

The Hollow Seorge Barr McCutcheon
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SYNOPSIS

mattis Wrandail is found murdered in and house near New York. Mrs. Wrandis summoned from the city and idensity abody. A young woman who acapanied Wrandail to the inn and subsected in Wrandail starts back for New York is note during a hinding snew storm the way she meets a young woman in road who proves to be the woman in road who proves to be the woman in killed Wrandail. Feeling that the had done her a service in ridding her the man who though she loved himply, had caused her great sorrow.

Wrandail determines to shield her Iakes her to her own home. Mrs. saids likears the story of Hetty Cassai's life, except that portion that rest to Wrandail. This and the story of trageds she forbids the girl ever to She offers Hetty a home, friendship security from seril on account of the redy. Mrs. Sara Wrandail and Hetty and the funeral of Challis Wrandail at home of a year it. Europe. Leslie andail, brother of Challis, makes himuseful to Sara and becomes greatly rested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie andail, brother of Challis, makes himuseful to Sara and becomes greatly rested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie andail souther of Challis, makes himuseful to Sara and becomes greatly rested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie and the hands of this Wrandail as marrying his murms into the family. Leslie in comy with his friend Brandon Rooth, an at visits Sara at her country place. We conference to Sara that he is madly love with Hetty. Sara arranges with the to paint a picture of Hetty. He speaks her about it. Helty declares it must a picture of the first ownerstunity. Much to his challes.

CHAPTER XI .- Continued You do know it, don't you?"

"I-God knows I don't want you to I never meant that you she was saying, as if to

dumbly, as her voice trailed off in a "Yes, it is utterly hopeless," she

said, and she was white to the lips. "I-I sha's't say anything more," said he. "Of course, I understand how it is. There's some one else, Only I want you to know that I love you ith all my soul, Hetty. I-I don't see how I'm going to get on without But I-I won't distress you.

"There isn't anyone else, Brandon," she said in a very low voice. Her fingers tightened on his in a sort of desperation. "I know what you are thinking. It isn't Leslie. It never can

"Then-then-" he stammered, the

No, no!" she cried, almost vehemently. "I can't let you go on hoping. It is wrong-so terribly wrong. You must forget me. You must-

He seized her other hand and held them both firmly, masterfully,

"See here, my-look at me, dearest! What is wrong? Tell me! You are suhappy. Don't be afraid to tell me You-you do love me?"

She drew a long breath through her half-closed lips. Her eyes darkened with pain.

"No. I don't love you. Oh. I am so sorry to have given you-"

He was almost radiant. "Tell me the truth," he cried triumphantly. "Don't hold anything back, darling If there is anything troubling you, let me shoulder it. I can-! will do anything in the world for you. Listen: I know there's a mystery somewhere. I have feit it about you always. have seen it in your eyes, I have always sensed it stealing over me when I'm with you-this strange, bewilder-

Hush! You must not say anything ore," she cried out. "I cannot love There is nothing more to be

ing atmosphere of-"

"But I know it now. You do love the I could shout it to-" The mistrable, whipped expression in her eyes checked this outburst. He was struck ti, even dismayed. "My dearest one, my love," he said, with infinite erness, "what is it? Tell me?" He drew her to him. His arm went about her shoulders. The final thrill



ne Day You Will Tell Me-Every

of ecstasy bounded through his veins. The feel of her! The wonderful, subtle, feminine feel of her! His ain recled in a new and vast whirl

She sat there very still and unre ag, her hand to her lips, utterin, word, scarcely breathing. He wait He gave ber time. After a little e her fingers strayed to the crown her limp, rakish panama. They and the single hatpin and drew it t. He smiled as he pushed the hat any and then pressed her dark little and against his breast. Her blue

quisite delight.

"Good God, Hetty, I-I can't do less I was in deceiving-" like this."

it sings in the trees.

glossy crown that pressed against him to oppress. so gently. He could not see her eyes, but somehow he felt they were tightly shut, as if in pain.

"I love you, Hetty. Nothing can me what it is."

She lifted her head and gently withdrew herself from his embrace. He the way. It can't be insurmountable. did not oppose her noting the serious, almost somber look in her eyes as she turned to regard him steadfastly, an unwavering integrity of purpose in their depths.

She had made up her mind to tell

Hetty Glynn. He started, not so much in surprise as at the abruptness with which she made the announcement.

"I have been sure of it, dear, from the beginning," he said quietly. Then her tongue was loosed. The words rushed to her lips. "I was Hawkright's model for six months I posed for all those studies, and for the big canvas in the academy. It

was either that or starvation. Oh. you will hate me-you must hate me.' He laid his hand on her hair, a alm smile on his lips. "I can't love and hate at the same time," he said. "There was nothing wrong in what you did for Hawkright. I am a paint-

er, you know. I understand. Doesdoes Mrs. Wrandall know all this?" "Yes-everything. She knows and understands. She is an angel, Brandon, an angel from heaven. But," she burst forth, "I am not altogether a sham. I am the daughter of Colonel Castleton, and I am cousin of all the Murgatroyds-the poor relation. It

isn't as if I were the scum of the earth, is it? I am a Castleton. My father comes of a noble family. And, Brandon, the only thing I've ever done | voice. in my life that I am really ashamed of is the deception I practiced on you when you brought that magazine to me and faced me with it. I did not lie to you. I simply let you believe I was not the-the person you thought I was. But I deceived you-"

blood surging back into his heart- said gently. "I read the truth in your "No, you did not deceive me," he

"There are other things, too. I shall not speak of them, except to repeat that I have not done anything else in my life that I should be ashamed of." Her eyes were burning with earnestness. He could not but understand what she meant.

Again he stroked her hair. "I am sure of that," he said.

"My mother was Kitty Glynn, the actress. My father, a younger son, fell in love with her. They were married against the wishes of his father, who cut him off. He was in the service, and he was brave enough to stick. They went to one of the South African garrisons, and I was born there. Then to India. Then back to London, where an aunt had died, leaving my father quite a comfortable fortune. But his old friends would have nothing to do with him. He had livedwell, he had made life a hell for my mother in those frontier posts. He deserted us in the end, after he had squandered the fortune. My mother made no effort to compel him to provide for her or for me. She was proud. She was hurt. Today he is in India, still in the service, a martinet with a record for bravery on the field of battle that cannot be taken from him, no matter what else may befall. I hear from him once or twice a year. That is all I can tell you about him. My mother died three years ago, after two years of invalidism. During those years I tried to repay her for the sacrifice she had made in giving me the education, the-" She choked up for a second. and then went bravely on. "Her old manager made a place for me in one of his companies. I took my mother's name, Hetty Glynn, and-well, for a season and a half I was in the chorus. I could not stay there. I could not," she repeated with a shudder. "I gave it up after my mother's death. I was fairly well equipped for work as a children's governess, so I engaged my-

She stopped in dismay, for he was

"And now do you know what I think of you, Miss Hetty Glynn?" he cried, seizing her hands and regarding her with a serious, steadfast gleam in his eyes. "You are the plucklest, sandlest girl I've ever known. You are the kind that heroines are made of. There is nothing in what you've told me that could in the least alter my regard for you, except to increase the love I thought could be no stronger. Will you marry me, Hetty?"

She jerked her hands away, and held them clenched against her breast. "No! I cannot. It is impossible, Brandon. If I loved you less than I do, I might say yes, but-no, it is im-

His eyes narrowed. A gray shadow crept over his face.

"There can be only one obstacle so serious as all that," he said slowly. You-you are already married." "No!" she cried, lifting her pathetic eyes to his. "It isn't that. Oh, please e good to me! Don't ask me to say anything more. Don't make it hard for me, Brandon. I love you-I love you. To be your wife would be the most glorious—No, no! I must not even think of it. I must put it out

of my mind. There is a barrier, dearest. We cannot surmount it. Don't

his brown cheek and throat. Tears of am so happy in knowing that you love as they moved off in the direction of could go up to Bar Harbor with the I promise. Forgive me! I joy started in his eyes-tears of ex- me, and that you still love me after the porch. I have told you how mean and shame-

by his passion. "Nothing can come full on the trembling lips. She gasped Umph!" between us. I must have you always and closed her eyes, lying like one in | Sara repressed the start of surprise a swoon. Soft, moaning sounds came | She thought Hetty was alone. "Che sara, sara," she sighed, like from her lips. He could not help feelthe breath of the summer wind as ing a vast pity for her, she was so I suppose," she said carelessly, alspoke. His rapt gaze hung upon the knew to be monumental in its power

at least: you can't talk about it now. been walking rapidly. Whatever it is, it hurts, and God matter," he whispered at last. "Tell knows I don't want to make it worse apologized, darting a look of anxiety for you in this hour when I am so at Sara. "We grew careless with selfishly happy. Time will show us time. Am I shockingly late?" you to repeat those three little words, and I will be content. Say them." "I love you," she murmured.

"There! You are mine! Three little words bind you to me forever. him a part of the truth. "Brandon, I am I will wait until the barrier is down. Then I will take you." "The barrier grows stronger every

day," she said, staring out beyond the tree-tops at the scudding clouds. "It pretty state of confusion. never can be removed.'

"Some day you will tell me-every She hesitated long. "Yes, before God, Brandon, I will tell you. Not now,

but-some day. Then you will see why-why I cannot-" She could not complete the sentence. "I don't believe there is anything you can tell me that will alter my feelings toward you," he said firmly The barrier may be insurmountable

but my love is everlasting." "I can only thank you, dear, andlove you with all my wretched heart." "You are not pledged to some one else?"

"That's all I want to know," he said, with a deep breath. "I thought it might be-Leslie." "No, no!" she cried out, and he

"No.

caught a note of horror in her voice. "Does he know this - this thing you can't tell me?" he demand. ed, a harsh note of jealousy in his

She looked at him, hurt by his tone. "Sara knows," she said. "There is



"She Doesn't Seem Especially Overjoyed to See Me."

no one else. But you are not to question her. I demand it of you." "I will wait for you to tell me," he said gently.

CHAPTER XII.

Sara Wrandall Finds the Truth. Sara had kept the three Wrandalls over for luncheon.

"My dear," said Mrs. Redmond Wrandall, as she stood before Hetty's portrait at the end of the long livingroom, "I must say that Brandon has succeeded in catching that lovely little something that makes her so-what shall I say?-so mysterious? Is that what I want? The word is as elusive

as the expression." "Subtle is the word you want, mother," said Vivian, standing beside Leslie, tall, slim and aristocratic, her hands behind her back, her manner one of absolute indifference. Vivian was more than handsome; she was striking.

"There isn't anything subtle about Hetty," said Sara, with a laugh. "She's quite ingenuous." Leslie was pulling at his mustache.

and frowning slightly. The sunburn on his nose and forehead had begun to peel off in chappy little flakes. "Ripping likeness, though," was his comment.

"Oh, perfect," said his mother. Really wonderful. It will make Brandon famous." "She's so healthy-looking," said your fault, Sara."

"English," remarked Leslie, as if hat covered everything.

"Nonsense," cried the elder Mrs. Wrandall, lifting her lorgnette again. "Pure, honest, unmixed blood, that's what it is. There is birth in that girl's face."

"You're always talking about birth, mother," said her son sourly, as he first two weeks in July," she said seturned away. "It's a good thing to have." said his

nother with conviction. "It's an easy thing to get in Ame ica," said he, pulling out his cigarette

It was then that Sara prevailed upon them to stop for luncheon. "Hetty always takes these long walks in the morning, and she will be disappointed if she finds you haven't waited—"

"Oh, as for that-" began Leslie and

Her hand stole upward and caressed ask me to tell you, for I cannot. I-I | bring her home with you?" asked Sara, "I say, Sara," broke in Leslie, "you begged. "Don't look at me like that!

"She seemed to be taking Brandy about the invitation, Vivie." out for his morning exercise," said he without you, he whispered, shaken He drew her close and kissed her surlily. "Far be it from me to-

"She will bring him in for luncheon

gentle, so miserably hurt by some though there was a slight contraction The minutes passed and neither thing he could not understand, but of the eyelids. "He is a privileged character."

It was long past the luncheon hour "Listen, dearest," he said, after a when Hetty came in, flushed and sort." long silence; "I understand this much, warm. She was alone, and she had "Oh, I'm sorry to be so late," she

She was shaking hands with Mrs. Love always triumphs. I only ask Redmond Wrandall as she spoke. Leslie and Vivian stood by, rigidly awaiting their turn. Neither appeared to

be especially cordial. "What is the passing of an hour. my dear," said the old lady, "to one who is young and can spare it?"

"I did not expect you-I mean to say, nothing was said about luncheon, was there, Sara?" She was in a

"No," said Leslie, breaking in: "we butted in, that's all. How are you?" He clasped her hand and bent over it. She was regarding him with slightly dilated eyes. He misinterpreted the steady scrutiny. "Oh, it will all peel off in a day or two," he explained, going a shade redder.

When did you return?" she asked 'I thought tomorrow was-" "Leslie never has any tomorrows Miss Castleton," explained Vivlan. away. I "He always does tomorrow's work that I—"

today. That's why he never has any troubles ahead of him." "What rot!" exclaimed Leslie.

"Where is Mr. Booth?" inquired Sara. "Wouldn't he come in, Hetty?" "I-I didn't think to ask him to stop for luncheon,' she replied, and then hurried off to her room to make herself presentable.

Hetty was in a state of nervous excitement during the luncheon. The encounter with Booth had not resulted at all as she had fancied it would. She had betrayed herself in a most disconcerting manner, and now was more deeply involved than ever before. She had been determined at the outset, she had failed, and now he had a claim-an incontestable claim against her. She found it difficult to meet Sara's steady, questioning gaze. She wanted to be alone.

After luncheon, Leslie drew Sara "I must say she doesn't seem especially overjoyed to see me," he growled. "She's as cool as ice." "What do you expect, Leslie?" she

demanded with some asperity. "I can't stand this much longer, Sara," he said. "Don't you see how things are going? She's losing her heart to Booth."

"I don't see how we can prevent

"By gad, I'll have another try at it-tonight. I say, has she said-anything?"

"She pities you," she said, a ma licious joy in her soul. "That's akin to something else, you know." "Confound it all, I don't want to be

"Then I'd advise you to defer your

'try' at it," she remarked. "I'm mad about her, Sara. I can't sleep, I can't think, I can't-yes, I can eat, but it doesn't taste right to me I've just got to have it settled. Why, people are beginning to notice the change in me. They say all sorts of things. About my liver, and all that sort of thing. I'm going to settle it tonight. It's been nearly three weeks now. She's surely had time to think it over; how much better everything will be for her, and all that. She's no fool, Sara. And do you know what Vivian's doing this very instant over there in the corner? She's inviting her to spend a fortnight over at our place. If she comes-well, that means the engagement will be announced at

once." Sara did not marvel at his assur ance in the face of what had gone before. She knew him too well. In spite of the original rebuff, he was thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that Hetty Castleton would not be such a fool as to refuse him the second time. "It is barely possible, Leslie," she said, "that she may consider Brandon Booth quite as good a catch as you, and infinitely better looking at the

present moment." "It's this beastly sunburn," he lamented, rubbing his nose gently, thinking first of his person. An instant later he was thinking of the other half of the declaration. "That's just what I've been afraid of," he said. "I told you what would happen if that portrait nonsense went on forever. It's questions.

"But I have reason to believe she will not accept him, if it goes so far as that. You are quite safe in that direction '

"Gad, I'd hate to risk it," he muttered. "I have a feeling she's in love with him." Vivian approached, "Sara, you must let me have Miss Castleton for the

renely. "I can't do it. Vivian." said the other promptly. "I can't bear the thought ing alone in this big old barn of a place. Nice of you to want her,

Vivian. "You don't know how much I depend on her," said Sara.

"I'd ask you over, too, dear, if there veren't so many others coming. I don't know where we're going to put m. You understand, don't you?" Perfectly," said her sister-in-law. But I've been counting on—Hetty."

ly. "I scarcely know the Williamsons." She hesitated an instant and then went on with sardonic dismay: They're in trade, you know."

"That's nothing against 'em," pro her side. tested he. "Awfully jolly peoplereally ripping. Ain't they, Viv?" "I don't know them well enough to

only know we're all snobs of the worst is in my mind, and has been for "Just a minute, Viv," he called out. 'What does Miss Castleton say about coming?" It was an eager question.

Much depended on the reply. "I haven't asked her," said his sister succinctly. "How could I, without elly. first consulting Sara?"

"Then you don't intend to ask her?" "Certainly not." After the Wrandalls had departed

Sara took Hetty off to her room. The girl knew what was coming. "Hetty," said the older woman, facing her after she had closed the door of her boudoir, "what is going on between you and Brandon Booth? I must have the truth. Are you doing

anything foolish?" "Foolish? Heaven help me, no! It-it is a tragedy," cried Hetty, meeting her gaze with one of utter despair. 'What has happened? Tell me!"

"What am I to do, Sara darling? He-he has told me that he-he-"Loves you?"

"And you have told him that his love is returned?" "I couldn't help it. I was carried away. I did not mean to let him see

"You are such a novice in the business of love," said Sara sneeringly. "You are in the habit of being carried "If You Utter Another Word, I Willaway. I fear." "Oh, Sara!"

"You must put a stop to all this have just said?" The puzzled look at once. How can you think of marry- gave way to one of revulsion. A great ing him, Hetty Glynn? Send him-" shudder swept over her. "I do not intend to marry him," said the girl, suddenly calm and dignified. brother's debt to you." "I am to draw but one conclusion, suppose," said the other, regarding lips. "You-you must be going madthe girl intently.

"What do you mean?" "Is it necessary to ask that question?"

the girl's eyes for a time, and then been out of it for an instant since that slowly gave way to one of absolute day. Now you understand."

crimson. "How dare you?" Sara laughed shortly. "Isn't the inference a natural one? You are forgetting yourself."

"I understand," said the girl, through pallid lips. Her eyes were dark with pain and misery. "You think I am altogether bad." She drooped perceptibly.

"You went to Burton's inn," sententiously.

"But, Sara, you must believe me. did not know he was-married. For God's sake, do me the justice to-" "But you went there with him," insisted the other, her eyes hard as steel. "It doesn't matter whether he

was married-or free. You went." Hetty threw herself upon her companion's breast and would her strong

arms about her. "Sara, Sara, you must let me explain-you must let me tell you every- his family?" thing. Don't stop me! You have refused to hear my plea-"

do you think I will listen to you? If you utter another word, I willstrangle you!" Hetty shrank back, terrified. Slowly

of the door, never taking her eyes from the impassioned face of her pro-

"Don't, Sara, please don't!"

Williamsons at that time. Tell her would not give you an instant's pain for all the world. You would suffer. "It isn't necessary," said Sara cold- you would--"

> Sara suddenly put her hands over her eyes. A single moan escaped her lips-a hoarse gasp of pain. "Dearest!" cried Hetty, springing to

Sara threw her head up and met her

with a cold, repelling look. "Wait!" she commanded. "The time say," said Vivian, turning away. "I has come when you should know what months. It concerns you. I expect

you to marry Leslie Wrandall." Hetty stopped short. "How can you jest with me, Sara?"

she cried, suddenly indignant. "I am not jesting," said Sara lev

"You-you-really mean-what you



Strangle You!"

"Leslie Wrandall must pay his

"My God!" fell from the girl's stiff mad!"

Sara laughed softly. "I have meant it almost from the beginning," she said. "It came to my mind the day The puzzled expression remained in that Challis was buried. It has never

If she expected Hetty to fall into "How dare you suggest such a a fit of weeping, to collapse, to plead thing?" she cried, turning pale, then with her for mercy, she was soon to find herself mistaken. The girl straightened up suddenly and met her gaze with one in which there was the DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, at gaze with one in which there was the dies. Neat, clean, or flerce determination. Her eyes were steady, her bosom heaved. "And I have loved you so devotedly

-so blindly," she said, in low tones of scorn. "You have been hating me all these months while I thought you were loving me. What a fool I have HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, been! I might have known. You couldn't love me."

"When Leslie asks you tonight to marry him, you are to say that you will do so," said Sara, betraying no sign of having heard the bitter words. "I shall refuse, Sara," said Hetty, every vestige of color gone from her

"There is an alternative," announced the other deliberately. "You will expose me to-him? To

"I shall turn you over to them to let them do what they will with you. "And I still refuse;" cried Sara, If you go us his wife, the secret is throwing her off angrily. "Good God, safe. If not, they may have you as you really are, to destroy, to annihi-

"And you, Sara?" asked the girl quietly. "What explanation will you have said the same said that the west will be said the same said the said that the said late. Take your choice, my dear." she moved backward in the direction have to offer for all these months of

> protection?" Her companion stared. "Has the prospect no terror for you?" (TO BE CONTINUED)



Horrible Discovery by Mrs. Flint Had

Considerably Disturbed Her Composure. Ellen Terry, the famous English thunder at the door of the mysterious

actress, tells this story: "Mrs. Flint came home from a call one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident that tears were not far in the background. Her husband gazed at her inquiringly for a moment but she made haste to explain before he could advance any

'Will,' said she, 'I am so mortified that I don't know what to do!' "'What's up, little one?' Mr. Flint inquired flippantly.

"I have just been calling on Mrs. Boutelle. You know her husband. Major Boutelle?" "Yes. "Well, I just learned today that

"Major" isn't his tittle at all. 'Major"

is his first name."

'Why, sure it is. I've always fying about it?" "'Nothing,' Mrs. Flint answered. with a groan, 'only that I've been met him for the last six years!"

Good Reason.

William J. Burns, at a banquet in New York, told a number of detective stories. "And then there was Lecoq," said Mr. Burns. "Lecoq, late one night, was pursuing his homeward way when, from a dark, mysterious oking house set in a weed-grown

FELT SHE HAD BEEN FAMILIAR; garden, he heard loud shouts and roars of: 'Murder! Oh, heavens! Help! You're killing me! Murder!" "It was the work of an instant for Lecoq to vault the crumbling fence. tear through the weedy garden, and

> house. "A young girl appeared. "'What's wanted?" she asked po-

"'I heard dreadful cries and yells," panted Lecoq. 'Tell me what is wrong!

"The young girl blushed and swered with an embarrassed air: "Well, sir, if you must know, ma's putting a patch on pa's trousers and he's got 'em on.' "

Go Deeper for Plumbago. In the plumbago district of Ceylon the supply near the surface has been practically exhausted, and the mineowners in going deeper are confronted with the water problem, which they now recognize means the installation of modern machinery, including powknown that. What is there so morti- erful pumps. The picturesque will become a matter of memory, for buckets and hand pumps operated by coolie labor will be discarded. Plumbago is calling him "Major" every time I've the most important mineral export from Ceylon, and more than half of the total output comes to the United

> Each a Law Unto Himself. Men are like trees; each one must out forth the leaf that is created in im. Education is only like good culture; it changes the size but not the

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"No, not yet; give me time!"

Hadn't Tested Hlm. "Is he a friend of yours?" "I don't know. I've never tried to borrow money from him or asked him to get a relative a job."-Detroit Free Press.

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