

In the time of Queen Anne, Lady Prudence Brook, widowed at 16 and still a widow at two and twenty, while journeying in a coach to London with her cousin Peggy, is accosted by a highwayman who, however, takes nothing from her except a kiss.

becomes acquainted with you she may blame me less. You must exercise your eloquence on her as you did on me," she added, with a coquettish smile, "and then I think I can safely leave our cause in your hands. My prayers shall accompany you, and if necessary we will kneel side by side and implore the ancestral benediction."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MONEY LENDER INTER-VENES.

Either her hysterics or her gout kept my Lady Drumloch in her cham-ber long enough to try the brief pa-tience of Prudence Brooke. Sir Goef-frey, secure of his bride, was less im-patient, for after all, the grandmother's

reputation, lived a certain Mr. Moses Aarons, reputed fabulously wealthy. Few were the gay inheritors of paternal acres to whom the little office in Aldgate was unfamiliar, and in the safes and deed boxes that encumbered the upper floors of the dingy house many a bond and mortgage told a history of vast estates held by a hair, and noble fortunes of which little remained but

Mr. Aarons was a man of unpretending appearance, with very little about him to suggest the Jew money lender. Immaculately dressed, in a suit of fine plum colored cloth, with silk stockings of the same hue, and wearing his own iron gray hair slightly powdered, and gathered in a black ribbon, he might have passed for a respectable lawyer or merchant, had not some suggestion of power in his smooth voice and heavy lidded eye, belied the modesty of his appearance

to greet her, and returned her sweep-ing curtesy with a bow as ceremoni-cus. "My Lady Brooke! This is, indeed, a condescension," he said. "My poor place is not adapted for the entertainment of such fashion and beauty."
"Most excellent Aarons," cried Prue,

ment of such fashion and beauty."
"Most excellent Aarons," cried Prue, a little haughtly, "a fruce to your compliments, which are only meant in ridicule, I fear." She threw back her hood, however, not disdaining to try the full effect of her charms upon this Jew, from whom she had come to cajole a tew hundred pounds, if possible, without security.

"Yet believe me, Lady Prudence," he irvity Beaudesert," She rose with great haughtiness. "I decline to dsipute the subject with you, Mr. Aarons—" she began.
"You will not marry Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert," he repeated. "If you do not refuse the match, he will find some way to release himself; 'tis his mis-

Prue burst out laughing. "Are you turning poet, Mr. Aarons?" she inquired flippantly. "Take my advice, and keep to your own trade; no one will ever read the verse of Shakespeare or Milton with half as much interest as the magic prose that can turn a scrap of dirty paper into golden guineas."

"Your ladyship is tired of poetry, and wishes for a little prose by way of change, no doubt," suggested the money lender.

"Can you not guess?" he replied more boldly.

ey lender.
"Change, forsooth! That is just what

best from her majesty's condescension. But, alas! I cannot make a fitting ap-pearance at court, for I am—as usual —penniless. You must help me out of my troubles, good Mr. Aarons, and this time I shall pay you principal and in-terest, and recover the diamond neck-lace that has been so long in your

If the security you offer is no bet ter than last time, my lady Viscountess

the money lender began.

Alack! this time I have nothing at
to offer as security," she interoffer as security," sne into "You know where most of my "You know way from Yorkjewels are, and on my way from York-shire. I was set upon by Robin Free-mantle, the highwayman, and robbed of every thing he could lay his hands

shire, I was set upon by Robin Free-mantle, the highwayman, and robbed of every thing he could lay his hands on!"

"The outrageous villain! Did your ladyship lose much?" asked the Jew, with ill-concealed sarcasm.

"I scarce remember how much, but he left me with nothing but a few worthless trinkets I had concealed in my cousin's jewel casket, which fortunately escaped. So I arrived in London destitute. My grandmother is too lil to think of aught but prayers and potions, and I am most anxious to return to the court, where, doubtless, her Grace of Mariborough will do something for me—she loves me like a

grace without a gown and a carriage."
"The milliner will, no doubt, be enchanted to provide the one, and the liveryman the other," said Aarons, suave-

ryman the other," said Aarons, suaveleges, is accosted by a highwayman who, however, takes nothing from her except a kiss.

CHAPTER III—(Continued.)

"Dearest Prue, pardon me for suggesting anything that could for one moment distress you; it was but my eagerness to punish the scoundrel for his crimes. Let us relegate him to oblivion. Such subjects are not for the lips and ears of Beauty. Tell me, sweet Prue, when may I hope to see Lady Drumloch and implore her sanction to my suit."

"I have already broken the matter to her," replied Prue, "but, as we anticipated, without any great success, at present. She is, as you know, an ardent Jacobite and cannot be expected to approve your polities, which are considerably more important to her than my happiness. Mayhap, when she becomes acquainted with you she may blame me less. You must exercise your eloquence on her as you did on me," she added, with a coquettish smile, "and then I think I can safely leave"

"I think I can safely leave"

"True, but everyone knows I was banished from court, and nothing will satisfy them that I am in favor again but to see my name in the Court News' account of the queen's levee. I cannet get there without money, and for that look to you, who have stood my friend before. Now listen," she went on quickly, laying her little dimpled hand on his arm, in her eagerness to interput the impending expostulation. "I am going to be married—oh, yes, I know what you would say—'tis not the first time by several, and I am still Widow Brooke! This time, however, your may consider it final; within a more provided that the provided hand on his arm, in her eagerness to interput the impending expostulation. "I am going to be married—oh, yes, I know what you would say—'tis not the first time by several, and I am still Widow Brooke! This time, however, your may consider it final; within a more provided hand on his arm, in her eagerness to interput the impending expostulation. "I am going to be married—oh, yes, I know what you would say—'tis not the first time b

be arrested for his own debts, let alone

"Arrested! Do you mean to suggest that Sir Geoffrey cannot, or will not pay my debts?" she cried, angrily. "He may be willing; indeed, who could doubt that any man would esteem it an honor to pay the debts of

Lady Prudence Brooke? But that he is able, is quite another matter, and you may take my word for it, that Sir Goeffrey Beaudesert couldn't pay his own debts, if every acre he owned was free, instead of mortgaged, lock, stock and barrel."

. "You are maligning a gentleman sir!" she exclaimed logic tience of Prudence Brooke. Sir Goeffrey. secure of his bride, was less impatient, for after all, the grandmother's consent was a mere matter of form, although he had reasons—upon which he did not care to dilate—for wishing to propitiate the old lady, and secure her good graces.

He came to Mayfair as frequently as his parliamentary duties permitted, and never without sending up to the sick room the most sympathetic messages, accompanied by boquets of rare flowers, baskets of hot house fruit and dainty porcelain or enameled boxes of French bon bons, and his gifts to Lowton were as lavish, though of a different character.

Finding no abatement in her grandmotner's austerity, about a week after Sir Goeffrey's arrival, Lady Prudence ordered a chair, and concealing as many of her charms as could be hidden by a cloak and hood, made a pilgrimage to the city.

Almost under the shadow of Aldgate church, at the entrance of a narrow court, of quiet appearance but sinister reputation, lived a certain Mr. Moses Aarons, rapunted features and barrel."

"You are maligning a gentleman, sir!" she exclaimed, losing all control of her temper. "I will tell him how you have lled to me, and he will have his servants beat you within an inch of your life! Sir Geoffrey a bankrupt! his estates mortgaged!—was ever such as slander? He is a man of substance, I tell you. I have visited him in his ancestral domain, where he entertained me royally. He is lord of the manor, and has the retinue of a duke—no man in Yorkshire is more highly respected—he is M.F.H. and might be Sheriff of his Riding an' he chose!" She began to subside a little, though still angry, and looking, it must be owned, transcendently lovely in her excitement, with cheeks like damask roses, and flashing sapphire eyes. "Good Mr. Aarons, why did you give me such a scare?" she went on, with a ring of almost entreaty in her tone. "Tell me you were joking. What can you know about Sir Geoffrey's estate? He hath borrowed of you, mayhap; who has not-such a few propositions and borro not- But patrimony-

"His patrimony, Lady Prudence? His father was one of King James' most devoted followers, and one of the most layish while a guinea could be raised, to prove his loyalty. Sir Geoffrey cannot cut a tree in his 'ancestral domain,' and you may be sure there was a bailiff or two wearing his livery among the ducal retinue that dazzled your lady-ship."

'Mr. Aarons, you must be mistaken,' Ar. Aarons, you must be mistaken, she persisted, stubbornly. "If his fortunes are so low, why does he seek to join them to those of a portionless widow? Sure, there are heiresses aplenty who would gladly buy his title with their dowries!"

"Oh! your ladyship has but to look

with their dowries!"
"Oh! your ladyship has but to look
in your mirror to answer that question,"
cried the usurer, with a low bow and a
look of open admiration. "There are

Prudence hastily, "but I am betrothed to Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert and these benevolent persons do not greatly in-terest me. Let us quit the subject of the fortunes Sir Geoffrey and I are throwing away, and return to business.

"Yet believe me, Lady Prudence," he

cajole a tew hundred pounds, if possible, without security.

"Your ladyship's long absence from London hath surely been to some magic spring," said the usurer, with an exaggerated deference that bordered on insolence. "We heard you were breaking squires' hearts in Yorkshire, but sure 'twas some southern sun that has been ripening the peaches on your cheeks."

Prue burst out laughing. "Are you prue burst out laughing. "Are you have ever dreamed of, and who asks nothing in return but to see you queen it

Change, forsooth! That is just what I am perishing for," cried Prue. "Fate has been dealing me the scurviest tricks, and now the chance of my life has come, and I tremble lest I lose it for want of a few pounds. The queen has bidden me to court, and I hope the best from her majesty's condescension. admirable creature who desires to rescue me from poverty—and Sir Geoffrey—and confer so many benefits upon my unworthiness.

He placed his hand upon his breast, and bowed deeply. "You see him here, fair Lady Pru-dence," he said.

"The humblest of slaves, the most ardent of admirers and, if you will, the most devoted and indulgent of hus-

She burst into a pea! of laughter, but the faint note of bitterness that permeated the charming music was not lost upon the money-lender's sharp

him for a £1,000! Do not admit him, good Mr. Aarons, I beseech you—" "Take Sir Geoffrey upstairs, Jacob, and tell him I am engaged, but will wait on him anon," said the Jew. Then BACKACHE turning to his fair client with an insinuating smile, he added, "Now, if your ladyship chooses, you may have an opportunity of judging between my statement of this gentleman's finances and his own."

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Read about Mrs. Wood-

leading into a room scarcely bigger than a closet, but light, and furnished with a single chair, and a table litter-ed with papers and thick with dust. Half-involuntarily, Prue yielded, the door closed upon her. "I need listen," she said, half-apologizing

the door closed upon her. "I need not listen," she said, half-apologizing to herself for an action she disdained. But the room was small, and that, perhaps, was why she did not think it worth while to move away from the door. The blood rushed to her head when

statement of this gentleman's finances and his own—"
He indicated, by a gesture, a door in an obscure corner of the room.
"What! play the spy upon my betrothed husband? Never, never!" exclaimed Prue indignantly. Yet she did not go away, and her pliant form seemed to sway toward the little dark door, as though a stronger will than

door, as though a stronger will than her own controlled her muscles.

"Tis no harm," said the Jew, in his sikkiest tones, as he opened the door

door.

The blood rushed to her head when she heard Sir Geoffrey's-voice, and for some moments she was conscious of nothing but a confused murmur, out of which, at last, her own name rang sharp and clear.

"The Lady Prudence Brooke has honored me by accepting my hand," she heard Sir Geoffrey say, in a tone that was evidently intended to discourage adverse comment.

"I congfiratulate your Honor," said Aarons politely. "The lady's charms do credit to your choice. But such luxuries are costly, and I am not surprised that you need money. It is unfortunate that times are so hard and money so scarce. I have just suffered a terrible loss. The death of Lord Boscommon, whose father survives him, had turned £10,000 worth of post-obits into waste paper, and the fallure of Johnson and—but this does not interest your Honor. Beset as I am, I shall be able to accomodate an old and valued client like yourself, no doubt, if the security is satisfactory. You have good security to offer, of course?"

"Oh! it is no use beating about the bush with you, Aarons. I have no fresh security, but you can surely let me have a couple of thousand more on the Yorkshire estate."

"Not a stiver," said the money lender firmly. "Even the entailed proper-

the Yorkshire estate."

"Not a stiver," said the money lender firmly. "Even the entailed property is encumbered beyond its utmost value. Had you come to announce your marriage with Miss Cheeseman, the alderman's daughter, or Mrs. Goldwaite, the banker's widow. I do not say I would have refused the necessary funds for the courtship and wedding on your note-of-hand. But the Viscounttess Brooke is dowerless—over head and cars in debt, and without a penny of expectations." expectations.

"Miserable little Jew," muttered the fair dame he so pitilessly anatomized; "Geoffrey will kill him."

"Geoffrey will kill him."

"Dowerless yes; over head and ears in debt, possibly; but not without expectations," said Sir Geoffrey, displaying none of the anticipated fury. "You overlook the fact that she is the favorite granddaughter of Lady Drumloch, who, for all her miserly ways, I am credibly informed, is enormously wealthy." wealthy."
"Oho!" cried the Jew, maliciously en-

"Oho!" cried the Jew, maliciously enjoying this display of a motive not altogether flattering to the unsuspected listener. "Your honor is not quite so simple as I began to fear."

"Did you really think I was fool enough to leap before looking?" retorted Sir Geoffrey, with a fatuous laugh that set Prue's ears tingling. "To be sure, the wealth of Golconda could not add to the Lady Prue's charms, but in this wicked world one can not live on love, and as I have little else to offer, I rejoice, for her sake as well as my own, that she has a rich grandmother, who cannot, it is to be hoped—I should say, lamented—live long to enjoy her hoards. They will, I am convinced, be put to excellent use by Lady Prudence Beaudesert."

Beaudesert."

"But how, if I could prove to you, Sir Geoffrey, that Lady Drumloch, instead of being a rich miser, is a very poor old woman, whose kinsman loans her a house to live in, and whose sole income is an annuity from which she or merchant, had not some suggestion of power in his smooth voice and heavy lidded eye, belied the modesty of his appearance.

The chair of a fine lady was no unaccustomed object at his door—nor, indeed, was the Viscountess Brooke a stranger. When his clerk bowed the lady into Mr. Aaron's sanctum, he rose to greet her, and returned her sweep-

granddaughters."

"Indeed, no," said Sir Geoffrey reflectively. "No such sordid subject has ever been broached between us. Yet I had it from a reliable source."

"Well, I advise you to make very sure of it, Sir Geoffrey; it will be no kindness, either to yourself or the Lady Prudence, to marry her without either of you having anything you can call your own—except your debts."

"Tis true," muttered the baronet. "If I cannot raise a thousand pounds—are Lady Prudence's debts so very great?"

"I do not betray the secrets of one client to another," said Aarons, with a sinister smile. "Even now I have acted against my own interests in my desire to befriend two headstrong young people. Nay, I would gladly go further, and find a rich wife for your honor and a rich husband for the viscountess, if you would both listen to reason." cannot raise a thousand pounds-are

(Continued Next Week.) Other Way About.

"I s'pose I've known 10,000 mothers in my time."
"Well?"

"But I never knew but one mother who had the courage to go to the matinee while her daughter did the housework."

Maud and the Judge. Maud Muller raked the blooming hay.

The judge came 'round to make a call.

His purpose was to say,
"I hope you'll vote for me this fall." The daily average variation of the clock on the house of parliament is 0.97 of a second.



as A FATAL KNOCK "Say, we've got to do something right away to save our city." "What's threatening RT"

NOT A DISEASE

But a Symptom, a Danger Signal Which Every Woman Should Heed.

all's experience.

Morton's Gap, Kentucky. - "I suffered two years with female disorders, my

health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensa-tions I could hardly bear it. I had sore-

ness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have backache any more. think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Mor-

ish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E.Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

A While for a Time. A Cleveland school teacher writes that she asked her class what was the difference between the expressions, "a while," and "a time," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Nobody seemed to have any idea on the subject. Finally the light of intelligence was seen to shine in the eyes of one little boy, and the teacher called upon him to save the intellectual honor of the class.

"I know, teacher!" he cried eager "When papa says he's going out for a whlie, mamma says she knows he's going out for a time!'

That's one way of looking at it.

PIMPLES COVERED FACE

1613 Dayton St., Chicago, Ill.-"My face was very red and irritated and was covered with pimples. The pimples festered and came to a head. They itched and burned and when I scratched them became sore. I tried soaps and they would not stop the itching and burning of the skin. This lasted for a month or more. At last I tried Cuticura Ointment and Soan They took out the burning and itching of the skin, soothing it very much and giving the relief that the others failed to give me. I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment about three weeks and was completely cured." (Signed) Miss Clara Mueller, Mar. 16, 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.

Absorbed.

A college professor noted for his concentration of thought, returned home from a scientific meeting one night, still pondering deeply upon the subject that had been discussed. As he entered his room he heard a noise that seemed to come from under the

"Is there someone there?" he asked absently.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew his peculiarities.

"That's strange," muttered the pro fessor. "I was almost sure I heard someone under the bed."

Wise Young Man. That was a very wise Cambridge student of whom the London story tellers were talking some time ago. One of his college friends finding himself without funds, went to this Solomon of students to borrow. He found

der, he shook him. "I say," he said, "are you asleep?" 'Why do you ask?" queried the other, sleepily.

him in bed. Seizing him by the shoul-

"I want to borrow a sovereign." "Yes," said the other, turning over .nd closing his eyes. "I'm asleep."

Righteous Indignation. Little Ruth was the youngest daugh-

ter in a very strict Presbyterian family that especially abhorred profanity. One day little Ruth became exceedingly exasperated with one of her dollies. In her baby vocabulary she could find no words to express adequately her disapproval of dolly's conduct.

Finally, throwing the offending dolly across the room, she cried, feelingly:

"My gracious! I wish I belonged to a family that sweared!"

Submits Tamely. "Is Scriblet what you would call a struggling author?'

"No, indeed. When an editor puts him out he doesn't offer the slightest



Dinks-Do you believe that animals think?

Winks-Certainly. Doesn't the car hog who takes up all the seat think he owns the car?

Explains the Undertaker's Grouch. "Who is that fellow sitting humped up and muttering to himself out there on the horse block?'

"Aw, that's Ezra Toombs, the under taker," replied the landlord of the Skeedee tavern. "He's feeling sore over the way his business has been going of late. You see, the doctor gave Judge Feebles two weeks to live; that was six weeks ago, and the judge is up and around now and figgerin' on marryin' again. Every time Ezra meets the doctor he asks him, 'How about it, hey?' and they have a row. And now he's sittin' out there watching a tramp painter gilding the weather vane of the church, across the street. Ezra says, by Heck, he's about ready to move away, things is so dead here."-Kansas City Star.

Reason Was Plain.

"My husband has deserted me and want a warrant," announced the arge lady.

What reason did he give for desert ng you?" asked the prosecutor. "I don't want any lip from you. I want a warrant. I don't know what

reason he had." "I think I understand his reason," said the official feebly, as he proceeded to draw up a warrant."

Mother Goose in Poultry Trade. It is reported that the following occurred in a small poultry store kept by the widow of the deceased merchant:

"I should like to see a nice fat goose," said a customer, entering the shop. "Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Mother will be down directly."—Woman's

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A Washington Case—

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