

# The Wizard Who Ends All Corns

Some years ago a chemist invented the now famous B & B wax.

To apply it we invented the Blue-jay plaster.

Since then, fifty million corns have been ended forever by this little application.

It is applied in a jiffy. The pain instantly ends. Then

the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and all, comes out.

No soreness, no discomfort. You simply forget the corn.

Why pare corns when this thing is possible?

Paring simply removes the top layers. It is exceedingly dangerous, for a slip of the blade may mean infection.

Why trifle with corns—treat them over and over—when a Blue-jay removes them completely, and in 48 hours. Prove it today.

A In the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.  
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.  
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

(151)

## Don't Wear a Truss

**FREE TRIAL**  
STUART'S PLAS-TR PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pubic bone. The most obstinate cases cured. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of recovery is natural, so no further use for truss. Awarded Gold Medal. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—  
**PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 413 St. Louis, Mo.**

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Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing; also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell my hair goods.  
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# THE MAN WITH THE LEOPARDS

(Continued from Page 12)

across the gap-like opening, and was gone before Firth could press the trigger. Even as he lowered the rifle, three other leopards sprang on the tracks of the first. A snarl came down from the rocks above. Firth looked up, just in time to catch a glimpse of yet another of the brutes as it slunk behind a boulder.

A cold thrill fluttered down the back of the big-game hunter.

"Good God, the place is alive with leopards!" he cried, his glance darting from rock to rock exactly like that of a man waiting with a gun outside a rabbit warren.

Suddenly, it occurred to him that Luard had left the ravine and that he had seen five or six leopards between Luard and himself.

He shook himself irritably and ran to the end of the ravine.

"Are we all mad?" he growled. "Why doesn't Luard shoot!"

None of the gun-bearers followed him. Even the old shikari's nerve seemed to have gone.

He had not run ten yards when he heard a horrible volley of short coughing roars from just outside the ravine, followed by a quick, stifled cry.

He rounded the corner of the opening. Before him he saw a flat, bare space, some fifty yards square—a level floor, as it were, of solid rock. In the center of this space lay the body of Luard, quite still. There were no leopards to be seen; but on the far side of the level space stood a man and a woman! Firth stared. The man's features were plainly to be seen, and Firth recognized them in an instant.

They were the features of Goring—Goring, who had disappeared years ago in the desert—Goring, whose wife had left him for the sake of Luard. The woman with him was beautiful and young. Firth saw her face clearly. They were both looking at the body of Luard. And even as they looked, Firth saw a huge leopard, magnificently marked, sidle round from behind and fawn upon the woman like a dog. Behind, moving among the rocks, there suddenly undulated the lithe bodies of a score or more of the animals.

Firth, very pale, lifted his rifle. "I'll have one of the brutes, pets or ghosts or whatever they are."

The sight of the rifle lay full upon the shoulder of the big leopard, and Firth pressed the trigger. The report crashed and echoed thunderously among the hills.

"Got him, at all events," said Firth, grimly. "I saw the beggar jump!"

He walked forward to the body of Luard. The man and the woman had vanished, and where Firth looked to find the body of a leopard he saw no more than a silvery splash of lead upon a rock.

"I did not miss; I could not miss a shot like that," he heard himself say. "If that leopard was flesh and blood, he is dead."

He went farther on. But there was nothing to show for his shot except the splash of lead.

A fit of terror seized Firth, terror such as he had never known. The place seemed unholy, haunted; it was as if invisible things were lying in wait for a man among the rocks. He stooped, picked up the body of Luard, and, with an effort, staggered back into the ravine.

The sound of the shot seemed to have put courage into Seef, the shikari, who ran forward to help.

Together they laid Luard in the shadow of the rock. He was quite dead; his skull had been smashed by a stroke from a huge taloned paw.

"Did the sahib kill the leopard?" said Seef, trembling.

Firth hesitated. Then, he answered curtly: "No, I missed him—at twenty yards!"

There was a second's pause. Then, Seef whispered:

"Sahib, this is an evil place. Will the sahib give permission to depart? There are no leopards in this place; it is an abode of spirits!"

Firth shivered a little. "Make a litter, quick," he said. So they returned to the camp.

One of the servants who had been left at the camp handed Firth a note and a small flat package as he went to his tent. It was from Luard—a hasty scrawl, evidently written just before they had set out for the hills. The note ran:

"The man and the leopards in the hills wait only for me. I know that you can not harm them, nor will they harm you. Goring's wife always loved him; but I lied to win her. She, too, is in the hills with her husband and the leopards. I go to my expiation."

That was all. Firth slowly tore the note to pieces, staring out at the distant range of hills.

"Well," he said at last, "whether Luard was right I do not know. And if those were living people and living leopards there is a lot I do not understand. But, if they were spirits—" He opened the small package. It contained only a miniature, the portrait of a woman.

And the face was the face of the woman Firth had seen in the hills with the leopards and with the man who had been Goring—the woman who had died.

## The Value of Tact in Business

(Continued from Page 5)

sudden alarmed movement, and glanced at it with a look of fright such as a ghost might have caused, he sprang to his feet, seized his hat, made a gesture that corked the president's flow of words for an instant, and spoke rapidly to the purchasing agent: "I'm so glad you reminded me of the time! I'll just have five minutes to catch that train!" And off he bolted.

There was no train to anywhere for another hour. The salesman knew it, and he knew that the buyer knew it. And the look of gratitude in that purchasing



"We all know the bearish boss"

agent's eye, when he saw that his caller would not wait to witness his humiliation, made the young man from the iron-works feel pleased with himself, disappointed as he was at not having stayed on to try his best for the order.

He had a mad notion that the order might come by mail the next morning; but he was wrong. The buyer telephoned it to him at his hotel that afternoon, with a personal word of appreciation that could not be put in the official confirmation of the order. The latter followed sedately, on Form mxFeb2pq.