THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

HISY had sent for the doctor from Bourron before six. About eight some villagers came round for the performance and were told how matters stood. It seemed a liberty for a mountebank to fall ill like real people, and they made off again in dudgeon. By ten Madame Tentaillon was gravely alarmed, and had sent down the street for Doctor Despres.

The Doctor was at work over his manuscripts in one corner of the little dining-room, and his wife was asleep over the fire in another, when the messenger arrived.

"Baptiste!" said the Doctor, "you should have sent for me before. It was a case for hurry." And he followed the messenger as he was, in his slippers, and skullcap.

The inn was not thirty yards away, but the messenger did not stop there; he went in at one door and out by another into the court, and then led the way by a flight of steps beside the stable, to the loft where the mountebank lay sick. If Doctor Despres were to live a thousand years, he would never forget his arrival in that room; for not only was the scene picturesque, but the moment made a date in his experience. We reckon our lives, I hardly know why, from the date of our first sorry appearance in society, as if from a first humiliation; for the actor can come upon the stage with a worse grace. Not to go further back, which would be judged too curious, there are subsequently many morning and decisive accidents in the lives of all which would make as logical a period as this of birth. And here, for instance, Doctor Despres, a man past forty, who had made what is called a failure in life, and was moreover married, found himself at a new point of departure when he opened the door of the loft above Tentaillon's stable.

It was a large place, lighted only by a single candle set upon the floor. The mountebank lay on his back upon a pallet; a large man, with a Quixotic nose inflamed with drinking. Madame Tentaillon stooped over him, applying

FELT HIS PULSE.

a hot water and mustard embrocation to his feet; and on a chair close by sat a little fellow of seven or twelve, with his feet dangling. These three were the only occupants, except the shadows. But the shadows were a company in themselves; the extent of the room exaggerated them to a gigantic size, and from the low position of the candle the light struck upward and produced deformed foreshortenings. The mountebank's profile was enlarged upon the wall in caricature, and it was strange to see how close shorten and lengthen as the fire was blown about by draughts. As for Madame Tentaillon, her shadow was no more than a gross hump of shoulders, with now and again a hemisphere of head. The chair legs were spindled out as long as stilts, and the boy sat perched atop of them.

It was the boy who took the Doctor's fancy. He had a great arched skull, the forehead and the hands of a musician, and a pair of haunting eyes. It was not merely that these eyes were large, or steady, or of some striking brown. There was a look in them, besides, which thrilled the Doctor, and made him half uneasy. He was sure he had seen such a look before, and yet he could not remember how or where. It was as if this boy, who was quite a stranger to him, had the eyes of an old friend or an old enemy. And the boy would give him no peace; he seemed profoundly indifferent to what was going on, or rather abstracted from it in a superior contemplation, beating gently with his feet against the bars of the chair, and holding his hands folded on his lap. But, for all that, his eyes kept following the Doctor about the room with a thoughtful fixity of gaze. Despres could not tell whether he was fascinating the boy, or the boy was fascinating him. He busied himself over the sick man; he put questions, he felt his pulse, he jested, he grew a little hot and sworn; and still, whenever he looked round, there were the brown eyes waiting for his with the same inquiring, melancholy gaze.

At last the Doctor hit of the solution at a leap. He remembered the look now. The little fellow, although he was as straight as a dart, had the eyes that go usually with a crooked back; his was not at all deformed, and yet a deformed person seemed to be looking at you from below his brows. The Doctor drew a long breath, as one so much relieved to find a theory (for he loved theories) and to explain away his interest.

For all that, he despatched the invalid with unusual haste, and, still kneeling with one knee on the floor, turned a little round and looked the boy over at his leisure. The boy was not in the least put out, but looked placidly back at the Doctor.

"Is this your father?" asked Despres.

"Oh, no," returned the boy; "my master."

"Are you fond of him?" continued the Doctor.

"No, sir," said the boy.

Madame Tentaillon and Despres exchanged expressive glances.

"That is bad, my man," resumed the latter, with a shade of sternness in his tone; "very bad indeed. Every one should be fond of the dying, or conceal their sentiments; and your master here is dying. If I have watched a bird a little while stealing my cherries, I have a thought of disappointment when he flies away over my garden wall, and I see him steer for the forest and vanish. How much more a creature such as this, so strong, so astute, so richly endowed with faculties! When I think that, in a few hours, the speech will be silenced, the breath extinct, and even the shadow vanished from the wall, I who never saw him, this lady who knew him only as a guest, are touched with some affection."

The boy was silent for a little, and appeared to be reflecting.

"You did not know him," he replied at last. "He was a bad man."

"He is a little pagan," said the landlady. "For that matter, they are all the same, these mountebanks, tumblers, artists, and what not. They have no interior."

But the Doctor was still scrutinizing the little pagan, his eyebrows knotted and uplifted.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Jean-Marie," said the lad.

Despres leaped upon him with one of his sudden flashes of excitement, and felt his head all over from an ethnological point of view.

"Celtic, Celtic!" he said.

"Celtic!" cried Madame Tentaillon, who had perhaps confounded the word with by-the-by. "Poor lad! is it dangerous?"

"That depends," returned the Doctor, grimly. "And then once more addressing the boy, "And what do you do for a living, Jean-Marie?" he inquired.

"I tumble," was the answer.

"So! Tumble!" repeated Despres. "Probably acrobatic business. And, I guess, Madame Tentaillon, that tumbling is a healthful way of life. And have you never done anything else but tumble?"

"Before I learned that, I used to steal," answered Jean-Marie gravely. "Upon my word!" cried the Doctor. "You are a three-little man for your age, Madame. And when my conscience comes from Bourron, you will complicate my unfavorable opinion." I leave the case in his hands, but of course, on any alarming symptom, above all if there should be a sign of rally, do not hesitate to knock me up. I am a doctor no longer, I thank God; but I have been one. Good night, madame. Good sleep to you, Jean-Marie."

CHAPTER II.

DOCTOR DESPREZ always rose early. Before the smoke arose, before the first cart rattled over the bridge to the day's labor in the fields, he was to be found wandering in his garden, how he would pick a bunch of grapes; how he would eat a big pear under the trellis; how he would draw all sorts of fancies on the path with the end of his cane; now he would go down and watch the river running endlessly past the timber landing-place at which he moored his boat. There was no time, he used to say, for making theories like the early morning. "I rise earlier than any one else in the village," he once boasted. "It is a fair consequence that I know more and wish to do less with my knowledge."

The Doctor was a connoisseur of sunrises, and loved a good theatrical effect to usher in the day. He had a keen sense of dew, by which he could predict the weather. Indeed, most things served him in that kind; the sound of the bells from all the neighboring villages, the smell of the forest, the visits and the behavior of both birds and fishes, the look of the plants in his garden, the disposition of cloud, the color of the light, and last, although not least, the arsenal of meteorological instruments in a louvre-boarded hutch upon the lawn. Ever since he had settled at Grets, he had been growing more and more into the local meteorologist, the unpaid champion of the local climate. He thought, at first there was no place so healthful in the arrondissement, and the end of the second year, he protested there was none so wholesome in the whole department. And for some time before he met Jean-Marie he had been prepared to challenge all France and the better part of Europe for a rival to his chosen spot.

"Doctor," he would say—"doctor is a foul word. It should not be used to ladies. It implies disease. I remark hamlet, has she placed her shrine; here she dwells and receives her gifts; here I walk with her in the early morning, and she shows me how strong she has made the peasants, how fruitful she has made the fields, how the trees grow up tall and comely under her eyes, and the fishes in the river become clean and agile at her presence.—Rhigmatism!" he would cry, on some imaginary interruption. "O, yes. I believe we do have a little rheumatism. That could hardly be avoided, you know, on a river. And of course the place stands a little low; and the meadows are marshy, there's no doubt. But my dear sir, look at Bourron! Bourron stands high. Bourron is close to the forest; plenty of ozone there, you would say. Well, compared with Grets, Bourron is a perfect chimney-stack."

The morning after he had been summoned to the dying mountebank, the Doctor visited the wharf at the tail of his garden, and had a long chat at the running water. This he called prayer; but whether his adorations were addressed to the goddess Hygeia or some more orthodox deity, never plainly appeared. For he had uttered doubtful oracles, sometimes declaring that a river was a type of bodily health, sometimes extolling it as a great moral preacher, continually preaching peace, continuity, and diligence to man's tormented spirits. After he had watched a mile or so of the clear water running by before his eyes, with a flash or two come to the surface with a gleam of silver, and sufficiently admired the long shadows of the trees falling half across the river from the west, and the patches of moving sunlight in between, he strolled once more up the garden and through his house into the street, feeling cool and renovated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Mira Bascom Found She Was Still Beautiful.

He did not call on her that first evening, though he walked past, for four times, unaware of the fact that behind one of those slanting shutters a pale woman stood watching him pass and repass, saying happily: "The sun in her self-elected cell had and made use of means of communication with the world, in the shape generally of Jimmy the choreboy. She knew whose was that tall figure on the other walk. She stood at the window when she could no longer see him; she heard his slow footsteps go by for the last time and die away. Half an hour later she went upstairs to her bedroom. Between its two windows hung a long, old-fashioned mirror, with carved candelabra on either side. She lighted the three candles in each. The mirror showed a tall, slim figure, a face as colorless as an anemone, an abundance of auburn hair carefully arranged. Mira Bascom studied this reflection closely. Then she unlocked a black-walnut chest which stood in a corner and lifted out its contents till she came to a mass of yellow lace, which exhaled an odor of lavender as she shook it out. It was a white gown with blue sprigs, made with the full skirts and sleeves of a bygone fashion. She put it on, fastened the belt of blue ribbon, which still fitted exactly, and, standing again before the mirror, loosened slightly the loads of her beautiful wavy hair and pulled it into little curls about her face. It was a vision of youth which looked back at her from the glass. Not a thread of gray showed in the hair; the fine lines about the placid eyes were invisible. The skin had the dead whiteness of things kept from the sun. But as she gazed a delicate flush overspread her face; her red-brown eyes lit up till their color matched her hair; she smiled in startled triumph. She was still beautiful.

Then a swift change came over her. She blew out all but one of the candles and, turning her back on the mirror, took off her gown with cold, shaking fingers.

JOSEPH ALFRED NOVELLO.

Did Much to Foster Sound Musical Tastes.

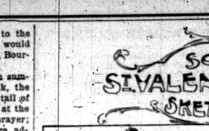
The death of Joseph Alfred Novello at Genoa on the 17th of July calls attention to a man who has done more than any one else to foster sound musical taste in England and America, says Harper's Weekly. Born in London of an English-Italian family famed for a century for musical ability, it was Joseph Alfred who first had printed the musical scores of the first masters, which were publications not always excellent as to style but were to be had at reasonable prices. Vincent Novello, Joseph's father, began as a music publisher in London as far back as 1811. The business took a much larger scope when in 1846 Joseph Alfred printed from type the works of Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mozart and others. He was thus enabled to lower very much the price of music and so extend the demand. It is positive that such admiration as exists in the United States and England for Bach is due to the wide circulation Bach obtained through the Novello press. Perhaps, too, if not for Novello, Mendelssohn would never have been so generally accessible. With Mendelssohn Novello was on intimate terms, as were his sisters, Cecilia and Clara Anastasia, both vocalists of distinction. In England Novello was well known, apart from his music, as one who had fought the hardest against the taxation of knowledge. Retiring from business in 1856, Mr. Novello established himself in Italy and was at the head of the Italian Irrigation company. He enjoyed the friendship of many distinguished English and Italian statesmen, and he died at the ripe age of 86.

CAT KNEW HIS OWN.

It is often stated that cats have no idea of personal property, but those who are fond of the animals and have observed them claim that this is untrue and that the tabbies are very much on the qui vive to their own property. One woman tells of a cat at 3 months of age recognizing and claiming several articles as his own. In sending articles home the grocer wrapped bulky articles in a bag of a peculiar reddish-brown color and Othello, the kitten, was very fond of playing with these and they were usually given to him. Once a bag containing eggs was brought in and as usual Othello began to beg for the bag, which was not at once emptied and given him. Shortly after he was seen with the bag, being proudly on the eggs aglow, with satisfaction to think he had succeeded in opening the bag.

At another time a bag of sugar was placed beyond his reach, as was supposed, but he was found tearing the paper away with his teeth and claws and he complained loudly when it was taken away from him. A small basket was used to keep the kitten's playthings in and among these were several balls of bright red cloth which were his special delight. He never permitted the other kitten in the house to touch them and if he saw one being played with he would snatch it up in his mouth and jump away out of reach. Often he slept with his paws protectingly extended over them. His sense of ownership extended even to cloth of that color and if his mistress attempted to sew on anything red Othello would pull and cry till she made another ball for him from the goods.

All cats consider themselves the owners of the dishes from which they are fed and if they see these dishes being used for any other purpose they are apt to remonstrate.



ROMANCE OF A VALENTINE.

It was the fourteenth day of February and the lovely Estelle was sitting in her luxurious boudoir when a package was handed her which she opened and exclaimed with innocent delight:

"It is a valentine!"

How exquisite this wreath of handpainted roses—delicately tinted, as all tea-roses should be. And this little pocket! What can it contain? A ring. Amazing. And written on it this motto: "Think of me." There are no Cupids, with bows and arrows, and lines, rhyming with love and dove, charms and alarms, rain and pain, etc., but a neat blank verse expressing regard and admiration, and conveying no hint of the donor or other information than that he was one unknown to her, who for the loves of art and travel, which had always ruled his life, would soon be far away on the other side of the blue waves.

Estelle took the ring from its hiding place and slipped it on her finger, curious to know if it fitted, then her maiden

"HER ARTIST FRIEND"

modesty suggested that she ought not to accept and wear a gift from an unknown giver and she withdrew it quickly from her finger and determined to return it. But now the question arose "to whom?" where?

After reasoning with her conscience she again put in on her finger. It fitted nicely and produced a mysterious presentiment of coming bliss and a sensation about her heart which she had never known before; painted her cheek with the lovely color of the tea roses on her valentine, and she said emphatically: "He shall be my ideal. I am determined him as I like. I shall make him as handsome as Apollo and as noble and as wise as Minerva, and he shall be my hero-worshiper." And he only asks that I think of him.

Her soliloquy and state of curiosity were interrupted by a friend and comrade of the art school, Mrs. Bird, a widow lady of wealth and an enthusiast about art, like herself. Whose engagement to paint a picture had taken her to the cradle of art. Estelle was only too glad to accompany her and accepted without hesitation. A feeling she would not account for prevented her from showing her valentine or speaking until long afterward of the little talisman that now seemed almost like a betrothal ring. The congenial friends made their trip a series of delights and would have regretted returning their destination so soon if they had not been quit in time for one of those annual fêtes which the American class of artists delight to celebrate.

As they were speeding along on their pleasure flight seated in the car in a comfortable boat watching their companions and enjoying a delicious breakfast, the varied scenery—mountain, crag, castle, monastery and quaint old town—Estelle observed a picturesque looking young man, artistically dressed, as suited the occasion, gazing with a smile of friendly interest upon her friend. He had a rich brown hair and glowing eyes of the same color reminded her of her ideal, the beautiful hero whom her imagination had created, and when the lady finger encircled by the mysterious ring give a little throb in unison with her heart beat. At the moment to her surprise her friend Mrs. Bird gave him a smile and nod of recognition and before she had time to recover from her confusion of mind Mrs. Bird requested permission to introduce her artist friend, Henry St. Leger, and she very soon found herself absorbed in conversation with the most attractive man she had ever met.

But it was long after this, on another St. Valentine day, when the artist friends homeward bound, sat gazing down into the dark blue waves and she laughingly gave an account of her first valentine and the little circlet of gold, which she cherished, but did not know why, attracted his artistic eye excited his curiosity, that he ventured to tell of his long years' study and self-denial, whilst at the same time he had followed and worshiped a star which he thought too far above him to be obtained, but which he now, by the aid of St. Valentine, hoped would ever more be his guiding spirit.

—Susie M. Best.

Brought Her Down in a Basket.

An Oakfield, Cal., girl, in a foolhardy climb at Skaggs Springs, near Santa Rosa, beat her companions in getting to the top of a very precipitous cliff, 100 feet above the ground. Once there she became dizzy and hysterical, and was rescued with difficulty by means of a rope carrying a basket being thrown over the rock.—Exchange.

No invention, we think, ever caused quite as much talk as the telephone.—Yonkers Statesman.

Kidney Trouble and Its Effects

The Word of an Old Gentleman of Mattoon, Illinois.

From the Commercial, Mattoon, Ill.

Mr. William J. Cunningham is a well-known and venerable gardener of Mattoon, Illinois. Seventy-five years ago Mr. Wingfield Cunningham, of Asheville, North Carolina, where he resided until 1866, when he moved to his present residence.

Wired only thirty-one years of age the old gardener says he began to be afflicted with nervousness and cramps, which in later years developed into urinary, or perhaps kidney trouble of a distinct character that it was no uncommon thing for him to void a gallon in a night, exhalation through the pores being absolutely unknown. To a reporter, who visited the old gentleman, on hearing of his restoration to health after so many years of suffering, he made the following statement:

"I suffered for all those long years with intense pain in the back, nervousness and from the passing of large quantities of water. This was undoubtedly a form of diabetes and as described by my physicians of whom I had many. Strychnine and Iodide and many other remedies were tried as well as change of climate, but nothing did me any good. I was a horribly nervous that I could not lift a drinking vessel to my mouth if there was such a hand at hand to it. A great part of the time I was confined to bed. The combination of the diseases was in 1846, when I had a bad attack of 'Southern fever' in North Carolina.

"About three years ago I read an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought I would try them, as they might do me good. I soon began to get relief, and by the time I had taken eight boxes I was virtually cured. Now my nervousness has left me, the flow of water is normal, and the pores of my skin perform their duty as well as when I was a boy, and I perspire as freely as any one.

"I have recommended Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to a number of people, and have heard from many of them that they have been greatly benefitted. I shall always continue to speak in favorable terms whenever I have an opportunity, for I regard myself as living proof upon me was little short of miraculous.

(Signed) "Wm. J. Cunningham."

Sworn to before me this 14th day of March, 1896.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or may be had direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Explained.

"Say, what is this, 'Romeo et Juliette'?"

"I dunno, unless Romeo was hungry."

Millions of Cook Books Given Away.

There is one large house in this country that has taken business on its turn and means to ride in on the rising tide. Alive to the signs of better times and to the best interests of the people, they are now circulating among families a highly valuable publication known as THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY'S COOKERY BOOK AND BOOK OF COMFORT AND HEALTH, which contains very choice information on the subject of cooking. Receipts for the preparation of good, substantial and dainty dishes, prepared especially for it by a leading authority, will be found in its pages. Much care has been taken in the preparation and distribution, with the hope that it will be just the thing needed for housekeepers, and just the thing needed also for the care of the health and household. As a Cookery Book it will be invaluable to keep on hand for reference.

It also contains full information in regard to the great remedies of this house, which provide against prostate against bodily ailments, especially the the Mother's Cure for Fits, Pains and Aches, St. Jacobs Oil.

To give some idea of the labor and expense of this output, more than 2000 tons of paper have been used in its publication, and at the rate of 100,000 a day. It has taken several months for the issue.

The book can be had of druggists everywhere, or by enclosing a 2c. stamp to The Charles A. Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Md.

Market for Railroad Ties.

It takes each year 200,000 acres of forest to supply crossties for the railroads of the United States—it takes 15,000,000 acres to supply the demand, for which the contractors get on an average 25 cents apiece, making in the aggregate $5,250,000.

The Nevada legislature has passed a bill to grant a license for prize fights. If the governing signs of the Gaylight Fitzsimmons fight will come off at Reno.

John Selleck, a farmer of Orleans, was found dead in the snow beside the road with his head crushed in. Wagon tracks showed that he had been drinking heavily.

Eugene Graham, aged 11, fell from the second story window of a planing mill at Mt. Pleasant, and broke his neck.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Cure that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Cure Consumption Relieves Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Use Piso's Cure. Sold by druggists everywhere. 25c.

Cox's Cough Balsam

Lines Learn Medicine.

Life in the Grecian Mountains.

Bellingham Bay and British Columbia

Dr. Miles' Nervine

Dr. Miles' Nervine

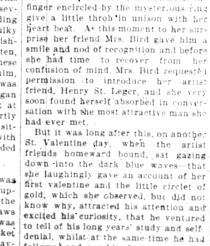
Dr. Miles' Nervine

From Sentimental Sally.

Sentimental Sally sends us the following alphabetic and seasonable poetical contribution:

He who would have me for his valentine
Must have no other love than mine.
I cannot share his heart,
I will not have a part.
I must have all, or none.
For by my heart has sworn,
And there he reigns alone,
A monarch of his throne.

Her Valentine.



The postman pulled the bell with vim,
The watching maid blushed rosy red;
"It's a valentine from him!"
With dimpling smiles she softly said.

She tore the envelope in twain,
Her eyes the missive seized upon;
Her face grew drawn with pallid pain—
"Twas nothing but a tradesman's bill."

—Susie M. Best.

Her Cards Well Played.

The fair young woman looked her bejeweled and florid employer coldly in the face.

"No, Mr. Boodlemuch," she said, "I cannot afford to make social acquaintances of those whom I meet in my business life. I must decline to go to dinner with you this evening, and I shall certainly not attend the opera in your company. I am exceedingly sorry, for you have been kind to me. If I have displeased you, be it so. I cannot help it. I am your typewriter. It ill becomes one of my station to speak to one like you whom the whole business world fears and honors and upon whom society has smiled. Yet I speak from the heart. What I have spoken that have I said."

They were married a week later.—New York Herald.

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$10.00 WORTH FOR 10 CENTS!

Just Send This Notice and 10 Cents to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get 12 farm seed samples, worth $10, to get a start. w.n.

Representative fishermen from all over the state gathered at Saginaw and organized a protective association with Caspar Alpern, of Alpena, as president, and N. J. Orr, of Bay Port, secretary and treasurer.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Any compelling motive of all quarrels giving much be love.

WHEN billious or costive, eat Cascarets, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Extra for Lying.

Old Maid (to messenger)—Give him the letter and if he asks you who sent it just say "a beautiful young lady." Messenger—I shall charge him 10 cents more for that.

Naked Pills

are fit only for naked boys and negroes. Clothes and the habits of civilization—a pill to suit well as people. A good coat does not make a good pill, any more than good clothes make a good man. But as sure as you'll look on a clothesless man as a mild specimen, you may look on a coatless pill as a bad one. After forty years of test no pills stand higher than

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OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

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FARM SEEDS

Quick's Seeds are Warranted to Please.

John Webster, Hicksville, Wis., acknowledges $1,000 received for seed of Silver King Barley per acre. Don't you believe it pays to buy seed of John A. Salzer Seed Co.? Or, for new customers, we send on receipt of 10c (stamps), 10 Rolled Oats with 10 pkgs. of new and rare farm seeds, including Silver King Barley, Teosinte, Giant Spurry, Victoria Vetch, "Mo." Wheat" and other novelties, positively worth $10 to get a start. But our big catalog, quoting our great seed catalog, for 10c postage. Or, for 20c and this notice, we will mail 10 lots in the world. 24 pkgs. sacrifice prices, and our mammoth catalog. Don't fail to tell about it to-day; mailed only to those who say where they saw this notice.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

W. N.

Mrs Helen—Are those cowlets, Harry?

Harry—I don't know whether they are cowlets or bootlets.—Up to Date.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10c 25c 50c

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any form of constipation. Cascarets are the finest tonic, never gripe or stripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Address STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

We have sold direct to the people for 16 years. We manufacture the celebrated Elkhart Carriages and Harness and sell them to the consumer only at the lowest factory prices. Send for catalogue No. 57 for carriages, No. 58 for harness, No. 59 for bicycles, No. 60 for saddles, No. 61 for sewing machines, No. 62 for organs, No. 63 for pianos, No. 64 for sporting goods, No. 65 for guns, No. 66 for tents, No. 67 for stoves, No. 68 for safes, No. 69 for typewriters, No. 70 for bicycle sundries, No. 71 for buggy harness, No. 72 for saddlery hardware, No. 73 for vehicle hardware, No. 74 for wagon materials, No. 75 for blacksmiths' tools, No. 76 for tinners' tools, No. 77 for carpenters' tools, No. 78 for shoemakers' tools, No. 79 for miscellaneous goods, No. 80 for sporting goods, No. 81 for guns, No. 82 for tents, No. 83 for stoves, No. 84 for safes, No. 85 for typewriters, No. 86 for bicycle sundries, No. 87 for buggy harness, No. 88 for saddlery hardware, No. 89 for vehicle hardware, No. 90 for wagon materials, No. 91 for blacksmiths' tools, No. 92 for tinners' tools, No. 93 for carpenters' tools, No. 94 for shoemakers' tools, No. 95 for miscellaneous goods, 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