LAFITTE OF LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Zeney, who had little liking for the Spanish beauty, now took herself off, and the two girls soon went down stairs together, to see the Count de Cazeneau, whom, feeble and emaciated, they found lying back among the pillows of his chair.

On the floor, near the count's chair, were two sacks, which both girls saw were the counterparts of those brought to Gen. La Roche's house that same morning, and an old negro—one who seemed trusted in his master's affairs—was on his knees, having just finished tying the mouth of one of them.

His master then, as Lazalle and Rose entered the room, making a motion for him to depart, he had subsided to the floor, apparently waiting for the call to be ended, and Mademoiselle de Cazeneau felt that her grandfather was desirous that his visitors should leave him.

This they did, and were half way across the first field, when Lazalle put an arm about the shoulder of the slight figure beside her.

"Little Rose, when I found you I saw you had been crying, and I've been wondering about it ever since. Will you not tell me what has been troubling you?"

Rose, lifting a pair of earnest eyes to the dark, brilliant face, asked, "Tell me, Lazalle, have you known Capt. Jean long?"

Lazalle came to a halt and her lids narrowed as they dropped over her sparkling eyes, from which all laughter was gone.

"Known him long? Yes, and no. I doubt if any soul, even those nearest him, can claim truthfully to know that man. I lived for many years in my uncle's house, where Capt. Jean also lived; that is, he came and went. But, for the last three years, I've not seen him until this morning."

Something in her tone—something in her face—her manner, caused a suspicion to flash through Mademoiselle de Cazeneau's mind, impelling her to say, before realizing that she had uttered the words, "Lazalle, do you love, or hate, Capt. Jean?

Lazalle turned so fiercely that her small companion was startled and, regretting her query, hastened to say, "You speak kindly of him, yet your eyes seem to hold no kindness for him. I myself—do you know, I really dread him. I cannot tell what to think about the man; for Zeney says it was not Capt. Jean who killed men and burned their ships, and was a wicked pirate, but that these things were done by another man, whom Capt. Jean was with, and who is now dead."

"Did Zeney tell you the name of this other man—this wicked captain, who did such cruel things?" inquired Lazalle, with assumed carelessness, and her companion could not see the sullen fire in the dark eyes now staring straight ahead.

"Oh, yes; he was called Capt. Laro."

Rose was startled by a peculiar laugh from Lazalle, whose face was still turned away. But the hardening curve of the red under lip, to be seen in profile, told her that she had said something to affect the Spanish beauty unpleasantly.

She could not help feeling uneasy, and after a short silence added, with the wish to say something which might give no offense, "Is it not rather old that it was this very Capt. Laro who brought my mother over from France?"

Lazalle's face had regained much of its usual expression, ana Mademoiselle de Cazeneau, feeling somewhat reassured, slipped her hand within the rounded arm of her friend.

"And my mother told me of such a handsome boy who was in the place with them that night—one this Capt. Laro said he was as fond of as an own son."

A curious look was in the black eyes that glanced sidewise as Lazalle asked, "What was the name of this wonderful boy?"

"That I do not know; my mother never thought to mention it."

Lazalle laughed. "Shall I tell you his name?"

"You! How can you possibly know it?"

"I happen to know, because I have heard the same tale from my uncle, who knew this boy at that time. The boy is now known to you as Capt. Jean Lafitte."

"Capt. Lafitte!" was the amazed half incredulous exclamation.

Lazalle nodded.

"Capt. Jean Lafitte!" repeated Rose de Cazeneau, her voice faint with astonishment. "And yet," she added, as if trying to grasp the wonderful fact, "he told me, when he brought me to my grandpere, that he had known my mother, but I supposed he had met her in New Orleans."

"Was it Capt. Jean who brought you from the Choctaws?" asked Lazalle, now surprised in turn.

Mademoiselle de Cazeneau nodded, but seemed disinclined to enter into details and fortune favored her in this, for Lazalle said, "There is Capt. Jean now."

He was coming across the fields toward them, apparently on his way to Kanauhana. But, just as they noticed him he took a sharp turn to the left, in the direction of the timber, where, at the edge of the woods, two men stood as if waiting his approach. One of them was Shapira, who was leaning on a long gun, and his companion was Baptistine.

"That man with the gun is the one from whom grandpere rented our new plantation," said Rose, as the two girls, standing slowly, watched Lafitte's tall figure approaching the waiting men. "I wonder where he lives. He is always about the fields and woods, yet there is no house for many miles, except Gen. La Roche's and the one at Kanauhana."

Far in the depths of the wood upon whose edge Shapira and Baptistine stood, and upon the domain of Kanauhana, was the entrance to the so-called "Colonneh."

It was apparently nothing more than a ragged fissure of earth, choked by vines and tangled forest growths, and suggesting only the lair of a wild beast or deadly serpent. But, some years before, an Indian had imparted its secret to Lafitte, and Shapira's deceased uncle, the former owner of Kanauhana, had been one of Barataria's most faithful agents.

Gen. La Roche and Lafitte had held a long consultation, during which the latter had told his host of the recent visit from the English officers; of their proposition and of Beluche's departure for New Orleans for the purpose of laying the Baratarian offer before the governor.

La Roche, like Lafitte, wondered at Beluche's unexplained failure to return. He also expressed surprise that, in the face of such an unusual and important event, he had not been sent for by the governor, with whom his relations, both personal and official, were very close, and who, he felt assured, would not decide the matter upon his own responsibility.

"I must go to the city this afternoon or to-morrow morning, at the latest," the general had said, when the consultation was ended, and the clock on the mantel of his study had, by chiming twelve, caused Lafitte to rise, saying that he must go over to Kanauhana, and see Count de Cazeneau.

He was back within an hour, but saw nothing of Mademoiselle de Cazeneau until all were seated at dinner, when young Stewart was giving a lively account of something that had occurred that forenoon, while he was hunting.

The story created considerable laughter, and Lafitte, noticing the softened look and gracious manner of the Island Rose toward himself, ascribed them, as well as the fearless glances with which she met his eyes, to an entirely wrong cause.

They would have made him very happy, being so like those he had formerly known, had it not been for the belief that love for another man was now tempering her feeling and attitude toward himself, just as the reality of his own hopeless love was giving his bearing toward Lazalle a gentleness he had never before accorded the girl, and which, despite her cool reception of his advances, brought a brighter color to her cheeks, and awakened in her heart a strange thrill of hope.

The effect of Zeney's defense of Lafitte, and Lazalle's surprising information that he was the boy whom her mother knew, had, taken in connection with her former admiration for him, greatly shaken Rose's recent prejudices, and, with womanly inconsistency, she felt hurt because he was unable to realize this alteration in her feelings.

From pain, she soon passed to anger, the exact source or nature of which she could scarcely have analyzed. But its immediate effect was that she entered into a seeming flirtation with the young Kentuckian, who was only too pleased to respond.

All this furnished a new and singular illustration of loves blindness—these four "playing at cross purposes" and wilfully misunderstanding one another; while, beaming upon them from the head of the table, was Gen. La Roche, his eyes and heart filled with unsuspected admiration and love for the beautiful Spanish girl who—so far as could be inferred from appearances—regarded him simply as her friend and banker.

Just as dinner was over, a mud-bespattered negro and horse appeared before the outer door, the former bearing a letter from Gov. Claiborne to Gen. La Roche, urging his immediate presence in New Orleans.

"Why, you black scoundrel!" thundered the general, his face ablaze with wrath, after he had read the letter and glanced again at its date, "this is five days old and should have reached me four days ago!"

The frightened messenger looked woefully at his left arm, which was in a sling, and explained that, a short distance from New Orleans, down by the little Bayou d'Or, his horse had fallen and broken a leg, while he himself, pitching over the animal's head, had been stunned and lay until found by some negroes living in a cabin near by, who had bandaged his arm and shot his horse.

"Come inside with me, while I make ready to start," said La Roche to Lafitte, after ordering his horse to be saddled; "I want a few words with you."

When in his own room, he handed the letter to Lafitte, and fuming about, lit a cigar, while giving instructions to his valet in a most impatient manner that bespoke mental disturbance.

The governor had written him that, having received, from an unexpected quarter, a proposal promising valuable support for the defense of New Orleans, he had called a meeting of officials and prominent men of the city, at which he—the general—was urged to be present.

"I see," said Lafitte, after perusing the letter, "that the conference was to have taken place two evenings ago."

"Yes—damn it!" replied La Roche, rousing from his abstraction. "But I doubt if Claiborne takes any decisive action before I can get to him."

"You think, then, that there can be no doubt of Barataria's offer meeting with favor?"

"How can there be?" was the dogmatically put question. "Claiborne will not be so foolish—so lacking in foresight, at such a time as this. But, now showing a little anxiety, "even should he refuse, you will not go over to the British?"

The flash of Lafitte's eyes would have been sufficient answer to this. But he said quietly, "In such case I shall remain neutral."

"And if the British attack Barataria?" suggested La Roche.

"Then Barataria will defend herself."

(To be continued.)

"Then Barataria will defend herself."

FASTEST OF ALL SKATERS.

Nobody Ever Equaled the Speed Shown by Johnson, Tom Eck Declares.

"Without any doubt whatever, the fastest man that ever put on a skate in the world was John S. Johnson of Minneapolis."

Tom Eck, the veteran trainer, made this bold statement.

"Johnson," he continued, "skated a quarter of a mile in twenty-eight seconds at Red Bank, N. J., from a standing start. That is the fastest performance on skates the world has ever seen. Another great performance by Johnson was three-quarters of a mile, on a circular track, in 1:54 from a standing start. Moreover, this was on made ice, which is not as good as lake ice.

"In his quarter in twenty-eight seconds Johnson traveled fifteen and five-sevenths yards a second. I am compiling skating records, and I find that this performance of Johnson's eclipses any other for sustained speed.

"Peter Oustland covered 1,500 metres in 2:22 3-5 on Mount Davos, Switzerland. He had the advantage of rarefied air and fine ice. This and Jaqueden's 5,000 metres in 8:41 are the fastest skating performances ever done in Europe; but neither represents the speed attained by Johnson."

Depended Upon the Appropriation.

Senator Cullom says there were no weather maps and no weather science when he was a younger man. To these new-fangled notions he ascribes the increased volume of modern talk about the weather. In fact, he thinks we should have much less weather were it not for the government's scientific meteorologists.

"The lack of foundation for weather talk," said he in conversation about the cold wave, "reminds me of a Chicago man who came here years ago in behalf of an appropriation for some health project in that city.

"'Pleuro-pneumonia,' said he, easily, 'is just sweeping through Chicago.'

"'Oh, no,' I answered. 'You can't mean that severe cases of pneumonia are prevalent now in Chicago.'

"'Well,' he explained, 'they will be if we don't secure this appropriation.'"—Washington Post.

All to Be Renounced.

Prof. Duncan Campbell Lee, formerly head of the Cornell department of botany, is an Adonis in form, a Chesterfield in manner and a Beau Brummell in attire. His one time colleague, Morse-Stephens, could readily obtain employment as a dime museum fat man did he not find history more lucrative. Finally Prof. Harry Powers of the same institution, though one of the most genial of men, was nothing less than Mephistophelian in appearance. Coming down the campus one day this striking trio passed two ladies, one of whom was evidently a stranger being shown the local sights. Her companion was about to explain, "Those were professors——"

"Professors, indeed!" interrupted the lady, indignantly. "I should call them the world, the flesh and the devil."—New York Times.

200 Persons Over 70 Years of Age.

A canvass of the city and township just made by George Phillips, an old resident, to ascertain how many persons were living at the age of seventy years and upward, found 200—viz.: males, 95; females, 105.

The oldest person found was Mrs. Emily Cattlen, colored, aged 99 years. Quite a large number were born in this city and vicinity.—Salem Correspondence Cleveland Leader.

Wheels Used as Alarm Bells.

Locomotive drive wheels can still make a racket, even after having been worn out for traveling purposes. The railroads give them to small towns as fire alarm bells. They are framed and hung up for that purpose—being capable of alarming a wide territory when properly pounded. Most of the smaller towns in New Jersey have them.

MISCELLANY

Wasted Farm Forces.

There is too much wasted force and energy on the farm. Of all the wastes of the farm this is the most exhaustive, most destructive of its resources. The most vital values of the farm's resources are essentially in the active mental and physical forces of its operatives. Deplete these and the producing capacity of the farm has been diminished in relative proportion. The farmer himself is the one directly responsible for the unnecessary expenditure of forces that could be utilized to better advantage, and so sacrifices incalculable energies by waste and misdirection that tend to incapacitate both himself and his farm. Notable among other wastes is the unnecessary power expended in doing by hand, by "main strength and awkwardness," after the manner of medieval ways, the things that can be so much more expeditiously and cheaply done by machinery and improved tools and implements. Only in instances that are exceptions can it be conceived why such conditions exist as are found over all the states where not only energy and strength are wasted, but time, which to the farmer as well as to the manufacturer, has an appreciable money value that largely contributes to the final determination of profit or loss. The improved tools that are offered to the farmer at fairly reasonable prices are both labor and time savers, therefore money savers that make for profit. Manufacturers expend large sums of money for advertising to call the attention of the farmer to agricultural implements and various wares that he may know that such are made for him, by whom and where. It will cost but a penny for a postcard and a moment of time to write it to secure elaborately illustrated descriptive matter that will give him detailed information about any of the things desired or that he is open to conviction that he needs. With most of these descriptions of implements and supplies will be found conclusive evidence of the economy of their use. The farmer will in all this matter come in contact, as a pure matter of business, with claims of the "best" and the "only," but he will do well to remember that in this day of near perfection both in invention and construction that there are greater or less numbers of standard and reliable machines and implements and that it is dependent upon him to select the one that his judgment may indicate as most suitable to his needs.

Back to the Land!

The trend of the country-raised boy is all too irresistibly toward the city while there has been no counter-vailing current impelling the young people of the cities to fill his place in the country. The problem is one for the most serious consideration of our best statesmen, this constant and unstemmed movement which is over crowding our centers of industry. However, there are subtle forces at work, year by year becoming better organized and with a broader power, whose tendency is to overcome this hurtful condition and induce migration back to the land and away from the teeming cities. In all of these influences of industrial and agricultural education are playing an important part. Nature study courses and city school gardens where children are taught to know something of the soil and plants, the real wonders of nature working around us on every hand, are no longer looked upon by us as fads; although the results are as yet not greatly in evidence and the influences constantly and increasingly advancing may seem practically latent, the effect of this work and this education will eventually, substantially and effectively materialize for the betterment both of the farm and the city.

The Roots of the Tree.

The root system of the fruit tree is one of the most important parts connected with it. This is too often forgotten by the orchardist that is setting a fruit orchard. The tree that has a small root system is constantly in danger of being blown over by heavy winds, and, in fact, after every such heavy windstorm we find in orchards numerous trees that have been blown entirely or partly over.

The tree must have good roots, both for holding onto the ground and for food gathering. The farmer is at fault if his trees do not have fully developed root systems. The size of the root system is not controlled or much influenced by the size of the roots at the time it is set out. The root system at that time is always small. It needs only room to develop to quickly become large. Where it remains small it is due to the condition of the soil.

The habit of digging holes in clay soil and putting in a tree is responsible largely for the paucity of roots found on some trees. The ground should be torn up and enriched to a considerable distance from the tree and then the roots will shoot out through the loosened soil and develop rapidly. In a year or two a root system will have developed that will enable the tree to get a large amount of food and stand up in any kind of weather.

Goslings.

In a state of nature, grass is the first thing eaten by the goslings. Our breeders take the hint from this and provide grass for the goslings raised in a state of domestication. After the little ones are a week old they should have a pasture of grass. As grass is largely nitrogenous, moistened corn meal acts as a good balance and is given the young goslings. The provident goose raiser also looks out that they are supplied with all the grit and sand they are likely to use. A mash that contains cooked vegetables is a good food to be fed once a day. Any of our grains ground are good, and meat in some form is highly desirable. In a wild state the gosling gets not only grass, but also animal food which it early learns to find.

SOCKS AS GOOD AS MONEY.

Their Convenient Use in Backwoods Games of Chance.

Ole Oleson, a "lumberjack," walked into town the other day carrying 1,750 pairs of gloves and mittens, 1,175 pairs of socks and eighty-three pounds of tobacco.

He offered the goods for sale at about one-fourth of their value and was arrested on suspicion. He protested to the police that he came into possession of the goods honestly. When pressed he declared that he won the articles at poker in the lumber woods.

Oleson said he had been in the woods many months. The men usually received no money while in the woods, but were expected to wait until they returned to town for their pay. At the company "store" in the woods the men could get such articles as they desired, however, having them charged against their time. Accordingly the men used merchandise instead of checks in their games.

Oleson said he played in good luck, and in one game where socks were the stakes, he won 1,175 pairs of the hosiery on three aces. The other man held a trio of kings.

In a game for mittens, Oleson said, the limit was high and in three hours of play he had mittens enough to supply a regiment of soldiers.

His story sounded reasonable and he was released to go and "cash in his checks."—Ashland (Wis.) Ccr. Minneapolis Tribune.

BOARD WAS NOT HARMED.

Experiment Showed Candle Would Not Penetrate Plank.

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir—Some one in the columns of the Sun said he shot a candle through a pine board one inch thick, and the Sun advised those who were skeptical to make the experiment for themselves.

Acting on the suggestion, I took my old Queen Anne and put about five fingers of the best powder in her and then a candle, and as all the boards out of doors have about nine feet of snow on top of them, I took the bottom board of my bunk in the camp and stuck it in the snow about seven fathoms distant and fired.

When I got to the target I found the candle had struck all right, but it had not even dinted the board and was flattened out flatter than my pocketbook after I had bought my winter's rum.

I came to the conclusion that some one was telling the Sun some damn lies. However, I did not lose the candle altogether. I scraped it off the board and took it back into the camp and fried pancakes with it for my supper.

A Lover of Truth.
Herring Cove, N. S., Feb. 17.
—New York Sun.

A Floral Clock.

Many flowers show a susceptibility to changing conditions of light and weather which make them most interesting. This phenomenon has been utilized by an Ohio landscape gardener to form a unique decoration in the grounds of the Rockefeller country place at Tarrytown. This is a flower bed which can be used as a clock. The bed is circular and divided into twelve parts. Each contains a figure composed of a flower which opens or closes at the corresponding hour. Thus the two space is occupied by the II mode of hawk weed, which closes at 2 p. m. precisely. The hands are stationary, of course, and are composed of the common yellow dandelion, which opens at half past 5 and closes at half past 8 p. m., and point to arrangements of flowers representing these figures. Among the flowers used are the snow thistle, which opens at 5 a. m. and closes at 4 p. m. The blue chicory, the goat's beard, the morning glory, poppy, water lily, the spiderwort, the marigold, the Star of Bethlehem, the passion flower, the beauty of night, the white lychnis and the blue convolvulus, all of which have different time for opening and closing.

An Unpromising Field.

Mr. Yipsley was just on the point of leaving his house for his place of business down town, when there came a ring at the front door bell. He opened the door. A canvasser stood outside.

"I beg your pardon," said the canvasser, "but I'd like to show you a sample of our improved talking machine. It makes a good present."

"I don't think I care to see it," replied Mr. Yipsley.

"You are not interested in talking machines, perhaps," ventured the other.

"I can't say that; either. But I have one already. Talks all day long. Never reeds winding up. Never runs down."

At this moment a high-pitched voice from somewhere at the top of the staircase broke into the conversation.

"It isn't so!" exclaimed the person with the high-pitched voice. "It isn't so. But I've got a growling machine that runs whenever it's in the house!"—Youth's Companion.

Willowwood.

I sat with Love upon a woodside well,
Leaning across the water, I and he;
Nor ever did he speak nor look at me,
But touched his lute, wherein was audible
The certain secret thing he had to tell:
Only our mirror'd eyes met silently
In the low wave; and that sound came to be
The passionate voice I knew, and my tears fell.

And at their fall, his eyes beneath drew here;
And with his foot and with his wing-feathers
He smote the spring that water'd my heart's drought.
Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair
And as I stoop'd, her own lips rising there
Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth.
—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Had Watched Her Mamma.

A prominent society woman who is very blonde has a small daughter, aged 4, of an equally fair type. Frances is fond of watching her mother's toilette, and that she has profited by the secrets of the dressing table and the frequent use of a pencil was proved at luncheon a few days ago. Said a doting aunt:

"It's too bad Frances' eyebrows and lashes are not dark. She would be a beautiful child."

"Huh!" exclaimed the precocious youngster. "I guess they'll be dark when I am big enough to write 'em like mamma does."—New York Times.

TWO MEN AT ONE SPADE.

Method of East Indian Coolies Divides the Labor.

At hill stations in the Himalayas, India, coolies are employed unceasingly in the care of the snake-like roads which wind round and round the sides of the hills. Their method of working provides a novelty to one accustomed to the methods of laborers at home. When digging, two men work at one spade, a rope being attached to the lower end of the wooden shaft, and pulled by one coolie to assist the other in lifting after the latter has filled the spade. The work is done very rapidly, so much so, indeed, as to justify the employment of two men at one spade; but it has a decidedly comical appearance, and reminds one of a clockwork toy.—Pearson's Weekly.

Animals Flourish in New Zealand.

Experts say that probably there is no country in the world where imported species of animals, wild and domestic, have flourished as they have done in New Zealand. The red deer grow to over 500 pounds in weight in the forests, the trout to twenty pounds in the rivers. The sheep have not expanded to any giant size, but they multiply at a faster rate than elsewhere; they grow a finer wool and a better mutton.

An Ex-Sheriff Talks.

Scott City, Kan., March 20th—(Special.)—Almost every newspaper tells of cures of the most deadly of kidney diseases by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Bladder troubles, in fact any disease that is of the kidneys or caused by disordered kidneys is readily cured by this great American remedy.

But it is in curing the earlier stages of kidney complaints that Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing their greatest work. They are preventing thousands of cases of Bright's disease and other deadly ailments by curing Kidney Disease when it first shows its presence in the body.

Speaking of this work Ex-Sheriff James Scott of Scott County, says:

"I have used eight boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and must say that they are just the thing for Kidney Disease. We have tried many kidney medicines but Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best of all."

Beer in the United States.

The production of beer is now more than half a barrel for every man, woman and child in the United States.

FACE LIKE RAW BEEF.

Burning Up with a Terrible Itching Eczema—Speedily Cured by Cuticura.

"Cuticura cured me of a terrible eczema from which I had suffered agony and pain for eight years, being unable to obtain any help from the best doctors. My scalp was covered with scabs and my face was like a piece of raw beef, my eyebrows and lashes were falling out, and I felt as if burning up from the terrible itching and pain. Cuticura gave me relief the very first day, and made a complete cure in a short time. My head and face are now clear and well. (Signed) Miss Mary M. Fay, 75 West Main St., Westboro, Mass."

Sometimes boys are like wheat: Valuable o' course, but more er less improved by thrashin'.

Orders Disobeyed.

The orders of General Health have been disobeyed, when you feel under the weather, weak, tired, irritable, and suffer from headache, constipation, billousness, etc. The only sure, safe and permanent cure for this condition is Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin. It has a gentle action all its own, superior to that of pills, powders, and cathartic waters. Try it. Sold by all druggists at 50c and $1.00. Money back if it fails.

The man of good memory occasionally lapses into tedious ways.

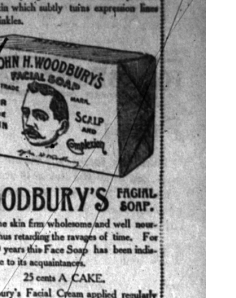
Shake in Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Money generally burns a hole in a man's pocket quicker than in a woman's stocking.

Advancing Old Age

is detected by a gradual loss of elasticity in the outer skin which subtly turns expression lines into wrinkles.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP.

keeps the skin firm, wholesome and well nourished, thus retarding the ravages of time. For over 30 years this Face Soap has been indispensable to its acquaintances.

25 cents A CAKE.

Woodbury's Facial Cream applied regularly whitens and preserves the natural condition of the face skin.

INITIAL OFFER.

In case your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send prepaid, to any address for $1.00 the following toilet requisites.

1 Cake Woodbury's Facial Soap.
1 Tube " Facial Cream.
1 " " Dental Cream.
1 Box " Face Powder.

Together with our readable booklet Beauty's Masque, a careful treatise on the care of the "outer self."

Booklet free on application.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.

To a woman there is a charm in a love story in which self-sacrifice figures.

Millions of Vegetables.

When the Editor read 10,000 plants for 10c. he could hardly believe it, but upon second reading and that the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., than whom there are no more reliable and extensive seed growers in the world, makes

this offer which is made to get you to test Salzer's Warranted Vegetable Seeds. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow

1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
2,000 rich, juicy Turnips,
2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce,
1,000 splendid Onions,
1,000 rare, luscious Radishes,
1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers,

ALL FOR BUT 10c POSTAGE,

providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a package of famous Berliner Cauliflower. [W. N. U.]

The man who puts his trust in riches should also put his riches in trusts.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Men don't care to be loved when they are hungry; they prefer to be fed.

Yes Yes Yes

A laxative that will carry off every taint from the system and give perfect regularity of the bowels. Such is Celery King, the great tonic-laxative. It always cures constipation. Herb or Tablet form, 25c.

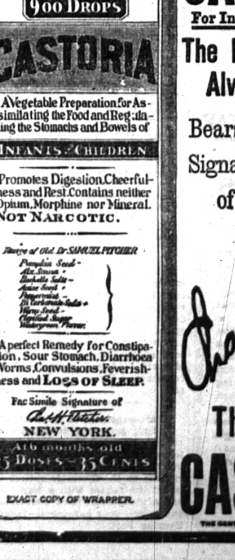
Salzer's National Oats

Greatest out of the century. Bushels per acre, 100 to 165 bu. Bt. in Mo. 250, and in N. Dakota 350 bu. per acre.
You can beat that record in 1903.

For 10c and this notice

we mail you free lots of farm seed samples and our big catalog, telling all about this out wonder and thousands of other seeds.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.
La Crosse, Wis.



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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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