The Red Envelope

Revelations of An Ambassador-at-Large

Transcribed by H. M. Egbert from the private papers of an Englishman who for a time was an unofficial diplomat in the most secret service of the British Government.

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the imperial government had had to

pay for its last issue. The scheme

"You understand the situation, no

doubt," said Sir Arthur, who had been

"Fttirely, your excellency," I an

tain .aat document before the count

when, since Mutsuhito's death can be

concealed no longer, Yoshihito will be

notified of his accession to the throne

The document will undoubtedly be pre

sented to the American minister at

the palace, the count occupying the

suite of the minister in waiting

It may be strange that the heir to

the throne could have been kept two

days in ignorance of his father's death

-strange to one ignorant of Japanese

court ceremony; but not to one aware

that the emperor, as a divine being

may not be touched, or even seen, by

the members of his own family, ex-

I could picture the dead monarch

behind the drawn screens in the death

forming the last medical rites; and

the imperial family, waiting in ante-

chambers for their god's permission to bid him farewell before his trans-

"My information," continued Sir

Arthur, "comes from the Chinese min

ister, who vouches for its accuracy

As you know, he is a warm friend of

Chinese spy system is greatly in ad-

vance of the Japanese. Yet I am a

little uneasy for fear of some subtle

inner affairs of Japanese court life."

His excellency's reference to my at

tache days, when it was said, I be-

lieve, that I was the only European acquainted with the ramifications of

political intrigue in what was still

called the Hermit kingdom, touched

me Sir Arthur had a good memory

when he chose to give it play. Stili.

those were the early days of Meiji, as the new era is called, and things are

"In brief," continued the ambasss

dor, "the Chinese minister asks me to

place myself in the hands of Doctor

Fong, the third court physician. Did

Hear of Fong? A shadowy figure

suddenly leaped into my mind, per-

fectly outlined. I remembered Doctor

An accomplished Chinese scholar

he had been employed years before in

the medical department of the Japa-

nese legation in Peking. What his du

ties had been is immaterial; but he

was connected—falsely, I believe, with

the mysterious death of the predecea

sor of the late empress dowager, Tsi

An, the first wife of the penultimate

Fong had been put on trial for mur-

der, had been acquitted and had later

become head of the department of

Osaka. The government subsequently removed him from his post, and he

had lived a lonely and embittered life,

blaming the cause of his downfall

upon Count Okuma. The knowledge

of this made me believe that Fong

would prove of genuine service to us.

terious disease had been a form of

beriberi, a malignant, chronic kind pe-

surmised that Doctor Fong's knowl-

edge of tropical diseases had brought

perial attendants. I communicated all

"Then will you accompany me to

the palace at once?" he asked me. "Each of the ambassadors has a suite

set apart for him there; and we can

I assented at once, and, a few min

rickshas. A run of thirty minutes

brought us to the palace grounds, and

shortly afterward we were in the am-

bassador's quarters, consisting of two

or three spacious rooms on the second

Although there was no outward sign

of lamentation, something in the at-

mosphere of the interior showed that

the news of Mutsuhito's death had al-

ready become common property.

There was gloom upon the faces of

the palace attendants, shuffling to and

fro along the corridors in their felt

passage, at the back entrance to the

state apartments, we saw an anxious

about to enter the ambassador's rooms,

we saw the crowd suddenly prostrate

sweeping train upheld by four pages,

Otura," explained the ambassador.

"Let's get inside before we meet her

Sometimes one requires tact in meet-

ing certain court situations, don't you

Inside the rooms a tall man, with

clean-shaven, anxious face, was seated

beside the fire, reading the Daily Her

"How do you do, Sir Arthur?" h

"Yes, it is very sad," said Sir Ar

know.

At the far end of the long

interview our man unmolested."

him back to favor as one of the

these facts to Sir Arthur

I knew that the late emperor's mys-

emperor of the extinct dynasty.

you ever hear of him?'

Fong perfectly.

ation to the celestial spheres.

chamber; the doctor, fearfully per

cept at his demand.

"It is necessary for us to ob-

was as clear as daylight.

watching my face closely.

can present it."

I happened to be in Tokyo at the taken up the latest Japanese loan at time of what is called, in inner dip- four per cent, instead of the five which lomatic circles, the Household Plot How nearly it succeeded in embroiling the United States and Japan only five men know in detail. The first of these is Sir Arthur Sturt, the British ambassador to the mikado's court. The second is the Chinese minister. The third is myself. The fourth is Count Okuma, the astute one-legged statesman, who has been a moving power in Japanese affairs since the reform era began-or was, until the events that I shall describe occurred. The fifth is Doctor Fong, and where he is nobody knows.

I was not in Japan in any official capacity. I was there renewing my acquaintance with old scenes and persons, when Sir Arthur, from whom I had parted the night before, on the occasion of Lady Sturt's reception, and. as I thought, probably forever-since I was planning to sail for Shanghaisent for me by a special embassy mes-

I knew that some matter of the gravest import must have happened to cause him to summon me at eight o'clock in the morning. The cause was partly revealed, however, when, on bringing me my breakfast, my Chinese boy informed me that his majesty, Mutsuhito, emperor of Japan. was dying.

I had known of the precarious con dition of his health, and that the fatal climax of his wasting disease might occur at almost any time; still, the shock seemed to have been very sudden, for when I said good-by to Sir Arthur, the evening before, his majesty was reported to be in excellent health.

I had a 'ricksha called and hastily made my way into the embassy compound, where the ambassador's secretary was awaiting me with a very grave expression upon his face. You have heard the news?" he

asked. "His majesty-"

"Is dead!" I exclaimed. "He has been dead two days," he

This news was confirmed by Sir Arthur, who looked even graver as he

motioned me to a chair. "I have been told, Mr. Xbegan, "that you have a more intimate

acquaintance with the court life of Japan than any man sign. Bertram itford."
"Your excellency is very kind." Mitford."

began, but Sir Arthur cut me short. "This is no time for compliments," he interrupted brusquely. "I have just been informed that the emperor's death has been kept secret these two days for the gravest reasons. You are, I believe, personally acquainted

with Count Okuma?" "As everybody is," I answered. For Count Okuma, stumping around on his wooden leg-the other was destroyed years ago by a fanatic's bomb; Okuma, the friend of foreigners, the man whose affectation of the simple life led him to carry home his own laundry: Okuma, the patron of western learning, the willest and most astute of the complex-minded advisers of the late emperor, was the most ac-

"I am informed, beyond the possibility of doubt," said the ambassador. "that Okuma has now in his pocket an American minister this afternoon, at the palace.

I saw at once the meaning of the conspiracy of silence. Mutsuhito, of course, would never have sanctioned with the United States; and Yoshihito, his heir, and now in theory though not in fact, emperor of Japan, was even more firmly pro-American The interregnum, thus artificially cre ated, was to be utilized by Count Okuma and the cabal which he had formed for the purpose of an attack upon the Philippines.

The name of his late majesty was forged to this document, which is writ ten on the regulation thick red state note paper," continued Sir Arthur "Japan demands that the United States utes later, we were bowling through the streets in one of the embassy evacuate the Philippines within a week. And you see how this affects Great Britain."

I certainly did. As a treaty ally of Japan, England would be compelled to stand aside, if she did not particl pate in the attack, impotent to aid America. Her action would doubtless be construed as an alliance with Japan, or at least a participancy in her treachery, and the people of the United States, stung to the quick, would certainly declare war upon England, with results incalculably evil to

humanity
And, with all respect to the valor of American arms, to hold the Philippines against Japan 'rould be, as all strategists are aware, a military im- throng assembled, and, as we were possibility. Manila must fall long before re-enforcements arrived; and, without a base, without adequate itself as a tiny lady, attired in a Eutransportation facilities, how could the ropean court dress, with low neck and United States hope to throw an army of half a million men into the archipassed by.
"Her highness, the royal concubine, pelago, to cope successfully with the war-trained veterans of Japan?

Nay, assuming a base on a nearby island, how could that country transport more than fifty thousand troops at a single voyage, and how could these fifty thousand hold out while the transports went back for more? It is the old story of the fox, the goose and the bag of oats.

On this account I have always feet, and I recognized the American strongly urged the abandonment of minister. the Philippines, which will one day oried heartly. "Have you heard the United States. cried heartly. "Have you heard the United States. list majesty is dying. I got

Now I realized the ramifications of the tip from my Chinese boy, and hurthe conspiracy. It was for this pur- ried round to be in attendance. pose that the war syndicate, which was seeking to embroil England and thur solemnly. "The America on behalf of Germany, had "His case is considered hopeless, I blandly. America on behalf of Germany, had

believe," continued the American min "At least I met Count Okuma on my way, and he looked very de spondent. What a charming enlightened man the count is! He was so friendly, in spite of his preceaspation that I was almost tempted w suggest calling in Doctor Phineas, of our legation, who took his degree at Johns Hopkins. However—would you have suggested it?"

"It is always a little dubious, making suggestions," said Sir Arthur thoughtfully.

"But Count Okuma is so transparently simple-just like one of us," said the American minister. "I really wanted-however, I've no doubt these Japanese doctors are competent to handle the situation. I won't keep you, Sir Arthur, but if I hear of any developments in the situation, I shall let you know at once.'

"I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear colleague," replied Sir Arthur, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"Do you know," he said to me when the minister had gone, "that sort of man makes the best possible ambassador? Directness, guilelessness are awfully puzzling for the sophisticated Japanese mind. However-here

is our friend." Doctor Fong was just entering the doorway, and, though it was years since I had seen him, I knew him immediately. The yellow, wrinkled skin looked as much like parchment, the viry, thin mustache still drooped blackly on either side of the sensitive mouth, and the eyes, behind their eavy convex lenses, were shrewd, kindly, and yet impenetrable.

Doctor Fong murmured my name as

"I see you have a long memory aces, doctor," said Sir Arthur. "I never forget anything," replied

Fong quietly.

"You asked me to look at it," said Sir Arthur.

"No, no, your excellency. I should have said, look at the paper," replied Doctor Fong. Sir Arthur turned the paper up-

Upon the other side was written:

"This is to certify that I have com plete confidence in Doctor Fong. "You are not conscious of the lapse of any interval of time since I began this experiment, your excellency?

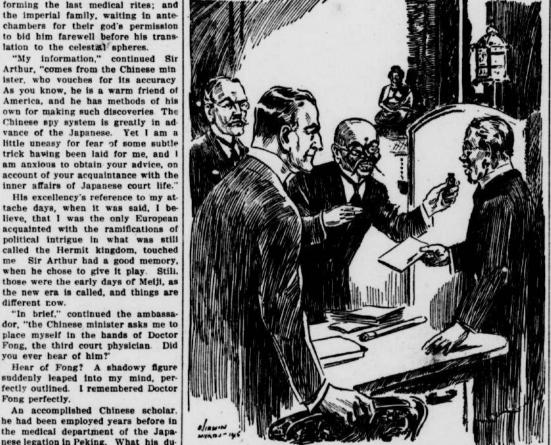
Fong inquired. "You have been asleep for a couple of minutes," I explained, as Sir Arthur looked from the paper to us in bewilderment. And it took a couple of minutes more before we could get him to understand. Then Fong ex plained

"Extract of venatica," he explained taking out the vial and tapping it with his lean forefinger. "The For mosan head-hunters are acquainted with its peculiar properties. In China we use something better. However, this enables them to get heads. The drug not only produces immediate unconsciousness, when inhaled-you were inhaling it when you thought you were looking at it-but there is no remembrance, after awakening, of anything that has happened since the first inhalation."

All the innate pharisaism of the Englishman came to the surface as Sir Arthur answered:

"I can't countenance that method doctor," he said, a little pompously and. I thought a little humiliated But if you think you can get the document in-"

"I understand, your excellency," re plied Doctor Fong blandly. "The document is the first consideration, after which we can proceed to analyze the means we have employed. By the way, his majesty's end is expected at any moment now, and I must return to



Fong Walked Straight to the Count. "Her Imperial Highness." He Began. Holding the Vial Beneath His Nose.

ly," said Sir Arthur. "He understands | my post of duty. You can trust me, the entire situation, and thoroughly in-

dorses your ability."

"I am delighted," murmured Fong, in his monotonous, soft tone. "And now, we will begin by trusting one anminister had returned twice, to inform your excellency's desire to obtain a certain document now in the possession of a distinguished diplomatist?" "If it can be done honestly," said

cannot countenance any objectionable methods. Confound it, Doctor Fong, we have got to get possession of that document before sundown," he added 'Where is it?"

"Upon the person of the distin guished diplomatist," answered the

"How can you get it?" "Will you permit me to show you excellency in pantomime?" inquired

Fong. "Certainly," said Sir Arthur, grow

ing evidently interested as he saw the doctor take a small phial from his pocket, half full of a clear, slightly opalescent liquid. "You are not plan ning to chloroform the count, I hope? he continued. "I cannot counte nance-

"Chloroform? The invention of a barbarian?" murmured Doctor Fong contemptuously "We discarded chlo roform in B. C. 1774. There is no need to use chloroform, nor the opportunity Besides, it always requires methodical application, and cannot be used upon a man against his will. No." picked up a piece of note paper that the document, your excellency, and you are now delivering it to me. Hold it firmly in your right hand, so. Nov have the goodness to look carefully at this vial. Observe the twinkling

I thought at first that Doctor Fons was trying to hypnotize the ambassador, for he held the vial closely under his face Then I saw that Sir Arthur was standing as rigid as a statue, his eyes fixed firmly upon the vial; but there was not the smallest expression upon his face, and he was as rigid as cataleptic. I knew that catalepsy cannot be induced immediately by hypnotism. I could not detect the slightest odor from the vial.

Doctor Fong opened the ambassa dor's fingers and took the paper. Turning toward the table, he took up a pen and wrote something upon it. he replaced it between Sir Arthur's fingers, recorked the vial, and placed it in his pocket. Half a minute later I saw Sir Arthur's muscles lose their rigidity and the natural expression

come back to his face. "But you have taken it away." he

"The vial?" inquired the

majesty five minutes ago."

now, we will begin by trusting one another completely in this affair. It is us that Mutsuhito was at death's door. Imperial majesty, ten minutes ago, The French minister had looked in to tell Sir Arthur that, according to a palace rumor, the emperor had died early in the afternoon. At the end of the corridor the crowd of courtiers was constantly prostrating itself as one or other of the royal ladies and imperial princes passed into the

It was a few minutes after five when a distant murmur, like the dronrose and swelled into a mourning din. The emperor was officially dead.

The sound of lamentations filled the palace. From our window we could ee that a vast throng had assembled in the grounds, and, rippling from one to another, the sound was taken up

people wailed in unison.

"Count Okuma is ready to strike. Heaven grant that Fong does not fall us," said Sir Arthur, turning to me. Then, doubtfully: "Can you assure me on your honor that I was rendered

Before I could assure him, a tap ounded on the door, and a page appeared. He announced that Count Okuma requested the bonor of Sir Arthur's bresence in his apartment.

We went down the corridor in the page's wake, until we came to the little room that Okuma occupied. It was filled with the ambassadors and

ministers of the various powers. It was furnished with a Spartan simplicity, which Okuma, who was a good deal of a demagogue, affected, hoping thereby to set an example of frugality to the rising generation, and ignorant, like all demagogues, that the people saw through his pose. There was a low Japanese couch, concealed in part by a low screen, a bronze Buddha upon a pedestal, a charcoal box, a hibachi, a writing table, a desk

heaped high with papers, and a number of chairs. I perceived that the American minister alone was absent.

Count Okuma was seated at his desk, facing us, his wooden leg thrust out before him, and an expression of remarkable guilelessness on his mooth-shaven face

"Gentlemen," said the count rising, 'I have the deep sorrow of announcing to you the demise of his imperial

tives, Sir Arthur included, produced a written memorandum of condolence. which he handed to the count with a bow and a few conventional words. It the presence of about 300,000,000 tons was an interesting comedy, not the of ore in an area of about 40 square least amusing part being Okuma's ex. | miles in one seacoast region.

pression of surprise and pleasure at

thy with Japan As we were about to leave, among the others, Count Okuma called to Sir Arthur and asked him to remain he-

"One moment, Sir Arthur," he said, with a charming smile. "It is to be my pleasure to address a communication to your colleague from Washington, who will be here in a moment, and, as our ally, it would be felicitous for you to be present.

He looked keenly into Sir Arthur's face as he spoke, and I saw that the British ambassador's expression was almost as guileless as the count's

We waited. Presently we heard footsteps at the farther end of the passage. The American minister was on his way to the count's room.

Okuma, turning from us, began to rummage among the heap of papers upon the desk before him, which appeared to consist largely of bills and household receipts, until he came upon a red envelope, of legal size, unfastened, and evidently containing the ultimatum.

propping himself upon his wooden leg. his whole expression that of a charming man of the world If the momen tous minute affected him, there was no sign of it in his aspect. And the footsteps were drawing nearer.

Suddenly the face of Doctor Fong appeared at the door. He bowed low. pefore the count; for the first time, I saw the count's expression change. Did he suspect Fong at that moment and remember the man's grievance

against him? It was one of those dramatic moments when nothing is said, nothing done, and yet one seems to feel the thoughts of others. Fong walked straight to the count. "Her imperial highness-" he began.

and held the vial beneath his nose. The expression that had been on Count Okuma's face was still there, but it seemed to have been frozen there; and he remained in exactly the same position as he had occupied, slightly leaning upon his wooden leg. the envelope between his fingers.

"Good Lord! Was I like that?" heard Sir Arthur whisper, as Fong gently opened the count's fingers and took the envelope.

I heard the slight click as the thumb and fingers came together again.

Hastily Fong slipped the inclosure out of the envelope. From the desk he grabbed up a bill or letter, which he placed inside. I did not see what he did with the document, but when he turned back, his hands were empty "Could your excellency find some pretext to hold the American minister at the door for a minute?" Fong asked

Sir Arthur stepped hastily into the doorway, where the minister was just arriving. I saw Fong slip the vial back into the pocket and replace the red envelope between the frozen count's fingers. And then, as the doc consciousness return as instantly as a ripple goes across wheat. Every muscle resumed its functions at the same moment.

"Is greatly indisposed as a consequence of his majesty's translation/ continued Fong.

"I greatly regret to hear it," answered the count. "I shall prostrate myself before her later in the afterfully?"

With the utmost care," answered the Chinaman, retiring obsequiously backward.

Okuma had not the slightest suspicion of what had happened. Sir Arthur had stepped hastily back to his side and the American minister was in the

"I have the great sorrow of an-

With a few murmured words of sor row, the minister quickly produced a written memorandum of condolence. which the count placed among the others on his desk.

"Your excellency," he continued. "there is a communication of some importance which I have to make to you on behalf of the imperial Japanese government. I do so, for reason which this communication makes ap parent in the presence of his excellency, the British ambassacor."

And he handed the minister the reenvelope.

The American minister took the en relope and, bowing, withdrew. hesitated at the door, and seemed de strous of addressing Sir Arthur, but the latter hurried past him to his apartment and we left together a few minutes later, as the thunder of guns announced the accession of Yoshi hito, the new emperor of Japan

How nearly a great war between tween the two English-speaking nations, was frustrated, becomes clear ceived from Sir Arthur in Shanghai

"The American minister called on me at ten o'clock the morning of the day you left.
"'I never heard that the Japanese

were an absent-minded people, Sir Arthur,' he said, laughingly, 'but this is too good to hold. Permit me to show you what Count Okuma handed to me last night. I telephoned to ask if a mistake had been made, but the count had been taken ill and was in bed, his secretary told me.

"And he pulled the red envelope out of his pocket and handed me-Count Okuma's laundry list! Three pairs of silk pajamas, a dozen linen handker chiefs, and numerous other items prove that the count's Spartan simplicity is more apparent than real. No wonder that Okuma was taken ill after the discovery.

"I owe you a thousand thanks for your assistance. Doctor Fong's re-venge had all the Chinese subtlety, er the laundryman received a communication instructing him to aban don his premises under threat of naval intervention."

Iron Ore in Philippines. A recent official survey of iron o. deposits in the 'hilippines indicated MAKING THE BEST OF BEANS

Way That They Were Prepared a Ge eration Ago Will Be Found Hard to Improve Upon.

In the Woman's Home Companion the cookery editor devotes a page to good old-fashioned dishes. A dozen recipes are given for dishes that were popular a generation ago. The edito says that these dishes are not on the tables of the housekeepers of today chiefly because carefully written rules for their preparation are seldom found. Following is a recipe given for Boston baked beans: "Pick over three cupfuls of per

beans, cover with cold water and soak for several hours. Drain, put in stewpan, cover with fresh water, heat gradually to the boiling point and let simmer until skins will burst, which is best determined by taking a few beans on the tip of a spoon and blowing on them, when skins will burst if sufeciently cooked. Drain beans. Scrape a three-fourths-pound piece of fat salt pork, remove a one-fourth-inch slice and put in bottom of bean pot. Cut through rind of remaining pork at onehalf-inch distances. Put beans in pot and bury pork in beans, leaving 'he rind exposed Mix one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of molasses Add ne cupful of boiling water and pour mixture over beans; then add enough boiling water to cover beans. Bake in a slow oven eight hours, uncovering the last hour of the cooking that the rind may become brown. Add more boiling water as needed.

RULES OF THE HOUSEHOLD

One Woman Writes Out What She Wants Done and Thereby Gets Regults.

"The reason that we, as homemak ers, are obliged to put up with un skilled and inefficient assistance is be cause we do not do our share in train ing the raw material," said Mrs. Good Housewife with some emphasis. "Sup pose the great factories where emi-grant labor is employed should be run on the system which prevails in so many homes? Suppose the employer should say, 'Oh, dear, I just hate to train a green hand! It takes so much time, and is such a bother!'

"What sort of a product would tha factory turn out? How long would that employer be able to stand the competi tion of other factories where a differ ent method was used? Personally believe in concrete rules. If a new helper can read a list of definite direc tions, or in the case of inability to read, have them read to her, they are fixed in her mind much more effectually than the same suggestions re peated in varying language.

"I have known girls who would re sent being told things over and over learning this little list by heart, and taking a real pride in living by its sim-

Shad Roe Salad.

Soak the roe in cold water five min with one quart of boiling water, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of minced onion, one-half of bay leaf one teaspoonful of mixed whole spice and two tablespoonfuls of lemor juice; let it simmer (not boil) 15 min utes; pour off the water, add cold wa ter carefully so as not to break the roe; add a piece of ice, and when the kin; divide it into long strips and then into slices; serve on lettuce; pour French dressing over the whole.

Salt Codfish Balls.

Mix thoroughly equal quantities of hot mashed potatoes, seasoned with calt, pepper and butter, and of salt codfish which has been picked fine and oaked in cold water for several hours. Moisten with cream or milk, add well-besten egg and form into balls. When cold roll in cornmeal or crumbs and fry in deep fat. Cut a circle in the top of each ball, remove a spoonful of the inside and fill the cavities with hor boiled beets chopped fine and dressed with butter and pepper. Serve at once with a garnish of crisp lettuce leaves.

Chicken Terrapin.

Boil chicken whole and remove all the meat. Then make thi sauce: Melt one cupful butter, add two table spoonfuls flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, pinch of red pepper, then add slowly one pint of milk. Add chicken in small pieces to the warm sauce Heat again and garnish with two hard boiled eggs and parsley, cut very fine and sprinkle over the whole whe ready to serve. This is delicious and surely would be splendid for Sunday night's supper.

Raised Doughnuts.

One pint of milk, one-half cupful shortening, scant, one cupful sugar. one-half cupful potato yeast, two eggs, flour for batter a little thicker than for griddle cakes. Mix at noon or be fore two o'clock and when light. which will be in about five hours, stir in flour until the spoon will stand upright. In the morning turn out on molding board and roll thin, cut in shape and let rise until the doughnuts are light enough to stay on top of the fat, which should be hot.

Sweet cider is among the best of winter beverages. It may be kept sweet indefinitely by bottling. Boil the cider thirty minutes, then bottle Stand the bottle in hot water with a cloth at the bottom to prevent breaking, and boil thirty minutes longer Boil the corks also to sterilize them. Cork tightly and keep in a cool place. It may be served hot or cold.

Three eggs, beat well with three-fourths cupful of sugar, add one cup ful of chopped wainuts, one pound of chopped dates, one teas poonful vanilla, one teaspoonful of baking powder five tablespoonfuls flour; bake in a moderate oven, cut in small squares and shake a little confectioner's sugar

Strains Lamenes

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No Occasion for Roast "I hear Mamie trowed you de "Aw, she needn't brag. I trowed down by better girls di mie."-Life.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLAT but like counterfeit money the tion has not the worth of the ori insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressit's the original. Darkens your h the natural way, but contains no Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Snub for a Snob. "Aw," said the Englishman be most unpleasant for you An to be governed by persons who wouldn't awsk to dinner." "No more so," said the Arrest

girl, "than for you to be gover! persons who wouldn't ask you BEST MEDICINE FOR THE LIVER

BOND'S PILLS, intended solely for the Liver and Bowels, stimulate these forgans and act as an aid to Nature in the perform-ance of her duties. One BOND'S PILL at bed time, promptly relieves Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Dizziness, Sour Stomach and such troubles that arise from a Torpid Liver or Bowels. Don't accept a substitute. All Druggists, 25c.—Adv.

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"Why, that stock dropped 20 points this morning. Where does Jones' luck "He didn't have money enough to go

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A Brave Man. Wife-You know, Henry, I speak as

Hub-Yes, my love; only oftener. ON FIRST SYMPTOMS

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