

A LOVER'S SONG.

Over the hills and far away,
Where the sun sinks at close of day,
There's where my thoughts are flying;
As I gaze, I seem to see a face,
And my heart pursues my thoughts apace,
While the sunset glow is dying.

Over the hills and far away
I will journey myself some day—
I will match the birds in flying—
I will find my sweetheart true to me,
And glad, ah glad, will our greeting be,
With a gladness that knows no dying.

—Elizabeth Harman, in Overland Monthly.

By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS

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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

The fellow was bound to be a source of anxiety to me as long as he had the power to speak, but I could not will murder him outright. Fortunately, his patois was well-nigh unintelligible to ears untrained to the dialect of the southern negro, and, if my plan worked, he would ere long meet his deserts in one of the British prison hulks, the horrible reputation of which was now widespread. I have small doubt that he thought he was coming to his death when I ordered him up, for, like the slave he had once been, he cringed and writhed at my feet, begging for his life in a manner both disgusting and pitiful. Yet, for all his gratitude at my promise to spare him on condition of his silence, I felt that, were it in his power, he would have knifed me as I stood. I had no fear that he knew of my hidden gold, Lounsbury having been far too stupid to take for partners men of the character of the crew, he probably having seduced them with promises of some ready cash, backed with visions of prize money and the high favor of British officers. I had a warrant for this believing, for my mate had suddenly lowered his voice as he referred to the treasure below, in all likelihood for the purpose of concealing from the man at the wheel its presence on board the schooner.

To the fellow at my feet, whose name, I now mind me, was "Stofe" (probably a corruption of Christopher), I made no promise for the future, only saying I would hold my hand for the present, and then ordered him to take in the jib and staysail, that the Phantom might lay in the wind and meet her fate as soon as possible. Indeed, I had expected ere this to have had a shot across my bows and another one into me for not obeying the hint of the first, an action which had so far been impossible. I fancied (and afterward found I was right) they were nonplussed at the queer seamanship displayed by the drunken progress of the Phantom. It had been thought, maybe, that, as but two men showed on our deck, we had a host below, and that, in the disguise of a simple trader, we were intending to delude the British, and then, with little ceremony, or, failing in this, were adopting some uncutthroat mode of warfare on the sea, as strange to them as is the Indian land method to the European regular. It was with a feeling akin to shame that when the forward halyards were let go I had the negro bend the Stars and Stripes to the ensign halyard, placing the flag union down and under the flaming hunting of the enemy. These were hoisted to the mainpeak, and thus I had set a sign of surrender before the Phantom was called for, but as a part of my plan it became a hard necessity.

CHAPTER II. ALIAS CAPT. LOUNSBURY.

Now the headsails being let go with a run and hanging loose over the bow, the foresail and its traveling blocks giving out a deafening protest against the slight impulse, the mainsail jangling in the thundering chorus, and the wheel jerking violently hither and thither with the kick of the rudder, we were suitably beyond the usual order of things to suit my purpose, and my trump card, in the shape of a dead man lying in the scupper, lay clear to the eye of anyone who might board us. The sight was uncanny enough, and my instinct was to have the negro leave the body overboard; but, as it was to be a silent witness to the story I was about to tell, I let it bide, though, as the sequel showed, 'twould have saved me a sight of trouble to have followed my first impulse. I confess that my heartbeats took on additional force and frequency as I stood and watched the schooner's nearer approach. She came on to within easy gunshot, and swung into the wind, all of a flutter from stem to stern, and then "lay to" with her headsails full aback. From the scarlet flag at her peak to her clean cutwater she was an object of beauty, though in a light air I doubt she would have slid her keel through the brine with greater speed than would the Phantom, which had been built for fleetness and rapidity in stays.

With my eyes fixed on her as she came, and my wounds bleeding but little (as was shown by the few drops that now dripped from my fingers' ends), I stood by the helm and took in every detail of the enemy, from the crew at her davits to the long brass piece forward of the foremast, the gun being trained point blank at me. The stranger worked with the alacrity of a man-of-war, for the schooner had barely lost her way when I saw a boat drop from her harbor quarter and pull toward us, while another came around her bow and followed. They were both filled with well-armed men, as could be seen by the glitter of musketry, and the way they came over the whitecaps showed their temper. It showed temper, too, in the smart manner they boarded me, the first boat hooking on to the main channels, the men clambering out with scarcely a shout and no questions, and in a twinkling I beheld half a score of them on my deck, they, I fancy, being mightily surprised at having met with no resistance.

The crisis was now at hand, and I played my first card with something of the desperation of a ruined gambler. Striding up to an officer whom I saw coming aft with bare sword in hand, I said: "Ye show scant courtesy in boarding me, sir. Had you turned up an hour ago, 'twould have been to some purpose."

"Who in h—l are you? Where's the captain of this ship?" was the excited rejoinder. Now there was something about the tone of his voice, the way of calling a schooner a ship, as well as the set-up of the man himself, that angered as I was at his reply, made me back a pace and look at him. A quick glance showed me I was not dealing with a man bred to the sea, much less to the regular service, for, though I then had small knowledge of the uniforms of the British, I knew that which graced the back of the officer before me was not of his majesty's navy.

I knew it by its cut and garniture, and the land flavor of the man lay also in the fact that he wore a forage cap and carried a cavalry sabre instead of a cutlass. His face, too, lacked the true sea tan, its fair complexion showing the effects of unusual exposure to sun and wind. What his rank might be I had no idea, and speculation was lost in the quick retort that naturally rose to my lips. "Who are you, sir, to tumble aboard a prize of his majesty's in this fashion? Ye stand in need of a lesson in marine manners as well as marine matters. Do ye hope to judge of a craft's cargo by a squint at her hatch cover, or of a man by the cut of his jib? Think not to deceive yourself or me! I know my rights, and also know the difference betwixt the cry of a sea bird and a hen-hawk!"

If I had any doubt as to the official position of the officer, it was set at rest by the subdued laugh that came from the group about us. Piqued by the sound of my own voice, he had no power to punish, his face turned to an ugly red, and, lifting his sabre as though to cut me down, he shouted: "Ye insolent dog! I will make you sweat for this! Lay hold of him, some of you! Tie the villain up! Damnation! are you all cowards?" he continued, as there was a shuffle of feet, though no one approached me. There is no telling what might have been the upshot of this dispute had there been no interruption, for the fellow seemed determined to use his sabre on me. But, fortunately for one of us, we were joined by another officer, whom I afterward found had come from the second boat.

"Hold hard, Scammell!" You are not handling one of your own dragons! What is this all about? You fly the signal of a prize, sir," he continued, turning to me; "how comes it you are alone? Who and what are you?" "I am Captain Jack Lounsbury, bearing instructions from Sir Henry Clinton, as that cockatrice might have found ere this had he used a smooth tongue. This is my prize—a Yankee schooner laden with lead for New London, and taken by me single-handed. There lies her skipper, and all but one of her crew are overboard." And with this I pointed to the body of my mate.

I had hardly spoken when two marines came aft with the negro Stofe betwixt them. He was trembling like a sail in the wind, and hung his head as though he had lost all strength to lift it. I was looking for an exposure on the instant, but the officer waved them back with a motion. There was an unspoken but plainly shown respect for me in the demeanor of the crowd as it spread away. The two officers stood for a moment in undisguised wonder at the recital of my progress, giving alternate glances at the body and myself, and then the last comer, who was plainly the one in authority, spoke: "You alone did this? By St. George, Scammell, you came near getting into a mess! I promised to show you a sea service, but not the kind you were hatching. Let us have further warrant of these facts," he continued to me. "Who was he?" pointing toward the supper, "and when did this happen? Let us come by the papers."

"Yonder fellow is Donald Thorndyke, the master till I overcame him," I answered. "I slipped as mate. If you will go below we can come by the whole matter," I replied, not caring to extend my yarn with the negro within hearing. "Or, better, we can take what we there find and go aboard before your captain, where the whole matter may be looked down at once sitting."

"'Twould be a saving of time, certainly," he answered, "but we'll hear the yarn while the schooner is being searched; of course, you understand the importance of the form." And he turned to a sea corporal and gave him the necessary orders. "Now, sir, I am at your service," he said, crossing the deck toward the cabin companion. Hesitating there, he seemed to hang in the wind for an instant, and then strode over to the body. "Did you shoot him?" he asked, as he bent over the prostrate form. "Nay, I struck him," I answered. "Faith, then," he returned, sizing me up with a side glance, "I'd sooner take the chance of a bullet than a blow from that fist if you struck in earnest! Did he wing you at the onset?" "Nay, nay; 'twas a nigger striving to knife me in the back. Let's below. Maybe ye have a doctor aboard who will fix up a bad cut."

Through all this I was conscious of the eye of Scammell fixed on me. Whether or not he was suspicious of me, or whether he was still boiling under the dressing I had given him, there were no means of telling. I saw plainly the resentment he made little effort to conceal, and felt that I had made an enemy who would be mighty glad to cross swords with me on the slightest provocation. He was 28 or 30 years, or about my own age, and was under me not two inches in stature, which is speaking well for him, as I stood three inches above six feet, unshod. By weight and brawn I well overmatched him (as I did most men), especially in the latter quality of physique; but he made a typical dragoon officer, and would be a formidable antagonist in any field.

I might hope for little mercy if ever I fell into the power of this man, for mercy was a quality which, strained or unstrained, he and his fellows had naught to do with. This made sure of getting into the cabin, where, in course of conversation it turned out that he was a captain in De Lancey's Royal Legion, a body of tory cavalry half freebooters and half in the regular service. I had heard of them, as who has not? Betwixt New York and Philadelphia and the country surrounding both places they were a terror, the malignancy equaling if not surpassing the rapacity of Tryon himself.

I tried to get my fingers on him then and there, that there might be one less blood-sucker above ground, but policy held me from committing an act which probably would have at once wrought ruin to my plans and the ruin of my poor mother without a son. I was, therefore, bound to treat him with civility, which I did when a word to him was necessary, but I fancy we each knew the other was but skipping over the thin ice of politeness.

Being, as it were, in the enemy's lines, I followed the beat of the lieutenant, and laughed loudly and long over the puzzlement (as he called it) into which the Phantom had led them. I drank to the king and damned the rebels; told a story of being a free lance under elastic instructions from Sir Henry Clinton, and how I had taken the vessel by killing Captain Thorndyke and besting the crew. In short, I put myself into my mate's former place as nearly as was possible, following his coarse manner and uncouth language, exhibiting the rough and ready character befitting a fellow of his breeding. But, beyond Sir Henry's signature, never a line did I show them or tell the nature of my orders; and that for the best reasons, for I knew little of the business myself, not having had the opportunity to more than scan the papers I had taken from the body of my mate. The peculiar clearance signed over the schooner to be a Yankee trader. There was a Yankee sailor captured and a Yankee captain dead, and why should there be suspicions—and there were none in the mind of the lieutenant; but of his friend, the dragoon, who had come aboard for a bit of dangerous play (and had nigh achieved his wish), I was not so sure.

In my turn at questioning I found that the enemy was the Sprite, an American capture, refitted and renamed, one of the last of Howe's fleet as (Lounsbury had surmised), bearing two passengers beside her usual complement of men, and bound for New York to meet General Clinton, that on his overland trip from Philadelphia to that city.

Now we had been sitting below for upward of an hour, drinking my rum and making game of the rebels on land and sea (though once, when I spoke of John Paul Jones, I saw I was on dangerous ground, and belayed my tongue, cursing the liquor for having loosened it), when the companion way was darkened by a marine, who, jerking a salute, said, with a scarcely controlled grin: "We have another prisoner, sir."

"Another!" exclaimed the lieutenant, starting up and giving me a stern look. "What's the meaning of this, Lounsbury? Are you drinking fairly?" I was as surprised as he, and had no answer to make, but before my confusion became manifest the marine again spoke. "'Tis the dead man come to life, sir. We were flushing him an' the deck, an' 'twas the water as fetched him, sir."

"Glad I am 'tis no worse," said the officer with a laugh. "I feared I smelled a trick. You American-born are the devil and all at playing deep games, and, faith! for a second I thought you might have cozened me. Let us to the deck."

I had sudden reason to turn my curse from the liquor, for had it not been in me I doubt not I would have fallen backward. Like a drowning man, I had visions passing through my mind with a rapidity that makes description impossible. My very strength gave out for the moment, but there was enough left to get me to my feet and follow the others to the deck.

I have faced death since, and well-nigh shaken hands with it, but never did the knowledge of its nearness affect me as did the words of the marine; and 'twould take more than money to make me go through a like thirty seconds, or the time it took me to get from the cabin. Lounsbury had been moved, and lay on his back on the deck with his head resting on the edge of the helm grating. He was looking from the scupper that had brought him life, but I sent up a mental thanks giving on the discovery that it had not also brought him to reason. The sole sign of vitality lay in the fact that he breathed. There was a hoarse and hollow tone at each heave of his broad chest, which I knew to be due to his broken head; and though I felt him to be a deadly enemy and a churlish house for morals there was a pity in it to see the abject helplessness of the once powerful figure as it sprawled on the hot, white planking.

Scammell stooped for the man's pulse, peering closely into his face the while, and then for a moment the whole load of anxiety came back on me as he straightened up and said: "I have seen this fellow before, though I fail to place him as Thorndyke. He looks



"I drank to the King, and d—d the rebels."

like the chap who escaped from the rebels after spiking the guns near White Plains. But that was before we took New York. Why the d—l can't I remember names?" Here again was mighty dangerous ground, for Scammell was right, though I knew nothing of it then nor until the war was over. The spiking of the guns was an old story, but it had been long ago, and I was only aware of the bald fact. However, I felt that he had struck a scent, which if followed up (and I fancied him the man for it) might, nay, would, be likely to drive me to bay. It was well, then, that at that moment a recall gun sounded from the off-lying schooner. It seemed to wake the lieutenant to the fact that time had gone, and that the sun was well toward its setting. Without more ado a guard was left on the vessel until a report could be made to the captain of the Sprite, and with the others I went along, that I might again tell my tale and get my knife-thrust into proper dressing.

CHAPTER III. A VOLUNTARY PRISONER.

Darkness was well settled on the sea, though there still hung a faint, hot glow in the west when I had finished my business on the Sprite.

Barring the baleful eye of Scammell, there had been nothing to mar the proceedings in making a report in harmony with my story. The dragoon's silence and steady gaze were a trifle disconcerting, and the knowledge of the captured black (who had been conveyed to the Sprite), coupled with the feeling that Lounsbury might return to his senses and spring a mine beneath me, served to keep my nerves at a tension which became well-nigh unbearable.

There had been a number in the elegant cabin, but of them I got not, save that most of them got hot with liquor. For a sight of it had been taken, even the captain having his judgment crossed and his jollity increased by constant recourse to the bottle. And here let me say that, in my poor opinion, both the length and cruelty of the time were helped more than a little by this never-ending taking aboard of "Dutch courage." Had it made men battle in proportion to their boasting, 'twould have served some proper end, but I never found that I could fight better with eyes and wits tangled with liquor, and, in fact, though I preach never touched it when in trouble save as on this occasion—to keep up appearances.

And even on this occasion I had still the upper hand of what I drank, and noticed that Scammell was nursing himself as well; but, aside from we two, 'twas a noisy crowd that tumbled to the deck to see me back to the Phantom. I had made myself mighty popular during my short stay aboard. A change of berths had been offered me, but I had small notion of leaving my own craft with its hidden cargo, though I put it on the ground of forfeiting prize money if I deserted her. A crew of five men were given me (which would make a small claim for salvage in favor of the Sprite), and now, with the doctor, who was to give a hand to Lounsbury, I stood by the side while laying a small wager on the race to New York.

I had little heart in the laugh and last handshake to the rest, and was about putting foot on the side steps to pass to the boat that was swinging high and low on the running seas, when my attention was caught by the face of a girl who rose through the companion and stood startlingly clear against the black background of the night. The bright lamplight from the cabin flooded and brought out every detail of her features. It was but the face and bust I saw, the open door cutting off the lower part of her figure, but 'twas the face of an angel, and for an instant I forgot to move, looking at her as I would at a beautiful picture.

And a picture she made as she stood there turned toward us. High breeding showed in the delicate contour of chin and cheek, dark eyes and clearly cut straight nose, but 'twas the small mouth with its fine red lips half open as though in inquiry that held me by its sweetness, while the mass of auburn hair, dressed high, as was the fashion of the times, gave a touch of perfection to her countenance.

The vision—for 'twas more akin to a vision than reality—lasted but a breath, for Scammell thrust his form betwixt us, and made rapid steps toward the companion way, while I, with a hand wave to the others, joined the doctor in the boat.

The surgeon, a tall, raw-boned Irishman, afflicted with a strong after-dinner hiccup and a desire to talk, settled back in the stern sheets, and voluntarily fell into an explanation of a lady being on board the Sprite.

"An' ye know not Mrs. Badely, Sir Henry's light-of-love? 'Tis a shame that king's officers be made to dance attendance to that ilk. Her ward seems to be of different clay, though. A bonny lass she is, an' a lonely one, having no great love for her guardian, as 'tis plain to see, an' 'dew to turn a word with, saving Scammell. Did ye mark the way he slid to her when she lifted o'er the hatch? 'Tis in my mind she's jealous of the deck her foot lights on, an' he hangs about her like a brooding hen. 'Twas a sorry move Sir Henry made when he lit on him for a guard of honor to Mrs. Badely and Gertrude King. Bad for him, I mean, since 'tis plain he's struck between wind and water by the lass, though, in my mind, she'll have little to do with the likes o' him after setting foot ashore."

From this and other rambling talk I gathered that the Sprite was taking two ladies from Philadelphia to New York—ladies high in favor with Gen. Clinton—and that one of them, Mrs. Badely, was the famous beauty to whom the doughty knight had given his heart without the honorable accompaniment of his hand and name. Her notoriety had even spread beyond the British lines, and much of the opportune inactivity of the enemy was explained as due to the fascination of his mistress and the inability of the commander to withdraw from her influence and take the field.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not to Be Thwarted.

Joseph Jefferson, in his younger days, was never a man to be thwarted. It is said that he once even interrupted Jay Gould at a board meeting rather than be detained over time in New York. Jefferson had lost the transfer check for his baggage and wanted to get that baggage rechecked without it. The minor officials were in a great hurry and refused to listen to him. "If you haven't your check we can't tend to you for an hour," said one. "What!" cried the actor, bouncing about the platform, "we'll see about that! Is there anybody in authority here? Any director or anything?" "Well," sneered a burly baggage tasser, "there's Mr. Jay Gould in the board room. 'Fetch him!' cried Mr. Jefferson. "Fetch him this instant!" "What?" asked the astonished porter. "Well, then, I shall get him myself," and he dashed upstairs into the office and proceeded to explain things to Mr. Gould. Now, Jay Gould was a man who did not fancy interruptions to business, so when the panting employe entered and asked: "Shall I give him the baggage?" the financier replied: "Give him the baggage? Can't you see who he is? I have work to do." Gave him the depot if he wants it!—Troy Times.

Two Gifts.

Generosity takes two forms: one puts its object on the shoulder, the other on the heart. It is the province of royalty alone to act the host as did the sultan of Turkey recently, when he poured into the hands of the kaiserin of Germany a handful of diamonds, the smallest of which was worth over \$2,000; but a kindlier and more imitable example was once set by the grandfather of the kaiser. Just 20 years ago Kaiser William I. visited Baden-Baden and strolled incognito through the shops of the city. Two peasants from the neighboring Black forest, evidently a young man and his sweetheart, wistfully eyed some little object, timidly asked its price, and on hearing it, almost tearfully turned away. The grand and kind old kaiser had noted it all. The peasant pair had just reached the exit from the enclosure, when one of the people of the shop came up to them and placed a packet in their hands, with the words whispered low: "By the will of the kaiser."—Youth's Companion.

How She Used Cheewing Gum.

There is one young woman in New York who says that cheewing gum is almost a necessary part of a young woman's dressing table. "Do you know," she says, "'the other day I lost a big rhinestone out of one of my best hats. I found the stone, but didn't know what to do, for I wear the pin all the time, and I was going to use it just then. If you only stop to think a minute there is nothing you can't do. I happened to think of cheewing gum. I bought a piece, chewed it a little until it was soft, put in the vacant place in my pin, like cement, and it has hardened there, and I don't believe it will ever come out again."

Not Ejected.

During the hearing of a case in court the other day, a funny answer by the prisoner convulsed the court in laughter. "Silence in the court!" thundered the magistrate. "The next person who laughs will be instantly ejected!" At this the prisoner burst out laughing. "Stop that foolish noise!" said the magistrate. "Well, I do call that hard!" said the prisoner. "You said you would eject the next person who laughed, and I am only waiting to see you carry out your promise."—Golden Days.

Non-Territorial Expansion

Means paying rent for a poor farm. New is the time to secure a good farm on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Marinette County, Wisconsin, where the crops are of the best, work plenty, fine markets, excellent climate, pure soft water, land sold cheap and on long time. Why rent a farm when you can buy one for less than you pay for rent? Address C. E. Rollins, Land Agent, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

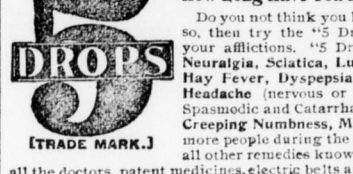
A Weak Memory.

A local newspaper woman is a member of a colony of her sex in a downtown flat. It was her turn this week to do the buying of the light housekeeping supplies. Probably she relied a little too implicitly on her memory. Anyway, she was overheard at the phone calling up one of the big groceries: "I want a half dozen cakes of suppressed yeast!" she cried. And that was all of the order she could remember.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A man learns of so many honest men going wrong that he is constantly surprised that he doesn't go out behind the barn and try to hold himself up.—Atchison Globe.

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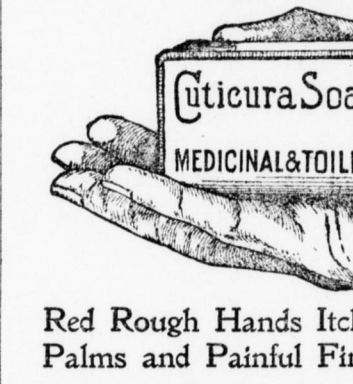
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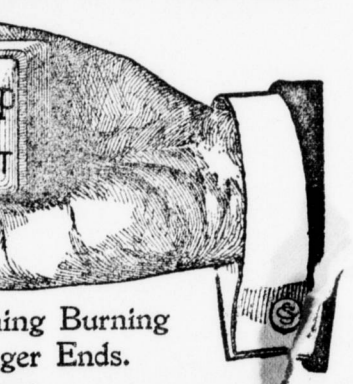
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Do you not think you have wasted precious time and suffered enough? If so, then try the "5 Drops" and be promptly and permanently cured of your afflictions. "5 Drops" is a speedy and Sure Cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago (lame back), Kidney Diseases, Asthma, Hay Fever, Dyspepsia, Catarrh of all kinds, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Headache (nervous or neuralgic), Heart Weakness, Dropsy, Earache, Spasmodic and Catarrhal Croup, Toothache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Creeping Numbness, Malaria, and kindred diseases. "5 Drops" has cured more people during the past four years, of the above-named diseases, than all other remedies known, and in case of Rheumatism is curing more than RHEUMATISM. Therefore waste no more valuable time and money, but try "5 Drops" and be promptly CURED. "5 Drops" is not only the best medicine, but it is the cheapest, for a \$1.00 bottle contains 300 doses. Price per bottle, \$1.00, prepaid by mail or express, or 6 bottles for \$5.00. For the next 30 days we will send a 25c sample FREE to anyone sending 10 cents to pay for the mailing. Agents wanted. Write today.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 E. LAKE ST., CHICAGO.

Sore Hands



Red Rough Hands Itching Burning Palms and Painful Finger Ends.

One Night Treatment

Soak the hands on retiring, in a strong, hot creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful.

Pure and Sweet

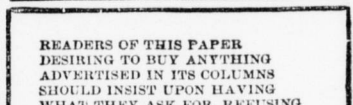
and free from every blemish is the skin, scalp, and hair cleansed, purified, and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. It removes the cause of disgusting eruptions, loss of hair, and baby blemishes, viz.: The clogged, irritated, inflamed, or sluggish condition of the PORES. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE—namely, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS—the best skin and complexion soap and the best toilet and baby soap in the world.

Speedy Cure Treatment for Itching, Burning, Scaly Humors.

Hot baths with CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin; gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT to heal the skin; and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool the blood. Sold throughout the world. Price, THE SET, \$1.25; or, SOAP, 25c.; OINTMENT, 50c.; RESOLVENT (half size), 50c. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. Send for "How to Preserve the Hands, Hair, and Skin," mailed free.

PIMPLES DON'T RENT

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRANK WARDMAN, 5708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



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Its good enough for Uncle Sam and its good enough for you. A. N. K.-C 1782