WHERE THERE'S A WILL

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF The CIRCULAR STAIRCASE, The MAN in LOWER TEN, WHEN A MAN MARRIES
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SYNOPSIS.

Minnie, spring-house girl at Hope sanatorium, tells the story. It opens with the arrival of Miss Patty Jennings, who is reported to be engaged to marry a prince, and the death of the old doctor who owns the sanatorium. The estate is left to a scapegrace grandson, Dicky Carter, who must appear on a certain date and run the sanatorium successfully for two months or forfeit the inheritance. A case of mumps delays Dick's arrival. Mr. Thoburn is hovering about in hopes of securing the place for a summer hotel.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

At half past five I just about gave up. It was dark outside, and nothing inside but firelight. Suddenly I seemed to feel somebody looking at the back of my neck and I turned around. There was a man standing outside one of the windows, staring in.

My first thought, of course, was that it was Mr. Dick, but just as the face vanished I saw that it wasn't. It was older by three or four years than Mr. Dick's and a bit fuller.

I'm not nervous. I've had to hold my own against chronic grouches too long to have nerves, so I went to the door and looked out. The man came around the corner just then and I could see him plainly in the firelight. He was covered with snow, and he wore a sweater and no overcoat, but he looked like a gentleman.

"I beg your pardon for spying," he said, "but the fire looked so snug! I've been trying to get to the hotel over there, but in the dark I've lost the path."

"That's not a hotel," I snapped, for that touched me on the raw. "That's Hope Springs Sanatorium, and this is one of the springs. You'd better come in and get warm."

He shut the door behind him and came over to the fire.

"I'm pretty well frozen," he said. "Don't be astonished if I melt before your eyes; I've been walking for hours."

Now that I had a better chance to see him I'd sized up that drawn look around his mouth.

"Missed your luncheon, I suppose," I said, poking the fire log. He grinned rather sheepishly.

"Well, I haven't had any, and I've certainly missed it," he said. "Fasting's healthy, you know."

"Nothing's healthy that isn't natural," I declared. "If you'd care for a dish of buttered and salted pop-corn, there's some on the mantel. It's pretty salty; the idea is to make folks thirsty so they'll enjoy the mineral water."

"Think of raising a thirst only to drown it with spring water!" he said. But he got the pop-corn and he ate it all. If he hadn't had any luncheon he hadn't had much breakfast. The queer part was—he was a gentleman; his clothes were the right sort, but he had on patent leather shoes in all that snow and an automobile cap.

I put away the glass while he ate. Pretty soon he looked up and the drawn lines were gone. He wasn't like Mr. Dick, but he was the same type, only taller and heavier built.

"And so it isn't a hotel," he remarked. "Well, I'm sorry. The caravansary in the village is not to my liking, and I had thought of engaging a suite up here. My secretary usually attends to these things, but—don't take away all the glasses, Heb—I beg your pardon—but the thirst is coming."

He filled the glass himself and then he came up and stood in front of me, with the glass held up in the air.

"To the best woman I have met in many days," he said, not mocking but serious. "I was about to lie down and let the little birds cover me with leaves." Then he glanced at the empty dish and smiled. "To buttered popcorn! Long may it wave!" he said, and emptied the glass.

Well, I found a couple of apples in my pantry and brought them out, and after he ate them he told me what had happened to him. He had been a little of everything since he left college—he was about twenty-five—had crossed the Atlantic in a catboat and gone with somebody or other into some part of Africa—they got lost and had to eat each other or lizards, or something like that—and then he

There Was a Man Staring In.

went to the Philippines, and got stuck there and had to sell books to get home. He had a little money, "enough for a grubstake," he said, and all his folks were dead. Then a college friend of his wrote a rural play called "Sweet Peas"—"Great title, don't you think?" he asked—and he put up all the money. It would have been a hit, he said, but the kid in the play—the one that unites its parents in the last act just before he dies of tuberculosis—the kid took the mumps and looked as if, instead of fading away, he was going to blow up. Everybody was so afraid of him that they let him die alone for three nights in the middle of the stage. Then the leading woman took the mumps, and the sheriff took everything else.

Well, of course, the thing failed, and he lost every dollar he'd put into it, which was all he had, including what he had in his pockets.

"They seized my trunks," he explained, "and I sold my fur-lined overcoat for eight dollars, which took one of the girls back home. It's hard for the women. A fellow can always get some sort of a job—I was coming up here to see if they needed an extra clerk or a waiter, or chauffeur, or anything that meant a roof and something to eat—but I suppose they don't need a jack-of-all-trades."

"No," I answered, "but I'll tell you what I think they're going to need. And that's an owner!"

* * * * * * *

I'm not making excuses. I did it for the best. If Mr. Thoburn had not been there, sitting by to see the old sanatorium die so it could sprout wings and fly as a summer hotel, I'd never have thought of it. But I was in despair.

I got up and opened the door, but the snow came in in a cloud, and the path was half a foot deep again.

But the angel of providence appeared in the shape of Mike, the bath man, coming down through the snow in a tearing rage. The instant I saw Mike I knew it was settled.

"Am I or am I not to give Mr Moody a needle shower?" he shouted, almost beside himself. And I saw he had his overcoat over his bath costume, which is a Turkish towel.

"A needle shower followed by a salt rub," said I. "He's been having them for eleven years. What's the matter?"

"That fool of a young doctor," shouted Mike, "he told him before he left that if he'd been taking them for eleven years and wasn't any better it was time to stop. Ain't business bad enough—only four people in the house takin' baths regular—without his buttin' in!"

"Where's Mr. Moody?"

"In the bath. I've locked up his clothes."

"You give him a needle shower and a salt rub," I ordered, "and if he makes a fuss just send for me. And, Mike," I said, as he started out, "ask Mr. Van Alstyne to come out here immediately."

Mr. Van Alstyne came out on the run, and when he saw Mr. Pierce by the fire—that was his name, Alan Pierce—he stopped and stared. Then he said:

"You infernal young scamp!" And with that Mr. Pierce jumped up, surprised and pretty mad, and Mr. Van Alstyne saw his mistake.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon!" he said. "The fact is, I was expecting somebody else, and in the firelight—"

"You surprised me, that's all," said Mr. Pierce. "Under the circumstances I'm glad I'm not the other chap."

"You may be," assured Mr. Sam grimly. "You're not unlike him, by the way. A little taller and heavier, but—"

Now it's all very well for Mr. Sam to say I originated the idea and all that, but as truly as I am writing this, as I watched his face I saw the same thought come into it. He looked Mr. Pierce up and down, and then he stared into the fire and puckered his mouth to whistle, but he didn't. And finally he glanced at me, but I was looking at the fire, too.

Mr. Sam got up and began to walk the floor, his hands in his pockets. He tried to get my eye, but still I looked in the fire.

"All traffic's held up, Minnie," he said. "The eight o'clock train is stalled beyond the junction, in a drift. I've wired the conductor, and Carter isn't on it."

"Well?" said I.

"If we could only get past to-day," Mr. Sam went on, "if Thoburn would only choke to death, or—if there was somebody around who looked like Dick. I dare say, by to-morrow—" He looked at Mr. Pierce, who smiled and looked at him.

"And I resemble Dick!" said Mr Pierce. "Well, if he's a moral and upright young man—"

"He isn't!" Mr. Sam broke in savagely. And then and there he sat down and told Mr. Pierce the trouble we were in, and what sort of cheerful idiot Dicky Carter was. And then Mr. Pierce told about the play and the mumps, and how he was stranded. When Mr. Sam asked him outright if he'd take Mr. Dick's place overnight he agreed at once.

Just as they'd got it arranged that Mr. Pierce was to put on Mr. Sam's overcoat and walk down to the village so that he could come up in a sleigh, as if he had driven over from Yorkton—he was only to walk across the hall in front of the office, with his collar up, just enough to show himself and then go to his room with a chill—just as it was all arranged, Mr. Sam thought of something.

"The house people are waiting for Dick," he said to me, "and about forty women are crocheting in the lobby, so they'll be sure to see him. Won't some of them know it isn't Dick?"

I thought pretty fast.

"He hasn't been around much lately," I said. "Nobody would know except Mrs. Wiggins. She'll never forget him; the last time he was here he put on her false front like a beard and wore it down to dinner."

"Then it's all off," he groaned. "She's got as many eyes as a potato."

"And about as much sense," said I. "Fiddlesticks! She's not so good we can't replace her, and what's the use of swallowing a camel and then sticking at a housekeeper?"

"You can't get her out of the house in an hour," he objected, but in a weak voice.

"I can!" I said firmly.

(I did. Inside of an hour she went to the clerk, Mr. Slocum, and handed in her resignation. She was a touchy person, but I did not say all that was quoted. I did not say the kitchen was filthy; I only said it took away my appetite to look in at the door. But she left, which is the point.)

Well, I stood in the doorway and watched them disappear in the darkness, and I felt better than I had all day. It's great to be able to do something, even if that something is wrong. But as I put on my shawl and turned out the lights, I suddenly remembered. Miss Patty would be waiting in the lobby for Mr. Dick, and she would not be crocheting!

CHAPTER IV.

Whoever has charge of the spring-house at Hope Springs takes the news stand in the evening. That's an old rule.

After I ate my supper I relieved Amanda King, who runs the news stand in the daytime, when she isn't laid off with the toothache. Mr. Sam was right. All the women had on their puffs, and they were sitting in a half-circle on each side of the door. Mrs. Sam was there, looking frightened and anxious, and standing near the card-room door was Miss Patty. She was all in white, with two red spots on her cheeks, and I thought if her prince could have seen her then he would pretty nearly have eaten her up.

Mr. Sam came to the news stand, and he was so nervous he could hardly light a cigarette.

"I've had a message from one of the detectives," he said. "They've traced him to Salem, Ohio, but they lost him there. If we can only hold out this evening—! Isn't that the sleigh?"

Everybody had heard it. The women

"You Infernal Young Scamp!"

sat up and craned forward to look at the door; Mrs. Sam was sitting forward clutching the arms of her chair. She was in white, having laid off her black for that evening, with a red rose pinned on her so Mr. Pierce would know her. Miss Patty heard the sleighbells also, and she turned and came toward the door. Her mouth was set hard, and she was twisting her ring as she always did when she was nervous. And at the same moment Mr. Sam and I both saw it; she was in white, too, and she had a red rose tucked in her belt!

Mr. Sam muttered something and rushed at her, but he was too late. Just as he got to her the door opened and in came Mr. Pierce, with Mr. Sam's fur coat turned up around his ears and Mr. Sam's fur cap drawn well down on his head. He stood for an instant blinking in the light, and Mrs. Van Alstyne got up nervously. He never even saw her. His eyes lighted on Miss Patty's face and stayed there. Mr. Sam was there, but what could he do? Mr. Pierce walked over to Miss Patty, took her hand, said, "Hello there!" and kissed her. It was awful.

Most women will do anything to save a scene, and that helped us, for she never turned a hair. But when Mr. Sam got him by the arm and led him toward the stairs, she turned so that the old cats sitting around could not see her and her face was scarlet. She went over to the wood fire—our lobby is a sort of big room with chairs and tables and palms, and an open fire in the winter—and sat down. I don't think she knew herself whether she was most astonished or angry.

Mrs. Biggs gave a nasty laugh.

"Your brother didn't see you," she said to Mrs. Van Alstyne. "I dare say a sister doesn't count much when a future princess is around!"

Mrs. Van Alstyne was still staring up the staircase, but she came to herself at that. She had some grit in her, if she did look like a French doll.

"My brother and Miss Jennings are very old friends," she remarked quietly. I believe that was what she thought, too. I don't think she had seen the other red rose, and what was she to think but that Mr. Pierce had known Miss Jennings somewhere? She was dazed, Mrs. Sam was. But she carried off the situation anyhow, and gave us time to breathe. We needed it.

"If I were his highness," said Miss Cobb, spreading the Irish lace collar she was making over her knee and squinting at it, "I should wish my fiancee to be more—er—dignified. Those old Austrian families are very haughty. They would not understand our American habit of osculation."

I was pretty mad at that, for anybody could have seen Miss Patty didn't kiss him.

"If by osculation you mean kissing, Miss Cobb," I said, going over to her, "I guess you don't remember the Austrian count who was a head waiter here. If there was anything in the way of osculation that that member of an old Austrian family didn't know, I've got to find it out. He could kiss all around any American I ever saw!"

I went back to my news stand. I was shaking so my knees would hardly hold me. All I could think of was that they had swallowed Mr. Pierce, bait and hook, and that for a time we were saved, although in the electric light Mr. Pierce was a good bit less like Dicky Carter than he had seemed to be in the spring-house by the fire.

Well, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Everybody went to bed early. Mr. Thoburn came over and bought a cigar on his way upstairs, and he was as gloomy as he had been cheerful before.

"Well," I said, "I guess you won't put a dancing floor in the dining-room just yet, Mr. Thoburn."

"I'm not in a hurry," he snapped. "It's only January and I don't want the place until May. I'll get it when I'm ready for it. I had a good look at young Carter, and he's got too square a jaw to run a successful neurasthenics' home."

I went to the pantry shelf at ten o'clock and fixed a tray of supper for Mr. Pierce. I found some chicken and got a bottle of the old doctor's wine—I had kept the key of his wine-cellar since he died—and carried the tray up to Mr. Pierce's sitting-room. He had the old doctor's suite.

The door was open an inch or so, and as I was about to knock I heard a girl's voice. It was Miss Patty!

"How can you deny it?" she was saying angrily. "I dare say you will even deny that you ever saw this letter before!"

There was a minute's pause while I suppose he looked at the letter.

"I never did!" he said solemnly.

"Perhaps," said Miss Patty, "you also deny that you were in Ohio the day before yesterday."

"I was in Ohio, but I positively assert—"

"Mr. Carter, I have asked my question twice now and I am waiting for an answer."

"But I don't know the answer!" he said miserably. "I—I assure you, I'm absolutely in the dark. I don't know what's wanted. I haven't always done what I should, I dare say, but my conduct in the state of Ohio during the last few weeks has been without stain—unless I've forgotten—but if it had been anything very heinous, I'd remember, don't you think?"

Somebody crossed the room, and a paper rustled.

"Read that!" said Miss Patty's voice. And then silence for a minute.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Pierce. "I—you deny that?"

"Absolutely!" he said firmly. "I—I have never even heard of the Reverend Dwight Johnstone—"

"And that is all you will say?" demanded Miss Patty scornfully. "'You don't know,' 'there's a mistake,' 'you never saw the letter before!' Oh, if I were only a man!"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Mr. Pierce said, with something like hope in his voice. "We'll send for Mr. Van Alstyne! That's the thing, of course. I'll send for—er—Jim."

Mr. Van Alstyne's name is Sam, but nobody noticed.

"Mr. Van Alstyne!" repeated Miss Patty in a dazed way.

I guessed it was about time to make a diversion, so I knocked and walked in with the tray, and they glared at me.

"I've brought your supper, Mr. Carter," I began. Then I stopped and stared. "Oh," I said.

"Thank you," said Mr. Pierce, very uncomfortable. "Just put it down anywhere."

I stalked across the room and put it on the table. Then I turned. "I'm sorry," I said, "but it's one of the rules of this house that guests don't come to these rooms. They're strictly private. It isn't my rule, but if you will step down to the parlor—"

Mr. Pierce took a quick step toward Miss Patty and looked down at her.

"About—what happened down-stairs to-night," he stammered, with the unhappiest face I ever saw on a man. "I—I've been ready to knock my fool head off ever since. It was a mistake—a—"

"My letter, please," said Miss Patty, looking back at him without a blink.

"Please don't look like that!" he begged. "I came in suddenly out of the darkness, and you—"

"My letter, please!" she said again, raising her eyebrows.

He gave up trying then. He held out the letter and she took it and went out with her head up and scorn in the very way she trailed her skirt over the door-sill. But I'm no fool; it didn't need the way he touched the door-knob where she had been holding it, when he closed the door after her, to tell me what ailed him. He was crazy about her from the minute he saw her, and he hadn't a change of linen or a cent to his name. And she, as you might say, on the ragged edge of royalty, with queens and princes sending her stomachers and tiaras until she'd hardly need clothes. Well, a cat may look at a king.

He went over to the fireplace, where I was putting his coffee to keep it hot, and looked down at me.

"I've a suspicion, Minnie," he said, "that, to use a vulgar expression, I've bitten off more than I can chew in this little undertaking, and that I'm in imminent danger of choking to death. Do you know anybody, a friend of Miss—er—Jennings, named Dorothy?"

"She's got a younger sister of that name," I said, with a sort of chill going over me. "She's in boarding-school now."

"Oh, no, she's not!" he remarked, picking up the coffee-pot. "It seems that I met her on the train somewhere or other the day before yesterday, and ran off with her and married her!"

I sat back on the rug speechless. Don't tell me the way of the wicked is hard; the wicked get all the fun there is out of life, and as far as I can see, it's the respectable "in at ten o'clock and up at seven" part of the wicked's family that has all the trouble and does the worrying.

"If we could only keep it hidden for a few days!" I said. "But, of course, the papers will get it, and just now, with columns every day about Miss Patty's clothes—"

"Her what?"

"And all the princes of the blood sending presents, and the king not favoring it very much—"

"What are you talking about?"

"About Miss Jennings' wedding. Don't you read the newspaper?"

He hadn't really known who she was up to that minute. He put down the tray and got up.

"I—I hadn't connected her with the—the newspaper, Miss Jennings," he said, and lighted a cigarette over the lamp. Something in his face startled me, I must say.

"You're not going to give up now?" I asked. I got up and put my hand on his arm, and I think he was shaking. "If you do, I'll—I'll go out and drown myself, head down, in the spring—"

He had been going to run away—I saw it then—but he put a hand over mine. Then he looked at the door where Miss Patty had gone out and gave himself a shake.

"I'll stay," he said. "We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer, Minnie. After all, what's blue blood to good red blood?"

Which was almost what the bishop had said!

* * * * * * *

Mr. Moody took indigestion that night—not but that he always had it, but this was worse—and Mrs. Moody came to my room about two o'clock and knocked at the door.

"You'd better come," she said. "There's no doctor, and he's awful bad."

We went down to Mr. Moody's room, and he was sitting up in bed with his knees drawn up to his chin and a hot-water bottle held to him.

"Look at your work, woman," he said to me when I opened the door. "I'm dying!"

"You look sick," I said, going over to the bed. It never does to cross them when they get to the water-bottle stage. "The pharmacy clerk's gone to a dance over at Trimble's, but I guess I can find you some whisky."

"I never touch the stuff and you both know it," he snarled. He had a fresh pain just then and stopped, clutching up the bottle. "Besides," he finished, when it was over, "I haven't got any whisky."

Well, to make a long story short, we got him to agree to some whisky from the pharmacy, with a drop of peppermint in it, if he could wash it down with spring water so it wouldn't do any harm.

I put on some stockings of Mrs. Moody's and a petticoat and a shawl and started for the spring house.

It was still snowing, and part of the time Mrs. Moody's stockings were up to their knees. The wind was blowing hard, and when I rounded the corner of the house my lantern went out. I stood there in the storm, with the shawl flapping, thanking heaven I was a single woman, and about ready to go back and tell Mr. Moody what I thought of him when I looked toward the spring-house.

At first I thought it was afire, then I saw that the light was coming from the windows. Somebody was inside, with a big fire and all the lights going.

I went over cautiously to one of the windows, wading in deep snow to get there—and if you have ever done that in a pair of bedroom slippers you can realize the state of my mind—and looked in.

There were three chairs drawn up in a row in front of the fire, with my bearskin hearth-rug on them to make a couch, and my shepherd's plaid shawl folded at one end for a pillow. And stretched on that with her long sealskin coat laid over her was Dorothy Jennings, Miss Patty's younger sister! She was alone, as far as I could see, and she was leaning on her elbow with her cheek in her hand, staring at the fire. Just then the door into the pantry opened and out came Mr. Dick himself.

"Were you calling, honey?" he said, coming over and looking down at her.

"You were such a long time!" says

He Looked Down at Me.

she, glancing up under her lashes at him. "I—I was lonely!"

"Bless you," says Mr. Dick, stooping over her. "What did I ever do without you?"

I could have told her a few things he did, but by that time it was coming over me pretty strong that here was the real Dicky Carter and that I had an extra one on my hands. The minute I looked at this one I knew that nobody but a blind man would mistake one for the other, and Mr. Thoburn wasn't blind. I tell you I stood out in that snow bank and perspired!

Well, it was no place for me unless they knew I was around. I waded around to the door and walked in, and there was a grand upsetting of the sealskin coat and my shepherd's plaid shawl. Mr. Dick jumped to his feet and Mrs. Dick sat bolt upright and stared at me over the backs of the chairs.

"Minnie!" cried Mr. Dick. "As I'm a married man, it's Minnie herself. Dorothy, don't you remember Minnie?"

She came toward me with her hand out. "I'm awfully glad to see you again," she said. "Of course I remember—why you are hardly dressed at all! You must be frozen!"

I went over to the fire and emptied my bedroom slippers of snow. Then I sat down and looked at them both.

"Frozen!" repeated I; "I'm in a hot sweat. If you two children meant to come, why in creation didn't you come in time?"

"We did," replied Mr. Dick, promptly. "We crawled under the wire fence into the deer park at five minutes to twelve. The will said 'Be on the ground,' and I was—flat on the ground!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAVE TO HEAR THE REPORT

Baseball Pitchers Not Satisfied Unless They Can Note the Impact of the Ball.

Once upon a time there was a pitcher in a certain league who was regarded as a star. And the reason for his success was this:

He always warmed up with a certain catcher. It was this catcher's duty to receive the ball in such a manner that a loud report sounded across the field every time the ball struck the mitt. The pitcher, hearing these loud reports, would smile and feel contented and confident. He knew then that he had speed. And time the ball striking the glove did not produce a noise like a crack of a Springfield rifle the pitcher was ineffective.

This may sound like a fable, but it is far from such. There are two veteran catchers who well remember this pitcher. One of the old-timers used to catch him in practice and recalls the effect of the loud reports.

This incident is not a dead and buried part of the past. Parallel cases can be found today, and the custom is growing. And the demand for the loud noise in warming up has caused the coming of the "Fourth of July" glove.

A recruit was warming up the other day. He became wild and looked worried. The catcher tried to steady him and failed.

"What's the matter?" asked the catcher.

"They don't crack," replied the pitcher.

"Wait till I haul out the 'Fourth of July' glove."

The catcher brought out another glove. It has a thick leather covering. The minute the new glove came into use the warming up exercise produced a noise like artillery practice. The pitcher got his control, smiled in satisfaction, and showed much speed and plenty of curves.

And why shouldn't this be? Our popular magazines and newspapers are filled these days with essays on the phschology of baseball. If there is psychology in baseball, surely this comes under that head.

Had Two Good Reasons.

Upton Sinclair said the other day in New York:

"Everybody is jumping up and saying that poverty, bitter and grinding poverty, has nothing to do with making girls go wrong. Well, for my part, I think that such assertions are too charitable toward modern social conditions, too charitable toward modern employers.

"Such charity reminds me of the young lady who asked:

"'Did pretty Tottie Footlites marry the septuagenarian Gobsa Golde for love or money?'

"'For both,' the young lady answered charitably, and she added 'Lottie loves money, you know.'"

Pain in Back and Rheumatism

are the daily torment of thousands. To effectually cure these troubles you must remove the cause. Foley Kidney Pills begin to work for you from the first dose, and exert so direct and beneficial an action in the kidneys and bladder that the pain and torment of kidney trouble soon disappears.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible — they not only give relief — they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

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PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High est references. Best results.

ECZEMA CHEER UP! Send Today for Free Sample "QUICK." It stops itch. CURECASOL CHEMICAL CO., G'T'N, Phila. Pa.

Not Quite.

"Pa, tell me one thing about army and navy officers."

"What is it, son?"

"Is it when they get tired that they put on their fatigue uniform?"

ERUPTION SPREAD ON FACE

810 East Elm St., Streator, Ill.—"A running sore broke out above my right eye, which spread over my entire face. It started as a small pimple. I scratched it open and the contents of this small pimple ran down my face. Wherever this ran a new sore appeared. They itched and burned terribly; I couldn't touch my face it burned so. It disfigured my face terribly and I couldn't be seen for everyone was afraid of it. It looked like a disease of some kind; it was all red and a heavy white crust on it. Everybody kept out of my way, afraid it would spread. I lost rest at night and I couldn't bear to have anything touch my face, not even the pillow. I had to lie on the back of the head. I was always glad when morning came so I could get up. It was extremely painful.

"At last I thought of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I commenced using them. It took three weeks to complete the cure." (Signed) Miss Caroline Miller, Apr. 30, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Beechnut Season.

This is the beechnut season, and when beechnuts are ripe no city man bred in the county knows perfect rest of mind. He wants to go back home. The beechnut is diminutive, but it is full of meat and flavor. Some folks say that the jaybird and the red-headed woodpecker haven't any sense. They have sense enough to prefer the beechnut to any other edible which grows. The jay is more than human, anyway, and he has a lot more sense than a good many humans, and so the wonder constantly grows why it is that a man who is not up to snuff is called a jay. The beech tree does more for a man than to give him its nut-brown October offering. Its gray bole shines warmly when the sun strike it. Its sight suggests warmth in winter and coolness in summer. The shade of the beech's drooping boughs is one of the grateful bounties of August.—Chicago Post.

City to Be Guardian.

If the city of Brest, France, accepts the charge of a pet canary and an old cat, the city will receive a fortune of $30,000. A woman, Mme. Merle, who has just died at Brest has bequeathed the whole of her fortune to the city of Brest on condition that the city accepts the charge of her pet canary and old tabby cat, to which she was greatly attached.

Beneath His Dignity.

Mr. Job Lott—Why isn't the store opened? What are you waiting for?

His Most Recent and Junior Employe—For the boy I have engaged to take down the shutters.—Puck.

He's a stingy man who won't even give you a pleasant look.

What are Post Toasties?

Thin wafery bits of choice Indian Corn—perfectly cooked; delicately flavoured; then toasted to an appetizing golden brown, and packed in tightly sealed packages without being touched by hand.

"Toasties" are for breakfast or any other meal—served direct from package with cream or milk, and a sprinkling of sugar.

Post Toasties are convenient, save a lot of time and please the palate immensely!

But after all, a trial is the best answer.

Grocers everywhere sell

Post Toasties

THE AMERICAN HOME

WILLIAM A. RADFORD, EDITOR

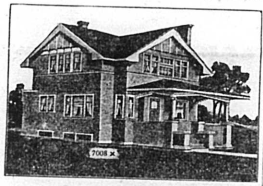
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

It is not at all strange that a great many people want to build "something different." They feel that the ordinary square cut house, while all right and good enough for Smith or Jones and entirely comfortable and satisfactory so long as one is renting, is hardly the desirable thing when one comes to build a home for oneself. This feeling is entirely proper. While we would not for one moment want to seem to advocate the extreme and outlandish styles which often pass for originality, still a variety is necessary; and originality, or rather individuality, if properly directed, develops some good ideas in house design.

A well designed house costs no more to build than the plain, ordinary looking affairs that are often put up; in fact, they are apt to cost a good bit less, since the well designed house is built from complete architect's drawings and specifications. Then there are the other kind which are put up by the carpenter who plans as he goes along and is never quite sure just how the house is to look when finished.

For any one who wants something having an individual touch, the accompanying design is offered. There is nothing extreme about it; in fact, it is planned in the best of taste, yet it has certain features which make it entirely different from houses of the same size as they are usually planned.

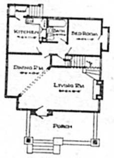
The living room, 13 feet by 24 feet 6 inches, extends across the entire front of the house, while the dining room, occupying the alcove extending both back and to one side, is separated from the living room by a cased opening set cornerwise, or at an angle of 45 degrees, between the two rooms. This is an arrangement rarely seen,



yet it is one which affords a maximum of roominess downstairs, at the same time separating the dining room space to a certain extent from the living room. An open stairway going up along the rear wall of the living room also adds to the apparent space. This arrangement affords wonderful possibilities for attractive interior decorative effects. Such a space is also very easily furnished for comfort.

Another desirable feature of this plan is the bedroom and bath on the first floor. This is a feature very much desired, but in the ordinary house plan of this size it seems to be a difficult matter to arrange.

The kitchen is the proper size and shape for convenience and is well supplied with cases and the sink is well



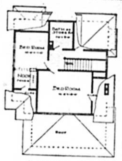
First Floor Plan.

located by a window where the light is good. A small entryway accommodates the ice box.

On the second floor there are two very nice bedrooms, besides one large store room and three closets. One of the bedrooms has a small alcove or dressing room, which is a good feature.

The exterior of this house is very attractive. Narrow siding is used from the water table up to the second-story window sill course. Above this cement plaster is used. It is suggested that both clapboard and plaster work should be painted dark brown, while the trimming should be white. While creosoted shingles make a very good roof for this design, other forms of roofing of a more enduring and fire resisting nature could well be used. In one instance, where this design was carried out to very good effect last year, the roof was covered with metal Spanish tile.

The cost of this house runs somewhere between $2,800 and $3,800, depending on the quality of materials used and the fixtures and equipment installed. In the instance just referred to, where this house was built, the entire first floor was finished in oak with hardwood floors in the living and dining rooms and the second floor was finished in yellow pine. The roof was covered with the best quality metal Spanish tile. A hot water heating



Second Floor Plan.

plant and plumbing system costing $600 and electric lighting and fixtures costing $65 were installed and all the interior walls were frescoed in lead and oil; the entire actual cost was $3,700. This is a striking evidence of what can be accomplished in attractive home building by the use of properly designed building plans.

That Flute by Wireless.

It is an unprecedented phenomenon in wireless telephone and telegraphy which is told by Capt. Schmidt of the German steamship Solfels, who reports while bound from Calcutta and Ceylon to Philadelphia he heard the clear notes of a flute at St. Michaels, 395 miles distant from the Solfels. On the night of September 29 Wireless Operator Blitz called Capt. Schmidt's as well as Chief Officer Lampe's attention to the fact that some one was playing on the flute, the notes of which were clear and distinct to both Operator Blitz and Chief Officer Lampe. As the nearest land, the Azore Islands, was approximately 400 miles away, all hands were interested to know where the music came from. The music continued, and a wireless message was sent to St. Michaels, the capital of the Azores. A reply stated that it was a national holiday, and the man at the flute was playing "God Save the King."

As the wireless apparatus on the Solfels was of the Tellenfunken type, which is practically a telephone and wireless telegraphy outfit combined, there was no trouble in detecting the sound, although a long distance away.

Most Civilized Nation.

The question, "Which is the most civilized nation on earth?" is difficult to answer. Civilization is a very elastic term and is understood differently in different times and places. In scientific attainment, education, wealth and all the things that go along with wealth, the United States, Great Britain and Germany would appear to lead the procession, with some other nations following closely. But, taking all things into consideration, eliminating the sole matter of wealth, the most civilized country on earth is probably Norway. In that far northern land the ideal civilization, that is, the civilization that rests on common sense and justice, seems to have matured to a greater extent than it has anywhere else.

Italian Wins Prize.

Out of 142 models for the monument to Alexander II. of Russia sent in by French, German, Austrian and Italian sculptors, that presented by Prof. Raffaele Romanelli of Florence has been selected by the czar for the first prize, and the model, with certain modifications suggested by the czar, will form the basis of the monument.

Rash Promise.

Wife (complainingly)—You promised before we were married that I should have all the money I wanted.

Hub—I must have thought there was much more of it in circulation.

Used to Hard Luck.

Mephistopheles (at dinner)—How do you like the place?

The Actor (indifferently)—Oh! I've been stranded in all sorts of places, don't you know.—Puck.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

WOULD you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick before love grows cold.—Robert Smith.

ECONOMICAL DISHES.

Meats which are not tender enough to serve as steaks, chops or roasts are as nutritious as those which cost more money per pound. All tough meat should be cooked long and slowly at a low temperature.

Grillards.—Chop a medium sized onion fine, dredge it with flour and fry in hot bacon fat until brown. Add two pounds of round steak, cut in small pieces. Season well with salt and paprika; add a cup of canned tomatoes free from juice and water sufficient to cover. Cook on the back part of the range, well covered, for two hours.

German Meat Balls.—Trim all the fat and skin from a pound of round steak, put over the fire with a quart of cold water, one onion, a stalk of celery, a tablespoonful of parsley and a teaspoonful of salt. Cook one hour. Soak a large slice of bread in water, squeeze until dry, then mix one pound of the round steak minced fine; add a beaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Make into balls as large as an egg and boil ten minutes in the broth. Brown a tablespoonful of flour in a tablespoonful of butter, strain the broth and add it, stirring until thick. Pour the gravy over the meat balls and serve.

Meat Loaf.—To each pound of chopped beef add two ounces of fat pork or suet; mix with a fourth of a cup of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of salt, seasonings of herbs and a beaten egg. A few drops of vinegar or lemon juice softens the meat fiber and makes it more digestible. This loaf may be steamed one or two hours or put into the oven and baked, basting occasionally. Any of the loaf left over may be dipped in egg and crumbs, fried and served as croquettes.

Baked Bread and Cheese.—Slice stale bread half an inch thick and lay in a pudding dish with alternate layers of cheese and a little salt. When the dish is full and the cheese is on top, pour in milk slowly until the bread is nearly covered. Cover and bake half an hour; uncover and brown. The bread will puff up and look as good as it tastes.

Would you have your friend live a better life? Picture that better life in your thoughts of him and never by word or look emphasize the opposite.

UNUSUAL DISHES.

This is rather an unusual way of serving frankfurts. Boil six sausages fifteen minutes, cool and remove the skin and cut in small bits. Mix three tablespoonfuls of flour with one and a half cupfuls of milk. Add the sausages, season with half a teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of cayenne.

For a change from the usual baked apple, steam some cored greenings until tender; then just before serving glaze them with a few spoonfuls of sirup. Serve with cream.

Almond Balls.—Pound a half cup of blanched almonds to a fine pulp. Beat two eggs well, season with salt, cayenne and a very little chopped parsley; then add the almonds and three fourths of a cup of sifted flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Roll with buttered palms into small balls and boil in the soup just before serving. The length of time for cooking depends upon the size. If the size of a hickory nut six minutes will cook them.

Cheese Croquettes.—Cut into small dice one pound of American cheese. Have ready a cup of hot white sauce, add to it the cheese, the yolks of two well beaten eggs, diluted with a little cream. Stir until well blended, season with salt, red pepper and a grating of nutmeg. Set on ice until cold, then form croquettes, and roll in fine crumbs. Dip in egg, then in crumbs again, and fry in deep fat.

Chicken Souffle.—Mix together a tablespoonful of melted butter and one of flour; stir in a pint of milk or cream, a little onion juice, chopped parsley and salt and pepper. When thick, add a cupful of chopped chicken and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Cool, and add the beaten whites. Pour into a buttered dish and set in hot water and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Serve with mushroom sauce.

Scotch Broth.—Take the liquor that mutton has been cooked in, remove the fat and add turnip, carrot, onion and a little celery. Boil until the vegetables are tender, and serve.

Nellie Maxwell

His Luck.

"Sure, it's Mike, the boy, that's the lucky man."

"How was he lucky?"

"Why, mum, he got insured for $5,000, and the very next day he fell off the ladder, paintin', and broke his neck."

His Escape.

Sister (at the piano)—Where is Herr Braun?

Little Sister—Oh, I got up to open the door for Fido, and he slipped out at the same time.

No Bid for Popularity.

The man who is always protesting that the public is being imposed on is liable to become about as popular as the person who insists on interrupting a sleight-of-hand performance to expose the magician's tricks.

Its Value.

"Don't you think a detective automobile corps would be a useful thing?"

"In what way?"

"It could so easily run people down."

Practical Fashions

MISSES' DRESS.

6412

This dress shows the new coat effect in the blouse, which has sleeves cut in one with the body, a surplice closing and a small chemisette. Two lengths of sleeve are provided. The plaited peplum is made separately and may be used or not as desired. The skirt has three gores and closes in front. Brocaded materials, velvet, or silk may be used for the blouse of this suit with broadcloth or other fabric for the skirt.

The dress pattern (6412) is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 2 yards of 54 inch figured goods, 2 yards of 54 inch plain goods and 1 yard of 24 inch satin.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6412. SIZE..........
NAME..........
TOWN..........
STREET AND NO..........
STATE..........

GIRL'S DRESS.

6405

In this dress we have a coat-like overblouse, showing a deep chemisette, which is a facing on the underwaist. To this the plaited skirt is attached. The outer blouse has the sleeves cut in one with the body, giving a seam on the outside of the arm. These dresses are made of wash materials and also of cheviot, serge, novelty plaids and checks and of simple silks.

The dress pattern (6405) is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 1⅞ yards of 36 inch plain material, or 3 yards of 36 inch, if all of one material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6405 SIZE..........
NAME..........
TOWN..........
STREET AND NO..........
STATE..........

French Red Tape.

A French baby was taken to the seaside this summer for warm baths in sea water, prescribed by a physician. When the nurse went to the beach to get the water a customs official forbade her, because it is illegal to take water from the sea without special permission. The rule was made because in France the poor people used sea water in mixing bread to save the cost of the heavily taxed salt. In this case it is pleasant to know that after the delay of a month the authorities issued the necessary permit and the baby had its warm salt baths.—Youth's Companion.

Couldn't Fool Him.

The farmer had bought a pair of shoes in the city shop. "Now, can't I sell you a pair of shoe trees?" suggested the clerk. "Don't git fresh with me, sonny!" replied the farmer, bristling up; "I don't believe shoes kin be raised on trees any mor'n I believe rubbers grow on rubber trees or oysters on oyster plants, b'gosh!"

Lambasted.

A new trainer was engaged for the circus and was told to put a lion and a lamb through an act. He seemed nervous, and the next his boss asked him how he got along with the savage lion. "Sure, the lion didn't bother me much," he said, "but that durned lamb butted the daylights out of me!"

No Indication.

"Those people look as if they had had a rise in the world."

"Oh, you can't judge of that by their get-up."

POULTRY

CLOSET IS OF NO ADVANTAGE

Actual Test Demonstrates Poultry Do Better Without Curtain—Found to Be Unnecessary.

In the curtain-front type of poultry-house used at the Maine experiment station a feature of the original plan on which considerable stress was laid was the canvas curtain in front of the roosts.

This curtain, together with the back wall of the house and the droppings board under the roosts formed a closet in which the birds were shut up at night during cold weather. When the curtain front house was first devised it was thought essential to provide such a closet to conserve the body heat of the birds during the cold nights when the temperature might go well below zero. Experience has shown, however, that this was a mistake. Actual test shows that the roosting closet is of no advantage, even in such a severe climate as that of Orono. On the contrary, the birds certainly thrive better without the roost curtain than with it. It has been a general observation among users of the curtain-front type of house that when the roost curtains are used the birds are particularly susceptible to colds. It is not hard to understand why this should be so. The air in a roosting closet when it is opened in the morning is plainly bad. The fact that it is warm in no way offsets physiologically the evils of its lack of oxygen and excess of carbon dioxid, ammoniacal vapors and other exhalations from the bodies of the birds.

For some time past it has been felt that the roosting closet was at least unnecessary, if not in fact a positive evil, says a writer in the Baltimore American. Consequently the time of beginning to close the roost curtain in the fall has been each year longer delayed. Finally, in the fall of 1910, it was decided not to use these curtains at all during the winter. Consequently they were taken out of the house, or spiked to the roof, as the case might be. The winter of 1910-11 was a severe one. On several occasions the temperature dropped to 30 degrees below zero. Yet during this winter the mortality was exceptionally low and the egg production exceptionally high.

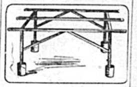
In view of this experience the station has decided to discontinue the use of the roost curtain. It would seem to be generally understood or at least unnecessary.

MAKING ROOSTS MITE-PROOF

Uprights Set in Quart Cans of Water With Kerosene on Top Prevents Progress of Parasites.

(By L. H. COBB, in the Farm and Fireside.)

Anyone who has tried to clean out the mites from roosts that are built in to the hen-house will appreciate the simple plan given below. I make my sets of roosts six feet high, with three



Mite-Proof Roosts.

two-by-two-inch roosts. The uprights are set in quart cans of water with a half inch of kerosene on top. Mites cannot get on this roost unless carried there by the hens, and it can be easily taken through any door and cleaned.

POULTRY NOTES

It takes 28 days for a duck egg to hatch.

* * *

Do not disregard breeds and keep anything that is a fowl.

* * *

The merits of the scratching shed are shown during bad weather.

* * *

No one farm is large enough for more than one variety of fowls.

* * *

Pay well for a well-bred male, but do not accept a scrub as a gift.

* * *

Have a clean, warm, dry place with straw or litter for the roosting quarters.

* * *

Boiling the oats or wheat makes a good ration and a desirable change occasionally.

* * *

Feed at regular hours and the fowls will always be ready and waiting for their last meal.

* * *

The average farmer who grows large crops of grain on his farm is the poorest feeder.

* * *

After the chief difficulty in securing strong healthy chickens is lack of vigor in the breeding pen.

* * *

Coarse sand and gravel will reduce the amount of grit needed by the fowls, but cannot take its place.

* * *

Keep plenty of water before the ducks. Sudden death among the ducks can often be attributed to a lack of water.

* * *

The breast of the Indian Game is very much like that of the pheasant or prairie chicken. The heft of the meat lies on the breast.

* * *

The ducklings will grow so large in ten days that the chicken hen cannot hover a dozen—then you may as well if you can put two or three broods with one hen.

PRACTICALLY BUT ONE HOPE

Under the Circumstances, Agent Could Do Little for Unfortunate Mrs. Fourthbell.

"I tell you what it is," said Mrs. Fourthbell, as she paid her rent, "things are coming to a pretty pass! There are about sixteen children running up and down the fire escapes all day long."

"Complain to the janitor," said the agent, as he wrote out the receipt.

"Then the people in the flat under us do nothing but talk all night long close to the shaft. We can hear every word they say and cannot sleep a wink."

"You would better complain to the janitor," repeated the agent.

"The servant girl in the flat above shakes her mats out of the front window, and our parlor is full of dust."

"Complain to the janitor," said the agent, mechanically.

"But that isn't the worst of it," continued Mrs. Fourthbell. "The janitor himself doesn't do anything he ought to do. Half the time he doesn't take the ashes off the dumb waiter, forgets to light the gas in the halls, keeps our letters in his pockets, and never can be found when wanted."

"In a case like that," said the agent, as he started to go, "I don't see that you can do anything, but—just pray!"—Puck.

According to Orders.

A woman, coming down the garden walk, was horrified at seeing her son standing on his head against the garden wall.

"Johnnie, you wretch," she cried, "what are you doing now?"

"Standing on my head," replied Johnnie. "Didn't yer tell me to play at summat that wouldn't wear my boots out?"

Too Much.

"What's the trouble here?"

"The bellboys are on a strike."

"Want more pay, I suppose."

"No. A man came in a little while ago and asked to have Wladislaacs Sachurcsa paged."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

An Endless Interest.

"Is baseball season over?"

"The baseball season is never over," replied the enthusiast. "The fact that they are not playing the game leaves more time for conversation about it."

Stubborn Colds and irritated Bronchial Tubes are easily relieved by Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—5c at Druggists.

Every now and then we receive jolts that remind us that romance has no respect for age.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue. Adv.

Of course right thinking people are those who think as you do.

Sample Bottle sent for 6 cents in stamps to cover postage

Swap Pain for Ease

Why suffer, when a bottle of Tuttle's Family Elixir will bring such speedy and permanent relief? Why get lame and stiff—inviting serious complaints—after hard work, exposure or violent exercise, when you can keep in the pink of condition by a good rubdown with

Tuttle's Family Elixir

—for more than half a century, in millions of households, the standard remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, backache, toothache, lameness, soreness, twinges, sprains, bruises, and the multitude of other everyday afflictions. "With Tuttle's Family Elixir in the house you can rest easy."

Pain cannot live in company with Tuttle's Family Elixir. The longest established, the safest and most reliable. Guaranteed under the pure food law. Compounded of gums, oils, and vegetable extracts—thus perfectly adapted for internal as well as external use.

Before another day passes get a bottle from your druggist. If he cannot supply you, send us 50 cents in stamps together with his name and we will send you promptly, prepaid, a large sized bottle. Your money back if it does not do what we claim.

TUTTLE'S ELIXIR CO., 17 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.

Natural Supposition.

"Johnny," the teacher asked, "can you tell me anything about Christopher Columbus?"

"He discovered America."

"Yes. What else did he do?"

"I s'pose he went home and lectured about it."

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 24 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample Free. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Those Sweeping Gestures.

"Campaigning is hard on a man's vocal chords."

"Yes, but it's fine exercise for his arms."

A Good Place.

"Here's a story of sailors raising chickens on shipboard."

"Why not? There's the hatchway."

MANY A MAN is blamed for a bad disposition when it is really the fault of his liver.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will expel all **BILIOUS HUMORS** Get them today.

RAW FURS BOUGHT— "Live Wire" PRICE BULLETIN FREE Write for it today. **A. E. BURKHARDT** International Fur Merchant. IN BUSINESS SINCE 1867. **Cincinnati, O.**

SIGN TACKER WANTED ... Particulars of A. H. J., Box 1413, Philadelphia, Pa.

PISO'S REMEDY Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. 25 CTS. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

THREE WOMEN TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Streator, Ill.—"I shall always praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound wherever I go. It has done me so much good at Change of Life, and it has also helped my daughter. It is one of the grandest medicines for women that can be bought. I shall try to induce others to try it."—Mrs. J. H. CAMPBELL, 206 N. Second St., W. S., Streator, Illinois.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"It was at the 'Change of Life' that I turned to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, using it as a tonic to build up my system, with beneficial results."—Mrs. SARA HAYWARD, 1825 W. Venango St., (Tioga) Phila., Pa.

San Francisco, Cal.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for many years whenever I would feel bad. I have gone through the Change of Life without any troubles and thank the Compound for it. I recommend it to young girls and to women of all ages."—Mrs. C. BARRIE, 3052 25th St., San Francisco, Cal.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Typewriter for the Rural Business Man

Ball Bearing Long Wearing

Whether you are a small town merchant or a farmer, you need a typewriter.

If you are writing your letters and bills by hand, you are not getting full efficiency.

It doesn't require an expert operator to run the L. C. Smith & Bros. typewriter. It is simple, compact, complete, durable.

Send in the attached coupon and we will give especial attention to your typewriter needs.

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co., Syracuse, N.Y.
Please send me your free book about typewriters.
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P. O...........
State..........

GO NOW TO WESTERN CANADA

The opportunity of securing free homesteads of 160 acres each, and the low priced lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, will soon have passed.

Canada offers a hearty welcome to the Settler, to the man with a family looking for a home; to the farmer's son, to the Renter, to all who wish to live under better conditions.

Canada's Grain Yield in 1913 is the talk of the world.

Luxuriant Grasses give cheap fodder for large herds; cost of raising and fattening for market is a trifle.

The sum realized for Beef, Butter, Milk and Cheese will pay fifty per cent on the investment.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. S. NETHERY, Interurban Bldg., Columbus, Ohio

You Can't Cut Out A BOG SPAVIN, PUFF or THOROUGHPIN, but

ABSORBINE TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Goitres, Wens, Cysts. Allays pain quickly. Price $1.00 and $2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

RABBITS ARE RIPE

Send $1 and I'll send you full instructions how to get them out of holes and wire fences. No smoke, ferrets, ... rights. Don't wait till the other fellow beats you to it. E. DOUILLET, Elwood, Indiana

Pettit's FOR SORE **Eye** RED EYES **Salve**