The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She finds evidence that leads her to believe that the man is John Revell Charnock of Virginia, and that he was cast ashore when a child. Katharine Brenton was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the sex problem attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire becomes infatuated with her and they decide to put her theories into practice. A few days on his yacht reveals to her that he only professed lofty ideals to possess her. While drunk he attempts to kiss her. She knocks him down and leaves him unconscious and escapes in the darkness in a gasoline launch. During a storm she is cast ashore on an island. Three years' teaching gives the man a splendid education. Their love for each other is revealed when he rescues her from a cave where she had been imprisoned by an earthquake. A ship is sighted and they light a beacon to summon it. Langford on his yacht, sights the beacon and orders his yacht put in. The woman recognizes the yacht and tells her companion that a man on board had injured her in the greatest way. Langford recognizes Katharine. He tells the man that she had been his mistress and narrowly escapes being killed. An American cruiser appears. Officers hear the whole story and Langford asks Katharine to marry him. Katharine declares that she will marry no one but her island companion. The latter says he still loves her but that the revelations have made a change. Katharine declares her intention of remaining alone on the island, saying Charnock had failed when the test came.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

And then he discovered that he wanted her more than he had ever desired her before; that she was more necessary to him than ever he had dreamed she would be; that here was no question of honor or duty, indeed, but of love, overwhelming, obsessing. And then he admitted that she was purity, even holiness itself; that he had behaved to her like a cur; that he had been neither grateful, nor kind, nor tender, nor loving. He began to wonder fearfully if, after having failed so egregiously and terribly, there was any possible chance that she would ever care for him again. Fate had brought her into intimate contact, he realized, with two men. One had treated her outrageously in the beginning and had nobly made amends. He hated Langford, and yet his sense of justice forced him to admit that he had played the man at last, while he, the islander, had treated her outrageously and in the end had played the fool. Was there a chance that she would forgive him?

The desire to see her, to plead with her, to beg her forgiveness—not a low desire or a base one, he thanked God — was so great that he could no longer sustain it. He rose to his feet and looked out of the open port hole. The dawn was graying the east. Attired as he was in the loose shirt and trousers in which he had lain down, which were not unlike the tunic that he habitually wore, save that they were of soft, luxurious silk, he opened the door of the cabin, stepped out through the silent wardroom—he had the natural savage art of treading without a sound—ran lightly up the companion ladder and stepped upon the deck. The officer of the watch and his midshipman did not notice him. Their eyes were elsewhere. He ran swiftly across the deck and stopped at the gangway. A marine stood there and started forward as he approached.

"That's my island," said the man. "I'm going to swim off to it, and I don't wish to be followed."

"It's a long swim, sir," ventured the marine, scarcely knowing what to do.

He stepped fairly in the gangway as if to bar the exit.

"It is nothing to me," said the man. "Stand aside."

"Mr. Hopkins!" called the marine, turning toward the officer of the deck.

"Aye, aye," came from Mr. Hopkins as he turned and started forward to the gangway.

The next moment the man had seized the marine in a grip which left him helpless, lifted him gently out of the gangway, dropped him carelessly upon the deck and had flashed through the air into the water.

By the time Mr. Hopkins reached the gangway the half-dazed marine had risen to his feet.

"What is it?"

"Why, it's the castaway, sir, the wild man that we brought ashore today."

"Well."

"He said he wanted to swim to the shore and did not want to be followed."

"Why didn't you stop him?"

"I did try, sir, but he picked me up as if I had been a baby and threw me aside and went overboard."

The officer was in a quandary. He had received no orders to prevent the man from going out of the ship. He was not quite sure what his duty was. At any rate, he turned to the boatswain's mate and bade him call away a crew for the cutter swinging astern. He directed the coxswain to bring the boat to the gangway and then sent the midshipman of the watch below to report the matter to the captain and ask his orders.

Capt. Ashby, as it happened, was awake. He came on deck immediately in his pajamas and received confirmation of the midshipman's extraordinary story from the watch officer. It was light enough now for the waters and the shore clearly to be seen. The captain stared over the side. He could make out the man's head swimming through the opening in the barrier. He could see the splash that he made in his rapid progress through the quiet seas.

"Mr. Hopkins," he said, after a moment's thought, "tell Mr. Cady—the midshipman of the watch—to take the boat and follow after. If the man gets safely to the shore, they are not to disturb him but to come back and report to me. If, on the contrary, he needs help, they are to take him aboard and bring him back to the ship."

So much time was lost in these various maneuvers, however, that when the order was carried out the boat had scarcely reached the entrance to the barrier when they saw the islander stepping through the shallow waters to the beach. There was, therefore, nothing for Mr. Cady to do but come back and report the matter to the captain. When he reached the deck of the cruiser he found the executive officer with the chaplain and the surgeon who had been summoned from their berths in consultation with the captain. By Mr. Whittaker's advice, he and the chaplain were immediately sent ashore to see what had happened and what was to be done.

There was considerable anxiety in the minds of the quartet who had been dealing with the affair heretofore as to what conditions might be. They did not know the man. They did not know what he might be doing, or to what danger the woman, whom they all pitied most profoundly, might be exposed. Of all with whom he had come in contact, the lieutenant commander and the chaplain were those who would have the most influence over the man of the island, hence they were dispatched to the island.

Another boat crew was therefore called away and the two gentlemen were rowed ashore. It was not yet sunrise but still sufficiently light to enable them to proceed. They were at a loss at first what to do, for they had not yet had opportunity for exploring the island. They had learned that the cave in which the woman dwelt was upon the other side and that hills rose between the landing place and her abode. They knew, of course, that they could get to it by following the shores of the island, but they had a reasonably accurate idea of its size and they knew that that would take a great deal of time. Time was precious. They were becoming more and more fearful with every moment.

They decided, therefore, to chance a direct march over the hill and across the island. By great good fortune they stumbled into the path which was now sufficiently defined in the growing light to enable them to follow it. They climbed the hill as rapidly as was consistent with the strength of the chaplain, who was a rather old man, and then having reached the top went down the other side almost at a run.

As they broke out from under the palm trees, they saw a dark object in the gray dawn lying upon the sands at the water's edge. It was a human being undoubtedly. As they ran toward it with quickening heart beats they recognized it as the man. He was lying motionless as if he had been struck dead. In a brief space they reached him. The lieutenant-commander knelt down by his side and turned him over upon his back. He was as senseless as if he had been smitten with a thunder bolt.

"Is he alive?" asked the chaplain, bending over him.

Mr. Whittaker's hand searched his heart.

"It beats feebly," he said. "He seems to have fainted, collapsed in some strange way. I wish we had brought the surgeon. I wonder what can be the cause of it?"

"Look!" said the chaplain.

He pointed to a little heap of something dark on the sands a foot or two away.

"What is it?" asked the officer.

The chaplain stepped over to it.

"It is the clothes of the woman," he said in an awe-struck voice, "and that Bible we were to take away with us with the other things but which she said she would give us in the morning."

"Great heaven," exclaimed Mr. Whittaker, "you don't think—"

At the same instant the same thought had come to both men.

"It looks like it," said the chaplain with bated breath. "Poor woman, may God help her!"

"That is what is the matter with him," returned the lieutenant-commander. "He has sought her in her cave and has not found her. He has discovered these things and he knows that she is gone. The shock has almost killed him."

"What is to be done now?"

Here the man of action interposed.

"Do you watch by him, chaplain," said the lieutenant-commander, rising. "I will go back to the landing upon the other side and send for the doctor. Then we will bring a party ashore and search every foot of the island. It is a bad business. To think of that woman offering herself to this man in vain. The fool!"

"Don't," said the chaplain. "He is not much more than a child in spite of all that he has learned. We must make allowances for him. He did love her, evidently. Look to what her loss has brought him. Perhaps stricken by the hand of God his soul has gone out to meet hers."

"Well, we must fight for his life anyway. Do you stay here. I will be back in a short time."

The lieutenant-commander rose to his feet and started back across the island without another word.

The chaplain composed the members of the stricken man, putting him in a comfortable position on the warm sand, then knelt down and began to pray. It seemed a long time to the waiting priest before his shipmate returned, and yet but a short time had elapsed. He came up panting from the violence of his exertions.

"I have sent the cutter back for the surgeon. I told the men to row for their lives. I gave the midshipman in charge an account of what we had found and begged the captain to send parties ashore to search the island. What of the man?"

"He breathes still," said the chaplain. "I should think he was in some kind of syncope. His heart evidently was affected. He has had no preparation for such violent strains. The things which are usual and ordinary with us and which, I take it, indurate us to the greater things of life have been conspicuous by their absence in his case and he has not been able to bear up under the sudden shock."

Lying Upon the Sands.

"Those clothes, have you examined them?"

"No," said the chaplain, "it has been too dark in the first place, and—"

"I will look at them," said Mr. Whittaker. "Perhaps we may find some new clew in them."

The lieutenant-commander stooped over the pathetic little heap of worn garments. There were the blouse, the skirt, the stockings, and the worn and torn white shoes. The Bible lay upon them as if to weigh them down, and they had been placed well above the reach of the highest tide. The tide was then just coming in to the island. The Bible had been opened and laid face downward on the clothes. Mr. Whittaker lifted it up reverently. He observed as he did so that his own pencil, which he had left, he now remembered, with the woman, lay beneath the open book. On the blank leaves between the Old and New testaments something was written. No mention of any writing had been made in the affidavit of the night before. He lifted it, turned his back toward the east where the sun was just on the verge of rising, and studied it out.

"Do you find anything?" asked the chaplain.

"There is writing on this page," said the younger man. "I can just make it out."

"Man," he read slowly, studying each word in the dim light, "I loved you. In one sense, in your sense, I was unworthy of you, perhaps, but not in mine. You alone had my heart. The past was a frightful mistake for which I should not be blamed, but for which I must suffer. I tried you with the world by your side. The world was kind, but you were not. You broke my soul and killed something within me which I had thought dead, but which you had revived. No power could revive it again. I cannot marry Langford, for I do not love him. I will not marry you, for you do not love me. I will not go back to the world now. I have no desire to do so and I cannot live alone with you upon the island. You will not go without me, and so I will go first by myself alone. You will think of me, I know, in the great world. Perhaps you will judge yourself harshly, but I do not judge you at all. You did not know, you did not understand. It came too suddenly upon you. You cannot forget me, but do not repine over me and remember to the very last that I loved you. Good-by. May God bless you, and may he pity me!"

Underneath she had written the impersonal name which he had loved to call her, "Woman."

So characteristic was the letter that that superscription was supererogatory thought Mr. Whittaker. Only a woman could have written it. She had gone out of his life, because with her in it there was no solution of it for him, because—how pitiful it sounded there in the gray of that morning in that lone island to those two men!—because he did not love her. And she had gone out of it with excuses for him on her lips and love for him in her heart. No wonder that, divining this which he had not seen, realizing only that she was gone, he had been stricken as he was.

The doctor arrived presently. He ordered the man, still unconscious, to be taken back to the ship where he would do what he could toward reviving him and pulling him through this great and terrible crisis that had come upon him. The chaplain went with him, conceiving his duty to be in attendance upon the living rather than searching for the dead.

The captain, with the other officers, brought 100 men to the shore. The island was systematically searched. It was all open. There was no place of concealment, but not a foot of it was left unvisited. Again and again the men traversed the island. They found nothing, absolutely nothing. The woman had vanished and left no trace.

In the search, and made quite frantic by the necessity of it, Langford joined. Indeed, he would not be persuaded that the woman he had treated so badly, whom he had hunted so determinedly, whom he had loved so truly, who had rejected him finally, was dead, but even he gave up at last.

Taking with them the evidence to substantiate the woman's affidavit and to establish, if so be it were possible, the man's claim and taking with them also the bones of his mother, not forgetting what remained of the faithful dog, which the captain caused to be exhumed from the ruined boat, as night fell the Cheyenne steamed away to the northeast, followed not long after by the Southern Cross. The two vessels went slowly, as if the souls that animated them were reluctant to leave the gemlike island where they had chanced upon so much that was idyllic, so much that was romantic; and where they had seen so great a tragedy of misfortune and despair.

Below in the cabin, under the care of the surgeon and chaplain, lay the islander in the frightful throes of a racking fever of the brain. He babbled of the woman and knew not where he was or whither he was being borne.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Resurrection.

The little island lay quiet and still under the rising sun. No footfall pressed its bosky glades, beneath the shadows of its spreading palms, no human being sought shelter from the sun's fierce rays, no words were echoed back from its jutting crags, no figures flashed across its shining sands. Soundless it lay save for the cry of the bird and the rustle of the gentle wind across its hills. For well-nigh 30 years it had not been so abandoned. Two days past it had resounded with the cries of men scaling its heights, crashing through its coppices, calling a name, beseeching an answer. Two days before great ships had drifted idly under its lee. It had been the center and focus of great events. Now it lay desolate, alone.

On that morning the tide which had drawn away from it through the long night had turned and was coming back. The force of the water spent itself upon the barrier. Within the lagoon it lay placid, rising gently inch by inch in mighty overflow. A watcher, had there been one, would have seen at sunrise the still water of the lagoon broken by a ripple, a keen eye might have noticed at the base of the cliff where it ran sheer down into the blue, a dark object moving beneath the surface. The eye could scarcely have become aware of its presence before the waters parted. A little splash and a head rose dark crowned, white faced. There was a sidewise wave and shake of the head and a pair of eyes opened. The blue of the water was lightened by flashes of white arms. As the body rose higher under the impetus of strokes, vigorous yet graceful, it could be seen that it was that of a woman.

With ease and grace the figure swam along the base of the cliff until it was joined by a jutting spit of sand which widened and widened into a great strip of beach that ran around the island. Upon this sand presently the shallowing of the water gave the swimmer a foothold. Progress ceased. With eyes haggard, yet keenly alert, the sea, the shore, the beach, the cliffs, the trees were eagerly searched. The long glances revealed nothing. Then the head was turned and the ear listened for sounds and heard nothing. The look of apprehension faded into one of dull relief.

Walking now, the woman in the water made her way toward the sand. Very white she gleamed in the full warm light streaming from the risen sun against the background of the dark black rock. The water dripping from her exquisitely graceful limbs, she looked a very nymph of the sea as she stepped out at last above the high tide line and stood poised as if for flight upon the hard and solid shore. Again she threw about her that quick, apprehensive look. Again she paused to listen. Reassured in that she heard and saw nothing but the bird's song, the wind's sigh, the wave's splash, she ran swiftly toward a blacker opening in the dark rock. She gleamed whiter still in the entrance for a moment and then disappeared. She came forth presently still unclothed, a look of disappointment on her face.

She had many things to do, much to occupy her mind, but the first duty that lay to her hand and the first instinct which she followed was that her nakedness should be covered.

Still warily watchful, still keenly alert, still fearful apparently of interruption or observation, she ran across the beach, her movement as free, as graceful, as rapid as she had been Atalanta herself, and disappeared under the trees. The whirr of birds disturbed might have marked her passage.

After some time she appeared on the top of the high bare hill that crowned the island. She had improvised for herself a covering out of three or four great fern leaves, soft and pliable, which she fastened with palm fibers from shoulder to knee on either side, her bare shoulders rising from the rich greenness like white corolla from its verdant calyx. She went more assuredly, now, party because of the fact that she was clothed and partly because her first rapid survey of the horizon revealed the fact that the ships were gone. She was glad that this was so, and yet when the realization came upon her, she flung herself down on the grassy crest and gave way to voiceless agony. Sometimes there is nothing so terrible, she realized, as prayer granted, as desire accomplished, as undertaking brought to conclusion. The awfulness of success was upon her in that hour. Her ruse had worked. Her object had been attained, yet the achievement gave her no pleasure.

Her own acts had parted her irrevocably forever from the world and the one man in it who was the world for her. He was gone. She who had made him had sent him forth among his fellows. She had sacrificed herself, buried herself alive for him. She felt as a mother might who experiences birth pangs and knows that with every throb of tearing anguish her own life ebbs away, passes into the new life which she ushers into the world and gives to men.

She had long hours for thought in those two days in that cave whose mouth the waters hid. She had schooled herself to face light and life without him when she emerged from her cunning hiding place. She had waited the long period in order to make absolutely certain that they would be gone. And yet, despite herself, a little gleam of hope, a bare possibility that he might be there still, had lingered in her soul and leavened the awfulness of her grief. Now it was gone. It had sunk beneath the horizon even as the ships had disappeared. She had been bitter against him. Her soul had revolted because he had failed. She had told herself that he was not worthy of her. She forgot these things in that profound and desolate moment. She knew only that she loved him. When she could think of other things than he, the mere bodily presence of the man, the look of him, the sound of his voice, the pressure of his lips, the clasp of his arms, she began to realize that as he grew older, unless she was so absolutely mistaken in him as to make all estimate of him mockery, he would realize the falsity of his view, the littleness of his action, and if he were in truth the man whom she could rightly love, his years would be one long regret that he had failed. What would happen when he realized that, when he came to the knowledge that she was indeed all that she had seemed and that he had been nothing that he should? She knew, as she had written, that the man would never, could never, forget her; that wherever he went and whatever he did, she would be present with him; that she had stamped herself too indelibly upon his heart for any attrition with humanity, however close and persistent, to erase the image. He would come back perhaps.

"O God!" she knelt down and stretched out her arms, "bring him back," she prayed—a few short, broken words, lacking the eloquence of long and studied petition, the appeal of the heart every throb of which is a prayer—"bring him back to me!"

She thought that she would have had him back on any terms. She said that she had been mad, a fool, not to have taken him, not to have gone to him, not to have married him in any way, with any conditions, under any circumstances. All her thoughts were merged in one great passionate longing to be with him.

For the first time in her life the pangs of jealousy tore her breast. She thought of him in the world with other men, with other women, young, handsome, a perfect godlike form and

face of man, rich, the wildest romance with its charm and mystery to attract. His story could not be hid, neither could hers. The man would be courted, sought after, made much over, beloved. It would be enough to turn the head of a saint. How would he stand it? Would the recollection of her make him strong? Would that God in whom he and she both had trusted until the crisis came, lead him in the straight path? Would her purity, he sweetness—stop! would he think he thus dowered and possessed? No now, certainly, but every hour that took him farther from her would add to his knowledge and would tell him the truth and these would help him.

She pictured him, not happy away from her, overwhelmed by her death surely, saddened beyond present comfort it must be, yet so occupied that insensibly his grief would be lightened by the only thing after all that makes life bearable in certain contingencies, and that is work. Work! She, too, had work to do.

She rose to her feet doggedly as she thought of that and considered what she could do. Her eyes fell upon the ashes of the signal fire. She contemplated it as the specter of some Hindu woman whose body had been burned upon such an affair might look upon her pyre. It was she who had lighted the beacon. Her hand had called the world to her side. She thought how he had begged her not to do so, how he had declared himself content and happy to live with her alone—the world forgetting, by the world forgot! For the first time she broke down completely. She buried her face in her hands, her body reeled and shook with sobs, the tears trickled through her fingers.

She must make another beacon, she thought. And then it came to her that they had taken away the flint and steel. She had no means of lighting it. That realization developed other thoughts. Her Bible was gone; her clothes were gone, her toilet articles her scissors, her watch, her knife They had taken everything. They had left her nothing, absolutely nothing.

CHAPTER XXII.

Unavailing Appeal.

She slept late the next morning. In the first place being upon the western side of the island, there was no flooding burst of sunlight through the open door to disturb her quiet slumber. In the second place she was so worn out and exhausted, she had had so little sleep in the past three days that imperative nature forced her into rest. She might have slept longer indeed but that she was awakened by a great cry, a human voice calling her name. She opened her eyes and saw within the dimness of the cave a human figure, vaguely white in the darkness. For one fleeting instant she imagined that it might be he, but that hope

So the Dreary Day Dragged On.

was dispelled as quickly as it had been born. She recognized the voice. It was Langford's.

"Kate," he said approaching her more nearly and bending over her "are you alive then?"

He reached down and touched her hand where it lay across the fern leaves on her breast. His touch summoned her bewildered faculties to action. Brushing his hand aside, she sat up.

"It is I," she said.

"You are alive and well?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Tragedy of the Stew

Hungry Curlers Found Their Expected Meat Under Water and Food for the Fishes.

Among the many Americans who spend the winter regularly at St. Moritz, the luxurious snow-mantled Swiss village 6,000 feet above the sea, no one is more popular than William J. Orthwein, the noted American curler.

Mr. Orthwein, at the last meeting of the St. Moritz Curling club, told an amusing story of an Irish stew.

"We were playing Davos," said the ruddy and robust American. "I told the men not to bother about lunches or snacks; I would have a superb Irish stew sent down from the Kulm. The Kulm, you know is famous for its Irish stews.

"Well, the stew arrived before the match was finished and to keep it warm three or four top coats were laid over it.

"Then play ended, and we all hastened toward the great pot of fragrant stew with joyous hearts. But alas! on lifting the coats we found nothing beneath them but a round hole. The pot had melted its way through the ice, and lay hidden under two feet of cold water."

Never Satisfied.

"How do you like this system by which you deposit your fare instead of waiting for the conductor to come and collect it?"

"First rate," answered Mr. Grouch er. "But why don't they go a little further and put in a treadmill so that the passengers can furnish their own power?"

WEAK KIDNEYS WEAKEN THE WHOLE BODY.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his kidneys. Overwork, colds, strains, etc., weaken the kidneys and the whole body suffers. Don't neglect the slightest kidney ailment. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once. They are especially for sick kidneys.

Mrs. George Lajoie, 162 W. Gamble St., Caro, Mich., says: "I had lost in flesh until I was a mere shadow of my former self and too weak to stand more than a few minutes at a time. My rest was broken and my nervous system shattered. Had Doan's Kidney Pills not come to my attention, I firmly believe I would be in my grave. They cured me after doctors had failed."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WELL QUALIFIED.

Squilbob—That fellow over there would make a splendid magazine poet.

Squilligan—A genius, eh?

Squilbob—No, but he has dyspepsia so bad that he wouldn't get so hungry living.

SCRATCHED SO SHE COULD NOT SLEEP

"I write to tell you how thankful I am for the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. My little niece had eczema for five years and when her mother died I took care of the child. It was all over her face and body, also on her head. She scratched so that she could not sleep nights. I used Cuticura Soap to wash her with and then applied Cuticura Ointment. I did not use quite half the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, together with Cuticura Resolvent, when you could see a change and they cured her nicely. Now she is eleven years old and has never been bothered with eczema since. My friends think it is just great the way the baby was cured by Cuticura. I send you a picture taken when she was about 18 months old.

"She was taken with the eczema when two years old. She was covered with big sores and her mother had all the best doctors and tried all kinds of salves and medicines without effect until we used Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. H. Kiernan, 663 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1909."

Clever Joke of Kind King.

King Edward's great nature was illustrated the other night by a London correspondent at the Press club in New York.

"The king," said the correspondent, "was visiting Rufford Abbey, and one morning, in company with his host, Lord Arthur Savile, he took a walk over the preserves.

"Suddenly Lord Arthur, a big burly man, rushed forward and seized a shabby fellow with a dead pheasant protruding from the breast of his coat.

"'Sir,' said Lord Arthur to the king, 'this fellow is a bad egg. This is the second time I've caught him poaching.'

"But the king's handsome face beamed, and he laughed his gay and tolerant laugh.

"'Oh, let him go,' he said. 'If he really were a bad egg, you know, he wouldn't poach.'"

A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Yes, Indeed.

Hostess (at party)—Why, so silent, Miss De Muir? You've scarcely said a word since you came.

Youthful Guest—Really, Mrs. Leader, I am having a very enjoyable time, but my father has told me 100 times never to say anything unless I have something to say, and I suppose—

Hostess—But, my dear child, think what a stupid and tiresome thing society would be if everybody followed that advice!

Elbert Hubbard on Suffering.

Elbert Hubbard, editor of the Philistine, says: "Most of the suffering in this life comes from too much work, or too little." He could have left off that "too little," and he would have left it off had he referred to wash-day suffering. There has been too much work on wash day for the women, but now we have Easy Task soap that does the work easily, quickly, cleanly and surely—and does half the work all by itself. It is the cleanest, purest, white laundry soap made and sold at five cents a cake.

At Rehearsal.

Fan—What happens when the bases are full?

Man—A discord.—Stanford University Chaparral.

Hints For Hostess

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

An Announcement Luncheon.

An unusually pretty luncheon was given for a recent bride. The floral decorations were entirely of bridal wreath and American beauty roses. The centerpiece was a large circle of bridal wreath, over which a beautiful double heart of American beauties was suspended. At each plate was a long stemmed "beauty" to which was attached a wee heart-shaped envelope containing the cards of the happy pair. Tall silver candlebras held pure white candles with American beauty shades. The favors were white satin heart-shaped boxes, with a hand-pointed beauty rose and the monogram of the couple in gold. They were filled with heart-shaped bonbons. At the wedding all the attendants wore coronets of bridal wreath and carried beauty roses; the growns were all white. It was a most beautiful and striking processional.

A Sand Pile Party.

An innovation in children's parties was certainly started by a mother of three, whose babies clearly loved company. She sent cards illustrated with "sunbonnet" babies asking a dozen children to come in their "rompers" from 3 to 5. On a bright Saturday afternoon the merry throng appeared to find a load of delightfully clean sand; a set of sand toys for each child and a pail and shovel. There was a low table, a tub of water with which to mix the sand to the right consistency for pies; spoons, cake tins, and shakers to sprinkle "sugar" and "salt." Oh joy, there was a dish of flour for icing.

It was the jolliest, happiest party imaginable. Sandwiches, ice cream, cake (angel food) and lemonade were served and each child took home the sand toys for souvenirs, including the shovel and pail.

A "Cat" Contest.

At a party of the "Spinsters" club, the host passed little programs cut out of cardboard in shape of a cat; the heading was "Cats You Have Met," the following questions were written; the hostess reading the answers later.

1. A dangerous cat—Catastrophe.
2. An aspiring cat—Catamount.
3. A cat that can swim—Catfish.
4. A cat that can fly—Catbird.
5. A cat that will be a butterfly—Caterpillar.
6. A library cat—Catalogue.
7. A cat that asks questions—Catechism.
8. A cat's near relation—Catkin.
9. A cat that is good to eat—Catsup.
10. A horned cat—Cattle.
11. A cat that throws stones—Catapault.
12. A tree cat—Catalpa.
13. A water cat—Cataract.
14. A cat that flavors the grapes—Catawba.
15. A cat that covers acres of ground—Cataclysm.
16. A subterranean cat—Catacomb.
17. A cat that, living, appears dead—Catalepsy.
18. A cat prized as a gem—Catseye.
19. A cat with a cold—Catarrh.

An Outdoor Fete.

A young woman who lived in the country, also near the shore of one of our great lakes, planned this happy day for her friends.

She was entertaining a house party of four, then she issued charming cards bearing a "snap" shot of the house, with the following diversions; from ten to twelve, "tennis," "croquet," "archery;" luncheon al fresco at once; on the veranda until three; surf bathing and beach party with picnic supper at six, Lawn party with dancing at half after eight. The guests took in all or as many of the features as they could, all showing up at the party. The lawn was beautifully decorated with lanterns, fairy lamps and several electric headlights, making it a scene like fairy land.

A few stringed instruments furnished the music. Refreshments consisting of watermelons, ices, fruits, small cakes and bonbons were served on the porch from the dining room that opened out on it by a series of French doors. Automobiles met the trains and took city guests to the station. The men wore flannels and the girls short dainty wash frocks at the dance and all had a glorious time.

Novel Table Decoration.

At a dinner party there was a charming Jack Horner pie made of pink crepe paper, the top covered with pink carnations in the center of the table. Pink satin ribbon went to each place, held down by a wee white porcelain jardiniere in which one pink lily stood erect and stately; beaming against these dainty favors were the place cards lettered in gold. There were nine guests and the effect of the circle of lilies was lovely. The tiny jardineres were filled with earth so the lilies did not fade. This idea may be carried out in any flower. With the dessert course, ribbons were pulled revealing a souvenir for each guest done up in pink paper. They were all characteristic of some fad of the guest and created much merriment.

MADAME MERRI.

Fancies of Fashion

Chantilly lace, or the silk lace of Spanish shawls, is an effective fancy for straw hats.

An exquisite Chantilly scarf for evening wear has some of the designs outlined with gold thread.

A French looking hat is a large leghorn trimmed with lavender orchids and finished with a knot of pale blue velvet.

The use of black lace on white satin chiffon, etc., is general, and here one often finds the addition of the vivid color note in connection with black and white frocks.

White chiffon or net covered with beads of silver, gold or the pure white, is being used as a lining to many of the handsome gowns or waists made of diaphanous materials.

Among the smart buttons shown this spring are those of cut steel, set in colored stones. These buttons are mounted in mother-of-pearl rims, matching the stones in color.

The craze for veiling the frock appears to be as keen as ever, and nearly every smart dress is veiled with chiffon or fine crepon. Royal blue, veiled with black chiffon, is frequently to be seen.

Pretty Hatpins

THE SCANTY NEW SKIRTS.

A Woman Should Well Consider Her Lines Before Wearing One of These Deformities.

The modern fashions with their scanty skirts and tied up look about the heels, does not make for grace and should be judiciously worn if one is not to appear ridiculous.

A woman who dons one of these deformities should not only consider her lines but must go to a dressmaker who knows lines. Otherwise results are deplorable when not laughable.

If you cannot afford to go to the best dressmakers never go in for exaggerations. Put thought into your toilet and remember that if women who are sensible will not refrain from being slaves of the passing mode with no thought of incongruity, women who are vain should.

Go especially slow on the new skirt. Some are impossibly ugly; most are unbecoming, save to the beanpole type, as they cut us in two; and all give women a carriage that is a combination of slide and wriggle which makes the walk of the Chinese woman of fashion with her bound feet an athletic stride in contrast.

The Cretonne Hat.

The new poke bonnet and Corday shapes in millinery are now to be seen covered with flowered cretonne in blended tints—a good hint to the lady of the worn straw hat, for frequently turbans and the crowns and rims of large hats are likewise treated. Flowered ribbons, with spring-like flowers and frillings of lace, are used to trim these hats, giving an appearance quaint, and before-the-wary and yet very modish.

A Cushion Edge.

Scallops—large shallow scallops done in coarse buttonhole stitch with linen floss or heavy cotton—form the attractive edge of a cretonne sofa pillow.

It is advisable to use the natural linen color of the background, as it will be found more effective than the more brilliant colors of the flowers.

LOOK OUT YOU BUSH LEAGUE PLAYERS, MAYORS' SCOUTS ARE WATCHING YOU

Experts Are Roaming Around the Land Hunting for .300 Hitters and "Phenom" Pitchers—Connie Mack Pays $12,000, a Record Price, for Pitcher "Lefty" Russell of the Baltimore Team.

These are the days in which the mysterious baseball scout is roaming around the land. The big teams are looking for players and it is through the work of the scouts that most of them are obtained.

A manager picks up a morning paper and reads how the pitcher of a team in some bush league shut out his opponents without a hit. Or else it may be a story about some outfielder or infielder who in five times at bat got a home run, a triple, a double and two singles.

"Go to Blankville and look at that man Smith," says the manager to the scout. "Get him if you think he'll do."

Then out goes the scout. He lands in Blankville, keeps his identity a secret if possible and buys a seat in the grandstand. He watches the pitcher or fielder as the case may be. It makes no difference whether the man wins that day or not. The scout is an expert and he can tell by the man's actions whether he really is a player or just happened to have one day of phenomenal luck.

Probably other scouts are on the scene. Then it is a case of the highest bid taking the player if he really is the goods. If there is no other scout present the one who is there notifies his boss and the matter is taken up with the owner of the team to which the player belongs. It is against the rules for a big league owner to negotiate with the player direct.

That's the way most of the players are obtained by the major league teams, but when a deal is put through like the one recently closed by Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, and Manager Jack Dunn, of the Baltimore Eastern league team, for the services of "Lefty" Russell, a pitcher, it is generally because of the record the player has been making for himself.

It is reported that Mack has paid, or is to pay, Dunn $12,000 for Russell. If this is true, and it probably is, it is a record price for a player, being $1,000 more than Manager McGraw of the New York Giants paid for Marquard, purchased from Indianapolis. Russell is to finish the season with Baltimore and then join the Athletics. He is said to have a "spitter" that rivals that of Big Ed Walsh of the Chicago White Sox, or the one used by Russell Ford, the new star of the New York Highlanders. If he has he is worth $12,000.

When a player in an effort to compliment young Fisher told the raw-boned Yank that he had shown something during his three innings as pitcher, Fisher calmly answered in a philosophical sort of speech: "Yes; I showed that I had more luck than some of the good pitchers on this club." Another well-wisher asked Fisher how he liked big league pitching as far as he had essayed it. "Just like pitching anywhere else. You've got to pitch all the time and outluck the batter. If you do not, you look bad," he replied.

"Always has there been and always will there be too much fuss made over 'no-hit' games," remarked Addie Joss not long ago. "I mean by this that generally there is too much credit given to the man in the box and not enough to the catcher and to the men in the field; the men who made the 'no-hit' game possible. Strictly speaking there is, of course, no such thing as a 'no-hit' game. The only possible 'no-hit' game would be one in which the pitcher struck out twenty-seven men, in which the catcher had all of the twenty-seven put-outs and in which not even a chance was offered any other of the nine players on the team.

"I doubt if one ever heard a pitcher boast of having been the hero of a 'no-hit' game. He knows too well how he was helped along to fame by the men behind him; knows how large a meed of the praise is due the catcher who coached him along.

"Base hits—some base hits—and put-outs—some put-outs—are so nearly analogous that it is folly to talk of what a pitcher 'intended' when he offers up a certain ball to a certain batter.

"If it is the lucky pitcher's day the ball will be batted straight into the hands of some fielder. If it doesn't happen to be the pitcher's day the ball will be batted a foot or two out of the fielder's reach and instead of an 'easy put-out,' as it is set down in the records, there is 'a smashing double to center.'

"See the point? The pitcher puts up a certain kind of a ball to a batter one day and the batter sends an easy fly to an outfielder. In the next game between the same clubs the pitcher sends up the same kind of a ball. This time it is batted in a slightly different angle and the batter gets credit for a double or a triple.

"Of course to pitch a 'no-hit' game a pitcher must be at his best, but I have worked harder and felt 'fitter,' so to speak, in a game where a half-dozen drives went safe than ever I did in a 'no-hit' battle.

"The average fan does not stop to consider the 'details' of a 'no-hit' game. He sees the cipher in the box score.

"'Ah, ha,' he shouts, 'they never touched him.'

"He overlooks such paragraphs as: "'Hartsel came in like a streak for a shoe-string catch of Graney's liner, in the first,' or

"'Murphy had to go into the bleachers for Lord's long line foul in the sixth,' and so on."

The veteran twirler, Cy Young of the Cleveland Naps, has set a record for others pitchers to aim at, and it is likely that it will be a long time before any of them even equal it. Young, a few days ago, pitched his 500th victory. In 21 years of service in the Major leagues, the great twirler has taken such care of himself that he is

"Cy" Young.

still in prime condition and probably good for a couple more seasons, although it is said he will not play again after this year. He has two no-hit no-run games to his credit in his long years of service and several one-hit victories fill the pages of his achievements on the diamond.

President Barney Dreyfuss says: "I am at a loss to understand how a team that won the world's championship last year could fall off so much in form in such a short time. The remedy is just as far beyond me. It has been suggested that we get new stars, but if those making this suggestion will supplement it with a little information as to where these stars are to be found or procured, I will gladly hand them a fat bonus for their trouble. I tell you this thing is beyond me."

Should George Wheeler make good with the Reds Clark Griffith will have a complete outfield of Central leaguers. "Bob" Bescher, leading base runner in the National league, is in left; "Dode" Paskert, who is leading the league in batting, is in center, and Wheeler will be in right. The Reds also have Dick Hoblitzel at first and Jack Rowan on the pitching staff. Hobbie played with Wheeling in 1908 and Rowan is a former Vet. Wheeler is known in and around the Central as the Sherburn Slugger.

Chance to Fine Suspended Players.

Since Johnny Evers of the Cubs announced that he would be good to the umpires he has been suspended three times for his hot talk to the handler of the indicator. It got so regular with Evers that Manager Chance announced that he would fine the next member of the team who is suspended by an umpire for back talk $1,000. The Chicago fans are wondering if Chance really means it, and they also wonder whether it will make any difference with Evers, anyway. Evers says it will.

Player's Eardrum Ruptured.

Myron Grimshaw of Toronto was hit in the head a few days ago with a pitched ball. The eardrum was ruptured, but is healing nicely and the big slugger will soon be in the game again. Such accidents sometimes take a batter's nerve, but "Grim" is not the kind to be bothered much by the unfortunate happening. Lew McAllister has been hit on the head by pitched balls three times this season.

A. Coakley Refuses to Be Sold.

Pitcher Andy Coakley, formerly with the Chicago National league team, who has been sold to the Montreal team, has announced that he will not go to the Canadian circuit until he gets a settlement of his claim for back salary by the Louisville club. The dispute will go to the national commission if Coakley refuses to go to Montreal, it is said.

Washington Club Buys Star.

Manager Bob Brown of the Vancouver Northwestern league club has announced that he had completed a deal for the sale of Outfielder Charles Swain to the Washington American league team. Swain will remain with Vancouver until the close of the season. Manager Brown has also sold Pitcher Hardner to the Pittsburg National league club.

Indianapolis Sells a Lemon.

Catcher Lee Lemon has been sold to the San Antonio club of the Texas league by the Indianapolis club of the American association. He is not ashamed of being a lemon, like some of the players are.

Scouts Watch Quincy Player.

Pitcher Tretter of the Quincy, Ill., team, is mowing the batters down so persistently in his league that the scouts are beginning to swarm toward Quincy.

Why Lajoie Hasn't Hit Olmstead.

Lajoie, who is leading for that automobile, has not registered a hit off Fred Olmstead this year. Olmstead walked Lajoie four times in nine times at bat.

Wagner Is Saying Nothing.

No one has heard Wagner say a word while all the stories were being sent around the country that he is a disturber.

Davis Back on the Job.

Harry Davis is playing first base again for the Athletics. He has had a good rest and will likely stick to the finish now.

OBEY ORDERS AND KEEP EYES OPEN, SAYS ADAMS

PITTSBURG TWIRLER DECLARES IT TAKES YOUNG PITCHER LONG TIME TO LEARN HOW TO WIN.

By "BABE" ADAMS.

(Copyright, 1910, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The way to win is to obey orders, watch every instant and put your whole strength and ability into the game. It takes a young pitcher some time to realize that he cannot win by his own skill, and the quicker he discovers that he must have the help of nine other men, and their confidence, and to have confidence in them, the quicker he will learn to pitch.

"There is much more to pitching winning baseball than throwing a ball 65 feet. I have been asked to tell how I win, and it may sound immodest for a new man to try to tell such things. You say it is for the benefit of young players, so I'll tell some of the things I learned after coming to Pittsburg. The first thing I found out was that Clarke was boss, and that he knew more about the game than I ever thought was in it. After a few bumpings I learned that Gibson knew a lot more about what to pitch to batters than I did. I think I began to improve as soon as I found out these two things. The next was that I had to have confidence in the team to make it have confidence in me. In baseball words "I wised up."

"Now a pitcher can have all the speed and curves and control in the world and still not be a good pitcher until he gets wise. This Pittsburg crowd plays the game to win, and it is because they work together, hit together, and because each man relies on the others, that they win. At first I thought Gibson made some mistakes in telling me what to pitch. In fact I was wrong most of the time. He taught me what to do with a curve ball, and when the control was good enough to pitch where he wanted the ball pitched, things went right. Sometimes I laugh at myself, remembering the mistakes I used to make (some of

"Babe" Adams.

them I still make). I found out that striking out batters is not the way to win, and that a pitcher must depend rather on making them hit bad balls, or balls where the batter does not expect them to be, than in pitching himself out early in a game, trying to strike out hitters. The pitcher must remember that the chances are the batter is as smart and as experienced as he is, and keep thinking all the time; trying to guess what the batter is thinking, and then pitching something else. It is a big help to a pitcher to look around in a tight situation and see where Clarke, or Leach, or Wagner are playing. A fellow can learn a lot and get a lot of help by taking his cue from them, and pitching the ball where they seem to want it pitched. It gives a man confidence, too, to know he can make that batter hit the ball, and that back of him are a crowd of men who will come to the rescue and save him when he needs it.

I think Gibson did more to make me a winner than anyone else. He is a great catcher, and he rather inspires a pitcher, and makes him do better. In the world's series against Detroit I made a lot of bad breaks in the first game. Gibson steadied me up, and coached me all the way. He had a theory the Detroit team would not hit low curves, and after we began to study them and see how they hit, we fed them low curves, fast and slow, just inside and just outside of the plate, but always low, and we beat them with that kind of pitching.

I think the secret of winning is confidence—not only in the other players and in the manager, but in one's self—and confidence in the others makes a fellow confident of his own ability to deliver.

Ban Johnson Sued for Libel.

President Ban Johnson of the American league has been sued for libel by John M. Ward, who was a candidate for the presidency of the National league last winter. Ward seeks damages for certain remarks credited to Johnson last winter, when the American league leader was backing Heydler and when he was quoted as declaring that he would not serve on the national commission with Ward.

Abaticchio Joins the Doves.

Despite Abaticchio's assertion that he would not report to the Boston Nationals, but would devote his attention to his hotel at Latrobe, Pa., he is now playing short for the Doves.

Watkins Buys Newark Club.

"Watty" Watkins, owner of the Indianapolis club, has bought the Newark club of the Ohio State league. Newark will be used as a farm for the Indians in the future.

Revelle Bought by New York.

"Dutch" Revelle, who has been a star pitcher in the Virginia league for several years, has been purchased by the New York Americans from Richmond.

Armour's Fertilizers

Increase the yield—Improve the quality—Enrich the soil. Every harvest proves it. Can you afford to risk your wheat? Be safe.

Armour's Fertilizers grow the biggest crops. Ask your dealer.

Armour Fertilizer Works Chicago

AN INSURANCE EXCEPTION.

"Now," said the chronic quoter, "a man is known by the company he keeps."

"Say, I'm an insurance policy holder! Please don't class me with the company I keep."

The Good Old Times.

There is a lot of talk about the "good old times." There weren't any "good old times," if you are talking about wash day or house cleaning. Those tasks meant red hands and headaches and backaches and trouble. Easy Task laundry soap would have made them "good" old times indeed. It does half the work in washing and cleaning; it drives the dirt out and not in; it doesn't shrink flannels or streak linens, and it hasn't any rosin in it to rot the fabrics. If your grocer isn't living in the good old times he sells it—lots of it!

There Should.

Fritz the gardener was a stolid German who was rarely moved to extraordinary language. Even the most provocative occasions only caused him to remark mildly on his ill-luck. Not long ago he came back from the city in the late evening after a hard day in the market place. He was sleepy, and the train being crowded, the baggageman gave him a chair in his roomy car.

Finally the train reached Bloomfield. Fritz still slept as it pulled in and his friend had to shake him and tell him where he was.

"I tanks you," said Fritz, as he rose slowly to his feet. The open door of the car was directly in front of him. He walked straight out of it.

The baggageman sprang to look after him. Fritz slowly picked himself up from the sand by the side of the track, looked up at the door, and said with no wrath in his voice:

"There should here be some steps."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Merely a Prevaricator.

A doctor relates the following story: "I had a patient who was very ill and who ought to have gone to a warmer climate, so I resolved to try what hypnotism would do for him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun which would cure him. The ruse succeeded and he was getting better rapidly when one day on my arrival I found he was dead."

"Did it fail, after all, then?" asked one of the doctor's hearers.

"No," replied the doctor, "he died of sunstroke."

He Knew the Kind.

Little Edward, aged four, was an only child. He was anxious for a baby sister, and was talking of it one day with a friend of the family. In the friend's family was a baby girl of one year. The lady said: Edward, you may have my baby; she is pretty and sweet."

"Oh," said Edward, "I don't want an old baby. I want a bran new one wif noffin on but tacum powder."—Red Hen.

Know How To Keep Cool?

When Summer's sun and daily toil heat the blood to an uncomfortable degree, there is nothing so comforting and cooling as a glass of

Iced Postum

served with sugar and a little lemon.

Surprising, too, how the food elements relieve fatigue and sustain one.

The flavour is delicious—and Postum is really a food drink.

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Dentist's Joke.

At a recent dinner of the Authors' club in London to Mr. Owen Seaman, the editor of Punch, Mr. Walter Emanuel, another member of the staff of Punch, referred to the fact that the man with the largest sense of humor he had ever struck was an Englishman—a dentist. He went to him after suffering long with a toothache. He refused to have gas, and the dentist pulled out a tooth, leaving him writhing in pain, and took the tooth to the window, where he laughed quite heartily. He groaned: "What's the joke?" "Wrong tooth," said the dentist.

In the Night School.

Teacher (of night school)—What do you understand by the terms "life sentence?" Give an example of one.

Shaggy-Haired Pupil—I pronounced you husband and wife.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A nagging wife makes her husband forget his other troubles.

FREE Send postal for Free Package of Paxtine.

Better and more economical than liquid antiseptics FOR ALL TOILET USES.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically clean mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c. a large box at druggists or by mail.

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Millions Say So

When millions of people use for years a medicine it proves its merit. People who know CASCARETS' value buy over a million boxes a month. It's the biggest seller because it is the best bowel and liver medicine ever made. No matter what you're using, *just try* CASCARETS *once*—you'll See.

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts & kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts All Season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers or sent prepaid for 20c. HAROLD SOMERS 150 DeKalb Ave. Brooklyn, New York

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Put a Gillette KNOWN THE WORLD OVER in your vacation outfit

WHEELS Buggy Tops and Trimmings, Bodies, Poles, Shafts, Top Buggies, Runabouts, etc. Write for catalogue and prices.

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WANTED Agents to sell household goods and proprietary remedies, spices, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods and specialties in country districts, by wagon; pays $5 per week up. The Mutual Manufacturing Co., Canton, O.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water