THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

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CHAPTER III.

THE BALL OF THE QUATRE-Z-ARTS.

WHEN they came to the end of the street, they found more lights and a liveller region; but, for Paris, it was not much to boast of, and cabs were scarce. At last, however, they were able to waylay an empty vehicle, into which Darrell assisted the lady of the brown eyes.

Where would monsieur wish to go? It was the cabman's question, and Darrell seemed not to hear it.

"You were on your way"— he began and paused.

"To the Place Blanche," said the coachman.

"Ah, yes," responded Darrell. "We will go to the Place Blanche."

He took his place in the carriage and became immediately aware that his companion was shivering pitifully. As the night was unseasonably warm, this phenomenon required an explanation.

"You are ill?" he asked.

"Frightened," she answered. "I am quaking with terror. Absurd, now that it is all over!"

And then she burst into tears, weeping with a perfect self abandonment which he was sufficiently experienced to recognize as the best possible relief. Her calmness in the first minutes of their acquaintance had been astounding and doubtless had been no less so in the terrible scenes that had preceded her extraordinary rescue. Darrell now saw at what expense it had been maintained.

Consolation and tenderness are inseparably connected, and before Darrell was really aware of it he was holding her hand and caressing it as innocently as if she had been a hurt child. Then suddenly she was a woman again, and he was a man of the world restrained by all the barriers of conventionality.

"I am not often so weak," she said. "You would be surprised to know what I have borne without a tear. But I have no intention of burdening you with my sorrows. Help me through a few more minutes until I have formed a plan, and then I will relieve you absolutely of all care of me."

"Surely there must be some one with whom you would wish to communicate," he said.

"There are a few to whom I would send word," she replied, "but unfortunately I do not know just where they are. Certainly they can be of no use to me this night. Moreover, it is disagreeable to mention the circumstance, but I am absolutely without money. I had a purse containing a small sum, but it is gone. There is more at the house where I have been living, but I dare not visit it, for I think the Russian agents are ignorant of the fact that I dwelt there, and I would not direct their attention to my friends. Perhaps tomorrow I can send word."

"I will agree to manage that," said Darrell, "and in the meantime let me say in the gentlest way that money does not enter into this problem. I have a large pocketful, and of course you are more than welcome to all you may need. As to the night, we could ride in this cab till daylight if necessary, but I would rather you should have rest, and as to that I have a plan. I have some friends at the students' ball—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Americans and very nice people; precisely the sort for an emergency such as this. I have a card for the ball. It was my intention to go, but I changed my mind. And now fate has changed it for me in the other direction. If you wouldn't mind waiting in this carriage near the Moulin Rouge, I might go in and consult Mrs. Gordon. She is a person of expedients."

"You cannot ask her to take any interest in me," said the girl. "She does not know me, and I have no means of making myself truly known to you. The circumstances of our meeting are a poor guarantee in such a matter."

"There is, however," said Darrell, "such a thing as instinctive recognition of individual character. I have seen

"I am Vera Shevaloff."

good and bad women, very many of both, and I have seen women of birth and breeding and others who lacked those advantages. Such being the case, though I have known you less than an hour, I am not troubled by the smallest doubt. I shall tell Mrs. Gordon exactly what has happened; I shall tell her precisely what I believe of you, and then, if I know her"—

"What can she do? She cannot take me to her home."

Darrell turned more directly toward her. From the brightly lighted street there came a glow sufficient to illuminate the interior of the carriage, and the girl's face was clearly defined.

"Why not?" he asked. "My friends have nothing to fear from the czar's spies. The fact that you are persecuted and pursued will merely make them the more anxious to befriend you. They are not afraid of anything, and, as for annoyance, heaven help the man who tries to annoy Robert Gordon. I have known him a good many years. Therefore I say to you, Why not?"

"There is no reason whatever," she said, looking him straight in the eyes. "I am Vera Shevaloff, the daughter of a prince. I am of the house of Konstantin of Stavropol."

"Stavropol!" exclaimed Darrell.

"Why are you surprised?"

"Because I have recently met Ivan Getchikoff, son of the governor general of the province," answered Darrell. "I saw him this afternoon in the company of Ladislov, the man whom I believe to have been the coachman of your prison on wheels. It cannot be that Getchikoff assisted him in that enterprise?"

"If it was he, I did not recognize him," she replied. "I doubt, indeed, whether I should know Ivan in broad daylight, and this man I scarcely saw at all."

"I think he would be above such work," said Darrell.

"The Getchikoffs are proud," she said, "but cruel as wolves. They are all powerful in Stavropol today, both in the city and the province. It is probable that I should have been taken there for some form of trial, though as to that I am merely making a guess. I have no means of knowing what would have been done with me except that I should eventually have been sent back to Siberia."

"Sent back!" exclaimed Darrell. "Have you been there?"

"I accompanied my father," she answered calmly. "Upon the downfall of my family four years ago he was exiled, and my mother and myself chose to share his fate, though we might have avoided it. As to what we suffered, there are now many books which describe the long journey and the horrors that are reserved for those who survive it. My mother lived more than two years after we reached the prison settlement to which we were assigned; my father, some months longer. In Stavropol, my friend, there is a cathedral which my father built, and within it is a tomb of white marble. The snows of Siberia are whiter than the marble, and perhaps my father and my mother sleep as well in one place as another. Let us not think of it."

"But you!" exclaimed Darrell. "You escaped?"

"I was released."

"Then how can you be sent back?"

"Because," said Vera, extending a white hand from the folds of the cloak into the light and holding it clinched in a peculiar manner, "in order to avoid a fate worse than Siberian exile I drove a knife into the heart of Nicholas Gorski, governor of the district."

"Thank God!" gasped Darrell involuntarily.

"The order for my release had already arrived," Vera continued, "and Gorski dared not suppress or delay it. I knew what must happen the instant that I heard of the arrival of the order, and so I prepared the knife for myself. But circumstances made it possible for me to sheath it elsewhere than in my own breast. It was all very fortunate. I am told that six months had elapsed and I was far from Siberia before the suspicion arose that I had struck him down. His death was a mystery. Even now, if I were disposed to deny it in a fair tribunal, the act could not be proved. That is why I shall never be openly arrested outside of Russia."

"You came to Paris?"

"Eventually, yes. But I have been in many parts of Europe, even in Stavropol, though that was a great risk, for the Getchikoffs, who plotted and accomplished my father's destruction, would make short work with me. I went to obtain funds that he had hidden, and I was successful. Since coming to Paris I have harbored with nihilists, and that is why I am unable to seek any refuge this night. If I am an object of pursuit upon my own account, I must not attract the hounds toward another quarry. Now you have my story. Shall you tell it to Mrs. Gordon?"

"Most certainly," answered Darrell, "and the sooner the better. I am only sorry that you cannot go with me into the ball, but unmasked it would not be best. I am afraid to leave you alone in the carriage."

"It is impossible that they should have followed me," she said. "I shall not be alarmed."

Darrell glanced out of the cab window.

"We are in the Rue Blanche," he said. "It is the Church of La Trinite that we have just passed to the left there. It is a matter of five minutes now. By heaven, I wish it were not necessary to leave you!"

"I think it would be best for you," said she, "to leave me forever. I am a dangerous companion for you or for your friends. It is monstrous that I should permit you to interest them in me. Why is it not best that I should take the hint you have given me and ride in this cab all night?"

"Alone?" cried Darrell. "If I am to desert you in that way, let the driver take us to the river first. I am not the man who could live after such treason. And, besides, you haven't any money to pay the fellow in the morning, which reminds me that I must lend you some, for it isn't safe to be without it in Paris for a minute."

"I cannot take it," protested Vera, and while they were disputing upon this point the carriage rolled out into the Place Blanche and presently stopped amid a press of vehicles before the portals of the Moulin Rouge.

Darrell directed the cabman to go on a little way, and then alighted. Immediately he was aware of two figures, man and woman, who were hurrying toward him. The man was frocked like a gray friar, with cord and cowl; the woman wore a fawn colored domino, and she twirled a mask by its cord. She had abundant dark brown hair, and she was tall, like Vera. Her companion was a six footer, and he looked a giant in his gray robe.

"I beg your pardon," he said in English. "Are you done with the cab? All these are engaged."

"You leave the ball early," said Darrell, without answering the question. "Is it less interesting than usual?"

"We say goodby to Paris at sunrise," the young man replied. "Isn't that beastly? We have just time to get to our lodgings and finish packing. You are an American, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied Darrell, "I'm an American, as you are, and I'm in a bit of a fix also, as you are. You want a cab, and I want to go into the ball with my friend, but we can't do it without costumes. If we don't get any, I shall be obliged to go in alone, and she will wait in the cab; so you can't have it. If, on the other hand, you will sell me your frock—are you dressed completely under it?"

"Oh, yes, I'm dressed all right."

"And as to the domino? Could it be spared?"

"How funny!" exclaimed the young woman, with a laugh. "But everything happens in Paris. Certainly your friend can have the domino. Somebody spilled a glass of bock on the back of it"—and she turned to reveal the stain—"but if your friend doesn't mind that"—

"The stain is an advantage," replied Darrell. "What says the monk?"

"My frock for the cab!" cried the friar. "It is yours."

Darrell protested that he must pay the worth of the dresses—indeed much more—and he succeeded in forcing the young man to accept a sum that was probably an agreeable addition to his exchequer. Then the two women got into the cab, and it was Vera in mask and domino who got out. Meanwhile Darrell in the shadow of the vehicle had slipped the monk's frock over his head.

"I have made her a present of my cloak," whispered Vera. "She fancies that I am a millionairess upon a trifling escapade. She will change her opinion about my wealth when she views the cloak by daylight. It has seen hard service."

"I might give the gentleman my opera hat," replied Darrell, "or your handcuffs. But the latter I value too highly as a souvenir, and the former, closed, lies easily in the bosom of my gown. And now for cabby."

He beckoned to the driver, who climbed down from the box.

"Fifty francs for you," said Darrell, "and as much more tomorrow evening if you are discreet. Do you understand? You will forget everything. Call there at 6 tomorrow."

He gave the man his card, upon which was written the address of a club.

"Why do you bribe him?" asked Vera.

"If any successful attempt is made to trace you," replied Darrell, "this man will be found, and if that happens I want to know of it. Meanwhile these costumes are great luck."

The unfrocked monk leaned from the cab window and gave directions to the coachman. Vera and Darrell, turning away, waved their hands in farewell.

The portal of the Moulin Rouge was beset by such a throng that Darrell and his companion passed through unnoticed. But a moment later, as they worked their way out of the press, a couple dressed as sailors, the woman's costume being like the man's in the minutest detail, accosted them with merry badinage.

"We knew you weren't going away," said the woman. "You were afraid of drinking too much wine."

"Mistaken identity," laughed Darrell in Vera's ear. "I hope our friends were well behaved, for their reputation has passed to us. Now to find the Gordons. What a lark! And I told Gordon this afternoon that I would never have any more fun!"

A wild outburst of applause suddenly arose upon their right, and the crowd eddied and swirled as all sought places of advantage from which to look down upon the dancing floor. Darrell felt Vera's hand on his arm; she seemed to be drawing him forward.

"Do you care to see it?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said she, "since we are here. What are they doing? I know nothing of these grand entertainments. I was too young to see much of such fetes as we had in Stavropol. There is a place from which we can see."

And with the words she stepped nimbly ahead of him, securing a remarkably good position.

"It is the procession," said he, standing close behind her. "I did not expect to see it at this hour. It represents the entry of a Roman conqueror into a captured city of Assyria."

"It is like a scene in a theater!" she cried. "See the painted palaces! How beautiful, and with such an air of antiquity! There is the conqueror in his chariot. There are the warriors and the captives. It is magnificent!"

She turned and looked up at Darrell, and he noted how her eyes were shining through the mask.

There had been music. It ceased and then burst forth again in delirious melody, which was instantly caught up by the throng upon the floor. The procession had passed around the circle, winding among the painted palaces, in whose windows could be seen men and women in the ancient Assyrian costume, copied with great exactitude from the memorials of that vanished era. Dancers were crowding upon the floor. Quadrilles formed as if by magic. One caught glimpses of famous men in the world of art, and among them, dominating the scene, were the beautiful women of that world, the famous models, garbed in costumes the most magnificent or the most simple, some shod in gold leather, others barefoot, some shining with jewels, others garlanded with cheap posies daintily put on.

And they all sang till the voices drowned the great orchestra and the roof rang with the song.

"What is it?" asked Vera. "I have heard it in the street."

"It is 'L'Heure Charmante,' the latest craze of the Quarter," replied Darrell. "You know it, then?" for she had begun to sing. "Then why not? It is in the air."

He added his own strong and clear voice to hers, and they sang together lustily.

Suddenly the people on their left veered toward the dancing floor. Vera turned quickly, her eyes burning. He nodded, and their hands were clasped together. Another moment and these two, so strangely met, were dancing among the revelers—this woman with the scars of fetters on her wrists, this man who was alive because a bullet fired half an hour before and meant for him had gone astray. It was in harmony with the night's adventure that they should dance and sing together in this mad throng that whirled them hither and thither, aimless as fate.

The music stopped with an abrupt crash of the instruments and a break of the voices from song to shouting, then to silence. All looked toward the highest gallery, where appeared Lucia, acclaimed the favorite model and now proudly perched upon a pedestal. She was small of stature, and her beauty was not of the type that "carries" to a great distance. Her costume, however, was wonderfully effective. She wore a gown of pale green, brocaded with irises, and she held in her hands a yellow veil so variable in quality under the lights that it seemed to waver round her body like a tongue of flame. A famous artist made a quick sketch of her as she stood there, and then the oldest of the students, a giant, dressed like a gladiator, gave her his hand, and as she stepped down from the pedestal he kissed her on the forehead, as if to typify the reverence for beauty in the hearts of all that vast assembly of its worshipers. Applause rewarded him, and then the band struck up once more "L'Heure Charmante." A thousand voices seized upon the strain, the dancers whirled away into new measures, and upon the instant Darrell said in his companion's ear:

"There are the Gordons."

He had descried his friends at the edge of the lower gallery.

"We must hurry," he added, "or they will escape us." Then suddenly, "Upon my word, I am glad that we danced!"

"I, too," she replied. "It is something for me to have known this life if only

"Pax vobiscum," said he.

for a moment. But I am ashamed to go to your friends. It is like asking a favor. I am too proud."

"We ask nothing," returned Darrell, "not even advice. We merely tell our amusing little story for their greater joy in the midst of this merrymaking. It is a favor that we confer upon them. Hasten!"

It proved to be easy to overtake the Gordons, for they returned immediately to a table and an unfinished bottle of wine. The friar of orders gray was a stranger in their eyes as he approached them and bowed gravely, as became his character.

"Pax vobiscum," said he.

"And with you also, father," replied Gordon. "May I be permitted to inquire—Jack Darrell! Well, upon my soul!"

"And Edith!" cried Mrs. Gordon, for as much as could be seen of Vera in mask and domino was not without a suggestion of Miss Lorrimer.

"You are in error," whispered Darrell, stooping beside her chair. "This lady is Vera Shevaloff, a princess by right; an exile through injustice. I took her from the agents of the czar this evening, and one of them, Robert," he added, looking across at Gordon, "was our friend, the pirate, Ladislov."

Gordon rose hastily and bowed, while his wife extended her hand to Vera, for there was a gleam in Darrell's eyes which meant, "If you are my friend, receive her well."

"And you are the man who forswore adventure!" said Gordon aside. "Well, I am not surprised."

"It is this that is the test," replied Darrell; "my presence here. No man can expect to dictate absolutely in the matter of general peace and quietness. The thing is too difficult, for the house may take fire over his head while he lies asleep with his hands folded upon his breast. But in regard to special acts, most of us still retain the delusion of choice. Therefore, in order to set me definitely right in the matter, fate has brought me to this spot. Otherwise I might have fancied that I was free to decide whether I would or would not attend a ball. Let me dismiss the notion. I am thistledown in the wind of destiny."

"I will give you my opinion of that," replied Gordon, "when I have seen the princess without her mask."

CHAPTER IV.

A CRIME OF THE NIHILISTS.

MRS. BOB GORDON, as she was generally known in the American colony, was a woman of broad views and invincible independence. Her social position was very strong, being founded on ancestry buttressed by money and defended by tact and individuality—the last named a great power, for it is the conventional creature, who must do conventional things, while the strong personality wins a measure of freedom.

She heard Vera's story, somewhat more fully told than before, yet with nothing of real importance added to the tale as Darrell had received it. Vera mentioned no names of friends in Paris and avoided any reference to a reason for her choice of that city as a place of residence, but the impression was strong upon Darrell that his princess was not in the great capital for the sake of its climate nor to behold its many beauties. He felt that this woman's life must be directed by some strong purpose, and if its mainspring had been the desire for vengeance that would have seemed natural. Yet she had denied complicity with nihilism, and Darrell had taken her word. He must therefore seek some other explanation of the mystery surrounding her.

In spite of all that Americans know of the various injustices that are rife in Russia, it is impossible to hear such a narration as Vera's without a feeling that there is something novel, almost incredible, in it; that men in high station, surrounded by the attributes of power and dignity, cannot be dragged down in a moment to the level of grinding, hopeless, unrewarded toil in the mines of a frozen desert; that gently nurtured women cannot be cast out of palaces into hovels buried in arctic snows. Gordon heard the story with a growing wrath, his elbows on the table, his head thrust forward, his eyes shining, and his wife, who showed less emotion, was yet moved to clasp the hand that had slain the villain Gorski and to hold it firmly for some seconds after that incident had been disclosed.

At the last Vera showed signs of the strain involved in the recital, with its ghastly memories, and so when it was done the others felt an impulse to withdraw her mind from retrospection as soon as possible.

"Let us have one more look at the dancers," said Gordon, rising. "The sight of such light hearted people will do us good."

He turned toward the larger hall as he uttered the words, and at that moment two men came hastily up to him.

"You are Mr. Robert Gordon," said one of them, and as he spoke a third man joined the two.

"I am," replied Gordon.

"And you are Mr. John Darrell?"

"That is my name," answered the gray friar.

"It is believed that you have certain information which is desired by the police," said the officer in a low tone. "Will you accompany us?"

"With pleasure," replied Darrell. "May I ask the nature of the affair?"

"The commissary will inform you," said the officer. "Shall we go at once?"

Darrell was perfectly willing, his only desire being to lead these stolid faced detectives as far as possible from Vera Shevaloff.

"Pardon me one moment," he said, turning toward Gordon, and at that instant he heard one of the officers whisper to the spokesman of their party, "The ladies are Mme. Gordon and Mlle. Lorrimer, Americans."

Mrs. Gordon also overheard these words, and she said instantly:

"Robert will take Miss Lorrimer and myself home, and then he will go to you, if these men will give us the necessary information."

To this the leader of the detectives replied that his orders were to ask Mr. Darrell to accompany him to the station on the Rue Gluck, beside the opera house. If he should not be there when Mr. Gordon should arrive, there would be no difficulty in learning where he had gone.

Darrell did not wait for further words. He gave his hand to Vera and the Gordons and then hurried away, attended by the officers who were kind enough to avoid giving the affair the appearance of an arrest.

There was a four seated cab outside, and it conveyed the party to the station on the Rue Gluck. He could extort no information from his companions upon the way, and, indeed, he made no great effort to do so, being satisfied in advance that it would be futile. In fact, he was of the opinion that the time could be better passed in thinking than in talking.

Undoubtedly Ladislov had made some sort of complaint, probably for assault. The purpose of the action must be the recapture of Vera, for Ladislov was not the man to ask the law to right any personal wrong so long as swords and pistols or even bludgeons continued to be procurable for money. Darrell had no fear either of the public or the private vengeance of "the pirate." He was prepared to justify his own conduct if necessary, but his first concern must be to shield Vera. It would have pleased him to do this boldly—to tell the story of the night's adventure precisely as it had occurred and then to defy the czar's agents and all other persons to do their level worst. He did not believe that there was any law in France by which she could be taken from the Gordons' house, but he was forced to admit, with the utmost delicacy, that that might depend upon the lady herself.

Obviously her business in Paris was secret, for otherwise she would have mentioned it. There was too much reason to believe that it might be nihilism under another name. But whatever it was, she evidently desired to conceal it. She was not ready to come out into the open.

"Such being the case," said Darrell to himself when he had reached this stage of his meditations, "I am in a place that is well defined by the usages of polite society. I am called upon to lie and lie good and hard by all the principles of honor. I don't like lying for its own sake, but I will do it for her sake, and I will make a workmanlike job of it."

When he had purchased the costumes of the two Americans, it had come into Darrell's mind that they might be of more important service than merely to permit of Vera's entering the hall instead of waiting in the carriage. It amounted to a personation, since the costumes must have been noticed by many persons, including the secret police scattered about through the assembly. Yet there was little chance that the faces of the wearers would be remembered. The monk's hood was nearly as good as a mask, and the stain of beer on the fawn colored domino was more distinctive than anything that could be noted of the lady's actual personality. As a means for confusing any possible pursuers, the gown and the domino might have served well, though Darrell had not foreseen that they would be needed as the matter of a claim of alibi.

As to their value in this regard, Darrell resolved upon a test. He had a theory about the three men in the cab with him. The one who had conducted the "arrest" might be an agent of the district commissary of police, but Darrell suspected him of connection with the central bureau de la surete (the detective bureau of Paris). The second was a man from the precinct in which Darrell and the Gordons lived, and he was there for purposes of identification. It was he who had said that the ladies were Mrs. Gordon and Miss Lorrimer, the latter of whom Darrell now blessed for her hasty and almost secret flight from the house. The Paris police are sure, but slow, though their military discipline and unquestioning obedience, combined with excellent organization, sometimes give them the delusive aspect of rapidity. It might take them a week or even a fortnight to discover that Vera had replaced Miss Lorrimer, despite the rigid supervision to which strangers are subjected.

So much for policeman No. 2 and his fortunate error. Passing to No. 3, Darrell made him out to be a member of the force assigned for that evening to the Moulin Rouge to watch the merry students and their guests. He had been brought along to testify concerning the Gordon party, and Darrell was pleased to observe that he was gnawing his upper lip and cracking the joints of his long and bony fingers.

"Your name, my friend?" cried Darrell suddenly, slapping the man on the knee.

The officer sat up so suddenly that his long backbone gave forth a snapping sound as from a whip.

"Henri Fontaine!" he cried. "Why do you ask?"

"Merely from interest," replied Darrell. "I happened to have seen you several times this evening. You remember when the beer was spilled on my friend's domino?"

[CONTINUED.]

Gates in Norway.

A curious feature to travelers in the highroads of Norway is the great number of gates—upward of 10,000 in the whole country—which have to be opened. These gates, which either mark the boundaries of the farms or separate the home fields from the waste lands, constitute a considerable inconvenience and delay to the traveler, who has to stop his vehicle and get down to open them.

Harvard university derives its name from Rev. John Harvard, its earliest benefactor, who in 1638 bequeathed one-half of his estate, amounting to £800, for the endowment of the college. Harvard hall was built in 1765, Holworthy hall of brick in 1812 and Hollis Hall, also of brick, in 1764. Stoughton hall, being of the same dimensions and material as Hollis, was built in 1804, and a writer of 1817 states that "its appearance is somewhat in the modern style."—Boston Budget.

How It Resembled Mother's.

"No," said Mr. Meddergrass to the restaurant man; "no, I'll not say that your pie is jest like mother used to make, but I'll say this—it's purt' nigh as crusty as she used to git."—Baltimore American.

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Robt. J. Miller, proprietor of the Red House drug store of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "There is more merit in Foley's Honey and Tar than in any other cough syrup. The calls for it multiply wonderfully and we sell more of it than all others cough syrups combined." Denton & Ward.

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The kleptomaniac regards things from an abstract point of view.

Dreadful Attack of Whooping Cough.

Mrs. Ellen Harrison, of 300 Park Ave., Kansas City Mo., writes as follows: "Our children had a severe attack of whooping cough, one of them in paroxysm of coughing would often faint and bleed at the nose. We tried everything we heard of without getting relief. We then called in our family doctor who prescribed Foley's Honey and Tar. With the very first dose they began to improve and we feel that it has saved their lives. Refuse substitutes. Denton & Ward.

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For all kinds of sores, burns, bruises or other wounds DeWitt's Which Hazel Salve is a sure cure. Skin diseases yield to it at once. Never fails in case of piles. Cooling and healing. None genuine but DeWitt's. Beware of counterfeits. "I suffered for many years from a sore caused by a gun shot wound in my left leg," says A. S. Fuller, English, Ind. "It would not heal and gave me much trouble. I used all kinds of remedies to no purpose until I tried DeWitt's Which Hazel Salve. A few boxes completely cured me." Smith Bros.

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This little volume contains over 600 pages of well printed agate type, every line containing some fact that you will sooner or later want to look up.

The World Almanac should occupy a prominent place in every progressive American household. The 1902 edition is more complete than any of the former ones. It contains facts on many subjects that have recently been brought to the public notice and which every up-to-date person should have at his fingers ends.

Among the features of the 1902 Almanac are:

The millionaires of the United States, a list giving the names of nearly 4,000 Americans who possess over $1,000,000. The great American trusts; full particulars of 163 leading industrial organizations. Organized labor; enlarged statistics of the strength of labor unions and the present condition of the labor movement. The Nicaragua Canal and the Hay-Pauncefote treaties with Great Britain. Progress of aerial navigation in 1901. Complete United States census. Anarchist statistics of the United States and Europe, etc, to the extent of over 1,000 topics.

The 1902 World Almanac and Encyclopedia is on sale by all newsdealers throughout the country for 25 cents. When ordered by mail 10c extra for postage must be inclosed to the World, New York.

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Don't neglect coughs and colds even if it is spring. Such cases often result seriously at this season but because people are careless. A dose of One Minute Cough Cure will remove all danger. Absolutely safe. Acts at once. Sure cure for coughs, colds, croup, grip, bronchitis, and other throat and lung troubles. "I have used One Minute Cough Cure several years," says postmaster, C. O. Dawson, Barr, Ill. "It is the very best cough medicine on the market. It has saved me many a severe spell of sickness and I warmly recommend it." The children's favorite. Smith Bros.

Improvement of Corn.

"Uncle Henry" Wallace, is devoting a good deal of space in his paper, Wallaces' Farmer to the improvement of Iowa Corn. He calls attention to the fact that while the Iowa Farmer has been improving his live stock for twenty years and more he has given very little attention to the great Iowa crop, corn. Among the many articles which have appeared in Wallace's Farmer on this subject has been a series by Prof. Shamel, of Illinois, the corn expert, and these are illustrated by a number of photographs showing different varieties of corn, perfect and imperfect ears, the most profitable to raise, etc. The average Iowa farmer thinks he knows as much about corn as anybody does but we miss our guess if he cannot learn a lot from these articles in Wallaces' Farmer.

In this connection we wish to say that Wallaces' Farmer is one of the best agricultural papers that comes to this office. It is handsomely printed on paper of fine quality, filled with attractive illustrations, and in addition to its regular features, its editorials by "Uncle Henry," its departments of Dairying, Horticulture, the Hog and Poultry, its Home Department, for the women; contains full reports of the leading fairs, live stock shows, and sales, agricultural meetings, etc. It is published weekly at Des Moines, Iowa at $1.00 a year, all subscriptions payable in advance and the paper stops when the time is out. We can send Wallaces' Farmer and the Democrat both one year for only 2.25 and you get one of our nice premiums. Apply at the Democrat office.

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