SECRET SERVICE

BEING THE HAPPENINGS OF A NIGHT IN RICHMOND IN THE SPRING OF 1865

THE PLAY BY WILLIAM GILLETTE;

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

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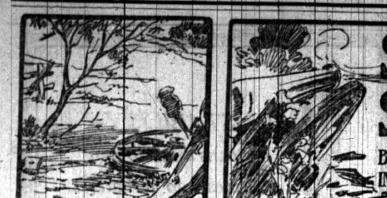

SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Varney, wife of a Confederate general, has lost one son and another is dying from wounds. She reluctantly gives her consent for Wilfred, the youngest, to join the army if his father consents. The federals are making their last assault in an effort to capture Richmond. Edith Varney secures from President Davis a confirmation for Capt. Thorne, who is just recovering from wounds, as chief of the telegraph at Richmond.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"I am sure he would be more than pleased," smiled Lieutenant Maxwell, as Edith left the room and hastened up the stairs.

"We haven't heard so much cannon ading today, lieutenant," said Mrs Varney. "Do you know what it means?"

"I don't think they are quite positive, ma'am, but they can't help looking for a violent attack to follow."

"I don't see why it should quiet down before an assault."

"Well, there is always a calm before a storm," said the lieutenant. "It might be some signal, or it might be they are moving their batteries to open on some special point of attack. They are trying every way to break through our defenses, you know."

"It's very discouraging. We can't seem to drive them back this time."

"We're holding them where they are, though," said Maxwell proudly. "They'll never get in unless they do it by some sourry trick; that's where the danger lies. We are always looking out for it, and—"

At this moment Edith Varney re-entered the room. She had left her hat upstairs with the offic'al-looking envelope, and had taken time to glance at a mirror and then to thrust a red rose in her dark hair. The impressionable young lieutenant thought she looked prettier than ever.

"Lieutenant Maxwell," she said, extending a folded paper, "here is your receipt—"

The butler's words to some one in the hall interrupted her further speech.

"Will you jes' kin'ly step his way, suh!" she heard Jonas say, and as Edith turned she found herself face to face with Captain Thorne!

CHAPTER III.

Orders to Captain Thorne.

On the sleeves of Captain Thorne's coat the insignia of a captain of Confederate artillery were displayed, his uniform was worn, soiled, and ill-fitting, giving honorable evidence of hard service; his face was pale and thin, and showed signs of recent illness, from which he had scarcely recovered, in every particular he was a marked contrast to Lieutenant Maxwell.

"Miss Varney," he said, bowing low, "we were expecting you," answered Edith, giving her hand to Thorne. "Here's Captain Thorne, mamma!"

Mrs. Varney shook hands with him graciously while her daughter turned once more to the other men, with the acknowledgment of the order, which she handed to him.

"I wasn't very long writing it, was I, Lieutenant Maxwell?" she asked.

"I've never seen a quicker piece of work, Miss Varney," returned that young man, putting the note in his belt and smiling as he did so. "When you want a clerkship over at the government offices, you must surely let me know."

"You would better not commit your self," said Edith jestingly; "I might take you at your word."

"Nothing would please me more," was the prompt answer. "All you have got to do is just apply, and refer to me, of course."

"Lots of other girls are doing it," continued Edith half-seriously. "They have to live. Aren't there a good many where you are?"

"Well, we don't have so many as they do over at the treasury. I believe there are more ladies over there than men. And now I must go."

"A moment," said Mrs. Varney, coming forward with Thorne. "Do you gentlemen know each other?"

Captain Thorne strode to the head and stepped forward, looking intently at the other.

"Let me have the pleasure of making you acquainted, then. Captain Thorne—Lieutenant Maxwell."

Thorne slowly inclined his head, Maxwell also bowed.

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting Captain Thorne before, although I have heard of him a great many times," he said courteously.

"Yes?" answered the other, who seemed to be a man of few words.

"In fact, captain, there is a gentleman in one of our offices who seems mightly anxious to pick a fight with you."

"Really!" exclaimed Captain Thorne, smiling somewhat sarcastically; "pick a fight with me! To what office do you refer, sir?"

"The war office, sir," said Lieutenant Maxwell, rather annoyed.

"Dear, dear!" continued Thorne urbanely; "I didn't suppose there was anybody in the war office who wanted to fight!"

"And why not, sir?" asked Lieutenant Maxwell haughtily, while Edith barely stifled a laugh, and her mother even smiled.

"Well, if he wanted to fight, he'd hardly be in an office at a time like this, would he?"

Captain Thorne's sarcasm seemed to perturb the youngster, but his good breeding got the better of his annoyance.

"I'd better not tell him that, captain," he said with a great effort at lightness; "he would certainly insist upon having you out."

"That would be too bad," said the captain. "It might interfere with his office hours and—"

"He doesn't believe it, Miss Varney," said Maxwell, turning to the younger woman, "but it is certainly true. I dare say you know the gentleman—"

"Please don't, lieutenant," interrupted Edith quickly. "I would rather not talk about it, if you please."

"Of course," said Maxwell, "I didn't know there was anything—"

"Yes," said Edith. "Let's talk about something else. You know there is always the weather to fall back on—"

"It should say so!" laughed the lieutenant, "and mighty bad weather for us, too."

"Yes, isn't it?"

They turned away, talking and laughing somewhat constrainedly, while Mrs. Varney picked up the note that was still lying on the table.

"From your note, I suppose you are leaving us immediately, Captain Thorne. Your orders have come?"

"Yes, Mrs. Varney," said the captain. "I am afraid this must be the last of my pleasant calls."

"Isn't it rather sudden? Are you quite well? It seems to me they ought to give you a little more time to recover?"

"I have no doubt that I am or feel much better than I look," said the captain, "and we have to be ready for anything, you know. I have been idle too long already."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Varney. "Well, it has been a great pleasure to have you call upon us. When you are away we shall greatly miss your visits."

He Made No Effort at Departure.

"Thank you; I shall never forget what they have been to me."

"Lieutenant Maxwell is going, mamma," said Edith.

"So soon! Please excuse me a moment, captain. I am very sorry you have to hurry away, lieutenant; we shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you again, if your duties permit."

"I shall certainly avail myself of your invitation, if you will allow me." He saluted Captain Thorne. "Good evening, sir."

Thorne, of course, returned the courteous salute of the junior.

"Lieutenant Maxwell," he said pleasantly, as Mrs. Varney followed Lieutenant Maxwell into the hall.

"Now remember, you are to come some time when duty doesn't call you away so soon," she said, as he bowed himself out.

"Trust me not to forget that, Mrs. Varney," said the lieutenant, as he disappeared on the porch.

Captain Thorne and Edith were left alone. The girl stepped over to a small table on which stood a vase of roses, and, with somewhat nervous hands, she busied herself arranging them. The young officer watched her in silence for a little while, the moments tense with emotion.

"Shall I see Mrs. Varney again?" he began at last.

"Oh, I suppose so, but not now. I heard her go upstairs to Howard."

"How is he?"

"Desperately ill."

"I am sorry."

"Yes," said the girl.

"I have a very little time to stay and—"

"Oh—not long," said Edith.

"No, I am sorry to say."

"Well, do you know," she looked at him archly, "I believe you will have more time than you really think you have. It would be odd if it came out that way, wouldn't it?" she continued, as she played with the flower in her hand.

"Yes, but it won't come out that way," said Thorne, as he stepped closer to her.

"You don't know," she faltered, as Thorne drew the flower from her and took her hand in his. They stood there quiet a moment, and she did not draw her hand away. "Well, it makes no difference how soon you are going away; you can sit down in the meantime if you want to."

"It is hardly worth while," he said; "my time is so short."

"You would better," interrupted the girl; "I have a great many things to say to you."

"Have you?" he asked, sitting down on the little sofa by her side in compliance with her invitation.

"Yes."

"But I have only one thing to say to you—Miss Varney and—that is"—Thorne took her other hand in both of his—"good bye."

Very different words had trembled on his lips, as he knew and as the girl knew.

"But I don't really think you will have to say that, Captain Thorne," said Edith slowly.

"I know I will."

"Then," said Edith more softly, "it will be because you want to say it."

"No," said Thorne, resolutely and of his own motion releasing her hands, which she had allowed him to hold without remonstrance; "it will be because I must."

He rose to his feet and took up his hat from the table as if, the thing being settled, he had only to go. But the girl observed with secret joy that he made no other effort at departure.

"Oh, you think you must, do you, Captain Thorne?" said Edith, looking up at him mischievously. "You are a very wise person, but you don't know all that I know."

"I think that is more than likely, Miss Varney, but won't you tell me some of the things that you know that I don't, so that I can approach your knowledge in that respect?"

"I wouldn't mind telling you one thing, and that is that it is very wrong for you to think of leaving Richmond now."

"Oh, but you don't know—"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, what do you know?" asked Thorne curiously.

"Whatever you were going to say. Most likely it was that there's something or other I don't know about, but I do know this. You were sent here to recover, and you haven't nearly had enough time for it yet."

"I do look as if a high wind would blow me away, don't I?" he laughed.

"No matter how you look, you ought not to go. You are just making fun of it, as you always do of everything. No matter, you can have all the fun you like, but the whole thing is settled, you are not going away at all, you are going to stay here," she concluded with most decided but winning emphasis.

Oh, I'm not going." Well, that is quite a change for me," said Thorne composedly. He laid his hat back on the table and came closer to Edith. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what I am going to do."

"I don't mind at all, and it is this. You see, I have been to see—I am almost afraid to tell you."

"Don't tell me," said the man with sudden seriousness, laying aside all his pleasantry, "because it can't be true. I have my orders, and I am leaving tonight."

"Where—to Petersburg—to the front?"

"We can always tell where orders will take us," he said evasively, again sitting down beside her on the lounge.

He could scarcely tear himself away from her, from the delicious yet painful emotion aroused by her presence. He ought to have gone long since, yet he was with her, as he supposed, for the last time. Surely he might indulge himself a little. He loved her so desperately, so hopelessly.

"But listen," said the girl, "suppose there were other orders, orders from a higher authority, appointing you to duty here?"

"It would not make any difference. You don't mean you would go in spite of them?" cried the girl in sudden alarm.

Thorne looked at her gravely and nodded his head.

"But if it were proved that your first orders were a mistake—"

She stretched out her hand toward him, which Thorne clasped closely again.

"But it wasn't a mistake, and I must go," he said slowly, rising to his feet once more, but still holding her hand.

"Is it something dangerous?" asked the girl apprehensively.

"Oh, well, enough to make it interesting."

But Edith did not respond to his well simulated humor. She drew her hand away, and Thorne fancied with a leap of his heart that she did it with reluctance. She began softly:

"Don't be angry with me if I ask you again about your orders. I must know."

"But why?" asked Thorne curiously.

"No matter, tell me."

"I can't do that. I wish I could," he answered with a slight sigh.

"You needn't," said the girl triumphantly. "I do know."

The captain started and, in spite of his control, a look of dismay and apprehension flitted across his face as the girl went on.

"They're sending you on some mission where death is almost certain. They will sacrifice your life, because they know you are fearless and will do anything. There is a chance for you to stay here, and be just as much use, and I am going to ask you to take it. It isn't your life alone—there are others to think of and—that's why I ask you. It may not sound well, perhaps I ought not—you won't understand but you—"

As she spoke she rose to her feet, confronting him, while she impulsively thrust out her hand toward him again. Once more he took that behind his hand in his own, holding it close against him.

"No," said the man at last, by the exercise of the most iron self-control and repression, "you shall not have this against me, too."

Edith drew closer to him, leaving her hand in his as she placed her other on his shoulder. She thought she knew what he would have said. And love gave her courage. The frankness of war was in the air. If this man left her now, she might never see him again. She was a woman, but she could not let him go without an effort.

"Against you? What against you? What do you mean?" she asked softly.

The witchery of the hour was upon him, too, and the sweetness of her presence. He knew he had but to speak to receive his answer, to summon the fortress and receive the surrender. Her eyes dropped before his passionately searching look, her color came and went, her bosom rose and fell. She thought he must certainly hear the wild beating of her heart. He pressed her hands closely to his breast for a moment, but quickly pulled him self together again.

"I must go," he said hoarsely; "my business is—elsewhere. I ought nev have been to see you or spoken to you, but I had to come to this house and you were here, and how could I help it? Oh—I couldn't for my whole—it's only you in this—" He stopped and thrust her hands away from him blindly and turned away. As there was a God above him he would not do it. "Your mother—I would like to say good-bye to her."

"No, you are not going," cried the girl desperately, playing her last card. "Listen, they need you in Richmond, the president told me so himself—your orders are to stay here. You are to be given a special commission on the war department telegraph service, and you—"

"No, no, I won't take it—I can't take it, Miss Varney."

"Can't you do that much for—me?" said the girl with winning sweetness, and again she put out her hands to him.

"It is for you that I will do nothing of the kind," he answered quickly; "if you ever think of me again after—well, when I am gone, remember that I refused."

"But you can't refuse; it is the president's desire, it is his order, you have got to obey. Wait a moment, I left it upstairs. I will fetch it for you and you will see."

She turned toward the door.

"No," said Thorne, "don't get it, I won't look at it."

"But you must see what it is. It puts you at the head of everything. You have entire control. When you see it I know you will accept it. Please wait."

"No, Miss Varney, I can't—"

"Oh, yes, you can," cried Edith, who would hear no denial as she ran swiftly toward the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CANADIAN MONEY A MENACE

New $10 Goldpiece and New Penny Look Much Alike, According to Banker.

Similarity in appearance of the new Canadian $10 gold piece and the Canadian penny and the consequent danger of confusion of the two caused J. W. Spangler, vice-president of the Seattle National bank, to issue specific directions to the men at the windows to look out for the penny.

The coins are nearly alike in appearance, excepting that the penny is a trifle smaller than the gold piece. The obverse and reverse sides of both coins are similar, excepting that the lettering is respectively "ten dollars" and "one cent."

The penny is of unusually light copper color, the bust of King George being shown in relief on both coins, and the gold coin is the first ever turned out by a Canadian mint, paper currency having been the circulating medium above the value of 50 cents.

Business men have been warned of an attempted fraud on the part of men in Canada who have triple plated the new Canadian penny with gold and have floated the coins in this country as $10 gold pieces, relying on the hurry of business to successfully conceal the tell-tale lettering, and it is stated that such coins have been passed in the Pacific Northwest.

Eyesight Restored by Accident.

A bit of tinfoil dipped from a rubber band by a child is declared responsible for the restoration of the eyesight of Rev. G. G. Rupert, pastor of an Oklahoma church, who had been blind for twenty-eight years. The missile, fired at random by a grandchild of the minister, hit him in one of the eyes, and to alleviate the pain hot clothes were applied, and when it was apparent that his sight was being restored the applications were continued.

Practically normal vision has returned. Mr. Rupert became suddenly blind while conducting revival services in Birmingham, O., in 1884.—Kansas City Star.

INCREASING DEMAND FOR HEAVY HORSES

Two-Year-Old Percheron Stallion.

The breeding of heavy draft horses is one of the most profitable branches of live stock farming. Few farmers realize the importance of size in a draft horse when put on the market, either in public or private sale. A horse that weighs less than 1,500 pounds is not considered a draft horse in any of the horse markets of the country, yet the mares kept on the ordinary farms are usually lighter than that. This accounts for the small, scrubby lot of horses that are constantly being put on the market at a loss to the breeder.

This was well illustrated at a sale of grade horses recently held in the Latmer sale barns at Salina, says the Kansas Industrialist. Here the horses of good size were readily bought at good prices, while some of the lighter ones could scarcely be sold at any price. There is an increasing demand for heavy draft horses in the cities in spite of the fact that many firms are using the motor truck in their delivery work. The motor truck can be used profitably only on long, heavy hauls where the roads are good and speed is essential. The motor requires good roads for its best operation and can be used to advantage only in the paved streets of the city or on good country roads. These remarks were made recently by the manager of a large express company at Chicago. The delivery manager of a big packing company at Kansas City, says that the motor truck cannot be used on short delivery on account of the heavy expense of operation. The motor truck has its place on the farm. It can be used for plowing and heavy hauling, but can never replace the draft horse. If the draft horse is a permanent part of agriculture, more attention should be given to its production.

There is an increasing demand for heavier horses on the farms. Deeper and better tillage must be practiced in the future, and this requires heavier machinery and more motive power. There are two ways of increasing this power. One is by increasing the number of light horses. But the most economical way is to increase the weight of the horses. This will reduce the farm labor force; will decrease the amount of equipment necessary in requiring less stable room and feed harness, and the cost of feed will be lessened.

All farmers and breeders who are breeding horses for commercial purposes should replace their small mares with heavier ones. This must be done gradually by adding a few good draft mares to the herd every year and selling the poorer ones. Sometimes good colts may be reared from inferior mares by mating them to a good stallion, but better ones always will be the result of the mating of better mares to the same stallion. There are plenty of good stallions throughout the state, but the mares are lacking, and until the farmers come to realize the value of the right kind of mares the profit in breeding will be low.

POTATOES GROWN IN STRAW STACKS

Unless Ground Is Reasonably Fertile One Should Not Expect Satisfactory Results.

Years and years ago potatoes were grown in old straw stacks, and this suggested hauling out straw to cover the ground no matter where the potatoes were planted. I have heard a great many praise this plan, while others give it as a flat failure. I have tried it with success, and in some cases have failed, but in that failure learned the cause thereof.

One cannot control the season, and for this reason, early potatoes in straw have been an indifferent success, while those planted later are almost always better than when given cultivation and the straw not used. If we have a cold, wet spring, potatoes planted in a deep furrow under straw, are not likely to do well, while if they are planted a little later, when the sun is warm, they will not lack for moisture, and the potato must have sufficient moisture.

I prepare the ground and lay off rows with a single shovel just as if I were going to plant in the regular way except that the rows may be some closer together. The potatoes are then dropped in the row, and barely covered, so that in some cases one side of the piece shows. It is often as well not to cover with dirt at all, but it is safer in case of dry weather to cover a little.

Then with a wogan haul out oat or wheat straw and cover the ground solidly to a depth of six inches or a foot. Never fear, for the potatoes, they will come through the straw, and so will nettles which are akin to the potato vine in this respect, but other weeds will be smothered, and the patch will be perfectly clean except for the row of green potato vines. It will not be necessary to cultivate with either plow or hoe, and if a few bull nettles should be found they may be cut off with a blade. The potatoes will form right at the top of the ground and in the lower layer of straw. There will be some elements of fertility in the rotting straw, but unless the ground is reasonably fertile one should not expect any better results from this plan than by cultivating.

At digging time begin on one side, fork the straw over and pick up the potatoes, then take the next row forking the straw from it over on the row that has just been dug or rather picked. The potatoes will be white and clean, and you will get all of them, whereas by the old method of cultivation and digging among the weeds as high your head you get maybe not more than half.

Set Out Peppers.

It is not too late to set out peppers. This plant should never be set in the open ground until the thermometer stands at about 60 degrees through the night and all danger of frosts is passed.

Begin Spraying.

Spraying vegetables should be commenced the very moment the insects are seen. Every day thereafter makes the work of observing them more difficult.

Where this plan has been a failure it was on account of wet, cold weather early in the season which caused the potatoes to rot before coming up. We usually use clean straw, but half rotten would answer the purpose probably as well. This coat of straw which may be turned under the next year, enriches the ground for subsequent crops whether of potatoes or grain.

SOME PLANTS ARE BIG LABOR SAVERS

Require No Greenhouse, Hotbed or Window Garden—They Are Hardy.

(By JOSEPHINE DE MARLA.)

It is not too late in the season to urge busy housemothers who love flowers, but who have little time to give them, to grow herbaceous plants.

These plants are labor-savers; for once established in good, deep soil they require little care or attention as they bloom profusely, and if a good selection is made, abundant bloom may be had from early in spring when the moss-pink (phlox subulata) covers itself with flowers, to late fall when the hardy chrysanthemum withstand the early frosts.

These plants require no greenhouse, hotbed, or window garden, for they are really hardy. However, it is well to protect the young plants their first winter.

Herbaceous plants are propagated in several ways—by seeds, division of cuttings of tops of roots. Cutting of the roots, although not usually practiced, is easy and successful, and should be better understood.

If you will carefully dig up a plant say, a one-year-old golden glow, you will find on the main roots little roots close together. These are future plants. All one has to do is to cut the root in small pieces, being sure to allow one shoot or eye to the piece, and plant them in the ground.

If one has too many plants, it is easy to exchange with one's neighbor and thus acquire a new plant.

White Geranium.

A good white geranium is a jewel which, when found, should be kept. Select one or two sonales for ornamental foliage, and keep them bright by giving the plant as much sunshine a possible and a dose of ammonia one a week—a teaspoonful in a quart of water.

Intolerable Nuisance.

Moles in a garden prove an intolerable nuisance. While they may be trapped, the only sure way is to inject bisulphate of carbon into their runs.

Potato Spray.

Arsenate of lead is replacing paris green in spraying potatoes because it adheres to the foliage better.

Keep the Hoe Going.

Keep the wheel hoe going all through the month, particularly if the ground is dry.

Strawberry Plants.

Do not set out fresh strawberry plants next spring in a bed that was occupied by the old plants this year.

GOOD TIMES IN CANADA

BUSINESS PROSPERING, TRADE INCREASING AND FINANCES IN GOOD SHAPE.

The present tightening up of money must not be looked upon as being in any sense brought about by financial stringency. It is really more a period of stock-taking resorted to by the banks to ascertain the true condition of the finances and trade of the country. Legitimate business enterprises are not affected. Throughout the States there are those who if allowed to continue borrowing, would inevitably be a means towards precipitating something a good deal worse than they feel now. In Canada, the conditions are excellent, and it is safe to say business was never better. The pulse of trade is carefully watched by the Finance Department of the Dominion government, and it is illuminative to read portions of the address of Hon. W. T. White, the Finance Minister, delivered a few days ago before the House of Commons. Mr. White's remarks are in part as follows:

"It falls agreeably to my lot to extend my most hearty congratulations to the House and the country upon the prosperous conditions which it continues to be our good fortune to enjoy. I am happy to announce that the outcome of the last fiscal year, which ended on March 31, will prove even more satisfactory as reflecting by far the highest pitch to which our national prosperity has yet attained. I have every expectation that when the books are closed, it will be found that the total revenue will have reached the splendid total of $168,250,000, or an increase over the year 1911-12 of over $32,000,000. Some indication of the magnificent growth of the Dominion may be gleaned from the fact that this increase in revenue during the period of one year almost equals the entire revenue of the country seventy years ago.

"The augmentation of revenue to which I have referred has not been irregular, spasmodic or intermittent in its nature, but has steadily characterized each month of the year's fiscal year. It was of course mainly derived from Customs receipts, but the other sources of revenue—excise, post office and railways—also gave us very substantial increases.

"That in a period of great financial stringency not only have we not been obliged to resort to the congested markets of the world, but have been able to reduce so substantially ($23,000,000) the debt of the Dominion, must be a matter of gratification, both to the House and to the people of Canada.

"I believe that during this period of exceptional money stringency the credit of the Dominion as reflected in the quotations of its securities has maintained itself among the highest in the world."

Owing to the favorable state of its finances Canada was in a position to pay out a heavy loan in cash without recourse to the issue of bills or securities.—Advertisement.

These Revised Versions.

Mayor Woodruff of Peoria turned with disgust from a revised version of "Mother Goose." He said:

"When one wishes to give a child a present — 'Hans Andersen,' or 'Grimm,' or 'Slovenly Peter'—one finds these books all revised, all spoiled.

"Give me original versions. I don't like revised readings, which are usually an unsatisfactory as the young wife found them.

"This young wife, after a stormy scene, cried:

"'It was different before we married. Ah, yes, you loved me then—and now!'

"'I loved you now and then,' said her husband, calmly. 'Revised version, don't you know.'"

RASH ON FACE FOR 2 YEARS

Sioux Falls, S. D.—"My trouble of skin disease started merely as a rash on my face and neck, but it grew and kept getting worse until large scabs would form, fester and break. This was just on the one side of my face, but it soon scattered to the other side. I suffered a great deal, especially at night, on account of the itching and burning. I would scratch it and of course that irritated it very much. This rash was on my face for about two years, sometimes breaking out lots worse and forming larger sores. It kept me from sleeping day or night for a couple of months. My face looked disgraceful and I was almost ashamed to be seen by my friends.

"A friend asked me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I would bathe my face with hot water and a lot of Cuticura Soap, then I would put on the Cuticura Ointment. In less than two days' time, the soreness and inflammation had almost entirely disappeared, and in four weeks' time you could not see any of the rash. Now my face is without a spot of any kind. I also use them for my scalp and hair. They cured me completely." (Signed) Miss Pansy Hutchins, Feb. 6, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Jealous.

Jack—Your friend Alice has the prettiest teeth I ever saw in a woman's mouth.

Ethel—Yes, the dentist guaranteed that there should not be a finer set in town.

Poison Oak or Ivy Poisoning

is quickly relieved by bathing the affected parts in a solution of two teaspoonfuls of Tyree's Antiseptic Powder to a pint of water. 25c. at all druggists or sample sent free by J. S. Tyree, Washington, D. C.—Adv.

Cheese in Quantity.

This country last year imported more than $2,872,000 worth of Swiss cheese, and the amount is constantly being increased.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.—Adv.

Many a married man has made his wife happy by leaving home.