



That Won't end Corns

That liquid, that plaster—based on old ideas—won't terminate a corn.

Don't try it. Your druggist has a new way—the scientific **Blue-jay**. It is so efficient, so easy, so painless that it now removes a million corns a month.

The way is this: Apply **Blue-jay** at night—it takes only a moment. From that time on the corn will cease to pain.

Forget the corn for two days, then simply lift it out.

Blue-jay loosens the corn. In 48 hours you can remove it without any pain or soreness. Folks have proved that, up to date, on sixty million corns.

Stop paring corns. Stop the old-time treatments. End your corns forever in this simple, easy way.

Try it on one corn.

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

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IT'S THE SCIENTIFIC WAY
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Just unwind American Seed Tape from spool and plant as directed. Selected seeds, properly spaced inside paper tape and fastened with glue fertilizer, insure a quick, sturdy growth, because the paper attracts moisture to the already fertilized seed. Proper spacing means no seed wasted—no thinning out. Each seed gets an equal chance to grow. You save time and back-breaking labor.
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ably the giant, had placed him inside and had built up the door. Some one—he knew not whom—had torn it down again.

Fearfully he crept to the door and tried it. It yielded easily and he peered through the crack.

Then he stopped with a gasp. He was looking into the room with the books. At the table, facing him, the giant lay back in a chair, his head lolling against the wall, his wide eyes staring, his jaw hanging foolishly. In the middle of his shirt, over his heart, stood the hilt of a knife; from it a dark streak ran down. Drop! Drop! it dashed upon the floor.

Horror-stricken, with popping eyes, Ford stared for a moment. Then the need for flight came strong upon him. But the way to the other door lay past the giant, and it took all Ford's courage to dare the passage.

At last he nerved himself to the effort. Inch by inch he pushed the door open; inch by inch he insinuated himself through it; inch by inch he crept across the floor. He grasped the knob of the other door, opened it—then jerked it shut just in time to avoid the furious leap of the great dog. The way of escape was barred.

Abruptly Ford understood. The giant had sought to murder him for the money. The horrible dwarf had murdered the giant for the same yellow reason. Then he had released Ford and had fled with the notes, leaving the dog to keep him prisoner till the officers of justice should come to charge him with the murder. He crept to the giant's side and plucked out the knife; then, deliberately, he walked to the door and threw it wide. As the dog launched for his throat he struck straight and hard.

Perhaps it was chance. Perhaps it was fate. Perhaps it was merely the cold rage that possessed him. Whatever it was, the knife went home and the dog dropped at his feet.

Without even glancing at the body Ford stepped across it, and strode to the outer door. It was not locked. He opened it and stepped into the air.

Before him the road stretched away and he followed it. It led back to the railroad. He knew it, but he did not care. Stepping high, he strode forward.

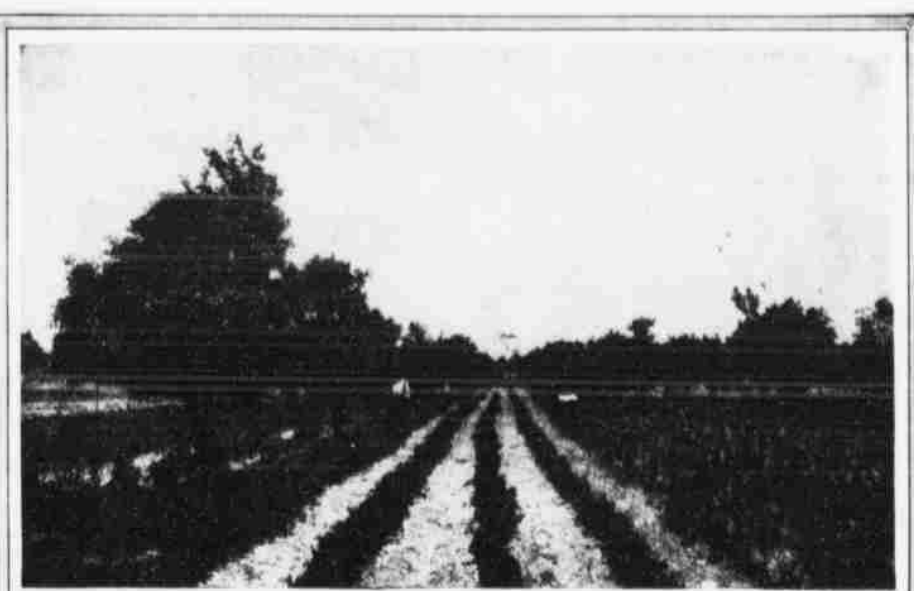
Soon the track appeared, stretching across his way. Then, with a rush and a roar, a passenger train sped by. As the clangor died away another rattling sounded from the same direction, and a freight train that had been waiting on the blind switch, began to back down toward him. As he turned to it hopefully, a figure rose before him.

It was the dwarf. Apparently the latter also wished to flee by train.

An hour before Ford would have fled. But that was an hour before. He had been through hell since. Instantly, without hesitation, he flung himself upon the man. "Give me my money!" he roared, as the two went down upon the rails.

The struggle lasted for an instant only. Somehow Ford's clutching fingers found the roll of bills and fastened upon them. Then the grinding of metal upon metal rang in his ears; a black bulk upheaved itself above him; the hunchback shrieked and loosed his grip; and with a mighty effort, Ford reached up and caught a thin cold rod of steel and clung to it. As he dragged free he saw the dwarf's contorted eyeballs glare up at him as the resistless wheels took their toll.

Tightly he kept his hold. For the moment he dared not let go. And even when the cars jolted clear of the switch, and had halted, preparatory to changing direction, he did not utilize the moment to escape. Rather he clamped his legs about the brake beam and clung tighter. The train was heading back toward the city from which he had fled. He knew it, but he did not care. His brief exaltation had passed. Anything to get away from that awful spot.



Here's the way you start at Wauchula. Vegetables between the tree rows pay for the land and a comfortable living until the grape fruit and orange trees begin to bear. Three and four crops a year. Above is shown part of one crop of vegetables that netted W. J. Wells \$787.50 from 5.3-4 acres—2 miles west of Wauchula.

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Come to the Wauchula District, Florida. On a small acreage that you can buy on extremely easy payments set out young grape fruit and orange trees. Then plant vegetables between the tree rows.

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You have money to spend. And you have the health to enjoy it. You are surrounded by friendly neighbors as prosperous as yourself. The region about you is as wealthy as the older states in the North and West. Four banks in Wauchula and within five miles have nearly \$500,000 bank deposits. Wauchula has grown from 1,500 to 2,000 in the last year. It has churches, a modern school system, lodges, well stocked stores, a hospital, a new town is growing rapidly. First-class transportation and live local markets assure you of cash for everything you grow.

For your leisure time there's good hunting, fishing, boating, swimming, and all the year round a balmy equable climate that makes life worth living.

Here's the big reason for your success here:

Wauchula District Combination Soil—Sold Only Under a BANKERS' GUARANTEE

Wauchula Combination Soil needs no guarantee. Any man who has been in this district and learned how its marvelous fertility supports both vegetables and citrus fruits is convinced. When you see how it enables men to live comfortably from the start, and to attain later incomes of \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year you'll say everything we claim is too conservative.

plot and the neighboring groves. Talk to the settlers. Find out just what they're making. Then if you're not entirely satisfied, every cent of your money will be returned with 6 per cent interest.

That's fair! It's liberal! You take no chances! If we don't prove everything we promise—if your land doesn't measure up to our predictions you're out not one penny, and you get 6 per cent interest on your money for the time we've had it.

Remember not only a guaranteed soil, but good altitude, well-distributed rainfall, ample drainage by the swift flowing Peace River invigorating, enlivening sunshine every month in the year.

But to remove any possible doubt you may have until you can come here and look things over for yourself—this home company of bankers offers the following guarantee:

After you begin payments on your land you are allowed a whole year in which to inspect it. Come down any time. Look over your

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When we tell you that you can make \$2,000, \$3,000, \$5,000 or even \$10,000 a year, we base our assertion on the average incomes made here in just years and today. To get the real figures of the Wauchula offer you must write for our literature, crammed full of facts and figures of earnings. Let old grove owners tell you how easily they clean up their big incomes. Let recent settlers tell you how their vegetables and trees are coming on. These men are no more brainy—no stronger of muscle than you. Their success proves yours.

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