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CHAPTER I.

There was a touch of the destroying breath of autumn in the keen wind which swept over Lyndhurst, an old colonial mansion on the Hudson near New York. The big trees on the terraced lawn and in the dense wood behind the house were shedding their sere and yellow foliage, and in the extensive garden on the left of the entrance not even a belated flower could be seen in the well-arranged parterres. Here stood a marble statue, there a playing fountain; the entire aspect was cold and cheerless.

Within the mansion quite a different scene presented itself. A footman in livery stood in the vast hall; white-capped, white-aproned maid-servants moved about with soft tread and solicitous mien. Five o'clock tea was being served in the quaint Elizabethan drawing room. A man less than 40 years of age, tall, handsome and with a military bearing, reclined in a quaintly carved easy chair before the glowing wood fire with its old-fashioned brass fender and dragon-shaped andirons. The man's face was full, dark and round; his high, broad brow suggested considerable power of intellect; he wore no beard, and his short thick hair was touched with gray. He had but one questionable feature; an expert physiognomist might have said that it was a pity such a strong face should be marred by a mouth slightly inclined towards weakness. His wife, who sat near him, was a handsome woman; she was perhaps as old as he. Her complexion was clear and good; her teeth were fine and even; between her parted lips they caught the red firelight and threw it back broken into tiny gleams. Her hands and feet were small and well shaped, her body possessed an undulating ease of movement that gratified the visual sense of the beholder. Her hair was dark brown, her eyes black and sharp, and these things, with the general contour of her shrewd face, hinted at French extraction.

When the tea was brought in a young lady who had been playing a Beethoven sonata on the grand piano in the large bow-window turned to another girl of about her own age who stood by her ready to depart.

"You really must stop for a cup of tea, Lottie," she said, laying her jeweled hand on the arm of the visitor.

"I am sorry, but I shall miss my train if I stay even a moment longer; as it is I shall have to urge your coachman to drive rapidly."

"Oh, surely you are not going, Miss Dean," protested Maj. Goddard, rising and coming towards them. "We really see so little of you, you know, and when you do honor us it is generally only to the extent of a pop call. I am really going to incite my ward to downright rebellion against you and all the rest of her old school friends."

"That is right, Guardian." The pianist smiled as she rose; "you must stand by me. Lottie has such a nice time in the city that she is getting above such a quiet retreat as this."

"Oh, it isn't that," laughed the accused. "I do enjoy it so much here and I am coming to pay you a good visit before long. Really, I am looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure."

"Well, until then we shall have a truce," cried the major, and he escorted the guest to the door where his carriage was waiting. As he reentered the drawing room the expression of his wife's face riveted his attention. Mrs. Goddard was watching Miss Briscoe, who had left the piano and was pouring the tea at the low brass table in the center of the room. The look she was giving his ward was so full of malignant dislike that the genial face of the major grew grave. He seated himself in the chair he had just left and eyed his wife attentively. Just then Miss Briscoe brought a cup of tea to him.

"You'll find it exactly right, Guardian," she said with a smile. "I not only know the number but I now understand the size of the lumps of sugar you want."

"It is always right, Blanche, when you pour it for me." He would have added further pleasantries to this had he not felt the rigid stare of his wife upon him.

"You have nice manners, I must say," Mrs. Goddard suddenly jerked out, "but I presume you were taught in that Fifth Avenue school to serve gentlemen before ladies."

The beautiful girl flushed to her wavy golden hair.

"Oh, do pardon me, Mrs. Goddard, I am so forgetful; Guardian looked so tired after his journey to town that I—"

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least," and this retort was emphasized by Mrs. Goddard's rising, pushing past the girl and pouring her own tea. Her face was dark with suppressed rage as she took her cup to a window-seat behind the piano and hastily drank it after the manner of angry individuals.

"Never mind," said Maj. Goddard to Blanche, who, with a look of deepening embarrassment on her face, had taken a seat near him; "never mind, it can't be helped."

"I wouldn't have displeased her for the world, on—on your account, if for nothing else. I do try my best to get on with her, but somehow I never make the slightest progress in the right direction. I am so awkward."

Their voices were so low that they did not reach the tea-drinker in the bow window, but she seemed to know that she was the subject of the guarded colloquy, for she glared over her cup at them like a sullen, infuriated animal.

"I assure you it is not your fault, dear," went on Goddard. "You see when I told her the other day that all my mining ventures had fallen through and that I have now only this estate and a paltry ten thousand a year to keep it up on, it completely broke her to pieces. She counted on my affairs turning out millions, and I did not know it before, but she had laid a great many plans that must now fall to the ground."

"Plans?" said the girl, in surprise.

"Yes, she had consulted an architect about building a house at Newport and one on Fifth avenue. Oh, it was an awful blow to her! I wish she could put a better face on the matter and not take it so very hard. As far as I am concerned, I had made up my mind that matters were not so bad, after all, but she is ambitious, you see, and I never was. I have grown tired trying to get rich. I would like to rest, but—"

They heard Mrs. Goddard's cup and saucer rattling as she advanced to the tea table. Then she turned to the door suddenly and her heavy silk skirts gave forth a rustling sound as she passed haughtily out into the hall.

"O, I say, Jeanne!" exclaimed her husband, rising and going to the door, but she had gone out on the lawn, and when he came back to the fire he and his ward saw her walking to and fro on the asphalt drive. A moment later she turned and gave an inaudible order to James, the footman, and he came out to her shortly with a revolver and a box of cartridges.

Goddard went to the window and Blanche followed.

"She's going to practice shooting," he said. "When she is full of anger she seems to find a vent for it in target practice. Watch her; she certainly has the most wonderful marksmanship of any woman alive."

The major could not help this exhibition of pride in his wife, and he seemed to hold his breath in boyish expectation as Mrs. Goddard took deliberate aim at a white envelope which James had pinned against the trunk of a tree about 50 feet from where she stood.

GODDARD WENT TO THE WINDOW AND BLANCHE FOLLOWED.

Five reports followed one another in rapid succession.

"Good! Wonderful!" ejaculated the major, "she hit it four times out of five. I have no idea," and as he said this Goddard's tone lost a part of its enthusiasm, "I have no idea where she acquired her skill. She always laughs mysteriously when I ask her. It was while she lived in the west, however, I am sure. Often she lets slip little allusions to ranch life and hunting on the plains."

Blanche made no response; there was a confidential note in her guardian's voice which strongly appealed to her sympathy. It shocked her sensitive idealistic nature to have him admit that there were pages in his wife's history which even he had not been allowed to read. They saw Mrs. Goddard toss the revolver on the grass toward the attendant and turn into the house. A moment later she passed through the hall and went up the stairway to her own apartment.

"There is one thing I can not quite forgive in her, dear Blanche." And the major caught the soft tapering hand of his ward and led her back to the fire. "She married me. She must have been influenced to become my wife by the fortune she knew I possessed. She betrays that in a good many ways. She was ambitious; but persons born with craving desires are not to blame for having them, and so I try to overlook this fault in her. Being a poor milliner, who came in contact with the rich just far enough to want to have means, it must have been a temptation to her to marry a man with money. I don't say that she does not love me, for I really think she does. I should be very miserable if she did not."

"My poor guardian," said Blanche, tenderly. "You deserve so much. You ought to have all things that belong to good men. I have been very unhappy ever since you told me of your financial loss. You said, I think, that my money was safe?"

"Perfectly. I saw to that. I remembered your father's last words of confidence in me and I never have taken the slightest risk with your interests. Your fortune is as secure as if it were in the Bank of England, and the entire amount is earning a good rate of interest."

"But I have no use for so much money," said the girl, almost pleadingly, "and I would be so glad if you would take what you need of it."

The major flushed. "It would be a cowardly thing to do, and it would call forth much criticism; no, your money is yours; your father saw that I was sufficiently repaid for my services, besides, nothing less than your entire fortune would give Jeanne all she craves. She did not sleep a wink last night. I heard her walking constantly from the moment she retired till dawn. I went to her door twice and rapped, but she would not admit me. Sometimes I am afraid," and the major touched his broad forehead significantly.

"Poor guardian!" There was a suggestion of tears in Blanche's eyes and her voice quivered. "If you won't let me help you with my useless money what can I do? Do you fancy this—this trouble has not made me unhappy, too? Your face is my barometer. When it indicates that your spirits are depressed my sky becomes clouded, and then I don't care for anything else. It used to be so while I was at school. Your visit on Friday was the sole event of the week, and I studied hard according to my promise, that I might be worthy of it. I was so proud of you. The girls used to watch for you to drive up and they actually raved over you. They all thought you were so handsome."

But Maj. Goddard was not following her with attention.

"I have been wanting all this week to put a candid question to you, Blanche," he remarked, irrelevantly. "I am a little afraid you will not fully understand my motive, but I do want your opinion—a woman can judge another woman's heart better than a man can, even if he is her husband. I want to know, Blanche, if you think Jeanne cares for me a little bit?"

The girl could not command her suddenly roused emotions; she started and her long lashes fell before his eager, almost breathless stare. It was as if the question had been a shot which reached the very citadel of her most sacred convictions.

"Guardian, you must not—you ought not—" she seemed unable to proceed.

"I know I ought to be ashamed of myself for admitting that I have doubts, but since my loss and her strange reception of the news I can't help feeling as I do. Oh! Blanche, do you think she only married me for the fortune I had?"

"I did not know her then," said Blanche, evasively, her face pale and rigid. "I am too young to read the—the motives of women older than I am. I only know, if—if—"

"If what, Blanche?"

"If I had been your wife I should have loved you more in misfortune than ever. Oh, I am so sorry for you! It is breaking my heart." She raised her handkerchief to her eyes and began to cry softly.

Goddard pushed her head back gently till she was forced to look into his eyes.

"Don't do that, little girl," he said, tenderly, "it breaks me all to pieces to see a woman's tears. I wish the old days could somehow come back; those days when I dreamed of a young trusting wife who would love me for myself and draw me away from evil inclinations. You never guessed it, little girl, but—" he seemed to realize that he was going too far, for he broke off short and after a moment's pause he began again: "Never was a man a greater slave to a woman's whims than I am to hers. As much as I love honesty, honor, truth and upright living, I am afraid that woman could make me renounce it all if she wished. To me she is as powerful as opium to its most abject slave. I must do something, Blanche; these thoughts are maddening."

He touched the bell. "Get out my horse," he said to the servant. "I shall take a ride."

He went out to change his dress and his ward sat down before the fire. She heaved a great sigh.

"I wonder if she will desert him," she thought; "it would be just like her, now that she can no longer use him."

CHAPTER II.

Maj. Goddard spent all the next day in the city busy over some legal matters connected with his recent losses. He missed his usual train and was forced to take one an hour later. In consequence of this delay it was dark when he arrived home. The drawing-room was lighted, and through the window he saw Blanche and his private secretary, Mr. Hubert Talley, at the piano, but he did not enter. All day he had been worrying over his wife's recent moroseness, and he did not want to lose a moment before seeing her. He fancied she must be in her own apartment, so he went up stairs to her door. It was closed. He rapped gently, but received no response from within. He rapped again, but with no better result; then he tried the latch and found the door locked. For a moment he stood mastered by thoughts which both contradicted and confirmed each other. Then he remembered that the door was the only outlet from the room to the main stairway, and as there was no light to be seen through the keyhole he half persuaded himself that Jeanne had dressed and gone down.

He turned quickly into his own apartment across the hall and turned on the electric light. His first thought was that he would change his dress before joining the others, but his impatience to see his wife defeated this idea and he hurried downstairs.

He looked into the library, a large, cozy apartment opposite the drawing-room. A coal fire was burning warm and red in the grate, but the room was empty. Just then the butler, Wilkins, opened the folding doors and a view of the electric-lighted dining-hall in its vast splendor of white cloth, silver and cut-glass met Goddard's roving eye.

"Has Mrs. Goddard come down?" the major asked.

"I did not know she had returned, sir."

"Returned! from where?"

"From the city, sir. She went in this afternoon."

"To the city! at what time?"

"She caught the 1:40 train;" it was Blanche's voice behind him, and it contained a note of startled concern. "She said she would go direct to your office and return with you."

"I have not seen her; my God! what can have happened to her?"

Blanche motioned the butler to retire, and he did so, discreetly closing the door.

[To Be Continued.]

**Not to Be Done.**

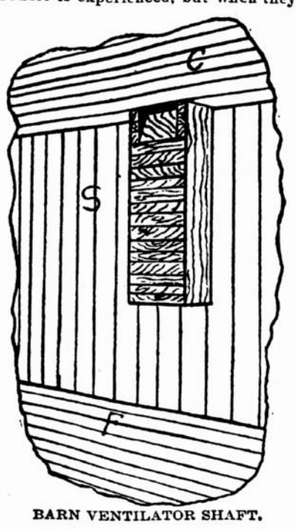
A Scotsman was walking along Trafalger square one day, when he stopped in front of the national gallery. Seeing a number of people going in, Scottie walked in too. He was surprised to find he had nothing to pay, it being a "free day." After passing the turnstiles, however, he was asked to hand over his walking stick. "Nae fear," he replied, cautiously. "I thought there was some doo (cheat) when ye got in free!" He gave a wink at the attendant and walked out.—Little Chronicle.

## A VENTILATOR SHAFT.

**Modification of a Splendid Idea Suggested Not Long Ago by the Kansas Experiment Station.**

The experience of some dairymen reminds me of a story a blacksmith used to tell of an acquaintance of his, who said that he stabled his horses in a barn so open that you could throw a cat through it anywhere, they never had anything the matter with them; but after awhile he felt able to build more to his notion, and in the new building the frost covered the inside, and his horses always were in difficulties.

Well, it is the old story—so long as the cows are stabled in the open shed and are reasonably cared for, no trouble is experienced, but when they




BARN VENTILATOR SHAFT.

are put in quarters such as winter dairying demands, then trouble begins.

I do not know that the moisture, which manifests itself by congealing on the roof and walls, is any serious matter of itself, and this could be overcome by filling in the space as suggested. It shows, however, that the ventilation is imperfect; and to remedy this and retain the warmth generated by the confined animals is not so easy a matter. If the ventilator shaft is brought down near the floor, it will probably be carried to a point where the air does not differ in temperature from that in the shaft, and so of course will not work.

The Kansas experiment station offered a suggestion, of which the illustration is a modification. At the point where the shaft passes through the ceiling, a hole is cut and provided with a shutter opening inward. By opening this more or less, a draft can always be created. A very slight opening would make sufficient draft to cause the shaft to take air from the bottom, especially if it was a long one.

In the case under consideration, I would pass the shaft through the main barn and up between the rafters to the ridge, terminating in either a cupola or ridge ventilator. In the illustration, C represents the ceiling, S the side of the building, and F the floor. In this instance, a loft is supposed to exist, and it is intended that the shaft shall be carried up to the eaves, and thence between the rafters to the ridge, terminating as above. The inside shutter would necessarily be controlled by two ropes or cords.—Richard H Mitchell, in Country Gentleman.

## TIMELY GARDEN NOTES.

It is a mistake to rake up the leaves in the wood lot or any other place where they may be allowed to remain. Besides being of value as a winter protection, when decayed they add much to the fertility of the ground.

Blackberries and raspberries grow from shoots formed just below ground. When transplanting them the mistake of setting them too deep, practically killing them, is not uncommon. The roots should be but just below the surface.

In California they have a late ripening navel orange called navelencia, which, on account of its lateness of ripening, prolongs the season considerably. The navel itself owes its introduction to the late William Saunders.

The Snyder blackberry is a popular sort in the northwest, because of its extreme hardiness and its productiveness. Taylor's prolific has larger fruit, but it is hardly as hardy as the others, but quite hardy enough for the middle states.

Many common evergreens can be transplanted from the woods with ordinary care if not too large a size be taken. A plant of three feet, with good roots, will be more satisfactory than a six-foot one. Early spring is a good time for it.—Practical Farmer.

**Device for Spraying Roots.**

A root sprayer is one of the newest additions to the spraying outfit. This simple appliance is a bent tube, sharpened at the point and perforated. It is used to reach in among the roots of trees or vines, so as to force the spraying mixture to those parts that cannot otherwise be reached. It can be attached to any force pump or sprayer. The destruction of aphides, worms, etc., that work deep in the ground is a matter that is more important than may be supposed, as frequently trees die when they are apparently healthy.

**New Use for Butter Color.**

The oleomargarine color was invented to make oleomargarine look like real butter, and is used to make all sorts and conditions of butter look like Jersey butter—to make two per cent. milk look like Jersey milk. All of these and other frauds on Jersey milk and its products we are familiar with, but a daily newspaper from the east springs a new one on us. It declares that by the skillful use of "butter-color" Mississippi catfish are now converted into Columbia river salmon, cut up, canned and sold as such.—Jersey Bulletin.

## TAR MACADAM PAVING.

**Authorities Claim That for Excellence, Durability and Cheapness It Has No Equal.**

United States Consul F. M. Shepard, at Hamilton, Ont., says:

"After years of experiment this city is laying a pavement that for excellence, durability and cheapness is commended for examination to those in charge of similar work in the United States. The possibility of making good roads at reasonable cost has been demonstrated, and tests extending over a number of years on business streets prove that tarred macadam makes not only a smooth and solid roadway, but one that can be kept in perfect repair at nominal expense. The first cost in this city, where limestone is abundant and near at hand, is from 70 to 86 cents per square yard, and the engineer estimates the cost of repairing on heavy traffic streets at less than one cent per yard a year, while asphalt costs over three cents. The addition of tar renders the roadway impervious to water, frost-proof in winter and prevents mud and dust in summer. It is easily repaired and does not require scraping, thus avoiding much wearing of the surface.

"One block of tar macadam laid more than a year ago on a business street where there is heavy teaming shows no perceptible wear to-day. In residential streets these pavements have been in use eight years without any repairs, and are still in good condition. The success of this method of roadmaking depends on care in its execution, as in the case of all composite work of this character, and I submit for the information of those interested the substance of an interview with the engineer of public works, E. G. Barrow, covering details of the processes in use here. Either stone or cement curbing should be placed before beginning the roadway. Cement costs here 50 cents per lineal foot and is six inches thick and 20 inches in depth and laid on broken stone or gravel. Corners are rounded and an iron plate imbedded for protection. On business streets stone is preferable.

"An essential in roadmaking is a hard and compact foundation, which can be secured only by the liberal use of heavy rollers (12 to 16 tons) while the base is being prepared. The grade and camber should be so designed as to carry water off the surface quickly, and all earth above the subgrade should be removed so as to conform to its level—12 inches below the natural surface—which subgrade should be thoroughly rolled and soft spots filled with stone. The foundation must be compost, a solid bed of stone not less than six inches in thickness. If the soil is of a spongy nature, large, flat stones are preferred. All interstices should be filled with small stone and gravel well rolled in. Over this a coating of gravel should be rolled hard and then a layer of tar-saturated stone, not exceeding two inches in diameter. These stones before being mixed with boiling tar (10 to 12 imperial gallons to the cubic yard) must be thoroughly dried, either in the summer sun or by exposure on heated plates, until all moisture is expelled.

"After thorough rolling another stratum or tarred stone of the same dimensions and thickness is added, rolled and covered with a layer of gravel and quarry chips, also mixed with tar, one inch in thickness, to be rolled down from three-fourths to one-half an inch. A top dressing of screenings is then added, and if a light color is desired it may be obtained by adding a cement. Most of the stone used here is machine crushed."

## HOW TO BRIDGE BROOKS.

**Description of a Simple and Inexpensive Plan That Answers All Ordinary Purposes.**

Many farms are cut up by one or more small streams, the majority of which flow through pastures and have to be crossed by cattle morning and night. Unless the necessary "fords" are bridged, there is pretty sure to be a muddy crossing, and in that case cows are liable to get their udders badly

BRIDGE OVER FARM BROOK.

soiled, with consequent trouble at milking time. It hardly pays to build a regular modern bridge, however; it costs too much and is not durable enough, especially under such conditions as usually exist in pasture streams. Rather should the simple affair be resorted to shown in the illustration. Stout posts are set at an angle against each other, thus bracing one another perfectly, and over these are laid rough logs, the remaining space being filled in with dirt. Grass will soon grow over all, and keep the soil from washing, and this will add to the attractiveness as well as durability of the bridge. Such a bridge can be built strong enough to drive over with heavy loads.—F. O. Sibley, in Ohio Farmer.

**How to Build Stable Floors.**

Stable floors should have no space beneath to fill up with filth. I prefer to have the walk behind the cows paved with blocks similar to the pavement of city streets. It is not only very durable when put down in clay, but is also preferable to plank, or cement, from the fact that cows never slip on it in passing in or out of the stable, which they very often do on floors made of those substances. The platform on which cows stand is usually made of plank, although some prefer having that part of it at cows' forefeet and about two-thirds of way to gutter composed of earth. It will usually be better to have this platform slope about two inches to the rear, and it should be about six inches higher than the walk behind.—Prof. H. Snyder, Minnesota Experiment Station.

Examine trees recently planted, and if the wood is not plump, prune them in closely, as shriveling proclaims the roots unable to supply so much top.

**A Strong Man's Secret.**

One of the strongest men recently stated that the secret of his wonderful power was perfect digestion. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters makes digestion perfect, and cures all complaints arising from a weak stomach, such as indigestion, biliousness and all liver and kidney ailments. As a blood purifier and nerve tonic it is marvelous. It is recommended by physicians, and sold by every druggist in the country. Try it also for malaria, fever and ague.

**More Effective.**

Mrs. Henpeck—If I thought my husband drank, I would take a hatchet, and—

Mrs. Asken—Smash the saloons?

"No, indeed! I'd nail him in the house."—Baltimore American.

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**One Case.**

Bill—Did you ever know an amateur fisherman to tell the truth?

Jill—Oh, yes; I heard one tell another that he was a liar.—What To Eat.

**When You Buy Ink**

get Carter's and you will get the best every time. "Inklings" free. Carter's Ink Co., Boston.

Don't whistle; it takes the attention of the people from their own affairs in wondering what tune you are trying to hit.—Atchison Globe.

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.

"I shouldn't work so hard," protested the gold brick solicitor, "if other people didn't work so hard!"—Detroit Journal.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

There are always a lot of people willing to pay a little something to have their prejudice tickled.—Atchison Globe.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle. Sold by all druggists.

## THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. August Pfalzgraf, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote Mrs. Pinkham in January, 1899, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation—had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swell, and was generally miserable. Mrs. Pinkham promptly replied with advice, and under date of March, 1899, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularity.

Nothing in the world equals Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine for regulating woman's peculiar monthly troubles.

**Diplomacy.**

Father—You need expect nothing from me when I die.

Son (spendthrift)—I don't. That's why I try to get all I can out of you while you are alive.—Judge.

# FACE HUMORS

## Pimples, Blackheads, Red Rough and Oily Skin

PREVENTED BY

# Cuticura SOAP

MILLIONS of Women Use CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, 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 soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. 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* soap 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 baby soap in the world.

**Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor.**

**Cuticura** Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, 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, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world.

**THE SET, $1.25**