# THE LIFTED LOOP

## A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

BY HARRY LEON WILSON, AUTHOR OF THE SPENDERS

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CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

He had been all animation and eagerness in the telling of the story, but had now become curiously silent and listless; so that, although she was eager with many questions about what he had said, she did not ask them, waiting to see if he would not talk again. But instead of talking, he stayed silent and presently began to fidget in his chair. At last he said, "If you'll excuse us, Miss Prudence, your pa and I have got a little business matter to talk over—to-night. I guess we can go down here by the corral and do it."

But she arose quickly and bade him good night. "I hope I shall see you to-morrow," she said.

She bent over to kiss her father as she went in, and when she had done so, warned him that he must not sit in the night air.

"Why your face is actually wet with a cold sweat. You ought to come in at once."

"After a very little, dear. Go to bed now—and always be a good girl!"

"And you've grown so hoarse sitting here."

"In a little while,—always be a good girl!"

She went in with a parting admonition: "Remember your cough—good night!"

When she had gone neither man stirred for the space of a minute. The little man, huddled in his seat, had not changed his position; he still sat with his chair tilted back against the house, his chin on his breast.

The other had remained standing where the girl left him, the revolver in his hand. After the minute of silence he crossed over and stood in front of the seated man.

"Come," he said, gruffly, "where do you want to go?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

How the Avenger Bungled His Vengeance.

At last he stood up, slowly, unsteadily, grasping Follett by the arm for support. He spoke almost in a whisper.

"Come back here first—to talk—then I'll go with you."

He entered the house, the young man following close, suspicious, narrowly watchful.

"No fooling now,—feel the end of that gun in your back?" The other made no reply. Inside the door he took a candle from the box against the wall and lighted it.

"Don't think I'm trying anything—come here."

They went on, the little bent man ahead, holding the candle well up. His room was at the far end of the long house. When they reached it, he closed the door and fixed the candle on the table in some of its own grease. Then he pointed Follett to the one stool in the little cell-like room, and threw himself face down on the bed.

Follett, still standing, waited for him to speak. After a moment's silence he grew impatient.

"Come, come! What would you be saying if you were talking? I can't wait here all night."

But the little man on the bed was still silent, nor did he stir, and after another wait Follett broke out again.

"If you want to talk, talk, I tell you. If you don't want to, I can say all I have to say, quick."

Then the other turned himself over on the bed and half sat up, leaning on his elbow.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting, but you see I'm so weak"—the strained little smile came to his face—"and tremble so, there's so much to think of—do you hear those women screaming there! did you hear that?—but of course not. Now—wal, just a moment—have you come to kill me?"

"You and those two other hellions—the two that took me and that boy out that night to bury us."

"Did you think of the consequences?"

"I reckon you'd be called paid for, any time any one come gunning for you. I didn't think there'd be any consequences."

"Hereafter, I mean; to your soul. What a pity you didn't wait a little longer! Those other two are already punished."

"Don't lie to me now?"

The little smile lighted his face again.

"I have a load of sin on me—but I don't think I ever did lie to any one—I guess I never was tempted—"

"Oh, you've acted lies enough."

"You're right—that's so. But I'm telling the truth now—those two men had both been in the Meadows that day and it killed them. One went crazy and ran off into the desert. They found his bones. The other shot himself a few years ago. Those of us that live here already in hell—"

He sat up, now animated for the moment.

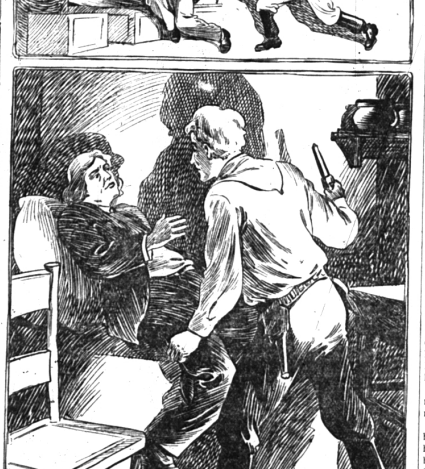
"— in hell right here, I tell you. I'd have welcomed you, or any other man that would kill me, any time this 15 years. I'd have gone out to meet you. Do you think I like to hear the women scream? Do you think I'm not crazed myself by this thing—right back of me here, now—crawling, bleeding, breathing on me—trying to come here in front where I must see it? Don't you see God has known how to punish me worse than you could, just by keeping me alive and sahe? Oh, man! you don't know how I've longed for that bullet of yours, right here through the temples where the cries sound worst. I didn't dare to do it myself—I was afraid I'd make my punishment worse if I tried to shirk; but I used to hope you would come as you said you would. I wonder I didn't know you at once."

He put his hands to his head and fell back again on the pillow, with a little moan.

"Well, it ain't strange I didn't know you. I was looking for a big man. You seemed as big as a house to me that day. I forgot that I'd grown up and you might be small. When those fellows got tight up there and let on like it was you that some folks hinted had took a child and kept it out of that muss, I couldn't hardly believe it; and everybody seeming to regard you so highly. And I couldn't believe this big girl was little Prue Girnway that I remembered. It seemed like you two would have to be a great big man and a little bit of a baby girl with yellow hair; and now I find you're—say, Mister, honestly, you're such a poor, brokedown, little coot it seems a most like a shame to put a bullet through you, in spite of all your doings!"

The little man sat up again, with new animation in his eyes,—the same eager boyishness that he had somehow kept through all his years.

"Don't!", he exclaimed, earnestly. "Let me beg you, don't kill me! For your own sake—not for mine. I'm a poor, meatless husk. I'll die soon at best, and I'm already in a hell you can't make any hotter. Let me do you this service; let me persuade you not to kill me. Have you ever killed a man?"



"Oh Man, How I've Longed for That Bullet of Yours!"

"No, not yet; I've allowed to a couple of times, but it's never come just that way."

"You ought to thank God. Don't ever. You'll be in hell as sure as you do,—a hell right here that you must carry inside of you forever—that even God can't take out of you.

Follett slowly put the revolver into its holster and sat down on the low stool.

"I don't know anything about all this hell-talk, but I see I can't kill you—you're such a poor, miserable cuss. And I thought you were a big, strong man, handy with a gun and all that, and like as not I'd have to make a quick draw on you when the time come. And now look at you! Why, Mister, I'm dozzoned if I ain't almost sorry for you! You sure have been getting your deservance good and plenty. Say, what in God's name did you all do such a hellish thing for, anyway?"

"We had been persecuted, hunted, and driven, our Prophet murdered, our women and children butchered, and another army was on the way."

"Well, that was because you were such an ornery lot, always setting yourself up against the government wherever you went, and acting scandalous—"

"We did as the Lord directed us—"

"Oh, shucks!"

"And then we thought the time had come to stand up for our rights; that the Lord meant us to be free and independent."

"Sssssh, eh?" Follett was amused. "You handful of Mormons—Uncle Sam could have licked you with both hands tied behind him. Why, you crazy fool, he'd have spit on you and drowned every last one of you, old Brigham Young and all. Fighting the United States! A few dozen women butchers going to do what the whole South couldn't! Well, I am danged."

He mused over it, and for awhile neither spoke.

"And the nearest you ever got to it was cutting up a lot of women and children after you'd cheated the men into giving up their guns!"

The other groaned.

"There now, that's right—don't you see that hurts worse than killing?"

"But I certainly wish I could have got those other two that took us off into the sage-brush that night. I didn't guess what for, but the first thing I knew the other boy was scratching and kicking, and hollering, and like to have wriggled away, so the cuss that was with me ran up to help. Then I heard little John making a kind of a squeally noise in his throat like he was being choked, and that was all I wanted. I legged it into the sage-brush. I heard them swearing and coming after me, and ran harder, and, what saved me, I tripped and fell down and hurt myself, so I lay still and they lost track of me. I was scared, I promise you that; but after they got off a ways I worked in the other direction by spells till I got to a little wady, and by sunup they weren't in sight any longer. When I saw the Indians coming along I wasn't a bit scared. I knew they weren't Mormons."

"I used to pray that you might come back and kill me."

"I used to wish I would grow faster so I could. I was always laying out to do it."

"But see how I've been punished. Look at me—I'm 50. I ought to be in my prime. See how I've been burnt out."

"But look here, Mister, what about this girl? Do you think you've been doing right by keeping her here?"

"No, no; it was a wrong as great as the other."

"Why, they're even passing remarks about her mother, those that don't know where you got her,—saying it was some one you never married, because the book shows your first wife was this one-handed woman here."

"I know, I know it. I meant to let her go back at first, but she took hold of me, and her father and mother were both dead."

"She's got a grandfather and grandmother, alive and hearty, back at Springfield."

"She is all that has kept me alive these last years."

"She's got to go back to her people now. She'll want to bad enough when she knows about this."

"About this? Surely you won't tell her—"

"Look here now, why not? What do you expect."

"But she loves me—she does—and she's all I've got. Man, man! don't pile it all on me just at the last."

He was off the bed and on his knees before Follett.

"Don't put it all on me. I've rounded up my back to the rest of it, but keep this off; please, please don't. Let her always think I'm not bad. Give me that one thing out of all the world."

He tried to reach the young man's hand, but was pushed roughly away.

"Don't do that—get up—stop, I tell you. That ain't any way to do. There now! Lie down again. What do you want? I'm not going to leave that girl with you nor with your infernal Church. You understand that."

"Yes, yes, I know it. It was right that you should be the one to come and take her away. The Lord's vengeance was well thought out. Oh, how much more He can make us suffer than you could with your clumsy killing! She must go but wait—not yet—not yet. Oh, my God! I couldn't stand it to see her go. It would cut into my heart and leave me to bleed to death. No, no, no—don't! Please don't! Don't pile it all on me at the last. The end has come anyway. Don't do that—don't, don't!"

"There, there, be still now." There was a rough sort of soothing in Follett's voice, and they were both silent a moment. Then the young man went on:

"But what do you expect? Suppose everything was left to you, Mister. Come now, you're trying to talk fair. Suppose I leave it to you—only you know you can't keep her."

"Yes, it can't be, but let her stay a little while; let me se her a few times more; let me know she doesn't think I'm bad; and promise never to tell her all of it. Let her always think I was a good man. Do you promise me that. I'd do it for you, Follett. It won't hurt you. Let her think I was a good man."

"How long do you want her to stay here?—a week, ten days?"

"It will kill me when she goes!"

"Oh, well, two weeks?"

"That's good of you; you're kinder at your age than I was—I shall die when she goes."

"Well, I wouldn't want to live if I were you."

"Just a little longer, knowing that she cares for me. I've never been free to have the love of a woman the way you will some day, though I've hungered and sickened for it—for a woman who would understand and be close. But this girl has been the soul of it some way. See here, Follett, let her stay this summer, or until I'm dead. That can's be a long time. I've felt the end coming for a year now. Let her stay, believing in me. Let me know to the last that I'm the only man who has been in her heart, who has won her confidence and her love. Oh, I mean fair. You stay with us yourself and watch. Come—but look there, look, man!"

"Well,—what?"

"That candle is going out,—we'll be in the dark"—he grasped the other's arm—"in the dark, and now I'm afraid again. Don't leave me here! It would be an awful death to die. Here's that thing now on the bed behind me. It's trying to get around in front where I'll have to see it—get another candle. No—don't leave me,—this one will go out while you're gone." All his strength went into the grip on Follett's arm. The candle was sputtering in its pool of grease.

"There, it's gone—now don't, don't leave me. It's trying to crawl over me—I smell the blood—"

"Well—lie down there—it serves you right. There—stop it—I'll stay with you."

Until dawn Follett sat by the bunk, submitting his arm to the other's frenzied grip. From time to time he somewhat awkwardly uttered little words that were meant to be soothing, as he would have done to a frightened child.

When morning brought the gray light into the little room, the haunted man fell into a doze, and Follett, gently unclasping the hands from his arm, arose and went softly out. He was cramped from sitting still so long, and chilled, and his arm hurt where the other had gripped it. He pulled back the blue woollen sleeve and saw above his wrist livid marks where the nails had sunk into his flesh.

Then out of the room back of him came a sharp cry, as from one who had awakened from a dream of terror. He stepped to the door again and looked in.

"There now—don't be scared any more. The daylight has come; it's all right—all right—go to sleep now—"

He stood listening until the man he had come to kill was again quiet. Then he went outside and over to the creek back of the willows to bathe in the fresh running water.

CHAPTER XXX.

Rue Follett's Way of Business.

By the time the women were stirring that morning, Follett galloped up on his horse. Prudence saw him from the doorway as he returned in from the main road, sitting his saddle with apparent carelessness, his arms loose from the shoulders, shifting lightly with the horse's motion, as one who had made the center of gravity his slave. It was a style of riding that would have made a scandal in any riding school; but it seemed to be well calculated for the quick halts, sudden swerves, and acute angles effected by the yearling steer in his moments of excitement.

He dismounted, glowing from his bath in the icy water of the creek and from the headlong gallop up from Bell Wardle's corral.

"Good morning, Miss Prudence."

"Good morning, Mr. Follett. Will you take breakfast with us directly?"

"Yes, and it can't be too directly for me. I'm wolfish. Miss Prudence, your pa and me had some talk last night, and I'm going to bunk in with you all for awhile, till I get some business fixed up."

She smiled with unaffected gladness, and he noticed that her fresh morning color was like that of the little wild roses he had lately brushed the dew from along the creek.

"We shall be glad to have you."

"It's right kind of you; I'm proud to hear you say so." He had taken off the saddle with its gay colored Navajo blanket, and the bridle of plaited rawhide with its conchos and its silver bit. Now he rubbed the back of his horse where the saddle had been, ending with a slap that sent the beast off with head down and glad heels in the air.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Foolish Detective Fads

"If men grimly eat to live, they will not live long," says Dr. Thomas Lathrop Stedman, in a protest against the desperate seriousness with which the present generation regards its food. Dr. Stedman suggests that people should eat what they like. "Appetite," he says, "is as necessary to digestion as is mastication, and what is eaten without relish is with difficulty, if at all, assimilated, for the stomach despises unsavory stuff and refuses to secrete sufficient fluid for its digestion."

The dietetic crank, he adds, is saved from the otherwise inevitable results of his folly by the fact that his enthusiastic appreciation of the unsavory food which he is persuaded will assure him strength and long life gives him a taste for it, and so the motherly stomach provides an abundance of gastric juice of the proper composition.

### Use for Brittle Tails.

The peculiar brittleness of their tails is sometimes an advantage to certain lizards. Perching head downward on a rock, the diamond tailed gecko, for example, is often spied by a hawk, when the tail snaps off, and the animal calmly wriggles away to grow another.

# MATTERS FEMININE.

## NECKWEAR IN FAVOR

SMART STYLES FOR THE COMING SUMMER.

Handkerchief Stocks Will Be Largely Used—Some of the Most Dressy Kind—Bows of Embroidery and Lace.

Much of the smartest neckwear designed for spring and summer is made from handkerchiefs, and it is so simple to fashion that any needlewoman of taste can make it for herself. For a dressy stock take not quite half of a sheer handkerchief with a scalloped buttonholed edge, run several fine tucks to form the collar, which can be finished around the top and down the back with narrow Valenciennes lace. The average sized handkerchief just goes around the average neck. For the bow or jabot, use the remainder of the handkerchief; plait the material from the center, making a sort of fan affair; after it is pressed, gather the top part slightly to make it narrow, and tack it onto the collar. Another style of handkerchief which can be converted into pretty neck pieces for plainer wear is that with the colored border. Dark blue with a touch of red makes a pretty combination.

The fluffy little bows of embroidery, lace and linen so popular now to pin on as a finishing touch to a toilet are easy to make if one is the least bit handy with a needle. Take a piece of fine lawn or sheer linen about four inches wide and eight inches long; roll a hem and whip a narrow lace on the sides. Baste the tiny plants firmly and then press them under a damp cloth. Twist a heavy thread around the center of the plaiting several times (do not try to sew it) and then cover the center with a piece of insertion to match the lace edging. These little bow affairs need not necessarily be plaited—a piece of material edged with a falling of lace and gathered several times in the middle will give a pretty fluffy effect. Tiny pieces of all-over embroidery can be used up in the same way. Round clasp pins found at the notion counters can be sewed on to the backs of these bows, making them safer and more convenient to wear.

But the new neckwear is not confined to white or wash goods. Little bows to match the belts seem equally the thing. If one wears a blue belt with a gilt buckle, a quarter of a yard of blue ribbon four inches wide, a tiny gold buckle or two gilt buttons will make the smartest kind of neck arrangement to match. Run two rows of gathering down the ribbon, about half an inch apart, gather it up firmly and cover the shirrings with a narrow strap of ribbon, and on this use the little gold buckle or the buttons. A piece of plaid silk bound with a strip of plain silk and drawn together in the center with a piece of eyelet embroidery insertion makes a pretty addition to a plain white waist.

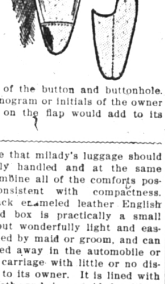
### CASE FOR THE SCISSORS.

Here Is One That Can Be Quickly Cut Out and Sewn Together.

For keeping scissors nice and bright and in good condition a little case of some kind is almost a necessity, and the case we illustrate can be quickly cut out and sewn together. It must of course be made to fit the scissors it is intended for, and can be cut out in one piece and sewn together at the side.

If an extra little piece of material should be sewn on to cover the point of the case, it will strengthen it and prevent the points of the scissors from wearing through. Soft washleather is a very good material to use, as it will keep the scissors bright and in good condition. The tops of old suede gloves may also be utilized. There is a flap at the top which bends over to close the case, and fastens by means of a button.

The small diagram illustrates the shape in which the material should be cut out, the dotted line showing where it folds over, and it is sewn together on the right hand side. It is a good plan to bind the edges with ribbon of the same color as the case, ends of which might be used for fastening instead of the button and buttonhole. The monogram or initials of the owner worked on the flap would add to its value.

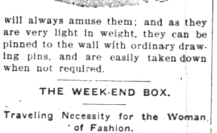


### USE FOR PICTURE POST CARDS.

Pretty Decoration on the Walls of a Nursery.

A pretty and simple way of utilizing picture post cards for the decoration of the walls of a nursery is illustrated in the accompanying sketch. To suspend them from the wall in the manner shown is very little trouble, and they make a nice bright decoration, and are easily added to or changed, thus making them always a new source of interest.

The cards may be fastened on a piece of fine twine or strong cotton, or for preference, narrow ribbon by means of little pieces of stamp paper over the top of the card. They can then be hung up in large or small festoons round the room. Humorous cards mixed with views of places that perhaps the little ones have visited will always amuse them; and as they are very light in weight, they can be pinned to the wall with ordinary drawing pins, and are easily taken down when not required.



### THE WEEK-END BOX.

Traveling Necessity for the Woman of Fashion.

The week-end box is quite as much a part of the fashionable woman's wardrobe as her jewel case or any other accessory, says the New York Tribune, for since it has become the thing to go out of town from Saturday until Monday it is of prime importance that milady's luggage should be easily handled and at the same time combine all of the comforts possible consistent with compactness. The black enameled leather English week-end box is practically a small trunk, but wonderfully light and easily carried by maid or groom, and can be stowed away in the automobile or railway carriage with little or no discomfort to its owner. It is lined with plaid cloth and is provided with a couple of trays, so that the skirts and waists may be kept separately and a place found for underclothing, shoes, slippers and other necessaries. Of course, the toilet articles have their own bag, preferably a Gladstone, and the combination of these two traveling companions makes the stay over Sunday a thoroughly comfortable one for even the woman who expects to crowd into her brief visit a dance, a dinner party, a game of tennis or a meet of the hounds, and who will require several changes of clothes in consequence.

### DICTATES OF FASHION.

All the skirts of thin material show a little fullness at the waist line.

A little touch of black velvet somewhere about the gown is a distinctive note just now.

Valenciennes, torchon and several other fashionable laces are now imitated in gold and silver thread.

Brightest peacock blue appears now and then, crude in its garishness and out of harmony with its surroundings.

The old-time serpentine skirt weighted with jetted insertions and trimmings is one of the graceful revivals for slender figures.

Feather toques, composed of two large wings and some tall feathers mounted on a small velvet frame, are finding favor in Paris for matinee wear.

### A DAINTY NEW APRON.

Pretty Garment Chiefly Designed for Wear in Afternoon.

A very dainty and feminine apron to be worn by a hostess when serving afternoon tea or manipulating a chafing dish, is made of fine Persian lawn, embroidered in floral design, and finished with lace frills.

Have the apron rather small and without a bib. Round it at the bottom and slope slightly into the waistband. Finish the edge with a scallop that is buttonholed in one of the tones of the color used in the flowers. Pad the scallop before working.

Embroider the apron in a graceful design in sweet peas, caught with garlands of ribbon. The flowers may be either shaded in several tones of lavender filo, or they can be done in pinks. The foliage and stems should be of a soft green, and the ribbon can be white or a very delicate shade of green.

Beneath the scalloped edge run either a ruffle of Valenciennes lace or of three-inch footing, hemmed and accordion pleated. A pretty finish to the footing ruffle is to work the hem in a fine briar stitch.

### After a Hard Day.

A simple and homely cure after a day of excessive fatigue, especially when the business of shopping or sightseeing has brought on a nervous headache in addition to a feeling of lassitude, is to hold the feet in mustard and water for the space of some ten or 15 minutes, this having the effect of drawing the blood away from the brain and, in fact, resting the entire body. The fresh air method is likewise exceedingly popular.

### New in Tone Stripings.

There is a new and particularly lovely material in one tone stripings, a radium crepe, with alternating stripes of satin and dull finish? A foulard in white ground with stripes of blue, brown or black graduated in width and so grouped as to produce a shaded effect is one of the high-class messaline foulards. It will be especially nice trimmed with bands of stitched cloth


### Benefits of the X-Ray.

It is noted from Baltimore that during the ten years since the discovery of the X-ray important research has been made by the medical department of Johns Hopkins university through the use of the ray as a diagnostic agent; and the results of great benefits derived from the early diagnosis and study of aneurisms, or morbid dilation of the walls of arteries, through this agent, have just been compiled and described by Dr. F. Howard Bastar, of the university.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### The Cheerful Bohemian.

"I never see you that you aren't light-hearted and cheerful," they said to the seedy Bohemian. "Why is it, we wonder."

"Well, you see," the Bohemian explained, "I've got so used to never having any money, to being always broke, to realizing that I've come to the end of my rope and there's nothing left for me, that I've made up my mind to make the best of it and take my medicine with a smile."

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It 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. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### Many Children Take Sacrament.

A notable confirmation took place recently in Dublin, at the pro-cathedral. Archbishop Walsh conferred the sacrament of confirmation on nearly a thousand children. The actual conferring lasted two hours, and the ceremony was concluded by the administering of the temperance pledge and a strong exhortation to the children to discharge faithfully all their religious duties.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.


Our yesterdays follow us; they constitute our life, and they give character and force and meaning to our present deeds.—Joseph Parker.


## TONIC FOR MOTHERS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Safe and Reliable—A Favorite Household Remedy.

Motherhood may be the crowning blessing of a woman's life or it may bring grief and sorrow. Mrs. M. J. Wight, of 170 Seventh Street, Auburn, Maine, relates her experience after the birth of her daughter in 1901, as follows: "I was all run down at the time the baby came and did not improve in health rapidly after. I was pale, thin and bloodless. My stomach distressed me being full of gas all the time and my heart fluttered so that I could scarcely breathe.

"Finally I remembered that a friend had recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to me so I commenced using them. I gained in strength rapidly while the baby throve also. When I expected my next child I started taking the pills again as a tonic and strengthener and had no such difficulty as before. I got up better and my strength came back much sooner.

"A year ago last winter I had an attack of rheumatism in the hands which went from one hand to the other. The joints swelled up and were so stiff I could not move them. The pain extended up through my arms and shoulders. I felt sick enough to go to bed but did not do so. This attack lasted for several months. I tried several remedies but finally came back to using the pills which had done me so much good before and found that they benefited me almost at once. I have not been troubled since."

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail post-paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Send for book of cures.

If you would be too bad to decorate your home in the ordinary way, simply because of not knowing how you could do it better for less money with Alabastine. Better find out all about Alabastine first, anyway.

We'll cheerfully send you full information if you will send us your address on a post card.

The Alabastine Co.,
310 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., or 105 Water Street, New York City.

## SICK HEADACHE

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