

TIPPECANOE

By SAMUEL MCCOY

(Copyright, 1916, by Bolbs-Merrill Co.)

This is a story of pioneer days in Indiana, when courageous frontiersmen fought the redskins and the wilderness and won vast territory

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

With a bound he reached the bank of the stream, leaped down beneath its friendly shelter, and ran on noiseless moccasins along the shelving edge, back toward the quarter from which the shot had come; if he were pursued, it would be better to let the chase pass him than to try to outdistance the Indian runners. At last he stopped and inch by inch crawled up to the top of the bank until he could lift his head with infinite caution and peer through the tufts of weeds. No sound broke the stillness. For an eternity of time he lay, clutching his rifle in readiness; but the only sound was the querulous calling of the little woodpecker, high overhead. He waited . . . waited . . . waited.

Fifty yards away a twig snapped under a slow-moving foot. David scarcely breathed. A head rose above a fallen giant of the forest, and a crouching shadow flitted from tree to tree, nearer, nearer . . . David raised his rifle ever so little . . . He saw the face of the dread hunter, peering with quick motions of the head from side to side, watchful as the brown water-snake. Nearer he came; the garb was that of an Indian, the face a white man's! David was about to cry out with relief when the glittering eyes were turned full toward him, though they failed to pierce the sheltering covert, and with a sickening horror David recognized the face of Simon Girty, the renegade!

On the instant, David lifted his rifle and fired full at the crouching figure.

From Girty's lips broke the roar of an infuriated animal; he staggered back with the impact of the shot, but he did not fall nor yet did he lift his weapon to his shoulder; and David saw that his shot had struck only the lock of Girty's rifle, rendering it useless but leaving the man unharmed.

With a hollow of rage, Girty bounded toward him, swinging the broken weapon like a club. There was no time



They Crashed Together and Splintered With a Shock.

to reload. David leaped to the top of the bank and braced himself for the onset. As the clubbed rifle of the outlaw rose above his head, David swung his own upward to meet it. They crashed together and splintered with a shock; and in the same second, flinging the broken stock away, the mighty arms of Simon Girty flung themselves around David.

With the strength of desperation, David strove to oppose the terrible sinews. Back and forth over the frozen grass the two men fought like beasts, heaving, struggling, stumbling over roots, locked in an embrace as deadly as that of the cougar. But it could not last long; David felt his strength ebbing under the terrific strain and his breath grew short and gasping; when suddenly the earth gave way beneath their feet and with a last despairing effort David twisted himself above as they toppled over the low bluff, and the fight was over. Girty, falling underneath, had struck his head upon a stone; and his arms relaxed their hold.

David stood up, panting. Girty lay very still. But David knew that he must make sure that the man was dead before he could be safe himself. He felt in his girdle for his knife; but it had fallen out during the struggle. Clambering up the bank again, he saw it lying on the ground and as his fingers closed upon the handle he thought he heard a sob. He turned his head quickly.

"Toinette!"

The name burst from him in the completeness of his astonishment, in the revulsion of his despair, in his mighty joy, like the cry of the soul itself.

Toinette was leaning against the log from behind which Girty had risen, exhausted by the effort she had made to free herself from the things that bound her feet and hands. A sob had come from lips drawn in utter weariness and despair.

He was beside her.

"Save yourself," she murmured faintly, "there are Indians coming!"

He knelt and cut the things that bound her ankles and then those of her wrists.

As she tried to stand, she swayed weakly and faintly. There was no time to lose; he lifted her limp form upon his shoulders and ran staggeringly in the direction of the troops, which could never overtake them—the marching column and the slow-moving wagons must be a mile away by now. He stumbled on with desperate exertion. He reached the winding creek again, laid down his unconscious burden and dashed the icy water in Tot-

nette's face. Her great blue eyes, shadowed by dark circles of exhaustion, opened slowly, looked at him blankly. "Father, help me!" she cried.

He shook her by the shoulders, "Stand up! Try!"

The light of consciousness came back into her eyes; she rose tremblingly and tried to walk.

They found a place where the water gurgled over a stony bar, ankle-deep; crossed it and struggled up the bank on the farther side. As they reached the top there came to their ears the excited, exultant yells of the Indians, three hundred yards behind, David put his arms around the girl's shoulders and they ran on with palsied limbs.

They seemed to be struggling on fit that nightmare where the feet are leaden and the pursuers fleet. Nearer and nearer came the fierce yelping.

At last David and Toinette stood still and looked at each other. David drew his knife. She nodded, silently praying him to deliver her with that swift death from the tortures of the savages. "Oh, God, not yet!" he cried; and drew her on in blind haste. Twice he shouted, with all the strength of his gasping lungs. Was it an echo, or an answering shout that came back? And then there came a burst of the sweetest music in the world; the cheers of a score of Harrison's men, crashing through the woods a hundred yards away.

The chase was suddenly reversed. At the first shout of the backwoodsmen, the baffled Indians turned and fled. The rescuing party pursued them but a little way, firing vainly at the feeble forms dodging among the tree trunks.

Young George Croghan, Harrison's aid, was in command of the little squad. They had heard Girty's shot, fired at David, and a little later, David's shot; and had come back from the troops with all speed. Toinette had sunk to the ground, laughing and sobbing; they gathered around her with wild hurrahs, a torrent of eager questions.

They bore her on their shoulders back to the marching men. How the cheering ran along the line as the men caught sight of her! General Harrison and his staff galloped up one by one and shouted like boys. Old "Wash" Johnson leaned over and kissed her face, stained with happy tears. "I'm old enough, my dear," he said.

And the men cheered again.

A dozen times she was obliged to tell the story of her captivity; a dozen times the men lifted David on their shoulders and cheered him to the echo. But through all the rejoicing and the thanksgiving, David's heart remained heavy; for the breach still seemed impossible to bridge. She, too, suffered; tormented by a debt of gratitude due one whose treason to his country must forever bar him from her love.

Treason? Why was it, then, that David seemed such a hero to all his comrades among the militiamen? Why had all of them received him into their hearts like a brother? Toinette struggled all through the day with the secret which she thought so horrible. Little by little, she came to the conclusion that David had managed in some way to win a pardon from Governor Harrison, before the trip to the Prophet's camp had begun.

She went back over the circumstances of that tragic meeting in Corydon, when she and Ike had confronted David and found the proofs of treachery upon him. What had happened after she had left that scene? Perhaps Ike had prevailed on David to renounce his allegiance to England. Perhaps, then, he had interceded with Governor Harrison in his friend's behalf. She pictured the stern young governor as saying that David's life must depend on his faithful service to the territory in the future. Ike had never spoken one word to her about David from that day on. Little by little, as she went over each point in her heart, a sense that she had been tricked out of her love grew on her, a sense that somehow she had cheated herself.

In the sleepless hours of the night that followed, she felt her eyes smarting with tears. What could she do? What could she do? The whole world seemed against her!

She could not bring herself to voice her inward trouble to anyone, least of all to David. She watched him striding along, among his comrades, jesting with them as only men who have passed through death together can jest, and her torment almost maddened her. What a sorry tangle she had got herself into! What a little fool she had been! But David, too, she told herself, had been just as unreasonable. She caught glimpses of him when he thought himself unseen by her, and the flintlike set of his jaws convinced her that he was unendurable in his fixed resolve not to forget what had gone before. Why couldn't he be sensible and talk to her as if nothing had happened? As for herself, she would die before she begged his forgiveness. And so matters stood when they reached Fort Harrison, on the homeward journey.

At Fort Harrison they found Ike Blackford, sound and strong again. Toinette had dreaded meeting him. He came toward her, his face bright with joy, but clouded when he realized that David and she had not yet settled their silly quarrel. Ike was miserable; but he kept silence. He knew better than to thrust his paw into that fire.

The wounded were transferred to the boats at Fort Harrison and the journey to Vincennes was soon accomplished. There they found the lady Mrs. Priscilla, and when the march to Corydon was resumed Toinette was ferried on the jenny's patient back, while Ike strode beside her.

And Ike laughed, striving to make her forget; but strove in vain!

On the twenty-fifth of November they reached Corydon. Runners had gone on before with the news of victory; and the whole village came out

to meet them as they neared the town; women ran among the men even as they marched and flung their arms around the necks of brothers, fathers, husbands, though some sought in vain for those who would never return.

Or threw themselves with weeping beside the bodies of those who lay upon the litters. But a hundred hearts were happy and thanked God, and happiest of all was a little old man, Patrice O'Bannon, who strained his daughter to his breast and kissed her again and again with tears mingling with his kisses; for she had been brought back to him as from the grave.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Poison Lingers.

David stayed behind in Vincennes, going back to his work at the trading house of Francois Vigo. But he stayed there only a week or two before his loneliness made existence without a sight of Toinette an existence not to be endured.

He hated the sight of the ill-smelling store, with its heaps of green skins, its crackling bundles of furs, hated the sight of the cheerful Hoosiers and French who thronged the streets of the old capital, and loathed the wretched Piankeshaw Indians who slept in the doorway. Suddenly, one morning, he told old Vigo that he must leave; and the next day found him once more in Corydon, where Ike welcomed him with beaming face.

Still the breach was open! It is so hard for young men and maidens to lay down their pride!

To Toinette the days were almost unbearable. David acted like a bear with a sore head, she thought. It was just what she might have expected, she told herself. It is perfectly silly to be so big and flinty, she was sure. David had never spoken ten words to her at any one time, since the day he had knocked everything into a cocked hat by telling her he loved her. People who loved each other didn't act as they did, she knew; why, whenever they had been together she felt as though something tremendous, something bigger than she was, was in the very air around and on the point of exploding. She didn't approve of explosions, still less of things, nameless forces, that were bigger than she was. When she had talked to David in the old days it was like talking to the heart of one of those terrible creatures of steel, about which Mr. Livingston had written her father—that great throbbing caldron which they fed with logs and which palpitated with fury and drove a boat from Pittsburgh to New Orleans in a month. It was bigger than she was and unmanageable and it was not at all her idea of love.

Whenever she thought about it, that is to say about the atmosphere which was immediately and mysteriously evolved out of common day whenever David and she encountered, her eyes filled with tears of vexation. As for being sorry, that was another matter. If David wished to be flint, she was perfectly capable of being steel. Yet she thought about him every day.

Her father, for the first time in her experience, failed to be of any help to her. At home, in New Orleans, she had gone to him with the story of each boy who had danced attendance upon her and he had seen them as she did and together they had laughed each cavalier to oblivion; but she found it impossible to discuss this new problem with him. It was no use telling her father that she was afraid of some thing she couldn't name. If it was true that she had trembled from head to foot when she felt that the sparks which flashed back and forth from her steel and David's flint were dangerously near a powder mine somewhere inside her, that was her affair and she would have to drown it with her own contempt as best she might.

Accordingly, the little old gentleman, who was sincerely troubled by the evident breach between his daughter and David, got small satisfaction from Toinette when he stuck a cautious finger into the difficulty. There was

nothing wrong and she was perfectly happy and if David chose to be a bear with a sore head that was his concern and not theirs; and Mr. O'Bannon wisely forbore further attempts to effect a reconciliation. Ike Blackford, who remained a staunch friend to each, was likewise constrained to remain in troubled silence; he had opened a well-meaning mouth to each in turn and had got no cakes to fill it at either fair.

And at last her "happiness" was so perfect that she resolved to endure it no longer.

She waited until she found him alone in the shop, the little room which had once meant to him the beginning of life's joyousness and life's hopes; and which was now a prison house whence ghosts of yesterdays mocked him with their memories.

He was about to close its doors for the day.

Toinette summoned all her strength. The tower of pride was tottering; it can be sent down in ruins so easily when a girl throws down the weapon of her sex!

"I can't stand it any longer, David," she said breathlessly, "to see you suffer. I know you are suffering, because I—because I—because it hurts me so!"

"What a glorious crash the tower made!"

David took a quick step toward her. His pulses throbbed ungenerously.

"Toinette, what do you mean?" His face was glorious. "Have you—do you believe in me now?"

"You have blotted out all the past, David," she said simply.

The joy suddenly left his face.

"But the past," he said, in dread of what her answer might be, "the past—have you forgotten why you drove me from you? Have you forgotten what treason you charged me with?"

She waved the words aside. "That is all past now, David. It is the future that is everything. And I know now what you mean to me."

He clenched his hands at his side. He would be patient. Was it possible that she still believed the empty slander against his loyalty?

"No, Toinette," he said, as gently as he could, "I have not forgotten your charge against me. I can never forget it until you say that you were wrong."

The tower of pride reared itself up again from its dust. Why must he ask her to humble herself still further, when she had already said so much? She was silent. He waited for her answer, but none came; and at last, he bowed gravely.

"Then it is useless to talk of—forgetting. Please let us end this foolish play."

He moved as though to go on with his work.

"Wait, David!" she said tremulously. Her eyes were blinded with tears. Her fingers had been plucking nervously at a purple ribbon which hung from her bodice.

"Wait, I want to give you—a remembrance." She lifted the great shears from the counter and clipped the silken cord from its fastenings. A tear ran down and stained it with a darker color. Her fingers twisted the sorry token, quickly twisted it into a wispy emblem such as happy lovers laughingly give each other—a lover's knot. She raised her face and her blue eyes smiled wanly through the mist that clouded them.

"Here, David, take this—just to be foolish, just to be foolish for once."

He took it. His hand was trembling. But his face was steel, unforgetting. All his yearning for her burned in his breast, a white caldron of passion; but around it closed the unyielding walls of his cold passion for his honor. He could never forget that she had doubted him once. Until that stain had been washed away, he could not forgive. He remembered the young Sir Philip Sidney of whom her father, old Patrice, had so often told him—of his proud guardianship of the white shield of many honor; he himself had been only a wearer, but here, in this new country, he was a man; and his honor must be first!

"Toinette," he said in a low voice, "who told you that I had acted as a spy?"

The blood rushed to her cheeks. This, too, she would give him.

"Doctor Elliott," she whispered, with bent head.

"Who is he?" cried David in a fury. "That young doctor who comes here from Louisville? In God's name, what has he against me? I've never seen the man! But do you believe him still?"

"You have never—never denied—never—" she stopped miserably. She could not raise her eyes to face him.

"Then nothing else matters, Toinette."

"Oh, David, that doesn't matter either!" she cried. "Nothing matters! I want you in spite of that!"

But he shook his head.

She became very pale again.

"I have offered all I have," she said proudly, "I have nothing more to give."

"I can take nothing from you unless you believe me guilty. My name is all I have to give you."

Her answer scarcely reached his ear.

"Oh, David, let our love be enough." The light had faded from the sky. David looked down at her bent head and trembled.

"Where is this man Elliott now?" he demanded suddenly.

"I do not know," faltered Toinette, "but, oh, David—"

"Good-by!" he said.

She did not answer, but held out her hand. He paid no heed. With a sob she turned and ran radiantly toward her father's house.

David set about the work he had to do.

He went directly to Blackford's room at the tavern. Ike was not there. In a corner, beneath the wooden table where a dozen law books lay scattered, was a narrow box. Ike had often exhibited its contents to him. He lifted it upon the table and threw open the lid. Within lay two of those deadly weapons which none but gentlemen cherished—two dueling pistols, brown-barreled, glistening, long and lean as lightning. He drew forth one of them, tried its hammer; it moved swiftly, noiselessly. He loaded it, fitted the flint into the lock, placed it in the

bosom of his coat, and went out, silent ly, his face white as linen.

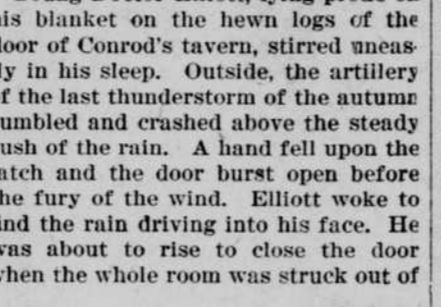
Night had fallen. Far to the east a sheet of flame flickered palely. Long after, a faint roll of thunder followed. A drop of icy rain struck his face. He passed swiftly from house to house, inquiring from each if there the young doctor from Louisville, young Doctor Elliott, was within; and, though several had seen him that day, none knew where he might be found. It was late when someone he questioned recalled that he thought he had seen Elliott that night at Conrod's tavern outside the village.

He set out on the road that led to the east. The storm had reached its height.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Storm Breaks.

Young Doctor Elliott, lying prone on his blanket on the hevn logs of the floor of Conrod's tavern, stirred uneasily in his sleep. Outside, the artillery of the last thunderstorm of the autumn rumbled and crashed above the steady rush of the rain. A hand fell upon the latch and the door burst open before the fury of the wind. Elliott woke to find the rain driving into his face. He was about to rise to close the door when the whole room was struck out of



"I Have Offered All I Have; I Have Nothing More to Give."

darkness by the dazzling blue of sheet lightning. It was gone as instantly as it came and the crash of thunder which accompanied it drowned his cry. In that single moment of the blinding flash he had seen, outlined against the shimmering sky, framed in the rectangle of the door, the dreadful figure of a crouching Indian, knife in hand.

His limbs froze in horror. The room was now as black as midnight, but his eyes ached with the impress of the lightning glare and the image that had been struck into them. Still in the pitch darkness he could see that sickening face—dark, evil, its bloodshot eyes peering malevolently into the room.

He heard the rain-soaked moccasins of the savage take two steps inward. Before he could cry out again, a second flash of lightning illumined the room, and showed a second man, tall, pale with anger, his foot on the threshold.

With the hoarse snarl of a wild beast, the Indian leaped at the figure in the doorway. They grappled. In the darkness Elliott heard their quick, terrible breathing as they swayed in a struggle for life. A stool tripped them and they fell, rolling against him. Again the lightning flared and he saw the knife, dashed from the Indian's hand, lying beside him. The white man was beneath, his face hidden by the straining shoulders of the savage. Blindly Elliott seized the weapon and struck with hysterical force.

The man beneath shook off the relaxed arms of the hideous intruder and rose unsteadily to his feet. Then he laughed aloud in the darkness.

"I can't see who you are, friend," he said, "but you've certainly saved me from a close call."

Elliott made no answer. He was sobbing weakly, his hand still clutching the blood-stained knife. From the upper room came the sound of voices and the tavernkeeper came hurriedly down the narrow ladder leading from the loft, followed by the awakened guests. Someone struck a flint; candles were lighted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BITS OF INFORMATION

Philadelphia has 200,000 school children.

Chicago has 6,085 lawyers, a gain of 228 in a year.

Cleveland has 1,000,000 street car riders daily.

China yearly imports \$4,000,000 worth of various kinds of leather.

Color blindness is said to have been discovered by the famous Doctor Priestly in 1777.

The tusks of an African elephant sometimes weigh as much as 100 pounds, and reach nine feet in length.

One hundred and fifty hosiery and knit goods mills in Philadelphia produce \$15,000,000 worth of material annually.

The new Gruff had just arrived in France and the men were exchanging notes with the old hands.

"Do they feed you well out here?" asked one of the raw hands.

"Oh, not at all bad," replied the campaigner—"not at all bad! Good breakfast and good dinner, and always pudding after dinner."

"Pudding, eh? What kind of pudding today?"

"Oh, the usual kind—windmill pudding."

"Windmill! What sort is that?"

"Why, if it goes round you get some."

RID HOME OF PEST

PRACTICAL INFORMATION ON ERADICATION OF BEDBUGS.

Simple Preparations, Applied With Diligence, Will Do the Work. According to Bulletin of the Bureau of Entomology.

Those who are troubled by bedbugs will find practical information as to how to deal effectively with these pests in Farmers' Bulletin 754, "Bedbugs," recently published by the department. In this bulletin C. L. Marlatt of the bureau of entomology makes clear the habits of these insects which have a bearing on their eradication, and suggests a number of simple household measures, as well as more radical methods, of getting rid of them. The author calls attention especially to the fact that these insects will migrate from an unoccupied to an inhabited house and points out that the fact that they ordinarily hide in the daytime makes it necessary to apply the insecticides in cracks in walls and floor and crevices under wall paper, where the insects ordinarily are concealed and lay their eggs. Information as to the ability of bedbugs to withstand cold and to go without food for long periods should be especially useful to those intending to move into houses long unoccupied.

Of the simpler remedies the entomologist says that benzine, kerosene or other lighter petroleum oils introduced into crevices by means of a brush or syringe are perhaps the most efficient. The bulletin also gives directions for fumigation with sulphur or other chemicals, which will be found economical and effective in cases of general infestation.

Those who have been bitten will find applications of peroxide of hydrogen useful in allaying irritation. Tincture of iodine, in its ordinary or double strength, is also a good counter-irritant for use in cases of fleas, mosquitoes, bedbugs, or other insect bites. Iodine, however, should be used with caution on the tender skin of small children and on those who are affected with or disposed to eczemic disorders.

The bulletin will be supplied free by the department as long as the supply lasts.

Custard Recipes.

Steamed or baked custard: One pint milk, one-eighth teaspoonful nutmeg two eggs, one-fourth cupful sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful salt.

Mix eggs as for soft custard. Strain into custard cups and steam until firm over hot water which is boiling gently.

Another way to cook this custard is as follows: Strain into custard cups and place in a pan of warm water. Bake in a moderate oven until the custard is firm. To test a steamed or baked custard, slip a knife blade to the bottom of the cup in the center of the custard and draw without turning. If the knife is not coated with a milky substance the custard is firm all the way through and has cooked enough. Grate the nutmeg over the surface of the custard and cool before serving.

Italian Dish.

To make risotto, put a handful of salt into a saucepan full of water. Put the saucepan on the fire and when the water is hot, but not boiling, throw in the rice. By throwing the rice into hot water in a pan before adding water to cook it, each grain of rice remains intact. Let it boil about twenty minutes. Strain the rice, pouring the contents of the saucepan into a strainer. Put a sufficient quantity of butter into a frying pan, when the butter is melted add the rice and mix well together for two or three minutes. Pour the rice into a dish and cover with grated Parmesan cheese.

Cheese Potatoes in Jackets.

Six large potatoes, two egg whites well beaten, one teaspoonful butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls salt, one-third teaspoonful pepper, cheese, one-third cupful rich milk or cream; rub potatoes over with melted butter, then bake till thoroughly done. Cut in halves lengthwise, scoop out potato and mash till all the lumps are out. Beat in the butter, milk and seasoning, and, when fluffy, add the egg whites. Then refill the potato shells, smooth, and place on top of each a thin slice of American cheese. Return to oven to brown for about ten minutes, and serve at once.—Good Housekeeping.

Banana Pudding.

Heat one cupful milk and one-half water, add six teaspoonfuls cornstarch in one-half cupful water, yolk of egg, six tablespoonfuls sugar. Add salt to it. When cooked and cool add teaspoonful banana or lemon extract. Pour over sliced bananas. Beat white with two tablespoonfuls confectioner's sugar. Spread on top.

Bacon Rolls.

Chop cold or left-over meat very fine, or run it through a chopper; a little green pepper or onion may be added and the meat should be well seasoned. Roll the meat up in bacon strips and fasten with a toothpick or skewer. Bake in a hot oven till brown. Serve with baked sweet potatoes for a luncheon dish.

Curried Savory.

Heat one ounce of butter in a stewpan. When it boils add a saltspoonful of curry powder and a little good stock. Break two eggs into a basin and beat, add them to the ingredients in the pan, stir all together, add a tablespoonful of milk and salt to taste. As soon as the mixture is thick pile it onto squares of fried or toasted bread and serve.

Jam Cakes.

One cupful sugar, two-thirds cupful butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, four tablespoonfuls sour milk, two scant cupfuls flour. Season with nutmeg and clove, and last thing add cupful of jelly or jam (raspberry jam is particularly nice), beating thoroughly. Bake in layers with white frosting between.

PERUNA Household Helper

Peruna eases the burden of the housekeeper by keeping away the danger of illness resulting from colds, coughs, and indigestion due to catarrhal condition. It speedily relieves and overcomes these.

Its tonic properties build up the strength of the physically weak and run down, and its use in catarrhes, especially after grip, is remarkably beneficial.

KEEP IT ON HAND

The wise housekeeper has Peruna on hand for instant use even in catarrhal troubles do not call for its regular administration. A dose or two in time often prevents a long illness.

Liquid or tablet form.

Manilla Tablets are a splendid laxative for home use. Ask the druggist.

THE PERUNA COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Asent's Food

Get Rid of Them

before they start to build their homes in your newly gathered crops. It costs you about \$2.00 yearly to feed one rat.

RID-OF-RATS

kills them for less than 1 cent per rat.

No mixing. No fussing. Always ready to use. Perfectly harmless to domestic animals. GUARANTEED TO KILL RATS AND MICE. We refund money for any goods returned as unsatisfactory. Ask your dealer for Rid-of-Rats. If he can't supply you, order direct, giving his name.

Sample Prices: Box 10c; 1 Doz. Boxes, \$1.10; 3 Doz. Boxes, \$3.00. Prepaid all over U. S.

BERG & BEARD MANUFACTURING CO.
12-14 Steuben St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

At the Horse Show.

Knicker—That is a horse.

Bocker—I forget whether you say gidhok or honkup to make it go.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.