

BEING KIND.

In all the books that have been read,
In all the days that come and go,
In all the great things men have said—
What better watchword do we know
Than just: "Be kind?"

So many faces on the street,
So many wistful eyes that gaze,
So many hearts at home, to beat
In swift response to loving praise—
Who to his brother can be kind?
Let us be kind.

Think ere the harsh words fall, and wait
A moment, till the frown shall fade,
And to thy heart and to thy gate
God's little ones, all-unafraid
Shall come, and leave all doubts behind;
And so—be kind.

There's nothing in the world so sweet,
There's nothing in the world so true,
As when one makes his day complete
By doing what he has to do
With pure contentedness of mind—
By being kind.

—Frank Walcott Hutt, in Orange Judd Farmer.

**His Friend,
The Enemy**

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK
Author of "Rogers of Butte," "The Spur of Necessity," "Mr. Pitt, Astrologer," etc.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Out in the workroom the red-headed printer had been doing some peculiar things. The moment Guy had left he had thrust the brush end of a broom out through the open window; then, on the reverse side of an old piece of copy, he had written the following:

"Guy Herbert, son of the late Montfort Herbert, arrived in Concord at noon and at this hour—two p.m.—has just left the old man. He's going over to the town meeting to-night to get some pointers. Watch out for him. He's about twenty-two or three, five feet eleven or possibly six feet tall, dark hair and mustache, and looks as though he was built for business."

That was all. The printer neither addressed the note nor signed it, and the moment he finished writing the last word a soft tap fell on the back door. The printer made haste to answer the knock. A man stood outside at the head of the rear staircase—a strapping big fellow with his trousers tucked in his boot tops. He and the printer exchanged winks as the scrap of paper was handed over. Then the big fellow noiselessly closed the door and removed the broom from the window.

That "leak" was through the stove-pipe hole in the Blizzard office.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE HOSTILE CAMP.

Guy had four hours and a half at his disposal before the freight train left Concord, and he made up his mind that he would put in the time looking over the town. Before descending the decrepit stairs leading from the Blizzard office, he lingered at the top to scan the three points of the compass that lay open to him. As the building occupied by the newspaper was well at the foot of the main thoroughfare, nearly the whole of Concord lay under the young man's eye.

Certainly no eulogies were to be wasted upon that collection of houses and stores. The principal street had roads debouching to left and right. Buildings were not huddled together; on the contrary, they were far apart, with stretches of virgin prairie between them. It had been the policy of the Townsite company to donate a lot in each block in the residence portion to any one who would build a house upon it. For this reason, nearly every dwelling had a block to itself.

Main street began at the Northern Pacific depot and ran south for half a mile beyond the Blizzard building, the latter closing up the ragged file of store structures. Just south of the depot was a huge, barn-like hotel. The hotel, be it observed, always formed the nucleus of the "boom" town. Across from the hotel was the office of a real estate agent; south of that, on the same side, was a building erected by the Townsite company for a bank; then there was a drug store and then Mr. Benjamin Glimmer's Emporium, and then a livery stable, the latter almost opposite the Blizzard building. Between the latter and the hotel was the new courthouse.

As Guy gave further attention to the courthouse he saw something which had before escaped him, namely, a weather vane. This vane was cut into the profile of a man's head, hand before the face, thumb to the nose and digits outspread. The head looked steadily and insolently westward and refused to move with the northwest wind. Guy's anger arose at the sight. He had no idea what such a vane might mean, but he would tolerate nothing of that kind in his town. That vane was to come down in a very short time, even if he had to remove it himself.

Descending the stairs he went over to the Emporium and introduced himself to the proprietor. Mr. Glimmer was a slender man of sallow complexion and looked at the world through iron-framed spectacles. He was glad to meet Guy and presented him to several citizens; among others, Elisha McQuilkin, the postmaster, Lemuel Wilkins, a youth of harmless aspect, whose abnormally long and spider-like legs were the standing joke of the town; Christopher Waffle, justice of the peace and proprietor of a threshing outfit, and Bill Comfort, who operated Judge Waffle's engine. Conversation with these gentlemen revealed such a depth of animosity and bitterness over the county-seat question that Guy was surprised.

"The Harmony folks have threatened to come down on us like Assyrians on the fold and run off with the county records," observed Mr. Glimmer, his thin lips compressing and his

eyes gleaming through his glasses. "We'll fool 'em if they try it on, I can tell you. I've only to pull this rope!"—he laid his hand on a rope that dangled through a hole in the ceiling—"and a bell on the roof'll ring out a warning and bring every citizen to the new courthouse."

"And every citizen will bring a gun," snapped Waffle.

"And use it if necessary," thundered McQuilkin.

Coming from the fairly peaceable confines of Chicago this warlike language filled Guy with considerable apprehension. It likewise gave him a realizing sense of the danger of the mission he was about to undertake. If the Harmony people were aroused in a similar degree, to be discovered taking notes at their town meeting would mean—Guy refrained from following out this train of thought. He did not care to anticipate the disaster which would probably befall him in case of discovery. Truth to tell, this work was being entered upon against the counsel of his honor. In love and war, however, all means are supposed to be fair and he was endeavoring to apply that principle to the present case. Nevertheless he was troubled.

The 6:30 o'clock freight had a few cases of merchandise for Concord and while these were being unloaded Guy climbed into the caboose on the rear of the train.

"I've counted as many as three people, father," broke upon Guy's ears in a feminine voice that was richly musical.

"One of those is the station agent, Betty, and doesn't count," replied a voice of masculine timbre, so deep it was almost a roar.

Guy discovered the second speaker instantly. He was a large man wearing a black slouch hat and was sitting on a seat that ran along the side of the car, his eyes close to a window and eagerly observing the town.

The other speaker was not so easily located, but Guy found her at last. She was perched on a stool up at the "lookout" or cupola, and was also studying the main street with eager gaze.

"I was going to catch a glimpse of the gallant Colonel," continued the girl, with a ripple of laughter. "Subtract him from Concord and the result is naught."

"Huh!" exclaimed the father, without looking around. "Keever is the biggest cipher in the whole lay-out. Everybody will know that one of these days."

"I can't understand," went on the girl, "why more people haven't come down to see that the train arrives and departs properly."

"Pardon me," put in Guy, whimsically, halting below the young lady and looking up at her, "the people here do not manifest the same interest in a freight that they do in a passenger. Besides, there are two men and a dog behind the depot whom you have overlooked."

The large man at the side of the car switched around and fixed his eyes on the speaker. The girl also turned in her seat in a startled way and looked down.

She was a very handsome girl, her fine, clean-cut features possessing the charm of womanly resolution and firmness. Symmetry was the keynote of face and form, and the eyes, the lips and the square, dimpled chin all told of underlying strength. From the viewpoint of a physiognomist she delighted Guy, and it may be that the joy of his character study betrayed itself, for the young lady suddenly assumed a haughty air which became her amazingly. She vouchsafed him a frigid stare, tossed her head disdainfully, and then—well, just then the train gave a terrific jerk in the uncomfortable manner that all freight trains have, and the young lady was precipitated from her perch fairly and squarely into the young man's arms.

Guy was a good sailor and able to keep his feet in the hardest kind of a blow, so he remained upright, and was able to save the young lady from any ill effects that might have accompanied her fall. Undoubtedly she was grateful, but she did not show it. Her face was in a flame as Guy released her, and her white teeth closed bitingly on her red under lip.

"Jupiter, but that was neatly done!" exclaimed the large man heartily. "Betty, why don't you thank him? That drop might have hurt you, my girl."

"Had he not attracted my attention," flared Miss Betty, "I would not have lost my hold. These freight trains are simply insufferable and this is the very last time I shall ever ride on one."

"Allow me," said Guy.

Stooping he picked up a chain bracelet which had become unclasped from Miss Betty's dainty wrist. She took it from him, replaced it around her glove, and then seated herself on one of the side seats just where the last flicker of sunlight touched her reddish hair into gold. A very pretty



FAIRLY INTO THE YOUNG MAN'S ARMS.

picture she was, too, sitting stiffly erect in her injured dignity and locking neither to right nor left. The large man shifted his twinkling eyes from her and gave Guy a wink.

"What's your line?" he asked.

"I don't understand you," returned Guy.

"Drummer, I take it?" The large man squinted about Guy's vicinity as though searching for sample cases.

Guy was annoyed, especially as Miss Betty's sense of the ridiculous prevailed over all and allowed a smile to twitch at the corners of her mouth.

"You are mistaken, sir," said Guy. "I am not a drummer."

"Been long in Concord?"

"A few hours only."

"That was as long as you could stand it, I suppose. Well, I don't blame you. If you want to make a little money during this boom you've got to buy lots in a live town like Harmony. My name's Vlandingham, young man."

Guy had been on the point of saying that he already had more lots than he knew what to do with, but the large man's announcement of his name caused him to take another course. Here undoubtedly was the very Vlandingham who had the county commissioner's under his thumb and was the ringleader of the conspiracy to steal the county seat away from Concord. Guy became wary on the instant.

"My name is Herbert, Mr. Vlandingham," said he. "I am going over to have a look at Harmony."

"Mr. Herbert, my daughter, Miss Elizabeth Vlandingham."

The easy familiarity of the northwest had long since claimed Wilbur Vlandingham for its own and he presented the stranger to his daughter with a cheerful disregard of the proprieties. But if he forgot himself Miss Betty was far from being ruled by his example. To Guy's profound bow she returned only the curtest of nods, two little wrinkles between her brows showing her disapproval of her father's actions. Mr. Vlandingham smiled and winked again.

"Harmony," he resumed, "is my town, Mr. Herbert."

"Our town," corrected Miss Betty.

"Certainly, my love," deferred her father; "whatever is mine will some day be yours." He turned once more to Guy. "Harmony is going to have the county seat, Mr. Herbert, and the moment the result of this special election is known lots will go up with a jump." Leaning sidewise confidentially he tapped Guy on the knee. "Take my advice. Buy a few lots now before the rise."

"I'll have to think about it," said Guy.

"Of course; and while you are thinking about it you are to accept the hospitality of my humble home."

Miss Betty shot a quick glance of protest in her father's direction.

"Really, Mr. Vlandingham," answered Guy, "I couldn't think of such a thing."

It was one thing to prevent his fortunes being wrecked by reconnoitering the enemy, but it is quite another thing to sit at table with the general of the hostile camp and carry the espial into his very household. Guy drew a line at that.

"Nonsense!" cried Vlandingham. "I won't have it any other way. You're going with me and I won't take no for an answer."

"It is impossible," returned Guy, firmly.

"By Jupiter, we'll see about that. In my own town—beg pardon, Betty, our own town—things go about as I—as we—want them to go."

"I appreciate your kindness," said Guy, embarrassed by the persistent nature of Vlandingham's hospitality. "But I cannot impose upon you."

"Impose! Hear that, Betty? He talks of imposing on me—on us—after saving your life, my girl! Think of how you would now be lying crushed and broken on that car floor but for his heroic assistance! Jupiter! Mr. Herbert, I owe you a debt of gratitude. Buy two lots at the present price and I'll throw in two more. Now, then!"

Guy was overwhelmed. Miss Betty bowed her head and her shoulders moved convulsively.

"See how my daughter is affected!" cried Vlandingham. "She understands how much we owe you, Mr. Herbert, and—"

A smothered laugh came from Miss Betty. She looked up presently, straightening her face with an effort. Guy was chagrined. The more he saw of Elizabeth Vlandingham the more he wished they had met under happier circumstances.

"My father, Mr. Herbert," remarked the young lady, "is very anxious to sell our lots. He has forgotten that there are none for sale."

"What?" gasped Vlandingham, aghast.

"After the election the lots will be worth double what they are now, and why should we divide our profits with anyone?"

Miss Betty had a delightfully contrary nature. Had Guy accepted her father's hospitality she would have been set against him; but now that he had determined not to accept, she was equally determined that he should.

"Mr. Herbert," she went on, "allow me to second my father's invitation. We shall be glad to have you stay at Willowview while you are in Harmony."

The witchery of her blue eyes made the temptation a powerful one, yet Guy shook his head. Then the blue eyes grew imperious.

"You must!" declared Miss Betty, and Guy yielded under mental protest.

A few minutes later they were in Harmony, descending from the caboose far below the depot and proceeding "cross lots" toward a large and comfortable looking group of farm buildings framed in a dusky setting of willows. Evening had fallen too dark-

ly for Guy to see very much of this rival town, but assuredly there was nothing in Concord to compare with Wilbur Vlandingham's palatial home. Willowview was a manor comprising in its entirety, almost a thousand broad acres abutting upon the town site. The house was large and neatness personified without and within. Dinner was waiting, and after Guy had removed the cinders and dust with which the short journey by freight train had liberally covered him, he joined Miss Betty and her father in the dining-room. There was only the three of them and Guy was not long in learning that Mrs. Vlandingham had been dead for several years. The daughter had taken the mother's place in the household, and was filling it, if Guy might judge, with eminent credit to herself and supreme satisfaction to her father.

The dinner was charming, Miss Betty made herself most agreeable, and there was no talk of lots, or townsite matters, or anything else that breathed remotely of business or discord. Guy forgot for the time the mission he had undertaken at the Colonel's behest. He was brought to himself, however, with something like a shock, directly after dinner, while he and Mr. Vlandingham were in the parlor listening to Miss Betty's piano playing.

[To Be Continued.]

A SPINNING GHOST.

Upon Investigation Proved to Be a Rat Enjoying a Run Around the Wheel.

On the post road in southern New Hampshire stands an old house which was once famous for its ghosts. It had been a tavern, owned and managed by two brothers and two sisters named Mason, relates the Youth's Companion.

The youngest of the family, Hannah, had been jilted in her youth. After her desertion she never entered any door save that of her own home, but gave all her strength to hard work. She would hatch flax for weeks, spin unceasingly and weave on a hand loom, without apparently a thought of rest.

She died after a short illness, and still travelers said that their slumbers were disturbed by the whir of the wheel. Soon it was whispered about that the Mason house was haunted. Strange sounds were heard from the garret where Hannah had always worked, and plainest of all was the hum of the great wool wheel.

The brothers heard the story, and at once set out to solve the mystery. Joseph went to the garret and watched. After a time the wheel began to revolve. He struck a light. On the rim of the wheel was a great rat, running around.

Frequent visits to the garret rendered this rat so tame that he would come out on the spinning wheel by daylight, and several others were occasionally seen to take a spin in the wheel, as if it were a pleasant recreation.

A PRINCE'S EDUCATION.

One Thing That Little Edward of York Rebelled Against But Had to Learn.

The present idol of the British public is Prince Edward of York, eldest son of the duke of York, grandson of the prince of Wales, great-grandson of Queen Victoria, and heir in the direct line of the crown of Great Britain. Prince Edward, having been born on June 23, 1894, is now well into his sixth year, and regards himself as quite a big boy, says Youth's Companion.

His brother Albert is a year younger, and the two princes have had, perhaps, their share, but no more, of brotherly "scraps." The duke of York is said not to have interfered with their small wars, saying that to "let them fight it out will make them better men." But he has interfered successfully with another weakness of Prince Edward.

It is customary for the royal children, in meeting the queen, to kiss her hand and not her cheek; but Prince Edward did not like to do this, and objected strenuously. One day he heard some one speak of "her majesty."

"I know who 'her majesty' is," said he; "it's just granny!"

"And who was the naughty little prince who would not kiss granny's hand?"

"That was me," said Prince Edward, unabashed, "and I'm not going to kiss granny's hand!"

But when he had arrived at the age of five he felt himself quite a man, and began to do as other men did—kissed the queen's hand and always doffed his cap in her presence.

Sweetly Innocent.

The ten-year-old daughter of a portly lady seemed overjoyed when her mother promised to take her to a concert on the following evening, and rushing off to her little writing desk produced a dainty diary and made a few notes in it.

"I should dearly like to see what the darling girl has confided to her diary," said the mother to her husband, when the child had gone to bed. "What do you think?"

"Oh, read it by all means," he answered. "It's sure to be something sweetly innocent."

So the portly lady, not without a few qualms of conscience, opened the newly-blotted entry, which read as follows:

"Tuesday.—Am going to the concert to-morrow with mother. Wish I could leave half of her at home. It's so uncomfortable to sit on the edge of a chair all night."—London Tit-Bits.

Word of Advice.

"How do you like my strain?" queried the long-haired versemaker.

"There'll be no kick coming," replied the busy editor, "if you will promise not to strain yourself again."—Chicago Daily News.

Another Step Forward.
The manager of our bureau has thought out a splendid scheme for the children's supplement.

"Eh? What is it?"

"He has had one of the artists draw a full page picture of Mont Pelee in action, and then, right on the summit, he has rubbed a lot of explosive chemicals. When a match is touched to the stuff the eruption occurs. The child under five years whose photograph shows the smallest amount of hair and eyebrows after the explosion gets the first prize. Great idea, isn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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An Estimate of Art.
"Have you ever written anything that you were ashamed of?" inquired the severe relative.

"No," answered the author. "But I hope to some day. I need the money."—Washington Star.

Henry A. Salzer, the well-known La Crosse, Wis., seedman, has given the last thousand dollars to wipe out the debt on the La Crosse Y. M. C. A. Mr. Salzer, though an extremely busy man, finds time to encourage and assist educational and philanthropic enterprises frequently.

A Hard One.
The eminent Boston professor who declares that there can be no more languages invented has probably not heard of the Georgetown man with a hare lip who is teaching a parrot to talk.—Washington Post.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c

"So you're not working for Mr. Stockson-Bonds any more, Uncle Eph?" "No, sah. Lee in de minn 'business mahse' f' now." "In the mining business, eh?" "Yas, sah. Kalsominia."—Philadelphia Press.

When a woman says unpleasant things to a man she always ends by confessing that what she told him was for his own good.—Chicago Daily News.

Fits Permanently Cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2.00 trial bottle. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 981 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control; these three alone lead life to sovereign power.—Tennyson.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

FACE HUMOURS

Pimples, Blackheads, Red, Rough, Oily Skin Prevented by Cuticura SOAP.

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Complete Treatment for Humours, \$1.
Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (25c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the severest case.

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THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, June 14.

CATTLE—Common	3 25	@ 5 00
Steers, choice	6 10	@ 6 50
CALVES—Extra	6 50	@ 6 75
HOGS—Ch. packers	7 05	@ 7 20
Mixed packers	6 80	@ 7 00
SHEEP—Extra	4 25	@ 4 35
LAMBS—Spring	6 85	@ 7 00
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 90	@ 4 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	81 1/2	@ 82 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 64
No. 2 white mixed.		@ 45
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 57
RYE—No. 2		@ 13 25
HAY—Ch. timothy		@ 19 95
PORK—Clear cut		@ 10 10
LARD—Steam		@ 16 1/2
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.		@ 23 1/2
Choice creamery		@ 4 50
APPLES—Fancy	4 00	@ 3 00
POTATOES—New, bl	2 75	@ 10 75
TOBACCO—New	2 95	@ 15 75
Old	7 90	@ 15 75

Chicago.

FLOUR—Win. patent	3 70	@ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	79 1/2	@ 79 1/2
No. 3 red	78 1/2	@ 80
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	63	@ 63 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	43	@ 43 1/2
RYE—No. 2		@ 60
PORK—Mess	17 55	@ 17 70
LARD—Steam		@ 10 20

New York.

FLOUR—Win. patent	4 00	@ 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 78
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 69 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 47
RYE—Western		@ 65 1/2
PORK—Mess	19 50	@ 19 75
LARD—Steam		@ 10 60

Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 80 1/2
Southern	70	@ 81
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	66 1/2	@ 66 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	48	@ 48 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers	5 75	@ 6 50
HOGS—Western		@ 7 50

Louisville.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 80
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 65 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 45 1/2
PORK—Mess		@ 17 50
LARD—Steam		@ 10 37 1/2

Indianapolis.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 77
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 63 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	42 1/2	@ 43

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