MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS AUTHOR of THE PERFECT TRABUTE, THE BETTER TREADURE, ETC.

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we Pfetro. Francois joins the politic setter. When health fulls and he is force return to America. Later Napoleo tomone him to London to and him is plots to enin the French throne. Luci mpone wede her country.

CHAPTER XXVIII .- Continued. "Mademolecile Lucy." he said. have something to ask of you." "I will do it," Lucy promised blithe

ly, not waiting for details. Francois laughed. "You trust one. Mademolselle Lucy-that is plain Then his face became serious, "Do you when I told you of my old playmate.

The bride-to-be flushed furiously as led in a matter-of-fact manner. "I recomber very well," she said. "It was 'on tasw fubib por bias no.

eres went upward together into an —the joy of the thought choked him. er had taken it in his—and behold, by borror! he cried. What an unspeak room in the London lodging where he delicate big grasp that held her was theman I—care for, is not common- in entering the town and the quarters of that day when his self-restraint had brutal to me!"

Both of them, at that, burst into light-hearted laughter, Lucy was grave

"But you have something to ask

me, Francois. You spoke of yourplaymate-beautiful Alixe."

"It is only you whom I could ask to do this, Mademoiselle Lucy. I have never told anyone else about her. Only you know of -- the words came slow--"of my love for her. She does not know it. Alixe does not know. And I may be killed, one sees, in this fight for the prince. Quite easily. And Alixe will not know. I do not like that. In fact I cannot bear it. So this is what I ask of you, dear mademol-He brought out a letter and held it to her. "If you hear that I am killed, will you send it to Alixe?"

Lucy took the letter and turned it over doubtfully. "I do not like this sort of post-mortem commission. Franexts. I feel as if I were holding your death-warrant."

"But it is not by a bit of writing shall meet my finish, mademoiselle, promise not to die one minute sooner for that letter. It is only that it will make me happy to know you will send

So Lucy, holding the letter gingerly, greed. But as Francois rose to go good by him a moment and laid her hand on his coat sleeve. "Franusis-I want to tell you something." "But yes, mademoiselle—yes, Lucy."

"It is something wrong." "Yes-Lucy."

"I am going to tell Harry I said it."

"This is it, then"-and Francois. miling, waited and there was deep clience in the big, cool, quiet drawingroom for as long as a minute. "This is it, then. I don't know how I can be so enreasonable-but I am. I love Harry -I am happy. But I am quite-jealous of Alixe. And I think you are the most wonderful person I have ever known -much more wonderful than Harry. if there had been no Alixe; if you had liked me-I can finsgine having adored you. I do adore you, Francois. Now, how is all that compatible with my joy in marrying Harry? I don't know how it is-but it is so. I am a

wicked sinful person-but it is so." The next time Lucy Hampton saw Francois it was when, white-robbd and excet in her enveloping mist of veil me want up the chancel steps of the lattle Virginia country church, and boking up met a smile that was a from the man whom she had loved, who stood close now at the ade of her lover, her husband.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

The Prince's Bright Shadow. There are old people living in Eng and today who remember hearing soung Frenchman of uncomm nality, constantly seen with Prince oleon during the last days of his life in London in the year 1840. Lady Constance Cecil nicknamed this renchman "the prince's bright madow." There seemed to be a closer te than brotherhood between them, and the tradition runs that the mys-

tical prince had a superstition that his luck went with him in the person of

It was all as it should be; he was entirely happy. He had asked three wishes of the good fairles, as he had said long ago; that the prince should be emperor-that he might become "a marshal of France under another Bona-The first two he believed about to be realized. The last? It was not now the time to think of that. Alixe had kissed him good-by. That would more sped back to London, missing Pietro. but hopeful and buoyant. And in London there was a letter for him from "Dear Francols," Lucy began. "To

think that the first letter sent to you by Harry's wife should be to tell you that she has betrayed your trust in her. I am distressed beyond words, for I have made a mistake which may mean distress to you. You remember the letter to Alixe which you trusted to me to send in case anything should happen to you? I had it in my hand the week after my wedding when I had gone upstairs to get other letters for Europe which my father had commanded me to send by the next packet. And in some stupid unexplainable way I terious letters left cooking in Virslipped yours your precious letteramong them in place of one to my father's agents in London, and I hurried down and gave the parcel to Sambo, who was waiting to ride to Norfolk with them. And then Harry and I went away on a vielt to Martin's Brandon for three days, and it was only when I came back that I discorered the dreadful mistake I had made. Can you ever forgive me? Harry and ping it, but there seemed to be no chance. Are you very angry with me, dear friend of Harry's and of mine?" The letter went on with reproaches

tale of a new happy life which Francots had made possible for the two. He read it over several times. His letter to Alixe, which should have been sent only after his death, had gone to her. What then? She would know that he loved her; that he had loved her always; that he would love her remember a talk we once had together forever; that the one wish of his life had been that she should love himself -not Pietro. He had said that in the letter; that was all. He was glad that she recalled that talk. Then she nod- she should know, though he would never have told her in life. It was done and he would find out now if when I threw myself at your head and Pietro indeed cared for her, if she cared for Pietro. And if not, then one

able manner to recollect that talk! sat with Lucy Hampton's letter before not brotherly; through all her veins place. I thank you not to say it," she of the officers who were, in his highness would like to see the chevaller. All personal thoughts were locked swiftly into the drawer with Lucy's letter and "the prince's bright shadow" went to the princa.

## CHAPTER XXX.

The Third Wish.

On the day when Francois in London read that letter of Lucy Hampton's which had awaited his return from France, a letter from Lucy Hampton reached Alixe at the chateau of Vicques. She carried it to Pietro's room where he sat in a deep chair at a window which looked over Delesmontes valley and the racing Cheulte river, and the village strung on the shores. His elbow on the stone window-sill, his chin in his hand, he stared at the familiar picture.

Alixe, coming in without knocking at the open door, stepped across and stood by him, and he did not lift his head, his listless eyes did not yet shift their gaze from the broad land-



The Gray Eyes Met Hers.

Coq and played with them. Was Pietro changed by a miracle to a shining Marshal of France; the third-" she getting old and gray?

By one of the sudden impulses characteristic of her, her hand flew out and rested on the curled head as if to protect it, motherly, from the whiten-

up at her with eyes full of hopelessness and adoration. Such a look he look no one could mistake except a compare notes of things hidden, woman who would not let herself un-

"It is good to be up and at the window, isn't it?" Alixe spoke cheerfully, and her hand left his head and she went on in a gay disengaged tone. "You will be downstairs in two or three days now, and then it is only a jump

to being out and about, and then-then in a minute you will be well again." "Oh, yes," Pietro answered without animation, "It will not be long before I am well;"

"Look, Pietro;" Alixe held out the paper in her hand. "Such a queer letter! From Virginia. From the little Lucy Hampton of whom Francois talks. I don't understand it. Will you let me read it to you?"

with his unsmiling eyes on her face. "My dear mademofselle," Alixe read. "I am writing to beg your forgiveness, as I have begged that of the Chevalier | years?" Beaupre, for the very great fault I have committed. The chevalier trusted to me a letter for you which was to you?" have been sent you only in case of a certain event; by a carelessness which, unmeant as it was, I shall never forgive myself, I gave it with other letters to our negro Sambo to be posted at once. By now it may have reached parte"-that Alixe should love him. you. I cannot tell if I have made trouble or not, but in any case, I canam. If you can find it in your heart is, we believe, about to begin now; than do till the fight was over. So he to forgive me, please do so, dear there was always a glamour about mademoiselle. That I should have made trouble for one as dear to the

a very earnest prayer again for your what people call his charm. Francois forgiveness I am, mademoiselle, yours faithfully and sincerely.-Lucy Hampton Hampton."

Pletro looked bewildered. "What is it about?" he asked.

"I wonder," and Alixe laughed and frowned at the paper in her hand. "It seems Francois wrote me a letter and left it with little Mistress Hampton to be sent 'in ease of a certain event.' What event? What a strange thing for Francois to do! And then he came to us here and said nothing of mysginia. I cannot make it out, Pietrocan you?"

"Not L" said Pietro. "The letter of Francois has not come; that is certain; I wender if the negro Sambo lost it." "Probably," Pietro said. "It should

have come before this one, otherwise." "It is a riddle," Alixe decided, "and I never guess them." Then, dropping into a seat on the wide window-sill, I thought over every possibility of stop- "Pietro-you are letting yourself be depressed.

The gray eyes met hers with something that seemed a wall of reserve in their steady glance. "I think possibly and regrets and finally slipped into a I miss having no exercise," he said. "I will feel more natural when I can get about."

Alixe looked at him. "You are eating your heart out to be with Francois," she said, and laid her hand on

Pietro stared as if the light touch ishment, had shaken him; then slowly his large fingers twisted lightly around the small ones, and he turned his face again, holding her hand so, to the window and the view of the valley and they sat so, the girl's hand loose in smiled, looking at her. the hollow of the man's; a slow red Francois' shoulders and hands and had waited long enough; then at last hand on that of her brother; her broth-

but when you put your hand on mine-"

parted the palms and kissed the finger-tips, first of one and then of the

must. I knew always that a slow silent person like me would have no

Are you angry, Alixe?" Alixe, with her head bent so that five years." Pietro did not see her face, with her head bending lower-lower, suddenly was on her knees by the chair and her him." Pietro said gently. face was on Pietro's arm.

"Alixe," he whispered, "what is itwhat have I done?"

thought shook him. "It cannot be!" he gasped.

exaggerated black lashes lifted, and in a quick cautious way. the blue glance lifted and rested on occult fashion Pietro knew.

angel into whose face, for these first stopped. moments, they dared not look. Then slowly, exquisitely, courage came and. hand close in hand, they looked at each other astonished, glad. It was Pietro and Alixe still, the ancient play- with it. "That I should—love you, And Pietro turned slowly and looked fellows, the childhood friends-all the Monsieur. He said he had wished that dear familiarity was there yet, but no all his life." longer were they brother and sister

> "When did you begin-to like methis way. Pietro?" "I don't know," answered Pietro

"A great deal," Alixe insisted. "It's important, It's historical."

Alixe, however, returned to the

harge. "Last year?" "Last year-what?" Pietro asked; he had already forgotten the question 'Oh-that I began to-mon dieu-no. Last year! Why, I think it was the shal some day, but because it might

day I came and saw you riding Coq." "Oh, Pietro-if you will talk only It was for you." nonsense!" Alixe's voice was disappointed. "But why, then, didn't you ever say so before this? We are both a thousand years old now. If you-"Surely;" said Pietro, and waited loved me"-she spoke the word in a cois must care also." lower voice-"why, then, were you as quiet as a mouse about it all these

> "I thought you cared for Francois," Pietro said simply. And added, "Didn't

Alixe considered. "I don't-think-I ever did, Pietro. Not really. I thought I did perhaps. He dazzled me -Francois-with his way of doing all sorts of things brilliantly, and that everybody love him. He believed in his star; there was around him the not rest without saying to you-as romance of the emperor's prophecy well as to the Chevaller-how sorry I and the romance of the career which Francois."

"Yes," Pietro agreed. "The glamour chevalier as you are is a deep grief to of his courage, Alixe, of loyalty and unme. He has talked to me of you. With selfishness; the qualities which make is unlike the rest of the world, I believe, Alixe." Pietro talked on, the silent Pietro.

as if delivering a lecture. He had read much and thought much; it was sel-



Suddenly a Thought Shook Him.

dom he spoke of the speculations which often filled his scholarly mind; today it | night before the battle." seemed easy to talk of everything. Joy had set wide all the doors of his being. Alixe opened her eyes in aston-

"Pietro! You are-talking like a tro. book! But it is true; something of that sort has come to me, too-which proves it to be true. I have felt always that Francois had notes in him the river and the village. A moment which are not on our planos." Pietro

fusion in her brain. She had laid her his power over hearts—but only com- the handful of his followers who had monplace me?"

A knock came at the door of the a witchcraft it was all changed. This "Monsieur the Marquis Zappi, the gen- and in small companies had succeeded shot at him, and then, melting to a the nucleus and the hope of their atup to her eyes, to her forehead, and sudden intensity, she put a hand on tempt. In the rooms of Lieutenant she tried, with an attempt at an every- each side of his dark face and spoke Aladenize, the host of the Prince, a day manner, to draw her hand away. earnestly. "Pietro, dear, listen. I be- short council had been held to go over But Pietro, his set pale face toward lieve I always cared for you. When I once more the plans which had been the window, his eyes gazing out, held was little it hurt me to have Francois discussed and settled by letter for her hand. With that the world had forever the one to do the daring things. weeks already. The work was care reeled and was whirling past her. Do you remember how I used to scold fully arranged; there was almost noth-Pietro had caught both her hands in a at you because you would not fight ing to be changed, and the little comtight grip and had Grawn them against him?" Pietro smiled again. "Then he pany of men who were trying so large im, was holding them there, was was captain of the school and you only a fate, scattered, with grave faces, looking at her with a face which not a private, and I cried about that when with quiet good nights to the Prince even she, this time, might mistake. I was alone at night. And when you who might tomorrow be their Em-

"Alixe," he said, "I know you don't went off to Italy so quietly, with never peror, to the Prince for whose sake care for me. I know you love Fran- a word said about the danger, I did not they might tomorrow night be any or cois. I did not mean ever to speak, know that you were doing a fine deed all ruined men or dead men. -I thought it a commonplace that you He sat erect and listened. Thelin should go back to your country, till was brushing clothes with energy in He held her palms together and Francois opened my eyes." "Francois?" Pietro asked

other, as if he kissed something holy. join you we were riding together and a glow suddenly warmed the Prince's "I shall never speak again, but this he told me what it meant to be a heart; here was some one who had once I will. I always loved you—one patriot in Italy under the Austrians. known his mother, who had been, in-That day I realized how unbearable it deed, for a few days her son; here would be if anything happened to you. was some one who cared for him, he chance against a fellow like Francois. But I thought I cared for Francois; if believed it, with a half-consuming So I have kept still, and it was hard. It he had spoken that day I should have flame of devotion. Since the man's won't be so hard now that you know. told him that I cared for him. But he arrival from Virginia six weeks before, did not; he went-and was in prison to have him near himself had been a

"I half believed it too," Alixe answered. "Yet all the time I was jealous for you, Pietro, for it was still But the brown waves of hair with Francois who was the hero-not you. the blue ribbon tied around them lay Then when there came a question of motionless on his arm. And suddenly his rescue I was mad with the desire to have you do it-and you did it."

Her voice dropped. She laid her And Alixe lifted her face, and the hand against his shoulder and spoke.

"But all that is immaterial. I just Pietro's black hair bent down where love you-that's the point." A mothe light shone on the silver lines ment later she spoke again. "I want through it. Up flashed her hand im- to finish telling you-and then we need pulsively, gently-as Alixe did things, never speak of it again. I did thinkand touched the thick lock with an in- you were—commonplace. And yet I finitely delicate caress. "Your hair- knew in my heart you were not, for is all turning gray," she whispered in I resented your seeming so. So I two quick breaths, and at that, in some urged you into danger. I wanted you to be a hero. I had that echo of a For moments they had no need of schoolgirl's romance about Francois Alixe, looking down at the that makeshift, language; the great in my mind, and I clung, all along, to black head with its short curls set in house was very quiet, and one heard the idea that I loved him and that perthick locks—after the manner of the the horses stamping in the paved haps he secretly loved me but would curls of Praxiteles' Hermes—was courtyard and the grooms singing, and not say it because he was poor and a startled to see many bright lines of yet one did not hear it. Distant sounds peasant; that he was waiting till his gray through the dark mass. Was ev- came from the village, but one only future was made. Then, one day, only erybody getting old? Francois with knew that long after, in remembering the other day, he told me that he had the broad band of white in his hair— that morning. All they knew was that asked three wishes of life—'of the and now Pietro-big little Pietro, who the ghost of a lifelong affection of good fairies' he said. One was to make had come to them and learned to ride brother and sister stood before them, Prince Louis Emperor, one was to be

> "What?" Pietro demanded, his mouth a bit rigid.

> Alixe flushed and smiled and took Pietro's big hand and covered her eyes

"May heaven grant him his wish," ar fathers and mothers speak of a had never before given her; such a And then, after a while they began to said Pietro fervently, and then, reflecting, "It seems a strange wish for Francois. You are sure, Alixe?"

"Yes, he said so," Alixe insisted. "Our dear Francois," she went on softstupidly. "Does it make any differ- ly, and the blue intensity of her eyes grew misty. "Dear Francois," she reeated, "It is only he who could have had those three wishes. The single

cause he cared for it himself, but beause it was the Emperor's prophecy." "I always thought," Pietro spoke slowly, "that it was not indeed for himself that he wished to be a Mar-

make him, in a manner, your equal. -cared for me-and thought Fran-

"Yes, I thought he cared," Pietro considered. "I can not believe otherwise vet."

"You may believe it." Alixe was firm. "For he said that what he had wished always was that I should-love you. I did it mostly to please Francois," she added serenely.

And Pietro's response to that was apt, but not to be given here. The wonderful something about him makes full of that third who had been so minds of these two happy lovers were close always, to each of them.

"Pletro," Alixe spoke earnestly, coming back to the same subject, "you know that I love Francois-of course. But you do not know in what way. I love him as if he were one of the saints-but also as if he were a helpless little child. Yet not-Pietro-as if he were—the man I love. I would give my life for him in a rush of de- I believe I am too happy to sleep." light, if he needed it. But I know now. whatever were my vague dreams in past years, that it is not in Francois to care for a woman as a human man."

shook his head "You know I am not abusing our Francois," Alixe protested. "Why, Pietro, my father believes, and I be-lieve, that if affairs should so happen that he has his opportunity he may

yet be one of the great characters in

history. My father says he is made up of inspirations, illuminations-and limitations."

"Yes," said Pietro thoughtfully. "He has the faults of brilliancy and fearlessness. He judges too rapidly. If he were afraid ever-if he saw the other side of a question ever, his judgment would be safer. It may well happen that he will be one of the great men of Europe; it may also happen that by some single act of mismanagement he will throw away his careeror his life. God keep him safe!" Pietro said simply.

And Alixe echoed it-"God keep him safe!" And then, "I am going to write him, Pietro-about us. My father knows where to reach him at Boulogne I am going to say just a wordthat what he has wished for all his life is true. It will get to him the

"Are you sure you are right, Alixe?" Pietro asked doubtfully.

"Sure," said Alixe buoyantly. "Give him my love, then," said Pie-

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Night Before. Out in the dark, in the harbor of

Boulogne, the ship Edinburgh Castle "And yet, Alixe, you do not love lay rocking in the wind. Prince Louis crept into Alixe's face; there was con- Francois, with all these gifts and all Bonaparte, who had chartered her, and sailed with him on her from England

> the bedroom, and through another door there came a light sound of a paper "Yes. The day before he went to turned, of a gay song sung softly. And pleasure to Louis Bonaparte; he "And all that time I believed you seemed to bring back the freshness loved him, and were mourning for of his early days, of the young confidence when his star shone for him, distant perhaps, but undimmed by the

black clouds which drove now across it. He was a bit superstitious about Francois as well, with an idea, which he spoke to no one, that a pivotal interest of his career rested in the modest figure.

He rose, this night in Boulogne, as the paper rustled and the little French provincial chanson sounded from the room where Francois Beaupre, now his secretary, had been installed, and stepped to the closed door.

"De tous cote's l'on que je suis bete."

Francois sang softly. The Prince smiled. As he opened the door the singing stopped; the young man sprang respectfully to his feet, a letter grasped in his hand, and stood waiting.

"Sire!" he said. Prince Louis flung out his hand with a gesture of impulsiveness strange to his controlled manner, yet not out of drawing to those who knew him well. 'Ah, Francois," he cried. "Let the titles go for tonight. Say, 'Louis,' as on that day when we first saw each other; when the four children played together in the old chateau ruins. And Francois smiled his radiant exquisite smile and answered quietly. "But yes, my brother-Louis." And went on, "I believe I shall not sleep tonight, Louis.

As one reads a novel for relaxation in the strain of a critical business affair. Prince Louis caught at the distraction of this side issue. The next "I am not so sure," said Pietro, and morning was planned to the last detail; there was nothing to do till daylight, yet he could not sleep at present. Here was a romance of some sort. He sank back on the cushions of the coach of Lieutenant Aladenize's smoking room and put his feet up luxuriously, and slowly lighted a cigar of Havana.

"Tell me," he ordered, and the gentleness of appeal was in the order.

"Sire"-the young man began-and corrected himself. "Louis," he said. The Prince smiled dimly. "Since our landing I have known that a wonderful thing has happened to me. It is"he spoke lower-"it is the love of the woman who is to me the only one in the world."

"I congratulate you, mon ami," Louis said gently. "Is it by any chance the delightful little Mademoiselle Alixe of the old chateau?"

Beaupre turned scarlet. He was a marvelous man, this Prince Louis. How had he guessed? "She loves me -I have here a letter in which she tells me that she loves me. Will his Highness read it?" With an impetuous step forward he held the paper ache.' I said, 'Take Lydia E. Pink. toward Louis Napoleom. "I thank you," the Prince said grave-

ly. He read: "Francois, what you have wished all

your life is true. The good fairies have granted one of your wishes before the battle. That they will give you the other two on the day of the battle is the belief of your "ALIXE."

And below was written hurriedly, 'Pietro sends his love."

The Prince gave back the letter with a respectful hand; then looked at Francois inquiringly. "What you Francois inquiringly. have wished all your life,' mon ami?" Francois laughed happily. "One must given way and how, when his guard and held in strict confidences was down and he was on the point of telling his lifelong secret love, some spirit of perversity-but Francois did not know it was an angel-had caught Alixe, and she had accused him of wishing always that she might love Pietro. And how, meshed in that same net of hurt recklessness, he had answered in her own manner-"Yes." he had said, "it was that which had been the wish of his life—that Alixe might love Pietro!" And Francois laughed gaily, telling the simple entanglement to the Prince, the night before the battle. "One sees how she is quick and clear-sighted, my Alixe," he said. "For she knew well even then it was not that I wished." He stopped, for in the quiet contained look of the listener an intangible something struck a chill to his delicately-poised sensitiveness. "What is it, Louis?" he cried out. "You do not think I mistake her

-raistake-Alixe!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Philosopher's Purpose. "I am looking for an honest man." said Diogenes.

"What do you want with one?" "Oh, nothing in particular. My real plihanthropic purpose is to show the world how to conduct a long and resultless investigation with as little ex-



ART OF TREE SCULPTURE | number used each year or where they Old English Custom That Called for the Cutting of Fantastic

Shapes. Very many years ago it was the fashion of England and on the continent to have great gardens of evergreen trees trimmed and clipped into curious and fantastic shapes. To such a substitute for this kind of cedar. an extent did the craze develop that these gardens were filled with crouching lions, pigs and even hens and chickens, all laboriously sculptured from living green and kept in trim by constant use of the knife and the shears.

tablished in this country and one still remains in perfect condition. It is located on the famous Hunnewell estate at Wellesley, Mass., and is visited by people from all over the world. The garden is on the side of a terraced hill dropping away to a beautiful little lake.

A few of these gardens were es-

Evergreens of many kinds are to be found there and each summer a force of workmen with long ladders carefully prune and trim the branches in order to preserve the strange shapes which have been developed with the utmost patience.—Popular Electricity.

Hee 30,000,000 Boxes

"But this isn't history," said Pietro, one that was for himself was not be many ever stopped to think of the fell off a lorry."

come from? Thirty million is the total supplied to the manufacturers of the seductive weed each year. The best boxes come from Cuba and are known as Spanish cedar. After the war with Spain the supply

of this wood was greatly diminished and its price raised, so that for a time cigar dealers were obliged to find Various woods were tried, but trou ble was found in selling these boxes. because connoisseurs insisted that a fine cigar was spoiled by putting it in any but a box made of Spanish cedar. This wood always retains the flavor of a good cigar. Indeed, some persons assert that it improves the flavor. The reason given is that it grows in the same localities.

As She is Spoke on Clyde. The best English is said to be spoken in Scotland-but not on the

A Londoner, just returned from Scotland, sends a Daily Chronicle correspondent this example of Firth of Clyde language: "Poo-pa-poo: aw-manoo, gaur-pa-poo." The strange sounds are supposed to be uttered by a wee Macgreegor in a rowing-boat with his parents; and the interpretation is, 'Pull, pa, pull; oh, ma, now, gaur

(make) pa pull."

The Chinese-like exhortation is a Cigar boxes are a negligible quan-tity to the average smoker, but how which is sound Glasgow for "Fellow

An Analysis.

A Boston broker said the other day

of J. Pierpont Morgan: "We'd never have had these New Haven troubles if Morgan had lived. Morgan was a wonder. Whatever you were-banker, investor, politician-he

could turn you inside out. "Morgan, after a great victory, once said to me with a grim chuckle: "'The financier's strength is other people's weaknesses."

> From All Sides. "Can you send a dog by parcel

post?" "I am afraid there would be a howl about it if you did."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Adv. Cut and dried is the way a man feels

through with his complexion. Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than

after a barber school student gets

snow. All grocers. Adv. Trusts are like babies-they go after everything in sight.

## TWO WOMEN **OPERATIONS**

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Chicago, Ill. - "I must thank you with all my heart for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable, Compound. I used to go to my doctor for pills and remedies and they did not help me. I had headaches and could not eat, and the doctor claimed I had female trouble and must have an operation. I read in the

paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have taken it and feel fine. A lady said one day, 'Oh, I feel so tired all the time and have headham's Vegetable Compound,' and she did and feels fine now."-Mrs. M. R. KARSCHNICK, 1438 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Other Case.

Dayton, Ohio. - "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved me of pains in my side that I had for years and which doctors' medicines failed to relieve. It has certainly saved me from an operation. I will be glad to assist you by a personal letter to any woman in the same condition."- Mrs. J. W. SHERER, 126 Cass St., Dayton, Ohio.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medidine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, of that day when his self-restraint had read and answered by a woman.



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