

Scoundrel

By M. BERTIN

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And again to-day, like yesterday, like every day, he found the envelope, the feminine angular hand writing, and it was marked "Personal" and "Important."

As usual Aladjev's first impulse was to throw the letter unread into the burning log-fire; but, also, as usual, he only burned the envelope after he had looked into every corner of the room to make sure that he was unobserved. The letter itself contained the only and ever-same word "Scoundrel."

How long since he began to receive day by day, wherever he might be, such a letter! A rough oblong envelope, bearing his address, in the corner the words "Personal" and "Important," and the letter itself containing the one word "Scoundrel."

These letters affected Aladjev in a peculiar way. Some outraged soul kept track of him day by day, followed him with unabated hatred and persistently threw in his face that terrible insult. Aladjev started under this accusation; he felt keenly its painful sting, he hated to think of it, was always expecting it, everlastingly fearing it. He tried to throw the letters away unread, but a force stronger than his will, compelled him to open the envelope with trembling hands, to take out the letter, and to search in it for the solution of the riddle that tormented him. In vain. The letter consisted always of the same single word "Scoundrel."

The letter in the oblong envelope dominated Aladjev's life. An insignificant incident nearly overthrew him. One day he met and old friend who insisted that Aladjev come out in the country with him and spend the night there. Upon arising in the morning at the home of this friend the guest found on his dressing-table the oblong envelope. His heart almost stopped beating. He pulled himself together, opened the envelope. "Scoundrel," the one word, nothing more. Even here,

His youngest daughter—the only one of his children whom he loved—had left him after she had told him that she was ashamed of her father. She became lost among the hundreds of others pure of heart, unselfish of purpose and deep of feeling like herself.

Over his desk hung her picture. Her eyes looked reproachfully down on him. Right under her beseeching eyes, nay, in defiance of them, he wrote his clever, cold, lying articles. And yet Aladjev felt that there was more holy truth in one of her mistakes than in all his cold calculations.

Insomnia tortured him; in his sleepless nights he could not drive away the all-pervading dread of death. The stillness of the night spoke to him in mystic dreams. The figure of his sorrowing daughter gave battle to his agony in loving kindness.

He feared solitude. Late at night, when he did his work, all the deep shadows seemed to become alive.

His dreams were heavy. He stood before the judgment seat and could not justify himself. Unknown shades, covered with blood, abject in their despair, passed before him accusingly and their number did not end. "I know them not," he said. "I did not hate them; if I have harmed them it had to be, because it was to my advantage." Their number increased continually, they grew up like a wall between him and the Judge, they reached out after him, showed him their wounds—and, in nameless dread, he crawled out of his bed, shaking in every joint.

The first report of the massacre reached the editorial rooms. His co-workers talked subdued, in whispers. Aladjev said nothing. He wrote an editorial in his usual manner. He said a few words of regret and then he tried to show how unavoidable, how inevitable, how almost necessary were these events. He made use of a knavish trick. The massacres were not, he argued, the result of deliberate incitement; no, on the contrary, the massacres proved how justified had been the campaign of incitement. He was pleased by the thought that he did not incite the riots.

He ate his dinner with relish and was in good humor. He went to the theater to see a French farce, lingered at supper, and came home late, a little tired, but pleasantly agitated. On his dressing-table was the oblong envelope; this time it had a wide black border.

"So you are mourning for the victims of the massacre!" he exclaimed, sneeringly. He placed the letter without opening it under his pillow, and immediately fell asleep.

He awoke suddenly. He did not know what had happened. Ice dread was strangling him by the throat. The black border of the letter stood in front of him and gripped his chest. A terrible pain had made him insensible. Soon he began to comprehend. Yes, that was it. Why had he put the letter under his pillow? It was the black border which had terrorized him. Suddenly he saw clearly. Those hateful letters were the dreadful shadows which tortured him. If he could but get rid of them all would be well, the shadows would disappear, and his soul would find peace. He arose from his bed and, without putting on any garment, he tiptoed into his working room. The full moon flooded the room with pale light. He opened the drawer. There were the letters. There were many, many of them. He took them out one by one, read each, and threw it away. But the more he threw away, the more remained. Everything was littered with them—the floor, the chairs, the couch, the tables. He hurried in fear, for these yellowed sheets whispered behind his back—he was afraid to turn around—they conspired against him. They flew around like a flock of white birds, and touched him with their wings. He drove them away, but they surrounded him in ever narrowing circles, their number grew and grew, they slapped his face with their wings, and every movement of their hissed the one word, "Scoundrel."

And suddenly the circle opened. What was this? The letter with the black border stood in front of him. The double sheet opened and began to compress, to break his breast. No help, no salvation? He wanted to cry out; his weak groan was lost in the joyous flappings of uncounted white wings. In despair he looked up to the picture. She alone would plead for him—she alone could save him.

The picture was no longer there. He himself had removed it yesterday to escape the everlasting reproach of those mournful eyes. With a wild cry he threw himself against the black-bordered letter.

In the editorial rooms the night force had heard the shriek. They hastened into Aladjev's room. They found him atop of a heap of letters, his face distorted with horror. A few weak signs of life remained in him. They laid him on the couch. Everyone had picked up instinctively one of the letters. The solemn silence around the dying man was broken by a subdued whisper. As they looked at the letter each one pronounced in an undertone the one word, "Scoundrel."

Importance of Teeth. Dr. Osier has stated that the question of preserving the teeth is more important than the liquor question, says Scientific American. No doubt much dyspepsia is due to decayed and defective teeth, which preclude complete mastication of the food (even if anybody in America had the time to eat properly). Dentists, like doctors, are now beginning to realize that their true mission is not "a general rebuilding system," but a systematic and well-considered effort to prevent and overcome the decay and loosening of human teeth.

Feeding School Children. Profiting by the experience of several American cities which provide food at cost for their school children, the London county council has about decided on a similar system in some of the schools of the metropolis. Parents having asked that meals be supplied at school to their children who are not "necessitous," the county council authorities are planning to grant the applications, payment to be made in advance, the charge to be calculated to the nearest farthing.

SMASHES HER IDOL

Broken "Billikins" Strew Home of Their Creator.

Florence Pretz Finds the Image "God of Things as They Ought't to Be"—No Luck for Her.

Kansas City, Mo.—"Billikins" may be the god of things as they ought to be, but he has been off the job a long while so far as his creator, Miss Florence Pretz of 2618 East Thirty-first street, is concerned. Doubtless there are smiles in thousands of homes and offices where "Billikins" abides and in the factory where he is fashioned in Chicago, but his grin brings no laughter or pleasant thoughts to the Pretz family, and least of all to the gifted daughter.

For Miss Pretz the squat little figure has meant so much trouble and disappointment that he has been banished from her home. She has smashed the last of the idols she formerly had prized. She turns aside from the shop windows to avoid seeing one. She dislikes even to talk of "Billikins"—and all because a group of men have, she believes, deprived her of the profits which legally should be hers. Not a "Billikins" is allowed in Miss Pretz's home. It is a name never spoken except when absolutely necessary. Her mother is said to have one of two of the idols hidden somewhere, but the daughter never sees them. To Mrs. Pretz they stand for a family hope unrealized. To Miss Pretz they mean \$30 a month royalty while thousands go to the bank accounts of the men who have involved the designer in a maze of technically worded contracts and agreements not understood when she signed them.

Miss Pretz is a teacher of art at the Manual Training High school. She is trying to forget "Billikins." She has despaired of ever getting what she believes are her rights and would rather go blocks out of her way than see a "Billikins" throne, a "Billikins" pin, cuff buttons, watch chain or anything suggestive of her first business undertaking. There is just a chance that she may break into some of the profits if a really live lawyer can be found willing to go into the tangle as to the patent. Miss Pretz isn't quite sure what she signed. She knows just two things, and these are that about \$1,000 represents all she ever got for her work, and that two or three men are becoming rich as a result of it.

"I'm out of patience with the whole subject," Miss Pretz said recently. "Don't care to see 'Billikins' again" was suggested.

"I do not," she replied. "You'd smash one if you had a chance?"

"I certainly would." Mrs. Pretz says her daughter has broken the last of the "Billikins" that stood on the family mantelpiece. "She has dismissed the whole thing from her life," the mother said. "She worried about it a long time and her father tried to make the Chicago people pay her for what they had pre-empted. There is a chance yet that she may get what she deserves. She still owns the patent. She is reticent and refrains from going into court to enforce her rights."

But listen: One of these fine days the creator of "Billikins" will give the changeable public another idol, something to touch every human being struggling along toward some goal. She won't tell what it is. One thing is certain, when Miss Pretz has another novelty it will take a mighty careful lawyer to get her signature to any paper. The next contract offered her, she says, will go with her on a long vacation to be studied. After which the bar association will be asked to pass upon it.

More Dietetic Facts. Verily, the way of dietetic righteousness is a strait and narrow path. A big sanitarium gives its patients the following printed list of "Dangerous Foods": Cane sugar, fats, flesh foods, including fish, oysters, lobsters, etc.; eggs, milk, coarse vegetables, such as spinach, cabbage, turnips, etc.; condiments, including salt and pepper; tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa and all alcoholic drinks. This leaves practically only cereals, potatoes and nuts. The skin and seeds of nuts are forbidden; this practically cuts off cherries, prunes, dried apricots, figs, dates, raisins, currants and most grapes, unless strained or objectionable parts. Peas and beans are admissible, if passed through a colander to remove the hulls.

The Fez a Necessity. All through the markets of every Turkish city and village are little shops where the fez can be pressed and ironed for a few cents. At his prayers a Moslem could not use a hat with a brim, as his head must press the prayer rug a certain number of times during each prayer. As the head must be covered at all times, a fez or some other brimless covering must be used.

A Domestic Arrangement. "Bluster and his wife seem to get along very well together."

"That's because they have set aside one day in the week to do all their fighting. On the other days they keep the peace."

What the Name Means. "Pa, what is a pony coat?"

"Something I've got to work like a horse for to keep your mother peaceable."—Detroit Free Press.

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellencies, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

A MAN OF RESOURCE.

Actor (of provincial company)—Can you give me ten cents on account? I must get a shave. I have been playing Hamlet for four days, and my beard is beginning to grow.

Manager—Well, that's easily remedied. We'll put on Othello.

LOST REGISTERED LETTERS FOUND IN QUEER PLACE

Missed From a Mangled Mail Bag, They are Recovered From Car Trucks.

It does not always follow that the disappearance of registered mail packages indicate a robbery of the mail. This was demonstrated on the Overland Limited train No. 2 Friday, November 5th, when a package of five registered letters from Schuyler disappeared between that point and Omaha.

The recovery of the lost package was as strange as its disappearance. The Schuyler pouch is picked up from a crane by means of a pouch catcher as the train passes. This pouch catcher is attached to the mail car and hooks onto the pouch suspended from the crane as the train passes. In this particular instance the pouch catcher did not make a good catch and the pouch fell under the wheels of the train and was cut in two. The mail was scattered along the track for a considerable distance, but the five registered letters, which were in a packet, could not be found when the other mail was picked up. The impression at once prevailed that the registered package had been found and kept by some one and it was reported as lost.

Postoffice Inspector L. A. Thompson was started out to investigate. His first visit was to Council Bluffs to make inquiries of the postal clerks on the car, and scarcely had he reached there when he received word that the registered package had been found by the car cleaner resting snugly on the trucks under the dining car, where it had been blown or thrown when the mail pouch was flung under the wheels at Schuyler. That the package was not injured in the slightest, nor jarred from its position on the trucks, is simply another tribute to the Union Pacific's unsurpassed roadbed and perfect track.

The Cost of Politics. In his reminiscences of Grover Cleveland, George F. Parker tells a story concerning prodigal expenditures in politics. A rich man who had been nibbling at the Democratic nomination for governor of New York asked William C. Whitney's advice. "This is the advice: 'Of course, you ought to run! Make your preliminary canvass, and when you have put in \$200,000 you will have become so much interested in it that you will feel like going ahead and spending some money.'"

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured WITH LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Sold by druggists, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 50c. Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Good Guess. "Pa, what is a football coach?"

"The ambulance, I guess."

Every man has his gift, and the tools go to him that can use them.—C. Kingsley.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A wise man suppresses fully two-thirds of his opinions.

Lewis' Single Binder Strain 5c—Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars.

The less a man knows about women the more he thinks he knows.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 45 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

Occasionally a thin woman acquires the art of not showing it.

WORK OF A BUDDING GENIUS

Couplet That Lacked Something of the Divine Fire, But Strikingly Original.

The ten-year-old daughter of an artist believes that she is destined to fill a great place in literature, and all her spare moments are devoted to writing poetry about every conceivable subject, according to the San Francisco Waup. Recently she attended her first church wedding, and so filled with inspiration was she that she immediately began to write a poem descriptive of the event. A few days afterward, when her mother was entertaining friends, the youthful prodigy asked permission to read her poem before the guests. Her mother humored her with not a little secret pride. Stanza by stanza the poem progressed until the young lady reached the point where the description of the bridesmaids was set forth. There one of her couplets read thus: Some had pug noses and some had Roman, And each wore a blue ribbon about her abdomen.

FREED AT LAST

From the Awful Tortures of Kidney Disease.

Mrs. Rachel Ivie, Henrietta, Texas, says: "I would be ungrateful if I did not tell what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me. Fifteen years kidney trouble clung to me, my existence was one of misery and for two whole years I was unable to go out of the house. My back ached all the time and I was utterly weak, unable at times to walk without assistance. The kidney secretions were very irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health, and I am able to do as much work as the average woman, though nearly eighty years old."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WERE STUFF SUPPLIED.

Willie had had a tumble when he was a baby and his hip was so hurt that ever afterward he was obliged to use a crutch. On one occasion, when his mother had bought him a new crutch of the latest and most approved style, Willie expressed his enthusiasm and delight in the roughest terms. "And oh, mother!" he exclaimed, in conclusion, referring to a little friend of his who having the use of both legs had no need of crutches, "won't Johnny Knowles be jealous?"

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Marks on Silverware. "Sterling" as used in connection with silverware means genuine silver. The addition of the word "patent" is to indicate that the particular design of the article on which the word appears is patented and that the article is genuine silver.

Resinol, the Best Healing Ointment That Can Be Found. I have used Resinol Ointment now for two years and shall never give it up. I wouldn't be without it, being the best healing ointment I have found yet. John B. Dain, London, Eng.

Their Intent. "You seldom see a fire escape on churches."

"But, come to think of it, that is what the whole building is for."

WHEN YOU'RE AS HOARSE AS A CROW. When you're coughing and gasping. When you've an old-fashioned deep-seated cold take Allen's Lane Balm. Sold by all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

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PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—how to dye, bleach and fix colors. MCHROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

He Knew the Reason. "I can say one thing in favor of Mr. Featherly," remarked Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady; "he never takes the last piece of bread on the plate." "No, indeed, Mrs. Hendricks," assented Dumley, cordially, "Featherly didn't quick enough."—Bazar.

JOY OF THE WILDERNESS

Small Piece of String Would Have Rendered Prospector's Long Journey Unnecessary.

There are situations worse than Gail Hamilton's famous "Twelve miles from a lemon." The man in this New York Telegram item seemed to have found one of them. A party was encamped on the Bear river in eastern Utah, when a prospector came along one morning on a mule. He had his jaw tied up, and at first seemed inclined to pass on without a word. On second thought, however, he halted and gruffly queried:

"How far to Salt Lake?"

"Three hundred miles."

"Humph!"

"Traveled far?"

"About 200 miles."

"Get your jaw hurt?"

"No. It's just an infernal toothache, and I'm riding 500 miles to get it pulled."

We invited him down and one of the crowd got a piece of string round the tooth and jerked it out as slick as you please. After the overjoyed man had ceased dancing all I queried:

"Why didn't you try the string before starting on such a long ride?"

"Best kind of reason, sir. I hadn't nary a string."—Youth's Companion.

In the opinion of the beauty doctor many a homely woman has a fine face for business.

What Ails You? Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heart-burn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, or dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at these will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of native American medicinal forest plants. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE

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

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful 'Cascarets' for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cascarets' for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail, and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken during a year."

108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Transforms Bad Food, Never Sicken, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 919

Patents. Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C. High-class references. Best results. DEFIANCE STARCH for starching finest linens.

Easy to Clean Under

National Cream Separator

Can be kept perfectly level without any trouble, and it stands solidly. You are sure to get out of cream. Remember—these points count in a machine which you have to operate and clean twelve every day—350 times a year. Your dealer will let you try it free for inspection or trial without expense to you. Illustrated catalogue of full particulars free on request.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

The Largest Manufacturer of Men's Fine Shoes in the World. Wear W. L. Douglas comfortable, easy-walking shoes. They are made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions. Shoes in every style and shape to suit men in all walks of life.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute.

Wherever you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach. If your dealer cannot fit you, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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WANTED CORRECTNESS.

Customer—M'yes, that's better, but you'll have to alter it a little over the Bear river in eastern Utah, when a prospector came along one morning on a mule. He had his jaw tied up, and at first seemed inclined to pass on without a word. On second thought, however, he halted and gruffly queried:

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