

The Bondman

By HALL CAIN.

Continued Story.

SYNOPSIS.

Rachel Jorgensen was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love and married an idiot, Stephen Orry. Her father had other hopes for her, and in his anger he disowned her. Orry ran away to sea. Of this union a child was born and Rachel called him Jason. Stephen Orry was heard from in the Isle of Man, where he was again married and another son was born. Rachel died and her heart-broken woman, but told Jason of his father's acts. Jason swore to kill him, and if not him, then his son. In the meantime Orry had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man. He was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orry went from bad to worse and married a dissolute woman, and their child, called Michael Sunlocks, was born. The woman died and Orry gave Sunlocks to Adam Fairbrother, who adopted him, and he became the playmate of the governor's daughter, Greeba.

Another year passed, and the children grew together—Sunlocks and Greeba, boy and girl, brother and sister—in the innocent communion of healthy childhood, with their little whims, their little ways, their little tiffs, and with the little sorrows that overcast existence. And Sunlocks picked up his English words as fast as he picked shells on the beach, gathering them on his tongue as he gathered the shells into his pinafore, dropping them and picking them up again.

Yet another year went by, and then over the luminous innocence of the children there crept the strange trail of sex, revealing already their little differences of character, and showing what they were to be in days to come—the little maid, quick, urgent, impulsive and vain; the little man, quiet, unselfish and patient, but liable to outbursts of temper.

A fourth year passed, and then the little people were parted. The duchess came from London, where her nights had no repose and her days no freshness, to get back a little of the color of the sun into her pallid cheeks, and driving one day from Mount Murray to government house she lit on Greeba in the road outside Castletown. It was summer, and the little maid of eight, bright as the sunlight that glistened on her head, her cheeks all pink and white, her legs bare, and her white linen sun-bonnet swinging in her hand, was chasing a butterfly amid the yellow-tipped gorse that grew by the roadside. That vision of beauty and health awakened a memory of less charm and freshness. The duchess remembered a little maiden of her own who was also eight years old, dainty and pretty, but pale and sickly, pecked up in a chill stone house in London, playing alone with bows and ribbons, talking to herself, and having no companion except a fidgety French governess, who was wrinkled and had lost some of her teeth.

A few days later the duchess came again to government house, bought a gay new hat for Greeba, and proposed that the little maid should go home with her as playfellow for her only child. Adam promptly said "No" to her proposal, with what emphasis his courtesy would permit, urging that Greeba, being so much younger than her brother, was like an only child in the family, and that she was in any case an only daughter. But Adam's wife, thinking she saw her opportunity, saw many reasons why Greeba should be allowed to go. For would it be right to cross the wish of so great a lady?—and one, too, who was in a sense their mistress also. And then who could say what the duchess might do for the child some day?—and in any event wasn't it a chance which anybody else in the island would give both his ears to have his daughter brought up in London, and at the great house of the Duke of Athol.

The end of it was that Adam yielded to his wife now, as he had often yielded before. "But I'll sadly miss my little lassie," he said, "and I much mis-doubt but I'll repent me of letting her go."

Yet, while Adam shook his head and looked troubled, the little maid herself was in an ecstasy of delight.

"And would you really like to go to London, Greeba?"

"But should I see the carriages, and the ladies on horseback, and the shops, and the little girls in velvet—should I, eh?"

"Maybe so, my veen, maybe so."

"Oh!"

The little maid gave one glance at the infinite splendor of her new bow and father, and her dark eyes sparkled, while the eyes of her father filled.

"But not Michael Sunlocks, you know, Greeba; no, nor mother, nor father."

snaffle, and persuading it, by help of a blackthorn stick, to cross the river to the meadow opposite. And it was just when the donkey, a creature of becoming meekness and most venerable age, was reflecting on these arguments, and contemplating the water at his shoes with a pensive eye, that Greeba, radiant in the happiness of her marvellous hat, came skipping on to the bridge.

In a moment she blurted out her news between many gusts of breath, and Michael Sunlocks, pausing from his labors, sat on his docile beast and looked up at her with great wonder in his wide blue eyes.

"And I shall see the carriages, and the ladies on horseback, and the shops, and the waxworks, and the wild beasts." The eyes of Sunlocks grew hazy and wet, but the little maiden rattled on, cocking her eye down as she spoke at her reflection in the smooth river, for it took a world of glances to grow familiar with the marvel that sat on her head.

"And I shall wear velvet frocks, and have new hats often and lots of good-fes and things; and—didn't I always say a good fairy would come for me some day?"

"What are you talking of, you silly?" said Michael Sunlocks.

"I'm not a silly, and I'm going away, and you are not; and I'll have girls to play with, not boys—there!"

Michael Sunlocks could bear no more. His eyes overflowed, but his cheeks reddened, and he said:

"What do I care, you stupid? You can go if you like," and then down came his stick with such a sounding thwack on the donkey's flank!

Now, started out of all composure by such sudden and summary address, the beast threw up his hinder legs and ducked down his head, and tumbled his rider into the water. Michael Sunlocks scrambled to his feet, all dripping wet, but with eyes aflame and his little lips set hard, and then laid hold of the rope bridle and tugged with one hand, while with the stick in the other he cudgelled the donkey until he had forced it to cross the river.

While this tough work was going forward, Greeba, who had shrieked at Michael's fall, stood trembling with clasped hands on the bridge, and when all was over, the little man turned to her with high disdain, and said, after a mighty toss of his glistening wet head:

"Did you think I was drowned, you silly? Why don't you go, if you're going?"

Not all the splendor of bow and feather could help the little maiden to withstand indifference like this, so her lip fell, and she said:

"Well, you needn't say so, if you are glad I'm going."

And Sunlocks answered, "Who says I'm glad? Not that I say I'm not, neither," he added quickly, leaping astride his beast again.

Whereupon Greeba said, "If you had been going away I should have cried," and then, to save herself from bursting into his very face, she turned about quickly and fled.

"But I'm not such a silly, I'm not," Michael Sunlocks shouted after her, and down came another thwack on the donkey, and away he sped across the meadow. But before he had ridden far he drew rein and twisted about, and now his blue eyes were swimming once more.

"Greeba!" he called, and his little voice broke, but no answer came back to him.

"Greeba," he called again, and more loudly, but Greeba did not stop.

"Greeba!" he shouted with all his strength. "Greeba! Greeba!"

But the little maid had gone, and there was no response. The bees were humming in the gold of the gorse, and the fireflies were buzzing about the donkey's ears, while the mountains were fading away into a dim wet haze.

Half an hour later the carriage of the duchess drove out through the iron gates of government house, and the little maiden seated in it by the side of the stately lady, was crying in a voice of childlike grief:

"Sunlocks! Sunlocks! Little Sunlocks!"

The advantage which the governor's wife proposed to herself in parting with her daughter she never gained, and one of the secret ends of her life was thereby not only disappointed, but defeated, for while the Duchess did nothing for Greeba, the girl's absence from home led Adam to do the more for Michael Sunlocks. Deprived of his immediate object of affection, his own little maiden, Adam lavished his love on the stranger whom chance had brought to his door; being first prompted thereto by the thought, which came only when it was too late, that in sending Greeba away to be company to some other child he had left poor little Sunlocks at home to be sole company to himself.

But Michael Sunlocks soon won for himself the carresses that were once due merely to pity of his loneliness, and Adam's heart went out to him with the strong affection of a father. He thrived, he grew a tall, lithe, round-limbed lad, with a smack of the man in his speech and ways, and all the strong beauty of a vigorous woman in his face. Year followed year, his school days came and went, he became more and more the governor's quick right hand, his pen and his memory, even his

judgment, and the staff he leaned on it was "Michael Sunlocks' here, and 'Michael Sunlocks' there, and 'Michael Sunlocks' will see to that," and "You may safely leave it to Michael Sunlocks," and meantime the comely and winsome lad, with man's sturdy independence of spirit, but a woman's yearning for love, having long found where this account lay in the house of Governor Fairbrother, clung to that good man with more than the affection, because less than the confidence, of a son, and like a son he stood to him.

Now, for one who found this relation sweet and beautiful, there were many who found it false and unjust, implying an unnatural preference of a father for a stranger before his own children; and foremost among those who took this unfavorable view were Mrs. Fairbrother and her sons. She blamed her husband, and they blamed Michael Sunlocks.

The six sons of Adam Fairbrother had grown into six rude men, all big fellows, rough and hungry, seared and scorched like the land they lived on, but differing much at many points. As the eldest, three-and-thirty when Sunlocks was fifteen, was fair, with grey eyes, flabby face, and no chin to speak of, good-hearted, but instable as water. He was for letting the old man and the lad alone. "Aisy, man, aisy, what's the odds?" he would say, in his drawl, and for a stranger before his own children; and foremost among those who took this unfavorable view were Mrs. Fairbrother and her sons. She blamed her husband, and they blamed Michael Sunlocks.

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Many a device they tried to get Michael Sunlocks away. They brought bad stories of his father, Stephen Orry, now a name of terror to good people from north to south of the island, a secret trader running between the revenue cutters in the ports and the smugglers outside, perhaps a wrecker haunting the rough channels of the Calf, an outlaw growing rich by crime, and, maybe, by blood. The evil rumor made no impression on old Adam, but they produced a powerful effect when no effect had been expected. Bit by bit, as his heart went out to the governor, there grew upon Michael Sunlocks a deep loathing of the very name and thought of his father. The memory of his father was now a thing of the mind, not the affection; and the chain of the two emotions, love for his foster father and dread of his nature, slowly but surely tightened about him, so that his strongest hope was that he might never again set eyes on Stephen Orry. By this weakness he fell at length into the hands of the st. Fairbrothers, and led the way to a total rupture of old Adam's family.

One day when Michael Sunlocks was eighteen years old a man came to him from Kirk Maughfold, with an air of wondrous mystery. It was Nary Crowe, the innkeeper, now bald, bottle-nosed, and in a bad state of preservation. His story, intended for Michael's ear alone, was that Stephen Orry, flying from the officers of the revenue cutters, was on the point of leaving the island forever, and must see his son before going. If the son would not go to the father, then the father must come to the son. The meeting place proposed was a schooner lying outside of the Calf Sound, and the hour mid-night of the day following.

It was as base a plot as the heart of an enemy ever conceived, for the schooner was a smuggler, and the men of the revenue cutter were in hiding under the Black Head to watch her movements. The lad, in fear of his father, fell into the trap, and was taken prisoner on suspicion in a gig making for the ship. He confessed all to the governor and Nary Crowe was arrested. To save his own carcass, Nary gave up his employers. They were Ross and Stean Fairbrother, and Ross and Stean being questioned pointed to their brothers, Jacob and Gen-tleman Johnny as the instigators of the scheme.

When the revelation was complete and the governor saw that all but his whole family was implicated, and that the stain on his house was so black that the island would ever remember it against him, his placid spirit forsook him and his wrath knew no bounds. But the evil was not ended there, for Mrs. Fairbrother took sides with her sons, and straightway vowed to live no longer under the same roof with an unnatural father, who found water thicker than blood.

At that Adam was shaken to his depths. The taunt passed him by, but the threat touched him sorely.

"It would be but a poor business," he said, "to part now after so many years of life together, with seven children that should be as bonds between us, in our age and looking to a longer parting."

But Mrs. Fairbrother was resolved to go with her sons, and never again to darken her husband's doors.

(To be continued.)

HOW YE CAN TELL 'EM.

When you hear a person tellin' how the world has gone awry, an' 'releatin' all the trouble we'll encounter by and by. When you hear him prophesyin' nothin' else but doubt an' gloom—How the sun will soon get the ague an' the flowers forget to bloom. If you've any mind fur guessin', you kin alius hit it right. His luck has gone agin him. He's the man that lost the fight.

An' when you meet another, steppin' high an' lookin' proud, A-shakin' hands so cheery an' a-smilin' on the crowd, An' tellin' folks to brace up; that the troubles they go through Is all imagination; things that vanish like the dew; You says this earth's all right, no matter what is said or done, You kin recognize him easy. He's the lucky chup that won.

CALEB'S WILL.

"You mean that you can't put yourself out to give your mother's brother a night's lodging?" said Caleb Cheverel, bitterly.

The March wind, bearing dust and grit and bits of flying paper on its restless wings, came whistling around the corner, lifting the old man's faded comforter's ends and turning his blue nose a shade bluer still, while Mrs. Larkins, his eldest niece, stood in her doorway, filling up the aperture with her ample person in such a way as to suggest the familiar legend, "No admittance!"

Mrs. Larkins was stout and blooming and cherry-cheeked, dressed in substantial alpaca, with gray fold brooch and eardrops, which bespoke anything but abject poverty.

Uncle Caleb was thin and meager and shabbily dressed, with glossy locks in his overcoat and finger-ends protruding from his worn gloves, like ancient roosebuds coming out of their calyx.

"I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Larkins, stiffly; "but we have but one spare room, and that is at present occupied. Of course I should be glad to do all I could for you, but—"

"I understand, I understand," said Uncle Cheverel, turning coldly away. "I'll go to my niece Jenny. I wish you a very good evening."

Mrs. Larkins closed the door with a sigh of evident relief.

"I dare say Jenny will take care of him," she said philosophically. "Jenny has a smaller family than I have. But I don't see why he came up to London instead of staying peacefully down in Tortoise Hollow, where he belongs."

Mrs. Jennie Eldertop, Mr. Cheverel's youngest niece, had a smaller family than her sister Rebecca, but then she had a smaller income as well. She had just finished a vigorous day's cleaning when Uncle Caleb was announced.

"Oh, drat that man!" said Mrs. Eldertop, wringing her parboiled fingers out of a basin of steaming sopsuds. "What sends him here, just now of all times in the world?"

And she went down stairs ungraciously enough to the street door, where her husband was welcoming the old stranger.

"Come in, Uncle Cheverel!—come in!" said honest Will Eldertop. "We're all upside down here—we mostly are, now that the spring cleaning is going on. But there's room for you if you don't mind the children and their noise and a little smell of whitewash in the spare room."

Mrs. Eldertop's welcome was by no means so cordial. She looked, to use a common expression, "vinegar and burning needles" at the visitor, while in her inmost soul she calculated the probability of the cold boiled ham and umplis holding out for once more at supper.

"Come, Jenny, don't scowl so," said Mr. Eldertop, when Uncle Caleb had gone upstairs to wash his hands and face. "Ain't he your uncle?"

"A good for nothing old vagabond," said Mrs. Eldertop, acidly, "without a half-penny laid up ahead."

"For all that he's your guest," said her husband, "and you're bound to be civil to him. And here's his overcoat now, with a zig-zag rent in it. Just mend it while you are waiting for the kettle to boil."

"I won't!" said Mrs. Eldertop. "All right," retorted her lord and master. "Then I'll take it next door to Alexia Allen to mend."

Now, Miss Allen, the tailoress, who lived in the adjoining house, was pretty and buxom to look upon, and Mrs. Eldertop had nursed comfortably a jealousy of her for the last four years.

"You'll do no such thing," said Jenny, tartly. "Hand it here."

And she threaded a needle with a black silk and thrust her finger into a thimble, very much as a determined crusader of old might have donned sword and shield for some encounter with the Moslem.

"What's that?" said Mr. Eldertop, for a folded paper fell from the pocket of the garment as his wife turned it upside down.

"He's been a miser all along," said Mrs. Eldertop, her face growing radiant. "Making up poor mouths and traveling around the country with all this money in the funds. A regular old character—just like those one reads about in novels. Put it back, Will—put it back. We've no business to be prying into Uncle Caleb's secrets; but what a blessing it is he came here instead of stopping down at Rebecca Larkins'!"

And when Uncle Cheverel came down stairs he was surprised at the sweet smiles with which his niece Jenny welcomed him.

"Been mending my coat, eh?" said Uncle Cheverel. "Thank'ee kindly, Jenny. I caught it on a nail yesterday, and I was calculating to sew it up myself when I could borrow a needle and thread."

"I'm glad to be of use, Uncle Caleb," beamed Mrs. Eldertop. "Johnny, put on your cap and run to the grocer's for a smoked mackerel for your uncle's breakfast. I hope you found your room comfortable, Uncle Caleb?"

Before she slept that night Mrs. Eldertop put on her bonnet and shawl and ran round to the Larkins' mansion to impart her wonderful tidings to Sister Rebecca.

"You don't say so!" cried out the astonished matron.

"Gospel truth!" said Mrs. Eldertop. "I saw it with my own eyes."

"He must come here," said Mrs. Larkins, resolutely.

"Not if I know it," said Mrs. Eldertop. "He's my guest and my guest he shall remain!"

"But if I'm to share equally with you," said Mrs. Larkins, "I ought to show him some attention, the dear generous-hearted old man."

"Lest he should alter his will," shrewdly remarked Sister Jenny. "You always were a worldly creature, Becky!"

"No more than yourself!" said Mrs. Larkins, bristling up. "But it's my family I am thinking of, Jenn. I'll tell you what—I'll come around and see him tomorrow."

"But don't you breathe a syllable about the will," said Mrs. Eldertop, in a mysterious whisper.

"Oh, not for worlds," said Mrs. Larkins, fervently.

During the next week Uncle Cheverel was overwhelmed with civilities. On Thursday a new suit of clothes arrived with Mrs. Larkins' love and compliments. On Friday Mrs. Larkins came with an open barouche to take down Uncle Caleb for a drive in the park. And on Saturday Mrs. Eldertop burst into tears and declared she should never be happy again if her mother's only brother didn't pledge himself then and there to make his future home with herself and Will.

Uncle Caleb looked a little puzzled.

"Well," said he, "if you really make a point of it—but I was intending to meet Cousin John at Gravesend."

"Dear uncle, promise me to stay here always," cried Mrs. Eldertop, hysterically.

"Just as you say, Niece Jenny," assented the old man, complacently.

Mrs. Eldertop felt that she had carried her point.

But when Mr. and Mrs. Larkins came on Sunday afternoon to press a similar petition, Uncle Caleb opened his eyes.

"My importance seems to have gone up in the market," he observed quizzically. "I never was in such demand among my relatives before. But I can't be in two places at once, that's plain."

And he decided to remain with Mrs. Eldertop, greatly to the indignation of the Larkins family, who did not hesitate to hint boldly at unfair advantages and undue impartiality.

But just as Mrs. Larkins was rising to depart, with her handkerchief to her eyes, little Johnny Eldertop came clamoring for a piece of paper to cut a kite tail from.

FOOD FOR THE FRONTIERS.

How Uncle Same Is Providing For His Soldiers Boys Who War The Tropics.

One of the important parts in modern army organization is the commissary department—those who have charge of providing the necessities of life for the men who are fighting their country's battles. And this problem grows larger each succeeding year as our nation pushes its power out over the globe. The time was when our government needed to consider no climate but our native one when buying supplies for the army, but now since our flag is kissed by the sun of almost every clime, and since, as Webster said of England, "our morning reveille is heard around the world," we have found it necessary to use the greatest care to select those food products which possess the greatest amount of nutritive qualities, and which, at the same time, are prepared with such care and intelligence that makes it possible for them to be transported thousands of miles, through varying climates, and still retain freshness and strength.

Thus it is that the United States government is putting the best brains and experience into the work of feeding its soldiers, for the food they eat is more important, in its bearing on their fighting qualities, than their accoutrements. As an example of the way Uncle Sam does things, it may be noted that an order was recently placed with Swift & Co., the well known Kansas City packers, for 250,000 pounds of their Fancy Breakfast Bacon. This will go to San Francisco in car lots, and from there to China. It would no doubt be a pleasing reflection for some soldier boy, as he stands within the walls of the Imperial City, to think that the meat he is eating might have come from off his own father's farm in the valley of the Kaw, or along the banks of the Missouri, or out on the plains of Kansas. And so might some farmer, as he stands feeding his porkers, fondly imagine that they may some day be transformed into Fancy Breakfast Bacon, such as is made by Swift & Company, and that his boy, in the land of the Celestials, or on the banks of the Pacific, might make a meal from it. It is a matter for congratulation that the American soldier does not need to eat a mouthful of prepared food bearing any other than an American label, and that both raw and finished product comes from his own home land.

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