His Friend, The Enemy

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

Author of "Rogers of Butte," "The Spur of Necessity," "Mr. Pitt, Astrologer," etc.

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Please don't misunderstand me, Mr. Herbert," returned Miss Betty. "My father's ruling passion is real estate. He wanted to sell you some lots in Harmony, and, for fear you wouldn't be where he could watch you, he insisted on having you come here. That was also his reason for taking you to the meeting and he had not the slightest notion he was harboring an enemy." Miss Betty laughed again. "At heart," she resumed, "my father is one of the noblest men in the world, but I cannot remember that he ever championed a losing cause. Whenever he enters a fight he goes in to win. With my aid he is going to be victorious in this county seat affair." She spoke decisively. I don't know your real motive for coming here, but I presume you wanted to look over the rival town and find out what chance there was for Concord retaining its prestige."

"That was partly it," admitted Guy. "But I also wished to attend the meeting and find out, if I could, what move your side intended to make."

"Col. Keever suggested that, did he not?"

"It was suggested to me."

"And you endeavored to follow out this counsel against your better judgment?"

"I am very sorry now that I acted on the suggestion at all."

"You are too much of a gentleman for this sort of work, Mr. Herbert. A county seat contest of this kind is a very disagreeable affair."

"Why should there ever have been a contest?"

"That was because Concord stole the county seat from Harmony in the first place. The vote was close and the canvassing board bought by Col. Keever, threw out a sufficient number of Harmony votes to give the county seat to Concord." The blue eyes snapped and the thin nostrils dilated. "For this reason the question has been reopened, Mr. Herbert, and it is for this reason, also, that I am heart and soul in the conflict. I will have no violence but Col. Keever may have to be met with his own weapons in order that right and justice may prevail. We can be good enemies and good friends as well, and after the election—" she smiles—"we will try to forget the disagreeable incidents of the campaign."

"With all my heart!" declared Guy.

She offered him her hand and he pressed the little palm cordially.

At that moment they heard running feet along the road by the gate, angry shouts and now and then the report of a revolver. Betty sprang up and hurried to a window.

"There's a mob in front," she said, quietly, "but you need have no fears, Mr. Herbert. You are just as safe under this roof as you would be in Concord."

Guy greatly admired her calmness, but she underestimated his courage if she thought for a moment that he was frightened. Before he could reply, Mr. Vlandingham hurried into the room, coming from the rear of the house.

"I've got a horse at the barn, Herbert, all saddled, bridled and waiting," he said, quickly. "I don't want to alarm you, but some of those rascals out there are drunk and Barney has told them everything. You'd better go. I might be powerless to protect you."

Some one jingled the bell furiously. A scuffling of feet and muttering of hoarse voices came from the porch.

"There they are," said Betty. "You talk with them at the door, father, while I show Mr. Herbert where he can find the horse."

Vlandingham started for the hall, but paused to reach out his hand to Guy.

"I don't believe you knew what kind of a hornets' nest you were going to get into over here, Herbert. You've got Betty on your side, I can see that, and I don't lay up any hard feelings. I'd advise you, though, to give this burg a wide berth in future. You see, I hold the winning cards in this fight and can afford to be magnanimous."

Guy wrung Vlandingham's hand and followed Betty outside to a post where a horse was hitched. Untying the halter he vaulted into the saddle. Betty directed him how to go.

"I hope I shall see you again, Miss Vlandingham," he observed.

"You may see me when you least expect it," she answered.

"I will send the horse back to-morrow."

"Any time that you find it convenient will be soon enough. Remember, we are enemies on county seat matters."

"And friends on all others?"

"If you wish it."

"I do wish it. Good-by."

She waved her hand and he sped away into the night.

CHAPTER IV.

Guy had a lonely ride back to Concord over the broad, flat, star-lit lands. He could see the road dimly, a lightish streak cutting the darker turf of the plains. A moist, lush smell arose from the dewey grass and the croaking of frogs, the chirping of crickets and the resonant boom of the bittern floating from the sedge served only to intensify the stillness.

There was far more to this county seat business than Guy had imagined. Miss Betty felt that Harmony had been cheated out of its rights and that was the cause of her inexorable stand in the present contest. Two-thirds of the voters in the county had signed a petition for a special election and it was a foregone conclusion that these two-thirds would vote for Harmony. Without doubt this was the premise on which Mr. Vlandingham and his daughter were building their hopes, but Guy had information relative to Col. Keever's imported voters. He did not know what the voting strength of the county was, but he was sure the Colonel had been sharp enough to bring in sufficient ballots to overcome the two-thirds majority. The young man did not fancy this phase of the question, although the entire contest was gradually presenting itself to him as a case of diamond cut diamond. He had been brought up in abhorrence of "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," but now that he was in Rome why should he not emulate the Romans? To take any other stand was equivalent to bankrupting himself, for what chance would Concord have if he ordered the Colonel's imported voters out of the town or permitted them to exercise the right of franchise uninfluenced? If ordered away they might flock to Harmony in a body, and if permitted to vote as they pleased they might be subsidized by agents of Vlandingham. The matter was a delicate one and to be handled with extreme caution. The temptation to look out for himself at all costs was a powerful one, and had not Miss Betty herself said that it was right for him to do all he could to keep the county seat at Concord? Taking everything into consideration, Guy thought it would be well to lay back on his oars, watch the opposition and see what happened.

He had a number of thoughts concerning Miss Betty entirely apart from the political question, and in the fairer fields where they were to esteem each other as friends. These were headstrong fancies and so vividly tinted with the hues of youth that they were more properly dreams and not to be chronicled.

Arrived at Concord, Guy left the horse at the livery barn and made his way along the dark and deserted street to the Lisbon house.

This hotel was under the proprietorship of a Portuguese. Being unable to pronounce his name, the people of Concord rose up and bestowed upon him the patronymic of "Smith." Retaining his multitude of Christian names, his full title thus became Pedro Fernandez Jose Manuel Smith. This was, of course, altogether too long for a pioneer community, and when Pedro Fernandez was not plain Smith he was Pedro, or "Cinch"—which was practically the same.

Almost any day Pedro might be seen sitting in front of his establishment, wearing his white apron and square white cap, his legs crossed, elbows on his knee, complacently swinging his suspended foot and puffing at a corncob pipe. It was thus that Guy found the proprietor when he came out from breakfast on the morning after his ride from Harmony.

The early train from the west had just stopped at the station as Guy took a chair on the porch and lighted a cigar.

"Quite an excitement when the trains come in," observed Pedro.

"So it seems," returned Guy, looking at the little throng which had gathered on the pltaform and part of which was visible around the ends of the station building. He saw Mr. Glimmer and Lemuel Bilkins, among others, and gave especial attention to a slender youth whose fiery hair curled fringingly about the edges of his old cap. This latter individual was throwing a canvas bag into the open door of the mail car.

"That's Sampson," ventured Pedro, noting the direction of Guy's gaze; "works for the Colonel, and is just throwing on the east-bound bundle of this week's Blizzard. Here's a copy of it, if you'd like to run it over. It's a mighty warm number—county seat war is gettin' interestin'."

Pedro pulled the paper out from under his apron and Guy examined it lazily. There was a red-hot leader, in the Colonel's scorching style, picking the county commissioners to tatters and then holding these remnants up to public contumely. The intrinsic value of the article did not interest Guy quite so much as something else. He produced the note which Mr. Vlandingham had handed him at the town meeting the night before—N. B.—He was treasuring that scrap simply and solely because of Miss Betty's penciled message to her father at the bottom of it. Turning the note over, he perused the writing on the back, as he had done once before that morning.

The chirography was a blotted scrawl and the ink was purple in color. Guy remembered that the ink which the Colonel had jarred out of its stand on the preceding afternoon was of that identical hue. Yet this was not all. The writing on the back of that note was the counterpart of a fraction of the leader, word for word, comma for comma and exclamation point for exclamation point. Had Guy a piece of the "copy" in his hands? Was here a clew to the identity of the "broom man" mentioned by Barney?

"Jee-mi-nee!" broke from Pedro Smith, as he got up from his chair. "Here come three passengers from the west. We don't get many from that direction."

Guy thrust the note back into his pocket and looked towards the station. The train had gone and the curious citizens were headed back towards the business section of the town. Lemuel was carrying the mail sacks for Mr. McQuilkin, a task which he performed proudly and regularly for the mere glory of it; Sampson, a little time at his disposal now that the week's issue was out of the way, had lighted a cigarette and was sauntering leisurely; Mr. Glimmer had been expecting his wife's sister from Bismarck, and it cannot be said that he wore a very disappointed look because she had failed to arrive. Waffle was of the party, and his shadow, Bill Comfort, and several more.

The attention of the group of citizens was riveted upon the three arrivals who walked in advance and headed for the hotel. Two of these were women, ostensibly Sisters of Charity, and closely veiled. The third was a man, under medium height and enveloped from head to heels in a garment that was much too large for him. His hat was drawn down over his forehead and the collar of his ill-fitting coat was turned up about his ears. The attire was exceedingly warm for that season of the year and Sampson guyed the stranger in frequent asides to Lem Bilkins.

The Sisters of Charity passed into the hotel, ushered by the obsequious Pedro. The little man in the long coat likewise entered the office and took a seat in one corner rigidly erect and not deigning to unbutton his coat. The citizens halted in front of the veranda to stare and speculate—all save Bilkins, who was due at the post office.

"Cracky!" exclaimed Sampson, locking hard at Guy. The printer started to say something more, but bit his words off short.

"What's the matter?" asked Guy, wondering at the mystified expression of the youth's face.

"Oh, nothing," replied Sampson, backing away.

"My dear Herbert!" cooed the familiar voice of Col. Keever, as that gentleman rounded the corner of the hotel and advanced upon Guy precipitately. "You look well," added the Colonel, significantly, dropping a hand on the young man's shoulder. Then he stooped and whispered: "How did you come out?"

Before Guy could answer the little man in the ill-fitting coat plunged out on the veranda and halted at the Colonel's side.

"Ha!" cried the little man, furiously. "I have come into the jackal's lair to pay my respects to the jackal-in-chief. Archibald Keever, you are an impudent scoundrel, sir! You are an ill-mannered blackguard, sir! You have not the first instinct of a gentleman. You are a coward, do you hear me? A coward and a knave! My hat in your teeth, sir!"

The little man jerked off his slouch hat revealing two eyes, one of which gleamed glassily at Guy while the other traveled up and down the full extent of Col. Keever's anatomy; then the blow fell across the Colonel's face.

It all came about with paralyzing suddenness. The crowd of Concordians stared and gaped as though under some baneful spell. The little man was Col. Dingle, of Harmony! The next instant Guy had leaped to his feet.

A shudder of mightly passion convulsed Col. Keever. His hand tightened convulsively at the head of his cane.

"Sir," he shouted, "is it your intention to apply to me those hurtling epithets?"

Come to think of it afterwards, there was little use of the Colonel's question; but great minds often wish to be absolutely certain of both horns of a proposition before tackling the conclusion. The little man laughed mockingly.

"I have coupled the word with a blow!" he cried. "In order that you may satisfy yourself I have made no mistake, I will strike again, so! The Norther greets the Blizzard!"

Again came that swishing blow with the hat and Col. Keever, dazed for the moment, fanned imaginary flies from before his face.

"It's Dingle!" gasped Col. Keever, hoarsely. "Hold me, somebody! Hold me, or I shall kill him!"

Mr. Glimmer hurled himself into the breach and caught Keever about the waist, while Pedro Smith dashed out of the hotel and threw himself upon Dingle. Then, struggling ineffectually to free themselves, the two Colonels glared at each other.

"You are a sneak, sir, and a coward, sir!" screamed the editor of the Norther.

"Hold me tight, Glimmer," hissed the editor of the Blizzard through his grinding teeth. "I am not myself! Righteous wrath is making a demon of me! If I were to swoop down on that misguided man nothing would be left to tell the tale."

"Let him go!" cried Dingle, frantically; "I dare you to let him go!"

"A Harmony man!" howled the citizens, pushing angrily forward and surrounding the diminutive person with the glass eye.

"He must be a spy!" roared a voice.

"String him up!" echoed another.

"Lynch him! lynch him! lynch him!" swelled the chorus.

"Stand back!" shouted Guy, shouldering his way to Dingle's side.

"Get a rope!" fumed the crowd. "Next to Vlandingham he's the worst enemy this town has got! Make an example of him!"

Guy halted in front of Dingle and kept the crush back with his strong arms.

"We must get him out of here, Pedro," said Guy, breathlessly. "If we don't, some of these hot-heads will get us all into trouble. Where can we take him?"

"I've got a room upstairs that we can lock him in," replied Pedro, and the people, catching the last words, voiced the fierce demand:

"Lock him up! Put him under lock and key until we decide what to do with him!"

"I want to help you, Dingle," said Guy, in the little man's ear. "Don't be foolish, go with us and we'll do what we can for you."

Dingle was sullenly defiant, but he yielded to Guy and Pedro and accompanied them into the hotel and up the broad stairs leading to the second floor, the crowd pushing and plunging after them.

[To Be Continued.]

Bandages and Red-Tape.

During the South African war Rudyard Kipling discovered, at Cape Town, a hospital without bandages, and in desperate need of them. This, too, was in a city where bandages were for sale in many shops. He told an acquaintance that he was going to meet that want, and the gentleman at once offered to pay for all the bandages that Mr. Kipling would buy and take to the hospital. A cart was quickly loaded, and then the author was informed that, under the army rules, the hospital authorities could not receive supplies from a private individual. "Well," said he, "I will dump the packages on the pavement before the door, and then tell them to come out and clear up the litter. Perhaps they can get them into the building in that way without tearing any red tape." He drove off with the bandages, and the supplies were somehow smuggled into the hospital.—Youth's Companion.

He Was Tired.

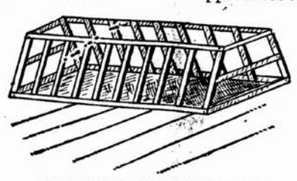
"Down in South Carolina," said Representative Talbert, "I once attended a colored church. The preacher, one of those negroes with an oily face and big spectacles, was talking about the prophets. He had taken an hour to discourse upon the major prophets and then he took up the minor ones. In course of time he reached Hosea. 'My breddren,' he exclaimed, 'we come now to Hosea. Let us consider him. Where shall we put Hosea?' At that moment an old negro who had been peacefully slumbering in one of the back pews woke up and looked at the pastor. 'Hosea can take my seat,' he said. 'I am so tired that I am going home.'"

THE FARMING WORLD

POULTRY FEEDING BOX.

The One Here Described, According to Its Designer, Is as Perfect as It Can Be Made.

Please find within a drawing of my improved poultry feeding box, which has many points of importance. A box of this kind is made very cheaply; it is easy to keep clean, and at the same time keeps the birds from getting into and soiling the food. At the same time each hen cannot push away her neighbor in eating a meal, so that the different ones can have a fair share of the hot mush at the morning meal. To construct a feed box of this kind, all one needs is a board ten or twelve inches wide, one inch or more thick and four feet long; six or seven plastering laths and a handful of wire shingle nails, which are to be driven through the top ends of the laths and clinched. It is well not to have the upper sides of



IMPROVED FEEDING BOX.

the frame, where the feed is put in, more than three or four inches, so that a hen cannot get in. The openings at the sides I have about three inches between the laths.

I have used and have seen a large variety of box feeders and I find that this plan is about as near perfect as anything in use. I must not omit to say that in putting on the upright laths it is well to let them into the side of the four foot board, as a box made in this manner will last for years with proper care. It is not easily tipped over, and will hold grain or mush food by letting the laths come up an inch above the bottom board.—Charles E. Russell, in N. Y. Tribune.

EFFECTS OF CROSSING.

Where Poultry Raisers Practice It Largely, the Result Is Nearly Always a Failure.

Crossing the breeds has never given good results, although a great many try it, and will continue to do so. In nearly all cases when the attempt is made to blend the best qualities of two different breeds the offspring is not equal to either parent, hence in the course of a few years there will be no uniformity, and the stock reverts to the scrub. Too much mixing is no better than keeping scrubs. It is right and proper to grade up a common flock with pure breeds, but to cross two pure breeds is a mistake. Where crossing is practiced largely, as with poultry, the result is nearly always a failure, there being no uniformity of color, size or laying qualities. Pure breeds are really the results of judicious crossings and selections, and cannot be improved upon except after years of care and selection of the best individuals. The best possible security, short of the actual test, that any bird or animal will produce its characteristics in its offspring is that these characteristics are known to have belonged to a long line of ancestors. Individual merit and adaptation to our needs should be the first and most important points of selection. The character of the ancestors should be considered. It is not necessary to endeavor to determine the character of any one of the ancestors, for when pure breeds are used one gets at once the results of selection for years by those who worked in the past. Crossing destroys the work that others have done before.—Farm and Fireside.

SPRING POULTRY NOTES.

The sitting hen should have a daily dust bath.

Keep the hen-hatched chicks dry and warm.

Be sure that your poultry has comfortable quarters.

Ducks and geese should never be kept with chickens.

Early pullets are the profitable winter egg chickens.

Young ducks should have an abundance of coarse sand.

The hen and her chicks should be protected from the wind.

If an old rooster is not fit for the table, kill him and bury him.

Hens will lay as well without the attention of the male as with it.

Filthy quarters produce sickness, and sick hens will not produce eggs.

It has been proven by experiment that it pays better to feed milk to chickens than to pigs.—Commercial Poultry.

Clean Nests Are Necessary.

The hens prefer clean nests, and when they refuse to lay in the poultry-house, and begin to deposit their eggs in the hay-loft, in the food-troughs, or away in the fields, the chances are that lice have taken possession of the nests and driven the hens away. A single broken egg in the nest will soon cause millions of lice, and once they secure a foothold they stick closely until they are driven off by heroic treatment. Keep the nests clean, and always have tobacco dust, or earth saturated with carbolic acid, convenient for scattering in the nests when cleaning them.—Farm and Fireside.

Do Not Crowd the Chicks.

Crowding is bad in any stage of a fowl's existence. Perhaps it is worse in the case of young chicks, whose hold on life is very light at the start. The brood that is watched over by the old hen seldom is crowded enough to be injured. Not so the brooder chicks. The amateur that has a few incubators is very likely to try to save space in the brooder, or rather, to make one brooder do the work of several. When too many are brought together disease germs have a good chance to multiply in the rapidly accumulating filth. Bad air also helps matters along.—Farmers' Review.

WHEN BEES SWARM.

Month of June Is the Usual Time, But Sometimes They Go Out as Early as April.

Any one can tell just about the day a colony of bees will swarm, if they go to the trouble of acquainting themselves with the interior of the hive. Some people know so little about bees that they will watch the hives constantly for swarms, perhaps for weeks and months, and then are liable to be off their guard just when the swarm comes. In the first place, colonies must get very strong before taking the swarming fever, and usually even then they are not likely to swarm unless they are gathering plenty of honey.

Bees swarm more largely during the month of June in most localities, but may swarm earlier if the colony is strong, even in the month of April. Bees as a rule get ready to swarm some time before swarming. They begin to construct queen cells eight or ten days before, and it is the presence of these queen cells that plainly give their little secret away. Learn first what a queen cell is. The queen cells are quite different from all other cells in the hive. They are built on the out edges of the combs, or in uneven places on the surface. In beginning them the bees build a heavier base about them than other cells, and in cup shape, and with walls less than an eighth of an inch deep. They are thus ready for the queen to deposit eggs in, and ordinarily there are from ten to a dozen and in some cases more in a colony.

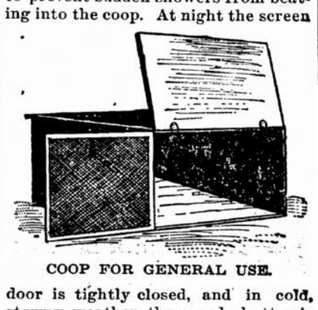
After the eggs are deposited in these cells we may know that the bees are preparing to swarm, and in eight or nine days will come off, if the weather will permit them, or on the first fine day thereafter. At this time these cells will be built out full size, from three-fourths to one inch long. At this age the cells are sealed over, which is always an indication that the swarm is due to come off, and if not already swarmed, the weather perhaps has held them back, but they will come off the first fine day.

This applies to first swarms. Second swarms come after these young queens begin to hatch, eight days later.—A. H. Duff, in Farmers' Voice.

AN EFFECTIVE COOP.

How to Build a Safe and Comfortable Shelter Suitable for Chicks the Year Around.

The hen is confined while the chicks run free. During the day the screen door is left slightly ajar for the exit of the chicks, while the wooden door is brought forward to a level, resting on the upper edge of the screen, holding it in place and serving as a shade, or to prevent sudden showers from beating into the coop. At night the screen



COOP FOR GENERAL USE.

door is tightly closed, and in cold, stormy weather the wood shutter is also closed. The roof of the coop is of matched boards with a moderate back slope, but a ready-made box may be used, covering the level top with tough building paper, which must then be painted. This is a cheap, safe and comfortable shelter.—Sally Fisher in Farm and Home.

MONSTER INCUBATOR.

An Australian Machine, Built on the Hot-House Principle, with Capacity of 14,800 Eggs.

According to a Sydney paper, Australia has the largest duck ranch in the world, and has just completed, with most excellent success, the largest incubator in the world. The incubator has a capacity of 11,440 duck eggs, or 14,800 hen eggs. The machine is built on the hot-house principle, and, in fact, is a hot-house. It stands in the open and is constructed of ordinary pine weather boards, with corrugated iron roof. The egg trays each hold 130 duck or 160 hen eggs, and there are four of these end to end in 11 tiers, one above the other on each side of the room, making a total of 88. Moisture is supplied in pans beneath the bottom tier of trays. The heat is supplied by means of steam pipes from the boiler, which is kept constantly going to furnish motive power for the various works in conenction with the establishment. The incubator is said to be working well and bringing out a large percentage of ducks. This season the machine has brought from 10 to 80 per cent. and the proprietor has about 5,000 ducklings. The incubator will be watched with much interest by the American incubator men.—Journal of Agriculture.

Advantages of Tray Nests.

Not the least among the advantages of this invention is the being able to determine the laying period of the hens. A fowl that begins to lay in November and produces her eggs during the period when eggs are high in price is far more valuable than a fowl that begins to lay on the first of February and drops most of her eggs in the spring and early summer, when eggs are being disposed of at a very low price. The phenomenal winter layer, unless discovered by the trap nest, stands a good chance of having her head cut off at the end of the laying season, when, in fact, she should be kept as a breeder. The trap nest makes it possible for the breeder to become personally well acquainted with each member of his flock.—Farmers' Review.

Salt Makes Hay Palatable.

Salt scattered over hay when put into the mow makes it more palatable and digestible. Salt and lime thus sown over the hay as mowed prevents fermentation, molds, mildews and loss of palatability. Damp hay mowed with layers of straw prevents the injury of hay; at the same time it adds aroma and quality to the straw, rendering it more appetizing and digestible.—N. Y. Tribune-Farmer.

HEADACHE, BACKACHE, DIZZINESS

(PE-RU-NA CURES PELVIC CATARRH.)

"I am perfectly well," says Mrs. Martin, of Brooklyn. "Pe-ru-na cured me."

MRS. ANNA MARTIN.

Mrs. Anna Martin, 47 Hoyt street, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"Peruna did so much for me that I feel it my duty to recommend it to others who may be similarly afflicted. About a year ago my health was completely broken down, had backache, dizziness and irregularities, and life seemed dark indeed. We had used Peruna in our home as a tonic and for colds and catarrh and I decided to try it for my trouble. In less than three months I became regular, my pains had entirely disappeared, and I am now perfectly well."—Mrs. Anna Martin.

Miss Marie Johnson, 11 Columbia, East, Detroit, Mich., is Worthy Vice Templar in Hope Lodge No. 6, Independent Order Good Templars. Miss Johnson, as so many other women also have done, found in Peruna a specific for a severe case of female weakness. She writes:

"I want to do what I can to let the whole world know what a grand medicine Peruna is. For eleven years I suffered with female troubles and complications arising therefrom. Doctors failed to cure me, and I despaired of being helped. Peruna cured me in three short months. I can hardly believe it myself, but it is a blessed fact. I am perfectly well now, and have not had an ache or pain for months. I want my suffering sisters to know what Peruna has done for me."—Miss Marie Johnson.

Miss Ruth Emerson, 72 Sycamore st., Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "I suffered for two years with irregular and painful menstruation, and Peruna cured me within six weeks. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel. Any agency which brings health and strength to the afflicted is always a welcome friend, and to-day the market is so filled with useless and injurious medicines that it is a pleasure to know of so reliable a remedy as you place before the public."—Miss Ruth Emerson.

It is no longer a question as to whether Peruna can be relied on to cure all such cases. During the many years in which Peruna has been put to test in all forms and stages of acute and chronic catarrh no one year has put this remedy to greater test than the past year.

Peruna is the acknowledged catarrh remedy of the age. Dr. Hartman, the compounder of Peruna, has written a book on the phases of catarrh peculiar to women, entitled, "Health and Beauty." It will be sent free to any address by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Accounted For.

Gladys—So Ferdy has been tracing back his ancestry?

Ethel—Yes, and found his first ancestor was a garbage-contractor.

"I thought he seemed 'in the dumps' about something."—Judge

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. At all Druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

Every man has a right to his own opinion, but comparatively few of them have anything more than the right.—Puck.

Fits Permanently Cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2.00 trial bottle. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Leisure hours are the best or the worst part of our lives.—Ram's Horn.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Those who complain most are most to be complained of.—M. Henry.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

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

The man who is proud of his brains needs more.—Puck.

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