

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

A GIRL AND A MAN

A New and Vital Romance of City Life by Virginia Terhune Van Water

CHAPTER XXXV

Copyright, 1916, Star Company. The heat was still intense when, at 6 o'clock, Agnes Morley climbed the stairs to her home.

The sun hung low in the west like a ball of fire, shining redly through the mist that had lain like a pall over the city all day. There was no relief in sight, the evening papers said.

Looking back over the past day, Agnes felt as if she could not have endured it had it not been for the pleasant hour of rest and refreshment that she had had with Mr. Bainbridge that noon. She wondered whether she would tell her aunt of it—then decided not to do so.

As Agnes opened the front door with her latch key the stillness of the little flat struck her as unusual.

"Auntie!" she called.

But there was no reply. There was nobody in the living room, and as Agnes went into the naturally bedroom she found that this, too, was empty.

"Auntie!" she called again, hurrying down the narrow hall to the kitchen.

Here, she uttered an exclamation of horror. For lying full length on the floor, was Miss Morley. For an instant the awful idea seized the girl that the elderly woman was dead. Then, as she ran forward, she saw that her aunt had fainted.

Cold water dashed in her face made Miss Lucy open her eyes and struggle to a sitting posture.

"I'm all right!" she hastened to assure her niece, whose pale face attested to her fright. "Don't worry, dear. It is nothing."

Miss Lucy is Stricken "But it is something," Agnes contradicted. "Please don't move yet. Wait, and I will bring a pillow to put under your head."

But when she returned with a pillow Aunt Lucy was standing up, holding fast to a chair and swaying weakly.

"I tell you it is nothing, nothing," she repeated.

"Come with me and lie down," Agnes ordered, putting her arm about the slight creature and leading her into her bedroom.

When she had undressed Miss Lucy and made her get into bed she slipped away long enough to run upstairs to the apartment of a neighbor who had a telephone. Here she called up Miss Lucy's physician and asked him to come at once.

Returning to her aunt's room, she tried to speak naturally.

"The heat was too much for you, perhaps," she ventured. "What were you doing when you fainted?"

"I was beginning to get dinner, but I couldn't go on with it. I am sorry, dearie. But you must not worry. These attacks don't mean anything.

"These attacks?" Agnes exclaimed. "Have you had one before to-day?"

Miss Lucy looked embarrassed as she appreciated that she had made an admission she had not intended to make.

"I—mean," she began, but Agnes checked her.

"Tell me the truth," she said sternly. "Have you fainted before?"

"Well, just a little, once in a while," Miss Lucy acknowledged.

"Auntie, you are keeping something from me," Agnes insisted, sitting down by the invalid and taking her hand.

"Have you fainted like this before?" "Well, not just exactly as I did just now," Miss Lucy strove to be truthful, yet to avoid alarming the girl.

"Several times I have come to myself and found that I had just sort of sunk down somewhere and forgotten things for a minute, but I always come around to myself. I would to-day, too, I guess, if you had not happened in when you did."

When Dr. Martin arrived Miss Lucy protested feebly at Agnes' extravagance in sending for him. But she promised to obey his orders and lie still until to-morrow morning.

"Trouble With Her Heart" "The trouble with her heart," Dr. Martin told Agnes bluntly, when she followed him into the hall. "She has had heart trouble for years, but it is getting worse. She ought not to be left alone. Not that she needs expert care—for there is no cure for the trouble—but she ought to have someone at hand in case she has a faint turn. You're in business now, aren't you?"

"Yes," Agnes said. "Should I stay at home?"

"Lord, no! Who'd make the money if you didn't make it?" was the gruff rejoinder. "If you stopped work, that would trouble Miss Morley to death. She has more peace of mind now than she's had in many a long day. No, whatever comes, you stick to your job for her sake even more than your own! Isn't there some young person who can come here for each day while you're away?"

After a moment's cogitation Agnes remembered the daughter of the woman who did the laundry work for her aunt and herself.

"Yes," she said. "I know a young Irish girl that finished grammar school this year and who wants to go into service next winter. Just now she's doing nothing. She will probably charge less than an older person would."

That evening, after asking the neighbor from upstairs to sit for an hour with Miss Morley, Agnes walked over to her laundress's home and engaged the services of Jennie O'Neill for each working day for the rest of the summer, beginning with the following morning.

"And now," the weary girl smiled when, having seen her aunt settled comfortably for the night, she lay down herself, "as the doctor said, whatever comes I have got to keep my job—for auntie's sake even more than my own."

STRIPED LINENS FOR HOUSE GOWN

Washable Materials Are Liked by Housewife For All-Around Wear

By MAY MANTON



8878 (With Biasing Line and Added Seam Allowance) House Gown, 36 to 46 bust.

Women on the outlook for a really comfortable, satisfactory house gown will be sure to like this model. It is very simple, blouse and skirt being cut together while the fullness is held by a belt. The V-shaped neck is comfortable and most women will like it, but the pattern includes a round collar that can be used instead. In the picture, a striped linen is trimmed with bands of plain and the washable materials are the best for such use.

For the medium size will be needed, 7 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 6 1/2 yards 36 or 5 1/2 yards 44, with 3/4 yard 36 inches wide for the bands.

The pattern No. 8878 is cut in three sizes, 36 to 46 bust measure. It will be sent to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

RAILWAY INDIRECTLY ASSISTS THE JETNEYS

A further examination of the reduced passenger service on the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway which was forced to discontinue four local passenger trains a day on account of jitney competition, brings out some interesting side lights on the case. It develops that the railroad, as the largest taxpayer, has been the largest contributor toward the finely paved highway, which has been finished and opened to jitney travel gratis, and without the jitney service would never have sprung up here.

Several other western steam lines have reduced train service, and the effect of jitney competition has been severe wherever the highway parallels the tracks. On the occasion of a recent convention, ninety delegates from the cities of the United States for which steam line excursion rates were offered, 2,500 people came from all points distant between fifteen miles or more, and of this number only 350 traveled by train. To attend this convention, ninety delegates had to travel 275 miles, and fifty others 250 miles across the mountains. The delegates, on their way, were accompanied by automobile, neglecting the railway lines entirely.—Electric Railway Journal.

TROLLEY STRIKERS OBDURATE

Wilkes-Barre Carmen Refuse Latest Offer of State's Mediators Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Oct. 4.—The hope held by Mediators James A. Steese and Walter McNicholas that the trolley strike would be speedily settled vanished yesterday when the mediators returned to this city to take up their peace work.

Striking carmen, who at the end of last week were on the verge of adopting the peace proposal of the mediators, rejected it. This offer provided for the reinstatement of all strikers on a swinging or alternative shift plan which would give them about \$11 per week until such time as the company was able to restore them to their full seniority rights.

\$1,250,000 BAR MILL FOR SHARON

Sharon, Pa., Oct. 4.—A new bar and billet mill is to be constructed at the Farrell works of the Carnegie Steel Company, according to an announcement made here. The United States Steel Corporation has appropriated \$1,250,000 for the purpose. Work will begin at once.

TRAIN KILLS FOUR LABORERS

Norristown, Pa., Oct. 4.—Four laborers were killed by a Reading Railway train at Conshohocken yesterday afternoon. The men were loading bundles of sheet iron into a car. Corner Grant McGlathery made an investigation and found that instead of placing planks across a ditch from the roadway side of the car the men were directed by a boss of the Allan Wood Company to load from the main track and were struck by the train.

CHARITIES DO GOOD WORK

Employment was found for nine persons, homes for fifteen children whose parents were dead or could not care for them, and clothing furnished for fifty-six families, according to a monthly report of John Yates, secretary of the Associated Aid Societies. The Children's Bureau also reported the inspection of three new homes, twenty-nine visits to children who were placed in private homes, and 133 calls made in reference to children being cared for by the bureau.

Mary Roberts Rinehart's Thrilling Mystery of "The Curve of the Catenary"

(Continued From Yesterday.)

But I'm the devil when I get an idea in my head. They don't expect me to let it go. Well, anyhow, I had a hunch that the three things belonged together. Did events prove me right or not? Well, you know I haven't exactly a happy mind since then.

To go back to Miss Hazeltine. She was looking better. She put the mirror back with a quick glance at me. "If I'd seen anything. But, of course, I hadn't."

"Now see here," I said, the way I talk to Sis. "You're in trouble and what it is is none of my business. I don't want to know—well, that's not quite the truth. I do want to know, awfully. But I'll go away and forget about it if you'll say the word. Only, of course, I'd a good bit rather hang around and help."

"Something has gone wrong," she confessed. "But nobody can help, Mr. Oliver. It's too late."

"Let me try," I urged. "I only play when there's nothing else to do. You give me half a chance and I'll show you a hundred and sixty pounds of uselessness getting useful."

Gee, she was pretty. If she had only smiled! The whole thing was queer. A fellow couldn't look at her and connect her, even remotely, with crime, and yet—well, as long as she was there, she might have had a lover mixed up in last night's business. It took the snap out of me for a minute. But it was unlikely. She'd hardly have been looking for him in a hotel.

Old Boisseau ambled back, and he was groaning. He held out the morning papers. The whole thing was queer. He was seeing ruin in letters a foot high. I gave one paper to Miss Hazeltine and took another. The heading was "Million Dollar Robbery," and the matter's pearls were shining in good company with the matter. Boisseau stood muttering over her shoulder. I could hear him gulp now and then. He was on the verge of hysterics. Suddenly he stopped and took a quick step around the table.

"Little Miss Hazeltine was in a dead faint in her chair. What do you think of it now? Some mixup, eh, what?"

"It was a long time coming around. What with fatigue and worry, the poor kid was about all in. It gave me a turn. I'd never seen a girl faint. She was when I was dabbling ice water on her temple, when I'd read some where was the thing to do, that I happened, to look up and the N. C. was standing by, watching."

"How do the little busy bee improve their rest of the night, with a grin. 'You start your days early, Mr. Ollie. Or don't you go to bed?'"

"You go to the dickens," I said. He glanced at Miss Hazeltine. "Better get the girl away," he said, in a nasty voice. "She's only drunk. Boisseau has his hands full now, without—"

I couldn't help it. The swine! I'd had my eyes on that jaw of his from the time he began to wag it. I caught him on the very tip of it. It was like hitting the edge of a marble table. I spoiled a perfectly good young man's hand on him. But it was worth all it cost.

Say, for a minute that place looked like a morgue, with the N. C. or back and Miss Hazeltine flat on three chairs. And at that they brought the policeman through the lobby on a hooter's stretcher. Honest, it was almost funny.

He got up, and I'll say this for him, he was mad, but he was game. "I didn't think you had it in you, Mr. Gray," he said. "And if I made a mistake about the young lady, I'm sorry. But that's not an apology to you. It's to her."

He went out after the policeman, and I scolded him again until the night father sent for him and nearly dropped that low jaw of his when he saw the suitcase on the table. "That's a pretty racket. But that belongs further on."

I took Miss Hazeltine home. It was after 8 by that time. The taxi went along the street where the thing had happened to her, and I thought it although it was late to expect to find any clues I stopped the car and got out. The taxi was still jammed against a building with a policeman guard and out a dozen youngsters with schoolbooks standing around.

The only thing I got out of my examination I'd known before. The engine had died in the gear. The car was still in the high speed. That and the taximeter registering 50 cents was all I made out of it. There was another thing, as clear as daylight. Afterward, when I was alone, I went over that taxicab and there it was. But I never even saw it, and if I had I suppose I'd not be more obvious than that. But the police didn't notice it either, so we started even.

"I'm not going to tell it. That would blow the whole show. The way to write this sort of thing is to tell only part of what you know and spring the rest at the end. It keeps people guessing. Well."

As I was about to go back to Miss Hazeltine in the taxi I saw Martin. It was too late to sidestep him. Now Martin liked Miss Hazeltine pretty well. I'd thought about it before, but the minute I saw him, I knew he'd offer to take her home, and ask a lot of fool questions, too. So I walked for him.

"Bad business, Ollie," he said, looking at the wreck. "I haven't been to bed."

"Pretty bad," I agreed. "I've been looking up the chauffeur's people or trying to. It doesn't seem to have left a family anyhow. The other case is worse."

"The other case?" "The woman case." "She was an office cleaner somewhere. Leaves four kids."

"I'd never even thought of the woman. I felt rather ashamed, especially when I found he'd been to the tenement where she had lived."

"I expect the governor would come over with a check," I said. "Where does she live?"

He wrote the address on a bit of paper from his pocket and gave it to me. I took it in my left hand, and I tell the truth my right was pretty well busted up and I'd been keeping it in my pocket. But if he noticed it he said nothing.

"I'd like to speak to Miss Hazeltine, Ollie," he said, in that quiet way of his. That was a queer thing about Martin. You never knew what he saw or didn't see. But when it came to a show-down, he seldom missed anything.

"business," I said. I was pretty hot, but, after all, I hadn't my own business and I knew it.

Well, the ride didn't amount to much. She sat with her eyes closed and I babbled as cheerfully as I could. But I got sick of the sound of my own voice and the last part of the trip I examined my right hand, steadily.

"How did you do that?" I jumped, but I made up some sort of story of having caught it in the taxicab door, and because a girl thinks every thing that's hurt ought to be tied up at once I put a handkerchief around it. Her eyes were closed again and I took a good look at her. She was funny, when you think about it, how you see a girl every day for a year and she's a part of an office machine or something like that. Then all at once something happens and you see a man and she's a woman, and to thunder with the office.

I was getting the feeling pretty strong. She didn't think much of me. She'd seen too much of father's. "Go on, Ollie," she said. "But don't let there I made up my mind, or what I choose to call my mind, as the governor has been known to put it, to notice that young lady sit up and take notice of a man and she's a woman, or what ever it was that might be in a tree."

However, she didn't take much notice that morning. But as we got near the house she opened her eyes. "If you will come in," she said. "I'll bathe your hand and tie it up properly."

"I didn't exactly have to be coaxed. I'd reached that stage already."

"Will you do something for me, Mr. Oliver?" "Anything up to murder," I said. And her turn white. It got me. But she pulled herself together.

"If the morning paper is still on the step, will you put it in the taxicab and tie it away with you?" I hadn't really started on my mad career as a detective then. I was in the formative and theoretical part. Then and there I took it into my fool head that she had an insane relative, a brother or somebody, and that he'd got loose with a razor. It didn't quite fit the tree idea, and the spring didn't belong, apparently.

But if it was insane, if you've been guessing insanity, you'd better start over. Insanity nothing! On the contrary. She lived in a little white house, sort of a bungalow, plaster, you know, with a garden and window boxes. Pretty? It made our place look like a mausoleum. Green shutters, too. I took another look at her. Why, it was the only sort of a house she could have come from. And I'd been thinking of her in a dusty office, with the roar of the mill all around. This last is hyperbole. There hadn't been time to spend about a year.

The paper was still on the porch steps. It seemed to make her feel better to see it there. I put it in the taxi and followed her into the house. I'd like to know what the little house was full of old mahogany, shining to beat the band, and faded oil portraits in tarnished frames. And father was as old as the rest. Nothing but Miss Hazeltine seemed young. But it was bright. Even father was bright. Imagine being 70 years old and still cheerful about it! He was coming down the staircase when we entered and the girl spoke before he had a chance.

"It's all right, father," she said. "There is nothing to worry about."

"Where is it?" he demanded, not roughly, you know, but eager, like a grouchy, but he wasn't childish. Not so you could notice it.

"I'll tell you about it later. This is Mr. Gray."

I don't know that I've given my last name before. Yes, I'm one of the Grays. I'm Oliver Gray IV., to tell the terrible truth.

"I'm afraid I wasn't very cordial to the old chap. He looked so smug and contented. Why the deuce did he let a pretty girl go wandering about the town at night, while he stayed peacefully at home? Why the deuce did he let the razor—"

Miss Hazeltine made me sit down, and she brought a little basin of warm water and bandage and fixed up my hand. She put a whole bandage on it and then she said she'd tied it in a bow around my wrist. I looked like a hospital case, but I liked it.

"Doing something for somebody had helped her, too. Girls are like that. Some girls. Even this came up to the scratch the last time I had tonsillitis, and wanted to read to me."

Miss Hazeltine's color came back, and she made me promise not to use my hand that day. As for the ordinary circumstances the only labor I do with that hand is signing bar checks at the club and dealing at bridge. I was willing to promise. Then father asked me to breakfast, and when I refused he went with me to the door.

"I don't understand about the newspaper. He said with the first hint of discontent I'd hear in his voice. "There was none yesterday or to-day. I must report the carrier."

I left him there, looking shaved and smug and rosy. My grandfather, Ollie the second, is still alive, and he's sort of old duffer who shies his boots at his man's head, but he's not smug, thank heaven. I visit him now and then, or excitement. I've seen him throw a book through a window to get a breeze!

It was 9 o'clock by that time, and I decided to go home. I'd left the car with Sis, and I thought I should have, as it was. Father's no good in an emergency; he loses his head and raves. Besides, as he jolly well might, there was a chance that he'd heard I'd been there with Miss Hazeltine, and I knew I'd have to square myself.

So I went home. The house was quiet, but mother's maid met me in the hall and said the matter wanted to see me. They were all there in the room, the mater in bed, propped up with pillows, the governor by a window, standing out, and Sis reading the paper aloud. She put down the paper and they all turned and glared at me as I stood by the door.

"(To Be Continued.)"

LIKE A DRAFT OF COOL AIR ON HOT SWOLLEN FEET

If you want to save your poor feet from agony—if you want to chase away corns, callouses and bunions—if you want your feet to feel all the time as though a draft of pure, sweet air was being wafted over them—your shoes—just go to H. C. Kennedy, any drugist and ask for EZO, the wonderful new foot balm. Rub it into your feet, and you'll be glad you're not you didn't try it long ago.

AWARDS MUST BE AS LAW DIRECTS

Chairman Mackey Makes Interesting Decision in a Case of Compensation

The State Compensation Board is declared to have no authority to make an order for payment by an employer of one-third of amount of compensation allowed for loss of an eye because, owing to an injury, an oculist estimates that the normal vision of an eye of an employe has been diminished one-third, according to an opinion handed down to-day by Chairman Mackey.

The decision was an appeal by the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad in the compensation claim of Louis J. Bock, one of its car shop employes, whose eye was injured by dirt dropping from the floor of a car under repair. The man was able to resume work in twenty days, but it was admitted that his vision had been impaired one-third. "We do not find in the act any power to graduate an award between provisions of the act," says the opinion. "If in this particular case the lowered vision has not reduced the earning power of the claimant, then there can be no compensation based upon any other consideration than actual loss."

Concerning the suggested award the chairman says: "The board has no power to make such an order nor even suggest such a disposition of the case. If, however, the defendant desires to make such a contribution to the claimant, there is nothing in the law to prevent it from doing so."

Compensation has been allowed to the widow of an employe of the Carnegie Steel Company killed by lightning while at work on one of the plants of the company in the Pittsburgh district in another opinion.

It is stated "When the law of a particular state provides compensation to the employe when the injury arises out of the employment, then it has become important in case of death or injury by lightning to determine as a fact whether or not the workman at that particular time only assumed the ordinary hazard of the general community or whether the nature of his employment placed him in a position where he was unusually imperiled."

There is an admission that the man was at work when struck, and as death by lightning is an accident, the widow is awarded compensation, including an allowance for a minor child and burial expenses.

HOW ITCHING RASH DISFIGURED CHEEK

Miss Henderson Tells About It and Its Healing by Cuticura.

"I was away at the seashore and when I came back I felt something itching on the side of my cheek. It began first with a rash, and then it blistered and was red and inflamed. It gradually spread over my cheek, and itched so that I scratched and my cheek was disfigured."

"I then sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I saw that my face was getting better so I bought more, and now my face is as clear as it was before the trouble began." (Signed) Miss Marion E. Henderson, 4918 Woodland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., April 27, 1916.

How many painfully disfiguring skin troubles might be soothed and healed by Cuticura Soap baths and gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment at the same time, instead of making them worse by the use of strong soaps and ointments. Your cheek is velvet and Cuticura is made for velvet skins.

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AFTER TAKING Your health improves, aches are banished; ambition returns; blood circulates freely, powerfully; nervousness disappears, heart becomes normal, organic troubles corrected, vitality renewed, confidence restored, life becomes brighter, your friends find you of interest, admire your strength, your magnetism; which is another word for smiles and joy.

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Prospect Hill Cemetery Co. Herman P. Miller, President LUCAS AND COURT STREETS BELL PHONE 1693

FOUR WEEKS IN HOSPITAL

Mrs. Brown Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio.—"For years I suffered so sometimes it seemed as though I could not stand it any longer. It was all in my lower organs. At times I could hardly walk, for if I stepped on a little stone I would almost faint. One day I did faint and my husband was sent for and the doctor came. I was taken to the hospital and stayed four weeks but when I came home I would faint just the same and had the same pains."

A friend who is a nurse said for me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it that very day for I was suffering a great deal. It has already done me more good than the hospital. To anyone who is suffering as I was my advice is to stop in the first drug-store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before you go home.—Mrs. W. C. BROWN, 1109 Auburn Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Why not take Mrs. Brown's advice? Write for free and helpful advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

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