

THE WATER MILL.

Listen to the water mill
All the living soul
How the clinking of the wheel
Wears the hours away
Lazily the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood shrubs,
And a memory o'er my mind
As a spell is cast—
The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

Take the lesson to yourself,
Loving heart and true,
Golden years are fleeting by:
Youth is passing too,
Strive to make the most of life:
Lose no happy day.
Time will never bring you back
Chances swept away,
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last—
The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of thought and will,
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon your way,
All that you can call your own
Lies in this—today.
Power, intellect and health
May not always last—
The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

—Sarah Doubney Clarke.

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.
"It is better to be regular about it. As the nurse is away I will give it to you."

"Thank you."
"I must go to the window to see how much to pour out. How much do you usually take?"

"A wine-glass two-thirds full."
Paul Morton took the bottle and a glass to the window. As he stood there he was out of the observation of the patient. He poured out the quantity required of the cordial into the glass; but after doing so, he stily added a small quantity of powder from a paper which he drew from his vest pocket. He put the paper back, and re-appeared at the bedside holding the glass in his hand.

"I think I have found the right quantity," he said, but his voice was constrained, and there was a pallor about his face.

The sick man noticed nothing of this. He took the cup and drained it of its contents, as a matter of course.

"Thank you, Paul," he said.
Paul Morton could not find anything to say in reply to the thanks which fell upon his soul like a mockery. He took the glass from the trembling hand of the sick man, and looked into it to see if in the depths there might be any tell-tale trace of the powder which he had dropped into it; but he could see nothing.

"Well I must leave you for a time. Perhaps you can sleep," he said.

"Perhaps so; I will try," was the answer.
Paul Morton left the sick chamber, and shut himself up in his own room. He wanted to screen himself from the sight of all, for he knew that he had taken the fatal step, and that already, in deed, as well as in heart, he was a murderer!

CHAPTER III.

An Unexpected Discovery.
The next day Ralph Raymond's unfavorable symptoms had returned, and he was pronounced worse by the physician. Yet the change was not sufficiently marked to excite suspicion. It was supposed that his constitution had not vitality enough to rally against the steady approaches of the disease under which he was laboring. Paul Morton read from the old medical book which he had picked up in Nassau street, and which, as we know, had given him the first suggestion of the horrible crime which he had determined upon, the following words:

"The patient has been known to recover where but one dose of this poison has been administered, but should it have been given him on two successive days, there is little or no chance that he will survive. Yet, so slow is its operation, that after the second time of administering, it is not impossible that he may survive several days. Cases have been known where the period has extended to a week, but of the final fatal result there can be no question."

"I must go through it again," muttered Paul Morton to himself. "It will not do to fail. While I am about it, I must make a sure thing of it."

He accordingly sought the bedside of the sick man on the next day, about the same time as before. He had watched till he saw the nurse go down to prepare the patient's dinner.

"How are you feeling, to-day?" he inquired, in apparent anxiety.

"Worse, my friend," said the sick man, feebly.

"But yesterday you said you were better, did you not?"

"Yes, I felt better then, but to-day I have a dull, throbbing pain here," and he pointed to his breast.

"Did you not sleep well?"

"Yes, better than usual."
Paul Morton knew that this was the effect of the poison, for it had been referred to in the book.

"I wonder, then, you do not feel better," he said. "I supposed sleep always had a salutary effect."

"It has not had in my case. No, my friend, I feel convinced that I have not many days to live."

"I hope you are wrong. What can I do for you? Shall I not give you your cordial as I did yesterday?"

"Yes, if you like."
Again Paul Morton poured out the cordial, and again, as on the day previous, he filled into the glass a minute portion of the powder.

The sick man drank it.

"I don't know what it is," he said, "but it does not taste as it used to."
Paul Morton turned pale, but he rallied at once.

"Can I do anything more for you?" asked Paul Morton, who was now anxious to get away from the presence of his victim. Strange thoughts came over him when he felt that he had taken a decisive step, which now could not be recalled. He had administered the poisonous powder for the second time, and, according to the medical authority which we have already quoted, there was no longer any help for the sick man, his victim. He might live two, three or four days, possibly a week, though this was not probable in the case of one whose constitution was enfeebled by a lingering malady, but his doom was sure. But he was as truly a murderer as if he had approached him with a loaded pistol, and discharged it full at his temple. Twenty-four hours had made him such.

"There is something I want to tell you, Paul," said the sick man, turning his head on the pillow by an effort, "something which will, perhaps, surprise you, and after that I shall have a favor to ask of you. Will you grant it?"

"Yes," said Paul Morton, "I will grant it. Speak on."

His curiosity was not a little excited by what he had heard. He drew a chair to the bedside and sat down.

"I am ready to hear what you have to say, Ralph," he said.

"You suppose, and the world supposes, that I have never married," the sick man commenced.

Paul Morton started, and he awaited nervously what was to follow.

"The world is right, is it not?" he said hastily.

"No, the world is wrong. Sixteen years ago I married a portionless girl. For reasons which it is unnecessary now to mention, my marriage was not made public but it was strictly legal. My young wife lived less than two years, but ere she died she gave me a son."

"Is he still living?" asked Paul Morton in a hoarse voice.

"Yes, he still lives."

"Then," thought Paul, with a sense of bitter disappointment, "all my labor has been for naught. This boy will inherit Raymond's fortune, and his death will be of no benefit to me."

"Where is the boy now?" he asked.

"He is at a boarding-school on the Hudson. He was early educated abroad, but for two years he has been at Dr. Tower's boarding-school, about forty miles from New York."

"Does he know anything of his parentage?"

"Yes, I went to see him before I came last to your house. Besides, I have thought it well to communicate all the facts in the case to Dr. Tower as it was possible that I might die suddenly, and his testimony might be required to substantiate my son's claims to my estate."

"What is your son's name?" asked Paul Morton, rousing a little from the stupor into which the information had thrown him.

"Robert Raymond. It was the name of my wife's only brother, who had died young, and as I had no particular preference, I allowed her to name him."

"Is he in good health?"

"Yes; happily he has not inherited my constitution. He seems healthy and likely to live long. But I am sorry that he will be left so alone in the world, as he must be by my death. This brings me to the favor I was about to ask of you. In my will I have appointed you the guardian of my boy, who is now between 14 and 15. I think it will not occasion you much trouble. My property, which I have put into solid securities, will amount to \$120,000. Of course, therefore, there will be no occasion for stinting him. I desire him to have the best advantages. As for you, my old friend, as a slight compensation for the trouble you will take, and as a proof of my affection, I authorize you to appropriate to your own use, during my son's minority, one-half of the income of the property, and pay his expenses out of the other half. What there may be over can be added to the principal."

"But suppose—though, if the boy is as healthy as you say, there is little fear of that—suppose Robert should die before attaining his majority?"

"Should that event happen, and, as you say, it is possible, I desire that the property should go without reserve to you. I have so provided in my will."

A flush of gratification mantled the cheek of Paul Morton as he heard this statement. "All is not lost, and then—"

"This is what he thought, but he said:

"Ralph, you are too kind and generous. It is my earnest hope that such a contingency may never occur."

"I am sure of that. I have perfect confidence in you, and I know you will be kind to my boy. He may be here to-morrow morning."

"Here to-morrow morning?" ejaculated Paul Morton in surprise.

"Yes, I requested the nurse to write to him yesterday afternoon, in my own name, to come at once. As I have but a short time to live, I wish to have him with me during the short remainder of my life—that is, if it will not be inconvenient to have him in the house."

"Certainly not. I shall be glad to have him come," said Paul Morton absently.

"I begin to feel drowsy. I will try to sleep," said the sick man.

"Then I will leave you. I hope you may awake refreshed."

Paul Morton walked out of the sick room with his eyes bent upon the floor. He wanted to think over this new and unexpected turn of affairs.

CHAPTER IV.

Ralph Raymond's Heir.

The next morning Paul Morton was sitting at the breakfast table with his wife opposite him. Mrs. Morton was ten years younger than her husband. She had belonged to a proud but poor family, and had married from no impulse of affection, but because she considered Mr. Morton a rich man who could give her a luxurious home. No sympathy need be wasted upon her, for she had very little heart and lived only for ostentation. There had been very little domestic harmony between the two. She had shown herself lavishly extravagant even beyond her husband's means, and any tendency on his part to curb her extravagance was met by biting sarcasm, and an exhibition of ill temper which soon compelled him to surrender at discretion. Mr. Morton, of whose personal appearance I have not yet spoken, was in appearance fifty-four years old, though he was really several years younger. He had lost nearly all his hair, retaining only a few locks on either side of his head. There was a furtive look about his eyes calculated to inspire distrust. He seemed reluctant to look one full in the face.

"Well, Mr. Morton," said his wife, leaning back in her chair, "have you brought me the money I asked for yesterday?"

"No," said Mr. Morton uneasily, for he knew that this reply would elicit a storm.

"And why not, I should like to know?" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "Don't pretend to say you forgot it, for I won't believe any such nonsense."

"No, I didn't forget it. Mrs. Morton," said her husband, "but the fact is, it was not convenient for me to bring it."

"Not convenient! What do you mean by that, Mr. Morton?" exclaimed the lady in an angry voice.

"It is just as I say. Business is very dull and money is tight."

"That is what you always say," said Mrs. Morton, curling her lip.

"Whether I do or not, it is true enough now. I wish it wasn't."

"I only asked for a hundred dollars. Surely that would make no difference in your business."

"That is where you are mistaken. If you will be kind enough to remember how often you call upon me for such trifles, and have a head for arithmetic, you can estimate what they will amount to in the course of a year."

"So you refuse, do you?" exclaimed Mrs. Morton in deep anger.

"I do; and for a very good reason. I give me your reason then. I should like to judge of it myself."

"Then I will tell you without reserve what I had not intended to mention. In all my mercantile career I was never in such danger of ruin as at present. The dull times at which you sneer have proved very disastrous to me. It is all I can do to keep my head above water. Every day I fear that the crash will come, and that instead of being able to afford you this establishment, I shall be obliged to remove into some humble dwelling in Brooklyn, and seek for a position as clerk or book-keeper. How would you fancy this change, madam? Yet it is at such a time you harass me with your unreasonable demands for money. If I am ruined, it will be some satisfaction that you, who have had so much to do with bringing it on, are compelled to suffer its inconveniences with me."

Mrs. Morton turned pale while he was speaking, for she had never known anything of her husband's business affairs, and supposed that such a thing as his failure was impossible.

Mrs. Morton was for a brief time silent. She hardly knew how to answer; at last she said, "There's your sick friend up stairs. Isn't he a rich man?"

"Yes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Victim of Circumstances.
"I am just a unfortunate victim of circumstances," explained the bullet-headed gentleman to the city missionary who wanted to know how it happened that he was in prison.

"Victim of circumstances?"

"Dat's what. Do night I went fur to do dis job dat I got pinched fer, de policeman had a toothache, an' couldn't sleep."—N. Y. Mercury.

Not Very Encouraging.
Johnnie Masher—I dreamt last night that I proposed to you.

Esmeralda Longcoffin—There is evidently a bond of sympathy between us. I, too, dreamed last night that you proposed, and that I rejected you and then my big brother kicked you down the front door steps, and the dog bit a chunk out of you.—Texas Sittings.

Deals Exclusively in Celery.
There is one business man in New York who deals in nothing whatever but celery. He is probably the only man dealing exclusively in celery in the United States, perhaps in the world. He has been in the business eight years, and has built up a large trade.

One Way of Increasing Compensation.
Tom, the bookkeeper—Why do you work so hard? The firm doesn't give you any greater pay for it.

George, the clerk—I know that, but when I'm working I forget how small my salary is.—Chicago Record.

The British Cabinet.
Every member of the British cabinet acts in three capacities—as administrator of a department of state, as member of a legislative chamber and as a confidential adviser to the crown.

REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM PROCLAMATION.

To the People of Nebraska and Georgia.
The voters in the state of Nebraska, who according to the returns of the census of 1890 are 301,500, greet the voters of the state of Georgia, who are 198,127. Here the voters of two great commonwealths of this republic of ours have entered into a co-partnership for the purpose of carrying on civil service reform under entirely reciprocal relations, being purely democratic in its administration.

The head of the interior department, Hon. Hoke Smith, is charged among other things with administering the following section of the civil service act, namely:

(Chapter 28, statutes at large, vol. 22, p. 403.)

"Third, to the public service aforesaid in the departments at Washington shall be apportioned among the several states and territories and the District of Columbia upon the basis of population as ascertained at the last preceding census."

The basis of population is a definite basis for Secretary Smith as a sworn officer in making his appointments. In his report to the senate, May 31, the secretary says that between March 4, 1893 and April 19, 1894, he made 107 appointments from the states.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM PROCLAMATION, NO. 2.

of Nebraska and Georgia. That the combined salaries of all amount to \$80,670. (See Sen. Ex. Doc., No. 105, 2nd Sess. 53rd congress, pages 1 to 13 inclusive.)

To Nebraska, 1, Thomas H. Gillan, a census clerk, at \$720 per annum.

To Georgia, 106 clerks, (not including myself at \$8,000.00) with salaries amounting to \$79,950.

Here the voters of Nebraska have an object lesson in civil service reform.

Georgia in 1892 cast 129,000 democratic votes for the Cleveland electors. If we divide the amount of salaries paid which, including the secretary's salary, is \$87,950, by the democratic vote cast, we find there is returned to each voter in the state of Georgia by way of compensation through this reform movement, \$66 2/3 annually. While in Nebraska the \$720 being the annual salary paid to one clerk appointed, when divided, as an annual compensation to the 24,948 voters, amounts to \$28.2 and a fraction for each democratic vote.

In other words, democratic civil service reform as administered by Hoke Smith paid \$86 dividends annually to the democratic voter in Georgia, while the same dividend to the democratic voter in Nebraska is reduced to the minimum of \$28.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM PROCLAMATION, NO. 3.

If it were not for the possibility of involving the civil service bureau in what might appear to be the disreputable business of meddling with progressive politics, we would suggest that they incorporate in their next annual report a short chapter explaining to the people of Nebraska the glorious benefits of democratic control and civil service reform as enunciated by Grover Cleveland and Hoke Smith.

Markets of the Free.
The British market is as free to America today as to all the rest of the world. It is open to the wheat-producers of the United States just as it is open to the wheat-producers of Canada, Russia, India, and all other wheat-producing countries.

The English consumer will make the best bargain he can, regardless of the country from which he purchases. Englishmen usually buy, not out of gratitude or kindness for those with whom they deal, but where they can secure the best bargains, but it sometimes happens that they prefer other countries than the United States as their customers, for truly the United States has caused them more anxiety in holding their place in the markets outside of Europe than all other countries combined.

No free trader who has happened in public during the present tariff controversy has yet pointed out a single advantage which the United States might expect to find in the markets of the world open to freer than they are today to the product of the North American continent.

Every country, Great Britain included, has some form of tariff or custom house laws, none of which appear at present to be burdensome to them, at least no talk of repeal seems to be apparent in the legislative departments of other countries. Canada has strengthened her protective system rather than the lowering of her duties. The United States has one great lesson to learn, when clamoring for the open markets of the world, namely the same rule that gives to the United States an open market, also opens the markets of the United States to the world. While other countries are protected, how foolish it appears to us that we should be clamoring for free trade.

Our markets at home afford us the greatest security. 93 per cent of all products from the ground are consumed by our own people. The 7 per cent of surplus which we offer to other countries must come in competition with a like surplus from other governments. Here the cheaper goods must sell. American wheat produced by the higher wage and higher level of American agriculture, offers its surplus of 7 per cent of its whole product in competition with India's product, produced by serf labor and cheaper system of agriculture.

The reader is cautioned against the fallacy of which some men teach, that because of this one-seventh being our surplus going into the markets of the world in competition with the cheapest products of the world, does not prove that all our products are forced into a like competition. The best proof of this fact is that our protective system prevents the goods of other shores from landing upon our shores this same cheap product with which our surplus competes from coming into active competition by reason of a high protective duty, secured in the McKinley law. A single instance is sufficient to show the operation of this principle.

The returns for the custom house at Detroit, Mich, show that for the year ending June 30, 1889, when there was no tariff on barley, 419,055 bushels, valued at \$250,000, passed the custom house at that point. The McKinley bill, which gave a protection of 30 cents per bushel, went into operation in 1891. The returns for the year ending June

30, 1893, under the operation of this McKinley law show that only 711 bushels of barley, valued at \$295, were entered during the year. Here is an apt illustration of the competition afforded in the markets of the world.

Open markets which are not found save in rare instances, bring the whole product of one country into competition with the surplus product of other countries. The protective tariff laws are intended to prevent this surplus from competing with the amount required for home consumption. Our farmers, therefore, can understand what a wonderful advantage there is to them in the operation of the McKinley law which first gave to the product of the farm a reasonable duty, as it cut off many millions of the foreign competitive surplus, allowing a higher and better rate to the home product in home competition.

Facing Their Folly.
Kansas City Journal.

The tariff concessionists of the senate are now face to face with the vote for the confirmation of their scandalous acts. In their whisky-and-sugar intoxication the managers of the pathwork believe that it will be sent to the house without further change. The demands of the trusts have been satisfied, the price has been paid and the only thing remaining to be done is a mere formality. Free wool, free lumber and the income tax have been retained in the bill to tickle the risibilities of the free traders. Collars and cuffs have been protected to silence the threats of one of the New York senators. Sugar is taxed to pay the debt due the powerful trust. Whisky has been doctored for future uses, and the one remaining procedure necessary to complete the deals is to have the concessionists in open senate certify to their own acts in committee of the whole.

They know the bill is neither fish, flesh nor fowl. They know that in no way does it answer the demands of their party nor fulfill their own pledges made to the people.

They know that the concessions they have made will be of no benefit to the country, and they have never presumed to allege that they were made for any such purpose. They know that, with the single exception of the collars and cuff gift, northern interests have been assailed and the demands of those of the south have been received with favor. The great agricultural interests of the north and west have received no recognition, while the peanut crop, the rice crop and the sugar crop of the south have been treated with the utmost concern.

The bill will never again see the senate in its present form, and the senators know it; but they are self-contained in the consciousness that they have individually and collectively, paid embarrassing obligations, and the future must take care of itself. On the principle that it is not well to "cross a bridge till you come to it," they will trust to luck for a way out of the depths of their folly.

Cleveland and the Democratic Press.

The New York Sun, a reliable and strictly democratic paper, has published the most scathing criticism on Mr. Cleveland's public utterances that have ever occurred in the columns of any party paper against a chief magistrate holding to the same political faith.

The following quotation is from the Sun of June 13, 1894.

We attempted the other day to trace in the published speeches and writings of Grover Cleveland the origin of much of that bitter hostility of labor to capital, of the employed to the employer, which is one of the most unfortunate conditions of the times. The efforts of Mr. Cleveland to emphasize class distinctions to array the less prosperous citizens against their more successful fellow citizens, to excite and increase the discontent which arises from a persistent contemplation of the idea that the superior fortune of another is essentially an injustice and a wrong to the less fortunate, have been too ostentatious and too frequently repeated to leave any doubt as to his purpose. Such provocations to discontent have been at all times and in all parts of the world the chief weapons of socialistic agitator, and the fruit thereof is riot, brigandage, murder, arson, and anarchy.

For nearly thirty days past the country has witnessed an impressive illustration of the practical results of Mr. Cleveland's socialistic teachings. It is no more than fair to present the calendar of disorder in connection with the precepts which a president of the United States has addressed to the misguided, the turbulent and the desperate among the sons of toil:

MAY 1. 1894.—Miners imprisoned in their homes at Uniontown, Pa.; by strikers; one shot dead. A mob of Polanders assaulted and nearly killed a mine boss and foreman at the same place. The mob was armed with guns, pistols and clubs.

Just eight years before these outbreaks, Mr. Cleveland, in a special message to congress, had informed the miners of Uniontown and of Mill Creek that "the discontent of the employed is due, in a large degree, to the grasping and heedless exactions of employers."

The Balance Sheet.
New York Sun (Dem.): If the tariff bill were to become a law as it stands today, the net effect upon the fortunes of the individual American citizen would be this:

No appreciable reduction in the cost of living; no material diminution in the market price of the commodities upon which the consumer now pays his indirect tax for the support of the government; but, on the other hand, a new and hateful tax directly imposed upon every citizen with an income of over \$4,000, and upon every citizen, rich or poor, whose thrift has saved and whose prudence has invested his savings in any of the ordinary ways.

An unreformed tariff and an unnecessary income tax! No gain on one side and on the other, a new, direct, exasperating burden that will make every man who pays the enemy of the party responsible for its imposition.

That is the whole story up to date, as it affects the American taxpayer.

Political Notes.

Democrats persist in referring to the populist representatives in the senate as comprising only Senators Allen, Kyle and Peffer. What has become of Senator Stewart? Stewart has time and again proclaimed his fealty to the populist party and his antagonism to his former associates on the republican side, but the democrats prefer to ignore his own statement of his position. Give Stewart the credit of belonging to the populist party, in which he glories so greatly.

Power of Sympathy.

It is acknowledged that most women possess the quality of sympathy to a remarkable extent. Mrs. Browning possessed this gift; it vibrated on the chord of poetic expression in her. Jane Austin and Charlotte Bronte led retired lives, but they had the power perpetually to pass out of their circumscribed individuality to that of others, and the genius to retain and turn to account the fleeting impressions of their passing contact with individuals. The darlings and the ornaments of society are the women who can throw themselves best into the interest of the moment; if to this sensitive nature belongs a native sincerity, confidence is attracted, friendships are made and retained. Mme. Recamier is, perhaps, the best type of this gift of social sympathy allied to a certain reality of nature. She attracted the best and most gifted of her time. When age had marred her beauty, poverty succeeded wealth, and partial blindness rendered her infirm, her salon in the Abbaye aux Bois was still the resort of eminent men and women of the period. She was not a wit, she was always somewhat shy; but she had the wish to win love rather than admiration, and possessed the tact of drawing out the best gifts in others. She had the genius of friendship, her steadfastness could not be shaken. Sympathy gives an angelic grace to virtue.

Irregular honesty is harder to handle than regular dishonesty.

Love is a creature of circumstances.

I Can't Sleep

I have a tired, worn-out feeling. This means that the nervous system is out of order. When this complaint is made, Hood's Sarsaparilla is needed to purify and vitalize the blood, and thus supply nervous strength. Take it now. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness.

"THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

IS HAPPY, FRUITFUL MARRIAGE."

Every Man Who Would Know the Grand Truths; the Plain Facts; the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Applied to Married Life, Who Would Atone for Past Errors and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Secure the Wonderful Little Book Called "Complete Manhood, and How to Attain It."

Here at last is information from a high medical source that most work wonders with this generation of men.

The book fully describes a method by which to attain full vigor and manly power.

A method by which to end all unnatural drains on the system.

To cure nervousness, lack of self-control, despondency, etc.

To exchange a faded and worn nature for one of brightness, buoyancy and power.

To cure forever effects of excesses, overwork, worry, etc.

To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body.

Age no barrier. Failure impossible. 2,500 references.

The book is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it.

A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote:

"Well, I tell you, that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my new self was born today. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would and it this way?"

And another thus:

"If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Write to the ERIZ MEDICAL COMPANY, 60 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD." Refer to this paper and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any marks, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 14 Large Lion Brand Cigarettes, cut from Lion Cigarette wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.

Woolson Spice Co., 400 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

Davis' International Cream Separator, Hand or Power. Every farmer that has cows should have one. It saves half the labor, makes one-third more butter. Separator Butter brings one-third more money. Send for circulars.

DAVIS & RANKIN BLDG. & MFG. CO. AGENTS WANTED. Chicago, Ill.

FREE! Madame's FACE BLEACH

Applying the Face Bleach, as directed, will remove all freckles, spots