

Richard the Brazen

By ...
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CHAPTER X.

WHEN the young Texan had got out of ensnared Mr. Corrigan leaned back and laughed till his plump sides could stand the strain no more. Rarely had he passed so amusing and delightful a half hour. He lived the lonely life of a wealthy old bachelor, and the comedy had come to him in the shape of a goddess. He liked what he had seen of the young man immensely, and he was prepared to like him more for his father's sake, but he determined to make him suffer as much as possible in payment for his reckless assurance. Besides, he had another end in view, the success of which depended largely upon the son of his old friend Bill Williams. Every feature of the game was a joy to his merry heart, and in order to watch his progress he determined to be a frequent visitor at Restmore, which promised to be his name and become a troubled spot, after all. Rising from the bench at last, he crossed the lot toward his own home, half a mile away, manufacturing every stride with a sort of chuckling pedometer. Meanwhile Richard followed the lawyer's counsel, not only as to closing his mouth with regard to Mr. Renwick, but as to opening it without delay with regard to Mr. Renwick's daughter. This at least was his intention, but he found himself once more disappointed. Miss Harriet was in her favorite seat on the lawn, with an open book resting in her lap. Richard's falls made no sound on the soft green turf, and unconscious of his approach, before he was within hailing distance she arose abruptly and went into the house. He followed her forthwith, but just as he reached the veranda a brightly lit figure bounded out and greeted him effusively. Needless to say, it was not Miss Renwick. Miss Imogene Chittenden was more flustered than usual, her cheeks were flushed, and she was nervous and spasmodic, not unlike the movements of a humming bird over a bunch of honeysuckle, with the lord representing the fragrant blossoms.



"Why, Lord Crolyland!" she twittered, with something between a giggle and a shriek, "how very fortunate! I was just going out to pick wild flowers. I've never picked wild flowers with a real nobleman. Please say you are just trying to give me a new experience."

She looked up at him with a baby-like air of innocence and admiration and laughed again.

"I should be delighted," said Richard, "telling the flimsy downright lie which had passed his lips since arriving at Irvington."

He relieved her of the absurd basket she was carrying on her arm and started across the lawn cursing inwardly at the fate which linked him with this troublesome and irresponsible little creature and striving outwardly to be decently polite to her. Unconscious of his cogitation, Miss Imogene fluttered at his side, now murmuring little snatches of talk into his bored ears, now pouncing with little squeals of delight upon some gaudily colored weed and depositing it in the basket.

"It is so good of you to come," she confided, with a radiant glance. "It isn't heavy enough to tire you, is it? You are so strong, you know, and so brave."

She alluded to the basket, which weighed perhaps four ounces. Richard assured her that he thought he could stand the strain, and that he was not in the least afraid of butterflies, the only living thing they had met so far, which brought forth a fresh outburst of giggles. Presently she took a seat upon a stone, begged him to do likewise and began fanning herself with her hat.

"Do you know," she whispered, "I think I shall trust you and tell you a secret."

"All right," he said carelessly. "Fire away—I mean do so, by all means." He seated himself and added dramatically, "Believe me, maiden, it shall be sacred with me."

"There," she cried in triumph. "I knew you could do it, though Harriet says flatly—just flatly—that you couldn't."

"Couldn't what?"

"Well, she's right," agreed Richard. "I can't. I've been told so before. Where do you get your strange delusions?"

Once more her big baby eyes looked upward with a pleading glance.

"But you'd try if I asked you, wouldn't you? You couldn't resist if I begged you—er—er—real hard, could you?"

"Nothing short of assassination could make me refuse you," said Richard, emphasizing the pronoun and looking sadly out across the Hudson. It was wrong, of course, but he couldn't help it, and really she was pretty enough to excite so violent a lapse.

"Oh, you dear, delightful man!" chirped the little lady. "Now, listen. Don't look at the river. Look at me."

"I dare not."

"Nonsense! You said you were not afraid of butterflies."

"I wasn't. I am of one."

"Don't be afraid of me. I won't hurt you," said the highly flattered girl laughing.

"I breathe again. Go on."

"Well, Lord Crolyland, we are going to have a little one act play on Friday evening, and you are in it, because you just said you would, and I know you do it just beautifully, because I told Harriet you could, and, having promised, of course you can't refuse now, when everything has been."

"Hold on, hold on!" interrupted Richard. "I'm sort of losing my grip on things. Slow down to a trot and let's get our bearings."

"This sounded very unlike an English nobleman, but the young lady in her excitement failed to notice."

"You see," she began again, "the play is called 'The Man and the Bird.' You are the man, and—"

"And you are the bird," completed Richard. "I thought as much. Well, go on."

Miss Imogene dimpled with pleasure and applauded his quick perception.

"Yes," she said, "I am the bird, and you're only a play, you know, of course—and you're just desperately in love with me."

"I couldn't act that part. It's too real, and—"

Mr. Van der Awe flushed, drew himself up and folded his arms in a strikingly dramatic pose.

"No," he answered without the first vestige of humor; "I was not after the poultry. To be perfectly frank, I was after you."

This was another one! Was everybody lying in wait for him this morning? Could he have speech with all the world but her?

"I admire candor," he coolly remarked to Richard in return. "It is refreshing in the fact that your desire is gratified. How may I serve you?"

"Lord Crolyland," said the dramatic young gentleman, "there is a matter which must be settled between us here and now. Upon it depends my future happiness."

"All right," responded the Texan cheerily. "Shall it be rides, pistols, lariats, bowie knives or arbitration?"

Once more Mr. Van der Awe flushed. He had a faint idea that the English nobleman was laughing at him, a point on which extreme youth is sometimes over-sensitive.

"I think it can be settled by arbitration," he answered coldly. "Will you kindly follow me to some less public place?"

The two young gentlemen walked up the road for a short distance, stopping at the brow of a hill which overlooked the river. It struck Richard that this was continually led away from the house of his ladylove, and that each reference was growing rather monotonous. This was the fourth time in two days, and each excursion seemed to involve him more deeply in some mire of trouble. They sat down under a tree and for a time remained silent.

"Smoke?" asked Richard, holding out his cigar case.

"Thank you, no," said the young man sadly. "I have no heart for pleasure just at present, and you don't mind, will you get down to business?"

The Texan lit his cigar and expressed a willingness to open negotiations with the enemy, while the enemy collected his thoughts and dug holes in the ground with a short sharp stick.

"Lord Crolyland," he began at last. "In this country openness and squareness are the first principles. I've heard that gentlemen have the same ideas in England. Is this true?"

"Very well. I'm going to ask you a plain, blunt question, without any intention of offense, and I want you to give me a straight, plain answer. Which one are you after?"

Richard's cigar nearly dropped from between his teeth, while he gazed at his questioner in extreme astonishment.

"Which one of what?" he asked when he recovered himself.

"The girls," said Mr. Van der Awe. "Perhaps I didn't put it clearly. The Texan tried hard to conceal his amusement and succeeded in appearing to be very serious.

"Ah, I see," he returned. "Which one are you after?"

"Miss Imogene," confessed the young man without reserve. "and if you don't object to my confidence, Lord Crolyland, I love her as no man ever loved a girl before. It's—well, long, it's painful!" He fell into a thoughtful pause, then looked up again. "Now, I think I've been perfectly candid with you, and I want you to be quite frank with me. If it's Miss Chittenden you can decide what to do later."

"My dear fellow," said Richard, "you can't imagine how I appreciate your openness and squareness. It throws new light upon your glorious American people. All we need to give you a cigar and be equally unreserved. While I admit without hesitation that Miss Imogene Chittenden is a most charming and utterly desirable young lady, I beg to assure you, sir, that never for a single fraction of a second have I entertained the least idea of—of—in your own phrase, of going after her. Is that satisfactory?"

"Entirely so," said Mr. Van der Awe, holding out his hand with the warmest approach to happiness he had yet shown. "I'm glad to know you in your true, real light. You are not a bit like the other Englishmen I have met. Fact is, you don't even talk like one."

"Thank you," bowed Richard, "and I'm screwing in his monocle. The eyeglass always made him feel like an idiot; but, on the other hand, it gave a dash of local color to his appearance without which he would have been lost."

"Is there anything else in which I can serve you, old chap?"

"Yes, Lord Crolyland, there is. You have very kindly stated to me that you have no intention of making a bid for Imogene. That's very square of you, and I appreciate it. But would you mind telling her so?"

Richard laughed a long, free, bubbly laugh that came echoing back in merrily mockery at this most ingenious proposition.

"Well," he said, "that's rather a difficult thing to do, isn't it? Strikes me as rather—er—indeed."

"Not at all," protested Mr. Van der Awe. "Imogene is a sensible girl—oh, the blindness of love!—and would understand you perfectly. You see," he explained, "she's young. Her mind, I confess frankly, is immature. She's apt to be—well, dazzled. I might say, by foreign titles and brass buttons and things of that description. It's a woman's natural instinct, you know, and I have no logical right to blame her. You see, I have reasoned it all out and am speaking from a standpoint of superior age and experience. Now, you can't find fault with that line of thought, can you?"

"Not a day," answered Richard gravely. "It's simply perfect. Go on!"

The lover proceeded earnestly.

"As Imogene's future husband it is my duty to surround the child with every possible safeguard, and for that reason I should like her present fancy for you to be dissipated. She refused to let me go with her to pick wild flowers this morning and chose you, merely, I suppose, because you are an artist. That's why I followed you. Now, I'm not asking you to do anything that I would not do for you cheerfully, and so I ask you again if you would mind dropping a rather broad hint to Imogene that a union with you is out of the question. You might explain that she's rather young, or something like that. I don't care how you fix it just so it's fixed. How do you say?"

Richard thought for a little space, especially of his harmless but decidedly imprudent remarks to Miss Imogene of half an hour ago. Then he flung away his cigar and turned to his companion.

"Look here," he said, "I'm going to help you out in this matter, but I'll have to do it in my own way. I have a brilliant idea as a starter. Just listening to me don't interrupt me. They're going to have a play next Friday night called 'The Man and the Bird.' I beg pardon—the 'Bird.' I'm the man, and Miss Imogene is the bird. You see, the rough idea is this: I'm engaging you to be my partner in the play. You know, I almost fancied it was some one with designs on the poultry."

language which is simply beautiful, making other demonstrations that are realistic both to the actors and the audience. Of course I'd rather set my heart on doing this job, but by Jove, I'm going to chuck the thing and let you go!"

"Wait," cried Mr. Van der Awe, clutching his benefactor's hand. "Oh, I say—"

"Wait," said Richard. "I haven't finished yet. A young man of your obvious histrionic talent ought fairly to give you a chance to do the part, and I will give you a chance to do the part of your ladylove. Just as you are in the middle of it Miss Harriet sails in and denounces you. Oh, it's a bully little play, especially the de-annunciation! But you don't mind that on account of your great and glorious love for the bird. Miss Harriet's remarks just roll off you like water from a duck's back. Touching little scene! Hanged if I can see how I can get it up, but—"

"He paused, sighed, then turned impulsively. "Shucks! I don't want to appear mean. The part is yours!"

For half a minute perhaps Mr. Van der Awe gazed in silence at his generous friend, beaming with gratitude.

"Lord Crolyland," he murmured brokenly at last, "you're a good fellow! I'll try to do the part justice. I—I don't know how to thank you."

"I'm sure you will. Don't mention it," said Richard, with the warm smile of a complete martyr. "Let's play a game of billiards."

A Curious Cipher Code.

Prisoners confined in different parts of jail often use cipher codes in communicating with one another. In the Kansas City jail some years ago the officials were taken into a hole by a fellow named Turner, in for forgery, invented the puzzle. The writing was on long narrow strips of paper, on the edge of which were letters and parts of letters that apparently had no connection with the words which could be formed. One day a deputy saw him passing the cell of a prisoner who was passing a long strip of paper around an octagon lead pencil. He took the paper away, and on it were the mysterious scribbles that had worried the keepers. But the deputy got an idea from this, and going back to the office, he wrapped the strip around an octagon shaped lead pencil and after several trials adjusted it so that the parts of the letters fitted together and made a sentence, though the writing was very fine. The writer had adopted the simple but ingenious plan of covering the pencil with paper and had then written along one of the flat sides. On unravelling the writing was as mysterious as a cryptogram, but when the strip was placed on a pencil as it would be formed. One day a deputy saw him passing the cell of a prisoner who was passing a long strip of paper around an octagon lead pencil. He took the paper away, and on it were the mysterious scribbles that had worried the keepers. But the deputy got an idea from this, and going back to the office, he wrapped the strip around an octagon shaped lead pencil and after several trials adjusted it so that the parts of the letters fitted together and made a sentence, though the writing was very fine. The writer had adopted the simple but ingenious plan of covering the pencil with paper and had then written along one of the flat sides. On unravelling the writing was as mysterious as a cryptogram, but when the strip was placed on a pencil as it would be formed.

Why.

There is something almost plaintive in the truly English word "why." It is indefinitely prolonged upon the lips, and is almost never used in a self and fitly introduces the best hexameter in the language:

"Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?"

It is used in poetry as almost infinite, and a modern writer makes almost a line of it alone:

"Why do the night winds sigh,
The sea birds wildly cry,
The summer clouds pass by,
The light fade from the sky,
—Why?"

An Indignant Artist.

The sensational offers said to have been made to the principal manager of the principal actor in a recent murder trial have made professional stars feel very much as did the painter Haydon in 1846 when two of his finest pictures were being shown at the Egyptian hall, and the public thronged from another quarter where General Tom Thumb was on view. "They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb," wrote the disappointed painter in his diary. "Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a rabies, a madness, a furor, a dream." Another entry later on runs: "Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week. R. Haydon 133 1/2 (the half a little girl). Exquisite taste of the English people!" We do not seem to have progressed much since then.—London Chronicle.

Diameter of a Fine Wire.

Should you ever find it necessary to obtain the diameter of a fine wire, it may be done in this manner: Wind it carefully around a piece of pencil in one direction, and then in the other. The measure is touching the previous one. The measure exactly an inch along the wire and count the number of turns in the inch. You then have the information. Thus, if there are eighteen turns in one inch, the diameter of the wire is one-eighteenth of an inch in diameter.

A Good Man.

"Your dear husband was a good man," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow.

"He was!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two policemen could handle him!"—Judge.

Details Desired.

"Miss Vanessa, if a young man would ask you to marry him what would your answer be?"

"I can't say. A hypothetical question should go more fully into details."—Washington Herald.

Wonderful Printing.

Bacon—They say Dauber does some wonderful work. Egbert—Yes, I understand he painted some bananas green, and in a month they all turned yellow!

Partly True.

Mr. Nix—I don't believe a word of your story! Weary—Well, that part about my beat out of work for nine years is as true as gospel.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Herbert Spencer and the Puddles.

On one occasion when Herbert Spencer known to ride when going to a dinner, yet so carefully did he guard himself against the chance of getting his dress shoes that he habitually carried a number of old newspapers under his arm. These were for the purpose of being dropped, one by one, into each mud puddle he might encounter on crossing the street. By the time he reached his destination the shoes of passengers were shrouded. Muddy shores on the return walk did not matter to him in the least.—London Caterer.

Paid For the Supplies.

A story said to be characteristic is told of a certain judge. It seems that when he convened court at one of the towns on his circuit it was found that no pens, ink or paper had been provided, and upon inquiry it developed that no county funds were available for this purpose. The judge expressed himself somewhat forcefully, then drew some money from his own pocket. He was about to hand this to the clerk when a visiting lawyer, a high priced imported attorney, brought on a case of some importance, spoke up in an aside plainly audible over the room.

"Well," he remarked with infinite contempt, "I've seen some pretty bad courts, but this—well, this is the limit!"

The old judge flushed darkly.

"You are fined \$25 for contempt, sir! Hand the money to the clerk!" he said, and when the pompous visitor had humbly complied he continued.

"Now, Mr. Clerk, go out and get what pens, ink and paper the court may require, and if there is anything left over you can give the gentleman his change."—Harper's Weekly.

A Genius at Excuses.

"While I was stage managing a piece some time ago," said a theatrical shogun, "one of my show girls showed an independence which was quite super. She was always late for rehearsal. Her excuses were great. All her friends and relations had a series of maudlin which were remarkable in their number and diversity. She nursed up the ghost, but she naturally gave up the ghost. About an hour was enough to bury most of them. Then she caught on to mechanical devices. Street cars were invariably late—just as late as she was, in fact. Then in turn came certain inconveniences in hotels. The elevator was continually sticking until finally came the denouement. It was in Philadelphia. The street did not appear until nearly two hours after the proper time. I looked at her and waited. The excuse came glibly.

"Oh, she panted, 'I'm so sorry, but they are repairing the stairs at the hotel, and I could not get down until they brought a ladder!'"

"I recognized genius in that girl!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

How the Cook Did It.

He had a number of guests to dinner, and he was doing the carrying. He had deftly taken two slices off the joint, and he was turning off a third when the blade struck a skewer, inside a sliding motion and came out at the top, with the result that the proposed slice looked like a dead leaf carried up by the sun's rays.

He could not say intense things in the presence of his guests, so he froze his wife with a glance, dug the skewer out of the joint, made a vigorous cerning the indigestibility of roasted wood and ordered little Willie, who had made several attempts to speak, to keep silent or leave the table.

His evident temper led to an embarrassing silence. Willie saw an opening that he could not resist. "Cook burned her nose off!" he announced.

"Too bad," said the mother, glad of any excuse for conversation. "How did she do it?"

"Why?" answered Willie very properly, "trying to pull them skewers out with her teeth!"—London Scraps.

Undodgeable Taxes.

"In the past," said the tax assessor, "governments were wiser. They levied taxes that could not be sworn off. There was, for instance, the English birth tax of the seventeenth century. A laborer paid 2 shillings as birth tax; a duke paid £30. You couldn't get round it.

"Husbands were taxed, according to the status of the dead, from a shilling to £25. That, too, could not be dodged. "Marriages were taxed. A duke to marry paid £50; a common person, like yourself, paid half a crown."

"In those days you paid a tax on every servant, on every dog, on every horse, on your carriage, your hearth, your windows, watches, clocks, wigs, hair powder, plate, ribbons, bricks, coal, gauze and candles."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Madman's Strange Belief.

An unfortunate maniac was confined in one of the Scottish lunatic asylums, his particular infirmity being an unshakable belief that every day was Christmas. He was very fat, and he was dining sumptuously on turkey or roast beef and a good slice of plum pudding. His real diet, however, was of the plainest, he being served twice daily with a dish of oatmeal porridge. After daily describing to his attendants the pleasures he had tasted in his cut of turkey or what not he as regularly added, "Yet, somehow or other, everything that I eat tastes of porridge."

"Why do you say that?" asked the saying, "As palatable as the madman's porridge."

Some Famous Salt Lakes.

The Dead Sea is forty miles long and nine miles wide. The Great Salt Lake is seventy miles long and eighty miles wide, the largest body of brine in the world. There is evidence to show that once the Great Salt Lake was at least 350 miles in length and 150 in width, nine times its present area. The Dead sea contains about 24 per cent of salt, one-third of which is pure salt, while of the 23 per cent of solid matter in the waters of Great Salt Lake nearly all is salt.

Not a Question of Grammar.

The green reporter turned to Editor McKelway. "Which should I say," he asked hesitatingly, "My boy Henry laid an egg on the table?"

"Well," said Editor McKelway impatiently, "if you want something to crow over, and he's that kind of a hen, let him lay it on the table if he can. Otherwise have him put it there."—Judge.

His Distinction.

A solemn funeral procession, slowly winding its way up the slope from the church to the grave, was interrupted by the old veteran, who, perceiving his mistake in the usual rustic style, addressed the clergyman, whispering in a confidential manner:

"Please, sir, corpse's brother wishes to please to yer!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Nautical Secret.

Passenger—What makes this boat pitch so? Sailor—That's a nautical secret, ma'am, that we don't like to give away; but, seen't it's you, I don't mind telling you that it's the waves.—San Francisco Call.

He Wanted to Know.

The Employer (coldly)—Why are you so late? The Subaltern (glibly)—There were two wrecks on the track this morning, and— The Employer (testily)—Who was the other one?

Partly True.

Mr. Nix—I don't believe a word of your story! Weary—Well, that part about my beat out of work for nine years is as true as gospel.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Frosty!

"Dora, would you be willing to marry a young man who has to make his own way in the world and who has nothing but his love for you to recommend him?"

"Gerald, if I cared enough for him, but at present I don't know of any such young man. Frosty weather, isn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Wisdom of a Wise Man Looks Like the Hole in a Doughnut when a Small Boy Begins to Ask him Questions.—Exchange.

Confidence is the companion of success.—Chatham.

Lucky.

Smith—Just nipped running down an old lady with my auto. Jones—Bah Jove, you're a lucky dog! Smith—Sure, I just had it painted last week.—Chicago News.

Little Food.

Student—Something is preying on my mind. Professor W.—It must be very hungry.—Yale Record.

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Marchester & Oneida RY TIME TABLE.

Line	Station	Time	Arrive	Time
C. G. W.	Urbana	6:45 a.m.		
	Oneida	12:30 p.m.		
C. G. W.	Urbana	6:45 a.m.		
	Oneida	12:30 p.m.		
C. G. W.	Urbana	6:45 a.m.		
	Oneida	12:30 p.m.		

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ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. TIME TABLE.

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WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 11:30 a.m.	Fast Train	No. 2:30 p.m.
No. 1:30 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 4:30 p.m.
No. 3:30 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 6:30 p.m.
No. 5:30 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 8:30 p.m.
No. 7:30 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 10:30 p.m.

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