

**SERIAL STORY**

**THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA**

By **MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL**

(Copyright, 1906, Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

CHAPTER I.

"Tis not in my nature to be cowed by any woman whatever. Therefore, when I found myself in the presence of my Lady Hawkshaw, in her Chinese drawing room, with her great black eyes glaring at me, and her huge black plume of feathers nodding at me, as she sat, enveloped in a vast black robe like a pall, I said to myself: 'After all, she is but a woman.' So I stared back at her with all the coolness in the world—and I was a seeker after favor, too—and but 14 years of age, and had only seven and sixpence in my pocket. The tall footman who stood behind Lady Hawkshaw's chair made a grimace at me; and I responded by a fierce look, as if I was about to run him through the body.

"James," said her ladyship, "go and make my compliments to Sir Peter Hawkshaw, and say to him that his roistering kept me awake half the night, and consequently I feel very ill this morning; and that his great-nephew, Master Richard Glyn from America, is come after a midshipman's warrant in his majesty's navy—and I desire Sir Peter to attend me in my bowdwer immediately."

Her ladyship's French was the queerest imaginable—yet in her youth she had the French tutor who had taught the daughters of the regent of France.

There was a silence after the tall footman left, during which my lady and I eyed each other closely. I remember having heard that she had defied her father, Lord Bosanquet, and one of the greatest family connections in the kingdom, in order to marry Sir Peter, who was then a penniless lieutenant in his majesty's navy and the son of a dyersalter in the city. This same dyersalter was my great-grandfather; but I had an infusion of another blood through my mother, God bless her!—who was of a high family and a baronet's daughter. The dyersalter strain was honest, but plebeian, while the baronet strain was rather more lofty than honest, I fancy.

Having heard, as I say, of the desperate struggle it cost Lady Hawkshaw to marry her lieutenant, I somewhat expected to find her and Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw living like doves in a cage, and was disappointed at the message her ladyship sent her lord. But I was still more disconcerted when Sir Peter, a short, stout man, with a choleric eye, presently bounced into the room.

"Sir Peter," said her ladyship, "here is your nephew Tom's brat, who wants a midshipman's warrant."

Sir Peter stopped short, looked me over—I was tall for my age—and grinned savagely. I thought it was all up with me and was almost ready to haul down my flag.

"And Sir Peter," screamed her ladyship, "he must have it!"

"Hang me, my lady!" snapped Sir Peter, "but when did you take such an interest in my nephew Tom's brat?"

"This very hour," replied Lady Hawkshaw, tartly, and tossing her black plumes haughtily. "You behaved like a wretch to the boy after the death of his father and mother in America; and God has given you the chance to make amends, and I say he shall have his warrant."

"Zounds, madam!" bawled Sir Peter; "since you take the liberty of disposing of my warrants, I presume you are the holder of my commission as vice-admiral of the White in his majesty's service. Let me know it if you are—let me know it, I say!"

"Stuff!" responded my lady, to which Sir Peter answered something that sounded like "Damme!" and then my attention was distracted from this matrimonial engagement by the silent entrance of two young girls. One of them was about 12 years of age. She had dove-like eyes, and her dark lashes kissed her cheek. She came and stood familiarly by Lady Hawkshaw's chair; and the gentle affectionateness of her manner toward that redoubtable person amazed me at the time. This was my first sight of Daphne Carmichael; and when she fixed her soft, childlike glance upon me, it was like the sight of stars on a cloudy night. But the other one, a tall girl of 16 or thereabouts, dazzled me so that I am obliged to confess I had no more eyes for Daphne. This older girl was the Lady Arabella Stormont, and was then and always by far the handsomest creature I ever beheld. I shall not attempt to describe her. I will only say that her brilliant face, with such a complexion as I never saw before or since, showed a haughty indifference toward the shabby boy over whom Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw were squabbling, and the

sense of my shabbiness and helplessness pierced my heart under Lady Arabella's calmly scornful gaze.

Both of these young girls were the great-nieces of Sir Peter Hawkshaw, but not on the dyersalter's side, so they were no blood relation to me. Sir Peter was their guardian, and Lady Hawkshaw had charge of them, and was most kind and devoted to them in her way. I soon found out that every one of Sir Peter's family had a good friend in Lady Hawkshaw; and I may as well say here that for true devotion and incessant wrangling, I never saw a married pair that equaled Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw.

The discussion between them concerning me grew hotter, and I grew as hot as the discussion, in thinking that a figure I was making before that divinely beautiful Lady Arabella. I had clean forgotten Daphne. Lady Hawkshaw lugged in a great variety of extraneous matter, reminding Sir Peter of certain awful predictions concerning his future which had been made by the last chaplain who sailed with him. Sir Peter denounced the chaplain as a sniveling dog. Lady Hawkshaw indulged in some French, at which Lady Arabella laughed behind her hand.

The battle royal lasted some time longer, but Lady Hawkshaw's metal was plainly heavier than Sir Peter's; and it ended by Sir Peter's saying to me angrily:

"Very well, sir, to oblige my lady I will give you the remaining midshipman's berth on the Ajax, 74. You may go home now, but show yourself aboard the Ajax at Portsmouth, before 12 o'clock on this day week, and be very careful to mind your eye."

I had nerved myself to hear with coolness the refusal of this fiery admiral; but his real kindness, disguised under so much choler, overcame me. I stammered something and stopped—that hound of a footman was grinning at me, because, my eyes were full of tears, and also, perhaps, because my coat was of cheap make, and my shoes needed attention. But at that moment little Daphne, with the greatest artlessness, came up and slipped her little hand into mine, saying:

"He means he is very much obliged to you, uncle, and to you, dear aunt."



"Here is Your Nephew Tom's Brat."

I do not know how I got out of the house, but the next thing I knew I was standing on the street outside. I had been told to go home. I had no home now unless the Bull-in-the-Bush tavern be one. But I did not return to the Bull-in-the-Bush, whose tawdry splendors revolted me now, after I had seen Sir Peter Hawkshaw's imposing house, as much as they had before attracted me. I was tingling with the sense of beauty newly developed in me. I could not forget that exquisite vision of Lady Arabella Stormont, who seemed to my boyish mind more like a white rose bush in full flower than anything I could call to memory. I made my way instead to the plain, though clean, lodgings, where I had spent the years since my parents' death, with good Betty Green, the widow of Corporal Green, late of my father's regiment.

These two excellent but humble creatures had brought me, an orphan, home from my birthplace, America, consigned to Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw. This woman, Betty Green, had been my mother's devoted servant, as her husband had been my father's, and it was thought perfectly safe to send me home with them. But there was a danger which no one foresaw. Betty was one of those strange women who love like a lioness. This lioness' love she felt for me; and for that reason, I believe, she deliberately planned to prevent my family from ever getting hold of me. It is true, on landing in England, her husband's regiment being ordered to Winchester, she went to see Sir Peter Hawkshaw and, I suspect, purposely made him so angry that, Lady Hawkshaw being absent, he almost kicked Betty Green out of the house. That is what I fancy my lady meant when she reproached Sir Peter with cruelty to me. I well remember the air of triumph with which Betty returned and told the corporal of her ill success; then, clasping me in her arms, she burst out with a cry that no admiral nor ladies nor lords neither should take her darling boy away from her. Green, her husband, being a steady, cool-headed fellow, waited until the paroxysm was over, when he told her plainly that she must carry out my parents' instructions, and he himself would go to see Sir Peter as soon as he could. But Fate disposed of this plan by cutting short the corporal's life the next week, most unexpectedly. Then this woman, Betty Green—illiterate, and a stranger in England, and supporting

us both by her daily labor—managed to foil all of the efforts of Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw to find me; for he had done all he could to discover the whereabouts of his nephew's orphan. 'Tis not for me to say one word against Betty Green, for she slaved for me as only a woman can slave, and, besides, brought me up in the habits and manners of a gentleman, albeit she did little for my education, and to this day I am prone to be embarrassed when I have a pen in my hand. I can not say that I was happy in the devoted, though savage, love she lavished upon me. She would not allow me to play with the boys of her own class, and those of my class I never saw. All my clamorings to know something about my family on either side were met by her declaring that she had forgotten where my mother's people lived; and as for Sir Peter, she gave me such a horrifying account of him that I never dreamed it possible to receive any kindness from him. At last, though, on her death-bed, she acknowledged a part of the deception her desperate affection had impelled her to play upon me. The poor soul had actually forgotten about my mother's family, and had destroyed everything relating to them, but directed me to go to Sir Peter; and thus it was that, on the day after I saw Betty Green, my only friend on earth, laid in a pauper's grave, I went to the house of my father's uncle, with the result narrated. When I got back to the humble lodgings where I had lived before Betty's death, I looked up a small box of trinkets of little value which had belonged to my mother, and from the sale of them I got enough to live upon for a week, and to make my way to Portsmouth at the end of it. Either Sir Peter had forgotten to tell me anything about my outfit, or else I had slipped out so quickly—galled by the fear of weeping before that rascally footman—that he had no chance. At all events, I arrived at Portsmouth by the mail coach, with all of my belongings in one shabby portmanteau.

I shall not describe my feelings during that journey toward the new life that awaited me. In fact, I scarcely recall them coherently; all was a maze, a jumble, and an uproar in my mind.

We got down in the inn yard—a coach full of passengers—I the only one who seemed adrift and alone among them. I stood looking about me—at a pert chambermaid who impudently ogled the hostlers and got a kiss in return; at the pretentious entrance to the inn; at all of the bustle and confusion of the arrival of the coach. Presently I saw a young gentleman somewhat older than myself, and wearing the uniform of his majesty's sea-service, come out of the inn door. He had a very elegant figure, but his face was rather plain. Within five minutes of my first meeting with Giles Vernon, I had an example of what was one of his most striking traits—every woman in sight immediately fixed her attention on him and smiled at him. One was the chambermaid, who left off ogling the hostlers and gaped at this young officer with her coarse, handsome face all aflame; another was the landlady, who followed him to the door, smirking and fanning herself; and the third was a venerable Quakeress, who was about entering the inn, and who beamed benevolently on him as he bowed gallantly in passing. I know not why this should have made such an impression on me; but being young and a fool I thought beauty was as highly prized by women as by men, and it surprised me that a fellow with a mouth so wide and with something dangerously near a squint should be such a lady-killer. It was common enough for young gentlemen holding midshipman's warrants to come down by the coach, and as soon as he saw me this young officer called out:

"Hallo, my heart! Is it a ship of the line or a frigate you are booked for? Or is it one of those damned gun-brigs which are unfit for a gentleman to serve in?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BY WHEELBARROW IN CHINA.

Two Passengers Go 20 Miles a Day for Ten Cents Each.

Probably more freight and more passengers are transported in China by the wheelbarrow than by any other land method. The wheelbarrow used in China differs from that used in America in the fact that the wheel is set in the center and thus supports practically the entire load, while the handles are supported in part by a strap or rope over the shoulders of the man who operates it.

As a result the coolie in China will transport nearly half a ton on his wheel. Wheelbarrows are much used in the country where the roads are but little developed, and I have heard that passengers sometimes make the entire trip from Shanghai to Peking, a distance of 600 miles, by barrow.

A two-passenger barrow will make about 20 miles a day, and the coolie is content with a pay of about 20 cents a day, or an average of about half a cent a mile for each passenger.

On the level, well-kept streets of the foreign quarters of such cities as Hongkong, Shanghai and Peking the wheelbarrow coolie will struggle along with a load of six or even eight people.

—Washington Herald.

**Scandinavian Dinner Custom.**  
A strange custom obtains in Norway, Sweden and Denmark. At dinner parties, if the guests are not evenly matched as regards numbers, it is a custom for one man to offer his arm to another if the ladies are not sufficiently numerous, and in this strange manner the guests go to dinner.

The fashion we are told always appears grotesque to the foreigner, and is without charm and without grace.

PREVENTING PAINT TROUBLES

It is easy enough to recognize the symptoms of poor paint, after it has been on awhile—after its inherent tendency to crack and peel and scale and blister, etc., has developed into trouble. You know these paint "diseases" usually indicate adulteration or substitution in the paint materials. And you know the only remedy is re-painting.

A little knowledge of paint and painting requirements, and how to make sure of the purity and quality of materials, would prevent all trouble, and save the big extra expense of re-painting; just as a proper knowledge of simple health-laws, and observance of them, prevents sickness.

A complete painting guide, including a book of color schemes, specifications for all kinds of painting work, and an instrument for detecting adulteration in paint materials, with directions for using it, can be had free by writing National Lead Co., 1902 Trinity Bldg., New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49.

A very simple guide in the purchase of white lead (the only sure and safe paint material) is the famous "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark; that trademark is an absolute guarantee of purity and quality.

**Bank Balance and Independence.**  
Business women have evolved the idea of saving, and the thrifty incentive was not inspired by their brothers, but rather envelops the girl with pence which evolves the girl with \$300 or \$400 to her credit and spurs her on to add more and more to the reserve.

**COVERED WITH HIVES.**  
Child a Mass of Dreadful Sore, Itching, Irritating Humor for 2 Months—Little Sufferer in Terrible Plight.

Disease Cured by Cuticura.

"My six year old daughter had the dreadful disease called hives for two months. She became affected by playing with children who had it. By scratching she caused large sores which were irritating. Her body was a complete sore but it was worse on her arms and back. We employed a physician who left medicine but it did not help her and I tried several remedies but without avail. Seeing the Cuticura Remedies advertised, I thought I would try them. I gave her a hot bath daily with Cuticura Soap and anointed her body with Cuticura Ointment. The first treatment relieved the itching and in a short time the disease disappeared. Mrs. George L. Fridhoff, Warren, Mich., June 30 and July 13, 1908."

**Slightly Mixed.**  
Little Oliver, six years old, had learned the song in which is oft repeated the refrain: "Glory, glory, hallelujah," and for some time he had been singing it with great enthusiasm and vigor. Finally he became silent, and after a brief period of cogitation he said:

"Mamma, what does 'hallelujah' mean?"

As simply as she could his mother explained that it was a religious exclamation meaning "praise the Lord."

He seemed rather surprised at the information, but his next question offered ample explanation of why he had thrown so much vigor into his singing. "If that's what it means," he said, "why do they throw corn and have jack lanterns on hallelujah night?"

**PLEASANT FOR DAUBER.**



Sign Painter (to Dauber, A. N. A.)—Hello, bo! It's great to meet up wid one of de deresh out here in de wilds!

**LESS MEAT**  
Advice of Family Physician.

Formerly people thought meat necessary for strength and muscular vigor.

The man who worked hard was supposed to require meat two or three times a day. Science has found out differently.

It is now a common thing for a family physician to order less meat, as in the following letter from a N. Y. man.

"I had suffered for years with dyspepsia and nervousness. My physician advised me to eat less meat and greasy foods generally. I tried several things to take the place of my usual breakfast of chops, fried potatoes, etc., but got no relief until I tried Grape-Nuts food."

"After using Grape-Nuts for the cereal part of my meals for two years, I am now a well man. Grape-Nuts benefited my health far more than the \$500.00 worth of medicine I had taken before."

"My wife and children are healthier than they had been for years, and we are a very happy family, largely due to Grape-Nuts."

"We have been so much benefited by Grape-Nuts that it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

And It Was Overruled.

Judge Hoar and Gen. Butler were opponents in a case of a new trial. Gen. Butler quoted: "Eye for eye, skin for skin, tooth for tooth, yea, all that a man hath, will be give for his life." To which Judge Hoar replied: "Yes, the devil quoted that once before in a motion for a new trial."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Sex Question.**  
Benham—The paper tells of a woman whose dress was made of postage stamps.

Mrs. Benham—I thought postage stamps were used only on mail matter.

**What a Woman Will Not Do.**  
There is nothing a woman would not do to regain her lost beauty. She ought to be fully as zealous in preserving her good looks. The herb drink called Lane's Family Medicine or Lane's Tea is the most efficient aid in preserving a beautiful skin, and will do more than anything else to restore the roses to faded cheeks. At all druggists' and dealers', 25c.

**A Cold Deal.**  
"And so he made a cool million?"  
"Yep, cornered the ice market."—Yale Record.

**Important to Mothers.**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the *Castor* Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Women would have no use for mirrors that would enable them to see themselves as others see them.

Thousands of country people know that in time of sudden mishap or accident Hamlin's Wizard Oil is the best substitute for the family doctor. That is why it is so often found upon the shelf.

The faces of some men look like accidents—and some others look like accidents.

**PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**  
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, burning, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

The assistance we get is seldom satisfactory. The best way is not to need it.

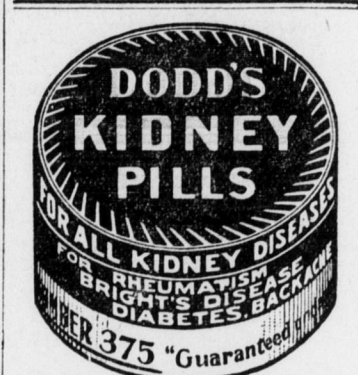
Cure That Cold To-Day.

Nearly all druggists and dealers now have in stock Lane's Pleasant Tablets (laxative), for Colds and Grip, and they will break up a cold quicker than any other remedy. A trial will convince you, as it has thousands of others. Avoid suffering and save doctors' bills by ordering to-day, 25 cents a box. Sample free. Address Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.

It is doubtful whether he should be sent to jail for bigamy, or be compelled to live with both of them.

**Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.**  
Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drug Laws. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine in Your Eyes. At Druggists.

A good sermon is often spoiled by a bad dinner.



SICK HEADACHE

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. **SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.**

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *W. D. Carter* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

**!!DO YOU LIKE PAIN!!**  
Then why suffer it when **RHEUMATOID** will positively CURE any case of RHEUMATISM. This is a remedy which acts on the Kidneys, eliminating the URIC acid. Has cured thousands, will cure you. One Dollar a Box, by mail, postpaid. If you suffer write at once. THE THY-MEN-TOLE CO., 605 Osborn Bldg., Cleveland, O.

# Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

- Tumor Removed.**  
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Alvina Sperling, 11 Langdon Street.  
Sandy, Ind.—Mrs. May Fry.  
Kinley, Kans.—Mrs. Stella Gifford Beaman.  
Scott, N.Y.—Mrs. S. J. Barber.  
Cornwallville, N.Y.—Mrs. Wm. Boughton.  
Cincinnati, O.—Mrs. W. K. Housh, Eastview Ave.  
Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Emma Inuse, 833 1st St., German.  
**Change of Life.**  
New Kent, Ind.—Mrs. Fred Cortia, 1014 S. Lafayette Street.  
La Fayette Street.  
Noah, Kentucky.—Mrs. Lizzie Holland.  
Brookfield, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah Louisgouot, 207 S. Market St.  
Paterson, N.J.—Mrs. Wm. Somer, 116, 235 Hamburg Avenue.  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. K. E. Garrett, 2407 North Garnet Street.  
Kewaskum, Wis.—Mrs. Carl Dahlke.  
**Maternity Troubles.**  
Worcester, Mass.—Mrs. Dosylva Coté, 17 Southgate Street.  
Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. A. P. Anderson, 1307 E. Pratt Street.  
Big Run, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Pooler.  
Water Station, O.—Mrs. Anton Muelhaupt.  
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. E. H. Maddocks, 213 Gilbert Avenue.  
Mogadore, Ohio.—Mrs. Leo Mangos, Box 131.  
Dewittville, N.Y.—Mrs. A. A. Giles.  
Johnstown, N.Y.—Mrs. Homer N. Seaman, 108 E. Main Street.  
Bartonville, Ill.—Mrs. Peter Langenbaha.  
**Abort Operations.**  
Hamptstead, Md.—Mrs. J. H. Dandy.  
Adrian, Ga.—Mrs. Lena V. Henry, Route No. 3.  
Indianapolis, Ind.—Bessie V. Piper, 29 South Addison Street.  
Louisville, Ky.—Mrs. Sam Lee, 323 Fourth St.  
South West Harbor, Maine.—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, Mt. Desert Light Station.  
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Frieda Rosnau, 644 Meldrum Avenue, German.  
**Organic Displacements.**  
Moxier, Ill.—Mrs. Mary Ball.  
Eganville, Ind.—Mrs. Eliza Wood, R.F.D. No. 4.  
Melbourne, Iowa.—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R. F. D. No. 1.  
Bardonia, Va.—Mrs. Joseph Hall.  
Leawilton, Maine.—Mrs. Henry Cloutier, 65 Oxford Street.  
Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 215 Second Street, N.  
Shamrock, Mo.—Josie Ham, R. F. D. No. 1; Box 2.  
Tipton, N.J.—Mrs. Geo. Jordy, Route No. 3, Box 40.  
Chester, Ark.—Mrs. Ella Wood.  
Oella, Ga.—Mrs. F. A. Cribb.  
Fauldton, Ind.—Mrs. May Marshall, R. T. 44.  
Cambridge, Neb.—Mrs. Nellie Moslander.

These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

**SPHON'S CURE** For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever  
Sure cure and positive preventive no matter how horses at any age are infected or "sprayed" with liquid, given on the tongue, acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and sheep and cholera in Poultry. Largest selling in the Stock raising and Horse raising countries. It is a fine Kidney remedy, soothe and it a bottle. Send \$1 a dozen. Outfit too. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free booklet. "Distemper, Cattle and Cures." Special agents wanted.  
**SPHON MEDICAL CO.,** Chemists and **GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.** Bacteriologists

**TRISO'S CURE** CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.  
**BLOODHOUNDS** Foxhounds, Norhounds, Irish Wolfhounds, Mastiffs, English Bull Terriers, etc. See our catalogue. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky.  
**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.