

A Resurrection.

"AN I trust you, Maudie?"

"Trust me! In what way, Gerald? I am afraid I have not been paying much attention to all that you were saying."

She turned her beautiful flower-like face toward him with a mocking move, her blue eyes sparkling under their dark lashes with a mischievous light in their depths, and with a coquettish lifting of the finely marked eyebrows, which distracted and unnerved him from the task he had set himself. Would she ever be serious? ever, for that life meant interests than the whims and amusements of the passing hour?

His wife—the bewitching, lovely, irresponsible being! He went over to where she was lying in a long chair in the shadiest, coolest corner of the veranda, and taking her two slim white hands in his strong brown ones, he knelt beside her and said: "Maudie, I have to leave you here with Mrs. Tallyour, and I want to feel sure that while I am away from you, my dearest one, that you will be prudent, and do nothing foolish or unsuitable to your position as my wife, for which afterward you would be sorry or ashamed."

"Gerald!" she interrupted, with petulant indignation.

"Yes, my darling, I must speak plainly. You remember last winter, it was unintentional on your part, I know; but still, how unhappy you were made by all the wretched talk and gossip that followed!"

"That was three months ago, Gerald. I am older now and more experienced. I am sure you need not remind me of that memorable affair; it is unkind of you."

She withdrew her hands from his grasp with a reproachful gesture, and added, pouting:

"After all, it is not my fault that I am pretty, and I cannot help it if your friends will admire me and pay me attention."

"But you will be careful, my darling; promise me—this fellow Perceval—"

"Oh! now you are going to abuse Lord Perceval again, I suppose; I am so tired of that topic; I shall not listen to a word against him; Gerald! I have known him all my life; he is my oldest and greatest friend, and I do not intend to give him up for any one, not even for you, Gerald—"

She sprang to her feet and walked quickly to the edge of the veranda, where she leaned over the balustrade with her head averted from him in an attitude of unmitigated defiance. So small and childlike a creature, and yet possessed of such a potent magic, that wound and hurt the man who loved her.

with all the passionate intensity of his strong and sensitive nature. Such a slim, fragile-looking being, and yet so powerful in wielding an influence over the hearts of those around her.

A look of helpless and baffled anxiety passed over Major Jocelyn's handsome, earnest face, without glancing at him his wife continued, coldly: "I consider it very ungenerous of you to attack Lord Perceval in the way you have done lately, hinting at things against him; throwing out insinuations as to his character, but with nothing really definite that you can state against him. You know I like him; that he is my friend. I call it mean of you, Gerald, positively mean!"

"There are plenty of things I could state against him if I felt so inclined, but there is no need to particularize. It ought to be enough for you that I tell you I distrust and dislike the man. Lord Perceval has brought a stir in the names of too many women for an honest man to care for his wife to call him friend."

He spoke with angry emphasis, and afterward there was an ominous silence between them for some moments. It was at last broken by the girl saying, with passionate reproach:

"Oh! it is cruel of you, Gerald, to speak to me like this, to want to quarrel with me in these our last moments together; to leave me with angry words upon your lips, making me so unhappy." Her voice trembled, and broke, and her hands went up to cover the tear-laden eyes. In a moment he was at her side, all the severity vanished from his face, and with his arms around her he was murmuring in pleading accents the words of penitence and love which made his peace for him before he left her.

A week had passed since Gerald Jocelyn had bade farewell to his young wife and started on his journey through the desert to join the troops in advance. The still, blue heat of an Egyptian day brooded over the quiet villa, which from its lack of sign or sound of life seemed to be prolonging its midday slumber into the evening hours. The clatter of hoofs outside aroused the attention of the solitary inhabitant of the veranda, a middle-aged woman, whose strongly marked features and keen dark eyes proclaimed her a person of intelligence and decided character. She threw aside the book she was reading, and advanced toward the flight of steps where the rider, an artillery officer, was already dismounting from his horse. As he caught sight of her, the dark cloud of sorrowful anxiety which hung over his countenance was visibly lightened.

"Ah, Mrs. Tallyour, I am indeed

thankful to see you! You are the very person who can help me," he cried.

"Anything wrong, Captain Ferguson?" she asked eagerly, as he joined her in the shade. Then taking in the details of his horse's heaving sides, and his own heated and worn appearance, she asked with increased apprehension: "You have ridden fast—no bad news I trust?"

"Yes, very bad news; the worst, as far as I am concerned; poor Jocelyn—my greatest friend, as you know—such a good sort he was. I never was so cut up about anything in my whole life."

He sank beside her on a seat with an air of dejected melancholy, and passed his hand wearily across his brow.

"Has there been a skirmish already?" Mrs. Tallyour asked, breathlessly. "I did not know any fighting was expected yet; the colonel reported all quiet in his last; is poor Major Jocelyn wounded?"

"He is dead, poor fellow! There has been no fighting; it was an accident—with one of the guns, I imagine, but the telegram only said: 'Accident, Jocelyn killed; meet train tonight.' This is all I know."

"God God!" Mrs. Tallyour exclaimed. "Gerald Jocelyn killed! How shocking! I am terribly grieved. His poor young wife! I married six months!" The tears rose in her eyes as she spoke.

"Yes, his wife," Captain Ferguson answered anxiously. "I rode out once hoping to find you here, and that you would kindly break the news to Mrs. Jocelyn and relieve me of the painful responsibility. I have not the courage to do it, though I don't suppose she will feel it much."

He spoke with some bitterness, and Mrs. Tallyour answered him quietly: "You misunderstand me—indeed you do. Captain Ferguson, poor child! poor pretty child! she is but a child, after all. The shock will be enough to kill her; a thoughtless, frivolous creature she may be, but I believe her love for Gerald is genuine and far deeper than any other feeling, deeper than she herself is aware of."

"She has a curious way of showing it, then, I must confess," Captain Ferguson replied with acerbity. "I never liked her, you know that, Mrs. Tallyour. A brainless, selfish coquette without a spark of real feeling for any one but herself. I am sure I pitied poor Jocelyn for the life she led him last winter at Cairn, flirting with every man she met! And then that poor fellow Cummings shooting himself, that was a horrid business. However, this will sober her if anything will. Where is she now?"

"She is out riding with Lord Perce-

val; they started soon after breakfast and may return at any moment."

"That fellow Perceval! Brute! I wonder Jocelyn did not put his foot down there." Captain Ferguson frowned and relapsed into gloomy silence.

"Some little cloud of dust. That is their party, no doubt."

Mrs. Tallyour pointed to the distant undulating line in the desert. "I dread this business! Poor little soul, she is not of the stuff for bearing trouble well. God knows how she may take it."

Some few minutes later the little cavalcade rode up, laughing and joking, to the villa, all unconscious of the two people who awaited its arrival in sorrowful silence, dreading the moment when their sad intelligence must be made known. Maud Jocelyn sprang from her horse and ran lightly up the steps toward the house, with her lips—toward something in the strange expression on the two faces that confronted her from the words of merry greeting on her tongue.

"Oh! dear! my dear!" Mrs. Tallyour said pitifully, taking her by the hand and drawing her away.

"Oh! what is it, Mrs. Tallyour? What has happened? Gerald—is he ill—tell me quickly; you have heard bad news," Maud stammered in terrified accents.

"Yes, dear child, there is bad news, be brave!" and the older woman led the girl quickly away to her own room.

There, later, a voice waited forth in anguish. "Gerald, my love! Gerald! Oh! I cannot bear it—it is not true! Lying dead, while I rode laughing and jesting across the desert!"

Then the thought of their last words together flashed across her mind; she seemed to see again the proud, handsome face, and heard again that ringing, earnest voice, "Can I trust you, Maudie? Promise me!"

And she had spurned his warning; had refused his last request, and set her whims in defiance of his feelings and wishes. As she rode by the side of Lord Perceval that day on the bank of the canal she had listened with pleased vanity to his whispered words of admiration; words which conveyed to her mind the ruse's worship of her beauty, and at the same time insisted that such beauty was wasted on the grave and serious minded soldier, who had expressed his admiration in his profession. She had listened without protest to Lord Perceval's thinly-veiled sneers at her absent husband; she had been disloyal, a traitress in her passivity; false in word, if not in deed, to the brave and tender heart which beat with such true and passionate love for her.

That evening, outside the railway station, a detachment of soldiers awaited, in melancholy silence, the coming of the train which was conveying to them the body of their dead officer and comrade, whom they had all respected and admired. Close by the gun carriage was standing one which Gerald Jocelyn was to make his last journey to the cemetery on the hillside a mile away; and at a few yards' distance a closed carriage was drawn up in which sat Mrs. Tallyour holding in mute sympathy the hand of the girl widow, who, white and tearless, leaned back beside her, immovably and coldly.

She had scarcely spoken, since she recovered from the deep swoon into which she had fallen after hearing of her husband's death had only announced her determination to bid him a last farewell beside his grave.

Captain Ferguson was standing near the carriage, and whispered to Mrs. Tallyour that the train was signalled; then he withdrew from her sight inside the station. Puffing and panting, the train swept in; there was a strange silence for a few seconds followed by a muffled murmur of voices, the soldiers bent forward down their line from one to another, accompanied by looks of amazed surprise. Mrs. Tallyour pressed her companion's hand tighter, the terrible moment had arrived—how would the girl face it? Was it possible that she possessed sufficient strength of mind and body for the horrible ordeal which awaited her?

Then Mrs. Tallyour saw Captain Ferguson emerged from the station with a dazed look of consternation on his face, the result evidently of great and overpowering emotion.

He came hurriedly toward them, making signs to Mrs. Tallyour, which she did not understand.

"Has it not come?" she whispered to him as he approached.

"There has been a mistake," he murmured in reply; and Maud—though apparently unaware of what was passing around her—caught the words; her face woke to animation, she leaned forward.

"A mistake! He has not come! Oh, tell me quickly, I can bear it, he is not dead, he is alive—see it on your face, for pity's sake don't keep me in suspense—let me out—I must go to him."

She was struggling to open the door quickly when she saw that Captain Ferguson quietly aside, and then with a loud cry Maud sprang past Mrs. Tallyour, and fell sobbing on her husband's breast.

Yes! there had been a mistake. Gerald was alive, though not uninjured; and a bandage round his head centurated the startling pallor of his face.

Two words omitted in the telegram that day explained the mystery of his resurrection. "Accident, Jocelyn wounded; gunner killed," altered the whole meaning of the message. Private Maud's character, which she had maintained to him which had been prepared for Major Jocelyn's funeral, and Gerald drove back to the villa with Mrs. Tallyour and his unconscious wife. Joy never killed very nearly to the shadow land of the Great Unknown. She came to no time in his life had he come so near utterly losing his presence of mind as in that moment when his dear friend, Gerald Jocelyn, stepped from the train, and laid a hand upon his arm.—St. Paul's.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

In living the strenuous life which so many housekeepers are forced to do, we are all apt to become negligent and dilatory regarding the kindly little offices which go so far toward making this life a "little heaven here below." We fully intend to write the little note of congratulation to some dear friend to whom some special happiness has come; but we are so busy we put it off for a day or two. We are going to call on the new comer in the neighborhood who knows no one and looks lonesome—but not today. We mean to send a glass of jelly or a bunch of violets to the young man in the hospital, whose people are so far away that they can't get to him, but tomorrow will do. Some day, before long, we will write that letter to the dear old people up the state, that they are always looking for. As soon as we get a little more time we will look over our barrels and boxes and see what we can spare to give them, the washwoman, and make a note to write to the old folks. Meanwhile, opportunities pass by. The little note that would have meant so much in the flush of happiness is never written; the new comers have no one to write to; the old people die, the old people at their deaths are in waiting for the letters that so seldom come and bring the news that the comfortable garments that we could so readily have supplied. "An long delay in kindness takes the kindness all away."

A good way to protect the contents of a canteen or water bottle from flying particles of dust is to twist a white fringed muslin into a cone, and push the point into the neck of the bottle and having the fringe in a fluff at the top.

In doing the spring dresmaking it is surprising to know how many old things can be utilized and made over, if one only knows how. Don't be afraid to use good soap and water in abundance and for almost everything. A summer silk or foulard comes out as good as new if tipped up and put right in a tub and washed. Press with a medium hot iron while still damp, using a layer of cambie, white or black, between the material and the iron. Black silk hangings and galleons may be soaked in soap-suds, rubbed, rinsed, well shaken and then pinned along the edge of a shell or honing board to dry. When nearly dry, comb out with a comb-comb. Artificial flowers may be steamed over the tea kettle, then straightened into shape. Lace figures from the old scurried and Spanish laces may be cut out and applied on silk or velvet for lace, neck bands or vest effects. White laces and ribbons too delicate to stand rubbing may be soaked in strong soap-suds for three or four days, then squeezed out, rinsed and pinned out to dry. Black and colored ribbons may be soaked for an hour in good soap-suds, rinsed, then wrapped smoothly around a large glass tumbler jar or bottle, smoothing out creases. Pico cartels may be set in the air or a rather cold oven to dry. Buttons and buckles may be polished to look like new. Featherers can be steamed and curled and applied on hats, shopping bags, or even frayed seams made to appear unaccountably respectable by a judicious application of shoe polish.

Walnut is again in fashion for bedroom suites, and possessors of old-time pieces of furniture may feel thankful. If the wood needs redressing an excellent polish can be made at home of a pound of melted wax, a pint of turpentine and a gill of alcohol. Melt the wax, then remove from the fire and beat in the turpentine and alcohol. Apply with a soft cloth, leave for a half hour, then rub briskly with an old silk handkerchief or soft duster.

While stains on wall paper can be removed by hot milk and turpentine or even kerosene.

Kerosene, by the way, is one of the best of all disinfectants, not only as a dirt solvent, but as an insect exterminator. Beds wiped over occasionally with kerosene cannot harbor bugs. Poured over ant-hills or

Menu for Sunday, April 20.

BREAKFAST.
 Baked Rhubarb,
 Oatmeal,
 Corn Meal Hash,
 Poached Chicken on Toast,
 Coffee.

DINNER.
 Vegetable Soup,
 Radishes, Ripe Olives,
 Chicken Pot Pie,
 Mashed Potatoes, Rice Croquettes,
 Pickled Beets,
 Boquet of Cheese, Water Wafers,
 Pineapple Charlotte,
 Black Coffee.

SUPPER.
 Baked Bean Salad,
 Cold Chicken Sandwiches,
 Cold Sliced Ham,
 Baked Custard, Sponge Cake,
 Tea.

along the route chosen by the little pests for their entrance to the house, they can be routed and put to flight. Cooks-hats turn their backs to the kitchen, and the walls are frequently wiped down with the restorative oil, and mosquitoes leave their chosen breeding places if a little oil is poured over the surface of the barrel or standing pool.

While maple sugar is still plentiful, fresh and pure, serve often with warm tea. Boil, or try this plan of putting a few bits of the sugar with the biscuit. Make a light baking powder dough and roll into it with our crushing bits of the sugar. Cut into small biscuits with a sharp cutter, taking pains to see that each biscuit has at least two bits of sugar. Bake in a very hot oven so that they will use quickly, and serve very hot with tea or chocolate.

Although the pineapple is considered the least wholesome of all the edible tropical fruits its subacid flavor makes it a most welcome addition to our spring menus. It should never be eaten on an empty stomach, as a heat is produced, but when green, the juice of the green and growing pineapple is believed throughout the East to be a deadly blood poison. It is said that the Japanese women used to cultivate a nail on each hand to the serving of the fruit. In this little pineapple is to be used as a decoration the pine assunder from stems to crown. Then it is a simple matter to split the core so as to divide again each half of the fruit. It is then eaten by separating each of the little pineapple is to be used as a decoration the four long pieces of the split pine are put together, tied in place with a narrow ribbon, and the crown fastened in its proper place. These also are inserted chain the crown as their portion. Pans of all the leaves to the very heart, and there will be found the soft white leaves about a half inch long. These

are dipped in a drop of tobacco sauce and eaten cum grano.

The ordinary way of serving pin-apples for breakfast or dinner is to slice it with a silver fork. First peel and remove the eyes, then beginning at the top pick apart. If fully ripe it needs no sugar, but ordinarily it is improved by covering with powdered sugar and straining the tea for two or three hours before serving.

The pineapple is an excellent appetizer, and is often served at luncheon or dinner as a first course where a hearty meal is to follow.

When sausage is served for breakfast food much makes an excellent accompaniment.

The next time the small daughter of the household asks to be allowed to make a cake for her doll's tea party or her own lunch basket, let her try this cooking school recipe. It is simple and easy, and the result is a desert spoonful molasses, one desert spoonful soft butter, two desert spoonfuls of milk, add a tiny speck each of ginger, cinnamon and cloves, a teaspoon of beaten egg and two level tablespoons of flour. Mix all together in a sallop of baking powder has been sifted. Stir well, put into pastry tin and bake slowly.

A lamp wick should never be allowed to crowd the tube. If tight pull out two or three threads lengthwise.

In putting away white woolen dresses for the winter, a few pieces of white muslin folded in cotton cloth and placed among the goods, which should then be wrapped in dark blue paper, will prevent discoloration.

When a bit of salad is left over from breakfast, mix it with butter and a little lemon juice or chopped pickle for a sandwich filling for the children's lunch box.

The cranberry and brush has fallen into disuse, a plate and silver knife or spoon taking their place. In New England the spoon has the preference, but in the middle and far West the knife is used.

At a course dinner the liquor or cocktail is passed with the coffee, and may be taken or refused, as preferred.

An obstinate grease spot on the kitchen floor may be removed by spreading on the boards a hot solution of Fuller's earth and soda. Allow it to stand for some hours, then scrub it away with a scrubber. If the grease is spilled on the floor cold water is thrown over it to congeal it quickly, it can nearly all be removed by scraping with a knife.

In making estimates for serving a number of guests, a caterer calculates that eight loaves of bread and two pounds of butter will make sufficient for fifty guests. The medium-sized jar of marmalade, one of jelly paste, with trifles and one of macedoine will serve as filling. Five quarts of chicken salad, requiring five four-quart bowls, will serve the same number. Three packages of gelatine will make enough bouilli jelly, and nine quarts of ice cream will leave a margin. Three layer cakes and four dozen small cakes will be enough and to spare, while three-quarters of a pound of chocolate or two pounds of finely ground coffee will make fourteen quarts of the accompanying beverage.

Bouilli is never served in soup plates. Lacking bouillon cups, small teneques will answer very well. Fifteen pounds of lean beef will make bouillon enough to serve fifty guests with a hot pint each.

Carrots should always be scraped, never pared. In preparing cold carrots for cooking, even the connecting French houses there's away the pithy heart, but is careful to retain every bit of the dark, rich outer portion. Emma Padlock Telford.

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Literary Gossip

When Robert Shackleton, author of "Many Waters," began his career as a newspaper reporter in New York City, one of his first assignments was to interview Madame Sarah Bernhardt. It was at a time when the newspapers were striving to outdo one another in gathering the opinions of famous folk on every conceivable topic. This particular assignment was to procure from a number of notable their opinions as to what should constitute an Eleventh Commandment, and reason for their belief.

Madame Bernhardt, charmingly govted, was at a late breakfast in her apartments in the Holland House. On the table was a loaf of French bread, a yard long, and coffee served from a grotesquely quaint coffee pot. She could talk but little English and Mr. Shackleton was rather shy on French, but they got on very well together.

"An Eleventh Commandment?" And the great actress raised her hands and eyebrows deprecatingly. "Surely you do not wish me to be another Moses?"

On being assured that that was exactly what was expected of her she looked puzzled for a moment, and then, with an archly humorous smile covering her face, she said:

"Ah! I have it: Monsieur Shackleton, you may say that there is no need for an Eleventh Commandment—it is too hard to keep the ten we have."

The new Carnegie Free Library at Atlantic City contains a children's room which has a unique feature. At the south end of the room is a magnificent mantle, with tiles which illustrate certain of the scenes in Appleton and company's edition of the "Stories of the Bible." The mantle is illustrated by A. B. Frost. Very naturally, when the trustees considered the decorations of the superb new library to which Andrew Carnegie gave \$250,000, they desired to recognize the most famous book of the most widely known southern author, and a request was preferred to D. Appleton and company for the reproduction of some of Mrs. Frost's illustrations. With their constant recognition of the value of the public service done by libraries, the Messrs. Appleton co-operated with the library authorities, and the result is this magnificent group of tiles representing scenes from the Bible, each with its copyright notice—a group which forms a distinctive feature in its way as the bronze doors of the Congressional Library. The fireplace represents a last of the famous authors of the new era, whose work has dominated the history of our literature, and a recognition of the value of the public service done by libraries, the Messrs. Appleton co-operated with the library authorities, and the result is this magnificent group of tiles representing scenes from the Bible, each with its copyright notice—a group which forms a distinctive feature in its way as the bronze doors of the Congressional Library.

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Winter might have a few hours rest away from the glare of publicity, and so he wanted them a smiling farewell as the boat moved away from the pier.

Mr. Shackleton had a photographer with him as on other days and had made up his mind on this occasion to secure a picture out of the ordinary. He accordingly led the camera man out to the very end of the pier where the boat, in backing out, would swing to within a few feet. The president in the meantime had gone below and removing his high hat donned a yachting cap, which gave him a distinctly jaunty air. Standing under an awning in a decided shadow he smiled amusedly as he was the camera pointed at him. He shook his head and laughed, indicating that it would be useless to try to photograph him in that shaded place.

At the newspaper office the negative was developed. The figure of the president, the overhanging awning and even the jaunty cap, were all there; but as for his face—it was an absolute blank. The president's smile of triumph evidently had been justified.

"But the laughs best who laughs last." In the newspaper office were many good pictures of the president and selecting the best of these, the most skillful artist of the staff was commissioned to draw the face beneath the yachting cap; and when in the next morning's issue the picture appeared, no one could possibly have guessed that an alteration had been made.

The climax was reached when Mr. Shackleton called at the hotel late in the day and was met by Secretary Crotchet, who, with beaming face congratulated him, saying, "Mr. McKinley asked me particularly to tell you how much he appreciates the splendid photograph you published this morning, and Mrs. McKinley desires me to say the same and to add, that she really thinks it makes the president look ten years younger!"

Miss Agnes C. Laist, author of "Hertha's of Empire," just published by D. Appleton and company, is a most interesting young woman, and has won her place in literature through sheer ability and ability. At present she resides in Ottawa, Canada, but is a native of Winnipeg.

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