

Mary W. Hall  
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# COMFORT

THE KEY TO A MILLION  
AND A QUARTER HOMES

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"The  
First  
Fourth"

Published at



fish pond, pa...  
 the Earl of Clontarf,  
 constitutional, and  
 establishment upon Vivian  
 out Lady Clydesmore. "Run  
 and show him your shells."  
 she did not glance up at her companion. Had  
 she done so, the gleam in his deep eyes, the rigid  
 compression of his mouth, under that beautiful  
 golden beard she admired so much, might have  
 startled her. She saw nothing. She led him up to  
 the two gentlemen and presented him.  
 "Lord Clydesmore, Colonel Drummond, the  
 friend of whom Vivian Trevanance has written  
 you so often. Colonel Drummond, the Earl of Clon-  
 tarf."  
 The two men looked each other straight in the  
 eyes—Colonel Drummond and the Earl of Clontarf;  
 and the Irish peer, pale before from recent ill-  
 ness, turned ghastly white and reeled like a man  
 who has been struck a blow.  
 And so those two had met again; once more they  
 stood face to face who had parted last in a bitter,  
 murderous death-struggle on that lonely rock on  
 the Irish coast. It arose before them both in that  
 instant—the wide sea, the desolate strip of the  
 coast, the rosy splendor of the day radiant in the  
 east, and two who had been as brothers locked in  
 that fierce struggle for life or death.  
 In the ears of the Earl of Clontarf sounded the  
 crash of his murderous fire; before his eyes rose  
 the vision of that brave boyish face, as it had  
 looked up at him ere being hurled headlong over  
 the dizzy cliff. Oh, God! had there been a day or  
 a night, sleeping or waking, in which that face  
 had not risen up before him to curdle his blood  
 and blanch his guilty face? And now, after twenty  
 long years, a stranger must come from a foreign  
 land and look at him with the dead youth's eyes!  
 The gaze of all was upon him—that of his daugh-  
 ter with a strange intensity that was almost ter-  
 ror. She knew the reason of that recoil, of that  
 stifled exclamation, of that corpse-like pallor; he,  
 too, saw the resemblance between this American  
 officer and his murdered kinsman.  
 He noticed that earnest, troubled gaze, and it re-  
 stored him to himself as nothing else could have  
 done.  
 He started up with a ghastly smile, muttering  
 incoherently something about recent illness, a  
 sudden spasm, etc., and turned with unnatural an-  
 imation, toward his son-in-law-elect.  
 "I looked for you this evening, Vivian," he said,  
 taking the young man's arm, while his daughter  
 walked to the hall beside Colonel Drummond.  
 "I have been anxious for your return. Illness, I  
 suppose, makes the best of us weaker than water—  
 nervous as tea-drinking old women. I give you  
 my word," with a hollow laugh, "the sight of your  
 friend yonder, a second ago, gave me a rare start,  
 simply because he bears a great resemblance to a  
 man I knew twenty years ago."  
 "Ah!" Vivian said, with nonchalance. "Man's  
 dead, I suppose?"  
 "Yes," Lord Clontarf answered, hoarsely. He  
 had kept silent for twenty years, and his secret  
 had burned his very heart within him. Now he  
 must speak or go mad. "Yes, he is dead—he was  
 murdered!"  
 "Ah!" Mr. Trevanance said again in his laziest  
 tone; "unpleasant, that. Who was he? Perhaps  
 Drummond's relative?"  
 "Very impossible. I speak of—of—" he moistened  
 his dry lips; the name so long unuttered seemed to  
 choke him—"I speak of my cousin, Roderick Des-  
 mond. You have heard of him?"  
 "Was accused of a murder, escaped, and got made  
 away with himself, wasn't he? Body never found,  
 was it, nor the murder, brought home? By the  
 bye, is it certain he was murdered? Men sup-  
 posed to have been assassinated before now have  
 turned up in the most improbable manner; at least  
 I have read so. Isn't it just possible your cousin  
 may have absconded, and striven to leave the im-  
 pression that he was killed?"  
 Gerald Desmond looked at the speaker with eyes  
 dilated in a great horror.  
 "No," he said, huskily, his voice full of sup-  
 pressed intensity. "There was no mistake; he was  
 murdered. The body was flung into the sea—the  
 sea that will hold it until judgment day. And the  
 murder was never brought home; you are  
 right—and twenty years have passed, and never  
 will be now."  
 There was no chance for further conversation;  
 they were in the drawing-room; and Vivian Tre-  
 vanance never dreamed in that instant he had hit  
 upon the truth.

CHAPTER VII.  
 THE GYPSY GIRL'S PROPHECY.

"Scarlet wins! Blue's ahead! No, no, no! Purple  
 and Gold has it! Ten to one on Castilian Rose!  
 Purple and Gold wins! Hurrah! hurrah! Castilian  
 Rose wins!"  
 It was the spring meeting. The ring was thronged,  
 the uproar was deafening. Castilian Rose, a bay  
 beauty, with slender legs, and brilliant eyes, had  
 won the race. Castilian Rose could belong to no  
 one, of course, but Vivian Trevanance.  
 "Rather a close thing, that fish," he murmur-  
 ed, gently. "I thought King Cheops would have  
 had it. I might have known, though, that the bay  
 mare, so named, could not be beaten. Castilian  
 Rose must always win."  
 Lady Evelyn Desmond shrugged her shoulders  
 a trifle disdainfully. She had sat there on the grand  
 stand, between her lover and Colonel Drummond,  
 and there had been but very little of interest in  
 the violet eyes that followed her across the field.  
 She had come there because she could not very well  
 stay away; but whether her namesake lost or won  
 the great race was a matter of very little interest  
 to her.  
 Colonel Drummond stood beside her. Yes, though  
 two weeks had gone since that night on which he  
 had made his heroic resolves. He could not go. The  
 fascination that held him was a sorcery he was  
 powerless to resist. He loved as he had never loved  
 before—may, of Inez d' Alvarez—this regal beauty,  
 whose invincible coldness and pride had yielded to  
 him as they had never yielded before to mortal  
 man. He had made his resolution in all good faith  
 —he meant to keep it honestly—would have kept it  
 but for the power of circumstances. To linger  
 there, and meet her father day after day, her  
 mother, perhaps, would have been simply impos-  
 sible; but, on the day following his arrival, press-  
 ing business of a political nature had called the  
 convalescent peer back to town, and he had but re-  
 turned this morning. For my lady, she was a con-  
 firmed invalid, just able to move about her apart-  
 ments and no more. Her friends visited her there,  
 her future son-in-law among the rest; but the Amer-  
 ican officer, of course, she had never seen. Her life  
 hung by a thread; not for the world would Lady  
 Evelyn have let her mother meet the man who so  
 strangely wore the face of the lover of her youth.  
 And so he had lingered, yielding to the sollicita-  
 tions of his friends and host, and gave himself up  
 to the spell of the siren. They met daily, at din-  
 ner and evening parties, boating and riding excu-  
 sions, improvised picnics, and pilgrimages to  
 ruins—they met daily, and why her breast quick-  
 ened its beatings, and why the world looked a  
 brighter and fairer place than ever before, Evelyn  
 Desmond never thought nor asked herself. She  
 knew that a dreamy and novel bliss had filled her  
 life; that she could listen and never weary while  
 Colonel Drummond talked; that she had learned to  
 search for his tall form and grave, noble face in  
 crowded rooms, and to find them wearily empty, if  
 he were not there. She knew it vaguely, but it was  
 all so new and strange to her that as yet she had  
 not dreamed that at last—she loved.  
 "Shall we go?" she said, briefly. "Or must we  
 stay in the hot sun among the crowd?"  
 "I beg your pardon—the fault has been mine. Do  
 you return with Miss Albermarle in the phaeton,  
 or will you ride with me?"  
 "I will ride, if you wish it."  
 A vague twinge of remorse shot through her  
 while she spoke. A dim consciousness of her own  
 infidelity of thought to the man she must wed  
 was beginning to dawn upon her.

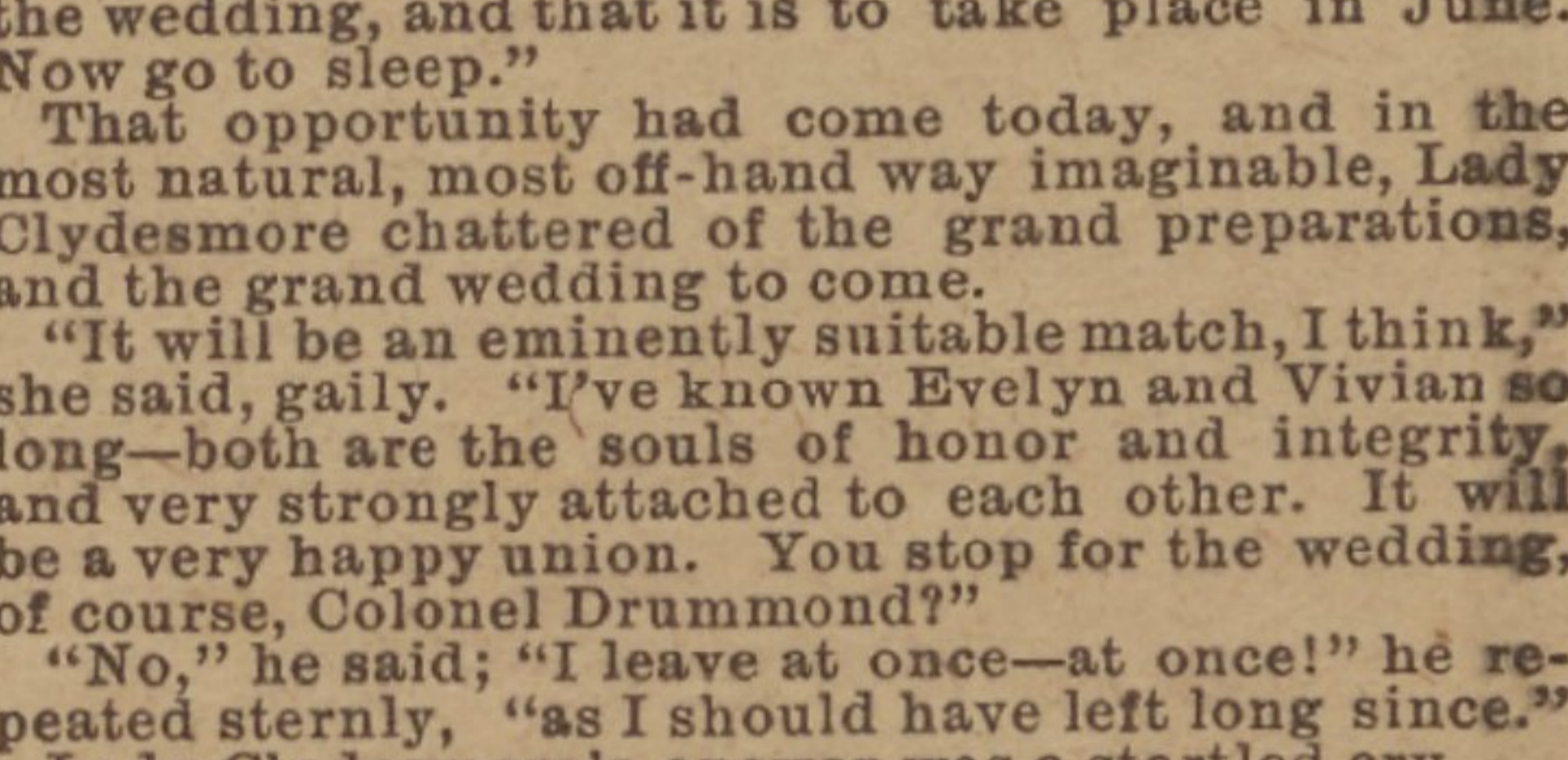
He led her to a shaded seat under some silver  
 beeches, while the remainder of the party saun-  
 dered up.  
 The colonel and Lady Clydesmore had ridden  
 away and were out of sight ere Trevanance's ser-  
 vant led up the two horses. He assisted her into  
 the saddle, and they galloped away, flashing past  
 the long line of carriages, after the pair who had  
 gone.  
 The pair who had gone were very much engrossed  
 with each other on this especial occasion, although  
 my lady had the conversation almost exclusively  
 to herself.  
 She flirted with the handsome soldier, certainly;  
 she admired him immensely, and made no secret  
 of it; but she also saw, with woman's sharp-sight-  
 edness, the secret he fondly thought buried deep  
 in his own heart, and began to wish he would go  
 away.  
 "He is such a splendid fellow, you know, Er-  
 nest," she said, with charming candor, to her  
 husband—for of course, wife-like, she told him at once  
 of her great discovery, "that it is a pity to see him  
 falling into the Slough of Despair where La Rose  
 de Castile casts her victims."  
 "Good heavens, Beatrice!" Lord Clydesmore  
 choked a yawn and sat erect, staring—"you mean  
 to say—"  
 But his lady closed his mouth with a kiss and a  
 laugh.  
 "Of course not, you precious old stupid! Only I  
 shall take the very earliest opportunity to tell the  
 handsome colonel of the grand preparations for  
 the wedding, and that it is to take place in June.  
 Now go to sleep."  
 That opportunity had come today, and in the  
 most natural, most off-hand way imaginable, Lady  
 Clydesmore chattered of the grand preparations,  
 and the grand wedding to come.  
 "It will be an eminently suitable match, I think,"  
 she said, gaily. "I've known Evelyn and Vivian so  
 long—both are the souls of honor and integrity,  
 and very strongly attached to each other. It will  
 be a very happy union. You stop for the wedding,  
 of course, Colonel Drummond?"  
 "No," he said; "I leave at once—at once!" he re-  
 peated sternly, "as I should have left long since."  
 Lady Clydesmore's answer was a startled cry.  
 "What is that?" she exclaimed, whirling round  
 in her saddle.  
 Colonel Drummond turned on the same impulse  
 and echoed that cry of alarm at the sight he saw.  
 The horse of Lady Evelyn, a wild-blooded, half-  
 tamed thing at best, had taken fright at some ob-  
 struction, and darted off like an arrow.  
 There was very little real danger, perhaps; but  
 the lightning-like rapidity with which she flew over  
 the ground—the earth a black, flying sheet beneath  
 her—made her sick and faint. Her head reeled,  
 the reins fell, and, with a dizzy sense of blindness,  
 she felt herself falling headlong from the saddle.  
 But swifter than her fall, swift as his love for her,  
 Colonel Drummond had flung himself off his own  
 horse, and caught her in his arms as she reeled and  
 fell.  
 "My love—my love! you are safe!"

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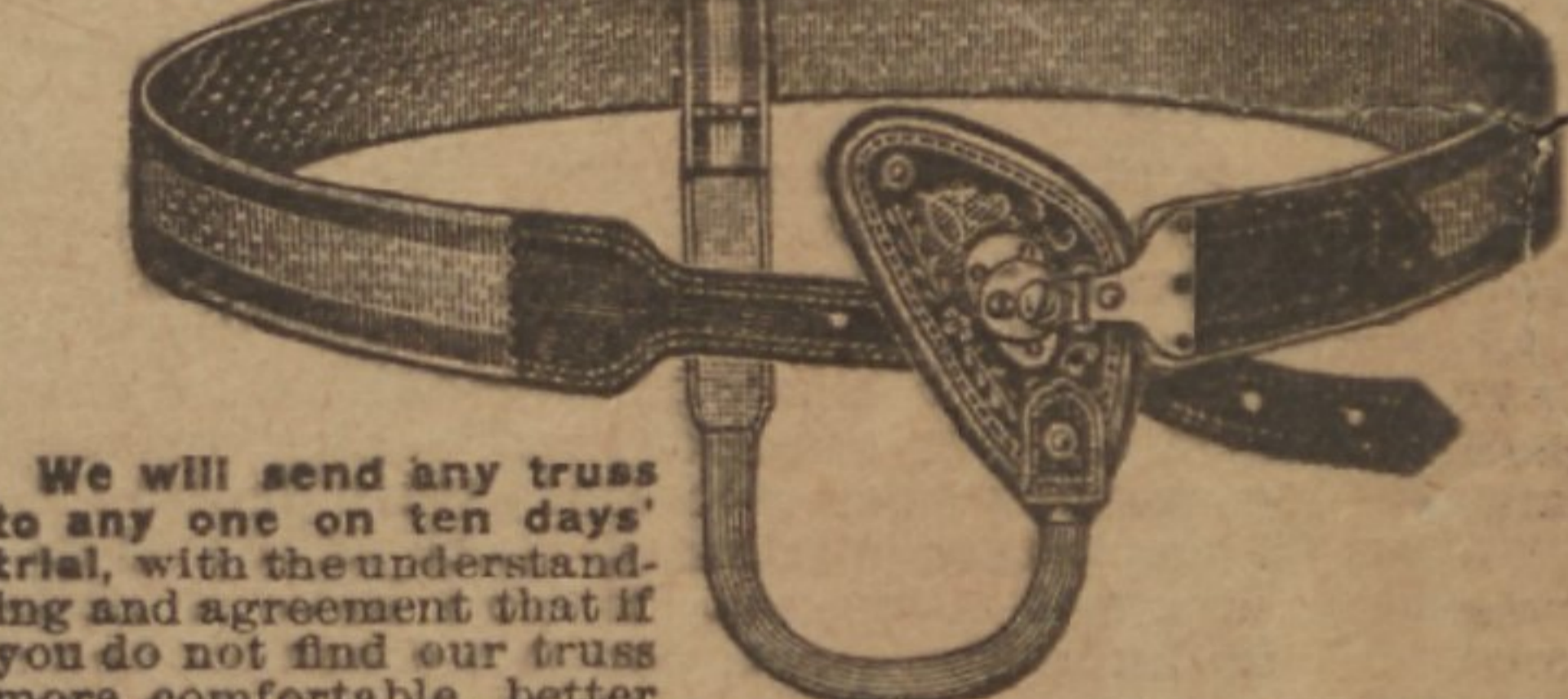
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Mrs. B. G., 10,219 Avenue L, Chicago, Ill.—We fancy you would find San Bernardino, Cal., a good town for your purpose, but before going there to live, you must know all about it from some one whom you know, or is perfectly reliable. As a rule, living expenses are higher in California than in Chicago, but with a bit of ground around you, you can raise almost all your food. Write to the mayor of the city, asking all the questions you can, stating your case exactly, and enclosing postage for reply. Possibly some of the good people of San Bernardino may see this notice and give you the information you seek. We ask them to do so, at least.

S. M. Riddle, Postmaster at Volga, N. C., will furnish information about western North Carolina as a place of homes, healthy, high and hopeful, to all home seekers who will enclose postage for reply.

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Golden Scott, Camden, Del.—Agriculturally Georgia is a fine state, and it is said that there is nothing grown in any of the states, except Florida, that Georgia can not profitably produce. Write to Hon. O. B. Stevens, Comm'r of Agriculture, Atlanta, for information as to lands, and make special inquiry for names of reliable real estate dealers to whom you may write for details such as the Commissioner can not give you. If you have a little money to go on at the start, you can scarcely find a better location than the highlands of interior Georgia, where the climate is cooler and the health is good. It is a great fruit state, and Georgia peaches are famous.

W. M. B., P. O. Box 14, Fort Yates, N. D., will please write to W. A. Moorhead, Mt. Tabor, S. C.

If some home seeker, looking for a farm in North Carolina, will write to A. G. McDougall, Bliton, Bladen County, he may find just what he is looking for. Mr. McD. is a farmer in that section, and knows the country.

W. C. Grant, Postmaster at Rosehill, Ala., reports a rush of people to his part of the country, but good farm lands may be had at \$8 an acre up, and he will furnish free information to all home seekers enclosing postage for reply.

Mrs. M. C. Farnam, living on a farm near Tallahassee, Fla., writes to say that she came to Florida six years ago from Wisconsin, and no money would get her to go back to the cold North. She says that while land may be purchased as low as \$7 an acre in Florida, that only land worth from \$20 to \$45 will prove to be satisfactory. She says that five railroads now enter Tallahassee and another is coming



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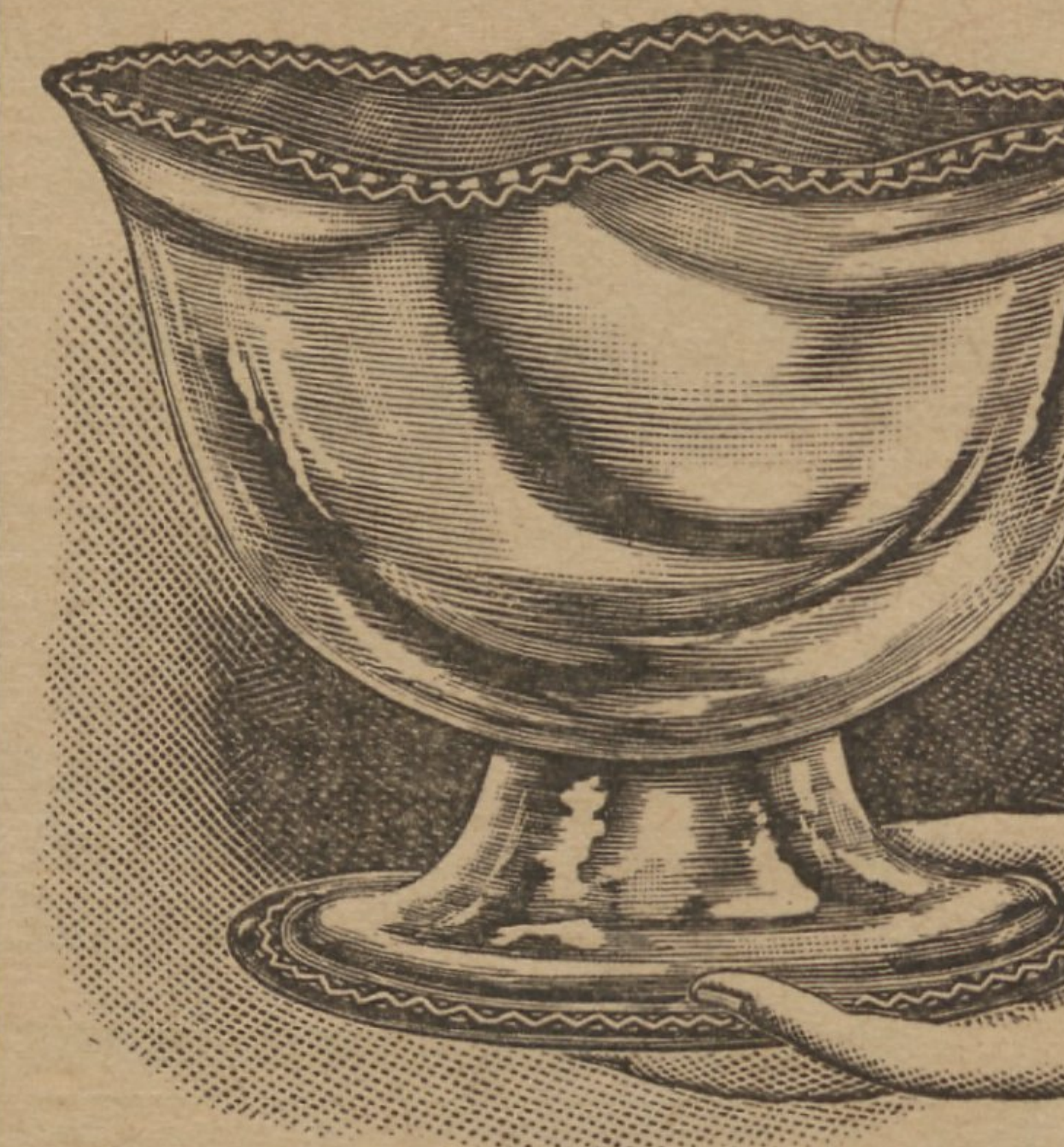
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### Patches.

**T**HERE has been some talk of the revival of patches owing, it is said, to the fact that Queen Alexandra wore a small black patch at the time of the coronation. It has been remarked that a number of notable society women have enlisted the beauty patch to enhance the brilliancy of the complexion or the sparkle of the eye. In Washington, Miss Roosevelt and Miss Leiter were among the devotees to this custom of oldtime belles.

Patches are associated in our minds almost entirely with the dames and fops of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but the fashion was not, as might be imagined, a production of that era. It was a reminiscence of early Roman times; even orators speaking from the tribune wore patches. It is said that certain plasters ordered as a remedy for headache had originally suggested these black spots, and they passed into favor when found to be accessories to beauty.

At the French court, the fad was re-introduced in 1655, and it became so important an adjunct of the toilet that a woman of rank

would have lost all consideration if she had appeared without patches. Belles carried patchboxes about with them. In the lid was a mirror which the owner consulted frequently, replacing the patch if it happened to fall off. Great care was exercised to adjust them in the most becoming manner. They were given amusing names, determined by the position on the face. The "majestic" was prominent on the forehead; the "funny" at the corner of the mouth; on the lips of the brunette, the patch was the "roguish;" on the nose it was the "saucy;" in the middle of the cheek the "gallant;" the

"receiver of stolen goods" on a spot or pimple; near the eye, as it rendered the glance either languid or passionate, it was the "murderous;" while the fanciful patches, stars, crescents, hearts, etc., were past counting. A round patch was called an "assassin." The wide-spread fashion created opportunity for criticism and a preacher named Massillon denounced it. The result was to make patches more popular than ever, and they were known thenceforth as "patches of Massillon."

It is doubtful if the vogue will ever again take so strong a hold of the human fancy, for men were not far behind women in their

frenzy to be spotted. There is even a language of patches, and we have endeavored to illustrate this as far as we could:

A star-shaped patch worn about an inch below the left eye denotes fondness of adventure, and is a sign that the wearer is unmarried.

A heart-shaped beauty spot in the center of the left cheek means that the wearer is engaged.

A heart-shaped patch on the right cheek conveys the information that the wearer is married.

A heart-shaped spot worn just below the right eye proclaims a flirt.

Placed at the outer corner of the right eye, the little heart-shaped token bespeaks the affectionate nature of its wearer.

Placed alluringly on the upper lip the patch speaks eloquently of that which is the breath of love—a kiss.

It is coquettish to place the patch near the lip. Worn on the brow the beauty spot proclaims a nature reserved, forceful and dignified.

A patch is star-shaped and worn on the chin it means that the wearer is in a frivolous mood.

Worn quite near the nose, the patch is saucy.

## Photography for the Beginner

By W. I. Scandlin.

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**W**HEN, next day, John and I went to work on our photography, his films and my plates were thoroughly dry. It was easy to see on close examination that the two sides of both negatives were different each from the other. One side of each was glossy black, while the opposite side was dull black. In the case of the plate, the glossy surface was the plain glass, and in the case of the film, the glossy side was the plain celluloid. Each dull surface was the coated side of the negatives bearing the picture. In other words, as I told John, it was the side of the negative to be very careful of, the side that must not be scratched, wet or soiled. John quickly learned to tell the right and wrong side of both plate and film, and we decided to begin our printing lessons with a blue print, or ferro prussiate paper. We did this because the paper is most easy to work, and, as no toning or fixing is required, it is quickly finished and many beautiful results may be obtained with it.

Any photographic paper, like a plate or film, is subject to the action of the light until it has been toned or fixed, or until the chemical that made it light sensitive has been washed out. As the plate is exposed for a fraction of a second only in the camera, and as the paper is exposed sometimes for an hour or more before it is sufficiently printed, it will be seen that the degree of sensitiveness is very different in each. That is, the paper is much less sensitive than the plate or film. Consequently, as I told John, it was not necessary to be so careful

keeping the light from his paper before exposure as it was from his plates and films.

John now arranged on the table his tray for washing, his printing frame, his tube of ferro prussiate paper and a piece of clean glass cut to fit his printing frame. The plate being a little easier to handle than the film, we started with that. On examination of the printing frame John saw that the cover or back of the frame was in two parts, connected by a hinge, and that one of the parts was considerably larger than the other. Each part had a clamp or spring that fitted under a corresponding ledge on the body of the frame and thus held the back firmly in place. I told him that as the image appeared on the sensitive side of the paper it was necessary to watch it closely in order to know when to stop the printing. It was also necessary to have some means by which the paper could be held in position on the negative so that it could not be moved when the frame was opened for examination. For this reason the cover was in two parts and the smaller part, when once clamped down on the paper and negative, must not, under any circumstances, be released or the pressure slackened in any way, until the printing is finished. The other end of the cover, the larger end, was to act as the hinged window through which one might look at the print from time to time. John now thoroughly understood the various parts of his printing frame, so we began the operation of printing. The first step was to place the frame, face down, upon the table and to remove the hinged back from the body of the frame. This done, John took one of my negatives, and, turning the coated side, or the side that held the picture, uppermost, he

placed it in the body of the frame, thus keeping the glass side down.

I now told John to take the tube of blue print paper and open it in the darkest part of the room, with his back to the light. This is safe with most printing papers, provided the paper is not exposed for any considerable length of time. John now opened the roll and took out one sheet. One side of this paper was just like any other piece of white paper, while the other side was tinted, much the color of a dry plate before development. The tinted side of the paper was the coated side and I told John that the coated side of the paper must always be next to the coated side of the plate in printing. We now replaced the cover and fastened the back and turned the frame over, placing it in the direct sunlight, where we left it while John filled his tray with clean fresh water. After the frame had been in the sun for four or five minutes I suggested to John that it was time for him to look at his paper. Bringing the frame in, he placed it on the table away from the direct sunlight with the cover of the frame uppermost. He next released the two clamps that held in position the larger part of the frame and lifted it back on its hinge, thus laying bare more than half of the paper, firmly held at the other end by the small end of the hinged back. He now put his finger under the end of the paper and lifted it up, away from the negative. He was thus able to see what had taken place. The outlines of objects in the negative had begun to appear over the surface of the paper, but only dimly, so the frame was again closed and replaced in the sun. He did this several times, until at length we decided that printing had gone far enough.

### 6. Blue Printing.

By this time, the shadows of the picture had begun to turn from an olive green color to a bronze. We paid no attention to the high lights, as sky, white house, the sheep, etc., but waited till the shadows were well bronzed, when we stopped printing, removed the print and put it in a book to protect it from the light, while printing from the film. Removing the negative, we placed in the frame a piece of clear glass to support the film while printing, and on it with its coated side uppermost, was laid the film. The coated side of another sheet of ferro prussiate paper was then placed on the coated side of the film and in the same manner as before, the second print was made.

In place of toning and fixing, as is necessary with almost all other papers, all that is necessary is a thorough washing, when using blue print paper. This washing frees the paper from all the iron salts not acted on and rendered insoluble by the light. Taking a print in my hand, I immersed it in the tray of water, just as I had immersed the plate in the developer and let it stand. In a moment a cloud of color seemed to come off the surface of the print and to rise to the surface of the water. Changing the water every few minutes, until the prints had washed for ten or fifteen minutes, were finished.

Nothing more remained to be done, which was quickly done by washing the paper of each to the edge of the print.

In our next issue we will describe the method of printing by lamp-light.

**SYNOPSIS**—PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Lord Roderick Desmond, only son of the Earl of Clontarf Castle, Ireland, while on a yacht, goes to the rescue of a burning ship. A man and a woman leap overboard from the blazing deck. As they rise to the surface, Lord Roderick drags the woman into his boat, but the man sinks forever. He was a wealthy Spanish Don and the woman was his daughter, the Donna Inez de Alvarez. Lord Roderick at once falls in love with the beautiful Spaniard and they become engaged. Kathleen O'Neal, daughter of the village schoolmaster, has been the playmate of Lord Roderick and takes seriously the boy-and-girl-love that has existed between them and pines for Roderick. Meanwhile, Gerald Desmond, a penniless cousin of Lord Roderick, falls desperately in love with Donna Inez, and, while posing as a friend of Roderick, schemes to prevent his marriage. William Morgan, an English attorney, is in love with Kathleen O'Neal who hates him. Her father, a gambler, has borrowed money from Morgan on the home, and the latter threatens to foreclose the mortgage and turn them out unless Kathleen will marry him. Gerald Desmond, under the pretense that Kathleen will listen to reason and marry Morgan, if Lord Roderick so advises her, arranges a meeting between them and manages that Donna Inez shall be a witness to what she thinks is a lover's tryst. But she soon learns the truth from Kathleen. A few days later while fishing near his home, Lord Roderick espies the body of Kathleen O'Neal floating in the stream. Just as he drags the body ashore, Morgan and a man named O'Moore appear suddenly, and Morgan accuses Roderick of the murder of Kathleen. Roderick is arrested, tried, and sentenced to death on the false testimony of Gerald and Morgan. Gerald gives Morgan two hundred pounds to leave the country. Mike Muldoon, a sailor, rescues Roderick from jail. While Roderick is waiting for Mike to arrive with the boat, Gerald comes upon him, shoots him, and flings him into the sea.

**PART SECOND**—Lady Evelyn Desmond, daughter of the Earl of Clontarf, is attacked, while riding, by a ruffian who demands money. Vivian Trevannance, of Royal Rest, comes to her rescue. She gives a ring to the ruffian telling him to call next day at Warbeck Hall and she will aid him. The tramp calls next day and receives his reward. On leaving the Hall he meets the Earl of Clontarf (formerly Gerald Desmond) to whom he discloses his identity. The tramp is no other than William Morgan, and he demands five hundred pounds from the Earl for his silence. The Earl retaliates by threatening him with his power to have him placed in an insane asylum. The Countess of Clontarf tells her tragic story to Lady Evelyn and gives her a miniature of Roderick Desmond. Trevannance proposes to Lady Evelyn and is rejected. The Earl of Clontarf forces Evelyn to accept Vivian's second proposal. Vivian departs to travel for six months.

**PART THIRD**—Mike Muldoon, injured in an explosion, lies in a hospital in St. Louis. He tells Mignonne, a little actress, who is a good angel in the hospital, that he rescued Roderick Desmond from the sea and that Roderick had gone to Australia, taking the name of Robert Drummond. Vivian Trevannance joins Robert Drummond in a scrimmage with Indians. Trevannance is wounded and is nursed by Mignonne in the hospital. Trevannance takes Drummond to the theatre; the latter recognizes in Mignonne his own daughter. He calls on her, she reproaches him for his supposed unkindness to her mother and refuses to be acknowledged as his daughter.]

At the earliest possible hour on the ensuing day, Colonel Drummond presented himself at the little cottage. There was an unusual bustle around the tiny house. The front door stood wide open, and a woman was washing the windows. A little girl, armed with a broom, answered the officer's knock. "Mam'selle Minnette?" she repeated after him. "Law, sir, she's gone!" "Gone! Gone where?" "Left St. Louis, sir—left this morning. What's your name, please? She's left a note." "My name is Drummond—Robert Drummond." The girl darted away, and was back immediately. "Colonel Robert Drummond," she read from the envelope. He leaned lightly against the door-post, and opened the letter. It was very brief:

"Colonel Drummond,—I write what I can not trust myself to say—farewell! I may have been mistaken in the past in my estimate of you, but none the less do I feel bound by my promise over my dead mother. We are better apart. We owe each neither love nor duty. Let us forget we ever met. Have no fear for me. I can protect myself, young as I am, and dangerous as is my profession. Do not follow or search for me. If you find me tomorrow, what would it avail you? If the day ever comes when I need your care and protection, I will send for you. Until then, leave me in peace. And now a last favor: go to—Hospital. There lies an old friend—Mike Muldoon—who, twenty years ago, saved your life. He longs for your coming as the bird longs for the light. Adieu.

"MINNETTE."

As Colonel Drummond read the last words, he started up with a suppressed cry. Mike Muldoon, and after all these years! The shock of surprise, for a moment, was stronger even than the shock of bitter disappointment at the flight of Minnette. "It must be as she says," he thought. "To seek her would be to change this dawning forgiveness into anger and hate. And yet—poor, lonely child!—it seems an cruel and heartless thing to do."

Ten minutes later he was striding through the hospital wards, making his way to the humble friend who so many years ago had rescued him from death—who had loved and cherished his memory as neither the kinsman he trusted nor the woman he loved had done.

"Mike!"

It was the old, familiar voice—the music for which Mike Muldoon had thirsted in vain for many a weary year.

The wounded man rose up with a cry—a cry of irrepressible joy.

"Lord Rory!" he said, his whole face lighting with ecstasy. "Oh, thank God!"

Colonel Drummond laid his hand over the man's mouth, with his peculiarly gentle, melancholy smile.

"Not that name, Mike. I have done with it, now and forever. I am Colonel Drummond. If you like, call me so."

"Blow me if I will!" Mike responded, with sudden ferocity. "You're the Earl of Clontarf, and no man on earth has a right to that title while you live. Why haven't you gone, years ago, and torn the coronet from that perjured murderer's head?"

"Easy, Mike, easy! Some one will hear you. My good fellow, you know I could not. The charge stands unrefuted yet. I am a felon. I can claim no civil rights."

"You can claim them, and you are no felon. And you're the man I take you to be, you'll give up everything—fighting here among the rest, though a lark in the allowance—and you'll go back to the States. You'll vindicate your honor and your right."

"None. Twenty years ago they scoundrelled me through the perjury of two scoundrels and the charge was as easily determined. If I went back tomorrow, I would find my word for it I did not murder a fellow, no, Mike! Death from a mind—we risk that every day. I would rather risk that every day than the hands of Jack Ketch is quite enough for me. That I would be the first to die, that I would be the first to die, that I would be the first to die."

"No, sir—no, my lord—there you are out. He is not the tool of Gerald Desmond. He served that gentleman's dirty purposes, and when his work was done, got kicked, like a dog, out of the way. He was sent to Norfolk Island for fifteen years for some of his tricks, and his time was up a year or so ago. When he returned, a broken-down beggar, my Lord Clontarf's aims were the horsewhip and the horse-pond. I had a letter, some months ago, from home—from one Tim McCarty, an old friend of mine that keeps a public-house, and he told me Morgan was at his place a week or so before he wrote. He was blind drunk and swearing vengeance against Gerald Desmond.

"I could tear him down from his high estate, if I chose," says he, "and I will, too—the liar and murderer! I wish Lord Rory were alive today. I'd soon tell him who drowned Kathleen O'Neal—ay, if they hung me for it an hour after! I'd hang willingly, so that they strung him up too!"



THE TWO MEN LOOKED EACH OTHER STRAIGHT IN THE EYES \* \* \* AND THE IRISH PEER TURNED GHASTLY WHITE AND REELED LIKE A MAN WHO HAD BEEN STRUCK.

"Tim and the rest," Mike continued, "set all this down for drunken blather; but you and I know better. Go back, Lord Rory; give everything up, find out Morgan, and make him turn queen's evidence. You'll get your own, and Gerald Desmond will get his own—a tempen halter!"

There was dead silence. The face of Colonel Drummond had grown very pale and grave.

"You will go, Lord Rory?" Mike urged in an agony of suspense.

"I will go, Mike," he said, slowly. "You are right. My honor must be vindicated, if there be any earthly way. If what you say be true, and I do not doubt it, the way is open at last. I will go. I will find William Morgan, if he is above ground, and wring the truth from him. They will hardly recognize the sunburned American colonel as the beardless young lordling, drowned twenty years ago in Wicklow Bay, with his thoughtful smile. And if they do, it will go hard with them to prove it. Would you have known me again, Mike?"

"The wide world over, Lord Rory! And you have not changed much—grown stouter and browner, but, barring the beard, nothing to speak of. Oh, fair, I'd know your skin on a bush!"

Colonel Drummond half laughed as he rose to go. "You will hardly be so sharp-sighted," he said. "In that world they never remember the absent long. I leave you now to return tomorrow. I shall depart for England in the 'Columbia' next week."

He quitted the hospital, and walked briskly to his hotel. As he approached, he encountered Trevannance, looking hurried and pale.

"Have you heard?" the young man asked, with suppressed excitement. "Mignonne is gone!"

"Ah!"

"She left this morning. The cottage is in charge of the owners. She and Madame Michaud and Loup made their exodus by the early train for New York. Last night was the conclusion of her engagement. She refused every offer to renew it, bid her friends farewell, and has vanished. Do you know anything of this, Colonel Drummond?" asked Mr. Trevannance, with considerable suspicion.

For answer, Colonel Drummond placed the farewell note of the little actress in his hand.

"Knowing so much already, you may as well read this. I saw her yesterday, urged her to quit the stage, and permit me to shield her with a father's love and protection. That is her answer."

Trevannance read it, with a very blank face.

"Good heavens, what a willful, reckless sprite! And she must be obeyed. If we followed and found her tomorrow, as I suppose we could easily do, it would only render her twice as defiant and determined. We must let her go—mad, absurd child!"

"We must?" repeated Colonel Drummond, eying his companion keenly. "Pray, how comes the pronoun to be plural? Have you any special claim upon Minnette, the actress?"

Mr. Trevannance looked rather disconcerted, and the laugh with which he answered sounded somewhat forced.

"Oh, no! Of course not, beyond the ordinary claims of strong interest and friendly liking. She is but a child in years—a very bewitching and precocious child, I grant you, and by far too pretty to

week or two of sojourn at Royal Rest. I would like to introduce you to Lady Evelyn. You will like each other, I am certain. You are a hero, and she is a hero-worshiper. I ought to dread a rival, but my liking for you is stronger than my dread. So, my dear fellow, be gracious and come."

Colonel Drummond looked at him an instant in grave thought.

"If he knew my mission," he thought—"if he knew it was to expose as a murderer to the world the father of his plighted wife—to strip him of title and honor, and rank! But to see her—Inez—once more—to confront him—to look on the daughter of Inez d'Alvarez! Shall I yield and go?"

"Well," Trevannance said, "and what means that gaze—face as solemn as a church-yard slab? Are you debating whether you shall say 'yes' or 'no'? Let me decide—yes is the pleasanter word. Let it be 'yes.'"

"With all my heart!" Colonel Drummond responded, drawing a deep breath. "Let it be 'yes!'"

**CHAPTER VI. THE IVORY MINIATURE.**

It was close upon sunset. Far off above the Devon hills the rosy clouds trooped, and down here on the shore the sun was sinking into the sea in an oriflamme of gorgeous splendor. And half sitting, half lying on a mossy bank, with yellow water-willows trailing over her, a girl sat watching, with her heart in her eyes, that red light on sea and sky. Farther down on the shore stood a



young and pretty, but more matronly-looking lady holding by the hand a little boy of four or five. They, too, watched that rosy sunlight in the wide ocean, and the boats with their white sails flitting to and fro.

"Very pretty, isn't it, Ernest?" Lady Clydesmore said to her little son; and La Rose de Castille watched it as if she had never seen the sun go down before. "But all its beauty won't gather the shells we came after, will it, Ernie? And"—drawing out a jeweled watch the size of a sixpence—"it's only thirty minutes until dinner."

La Rose de Castille glanced over with a smile. "Don't mind me, Beatrice; go with Ernie for the shells. I feel lazy, and prefer waiting here."

"To dream of my husband-elect," Lady Clydesmore responded, with a gay little laugh. "He will be here tonight for certain—happy fellow! Come, Ernie, let us collect our shells; time is on the wing."

Lady Evelyn's face clouded perceptibly at Lady Clydesmore's words. When she had gone she drew forth a letter, received the day before, and read it over. It was dated "London," and signed "Vivian Trevannance," and it announced his speedy arrival at Royal Rest.

"I bring with me a friend," wrote Lady Evelyn's lover—"an American officer—like Ney, the 'bravest of the brave,' a very hero of romance, whose life seems to have run after the fashion of a three-volume novel. His name is Drummond. You will like him, I am certain."

She read the letter over very slowly and thoughtfully, and when she folded it up not all the rosy glow in sky or sea could light the gloom that lay on the perfect face.

She drew forth from the pocket of her dress a little ivory miniature. It was the portrait of Roderick Desmond, given her by her mother, and which she had an odd fancy for carrying about with her. The fair, frank beauty of the face had a charm for her; the violet eyes looked up at her full of joyous brightness and life; the lips seemed to smile.

"How noble he looks, how beautiful!" she thought. "Ah, one could love such a man as this! And they thought him a murderer—with that face!" So absorbed was she in her day-dream that the sound of approaching footsteps on the velvet sward behind never reached her ear. Two gentlemen in evening dress, under their light spring overcoats, came down the sloping bank toward the strand.

"Look yonder," the elder of the two said. "The 'Sleeping Beauty' is it? Or, perchance, the lady of whom you are in search."

The other looked languidly. The evening was warm, and he was not prepared to excite himself.

"If she would only turn round," he murmured in his sleepiest tone. "That stately poise of the head, that mantilla. Ah, yes; it is Lady Evelyn."

"What is that? A book? No, a portrait; yours, no doubt, and she is absorbed over it. Good Heaven! under his breath: 'what a lovely face!'"

"Yes, she is beautiful," Trevannance said; placidly; "and she hears us at last."

"Arrived early in the day. Would have sent word, but wished to surprise you. I had thought to find you in London still."

"Papa's illness induced us to leave town. Lord Clydesmore insisted on our returning here with our family. Yonder is Lady Clydesmore and Ernest. How surprised she will be at your unexpected apparition!"

"Agreeably, I hope. Allow me to present my friend, Colonel Drummond, of the United States Service. Colonel Drummond, the Lady Evelyn Desmond."

The American colonel bowed low before the stately beauty, the most perfect he had ever seen; and Lady Evelyn, with a proud inclination, just glanced at him, and started in a sudden surprise, and looked at him steadily and long. Where had she seen that handsome face, with its deep-blue, brilliant eyes, its waving chestnut hair and gold-brown beard, before? It was as familiar as her own in the glass, and yet utterly strange.

"Allow me." The voice of her plighted husband broke the spell. "You have dropped this, I fancy." He picked up the ivory miniature from the ground, where it lay in some danger of being trampled on, and presented it to her.

Both men saw the pictured face distinctly, and saw that it was not the face of her lover. A faint flush of surprise flashed over the pale bronze of Colonel Drummond's countenance. For Trevannance, he was of Talleyrand's kind. If you had kicked him, his face would not have shown it. The instant after he had given it to her he started forward to greet Lady Clydesmore, with rather more effusion, perhaps, than he would otherwise have shown.

"So the prodigal has returned!" her gay little ladyship said, most cordially shaking hands. "We missed you horribly last season, Vivian. When did you reach Royal Rest?"

Trevannance told her, laughingly, and led her up to his friend, whom he presented in due form. Little Lady Clydesmore, the most genial of peacocks, frankly held out her hand.

"So happy to meet you, colonel! Have heard all about your exploits from Mr. Trevannance's letters to Lord Clydesmore, and welcome you sincerely to England. I adore America and the Americans. You must tell me all about the country. Vivian, you come with us, of course, with your friend, and dine. Oh, no excuse! I insist upon it."

"Lady Clydesmore's slightest wish is equivalent to a command," Trevannance said, bowing low. "My friend and I are entirely at your disposal."

"That's as it should be. And as you must have a thousand and one things to say to Lady Evelyn, Colonel Drummond and I will lead the way."

With which my lady gayly took the American officer's proffered arm, and leading her little boy by the hand, and chattering away small-talk, walked away. She was the merriest and most coquetish of little matrons. Colonel Drummond listened, as in duty bound, smiled and responded; but all the while it was not the rosy, dimpled, pretty face of the viscountess he saw, but that other behind, pale and proud and peerless, the loveliest his eyes had ever seen. It was Inez d'Alvarez over again, only more spiritual, more beautiful, less of the "earth, earthy," and the golden days of his youth came back, and he was her happy lover once more.

It was not "love at first sight;" it was only the old love, that had died out, warming in his heart once more. He forgot the years, long and weary, that had gone, and changed his Spanish beauty into a faded, pallid matron. The Inez of his youth, of his love, walked behind with Vivian Trevannance.

The lovers behind followed slowly, she leaning lightly upon his arm, listening while he spoke of the land he had left, of his regret at his father's illness, his happiness in meeting her again. But from the last topic she started so perceptibly that he paused. He looked down on the splendid face beside him, with an annoyed sense of defeat and jealousy in his breast.

"You promised to try and learn to love me when I was gone, Evelyn," he said, bending over her. "My dearest, have you kept your word?"

Her eyes fell, her cheeks flushed.

"I have striven; I have done my best. I think, sometimes, it is not in me to love at all, as you would have me. Spare me now. Another time—"

She faltered and paused.

"No other has supplanted me?" he said, his eyes lighting. "You were the belle of London last season—"

He stopped. She had looked up at him, with all her Spanish blood afire.

"You have said quite enough, Mr. Trevannance. The question is an insult. I disdain to reply."

"I beg your pardon; I did not mean it! I spoke on the impulse of the moment; and I love you so devotedly, my darling, that your coldness drives me wild."

But even as he spoke there came floating to him, through the purple haze of spring twilight, a bright brunette face, laughing, saucy, defiant, with sparkling black eyes and dimpling smiles—the dark face of Minnette, the actress. And in that hour, with his peerless bride on his arm, Vivian Trevannance knew he loved the little Canadian actress the best.

Silence fell between them. Lady Evelyn was looking, with eyes full of thoughtful interest, at the stalwart figure of the American colonel before her. Trevannance saw it, and smiled.

"You honor my friend with especial regard," he said. "You have deigned to look at him—twice. May I venture to ask why?"

"Yes. Tell me where I have seen him before; he puzzles me. Who is he like?"

"You have never seen him before, and your puzzle is clear to me. Shall I tell you whom he is like?"

"Yes; for I am at a loss."

He touched the ivory miniature, looking into her grave face with a searching smile.

"Fancy him twenty years younger, and all that magnificent auburn beard ungrown, and he might sit as the original of the picture you hold."

It was a difficult thing to disturb the self-possession of La Rose de Castille; few had ever seen the phenomenon; but at these words she paused suddenly, with a low, irresponsible cry, for at one glance she saw it—the strange, the wondrous resemblance.

"It startles you," her lover said; "and yet we meet these accidental resemblances now and then. This is the portrait of a friend?"

"It is the portrait of a man who was murdered twenty years ago," Lady Evelyn said in a frightened voice. "Mamma gave me this picture. What does your friend mean by wearing a dead man's face?"

"Can't say," her lover responded, with a laugh. "I'll ask him, if you like. Who is the gentleman he so vividly resembles?"

She hesitated a moment, then answered, softly: "I may tell you in confidence—Lord Roderick Desmond. You will have heard of him. He was papa's cousin, the late Lord Clontarf's only son. There was foul play; he was wrongfully accused of a murder; he made his escape from prison, and was cruelly murdered himself."

"My dearest Evelyn, how can you possibly know all this?"

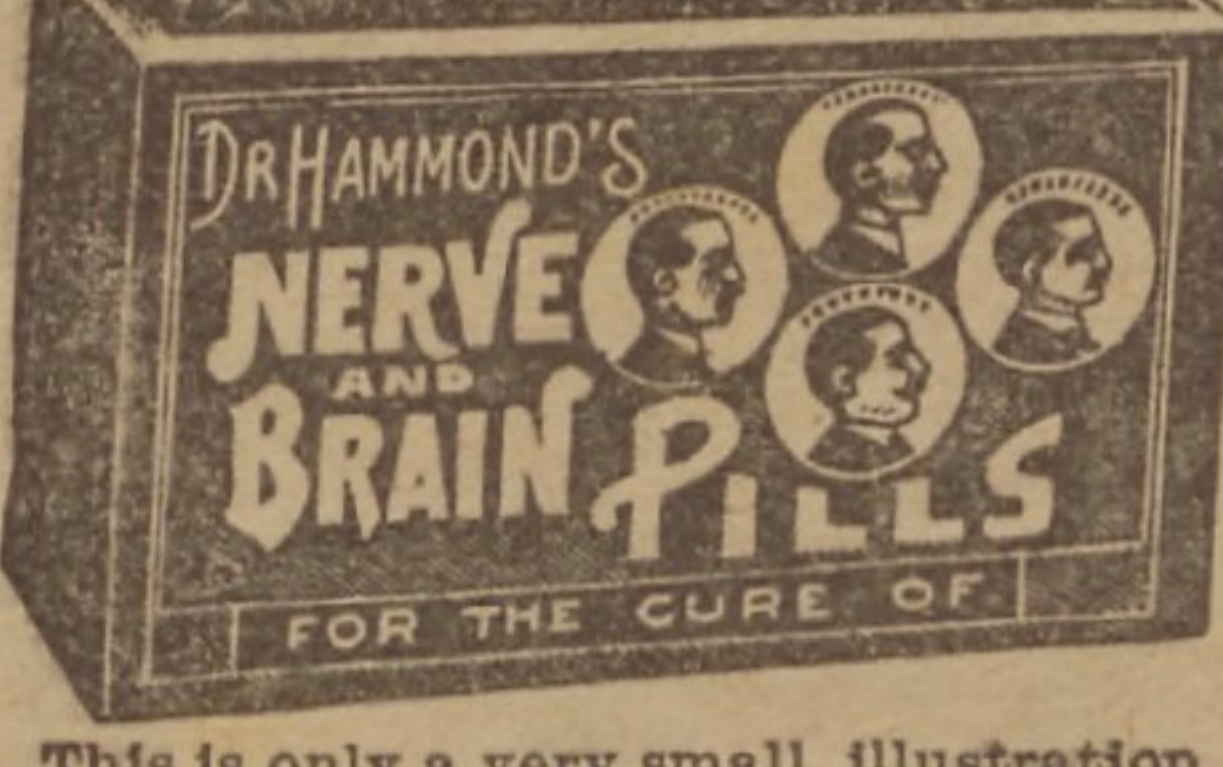
"Mamma knows it—mamma told me. She was to have been his wife. She loved him very dearly. She had cherished his memory and his picture all these years, as even a wedded wife may cherish the memory of the dead. She must not see this man. The likeness is something terrible."

They had entered the park gates, and were passing up the avenue. Two gentlemen, pacing leisurely, and they heard us at last."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

**CHOICE OF ANY ONE OF THESE NINE STANDARD REMEDIES SENT TO YOU FREE OF CHARGE.** We are selling regularly every day at our SPECIAL CUT PRICE, 50 CENTS EACH, with postage extra, AND SUCH AS RETAIL GENERALLY. **SEND NO MONEY,** ENCLOSE NO POSTAGE, select any one of the nine remedies on the blank lines below, cut out and mail to us and the remedy you select will be sent to you (a full size package from our regular stock), by return mail, postpaid, free, with our compliments. **SELECT ONLY ONE OF THE NINE REMEDIES, DON'T SELECT TWO OR MORE FOR ONLY ONE REMEDY WILL BE SENT TO YOU ONE PERSON FREE. YOU CAN HAVE A FULL SIZE PACKAGE FREE BY MAIL, POSTPAID, OF ANY ONE OF THE NINE STANDARD REMEDIES. THIS IS THE ONLY BONA FIDE, UNCONDITIONAL FREE OFFER WE HAVE EVER SEEN PUBLISHED IN ANY PAPER,** since it offers the goods in full size packages and not samples, as for a full size package, free, by mail, postpaid, at once, and are never asked to buy any more; **YOU WILL NOT BE ASKED FOR ONE CENT NOW OR HEREFTER; NEVER AGAIN REQUESTED TO SEND FOR ANY MORE OF THE REMEDY YOU SELECT OR ANY OTHER REMEDY.**

**DR. HAMMOND'S NERVE AND BRAIN PILLS.**



**QUICK CURE FOR WEAKNESS.** Guaranteed the highest grade on the market. The only quick, sure, safe, and permanent cure for weak men, NO MATTER HOW SEVERE THE CASE. \$1.00 IS THE REGULAR PRICE. A FULL SIZE PACKAGE, 60 CENTS IS OUR SPECIAL CUT SALE PRICE, BUT OFFERED FREE OF COST, POSTPAID, UNDER THIS FREE OFFER. A FULL SIZE PACKAGE, 60 CENTS IS OUR SPECIAL CUT SALE PRICE, BUT OFFERED FREE OF COST, POSTPAID, UNDER THIS FREE OFFER. A FULL SIZE PACKAGE, 60 CENTS IS OUR SPECIAL CUT SALE PRICE, BUT OFFERED FREE OF COST, POSTPAID, UNDER THIS FREE OFFER.

This is only a very small illustration of the box, you will send you a full size package, enough to fully restore and permanently cure you.

A regular size package, taken from our regular stock, enough to cure any ordinary case, no matter from what cause or how long standing. **COSTS YOU NOTHING,** just fill out the blank lines below, say you wish Dr. Hammond's Nerve and Brain Pills, and a full size box will go to you by return mail, postpaid, in a plain package, FREE OF ANY COST TO YOU, and under the strictest confidence on our part.

**DR. HAMMOND'S NERVE AND BRAIN PILLS FOR MEN.** The only sure cure for men's weakness, will quickly cure you if you have any of the following symptoms: Nervousness, general weakness, weariness, dizziness, head or back ache, chilliness, poor circulation, cold feet, and the many other symptoms common to men. **THIS IS A PERFECTLY SAFE AND MOST WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR MEN ONLY,** and for a full size box, free, by mail, postpaid, simply fill out the blank lines below and send to us and you get this REMEDY FOR NOTHING, ample quantity to cure in any ordinary case.

**Celebrated Mexican Headache and Neuralgia Cure Free.**




**A FULL SIZE PACKAGE OF Mexican Headache and Neuralgia Cure,** taken from our regular stock, will be sent to any address by mail, postpaid, free with our compliments. Simply fill out the blank lines below, and you will receive it free of any cost by mail postpaid. This is done to introduce our drug department as explained above.

**THIS, OUR CELEBRATED MEXICAN HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA CURE,** is compounded in our own laboratory. We guarantee it to relieve any headache within fifteen minutes after the first dose has been taken. Rarely is the second dose required except in very obstinate cases. It is perfectly harmless, no matter from what cause, whether a nervous headache or from the stomach or a severe case of neuralgia. We guarantee this remedy to give quick and complete relief. Perfectly harmless, no matter from what cause, whether a nervous headache or from the stomach or a severe case of neuralgia. We guarantee this remedy to give quick and complete relief.

The above is only a small illustration of the large, full size package (just as taken from our regular stock) which we furnish free with this offer.

**A Regular \$1.00 Package of Dr. Rose's Celebrated French Arsenic Complexion Wafers Free.**




**THE GREATEST COMPLEXION PREPARATION ON THE MARKET,** one that retails regularly for \$1.00, but under this special offer to introduce our Drug Department, a full sized package will be sent free to any address by mail postpaid, on application. Simply fill out the blank lines below and send to us, and the full size package will go to you by return mail, postpaid, free of any cost.

**THIS REMEDY IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS.** It possesses the "Wizard's Touch" in producing, preserving and enhancing beauty of form and person in male and female by surely developing a transparency and pellucid clearness of complexion, shapely contour of form, brilliant eyes, soft and smooth skin, where by nature the reverse exists. Even the coarsest and most repulsive skin and complexion, marred by freckles and other disfigurements, slowly changed into an unrivaled purity of textures, free from any spot or blemish whatever; the pinched features become agreeable, the form angular gradually transforms itself into the perfection of womanly grace and beauty. Guaranteed a sure cure for freckles, moth, blackheads, pimples, a red, rough, yellow or muddy skin and other facial disfigurements.

**UNDERSTAND,** Dr. Rose's Arsenic Complexion Wafers are free. A full size package will be sent to any address by mail, postpaid. Simply fill out the blank lines below and mail to us.

**DR. ROSE'S CELEBRATED OBESITY POWDERS.**




**THIS IS A REMEDY THAT SELLS REGULARLY AT 75 CENTS TO \$1.00.** A full size package, 75 cents, with postage extra, but for this special offer, a full size package of this remedy, taken direct from our regular stock, will be sent to any address by mail postpaid, free of any cost. Simply fill out the blank lines below, cut out and send to us and the remedy will go to you by return mail, postpaid, FREE OF ANY CHARGE.

**DR. ROSE'S OBESITY POWDERS** are compounded in our own laboratory and it is positively the greatest fat or weight reducing preparation on the market.

**TOO MUCH FAT IS A DISEASE** and a source of great annoyance to those afflicted. It impairs the strength and brings on disease. Dr. Rose's Obesity Powders are perfectly harmless they will reduce the weight in a safe and agreeable manner. No bad results follow its use. Explicit directions and valuable information for fat folks enclosed in each box, and you get a full sized box mailed to you postpaid, free for the asking.

The above is only a small illustration of the large, full size package (just as taken from our regular stock) which we furnish free with this offer.

**SURE CURE FOR THE TOBACCO HABIT FREE.**



**THIS IS THE GREATEST SPECIFIC ON THE MARKET FOR THE TOBACCO HABIT,** a remedy that retails for \$1.00 per box, and sold by us under our cut price policy, at from 40 to 75 cents per box, size, but under this special offer, will be sent to any address by mail, postpaid, free on application.

Simply fill out the blank lines below, state you wish our Sure Cure for the Tobacco Habit, and it will go to you by return mail, postpaid, free of any cost to you. **THIS FREE OFFER, AS EXPLAINED IS MADE ONLY TO INTRODUCE OUR BIG DRUG DEPARTMENT.** YOU CAN GET A LARGE, FULL SIZE PACKAGE OF OUR Sure Cure Tobacco Habit free, enough to cure any ordinary case of the tobacco habit. Understand, this is not a small sample package but a full size box from our regular stock, and you will have to pay any retail druggist \$1.00 for. Under this offer you pay nothing. Our Sure Cure for the Tobacco Habit is put up in our own laboratory, there is no other specific for the tobacco habit on the market that will compare with it. It is perfectly harmless, it is nature's own remedy. It cures because it builds up and fortifies, rejuvenates the weak and unstrung nerves, it stops the craving for tobacco, by supplying instead a healthy and strengthening tonic. It eradicates the poisonous nicotine from the system, destroys all the effects of nicotine, it satisfies the craving for tobacco, and its use brings great health, increasing the appetite for food, strengthens the stomach, enriches and purifies the blood, giving good general health. It is not a drug; it can be chewed the same as tobacco, or taken dissolved in coffee or hot water. **IT IS NOT ONLY A SURE CURE FOR THE TOBACCO HABIT, BUT ALSO ONE OF THE BEST TONICS MADE.**

**UNDERSTAND,** a full size package is free. Simply fill out the blank lines below, state which one of the nine remedies you want, and it will go to you by mail, postpaid, FREE WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS.


**WE CAN AFFORD TO OFFER YOU ANY ONE OF THE NINE REMEDIES IN FULL SIZE PACKAGES, AND SEND THE MEDICINE TO YOU BY MAIL, POSTPAID, PLACING YOU UNDER NO OBLIGATION AND TO NOT ONE CENT EXPENSE.**

**THE MOST WONDERFUL CURE FOR HEART TROUBLE EVER OFFERED.** A remedy that retails for \$1.00, a full size package, taken direct from our stock, sent to any address by mail, postpaid, FREE with our compliments.

**SIMPLY FILL OUT THE BLANK LINES AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS NOTICE,** state which of the nine remedies you want, and the remedy wanted will go to you by return mail, postpaid, free with our compliments. A great many different heart cures have been offered but this, the celebrated Dr. Echols' Australian Auriculo Heart Cure, is put up in our own laboratory and is put out as the MOST EFFICIENT CURE FOR ALL HEART TROUBLE ever offered.

**IF YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM HEART TROUBLE** of any kind do not fail to fill out the blank lines below and get a full size package of the remedy by return mail, postpaid. THE SYMPTOMS OF HEART TROUBLE are such as shortness of breath, fluttering or palpitation, pain or tenderness of the breast, side or under the left shoulder blade, between the shoulders, swelling of the feet or ankles, neuralgia in the chest or on the right or left side, sudden starting in sleep, morbid dreams, etc. All these symptoms are symptoms of heart trouble and no remedy will relieve or cure as quickly as Dr. Echols' Australian Auriculo Heart Cure. A full package of this remedy, as illustrated and described, will be sent to any address by mail, postpaid, FREE WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS.

**DR. ECHOLS' AUSTRALIAN AURICLO.**



**WONDER HEART CURE**  
AUSTRALIAN AURICLO  
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

The above is only a small illustration of the large, full size package (just as taken from our regular stock) which we furnish free with this offer.

**Dr. Wilden's Quick Cure for Indigestion and Dyspepsia.**




**THIS IS POSITIVELY THE BEST CURE FOR ALL CASES OF indigestion and dyspepsia.** No other remedy has ever been offered that will compare with Dr. Wilden's. It will give instant relief and quick and final cure where almost every other remedy has failed. **IF YOU WILL FILL OUT THE BLANK LINES BELOW,** this or any other one of the nine remedies will be sent to you by return mail, postpaid, free with our compliments. A full size package, a package that retails generally for \$1.00, will be sent to you by return mail, postpaid, free of any expense, postage extra.

**THIS, DR. WILDEN'S REMEDY,** is positively without an equal. Harmless, a child can take it; contains no opium, calomel or other injurious substances. Puts the stomach and other digestive organs in perfect condition. The most wonderful dyspepsia remedy ever compounded.

**IF YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM DYSPEPSIA, OR INDIGESTION** the symptoms will be constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, liver complaint, distress after eating, a tired and languid feeling at times, dull poor circulation, weak at times. If you have any of these symptoms you will get instant relief and a speedy and permanent cure by using Dr. Wilden's remedy, and the full size package we send you free is ample to furnish relief and cure in any ordinary case. We have hundreds of testimonials testifying to the wonderful cure effected with this remedy. There is no such other dyspepsia remedy on the market. Remember you get it free. Simply fill out the blank lines below, state that you wish Dr. Wilden's Quick Cure for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and the remedy will go to you by return mail, postpaid, free with our compliments.

**DR. BAIN'S FAMOUS BLOOD PILLS FREE.**



**DR. M. BAIN'S FAMOUS BLOOD PILLS**  
MADE BY THE WEAK AND SALLOW COMPLEXIONED

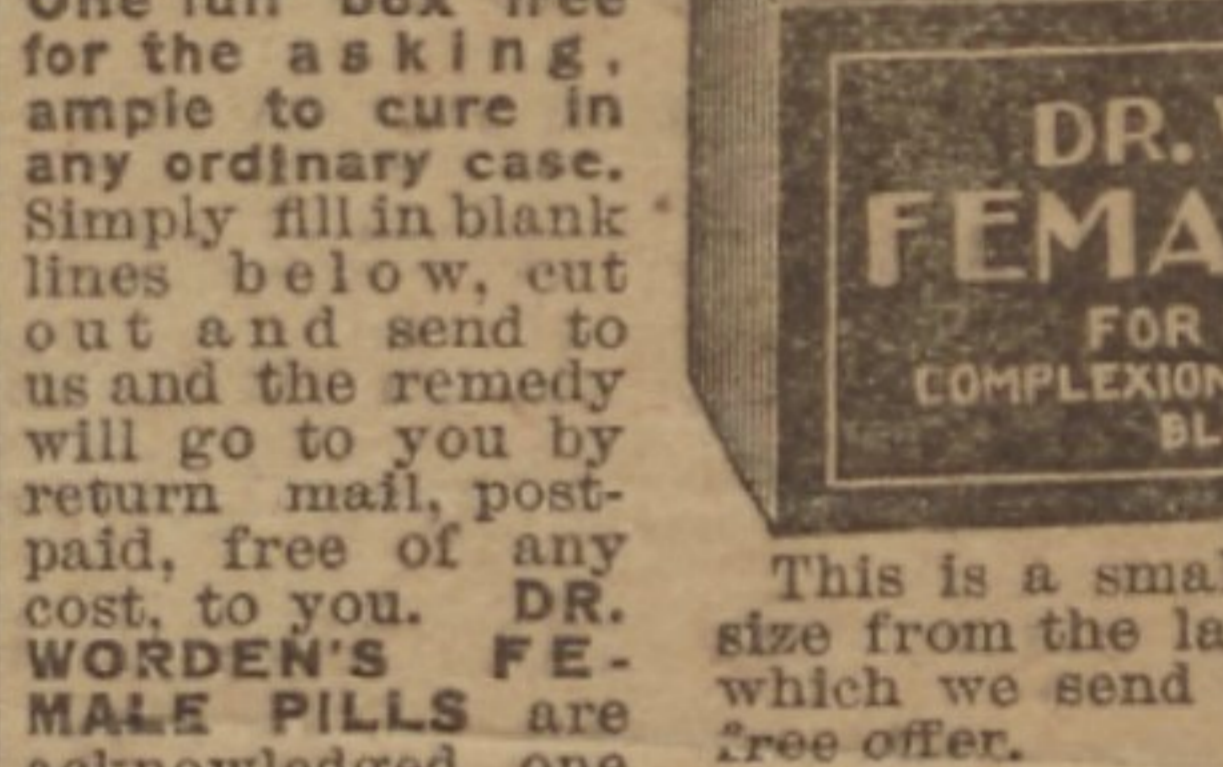
The above is only a small illustration of the large, full size package (just as taken from our regular stock) which we furnish free with this offer.

**FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO REQUIRE A NERVE TONIC,** blood purifier or builder there is nothing on the market that will build up the system, strengthen the blood, and give a new life to the system.

**FOR FEMALE TROUBLE** they are an unfailing remedy. They give tone to the whole system, making the eyes bright, the cheeks rosy, and thorough strength and buoyancy, the step from weakness and elastic. They can be taken according to directions without any danger. Unequal for weakness, poor thin blood, giving a yellow or pale complexion, loss of appetite, pain in the back, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, NERVOUS HEADACHES, ETC.

**FULL DIRECTIONS ARE SENT WITH EACH BOX.** You get a large sized package, a regular package as taken from our regular stock free by mail, postpaid, if you will fill out the blank lines below and send to us.

**Dr. Worden's Female Pills for Female Diseases.**



**DR. WORDEN'S FEMALE PILLS**  
FOR WEAK WOMEN COMPLEXION, BEAUTY, NERVE AND BLOOD-MANER.

**RETAILS FOR 50 CENTS TO \$1.00.** One full box free for the asking, ample to cure in any ordinary case. Simply fill in blank lines below, cut out and send to us and the remedy will go to you by return mail, postpaid, free of any cost to you. **DR. WORDEN'S FEMALE PILLS** which we send free postpaid on this offer.

This is a small picture, reduced in size from the large full size package of the GREATEST REMEDIES OF THE AGE. A great blood purifier and nerve tonic, cures all diseases arising from a poor and wasted condition of the blood, such as pale and sallow complexion, general weakness of the muscles, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, lack of ambition, anæmia, chlorosis or green sickness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath on slight exertion, coldness of hands and feet, swelling of the feet and limbs, pain in the back, nervous headache, dizziness, loss of memory, feebleness of will, ringing in the ears, all forms of female weakness, leucorrhœa, tardy or irregular periods, hysteria, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, neuralgia and all the many ailments common to women.

**A FULL SIZE PACKAGE IS FREE,** sent by mail postpaid. Simply fill out the blank lines below and the full size package will go to you free by mail, postpaid.

**UNDERSTAND, ONLY ONE OF THE NINE REMEDIES WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS BY MAIL POSTPAID ON APPLICATION.** DO NOT ASK FOR TWO, THREE OR MORE OF THESE NINE LEADING REMEDIES. Select only one for only one remedy will be sent to any one person. On the blank lines state which one of the nine remedies you want, write your name and postoffice address, and THE FULL SIZED PACKAGE AS TAKEN FROM OUR REGULAR STOCK, WILL BE SENT TO YOU BY RETURN MAIL, POSTPAID. You will not be asked to send for any more of the remedy, you will not afterwards be asked to send us any more money for further treatment. **YOU WILL GET A FULL SIZE PACKAGE, AN AMPLI QUANTITY FREE,** and this offer is only made, as explained above, to more thoroughly introduce our big drug department.

**ALL YOU WILL RECEIVE FROM US IN ADDITION TO THE FULL SIZE PACKAGE OF ANY ONE OF THE NINE REMEDIES YOU SELECT** will be our FREE SPECIAL BIG CATALOGUE.


**WE KNOW YOU WILL BE ATTRACTED BY THE ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES THAT WE NAME ON EVERYTHING IN THE DRUG LINE,** everything you need in any of the drug line, medicines, sundries or otherwise, you will be likely to send your order to us, and it is in this way we expect to further introduce our big drug department, and ultimately in the years to come be repaid for this most astonishing UNCONDITIONAL FREE OFFER of Nine of Our Most Standard and Highest Grade Remedies.

**WANT OF SPACE PREVENTS** our giving a full and complete description of the nine leading remedies of the full sized packages, which are our large, full size, regular stock packages. **WANT OF SPACE PREVENTS OUR GOING INTO A FULL DESCRIPTION OF EACH OF THE NINE REMEDIES,** but we assure you they are the most efficient and highest grade remedies on the market. **THEY ARE OUR NINE BIG LEADERS, AND UNDER THIS OFFER ANY ONE OF THEM IS FREE FOR THE ASKING.**

**DON'T DELAY A DAY OR AN HOUR.** Select the one remedy you want, fill out the blank lines, cut out and mail to us at once, you will get the remedy free by mail, postpaid, you will also receive by mail postpaid our big Special Drug Catalogue. You will not be asked to buy anything from our Drug Catalogue, we will depend only upon our ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES on the hundreds of items that we put up in our free Drug Catalogue to influence you to send us your orders later on for such other remedies or staple articles of merchandise as you may want.

**SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.**

**\$1.85 RATIONAL BODY BRACE.**



**SEND NO MONEY.** Cut this ad. out; state size around body two inches below top of hip bones; give height and weight and we will send you this RATIONAL BODY BRACE, by express C.O.D., subject to examination. You can examine it carefully and if you find it the highest grade, the most perfect, comfortable, hygienic and satisfactory Woman's Brace ever offered, regardless of price, pay the express agent our special offer price, \$1.85, and express charges. If you send \$1.85 with the order, you will save 20 to 25 cents, the extra charge the express companies or C.O.D. shipments.

**WEAR THE BRACE 10 DAYS, AND IF YOU DON'T FIND IT ALL AND MORE THAN WE CLAIM FOR IT, RETURN IT AT OUR EXPENSE AND WE WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY.**

**THIS IMPROVED RATIONAL BODY BRACE IS AN ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER AND BRACE COMBINED.** Forms a natural support for every organ of the body. Fits any figure, thin or stout. Makes walking and working comfortable and pleasant. Regains and retains a woman's general health, strength, grace and perfect figure. **REMOVES CAUSES OF ALL WEAKNESSES AND PREVENTS ORGANIC DISPLACEMENTS,** strengthens and supports where needed. **A GENUINE BOON TO WOMANKIND.**

**MADE OF ESPECIALLY PREPARED MATERIAL:** upper portion elastic; lower portion non-elastic. Perfectly adjustable. Can be worn over corsets. Best grade tempered springs. All metal parts highly nickel-plated. **RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS,** brings immediate relief and comfort to the wearer, with regular and natural functions of every organ. An extra set of under straps furnished free. Order Today. Write of Drugs and Appliances, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Address your letter plainly to . . . **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

**CHEAPEST SUPPLY HOUSE ON EARTH, CHICAGO, ILL.**

**Sent Free to Everybody! The COMFORT HAMMOCK.**



**As a Reward for a little friendly service.**

**BOYS AND GIRLS:** Here's a happy hint for Summer, And verily it is a "hummer."

The fashion in Hammocks is ever changing. This year we offer you something entirely different from the usual premium hammock, a fine quality, fancy pattern, fish-net cotton, same as is used by fishermen; something substantial and is tested to hold 300 pounds, dead weight, is 10 feet long, over 32 inches wide. Highly colored in red, blue, yellow and white. Each Hammock has a pocket in the end of the net for a concealed stretcher, any narrow piece of strong wood can be inserted and will serve the purpose, giving the Hammock a fine stretch and inviting appearance.

For hot summer days you can have nothing that will afford more pleasure than a fine hammock in a cool, shady nook. Now to everyone who will get up a club of 3 subscribers to Comfort Hammocks for only \$5.00, we will send one of these Hammocks FREE, we paying all express charges. Show a copy of this great offer to your neighbors, friends and acquaintances, you will be sure to get a new evening; for with its improvements and new original copyrighted department, it is seen to be appreciated.

Address C. O. . .

**MARRIAGE** Directory free to all. Pay when married. New plan. Send no money for particulars. **SELECT CLUB,** Dept. 2, Tekonsha, Mich.

**MARRY 10.000** are very anxious to see your photos FREE. **MARRY** STANDARD CLUB, Dept. 2, Chicago, Ill.

**MONEY** Circulars free. Address P. E. Cheney, Box 27, Mutual, Ohio.

**A BEAU** tiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. **TOWLET COMPOUND CO.** Box 327, Boston, Mass.

# REMARKABLE REMEDIES THAT CURE ALL DISEASES.

**The Famous Doctor, Discoverer  
and Scientist, James William  
Kidd, now offers to every  
Afflicted Person a Free  
Treatment.**

**Eighteen Thousand Last Month.**

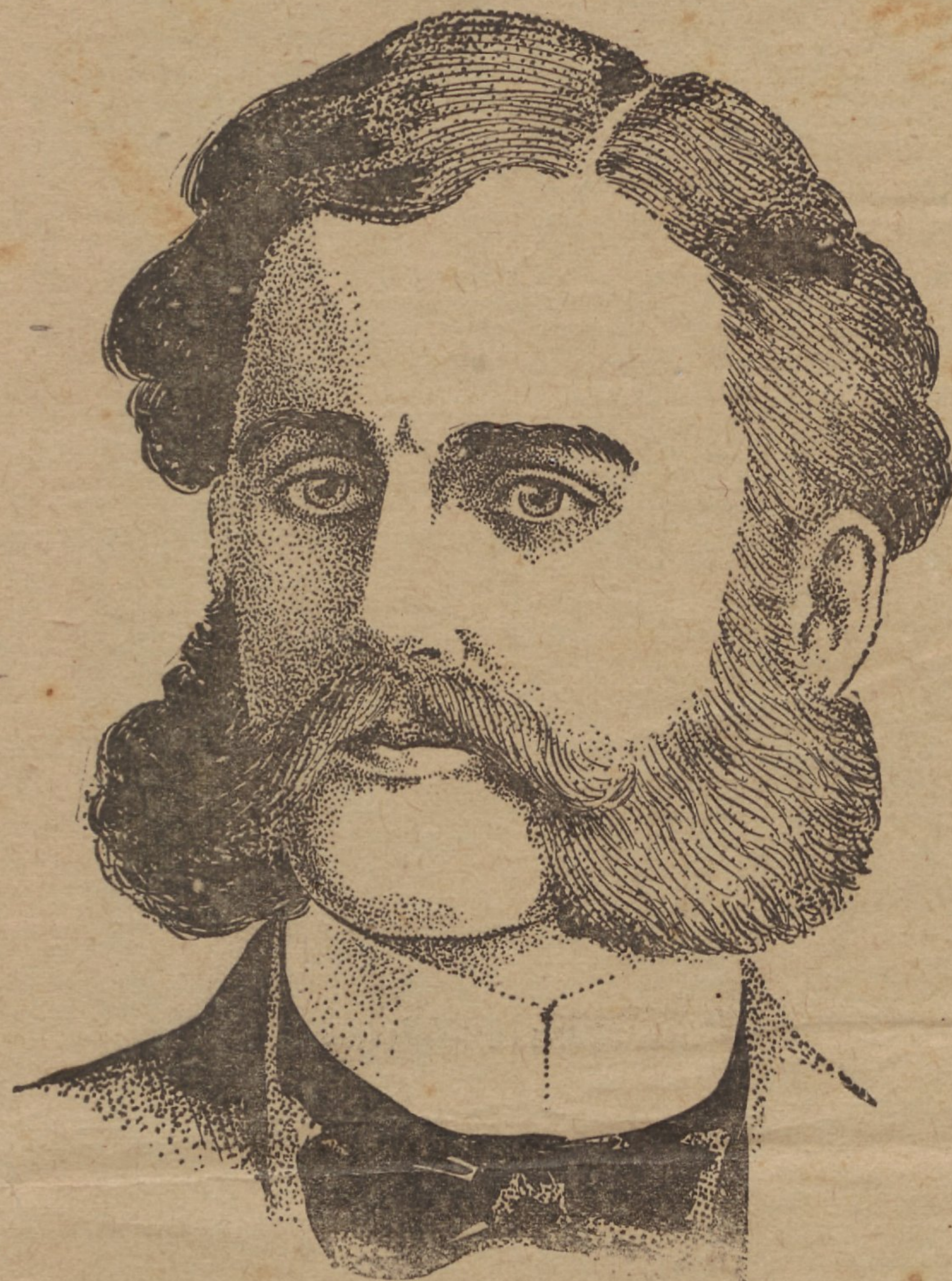
The readers of this paper have, during the past few months, learned something about the wonderful medical discoveries of the now justly famous Dr. Kidd, of Fort Wayne, Ind., and the remarkable success which he was having in curing diseases that had previously been considered incurable. You will probably be interested in knowing that this unparalleled record of success is constantly increasing. During the past month eighteen thousand people have applied for and received the free treatment which the doctor now offers to every sufferer. The reports of miraculous cures coming every day are the greatest tribute to this great physician's ability. Hundreds of letters like the following have been received. Mrs. M. A. Ames, of Peek, Kan., says: "It helped me from the first dose. I am now cured." Mr. H. Viola, Soldiers' Home, New Orleans, says: "In six days I was cured of a severe case of Kidney and Bladder trouble." Mrs. M. E. Drummond, Lindsey, Pa.: "Dr. Kidd's free treatment relieved me of intense suffering." Hundreds of letters of heartfelt gratitude similar to the above have been and are being constantly received by Dr. Kidd. All these as the result of the free treatment.

## All Diseases Cured.

Every disease to which human flesh is heir is represented in these letters. The so-called incurable diseases being as numerous as the less serious cases. A letter from Cliff Latimer, of Loveland, O., gives the details of his miraculous cure of consumption as follows: "I had consumption, was examined by four prominent doctors, one of whom, a specialist, made an examination of the sputa and pronounced my disease pulmonary consumption, and told me that there was no hope. I weighed 120 pounds. Now I am well and strong. Every trace of the disease has left and I weigh 170 pounds. It has been over a year since I took Dr. Kidd's Treatment, so I know that the cure is permanent." Abraham Trauger, of Lambertville, N. J., afflicted with locomotor ataxia, a disease pronounced incurable by the medical profession, tells of his cure after years of suffering: "When I commenced treatment with Dr. Kidd for locomotor ataxia, I could not walk across the floor. Since finishing treatment I have not lost a day from my work as foreman of the Lambertville Rubber Co." Thomas J. Halferty, of Brimfield, Ind., writes as follows: "Dr. Kidd cured my son of a severe case of Bright's disease after he was passing large quantities of blood in the urine." The record of such miraculous cures would fill a book. Sufferers from consumption, Bright's disease, dropsy, paralysis, heart disease, locomotor ataxia and other dangerous diseases have been restored to health. The common chronic diseases such as rheumatism, kidney trouble, catarrh, female troubles, bronchitis, hay fever, epilepsy (Fits), chronic coughs, lumbago, bladder troubles, scrofula, impure blood, skin diseases, goitre, piles, bowel troubles, general debility, nervousness, etc., are cured in so short a time that it seems almost a miracle.

## A Home Treatment.

An important feature which recommends this wonderful treatment, rightly called "The Elixir of Life," is the fact that it can be used at home by anyone. The remedies are simple in composition, harmless to the most delicate system, but a secret known to no other living doctor. Careful personal attention is given to the selection of the treatment sent



**DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.**

each patient. A treatment is never prepared by Dr. Kidd until a complete diagnosis of each case has been made. A copy of this diagnosis, giving the nature of the disease or diseases, causes and probable results, is sent with each free treatment. This careful attention to each case is partially responsible for the doctor's remarkable success.

## Dr. Kidd's Honesty and Reliability.

Three National banks in Fort Wayne vouch for Dr. Kidd's reliability. Ministers, City and County Officials, Professional and Business Men all unite in giving him the heartiest endorsement. Fort Wayne is proud of her distinguished doctor. One and all say that his success is deserved by his ability, honesty and industry. To the doctor the good-will of his fellow-townsmen and the expressions of gratitude from the thousands to whom he has given the blessings of vigorous manhood and womanhood are sufficient to pay for the years spent in patient study and experiment. To make known to every suffering person in the world the fact that there has at last been discovered a treatment which will positively cure all diseases he has made the following remarkable offer:

## A Free Treatment.

Dr. Kidd offers to send to every applicant a free treatment. There are no restrictions whatever. No matter what your disease, no matter of how long standing, or how many remedies or doctors you have tried, this treatment will cure you and it costs you only a postage stamp to find this out for yourself. The doctor's generous nature, his sense of fairness and his faith in his remedies are all clearly shown by this liberal offer. Nothing can possibly remove all doubts as quickly as actual trial. When this is offered absolutely free, every sick person should take advantage of it. You cannot afford to be skeptical when your health is at stake. In applying for a free treatment give the doctor a description of your case or state what disease or diseases you want cured. You will receive the free treatment by return mail, postage paid.

To secure personal attention address the doctor's private office as follows:

**DR. JAMES W. KIDD, 77 Baltes Block,  
Fort. Wayne, Indiana.**

**Note:—Dr. Kidd's endorsements establish his honesty beyond all question. We would advise all our  
to take advantage of his liberal offer if in need of medical treatment.**