BLINDFOLDED

By EADIE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, 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 boy 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 confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who 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 iron-bound door. Three Chinese Highbinders approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins fighting. Terrill is shot in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Corson 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 traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable 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 woman 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 youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy."

CHAPTER XXIV.

On the Road.

The wrong boy!

For a moment I could not understand nor believe; and when the meaning of the words came to me I groped in mental darkness. But there was no time for speculation. Half in a daze I heard a roar of curses, orders, a crash of glass as the lamp was extinguished, and over all came the prolonged growl of a wolf-voice, hoarse and shaken with anger. There was a vision of a wolf-head rising above the outline of faces a few yards away, dark, distorted, fierce, with eyes that blazed threats, and in an instant I found myself in the center of a struggling, shouting, swearing mass of savage men, fighting with naught but the instinct of blind rage. I doubt not that I was as crazy as the rest. But in my madness there was one idea strong in my mind. It was to reach the evil face and snake-eyes of Tom Terrill, and stamp the life out of him. With desperate rage I shouldered and fought till his white face with its venomous hatred was next to mine, till the fingers of my left hand gripped his throat, and my right hand tried to beat out his brains with a six-shooter.

"Run you!" he gasped, striking fiercely at me. "I've been waiting for you!"

I thightened my grip and spoke no word. He writhed and turned, striving to free himself. I had knocked his revolver from his hand, and he tried in vain to reach it. A trace of fear stole into the venomous anger of the one eye that was unobscured, as he strove without success to guard himself from my blows. But he gave a sudden thrust, and with a sinuous writhe he was free, while I was carried back by the rush of men with the vague impression that something was amiss with me. Then a great light flamed up before me in which the struggling mob, the close hall and room, and the universe itself melted away, and I was alone.

The next impression that came to me was that of a voice from an immeasurable distance.

"He's coming to," he said; and then beside it I heard a strange wailing cry.

"What is it?" I asked, trying to sit up. My voice seemed to come from miles away and to belong to some other man.

"That's it, you're all right," said the voice encouragingly, and about the half of Niagara fell on my face.

Then the mists before my eyes cleared away, and I found that I was on the floor of the inner bedroom and Wainwright had emptied a water jug over me. The light of a small kerosene lamp gave a gloomy illumination to the place. Lockhart and Fitzhugh leaned against the door, and Wilson bent with Wainwright over me. The boy was sitting on the bed, crying shrilly over the melancholy situation.

"What is it?" I asked, gathering my scattered wits. "What has happened?"

"We've been licked," said Wainwright regretfully. "The rest of the boys got took, but we got in here. Fitz and me seen the natty knock you out, and dragged you back, and when we got you here the parlor was full of the hoinds, and Porter and Abrams and Brown was missing. We found you was cut, and we've tried to fix you up."

I looked at my bandged arm, and put one more count in the indictment against Terrill. He had tried to stab me over the heart at the time he had wrenched free, but he had merely slashed my arm. It was not a severe wound, but it gave me pain.

"Only a scratch," said Wainwright, I envied the philosophic calm with which he regarded it.

"It'll heal." I returned shortly. "Where is the other gang? Are they gone?"

"No; there's half a dozen of 'em out in the parlor, I reckon."

"You'd better tell him," said Fitzhugh, shifting an unpleasant task.

"Well," said Wainwright, "we heard orders given to shoot the first man that comes out before morning, but before all to kill you if you sticks your nose outside before sun-up."

The amiable intentions of the victors set me to thinking. If it was important to keep here till morning, it must be important to me to get out. There was no duty to keep here, for I need fear no attack on the boy who was with us. I looked at my watch, and found it was near 1 o'clock.

"Tie those blankets together," I ordered, as soon as I was able to get my feet.

The men obeyed me in silence, while Wainwright vainly tried to quiet the child. I was satisfied to have him cry, for the more noise he made the less our movements would be heard. I had a plan that I thought might be carried out.

While the others were at work, I cautiously raised the window and peered through the shutters. The rain was falling briskly, and the wind still blew a gale. I thought I dis-

I TIGHTENED MY GRIP AND SPOKE NO WORD

tinguished the dark figure of a man on guard within a few feet of the building, and my heart sank.

"How many are in the parlor, Wilson?" I asked.

Wilson applied his eye to the keyhole.

"Can't see anybody but that one-eyed fellow, Broderick, but there might be more."

A flash of memory came to me, and I felt in my pocket for Mother Borton's mysterious scrawl. "Give that to a one-eyed man," she had said. It was a forlorn hope, but worth the trying.

"Hand this to Broderick," I said, "as soon as you can do it without anyone's seeing you."

Wilson did not like the task, but he took the envelope and silently brought the door ajar. His first investigations were evidently reassuring, for he soon had half his body outside.

"He's got it," he said on reappearing.

A little later there was a gentle tap at the door, and the head of the one-eyed man was thrust in.

"It's as much as my life's worth," he whispered. "What do you want me to do?"

"How many men are in the street below here?"

"There's one, but more are in call."

"Well, I want him got out of the way."

"That's easy," said Broderick, with a diabolical wink of his one eye. "I'll have him change places with me."

"Good! How many men are here?"

"You don't need to know that. There's enough to bury you."

"Have Meeker and Terrill gone?"

"Tom? He's in the next room, here, and can count it a mercy of the saints if he gits out in a week. Meeker's gone with the old man. Well, I can't stay a-gabbin' any longer, or I'll be caught, and then the divil himself couldn't save me."

I shuddered at the thought of the "old man," and the shadow of Doddridge Knapp weighed on my spirits.

"Are you ready for an excursion, Fitzhugh?" I whispered.

He nodded assent.

"Well, we'll be out of here in a minute or two. Take that overcoat. I've got one. Now tie that blanket to the bedpost. No, it won't be long enough. You'll have to hold it for us, boys."

I heard the change of guards below, and, giving directions to Wainwright, with funds to settle our account with the house, I blew out the lamp quietly swung open the shutter and leaned over the sill.

"Hold onto the blanket, boys. Follow, Fitz," I whispered, and climbed out. The strain on my injured arm as I swung off gave me a burning pain, but I got to the ground in safety, and the improvised rope was drawn up.

"Where now?" whispered Fitzhugh.

"To the stable."

As we slipped along to the corner a man stepped out before us.

"Don't shoot," he said; "it's me—Broderick. Tell Mother Borton I wouldn't have done it for anybody but her."

"I'm obliged to you just the same," I said. "And here's a bit of drink money. Now, where are my men?"

"Don't know. In the lockup, I reckon."

"How's that?"

"Why, you see, Meeker tells the fellows here he has a warrant for you—that you're the gang of burglars that's wanted for the Parrott murder. And he had to show the constable and the landlord and some others the warrant, too."

"How many were hurt?"

"Six or seven. Two of your fellows looked pretty bad when they were carried out."

We turned down a by-street, but as soon as the guard had disappeared we retraced our steps and hastened to the Thatcher stables.

The rain was whipped into our faces as we bent against the wind, and the whish and roar of the gale among the trees and the rattle of loose boards and tins, as they were tossed and shaken behind the houses, gave a melancholy accompaniment to our hasty march.

We nearly missed the stable in the darkness, and it was several minutes before we roused Thatcher to a state in which he could put together the two ideas that we wanted to get in, and that it was his place to get up and let us in.

"Horses to-night?" he gasped, throwing up his hands. "Holy Moses! I couldn't think of letting the worst plug of the lot out in this storm."

"Well, I want your best."

"You'll have to do it, Dick," said Fitzhugh with a few words of explanation. "He'll make it all right for you."

"Where are you going?" asked Thatcher.

"Oakland."

He threw up his hands once more.

"Great Scott! you can't do it. The horses can't travel 50 miles at night and in this weather. You'd best wait for the morning train. The express will be through here before 5."

"I hesitated a moment, but the chances of being stopped were too great.

"I must go," I said decidedly. "I can't wait here."

"I have it," said Thatcher. "By hard riding you can get to Niles in time to catch the freight as it goes up from San Jose. It will get down in time for the first boat, if that's what you want."

"Good! How far is it?"

"We call it 18 miles—it's over that by the road. There's only one nasty bit. That's in the canyon."

"I think we shall need the pleasure of your company," I said.

"It's a bad job, but if you must, you must," he groaned. And he soon had three horses under the saddle.

I eyed the beasts with some disfavor. They were evidently half-mustang, and I thought undersized for such a journey. But I was to learn before the night was out the virtues of strength and endurance that lie in the blood of the Indian horse.

"Hist! What's that?" said Fitzhugh, extinguishing the light.

The voices of the storm and the unearthly clanging of the horses were the only sounds that rewarded a minute's listening.

"We must chance it," said I, after looking cautiously into the darkness and finding no signs of a foe.

And in a moment more we were galloping down the street, the hoof-beats scarcely sounding in the softened earth of the roadway. Not a word was spoken after the start as we turned through the side streets to avoid the approaches to the hotel. Thatcher suddenly turned to the west, and in another minute we were on the open highway, with the steady beat of the horses' hoofs splashing a wild rhythm on the muddy road.

With the town once behind us, I felt my spirits rise with every stroke of the horse's hoofs beneath me. The rain and the wind were friends rather than foes. Yet my arm pained me sharply, and I was forced to carry the reins in the whip hand. Here the road was broader, and we rode three abreast, silent, watchful, each busy with his own thought, and all alert for the signs of chase behind.

"There!" said Thatcher, suddenly pulling his horse up to a walk. "We're five miles out, and they've got a big piece to make up if they're on our track. We'll breathe the horses a bit."

The beasts were panting a little, but chafed at the bits as we walked them and tossed their heads uneasily to the pelting of the storm.

"Hark!" I cried. "Did you hear that?" I was almost certain that the sound of a faint halloo came from behind us. I was not alone in the thought.

"The dern fools!" said Fitzhugh. "They want a long chase, I guess, to go through the country, yelling like a pack of wild Injuns."

"I reckon 'twas an owl," said Thatcher; "but we might as well be moving. We needn't take no chances while we've got a good set of heels under us. Get up, boys."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MADE WHILE YOU WAIT.

Autograph Fiend an Easy Mark for the Unscrupulous.

W. E. Collett, secretary of the Colorado Prison association, was talking in Denver about 50 autograph letters from widows that he received recently, wherein each widow offered gladly to marry one of Mr. Collett's proteges, a reformed convict in search of a wife.

"I shall keep most of those widows' autographs," said Mr. Collett. "They are very interesting. A collection of autographs of such a character would be worth having, wouldn't it? Different from the usual dull collections of mere signatures, eh?"

He smiled and went on:

"An autograph fiend who collects mere signatures is rather a fool, and he is very easily taken in. Whenever I think of him, I think of a little story about him.

"According to this story, an autograph fiend walked into an old curiosity shop and said:

"'You advertise that you have autographs of Washington and Shakespeare for sale. If your terms are reasonable, I should like to purchase specimens of each of those autographs.'

"The proprietor bowed politely. Then he went to the back of the shop and said to a man who was painting a large canvas on an easel:

"'Put away that Rembrandt for the present, Jim, and write me out an autograph of Washington and one of Shakespeare. Gentleman waiting outside.'"

GOOD THING TO LEAVE ALONE.

Physicians Advise to Those Who Are Fond of Mushrooms.

It may be possible that when all the boys are dead they will quit eating toadstools and dying in spasms therefrom. The edible and poisonous varieties of these fungi are too close together in general and species for the average youngster to differentiate them. It continues, after many years, to be the same old story: Eat it; if it kills you it is a toadstool; if it agrees with you it is a mushroom. Some years ago the department of agriculture at Washington issued an elaborate and beautiful set of illustrations of mushrooms and "near" mushrooms, labeling one set "edible" and the other "poisonous." The story leaked out that the printers got the labels mixed, and that the transposition was not discovered until the work had been sent broadcast. The officials did some fall hustling in an effort to call in the issue. A well-known physician said to me the other day: "Owing to the very great difficulty in ordinary life of detecting the true from the false, my mushroom advice has usually been 'let both kinds alone.'"—New York Press.

Parish Registers.

I was once being shown round a village church in the Eastern Counties, and was solemnly informed by the somewhat garrulous parish clerk that the registers went back to the time of William the Conqueror, says J. F. Williams in The Treasury. Lest the same startling opinion may be held by others, let me hasten to say that parish registers were unknown in England before the end of Henry VIII's reign, and happy the parish which still possesses its records even from that date. For our earlier registers have certainly had a very checkered career, and when we read the story of the treatment which has been meted out to them during the three or four centuries of their existence, we can only wonder that they exist in such numbers as they do.

Paganini's Violin.

The famous violin of Paganini, which was preserved in a glass case, has been found to be rotting, and it is certain that the wood will not last many years longer. This discovery has caused agitation as to the means of preserving the precious instrument. It has been decided that to keep it a few years longer it shall be taken out once a year and played on for an hour by the best pupil of the conservatoire. Only once since the death of the greatest violinist who ever lived has the violin, which is a superb Stradivarius, been touched, and that was some years ago by the Spanish violinist, Pablo del Sarasate, to whom the city during a triumphal tour through Italy wished to offer a signal honor.

Reducing Ocean Record.

The first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic took twenty-four days to make the trip, and the early boats of the Cunard line, organized in 1849, made the transatlantic trip in fourteen days, or in about the same time as the best of the clippers of the Black Ball and other lines. In 1860 the sailing ship Dreadnought made the passage in nine days and seventeen hours, and it was a long time before a steamer beat that record. It is nearly two decades since the five-day ship came upon the scene, and ever since then the record has been lowered by hours rather than by days.

ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

Virtue That Abides in Clean Linen

WASHINGTON.—The nation's capital is sincere in its crusade for cleanliness and promises to prove herself a worthy example to the other cities of the land. The activities of Dr. W. C. Woodward the past week have centered in the effort to reform the laundry business of the city.

Every person who launders for pay the clothing, sheets, pillow cases, table cloths or similar articles belonging to any other person will be required to register with the health officer.

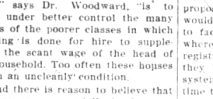
"What the health department desires," says Dr. Woodward, "is to bring under better control the many homes of the poorer classes in which washing is done for hire to supplement the scant wage of the head of the household. Too often these houses are in an uncleanly condition.

"And there is reason to believe that in many cases, especially in the summer season, when heating water for washing not only diminishes the profit of the operation, but also adds to the discomfort of the household, the water used is not properly heated, and clothing from various sources is passed successively through the same dirty water; and, moreover, that ironing, which, when efficiently done, is a reasonably safe disinfecting process, is not done in the manner best adapted to the accomplishment of that end.

"And finally, during rainy days in summer, and particularly during inclement weather during the winter season, clothing is hung up or spread about within the living rooms of the premises, often amid foul odors which effectively permeate it, and occasionally on premises occupied in part by patients suffering from communicable diseases.

"While the most effective regulation of the business of laundering cannot be brought about until some system of licensing is established, as is proposed in the pending bill, yet it would seem that it may be possible to facilitate the inspection of places where laundering is done by requiring registration at the health office. If they be registered then they can be systematically inspected, at least from time to time, as lunchrooms and other similar places are now being inspected, instead of being visited only occasionally, in the course of the routine work of the department."

Envoys Notorious as "Tightwads"



UNCLE SAM is getting wise on one point and that is that foreign countries like to have him send millionaires as his representatives to their lands there to spend American gold lavishly, but are disposed to be decidedly niggardly when it comes to their representatives spending money in America.

Secretary Root is credited with being about to turn this situation to good account. Mr. Root resents the position of the foreign governments in requiring money qualification of an American ambassador.

Of course what ambassadors and ministers spend here on private enterprises for their governments cannot be reckoned. But their entertainments and general mode of living are an open page. The man who draws the biggest salary in Washington is James Bryce, who gets $50,000 annually and an additional $10,000 a year for contingent expenses. Mr. Bryce has one of the finest mansions which the capital can boast, completely furnished, with an extra fund to pay for any necessary repairs or new equipment. He has linen, silver and glass at the expense of the British exchequer, and even the liveries of his retainers come from the public fund.

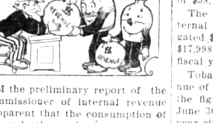
Yet with this vast sum at their disposal, few people have more unpretentiously than the British ambassador and Mrs. Bryce. Their social record during the last winter contained fewer events than any of the immediate predecessors. Mrs. Bryce gave about six small afternoon receptions during the season, when tea and small confections were served.

There were two large evening levees, when practically the whole of Washington's official and social world was entertained. About three formal and pretentious banquets were given by the British ambassador during the winter.

But little more can be placed to the credit of the French ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, second on the list of big salaries. M. Jusserand gets $42,500 a year, about $10,000 for extra expenses. The dean of the corps, the Italian ambassador, Baron Mayor Des Planches, is almost out of the social running.

In view of the loud lamentations about what a hard time American diplomats abroad have to "make ends meet," it is said that Secretary Root and some legislators who are in his confidence will present the next complainants with a story of what good managers the diplomats who live in Washington have proved themselves.

Are Turning from Whisky to Beer



FROM the preliminary report of the commissioner of internal revenue it is apparent that the consumption of whisky and other ardent spirits is on the decrease and that the consumption of beer is increasing. During the fiscal year which ended on June 30, last, $131,789,242 was paid to the government as revenue on whisky and other spirituous liquors. For the year previous $147,550,281 was paid, a loss in revenue of $15,767,038. There was distilled during the year which ended June 30, last, 119,808,402 gallons of distilled spirits, a decrease over the previous year of 14,333,672 gallons.

During the past year 58,747,640 barrels of beer, ale, etc., were made, a gain of 201,569 over the preceding year. On this beer, ale, etc., the government received as revenue the sum of $58,747,680, a gain of $201,569.

The receipts from all sources of internal revenue for the year aggregated $251,663,920, being a decrease of $17,998,072 from the receipts for the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1907.

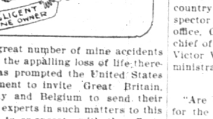
Tobacco of all sorts yielded a revenue of $49,862,754, a loss of $1,948,315, the figures of the year which ended June 30, 1907, being $51,811,069. This year cigars contributed a total sum of $20,714,276; fine cuts, $545,040, and cigarettes, $4,879,346, and tobacco of other kind, including chewing and smoking, $21,846,562.

Oleomargarine paid revenue to the extent of $954,304, a gain of $66,653 over the previous year. This represents 29,107,302 pounds consumed.

Renovated butter was a close second to oleomargarine, 50,240,708 pounds being manufactured, upon which $125,601 revenue was paid.

Filled cheese paid $1,271; mixed flour, $2,280. Playing cards were taxed for $549,810, a loss of $112,904 for the preceding year.

Would Make Work of Mining Safe



THE great number of mine accidents and the appalling loss of life therefrom has prompted the United States government to invite Great Britain, Germany and Belgium to send their leading experts in such matters to this country to cooperate with the efforts now being made through the United States geological survey to establish an experimental station at Pittsburg and to inaugurate the work there of testing explosives used in coal mining. Congress at its last session appropriated $150,000 for this purpose, and this sum has been turned over to the survey.

It is said that abroad mine explosives are tested, and those which are deemed standard for the purpose of mining are labeled "permissible." There is no such condition here, nor has the geological survey the right to impose it. It may, however, endeavor to ascertain the facts by investigation, and then set them forth for the benefit of mine operators and for the information of state legislators.

Last year 3,200 men were killed in the mines and the year before 2,061. The rate for 1906 was 3.34 for every thousand men employed, while for 1907 it was still greater. In four mines alone nearly 500 men were killed since last December—356 in the disaster at Monongah, W. Va., said to be the most appalling, so far as the loss of life is concerned, in the history of mining; 25 more in the disaster at the Darr mine, in Pennsylvania; 32 in the Naomi mine, in Pennsylvania, and 61 in the Yolande mine, in Alabama.

The experts who will come to this country are Capt. Desborough, inspector of explosives under the home office, Great Britain; Herr Meissner, chief of the German mine service, and Victor Watteyne, engineer-in-chief, administration of mines, Belgium.

Cruelty.

"Are you the officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?" asked the fussy little man.

"I am," replied the man addressed.

"Well, look at that horse, how he's switching his tail. The flies are something awful."

"What would you suggest, that I arrest the flies for worrying the horse, or the horse for worrying the flies?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Idyllic Situation.

"They are such ideal chums, seemingly."

"Yes, and thereby hangs a tale,—a romance in real life. They fell in love at first sight, and were married right away, and for awhile it looked as if there would be no more to the story. But in time their love ripened into friendship—think of it!—and now they are what you see."—Puck.

Breaking It Gently.

"Pardon me, sir," began the portly person in the railroad train to the man who sat next to him, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?"

"Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," suggested the other.

"I did!" admitted the portly person, calmly.—Half Holiday.

OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T.

"You certainly wouldn't marry a girl for her money, would you, Tom?"

"Of course not; neither would I have the heart to let her become an old maid because she happened to be well off."

TRIPP COUNTY, S. D.

Government Land Opening.

The government opening of a million acres of fine agricultural and grazing lands will probably occur about Oct. 1st. The Rosebud extension of The Chicago & North Western Ry. is the only railway reaching these lands, and Dallas, S. D., is the railway terminus and the only town on the reservation border. The U. S. land office will probably be located there. Pamphlets describing this land and how to secure a quarter section, interested, free on application to W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

None for Him.

"Well, what does the hat bill come to this summer?" inquired Mr. Juggins.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Juggins, producing the long paper. "My Merry Widow, Lottie's pink Merry Widow, Ella's green and Mamie's mauve Merry Widow—total $99.90."

"Gee!" said Mr. Juggins. "Nearly a hundred! Well, with the ten cents remaining, I guess I'd better have my old straw done up again."

Contentment is said to be better than riches, but it is only a matter of hearsay with most people.

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Peruna be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that the medicinal herbs composing Peruna are of two kinds. First, standard and well-tried catarrh remedies. Second, well-known and generally acknowledged tonic remedies. That in one or the other of these uses they have stood the test of many years' experience by physicians of different schools. There can be no dispute about this, whatever. Peruna is composed of some of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrhal diseases, and for such conditions of the human system as require a tonic. Each one of the principal ingredients of Peruna has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh or as a tonic medicine.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousand people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other infirmity of long standing. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Peruna invites the full inspection of the critics.

Libby's Food Products

Peerless Dried Beef

Unlike the ordinary dried beef—that sold in bulk—Libby's Peerless Dried Beef comes in a sealed glass jar in which it is packed the moment it is sliced into those delicious thin wafers.

None of the rich natural flavor or goodness escapes or dries out. It reaches you fresh and with all the nutriment retained.

Libby's Peerless Dried Beef is only one of a Great number of high-grade, ready to serve, pure food products that are prepared in Libby's Great White Kitchen.

Just try a package of any of these, such as Ox Tongue, Vienna Sausage, Pickles, Olives, etc., and see how delightfully different they are from others you have eaten.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago