LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN.



She M BY MARY RAYMOND SAIPMAN ANDREWS ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG



COPYRIGHT 1912 BY BOBBS MERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS.

the emperor had briefly stopped to hold a meil of war. Napoleon prophesied that boy might one day be a marshal of ance under another Bonaparte. At the America asks Francols to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francols goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general Alize, Pietro and Francols loves Alize, and extracts a Prancols loves Alize, and extracts a promise from him that he will not inter-fere between the girl and Pietro. Fran-cuis goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro.

CHAPTER XII.

The Mother of a Prince. The walls of the palace at Ancona

dropped to the sea; against them the waves danced. Out on the blue water lay a fleet of fishing-boats, and the wind flapped torn sails, and the sunlight glanced on battered hulls and littered decks. The woman who sat by an open window of the palace pushed the black trailing of her gown from her, as if the somberness hurt her eyes; she laid her head against the window-frame and stared at the breeze-tossed waves and the fishing

travel.

ing.

"It may be our only hope of escape -those wretched boats," she said, half aloud, and her blue eyes were full of Oueen smiled at him. sadness, almost of hopelessness.

A sound caught her ear, and she lift. ed her head quickly. The door into the next room was partly open and some one moved there, that was all She turned, the lines of her figure falling again into a melancholy pose.

"The doctor takes a long time," she spoke, and gazed out once more to the water.

There had been a spirited young girl years before who had romped in the gardens of Malmaison, who had led the laughter which echoed through those avenues of lime and plantain. whose sweetness and vivacity had into the vortex of gladness which was plan, Fritz?" re. Always brightness

Francois Beaupre, a peasant bate of alive with the crossing and weaving Queen. three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures is made a Chepalier of France by the Emperor Na-bilden, is the suffage of Vicence, France, where a very clever man." she said. "Toof her breath she laughed at him the silent, grave young man begged. which Beaupre was to wear had be- there was a vortex of men and a fran- medicine?" Battista asked then, not like a pleased child. "Doctor, you are "It may be that I can help you. 1 longed to the young man dead at Forli tic horse, and riding the storm a buoy- much noticing the words, for the sick a very clever man," she said. "To wish to help."

Prince."

Prince." The vivacity of the schoolgirl of Madame de Campan flashed for a mo-ment into her manner, warmed to sud-datase the school of the boy of hope. The doc-tor waited, enchanted, bewildered, to her sign to tell you," she said. The concerned with his mes-The concerned to the school of the school Madame de Campan flashed for a mo- eyes large and brilliant and full of "Your highness, I am sorry," he background of trees a second and were name stood for some one dear to the The boy refuse to leave his parentia but in the end becomes a copy-fiel for the general and leaves of the friend his energies and wharquis Zappi and the general and marguis and with the gen-rule Zappi who campaigned with the gen-cule Zappi who campaigned with the gen-trail under Napoleen. Marquis Zappi and the gen-trail under Napoleen. Marquis Zappi and the gen-trail under Napoleen. Marquis before leaving for America and & Francols to be a friend muscle of the and pleased, the physician and pleased, the physician from this enemices and pleased, the physician for the boy refuses to the affriend muscle of the and pleased, the physician for the dull the prince's face; that his voice shook as the answered the Queen's question. The boy refuse to leaving for the first state of the first state of the from his enemies-and tomorrow you speaking to her, but still gazing ea. created chevalier by the sword of the puzzled and pleased, the physician Zappi, my employer, is ill. He was

dered, and a moment later the young that he can travel with your Majesty

The Queen threw out her hands with more of the history of her middle a gesture of hopelessness. "What can we do?" she exclaimed. "Am I to plan before her. "Fritz, when does a packet and plan and have always an unconsail for Corfu?" she demanded. querable obstacle? Can I not save Fritz Rickenbach considered it his my boy? I might have known that

business to know everything. "To everything seemed too bright this night," your Majesty." morning, too good to be true. Yet it "You will see that the luggage of is not possible that after all they Prince Louis is on board, and that a should"-she looked at her son; her carriage is ready to take him there," | courage came springing back. "They |

she ordered. shall not take you," and her eyes "But yes, your Majesty," Fritz still flashed defiance at a world of enemies, stood regarding her seriously. "It is and she went over and threw her arm a great happiness to me, your Majesty, about his neck. "Louis, don't let yourthat his Highness is well enough to self be excited, dearest. They shall not take you. I can save you."

Fritz knew perfectly that there was It was as if she put a spur to her a complication somewhere, and he brain; there was a moment's silence wanted to know what it was. His and the two lads watched her brows curiosity was patent, but his deep in- drawing together under the concentraterest in the affairs of his people tion of her brain. could not be an impertinence, and the

"Of course," she said suddenly, and laughed-a spontaneous laughter "You shall know about it, Fritz." which seemed to flood her with youthshe said. "The Austrians are com- fulness. She turned her blue glance The Prince can not be moved. swiftly on the newcomer, the slender

If they take him, it means death. They boy with the luminous eyes. "You are must believe that he is gone, and it in the employ of the Marquis Zappi. picture of the young Frenchman in his is for you and me to make them be- monsieur ?" lieve it, Fritz. You must get a pass-"But yes, your majesty. I am the and then filled with tears.

port signed by all of the authoritiessecretary of Monsieur le Marquis." that is easy today; you must engage She paused a second, seemed to take her hand on his arm. "He looks like his place in the packet for tonight; stock of the young man, of his looks, him; he looks like Napoleon!" you must tell the servants-tell every his bearing, his accent.

one-that the Prince goes to Corfu. "You are French. Have you a symand you must see that the proper lug- pathy with the family of my son, with landlord stood in the opening, bowing and, by leaning close to the bars, the at him thoughtfully. gage is on board. It will be known the Bonapartes ?" that I stay, but they will not molest It was as if a door had been opened thick grizzled hair.

Grawn the figure of Napoleon himself upon Frita?"

the Queen stood with a hand half | word was brought that a messenger | Louis and the sham marquis to drop | threw himself on the horse. A sol- | spoke slowly. "I thought it was my fifted, arrested. Her blue eyes were of the marguis wished to see the their liveries and travel as the sons dier caught at the bridle. The naked friend-my best friend," he explained of the English woman for whom their sword twinkled and the man was un- gently.

"Let me see him too, my mother," passport was made out. The clothes der Bleu-bleu's feet. For a second

ment into her manner, warmed to sud- visionary shadows, yet alive with fire. stammered. "It is grief to me." And gone, and the Austrian troopers scram- jailer also. The signor took the medihear his cleverness explained, but Hor- been entirely concerned with his mes- "My prince, I wear them with rever- woods tore the chase; across a road think, Battista?" he asked earnestly. "I'm not going to tell you," she said. he trembled as he looked at the added: "Perhaps I would seem less cois led, but the heavy horses gained. clever.". "At least not till I have to-not till Prince's face; that his voice shook as unworthy if your highness knew that, It was a hopeless hunt, for the landmere secretary as I am, I am yet more. lord's mount was no match for the well, for I have work to do as soon as you visit your patients you may "I have the unhappiness, your Maj- I am noble. It is not simple Francois big cavalry horses, yet the rider's as I come out of prison." think that you are saving the Prince esty, to bring you bad news," he said. Beaupre whom you honor, but a man light weight and clever horsemanship

The dull eyes of the prince shot a taken suddenly last night, and today glance between drooping lids. "What pitched over his head. His lead was is much worse, and there is no chance is it you mean, monsieur?" he de short by now, and they were on him boy said, "and just now you gave me manded. But at the moment the queen in a moment, in a mass; he was seized a great pleasure. It warms me yet to entered the room, and the lads sprang by a dozen burly Austrians.



There Was a Hubbub of Voices.

new dress at once; they opened wide

"Louis, Louis!" she cried, and laid

A deferential knock sounded at the door. Francois sprang to it, and the elaborately-a soldiery old man with hill that sloped down into wooded

Why was it the landlord

The party, caught by the fervor of

man stood as if drawn to his tiptoes,

And suddenly they were aware of a

loping horses; there was a jingle of

harness, and voices coming nearer.

With a step backward the landlord

brows down the corridor, through the

flashed a glance from under bushy

"Mon dieu!" He faced the three.

standing startled. He spoke fast and

low. "Madame, it is a squad of Aus-

trian soldiers; they are upon us. What

can we do?" He hesitated only a sec-

grasp, sprang to the doorway.

are responsible."

"It is monsieur there who is

-I will draw them away. When they

are gone, see that the prince and the

queen escape. That is for you; you

There was the rush of a flying figure

down the hallway, and out Francois

flashed across a broken line of a dozen

dismounted riders, straight toward the

landlord's horse held by a groom un-

startled silence as the impetuous ap-

parition, saber gleaming at wrist, shot

across the court. Then there was a

every muscle tense, his head turned

toward the doorway, listening.

"A thousand pardons for disturbing shore. The jailer stood close by the son, the little Battista, who was his "Your majesty, I would give my life miladi and the messieurs," and miladi little window in the stormy sunset for body-servant when they were chil-"But yes, your Majesty," Fritz an- for his highness," he said quietly. The smiled forgiveness. "Might an old a better light as he dropped the medi- dren?" "Yes, signor." impassive face of the young prince soldier of the emperor dare to say that cine And so the packet sailed for Corfu. turned toward the speaker, and the one could not help knowing the em-"One-two," he counted the drops peror's kinsmen?" He bowed low carefully up to nine, and then glanced servants of Hortense moved busily Napoleonic gift of holding a picture, again to both boys alike, and again at the prisoner on his cot in the cor. of Castleforte; you would not tell me." rested on him attentively. Louis Bona- Hortense smiled at him. It was com- ner, who tossed, and talked rapidly. rying luggage and making arrange parte seemed to remember something. forting to know that the two seemed disjointedly. "It is high time that the "What is your name, monsieur?" he brothers to the world in general, and doctor saw him," the jailer spoke, halt my life every minute." the secret that Prince Louis Bonaparte asked, and it might have been noticed she was so used to recognition and aloud. "If the governor had been here "Go, Battista," and Francois pushed had not sailed in the packet but lay that his head lifted a little from the loyalty now that they appeared to be- this would not have been allowed to him away with weak hands. "Go quicklong together. "Might an old soldier run on. I am glad the governor is ly-you have been here too long. "Francois Beaupre, sire." The young of the emperor dare to show miladi- coming back." There might be suspicion. I could not man seemed to be out of breath. her majesty-and the highnesses, the live if I brought trouble on you." With that the prisoner threw off the "Sire!" Louis Napoleon repeated. And sword which the emperor himself had cover from his shoulders and sat up "It is right so far, signor," Battista then, "I have seen you before. Where touched, the sword which he, Jean suddenly, with wild bright eyes staranswered. "It is known you are ill; I must care for the sick ones a little. Gredin, an old cuirassier of the guard, ing at the jailer. that the vanguard of the Austrians land-ah!" His hand flew out, and had carried in four battles? There But I had better so now" "Pietro!" he called in astonishment. With that he slipped to his knees "Why, my dear old Pietro!" and flung was a little story of the sword, a story once Fritz came to tell her that the the bedside, and had kissed the out- also of the wonderful goodness of the out his hands eagerly toward the man. and lifted the feverish hands to his stretched thin fingers, and the prince's emperor, which miladi-her majesty- and would have sprung from the bed lips. "The friend of my young masother hand was on his shoulder fra- permitting, he would like to tell to her, to him. ter," he said simply, but his voice broke on the words. The traditional as also to the highnesses." But the jailer was at his side and faithfulness of centuries was strong in And, her majesty permitting, and held him down, yet gently. "Be quiet, playfellow, Francois. I told you then the boys pleased and interested, the signor," he said respectfully. "It is masters; one had been cared for and it today. was going to remember, didn't I?" old cavalryman brought the sword and only old Battista; you will see if you chamber for his chief, but when the Louis Napoleon demanded, laughing drew it from its sheath and gave it to look. Only Battista, who has taken contented always: one was terrorized boyishly. "Mother, he saved my life each of them to handle, and called on care of you these five years." and ground down by these "Austrian from the falling wall. Do you remem- them to remark how it was as keen swine;" the memory of the old mas The brilliant dark eves stared at ber the story of my runaway trip?" and bright as it had ever been at Ulm him hungrily; then with a sigh the ters, the personality of anyone connected with them, was sacred. Battis or Austerlitz. He cleared his throat, light went out of them and the head ta bowed his head over the hands in fell on the pillow. his own, then he stood up. "Miladi-her majesty-permitting," "Ah, Battista," he said, "my good "I shall be back at bedtime, signor," gracious and grateful to the young he began, "it was on a day two days Battista." A smile full of a subtle he said quietly, and was gone. Frenchman. "It is a good omen to after the great battle of Austerlitz. charm made the worn face bright. He (TO BE CONTINUED.)

-Louis Bonaparte's brother-and as ant figure of fury, flashing a blade, man was clearly light-headed, yet with gether we are going to save the In a moment Fritz introduced a he presented himself dressed in them, with infinite swiftness, this way and a certain pleasant throb of memory slight alert person whose delicate face he saw the painful flush which crept that. Then horse and lad shot out which always moved within him at the from the living canvas, streaked the name of Pietro. It happened that the

> cine at once, like a good child. "Will it make me better, do you

counted, and it was fully four miles now, I think, for it is five years; they from the inn when Bleu-bleu stumbled will let you go soon, I believe," Bat-

think of it, for, you see, I thought you The leader took a sharp look at him were Pietro-my dear Pietro-the as he stood panting, staring defiantly. Marquis Zappi."

"What is this?" the Austrian demanded sternly, and wheeled to a mered. "Whom-whom did you say, trooper in a bunch. "Friedrich, thou signor?"

knowest the cub of the Bonapartes, Is | But the prisoner had flashed into And Friedrich lunged forward, gasp- as the tide ebbs. "Battista, did I say ing, for he had run his horse hard, and a name? Battista-you will not betray shook his head. "No, my captain. I me-you will not repeat that name? I

have never seen this one." The boy looked from one to anoth- was not quite steady. I must have er of the threatening group, smiling, been out of my head; I have never composed in spite of his quick breath. spoken his name before in this place. ing. The captain took a step close to Oh. if I should bring danger to him! him and shook his fist in his face. "You have fooled us, you young repeat that name?"

game-cock, have you? But wait. Do you know what we will do to you, you bantam of a Frenchman? Do you know how we will treat you for this, we Aus- should speak, here in his own castle.

Francois drew up his figure magnifi. oner and his jailer gazed at each other cently.

sieurs," he said gaily. "It is for you;

CHAPTER XIV.

The window of the cell was small, sky and the sea-line six miles away, head, leaned on his elbow, and looked

"Will the signor take the doctor's

"But yes, signor; the doctor is

"I want to be better: I must get

"Surely, signor. That will be soon

and fell at a ditch, and Francois tista lied kindly. "You are good to me, Battista," the

Battista, breathless, stared, stam-

reason. The color went out of his face

would never have said it but that I

Battista, for God's sake, you will not

Battista spoke low, glancing at the heavy iron door of the cell. "God for Thousands Have Been Helped bid, signor," he whispered, "that I the name of my young master."

There was a long silence. The pris

as if saying things beyond words, Then the boy put out his long hot fingers and caught the man's sleeve. "Battista," he murmured, "Battista -is that true? Is it possible? Do you

know-my Pietro?" "Know him, signor?" Battista's deep voice was unsteady. "My fathers have served his for eight hundred years." but it was low enough so that a man The man was shaking with a loyalty standing could see from it the vast long pent up, but Francois lifted hie

"But, Battista, I know you now: he country; beyond that the sand of the has spoken to me of you; it was your

IS CHILD CROSS. Look. Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California

Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sours, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again. Millions of mothers give "California

Syrug of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

We know from experience how good a man feels after paying his debts.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take. Adv.

Poverty makes it easy to live the simple life.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ady

It's easier for love to find the way than it is for dad to pay the bills.



By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate

promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Ly-dia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, A Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a

strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman : thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a ionial or used a letter without the

written consent of the writer, and never

trians?"

this lad he?"

to their feet. Her eves caught the my part is done. The prince is safe." After Five Years.

Color deepened in his cheeks, and

"You may do what you like, Mes-

seemed to follow her through the enchantment of the place; always she seemed to move in galety. Today, on a March morning of 1830, this was she -Hortense

The daughter of France she had been, the queen of Holland, and now for years an exile. Here, ill, a fugitive, in her nephew's palace at Ancons, with the Austrians at the gate of the city, she waited in anxiety almost more intense than she could bear the word of the doctor as to her son.

Five days before, at Forli, her older boy had died, and her sore heart stirred with a sickening throb as she thought of this other-Louis-now her only child, lying in the room beyond in a high fever, ill with the disease with which his brother had fallen. A woman's soul might well be overcrowded with such sorrow and such fear, but there was more. Her two boys had thrown in their lot shortly before with the Italian revolutionists. and had fought, and had distinguished themselves. And now that the revolution of the Romagna was a failure. that the Austrian army was advancing victoriously, now that death had taken the older to safety, the younger -Louis-the invalid lad in the room beyond, was in imminent danger. He was excepted from the general amhesty; the natural ways of escape were closed, for the authorides of Tuscany and of Switzerland had let

her know that the Prince would not be permitted in those territories. From me two of her son's uncles, Cardibal Fesch and King Jerome, had sent word that if he were taken by the Austrians he was lost. And at the moment when Hortense had decided to carry her boy off to Turkey by way of Corfu, an Austrian fleet appeared In the Adriatic.

In such a critical state were the affairs of the black-gowned woman who gazed from the palace windows to the sea. The doctor was with her son. The boy's condition seemed to her no better, but worse than the day before; she waited an official verdict. The door opened and she looked up as

a tall man came in. "Doctor," she stammered and

stopped-she feared to ask. "Your majesty," the old man said

of bad news."

"He is worse, Doctor?" The words could not face more trouble.

him would be madness."

together, "What can I do? What can voice; when he coughed she turned Louis Napoleon; in the middle of I do?" she demanded, and the doctor he stays he will be taken-they will Marquis Zappi was to put on another execute him. If he goes he will die livery, and over the frontier they were on the way," she cried in an agony both to change and be the sons of of indecision. "Doctor, tell me, think Hortense traveling on the Englishfor me-how can I save him?"

And the doctor still stood silent, suffering with the impotent desire to help her, "If-if only the Austrians might think that the Prince were some," he stammered, and hated himall for the futfility of the words. But Prince, weak and ill yet, lay in bed,

swered with his face alight, and all day before the sailing the half-shut heavy glance, which had the between the palace and the boat, carments. And only one or two knew

ossing with fever in a little room pillow as he waited for the answer. beyond his mother's, carried there for greater privacy by Witz and the doc-

Two days later, as the Queen sat quietly by her boy's bedside, she heard was it? Not in Rome-not in Switzerhad entered the city, and almost at with that Francois was on his knee by palace in which she was staying had been chosen for the residence of the general commanding. The probability ternally. of this had not entered her mind; it seemed the last straw. The Austrian officer demanded the Queen's own steward's wife told him the name of the lady who was in the rooms which had not been given up, he bowed deeply and said not ~ word. It was another



Bedside.

of that brotherhood scattered over Europe-the friends of Hortense; it was gravely, "I grieve to be the benrer an officer who had protected her years drowsy Austrian sentinels passed a ond. "Bleu-bleu-my horse-saddled before at Dijon.

came with a gasp; she felt that she side with their enemies and only a had changed. The guard watched the few feet lay between the Prince and departure; the sick lady-Hortense-Yes, your Majesty, the fever has capture, for his room was next that late queen of Holland, as they all Quicker hands than his had caught the increased since yesterday. With his of the Austrian general, with but a knew more or less clearly, drove away play. Francois Beaupre, the saber of youth and strength we may hope-if double door between. It was a life slowly in her traveling caleche, and on be is carefully nursed-but to move of momentary anxiety, for the Queen the box was a young man in the livfeared each time the invalid spoke ery of a groom whom no one of the Queen Hortense struck her hands that they might recognize a man's half-awake soldiers knew for Prince

white. But at the end of the week the second carriage sat another youth stood gravely regarding her, helpless, Louis was at last well enough to go. of two or three years younger who with all his devotion to the house of He was to leave Ancona disguised as was, the queen's servants had been Bonaparte, to suggest a way out. "If one of his mother's lackeys, the young told, the Marquis Zappi. Their passman's passport.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Ruse The day before the escape, as the

"The old chateau of Vicques-my And Hortense, smiling, delighted to see her sad-faced boy so pleased and strongly, for the tale.

exhilarated, did remember, and was have you come to us today," she said The country, as her majesty and the with all the dazzling charm which she highnesses will remember, was in a knew how to throw into a sentence. most dangerous condition. Desperate And then, eager with the headlong bands-" zest of a hunter for the game, she stopped?

caught the thread which wove into the pattern of her scheming. "You would his manner, stared at him, annoyed as risk something to save him, would the tale of the emperor, promising so you not? You will take the place of well, halted at its beginning. The the marquis and travel with us, tomorrow, and help me carry away the prince to safety?" The dark young face was pale.

"Your majesty, it is a happiness I had stir, a growing noise; there were galnot dared to hope for yet." "Yet?" the prince demanded laconically. He saved words always, this lad, but he always said his thought. The other boy's face turned to him, and he answered 'very simply, "But open door at the end, which gave on

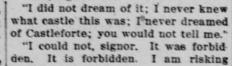
yes, your highness. I have known al- the court of the inn. ways that I should have a part in your highness' fate."

In the gray dawn of the next morning there was a slight stir through the palace, and out between the lines of procession of whose true character So for a week they lived side by they were far from aware, else history

> ports were examined and they went through the gates of the city without awakening the least suspicion.

Not once in all their dramatic series of escapes and disguises were Hortense and her sons betraved, but they had to fear the indiscretion of their friends more than the malignity of

their enemies, and this part of Italy At length it was time for Prince formed figures fell toward him as he the correct placing of the I's in the this way last winter. was full of friends high and low.



has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast voiume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's S0-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only Battista; the Zappis had been good obtainable by mail. Write for



"A little boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops of sugar before going to bed, and he got up with-the croup in the morning."-Mr. W. H. Strange, 3721 Elmerood Ave., Chicago, Ill. Neuralgia Gone "Sloan's Liniment is the best m

"Rabbit Drives" Advocated.

this was a rather extreme case it shows that employers are beginning to grow impatient over the careless spelling of today."

have greatly diminished. But, says Another office sending out many ste the Portland Oregonian, the killing of nographers has a series of test letters the coyotes has resulted in a great prepared especially with spelling increase of rabbits; many expericatches for the unwary. Common ments have been made to diminish words, famous as pitfalls for careless der the trees. There was a shock of spellers, are strewn throughout these their number by inoculating them with disease, but without satisfactory respecimen letters. Fully half the apsults. Rabbit "drives" are the only plicants put an extra e in separate; in many cases the e before the last sure remedy; 16,000 jack rabbits were hubbub of voices, and a mass of uni- syllable in noticeable is missing, while killed in one county in Oregon in

The western farmer dislikes the neuralgia. In say your Linit nd I can truly say your Linit Mrs. G.M. Dowker coyote, and a bounty is offered for its pelt; the result is that the coyotes

At all Dealers. Price 25c., 50c. & \$1.00 Sloan's Instructive Booklet on Horses sent free.

Liniment is the best me e world. It has relieved a. Those pains have all go

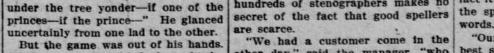
DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.



word parallel reduces many of the VALUE OF PROPER SPELLING applicants to a state of discourage ment. Attribute Highly Valued in Commer-"Good spelling is a pretty sure sign

cial Life, and Is a Sense to Be Developed.

stenographers. "I find that if one of Good spelling and intelligent puncour stenographers is naturally a good tuation are the accomplishments that speller she is interested in the corkeep many gray-haired women drawrect spelling and use of new words ing good salaries as stenographers in downtown offices. The manager of a that come to her attention in reading typewriting office from which are sent or in dictation. Now as a matter of hundreds of stenographers makes no fact it is no small job to keep up with the spelling of the hundreds of new



"Our oldest stenographer and our best speller keeps on her desk a litother day," said the manager, "who had evidently had a run of hard luck the book not more than an inch thick, in the spelling line. He wanted a but it has more first aids to poor spellthe old cavalryman gleaming, in his woman who could spell. 'No matter ers than anything I've ever seen. She if she's cross-eyed and has a hunch doesn't use it much, but everybody prince," he explained rapidly to the on her back,' he said, 'if she can spell else does."-Chicago Record-Herald. landlord. "Hide him, take care of him and write an intelligent letter.' While