

# Thoroughbreds.

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "The Outcast," "Mooswa," and Other Stories.

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After Crane left the money for Porter's note with Mortimer, the latter took the three \$1,000 bills, pinned them to the note, placed them in a cigar box and put the box away carefully in the bank safe to remain there until the 15th of June, when it became due. Incidentally, Mortimer mentioned this matter to Alan Porter.

Crane, in writing to the cashier about other affairs of the bank, touched upon the subject of Porter's obligation, stating that he had left the money with Mortimer to meet the note when it matured.

The day before the Derby, which was the 12th of the month, Alan asked his day's leave and got it. He wound up by asking his companion for a loan of \$200.

Mortimer had little less horror of betting and his evil influences than Mrs. Porter, but under the circumstances, he would perhaps have complied with the boy's request had he been provided with sufficient funds. As it was, he said: "I don't like the idea of lending you money to bet with, Alan; your mother wouldn't thank me for doing so, besides, if you lose it, you'd feel uncomfortable, owing me money. At any rate, I haven't got it. I couldn't lend you two hundred, or half of it. I suppose I haven't got a hundred to my credit."

"Oh, never mind, then," answered Alan, angrily, stifling up, because of Mortimer's lecture.

"I'll lend you what I've got," said Mortimer. "I don't want it. I can get it some other place."

The next morning it suddenly occurred to Mortimer that Porter's note fell due that day—either that day or the next, he wasn't sure. The cashier, when he asked the question was to look at the date on the note.

He stepped into the vault, took out the little cigar box, opened it, and he handed the crisp paper a sudden shock of horror ran through his frame. One of the bills was gone; there were only two \$1,000 notes left.

The discovery paralyzed him for an instant. He was responsible; the money had been left in his charge. Then he looked at the note; it matured the next day. All the money had been in the box the morning before, for he had looked at it. Only the cashier and Alan Porter knew that it was in the vault.

The whole dreadful truth came clearly to Mortimer's mind with absolute conviction. Alan, infatuated with the prospect of winning a large sum over the Dutchman, and falling to borrow from him, had taken the money.

Mortimer would willingly put the money back himself for Allan's sake, but he hadn't it. What was he to do? If he could find Alan and force him to give up the stolen money, he could yet save the boy. But Alan had gone to Chicago.

Like an inspiration the thought came to Mortimer that he must go after him and get the money before it was lost. He shoved the box back in its place and came out into the office.

Why did not the cashier come, now that he was ready for him? Each minute seemed an age, with the honor of Allan's brother hanging in the balance. He would need money. He drew a check for \$100. A hasty inspection showed that he still had a trifle more than the amount to his credit. Why he took a hundred he hardly knew; fate seemed writing the check. He had barely finished when the cashier appeared. At once Mortimer spoke to him.

"I want leave of absence today, sir," he said, speaking hurriedly.

The cashier frowned in astonishment. "Impossible! We are short-handed, with young Porter away on his trip. You must stay here until the morning," pleaded Mortimer. "My mother is very ill. I've opened up, and Mr. Case can manage, I'm sure, if you'll let me go. I wouldn't ask it, but it's a matter of almost life and death." He had nearly won of honor.

Unwillingly the cashier consented. At 11 o'clock Mortimer got a train for New York. During the wait at the station he had paced up and down the platform with nervous stride. A dozen times he looked at his watch. Would he be too late? He had no idea how long it would take him to reach Gravesend. He knew little of the race track's location.

In his ignorance of a race meet, Mortimer had felt sure he would be able to find Alan Porter without trouble. The true difficulty of his quest soon dawned upon him. Wedged into the pushing, shoving, hurrying crowd, in three minutes he completely lost himself. A dozen times he rearranged his bearings, taking a certain flight of steps leading up to the grandstand as the base of his perambulations; a dozen times he returned to the point, having accomplished nothing but complete bewilderment. One young man he spoke to and declared that he knew Alan Porter quite well; he was a great friend of his; he'd find him in a minute. Mortimer's new friend suggested that they indulge in beer while waiting for the sought-one's appearance, and, waxing confidential, he assured his quarry that he had a lead-pipe cinder for the next race—it couldn't lose. His insistence matured into insistence as Mortimer spoke somewhat sharply to him. Ignorant of racing as he was, he was hardly a man to take liberties with, once he recognized the infringement. The enormity of his mission and the possibility that it might be frustrated by his undeliberate tongue, made him savage. Raised to quick fury by a vicious remark of the tout who held him in leash, he suddenly stretched out a strong hand, and, seizing his assailant by the collar, gave him a quick twist that laid him on his back. Mortimer held him there

quivering for a full minute, while men gathered so close that the air became stifling.

Presently a heavy hand was laid on Mortimer's shoulder and a gruff policeman's voice asked, "What's the matter here?"

"Nothing much," Mortimer replied, releasing his hold and straightening up; "this blackguard wanted me to bet on some horse, and when I refused insulted me, that's all."

The other man had risen, his face purple from the heat at his throat. The officer looked at him.

"At it again, Mr. Bunco. I'll take care of him," he continued, turning to Mortimer; "he's a tout. Out you go," this to the other man. Then, tickled in the ribs by the end of the policeman's baton, the tout dashed from the enclosure, the spectators merged into a larger crowd and Mortimer was left once more to pursue his fruitless search. As he was heading for his room of locality, the stairway, hurrying somewhat recklessly, he ran with disturbing violence full tilt into a man who had started to do it. Now it was pretty much in the hands of fate. He remembered what Alan had said about the Dutchman's certain chance of winning the coming race. He felt that if the horse won Alan would put back the stolen \$1,000; if not, where would the boy get money to cover up his theft?

"What price the Larcen?" he asked of the fat bookmaker.

"What race's he in?" questioned the pencil.

"Dis race, what you givin' me?" "Don't know the horse."

"Mortimer interposed. 'The gentleman means Lauzanne,' he explained. Faust glared in the speaker's face. 'Why th' hell don't he talk English, then? I'm no Chinaman, or a mind reader, to guess what he wants. Lauzanne is nine to one. How much do you want?'"

"'Lay me ten'" asked Old Bill of the bookmaker.

"To how much?"

"An' a hundred, an' me frien' wants a hun' red on a ten."

"I'll do it," declared Faust impatiently. "You hundred to one, Lauzanne," he called over his shoulder, taking Old Bill's money; "an' the number is—"

"25346," answered Old Bill. "Pass him yer dust," he continued, turning to Mortimer. The latter handed his money to Faust.

"Larcen," advised Old Bill. "A thousand to a hundred—Lauzanne, win; an' the number is—" he stretched out his hand, held, turning over Mortimer's dangling badge, read aloud, "25347."

He took a sharp look at the two men; his practiced eye told him they were not plungers; more of the class that usually bet \$10 at the outside. They were evidently betting on information; two \$100 bets coming together on Lauzanne probably meant stable money.

"Let's get out, mister," cried Old Bill, clutching Mortimer's arm.

"Don't I get anything a receipt, or—"

"You won't need nothin' to show for this money," he said.

"We'll be round at the back in a few minutes for a couple of thou''," started Old Bill. "Let's cut through here," he added to his companion, making a passage between the bookmakers.

"Bill's knowledge of the local geography was good, and, skirting the crowd, they were soon out on the lawn.

"Let's watch the parade," Mortimer's adjutant suggested, and he led the way down the course, where they stood against the rail, waiting.

The mob agitated itself in various. Sometimes he and Old Bill were carried almost across the building by the wash of the living tide as it set in that direction, then an undertow would sweep them back again close to their starting point. The individual members of the throng were certainly possessed of innumerable elbows, and large jointed knees, and boots that were forever tacking at his heels or his corners. They seemed taller, too, than men in the open. Strive as he might, he could see nothing; nothing but heads that topped him in every direction. Once the proud possessor of a dreadful cigar of unrivaled odor became sandwiched between him and Old Bill. He was down wind from the weed and his worker and the result was all but asphyxiation.

The man at the gate raised his eyes from scanning Lauzanne to the rider on his back. It was just a look of languid interest in the apprentice boy Dixon had put up instead of such a good jockey as Redpath. The face riveted his attention; something in the line of the cheek recalled a face he had constantly in view.

"For an instant I thought that was Alan Porter on Lauzanne," he said to Langdon, who was at his elbow. "A strange fancy—"

"I'm going up to the box to watch the race."

"It's all right but the win now," said Mike to Dixon. "I'm gosh' in by the judge's box to watch the finish. You'll be helpin' the boy pass the scales, Andy."

As Allan passed the judge's stand in the parade, she cast a quick furtive, lifted up in pitiless prominence. Would any one detect her at the last moment?

Hanging over the rail in the very front she saw a pale face that struck a chill of fear to her heart—it was Mortimer's. She had not been enough of his being there. She had eluded the close scrutiny of all the others who were likely to recognize her, but there, within ten yards, were eyes almost certain to penetrate her disguise.

The girl turned her face away. She knew Mortimer well enough to know that if he did recognize her he would make no sign.

"That's our horse," declared Old Bill, as Lauzanne passed. "He's all right, but your life; he's fit ter go all day. The geeser as trains him ain't no mug. Let's go up to the stand where we can see the whole show. Then we'll come down and cash it. Say, pard, if it goes through I'll blow you off to a bottle of the best. Wine ain't none too good for this coup."

Altogether it was as though fate had found a double in the ancient clothing of Old Bill, and was using them as a protective agent to ward off evil from both Mortimer and the girl.

As they jogged toward the starting post Allan looked Lauzanne to lag. She wished to avoid a double, but the Indian was a horse of uncertain temperament and presently, with a foalish side rush, he cannoned fair into Lauzanne. In the melee Redpath looked full into Allan's eyes at short range, his face went white in an instant. Love eyes are wise eyes, and he knew it.

"You!" he cried, pulling hard at his horse's mouth. "It's you, Miss—"

He stopped suddenly. "God! I'm glad I know this," he jerked between set teeth, as he thought the Indian who was nearly pulling him up by the saddle.

"It's because he'll allow for you, isn't it? You didn't think I was a wrong one; it wasn't because you couldn't trust me; you took the mount away, was it?"

The Indian, quitted by the sleep cheat, was going straight ahead. "No," he answered Lauzanne would give him running for any one but me," the girl answered.

The boy remained silent, thinking over why he was on the Indian. There was a certain moral, obligity about his present position. The new light of his discovery showed him this strongly. His feelings had been played upon by the owner of the Indian, at Langdon's instigation. He had been told that the Porters had not given him the mount on Lauzanne because they distrusted him. He had been put on the Indian to make running for the Dutchman. There was nothing really patently dishonest about this arrangement, and Redpath's mind had been dulled to fine discrimination by the idea that he was falsely distrustful.

Presently Redpath spoke with sharp decision, in quick, broken sentences, for they were nearing the starting. "I'm in to make the running, this crook's got no license to win. Don't you bother about him—he'll come out of the race fast enough when he's done. When you want an opening to get gone, just come hang into me—I'll pull out. I'll give you blasted crooks something to stare at. Don't gallop your mount's head off chasing this sprinter—he'll be beat when we swing into the stretch. Don't go wide at the turn—you can have my place. I'll make it wide for something else, though."

They were at the post. Allan had not spoken. She had listened gratefully to Redpath's string of kindly directions. The presence of a friend in the race cheered her. The discovery she had dreaded had come as a blessing.

(To Be Continued.)

down to the position of equal favorite with White Moth, too, for she'll go to the front an' die away after a mile an' a quarter. Just now the bay, an' let the others fight The Indian. But don't loaf an' let Lauzanne get near you, fer he can keep up a puddin' gal it day. There ain't nothin' else in the race I'm afraid of. There ain't one of them can last a mile and a half."

Then he added with a disagreeable chuckle—it was like the slobbering laugh of a hyena—"I mix my guess if the boy on Lauzanne kills himself tryin' to win anyway. He seems a fair lad, but you can ride rings around him, Bill."

"I'll put up a good ride on The Dutchman, an' I think we'll catch the judge's eye," replied Westley. "It doesn't seem to stand for it that a stable boy on a bad horse like Lauzanne is goin' to beat me out."

"The boss says you're to have \$5,000 fer winnin'. Westley, so don't make no mistake. I wasn't goin' to tell you this afore you went out, fer hear, I'd make you too eager. Many a race has been thrown away by a boy bein' too keen, an' makin' his run too early in the game, but you're a good head, and you might as well know. There's the bugle; get up."

The eager hands stripped the blanket that had been thrown over The Dutchman. Westley was lifted into the saddle, and the gallant bay led out by Langdon.

In front strode White Moth. One by one, the others, and last, seventh, Allan's fatal number, lagged Lauzanne, lastly leading along as though he regretted leaving the stall.

Allis gave a little start and turned her head away as Crane, pushing through the others, stood just inside the stall and spoke to Dixon.

"Your horse looks very well. I hope you win if I don't."

"He's as good as we could make him," answered the trainer, as he adjusted the weight cloth.

"I miss Porter here?" were Crane's next words, quite in the tone of a casually interested friend.

"She may be in the stand," Dixon answered without turning his head. Mike had deliberately interposed his body between Allan and the trainer. To the girls' relief, without further comment, Crane quietly moved away.

"Excuse me Al, fer standin' in front av you," said Mike, "but these outsiders is enough to make a boy nervous the way they stare at him. Alan Porter was in the paddock a minute ago askin' for his sister, but I hustled him out, tellin' him you—I mean she, was in the stand."

"Thank you, Mike, you're a good friend in a pinch," replied the girl, gratefully.

Dixon had never taken so much care over the preparation of a horse for a race in all his life, and at last everything was as perfect as it could possibly be made.

Lauzanne's behavior gladdened the girl's heart. He was as supremely indifferent of the adding of the staring of the people, of the scent of battle that was in the air, of the spring air, as though he were in his own stable at home. Not a muscle of his huge flank trembled. Once as the bride rein was loosened for an instant he half turned in the stall, curved his neck and stretched his golden nozzle toward the small figure in blue silk, as though he faint would make sure by scent that one of his natural enemies, a man jockey, had not been thrust upon him. Allan understood this questioning movement, and, stretching out her hand, rubbed the gray velvet of his nose. But for the restraining rein, tightened quickly by the boy who held him, Lauzanne would have snuggled his head against his little mistress.

"They understand each other," said Dixon to Mike in an undertone; "we'll get all that's in him this trip."

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(To Be Continued.)

# Rheumatism and Neuralgia

These Most Painful Diseases can be Quickly CURED by using "5-DROPS" AN INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL REMEDY.

SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" cures Rheumatism in any of its forms or stages of development. Applied externally it affords instant relief from pain. Taken internally it rides the blood tissues and joints of the uric acid and other poisonous matter which are the cause of the disease. This is the only correct method of treating this disease, and the only way in which a permanent cure can be obtained. "5-DROPS" never fails to cure Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago. It has effected more cures of the above named ailments than all other remedies combined. It has never failed to cure even the most obstinate cases.

SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" will stop Neuralgic pains instantly. It is an external and internal remedy which affords quick relief and effects a permanent cure. In Neuralgia the nerves are inflamed, they throb and shoot from congestion and arrested circulation. "5-DROPS" hastens circulation, quiets the nerves and the pain stops. It will quickly restore the nerves to their natural healthy condition. It is an absolute cure for Neuralgia in any of its forms. No matter how bad the case may be, it must succumb to the all powerful influence of "5-DROPS."

E. E. GRIMM, Swanton, Ohio, writes: "For about two years I have been afflicted with Rheumatism of the shoulders and back. At times it was so severe that I could not sleep nights and I could not hardly put my clothes on alone. These attacks occurred whenever the weather changed. About two or three months ago I saw an advertisement of your '5-DROPS' and sent for a bottle. I began to use it at once. Since then I have not felt a pain of Rheumatism. This probably may seem exaggerated, but it is the truth."

MISS NELLIE V. BELL, Tulsa, N. C., writes: "I want to tell you that I believe '5-DROPS' saved my life. I had Neuralgia and nothing did me any good. I became worse all the time and was in a terrible condition. As soon as I commenced using '5-DROPS' I improved and am now well. '5-DROPS' is a wonderful medicine. It can never praise it too highly for it has been a God-send to me."

SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" WILL CURE Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble, LaGrippe, Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Asthma, Catarrh, Nervousness, Backache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gravel, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness, Sleeplessness, Eczema, Scrofula and All Blood Diseases.

NOTICE. "5-DROPS" is perfectly harmless and can be taken by a child as well as an adult. It is entirely free from alcohol, opiates, salicylates or other injurious drugs. If "5-DROPS" is not obtainable in your locality, order direct from us and we will send it prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle free, postpaid.

SENT FREE. A trial bottle will be mailed free of charge to every reader who sends in this coupon upon request. Cut out the coupon and send it to us with your name and address. Write today. Large Size Bottle (300 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists. Ask Your Druggist for the "SWANSON PILL," a sure cure for Constipation. PRICE 25 CTS. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 LAKE STREET, CHICAGO.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY. CONNUBIALITIES.

New York City has 150,000 organized workmen. The South Wales Miners' federation has the membership of 120,000. It takes the constant labor of 60,000 people to make matches for the world.

It is estimated that there are over 23,000 union electrical workers in North America. Railroads in this country employ over 1,000,000 people at an annual cost for wages and salaries of over \$600,000,000.

An increase of 20 per cent has been granted the machinists of the Atlantic Coast Line in the Florence (S. C.) shops. The International Brotherhood of United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America has secured a 10 per cent increase for its members.

It is estimated that there are 800,000 workmen in the United States. The American Federation of Labor has 1,000,000 members. The United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America has 1,000,000 members.

The date set for the wedding of Bishop Potter to his second wife, Mrs. Potter, is October 15. The ceremony will be performed in Christ church, which is within a stone's throw of Mrs. Clark's elegant country house, Penn-Field.

Hector Stephens, aged 71, and Mary Samuels, aged 65, were married Saturday evening at Apalachee, Pa. Forty years ago Stephens loved Mrs. Samuels. He later went to Nevada and she followed. Mrs. Samuels also married. Recently both lost their early partners in life. Correspondence between them followed and they decided to marry. Stephens drove a team from Nevada to Pennsylvania to meet his affianced bride. Not often is love of a business carried so far as that sloping Denver maker of artificial legs has carried his. He made the slight hitch as to the legal age of high contracting parties he will require them to make affidavits. There are too many silly, thoughtless marriages," says the justice, "and I don't propose to cater to such madness."

Miss Nellie M. Brown, for some time a teacher in the government school at Chicago, has been married to Fred Medicine Crow, a full-blooded Indian, at the Crow Creek reservation, Washington, which was the home of her father. She had been married to a man named Chaska, the Sioux—a union which turned out deplorably.

What Milwaukee and St. Joe are to Chicago in the way of elevators Jersey City is to New York, and Justice of the Peace Roe of the latter named place has tied a great many hurried knots. He has just announced, however, that when he has the slight opportunity as to the legal age of high contracting parties he will require them to make affidavits. There are too many silly, thoughtless marriages," says the justice, "and I don't propose to cater to such madness."

It has remained for a Chicago bank, according to newspaper reports, to fix not the date of its liquidation but the date of its liquidation. The bank has been in the hands of receivers for some time. The liquidation is expected to be completed in a few days.

Chicago News: "Mother writes that she is coming to spend a few weeks with us. Patient—But I can't stop these overs. Our business requires constant attention, and I must have an income. You know, my dear, that I have a right to my own money. My mother-in-law has a right to her own money. My mother-in-law has a right to her own money. My mother-in-law has a right to her own money."

# The Kidney's

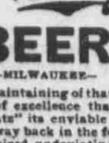
Trouble begins with the back, 'Tis the first symptom of kidney ills. The aches and pains of a bad back Are the kidneys' call for help, Neglect the warning, Urinary disorders—diabetes—Bright's disease. Quickly follow.

Doan's Kidney Pills A remedy for kidneys only. Will cure every kidney ill. Any bladder trouble. Endorsed by Omaha people.

Mr. J. Plick of 1006 Cass street, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy I ever used for kidney complaints. A friend of mine recommended them to me and I cured them at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. I was troubled for several years with sharp pains when stooping and the irregular action of the kidney secretions, especially at night, caused me much misery. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me complete satisfaction. They are so mild you hardly know you are taking them, yet they cure. I have advised friends to use them and in all cases good results were obtained."

At All Drug Stores, 50 Cents—Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

As Pure and Good as the most artificial epure could desire



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—MILWAUKEE—

The maintaining of that high degree of excellence that won for "Blatz" its enviable reputation "way back in the forties, has required undeviating care in the selection of materials, matured into the constant attention of the most skilled masters of the brewer's art.

**BLATZ MALT-VIVINE**  
(Non-Intoxicant)  
Summer Tonic  
Contains no Diastase

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