

# A Modern Cain

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY Former Chief United States Secret Service



HE barren, rocky little farm in Northern Vermont, a mile or two out from the village of Newtown, near the Derby line, was suggestive mainly of hard work and small returns, to the ordinary observer. Its buildings were small and old and out of repair; its fences were sagging in places; the orchard, long past its prime, was dying, and the lack of money to buy new trees had prevented the filling up of the vacant places. But in spite of all its drawbacks, the barren, rocky little farm was a glorified place to John Barrows that day in early spring in the fifties; for that day Jane Heath had promised to be his wife. Jane had lived alone in the little house in the village, left to her on the death of her father and mother several years before, and always the families had been friends. She was a beautiful girl, with the glossy black hair, the dark and sparkling blue eyes, the firm apple cheeks and the sunny nature and undaunted courage of her Irish ancestors. She had never been afraid to live alone—neither fear of possible physical peril nor of the mental attitude that sometimes is more to be dreaded than thieves or wandering beggars, by people who have too much of their own society, ever had disturbed her. She possessed a strength of character which she herself did not realize but which, in promising to marry John Barrows, meant that she gave him her undying devotion.

She had known John Barrows long and intimately—since the days when they went to the little village school together. In later years, often she had been a guest at the Barrows farmhouse, wherein the family was made up of John and his mother and his brother Andrew. Mrs. Barrows loved the sunny-faced girl as a daughter, and Andy—Andy was the one source of apprehension to the otherwise entirely happy young couple. An amicable agreement as to the division of the farm had been reached, but lately Andy had seemed moody and despondent, and often he watched John and Jane with jealous eyes. A few days had passed since John's proposal, and Andy had asked Jane to marry him, but she had gently refused.

"Yes, I know why you won't marry me. You're in love with John. He's younger than I, and better favored, and you've fallen in love with his handsome face. But you're mine by rights—as I'm the oldest I should have the first choice. Oh, do say you love me, Jane!"

"Why, Andy, you know I couldn't say that, when you know I do not care for you in that way. I'm so sorry."

"I don't want your pity. Even if you don't love me, I love you enough for both—can't you marry me? I could fix it so we'd have all the farm, and you need never want for anything."

"No, Andy, I don't love you, and I never shall, and I'm not going to marry you. I'm sorry you feel so bad; can't we be friends?"

"Yes, we can be friends, but even if you won't marry me, neither shall you ever marry John. Mark my words."

Andy Barrows had an intimate friend, Malcolm Thomson, a close-mouthed, crafty Scot, and to him Andy confided his troubles. Thomson considered the matter, then advised Andy to be friendly to his brother and thus lead him to think that he—Andy—was reconciled, but to bide his time.

Plans for the marriage were discussed, and Thanksgiving day was decided on for the wedding. The sale of John's share of the season's crops and livestock, with the money—the bank account dear to the heart of every New Englander—which John had in the bank, would be enough to build the little house, on the opposite side of the field from the old one, on which the young couple had centered their dreams. John was working his hardest to coax the old farm to yield, and hauling logs and lumber in odd hours for the new house and outbuildings. One day, early in the fall, the brothers were working in the field near the house. The days were growing shorter, and Andy suggested that he remain in the field, working as long as there was light, and that John go to the house to do the chores. John agreed, and went to his chores with a happy heart, thinking that Andy hadn't really been so greatly disappointed, after all.

"Mother," he said, as he brought in the pails of foaming milk, "I believe Andy's got all over being jealous of me. He's so pleasant and agreeable lately that I can't help thinking he has forgiven me."

"He had nothing to forgive, my son," said Mrs. Barrows; "but I'm as glad as you are to see him in a more reasonable frame of mind. I only wish there were two of him. He is a good, sweet girl, fit to be the wife of any man."

"Bless you for saying that, mother."

You don't know how happy you make me. I'll go and whistle for Andy—I see supper's nearly ready."

Andy, however, did not respond to repeated whistlings, and finally John went to the field to search for him, but could not find him and returned to the house. "I guess he's gone to the village, mother," he said, "and I suppose he will eat supper there. You know he often does that." His mother was satisfied, and Andy's absence caused no alarm. Later in the evening a haystack, that stood in the field near the place where the brothers had been at work, was discovered to be on fire. John went out to try to save it, but it seemed to be burning all over at the same time, and he could do nothing. The fire was attributed to some malicious or thoughtless boys, and no one thought of connecting it with Andy's disappearance.

Several days elapsed, and Andy did not return. His mother and brother thought he might have gone to visit his friend, Malcolm Thomson, who lived a short distance over the line in Canada. Nearly a week later Thomson appeared at the Barrows farm to transact some business, he said, with Andy. He seemed greatly surprised and disappointed at Andy's absence, and expressed anxiety lest some accident had befallen him. The following day Thomson went to the village and in the stores and shops he discussed the disappearance of Andy, and stirred up considerable comment among the villagers who had thought, with his mother and brother, that Andy was visiting Thomson. The Scotchman appeared much concerned and, while expressing no opinion, kept on the gossip he had started until at last suspicion was aroused. That which had been a commonplace circumstance at first became a mystery that grew deeper and deeper each hour, until finally someone suggested foul play. This suggestion rapidly took root and gathered credence until the entire neighborhood was sure that Andy Barrows had been murdered.

John Barrows and his mother, of course, were the last to hear these stories, and when they finally reached his ears, John started an immediate investigation, in which nearly all the men of the village willingly joined. They searched every out-of-the-way place, every abandoned well, every possible nook and cranny on the farm. At night the men looked puzzled and were ready to go home, and allow the search to go over until the next day, when Thomson casually mentioned the burning of the haystack.

Here the searchers were horrified to find a partly burned body. Raking in the ashes, someone found a bunch of keys and a pocketknife, which were recognized at once as having belonged to Andy Barrows. A blood-stained ax, with some light red hairs, exactly the shade of Andy's hair, adhering to the blade, was found in the grass near by. These discoveries seemed to solve the mystery of Andy's disappearance. A cowardly murder had been committed, the body hidden in the stack, and the stack burned to conceal the crime. There seemed no doubt as to the identity of the body, and the next thing was to discover the criminal.

Suspicion at once pointed to John Barrows. Who else could have committed the awful deed—who else could have had an object in doing it? Thomson, while expressing doubt as to John's guilt, said he knew there had been some misunderstanding between the brothers, but did not think it ever would reach such a stage. Several persons who had heard, or heard of, the quarrel between the brothers, came forward to tell what they knew or imagined, and things began to look pretty dark for John. He was as much puzzled as anyone by the discovery made in the ashes of the haystack, and could offer no explanation of the mystery.

John Barrows was formally charged with the murder of his brother, and a warrant was sworn out by Thomson for his arrest. Thomson took this step most unwillingly, he said, but felt he must see justice done his old friend. No denial on John's part made the slightest impression on the minds of the excited people. They wanted an immediate trial, but were compelled to wait a few weeks for court to convene, and after a brief preliminary hearing, John was taken to the county jail.

Jane Heath, when the first suspicion of her lover was made public, declared her faith in him, and told him she would stand by him and eventually would see the criminal punished. No one could shake her faith in John, and her friends regarded her as little short of demented when she declared she never would forsake John Barrows. No one else had the slightest faith in his innocence. Even his mother, although not expressing her opinion, was prostrated by the grief and the disgrace, and refused to see her son. She believed him guilty, and could not bear to see the son who had killed another son equally dear.

When the case came to trial there was little evidence in behalf of the accused. Old neighbors, ready to believe in his guilt, testified unwillingly of his previous good character, but

took every possible opportunity to impress on judge and jury that circumstances were mighty against John Barrows. These old neighbors always had been his friends and were not really malicious, their action being merely the result of the well-known seeds of distrust scattered by Malcolm Thomson. John was adjudged guilty of murder in the first degree.

Jane Heath vowed she would move Heaven and earth to free her lover, and through her efforts he was granted a short respite by the governor of the state, and he was to remain a few months in jail before the execution. With renewed hope, she determined to prove his innocence and save his life. She insisted that there was no proof whatever that Andy Barrows was not alive; that all the evidence was purely circumstantial; and she earnestly persisted in her theory, and cast so much doubt on the guilt of John, that she finally prevailed upon the governor to commute his sentence to life imprisonment.

Soon after the trial of John Barrows, Malcolm Thomson determined to leave that neighborhood. Before doing so, he called on Miss Heath and talked to her most consolingly. But Jane was suspicious, and his professed solicitude caused her to believe his declarations of sympathy and friendship were not genuine. His talk led her to wonder if he was really as she believed he held the key to the mystery of Andy Barrows' disappearance.

Two years later—years in which Jane Heath, though not inactive, had accomplished practically nothing toward the release of her lover—a young soldier returned to northern Vermont from the south on a furlough. From him Jane learned that Thomson was in New Orleans. She decided to go to that city, making the long journey as did Evangeline—not to find her lover, but to accomplish his freedom. Travel

scarcely realizes that the handsome youth was in reality a refined young woman.

Not long after this Miss Heath reported to me that she had discovered Malcolm Thomson, and was sure he was engaged in some kind of crooked business. I sent a skilled man to the neighborhood where Thomson was living, to cultivate that gentleman's acquaintance. Soon he discovered that Thomson was carrying on a thriving business smuggling goods across Lake Pontchartrain into the Confederacy. Also it was found out that Thomson was greatly afraid of detection by the federal authorities. Like all crooks he deemed everyone else crooked, and was seeking an alliance with someone who could "fix" the ruling powers. This timidly led him to take into his confidence the detective in my employ, Colonel Monocossus.

Monocossus easily arranged a partnership with Thomson, after convincing him of his—Monocossus's—great influence with the federal authorities and his ability to obtain the necessary permits for taking out goods and bringing in cotton. Thomson was to furnish the money, while Monocossus was to take charge of the little schooner employed, and manage the authorities. There also was a third partner in the scheme, a man named Hopper, who was located at Mandeville, just across Lake Pontchartrain and inside the Confederate lines. Colonel Monocossus wished to meet this partner, to whom he was a stranger, and Thomson furnished him with a photograph of the man, that there might be no trouble in identifying him. Monocossus brought the photograph to me, and I left it on my desk without thinking much about it. Miss Heath, happening in soon after, saw the photograph and recognized it as a picture of Andy Barrows. The mythical scheme that had been planned by

was badly wounded, and seemed to realize that the end was near. He appeared to be a man of some education and refinement. His high cheek bones, his coarse features and pale blue eyes, however, were indicative of his wicked nature. The tightly drawn lines about his mouth showed inflexibility of will and iron nerve to carry out whatever he undertook.

When I went forward to speak to him I recognized Hopper as a man who had been tried and convicted for passing counterfeit money at New Orleans several months before. He had been sent to the penitentiary at Baton Rouge, but had escaped during a battle at that point in which the prison was partially destroyed. He made his way across the Amite river into the Confederacy where, by standing in with the commanding Confederate officer at Mandeville, he was enabled to handle and ship out cotton.

I seated myself beside the wounded man and took his hand, and never will I forget the ghastly stare with which he regarded me as I endeavored to impress upon him the full realization of his condition and the duty incumbent upon him. My urgent appeal had its effect. Hopper admitted that his mind was burdened with a great crime, which he was willing to confess. I had set him down as a scoundrel, but he was not quite prepared to be brought face to face with one whose heart was so inhuman as he deliberately to plan to hang his own brother.

"A few years ago," he said, "I, with my younger brother, lived with our widowed mother on a little farm in northern Vermont. There lived near us a most estimable young woman. I paid her some attention, and in time fell madly in love with her. When I supposed I had won her affections I asked her to marry me. She refused and did not deny that she loved my brother when I charged her with that as being the reason for her refusing me. She was not to blame. She had made no promises. I had merely mistaken her sisterly regard and kindness to me for affection. I alone was responsible for the error."

Here he paused for a moment as if to gather courage for what was to follow. Up to this time he had met my eyes frankly, but now he shifted his gaze, and continued:

"When she told me she could not marry me, and made no denial of her regard for my brother, I was filled with unutterable rage. Calling her a heartless flirt, I seized my hat and left her. I was furious, desperate, and determined to be revenged. While my heart was filled with rancor and my mind with spiteful thoughts, I thought my troubles to Malcolm Thomson, but a cunning one. He dissuaded me from my plan for immediate revenge, and advised me to appear friendly with my brother in order better to carry out a plot which he revealed to me."

"Soon after this my brother announced his engagement to marry Miss Heath, and I wished him well with bitterness in my heart. Plans were made for the marriage, and I seemed to take an interest in them, and to have forgiven my brother and his fiancée my fancied wrongs. But I was only biding my time."

"When the time was ripe for executing the plot we had arranged, I managed to be at work with my brother in a field on our farm. On the previous night Thomson and I had placed the body of a man about my size in a haystack, which stood near where Thomson was at work repairing a fence. Thomson had obtained the body from a purser's burying ground on the Canadian side."

"My brother left the field that day just before dark. I remained for the purpose of completing the work. When the sun had set and it was dark, I punctured a small vein in my arm, and with the blood smeared the bit of the ax we had been using. I cut off a lock of my hair and scattered it on the bloody blade, and then pitched the ax into the grass and then pitched the body of the man I deposited my pocketknife and bunch of keys. Then I set fire to the stack and hurried to join Thomson, who was waiting near by with a horse and buggy. We drove rapidly away, and I soon was on my way to New Orleans, where Thomson was to join me in a few weeks."

"It was agreed that Thomson should first return to the village and stir up suspicion, which would result in a search for me and the discovery of the burned body. Everything turned out thus far as we had planned. My brother was accused and convicted."

"It was my purpose, when my rival should be out of my way, to return home, and after a time renew my attentions to Miss Heath, but I put off going from time to time. I could not face my old friends and neighbors. Through Thomson I learned that my brother's sentence was commuted. I was thankful for that. No one ever will know the remorse I have suffered for my crime. My name is Andy Barrows."

His Light.  
Ella—He says that I am the light of his life.  
Stella—That's gas.

Death came soon to Andy Barrows, and he was beyond the jurisdiction of mortal tribunals. Thomson, who in some way got an inkling of the turn of affairs, disappeared—he whose wicked brain had devised and managed the entire plot.

Miss Heath, with documents fully verifying the experiences through which she had passed, hastened home to lay before the governor the proofs of the truth of her intuition. A pardon was promptly issued, and she was given the well-earned privilege of carrying it to the lover whose innocence had been established by her faith and untiring devotion.

Food Importance.  
"Why is it," asks the modern novelist, "that a woman always says she isn't hungry, and that a man never believes her?" Which brings us to the question of food and its rational appreciation. Not to care about what we eat is either genuine or hypocritical.

If genuine it betokens a defect of which we ought to be ashamed; for surely the stomach is as noble an organ as the face, and deserves as much earnest attention. If hypocritical it is a most absurd affectation.

Why did you steal my girl, you damned scoundrel?  
You shall never marry John, mark my words.

A BULLET PIERCED HIS SIDE FROM THE FORWARD PART OF THE SCHOONER.

Monocossus for the purpose of entrapping the Scotchman, on suspicion that he was an enemy of the government, had unintentionally become of paramount importance. Steps were taken at once to bring Andy Barrows before Miss Heath, and compel him to confess his part in the miserable scheme to spoil the lives of his brother and his brother's sweetheart.

A small schooner was procured and loaded. It was planned to capture Andy Barrows-Hopper, and bring him to New Orleans. General Butler, when consulted, said the plan was a crazy one, but Monocossus declared he would carry it out. It did seem a difficult undertaking, but Monocossus was willing and anxious to take the risk and abide by the consequences.

When the little boat arrived at Mandeville it was unloaded and taken a few miles distant across a bayou for the purpose of taking on bales of cotton. "Hopper" was there to superintend the delivery of the cotton. When the schooner was ready to sail he came on board, with two other men, expecting to be landed at Mandeville as the schooner passed on its way to New Orleans. The wind was blowing heavily that day, dead ahead to the boat pointed toward Mandeville, but well in favor when she was headed across the bay toward New Orleans.

Hopper's two assistants were perched upon a cotton bale with their legs hanging over the windward rail at the moment Colonel Monocossus put the helm down hard and let go the main sheet. The boom swung over with great force, the boat gave a sudden lurch, and the two men sitting on the cotton bale were knocked into the lake.

"Heave her to," shouted Hopper, at the next time drawing his revolver. The next instant he was lying on the deck. A bullet had pierced his side from the forward part of the schooner, which now was headed directly for New Orleans before a ten or twelve knot breeze. When the schooner arrived and was hauled up out of the lake into the new basin, I was awaiting its arrival and went aboard. A surgeon had been sent for to care for Hopper, but had not arrived. Hopper

WESTERN CANADA COUNTING ITS GOLD  
THE GRAIN CROP OF 1910 WAS A GOOD PAYING ONE.

Crop conditions throughout the west of Canada were not ideal, but notwithstanding there were excellent crops. Reports come from different parts to the agents of the Canadian government, whose literature tells a good part of the story, that the crops in most places were splendid.

At Castor, Alta., F. Galloway's oat crop threshed 35 bushels to the acre, machine measure, and 44 bushels by weight. Alex Robertson of Delisle, Alta., had 20 bushels to the acre on 875 acres. W. & H. Clark, 17 bushels to the acre on 77 acres. Sheldon Ramsey, 20 bushels on 150 acres. J. Lane threshed 3,500 bushels of 200 J. Hamilton, 5,000 bushels of 264 acres. Mrs. Hendry had an average of 25 bushels per acre on 150 acres. Chambers Bros. got 13,270 bushels of 650 acres.

Fertile Valley district, G. Rollo, had an average of 25 bushels to the acre on a total crop of 10,000 bushels. E. Brown of Pincher Creek had a yield of 33 bushels on his winter wheat; W. Walker, Miss Walker and John Roberts all had an average yield of 25 bushels; Mr. Fitzpatrick, 23, and Mr. Freebairn, 20. Charles Nelson of Bon Accord, Alberta, had threshed his crop of 5,000 bushels of grain, wheat, oats and barley, on 210 acres of old ground.

Wm. Logan of Bon Accord is reported to have threshed 400 bushels of wheat from 9 acres of new breaking. His oats it is said yielding over 100 bushels to the acre. Robert Martin of Belbeck, Sask., from 100 acres got 3,740 bushels of wheat. Geo. A. Campbell of Caron, Sask., from 130 acres summer fallow got 40 bushels per acre, and from 60 acres stubble got 24 bushels per acre. One of the farmers of Colonsay threshed out 35 bushels of wheat per acre from 150 acres summer fallow, and another 33 bushels per acre. James Glen of Drinkwater, Sask., had 36½ bushels per acre; 40 acres summer fallow, 31 bushels per acre; 40 acres stubble, 27 bushels per acre; total, 6,580 bushels of 200 acres. Abe Winters of Fleming has 39 bushels of wheat per acre. At Govan, Benjamin Armstrong had 33 bushels to the acre. John Gummil, 34 bushels. Charles Latta, 35 bushels. J. K. Taylor, 35 bushels. W. Small, 2,000 bushels on 90 acres. J. F. Moore, 6,500 bushels on 215 acres. J. MacLean, 1,500 bushels on 63 acres. W. Hopwood, 1,750 bushels on 60 acres. W. Gray, 950 bushels on 30 acres. W. Curtin, 850 bushels on 30 acres. John Meyers, Jr., of Grand Coulee, reports 34½ bushels to the acre. P. P. Epp of Langham, Sask., has 35 1/3 bushels per acre. J. J. Thiessen, 31 bushels per acre. Chris Dear, 25 bushels per acre from 90 acres. Wm. Thiessen, 18½ bushels from 100 acres. P. P. Schultz, 18 bushels per acre from 100 acres. Robt. H. Wiggins of Manor, Sask., had 39 bushels wheat and 15 bushels of oats per acre. Fred Cobb, 30 bushels of wheat and 75 bushels of oats per acre. Jack Robinson, 39 bushels of wheat per acre. Wm. Kindel of Milestone, Sask., had 38 bushels of wheat per acre. R. J. Moore, 40 bushels of wheat per acre. Martin Roddy, 38 bushels of wheat per acre. J. D. Sifton of Moose Jaw had 37 bushels wheat per acre; oats, 50 bushels per acre. John L. Smith of New Warren had 35 bushels of wheat per acre. At Regina H. W. Laird had 35 bushels to the acre; W. H. Duncan, wheat, 22 bushels to the acre, flax, 16 bushels; G. M. Bell, wheat, 35 bushels to the acre, oats, 70 bushels; O. E. Rothwell, 25 bushels to the acre; J. McKinnis, wheat, 35 bushels summer fallow; 20 bushels stubble; oats, 80 bushels; J. S. Mooney, 31 bushels of wheat; J. W. Nesbitt had 44 bushels wheat to the acre. Sep. Latrace, 34 bushels. Thos. Miller, 31 bushels. These were all on summer fallow. Major Bros.' stubble went 14. At Tuxford, James C. B. Dunning had 37 bushels, Sames Bain, 41 bushels summer fallow. At Yellow Grass, Wm. Robson, off one half section, had 45 bushels wheat to the acre, and 40 bushels off another averaged 37 bushels to the acre. Geo. Steer, off a twenty-acre field, threshed half. M. A. Wilkinson, off 150 acres, 52 bushels wheat to the acre. His whole crop averaged over 40. Jas. A. R. Cameron's half section averaged over 36 bushels to the acre. D. McNeven, who has two farms, averaged about 40 bushels. W. A. Cooper got 47 bushels to the acre off 71 acres; his whole crop went about 40. John Murray, 35 per acre off 160 acres. Hockley Bros., 35 per acre off a half section. W. Ransom, 35 per acre of the Cathcart farm. N. Dunne, 39 to the acre. S. C. Hart, 38 per acre. T. Murray, Jr., 36 to the acre. A. E. McEwan, 38 to the acre. Mayor Taylor, 32 to the acre.

Large Profits  
This excellent showing came out of Western Canada. Land values should double in two years' time. Grain growing, stock raising, cattle raising and dairying are all profitable. For information on the best lands to be had in the very best districts, write to the agent in charge of the sale of the land. The agent in charge of the sale of the land is the Canadian Government agent.

Make the Liver Do its Duty  
Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS  
Gently but firmly correct a lazy liver to do its duty.  
Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.  
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.  
Genuine number Signature

Slip Easy COLLARS  
15¢ TWO FOR 25¢  
Pul-Easy COLLARS  
SHOULDER STRAPS  
ARE THE BEST TO WEAR MADE.

Note Slip Easy tab found on our collars only  
As necktie cannot touch collar button, it slides freely. Tab will not get out of place when laundered. Cost no more than ordinary collars, and gives more comfort, more wear, more style. If your dealer don't have them, write us.  
C.W. FERGUSON COLLAR CO., Troy, N.Y.

Be master of your own time.  
Use a Gillette  
KNOW THE WORLD OVER  
Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.  
PARKER'S HAIR BALM  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. Greases the scalp. Keeps the hair from falling out. Causes scalp itching and hair falling out. Sold at 10¢ a bottle.

GRANULATED LIDS  
used in three to six weeks. No knife or burning. Pay when cured. Permanent. Guaranteed. Halsey Eye Infirmary, Springfield, Missouri. U. W. Laybourn, Supt., Kirrimy in St. Louis. Write for book.  
5 Fine POST CARDS FREE  
Send only 2¢ stamp. Receive 5 very finest Gold Embossed Cards FREE. In addition post office stamps. Capital Card Co., Dept. 70, Topeka, Kan.

Nothing Too Good for you. That's why we want you to take CASCARETS for liver and bowels. It's not advertising talk—but merit—the great, wonderful, lasting merit of CASCARETS that we want you to know by trial. Then you'll have faith—and join the millions who keep well by CASCARETS alone.

Splendid Crops in Saskatchewan (Western Canada)  
800 Bushels from 20 Acres  
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Send only 2¢ stamp. Receive 5 very finest Gold Embossed Cards FREE. In addition post office stamps. Capital Card Co., Dept. 70, Topeka, Kan.

Housework Drudgery  
Housework is drudgery for the weak woman. She brushes, dusts and scrubs, or is on her feet all day attending to the many details of the household, her back aching, her temples throbbing, nerves quivering under the stress of pain, possibly dizzy feelings. Sometimes rest in bed is not refreshing, because the poor tired nervous do not permit of refreshing sleep. The real need of weak, nervous women is satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.  
It Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.  
This "Prescription" removes the cause of women's weakness, builds up the system and restores the health. It strengthens the appetite and induces restful sleep.  
Dr. Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know what his "Favorite Prescription" contains, a complete list of ingredients on the bottle-wrapper. Do not let any unscrupulous druggist persuade you that his substitute of unknown composition is "just as good" in order that he may make a bigger profit. Just smile and shake your head!  
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure liver ills.

## Sure to Find His Level

Real Worth, Not Brag or Blatter, Must Give a Man Permanent Position.

Many persons are so carried away by their own importance that they lose sight of the fact that the world sees through its own eyes. It may be persuaded to accept for a time at least a man's estimate of himself, and may

even allow him the opportunity of living up to that estimate, but in the end the world forms its own opinion, unaided and unbiased, and the amazing demeanor of many of life's puppets as they strut across the stage does not deceive it in the least. It is a matter for consideration whether or not the man who makes the most noise in the world is really not ashamed of the

part he is playing. Into every man's life there must come times when it is necessary for him to turn on the light of truth and examine into his conscience. Some of us may delay this ordeal as long as possible, but in the end, whether we are ready for it or not, we must hear its intonation. The man, however, who has won high station through mere bluster is very likely to continue to hold it by bluff, and the chances are that he realizes the dangers of his position. There are times, possibly, when this noise a man makes

confuses the world's estimate in general of him, but there is no question that there are men everywhere who have taken his measure again and again, and who some day may deliberately, or perhaps unconsciously, jeopardize the position he imagines is so secure. The bluster and pomposity of the man who vainly believes he is indispensable to the world's progress is of too thin a texture to veil his real self, and sooner or later the world at large will learn to know him for what he really is.

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"Why is it," asks the modern novelist, "that a woman always says she isn't hungry, and that a man never believes her?" Which brings us to the question of food and its rational appreciation. Not to care about what we eat is either genuine or hypocritical.

Housework Drudgery  
Housework is drudgery for the weak woman. She brushes, dusts and scrubs, or is on her feet all day attending to the many details of the household, her back aching, her temples throbbing, nerves quivering under the stress of pain, possibly dizzy feelings. Sometimes rest in bed is not refreshing, because the poor tired nervous do not permit of refreshing sleep. The real need of weak, nervous women is satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.  
It Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.  
This "Prescription" removes the cause of women's weakness, builds up the system and restores the health. It strengthens the appetite and induces restful sleep.  
Dr. Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know what his "Favorite Prescription" contains, a complete list of ingredients on the bottle-wrapper. Do not let any unscrupulous druggist persuade you that his substitute of unknown composition is "just as good" in order that he may make a bigger profit. Just smile and shake your head!  
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure liver ills.