WEB OF STEEL

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY and CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, Jr. Author and Clergyman

of American Life as Strong, Courageous Men Live It

firmly, after the manner of the self-

restrained, practical American, who is

wear his heart upon his sleeve. The

his arm around his daughter's waist,

died, leaving you a little girl to me;

He turned and walked away as they

answered him. They watched him go

slowly with bended head. They

when she had time to breathe and free-

"One of the finest old men on earth.

"I was interested in the bridge, be-

fore," said the woman, "but think how

I shall watch it now. You must write

me every day and tell me every inch

"Trust me, I'll measure it in milli-

"And now, sweet love, good night,"

she whispered. And she laughed as

she looked back at him through the

CHAPTER IV.

The Deflection in the Member.

Now, after a week's confinement in

lems. They were personal problems

Of course he had been able to get

out on the rough porch of his galvan-

ized iron shack where he had the

bridge in full view, and the day before

he had even walked unsteadily down to

equally surprised and delighted at the

progress that had been made. Abbott

was a driver after his own heart. Real-

ly things seemed to have gone on just

as well without him as if he had been

on the job. He had not been lonely in

as a theoretical than a practical man

and the inevitable antagonism between

the theorist and the practical man.

sonality, was latent in Abbott's heart.

as if it were a matter of little or no im-

could spare the time.

sequence of his impatience.

He and father would make a great

dom to speak.

meters."

that you have gained."

kissed her softly on the forehead.

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This Is a Thrilling Story

YOUNG BERTRAM MEADE LEARNS IN A FRIGHTFUL EX-PERIENCE JUST HOW MUCH HELEN ILLING-WORTH MEANS TO HIM

The Martlet Construction Company is building a great international bridge planned by Bertram Meade, Sr., a famous engineer. His son, Bertram Meade, Jr., resident engineer at the bridge, is in love with Helen Illingworth, daughter of Colonel Illingworth, président of the company. Young Meade questioned his father's judgment on the strength of certain important steel beams in the gigantic structure but was laughed to scorn. He still has private doubts, though outwardly agreeing with his elder.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

But now?" she whispered as he hes-

red, and then she turned her head pulse. f fearful of his answer.

Well, then, all that was the second revealed in the white, passionless light.

w takes the third place." And before your father comes?" Jut she did not give him time to aner. "Come," she said, "let us go out

the bridge. It's a rough place for you. Those le slippers you wear-

Te looked down, and as if in obedie to his glance she outthrust her Quite the contrary. Which is not ing it was too large, not at all. It s just right for her height and fig-, and its shape and shoe left nothto be desired.

Never mind the slippers," she said; ey are stronger than they look.

But the distance between here and bridge is inches deep in dust." Dust!" she exclaimed in dismay. don't mind rough walking, but

I never thought of that," admitted stopped abreast of it. man. "The fact is I have thought now we'll have to go back or-" shall not go back," she answered dy.

e stepped down off the platform, before she knew what he would be the fifted her straight up in his Ts. He did not carry her like a

was a strange position. She knew Pi ought to protest, but the words ald not come. Whilst she was try-Y to think them up, they had crossed en the portal of the bridge and the of the platform. Then he set her

un gently. L'hank you," she said simply, "that

very nice of you. You are wonkully strong." e moon, by this time, had passed

a network of shadows over them, The silence of the half-light, the "Oh, there comes the steamer

CHAPTER III.

pressed on.

Fall and Revelation.

man, "but we will soon get out ard the end and then the view is -nificent. You can see up and down be along in a few minutes." wsn't that it?" asked the woman.

sting up the river to where a clushof lights rounded a huge bend not cik we can hear her."

hipey both stopped and, sure enough. tly across the water came the

ing strange, weird harmonies as it ed through the taut and rigid bars sound.

he big floor beams extended from the bridge.

rs side to the other of the bridge, een the trusses at intervals of feet. At right angles to them and Ofeet apart, the stringers ran length-KIs parallel to the trusses. Here and pieces of timber falsework had thrown across the stringers for convenience of the workmen, but nehese two slowly moved toward midum at last these pieces became tr. and finally there was nothing e seen but the heavy floor beams

her the lighter stringers. er they passed the top of the pier got beyond the small space of r bank on which the pier was set, RKe was nothing between them and mwater, now moonlit and quivering. opt these cross-girders of steel on faer hand beyond the planking in the

Unve you a clear head?" asked the "I mean does it affect you to

grasped ber firmly by the arm. safety. loose wrap she was wearing over

beg your pardon," he said quick-

slip." There was something electric and compelling in the pressure of his a spite of herself the woman looked strong hand upon the firm flesh of her round arm. She shrank closer to him,

again unthinkingly, by a natural im-

The moon was now well clear of the I am almost afraid to say it," he brow of the highest hill. Its yellow 1 lowering his voice to match her was turning to silver and in its cold and beautiful illumination the whole A soldier of steel," she said, "and river flowed bright beneath them. Every inch of the bridge was now clearly

Fifty feet away it ended in the air. They were now almost directly beneath the traveler, near the end of the suspended span. Its huge legs sprawled out like those of a gigantic animal on the extreme edges of the bridge on either side above their heads. The wooden platform on the track ran out half the distance to the bridge end. Slowly t from her gown. It was not the the two walked along it until but a allest foot that ever upbore a wom- few feet were left between them and the naked floor beams and the stringers carrying the ties to which the rails were bolted and the planks laid.

By the side of the track on the top of the stringers had been placed a pile of material surmounted by a large flat plate of steel, which lay level upon it. It was triangular in shape, the blunt point inward. The base which was about six feet wide paralleled the course of the river. The plate on the top of the pile was raised about three feet above the level of the track. They

"Can't we go any further?" asked nothing but you since I saw you, the girl in low tones, still close to the young n an, who still lightly clasped

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be safe to go any farther," he said. "I want to see the steamer. It will

pass directly under the bridge." "They have no business to pass un--y, he held her erect, crushed der the bridge," said Meade. "They've inst his breast, and before she had been warned hundreds of times and or-

> 'Why can't I stand up there?" "On that gusset plate?"

"Is that what you call it?" "Yes, it bears the same relation to If little desert that intervened be- structural steel that a gusset does to

a woman's dress." "Exactly. But can't I stand on it?" "Wait," he answered.

He climbed to the center of it, lifted himself up and down on his feet to test it, and found it solid apparently.

floor level and the cross-bracing you up," he said at last as he lifted her up and set her down on her feet in

"Oh, there comes the steamer," she tery of it all oppressed them a cried. "I can see it beautifully from here."

"Be careful. You must not move. Stand perfectly steady. I am not so sure of that plate." He reached over from where he stood on the track below her and by her side and gathered t's rather confused in here," said the material of her dress in an iron grasp.

"I do not think that is necessary," she said. "This plate seems as solid as Fiver for miles and the night boat the rest of the bridge and—oh, there's the steamer! She's right under us."

The big river craft was filled with light and laughter. The wind fortunately blew the smoke away from the C. away, and swung out in midstream. bridge so that they had a clear and 'les," said the man, "if we listen I perfect view of her. There was a band playing aboard her. They heard the music above the beat of the whirling paddles, the song of the rising wind. e of clanking paddles of the big The passengers were congregated odr steamer. With that sound also about the rails on the upper decks d gled the song of the night wind, staring upward. The bridge was as a wonder comparatively gentle, fascinating to them as it was to the people ashore evidently.

"How interesting," said the delightteel. She listened enchanted with ed girl. "Why don't you come up here yourself, you can see so much better?" The man had dropped her gown, lift-

ed his right foot to the pile on the stringers to follow her suggestion. Thoughtlessly she stepped toward the outer end to give him room, quite forgetful of his caution. Before he could complete his step or warn her of the danger, it now bent forward. It tilted distinctly. In spite of herself, Helen Illingworth was carried still farther forward as she sought to regain her balance. The piece of steel began to slip downward, grating on the pile of beams as it moved; another second and it would be off and on its way ir-

revocably. Meade threw himself at the girl. He lunged out and caught her just as she now almost perpendicular. To catch these interspaces between the stringher he had to step to the very edge of ers my blood runs cold," the planking beyond which the rails ran naked on the ties.

With a tremendous effort he caught n high elevations? Do you get her by the waist, swung her up and in, and stood fast on the brink quivering, never have," was the answer, heaving himself desperately backward as he sought to maintain his balance think I'll hold you," was the reply. and take the backward step that meant

A wild shout rose from the steamer shoulders did not cover her arms, as the huge plate dropped, like the By and by they got to the end of the it was a bare arm that he took in blade of a mighty guillotine, straight bridge. Far down the platform they down through the air. If it had struck the boat, it would have cut through like a knife. Fortunately it cleared doesn't matter. I understand. the gangway by inches. In a second would better hold me, I might it had diseppeared. Screams, shouts, dent."

arose from the boat which promptly sheered off into midstream.

Helen Illingworth's back had been toward Meade as he seized her. She had seen as he had everything that happened. Recovering himself at last, he stepped back slowly, almost dragging her, until they were a safe distance from the edge. His face was good humor with you and the bridge like yours. A man who can look me ghastly white in the moonlight. Sweat now. I have heard him speak well of in the eye and grasp me by the hand, like a wind-blown leaf.

"The whole world went black when I saw you go," he said slowly.

"Do you care that much?" asked the girl, trembling herself.

reticence now.

"Care?" said the man. "Care?" "I'm all right now."

"You are more fortunate than I. I stood to lose you, you stood to lose only life. Don't you see? Can't you understand?"

Suddenly he swept her to his breast very near him and she did not make own.



He Lunged Out and Caught Her.

ensured through the dusty ways danger that something might both of the gusset plate. Now as he strained was still rather early. would follow the downward rush of to separate for the night, although it her to him, she lifted her face to him glad that she was tall enough for him the darkness.

told the story that was old before the ore into the first bit of iron, before as it is divine!

her slightly, though he still held her closely and she was quite content.

would not be doing-this."

him in the moonlight.

the beating of his heart.

that I love you, that I am yours. To give myself to you seems to be the highest possibility in life, if you will and Helen known each other?" only take me."

"And do you love me more than the

"More than all the bridges in the world, past, present and to come; more than anything or anybody. I tell you I never knew what love was or what ing that it was now high time for her life was until I saw you sliding to your to come to the rescue of her lover, death. If I had not succeeded I should have followed you."

dreamily.

"We must go back, dearest," he said now that I am almost unwilling to try

support you now," laughed the woman. my father's influence and-"

They turned toward the shore. He took her hand and slipped his other arm about her just as simply and naturally as if they had been any humble lover and his lass in the countryside. could see the lights of the car.

ther anything about this little acci-

"I obey but why not?"

was my fault." "No, mine." "I will not hear you say it." about-"

covered his forehead. He was shaking you. I believe he will be glad to give like this." me to you." "And if not?"

There was no necessity for maidenly

as this time she faced him. She was making her lips, her eyes, her face, his

any hesitation now. She knew he loved her, and knew that he had to kiss her with so slight a bend of

There, under the great trusses of coming back. I was just thinking of steel, amid the huge, gaunt, massive going to fetch you. Is Mr. Meade-?" evidences of the power of the might, of the mastery of man, two hearts spoke to each other in the silence, and first smelter had ever turned the first He came to the edge and leaned over Tubal Cain ever smote the anvil; the story of love that began with creation, of it?" he asked jocosely. that will outlast all the iron in all the hills of the earth-that is as eternal

After that wild embrace, that first to you." rapturous meeting of lips, he released

"I'm quite calm now," he began, that is, I am as composed as any man by the two. could be who is holding you in his arms. But if it had not been for me, It was my fault. I should have made from the car. sure. I shall never forgive myself."

"But if I had not been in danger I might not now be here in your arms. And if I were not here," she went on swiftly, too happy in her love to be mindful of anything else, "I certainly ing her. He tried to speak, And of her own motion she kissed

"And if you were not doing this," said he, making the proper return, "I

from his lips what she well knew from

"It's not too late then to tell you

at last. "I am so fearful for you even was slipping downward with the plate it. Every time I glance down through | I'm thinking." "You supported me before; I will

> "No," said the man, "we will go together."

"Listen," she said as they walked fore I-" slowly along. "You must not tell fa-

"It would only worry him, and it laughed grimly.

"But I must speak to your father know anybody on earth I would rather "And the sooner the better; he is in honest, able American with a record

"I should hate to grieve my father, men shook hands unemotionally but

She turned and looked at him in the moonlight, her glorious golden head, always fearful of a scene and does not her neck, her shoulders, her arms bare and beautiful in the celestial illumi- colonel threw away his cigar, slipped nation. He seized her hand and lifted it to his lips as a devotee, and she understood the reason for the little touch of old-world formality and reserve, when naught but his will prevented very happy together since your mother him from taking her to his heart and

"Now may God deal with me as I deal with you," he said fervently, "if I presently, Helen?" ever fail at least to try with all my heart and soul and strength to measure up to your sweetness and light."

"My prayer for myself, too," she whispered.,

"You need it not." "You must wait here," she said, in upon them. He stood for a moment deeply touched, as they had now in the light, smiling, remembering, and reached the steps of the car. "until I then turned and marched within the have changed my dress; father would car. He switched the light out as he notice - anybody would - that tear. passed down the corridor. When I have finished I will come back to you and then we will seek him and tell him."

Accordingly Meade stood obediently waiting outside the car in the shadow it cast. There was no one about. The | team." ervants had gone to bed. The porter of the car was nodding in his quarters, waiting for the time to turn out the lights. The engineer had the long platform all to himself. After a time he chose to walk quietly up and down, thinking. The future looked very fair

"Bert," a sweet voice came to him out of the darkness. He turned to discover her standing in the door of the door. car dressed as she should have been for such an excursion had she at first the slightest resistance. She had wait- followed her father's wise suggestion. ed for this hour and she was glad. His heart thrilled to the use of the fa-They had faced death too nearly for miliar name. "Bert, I'm coming down

Hand in hand they walked to the saved her at the imminent risk of his rear of the car, where the observation own life. There had been swift yet platform was still brightly lighted. Abeternal moments when it seemed that bott had gone and the other three men both of them, trembling on the brink, were on their feet. They were about "Father," said his daughter out of

> "Oh, you're there," answered the colonel. "I wondered when you were ture out again and to attack his prob-

> "I'm here, sir." for he was building not only the bridge "Good night, gentlemen," said the but weaving in its web of steel his own colonel as the others turned away, future happiness. leaving him alone on the platform.

the brass railing. "Are you two going to make a night "Colonel Illingworth," began Meade. the river bank, where he had been

"Father," said his daughter at the

same time, "we have something to say Colonel Illingworth opened the gate, lifted the platform, and descended the

"Here I am," he said as he stopped

His daughter took him by the arm and they walked down the platform so you would never have been in danger. as to be out of any possible hearing

> lowed her. His heart was beating almost as rapidly as it had on the bridge, and for

"Now," she said to Meade, who fol-

exactly the same reason-fear of los-"Well, young man?" said Illingworth, flicking the ashes from his cigar when they are not combined in one perand wishing to get it over, "you said

you had something to say to me." "It's a very hard thing to say, sir." might not have had the courage to tell He looked helplessly at the girl, but she was speechless. It was his task. "You haven't told me anything-in If she were not worth asking for, she words," she answered, fain to hear was not worth having, she might have said. "Well, sir." he began desperately, "I love your daughter, Helen. I

want to marry her." "Umph," said the colonel, "I supposed as much. How long have you

"Over a year, sir, but I loved her from the very moment I saw her. I did not dare hope, I didn't dream, I never imagined, and strange as it may seem, sir, she-seems to love me."

"and so would any other woman." "You know, of course, that while I "I felt that, too," she answered am not rich, I am not poor, and I can support my wife in every comfort, sir,"

"Of course I do," said Helen, realiz-

urged the man, greatly relieved by the woman's prompt avowal. "She'll need a few luxuries besides,

"Yes, of course, sir, I'll see that she

shed for-" began the girl.

gets them. This bridge is going to make us all famous, and I shall have "When the Bridge Is Finished." Nightly, he brought to Meade details "When the bridge is finished," said of the progress of the work. That evethe colonel decisively, "come to me and you shall have my daughter." "Oh, father, the bridge won't be finin the most casual manner in the world,

gineer, too happy at her father's con- of line. Now C-10-R was the biggest member sent to make any difficulties over any of the great right-hand truss on the reasonable conditions he might impose. "Yes, Helen, it's all right; your father north side of the river. It consisted is right. This job's got to be done beformed of several plates of steel riv- en's shopping?" "Oh, don't say before you tackle an- eted together. These webs were conother," protested the girl, half disap- nected across their upper and lower pointed, and yet seeing the reasonable- edges by diagonal latticing made of hon for this bargain hunting."

"I understand, sir," answered the en- portance, that C-10-R was a trifle out

steel angle bars. C-10-R and its parallel companion member, C-10-L, in the lefthand truss, carried the entire weight of the cantilever span to the shoe resting on the pier. These members were sixty feet long and five feet wide. The webs were over four feet deep and in size and responsibility the great struts were the most important of the whole structure. To say that C-10-R was out of line

meant that it had buckled, or bent, or was springing, and had departed from that rigid rectangularity and parallelism which was absolutely necessary to maintain the stability and immobility of the truss and the strength of the bridge. To the theorist nothing on ness of both men, while the colonel earth could be more terribly portentous than such a statement, "That's about the size of it." said the if it were true. To the pracold man, "no matter how you put it. tical man, who, to do him justice, had One thing at a time. Meade, I don't never dealt with such vast structuresand he was not singular in that behave for my son-in-law than a clean, cause the bridge was unique on account of its size-the deflection noted meant little or nothing.

"Good God!" exclaimed Meade, aflame on the instant with anxious ap-Meade's own palm met it and the two prehension. The night was warm and he was dressed in his pajamas and had been lying on the bed. As if he had been shocked into action he sat up, forgetful of his weakness. "Deflection!" he fairly shouted at Abbott, who regarded him with half-amused astonishment, "a camber in C-10-R? Why didn't you tell me?"

By this time Meade had got his feet "I hate to lose you, Helen. I hate to into his slippers and was standing give you up to anyone. We have been "It isn't enough to make any differ-

ence," answered Abbott quickly, per but it had to come, I suppose, and perhaps a little disdainfully. haps I shall be glad in the end. Good "It makes all the difference on night, Meade. You will be coming in earth," cried Meade. "It means the

> ruin of the bridge." He reached for his jacket, hanging at the foot of the bed, and dragged it on him.

watched him climb, rather heavily, up "Don't worry about it, youngster." the steps to the car-that he was an said Abbott rather contemptuously, alold man seemed rather suddenly borne though he meant to be soothing. "I'm going to jack it into line and-here," he cried as Meade bolted out of the door, "you'd better not excite yourself that way. Come back to bed, man, "Wasn't he splendid?" said Helen,

> How young Meade faces a great crisis and what he does in trying to avert serious trouble is told in a thrilling chapter in the next installment.

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FORGET DATE HAS CHANGED

That So Many Forgot to Write "1917" Proves That Man Is Creature of Habit.

"That man is a creature of habit," remarked the secretary of a large business firm, "is amply demonstrated by the letters we receive. This letter Three days after the departure of which I hold in my hand contains an the Illingworth party the young enerror generally made at this time of gineer fell ill with follicular tonsilitis. the year, not because the writers are which is about the meanest small thing careless but because they have cultithat can lay a strong man low. He vated the habit of writing a certair fretted over his enforced absence from thing mechanically. the work and in the end had to pay for

"During the life of the year now exthat very fretting, for he got up too pired the writers had grown accus ment of baby rashes, eczema and itchsoon and went out too quickly, and was tomed to putting down the numerals ings. Having cleared baby's skin keep 1916. Doubtless at first it required ef. it clear by using Cuticura exclusively fort on their part to bear in mind that the last figure of the set was 6 and not Address postcard, Cuticara, Dept. L. his cabin, he felt strong enough to ven- 5, but after a time the writing of 6 Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv. became a mechanical act rather than a mental act. It became second nanow, much more intimate than before, ture for them to write the date cor rectly.

> "With the birth of a new year, however, the mechanical writers must exert mental effort. When they don't they err. Take this case, for instance You see the writer has turned out what he considers a perfect letter. He probably reread it and sealed it satisfied that it was correct. But he never thought to look at the date, at least Co-operation the year part of it. The result is that instead of dating it January, 1917, he has dated it January, 1916. Just a mechanical error, that's all. "A peculiar phase of the matter is

his illness, for all of the chief men conthat the error is usually made by pernected with the construction had done sons who write their own correspondtheir best to beguile the tedium of his ence, especially in long hand. Stenoghours by visiting him whenever they raphers who are paid to write the correspondence of others on typewriters Abbott had been especially kind in have developed the habit of being ac his somewhat rough-and-ready way. curate." The big construction superintendent was fond of Meade, although he un-To Protect Moose. dervalued him. He regarded him more

The secretary of agriculture at Washington has issued the following amendment to the regulations for the protection of game in Alaska, with the object of protecting moose and mountain sheep on the Kenai peninsula and adjoining region in Alaska, the New

York Herald says: "The sale of carcasses or parts thereof of moose and sheep in the region south of latitude 62 degrees north and between longitude 141 degrees west and the western outlet of Lake Clark. in longitude 155 degrees west, or the shipment of carcasses or parts thereof of said animals for sale from Anchorage, Seward or other points on the Kenai peninsula, is hereby prohibited until October 1, 1918, and no carcasses or parts thereof of said animals shall be accepted for shipment to other points in Alaska unless accompanied by affidavit of the owner that they were not purchased and are not intended for sale,"

That Broad Expanse.

"I tell you, gentlemen," said the great explorer to the crowd in the hotel smoking room, who were listening breathlessly, "you can't imagine what things are like out in the Arctic regions.'

"Oh, I don't know," said one. "Even if we haven't seen it, we can imagine what it feels like," "I doubt it. It's impossible until

you've seen it; until you've stood there, a small, insignificant atom, surning, just before leaving, he remarked | rounded by vast stretches of white-" "Yes, I know. I've been like that." "Really? Where was it, may I ask?"

"First time I appeared in public in a dress shirt."

"Sal, there ought to be some way or four parallel composite webs, each to make the game laws apply to wom-"How do you mean?"

If cross, feverish, consting give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick tomorrow. Children simply will take the time from play to empty howels, which become clogged un waste, liver gets sluggish;

Look at the tongue, mother ! !! ed, or your child is listless, conerish, breath bad, restless, doheartily, full of cold or has sore or any other children's allment, teaspoonful of "California Syrus Figs," then don't worry, because perfectly harmless, and in a few h all this constipation polson, sour and fermenting waste will g move out of the bowels, and you ! a well, playful child again. A t ough "inside cleansing" is offfine that is necessary. It should be first treatment given in any sieks

Beware of counterfeit fig syr Ask at the store for a 50-cent l "California Syrup of Figs." wi full directions for babies, children all ages and for grown-ups pla printed on the bottle. Adv.

For every dollar a woman spend her dress she gets about 100 cer worth of show and 10 cents' worth

A Kidney Medicine

That Stands the Tes I wish to state that in the sev that I have sold Dr. Kilmer's Not I have never known of a single tomer who did not feel satisfied wit results obtained from its use and very favorably regarding Swamp-They always come back and ask for that in itself is a sufficient guarantee value of the preparation in the troubles which it is intended. It is a splended

ney medicine and I take happiness in hi dling and selling same. Very truly yours, LIENHART PHARMACY. Dec. 24, 1915.

also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and blad der. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drus But He Gave Up His Rib.

"It is the unexpected that happens." "Yes; Adam had no idea of marrying

SKIN-TORTURED BABIES Sleep, Mothers Rest After Treatment With Cuticura-Trial Free.

Send today for free samples of Cuti-

cura Soap and Ointment and learn how

quickly they relieve itching, burning

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Serious.

"She's only flirting with him."

her looking up his rating."

Genuine

"It's more serious than that. I saw

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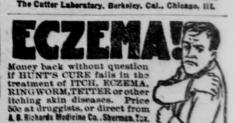
Nature often needs help to keep the digestive system in a normal condition, and with the aid of

TTOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

you are able to provide the co-operation Nature requires.



cacy, and harmleamers, of Antityphoid Vaccination.
Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and
your family. It is more vital than house insurance.
Aft your physician, druggist, or send for "Have
you had Typhoid" telling of Typhoid Vaccine,
results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers.





"There ought to be some closed sea-

C. J. Lienhart, Prop. Norman, Ne Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bot tle. It will convince anyone. You wil