A LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

CHAPTER VI.

A HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD—Left her home on April 30, a young lady, aged 18, brown hair, grey-blue eyes, fair complexion, a very diminutive figure. When last seen was wearing a black tailor-made costume and a small lace toque trimmed with violets. The above reward will be paid to any one giving such information as may lead to her recovery. Apply to A. B. C., Porter's library, Wilton Place."

Two people at Easthill read that notice and knew whom it concerned—Beryl Lindon, who rejoiced with all her heart that the gathering coldness of the April evening had made her put on her cloak before she left Easthill Station, and Harold Dynevor, who felt convinced that the young lady inquired for was no other than the lonely little traveler who had asked the way to Mrs. Tanner's school.

No doubt other people in the neighborhood read the advertisement, but none of them guessed it was in their power to earn the reward. Mrs. Wilmot had never seen her sister's teacher in walking attire. Mrs. Tanner never looked at the agony column. Helen Craven, who was of a romantic turn of mind, read the paragraph aloud to her family, and declared the poor girl it concerned had evidently escaped from a lunatic asylum, but Captain Tempest was at the Manor and engrossed most of her attention, so that she soon forgot the matter.

Beryl felt terribly nervous. She had expected her father to be rather relieved at her departure, and the advertisement seemed to imply he was set on finding her. She longed to confide in Mrs. Tanner, but though she could have trusted the widow perfectly, the possession of such a secret would, if discovered, have embroiled her very much with her sister. So beyond a visit to the one draper's at Easthill-on-Sea, where she purchased a bunch of forget-me-nots to replace the violets in her toque, the advertisement made no immediate difference to Beryl.

As for Harold, he thought of it again and again. He could not get the girl's sweet, sad face out of his head. And after a few days' doubt and perplexity, during which the announcement was repeated in the paper every morning, he decided to call on Mrs. Grey, the wife of the curate-in-charge of the Easthill-on-Sea, and ask her openly for Mrs. Tanner's address.

He was prepared to face her wonder at the question, but it was spared him. The first greetings were barely over when little Olive Grey came in through the French window, with two or three school books strapped together, and a very important little face.

"You don't mean to say you send that mite to school?" Harold asked, when Miss Olive had installed herself on his knee. "Why, she can't be six!"

"Turned eight, Mr. Dynevor. I should have sent her before, only there was no school here. A young widow, Mrs. Tanner, opened one in January, and Olive was one of her first pupils."

"I shouldn't have thought there were enough children for a school to pay."

"I think Mrs. Tanner must be getting on, for she has just started an assistant. Such a pretty girl! I saw her at church on Sunday and lost my heart to her. Lendon her name is—isn't it, Olive?"

"Yes; only one letter different from Mr. Lindon's," said Miss Olive; "and she comes from London, too."

The child ran off to her tea, and Mrs. Grey, who did not possess as much tact as kindness, suddenly asked:

"Is it true that the Lindons are coming to live at the Manor when General Craven leaves?"

"I have no idea. I know it is rumored."

"Mr. Grey thinks the rumor only got about because Mr. Lindon refused to renew the general's lease."

"General Craven thinks he will renew it in the end, but is standing out for increased rent. The agent, Wilmot, has hinted as much."

"Then it is probably true. Mr. Wilmot is very much in the big man's confidence. I do hope the Lindons won't come here."

Harold shrugged his shoulders. But he was unusually grave and thoughtful that evening. Before he went to bed he had written a very brief note to Beryl, enclosing the advertisement from the Telegraph:

"One who witnessed Miss Lendon's arrival at Easthill-on-Sea sends this to warn her she is being sought for. She may rely on his absolute silence now and always."

There was no signature. Beryl could not in the least imagine who sent the note, but she felt it was meant to be reassuring. And as May faded into June she tried hard to forget the dark shadows which hung threateningly over her pathway, and to be as happy as she could.

It was a quiet and monotonous life she led at Woodlands. After the luxury at Elchester square, the hard work, and plain fare would have been distasteful to many girls; but Beryl was only too thankful to have escaped from her gilded cage. Mrs. Tanner was kindness itself, and if the Wilmots rather grated on Beryl with the condescending patronage, she knew perfectly it was not her employer's fault, and resented their cold reproofs to the gentle widow far more than any slights to herself.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Mrs. Grey, who was the nearest approach to a friend the widowed school mistress had at Easthill, descended on Woodlands one day, and begged Mrs. Tanner to lend her young assistant to help at a kind of open air fete she was getting up for the church building fund.

The curate's wife never forgot that the widow was unfortunate, that her husband's death had brought her from a pleasant, easeful rectory to fight for her bread. Mrs. Grey had helped the enterprise at Woodlands in many ways, not least by her kindness and friendly sympathy with Woodland's tenant. She told her difficulties as frankly as if Mrs. Tanner had been her sister.

"You know we are not rich, but just because Frank is the curate I have to take a stall and do my utmost to make things go. I'm not clever at bazaars, and I had depended on my sister coming to help me. I've just had a letter to say she has sprained her ankle—nothing serious, but she won't be able to put her foot to the ground for a fortnight, and the fete is next week. Do lend me Miss Lendon! It's a Wednesday, and so, being a half holiday, the school can't suffer. Besides, I'm pretty sure all your pupils will be there. I don't ask you to come"—she looked kindly at the crape-trimmed dress, "it would be hard on you to appear at a gay scene so soon, but you might lend me your assistant."

"I will spare Miss Lendon to you with pleasure," said Mrs. Tanner, "but are you sure she will be of any use? She is a dear little thing, but almost painfully shy. She has been with me over two months, and I know no more of her than I did the day she came."

"Well, may I ask her and see what she says?"

Mrs. Tanner fetched Beryl and explained what was required of her. The girl blushed crimson.

"I never was at a bazaar in my life," she told Mrs. Grey, "but if you think I can be of any use I shall be glad to do my best."

Mrs. Grey was delighted and Beryl left the room, pledged to be her chief lieutenant on the eventful Wednesday.

"You know," said the curate's wife, when Beryl had gone, "she is so pretty she is sure to charm money out of people's pockets, and there was really no one else I could ask. Mrs. Craven has taken a stall, and her daughter and Miss Dynevor will help at it. There wasn't a girl in Easthill I could think of who would have been of any use."

Mrs. Tanner hesitated.

"Ought it to be a very grand toilet? I am not sure what Miss Lendon has in the way of finery."

"Every one is to dress just as they please. The sellers are to wear a favor of black and gold to distinguish them. I'll send over the one I made for Cicely."

Mrs. Tanner and Beryl talked over the bazaar after supper that night.

"It will be a little glimpse of gaiety for you," said the elder woman kindly. "This is a very dull life for you, Miss Lendon."

"I am not at all dull," said Beryl, simply.

She had altered since she came to Easthill. The scared, anxious look had gone from her face, and, in spite of hard work, she looked younger and brighter. She really quite looked forward to the garden fete, as its promoters called it, as a festival, for, after all, she was young enough to enjoy the sight of pretty things and bright faces.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Tanner almost started when Beryl came to show herself when she was dressed for the fete, and yet the girl only wore the white cashmere which had been her best attire last summer. It was very soft and clinging, falling from waist to hem in long, straight folds, the bodice trimmed with a little white silk, and a broad sash of the softest surah knotted loosely round her waist. Her hat was white, too, and trimmed with a long white feather and a quantity of chiffon. She looked far more like some rich wandering princess than a humble school assistant.

"Shall I do?" asked Beryl, a little anxiously.

"You had better put a cloak over your dress for the drive, the lanes are so dusty," said Mrs. Tanner. "You look charming, and I am sure Mrs. Grey will think so."

That lady drove up then in her rather shabby pony carriage. The fete was to be held in the grounds of Dynevorse are the last people to think three miles from Woodlands, so she had arranged to call for Miss Lendon.

"I'll bring her back safely," she promised Mrs. Tanner, "but I can't promise when. The fete opens at 3, and we are supposed to go on till we've sold everything."

She talked very pleasantly to Beryl as they drove along, saying she would introduce her to Miss Dynevor, who was about her own age.

"Please don't," said Beryl shyly. "I mean, she might not like it. Miss Dynevor of Dynevor must be a great lady, and I am only a teacher."

"My dear," said Mrs. Grey, "the Dynevors are the last people to think less of you for that. And so far from being great, they have fallen on very evil times. Harold farms his own land; but it's all he can do to struggle on these bad times, and if Kitty does not have to earn money, she works very hard at home."

"But the Manor is called after them."

"And it ought to be theirs, only it isn't." She went on to give Beryl the full and particular story of Nina Dynevor's infatuation for Eustace Lindon, and the wrong it had led to. Beryl only kept silent by an effort. It was terrible to listen to the reproach of her own parents and say nothing; but deep down in her own heart the girl felt her gentle mother had never done the wrong ascribed to her. No; the will which left the Manor away from the Dynevors had been extorted from her weakness, not made of her own free will.

"I hope I have not tired you out," concluded Mrs. Grey; "you are looking very pale."

"I am generally pale, thanks."

The general stood on the steps of the Manor to welcome them. He looked a little astonished as Mrs. Grey introduced her companion; the girl was so unlike what he had expected. But he soon led the way to the huge marquee which had been erected [illegible] for the five stalls held by the elite of Easthill.

A smaller tent was devoted to flowers, yet another held refreshments, a ladies' orchestra—from Brighton, be it whispered—discoursed sweet music in a third. Mrs. Grey and Beryl hastened to their places, while the general went back to await the advent of the great lady who was to formally declare the fete open.

It looked to Beryl like fairyland, and when a few minutes later things were in full swing, and the people began to flock in, she proved herself quite an expert saleswoman. Many of the visitors thought Mrs. Grey's assistant the prettiest girl present.

"Harold," whispered Kitty Dynevor to her brother, when he made his appearance, "your fair traveler is here."

"What do you mean?" He asked bewildered.

"Don't you remember asking if there were a school at Easthill-on-Sea, because a girl was asking her way to it at the station one day? Well, the girl is just here at Mrs. Grey's stall, but she doesn't look like a school teacher, does she?"

[illegible] It flashed on Harold that he had never seen a sweeter face. He thought the shadow on the grey eyes was lighter, and he wondered if she had ceased to worry over the hundred pounds reward offered for her recovery. She did not look in the least like a fugitive or a runaway.

Mrs. Grey's voice broke on his meditations.

"Mr. Dynevor, do take Miss Lendon to the house to have some tea. Mrs. Craven has some in the dining room specially for our benefit; the tent is only for outsiders, you know, who pay as they go. I have been there long ago, but I couldn't find any one to send with Miss Lendon, and as she has never been inside the Manor, she does not like to go alone."

"I shall be only too pleased," said Harold, and the two left the marquee together.

It was not far, only a few hundred yards as distance went, but it seemed miles to Beryl because all the way she was trying to decide a question. One glance had told her that Mr. Dynevor had been at Easthill station when she arrived, therefore it must be he who sent her the advertisement and words of kindly warning. Should she allude to it or not?

It was only when she was in sight of the old Manor house that she made up her mind.

(To be continued.)

ODD OCCUPATION

Professor of Being Buried Alive Testifies in a Courtroom.

One of the witnesses in a recent lawsuit in Cleveland was Edward Kaehn. The Cleveland Leader says: "The examination of Kaehn proved to be very amusing. On the cross-examination Prosecutor Keeler demanded to know the business of the witness. The witness said that he lived at 225 Lake street, and was known as Prof. James Smith, and that his specialty was being buried alive for exhibition purposes. He declared that he never had really died, but claimed that he could lie in a grave six days and nights. He averred that he was ready at any time to be buried for $500 per week, providing that there was a proper and an unmistakably trustworthy committee to play the role of resurrection angels should they be needed to save his life. He was rather reluctant about 'tipping off his act,' as he expressed it, but Judge Neff became interested and wanted to hear all about it. Kaehn declared that he has been placed in a coffin which had been properly upholstered, and that it has been lowered into a grave 6 feet 4 inches deep. An air shaft is constructed and the grave closed.

"What is the air shaft for?" asked the prosecutor.

"For air," replied Kaehn, "and for sending down the beer, water and grub."

"Then you always had to have air, did you?" continued the prosecutor.

"Oh, no. Sometimes I was completely buried for twenty-four hours. In a case of that kind a bucket of water was placed in the coffin and several sponges saturated with water. The water evaporated, and that furnished all the oxygen I needed to live on."

Turntable for Trolley Cars.

A turntable for trolley cars has been patented by an Ohio inventor. It is so arranged that when the car is driven on it the front wheels rest upon two rollers coming up through the track and, by gently starting the motors, these revolve under the car and communicate their motion through proper gearing to the turntable itself, and thus the car is turned around by its own power, the trolley swivelling on its base and staying on the wire. The crew of the car do not have to descend from it, and it is asserted that the apparatus works very quickly and successfully in practice.

Curzon's Visit to Goa.

Lord Curzon recently paid a state visit to Goa, the little Portuguese colony in western India. He entered the territory by rail, but Lady Curzon went thither by sea in the Indian marine steamer Olive. They were received with full honors by the governor-general of Portuguese India, Col. Galhardo. Goa is probably the most prosperous of Portuguese possessions. Its harbor, Mormugao, is the finest on the coast of Malabar, and the railway which now connects it with the Indian system secures a great amount of traffic.—L. A. Boyd in Chicago Record.

Teacher Abandoned Reform.

A teacher in Grundy county, Missouri, determined that his pupils should adopt what he termed as reformed pronunciation, among other things, that "mamma" and "papa" [illegible] accent on the [illegible] syllable. Then he wrote this sentence on the board: "Mamma see [illegible]" [illegible] for correction of this sentence a [illegible] young [illegible] "You want to [illegible] mammah I guess" [illegible] abandoned his reform.

[illegible] for a Christian means [illegible]

IN LOVE'S CONFESSIONAL.

To you whose every word and deed and thought
Ring true and honest as thrice-tested gold,
The tale of my shortcomings I have brought—
Now you have given the pardon I besought.
Forgive the little sins I have not told.

The foolish, petty faults I scarce can name,
So mean and paltry are they that I fear
You would not think them worth a word of blame.
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]

The Mysterious Correspondent.

BY F. B. [illegible]

[illegible] Dulcinea Weber was consumed [illegible] happy [illegible] her [illegible] At [illegible] at war with the [illegible] she had inherited [illegible] had been obliged to leave [illegible] the business while he attended to the debut of his small daughter into the world.

Dulcinea had a lover. Two, in fact, but only one of whose existence her fond parents knew. And in this one situation this one was quite enough. For once true love promised to run on well-oiled wheels if only Dulcinea would consent.

There were times when Dulcinea was quite sure she loved John. These she would encourage in every way she would throw herself into his arms after a passionate declaration on his part in which he had beheld, and was ready to die for her and oh [illegible] her long-repressed heart.

After the scene Dulcinea would carefully arrange her tumbled hair, shake her head at her cheeks within the pillow [illegible] obliged to attend for John, [illegible] kindly bowled, and go down into the kitchen to prepare some dainty for Papa Weber's consumption, so common sense had the last word.

Threw herself into his arms.

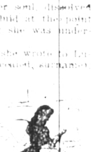
One day there appeared in the paper an advertisement which put an idea into Dulcinea's mind, upon which she acted promptly. The next day in the Personal column appeared the following: "A young lady, whose life is stagnated in commonplace circumstances desires a corresponde[nt] of exalted views. Object, soul culture."

There was but one answer, or, to put it in Dulcinea's words, "Out of all the world, my soul mate heard the call. To others it was as if I had not spoken."

Dulcinea held no more rendezvous with her pillow. Her soul dissolved in ecstasy became fluid at the point of her pen. At last she was understood.

"I must tell you," she wrote to her unseen correspondent, "when my unconscious soul took its fateful leap into the unknown, I had a lover to whom, weary with an inane existence, I was about to yield. I shudder when I think of my miraculous escape! Is that pure friendship which I know you hold for me, you will understand. The youth of whom I speak is the choice of my parents, who, dearly as I love them, I may confide to you, have not the soul aspirations that make up your existence and mine. He is, like them, plebeian in name and soul. You, I know, believe as I. In Fate, the power that christened us both with beautiful, soulful names, and called him, Joan, Oh! my dear soul mate, I feel the inward draw[ing] of my sensitive soul, and lay aside my poor, feeble pen to commune in soul with you. The soul whose earthly name is

"Dulcinea."



"My soul mate heard the call."

To which came the reply:

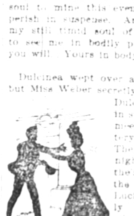
"My Fated Soul-Mate: At the hour you laid aside your pen my fettered soul did break its bonds, and flew to thee, sweet soul! Yet did my body rebel so that a great fever of impatience has possessed me since.

"Ah! sweet as has been our soul-communion, I fear my spirit is as ethereal as thine, oh my beloved! Forgive me, sweet, I know our souls have often pledged passionate friendship, and that no word of love, so much more earthy than soul-communion, shall pass between us; but did we not forget that we are dualities, some three-score years and ten, where full, bounding human life has conquered, or at least leads the spirit.

"Dearest, I tremble while I write. For the first time since our two souls met and knew their affinity I feel no responsive thrill as I write. Send your soul to mine this evening, or I will perish in suspense. And to convince my still timid soul of bliss, consent to see me in bodily presence, where you will. Yours in body and soul.

"Lucian."

Dulcinea wept over a spiritual fall, but Miss Weber secretly rejoiced. Still Dulcinea prevailed in surrounding the meeting with mystery and darkness. The hour was midnight, and Goethe's monument the trysting place. Lucian had readily agreed, only stipulating that old Hannah should accompany her to the spot, as a protection against those whose spiritual perceptions were darkened.



"John," she gasped.

Dulcinea was in a transport of faith. "I am tempted," she wrote, "to put out my eyes, in order to show you my trust in the spiritual perception that first led our souls together. It was the lack of all with which our soul-communions have made me sensible, that led me to turn away from the prosaic lover of whom I told you."

The fateful night had come. The moon swam dizzily through clouds that tried in vain to separate the communings of earth and sky. "Just as," mused Dulcinea, "worldly circumstance sought to keep Lucian's soul from mine."

A step sounded near. "So often have I heard it by spirit sense, it has [illegible] familiarity," she thought.

[illegible]

A CAT'S GRIEF.

Big Tom Cat Dying of "Broken Heart for a Rabbit.

"Big love of a cat for 'Tom,'" a big [illegible] owned by R. H. Jones of 30 Archer street, is dying of a broken heart, says the Detroit Republican. Mourning for his companion and playmate who died two weeks ago, the big cat is wasting into a shadow and refuses to be comforted. The rabbit came into the yard one day nearly a year ago, and got acquainted with the cat. The friendship sprung into an intimacy so close that the two animals became inseparable companions. They slept in the same bed and partook of their meals out of the same bowl. They were never ever half a dozen yards separated them. They played together continually, and once when Mr. Jones brought home another rabbit the cat chased it out of the yard and a kitten received similar treatment. Neighbors of Mr. Jones frequently called to watch the two strange playmates, and often some one load of strangers came from a distant part of the city on the same errand. Several times Mr. Jones tried the experiment of separating the two companions, but every time such raised such a rumpus and moped to such an extent that they were soon brought together. Their reunion was the occasion of romping about the yard and various manifestations of friendship.

Two weeks ago the rabbit died. It was buried out in the yard, and since then the cat has given unmistakable signs of bereavement. He has walked sorrowfully around the yard, and for an hour at a time has laid down in the house. Then he would get up and walk all over the house and around the yard as if looking for his old playmate. As the days passed it was observed that the cat frequently left his food untouched. He has grown thin, and Mr. Jones declares that the cat is dying of a broken heart.

SCORING SYSTEMS.

Card System Popular Among the Belgian Hare Breeders.

The lengthy argument between the champions of the two systems of scoring Belgian hares, the score card and the comparison system, has served to bring out the good points of each, as well as to expose the weak ones. It now looks as if the score card system, adopted by the National Belgian Hare club of America, had the best of it. Certain it is that the English judges have had to retract some of their assertions and have not accepted the challenge from the foremost judges of this country, that representatives from each should get together and judge a number of hares with the object of proving the accuracy and efficiency of each system, and the prize for the successful competitor to be $500 in gold or a diamond of equal value. The challenge is still open. The one thing which makes the score card system so popular is the fact that breeders are able to determine by what percent animals may be lacking, thus assisting materially in preparing them for the next show. With the comparison system breeders may know only that their animal has been beaten without learning in what points. The report has reached this country that since Mr. F. R. Crabtree visited England this winter he has succeeded in convincing the English judges that we have a good system, and it is also rumored that they have come to some agreement with Crabtree in regard to the relative merits of the two systems, by which the score card system is not the loser.—Indianapolis Press.

Argentine Wants Japanese Farmers.

A novel experiment in colonizing is about to be made in the Argentine Republic. It has been found that the French, German and English immigrants for the most part have selected the cities and large centres of population for their residence. In these places they have got control of many industries and take a leading share in the commerce of the country. The Italians have been engaged heavily in river navigation, while the stream of Irish, which used to supply the demands for agricultural labor, filled up the ship yards and supplied the labor of the docks, flows no more. Some French, Swiss and German peasants have founded agricultural colonies, and in certain places the Russians and Poles form the bulk of the rural population. But the Argentine government has decided that none of these nations supplies in sufficient numbers a rural population for the development of the country and have decided to import Japanese farmers. A great concession has been given in the province of Formosa for the first colony and arrangements have been made to bring over 20,000 Japanese farmers and settle them there.—New York Press.

Tenements for Colored People.

A social movement in New York city deserving of notice is the proposition of the Suburban Home company to build new model tenements for colored people to be rented at the same price as to white people. Heretofore colored families have been forced to pay from $1 to $5 a month more for inferior apartments than white people.

INTRICATE WATCH.

It Shows Everything That Is Possible in Horology.

A manufacturing firm of Geneva, Switzerland, has for many years been making a specialty of complicated timepieces, and a watch placed on view at the Paris exposition is regarded by them as their highest achievement. In it they have overcome problems which were before considered insolvable, and have succeeded in retaining the size of the watch within a convenient limit of a pocket timepiece—namely, twenty linges, corresponding to the American eighteen size. But two of these watches have ever been constructed. One of these was purchased direct from the workshop of the firm, to be added to the magnificent watch collection of A. Ponti, the celebrated amateur of Milan, Italy. This watch, which has a perpetual calendar indicating the days of the month, the days of the week, and the phases of the moon, also possesses two separate small dials, upon which are shown automatically for a given latitude the time of the rising of the sun and the time of its setting. The difficulty overcome here was great, but what comprises the merit of the piece is that in connection with the minute hand, which shows the mean time (the time we use), it carries another hand which indicates the sun's time (the true time). This hand, moving from the center, as do the hands showing the mean time, constantly travels with them and places itself each day at midnight in the position it should occupy in order to indicate for that day the difference between the mean and true time. The variation is very great, being as much as fifteen minutes in one direction.

St. Clair county supervisors talk of introducing a stone pile for the edification of drunks and wife beaters.

A farmer works a miracle when he turns his horses to grass.

Kidnaping as Capital Crime.

Representative Steele introduced a bill in the Tennessee house providing that anyone who shall engage in, aid or abet in the kidnaping of any minor for the purpose of securing any ransom or reward for his or her return shall upon conviction be sentenced to death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

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Save Your Hair with Shampoos of Cuticura SOAP

And light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

MILLIONS USE CUTICURA SOAP

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

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor.

Cuticura THE SET, $1.25

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world.