The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet

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CHAPTER IX.

GUESSES AT THE RIDDLE.

The walk uptown did me good. The rain had ceased, and the air felt clean and fresh as though it had been washed. I took deep breaths of it, and the feeling of fatigue and depression which had weighed upon me gradually which had weighed upon me gradually vanished. I was in no hurry—went out of my way a little, indeed, to walk out into Madison square and look back at the towering mass of the Flatiron building, creamy and delicate as carved ivory under the rays of the moon—and it was long past midnight when I finally turned in at the Marathon. Higgins, the janitor, was just closing the outer doors, and he joined me in the elevator a moment later.

me in the elevator a moment later.
"There's a gentleman waiting to see you, sir," he said, as the car started upward. "Mr. Godfrey, sir. He came upward. "Mr. Godfrey, sir. He came in about 10 minutes ago. He said you were expecting him, so I let him into

"That was right," I said, and re-flected again upon Godfrey's exhaustless energy.

I found him lolling in an easy chair, and he looked up with a smile at my

offm not too tired," I said, hanging up my coast. "I feel a good deal better than I did an hour ago."

continued Godfrey, "that the business of this unknown Frenchman with Vantine in some way concerned this cabinet."

I asked, sitting down opposite him. "You don't seem thred at all."

If am tired, though," he said, "a little. But I've got a fool brain that won't let my body go to sleep so long as there is work to be done. Then, as soon as everything is finished, the brain lets go and the body sleeps like a log. Now I knew I couldn't go to sleep properly tonight until I had heard the very interesting theory you are going to confide to me. Besides, I have a thing or two to tell you."

"Go ahead," I said.

"We had a cable from our Paris office just before I left."

"Continued Godfrey, "that the business of this unknown Frenchman with Vantine in some way concerned this cabinet."

"Vantine himself thought' so," I broke in. "He told me afterwards that it was because he thought so he consented to see him."

"Good! That would seem to indicate that we are on the right track. The Frenchman's business, then, had something to do with this cabinet, and with this secret drawer. Left to himself, he discovered the cabinet in the room adjoining the ante-room, attempted to open the drawer and was killed."

"Yes," I agreed; "and now how about Vantine?"

"Yes," I agreed; "and now how about Vantine?"

had office a cable from our just before I left plained. that M. Theophile woman a "Vantine's death isn't so simply explained before I left. It seems that M. Theophile d'Aurelle plays the fiddle in the orchestra of the Cafe de Paris. He played as usual tonight, so that it is manifestly impossible that he should also be lying in the New York morgue. Moreover, none of his friends, so far as he knows, is in America. No doubt he may be able to identify the photograph of the dead man, and we've already started one on the way, but we can't hear from it for six or eight days. But my guess was right—the fellow's name isn't d'Aurelle."

"You say you have a photograph?"

"You say you have a photograph?

"You say you have a photograph?"
"Yes, I had some taken of the body "You say you have a photograph?"

"Yes, I had some taken of the body this afternoon. Here's one of them. Keep it; you may have use for it."

I took the card, and, as I gazed at the face depicted upon it. I realized that the distorted countemance I had seen in the afternoon had given me no idea of the man's appearance. Now the eyes were closed and the features composed and peaceful, but even death failed to give them any dignity. It was a weak and dissipated face, the face of a hanger on of cafes, as Parks had said—of a loiterer along the boulevards, of a man without ambitien, and capable of any depth of meanness and deceit. At least, that is how I read it.

ignorant of the mechanism? Above all, did she succeed in getting away with the contents of the drawer?" I demanded.

"Ah, if we only knew!"

"Perhaps the woman had nothing to do with it. Vantine himself told me that he was going to make a careful examination of the cabinet. No doubt that is exactly what he was doing when the woman's arrival interrupted him. He might have let her out of the house inself, and then, returning to the cabinet, stumbled upon the secret drawer after she had gone."

"Yes that is a succeed in getting away with the contents of the drawer?" I demanded.

"Ah, if we only knew!"

"Perhaps the woman had nothing to do with it. Vantine himself told me that he was going to make a careful tramination of the cabinet. No doubt that is exactly what he was doing when the woman's arrival interrupted him. He might have let her out of the house himself, and then, returning to the cabinet, stumbled upon the secret drawer after she had gone."

"Yes that a tramination of the drawer?" I demanded.

"Ah, if we only knew!"

"Her haps the woman had nothing to do with it. Vantine himself told me that he was going to make a careful tramination of the cabinet. No doubt that he was going to make a careful tramination of the cabinet. No doubt that he was doing way with the contents of the drawer?" I demanded.

"Ah, if we only knew!"

sites, without work and without income, so common in Paris. Shep girls and ladies' maids have a weakness for them."

"I think you are right," I agreed; "but at the same time, if he was of that type, I don't see what business he could have had with Philip Vantine."

"Neither do I; but there are a lot of the thing I don't see either. We're

other things I don't see, either. We're all in the dark, Lester; have you thought of that? Absolutely in the

Yes, I have thought of it," I said,

slowly.

"No doubt we can establish this fellow's identity in time—sooner than we think, perhaps, for most of the morning papers will run his picture, and if he is known here in New York at all, it will be recognized by some one. When we find out who he is, we can probably guess at the nature of his business with Vantine. We can find out who the woman was who called to see Vantine tonight—that is just a case of grilling. tonight—that is just a case of grilling Rogers; then we can run her down and get her secret out of her. We can find get her secret out of her. We can find why Rogers is trying to shield her. All that is comparatively simple. But when we have done it all, when we have all these facts in hand, I am afraid we shall find that they are utterly unim-

"Unimportant?" I echoed. "But sure-

"Unimportant because we don't want to know these things. What we want to know is how Philip Vantine and this unknown Frenchman were killed. And that is just the one thing which, I am convinced, neither the man nor the woman nor Rogers nor anybody else we have come across in this case can tell us. There's a personality behind all. we nave come across in this case can tell us. There's a personality behind all this that we haven't even suspected yet, and which, I am free to confess, I don't know how to get at. It puzzles me; it rather frightens me; it's like a threatening shadow which one can't get hold of."

There was a moment's silence; then, I decided, the time had come for me

"Godfrey," I said, "what I am about to tell you is told in confidence, and must be held in confidence until I give you permission to use it. Do you agree?"
"Go on," he said, his eyes on my face.
"Well. I believe I know how these
two men were killed. Listen."
And I told him in detail the story of
the Boule cabinet; I repeated Vantine's
theory of its first ownership. I named

theory of its first ownership; I named the price which he was ready to pay for it; I described the difference between an original and a counterpart. and dwelt upon Vantine's assertion that and dwelt upon Vantine's assertion that this was an original of unique and un-questionable artistry. Long before I had finished Godfrey was out of his chair and pacing up and down the room, his face flushed, his eyes glow-ing.

"Beautiful!" he murmured from time to time. "Immense! What a case it

see which facts are essential and which are negligible, Now the fact that Vantine had accidentally come into

whereas it is the one big essential fact in this whole case. And it was you who saw it."

"You saw it," too," I pointed out, "as soon as I mentioned it."

"Yes; but you mentioned it in a way which made its importance manifest. I couldn't help seeting it. And I believe that we have both arrived at practically the same conclusions. Here they are," and he checked them off on his fingers. "The cabinet contains a secare," and he checked them off on his fingers. "The cabinet contains a secret drawer. This is inevitable, if it really belonged to Madame de Montespan. Any cabinet made for her would be certain to have a secret drawer—she would require it, just as she would require lace on her underwear or jeweled buttons on her gloves. That drawer, since it was, perhaps, to contain such priceless documents as the love letters of a king—even more so, if the love letters were from anso, if the love letters were from an-other man!—must be adequately guarded, and, therefore, a mechanism was devised to stab the person atin yet," he explained, "so I thought I'd wait a few minutes on the off chance that you mightn't be too tired to talk. If you are, say so, and I'll be moving "Tm not too tired," I said be adequately was devised to stab the person attempting to open it and to inject into the wound a poison so powerful as to cause instant death. Am I right so far?"

"Wonderfully right," I had not put it had not put it."

possesion of a Boule cabinet would probably seem neglible to Grady, whereas it is the one big essential fact

far?"
"Wonderfully right," I nodded. "I had not put it so clearly, even to myself. Go ahead."
"We come to the conclusion, then," continued Godfrey, "that the business of this unknown Frenchman with Vantine in some way concerned this cabinet."

depth of meanness and deceit. At least, that is how I read it.

"He's evidently low class," said Godfrey, watching me. "One of those parasites, without work and without income, without work and without income, as I have described?"

"Yes; that that is quite possible, too. At any rate, you agree with me that both men were killed in some such way as I have described?"

"Absolutely. I think there can be no

doubt of it."
"There are objections—and rather weighty ones. The theory explains the two deaths, it explains the similarity of the wounds, it explains how both should be on the right hand just above the knuckles, it explains why both bodies were found in the same place since both men started to summon help. But, in the first place, if the Frenchman got the drawer open, who eleved it?"

"Perhaps it closed itself when he let go of it."
"And closed again after Vantine opened it?

"Yes."
"It would take a very clever mechansm to do that.'

ism to do that."

"But at least it's possible."

"Oh, yes; it's possible. And we must remember that the poisoners of those days were very ingenious. That was the heydev of La Voisin and the Marquise de Brinvilliers, of Elixi, and heavens knows how many other experts who had followed Catherine de Medict to France. So that's all quite possible. But there is one thing that isn't possible, and that is that a poison which, if it is administered as we think it is, must be a liquid, could remain in which, it is administered as we think it is, must be a liquid, could remain in that cabinet fresh and ready for use for more than 300 years. It would have dried up centuries ago. Nor would the mechanism stay in order so long. It must be both complicated and delicate. Therefore, it would have to be olled and answer, James Thomson, and I dare

That was an objection, truly, and the more I thought of it, the more serious

"It may be," said Godfrey, at last,
"that d'Aurelle was going it alone—that
he had broken with the gang—"
"The gang?"
"Of course, there is a gang. This
thing has taken careful planning and
concerted effort. And the leader of the
gang is a genius! I wonder if you understand how great a genius? Think:

It was part of a plot-and a splendid

plot!"
"Can you explain that to me, too?" queried a little ironically, for I con-fess it seemed to me that Godfrey was permitting his imagination to run away

He smiled good naturedly at my tone "Of course, this is all mere roman-cin," he admitted. "I am the first to acknowledge that. I was merely following out our theory to what seemed its logical conclusion. But perhaps we are on the wrong track altogether. Perhaps d'Aurelle, or whatever his name is, just blundered in, like a moth into a candle flame. As for the plot—well, I can guess at it. But suppose you and I had pulled off some big robbery—"

He stopped suddenly, and his face vent white and then red. "What is it, Godfrey?" I cried, for

his look frightened me.

He lay back in his chair, his hands pressed over his eyes. I could see how they were trembling—how his whole body was trembling. "Wait!" he said hoarsely. "Wait!"

Then he sat upright, his face tense with anxiety. "Lester!" he cried, his voice shrill with fear. "The cabinet—it isn't

"Yes, it is," I said. "At least I thought of that!"

And I told him of the precautions I had taken to keep it safe. He heard me out with a sigh of relief.

"That's better," he said. "Parks would not stand much show, I'm afraid, if worst came to worst; but I think the cabinet is safe—for tonight. And before another night, Lester, we will have a "A look?"

"Yes; for the secret drawer!"

I stared at him fascinated, shrinking. "And we shall find it!" he added. "D'Aurelle and Vantine found it," I

"And they're both dead!"
"It won't kill us. We will go about it armored, Lester. That poisoned fang

may strike—"
"Don't!" I cried, and cowered back into my chair. "I—I can't do it, Godfrey. God knows, I'm no coward—but not that!"

You shall watch me do it!" he said.

"That would be even worse!"
"But I'll be ready, Lester. There will be no danger. Come, man! Why, it's the chance of a lifetime—to rifle the secret drawer of Madame de Montespan! Yes!" he added, his eyes glowing, "and to match ourselves against the greatest criminal of modern times!"

His shrill laugh tall how excited he His shrill laugh told how excited he

was.
"And do you know what we shall find
"And to you know what we shall find in that drawer, Lester? But no—it is only a guess—the wildest sort of a guess—but if it is right—if it is right!" He sprang from his chair, biting his lips, his whole frame quivering. But he was calmer in a moment.

"And, you will help me, Lester? You will come?"

There was a wizardry in his manner not to be resisted. Besides—to rife the scover, drawer of Madara de Monte.

He clapped me on the shoulder, his face beaming.
"I knew you would! Tomorrow night, then—I'll call for you here at 7 o'clock. We'll have dinner together—and then, hey for the great secret! Agreed?
"Agreed!" I said.
He caught up coat and hat and started for the door.
"There are things to do,' he said; "that armour to prepare—the plan of

"that armour to prepare—the plan of campaign to consider, you know. Good night, then, till—this evening!"

The door closed behind him, and his footsteps died away down the hall. I looked at my watch—it was nearly 2

Dizzily I went to bed. But my sleep was broken by a fearful dream—a dream of a serpent, with blazing eyes and dripping fangs, poised to strike!

CHAPTER X.

PREPARATIONS.

My first thought, when I awoke the next morning, was for Parks, for God-frey's manner had impressed me with the feeling that Parks was in much more serious danger than either he or I suspected. It was with a lively sense of relief, therefore, that I heard Parks'

or relief, therefore, that I heard Parks voice answer my call on the 'phone.

"This is Mr. Lester," I said. "Is everything all right?"

"Everything screne, sir,' he answered.
"It would take a mighty smooth burglar to get in here now, sir."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Reporters are camped all around the house, sir. They seem to think some-body else will be killed here today." He laughed as he spoke the words, but I was far from thinking the idea

an amusing one.

"I hope not," I said, quickly. "And don't let any of the reperters in, nor talk to them. Tell them they must go to the police for their information. If they get too anneying, let me know, and I'll have an officer sent around."

"Very good, sir."

"And, Parks."

"Yes, sir?"

(Continued next week.)

As to the Ode, "Rule Britannia,"

Who wrote the ode, "Rule Britannia?" No doubt nearly evryone will Therefore, it would have to be oiled and overhauled from time to time. If it is worked by a spring—and I don't see how else it can be worked—the spring would have to be renewed and wound up."

"Well?" I asked, as he paused.

"Well, it is evident that the drawer contains something more recent than the love letters of Louis XIV. It must have been put in working order quite recently. But by whom and for what purpose? That is the mystery we have to solve—and it is a mighty pretty one. recently. But by whom and for what purpose? That is the mystery we have to solve—and it is a mighty pretty one. And here's another objection," he added. "That Frenchman knew about the secret drawer, because, according to our theory, he opened it and got killed. Why didn't he also know about the poison?"

Mallet in collaboration, and there have been people who have contended that Thomson does not deserve the sole credit. We are indebted to a certain extent to Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II, and father of George II, for the renowned ode. George II had no real British sympathies, and in those days it was customary for a prince of Wales. III, for the renowned ode. George II had no real British sympathles, and in those days it was customary for a Prince of Wales to hold and express views opposite to those of his father, and so Frederick was markedly pro-British in his tastes. He lived at Clief-day on the Thames and he reselved. den, on the Thames, and he resolved to give a splendid entertainment there in honor of the accession of the House of Honover and also to celebrate the birthday of his little daughter, Princess Augusta. So he called to his aid David Mallet, James Thomson, and also John Rich, who was a famous and successful actor manager, and they were set

this was an original of unique and unquestionable artistry. Long before I had finished Godfrey was out of his chair and pacing up and down the room, his face flushed, his eyes glowing.

"Beautiful!" he murmured from time to time. "Immense! What a case it will make, Lester!" he cried, stopping before my chair and beaming down upon me, as I finished the story. "Unique, too; that's the beauty of it. As unique as this adorable Boule cabinet!"

"Then you see it, too?" I questioned, a little disappointed that my theory should seem so evident.

"See it?" and he dropped into his chair again. "A man would be blind not to see it. But all the same, Lester, I give you credit for putting the facts together. So many of us—Grady, for instance—aren't able to do that, or to "By accident? Not for an instant!"

concerted effort. And the leader of the gang is a genius! I wonder if you understand how great a genius? Think: he wonder if you understand how great a genius? Think: he knows the secret of the drawer of Madame de Montespan's cabinet; but actor manager, and they were set to work to produce something worthy of the eccasion.

It was on Friday. August 1, 1740, that the mask "Alfred" was produced at Clieden. The famous ode was sung in worthy of the occasion.

"It was on Friday. August 1, 1740, that the mask "Alfred" was produced at Clieden. The famous ode was sung in really great criminal—a really great criminal—a really great criminal—one of the elect from whom crime has no secrets. Observe. He alone knows the secret of the drawer of Madame de Montespan's cabinet; but actor manager, and they were set to work to produce something worthy of the cocasion.

It was on Friday. August 1, 1740, that the mask "Alfred" was produced at Clieden. The famous ode was sung in really great criminal—a really

Put That Pain to Use

The network of nerves in your body, the the network of wires in a burglar tells a Story alarm system, gives quick warning when anything is going wrong inside Looking at it in this way a pain is a useful alarm. Now, kidney weakness is a dangerous thing-a condition not to be neglected—and it is wise to know and pay attention to the early alarm signals of sick kidneys.

Backache is a common warning of congestion or inflammation in the kidneys. It may be dull, nagging pain, or a sharp twinge when stooping or lifting. There are likely to be disorders of urination, dizziness, headaches, and drowsy, despondent, tired feelings. It is very hard to strengthen weak

kidneys at first, but neglect invites rheumatic or neuralgic attacks, gravel, dropsy, and fatal Bright's disease. As a specimedicine for weak kid-eys Doan's iney Pills have been neys Doan's used for years all over the civilized

world, and surely are considered reliable. The patient can always help the medicine immensely, however, by dieting lightly, using little or no liquor, tea or coffee, keeping regular hours and drinking lots of pure water.



"I can hardly straighten up."

As to Doan's Kidney Pills, read the following enthusiastic endorsement by

PAIN AND SWELLING

Serious Attack of Kidney Complains Caused Untold Misery

O. K. Booth, painter, Randolph. Nearsys: "The first symptom that my kidneys was disordered was when my back began to ache severely. Sharp pains darted throughout my body and my hands were numb. This was followed by swelling of my limbs and puffy sacs under my eyes. My health was all run down and I had to neglect my work for nearly a month. Sometimes I had to hobble about with the aid of a cane. I was all doubled up and could get little rest at night. I had chills and fever and had to be propped up in bed in order to get any relief from the constant pain in my back. At times the secretions were scant and paintul in passage and contained sediment. I tried all kinds of remodies and wore plasters, but with little or no benefit. When I had almost gives up in despair I heard of Doan's kidney Pilis. They brought me quick relief from the backache and lameness and by the time I had finished four boxes, my health was restored. Since then I have been free from kidney trouble.



Luck.

We heard a story the other day

about a Cleveland minister of the

gospel who was giving the small son

of a neighbor an elementary lesson in

ethics, relates the Cleveland Plain

"My boy," he said, "I am no longer

young. I have lived for 45 years and

I have never used alcohol or tobacco

in any form. I have never indulged in

profane language, and I have never

allowed myself to tell an untruth.

When I was a boy like you I never ran

away from school and I never gave my

"Have you got any kids?"

no boys of my own, but-"

"What is the matter?"

"Gee!"

ain't got!"

dear mother a minute's worry. And

"Children, do you mean? No, I have

"Nothin', parson. I was just think-

in' how lucky those kids is that you

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Its Qualities.

"Sure; can't sink money on that."

Speaking of soft snaps, what's the

matter with the bite of a toothless

"Big cargo of cork, wasn't it?"

Baltimore American.

TWO WAYS TO LOOK AT IT

f Customer Was In Luck in Getting Hat to Fit Him, How About the Shop Keeper?

After playing a matinee performance recently in Omaha, relates a popular actor, I discovered my hat was missing from my dressing room. This was really a serious loss, for, being possessed of an exceptionally large head, it is not unsually necessary for me to visit every hat shop in the town before I can find a hat to fit. Finally, after a lot of effort and determination, I found a hat shop where they had just one hat that would fit me, I inquired the price of it, and the shop keeper answered with an encouraging smile that it was five dollars. It struck me that the hat wasn't worth that, being somewhat out of

date, I offered him two and a half. "Two and a half!" he exclaimed, shrugging his shoulders. "Why, you ought to be mighty glad to get that even for five dollars. Where will you be able to find a hat large enough to fit your head?"

"That may be true," I answered, but where will you be able to find a head large enough to fit your hat?" I got the hat for two and a half.

FABLE THAT CARRIES MORAL

Comparison of Lusty Falsehood With Certain Closs of Truths Is Worth Consideration.

A fox that was caught in a farmer's hen coop concluded that prevarication might save him. In response to the farmer's query as to what he meant by stealing chickens, the fox said: "I never stole chickens in my life. I'm a vegetarian."

"What were you doing in my hen

"I merely stopped here to talk about the war from a perfectly neutral stand-

"But how about that dead and halfeaten chicken? Perhaps you know nothing about that?"

"But I do, though," said the fox. "A mink did that. He ran away at your approach. I would have left, too, but the smell of fresh blood made me sick and faint."

When the farmer regained consciousness the fox was gone and so was another fat hen.

Moral: An athletic falsehood is better than a kindergarten truth.

> A REBELLION Food Demanded.

The human body will stand a lot of abuse, but sometime it will surely rebel and demand proper food in place of the pasty, starchy, greasy stuffs on which it has been made sick.

Then is the time to try Grape-Nuts, the most scientific and perfect food in the world.

A lady of Washington says: "Three years ago I was very ill with catarrh of the stomach and was given up to die by one doctor. I laid in bed four months and my stomach was so weak that I could not keep down medicine or hardly any kind of food and was so weak and emaciated after four months of this starvation that my daughter could easily lift me from bed and put me in my chair.

"But weak as my stomach was, it accepted, relished and digested Grape-Nuts without any difficulty the first time that wonderful food was tried.

"I am now strong and in better health than for a great many years and am gradually growing still stronger. I rely on Grape-Nuts for much of the nourishment that I get. The results have certainly been wonderful in my case and prove that no stomach is so weak it will not digest Grape-Nuts.

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Sure, Mawruss!

Credit Man-No, we can't sell you those goods on four months' time. Isaacs-Vy not? I gifts you my

Credit Man-But your notes do nos sell on the street.

Isaacs-Mine gracious no; or I vould go home and make notes instead of clothing.-Boston Transcript.

A school of salesmanship is the lab est annex to the educational facilities of New Orleans.

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The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to

be dissolved in water as needed. As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

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would not have used it only it was recommended to me by a friend of mine who, I wish to say, is one of the best boosters for your Liniment I ever saw."—J. W. Fuller, Denver, Col.

"Just a line in praise of Sloan's Liniment. I have been ill nearly four seen weeks with rheumatism, have been treated by doctors who did their best. I had not slept for the terrible pain for several nights, when my wife got me a small bottle of the Liniment and three applicacations gave me relief so that I could sleep."—Joseph Tamblyn, 615 Conserts Street, McKesport, Pa.

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