and trusting confidence that distinguished the gallant pioneers of the golden State. He has been all over the far west engaged in mining and trade operations in Oregon, Arizona and Montana from May, 1860 until August, 1887, he was the government agent at the Seal Islands off the Alaska coast, a highly responsible position.

"For ten years or more," said Mr. Ryan in conversation with a group of gentlemen at the Indianapolis Board of Trade, "I have been extremely satisfied with my lower limbs without the use of any other limbs. If my legs had been filled with quick silver I do not think they could have responded more quickly or more disagreeably to climatic conditions.

"During the past two years this infirmity became much worse, and I began to feel alarmed, fearing paralysis. My legs were cold and numb, my knees down were without sensation. I could walk only short distances and would often experience great weariness. I became more and more alarmed. I naturally thought of paralysis or locomotor ataxia. The prospect was not a pleasing one.

"I happened to meet my old friend Capt. C. E. Shepard, of this city. He was chanting the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and gave me his experience, telling me that he had been brought by using them from a bed where he lay helpless, his physician having declared him a hopeless victim of locomotor ataxia, and was now as active as any man of his age, not even requiring the use of a cane. Upon his recommendation I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I found positive relief, after taking a few doses. The numbness in my limbs disappeared as if by magic and my legs were as firm as at a rapid gait and without weariness. This you may understand is a great boon to a man who has been of an active habit of life and who still likes to depend to a great extent upon his legs to get around in the world.

"The pills also drove the rheumatism out of my hip for I have not been bothered with it since I began their use. I think I shall have to join Captain Shepard in his praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. These pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

**Why?**  
 Patron—Why do they call it impressionist art, anyway?  
 Artist—Oh, because the fellows who do it labor under the impression that it is art, I suppose.—Somerville Journal.

**Women, Look Here.**  
 If you want to learn about a Washing Machine, which even a child can operate easily, be sure to read advertisement in this paper of H. F. Brammer Manufacturing Co., Davenport, Ia.

**A Good Bed.**  
 Hostess—I hope you found the bed comfortable, Mr. Jenkins?  
 Jenkins—Excellent, madam! I nearly fell asleep in it.—Chicago Tribune.

**Coughing Leads to Consumption.**  
 Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.00. Go at once. Delays are dangerous.

In giving thanks for your blessings, don't forget the criticisms you have received.—N. Y. Independent.

I have found Pilo's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lotz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

There is a remedy for everything except some of the remedies.—Chicago News.

Feel it pass away—when St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia. Soothes it out.

No man is ever justified in borrowing money to buy a dog.—Chicago News.

Sprained last night. To-day you are Well if you use St. Jacobs Oil to cure.

Chairs are cheaper than backbones.—N. Y. Independent.

**Lanes Family Medicine.**  
 Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.  
 A man's only chance to get a head in this world is to be born with one.—Chicago News.

**DOCTORS DON'T DENY IT.**

**The frank testimony of a famous physician.**

When Dr. Ayer announced his Sarsaparilla to the world, he at once found the physicians his friends. Such a remedy was what they had looked for, and they were prompt to appreciate its merits and prescribe it. Perhaps no medicine known as a patent medicine is so generally administered and prescribed by physicians as Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood diseases, and diseases of the skin that indicate a tainted condition of the blood. Experience has proved it to be a specific in such cases, chronic rheumatism, and many other like forms of disease have yielded to the persevering use of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla after other medicines had utterly failed. The testimonies received from physicians to the value of this remedy would fill a volume. Here is one leaf signed by Richard H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

"It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the success which your preparation of Sarsaparilla has shown in the treatment of cutaneous and other diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood. Were it necessary, I might give you the names of at least fifty individuals who have been cured of long-standing complaints simply by the administration of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One very remarkable instance was that of a quite old woman who had lived at Catsville, near this city. She had been

Why suffer with an ache or pain when St. Jacobs Oil will cure, Why?  
 The easiest way to catch a flirt is not to attempt it.—Chicago News.  
 Frost-bites are like burns, and both are cured by St. Jacobs Oil promptly.

**DOCTORS DON'T DENY IT.**

**The frank testimony of a famous physician.**

afflicted with the rheumatism for three years, and had taken as she had informed me, more than one hundred dollars worth of medicine to obtain relief, yet without any beneficial result. I advised her to try a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and told her that if it failed to do her good, I would refund the money. A short time afterward, I learned that it had cured her, and a neighbor of hers similarly afflicted was also entirely relieved of his complaint by its use. This is the universal result of the administration of your Sarsaparilla. It is without exception, the best blood purifier with which I am acquainted.

There is no other similar medicine known elsewhere. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the friendship of the physician and the favor of the family, because it cures. It fulfills all promises made for it. It has healed thousands of people of the most malignant diseases that can mutilate mankind. Nothing has ever superceded it and nothing ever will until a medicine is made that can show a record of cures greater in number and equal in wonder to those wrought by Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Write for it.

**"DON'T PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW THE DUTIES OF TO-DAY."**  
**BUY A CAKE OF**  
**SAPOLIO**

**A CENTURY HAS NOT BRING AGAIN THE CHANGE WHICH NOW OPENS ITSELF TO AN INTELLIGENT PUBLIC.**  
**THE NATIONAL KLONDIKE MINING AND TRADING COMPANY,**  
 250 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.  
 Incorporated with a capital stock of \$200,000 has begun its operations. A solid conservative company, incorporated by reliable business men, which in addition to its mining industries, develops the Klondike and Alaskan gold fields. This company, getting up to work and to do business, now offers its shares to its stockholders. The company has a large amount of capital needed for commercial purposes. Each share of capital stock to secure the additional capital needed for commercial purposes. The first expedition will leave the Klondike in January, 1899.  
 To enable all to participate in the Klondike business, a limited portion of the stock will be sold on the installment plan, allowing the purchaser to pay for each share one dollar or more as the first payment and the balance in monthly installments, stock being delivered on the payment of the last installment. Write to National Klondike Mining and Trading Company, 218 & 220 Broadway, N.Y. City. AGENTS WANTED. Correspondence Solicited.

**\$1.00 A YEAR FOR... DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.**  
 The subscription price of DEMOREST'S is reduced to \$1.00 a Year.  
 Demorest's Family Magazine is more than a Fashion Magazine, although it gives the very latest home and foreign fashions each month; this is only one of its many valuable features. It has something for each member of the family, for every department of the household, and its varied contents are of the highest grade, making it, pre-eminently, The Family Magazine of the World. It furnishes the best thought, the most interesting and most progressive writers of the day, and is abreast of the times in everything—Art, Literature, Science, Society Affairs, Fiction, Household Matters, Sports, etc.—a single number frequently containing from 200 to 300 fine engravings, making it the MOST COMPLETE AND MOST PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED OF THE GREAT MONTHLIES.  
 Demorest's Magazine Fashion Department is in every way far ahead of that contained in any other publication.  
 Subscribers are entitled each month to patterns of the latest fashions in woman attire, at no cost to them other than that necessary for postage and wrapping.  
**NO BETTER CHRISTMAS GIFT**  
 Than a year's subscription to Demorest's Magazine can be made. Subscribers are entitled each month to patterns of the latest fashions in woman attire, at no cost to them other than that necessary for postage and wrapping.  
**DEMOREST PUBLISHING CO., 110 Fifth Ave., New York City.**

**Great Special Clubbing Offer for Prompt Subscriptions.**  
 By subscribing AT ONCE you can get the magazine at the reduced price, and will also receive the handsome 25-cent Xmas Number with its beautiful panel picture supplement. Remit \$1.00 by money order, registered letter or check to the publishers.  

Harpers' Magazine	50c	and Demorest's Magazine	50c
The Christian Herald, New York	1.00	Do you save	1.00
Women's Home Companion	1.00	Do you save	1.00
Hunter's Magazine	1.00	Do you save	1.00
Cosmopolitan Magazine	1.00	Do you save	1.00
Hunter's Magazine	1.00	Do you save	1.00
Homey Life	1.00	Do you save	1.00
Ladies' Magazine	1.00	Do you save	1.00

**DEMOREST PUBLISHING COMPANY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.**

**One Good Turn**  
 deserves another. When you turn the handle of the Enterprise Meat Chopper you are rewarded with a surprising amount of work well done in a few seconds. It saves money, time and food. Is easily operated and easily cleaned. Use the  
**Enterprise MEAT CHOPPER**  
 for making sausage and scrapple; for preparing liver, mince-meat, Hamburg steak, suet, tripe, cod-fish, clams, scrap meat for poultry, corn for fritters, etc. Improved for 15 years; now perfected. Sold by all dealers in hardware. Small family size No. 5, \$2.00. Chops 1 lb. a minute. Large family size No. 10, \$3.00. Chops 2 lbs. a minute.  
 THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. OF PA., Philadelphia.  
 Send 4 cents in stamps for the "Enterprise" Housekeeper—200 recipes.

**MAKE YOUR WIFE A Present of an O. C. WASHING MACHINE.**  
**GREATEST IMPROVEMENT IN WASHERS IN 90 YEARS.**  
**PENDULUM**  
 Does Half the Work. Can be operated standing. Cured, and does not require attention. Does more work than rocking a cradle.  
 BACKACHE with this machine is first-class and cured. Your doctor will tell you. You'll tell him.  
**H. F. BRAMMER MFG. CO., Davenport, Iowa.**

**STOPPED FREE. PERMANENTLY CURED**  
 Insanity Prevented by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER  
 Positive cure for all Nervous Diseases. Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance. No Pain, No Suffering, No After-Pain, No Treatment and \$3.00 trial bottle free to all patients, they paying express and postage on receipt. Send to DR. J. C. KLINE, Ltd., Electro Institute of Medicine, 533 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY;** gives quick relief and cures dropsy cases. Send for book of testimonials and 100 days' treatment. Free. Dr. H. R. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.  
**A. N. K.—A 1898**

**FARMS FRUIT LANDS, Stock Ranches**  
 IN THE MIDDLE SOUTH!  
 Soil Rich, Markets Good, Water Excellent and Abundant, Climate Healthful, Society Good, Prices One-third off of similar lands in Illinois or Iowa. For Description and Price Lists send to H. AUSTIN & CO., N. Y. Life Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.