BLIND-FOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WILCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, upon whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton.— And thus Wilton died without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco, in order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a spy whom he is charged with secreting and protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a cognizant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an inbound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by the shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Ogson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no trace of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a terrible day in the Stock Exchange selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where the boy is." The mysterious unknown Knapp employer of Dudley, meets him by appointment with "the boy." Who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quartered in the hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang" including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy," who comes forward to see the fight. "Tricked again," cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the youngsters face. "It's the wrong boy." Dudley and Terrill meet in battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback and by stealing a locomotive. Doddridge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated. Dudley and Knapp prevent a coup to control the directors and declare Knapp's stock invalid. Mother Borton is mortally wounded and dies before she can tell Dudley the secret of his strange mission. The Davis street den is visited to rescue Barkentine. A diagram that partially explains Dudley's mission is found. Barkentine released. Dudley goes with a messenger to meet the "unknown Woman."— his mysterious employer. He is amazed to find that she is Mrs. Knapp.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"Oh, how thankful I am!" cried Mrs. Knapp. "There is a weight of anxiety off my mind. Can you imagine what I have been fearing in the last month?"

"I had thought a little about that myself," I confessed. "But we are not yet out of the woods, I am afraid."

"Hark! what's that?" said Mrs. Knapp apprehensively.

The carriage was now making its way through the bad stretch in the lane, and there was little noise in its progress.

"I heard nothing," I said, putting down the window to listen. "What was it?"

"I thought it was a shout."

There was no noise but the steady splash of horses' hoofs in the mud and the sloppy, shearing sound of the wheels as they cut through the wet soil.

As we bumped and groaned again through the ruts, however, there arose in the distance behind us the fierce barking of the dogs, their voices in anger and alarm.

There was a faint halloo, and a wilder barking followed. Then my ear caught the splashing of galloping hoofs behind, and in a moment the man of the house rode beside us.

"They've come," he said, "or, anyhow, somebody's come. I let the dogs loose and they will have a lively time for a while."

A few yards more brought us to the main road, and once on the firm ground the horses trotted briskly forward, while the horseman dropped behind the better to observe and give the alarm.

I leaned out of the window. Only the deadened sound of the hoofs of our own horses, the deadened roll of our own carriage wheels, were audible in the stillness of the night. Then I thought I heard yells and faint hoof-beats in the distance, but again there was silence except for the muffled noise we made in our progress.

"Can't we drive faster?" asked Mrs. Knapp, when I made my report.

"I wouldn't spoil these horses for $500," growled the driver when I passed him the injunction to hasten.

"It's $1,000 for you if you get to the wharf ahead of the others," cried Mrs. Knapp.

"And you'll have a bullet in your hide if you don't keep out of gunshot of them," I added.

The double inducement to haste had its effect, and we could feel the swifter motion of the vehicle under us, and see the more rapid passage of the trees and fences that lined the way.

The wild ride appeared to last for ages. The fast trot of the horses was a funeral pace to the flight of my excited and anxious imagination. What if we should be overtaken?

At last the houses began to pass more frequently. Now the road was broken by cross streets. Gas lamps appeared, flicking faint and yellow in the morning air. We were once more within city limits. The panting horses never slackened pace. We swept over a long bridge, and plunged down a shaded street, and the figure of the horseman was the only sign of life behind us.

Of a sudden there sounded a long roll, as of a great drum beating the reveille for an army of giants. The horseman quickened his pace and galloped furiously beside us.

"They're crossing the bridge," he shouted.

"Whip up!" I cried to the driver. "They are only four blocks behind us."

The hack swung around a few corners, and then halted.

"Here we are!" cried Dicky Dahl at the door. "You get aboard the tug and push off. Jake and I will run up to the foot of the wharf. If they come, we can keep 'em off long enough for you to get aboard."

The tug was where it lay when we left, and at my hail the captain and

"THAT MAN HAS NO KNAPP'S BROTHER."

his crew of three were astir. It was a moment's work to get Mrs. Knapp and her charge aboard.

"Come on!" I cried to Dicky and his companion. And as the lines were cast off they made a running jump on to the deck of the tugboat and the vessel backed out into the stream.

When the mist and darkness had blotted out shore, wharves and shipping, the tug moved at half-speed down the channel. I persuaded the captain that there was no need to sound the whistle, but he declined gruffly to increase his speed.

"I might as well be shot as run my boat ashore," he growled, with a few seamanlike adjectives.

I did not know of any particular reason for arguing the question, so I joined Mrs. Knapp.

"Thank God, we are safe!" she said, with a sigh of relief.

"We shall be in the city in half an hour, if that is safety," I said.

"It will be safety for a few days. Then we can devise a new plan. I have a strong arm to lean on again."

Returning to the deck I found that the light of the morning was growing. Vessels were moving. The whistles of the ferry boats, as they gave warning of their way through the mist, rose shrill on the air. The waters were still, a faint ripple showing in strange contrast to the scene of last night.

"There's a steamer behind us," said Dicky Dahl, with a worried look as I joined him. "I've been listening to it for five minutes."

"It's a tug," said the captain. "She was lying on the other side of the wharf last night."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Put on full steam, then, or we shall be run down in the bay. It's the gang we are trying to get away from."

The captain looked at me suspiciously for a moment, and was inclined to resent my interference. Then he shrugged his shoulders as though it was none of his business whether we were lunatics or not so long as we paid for the privilege, and rang the engine bell for full speed ahead.

We had just come out of the Oakland Creek channel and the mist suddenly thinned before us. It left the bay and the city fair and wholesome in the gray light, as though the storm had washed the grime and foulness from air and earth and renewed the freshness of life. We had come but a few hundred yards into the clear air when out of the mist bank behind us shot another tug.

At the exclamation that broke from us our captain for the first time showed interest in the speed of his boat, and whistled angrily down to his engineer.

"We can beat her," he said, with a contemptuous accent on the "her."

"That's your business," I returned, and walked aft to where Mrs. Knapp was standing, half-way up the steps from the cabin.

"Can they catch us?" inquired Mrs. Knapp, the lines tightening about her mouth.

"I think not—the captain says not. I should say that we were holding our own now."

At this moment a tall, massive figure stepped from the pilot house of the pursuing tug and shook its fists at us. The huge hulk, the wolf-face, just distinguishable, distorted, dark with rage and passion, stopped the blood and I felt a faintness as of dropping from a height.

"Doddridge Knapp!" I cried.

Mrs. Knapp looked at me in alarm and grasped the rail.

"No! no!" she exclaimed. "A thousand times no! That is Elijah Lane!"

I gazed at her in wonder. Not Doddridge Knapp! Had my eyes played me false?

"Do you not understand?" she said in a low, intense tone. "He is Elijah Lane, the father of the boy. An evil, wicked man—mad—truly mad. He would kill the boy. He killed the mother of the boy. I know, but it is not a case for proof—not a case that the law can touch. And he hates the boy—and me!"

"But why does he want to kill him?"

"You do not understand. The boy inherits a great fortune from his mother. Mr. Knapp and I are left trustees by the mother's will. If he had control of the boy, the boy would die; but it would be from cruelty, disease, neglect. It would not be murder in the eye of the law. But I know what would happen. Oh, see the wretch! How he hates me!"

I was stunned with the words I had heard. They made much plain that had puzzled me, yet they left much more in darkness; and I looked blankly at the figure on the other tug. It was truly a strange sight. The man was beside himself with rage, shouting, gesticulating and leaping about the deck in transports of passion. He showed every mark of a maniac.

Suddenly he drew a revolver and sent shot after shot in our direction. We were far beyond the reach of a pistol bullet, but Mrs. Knapp screamed and dodged.

"How he hates me!" she cried again.

When the last shot was gone from his revolver the man flung the weapon in frenzy, as though he could hope to strike us thus.

Then a strange thing happened whether due to the effort he had made in the throw, or to a lurch of the tug in the wives we left behind us, or to a stumble over some obstruction, I could not say. But we saw the man suddenly pitch forward over the low bulwarks of the tug into the waters of the bay.

Mrs. Knapp gave a scream and covered her eyes.

"Stop the boat!" I shouted. "Back her!"

The other tug had checked its headway at the same time, and there was a line of six or seven men along its side.

"There he is!" cried one.

The captain laid our tug across the tidal stream that swept us strongly toward Goat Island. Then he steamed slowly toward the other tug.

"He's gone," said Dicky.

The other tugs seemed anxious to keep away from us, as in distrust of our good intentions. I scanned the waters carefully, but the drowning man had gone down.

Then, rising not 20 feet away, floating for a moment on the surface of the water, I saw plainly for the first time, the very caricature of the face of Doddridge Knapp. The strong wolf-features which in the King of the Street were eloquent of power, intellect and sagacity, were here marked with the hard of passion, hatred and evil life. I marveled now that I had ever traced a likeness between them.

"Give me that hook!" I cried, leaning over the side of the tug. "Go ahead a little."

One of the men threw a rope. It passed too far, and drifted swiftly behind.

I made a wild reach with the hook, but it was too short. Just as I thought I might succeed, the face gave a convulsive twitch, as if in a parting outburst of hate and wrath, and the body sank out of sight.

I stood bewildered, with a bursting sense of relief, by Mrs. Knapp. At last she took her hands from before her eyes and the first rays of the sun that cleared the tops of the Alameda Hills touched her calm, solemn, hopeful face.

"A new day has dawned," she said. "Let us give thanks to God."

CHAPTER XXX.
The End of the Journey.

For a few minutes we were silent. Water and land and sky started into new glories at the touch of the rising sun. The many-hilled city took on the hues of a fairy picture, and the windows gleamed with the magic fires that were dashed back in greeting to the god of day.

It seemed scarcely possible that this was the raging, tossing water we had crossed last night. And the fiery scene of passion and death we had just witnessed was so foreign to its calm beauties that I could believe it had happened elsewhere in some dream of long ago.

I was roused by the voice of Mrs. Knapp, who sat at the head of the cabin stairs looking absently over the water.

"I have not dealt frankly with you," she said. "Perhaps it is better that you should know, as you know so much already. I feel that I may rely on your discretion."

"I think I can keep a secret," I replied, concealing my curiosity.

"I should not tell you if I did not have full confidence." Then she was silent for a minute. "That man," she continued at last, with a shudder in her voice, "that man was Mr. Knapp's brother."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADOLESCENCE OF THE DOLLAR.

Present Unit of Value Has Had Many Forms and Shapes.

The dollar took some rounding. Nor did it formerly ring true, but, much alive, simply gave a bleat or bellow. Cattle, among country folk, at one time constituted the dollar, while primitive man generally made use of any article sufficiently abundant for the standard payment of all merchandise, writes R. Holt Lomax in Harper's Weekly. Thus, in ancient Greece, a large bronze tripod had the value of a dozen oxen. A good hard working woman, on the other hand, was given in exchange for only four such beasts. The metal took the place of money, the dollar clung to its traditions, and coins were still called after live stock. Thus, "pecunia," applied to metal money, derived its origin from "pecus" (cattle). From the custom of counting heads of cattle came the present designation of a sum in cash—capital, or "capita" (heads). In Sanscrit, roupa, (herd, flock) made roupya, or the Indian rupee, while the ingots of electrum, or admixture of gold and silver, when first in use as money, bore the impress of an ox or cow. Not clumsy, but too fragile, were the shells in use as money by the negroes of Africa, and throughout ancient Asia, where the natives, taken by its beauty, gave the shell a money value.

Violin as a Hair Restorer.

It is now a scientifically proved fact that music exercises a great influence on the growth of the hair. It is with good reason that great musicians, such as Paganini, Liszt and Paderewski, are represented with a growth of hair which Absalom might have envied. Science has proved that stringed instruments have a favorable influence on the growth of the hair, while brass instruments act in the opposite direction. Every one has probably observed that a bald violinist is as rare as a bald horn player is common. Wood instruments, such as the flute, seem to have no pronounced influence either way.

SAVAGERY OF A CENTURY AGO

Poor Woman's Execution Then a Matter of Little Moment.

The hanging of a woman, which in these days calls forth public protests, was apparently a matter of indifference to our grandfathers and grandmothers, says the London Chronicle. It was in the nineteenth century that a woman found guilty of some trifling offense was sentenced to death. By chance the warrant for her execution was not sent to the sheriff, and she remained in prison for about three years, acting as a jail washerwoman, and occasionally, as a favor in acknowledgement of her good behavior, going out, as was then the custom, as washerwoman to private houses. But a clerk looking through the home office records found the warrant that had never been dispatched, and it was thereupon promptly forwarded to the sheriff for due process. The woman was found by the turnkey at the washtub in a house in the town—Aylesbury. "Well, missus," said he, "you are to be hanged. The warrant has come at last, and we must carry the sentence out to-morrow morning at the latest." "Werry well, then," the wretched woman submissively replied, "I suppose I must go," and having washed the soapsuds off her arms departed with the official. She was duly hanged next morning. From all which it would seem that barely a century separates us from a condition of primitive barbarism.

Queer Breed of Chickens.

"It does me good," said the girl who has just returned, "to get back to a country where they serve a whole chicken." "You know then where you are at. At my pension in Paris they had chicken for Sunday dinner. That is, they called it chicken, but a lot of us were of the opinion that it was a giant centipede. Every Sunday while I was there they put a leg in each plate when the chicken course came around. There were 13 of us. Did you ever see a chicken with 13 legs?"

Picturesque Hats

(1) Large cloche in rose-pink tussore, lined with black taffetas; wide rose-pink silk ribbon, and clusters of pink and white roses.

(2) White chip hat, with a soft drapery of plaited muslin passed through little wreaths of pink roses and tied at one side.

MAKES AN ATTRACTIVE ROOM.

Apartment Furnished in Egyptian Style Is an Oddity.

A young woman recently turned one of her small rooms into Egyptian headquarters and with a few well-chosen articles of furniture and pictures has made it very attractive. The walls were innocent of paper, since it was a new house, and they were painted a light buff with green trimmings. The floor was oil finished, being hardwood, and covered with a rug in Egyptian pattern of buff, green and yellow brown. The scenes were all taken from magazine and art journals and framed in gold frames, some being gold, others dull. The narrow frames looked best upon the buff walls. Pieces of Egyptian pottery—or rather imitations of such—added much to the attractiveness of the room, and a few small bits of Egyptian bric-a-brac imparted additional beauty of the very cleverly arranged apartment. It would be quite an easy matter to furnish a room in this style, and at comparatively little cost, because there is every opportunity to purchase at little cost everything needed for such. Of course mission furniture would be used in a room of this description.

SIMPLE DRESS AND SMOCK.

Attractive Garments Designed for the Juveniles.

The first sketch shows a simple little dress of butcher linen; it is made with three wide box-plaits back and front, which are set to a yoke cut in points; the edge of the yoke is

embroidered, but a fancy galloon or insertion would do just as well; the belt, which is put below the waist, is trimmed in the same way. A little slightly-puffed sleeve, is set into an embroidered cuff at the elbow. Material required, 1½ yard linen 46 inches wide.

Holland is used for the little smock; the yoke is cut quite plainly; the front and back are smocked to it; feather stitch is worked round the hem, cuff and collar. The sleeve is set into a turn-back cuff at the waist. Material required 2 yards 32 inches wide.

The Directoire Sash.

The shops are selling the directoire sash in soft liberty satin with crocheted silk slide and silk tassels. They are three yards long, in all colors.

Little Girls' Frocks.

Cute little frocks of gingham or linen for small girls are made with a full skirt gathered to a belt, attached to a blouse waist, which simulates a front closing by means of a box plait down center front, decorated with large buttons.

The neck is finished with a Peter Pan collar and silk tie, and a breast pocket is added on the left front, just like a grown-up waist.

The sleeves are three-quarter length full bishop, confined by band cuffs. This model is well adapted for school wear if made from woolen fabrics.

Eyelash Stain.

Here is a perfectly harmless stain for eyebrows and lashes: Gum arabic, one dram; India ink, one-half dram; rose water, four ounces. Powder the ink and gum and triturate small quantities of the powder with the rose-water until you get a uniform black liquid in a powder, and then add the remainder of the rosewater to it. It should be applied with a very tiny camel's hair brush.

MUST HAVE SEPARATE COAT.

Wardrobe Not Complete Without This Special Garment.

In addition to the tailored costume, the woman of limited income has to sorry over a separate coat, for no longer will the ordinary utility garment answer for any and every daylight and evening occasion. The tailored separate coat is designed chiefly to accompany the satin or voile afternoon costume which milady wears to a luncheon or a bridge, and, therefore, it must not be too elaborate a character to be worn in a public conveyance. At the same time it must be loose and extend a trifle below the knees. Above all, its sleeves must be capacious, for the blouse or bodice top of the semi-dressy costume is certain to be of crushable material. The empire coat is most readily slipped into, and when not of Ottoman, taffeta or satin, should be of a fine broadcloth trimmed preferably in semi-tone soutache, passementerie or chenille. The greatest attention should be devoted to the neck, which should be provided with a high band or have an attached ruche. This will protect the throat quite as well as a for pleces—an accessory which is prone to leave trace of its presence upon the neck finish of the gown.

Children's Dresses.

It looks as if serge would take the place of almost all other materials for those dressy little frocks that children will need when they trip off to school. The patterns are good, too, being in jumper styles, with outlines made with piping, and the underwaist of a soft material in like color with the sleeves trimmed with anchors or pretty emblems suitable for such purposes. One dark-blue serge dress was made plain with a plaited skirt, each plait about two inches wide at the waist line, gradually broadening at the hem. The jumper waist was also plaited in similar style and made with wide armholes, outlined with a narrow band of woolen braid in a brick-red tone. The V-shaped yoke was fashioned in the same manner. However, the yoke had a heading about 2½ inches wide, cut the shape of the yoke and outlined on each side with braid; the dress fastened with small brick-red buttons.

Baby's Autumn Coat.

It is not a minute too early to begin making baby's autumn clothes, and particularly when they are to be hand embroidered.

Beautiful coats may be made of Bedford cord in white and finished all the way round the edge with buttonholed scallops. They may be plain, even cut on the kimono style, if desired, so there will be no extra frills and furbelows to annoy the tiny wearer. For cold weather a lining may be added of white albatross, which washes easily.

One wise mother has made a padded jacket of two thicknesses of habutai silk, interlined with a layer of lamb's wool, the whole quilted so that it will stand washing and cleaning; it makes the warmest little jacket imaginable.

Heavy White Veils.

The extra large, coarse, white veil with a small square dot is to be at the top of fashion for the early part of the season. It is quite becoming. It must cover the hat and be fastened with a barette at the nape of the neck.

How to Combine Colors.

A few artists' rules for combining colors will save many a luckless experiment in dress, house furnishings, and needle work.

Cold green contrasts with crimson, purple, white, pink, gold and orange; harmonizes with olive, citron, brown, black and gray.

Warm green contrasts with crimson, maroon, red, pink, white, black and lavender; harmonizes with yellow, orange, sky blue, gray, white, brown, and buff.

Russet contrasts with green, black, olive and gray; harmonizes with red, yellow, orange and brown.

For the Baby's Yoke.

A pretty yoke can be made for the tiny baby by cutting the front and two halves of the back from a large-sized handkerchief with a fine embroidered border.

Put the front to one edge of the handkerchief, the two pieces of the back to the opposite side, and there will be left small strips of the embroidery, on the two edges at right angles, to make the tiny cuffs and neckband.

AWFUL GRAVEL ATTACKS.

Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills After Years of Suffering.

F. A. Rippy, Depot Ave., Gallatin, Tenn., says: "Fifteen years ago kidney disease attacked me. The pain in my back was so agonizing I finally had to give up work. Then came terrible attacks of gravel with acute pain and passages of blood. In all I passed 25 stones, some as large as a bean. Nine years of this ran me down to a state of continual weakness and I thought I never would be better until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The improvement was rapid, and since using four boxes I am cured and have never had any return of the trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LEFT IT TO MRS. BROWN.

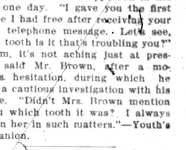
Reverend Gentleman Very Willing to Evade Responsibility.

The trust and dependence which characterized Rev. Mr. Brown's attitude toward his wife's judgment in all practical affairs were sometimes touching, but occasionally they were amusing.

"I'm sorry you've been troubled with the toothache," said the family dentist, when Mr. Brown appeared in his office one day. "I gave you the first minute I had free after receiving your wife's telephone message. Let's see, which tooth is it that's troubling you?"

"M-m, it's not aching just at present," said Mr. Brown, after a moment's hesitation, during which he made a cautious investigation with his tongue. "Didn't Mrs. Brown mention to you which tooth it was? I always rely on her in such matters."—Youth's Companion.

GOOD ADVICE.



She—When you are gone I shall pine away.

He—O, spruce up.

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 upon 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.

Good English.

A French lady living in America engaged a carpenter to do some work for her at a stipulated price. She was surprised later to find that he charged more than the price agreed upon. When she attempted remonstrance with him, however, her English failed her and she said: "You are dearer to me now than when we were first engaged."—Success.

MY OWN FAMILY USE PE-RU-NA.

HON. GEORGE W. HONEY.

Hon. George W. Honey, National Chaplain U. V. U., ex-Chaplain Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry, ex-Treasurer State of Wisconsin, and ex-Quartermaster General State of Texas, A. R., writes from 1700 First St., N. E., Washington, D. C., as follows:

"I cannot too highly recommend your preparation for the relief of *catarrhal troubles in their various forms.* Some members of my own family have used it with most gratifying results. When other remedies failed, *Peruna proved most efficacious* and I cheerfully certify to its curative excellence."

Mr. Fred L. Hebard, for nine years a leading photographer of Kansas City, Mo., located at the northeast corner of 12th and Grand Aves., cheerfully gives the following testimony: "This is proven fact that Peruna will cure *catarrh and la grippe,* and as a *tonic it has no equal.* Druggists have tried to make me take something else just as good, but Peruna is good enough for me."

Pe-ru-na in Tablet form.

For two years Dr. Hartman and his assistants have incessantly labored to create Peruna in tablet form, and their strenuous labors have just been crowned with success. People who object to liquid medicine can now procure Peruna tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peruna.

THE DUTCH BOY PAINTER STANDS FOR PAINT QUALITY
IT IS FOUND ONLY ON PURE WHITE LEAD
MADE BY THE OLD DUTCH PROCESS