THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1896.



PART I.

10

"So you went to see that charlatan!" "Of course I did: why shouldn't I?" "But he's a rank impostor." "Perhaps he is. I didn't take him very seriously. It's great fun, just the same."

same. "You didn't go alone?" "Oh, no! A lot of us went together. We had a regular jamboree. But next time you must go with me." "Elsie! You are not going again?"

"Rut I am. And you are going too. Why, John, what makes you so fussy? If I had known you were going to be so critical and arbitrary, I don't believe Fd ever have said—what I said last nicht." 'Are you sorry-so soon?"

"Now, that's simply silly. What a morbid, unreasonable boy you are any-how! I'm gladder than ever I was before in all my life, and you know it per-



DEAR JOHN, I KNOW HE CAN'T HURT US UNLESS WE LET HIM."

fectly well. I'to so glad that I'm ashamed of myself. Are you sorry? If you're not, you oughtn't to find fault with Prof. Runestane." "Why-darling-what had he to do with it?"

Well, you know how many, many

times you had asked me. And it was the very next evening after I saw the professor that I told you-something that you said made you very happy."

that you said made you very happy. "Don't, Elsie, dear. I can't owe my happiness to a hypnotist." "Of course not. You owe it to me. What nonsense! You'd better take what you can get, and be satisfied." I took what I could get-warm from the course for the satisfied way very sweet:

her pouting lips. It was very sweet: and what is the use of arguing with your betrothed in the full moon of

kisses? "If I'm to obey you, sir, hereafter-and I shall, dear," she whispered, "I shall be very old-fashioned, and just love and honor and obey you always when once these words are spoken,

ness. The air seemed close, and little wind was stirring. No stars were visi-ble. I could scarcely grope my way, that you have chosen such an attitude. that you have chosen such an attitude, for nature has made you a most re-sponsive subject. And you have a viv-id imagination. That is something the hypnotist cannot supply. He can only suggest and set the imagination at work. But yours is so active that you fairly stand in dread of it. When you were a child you hardly dared close your eyes, because your fancy instant-ly peopled the darkness with its un-welcome creations." but after stumbling up a steep ascent found at length what seemed to be a barn. My nerves were now in prime condition for spectral effects; and I hid a queer feeling that I was not alone, that some one was directing the, though I could distinguish no words. I man-aged to prop open the door, got hold of a shovel, and began the make-believe winnowing

That was true; but how did he know it? I felt a sudden terror of the man, and evidently he perceived it. "Sit down," he said, "You are nerv-ously overwrought." I sank into a chair, for a sort of gid-dinases hed come woon me.

"That will quickly pass," he said. "That will quickly pass," he said. "Your nerves have for some time been under excessive tension, though you did not realize it." His manner had changed; there was really some fascination about the felmist

and suddenly the spectral face was changed. It was Elsie's still-oh! Heaven forbid-it was Elsie's, but-I must have swooned. cally some fascination about the fel-Teady some fasting and a more than "Don't you see that there is nothing very bad about me? I am a hypnotist, it is true, but I am not seeking to hyp-notize you. Tonight, at all events, that is no part of my programme. But I ex-pected you, and have prepared a little surprise—you shall be a more specta-tor, if you choose." I he stood towering over me? his stature was really extraordinary. His though I still distrusted him.

stature was really extraordinary. His eyes no lorger wandered, but gleamed with a steely glitter.

with a steely glitter. "You had better taste this wine," he said, "You are a little faint." "No!" I protested, confusedly, for I feared it might be drugged. He drank it off himself, "It is harm-here with the state of th

laid his hand on my head and He

stroked it. The dizziness was soon re-lieved. I felt stronger, and my mind

"At least," he said, "you will taste this fruit—both of you." I was ashamed to refuse and took an orange—as did Elsie, with a queer lit-

tle laugh.

e laugh. "Is it good?" she asked. "No," I answered, and laid it down.

"No," I answered, and laid it down. She laughed again. I rubbed my eyes. "What have you done with yours?" I demanded. "She dropped it on the floor." re-sponded the professor quickly, picking it up, "Never mind the oranges: they are not good, as you say. I have some-thing better to offer. It's Halloween, you remember. When Miss Elsie was here before she came with a number of triends."

of friends." He looked at me fixedly.

He looked at me fixedly. "Yes," I responded, "she told me." "I really very much desire your good opinion," he continued. "There is no reason why you should not trust me. Look me full in the face as you would any other man. You see nothing there that bades you ill."

that bodes you ill." His look was quiet and command-

He threw open a door. It disclosed a brilliantly lighted room, and a chorus of merry shouts arose. "Go in," he said, "and greet them." I was immediately surrounded by a throng of laughing acquaintances, come of Elsie? whose hearty welcome quickly put me at my ease. Hypnotism, they said, was great sport. They had been looking up something new and lively for a Halloween party, and this plan met their ideas exactly. Elsie, they de-clared, had promised them that I ished; of the great open fire before which we had roasted nuts I could find no trace, not even the ashes.

spiration of the hypnotist. The mirth grew uproarious. I entered more and more into the spirit of the frolic, and quite remember. I was growing sleepy, guess." The mists were now dissipating in

more into the spirit of the frolic, and haughed until I was weary. At last it was proposed that I go out alone and "winnow corn." The theory of this ceremony is that If you go through the motions of tossing up the grain three times an apparition of your future bride will drift past you. Care must be taken, however, to fasten the doors wide open; for the wraith which assumes the form that is to be so dear is in truth but one of those mischievmy brain. I saw that I had been made the subject of a huge hypnotic practi-cal poke-a little more severe, perhaps. than had been intended, owing to my temperament. But a new fear entered my heart. Elsie-had this vile wizard dared to plant his hideous delusions amid the bright imaginings of her soul? "Surely," I cried, "you were not hyp-notized-while I was put, out of the way, chained hand and foot in that

assumes the form that is to be so dear is in truth but one of those mischiev-ous spirits that flit about the earth each Halloween; and should it succeed in shutting the doors upon you great harm might come. I hesitated, but they all insisted: "Go along," they cried; "It is only a game, and what can you see but Elsic, anythow? You're not a fraid of seeing "No! no!" she said, with just the ghost of a smile, "I didn't play any Halloween games—except in your fan-cy, poor boy. I just sat still and waitanyhow? You're not afraid of seeing Elsie, are you?" Reluctantly I went out into the dark-

winnowing. At the first toss a faint rustling was At the first toss a first rusting was audible. At the second there was a sough, as of wind. At the third, a lu-minous form floated before me. It did, indeed, and the face was Elsie's-only it seemed fashioned from translucent 3 Then the door closed with a crash

> "DO NOT, MAKE ME & MURDER-ER." HE CRIED.

d. I don't remember a single word he said. Only I feel so sad and sorry," she cried, with a sudden sob, "I had cried, with a sudden sob. "I had thought we would be so happy to-gether."

"Why, Elsie! What is this?" She dung her arms about me-for the first time in her life. I dropped the reins; the horse first walked, then

the rents; the norse first watten, then stopped short. She kissed me—my betrothed—upon both eyelids. "I owe it to them," she said: "they have been so abused to-night, through me; and they will shed so many, many tears before another Halloween.'

. The next morning I was early at her door. She met me dressed in black, nor could I prevail upon her to make any change.

"I must wear mourning for our love," she said. "I shall be dressed in white only too soon."

Her face was wan, and all her ex-iberance lost; she was perfectly rational, except on this one point-that she would die before the year had past. Nothing that 1 or anyone else

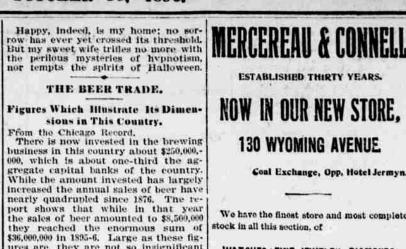
could say had any effect upon this conviction. She knew that she must die; it was useless to deceive one's self. How she knew, she could not say, but she knew it absolutely. If we would wait we would see. That Rune-stane had anything to do with it she insistently denied. He had told her nothing, she said. She just knew. This we did not believe but we were

This we did not believe, but we were thoroughly frightened. Such delusions are all too likely to fulfill themselves. I told her later the whole story, and that afternoon we drove hastily over to the professor's headquarters. 11 was as I feared. He had already de-parted, and we could learn nothing of his whereabouts,

Things went from bad to worse. The loctors were helpless, for there was no organic discuss. My beloved simply sank in a gradual decline, the victim of a fixed idea which nothing could reach—unless, perhaps, the volce of the hypnotist who had imposed it. I had now come to regard him as a

nurderer-a very fiend. At last, hope-less of any other means of cure, I left the town and spent several months in blind and feverish efforts to find him. It was a vain search; no clew could be discovered.

The fatal year had almost passed, and another Halloween was approach-



ures are, they are not so insignificant as those ublished by the treasury de-partment at Washington. Government reports show that the consumption of beer and malt liquors was in 1876 308,-336,000 gallons in 1886 717,745,000 and in

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POULTRY____

Pheasants,

Wild Ducks.

Quail,

1895 1,043,292,000 gallons. This shows that while the per capita onsumption in 1876 was 6.83 gallons it ad increased to nearly 15 gallons per capita in 1895. Notwithstanding the arge increase in the population of the country the consumption of main liquors has increased considerably more than twice as fast. At the same time he consumption of distilled liquors has allen off from 1.33 galoins per capita o 1.12 galoins and wine has fallen off

in average of 39 per cent. It is a little singular that when the roposal was recently made in congress o add a tax of \$1 a barrel to the pres-

American through and through, leave Buffalo Tuesdays and Fridays 0, 30 p.m. for Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac, The Soo, Duluth, and Western Points, passing all places of interest by daylight. In connection ent tax on malt liquors, as means of relieving the treasury and making up in this way for the decrease of the THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. it forms the most direct route, and from ev-ery point of comparison, the most delightful and comfortable ons to Minneapolis, St. Paul, Great Fails, Helena, Butte, Spokane and Pa-cific coast. The only transcentinental line running the famous buffet, library, observa-tion car. treasury receipts, Senator Sherman should so strenuously oppose the pro-

posal that it was defeated. The out put of beer last year was over 33,469.-600 barrels and the quantity will be exceeded this year. The expenditures by the government for the year 1895 were \$4,094.432 in excess of the receipits and aff addition of such a tax as was proposed would have nearly covered such a deficiency. When it is under-stood that a very large proportion of

the breweries in the country are owned by foreign capitalists who take the profits of this business out of the coun-try it is difficult to understand why the tax was so summarily defeated. S small an increase in the tax would not have appreciably added to the price



CORNS AND THEIR CAUSE.

Observations of a Chiropod'st on Prevailing Affliction.

From the Washington Star, A chiropodist says:" One of the most opular corn plasters is made in Baltimore, but not long ago the manufac-turer brought his wife over to me to be treated for corns. I asked him why he did not try to cure her himself. He told me that his plasters were very good things to sell to druggists, but that they did not seem to benefit his wife in the slightest. It is my ex-perience that at least 80 per cent. of mople suffer more or less from corns. Washington is one of the worst cities in the country in this line. It is on account of the asphalt streets, I think, At any rate, people who come from other cities often develop some form of foot trouble after they have been here while

"Who are your best customers?" "Women always. They will persist in wearing high heels and shoes that ire too short for them. Now, a short thee is much worse than a shoe that is too narrow, for, as the average per-son is not blessed with high insteps the toes are forced down against the end of the shoe and either corns or de-formities of the joints result. In my opinion southern people have the best feet. The reason of it is that they are great horseback riders. Holding one's feet in the stirrups results in making

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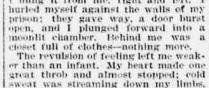




"Remember—at the first clod." The professor turned with a starf

earlier.

she said.



great throb and almost stopped; cold sweat was streaming down my limbs, I sank into a chair. The room, which at first swung round and round, at length

PART II. When consciousness returned, the spell of terror was still upon me, but nothing was visible. The darkness was cavern-like. I was oppressed with a sense of suffocation. As my thoughts grew clearer, I perceived that I was lying on my back. I extended my arms, and with unspeakable horror encoun-

tered a cold obstacle; there was a wall on either side. 1 was immured in a narrow cell-what sort of cell? narrow cell—what sort of cell? A scream rose in my throat—and stuck there; then it broke loose, and with a smothered, nightmare cry 1 sprang to my feet. I found myself entangled in a mass of clinging drapery; i flung it from me, right and left. I hurled myself against the walls of my

"Yes; wasn't it strange? For we weren't really engaged then you know. But it couldn't mean anyone else, for ere isn't any other John-for me." "He is a charlatan," I cried; for the

thought made me dingry. "He is interesting." she retorted— and shut the door. The next evening, as soon as I could

The next evening, as soon as I drove out to Elsie's home. This was a big stone farmhouse, built by her grand-father and his sons with their own hands. It was nestled in a spacious dooryard full of trees, and a tall hedge of like bushes formed U from the road. of lilar bushes fenced it from the road. I found Elsie ready and waiting on the little vine-covered "stoop." She greeted me with a delightful air

of ownership, scolding a bit because 1 was late; and soon we were seated together in the light buggy, speeding through the gathering gloom toward the village.

"Remember, I don't at all approve of

"Oh, I'll bear all the responsibility," she cried, gayly. "But what makes you so-so umid? It doesn't seem a bit like you. Are you afraid of ghosts? Just as likely as not you'll see one before the night is over. It's Halloween, you know, and we're tempting them."

'Yes, we are tempting them. I'm not

brain and spirit of which we know absolutely nothing." But at this she flamed. "You shan't

talk to me in that way!" she cried, with springing tears. "You've no right to lecture me—yet. And we''ll not turn back either. T've been there before and no harm came of it. Dearest, don't you see that no harm has come of it?" Her voice softward and a little bead Her voice softened and a little hand sought mine. "Dear John, I know he can't hurt us unless we let him," she concluded.

I felt ashamed. "Yes," I conceded, "I am convinced of that, or I should never have consented to this visit. An attitude of resistance is the next best thing to keeping away altogether. I don't doubt that we shall find him powerless, and probably a transparent impostor.

"Professor Runestane isn't an im-postor," she protested. "You won't say that after you have met him."

The professor—so he styled himself —was standing in the doorway as we drove up. I hated him from the first glance; I more than hated-I feared him. His framg was big and gaunt

The second second

The murmur that had at first attracted my attention was, however, still audible, and 1 now reached a door should come. Soon, at the professor's instance, we began the games of the evening, which, as he shaped them, proved a marvelthrough the chinks of which leaked gleams of light. This door 1 pushed open: it disclosed the parlor into which ous mixture of hypnotism and Hallo-

we had first been ushered. On the table a light was burning, and near it First we had a novel exhibition of "bobbing for apples." A large empty pan was brought in, and placed on the middle of the floor, Tom Tuttle then submitted to be "mesmerized." After a series of "passes" he was assured that the pan was full of cider, with reacted apples floating in it. Earth, -thank Heaven for that-was Elsie -induk fielden for inal-was liste, scated in a low rocking chair. Her attitude was dreamy, and her eyes were almost closed. Opposite her sat the hypothist, his look fixed, his right arm extended; and as I strode in I caught the words:

that the pair was full of cider, with roasted apples floating in it. Forth-with he thrust down his head and made hiderous efforts to seize the imag-inary appes with his teeth. At length he seemed to catch one, and trium-phantly held up-nothing-sputtering all the while as if his nose were full of eider Elsie opened her eyes; they brightened cider,

afraid of ghosts, for there are none, but I'm horribly afraid of seeing them." "Why, what do you mean?" "I'mean that if I saw a ghost I should feel that I was going mad. The certainty that nothing was there would only make it worse. "We all see ghosts in our sleep." I continued, reientlessiy; for the words would come, and my voice hardened in spite of me. "We believe in them, too. The asylums are full of people who see ghosts. That is real enough. It is a wicked and perilous thing to triffe with those mysterious powers of Then Philo Potter was mesmerized. had a needless shock, but it doesn' matter manner was almost fierce. The seance is broken; don't bother me with ques-tions. Take her home, and thank fate



him, yet was promptly relieved by applications from a basin of water steam-ing hot from the kettle, but which was him. His framg was big and gaunt and bony, with an intrusive nose and heavy jaw. He was beardless, but a black, wiry mane of unparted hair fell in strangting was able to resist the illusion. When my radiin straggling masses below his shoul-ders. He seemed ill at ease and his eyes moved restlessly in their cavern-was only told that the dish was full of ous sockets. Nevertheless, he greeted us effusive-ly. "Ah-ah!" he said: "you have come.

high insteps, and high insteps prevent the feet from being forced down into ing: when I was recalled by the news that Elsle was failing fast and con-stantly asked to see me. I arrived, but the end of the shors. It is true that of furniture loomed up in dusky blots southern women like to wear high heels and tight shoes, but the effect is not nearly as bad on them as it is on against the walls. Below, I presently distinguished a low droning of volces, just in time; and in my arms she sank into what seemed a gentle slumber-only there was no awakening. Where were my friends? What had

northern women with their flatter inbecome of Elsie? Still dreading surprises, I crept cau-tiously down if stairway and through several rooms. They were chill and empty. The metry company had van-ble beauty in the chamber of mourn-ing; but her heart was still, and no breach ever heart was still, and no steps. "Yes, bicycle riding is just about as The foot gets freer play that about as good for the feet as is horseback riding. The foot gets freer play than it does in walking, and if the shoes are well made and properly fitting it has a tendency to make the feet arched and graceful. I firmly believe that the fact that so many email children are now ing; but her heart was still, and no breath ever clouded the mirror that we so often held to her lips. Finally it was felt that there could be no more delay. The day of the funeral was set; it was Halloween.

that so many small children are now riding the wheel is certain to result h As I stood, with feedings that no pen can portray, before the open grave into which the casket enshrining all that I loved had just been lowered. I saw among the stat faces gathered there one keed is stated and the state of the stated the sta better shaped and healthier feet in th shoes, seeing that they fit properly and do not rub or are loose. That parents another illusion? It was the earth? Was it another illusion? It was the face of Runestane. At any other moment I should have sprung at his throat.
 He was stooping, and as he rose he cast a little cloud of earth upon the cof-tion. Hands mean substantial of the list. to not, as a rule, exercise such caris shown by the number of children from 2 to 5 years of age who are brought to me to be treated for corm fin. Hands were outstretched to check

him, voices were raised in protest; but his rang loud above them all, "The girl is not dead," he cried. "Raise up the casket!" They shrunk back; they thought him

Light and Cool Apparel is a Necesmad. "I tell you she is not dead," he shout-

"It must be very late," she mur-mured, with a little yawn. "I can hardly keep awake, You must take me home now, John." "I tell you she is not dend," he shout-ed. "Be quick; already she is waking from her trance." His face was livid. "Do not make me a murderer." he cried, and pressed forward. A sudden recollection surged through my brain. I sprang to his aid, and to-gether we lifted up the casket. "You must open it," he said. "She must see you first." Others were helping now, with shak-ing hands, and the lid was soon off. I bent over my loved one; her face showed color, and her lips were parted. Her eyelids fluttered; then they opened Runestane was regarding me with evident displeasure. "You have come too soon," he said, "but novices are never to be trusted; it takes time to establish full rapport. And you have

'Now go," he continued, rudely, His Her eyelids fluttered; then they opened

that you didn't push in a moment She saw me-knew me We did not wait for her to realize her I was furious, though powerless to grewsome surroundings. Lifted in lovcontend. "Where are our friends," I ried. "I demand an explanation." ing hands, she was quickly borne to a quiet chamber, where, as the full tide of life and consciousness came gradu-"Go at once," he repeated, with menace in his tone. "Go! and keep out of my way hereafter, or it may be the ally back, I watched beside her-and with me was Runestane. Only once, however, did he speak to her, and that Dismayed and pale, Elsie clung to my arm. "Oh! take me home," she whiswas before she seemed fully aroused.

rm. "Oh! take me hand, pered. He almost pushed us out. Soon we were speeding down the road, but my hands were so unsteady that I could "for this rash and criminal experi-

Runestane remained only long bright tear drops trickled down my enoughtomake certain of Elsie's safety

"Dear John," she sobbed, "forgive me. Poor boy, how you tremble. It was awful. We ought never to have come. It was very, very wrong of me give me, please, and don't love me any ne"—and her tears streamed afresh. "T m afraid it isn't for very long, anycome. It was very, very wrong of me to make you. Forgive me, John, For-give me, please, and don't love me any less. I couldn't bear to have you blame me"—and her tears streamed atresh. "I'm afraid it isn't for very long, anytell it. Like the medleval student of forbidden magic, I was lured on by the fascination of these unwarrantable exway," she said. I didn't grasp the full import of her words then; I had reason to remember them afterwards. I tried to comfort her in lover fashion, but I was still un-nerved and all ajar. I was bewildered, too, and felt sure of nothing. "Ob Fiels what hemme of the same periments, until I was almost ready to stultify my soul to satisfy my thirst for further knowledge. I shall brave such

risks as this no more. "You wonder, doubtless, why I did not come to your aid before such a des-perate pass was reached. The truth is, "Oh, Elsie, what became of the com-pany?" I cried, "What really hap-pened?" I dared not. To enable you fully to un-destand the matter a long course of abatruse study would be necessary; but in brief. I had made an impression in the unconscious substratum of her mind so deep and of such a nature that neither I nor my other could reach it "John! John! there wasn't any com-pany!" she gasped. "Don't you know there wasn't? Not much of anything in the clubs.

"An-ah!" he said: "you have come, And you have brought John. This is quite as it should be. I congratulate you—though I perceive that you are something of a skeptic."
"I don't dark mained them."
"As well deny them as defy them."
"As well deny them as defy them."
"Again I heard a laugh, mellow and silvery. They were all laughing loud-hypnotized, if that is what you mean,"
"You don't!" There was a moment-ary sneer, but he went on, smoothiy:
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worse for you."

"AH-HA!" HE SAID, "YOU HAVE COME,"

way.'