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CHAPTER III.

He walked to the street as the butcher's young man wheeled in his cart and flung away his pail of water. "Will you just hang about here, Butt?" he asked, "while I hurry round to the nearest ironmonger's? I shan't be gone long. We're going to work a little burglary. Take note if any-

body comes to that stable at the further end." He hurried away and I waited. In a few moments the butcher's young man shut his doors and went whistling down the street and in a few moments

more Hewitt appeared.
"Come," he said, "there's nobody about now; we'll lose no time. I've brought a pair of pliers and a few

We re-entered the yard at the door of the court stable. Hewitt stooped and examined the padlock. Taking nail in his pliers, he beat it carefully against the brick wall. Then, using the nail as a key, still held by the



"I Am Not Altogether a Bad Burglar."

pliers, and, working the padlock gently in his left hand, in an astonishingly seconds, he had released the hasp and taken off the padlock. "I'm not altogether a bad burglar," he remarked. "Not so bad, really."

The padlock fastened a bar, which, when removed, allowed the door to be Opening it, Hewitt immediately seized a candle stuck in a bottle which stood on a shelf, pulled me in and closed the door behind us.

"We'll do this by candle light," he said, as he struck a match. "If the door were left open it would be seen

man's cart, the shafts of which rested on the ground. From the stall adjoining came the sound of the shuffling and trampling of some impatient horse. We turned to the cart. On the name board at the side were painted in worn letters the words, "Schuyler, Baker." The address, which had been below, was painted out.

Hewitt took out the pins and let down the tailboard. Within the cart was a new bed mattress, which covered the whole surface of the bottom. I felt it, pressed it from the top, and saw that it was an ordinary spring mattress, perhaps rather unusually soft in the springs. It seemed a curious thing to keep in a baker's cart. Hewitt, who had set the candle on a

convenient shelf, plunged his arms into the furthermost recesses of the cart, and brought forth a very long French loaf, and then another. Diving again, he produced certain loaves of the sort known as the "plain cottage"-two sets of four each, each set baked together in a row.

"Feel this bread," said Hewitt, and I felt it. It was stale, almost as hard

Hewitt produced a large pocketknife and with what seemed to be superfluous care and elaboration cut into the top of one of the cottage loaves. Then he inserted his finers in the gap he had made and firmly but slowly tore the hard bread into two pieces. He till there was nothing left but a rather

"No," he said, rather to himself than to me, 'there's nothing in that." He lifted one of the very long French loaves, and measured it against the interior of the cart. It had before been propped diagonally; and now it was noticeable that it was just a shade longer than the inside of the cart was



"That's Enough, I Think," Hewitt Said; Don't Touch Them, for Heaven's Sake.

wide. Jammed in, in fact, it held again, and divided this long loaf in the

more than ever. poor chap a bit of this hay in the cor-

"But," I said, "what about this

find, and close at hand here, too. How Pretty are your nerves today? steady? The thing may try them."

Before I could reply there was a sound of footsteps in the yard outside, approaching. Hewitt lifted his finger instantly for silence, and whispered hurriedly.

comes here we grab him." The steps came nearer and stopped the 'traitor Gerard, now in charge of outside the door. There was a pause, and then a slight drawing in of breath as of a person suddenly surprised; at the moment the door was slightly the Bakunin club, not five minutes shifted again, and one eye peeded in. walk from this place. The police have "Catch him!" said Hewitt aloud, as we sprang to the door. "He mustn't tion, of course, and that is the club

get away!" was first throught it. The stranger ran down the yard at his best, but my raided as yet, and it would seem the legs were the longer, and half way to the street I caught him by the shoulder and swung him round. Like lightning he wiped out a knife, and I his mouth when asked where the meet-flung in my left instantly on the chance ing was to be, and said nothing when of flooring him. It barely checked the names of several other places were him, however, and the knife swung short of my chest by no more than two inches; but Hewitt had him by the club and denied vehemently that the wrist and tripped him forward on his eting was to be there-it was the face. He struggled like a wild beast, saly thing he uttered. So that it and Hewitt had to stand on his fore- eems pretty safe to assume that it is arm and force up his wrist till the bones were near breaking before he ter's very serious. Men have been dropped his knife. But throughout the struggle the man never shouted, called for help, nor, indeed, made the slightest sound; and we on our part were equally silent. It was quickly over, of without a moment's delay, and as there ourse, for he was on his face, and we were two. We dragged our prisoner into the stable and closed the door behind us. So far as we had seen, nobody had witnessed the capture from the street, though, of course, we had

been too busy to be certain. "There's a set of harness hanging over at the back," said Hewitt. think we'll tie him up with the traces and reins-nothing like leather. We don't need a gag; I know he won't shout.'

While I got the straps, Hewitt held the prisoner by a peculiar neck-andwrist grip that forbade him to move except at the peril of a snapped arm. He had probably never been a person of pleasant aspect, being short, strongly and squatly built, large and ugly of feature, and wild and dirty of hair and beard; and now, his face flushed with struggling, and smeared with mud from the stable yard, his nose bleeding, then, with dented hats worn raffishly and his forehead exhibiting a growing and our hands in our pockets, we bump, he looked particularly repellent. looked disreputable enough for all terrified. He was made to take off his We strapped his elbows together be- practical purposes in twilight. A corhind, and as he sullenly ignored a demand for the contents of his pockets Hewitt unceremoniously turned them told, and so we sallied forth. from the street. Keep your ears open out. Helpiess as he was the man turned into Windmill street, crossed face till he revived. He again repeated in case anybody comes down the yard." struggled to prevent this, though, of Whitfield street, and in a turning or "Je la nie, je la nie," and nothing more. The part of the shed that we stood in course, ineffectually. There were pates and could see no sign of anything like a coupled by a rather shabby trades-various odds and ends. Hewitt was ring of policemen, and said so. Hewwas used as a coachhouse, and was pers, tobacco, a bunch of keys and occupied by a rather shabby trades- various odds and ends. Hewitt was various odds and ends. Hewitt was ring of policemen, and said so. Hewglancing hastily at the papers, when, itt chuckled. "Of course not," he suddenly dropping them, he caught the prisoner by the shoulder and pulled him away from a partly consumed hay truss, which stood in a corner, and toward which he had quietly sidled.

"Keep him still," said Hewitt, "we haven't examined this place yet." And he commenced to pull away the hay

from the corner.

Presently a large piece of sackcloth was revealed, and this being lifted left visible below it another batch of loaves of the same sort as we had seen in the cart. There were a dozen of them in one square batch, and the only thing about them that differed from those in the cart was their position. For the batch lay bottom side up. "That's enough, I think," Hewitt

said. "Don't touch them, for heaven's sake." He picked up the papers, he had dropped. "That has saved a little search," he continued. See, here, search," Butt. I was in the act of telling you my suspicions when this little affair interrupted me; if you care to look at one or two of these letters, you'll see what I should have told you; it's Anarchism and bombs, of course. about as certain as I can be that there's a reversable dynamite bomb inside each of those innocent loavesthough I assure you I don't mean meddling with them now. But see here, will you go and bring in a four-wheeler? two windows each-mean and dirty all. pulled away the crumbs from within, Bring it right down the yard. There's A faint light appeared in the top floor more to do, and we mustn't attract attention." I hurried away and found the cab.

The meaning of the loaves, the cart intently into the area, but it was imand the spring matress was now plain. possible to discern anything behind the There was an Anarchist plot to carry out a number of explosions, probably simultaneously in different parts of the three or four steps to the door and city. I had, of course, heard much of rang the bell. the terrible "reversing" bombs-those bomb which, containing a tube of ing a stair and approaching. A latch acid plugged by wadding, required no fuse, and only needed to be inverted to be set going to explode in a few minutes. The loaves containing these bombs would form an effectual "blind," and they were to be distributed, probably in broad daylight, in the most natural manner possible, in a baker's he scene of each contemplated explosion; he would be given a loaf taken from the inverted batch; he would take itt immediately pushed the door back, it, perhaps wrapped in paper, but still inverted, and apparently the most innocent object possible, to the spot seected, deposit it right side up (which would reverse the inner tube, and set up the action) in some quiet corner, behind a door or whatnot, and make his own escape, while the explosion tore down walls and, if the experiment were lucky, scattered the flesh and bones of unsuspecting people. The infernal loaves were made and kept reversed to ammed in, in fact, it held begin with, in order to stand more Hewite produced his knife firmly, and (if observed) more naturally when turned over to explode. center. There was nothing but bread Even if a child picked up the load and in that. The horse in the stall fidgeted carried it off, that child, at least, would be blown to atoms, which at any rate "That horse has not been fed lately, I would have been something for the fancy," Hewitt said. "We'll give the conspirators to congratulate themselves upon. The spring mattress, of of the men was a small, meek looking proper place at the beginning. course, was to ease the jolting to the tilp of a fellow, and he appeared to "But," I said, "what of that aimcourse, was to ease the joiting to the slip of a fellow, and he appeared to bombs, and obviate any random jerk- be the woman's husband.

across the inside of the cart would be jammed across so as to hold the bombs in the center, and the others would be used to pack the batch on the other sides, and prevent any dangerous slipping about. The thing seemed pretty plain, except that as yet I had no idea of how Hewitt learned anything of the business. I brought the four-wheeler up to the door of the stable, and we thrust the man into it and Hewitt locked the stable door with its proper Then we drove off to Tottenham itt's order, straight into the yard.

Court road police station, and, by Hew-In less than ten minutes from our departure from the stable our prisoner was finally secured, and Hewitt wa deep in consultation with police offi-Messengers were sent and telegrams dispatched, and presently Hew itt came to me with information. "The name of the helpless French-

man the police found this morning. he said, "appears to be Gerard-at least, I am almost certain of it Among the papers found on the prisoner, whose full name doesn't appear, but who seems to be spoken of as Luigi -he is Italian-among the papers, I for silence, and whispered say, is a sort of notice convening a meeting for this evening to decide as to the 'final punishment' to be awarded Comrade Pingard.' The place of meeting is not mentioned, but it more than probable that it will be at at which apparently important An-I had been nearer the doorway, and archist meetings have been held. It is only one they would feel at all safe in using for anything important. More-over, Luigi simply declined to open suggested, but suddenly found his tongue at the mention of the Bakunin

to be there. Now, of course, the matdispatched to take charge of the stable very quietly, and the club is to be taken possession of at oncealso very quietly. It must be done is a chance that the only detective officers within reach at the moment may be known by sight. I have undertaken to get in first. Perhaps you'll come! We may have to take the door with a rush."

Of course, I meant to miss nothing if I could help it, and said so.
"Very well," replied Hewitt, "we'll get ourselves up a bit." He began taking off his collar and tie. "It is getting dusk," he proceeded, "and we shan't want old clothes to make ourselves look sufficiently shabby. We're both wearing bowler hats, which is can without permanently damag-

CHAPTER IV. We got rid of our collars and made chokers of our ties. We turned our coat collars up at one side only, and don of plain clothed police had already his throat, though without cutting him. been forming round the club, we were till he fainted. Then water was flung We said. "They don't go about a job of this sort, with drums beating and flags



flying. But they are all there, and some are watching us. There is the

house-I'll negotiate." The house was one of the very shabby, passe sort that abound in that quarter. The very narrow area was railedover and almost choked with rubbish. Visible above it were three floors, the lowest indented by the door and one window, and the other two by and another from somewhere behind the refuse-heaped area. Everywhere else was in darkness. Hewitt looked sole grimy patch of window that was visible. Then we stepped lightly up

We could hear slippered feet mountwas shifted, the door opened six inche, an indistinct face appeared, and a female voice aked, "Qui est la?" "Deux camara les," Hewitt grunted

testily: "ouvrez, vite." I had noticed that the door was kept from opening further by a short chain. This chain the woman unbooked from eart. A man would be waiting near the door, but still kept the latter merely ajar, as though intending to assure herself still further. But Hewplanted his foot against it and entered, asking carelessly as he did so "Qui se trouve Luigi?"

I followed his heels, and in the dark could just distinguish that Hewitt pushed the woman instantly against the wall and clapped his hand to her month. At the same moment a file of quiet men were suddenly visible ascending the steps at my heels. They were the police.

The door was closed behind us almost noiselessly, and a match was struck. Two men stood at the bottom of the stairs and the others searched the house. Only two men were found, both in a top room. They were secured and brought down. The woman was now ungagged, and she used her tongue at a great rate. One

borned? What did you expect to find ing loose of the acid which might have in it? I can't see what you're driving at."

"I'll tell you," Hewitt replied. "I'm drove the cart. The other loaves, too, with no explosive contents, had their clob—we work only—we housekeep."

Hewitt whispered to an officer, and the two men were taken below. Then Hewitt spoke to the woman, whose protests had not ceased. "You say you are not of the club," he said; what is there to prove that? If you are but housekeepers, as you say, you have nothing to fear. But you can only prove it by giving the police information. For instance, now, about Gerard. What have they done with him?"

"Jean Pingard-'im you 'ave take downstairs-'e 'ave lose 'im. Jean Pingard get last night all a-boosa-all



Back.

and shoulders to express intoxication -"and he sleeps too much today when Emile go out and Gerard-he go too, and nobody know. I will tell you anysing-we are not of the clob; we housekeep; me and Pierre."

"But what did they do to Gerard before he went away?" The woman was ready and anxious to tell anything. Gerard had been selected to do something-what it was exactly she did not know-but there was a horse and cart and he was to drive it. Where the horse and cart were she also did not know. But Gerard had rriven a cart before in his work, for a baker, and he was to drive one in connection with some scheme among the members of the club. But le pauvre Gerard at the last minute disliked to drive the cart -he had fear. He did not say he had fear, but he prepared a letter-a letter that was not signed. The letter was to be sent to the police, and it told them the whereabouts of the horse and cart, so that the police might seize these things, and then there would be nothing for Gerard, who had fear, to do in the way of driving. No, he did not betray the names of the comrades, but he told the place of the horse and the cart. Nevertheless the letter was never sent. There was suspicion, and the letter was found in a pocket and read. Then there was a meeting, and Gerard was confronted with his leter. He could say nothing but "Je la nie"-found no explanation but that. There was much noise, and she had observed from a staircase from which one might see through a ventilating hole. Gerard had much

fear-very much fear. His face was white and it moved; he prayed for mercy, and they talked of killing him. It was discussed how he should be collar, and a razor was drawn across over him, and he was struck in the held there, but this time he did not faint, but cried softly, as a man who is drunk, "Je la nie, je la nie!" So they tied a handkerchief about his neck and twisted it till his face grew purple and black, and his eyes were round and terrible, and then they struck his face, and he fainted again. But they took away the handkerchiefs, having fear that they could not easily get rid of the body if he were killed. for there was no preparation. So they decided to meet again and discuss when there would be preparation. Wherefore they took him away to the coom of Jean Pingard in Henry street. Jolden square. But Emile Pingard had gone out, and Jean was drunk and slept and they lost him. Jean Pingard was downstairs—the taller of the two The other was but le pauvre Pierre, who, with herself, was not of the club. They worked only—they were the keepers of the house. There was nothing

tion they might ask. "As I thought, you see," Hewitt said to me; "the man's nerves have broken down under the terror and the strain. and asphasia is the result. I think I told you that the only articulate thing he could say was 'Je la nie!' and now we know how those words were impressed on him till he now pronounces them mechanically with no idea of their meaning. Come, we can do no more here now. But wait a moment." There were footsteps outside. The light was removed, and a policeman went to the door and opened it as soon as the bell rung. Three men stepped in, one after another, and the door was immediately shut behind them. They

for which they should be arrested, and

she would give the police any informa-

were prisoners. We left quietly, and although, we of course, expected it, it was not till the next morning that we learned absolutely that the largest arrest of Anarchists ever made in this country was made at the Bakunin club that night. Each man as he came was admitted andcollared.

CHAPTER V.

We made our way to Lazatti's, and It was over our dinner that Hewitt put me in full possession of the earlier facts of this case, which I have set



The Losves Were Examined by Official

down as impersonal narrative in their less scribble you spoke of that Gerard made in the police station? Can I see It?"

Hewitt turned to where his cont hung behind him and took a handful of pa-pers from his pocket. "Most of these,"

he said, "mean nothing at all. That is what he wrote at first,' 'and he handed me the first of the two papers which were represented in facsimile in the earlier part of this narrative. "You see," he said, "he has begun mechanically from long use to write 'Monsleur the usual beginning of a letter. But he scarcely makes three letters before tailing off into sheer scribble. He trie again and again, and although once there is something very like 'que' and once something like a word preceded by a negative 'n.' the whole thing is meaningless. This"—he handed me the other paper, which had been printed in facsimile-"does mean something, though Gerard never intended it. Can you spot the meaning? Really, I think it's pretty plain, especially now that you know as much as I about the day's adventures. The thing at the top lefthand corner, I may tell you, Gerard intended for a sketch of a clock on the

mantlepiece in the police station." I stared hard at the paper, but could make nothing whatever of it. "I only see the horseshoe clock," I said, "and sort of second unsuccessful attempt to draw it again. Then there is a horseshoe dotted, but scribbled over, and then a sort of kite or balloon on a string, a Highlander, and—well, I don't understand it, I confess. Tell me." "I'll explain what I learned from that," Hewitt said," and also what led me to look for it. From what the inspector told me I judge the man to be in a very curious state, and I took a

fancy to see him. Most I was curious to know why he should have a terror of bread at one moment and eat it ravenously at another. When I saw him I felt pretty sure that he was not mad in the common sense of the term. As far as I could judge, it seemed to be a case of aphasia. Then, when the doctor came, I had a chat (as I have already told you) with the policeman who found the man. Te told me about the incident of the bread with rather more detail than I had had from the inspector. Thus it was plain that the man was terrified at the bread only when it was in the form of a loaf, and ate it eagerly when it was cut into pleces. That was one thing to bear in mind. He was not afraid of bread, but only of a loaf.

"Very well. I asked the policeman to find another uncut loaf and to put it near the man when his attention was diverted. Meantime the doctor reported that my suspicion as to aphasia was right. The man grew more comfortable and was assured that he was among friends and had nothing to fear so that when at length he found the loaf near his elbow he was not so violently terrified-only very uneasy. watched him and saw him turn it bottom up-a very curious thing to do. He immediately became less uneasythe turning of the loaf seemed to have set his mind at rest in some way! This



I Seized the Paper and Examined It

was more curious still. I thought for some little while before bomb theory as the most probable. to give the man another chance with pen and paper. I felt pretty certain that if he were allowed to scribble and vous; are getting thin and all sketch as he pleased, sooner or later he would do something that would give me some sort of a hint. I left him matic Wine will bring roses

entirely alone and let him do as he pleased. But I watched. you have seen he began to sketch. First a man's head, then a chair-just what he might happen to see in the daughters. It is the best room. Presently he took to the piece of paper you have before you. He regulator and corrector for observed that clock and began to ailments peculiar to womansketch it, Then went on to other things, such as you see, scribbling idly over most of them when finished. When he had made the last of the sketches, he made a hasty scrawl of his pen over it and broke down-it had brought his terror to his mind again-somehow. "I seized the paper and examined it

closely. Now, just see. Ignore th clock, which was merely a sketch of a thing before him, and look at the three things following. What are they? A horseshoe, a captive balloon and a Highlander. Now can't you think of something those three things in that order suggest?"

I could think of nothing whatever, and I confessed as much. "Think, now. Tottenham Court

road." I started. "Of course," I said, "that never struck me. There's the Horse-shoe hotel, with the sign outside; there's the large toy and fancy shop halfway up, where they have a captive balloon moored to the roof as an advertisement; and there's the tobacco and sauff shop on the left toward the other end, where they have a life-size wooden Highlander at the door-an uncommon thing, indeed, nowadays."

"You are right. The curious conjunction struck me at once. There they are, all three, and just in the order in which one meets them going up from Oxford street, Also, as if to confirm the conjecture, note the dotted horse Don't you remember that at night the Horseshoe hotel is illuminated by two rows of gas lights? Now, here was my clue at last. Plainly, this man in his mechanical sketching was following a regular train of thought and unconsciously illustrating it as he went along. Many people in perfect health and mental soundness do the same thing if a pen and a piece of paper be near. The man's train of thought led him in memory, up Tot-tenham Court road and further, to where some disagrecable recollection upset him. It was my business to trace this train of thought. Do you remember the feat of Dupin in Poe's story "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"-how he walks by his friend's side in slience for some distance and then suddenly breaks out with a divination of his thoughts, having silently them from a fruiterer with a basket. through paving stones, Epicurus, Dr Nichols, the constellation Orion and a Latin poem by a cobbler lately turned actor? Well, it was some such task as this (but infinitely simpler, as a matter of fact) that was set me. This man begins by drawing the horseshoe clock Having done with that, and with the horseshoe still in his mind, he starts to draw a horseshoe simply. It is a fallure, and he scribbles it out. His mind at once turns to the Horseshoe hotel, which he knows from frequently

passing it, and its sign of gas jets. He sketches that, making dots for the gas lights. Once started in Tottenham Court road, his mind naturally follows his usual route along it. He remembers the advertising captive balloon half way down, and that goes on his paper. In imagination he crosses the road and keeps on till he comes to the very noticeable Highlander outside the tobacconist's. That is sketched. Thus it is plain that a familiar route with him was from New Oxford street up Tottenham Court road. At the police station I ventured to guess from this that he lived somewhere near Seven Dials—perhaps, before long we shall know if this was right. But to return to the sketches. After the Highlander there is something at first not very distinct. A little examination, however, shows it to be intended for a chimneypot partly covered with a basket. Now an old basket stuck sideways on a chimney by way of cowl is not an uncommon thing in parts of the country, but it is very unusual in London. Probably, then, it will be in some by-street or alley. Next, and last, there is a horse's head, and it was at this that

the man's trouble returned to him. Now, when one goes to a place and inds a horse there, that place is not uncommonly a stable. And as a matter of fact, the basket cowl would be much more likely to be found in use in a range of back stabling than anywhere else. Suppose, then, after taking the lirection indicated in the sketches—the direction of Fitzroy Square, in factone were to find a range of stabling with a basket cowl visible about it? I know my London pretty well, as you are aware, and I could remember but two likely stable yards in that particular part-the two we looked at, in the econd of which you may possibly have noticed just such a basket cowl as I have been speaking of. Well, what we lid you know, and that we found confirmation of my conjecture about the oaves you also know. It was the recolection of the horse and cart and what they were to transport, and what the end of it all had been, that upset Gerard as he drew the horse's head. You will notice that the sketches have not been done in separate rows, left to right they have simply followed one another all around the paper-which means preoccupation and unconsciousness on the part of the man who made them." "But," I asked, "supposing those caves to contain bombs, how were the bombs put there? Baking the bread round them would have been risky,

vouldn't it?" "Certainly. What they did was cut the loaves, each row down the center. Then most of the crumb was scooped out, the explosive inserted, and the sides joined up and glued. I thought you had spotted the jointsthough they certainly were neat."

"No, I didn't examine closely. Luigi, of course, had been told off for a dally visit to feed the horse, and that is how we caught him.

"One supposes so. They hadn't rearranged their plans to going on with the outrages after Gerard's defection. By the way, I noticed that he was accustomed to driving when I first saw him. There was an unmistakable mark on his coat-just at the small of the back that drivers get who lean against a rail in a cart."

The loaves were examined by official experts, and, as everybody now knows. were found to contain, as Hewitt had supposed, large charges of dynamite. What became of some half dozen of the men captured is also well knowntheir sentences were exemplary. (The End.)

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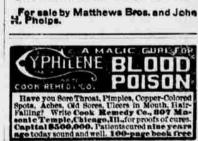
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Complexion Preserved DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA: CREAM Removes Freckies, Pimples, Liver - Moles, Blackheads, Sunburn and Ten, and re-stores the skin to its original freshness producing a clear and healthy com-plexion. Superior to all face revearations and perfectly harmless, truggists, or mailed for 50cts. Send for VIOLA SXIN SOAP is sim





TO OUR PATRONS:

Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many pat-rons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other brands.

MEGARGEL & CONN

Wholesale Agents.