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Boys and Children, Gents'

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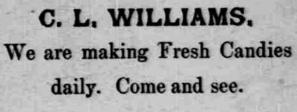


Sale

COST!







NO. 49.

VOL. IX.

Great

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1893.

-occasionally give a kind little smile to a fussy old fellow like me?" A Transferred Identity. I smiled faintly.

"That's right. I like to see you smile, Prudence. It lights up your plain, se-vere little face and makes you beautiful in my sight."

"Will you be my wifer"

Strangely enough, Daphne at once said:

"You've been away such a long time,

namma, I thought you were never com-

I ran down the path, through the gate, ner even stopped till I was under the widespreading shade of the moss laden trees. The mist wrapped me about; the rain best against my face. Afar in the distance I heard the sullen bay of the bloodhounds and the shouts of the purlittle woman. Prudence," gently lifting me in his arms and kissing me tenderly on the eyes, "do you know those clear, truthful eyes have looked down deep in my heart? I love you. Will you be

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

CHAPTER XIX.

OBLITERATION.

for help. This I did again and again, but there I had never known love nor congenial companionship. I had never dreamed seemed to me that you were going out of Oh, God! it was terrible-terrible." was no response. At length, frightened they could come into my colorless exist- my life forever. and unnerved, I leaned against the tree ence. And yet my heart was as young "You had not been long away when husband, catching her to his heart, "say near which I stood and burst into tears. and fresh as a girl's and responded to af-What shall I do? Must I spend the

spoke hindly and tenderly to her. You know how I always loved Sidonie. I can never forget the agony and despair in her face and her voice as see cried out that I hed all in hife the second out that I Prudence. It lights up your plain, se-vere little face and makes you beautiful n my sight." "Beautiful!" I said contemptuously. "Yes, beautiful!" he retorted. "Not with the classic beauty of Portia's face for the diabolical witchery of that poor

There was silence for a few minutes. Then she resumed her story: "After that I was more indulgent and considerate than ever to Sidonie. She was given greater liberty. I intrusted her with many little commissions, hop-ing that a busy life and a certain amount of responsibility would be some compen-sation for her sad fate. But she seemed to grow more and more imbittered and desnairing. At last, a few days before despairing. At last, a few days before these terrible words in my ear:

our marriage, she disappeared. " 'Your day is done. Your identity is

our marriage, she disappeared. "Do you know," she said, looking ear-nestly at us, "I always hoped she would not be captured? While I shuddered at the thought of what her fate might be with her fiery temper and her inordinate vanity, still it was a relief to me not to see her, and I fancied that perhaps she would be happier under different en-vironments. Her value as a piece of pronerty never occurred to me.

property never occurred to me. "In my new home and my new life I soon forgot Sidonie, though often a re-membrance of her waywardness and her beauty would drift in my thoughts. I the faces of my tormentors, Jezebel's was often told of my folly in allowing so valuable a slave to slip out of my hands without greater endeavor to arrest donie brought a little instrument with ber: but, as I said before, I was relieved which they pierced my arms and injectto have her out of my sight.

saw him go. Ah! my dear husband, mind. When I could realize anything, never can I tell you my emotion as I I thought of the wicked deception being

"My darling, my darling," cried her

Awarded Highest Honors --- World's Fair. D^RPRICE'S Goall Baking

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Fowder. - No Ammoni Used in Millions of Homes-40 Years the Standard.

in spite of this, however, she was de-

"What is your name?" "Edith Sessions Tupper," I answered, with a violent effort. What was the matter with my violent effort. What was the inatter with my voice, and why did my tongue seem paralyzed? "You travel under the name of Mary Wilson, do you not?" he demanded. "No," I said. "I do not." "You got the check, didn't you?" he asked the detective who had brought me in. "Oh, yes, I've got the check all right enough," he aswared

"Oh, yes, I've got the check all right enough," he answered. "She answers the description very well," went on Sergeant Reburn, reading a dispatch he held in his hand: "Arrest Mary Wilson. Wanted for stealing goods. About 20, blue eyed, brown haired, ladylike in appearance." I interrupted him. "But I am not Mary Wil-son. You must see for yourself that I am over 20, and I am by no means slim. I am no thief, and if you will send for Dr. —," naming a woman physician who stands at the head of her profession in Canada, and whose house was only a few blocks from headquarters, "or Mr. —," a prominent business man, "or Mr. —," a well known journalist, s member of the staffs of the Toronto Globe and Toronto Saturday Night, "any one of them can and will identify me."

ed their drugs and poisons. I begged "When Jermyn was summoned to England two years ago, it was with a dull sensation of apprehension that I nothing compared with those of my

In spite of this, however, she was de-tained two hours before she was allowed to go and treated in an extremely brutal manner. Her own account of the affair is in part as follows: And if, by giving my sad story to the reading public, I can in any remote fashion shield one sensitive, refined woman from the agony, shame, suspense, indignity and torture I en-dured on that frightful night, I shall feel that I have not told it in vain.

Mrs. Tupper has written many short stories and some poetry. She has a pleas-ant home on the banks of the Passaic, in New Jersey, where most of her work is done. She is thoroughly domestic in her tastes, though necessarily much in pub-lic places, and is the wife of Mr. Horace E. Tupper, a gentleman connected with the Erie railroad. Mrs. Tupper is young, handsome, and her big eyes are fine and expressive. Her story "A Transferred Identity" is considered one of the best

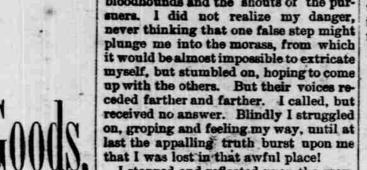
that has yet come from her prolific pen

Barning For Centuries

Here is an instance of a fire that has been burning for centures. According to the testimony of the Duchess of Cleveland, the great hearth fire in the hall of Raby castle has never been suffered to expire. This castle is perhaps the no-blest and most perfect specimen of feudal architecture in England. It was in

Sergeant Reburn is one of that class of po-licemen who believe that the best way to exthe large banqueting hall of this famous amine a person under suspicion is to yell at them. This he proceeded to do. "Understand me now," he savagely roared, "you are a prisoner. You might as well undermansion that ages ago 700 knights are said to have paid suit and service to the

earls of Westmoreland, one of the many



I stopped and reflected upon the grav-ity of the situation. It was nearly night. and there was a dense fog shutting me in. Portis and the servants at the house would believe me to be with Colonel Marchmont, and of course the latter and Maurice, if they gave me a thought, sup-posed I was with Portia. If the fog did not lift, or if I could not summon relief by calling, I should be forced perhaps to

I dared not move. I put out my hand and caught at the branch of a tree. Faintly through the fog I could discern bits of the ugly morass stretching every-

The words I had longed to hear werea

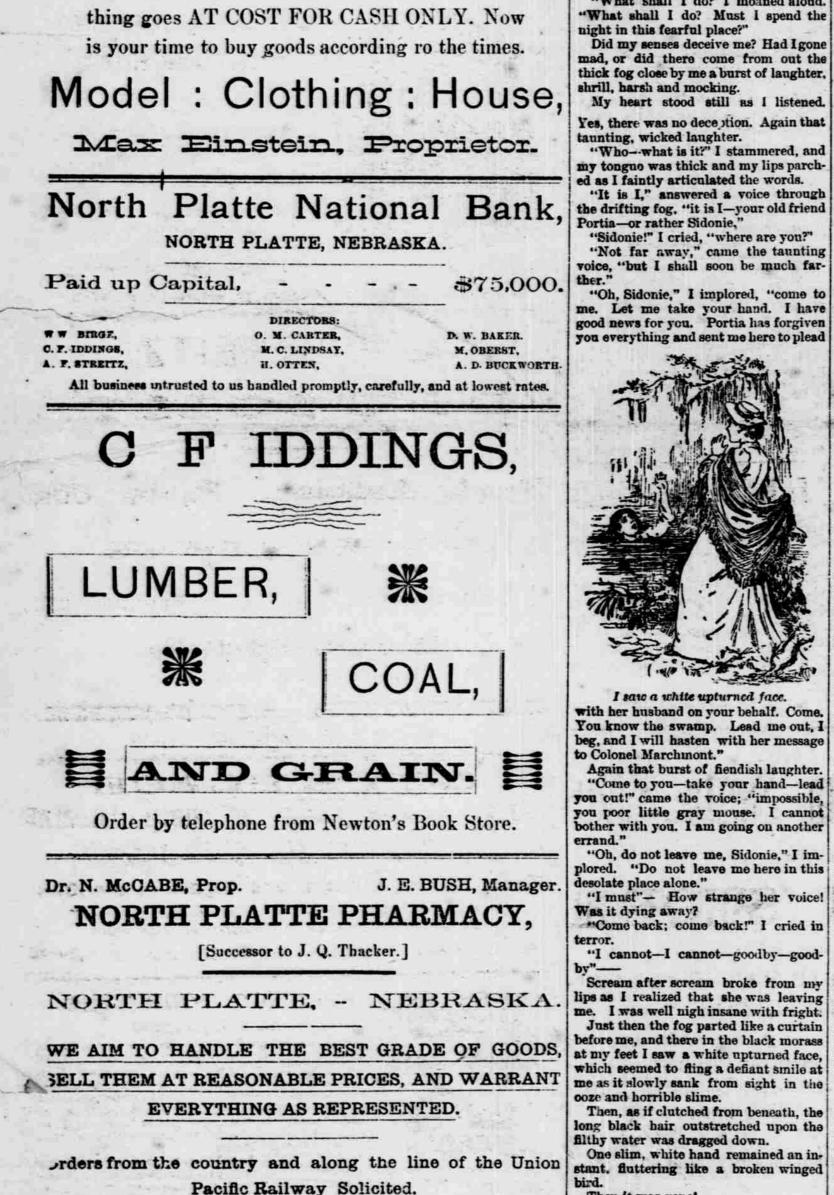
"What shall I do?" I moaned aloud. fection as a thirsty flower extends its me what he should do about old Jezebel. ill again. Stop, I beg you."

with the classic beauty of Portia's face nor the diabolical witchery of that poor creature whose beauty was her ruin, but Then she resumed her story: the beauty of goodness, kindness, loyal-ty and bravery-the beauty of holiness,

my wife!" It is said joy never kills.

spend the night in the swamp.

where about me. The only thing for baim to my sick and tired h me to do was to stand still and cry aloud and the tears did me good. balm to my sick and tired heart. I wept,



of her mother's chamber. Portia was bolstered up by a small army of pillows, her sunken cheeks lighted by a feverish glow, her languid I saw a white upturned face. with her husband on your behalf. Come. You know the swamp. Lead me out, I ing one wasted hand." beg, and I will hasten with her message I opened the door for Daphne and drew back as the child crossed the threshto Colonel Marchmont." Again that burst of fiendish laughter. old. I heard a half suppressed cry, a rapturous exclamation, a rush of tiny feet, and I knew that in that sickroom was a little bit of heaven. "Come to you-take your hand-lead you out!" came the voice; "impossible, you poor little gray mouse. I cannot bother with you. I am going on another errand.' "Oh, do not leave me, Sidonie," I implored. "Do not leave me here in this ing back." desolate place alone." She obeyed instructions and never asked any questions, but ever after re-ferred to the time "when mamma was "I must"- How strange her voice! Was it dying away? "Come back; come back!" I cried in away. "I cannot-I cannot-goodby-good-

At first Portia did not seem to remem-ber what had befallen her. She appeared conscious of having passed through some hideous experience with Sidonie, the de-Scream after scream broke from my lips as I realized that she was leaving tails of which were veiled in obscurity. me. I was well nigh insane with fright. Just then the fog parted like a curtain We pressed her as little as possible on before me, and there in the black morass at my feet I saw a white upturned face, which seemed to fling a defiant smile at me as it slowly sank from sight in the ooze and horrible slime. Then, as if clutched from beneath, the

long black hair outstretched upon the filthy water was dragged down.

One slim, white hand remained an instant. fluttering like a broken winged Then it was gone! CHAPTER XX. LOVE. When they found me lying against the tree staring like a dead woman at the the western sky. A mild breeze was fatal spot where a life had been oblitfatal spot where a life had been oblit-erated, they lifted me tenderly and car-ried me like a child back to the house and my room. A wicked glitter came in her eyes, and she answered that she would not go back. "Yery well,' I said, 'since you refuse I did not weep. I did not faint nor grow hysterical, but I was like stone. I delicious air. She sighed in ecstasy, and of hair on the invalid's brow. smiled at each of us in turn. Over and over I saw that fearful sight. Suddenly she spoke. Over and over I heard that burst of "Oh, how good it is to be alive!" Her husband lifted her hand and kissed The climax to the nervous strain under it with intensity. which I had been for weeks nearly de-What saved me? Love I was lying on the broad couch before the open fire in the library staring in is before me. I know you are all long can't go fer ter leab it.' the glowing coals, seeing there again that hideous picture, when the door gening to hear it"tly opened and Maurice entered. He bent over me and said gently: "Poor little brave fighter! You had to succumb at last, didn't you? Coura-geous little Bunker Hill! When I con-I beg." sider the fortitude you have displayed for weeks, 1 am filled with admiration. lief to me." dured to be capped by that fearful ezwish perience in the swamp-well, well," he paused as if unable to proceed. "But," he continued after a moment's silence, "we can't have our crack war-rior laid low. No, indeed. Just tell me when one evening I came upon her in the knew that strong hands were securing will take care of Daphne, nurse Fortia well, look out for Jermyn's comfort and shocked me, and yet I pitied her and "When I came to myself, I was un-

cup for a drop of dew. Love and happiness were mine at last. He said that she would not remain on the plantation, but spent her time idling Heaven was in my hands. When Colonel Marchmont unexpect-edly entered the room a few minutes later, he paused confusedly, murmured an apology and turned to go, when Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes and takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes and takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes and takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-incer sent takes and takes. He hesitated to punish Maurice drew me to my feet, and lead-Maurice drew me to

ing me up to our host said in tones of her on account of her years and because mock solemnity: "Jermyn, a most astounding geograph-ical phenomenon will be witnessed some it could be avoided, and would I give

time within the next six months, Bunker him orders in the matter. I told him I Hill is to be transported to the shores of would see Jezebel myself and directed Lake Ponchartrain. Congratulate me!" that she be sent to me. that she be sent to me.

"That evening-it was just such an evening as this-I was walking alone CHAPTER XXI. BACK FROM THE DARK VALLEY. through the grounds. I came to the wall

Portia did not die. Slowly, laborious-ly, she struggled back from the valley of the shadow of death. For weeks her life hung by a thread; but tender care, de-votion and love snatched her from the Now, as I approached it, I thought of the

verge of the grave. Only the ghost of herself she appeared when at last she was able to be dressed and carried down stairs to the library. Her feeble joy at being home once more, the pathetic happipess which shone in her great eyes—yes, even the tender lit-tle caresses she gave her favorite books and cushions—were indescribably affect-gate old Jezebel's retreat for myself and see the hut I learned she had built for her use, declaring the cabin assigned to

The meeting between herself and her her at the quarters not good enough for child was sacred. I had prepared Daphne as best I could by telling her that mam-ma had been very ill indeed; that she "I wandered on, quite enjoying the

as best I could by telling her that man-ma had been very ill indeed; that she must ask no troublesome questions, for some day when she was old enough to understand everything should be ex-plained to her; that her mamma's heart plained to her; that her and the need was full of love for her, and she need ness and presently came out into the never fear she would be scolded or open space near Jezebel's hut. "The old woman was sitting on the slapped again, then took her to the door

ground before the hut crooning and muttering to herself. She looked not human as she peered up at me through the tangles of her coarse, matted gray hair. For the first time I felt a triffe eyes brimming with a mother's love. Colonel Marchmont sat by the bed, hold-But there was no one in sight. Absurd,

A BRILLIANT WOMAN. Sketch of the Life of the Author of Transferred Identity"-A Life of Activ-

ity In the World of Letters-An Unpleasant Experience.

Edith Sessions Tupper has the talent, the industry, the pluck and the power of application, that are better than genius and are often mistaken for it. She has won her high reputation in literature legitimately and is today as widely and favorably known as any other writ-er of her sex. Mrs. Tupper is a daughter of Hon. Walter H. Sessions, an exmember of congress, and was born at his home in Chautauqua county, N. Y Her formal education was received in the public schools and at Vassar college. She began to write for the Buf-falo Express at an early age, sending it letters, character sketches and stories. In 1887 she launched out for a career in Chicago, where she soon made a reputation by her brilliant work on The Herald and Inter Ocean. She was the winner of the Chicago Tribune's \$300 prize, offered for the best long story. There were 200 competitors. The work has since been published in book form. She finally removed to New York city, where she soon took her place among the most versatile and talented literary

women in a circle of brilliant journalists and writers. Since her entrance into newspaper life she has furnished an enormous amount of correspondence. and her work for the great New York dailies, as well as the better class of periodical literature, is of decided merit. She is one of the few successful women interviewers in New York. Lillian

Kindly Old Gentleman-Do you know

what happens to little boys who run out

sides, here's another message saying you have changed your clothes on the way over." "Oh, well," I said wearily. "I see you are determined that I am the thief, and you will

determined that I am the thief, and you will not give me an opportunity to tell you who and what I am. I wish to prove to you that I am not Mary Wilson, but Edith Sessions Tupper." "Where do you come from?" he demanded. "From Panama, N. Y.," I answered. "I left there this morning with my father, who accompanied me to Brocton. From there I owna, narrowly escape Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate 'dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attacks of pneumonia while

came along to Buffalo." "Who is your father?" "Walter L. Sessions, a man well known in the northern part of that state New York state."

"Have you any business?"

during a recent blizzard, says the Saturday Review. Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles dur-

"I am a newspaper correspondent." "A newspaper correspondent!" with an a of utter disbelief. of utter disbelief. "Yes," I said determinedly, for I was begin-ning to get a little courage. "Yes. I am well known in Buffalo. If you will wire any of the newspaper offices-The Express, The Courier, The Times, I don't care which-any of them will gladly identify me. I have worked for The Express. Telegraph this Buffalo chief of police to send to The Express and find out who I am." est drug store and got a bottle of

Mrs. Tupper was not permitted to communicate with friends, nor did the officers act on the suggestions she made that would prove her identity. Her a number of large doses. He says trunk was searched, and the detective, the effect was wonderful and in a "finding nothing which by the wildest short time he was breathing quite stretch of imagination could be termed easily. He kept on taking the valuables, restored my keys. To broth-er detectives who had come in and were to come to Des Moines. M. Blaize staring at me as if I were some new spe-regards his cure as simply wondercies of wild animal I heard him say, 'There's absolutely nothing against her but the number of the check.'" regards his cure as simply wonder-ful. For sale by A. F. Streitz and North Platte Pharmacy.

Finally this message was sent to Buf-

And Congressman Bland insists We find check on woman who says she is that the panic was caused, not by Edith Sessions Tupper, and that she has been correspondent of the Buffalo Express. She has also a pass from Panama, N.Y., to Buffalo and return by the W. N.Y. & P. R. R. Is this the show himself to be a courageous

Then followed an agonizing wait of 21 hours, during which Mrs. Tupper was put through another examination. Mrs. woman you want? Tupper tells what followed:

Tupper tells what followed: At last-nearly 1 o'clock-s messenger boy ran up the stairs with a telegram. My heart seemed to stop beating, and through a mist I saw the room-the open door-the next room, where, with folded arms and a pitying expres-sion on his face, stood a young, fair haired de-tective, the only one who had given me a kind word through all that fearful ordeal-and Re-burn bending his dark face over the yellow document. A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man. Are you Billious, Constipated or troubled with Jaundice, Sick Headache, Bad Taste in Mouth, Foul Breath, Coated Tongue, Dyspepsta, Indigestion, Hot Dry Skin, Pain in Back and between the Shoulders, Chills and Fever, &c. If you have any of these symptoms, your Liver is out of order, and your blood is slowly being poisoned, because your Liver does

document. "He wants me to hold you," were the words I heard, "but I'm not going to do it. It would be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold a man. I don't believe Morin ever went near the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold a man. I don't believe Morin ever went near the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold a man. I don't believe Morin ever went near the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold a man. I don't believe Morin ever went near the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold the Buffalo Express office to find out who you be as absurd to hold you as it would be to hold the Buffalo Express office to find you who you the Buffalo Express office to find you who you the Buffalo Express office to find you who you the Buffalo Hold you who you th

bless him!-sent me a kindly smile and gradu-Send 2c to us for our "Tommy Tupper" ally the blessed truth stole upon me that I was

health she might be able to recall the most important points of her long and cruel captivity. And so it came to pass as we had hoped. One radiantly lovely twilight we sat upon the piaza. Portia, pale, languid, but still beautiful, wrapped is oft filmy white shawls and laces, was roclining in her great chair. Maurice lay in a harmoock, idly putting cigar, Colonel Marchmont sat by Portia, care fully watching her every want. The su was just setting in rowal moment. The su was just setting in rowal moment. The su was just setting in rowal moment.

He paused. The fair haired detective-God not to be locked up in a cell. "Wait a moment," said Reburn suddenly. "Give me your keys." book, the funniest book out, 1,000 laughs for 2 cents. HALLER PROP. Co.,



F.J. BROEKER, Merchant Tailor, and my room. OLEANER AND REPAIRER LARGE STOCK OF PIECE GOODS. embracing all the new designs, kept on hand and made to order. PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED. mocking laughter. PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE Spruce Street, between Fifth and Sixth. throned my reason. THE CASINO BILLIARD HALL J. E. GRACE, Proprietor. SUPERIOR BILLIARD and POOL TABLES. Bar Stocked with the Finest of Liquors. To think of all the horrors you have en-A QUIET AND ORDERLY RESORT Where gentlemen will receive courteous treatment at all times and where they will always be welcome. Our billiard and pool hall is not surpassed in the city and lovers of these games can be accommodated at all times. - NEVILLE BLOCK. THE CASINO. -

The sun was just setting in royal pomp go back to the plantation. It is your and splendor. Long banks of fleecy home. I will see that you are made purple and crimson clouds were piled in quite comfortable."

"A wicked glitter came in her eyes,

"'Very well,' I said, 'since you refuse to obey me, I shall send the overseer after you, and you will be taken back.'

"During this brief parley I was con-scious of a feeling that there was a listener to our conversation. I heard no

sound, I saw nothing, but I could not banish that curious sensation of another presence near at hand. It was not a

"I remember it all now," she said slowly. "Yes-everything. It has been coming back to me little by little. I "Wait a moment, honey,' said the

have pieced together all those dreadful old woman suddenly. 'Come inside and episodes, and the whole frightful story see de lubbly little house I done got. I

ing to hear it" — "Though my judgment revolted, I "Dearest, no!" interrupted her hus-band hastily, "not until you are quite well and strong. Don't agitate yourself. "Though my judgment revolted, I nevertheless accepted her invitation, and stepping through the low door I stood within the miserable hut. Again that feeling that there was some one near, so

"I am well enough now, Jermyn," she strong this time that it amounted to gently replied. "I am well enough to positive terror. I spoke. 'Who is here?' tell you about it. I think it will be a re- I demanded.

"Very well then, dear one, if it is your was seized from behind in a strong

"Jermyn." she said solemnly, laying shrieked for help, but the old woman her hand upon his head, "I have known quickly tied something over my mouth. for years that Sidonie worshiped you. I As I was lying face down on the loathlibrary passionately kissing a rose which mine, and presently, finding myself over-

rarely is the interview obtained at the appointed hour. When you have gained an audience, you will wait until patience ceases to be a virtue. Then she comes to you with languor, indifference, conde-

scension or cordiality, as the mood may be. The successful business woman is a capital subject for the interviewer. She is yet a novelty-not a back number, like the actress and the agitator. She is educated, broad, original, daring he said. in her advertising methods and often possesses a unique and picturesque personality. She has luxurious surroundings, handsome jewels and gowns, and lieve his eyes. knows all sorts of famous and interesting persons. She is a rich mine to the zealous digger for gossip, and from the tints of her corsets to the creams she uses for her daily massage she furnishes invaluable material for the assiduous

In 1890 Mrs. Tupper had an experience which was decidedly sensational and concludes her story: quite as unpleasant. It is well worth recounting. She went to Toronto to visit relatives, and when she reached that city she was placed under arrest on the supposition that she was one Mary Wilson, who was wanted by the Buffalo police for robbing the house of her em-bloyer of property valued at \$3,000. ployer of property valued at \$3,000. Mrs. Tupper had a through ticket, return ployer of property valued at \$3,000. Mrs. Tupper had a through ticket, return coupon and various letters and other evidence with her that she was not the person wanted, but the inspector of police of Toronto declined to release her until he heard from Buffalo. Mrs. Tup-ner did not answer the description of the Such is a chapter of international outrage. thief in many important particulars, but be denied a suspected nihilist in I

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, / this story will carefully note the malicious in-

sanity of this message. Morin gave a test by which Mary Wilson could be positively identi-LUCAS COUNTY, FRANK J. CHENEY makes onth that he fied, but added, "Hold this woman anyway." is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. No matter if she he innocent, hold her. You've CHENEY & Co., doing business in the gother in your power. Hold her. Make her suffer all you can. And right here I want to give Sergeant Re-said, and that said firm will pay the sum

burn all the justice due him. Harsh and auto- of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for cratic as he was, I can never forget that he each and every case of catarrh that canhad the humanity to release me in the face of not be cured by the use of HALL'S CA-"Take off your hat and let me see your hair." Sworp to be for an and automit dit. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December I obeyed. The only beauty with which na-

ture has gifted me is wonderfully long and thick hair. I unpinned the plaits and let them down. Even then the sergeant could not be-~~) A. D. 1886. SEAL, A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public m Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally "That's a switch tied on, isn't it?" he asked. Then I removed the string which confined my hair close to my head, and the two braids and acts directly on thd blooe and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. FRANK J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O

fell over my shoulders-indisputably my own hair and not another's. With a haif muttered Sold by Druggists, 75c.

exclamation of disgust, Sergeant Reburn tossed Morin's message on his desk. "You are discharged," he said. Mrs. Tupper was then driven to the

house of a sister-in-law, and thus she Rheumatism, Nervous Dis-

eases and Asthma

CANNOT BE CURED without

the aid of ELECTRICITY.

We do not sell the apparatus, but rent. CURE GUARANTEED. Send for further information to

P. A. LEONARD & CO., Madison, Wis.

interviewer."

"Then suddenly there was a rush. I