

OPPORTUNITY.

Fair, tall and limber-limbed, behold, she waits
Beside the stony path o'er which I wend
My anxious way, and gaily indicates
By beckonings and smiles my journey's end.
By signs she tells me that the joys I seek
Await me there. With energy anew
And hope's fresh flush upon my faded cheek,
Mid cruel thorns and noxious weeds and rue
I struggle on that I may call her mine.
E'er she departs as oft she hath before;
That full into my own her eyes may shine;
That I may clasp her close, all sorrows o'er.
But when I reach the spot whereon she stood
No answering word or touch is mine to know;
All echoes, from gray and lonely wood
Cold, cheerless, cutting winds upon me blow.
I weep as I recall her many charms
And fond, ambitionless, my empty arms.
—W. H. T. Shad.



By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS
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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

One hand was played to the advantage of the officer. That was to be expected. Then another went smoothly enough in behalf of the fox, after which, though without moving, I looked sharply for the end. The method was slightly unusual, though conceived and executed with skill. They had each been in the habit of tilting back on the rear legs of their chairs as they picked up their hands and conned them. As the last card was dealt and the balance of the pack laid aside, the officer settled himself backward, while the fellow nearest me did the same thing but a second later. It was then the fine play came in. Seeming to lose his balance, to save himself from a fall he threw out a foot which caught beneath the officer's chair, sending that party over on to the broad of his back and bringing himself down on the four legs of his seat. With the rapidity of a skilled villain, I saw him draw cards from his pocket, throwing those dealt him on to the surplus pack, then slamming his false hand face down on the table, he jumped to the assistance of his companion.

The officer accepted the rough apologies offered him, and, after dusting himself with his handkerchief, played out the hand. It fell to his lot to lose, and he paid with a good grace.

As was usual, the winner proposed a parting dram and set up a loud clamor for the waiter to fetch a bottle of rum, swearing he would have no more of the like of the wine he had been drinking, the empty bottle of which stood betwixt them on the table.

Now had the waiter been forthcoming, I would probably have less of a tale to tell. But 'twixt the heat, long hours and the present lack of custom, he had doubtless fallen asleep and was deaf to the call given him. Anyway, after fruitless hawling by the waiter, the officer took a hand in the matter by turning his attention to me, for he shouted:

"Here, ye lazy son of a bullock pricker! step out and find the waiter, and be damned to you!" at the same time hurling the empty bottle at me.

The glass missile struck me fairly on the wounded arm, about an inch above where the negro's knife had entered. For an instant it gave me exquisite pain, but the sting did not reach to deaden the force of the blow, though it had naught to do with lessening the towering anger to which both words and bottle had brought me. In six strides I was on them, and upsetting the card-sharpener, chair and all, with my open palm I dealt the naval man a blow in the face, lying him backward in the dust where he had been but a short time before.

With this my anger slipped away from me like breath from polished steel, and I saw but the comic side of the two sprawling in the dirt.

Never could I hold heat longer than a wire (though I take it as readily), and had they been quick to acknowledge the mistake that had been made, I would have cried them quits, and even joined them in a dram.

But it was not so to be. After a few seconds' bewilderment, the officer scrambled to his feet, and, pulling his sword from its scabbard, paused as though to take his bearings for an onset. He was no more than 20 years of age, carrying plenty of the marks of dissipation on him, and what with his dust-whitened clothes, his boyish proportions, and his dirty face, he looked, with his drawn sword, like a ruffled bantam.

I should have been obliged to hurl the table at him in self-defense (which would have been ill for him) had not at that moment a cavalierman on a black charger driven full tilt into the tavern yard, reining up close to us.

CHAPTER V.

A TRIANGULAR QUARREL.

I knew of no reason to fear him, but it gave me a start to recognize Scammell, in the full uniform of a captain in De Laney's marauding Tories. He threw a quick glance about him, taking in the angry belligerent and his friend, who had picked himself up and was standing at a safe distance with his blade in his hand, as though waiting a favorable opportunity to rush in and take a part in the merriment. Though I fell under the tory's eye, he did not at once recognize me, for I had my beard at about a ten days' growth, and was something more than picturesque in the shabbiness of my dress. He immediately claimed the attention of my opponent by calling him by name.

"Hello, Belden! Something put out again, eh? What the devil's the matter now? Have you not had lessons enough in your own set that you must fall afoul of pot-house loungers? What's amiss?"

"That villain has dared lay his hand on me, and, by God! he's bound to pay the penalty!" burst out Belden, for the first time finding his voice.

"Which villain?" asked Scammell, as he threw his leg over the saddle and came to the ground with the bride in the crook of his elbow. "Faith, you look as though odds were against you. I see two of them. 'Tis your good luck I had a thirst that needed slaking. On my soul, whom have we here?" he exclaimed, scowling, as a second look he identified me. "Is it a fair quarrel, Belden? I'll weigh your pockets with five pounds—if you'll hand your rights to me, unless 'tis a matter of cheating at cards."

What, sirrah!" he demanded, walking to-

ward me with a malignant look to his rather fine features, "you were quick to offer me a lesson awhile since. Are you as ready to take one yourself at this meeting? How is it you have outraged my friend and your better?"

"Let them alone, yer honor!" interposed the card-sharpener, approaching. "Tis a tie cause for the both. One was hit by a bottle, the other grounded by a fist. Can't we have a trifle of fun with a hawkback without interference? Faith, the bullock man shall have my sword, an' we'll see which is the better carver! I'll back him, too, an' ye may back yer friend the popinjay, whose one merit lies in not knowing when he's well beaten. Come, now! we'll to the Calchuck Hill (a small elevation near the Collect, a freshwater pond, which was on the site of the present town). The galleons used for military execution stood between it and the Fields, or present City Hall park, an' have it out. I'll—"

"What! you villain you! you low thief! Get hence, or I'll scalp you!" interrupted Scammell, turning on him. "Calchuck Hill, you dog! You would never go so near the galleons on your own feet, an' ye may back yer friend the popinjay, whose one merit lies in not knowing when he's well beaten. Come, now! we'll to the Calchuck Hill (a small elevation near the Collect, a freshwater pond, which was on the site of the present town). The galleons used for military execution stood between it and the Fields, or present City Hall park, an' have it out. I'll—"

Scammell, instead of falling on the fellow in a fury, an act I looked for, snapped his fingers in his face, and with a look measuring him from head to foot replied contemptuously:

"You dirty dog! Mighty brave you are in the knowledge that a king's officer would never cross swords with such scum. I'll give you one minute to be gone, and, failing, I'll see you tied up and lashed. If you know me so well, you know 'twill be done." And with this he turned his back on the sharper, who, far from obeying the hint to leave, stepped away but a few paces.

"And now, my wild sea bird," said the tory redirecting his attention to me, "are you willing to clear yourself with my friend here? Give a fair explanation of this affair if you can, or perhaps you would like to make a fine point of the matter with me in some quiet spot. I might doubt my rights to honorably cross swords with such a you in a matter as private as this, but I will forego all objections and ask no terms. Ah! but you have an excuse; you will doubtless plead a wound."

The deep insolence of his last remark turned my dislike of the man to a sudden hatred. "Was not the words, but his more than unbearable manner of uttering them that roused my ire and brought me to the pitch of action. Had he been nearer, I would have served him with my fist as I had served Lounsbury, and would have regretted it at once for its lack of dignity. Forgetting for the moment my assumed role, I stood where he had found me, and answered:

"Capt. Scammell, my calling is the sea. You are but a marauding bushwhacker, nor can the curse be rubbed off you by a title or hidden by fine trappings, and did you but know it you would be honored by crossing swords with me. As for an explanation, I will satisfy you so far as to say that I punished your friend for insulting me, and, by the God above me, if you wish to carry this further, I will punish you worse than I did him! I could but defend myself from him, a boy whose back I could break across my knee, so he goes harmless. As for you, I will fight you within the hour and ask for no second."

"Good!" he broke in. "You gave the name to the weapon. Let it be swords, and at once. Remember, he went on with an oath, and working himself into a rage, 'ask no quarter of me. Up or down I give no mercy; let a p'outrance be the word.'"

"Nay," said I, fanned to an equal heat by his blood-thirsty manner and the fury in his eye—"nay, then, I will not kill you, villain as you are, but, should I disarm you, or you slip, I will beat you with the flat of my sword until you roar for quarter, or I break every bone in your foul hide! 'Twill be scant mercy, as you were better killed outright. Now look to it, for this I will do, or my name is not Thorn—Lounsbury!"

I caught myself just in time, and started violently as I discovered the trip of my tongue. Both the others likewise gave a jump, but it immediately transpired that each had a different cause.

It was Scammell who first showed his reason for thus starting, and that was through the insult I had offered him in degrading him by a threatened beating. White with rage, he threw aside the blade, and drawing his heavy saber, advanced on me with a torrent of oaths.

Before I could do more than whip my left arm out of its sling and lift the bulky table in defense (for I was unarmed), the young officer sprang between us.

"Hold hard, Scammell!—Lounsbury! Are you Capt. Lounsbury? Lounsbury, of Rye? By my faith! but I came near making a bull of it!—This thing can go no further now, Scammell. I've been looking for the man high and low for week. Clinton wants him at once—at once! The order comes from headquarters. What, man! Hold hard!"

"Hold hard yourself!" shouted the tory, as he tried to dodge the young officer. "No further now! Do you think I'll brook such words to my face and wait for formalities? Ay, Lounsbury it is; and of Rye and the phantom and the devil, for aught I care! What can Clinton want with such a man? Stand aside, you salt fish, and let me meet him!"

"Call me no fish, you butcher-bird!" snapped Belden. "What ails your humor today? Has the heat gotten your head? You first pick my own quarrel away from me, and then flout me for looking to my own interests. Has the fair Gertrudehipped you, that you speak so quickly? I tell you my orders are imperative."

"Fore God, you sprat! An' you dare twit me in public on my private affairs!" shouted the tory, turning his wrath on the naval officer. "Use but her name again, and I'll spit you as you stand, you half a man! How! Will you, too, fight?"

Stung by his words, and more than stung by the reference to his short stature, Belden whirled and threw himself into the fence's attitude.

"Fight? Ay, I'll fight! Put aside that meat ax and use a gentleman's tool. I'll show you that half a man is better than a whole brute. My wrist is as fine as yours, for all your brawn."

That Scammell's blood had overcome his brain was plainly apparent by the way he threw his heavy saber to the ground and ran toward the card-sharpener. That fellow, anticipating his wants, brought up the point of the weapon which he still held, and presenting it at the breast of the on-comer, retreated a few steps and cried out:

"Nay, nay! Ye shall not have it. Settle yer brawl as best ye may, but my sword is mine, an' with me it shall bide. By the look of it, ye must settle with the three of us. Pull out o' the pickle, an' ye can; ye shall ha' no help or steel o' me."

Now while this was going on I had not been idle with either brain or body. I saw that Lounsbury had become a personage of importance, and that he was unknown to Clinton by sight. That something of moment was on hand was also discovered,

and it evidently lay in my power to thwart the matter and confound the British. At the same time, it would probably spread open a path for me to leave the city, and possibly in some manner show me a way to lay hands on my gold. It was a fair chance to act upon, and I could in no wise let harm come to the young sailor until I knew more or had been piloted on my way.

This was with my head. With my body I simply moved to where lay Scammell's saber, and picked it up.

As I did so, the baffled officer turned and saw the action. Foiled at every point, and now unarmed and compassed by three armed men, he swore and fumed like a baited animal.

I saw the folly of his total loss of temper, for had he not parted with it he never would have been placed in his present position. He had quarreled and well-nigh fought with three men in as many minutes, while his blind fury had brought him to where he was worsted and degraded at once.

As he stood there, too proud to retreat and unable to advance, he glanced hastily in every direction. In his desperation he was doubtless looking for his horse and his pistols in the holsters, and had he found them there would have been bloodshed. But his high-spirited animal, frightened at my act of swinging aloft the table and the shouts that followed, had tossed up head and tail at once and gone galloping from the yard, now being nowhere in sight.

And thus we stood for perhaps the space of half a minute (though it seemed longer), while at a distance gathered a number who had been drawn hither by the noise of the brawl. 'Twas a mighty awkward predicament for Scammell, but Belden finally put a period to the matter, and opened a way for the tory to retreat. Slipping the point of his sword into its scabbard, he thrust it down with a ring, and cried:

"Avast, all hands! We're nothing short of a pack of fools. Each of us has had a thrust at his neighbor, and each in turn has stood between two others. 'Tis the prettiest muss I ever saw, so d—n me! 'Twas all beginnings and devil of an ending. Let's make it up.—Come, Scammell, you might well go halfway to meet half a man. By my faith, that's not bad.—Lounsbury, I was a bullock myself, and ask pardon for the bottle. So there's my sop.—Who's next?"

Now my heart warmed to a man who is quick to take fire, whose wrath is like the touch of a match to gunpowder, the force of which is gone when its work is done; just as I hate the sullen spirit of one who nurses the last spark and sulks until its heat dies for lack of fanning.

The generosity of the boy—for he was little else—struck home to me, and I was about offering my hand, when Scammell, quick to take advantage of the turn of affairs, spoke up:

"So let it be if you say so, Belden. I am overhot from the ride from the outer lines at Kingsbridge. I'll willingly pass you and your fellow"—indicating the trickster with



"Two sprawling in the dirt."

a jerk of his head—"but I'll not be quite with your new protegee save but for the time you need him. If Clinton wants him, I'll spare him the while to do his dirty work, for on honorable matters he would not employ such a man while his betters go begging.—How now, sirrah?" he continued, turning and advancing toward me. "You are glad enough to accept the respite, I doubt not. Will you name time and place to receive your deserts?"

"'Tis against my nature to duel in cold blood; but, as my word is passed, I'll carry through my promise. Where do you put up?"

"At the King's Arms, truckler!"

"Then, sir, you lie close to the rod, for there I stay also. For the time to meet you, that must rest with Sir Henry. For the place, that your howls be not heard by your fellows, I make it the clump of trees in Lepper's Meadows [an extensive tract of drained swamp-land beyond the then city limits, through about the center of which now runs the present Canal street]. You doubtless know the spot. As to the hour, I will enlighten you at your quarters as soon as may be.—Now, Mr. Belden, I am at your disposal. Shall we get to headquarters?"

Saying this, I threw to the ground the tory's saber and turned from him. Instead of stooping for his side arm, Scammell stepped around so as to again be before me, and, though there was no abatement to the malicious hatred in his eye, his voice fell to a hoarse whisper as he said:

"By my faith, sir, it were better you had stood and been run through than to have put into my head the matter you have just given me! More than that. It were better that you had the devil and his horde against you than Walter Scammell!"

And bending, he picked up his saber, sheathed it, threw a careless salute to Belden, and walked off, the card-sharpener joining the throng about the tavern door.

CHAPTER VI.

A FAIR PROSPECT.

Left alone with Belden, that worthy looked me over slowly, and then holding out his hand, said:

"On my soul, Lounsbury, you had best shrive yourself! To tell the truth, I'm mightily afraid of that fellow, who is no less the brute I called him because I offered to cry quits. He would be invincible with a rapier, only he holds the light weapon with too light a hand. He is all points and ticks, and, unless you disarm him, it looks to go hard with you. You will never get by his guard."

"Thanks," said I, laughing, and taking his hand. "I've a trick or two, myself. What does the general want with me now?"

"I have but a fraction of the matter, and know my place too well to talk of it. Let us step out; but, man, you'll never appear at headquarters in such a rig! You would be barred at the door!"

"'Tis but the service of a razor and a shift of clothes I need, and will soon have. Will you bear me company to my lodgings?" He agreed to this, and we set out down White Bowery Lane to the Fields, past the provost prison (now the Hall of Records,

City Hall Park) and poorhouse, and so along the Broadway, chatting like two old friends as we walked.

'Twas a strange coincidence, I thought, when I found my companion was attacked to the Sprite, having been on board even at the time I was telling a false tale of myself in his cabin, he having been laid up below through a wound received in a duel while in Philadelphia. A jolly, light-hearted, dissipated boy he was, but as rampaut a worshiper of royalty as has fallen to my lot to meet.

He could tell me nothing of Mrs. Belden and her ward, Gertrude King (the latter toward whom I had an instinctive leaning), save that they had long ago left the school, and were in sumptuous quarters on Queen street. Scammell's passion for the young lady was no secret to him, and he made a coarse joke at the expense of both, for which I could have wrung his neck.

But all were alike in those days, it seemed to me, and not once did I hear a woman respectfully spoken of, though the maligners of the sex pressed a readiness to lie down and be trodden on when in the presence of the least of the ladies of fashion. Such a fulsome aping of fine manners on the streets and off; such back-bending and courtesying, froth, and hypocrisy; such affectation in speech and attitude; such utter prostration before the god of mode and folly as was practiced by these puppets of the king in this small copy of the court, never before or since has it been the fortune of man to see. Insincerity, heartlessness, and an absurd sensitiveness regarding so-called points of honor ruled the day. And these were the spirits who were expected to subdue the hardy yeomanry of America!

Well, this is neither here nor there. A well shorn, a suit and a shade or two the worse for wear, and a sword at my thigh for effect, we set off for our destination, Belden having washed his dirty face and generally groomed himself.

At this time Clinton's headquarters was on the Broadway, at No. 1, and opposite the Bowling Green, being the same dwelling wherein Washington had established himself while the patriot troops occupied the city.

'Twas strange to me that the British commander should have hit upon this house, not only because of its association, but from the fact that it was, with some few mansions to the north, cut off from the rest of the city by the broad swath of ruin caused by the great fire of September, 1776.

This conflagration had started (God knows how!) near the Whitehall, and, under the fanning of a strong wind, had burned northwest, crossing the Broadway below Trinity church, and from there laying low everything clear to the Hudson and northward to high the city limits. Trinity went with the rest, but by some mercy St. Paul's was spared, as well as King's college (Columbia college), the fire stopping just short of Robinson street [now Park Place], on which stood the latter.

No attempt had been made to rebuild or even clear the ruins, and now 'twas a dangerous neighborhood, as the outcroppings of the camp had taken possession of the whole area, and utilizing old walls, beams, and sails, had established a colony of violence and filth, which went by the name of Canastown.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLADSTONE'S CORRECTNESS.

The Grand Old Man Was on All Occasions the Essence of Propriety.

Gladstone had a horror of indelicacies of all kinds much like that of Gen. Grant. It was often said in England to a person who had told an anecdote with ever so slight a tinge of impropriety: "How many thousands of pounds would you take to tell that to Gladstone?" Again, he had a rooted aversion to profiting, directly or indirectly, by his public opportunities. He was an inveterate finance minister. Constantly was his active intelligence rearranging the details and incidence of taxation. A hint from him would have meant a fortune; yet no man ever got it. "No mysterious secrets were ever offered for sale, as coming from him," it is written of him, "in exchange or bourse. Slight suspicion asserted many incredible things of him, but the most wanton slanderer never dared suggest that anyone in his entourage or intimacy ever profited a penny by a look, a lip, a gesture from him when in office." He would never allow his name to be used in any business enterprises. In the house of commons when announcement of his death was made Sir William Harcourt choked and could not finish his speech. "Of all chiefs," he said, emphatically, "he was the most kind, the most tolerant, the most placable." In the house of lords, too, where Lord Rosebery made a passing reference to Mr. Gladstone's last letter, penned with almost dying hands, to Lady Salisbury, expressing his personal sympathy after the carriage accident to Lord Salisbury, the premier himself, bowed with age and many burdens, wept like a child. As one newspaper well says: "Such tears give salt to public life in England." Mr. Balfour, who was an intimate and admiring friend of Gladstone's, though his political foe, personally induced Mrs. Gladstone to allow her husband to be buried among England's great ones at Westminster. His body will therefore rest in the Abbey, in "Statesmen's Corner," and in effigy, as in life, Mr. Gladstone will stand side by side with Peel and facing Disraeli, his lifelong political antagonist.—Troy Times.

A Modest Request.

When the old lady with the ear trumpet called little Bessie entertained her till the lady of the house was ready to put in an appearance. While telling about her recent presents and the health of her several dolls, Bessie eyed the trumpet curiously and finally could restrain herself no longer.

"Are you too tired to play me a couple of tunes while mamma finishes dressing?"—Detroit Free Press.

Unmistakable Evidence. She—What makes you think he loves me so desperately?

Simplex—Oh, a thousand things! He always looks pleased, for instance, when you sing and play.—Tit-Bits.

Only Half.

She—You were scared half to death the day we were married. He—Only half, unfortunately.—Indianapolis Journal.

READ WHAT A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN

Has to say who has had 35 YEARS of active Practice of Medicine:

I have never before in my 35 years of practice of medicine given my testimonial or recommendation to any patent medicine, but there is a remedy, the result of which has come under my own observation, for there is no Disease which has so baffled the medical skill of all ages as Rheumatism and to find a Reliable remedy for the same. At last we have found it in "5 DROPS," manufactured by the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, Chicago, Ill. The "5 DROPS," has proven itself wonderful for its curative power in Rheumatism, not as a Temporary Reliever only, but to give a Permanent Cure even in chronic cases. Sometime ago, I had among others several Rheumatic cases under my treatment and prescribed for these patients the very best Remedies which I skillfully selected, but without desirable results. I then heard of "5 DROPS" and of its Wonderful Cures, and prescribed it to a few patients who found relief from its use within a few days. After that I prescribed it to a great number and to my surprise, I will say that in the course of Two or Three Weeks after they had used "5 DROPS" and "5 Drop" Plasters they were cured. Among these were a few who had, for a number of years, been suffering with Chronic Rheumatism, who had piloted themselves around on Crutches. They came to my office without Crutches and told me they were perfectly Well. They give all the credit to "5 DROPS" and to "5 Drop" Plasters and this is their testimony to the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company for their kindness and for the conscientious manner in which they are placing these Wonderful Remedies among suffering humanity, which they told me to write to the Company as an acknowledgment. As I have seen the Curative Power of "5 DROPS" and "5 Drop" Plasters, in a great many instances, I can Truly recommend them and also that the firm is perfectly honest and reliable to deal with.

C. A. JACKSON, Physician and Surgeon, Kenner, Neb., Aug. 29, 1899.
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