THE STURGIS WAGER

A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.

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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Not a word of affection had passed between father and daughter; not a caress had been interchanged. The relations between this impassive man and his charming daughter were those of well-bred, if somewhat distant, relatives. On the one hand there was the uniform courtesy of the man of the world toward a woman; on the other, the deference of a young girl of good breeding toward a person much older than herself. But the note of cordial and intimate affection between father and child was absolutely missing.

And yet Agnes Murdock was naturally of an affectionate and expansive nature. During her mother's lifetime the two women had been inseparable companions, united by a strong bond of sympathy.

Mrs. Murdock had been an invalid for many years before her death, and with Agnes had lived either abroad or in the south during much of the time in order to escape the rigors of the northern climate. Thus the father, engrossed as he was with his occupations and his scientific researches, had seen but little of his daughter during her childhood, and had been looked upon by the child almost as a stranger.

When at last, after her mother's death, Agnes, heartbroken at the loss of her only friend, returned to the parental roof, she was a girl of 16. In the first loneliness of her bereavement, when, hungering for human sympathy and consolation, she turned to her father, she received patient and courteous attention, with an offer of all the material comforts and luxuries which wealth could procure; but she failed to find the only thing she needed—a responsive human heart.

And yet, behind the cold and selfish exterior of the chemist, the young girl had touched a chord which had never vibrated before in this strange man's being. It is probable that the feeling awakened in him by his lovely daughter was the nearest approach to an absorbing human affection of which his nature was capable. Perhaps if the child had been sufficiently experienced to read her father's heart she might have persisted in her advances, and thus ultimately have conquered the cold reserve she had at first encountered. But she was proud and impulsive, and, bitterly disappointed in her first attempt to win from her father a demonstration of affection, she withdrew into her isolation, and ever after met his calm courtesy with an equally reserved deference. The abnormal situation, which at first was maintained only by an effort on the part of the young girl, lost with time much of its strangeness, and ultimately crystallized under the potent force of habit, so that it was accepted by the two as the natural outcome of their relationship.

In the first pang of her bereavement and disappointment Agnes had turned for consolation to her books; and, being left free to dispose of her life as she saw fit, she had planned a course of study, which had in due time received its consecration at one of the leading colleges for women.

Upon her return from college she had, as far as she was permitted, taken charge of her father's household, and had presided with charming dignity and grace over the social functions for which Dr. Murdock's house now became famous. Up to the time of his daughter's advent the chemist's relations with the world had been chiefly through the clubs and scientific bodies to which he belonged. He was well received in the homes of the members of New York society; but in the absence of a woman to do the honors of his own home he was unable to return the hospitality which he enjoyed. Now, however, everything was changed. Agnes was glad to find an outlet for her energies in the task of receiving her father's guests, and, being a girl of remarkable intelligence and tact, she succeedd in creating a salon, in the best sense of the word. Many of the shining lights of the world of art, literature, science and fashion were among the regular devotees at the shrine of this superb young goddess.

Among the younger men more than one gay moth, dazzled by the light of the girl's beautiful eyes, had been tempted to hover near the flame, only to scorch his wings. Miss Murdock had already refused several of the "best matches" of the city during her two seasons, much to the relief of those young men who had not yet summoned up courage enough to try their fate, and much to the disgust of a few amiable young women and several designing mammas. The latter could not help but deprecate the wicked selfishness of a young girl who hypothecated and thus rendered temporarily unavailable much potential matrimonial stock, which, in the nature of things, would ultimately be thrown back on the market upon the selection by the fair one of that single bond to whose exclusive possession she was limited by the laws of church and state.

The fact of the matter was, that Agnes Murdock's ideal of life was high. She was determined, if she ever embarked upon a matrimonial venture, to do so only with a reasonably good prospect of finding in the wedded state a satisfactory outlet for the depths of affection which had remained so long unapplied in her tender maiden heart. No one among the young men who had sought her hand had seemed worthy of the great love she was ready to bestow. She was, therefore, still awaiting her fate.

"You wished to see me, sir?" the young girl gently insinuated.

"Yes," said Murdock, with great deliberation; "I wished to speak to you about—"

He watched her face intently, as if to read the effect which his words would produce. The light in his eyes was almost tender; but Agnes was not skilled in reading their scarcely perceptible shades of expression. She looked up inquiringly, noting only the slight hesitation in her father's speech.

"About a young man—" continued Murdock, with a quizzical smile.

A flush mounted to the girl's cheeks, and she fixed her eyes upon space.

"A young man who admires you greatly, and who—"

"Has he asked you to tell me this?" inquired Agnes, somewhat impatiently.

"Oh! dear no," laughed the chemist; "he is only too anxious to do so himself. He is a most impetuous fellow. But I thought it best to prepare you—"

"May I ask the name of your protege?" interrupted the young girl.

"Did I say he was my protege?" asked Murdock, gently. "I certainly had no intention of conveying any such impression. His name is Chatham—Thomas Chatham."

A look, half of amusement, half of vexation, came into the girl's eyes. It did not escape Murdock's close scrutiny.

"I judge from your reception of the gentleman's name, that his suit is not likely to meet with much favor in your eyes."

"I am not aware that I have ever given Mr. Chatham any reason to believe that it would," answered Agnes, stiffly.

"And yet you must have understood the drift of his attentions during the last few months, since—"

"Since it has been perfectly clear to every one else, you mean?

"And yet," the young girl continued, reflectively, "I do not see how, without downright rudeness, I could have done more than I have to show him that his attentions have been distasteful to me."

"Then I may infer," said Murdock, smiling, "that you would not break your heart if—"

He seemed to hesitate in the choice of his words.

"If he should conclude to go abroad on a long journey without subjecting you to his impending proposal."

"On the contrary, father," admitted Agnes, "I should be everlastingly grateful to you if such a consummation could be brought about without unnecessary rudeness or cruelty towards Mr. Chatham."

"Very well, Agnes, that is all I wanted to see you about."

Agnes looked curiously at her father, as if to read the purpose hidden in the depths of his inscrutable eyes. She saw nothing but a polite dismissal in his calm face; and the interview between father and daughter ended, as it had begun, with formal courtesy on both sides.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PORTRAIT.

Sprague was seated before his easel arranging his palette for the morning's work. The unfinished portrait of Agnes Murdock looked down upon him with eyes of living beauty. Occasionally the artist would bestow a deft touch upon the glowing canvas and would retire to a distance to note with a critical eye the new effect. Then he would consult his watch in nervous impatience; and, going to the window, he would glance anxiously up and down the street. Once or twice the rumble of wheels caused him to look up in glad expectancy, which gradually gave way to gloomy discontent as the noise died away in the distance.

At length hope seemed to depart altogether from the young man's breast. He threw down his brushes, gave up all pretense of work and drifted off into a brown study. His eyes, fixed upon those of the portrait, had a troubled look in them—so troubled that it was clearly out of all proportion to the professional disappointment of a painter kept waiting for a fair subject.

So absorbed did he become in his gloomy meditations, that, when at last a carriage stopped before the house, the artist did not hear it. But when, presently, a gentle tap sounded upon the door of the studio, he sprang to his feet as if he had received an electric shock.

Perhaps he had; for it was followed by a rapid current of delicious thrills tingling through every nerve and effecting in his whole being a sudden and marvelous transformation. At once the furrowed brow was smooth; the drooping lips were wreathed in smiles; the troubled look gave way to one of glad welcome.

For she had come at last. There she stood, with laughing brown eyes and glowing cheeks, when Sprague threw open the door. Alas, as usual, she was accompanied by her maid. Never mind; was it not enough to have her there at all, to bask in the sunshine of her smile, to look into the dangerous depths of those soul-stirring eyes, to listen to the rippling of her silvery voice?

"I fear I am a little late, Mr. Sprague; I am sorry to have kept you waiting. But you see this is how it was—"

What mattered it to him now how it was? Was she not there? An eternity of suspense and misery would have been wiped out by that single entrancing fact. Her words beat upon his ear like rapturous melody; he drank them in, hardly conscious of their meaning.

Agnes Murdock, followed by her maid, proceeded at once to the dressing-room set apart for the use of the artist's models. When she returned, dressed for the sitting, she assumed under Sprague's directions the pose of the portrait, while the artist critically arranged her draperies and adjusted the shades and screens.

The maid had remained in the dressing-room.

"And so these are positively the last final touches, are they, Mr. Sprague?" asked the young girl, mischievously, after a few minutes. "You artists seem to be quite as uncertain about your farewell appearances as any famous actress or singer."

The artist looked up quickly as the girl spoke. An expression of pain crossed his features.

"Yes, Miss Murdock," he answered, gravely. "I shall not have to trouble you to pose again."

Miss Murdock's attention was attracted by the melancholy note in his voice. She observed him from the corner of her eyes in kindly curiosity.

The artist fell into a moody silence. For awhile he worked with feverish activity at the portrait; and then, gradually falling into a fit of melancholy abstraction, he sat, with poised brush, gazing intently at the beautiful girl before him. His task forgotten, he was apparently unconscious that he was taking advantage of his privileged position to stare at his fair subject. Agnes felt his burning glance and was embarrassed by it; but, womanlike, she retained control of herself, outwardly, at all events, as she uttered some commonplace remark, which broke the spell and brought the artist to his senses with a sharp consciousness of his rudeness. He replied to the young girl's question in a low, changed voice, and then relapsed into a gloomy silence.

After an awkward interval he asked, suddenly:

"Are you so very glad, Miss Murdock, that our sittings are almost over?"

"Why, no, Mr. Sprague," replied Agnes; "I did not mean that. Of course I shall be glad when the portrait is finished, because I wish to have it home and to let my friends see it. But I should be indeed ungrateful if I begrudged my poor little time and trouble, when yours have been so lavishly and so ungrudgingly spent."

"These sittings have been a source of so much pleasure to me," continued Sprague, thoughtfully, "that I have selfishly overlooked the fact that they could only be an annoyance and a bore to you. I fear I have needlessly prolonged them."

"But, indeed, Mr. Sprague, I assure you it has been anything but a bore to me to pose. I am sure I shall miss the pleasant morning hours I have spent here."

"They have been the happiest hours of my life," said Sprague, earnestly, in a low voice, "and now they are nearly gone—forever."

Agnes started slightly, blushed and riveted her gaze upon the dainty white hands which lay clasped together in her lap. Her bosom rose and fell in quickened undulations.

"Why forever, Mr. Sprague?" she asked, softly; "do you think of leaving New York?"

"No," he replied quickly; "it is you who are about to desert this studio, which for a short time has been brightened by your presence—"

"Well," interrupted Agnes, "since you are not going to leave New York, I hope you will continue to call on us."

"I suppose I shall continue to call on your reception days, if that is what you mean," said Sprague, somewhat disconsolately.

"Now that," laughed Agnes, "is not in line with the polite things you have been saying."

"I did not mean to say anything rude, Miss Murdock, but a call on your reception day is a call on your guests. Surrounded as you are on such occasions, one has barely a chance to catch a glimpse of you, much less to speak with you."

"We are always glad to see our friends at other times than on our reception days."

"Do you really mean it?" asked the artist eagerly. "May I call on you sometimes when the crowd is not there?"

"We shall be happy to have you call at any time, Mr. Sprague."

Sprague thought he detected a slight emphasis on the pronoun.

"But it is not we I wish to call on. It is you, Miss Murdock."

"Of course I shall be pleased to have you call at any time, Mr. Sprague," she said, after a brief instant.

What more could any sane man expect a modest girl to say? It is not so

"YES, MISS, A GENTLEMAN LEFT IT FOR YOU."

much the words spoken as the manner of their utterance that conveys meaning. But it is a truism that a lover is not a sane man. Sprague was not yet satisfied. He was about to speak again, when a knock sounded upon the door.

It was the hall-boy with a letter.

"Miss Murdock?" he inquired, glancing in the direction of the young girl.

"For me?" exclaimed Agnes, surprised.

"Yes, miss; a gentleman left it for you."

Agnes took the letter, inspected it curiously for an instant; then, excusing herself, she tore open the envelope and unfolded the note which it contained.

At once a deep flush suffused her face, and an expression of annoyance passed over her features. She glanced up hastily at Sprague, who was apparently hard at work upon the background of the picture.

The hall-boy was waiting expectantly.

"There is no answer," said Agnes quietly.

And as the stern mandates of fashion either forbid a woman to wear a pocket, or else decree that it shall be located in some particularly inaccessible position, the young girl dropped the letter and its envelope into her lap and resumed the pose.

When at last the time came for Miss Murdock to leave, Sprague accompanied her to her carriage. After watching it until it disappeared around the corner, he returned moodily to the studio.

As he entered the room, his eyes fixed in a vacant stare upon the floor, he caught sight of something white—a sheet of paper—resting there. Mechanically he pushed it to one side with his foot.

The sunshine seemed to have gone with Agnes Murdock. A gloom had fallen upon the place and its occupant. The artist tried to work; but he was restless and depressed. At length he threw down his brushes; and rising from the easel, he put on his hat and coat and started out for a walk, in the hope that exercise would drive away the blue devils whose grip he felt tightening upon his heartstrings.

Meeting some friends in the course of his aimless wanderings, he was persuaded to spend the rest of the day in their company, and returned to his bachelor quarters late in the evening, tired enough physically to obtain that healthful sleep which is the boon of strong youth.

[To Be Continued.]

THE FARMING WORLD

ASSORTING PLUMS.

It Is Easy Work Provided You Make a Table Like the One Here Described.

In most cases experience has proven that plums, if shipped to market in ten-pound grape baskets, provided with handles and put up in neat, presentable shape, will bring the producer a greater percentage of profit than if shipped in half-bushel or bushel crates or packages. A careful picker can fill the basket direct from the tree, but the usual plan is to pick into large receptacles, then, carefully sorting the plums, place in packages ready for market. This frequent handling removes a great deal of bloom from the fruit, which re-

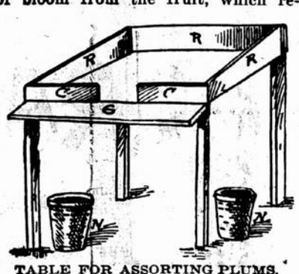


TABLE FOR ASSORTING PLUMS.

moval should be avoided as much as possible.

By the use of a single table, as illustrated, plums and other similar fruits are easily assorted. The top of the table should not be over 3x2 1-2 feet. The sides and back (r, r, r) may be eight inches wide at the back, tapering to three inches in front; the front guards (c, c) should be less than three inches high, leaving a six-inch space between the inner ends; the slanting board (g) is six inches wide. To operate it, place the fruit carefully upon the table, the assorter occupying a chair in front of the table, with a basket on his lap. Both hands can then be used in removing the leaves, limbs, damaged or imperfect fruit, throwing the refuse into baskets (n, n) on the floor. The perfect fruit, or that intended for shipping, is rolled in front and passes over the incline (g) into the basket. This table need cost but little, and may be made in as crude or elaborate a form as wished. In working, the elbows can rest upon the guards (c, c), which will make the operation much easier. An ordinary table can be fitted with these simple appliances and quickly removed after the shipping season is passed.—L. S. Yates, in Farm and Home.

LOCATING THE HOME.

How the Surroundings of a Farm-House Can Be Made Healthful and Attractive.

In laying out country homes one of the most important points to be well guarded against is the direction from the house of the stables, pig pens, cattle lots and other necessary but bad-smelling accompaniments of the farm. However neatly they may be kept, there will be more or less of unwholesome effluvia arising from them in hot weather. As the prevailing winds of the summer are from the south and west, the proper place for such things is to the northeast or east of the dwelling. This will carry the odors away from instead of toward the house. A south or east front for the premises gives a better chance for such arrangement than any other. In planting trees, shrubbery, flower beds, and planning walks and drives follow the natural style rather than stiff, straight or formal lines, placing the trees and shrubs in groups and irregular lines, rather than in straight or geometrical lines of any kind, putting the larger ones upon the border of the house yard, with the smaller ones in front of them. This will make a background for the shrubbery and flowers, giving a natural and graceful look.

Lay the roads and walks in gentle curves from point to point, placing groups of trees or shrubs on the inside of the curves, that the deviations from straight lines may seem natural and fitting. Make no gates directly in front of the main entrance to the dwelling, but rather slightly to one side, from which the road or walk should gently sweep to the desired entrance. Plant no large-growing trees, so as to eventually shade and shut out the view. A few that will make good shade, such as the elm and maple, may be set in groups or alone where they will be out of the way, and yet sufficiently near the house to make convenient shade. Plant the native trees of the forest or which may be bought at little expense rather than those which are costly, tender and unsatisfactory.—H. E. Van Deman, at New York Institute.

LIMING GARDEN SOIL.

Best and Cheapest Way Is by the Systematic Application of Phosphate of Lime.

The best as well as the cheapest form to apply lime to the land is in powdered phosphate of lime, procured in the low grade powdered phosphates, at a lower price than for lime, with the additional value of the phosphoric acid, as much in quantity as is contained in the commercial fertilizers termed superphosphates, and very much more than is contained in wood ashes.

Powdered phosphate of lime moistened with a little water, yields to water a considerable quantity of soluble phosphate of lime, and the solubility rapidly increased by the addition of organic matter.

Hence, wherever earthy phosphates of lime exist with organic matter, water will invariably dissolve a portion, progressively with the decomposition of organic matter by fermentation. This fact is of the utmost importance to agriculture.—Andrew H. Ward, in American Gardening.

OUR CHEESE INDUSTRY.

To Make It Respected in Foreign Countries Requires Sensible Congressional Legislation.

A leading cheese exporter who is quoted in the Boston Transcript states that the total production of cheese in this country at the present time is figured at about 265,000,000 pounds annually and that we export about 70,000,000 pounds of this amount. He figures that the home consumption is about 260,000,000 pounds, including about 12,000,000 pounds of foreign cheese that is imported. If these figures are correct our exports of cheese are very much larger than they were last year, which are given by the treasury bureau of statistics at 38,198,753 pounds for the fiscal year of 1899. Most likely the Boston exporters' figures are exaggerated, but it is probable that we shall show a considerable gain in our exports for this year. Since the crusade that has been made against "filled" cheese, our cheese has recovered some of the reputation that it lost. There is a demand for further legislation to prevent the counterfeiting of well-known brands of cheese, in order to restore the prestige of these different makes. Congress is being urged to give our cheese-makers the benefit of laws that will enable them to compete with Canadian dairymen, who have developed a large export trade in recent years at our expense. It is believed that with laws that guarantee the genuineness of our cheese products we might recover the former high position they enjoyed in foreign markets. It is pointed out that American cheese is in some cases bought by Canadians and shipped to Great Britain as a Canadian product, finding a ready market. Our dairymen make as good cheese as can be found in the world and should have a considerable share of the foreign trade. What they need in order to occupy a more prominent position is legislation that will convince the foreign consumer that he is not being deceived but is buying cheese that is exactly what it is represented to be.—Farmers' Voice.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

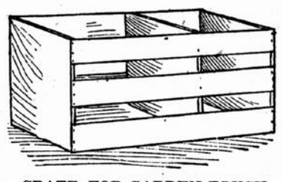
This Writer Thinks She Should Have a Great Deal Less Work and More Reward.

The life of the average woman on the farm is by no means one continual round of pleasure. Her duties are multifarious, beginning with the early dawn and ending—well, they never seem to end. There are so many things for the busy woman to do in the daily routine on the farm. Outside of the regular household duties which fall to the lot of the city wife, there are chickens, turkeys, ducks, etc., in the poultry line to attend to, churning and often the milking to do, fruits in season to pick and care for, and hundreds of little things that are calculated to keep an ambitious woman busy. Her earnings usually consist of what she can make out of butter, eggs and poultry. It is a comparatively rare thing that the woman on the farm has to draw on the resources that come from the sale of general crops or live stock to buy her necessities. She is expected not only to maintain herself, but buy many useful articles for the house out of the products of her own individual labors. Let us hope that the old adage "Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," may some day be modified so that the "better half" may have less work and more reward.—Chicago Sun.

QUICKLY MADE CRATES.

How to Make Shoe Boxes Available for the Rapid Handling of Fruits and Potatoes.

Shoe boxes are the right shape and size for crates, just as they come empty from the shoe stores. Cut out two strips



CRATE FOR GARDEN TRUCK.

on each side and put a cross partition in the middle, and the crate is complete. This will prove very useful in handling the fruit crop, or for potatoes, etc. A short strip of wood with the under surface cut out for the fingers, nailed to each end, will prove convenient when handling the crates.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Keeping Old Cows in Milk.

Milk cattle, receiving indifferent care, age a great deal more rapidly than others, says George E. Newell in the American Cultivator. A cow's age, as regards milk yielding value, should be measured not so much by years as by care and feed. A naturally good cow, if she has had rough usage, will be played out in a lacteal sense when she is eight or nine years old. But if she has a fair showing from her owner in the pasture and stable, she should remain a profitable milker for 12 years, and sometimes longer.

Location of Berry Patches.

Western horticulturists are advising to locate raspberry and blackberry patches on northwest, east or southeast, as the prevailing winds are mostly from the other directions. The evident reason for this advice is that the winds will thus blow over the patch rather than through it. The advantages are twofold. The canes are not broken by the gales, and during the hot weather the air does not so rapidly draw the moisture out of the soil. For the same reason a wind-break is an advantage.—Farmers' Review.

Wheel Hoe for Garden Work.

The wheel hoe will save much labor in the garden. Usually such an implement is a combination affair, comprising seed drill, cultivator teeth, markers, rakes and knives, each being detachable. On heavy soils the wheel must necessarily require more power for its operation than when used on light, sandy soils, but as it is the cheapest implement made, in proportion to its various uses, no one will make a mistake who procures one, as it is a wonderful labor saver.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

And Her Words of Endearment Never Moved the Man Behind the Counter.

A fair young girl, perplexity written on her countenance, confronted the pale young man. He returned her gaze with the impassive stare of one who had never seen her before. Had he? Listen, says the Baltimore American.

In a low, well-modulated voice, without the slightest trace of emotion or excitement, she says:

"I want you, dear heart. I love you, my honey. Come back, my baby. Why did you throw me down? The latch string's always hanging out for you. I've shook that other man. You're the only fellow I love. I don't like no cheap man. I ain't seen no messenger boy. Oh, promise me, and I'll be true to you."

Was he moved? No. His face took on a bored expression, and in a careless tone he asked:

"Is that all?"

"Yes," she half whispered.

"Two dollars and ten cents, please. We are having a special sale on sheet music today, and they are reduced in price. Thank you."

Then they drifted apart, she to practice rag time and he to flit from Beethoven to Williams-and-Walker all for the same salary per week.

Four to One.

An English officer in Malta stopped, in riding, to ask a native the way. He was answered by a shrug of the shoulders and a "No speak English."

"You're a fool, then," said the officer. But the man knew enough English to ask:

"Do you understand Maltese?"

"No."

"Do you know Arabic?"

"No."

"Do you know Italian?"

"No."

"Do you know Greek?"

"No."

"Then you four fools. I only one!"—N. Y. Sun.

Mr. Gump (to teacher)—"No, I don't want you to teach my son any grammar. Not a bit of it." Teacher—"But—but—this is unusual, sir. May I inquire your reasons?" Mr. Gump—"I intend that he shall be a writer of popular songs."—Baltimore American.

Coffee resembles the earth when it is ground.—Chicago Daily News.

NEW POLICE CATECHISM.

Requisites of a Competent Copper as Understood by One of the Finest.

Imagine a class of about 40 stalwart men, each dressed in a blue uniform and attentively listening to the words of wisdom that emanate from the teacher's lips, and you will have some idea of one of Clerk of the Police Board Harrison's school classes. Many ridiculous answers are given to questions and some of them cause roars of laughter to ascend to the ceiling. At a recent class meeting Officer Dan Tehan was asked to describe the requisite of a good policeman. The answer was honesty, sobriety, truthfulness, intelligence and several other virtues, all of which are noticeable in members of the police force, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

After Tehan had been asked the question he chested out and answered in a sonorous voice.

"Hon-istee! Sobrietee! Troot'fulness! Gude mor-ruls! Impar-rtialitee! intelligince! A plazin' addrhriss—an'—er—um—oh! a divil's own slew av t'ings besoides!"

A roar followed the answer, and Clerk Harrison, endeavoring to keep his face straight, asked: "Officer Blanchard, what is extortion?"

And the class broke up when Blanchard's answer smote the air.

It was:

"Extortion is an overloaded stomach."—

At the Restaurant.

First Man (excitedly)—Our restaurant is on fire.

Second Man (calmly)—Come, then, hurry up and perhaps at last we may be able to get something hot.—Pearson's Weekly.

An English tourist, who had left a waterproof on a train, went back to look for it. On asking the occupants of a third-class carriage compartment whether they had seen anything of a "mackintosh," "Na, na," one of them replied, "we're a' Macphersons here."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Tears stood in my wife's great, gray eyes. "I am dying to go to the Paris exposition!" she exclaimed. "You are very foolish!" said I, striving to be calm. "If you die, you will go to Heaven!" Recuba bit her lip. It was impossible, of course, to gainsay my logic.—Detroit Journal.

Money talks, but unless you have plenty of it, it stutters.—N. Y. Press.

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The itching and burning I suffered in my feet and limbs for three years were terrible. At night they were worse and would keep me awake a greater part of the night. I consulted doctor after doctor, as I was travelling on the road most of my time, also one of our city doctors. None of the doctors knew what the trouble was. I got a lot of the different samples of the medicines I had been using. I found them of so many different kinds that I concluded I would have to go to a Cincinnati hospital before I would get relief. I had frequently been urged to try CUTICURA REMEDIES, but I had no faith in them. My wife finally prevailed upon me to try them. Presto! What a change! I am now cured, and it is a permanent cure. I feel like kicking some doctor or myself for suffering three years when I could have used CUTICURA remedies. H. JENKINS, Middleboro, Ky.

Complete Treatment $1.25,

Consists of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Ointment (50c.), to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humors, rashes, and irritations, with loss of hair, when physicians, hospitals, and all else fail. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Itching Humors," free.

Millions of Women Use Cuticura Soap

EXCLUSIVELY for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used it to use any other, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated or toilet soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the best skin and complexion soap, and the best toilet and best baby soap in the world.

DEFECTIVE PAGE