Story of Francis Cludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

The tenants had gone to their homes and their wives. Only the servants remained. They clustered, solemn and borrowful, about the hearth in the great and their wives. Only the servants remained. They clustered, solemn and sorrowful about the hearth in the great hall, starting if a dog howled without or a coal few from the last they are also and the wind. But the Ferdinand and his wife moved restlessly about listening to the wind. But the evening and the hight wore peacefully away, and so, to the surprise of everybody the sheriff be going to overlook the matter? Alasi on the third day the doubt was resolved. Two or three boys, who had been sent out as scouts, came in with news that there was a strong watch set on the Ridgeway, that the paths through the armed men were arrying in the neighboring villages, and that soldiers had been demanded—or so it was said—from warwick and Worcester, and even from a place as far away as Oxford. Probably It was only the sheriff's prudence was in the come. The net was drawn all round. As the day closed in on Coton and the sun set angrily among the forest trees the boys' tale, which grew no doubt in the telling, passed from one to another, and men swore and looked out of window, and worm, and wordered what the could do to svening the forest trees the boys' tale, which grew no doubt in the telling, passed from one to another, and men swore and looked out of window, and words was a sund wondered what the could do to svening the forest trees the boys' tale, which grew no doubt in the talling, passed from one to another, and men swore and looked out of window, and words were at the house was and wondered what the could do to svening the forest trees the boys' tale, which grew no doubt in the half to the first the forest trees the boys' tale, which grew no doubt in the half to the first the forest trees the boys' tale, which grew no doubt in the half to the first the passed from one to another, and men swore and looked out of window, and words the first the passed from one to another, and the high the passed from one to another, and the passed from one to another, and the first the passed from the latter than the words and the passe

or even hurt, at the hands of these strangers.

There was one man missing from hall and kitchen, but few in the suspense noticed his absence. The fool had heard the boys' story and, unable to remain inactive under such excitement, he presently stole off in the dusk to the rear of the house. Here he managed to cross the moat by means of a plank, which he then drew over and hid in the grass. This quietly managed—Baldwin, be it said, had strictly forbidden any one to leave the house—Martin made off with a grim chuckle toward the forest, and following the main track leading toward Wootton Wawen presently came among the trees upon a couple of sentinels. They heard him, saw him distinctly and made a rush for him, but this was just the sport Martin liked and the fun he had come for. His quick ear apprised him of the danger, and in a second he was lost in the underwood, his mocking laugh and shrill taunts keeping the poor men on the shudder for the next ten minutes. Then the uncanny accents died away, and satisfied with his sport and the knowledge he had gained the fool made for home. As he sped quickly across the last field, however, he was astonished by the sight of a dark figure in the very act of launching his (Martin's) plank across the moat.

"Ho, ho!" the fool muttered in a by the sight of a dark figure in the very act of launching his (Martin's) plank across the moat.

"Ho, ho!" the fool muttered in a fierce undertone. "That is it, is it?" And only one! If they will come one by one, like the plums in the kitchen porridge, I shall make a fine meal!"

He stood back, crouching down the grass, and wetch.

He stood back, crouching down on the grass, and watched the unknown, his eyes glittering. The stranger was a tall, big fellow, a formidable antag-onist. But Martin cared nothing for that. Had he not his long knife, as that. Had he not his long knife, as keen as his wits— when they were at home, which was not always. He drew it out now, and under cover of the darkness crept nearer and nearer, his blood glowing pleasantly, though the night was cold. How lucky it was he had come out! He could hardly restrain the "Ho, ho!" which rose to his lips. He meant to lean upon the was covert sneer. But Baldwin's gloomy

CHAPTER XXIV.

A moment later the servants in the hall heard a scream of such horror and fear that they scarcely recognized a human voice in the sound. They sprang to their feet scarced and trembling, and for a few seconds looked into one another's faces. Then, as curiosity got the upper hand, the boldest took the lead and all hurried pellmell to the door, issuing in a mob into the court yard, where Ferdinand Cludde, who happened to be near and had also heard the cry, joined them. "Where was it, Baldwin?" he exclaimed,

"At the back, I think," the stewart answered. He alone had had also heard the cry to bring one had had also heard the cry to bring one had had also heard the cry to bring one had had also heard the cry to be near and had also heard the cry to be near and had also heard the cry to be near and had also heard the cry to be near and had also heard the cry to be near and had also heard the cry to be near and had also heard the cry to the door, issuing in a mob into the court yard, where Ferdinand Cludde, who happened to be near and had also heard the cry to the servants who were in his way, and the men moved meekly and without retort, taking his caths for what they were a man's tears. The women folk sat listening, pale and frightened, and one or two of the grooms, those who had done least in the skirmish, had visions of a tree and a rope and looked sickly. The rest scowled and blinked at the fire or kicked up a dog if it barked in its sleep.

"Hasn't Martin come in?" Baldwin growled presently, setting his caths for what they were hook and one or two of the grooms, those who had done least in the skirmish, had visions of a tree and a rope and looked sickly. The rest scowled and blinked at the fire or kicked up a dog if it barked in its sleep.

"Hasn't Martin come in?" Baldwin growled presently, setting his heavy wet boot on a glowing log, which hissed and sputtered under it. "Where is he?" on himself the court of the court o

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"Then I shall be hanged," replied the steward sullenly. "There never was a Cludde hanged yet without one to keep him company. To hear of it would make my grandsire turn in his grave out there. I dare not do it, Sir Anthony, and that is the fact. But for the rest I will do as you bid me."

And he had his way. But never had evening fallen more strangely and sadly at Coton before. The rain pattered dreerily in the court yard. The drawbridge, by Baldwin's order, had been pulled up, and the planks over the moat in the rear removed.

"They shall not steal upon us again!" he muttered. "And if we must surrender they shall see we do it willingly."

The tenants had gone to their homes and their wives. Only the servants remained. They clustered, solemn and sorrowful, about the hearth in the great hall, starting if a dop howled without."

They shrank away from him instinctively, and some crossed themselves. "He is in one of his mad fits," Baldwin muttered. Still the stewart showed no fear. "A swallow, agrat by and if there were they do not fly by night nor give men wounds like that. What was it? Out with it, now! Do you not see, man" he added, giving Martin an impatient shake, "that Sir Anthony is waiting."

The fool nodded stupidly. "A swallow," he murmured. "Aye, 'twas a swallow, a great big swallow. I—I nearly put my foot on him."

"And he flew up and hit you in the face?" Baldwin said, with huge contempt in his tone.

Martin accepted the suggestion plactidly. "Aye, 'twas so. A great big swallow, and he flew in my face," he repeated.

Sir Anthony looked at him combassionately. "Poor fellow" he restrictly.

Sir Anthony looked at him com-passionately. "Poor fellow," he said. "Baldwin, see to him. He has had one of his fits and hurt himself." "I never knew him to hurt himself,"

find him who did it there," he said grimly. "I never knew a man save Sir Anthony or Master Francis hit Martin yet but he paid for it, and when his temper is up he is mad, or as good as mad, and better than two sane men!"

"He is a dangerous fellow," Ferdinand said thoughtfully, shivering a little It was unlike him to shiver and

night was cold. How lucky it was he had come out! He could hardly restrain the "Ho, ho!" which rose to his lips. He meant to leap upon the man on this side of the water, that there might be no telltale traces on the farther bank.

But the stranger was too quick for him in this. He got his bridge fixed and began to cross before Martin could crawl near enough. As he crossed, however, his feet made a slight noise on the plank, and under cover of it the fool rose and ran forward, then followed him over with the stealthiness of a cat. And, like a cat, too, the moment the stranger's feet touched the bank Martin sprang on him with his knife raised—sprang on him with his knife raised—sprang on him silently, with his teeth grinning and his eyes aflame.

was it, Baldwin?" he exclaimed.

"At the back, I think," the stewart answered. He alone had had the coolness to bring out a lantern, and he now led the way towarfi the rear of the house. Sure enough, close to the edge of the moat, they found Martin, stooping with his hands on his knees, a great wound, half bruise, half cut, upon his forehead. "What is it?" Ferdinand cried sharply. "Who did it, man?"

Baldwin had already thrown his light on the fool's face and Martin, seeming to become conscious of their presence, looked at them, but in a dazed fashion. "What?" he muttered, "what is what?"

By this time nearly every one in

presence, looked at them, but in a dazed fashion. "What?" he muttered, "what is what?"

By this time nearly every one in the house had hurried to the spot, among them not only Petronilla, clinging to her father's arm, but Mistress Anne, her face pale and gloomy, and half a dozen womenfolk who clutched one another tightly and screamed at regular intervals.

"What is it?" Baldwin repeated roughly, laying his hand on Martin's arm and slightly shaking him "Come, who struck you, man?"

"I think," the fool answered slowly, "Be could to the attacking party, was not a pleasant one.

A gray haired man in the warmest thoughts. "There is one in the house," he said slowly and oracularly, his eyes on Baldwin's boot, "whom he has just as good a mind to hurt, has our Martin, as any of them Clopton men. Aye, that has he, Master Baldwin."

"And who is that, gaffer?" Baldwin asked contemptuously.

But the old fellow turned shy, "Well, it is not Sir Anthony," he answered, nodding his head and stooping forward to caress his toasting shins. "Be you

"What is it?" Baldwin repeated roughly, laying his hand on Martin's arm and slightly shaking him. "Come, who struck you, man?"
"I think," the fool answered slowly, guiping down something and turning a dull eye on the group, "a—a swallow fiew by and hit me."

asked contemptuously.

But the old fellow turned shy, "Well, it is not Sir Anthony," he answered, nodding his head and stooping forward to caress his toasting shins. "Be you very sure of that. Nor the young mistress, nor the young master as was, nor the new lady that came a month

No, nor it is not you, Master "Then who is it?" cried the steward

impatiently.
"He is shrewd, is Martin-when the

"He is shrewd, is Martin—when the saints have not got their backs to him," said the old fellow slyly.

"Who is it?" thundered the steward, well used to this rustic method of evasion. "Answer, you dolt!"

But no answer came, and Baldwin never got one, for at this moment a man who had been watching in front of the house ran in.

man who had been watching in front of the house ran in.

"They are here!" he cried. "A good hundred of them, and torches enough for St. Anthony's eve. Get you to the gate, porter, Sir Anthony is calling for you. Do you hear?"

There was a great uprising, a great clattering of feet and barking of dogs and some walling among the women. As the messenger finished speaking a harsh challenge which penetrated even the court yard arose from many voices without and was followed by the winding of a horn. This sufficed. All hurried with one accord into the court, where the porter looked to Baldwin for instructions, instructions,

"Hold a minute!" cried the steward, silencing the loudest hound by a sound kick and disregarding Sir Anthony's voice, which came from the direction of the gateway. "Let us see if they are at the back too."

are at the back too."

He ran through the passage, and emerging on the edge of the moat was at once saluted by a dozen voices warning him back. There were a score of dark figures standing in the little close where the fight had taken place. "Right," said Baldwin to himself. "Needs must when the old gentleman drives! Only I thought I would make sure." make sure.'

make sure."

He ran back at once, nearly knocking down Martin, who, with a companion, was making, but at a slower pace, for the front of the house.

"Well, old comrade," cried the steward, smiting the fool on the back as he passed, "you are here, are you? I never thought that you and I would be in at our own deaths!"

He did not notice, in the wild humor which had seized him, who Martin's companion was, though probably at another time it would have struck him

other time it would have struck him that there was no one in the house quite so tall. He sped on with scarcely quite so tall. He sped on with scarcely a glance, and in a moment was under the gateway, where Sir Anthony was soundly rating everybody, and particularly the porter, who, with his key in the door, found, or affected to find, the task of turning it a difficult one. As the steward came up, however, the big doors at some sign from him creaked on their hinges, and the knight, his staff in his hand and the servants clustering behind him with the lanterns, walked forward a pace or two to the end of the bridge, bearing himself with some dignity. some dignity.
"Who disturbs us at this hour?"

cried, peering across the moat and signing to Baldwin to hold up his large signing to Baldwin to hold up his large lantern, since the others uncertain of their reception, had put out their torches. By its light he and those behind him could make out a group of half a dozen figures a score of yards away, while in support of these there appeared a bowshot off and still in the open ground a clump of, it might be, a hundred men. Beyond all lay the dark line of trees, above which the moon, new risen, was sailing through a watery wrack of clouds. "Who are ye?" the knight repeated.

"Are you Sir Anthony Cludde?" came the answer.

the answer. "I am."
"Then in the queen's name, Sir Anthony," the leader of the troop cried solemnly, "I call on you to surrender. I hold a warrant for your arrest, and also for the arrest of James Carey, a priest, and Baldwin Moor, who, I am told, is your steward. I am backed by forces which it will be vain to resist."

"Are you Sir Philip Clopton?" the knight asked, for at that distance and in that light it was impossible to be

sure.

"I am," the sheriff answered earnestly, "and as a friend I beg you, Sir Anthony, to avoid useless bloodshed and further cause for offense. Sir Thomas Greville, the governor of Warwick castle, and Colonel Bridgewater are with me. I implore you, my friend, to surrender, and I will do what good of-

fices I may."
The knight, as we know, had made up The knight, as we know, had made up his mind, and yet for a second he hesitated. There were stern, grim faces round him, changed by the stress of the moment into the semblance of dark Raldwin's—the faces of men, who, though they numbered but a dozen, were his men, bound to him by every tie of instinct and breeding and customs and he had been a soldier and tom, and he had been a soldier and knew the flerce joy of a desperate struggle against odds. Might it not be

better, after all?

But then he remembered his women-But then he remembered his women-kind, and, after all, why endanger these faithful men? He raised his voice and cried clearly: "I accept your good of-fices, Sir Philip, and I take your advice. I will have the drawbridge lowered, only I beg you will keep your men well in hand and do my poor house as lit-tle damage as may be."

tle damage as may be."
(Continued Next Week.) For Those Who Fail.

'All honor to him who shall win the prize."
The world has cried for a thousand years, But to him who tries, and who falls und

I give great honor and glory and tears Give glory and honor and pitiful tears.
To all who fall in their deeds sublime.
Their ghosts are many in the van of years.

They were born with time in advance of time. Oh, great is the hero who wins a na ne. But greater many and many a time, Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame, And lets God finish the thought sub-

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from
wine.
But the man who falls and yet still fights

on, Lo! he is the twin-born brother of mine, —Joaquin Miller.

Fame in Certain Quarters. From Success.

Edwin Markham was one of the guests of honor at a reception given by a wealthy New York woman. During a conversation she said:

'My dear Mr. Markham, I've wanted "My dear Mr. Markham, I've wanted for years to meet you and tell you how I just love that adorable picture of yours—the one with the man hoeing, you know—and he is taking off his cap, and that poor wife of his—at least I suppose it's his wife—bowing her head, and they both look so tired, poor things. I have a copy of it in my own den and the children have another in and the children have anothe their playroom, and it's-it's-simply exquisite."

"The Angelus, I presume you mean?" replied the poet, gravely, "Yes," doubtfully, "but we always call it "The Hoe Man." "I am glad you like it, madam," said Mr. Markham, and he took an early opportunity of escaping from his sin-cere but mistaken admirer.

In selecting sows to keep for breeding purposes don't pick the shortest block-iest ones. A brood sow should be rather long and roomy.

It's the litter of big pigs that develops into quick pork.

e for feminine eyes ee



A very simple but effective model is here illustrated. The original gown was of white linen, but rajah or pongee would make up with excellent effect after the same design. Eyelet work, insertion and embroidery were used as trimming, the bodice and skirt being joined at the waist by rows of insertion, so that the gown was all in one piece. If pongee or rajah is used for the gown, heavy lace dyed to match could be selected for the trimming.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SICK ROOM ********

Indiana Cough Cure.

To 5 cents worth of whole flaxseed add three pints of water. Boil 15 or 20 minutes, strain, and add juice of three lemons, one-half pound of rock candy, and one ounce glycerine. Take wine glass of this three or four times a day and before retiring. It will cure the worst cough in two days. A Handy "Necessity Box."

Have a box in a convenient place, and keep these things in it: 10 cents worth of iodoform, 10 cents worth of adhesive plaster, 10 cents worth of carbolic acid, some sterilized gauze and on's cotton.

Cooling the Sick Room. In the cool of the morning cut small branches from a tree, preferably maple. Fasten over screens at open windows and sprinkle with cold water with a whisk broom, repeating often during the day. The air, coming through the wet leaves, becomes cooled. This is a

be found, hang a lantern from a hook screwed into the bottom of an upper sash on the outside. The light in the room may be regulated by raising or lowering the shade. This obviates the heat and odor produced by a kerosene lamp in a room

Speedy Relief for Corns. Chew good, fresh gum until flavor is gone. While warm from the mouth bind on corn. This removes the inflammation and causes the corn to peel off gradually, giving relief.

Good for Cuts. For a slight cut there is nothing bet-ter to control the hemorrhage than common unglazed paper such as is used

by grocers and market men. Bind piece on the cut. Camphor Cures Colds.

Take gum camphor and dissolve in kerosene, having enough so there is al-

ways a little camphor undissoved in the bottom of the bottle. Rub the lame parts thoroughly and often with this and you will have relief. Do not band-age it on as it will blister if used that This is also an excellent remedy for cold in the throat or lungs. Rub it

THE CARE OF IRONS.

The woman who is going away for a short time in the summer, or who is not having the laundry done in the house, should be careful that her flat-irons are not allowed to rust.

When she needs them she may not realize how rusty they are until she finds out that they do not keep enough heat in them to do but a few sec-

ond's work.

They will be practically useless for a quick day's work unless the entire surface is again carefully worked up smooth polish.

The damp weather of the end of the summer is quite ast to rust any metal that is left unprotected. Irons should be well wrapped in newspaper and then put away in a dry spot

TO KEEP JELLY FROM BURNING When the jelly is put into the kettle to boil, drop into the kettle a small agate marble such as the children use to play with. This marble will keep in constant motion in the bottom of the ettle while the jelly is cooking. it need not be stirred or looked after until finished.

Conundrums. Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder cloud? Because it is continually lightening

(lightning).
When is a hat like a heart full of sor-When it is felt. If a man should give 15 cents to one son

and ten cents to another, what time would A quarter to two.

Why don't they collect fares from the policemen on the tram cars? quarter to two.

Because you can't take a nickel from When are prisoners like gas? When escaping.
When are houses like books?

When they have stories in them. When is a step like a great burden? When heavy. When are streets and shoes alike? When cobbled,

VARIED LIST OF GOOD RECIPES

New Style Club Sandwich. Use three slices of bread, thinly cut in any desirable shape, and buttered. Place a lettuce leaf on lower slice and on its top put slices of chicken breast, then put another slice of bread and a lettuce leaf, followed by thin slices of veal loaf or peanut butter. Another slice of bread with thinly sliced pickles on top. on top.

Delicious Shirred Eggs. Take baking dish pan, put in just enough milk to cover bottom well, break in as many eggs as you may wish, salt and peper to taste, add a little butter, and set in oven and bake. You will find this much nicer than to poach your eggs. poach your eggs.

Spaghetti Stew.

An excellent dish made from the leftovers of roast beef is a spaghetti stew. Cut the meat in thin slices or small whisk broom, repeating often during the day. The air, coming through the wet leaves, becomes cooled. This is a fine thing when there are no trees near the house.

Light for Sick Room.

In the country and small towns, where gas and electric lights are not to be found, hang a lantern from a hook.

To make splendid apple sauce, wash thoroughly and quarter apples. Cook with little water until soft; strain through colander; add sugar to taste and boil few minutes longer. This does away with paring of apples, dis-coloring the hands, something that every housewife objects to.

Dumplings for Soup. Put spider on and let get hot, then

take one cup of flour, one cup of milk, and three-quarters of a cup of butter; put in spider and turn back and forth until dough gets like putty. Take off and cool, then stir in two eggs and some grated nutmeg to flavor.

A Good Cheese Omelet. Take one cup of sweet milk, six heaping teaspoons grated cheese, three ta-blespoons bread crumbs, three table-

spoons melted butter, two eggs beaten separately, one-third teaspoon of salt, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Put bread crumbs in milk and let come to a boil, add butter, salt, pepper, cheese and yolks, lastly whites, beat-Bake 15 to 20 minutes in en stiff. earthen dish.

Apple Preserves.

Peel and core apples whole; make a sirup of two cups of sugar and one cup of water. When boiling put apples When tender grate a nutmeg over m and remove. Then boil the sirup in. When tender them and remove. thick and pour over the apples.

Putting Up Pickles. Wash and wipe pickles; place in two gallon jar. To one gallon cold vinegar add one and one-half cups granulated sugar, one-half cup salt, and one cup ground mustard. Mix mustard to paste with a little cold vinegar; then stir all together and pour over pickles cold Place plate over them with small weight on just enough to keep pickles under vinegar. In three days they are ready for use, and will keep 10 months or longer. For four gallon jar double

When Cooking Dumplings. When cooking dumplings with meat or chicken boil slowly and they will never fall or get heavy.

Half Graham Bread.

Set bread at night with compressed yeast, using same proportions as for white bread, only instead of all white flour use half graham. This does not stick nor become heavy and is much more healthful for children than all white bread. Put right in pans next morning, let raise, and bake in moderate oven one hour

Unanswered Prayer.

'Twas long ago.
When I was young. Alas! I did not know
A better way. I said, "It must be so.
Or God can not be good."
Alas! alas! my poor, weak human pride;
How differently would I have quickly If I had understood.

And now I bear A thankful heart for that unanswered prayer, And so I think it will be when, up there Where all is known,
We look upon the things we longed for so,
And see how little were they worth and
know

How soon they were outgrown.

--Unidentified.

Oysters live in water which contains | THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

Not Even a Curtain. From the Washington Star. At the Players' club in New York a prompter said of the late Peter Dalley:

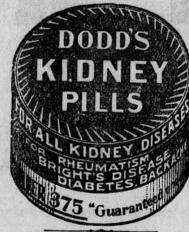
prompter said of the late Peter Dailey:

"He had the sunniest, cheeriest disposition. Once I toured with him. The accommodations were sometimes rather rough, and on such occasions the true gold in the man showed forth.

"In a little southern town the dressing rooms were awful. Everybody swore and raged, but Dailey restored them to good humor. Said he:

"'Why, this is nothing to what I have been up against at times. I played once in a theater where at the end of every act the stage manager had to come forward and say:

"I must ask the ladies and gentlemen in the audience to be good enough to turn around. The players are about to change their costumes."



TO LIVE TO OLD

AGE, BE A WRITER

AGE, BE A WRITER
Paris.—According to a writer in the
Parisian daily paper, Figaro, the writer's profession is one which leads to
longevity. The writers of novels, stories, verses and plays, says the author,
usually live longer than those who
practice other professions.

The paper gives as an instance the
fact that the Society des Gens des Letters has among its members men who
are so old that their names have been
forgotten already by the reading public in spite of the fact that they were
famous writers in their younger days.
Among these members are Francois
Fertinault, who is over 95 years of age.
Felix Bordac, another member, was
born in 1820. Jules Bheynat was born
in 1821, as was his friend, Ernest Redourier. There are four members who
were born in 1824. Many members were
born in 1830.

From these the Parisian paper concludes that writers live long and it ed-

From these the Parisian paper concludes that writers live long and it advises all those who desire to have a long life to become writers.

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Because of one dear infant head With golden hair, To me all little heads A halo wear; And for one saintly face All babes are fair.

Because of two wide, earnest eyes
Of heavenly blue,
Which look, with yearning gaze,
My sad soul, through,
All eyes now fill mine own with tears.
Whate'er their hue.

Because of little death-marked lips
Which once did call
My name in plaintive tones,
No voices fall
Upon my ear in vain appeal
From children small.

Two little hands held in my own
Long, long ago.
Now cause me as I wander thro'
This world of woe
To clasp each baby hand stretched out
In fear of foe.

I loved him so.

The chief "pageant" in England this summer is to be given at Winchester, which for its size is perhaps the most historic city in the country. It is described as a "national" pageant, and its aim will be to show through the history of the town that of the nation, in the sense of its gradual welding into one people under one faith. It will begin with Alfred, and Raleigh is to figure prominently in it as "the first apostle of true imperialism." On the opening day sermons will be preached in the cathedral by the bishops of Massachusetts and Niagara.

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