The Tenth Mrs. Tulkington

Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "The Incubator Baby," "Confessions of a Daddy," "That Pup," "Cheer-ful Smugglers," "Red Head," "Dominic Denn," "Gent's Fenthers," "Philo Gubb." "Pigs Is Pigs," "In Pawn," etc.

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ELLIS PARKER BUTLER-**EDITORIALLY SPEAKING**

I do not believe there are many people in this country who need en introduction to Ellis Parker Butler, whose first fame arrived with a little story called "Pigs Is Pigs." That fame has been grown ing steadily ever since with his many books, short stories and moving pictures.

He has lectured, too, in all parts of the United States and is, per-haps, best known as one of our most popular humorists, though writes fiction of a serious and interesting nature, also. He says he is one of the few American writers who did not begin his liter-

ary training on a newspaper. He was born in Muscatine, Ia., and went East about 25 years ago. He is very modest about himself. It is difficult to get him to tell you anything, but I finally did extract that he is married-and thus fully qualified to write for the Star Au-thor Series of Matrimonial Adventures-has four children, two of whom are twins; and that when he is not writing he would like to be fishing; and that he is much interested in the cultivation of tulips.

You have an understanding when you are talking to him of the great popularity of his work, for he sees the little kindly, human points of life in a humorous way that never hurts-and with such amazing insight, too. He is constructively entertaining.
"The Teath Mrs. Tulkington" is

a humorous story-yes, but hasn't t a serious side? MART STEWART CUTTING, JR.

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My only excuse for throwing George Tithers into the lily-pool at midnight is that I thought he was my wife Stran. As a president of a bank and a highly respected and weighty citizen i most seriously object to being called "Baldy," and I particularly object to being slapped gally on the top of my head with an open hand. Or any other kind of hand. And I believed this Tithers person-my wife's brother, I'm ashamed to say-was in Europe. Naturally, then, when I had been dreaming that my wife was standing above me in a divorce court, denouncing me to the judge, and declaring that even the sight of my bald | Susle since the wedding bells!" head had come to be nauseating to her, my first thought-when I felt the slap on the head and heard, "What ho, Baldy!"-was that Susan was attacking me. In an instant I had leaned from the marble bench and had grappled with my attacker. George Tithers cried out a moment too late. for I had already given a mighty heave and had thrown him full length into the lily-pend. As my mistake became

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I thought you were my wife."

frankly.

apparent to me as I saw George

Tithers coming out of the lily-pond

on his hands and knees, I apologized

"Rather! I should think so!" George said as he emerged and shook himself like a dog. "But it's not a nice way to treat a lady. Tulky: is it. now? Wife drowning isn't done in the best circles any more, you know. But, I say: Has it come to this, really? The little gray home in the West must be off its feed, what?"

Now, my home is not gray and it is not in the West; it is white marble and on Long Island; but I let that pass. George Tithers had-in his silly way-put his finger on the exact fact; our home was "off its feed," as he chose to say, and entirely off its feed. I made George remain where he was while I explained the matter fully and to its least detail. Toward the end of the first half hour, as the night grew chilly, his teeth began to chatter and a little later he sneezed many times, with gradually increasing violence, but he listened patiently. This deepened my thought that George and his precious wife must be dead broke again, but I was glad to have even a dead-broke brother-in-law hear the truth about Susan and myself. That truth was that after twenty years of married life we hated each other. As a matter of fact the reason I was on the marble bench by the lily-pool at midnight was because I had told Susan I would never again spend an hour under the same roof with her and that tomorrow we would begin seemly but immediate preparations for a separation and divorce. I had meant to spend the night on that marble bench.

"I sas!" George exclaimed between sneezes, when I had concluded. "The little old trouble has become quite a snorter, what? Jolly full time the doctor was called, yes? Arrived in the nick of time, didn't I, Tulky? And, I say, do you mind if I ensconce myself in the pool a bit? The water seems a bit warmer than the air."

The idiot, I do believe, would have gone back into the pool, but that prebath as a matter of course, guite as if pools at midnight, fully clad-as I have no doubt it is,

"Bathing, George?" she said, after she had greeted me-kissed me, mind you! "Be sure to have a brisk rub before you turn in. and you can come into the house now, Augustus; Susan has explained everything and the chauffeur is sleeping in the kitchen, Susan has taken his room in the garage; temporarily, I hope, but it is a very comfortable room. You do treat your servants well, Augustus. It is a lovely trait."

"Susan attends to the servants," said reluctantly.

"Does she? She does everything so well, doesn't she?" sald George Tithers' wife.

I might have said, in reply to that, "Too confounded well!" but I did not 11.

"The trouble," said George, when he had poured himself a chill-preventer, "is that Susan is a wife in a million. I'll say in eight million. You told her she was a wife in Amillion, didn't you, old top, when you were a newly-wed?"

"None of your business!" I growled, "Ah! He confesses!" said George Tithers. "And now, Gussle, me lad. because she is just that-a wife in a million wives exactly like her-you are sore. What? Bored! Biting the old fingernalls with ennui! Dead sick of dear old Sue, and dear old Sue dead sick of nice old Gustus! The trouble with you and Sue, me lad, is that you need a couple of stage-managers. That's trouble Number One. And trouble Number Two hangs on ityou're both natural bigamists-"

"Stop right there!" I cried. "Like all of us! Lite all of us!" sald George.

"Not another word!" I exclaimed, exceedingly angry.

"Whoa up!" George said then, "Stop here! The boss says stop, We're through, Amelia. I only meant to tell him of Lord Algy and Lady Mercedes

but he says 'stop!" and we stop!" "Oh, Lord Algy and Lady Mercedes!" exclaimed George's wife. "The happlest two people! Such a happy pair!" "Always marryleg! Always marry

and gay, what?" The poor wretch laughed heartly at his miserable pun.

"So cheery and happy! Always divorcing each other and marrying somebody else, and marrying each other again so gayly!" exclaimed Amelia.

dear old wife after twenty years, even if she is my sister," said George. "And of the dear old reliable hus band, even if he is the most respect-

"Because a man gets tired of the

able old baldy," said Amelia. "Especially if he is the same dear old reliable husband," George corrected her. "It's the blessed routine that warps 'em, don't you think?"

"Rather!" said Amelia heartily. "It's like being married to the bally old Westminster Abbey, what?" said George. "Act of parliament needed to permit even the riotous innovation of a new tombstone. Not a new hair on Old Bald-Top in thirteen years! Not a new-style hic-cough out of dear old

"Stop it!" I cried irritably, for was patting the top of my head, the silly donkey. "Leave my head alone! What about this Lord Algy and this Lady Mercedes—if you must talk?"

"Oh, they're just off-again on-again gay little marriers, Augustus!" George said. "Tired of one wife, get another; tired of one husband, get another. It's done in their circle. A man does get tired of the same old wife. Routing stuff, if you get me, Deadly monotony what? Sick of the sight of her; hate her-what?"

"It's in us," said Amelia placidly. "The bigamy thing, I mean. Any man who can afford it and is not restrained by convention or his ethics hops about a bit; has a variety. King Solomon, the sultan, Henry Eighth, Lord Byron, And Tithy, here."

"In a way of speaking," said Tithers modestly.

"And myself, Tithy," said Amelia "In a way of speaking, as you remark, darling. And Cleopatra, and the queen of Sheba-by all accounts." "Now, stop this nonsense!" I said.

"You know, both of you, that you do not run about after other men and women-"

"Well, rather not!" cried George. 'He don't get us, Amelia; he's a bit dense. Tell him."

"Marriage," said Amella, "Is almost never a fallure; married life is. Marriage is the first joining of two people together, and jolly sport it is with the getting acquainted intimately, rubbing | ton on or about the first of September." sharp points together, and all. Some-4 And then, in a few years-five, maybe, or ten, or twenty-comes married life; the routine stuff. Awful bore, sometimes; same old wife; same old husband; same old ways and everything! Nothing new! They get jolly well sick of each other, and no wonder."

"A man-a man with a business to attend to-can't be running around divorcing his wife every day or so," I

"Crickets, no!" exclaimed George Tithers, "He'd be doing nothing else; that's not the right card-the right card is to marry the whole lot at the first jump off, if you get me." "I don't," I said dryly.

"You did it, though," said Amelia. with a laugh. "Susan did it, too. It's a poor stick of a woman that isn't a dozen women, and a poor stick of a man that isn't half a dozen men."

"What we mean," Tithers broke in, is that you and Sue need to be stagemanaged, what? You two have twenty roles in you, between the two of you, but you won't change. You, Augustus. keep in the middle of the stage forever and a dar as the Heavy Father and clous wife of his came out looking for | Sue has been playing the Faithful Wife him. She seemed to take his illy-pool | twenty long years. Twentieth year of

it was a habit of his to bathe in My- Tulkington and Mrs. Augustus Tulking- Hutchins of Nome and suggested she | the Hd; I could think of nothing but on in their disgustingly familiar parts of Honorable Augustus Tulkington and not a wonder you want a divorce; it's wender you don't murder each other."

> Amelia Tithers was looking at me houghtfully. "You can't grow new hair," she said,

but you might wear a wig occasionally." "What ho, yes!" cried Tithers, Jump-

ing from his chair excitedly. "When he stages himself as the Conceiled Elderly Ass, what? A toupee, what? And white spats! And a monocle? No, not a monocle. A monocle can't be

But it was done. It was not a comolete success, it would not stick in my eye, but I dangled it from a string and learned to swing it around my forefinger quite well. Exceedingly well, I

As anything seemed preferable to divorce, Susan and I, after thorough consideration of the matter in comsany with George Tithers and his wife, agreed to appoint George and Amelia stage managers of our married life and I allowed them a liberal compensation. After a long consultation George and Amelia decided that it would be best for George to be my personal manager while Amelia managed Susan. I agreed to everything in advance, but I was surprised when George presented me with a sheet of paper at the top of which he had written "Cast of Characters," On this sheet were written six varieties of husbands, all men of my acquaintance, and no two alike. At the head of the list was written "January-Self, pros-perous banker." And following this was "February-H. P. Diggleton, clubman, heavy sport," and "March-Winston Bopple, flirt, lady-chaser," and so on down to "June-Carey S. Flick, conceited elderly fusser, etc." July I was gain to be "Self, prosperous banker." And so on for the second six months. As the month was now August I was to be, not myself, but a person resembling as nearly as possible H. P. Diggleton. For the month of August Susan was to have as her husband not myself but, to all intents and purposes, some one equivalent to H. P. Diggleton, George Tithers saw that I was fully equipped with manners and habits; when he could not be sure what H. P. Diggleton would do he invented something new for me to do instead.

I admit that as the day approached when I was to become a practically new and unknown husband to Susan I became keenly excited. This was not because I was to be another man but because I knew I was to have in Susan an entirely new wife. I had never been so interested in anything in my life. When the thirteen trunks, containing the thirteen complete sets of costumes Susan was to wear in her thirteen impersonations came into the house and were carried to the storeroom I actually trembled with excitement as I saw them and noticed the huge white numerals painted on their sides. I say thirteen trunks becaluse Amelia Tithers had decided that, month by month, Susan should be thirteen women. She felt that Susan, being a woman, was equal to the task, and by letting Susan be a different woman each month for thirteen months while I ran, so to speak, in a cycle of but six months, it would be many years before the same husband could have the same wife. If, for example, Susan should be Mary P. Miller in August to my H. P. Diggleton, there would be no danger that she would be Mary P. Miller to my H. P. Diggleton the next August, because if Mary P. Miller was wife No. 1, when August came again Susan would be wife No. 13, and the next August she would be wife No. 12. Thus a continuous novelty was as-

On the glorious August morning when our experiment was to begin I opened my eyes and raised myself on my elbow to take a last look-for twelve months-at the old Susan Tulkington. She was not there. leaped from bed, bathed and hurried into the clothes George Tithers had supplied for my Diggleton impersonation and hastened down stairs.

"Your wife?" Amelia Tithers said pleasantly. "Oh, you'll not see your wife this month at all! She is, this month, one of the gaddy ladies who fly from their husbands in the summer. Susan has gone to Newport. thence she goes to Alaska. You can expect her as the second Mrs. Tulking-

I can assert that Susan and I did thin' interestin' all the while, what? | not quarrel that August. In fact, I never loved and longed for Susan as truly as I did toward the end of that month. I wasted, so to speak, my H. P. Diggleton role on the desert air, but George Tithers kept me spurred to the role and I am sure I did well. I made use of all my clubs and I did enjoy them. I played more auction bridge than in all my previous life.

"Gus," one of my friends said. "I hardly know you! You're like a different man. Maybe you didn't know it, but you were getting stupid and stodgy-you were getting in the 'old family man' rut. Well, bld 'em up; bid 'em up!"

I met, toward the end of August, a banker from Nome. He had met Susan at Portland

"Some wife!" he said enthusiastically. "Some lively lady, Mr. Tulkington! Just shows how folks can be saistaken-Henry Torker, who was down here last year, said your lady was one of these house-broke ladies, one of the nice old family persons. Oh, boy !"

It was with some trepldation that I awaited Susan's return in September. I was grateful to Amelia Tithers for taking Susan fer away while she was the appearance of Hon. Augustus impersonating such a lively lady as Mr.

was impersonating, and I admit that Eve-Eve in the Garden of Eden. 1 I was glad I was to give her tit for tat. | lifted the trunk by the handle and Mrs. Augustus Tulkington, what? It's so to speak, since my September sched- shook it. Nothing! There was abule called for me to be a Winston Bopple, lady killer and flirt. After a few evenings of coaching by George Tithers I was sure I would be able to carry my Bopple role in a manner that would not cause Susan the least monotony, Two or three of the ladles in our assist me in giving the part verisimilitude

When Susan arrived she gave me one kiss and hurried to her room, but Amelia Tithers paused a moment.

"You'll be surprised!" she whispered. Susan is doing It so wonderfully! splendidly. You'll never again think old-thing sort of person. You just walt "

When Susan came down to dinner I Amelia Tithers, with whom I had been doing my best to flirt, and gasped. Such-well, such lack of clothes; Such abundance of long earrings!

"The vampire-type!" breathed Amelia Tithers, "Doesn't she do it well?" She did! For a few September days

I did try to flirt with some of our female neighbors, but before a week was up I found I had enough to do in making love to Susan and in trying to crowd between her and the men who seemed to take her masquerading in earnest. We had one row, with Susan In slithy coils-so to speak-on the Pinise longue, when I told her what hought of her conduct and she called attention to mine, but we kissed and made up like young lovers. The next minute she was vamping old Pentio Penbody, the silly old fool! And I had to make eyes at his stuffy old wife in self-defense. It was, indeed, a hasty and heetle month, as George Tithers said.

"Thank Heaven," I said to George, on the last day of September, "this month is over. I hope Susan is to be something respectable in October."

"I say, you know!" George exclaimed. "You don't know that wife of mine. Up and doing, what? Always a little bit more, what? Spread a bit more sail-that's her motto, if you get me," "You mean to tell me-" I gasped.

"Well, rather!" exclaimed George Tithers, "Upward and onward, so to

He was right; Amelia must have told him. "Well educated show-girl who is Amelia and George came." not just sure she has married the right man," was what Amelia had east you've no time to pack anything; Susan for in October. It was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to maintain my role of a man who regretted his past and was seeking his hard for me to sit with the second volmaking merry with half a dozen brainless noodles while her clothes were practically an incitement to unseemly

said at its close, "I did feel so free. I that I want always to have a few of hope you're to be something retiring in | dear Amelia's trunks to windward." lovember. I'm to be-

"What?" I snarled. I do believe I snarled.

"Wait and see !" soe said. The next evening when I returned from my bank and met Susan I fell into a chair and stared at her. She, who had never used rouge had used it too, too abandonedly. Her gown-I can only describe it by saying that even Mrs. Hinterberry, who goes what is pactically the limit, would have

hesitated to wear if. "Like the countess of Duxminster! Amelia Tithers breathed in my ear,

I shuddered. I had read of the countess of Duxminster; it was she who gave the notorious party at which she lost thirty thousand pounds sterling and then bet all her garments-and lost! And this was but November, and Amelia Tithers' motto was 'Spread a bit more sail,' and there were nine

more impersonations on Susan's list! I closed my eyes and groped for the stair bannisters. When I reached the upper floor I dodged for the stairs that led to the storeroom. There, in a row, were the twelve trunks. Number 4 san's boudoir. For a moment I stood before trunk Number 5. It was unlocked; so were they all. I put my hand on the lid and hesitated. After all I could guess what might be in runk Number 5. I might as well know the worst. I staggered to trunk Number 13,

Now, I trust I am not a coward, but did not dare open the lid of that trunk. A dozen times I drew a deep breath and a dozen times I hesitated. I turned to trunk Number 12, to Number 11.

"Augustus." I said to myself, "be a man! Face this thing!"

I threw open the lid of the trunk containing what was to be, in effect, the tenth Mrs. Tulkington. At first the trunk seemed to held nothing but a few red artificial flowers and some hay, lumped in one small corner. I lifted these. There was nothing else in the trunk! The red flowers, as I looked at them, assumed a meaningthey were a wrenth for the head; the hay was sewed to a narrow band. There was extremely short hay, Pictures of Hawall and the South Sea islands flashed on my brain. I saw my Susan on a sandy beach. In my Imagination I could see nearly all of the beach-and nearly all of Susan! I felt sick; suddenly and extremely sick! So this was to be my wife! This was to be the tenth Mrs, Tulkington! I could feel the cold perspiration oozing out of my pores. Susan in a hay lamp shade and a wreath of red petunias!

I hardly dared turn my eyes toward

solutely nothing in that trunk! And beyond it stood trunk Number 12. And beyond that stood trunk Number 13!

I went down the stairs slowly. Five times I stopped and stood, trying to overcome the trembling of my limbs; summer colony seemed quite willing to trying to regain my usual composure, This unseemly business had gone far enough; trunk Number 10 might do for a Lady Mercedes, but for a respectable American wife-no! The tenth Mrs. Tulkington might please Lord Algy but as for pleasing Augustus Tulkington-no! I met Susan in And our little practice trip came off the hall. I grasped her arm firmly.

"Susan," I said, "I have had enough of Susan as a stodgy, stupid married of this! I have had plenty of Susans." "Augustus!" she cried, and threw her arms around me. "Augustus, I have had more Augustuses than I was indeed surprised. I turned from | could bear. I want just my old Augustus! I want my plain old Augustus!" "And I," I said briskly, "wark nothing but my same old Susan. This whole business has been nothing but blicey. We can vary the monotony of our married existence without committing imitation bigamy by retail and

wholesale." I was tremendously relieved, for I admit now that I had been tremendously frightened. The tenth Mrs. Tulkington had upset me.

"Susan," I whispered firmly, for I was not going to let her come under the influence of Amelia Tithers another moment, "go up to your room, and prepare for a journey-a journey with your own husband. You are going to Palm Beach with your Augustus, a respectable banker and married man. In five minutes the car will be at the door. Hurry-for we have no time to waste. But Susan!" I added as she turned to hurry up the stairs. "Susan! Will you tell me one thing? What was in the eleventh trunk?" "Nothing, Augustus," she said, her

hand on the rail. "And in the twelfth trunk?" I asked with a deep breath.

"Less than nothing, Augustus," said

I shuddered to think of what a wife may be capable when driven to it by deadly routine.

"And in the thirteenth trunk, Su-

san?" I asked hoarsely. "Why, you old silly, my own clothes." said Susan with a laugh; "the clothes I was wearing when

"Oh!" I said stupidly, "Oh! Well, you'll take the thirteenth trunk."

From Palm Beach I sent a large check to George Tithers, and he and Amelia were gone when we returned. solace in good books. It was indeed That was several years ago, but I cannot persuade Susan to allow me to ume of Henry Esmond and see Susan have those twelve trunks thrown out of the storeroom in the attic.

"No, Augustus dear," she always syas, "I know now that monotony is the one great curse of married life, "It has been a lovely month," Susan and I love you so dearly, Augustus,

SMALL FAMILIES THE RULE

Two Wives and Two Children Seem to Be the Limit of the Pygmy's Ambition.

A pygmy family rarely if ever comprises more than four to five persons, A husband usually has only one wife, and never more than two, while two children is the average number, three being considered too big a family to rear. The babies are interesting little creatures, but to me they seemed to compare very favorably with white babies, says a World Wide Magazine

The pygmy makes a good husband and father, though he is not averse to giving his wife a sound beating when her behavior seems to him to merit drastic punishment. Particularly noticeable is the low opinion which most of the tribes outside the forest zone have of these queer little people whose thieving propensities have carned for them classification with pests like the hyena and the jackal. One native spoke of them in my hearing as "wood was not there; was evidently in Su- rats" and spat contemptuously as he did so.

> Britain's Debt to "Scalawags." What chance of success in life had

James Cook, who is honored throughout the English-speaking world as explorer navigator? If he were in his native village today we can imagine him being picked out by some earnest reformer as an example of the hopeless state to which boys "on the land" are condemned. Before he was in his teens he was employed in scaring crows, and when twelve years of age he was apprenticed to a shop-keeper in a little fishing village near Whitby. He was evidently rather a "scallywag" -the British empire owes much to its scallywags-and his master cancelled his Indentures.-London Daily Telegraph.

Most Remarkable Bird.

The heactzin of British Gulana is one of the most remarkable birds in the world. Almost as soon as it is hatched the young hoactzin crawis out of the nest by using its wings as forefeet. The "thumb" and "forefinger" of the wings have claws with which the young bird climbs about the branches. As soon as the wings grow strong enough to support the bird in the air the claws disappear. The New York Zoological park has just got the first specimens ever to be held in captivity.-Youth's Companion.

Just "Line Upon Line."

It is not the spart at the start, but the continued, unresting, unhasting trunk Number 11. I dared not raise Indvance that wins the day.

BACK ACHED TERRIBLY

Mrs. Robinson Tells How She Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Amarillo, Texas "My back was my greatest trouble. It would ache so that it would almost kill

me and I would have cramps. I suffered in this way about three years; then a lady friend suggested that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have had better health since, keep house and am able to do my work. I recommend

work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends as it has certainly given me great relief."—Mrs.C.B.Rose INSON, 608 N. Lincoln St., Amarillo, Tex. The Vegetable Compound is a splendic

nedicine for women. It relieves the troubles which cause such symptoms as backache, painful times, irregularity, tired and worn-out feelings and nervousness. This is shown again and again by such letters as Mrs. Robinson writes as well as by one woman telling another. These women know what it did for them. It is surely worth your trial.

Housewives make a great mistake in allowing themselves to become so ill that it is well-nigh impossible for them to attend to their necessary household

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take



The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. - All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

The Startling Fashions of Yore. He went up with his mother to "help" her clean the attic. He was just five years old. In the course of the digging-out process some fashion magazines of 1895 were unearthed. Upon spying them, he immediately began to turn over the pages.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, when he saw the wasp walsts and flowing trains of a generation ago, "the ladies haven't any legs,"-Kansas City Star.

His Wife's Mortification.

First He-What did your wife say when she read that you were pinched for speeding at 50 miles an hour? Second Ditto-Oh, she had a fit, She's been telling everybody I could do 75!-Judge.

Table etiquette may be learned in the home, but you get all the new wrinkles by dining out.

Back Given Out?

I T'S hard to do one's work when every day brings morning lameness, throb hing backache, and a dull, tired feeling. If you suffer thus, why not find out the cause? Likely it's your kidneys. Headaches, dizziness and bladder irregularities may give further proof that your kidneys need help. Don't risk neglect! Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands have been helped by Doan's. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case



J. A. L. Hilligas, 1420 15th Avenue. Central City, Neb., says: "I had an at-tack of lumbage and I was in prett; bad shape. I had sharp, shooting pains in my sides and all through the pains and all through and all through and all through a small of my back. The muscles in my sides hurt at every move I made. I took two boxes

of Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's straightened me up in fine shape. Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S RIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Ugly Spots There's no longer the alightest need of feeling ashamed of your freekies, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldon that more than an unce is needed to completely clear the fain and gain a beautiful, clear complexion. It sure to ask for the double-strength Othics, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckies.