



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc.
(Copyright 1905 by the BOSTON HERALD COMPANY)

XXXII.

"MY RIGHT EYE OFFENDS ME."

Next day Langdon's stocks wavered, going up a little, going down a little, closing at practically the same figures at which they had opened. Then I sprang my sensation—that Langdon and his particular clique, though they controlled the Textile Trust, did not own so much as one-fiftieth of its voting stock. True "captains of industry" that they were, they made their profits not out of dividends, but out of side schemes that absorbed about two-thirds of the earnings of the Trust, and out of gambling in its bonds and stocks. I said in conclusion:

"The largest owner of the stock is Walter G. Edmunds, of Chicago—an honest man. Send your voting proxies to him, and he can take the Textile company away from those now plundering it."

As the annual election of the Trust was only six weeks away, Langdon and his clique were in a panic. They rushed into the market and bought frantically, the public bidding against them. Langdon himself went to Chicago to reason with Edmunds—that is, to try to find out at what figure he could be bought. And so on, day after day. I faithfully reported to the public the main occurrences behind the scenes. The Langdon attempt to regain control by purchases of stock failed. He and his allies made what must have been to them appalling sacrifices; but even at the high prices they offered, comparatively little of the stock appeared.

"I've caught them," said I to Joe—the first time, and the last, during that campaign that I indulged in a boast.

"If Edmunds sticks to you," replied cautious Joe.

But Edmunds did not. I do not know at what price he sold himself. Probably it was pitifully small; cupidity usually snatches the instant bait tickles its nose. But I do know that my faith in human nature got its severest shock.

Fortunately, Edmunds had held out, or, rather, Langdon had delayed approaching him, long enough for me to gain my main point. The uproar over the Textile Trust had become so great that the national department of commerce dared not refuse an investigation; and I straightway began to spread out in my daily letters the facts of the trust's enormous earnings and of the shameful sources of those earnings.

In the midst of the adulation, of the blares upon the trumpets of fame that saluted my waking and were wafted to me as I fell asleep at night—in the midst of all the turmoil, I was often in a great and brooding silence, longing for her, now with the imperious energy of passion, and now with the sad ache of love. What was she doing? What was she thinking? Now that Langdon had again played her false for the old price, with what eyes was she looking into the future?

Alva, settled in a West Side apartment not far from the ancestral white elephant, telephoned, asking me to come. I went, because she could and would give me news of Anita. But as I entered her little drawing-room, I said: "It was curiosity that brought me. I wished to see how you were installed."

"Isn't it nice and small?" cried she. "Billy and I haven't the slightest difficulty in finding each other—as people so often have in the big houses." And it was Billy this and Billy that, and what Billy said and thought and felt—and before they were married, she had called him William, and had declared "Billy" to be the most offensive combination of letters that ever fell from human lips.

"I needn't ask if you are happy," said I presently, with a diamal failure at looking cheerful. "I can't stay but a moment," I added, and if I had obeyed my feelings, I'd have risen up and taken myself and my pain away from surroundings as hateful to me as a summer sunrise in a death-chamber.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in some confusion. "Then excuse me." And she hastened from the room.

I thought she had gone to order, or perhaps to bring, the tea. The long minutes dragged away until ten had passed. Hearing a rustling in the hall, I rose, intending to take leave of the tenant she appeared. The rustling stopped just outside. I waited a few seconds, cried: "Well, I'm off. Next time I want to be alone, I'll know where to come," and advanced to the door. It was not Alva hesitating there; it was Anita.

"I beg your pardon," said I, coldly. "If there had been room to pass I should have gone. What devil possessed me? Certainly in all our relations I had found her direct and frank. If anything, too frank. Doubtless it was the influence of my associations down town, where for so many months I had been dealing with the 'short-card' crowd of high finance, who would hardly play the game straight even when that was the easy way to

win. My long, steady stretch in that stealthy and sly company had put me in the state of mind in which it is impossible to credit any human being with a motive that is decent or an action that is not a dead-fall. Thus the obvious transformation in her made no impression on me. Her haughtiness, her coldness, were gone, and with them had gone all that had been least like her natural self, most like the repellent conventional pattern to which her mother and her associates had molded her. But I was saying to myself: "A trap! Langdon has gone back to his wife. She turns to me." And I loved her and hated her.

"Never," thought I, "has she shown so poor an opinion of me as now."

"My uncle told me day before yesterday that it was not he but you," she said, lifting her eyes to mine. It is inconceivable to me now that I could have misread their honest story; yet I did.

"I had no idea your uncle's notion of honor was also eccentric," said I, with a satirical smile that made the blood rush to her face.

"That is unjust to him," she replied, earnestly.

"He says he made you no promise of secrecy. And he confessed to me only because he wished to convince me that he had good reason for his high opinion of you."

"Really!" said I, ironically. "And no doubt he found you open wide to conviction—now." This a subtlety to

me. She came into the room and seated herself. "Won't you stop, please, for a moment longer?" she said. "I hope that, at least, we can part without bitterness. I understand now that everything is over between us. A woman's vanity makes her believe that a man cares for her die hard. I am convinced now—I assure you, I am. I shall trouble you no more about the past. But I have the right to ask you to hear me when I say that Bangdon came, and that I myself sent him away; sent him back to his wife."

"Touching self-sacrifice," said I, ironically.

"No," she replied. "I cannot claim any credit. I sent him away only because you and Alva had taught me how to judge him better. I do not despise him as do you; I know too well what has made him what he is. But I had to send him away."

"My comment was an incredulous look and shrug. 'I must be going,' I said.

"You do not believe me?" she asked. "In my place, would you believe?" replied I. "You say I have taught you. Well, you have taught me, too—for instance, that the years you've spent on your knees in the dusty temple of conventionality before false gods have made you fit only for the Langdon sort of thing. You can't learn how to stand erect, and your eyes cannot bear the light."

"I am sorry," she said, slowly, hesitatingly, "that your faith in me died just when I might, perhaps, have justified it. Ours has been a pitiful series of misunderstandings."

"A trap! A trap!" I was warning myself. "You've been a fool long enough, Blacklock." And aloud I said: "Well, Anita, the series is ended now. There's no longer any occasion for our lying or posing to each other. Any arrangements your uncle's lawyers suggest will be made."

I was bowing to leave without shaking hands with her. But she would not have it so. "Please!" she said, stretching out her long, slender arm and offering me her hand.

What a devil possessed me that day! With every atom of me longing for her, I yet was able to take her hand and say, with a smile, that was, I doubt not, as mocking as my tone: "By all

means let us be friends. And I trust you will not think me discourteous if I say that I shall feel safer in our friendship when we are both on neutral ground."

As I was turning away, her look, my own heart, made me turn again. I caught her by the shoulders. I gazed into her eyes. "If I could only trust you, could you only believe you?" I cried.

"You cared for me when I wasn't worth it," she said. "Now that I am more like what you once imagined me, you do not care."

Up between us rose Langdon's face—cynical, mocking, contemptuous. "Your heart is his! You told me so! Don't lie to me!" I exclaimed. And before she could reply, I was gone.

Out from under the spell of her presence, back among the tricksters and assassins, the traps and ambushes of Wall street, I believed again; believed firmly the promptings of the devil that possessed me. "She would have given you a brief fool's paradise," said that devil. "Then what a hideous awakening!" And I cursed the day when New York's insidious snobbishness had tempted my vanity into starting me on that degrading chase after respectability.

"If she does not move to free herself soon," said I to myself, "I will put my own lawyer to work. My right eye offends me. I will pluck it out."

me. She came into the room and seated herself. "Won't you stop, please, for a moment longer?" she said. "I hope that, at least, we can part without bitterness. I understand now that everything is over between us. A woman's vanity makes her believe that a man cares for her die hard. I am convinced now—I assure you, I am. I shall trouble you no more about the past. But I have the right to ask you to hear me when I say that Bangdon came, and that I myself sent him away; sent him back to his wife."

"Touching self-sacrifice," said I, ironically.

"No," she replied. "I cannot claim any credit. I sent him away only because you and Alva had taught me how to judge him better. I do not despise him as do you; I know too well what has made him what he is. But I had to send him away."

"My comment was an incredulous look and shrug. 'I must be going,' I said.

"You do not believe me?" she asked. "In my place, would you believe?" replied I. "You say I have taught you. Well, you have taught me, too—for instance, that the years you've spent on your knees in the dusty temple of conventionality before false gods have made you fit only for the Langdon sort of thing. You can't learn how to stand erect, and your eyes cannot bear the light."

"I am sorry," she said, slowly, hesitatingly, "that your faith in me died just when I might, perhaps, have justified it. Ours has been a pitiful series of misunderstandings."

"A trap! A trap!" I was warning myself. "You've been a fool long enough, Blacklock." And aloud I said: "Well, Anita, the series is ended now. There's no longer any occasion for our lying or posing to each other. Any arrangements your uncle's lawyers suggest will be made."

I was bowing to leave without shaking hands with her. But she would not have it so. "Please!" she said, stretching out her long, slender arm and offering me her hand.

What a devil possessed me that day! With every atom of me longing for her, I yet was able to take her hand and say, with a smile, that was, I doubt not, as mocking as my tone: "By all

means let us be friends. And I trust you will not think me discourteous if I say that I shall feel safer in our friendship when we are both on neutral ground."

As I was turning away, her look, my own heart, made me turn again. I caught her by the shoulders. I gazed into her eyes. "If I could only trust you, could you only believe you?" I cried.

"You cared for me when I wasn't worth it," she said. "Now that I am more like what you once imagined me, you do not care."

Up between us rose Langdon's face—cynical, mocking, contemptuous. "Your heart is his! You told me so! Don't lie to me!" I exclaimed. And before she could reply, I was gone.

Out from under the spell of her presence, back among the tricksters and assassins, the traps and ambushes of Wall street, I believed again; believed firmly the promptings of the devil that possessed me. "She would have given you a brief fool's paradise," said that devil. "Then what a hideous awakening!" And I cursed the day when New York's insidious snobbishness had tempted my vanity into starting me on that degrading chase after respectability.

"If she does not move to free herself soon," said I to myself, "I will put my own lawyer to work. My right eye offends me. I will pluck it out."

"The Seven," of course, controlled directly, or indirectly, all but a few of the newspapers with which I had advertising contracts. They also controlled the main sources through which the press was supplied with news—and often and well they had used this control, and surprisingly cautious had they been not so to abuse it that the editors and the public would become suspicious. When my war was at its height, when I was beginning to congratulate myself that the huge magazines of "The Seven" were empty almost to the point at which they must sue for peace on my own terms, all in four days 43 of my 67 newspapers—and they the most important—noticed me that they would no longer carry out their contracts to publish my daily letter. They gave as their reason, not the real one, fear of "The Seven"; but fear that I would involve them in ruinous libel suits. I who had legal proof for every statement I made; I who was always careful to understand! Next, one press association after another ceased to send out my letter as news, though they had been doing so regularly for months. The public had grown tired of the "sensational," they said.

I countered with a telegram to one or more newspapers in every city and large town in the United States:

"The Seven" are trying to cut the wires between the truth and the public. If you wish my daily letter, telegraph me direct and I will send it at my expense."

The response should have warned "The Seven." But it did not. Under their orders the telegraph companies refused to transmit the letter. I got an injunction. It was obeyed in typical, corrupt corporation fashion—they sent my matter, but so garbled that it was unintelligible. I appealed to the courts. In vain.

To me, it was clear as sun in cloudless noonday sky that there could be but one result of this insolent and despotic denial of my rights and the rights of the people, this public confession of the truth of my charges. I turned everything salable or mortgageable into cash, locked the cash up in my private vaults, and waited for the cataclysm.

Thursday—Friday—Saturday. Apparently all was tranquil; apparently the people accepted the Wall street theory that I was an "exploded sensation." "The Seven" began to preen themselves; the strain upon them to maintain prices, if no less than for three months past, was not notably greater; the crisis would pass, I and my exposures would be forgotten, the routine of reaping the harvests and leaving only the gleanings for the sowers would soon be placidly resumed.

Sunday. Roebuck, taken ill as he was passing the basket in the church of which he was the shining light, died at midnight—a beautiful, peaceful death, they say, with his daughter reading the Bible aloud, and his lips moving in prayer. Some hold that, had he lived, the tranquility would have continued; but this is the view of those who cannot realize that the tide of affairs is no more controlled by the "great men" than is the river led down to the sea by its surface fotsam, by which we measure the speed and direction of its current. Under that terrific tension, which to the shallow seemed a calm, something had to give way. If the dam had not yielded where Roebuck stood guard, it must have yielded somewhere else, or might have gone all in one grand crash.

Monday. You know the story of the artist and his Statue of Great—how he molded the features a hundred times, always failing, always getting an anti-climax, until at last in despair he gave up the impossible and finished the statue with a veil over the face. I have tried again and again to assemble those that would give some not too inadequate impression of that tremendous week in which, with a succession of explosions, each like the crack of doom, the financial structure that housed 80,000,000 of people burst, collapsed, was engulfed. I cannot. I must leave it to your memory or your imagination.

For years the financial leaders, crazed by the excess of power which the people had in ignorance and over-confidence and slovenly good-nature permitted them to acquire, had been tearing out the honest foundations on which alone so vast a structure can hope to rest solid and secure. They had been substituting rotten beams painted to look like stone and iron. The crash had to come! The sooner, the better—when a thing is wrong, each day's delay compounds the cost of righting it. So, with all the horrors of "Wild Week" in mind, all its physical and mental suffering, all its ruin and rioting and bloodshed, I still can insist that I am justly proud of my share in bringing it about. The blame and the shame are wholly upon those who made "Wild Week" necessary and inevitable.

In catastrophes, the cry is "Each for himself!" But in a cataclysm, the obvious wise selfishness is generosity, and the cry is: "Stand together, for singly we perish." This was a cataclysm. No one could save himself, except the few who, taking my oft-urged advice and following my example, had entered the ark of ready money. Farmer and artisan and professional man and laborer owed merchant; merchant owed banker; banker owed depositor. No one could pay because no one could get what was due him or could realize upon his property. The endless chain of credit that binds together the whole of modern society. It must be repaired, instantly and securely. But how—and by whom?

(To be Continued.)

Life is like sea water; it never gets quite sweet until it is drawn up into heaven.—Richter.

GOD GIVES JACOB A NEW NAME

Sunday School Lesson for April 14, 1907.
Specially prepared for this paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Gen. 22:9-12; 23:9; memory verses, 26-28.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10:20.

PLACE.—Jacob went to Padan-aravi about 1780 B. C., when he was about 57 years old. Perhaps the best authorities consider that he was in Laban's service for 20 years; but others, finding too little space in 20 years for all the recorded events, reckon it 40 years, understanding the "20 years" twice mentioned in Gen. 21:23-41 to be two periods of 20 years each. See Excursum on the chronology in Elliott.

PLACE.—The Jabbok (the modern Wady Zerka) is one of the principal rivers of eastern Palestine. It flows into the Jordan from the east, nearly opposite the city of Samaria. Peniel or Pe-el was probably a prominent ridge near the Jabbok.—George Adam Smith.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.
Hints from Haran.—Jacob was 20 years or more in Haran. During that time he had a good opportunity to learn thoroughly a number of important lessons; among them these:

1. That tricksters are likely to get tricked in their turn.

2. That God can and will bring prosperity to any child of his who out of the aid of sharp practice on the part of the man whom God helps.

3. That God's promises are to be relied upon implicitly, no matter how circumstances may seem to be opposing the fulfillment of them.

4. That God's law assigns one wife to one husband, and that any infringement of that law brings only unhappiness.

Jacob's Troubled Conscience.—Gen. 32:1-23. Jacob had accomplished a large part of his journey and was in the northern part of the land of Gilead when the angry Laban overtook him. From there he proceeded southward and soon came to Mahanaim in Gilead, where he had his second comforting vision of angels—two hosts of them as his guards on either hand—and from the two hosts he named the place.

V. 22. "And he rose up that night." This praying and the disposal of the caravan across the Jabbok must have carried Jacob well into the night. And then, in his loneliness, in the darkness, the uncertainty, the great anxiety for himself, his loved ones, and the fruits of his long toil, Jacob's conscience, that had gone to sleep during the two decades in Mesopotamia, woke up with an start.

An Aroused Conscience.—Some men seek to quiet their consciences, which is like buying an alarm clock and then smothering its sound in a feather pillow.

It would be as foolish to pull up all the danger signals where people are skating on the ice, or smash all the red lights in the semaphores.

"What a strange thing is an old dead sin, laid away in a secret drawer of the soul! Must it some time or other be moistened with tears, until it comes to life again, and begins to stir in our consciousness, as the dry wheat animalcule, looking like a grain of dust, becomes alive if it is wet with a drop of water?"—Holmes. That is just what happened to Jacob.

"Wrestling in Prayer."—This strange event is often used as a model for our prayers, and rightly, if the terrible earnestness of that midnight struggle is alone considered. We are to "come boldly unto the throne of grace," "with all perseverance." "If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it. Such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can insult him with."—Ruskin. We are to pray as Luther prayed in great earnestness by the bedside of the dying Melancthon for an hour, and returned home, when the recovery of the reformer for his splendid later years was assured, saying to his wife, "God gave me my brother Melancthon back in answer to prayer."

Jacob's Reconciliation with Esau.—Genesis 33. Jacob must have been wonderfully strengthened in spirit, though worn in body, by his midnight struggle, and his fears must have given place to a great peace. Nevertheless, he continued his wise preparations to meet Esau. He arranged his family, putting in the rear, as the safest place, those whom he most loved, Rachel and Joseph. Then he manfully went forward alone to meet his wretched brother. Seven times he bowed to the ground before Esau, as if acknowledging the superiority which he had stolen from him; but if Esau had come in anger, the sight of Jacob seemed to bring back the happier period of their innocent boyhood. Impetuously the injured brother ran to meet him, and in an eager embrace assured him of forgiveness. Esau even offered generously to return Jacob's present, but was prevailed upon to accept an armed escort, but this was firmly refused, perhaps with a lingering suspicion of his brother, but more likely because Jacob now felt God to be sufficient protection. Jacob speedily found a good place for winter quarters, and established himself in peace.

1. "If you fear God and believe that he is with you, God will prosper your plans and labor; but never make an excuse for saying in your heart, like Jacob, 'God intends that I should have these good things; therefore may I take them for myself by unfair means.' The birthright is yours. It is you, the steady, prudent, God-fearing one, who will prosper on the earth, and not poor, wild, hot-headed Esau."

2. "God sees in every Jacob more than Jacob sees in himself."—Joseph Parker. If the most crooked stick will only submit to the carpenter, he will bring out straight at last.

CARE OF THE SICK ROOM.

Above All Things the Walls Should Be Kept Dry.

When the bedroom becomes a sick room there is an added reason why extreme precautions should be used to keep the room in a thoroughly sanitary condition.

Above all things, the bedroom should never be damp. It should be nice and dry, always warm and comfortable in winter, cool and airy in summer, and bright and sunny some parts of the day.

If there is any suspicion of dampness in a bedroom it is probably due, if there is wallpaper on the wall, to the absorption of water by the paper which frequently acts as a blotting paper and holds quantities of water in it.

The use of wallpaper on walls is to be deplored; it means disease, ill health and unhappiness. It is frequently the cause of lung trouble, not only because of its dampness but also because of its power to retain infection of many kinds.

The desired method of treating a bedroom wall is to tint it for the alabaster flake off, chips or peels. It absorbs moisture and expels it, it opens the pores of the plaster and makes a room livable and breathable.

The floor in the bedroom should have light, cleanable, dainty rugs that can be easily shaken and a floor that is thoroughly oiled or varnished, that will not absorb moisture. The cracks in the floor should be thoroughly filled and covered. Woodwork in the bedroom should be attended to carefully, window sills should be thoroughly varnished or waxed, and the window casings kept in perfect order. The doors should be wiped off frequently as also should be all the standing woodwork in the bedroom, as the presence of dust on woodwork is a menace to health as well as an evidence of poor housekeeping.

Curious Maps.
Maps for military and general field use are produced by Dr. O. H. F. Vollbehr, of Halensee, Berlin, as microscopic transparencies, each about one and one-half inch by two inches in size. These form slides for the micro-photoscope, a special instrument having a hand-mirror-shaped frame, to which is attached a slide-holder, with a movable lens over it. The lens slides in two directions, about 70 square miles being shown in each position.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system, which eating it through the mucous surface, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is too great to be paid for by any temporary relief from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is taken in the form of a small tablet, and is sold in packages of ten and twenty. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Carpets from Paper.
The proprietors of an Austrian carpet factory at Maffersdorf are stated to have acquired German patents which embody a method of manufacturing carpets or floor coverings from paper. The new material can be made in all colors, is washable and will probably prove itself a rival to linoleum.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES RHEUMATISM, BRIGIT'S DISEASE, DIARRHOEA, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, CALCULI, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM. Sold only in bottles.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Prostration, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

SOME MEN WANT A SHOE WITH STUFF IN IT
Something they can wade through mud, tramp over frozen ground, stubble or through brush with. "Hard Pan" Shoes meet that demand.

Sturdy, good looking shoes—not made from hurry up leather—it takes months and months to tan the leather "Hard Pan" Shoes are made of. No other leather makes up into shoes so comfortable. They never crack or draw the feet.

To be sure that you are getting the original "Hard Pan" Shoes look for our name on the strap.

If your dealer does not sell "Hard Pans," just write Hard Pans on a postal give your address, and we will mail you our booklet "Chips of the old block," and the name of the nearest dealer who sells our Shoes.

The Herold Bertsch Shoe Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.



Painting for Profit

No one will question the superior appearance of well-painted property. The question that the property-owner asks is: "Is the appearance worth the cost?"

Poor paint is for temporary appearance only. Paint made from Pure Linseed Oil and Pure White Lead is for lasting appearance and for protection. It saves repairs and replacements costing many times the paint investment.

The Dutch Boy trade mark is found only on kegs containing Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SEND FOR BOOK
"A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the paint subject. Send free. All lead painted in this mark.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
In which ever of the following cities or nearest ones:
New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, St. Paul, Toledo, Cincinnati, Columbus, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Joseph, Mo., and all other cities.

MICA
Axle Grease
takes miles off the road, and weight from the load. Helps the team and pays the teamster. Practically destroys friction. Saves half the wear that comes from jolting, over-running, and lengthens the life of a heavy vehicle more than any other one thing. Ask the dealer for Mica Axle Grease. STANDARD OIL COMPANY

NEW WHEAT LANDS IN THE CANADIAN WEST
5,000 additional miles of railway this year have opened up a largely increased territory for settlement. For advice and information, address the SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Canadian Government Agent.

THE COUNTRY HAS NO SUPERIOR
Coal, wood and water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access; taxes low; climate the best in the northern temperate zone. Law and order prevail everywhere. For advice and information, address the SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Canadian Government Agent.

M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

FREE
To convince any woman that PAXTINE will improve her health and do all she claims for it. We will send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card, enclosing a 2-cent stamp, to:

PAXTINE
sections, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and inflammation caused by feminine pills; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth; by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. We credit advertising by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE J. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

JOIN THE NAVY
Which entitles for 4 years young men of good character and sound physical condition between the ages of 17 and 21 an opportunity to see the world, to receive pay and allowances, to receive instruction in all the arts, sciences, mathematics, book-keeping, carpentry, engineering, etc., and to receive a commission, upon discharge, as a midshipman, or, upon discharge after 2 years service, as a subaltern. Applications must be made to the nearest recruiting station. Free to prospective enlistees. Discharge travel allowance a credit per mile to those in pay upon re-enlistment within four months of discharge.

U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATIONS
No. 35 Lafayette Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.
Chicago, ILL. DETROIT, MICH.
Post Office Building, JACKSON, MICH.
Post Office Building, SAGINAW, MICH.