GREEN-EYE'S SECOND SIGHT

By LEO CRANE

(Copyright.)

In the days of her babyhood she had bestowed on him the name of Green-eye. In those days both his eyes would reflect a yellowish green at times—not the atrocious gleam of rage, but a doubting annoyance, and this had been the nature of the animal since the firm training of her father, Krantz. Circus men referred to Krantz, of the Consolidated outfit, as the one man they had known to possess perfect assurance in the den of a full-grown tiger, and they could not understand why he did not take this wondrous power to a bigger show. There would have been money in it for him, they said.

But Krantz was getting old. He referred to this and said he lacked ambition. Green-eye he owned, and between them they made a good living for the daughter.

One day the circus men were surprised to find that Milly Krantz had put on long skirts.

David, the young fellow who topped the highest hurdles on Firefly, and Milly had grown up together, show children, boy and girl. He walked around her admiringly.

"Humph!" he mused in a teasing mood. "You're dressing finer than I can ever hope to array the lady of my house. Real silks," and he picked up the skirt to examine its ruffled edge.

"Father says," she explained in pretty pride, "that I must always wear silk skirts."

David threw up his hands in comic pathos.

"And me drawin' thirty per!—Milly—we've got to quit our sweethearts. Gee! It's a tough proposition," was his comment.

Then Krantz flung to the gossips a sensation. One morning he took Milly into Green-eye's presence, into the circular cage. He told her to walk about. Then he put Green-eye through the drill. When the beast growled, Krantz spoke to him and shook the silken ruffles of the skirt until they tweaked like the cat's whiskers, and he taught Milly to give the commands.

Then Krantz announced one morning that on the next day Milly would go into the cage alone.

David hurried off to find Milly and strenuously opposed the plan.

"Don't be a silly boy," she said, laughing.

"But the danger, Milly, the danger."

"There is no terrible danger, dear boy. He never rushes, never springs, David," said Milly quietly. "Green-eye isn't really a green eye at all, David, boy. Green-eye is blind."

David sprang to his feet.

"Blind!"

David stared at her, his lips parted in an incredulous smile.

"Milly . . ." he said, "you—do you know—"

"It's true, David, no one knows but

"He Can See—He Can See."

father, and you, and—and I know. He is blind. And don't tell; please, David, please don't tell anybody."

In the afternoon, David saw her go into the big cage alone. He could not feel confident. But, standing by, he again saw the wavering indecision of the beast, a seeming watchfulness which was really listening. The uncertainty of its movement, save in instinctive obedience, expressed the doubt of the blind perfectly—to one who knew.

It was on the long western trip of the Consolidated Outfit that Green-eye got away. A skidding train, a crash into a heavily loaded lumber car, and accident presented freedom to the beast through the broken end of his traveling den. This happened in the southern country, where the cattle range, and in a section not without wooded districts.

Search was made; cattlemen turned out and scoured the range; Krantz remained behind the show a week seeking his lost pet. But Green-eye had completely disappeared.

"He will die now, yes," said Krantz to his daughter, when he had finally rejoined the show. "No food, undt he is without the light to hundt it. As vat can a man kill to eadt when he is died by the eyes? There is no more Green-eye."

And Krantz refused to be comforted. He became a sort of pensioner of the show until some new act could be put under his training. David came to him shortly after this.

"I want Milly for my wife," he said.

"You are a goodt boy, Tavid," agreed the old man.

There was no reason why he should refuse his daughter to the younger.

They were married in a little southwest town, four months after the escape of Green-eye. The show made merry at the wedding. There were presents, a check from the boss, and a feast. Some hours after their marriage came a telegram saying that the missing animal had been captured.

The great joy of Krantz, who went on an exalted drunk for the first time since the death of Milly's mother, was only equaled by the intense irritation of David.

"One thing is certain, Milly," he said sternly; "you're my wife now, and you don't go back, to training tigers—no, not even a near-sighted one."

David lived firm in this decision. Krantz grunted disdainfully and went about moping. Milly thought she should be allowed to decide the matter, and in the light of her pride, David's position was the first unpleasant exhibition of man's vanity of ownership.

Then Green-eye arrived. He was in no agreeable mood. Gaunt, fierce from a wound which had partially crippled one of his hind legs, the brute slouched about his box, and occasionally tore at its heavy timbers.

Then the pride of Milly Krantz grew beyond restraint. Without consulting the obdurate David, she hinted to old Krantz that she was ready. There was no reason to fear Green-eye and she was not afraid.

Old Krantz prepared the properties and selected a morning. Green-eye's cage was wheeled to the larger den. The animal was sluggish and did not relish the transfer. Now Krantz stood by the door, ready to pass her up into the cage. He had cautioned her to take a heavy chair, an aid that might be required, and she carried one of those tough whips to bring back to Green-eye a lasting memory of another masterful woman whose temperament had been so like his own.

David would not have suspected this little drama would never have understood why Milly entered the tiger's den against his wishes—had it not been for Firefly, the jumping horse. On the previous day Firefly had given evidences of being off feed, and David arose early to see that a soft mash was given the animal. Not finding a stableman close at hand, he had mixed the feed himself and was going in with it to the horse tent when the clank of a bar against the steel of the big cage caught his ear. Wondering who was in that quarter so early, David slipped into the big tent—at that very moment old Krantz swung Milly into the tiger's den.

David stood completely paralyzed with a fearing dread in those first few moments. Silent, unable to cry out, he stood with the bucket of bran in his hand, staring at the slip of a woman, his wife, in the great cage. Green-eye did not at once move from his position on the floor, and as her entrance had been without noise, it was the first rustle of her silken skirt that told the beast of her presence.

David moved nearer, now afraid to speak for fear of disconcerting her. She must act for herself. At the first hiss of the whip, swiftly Green-eye lifted to his feet in a movement of sluggish grace. Then, slowly, he turned his head, and the big green eyes stared in all that intensity which is cruel, bestial. David saw there was menace in the beast's pose, and his face went white; Krantz saw, too; worst of all, Milly saw. Her eyes were lined with the tiger's. She seemed unable to move or to speak. Her face was drawn and set and pale. Her eyes stared fixedly into those gleaming orbs.

Green-eye uttered a snarl—this broke the spell. His bound across the den's center was not quicker than her pitiful cry. She threw forward the chair, lost her grip of it, and staggered aside to the door, screaming:

"He can see—he can SEE!!"

There had been no waver, no hesitation in the spring. The limping leg handicapped him, and he fell entangled by the four prodding legs of the chair. Then instantly he was blind again with Firefly's bucket of mash in his eyes. David's toss was accurate and victorious. The brute rolled frantically over the floor of the den, wrecking the chair with frenzied strokes, biting, snarling, wiping at his eyes. Then he sprang at the bars, a hideous, glaring thing. There was a wick of hatred burning in each of the green eyes.

Milly, white and quivering, flung herself into David's arms.

"Oh, David! David!" she cried, clutching him, "he can see!"

It was old Krantz who grunted, and phoofed, and snorted in German irascibility at the wild idea of her fear.

"Life in the open will do it, Krantz," said David.

"See! ach Gott! what couldt make him see when he aindt no eyes? You keept still aboudt this seeing, Milly! You loose the nerve, yes. See! couldt he see these last two, three years? No—Haaa! Well blind is blind, aindt it?"

And Krantz, stolid, unreasoning, puttered about the stake wagon until he found an ash club. He tested it, earnestly granting.

They found Krantz at the bottom of Green-eye's cage several mornings later. It had been a good club; but —there was no bandage.

Song of the Heart.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When those have laid it down;
They brightened all the joys of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore,
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God for evermore.
—John White Chadwick.

British Machinery for Japan.

Large quantities of machinery are being ordered by Japan from Great Britain. Among the latest orders is an immense heating plant, for a group of manufactories, and a complete outfit for a new sugar-making industry.

BABY BORN IN HISTORIC INN.

Fifth Generation to See the Light in the Old Home.

Born in the house of his great-great-grandfather and rocked in the cradle that lulled his great-great-grandfather to sleep away back in old Connecticut before the beginning of the last century, is the patrician beginning of wee Edward Griswold McCullough, who made his appearance on earth Sunday in the old Griswold inn at Worthington. He is the son of Edward Miles McCullough, says the Columbus Dispatch.

In all the romance of old Worthington there is no greater halo than that which hangs over the Griswold inn. It was built in 1806 by Ezra Griswold, who came from Connecticut with the pioneers who settled much of the western reserve and central Ohio. The family was an old one even for old Connecticut and Ezra Griswold was a sturdy representative of it. He brought this family into the "great west," with him and his son, George Griswold, was reared in the inn. He was a child years old when his father brought him to Ohio.

George Griswold, in turn, inherited the duty of perpetuating the name, and when his father died he fell heir to the inn property and lived throughout his life where his father had builded so well. His son was Worthington Franklin Griswold, who, as his father had done, inherited the inn and lived in it. To him and his good wife was born a daughter Harriet, who was reared in the home of the family, and she continued to live there when she became Mrs. McCullough.

Now she is the happy mother of a son and she is rocking him in the Griswold cradle that was brought to Ohio along with other household possessions by Ezra Griswold when he drove his ox team overland from Connecticut in 1806. No one knows how long the unique heirloom had been in the Griswold family before that time, but it is supposed that Ezra Griswold was himself rocked in it when he was a baby long before revolutionary times.

When little Edward Griswold McCullough is baptized he will wear a little white dress that was made for the baptismal ceremony of his grandfather, by his great grandmother—a dress that has been handed down in the family with great care and which will be treasured more dearly than ever when another epoch has been noted in its history.

John Sharp Getting Busy.

"The fact is," said John Sharp Williams to a gentleman who had twice ineffectually sought to gain his attention by calling him "senator," "I haven't got accustomed to the title. But I've begun to accustom myself to the atmosphere of my field of labor to be. To-day I went over to the senate chamber, slipped into the cloakroom on the Democratic side, and tried to feel at home."

"Did you tell a story?" was asked.

"No, I didn't."

"Well, you can't hope to rank as a senator until you have a cloakroom story and it has been printed."

"Well, I did borrow a cigar from a new senator. Then I sauntered over to the Republican side as carelessly as I could, took a seat alongside a brand new senator there, almost as new as I will be, and chatted with him with as much of an air to the manner born as my perturbed condition would permit. From time to time I shall repeat the visit, in the hope that I shall be able to fully accustom myself to the change when it comes."
—Washington Post.

Shall We Put "Swank" on the List?

Every now and then we hear used the word "swank," and it must be appropriately, for it seems to match the situation. But few there are who understand its precise meaning. The London Globe, however, comes to their relief, for it says that "swank" is the Republican side as carelessly as I could, took a seat alongside a brand new senator there, almost as new as I will be, and chatted with him with as much of an air to the manner born as my perturbed condition would permit. From time to time I shall repeat the visit, in the hope that I shall be able to fully accustom myself to the change when it comes."
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"Presence-of-Mind" Smith

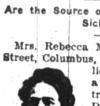
The vicarage of Christ church in the Torpids at Oxford recalls a tragic episode recorded among the earlier rowing annals of the house. Dr. Smith, afterwards dean of Christ church, when an undergraduate, went down to Iffley with a friend in a skiff. His companion fell overboard and caught hold of the skiff, and Smith explained, when he returned alone: "We could both have been drowned had I not, with great presence of mind, hit him on the head with a boat-hook." He was thenceforward known as "Presence-of-Mind Smith," and the unpleasant sobriquet caused him, when dean, to exchange with Gaisford. Dean Smith was a far more capable ruler of Christ church than his successor, and among the students elected during his brief reign were Gladstone and Canning.—Westminster Gazette.

Have Ingenious Arrangement.

Recently the New York Tribune made mention of a new East side philanthropic movement, the Volks kitchen, a "kosher" eating place for orthodox Jews. At first it was believed that on Saturday it could be open only for supper and not for luncheon, as religious Jews do not handle money or tickets on the day of rest. However, an ingenious plan has been devised by means of which luncheon can be served on the Jewish Sabbath. This plan is the simple one of adopting badges or pins instead of tickets. On Friday small badges are sold for seven cents. The observant Jew pins it on his coat, from which it is removed upon his entering the following day. Thus he obtains his Sabbath luncheon from the Volks kitchen without breaking a law or tradition.

WOMEN'S KIDNEYS.

Are the Source of Most of Women's Sickness.



Mrs. Rebecca Mock, 1795 E. Rich Street, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I believe I would still be a victim of kidney troubles but for Doan's Kidney Pills, for when I started using them I was in constant pain with my back, and no other remedy had been of any use. The kidney secretions were irregular, and I was nervous and lacked energy. But Doan's Kidney Pills gave me prompt relief and continued use cured me."

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

The Oldest Professions.

An old friend of the family had dropped in to see a young lawyer whose father was still paying his office rent.

"So you are now practising law," the old friend said, genially.

"No, sir," said the candid youth. "I appear to be, but I am really practising economy."—Youth's Companion.

How I Cured Sweeny and Fistula.

"I want to tell you how I saved one of our horses that had a fistula. We had the horse doctor out and he said it was so bad that he did not think he could cure it, and did not come again. Then we tried Sloan's Liniment and it cured it up nicely.

"One day last spring I was plowing for a neighbor who had a horse with sweeny, and I told him about Sloan's Liniment and he had me get a bottle for him, and it cured his horse all right, and he goes off now like a colt.

"We had a horse that had sweeny awfully bad and we thought it was never going to be any good, but we used Sloan's Liniment and it cured it up nicely. I told another neighbor about it and he said it was the best Liniment he ever used.

"We are using Sloan's Sure Colic Cure and we think it is all right."

A. D. Bruce, Aurelia, Ia.

Out of Reach.

A little child of two, years was crying lustily for the round, full moon.

"Oh, no," said her little sister. "God has put it away up so high nobody could get it, or else they'd soon smash it all to pieces and there wouldn't be any moon."

Money to Burn.

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Phim chug wagons must cost a hape av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."

"An', be the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be that tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."

No Occasion for It.

"My dear," said the old man to his only daughter on the morning of her wedding day, "I don't see how I am going to get along without you."

"Now, don't let that worry you, papa," replied the fair maid, as she adjusted her bridal veil. "George confessed to me last night that he hadn't enough money even to buy a second-hand stove, so instead of losing me it looks as if we were going to stay right with you."

A Dreadful Secret.

Wife—Have you any secrets you keep from me, dearest?

Husband—None, darling.

Wife—Then I am determined I will have none from you, either.

Husband—Have you secrets, then?

Wife—Only one, and I am resolved to make a clean breast of it.

Husband (hoarsely)—Go on!

Wife—For several days I have had a secret—a secret longing for a new dress, with hat to match, for my birthday.

That fetched him.—Tatler.

Pants for the Orphans.

There is a praiseworthy custom in some families of sending all the "pants" that the boys have gone through, wholly or in part, to the asylum for orphans, and, as the orphans never mind a hole more or less, they are glad to get the garments. In one of these families a few days ago occurred a little incident bearing on this laudable custom. Fred was engaged in that extremely fascinating, but rather dangerous, sport of sliding down the banisters.

"What are you doing there, Fred?" asked mamma.

"Making pants for the poor little orphans," answered Fred.

BUILT RIGHT.

Brain and Nerves Restored by Grape-Nuts Food.

The number of persons whose ailments were such that no other food could be retained at all, is large and reports are on the increase.

"For 12 years I suffered from dyspepsia, finding no food that did not distress me," writes a Wis. lady. "I was reduced from 145 to 90 lbs., gradually growing weaker until I could leave my bed only a short while at a time, and became unable to speak aloud.

"Three years ago I was attracted by an article on Grape-Nuts and decided to try it.

"My stomach was so weak I could not take cream, but I used Grape-Nuts with milk and lime water. It helped me from the first, building up my system in a manner most astonishing to the friends who had thought my recovery impossible.

"Soon I was able to take Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, and lunch at night, with an egg and Grape-Nuts for dinner.

"I am now able to eat fruit, meat and nearly all vegetables for dinner, but fondly continue Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper.

"At the time of beginning Grape-Nuts I could scarcely speak a sentence without changing words around or 'talking crooked' in some way, but my brain and nerves have become so strengthened that I no longer have that trouble." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

PRACTICAL QUESTIONS FOR POULTRY RAISERS

CANKER

Question.—"Upon examining my pullets recently, I find the roof of their mouth and tongue covered with a cheesy looking substance. Please tell me what is the matter."—*D. J. G., Mich.*

Reply.—The trouble is Canker. We know of nothing better than Pratts Roup Cure to cure this disease. Mix a little in the drinking water each day and the trouble will soon disappear.

POULTRY BOOK

Question.—"Please advise where I can secure a practical book on poultry raising."—*T. F. R., Mich.*

Reply.—If you will mention this paper and state your desire to the Pratt Food Co., Philadelphia, they will mail you one of their new 25c Poultry Books free of charge. This book has just been issued and will tell you all about the poultry business from first to last.

BIRDS OUT OF CONDITION

Question.—"I have 40 White Leghorns with pale, drooping comb and cannot account for their unhealthy condition. Please advise me what to do."—*S. F. R., Mich.*

Reply.—The birds are a little out of condition, but probably nothing serious. Would suggest your getting Pratts Poultry Regulator and mix with their feed twice daily. This is an excellent tonic and will soon build them up.

WINDPUFF

Question.—"What is the cause of my five weeks old chickens swelling up with air and then dying? Am losing them every day."—*T. F. H., Mich.*

Reply.—Your chicks have windpuff. Keep them in clean, comfortable quarters, well fed and cared for. Add a little Pratts Poultry Regulator to their feed once a day. The wind puff can be remedied by cutting a small "V" shape place in the skin and letting out the air.

LICE

Question.—"Now that the warm weather is approaching, can you give me some good remedy to prevent chicken lice?"—*T. D. A., Mich.*

Reply.—For dusting directly on the fowls we recommend Pratts Powdered Lice Killer. This powder is very strong and acts quickly. For the chicken house, coops, etc., we would advise Pratts Liquid Lice Killer, as it will penetrate every crack and crevice.

Nothing to Get.

Gelett Burgess was talking at a theatrical supper in New York about the Lark, his delightful little paper that failed.

"Nearly all good papers fail," said he. "I have an aged friend who runs a splendid paper in a small western village. The last copy my friend sent me had this editorial paragraph marked in blue pencil:

"'Burglars entered our house last night. To the everlasting shame of the community, for whose welfare we have labored 33 years, be it said, they got nothing!'"

$100 Reward, $100.

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

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

New Dinner Card Idea.

From Paris comes a decorated card-rack with a trail of artificial flowers that may be changed to suit the dinner colors and makes a pretty addition to the table. These racks are to hold a plain card upon which the guest's name is written and they may be used for a good many dinners, thus obviating the expense of the decorated dinner card every time one entertains.

Thoughtless.

"Why doesn't Mrs. Flighty wear that pink dress with her red hair?"

"She probably bought the dress before she changed from a brunette."

It's Petit's Eye Salve,

that gives instant relief to eyes, irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

The road leading to a woman's heart is paved with dollars and the one leading away from it strewn with regrets.

HOW TO TEST LINSEED OIL

There is nothing that will make paint go wrong on the house more quickly than poor oil. It is as bad in its way as adulterations in the white lead. Petroleum oil cheapeners may be detected by placing a drop of the oil on a black painted surface. If one sees the characteristic iridescence or play of colors which kerosene exhibits, it is evidence of adulteration. Corn and fish oil can be detected by the smell.

Adulteration in white lead can best be discovered by the use of a blowpipe, which National Lead Company will send with instructions free to anyone interested in paint. Address, National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York.

Perversion of Type.

The Sunday school teacher was entertaining her class with what she had fondly planned to be a "social evening." To her disappointment she found that all spontaneity had been left at home with the boys' everyday clothes, and conversation dragged hopelessly until her bull terrier came into the room. He sniffed about from one shy hand of welcome to another, when suddenly a boyish voice, gruff with embarrassment, burst forth: "I had a bull pup like that once, but he growed up into a bloodhound."

He Knew the Man.

"Gaily seems happy to-night. He must have money."

"Why do you think that?"

"From the way he's cracking jokes." "Nonsense! If he had money he wouldn't be happy unless he was cracking bottles."

Then the Quarrel Ceased.

They were having the usual family quarrel. As was also usual, she could not convince him that she knew whereof she argued.

"Didn't I go to school, stupid?" she screamed.

"Yes, dear, you did," he replied calmly. "And you came back stupid."
—Bohemian.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO
BACKACHE
DIABETES
Price 75 "Guaranteed"

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

PILES ANAKESIS Painless Relief. At Druggists, or by mail. 50c. Sample FREE. Address ANAKESIS, Tribune Bldg., New York.

If a Blemish, with Sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 18, 1908.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral
NOT NARCOTIC
Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed
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Anise Seed
Peppermint
Bi Carbonate Soda
Worm Seed
Clarified Sugar
Wintergreen Flavor
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP
Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DOSES—35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and
Exact Copy of Wrapper.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
$3.00 SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.
$3.50
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more $3.50, $3.00 and $2.50 shoes than any manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make for the money.
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CAUTION. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for mail order catalog. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated Catalog free to any address.
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Come in and See the Roof for Every Building
Roof your home—church—store—factory—any building —once for all with Heppes No-Tar Roofing. This is the roof that is made of long fibre wool felt, water-proofed with the best grade of asphalt and flint coated. It is water-tight,—wind-tight—fire-resisting—proof against sun, sleet, hail, snow—everything that rots or eats a roof. It outwears by years any wooden, iron or steel roof made—and it costs only half the price of shingles. Buildings covered with Heppes No-Tar are insured at a reduction of 25 per cent from the usual rates
Get An Estimate Free On
Heppes No-Tar Roofing
The cost of roofing any building, or buildings, no matter what the size, will be figured for you without charge. Heppes No-Tar can be laid right over a wooden roof by any man who can use a hammer. You won't need skilled labor. Special nails, caps and cement are furnished free with each roll. We furnish you a free roof book that shows you all about laying it. Take home samples and test them any way you please. Heppes No-Tar saves at the start and keeps on saving. Come in and judge for yourself.
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