

CHAPTER V. THE BURNED PAPER.

For once the stoical Lamar lost his

"For God's sake, how did it happen?" In a hollow voice Maxey made the re-

ply: "They were alone."

The physician was speechless. Maxey thought him horrified. On the contrary, he was amazed. When he found his voice again, there was but a single word in his vocabulary equal to the situation, and he attered it: "Impossible!"

Maxey did not heed him, but went on in a hopeless tone:

"It was my fault, of course, entirely my fault. I allowed myself to be led by her girlish whim when I ought to have looked the matter squarely in the face and asserted my own will. I ought to have taken your advice, Lamar. You knew it-you foretold it all. You warned".

Dr. Lamar interrupted him.

"Not of any such occurrence as this, Maxey. Never. Do you mean to tell me that you think the patient tightened that handkerchief around your sister's

"I tell you," said Maxey, "I left them alone-absolutely alone. When I came back the door was locked."

"On the inside?"

"On the inside." Lamar swept a bewildered glance about the apartment, stared at the pale face on the bed in the algove room, at the swollen features behind the torn drapery, at the professionally anxions visage of the nurse, who was moving about between the two. He looked at the doors, at the windows, at the chimney place. He stepped from the corner where he had been talking with Maxey to the center table and began very carefully to put his surgical instruments back into the case from which he had lately removed them. When he had comploted this task, he closed the box with a sudden snap, and turning to the artist with the positive energy of a man who has thoroughly made up his mind said: "Maxey, you are crazy!"

His emphatic manner roused the young man from his stupor. From the moment when he heard the key fall from its place on the inside of the door as he tried to open it everything had seemed to him like the illogical, haphazard happenings of a dream. If he had acted with promptness and vigor in the emergency, he had done so mechanically, in a sort of instinctive fasilion, without reflection. After assistance had arrived full a minute, and then the artist spoke and the immediate excitement was over he went about in a daze. The physician's sharp tone made him start. He lifted his eyes from the floor, unclasped his hands, which had been folded behind his back. and passed his palm over his throbbing

"I believe you are more than half right," he murmured. "The blow was so sudden and unexpected that it crushed me. Lamar, you have always been the best of friends. We were boys together. I know you wouldn't deceive me about a matter of this kind. Tell me the truth at once. You have grave fears for El-

"No, I háven't," returned Lamar quickly. "I have no fears at all. She will be herself again with proper care in three days. Don't imagine from that there has been no danger. It was a terribly narrow escape, a terribly narrow

escape. " "Escape from what, from whom? You said just now that I was crazy, Lamar, because I gave utterance to what seemed to me the only possible suspicion a man could entertain. I come home, find them alone, and I infer that the poor, irresponsible creature had indeed fulfilled your prediction and brought terrible

"Impossible," the physician interposed positively.

"Annette did not do it?"

"Annette could not have done it." Maxey seemed electrified. He glanced around the room with an air of suspicion and excitement. Then with characteristic impulsiveness he seized his hat and coat.

Lamar, who had been watching him with a look of grave concern in his handsome features, laid his hand gently on his shoulder.

"What are you going to do?" "Do? I am going to the police. I am

going to have this matter investigated He stopped short, amazed by the ex-

pression which he saw in the physician's

"No, Julian Maxey, not if I can prevent it."

The serious, carnest gravity, the utter solemnity of Dr. Lamar's speech and manner, frightened the artist. "What is it, Lamar? For heaven's

sake, what are you thinking about?" "I cannot tell you here. Let me see you in private."

A nervous trembling took Maxey all at once. He did not know why. He led the way to the front of the house. There was a dim light in the parlor. Maxey did not turn it up. He sat down close beside the physician on a sofa. Lamar did not seem to see his way clearly to what he wanted to say, and after a moment's silence Maxey spoke up excitedly:

"There's something on your mind, Lamar; I know it. There is something which you know and I don't know, so serious that you hesitate to tell me of it."

"No," said Lamar gravely. "I know nothing which you do not know-much less, in fact, than you ought to know. I only desire that you shall stop to think before you act. You have not told me everything."

"Good heavens, how am I to tell you everything? We must question Ellen." "I had rather not question Ellen."

Maxey was silent from astonishment. "My dear boy," said the physician in a low and not wholly steady voice, "are you sure your sister has been entirely

happy of late?" I am quite sure she has not!" cried Maxey impetaously.

"Do you know what troubled her?" Maxey did not answer, but he became scarlet to the roots of his hair. The light was dim, but the change in the artist's manner did not escape the observant physician. Dr. Lamar became slightly embarrassed.

"I beg your pardon if in my anxiety for your welfare I have touched on a

family matter." "It is nothing to be ashamed of,"

blurted out Maxey, "but it is her own secret, and I have no right to mention it. She has never whispered a word to me. But I am not blind. "Don't betray her, I beg of you," said the physician earnestly, "but when she

recovers, if you have any power to remove the cause of her unhappiness, do so. I say this in all earnestness. She must not be allowed to brood." Maxey suddenly arose. For the first time the nature of his friend's suspicion

dawned upon him. "You believe this was my sister's own act?" he exclaimed in an unnatural-

ly calm voice. "She wore the handkerchief about her neck. I noticed it there this after-

"She did!" cried Maxey, losing his calmness all at once. "She did, but don't you flatter yourself, Lamar, that the unhappiness I spoke of was of sufficient strength to induce the poor girl to take her own life. Not a bit of it, sir. Not in the least! Preposterous! It would have urged her rather to live. The idea! Why, there isn't a naturally more cheerful and contented person alive than my sister Ellen. Kill herself? I guess not! One of these days, Lamar, you'll see what a fool you've made of yourself. Is this your ground for believing Annette incapable? Eustace, if I am crazy, you're

a raving maniac." The artist was pacing the floor excitedly and spoke as if he was addressing a multitude

"Don't talk so loud," said Lamar, a little impatiently. "You know I am the last man in the world to wish to believe this theory. You know I would never mention it to any other than yourself. Nothing but a sense of duty and personal friendship would induce me to speak of it now. If it is true, it is necessary that you should be warned. If it is not true, you will forgive me for speaking of it. You believe, Maxey, that the imbecile pulled the ends of the handkerchief your sister were. Did the imbecile also lock the door?"

Maxey stopped as abruptly in his walk as if he had suddenly encountered a wall. There was complete silence for in a different tone.

"I am acting like a lunatic," he said quietly. "I have too little system. I only take in half the situation and ignore the other half. There is a significance in that locked door, quite other perhaps than I had imagined. We each jumped to a conclusion. We undoubtedly are both wrong. Lamar, I am going to search the house. Will you come

His manner was so much more calm than it had been that Dr. Lamar felt relieved of a great responsibility.

"You have recovered yourself, Max-ey," he said. "Don't lose your head again at the first new turn in affairs." Maxey accepted the rebuke quietly.

"You are right, Eustace. I do lose my head too easily. But I have recovered myself now. Meanwhile I am afraid we have lost very valuable time."

Dr. Lamar arose with a new light in his eyes.

"Then you think"-"That somebody may have been here

in my absence. This seemed a positively luminous idea to the physician. Bad as the alternative was, under the circumstances both men would be glad to accept it.

Nevertheless Lamag said doubtingly: "Do you suspect anybody?" "No."

"Is there any possible motive?" "To kill my sister? In God's name, how could there be?"

"What enemics have you?"

"None, thank God!" Lamar sighed. After all, was there much plausibility in the artist's suggesfriend with a new question:

tion? All at once he turned upon his "Maxey, are you sure you have not been robbed? Maxey started.

"I was thinking of that very thing myself. I have not missed anything, but I have been very much excited, and possibly-possibly, Lamar, I see it all. We went out, and the thief who had been watching his chance crept in. All was dark here, and while he was searching for valuables he alarmed Ellen, who was asleep on the bed. She thought perhaps it was myself returning and called to him. To save himself he sprang upon her and choked her. When she became motionless, he ran and locked the door, perhaps to make sure of not being interrupted, or, better still, because he heard me coming and was afraid. He then concealed himself in one of the rooms, perhaps in the very place where we are standing. He waited till he heard me come in or till a suitable opportunity presented itself, crept through the two rooms to the door and got away unno-

"Well done, Maxey!" cried Lamar, with something approaching enthusiasm. "You have devised at last a plausible theory."

He stopped abruptly, with an expres sion of doubt. His eyes rested on the door, which closed immediately between the front parlor and the outer corridor.

"The obvious objection to your theory is that the supposed thief might have escaped through this door by simply turning the key in the lock. It was locked on the inside, was it not?"

"It was and is and will remain so until I get the leisure to bring a locksmith here to fix it. I twisted the key off in the lock the other day and nothing will dislodge the stump."

Nevertheless Maxey tried the door. It

was securely fast. This being the only means of getting

into the outer hall, except by the door which led from the little vestibule belonging to the suit, a passageway extending the width of Miss Maxey's sleeping chamber and connecting the large rear room with the back parlor, Maxey naturally saw no objection to his theory so far. Out of this private ball were three doors besides the outer door-one opening at one end into the sitting room, another at the other extremity into the rear parlor, and the third at the back into Miss Maxey's chamber. It would have been easy for the intruder, with this ample provision for his purpose, to have escaped observation until a suitable opportunity presented for his safe escape from the suit.

Maxey began his search of the premises by looking under a sofa and behind a bookcase. From this thorough beginning he went on in a most careful and methodical manner, peeping into closets, opening drawers to ascertain whether their contents had been disturbed and leaving no spot unvisited, the position of no carelessly thrown aside article unexplained. The search, was fruitless. Not an atom of evidence to substantiate the theory advanced by Maxey could be discovered. Both men were disappointed and thoughtful when the tour of investigation was finished.

They stood at last before the grate in the room, with the nurse and the two sufferers, warming their hands. Once in awhile Maxey's troubled gaze sought Dr. Lamar's face, but the physician's glance was downward and his brow con-

Lamar tapped his foot moodily against the fender and seemed wrapped in a brown study. Maxey longed for some word of encouragement or comfort from his friend, the physician. He had the greatest confidence in Dr. Lamar's carefully considered opinions, but this time the physician did not seem to have any opinion to offer.

Suddenly Lamar's attention was caught by an object lying on the hearthstone. He stooped and picked it up. "Have you been burning paper, Max-

"No," returned Maxey quickly. "I have not."

"What is that?" Maxey took from his hand the corner of a newspaper with a charred edge. He scrutinized it suspiciously. Ordinarily he would have thrown such an object aside contemptuously. In the present emergency he would have examined a pin if Lamar had handed it to him.

"Have you burned any paper in this grate, Mrs. Davis?" asked Maxey of the nurse. "Think before you speak. It may be a very important matter." "I have not had any paper in my

hand since I have been here. That's

easily settled." "There has been a very large piece of paper burned here," said Lamar in a whisper. "See there, and there! The

black ashes are all about." The physician stamped his foot near the grate, and the little breath of air caused by the concussion made a rustle

of light burned paper on the floor. "It is the newspaper containing the story of our finding Annette!" exclaimed



"What is that?" paper which I was very anxious to keep, and which Ellen was quite as particular about. I left it here on the table. What do you make of it, Lamar? What would

you do?" "I confess I am in the dark. But I am very certain you want to save that scrap of paper and to keep the event in mind. If not now, the day may come when it will supply a most important evidence. As for now, I would suggest that you question the people in the

Maxey proceeded at once to act upon the suggestion. The physician, after stopping a moment to examine his patient, put on his hat and followed him. The occupants of the floor below had heard nothing and seen nothing, but Maxey persisted with the determination of despair. He found the janitor at the

foot of the stairs. "My good man," he said to him, "do you recall seeing me go out with my friend, the doctor, here, just after dark?' "I do, sir, very well, sir."

"It is very important that you should not give a hasty answer to the question I am going to ask you-very important, for a failure in your recollection may

get us all into trouble.' "I hope, Mr. Maxey, there is nothing serious in the matter.

"Your hopes are vain then. There is something very serious the matter. Did you see anybody about the hall after my departure?" 'No, sir."

"You are sure?"

"I am, because, you see, I was going down cellar at the time to look after the furnaces, and I staid below there for an hour. No, sir. I am sorry I can't help you, but I haven't seen anybody. That's the fact of it, sir. I'd have remembered it if I had. I don't forget easy, even little trifles like that. Now, there was a friend of yours here this morning asking after you, and I could repeat the whole circumstances." 'Repeat them, please," said Maxey

quickly. "The man came here to the foot of the stairs. 'It's too much trouble to go up, he said, 'but have you seen my friend Mr. Maxey today?' 'I have, 'I said. 'How

is he looking?' was his next question. 'Looking fine, sir,' says L 'And that invalid of his, that girl they found on the rocks, how is she coming on?" At this point the janitor's face be-

came troubled, and he looked a little confused. "Well," said Maxey, "that's very important. What was your answer. Tell

us exactly." "Maybe I told him more than I had

my right to tell, but the fact is, sir, I was in a hurry and wanted to be rid of him. Says I, 'Oh, she's all right,' 'All right?' he says. 'What do you mean?' 'I

'and they'll soon have her out of it.' thought he looked somewhat astonished, and I said to him, 'If you want to know any particulars, you'd better go right up and see the gentleman himself, sir,' I said. 'Some other time,' he remarked and turned square around and walked

Maxey and Lamar looked at each other. There was an interrogation in both glances.

"Did you ever see this lazy friend of mine before?" questioned Maxey. "Only once, sir. That's how I knew when I saw him he was a friend of yours. He came day before yesterday and asked me the same questions."

"And wouldn't go up?" "He was averse to climbing, sir."

"Can you describe him?" "Well, he was a man, I should say, about 40, with small eyes, near together, bushy eyebrows, smooth face and a hook nose. He wore a handsome pin in his shirt front. I don't know as I can say much more definite.

"This means something," cried Maxey, with a touch of his former excitement as they remounted the stairs. "And to think that our hands are tied! If only I might ask Ellen two little questions."

Lamar made no reply to this, but as soon as he reached the room he went to the bedside, felt the patient's pulse and exchanged a few words with the nurse. Ellen lay with her face swollen, her throat well bandaged, breathing with great pain and difficulty. The physician turned from an earnest scrutiny of her face to the artist. The emergency seemed so grave to him that he resolved to permit a matter which ordinarily he would have been too cautious to countenance. "You may ask her just one question."

Maxey threw himself on a knee beside the bed and put back the hair from his sister's forehead with a tremulous hand. "Ellen! Ellen!" he murmured.

A slight motion of the head indicated that she heard him.

"Don't try to turn your head, dear. Don't exert yourself to answer me, but tell me, if you can, who did it?" The head nodded slightly in the nega-

tive, and the lips made an unsuccessful attempt to frame an answer.
"Think, Ellen! Did you turn the key

in the door?" Again the negative motion of the head. Again the lips moved. Maxey put his ear close down and caught the pain-

fully whispered words: "I don't know-I was-asleep-I White Clover, heard Annette cry-and then-I feltmyself-grow faint''-

"There, there!" cried Maxey, starting up. "You have told me enough, dear. Lawn Grass Seeds Don't try to talk any more. Lamar, I tell you there is something wrong here. This must be placed in the hands of the police. Unless my instinct deceives me this dastardly attack on my poor sister is intimately connected with the matter that kept us waiting that cold night on the sea road."

drew Lamar into a corner near the window, a window that looked out over the dark, lonesome river. The black tide flowed on silently beneath the thickening ice. A chill gust of wind from the sea passed the house with a rush. The windows rattled ominously in the sash. The artist started.

Maxey had passed from the bedside and

"How searching the wind is tonight! Ah, here is the mischief! The sash is not shut tightly at the bottom," Abstractedly he closed and locked the

window and came away. "Yes, yes," he muttered. "It is better

to go to the police at once." Not to the police, good Massey, not to the tardy officers of a human justicenot in that direction lies the thing of which you are in search, but down there -down there where the lonesome river flows silently beneath the thickening ice and all is cold and dark.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TREATMENT OF THE HANDS. How Red, Rough Hands May Be Rendered

White, Supple and Soft. The best known treatment will avail but little unless the dissatisfied owner of a pair of ugly hands is determined to persist in whatever set of remedies she may decide upon. Tenderly coddling the hands today and tomorrow abusing them is going to bring severe disappointment to the woman who is making a half hearted effort to secure a pair of pretty hands.

The very first move you make should be in the direction of your scap dish. Buy old white castile soap of a trustworthy firm. If old and pure, it will be very dry and light in weight. Avoid as much as possible keeping the hands in either very cold or very hot water. The very best plan is to give the hands a thorough cleansing in warm water pleasant to the touch, using almond med or bran. Tie up either one of these in a little cheesecloth bag and, see how nicely it will take the place of soap as an occasional substitute.

Before your hands are dry pour into the palms some softening lotion. Golden Days suggests the following: It is made of one-third glycerin, two-thirds rosewater and a sprinkle of powdered borax. This must be rubbed into the hands thoroughly, and when they have been dried on a soft towel and dusted with some delicate rice powder or the dry bran you should see that they do not get another scrub for many hours.

All rough work and work that exposes the hands to dust and grime must be done with the hands gloved. There are rubber gloves made for this purpose, and with these gloves a lady may become her own charwoman without hurting her hands.

snugly drawn corset or the glove that is

served that the movements are most ener-

getic when the thermometer marks about 80 degs.—Washington Star.

Never use anything but soft water. If water is hard, it must be softened by HINDOO REMEDY dropping in it a few grains of borax, a little ammonia or a small quantity of soda. All these things are drying, and after using any one of them the hands should be anointed with an unguent of some kind. Almond oil is good. Excessive redness is sometimes caused by a squeezing process, resulting from tight articles of wearing apparel. The

SOLD by Matthews Bros., Wholesale and Retail Druggists, SCRANTON, PA., and other Lead-ing Druggists. a half size too small will cause a deal of mischief. Circulation should be free. A Plant That Jumps When It Is Hot. A very queer plant belongs to the pea family, and is called the "moving plant," on account of the manner in which its leaves turn around of their own accord or go by jerks, without being touched or in any way disturbed. Sometimes only one or two leaves on a plant will be affected; at other times they will all perform jumps and gyrations simultaneously. It is ob-

Food Sick

Dr. & Mrs. J. E. LOSEE, Upper Red Hook, N. Y. THEIR EXPERIENCE -

"My husband has deputed ne to convey to you his opinon of Bovinine, which I do with pleasure, as I cannot say oo much in its praise. "I commenced taking

The Original Raw Food when I could take no other food. I lived on it exclusively for three weeks. I know o no other food so nutritious and yet so light a tax on the

its favor." Mrs. J. E. LOSEE. Sold at all druggists.
THE BOVININE CO., NEW YORK

digestive organs. My husbane

uses it in his practice, and

cordially endorses all I say in

Seeds and Fertilizers

Large Medium and Choice Timothy and

Guano, Bone Dust and Phosphates for Farms, Lawns and Gardens.

HUNT & CONNELL CO.

The GENUINE New Haven

E. C. RICKER & CO.,

Sole dealers in this section.

New York Warerooms-No. 80

Fifth Avenue.

OFFICE-121 Adams Ave., Telephone B'l'd'g ARM'S MENTHOL INHALER

HEADACHE NEURALGIA
This MENTROI
INDIALER Will cure you. A
wonderful boon to sufferer
from Colds, Sore Throat,
Influenza, Bronchitis,
or HAY FEVER. A fordi
immediate reite, An efficient
reinely, convenient to carry immediate reief. An efficient remedy, convenient to carry in pocket, resdy to use on first indication of cold. Continued Use Effects Permanent Curre. Patisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price, 50 cts. Trial free at Druggists. Registered mail, 60 cents. E. D. CUSERAN, Hir., Tarse River, Rich, U. S. A.

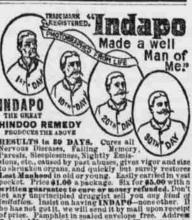
MENTHOL The surest and safest remedy for the minds of the surest and safest remedy for Rheum, old Sores, Burns, Cuts. Wonderful romedy for PILES. Price, 25 ets. at Drug. BALW. For sale by Matthews Bros. and John H. Phelps.

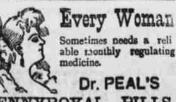


VIOLA SKIN SOAP is simply incomparable as a skin purifying Boop, unequated for the tellet, and without a rivel for the nursery. Absolutely pere and delicately medicated. At dragstists, Price 25 Cents.

G. C. BITTNER & CQ., TOLEDO, O.

For sale by Maithews Bros and John H. Phelps.





PENNYROYAL PILLS. re prompt, safe and certain in result. The genu Sold by JOHN H. PHELPS Pharmacist corner Wyoming avenue and Spruce street Scranton, Pa



From the K. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1893.

The Flour Awards

"CHICAGO, Oct. 81.—Fhe first official announcement of World's Fair diplomas on flour has been made. A medal has been awarded by the World's Fair judges to the flour mannfactured by the Washburn, Crosby Co. in the great Washburn Flour Mills, Minneapolis. The committee reports the flour strong and pure, and entitles it to rank as first-class patent flour for family and bakers' use."

MEGARGEL & CONNELL

The above brands of flour can be had at any of the following merchants, who will accept THE TRIBUNE FLOUR COUPON of 25 on each one hundred pounds

of flour or 50 on each barrel of flour.

Scranton—F. P. Price, Washington avenus I Gold Medal Brand.
Dunmore—F. P. Price, Gold Medal Brand.
Dunmore—F. D. Maniey, Superlative Brand.
Gold Medal Brand; J. seph A. Mears, Main avenus, Superlative Brand.
J. T. McHale, Superlative Brand.
J. T. McHale, Superlative Brand.
J. T. McHale, Superlative Brand.
Ciark's Green—Frace & Parker, Superlative Clark's Summit—F. M. Young, Gold Medal.
Providence—Fenner & Chappell, N. Main avenue, Superlative Brand.
Olyphant—James Jordan, Superlative.
Market street, Gold Medal Brand.
Olyphant—James Jordan, Superlative.
Archbald—Jones, Simpson & Co., Gold Medal.
Carbondale—B. S. Clark, Gold Medal Brand.
Cloudsboro—S. A. Adams, Gold Medal.
Moscow—Gaige & Clementa, Gold Medal.
Moscow—Gaige & Clementa, Gold Medal.
Moscow—Gaige & Clementa, Gold Medal.
Forest City—J. L. Morgan & Co., Gold Medal.

"No star was ever lost we once have seen, We always may be what we might have been,"

A HAPPY PATRON OF

THE RIGHARDS LUMBER CO.

Scranton, Pa.

22 and 23 Commonwealth Building. TRY US.

DID YOU KNOW?

That we will GIVE you beautiful new patterns of Sterling SILVER SPOONS and FORKS for an equal weight, ounce for ounce, of your silver dollars. All elegantly engraved free. A large variety of new pat-

"Mathushek" Pianos Mercereau & Connell



For Sale in Scranton, Pa., by H. C. SANDERSON, Druggist, cor. Washington and Spruce streets. The only safe, sure and ever offered to Ladies, especially recommend-ed to married Ladies, ed to married Ladies, Ask for DE. MOTT'S PENNYEOVAL PILLS and take no other.

Send for circular. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00.

DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., - Cleveland, Ohio.

Third National

For Sair by C. M. HARRIS, Druggist, 127 Penn Avenue.

Bank of Scranton.

ORGANIZED 1872.

This bank offers to depositors every facility warranted by their balances, business and responsibility.

Special sitestion given to business accounts. Interest paid on time deposits.

WILLIAM CONNELL, President. GEO. H. CATLIN, Vice-President. WILLIAM H. PECK, Cashien DIRECTORS

William Connell, George H. Catlin, Alfred Hand, James Archbald, Henry Bellin, jr., William T. Suith Luther Kaller



BLOOD POISON perminently oured in 20 to 60 days by a filing in Review of the property, health by \$50,000 car, al. Positive proofs and 100-page book, illustrated from illustrated from life from people cured, free by mell. When flet Springs and Marcury full, Our Wingle Reversedy will positively cure. COOR REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

DEXTER SHOE CO.,

YES OR A Well-Known Physician, Who. Among Other Things, Is

Noted for His Frankness.

No one ever heard Dr. E. Grewer use the phrase "I think" in his practice. The doctor is one of those frank, fearless, honcoctor is one of those frank, fearless, honcest, positive men who never hesitate to say yes or no, as the case may require. "I can cure you" or "I cannot cure you," is his invariable decision after examination, and to this faot fact is attributable his remarkable record without failures. But it would be strange indeed if the doctor were not a more than usually successful practitioner. He has been surgeon-inchief in more than one of the largest hospitals of this country, was lately Demonstrator of Physiology and Surgery at the Medico-Chirurgical College in Philadelphia, has been elected an honorary member of the Medico-Chirurgical Association, is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, etc., and is still a close student. A man with such a record could not fail to be a successful physician under any circumstances, but when backed by cautious, conservatism in expression, or, to use a more popular phrase, the "besure-you're-right-then-go-ahead" system, it would be more than strange if failure overtook him. est, positive men who never hesitate to

You can consult Dr. Grewer any day at

Temple Court Building

311 SPRUCE ST., rom 9 a.m. till 9 p.m. Consultations free. Those suffering from Nervous Diseases are guaranteed a cure. For such there is the cheering word "Yes," as failure is unknown in the doctor's treatment-

R COF tinning and soldering all done away with by the use of HARTMAN'S FAT-ENT PAINT, which consists of ingredi nts well-known to all. It can be applied to tin, galvanized tin, sheet iron roofs, also to brick dwellings, which will prevent absolutely any crumbling, cracking or breaking of the brick. It will outlast thuting of any kind by many years, and it's cost does not exceed one-fifth that of the cost of tinning. Is sold by the job or pound. Contracts taken by ANTUNIO HARTMANN, 527 Birch St.

What is More Attractive Than a pretty face with a fresh, bright mplexion? For it, use Pozzoni's Powder.