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CHAPTER I.

Old Jason Fanshaw sat at an open window, his fat legs on the sill. As he talked, his hearers in the big bare room drowsed, nodded or stared at him with lack-luster eyes. He usually held forth on Sundays when the law and the Lord prohibited work and there was nowhere to go.

On this sultry afternoon his theme was his own misfortune in being burdened with a family that contributed naught to his desires. He had never, in exact words, voiced their shortcomings, but in his secret soul he would have had them perhaps less like himself, certainly less like his wife, who weighed 200 if she weighed a pound.

The two girls, Mary Lou, aged 18, and Ann Josephine, 20, threatened, as their bedslats continued to break, to surpass their mother in the flesh they were heir to, and in addition to this impediment to activity and encourager of sloth, they had come honestly by a combination of their father's tow-colored and their mother's red hair, which little suited their florid complexions. They had, also, freckles as big as pock-marks, which a diligent application of "stump water" had failed to dim.

Fanshaw had two sons. Ronald, the eldest child, was not in the room. David, a lusty fellow built on his father's plan, but with a more cheerful face, was lying on the high-posted bed in the corner of the room. He always hurled into his father's tirades against his family comments in favor of his brother, whom he admired intensely.

"You cayn't complain of Ron," he did this afternoon, as he fanned the flies from his face with his big straw hat lined with blue calico. "He looks after his own business. Mr. Hague said Saturday before last that he'd rather have Ron rent land from 'im than any man in the country. He showed Ron paid every dollar he contracted to pay an' that the niggers liked 'im so much that they'd work twice as hard for 'im as they would for anybody else."

"That don't do me no good," snarled Fanshaw.

"No, I reckon not," admitted Dave, "but you won't ever be ashamed of him, if you are of the rest of us. He's been readin' and studyin' every spare minute sence he was knee high to a grasshopper. For the last six months Mr. Redding, the best lawyer in Danbe, has been providin' 'im with books, an' my idea is that he is goin' to make a lawyer out'n hisse'f. You cayn't hold 'im down; he'll rise like a cork; yo' as fur good looks, geewhillikins! Did I ever tell you-uns what happened at campmeetin'? I was a settin' under the bush arbor about four benches from the front last Sunday was a week when Ron come in dyked out in his best Sunday clothes. You ort to a-seed how the folks turned their heads. A young dude behind me axed a man next to 'im who in the thunder that was, an' the fellow said he wasn't certain, but he 'lowed it was some chap visitin' at Col. Hasbrooke's from Boston or New York. Then it was my put in. I bent over an' informed 'em that it was Ronald Fanshaw, the oldest son of Jason Fanshaw. An' you ort to a-heerd 'em giggle. Then the man that had axed the question come back at me fairly slobberin' in the mouth to keep from laughin' out loud. "'You're away off, my friend,' sez he; 'you shorely ain't acquainted 'bout heer. Old Fanshaw is the daddy of the sorriest lay-out on the face of creation. I hain't never been to his side-show myself, but I know a heap o' folks that has paid the'r way an' never axed fur the money back, nuther.'

"Then I jest punched my face over to his yeer an' said, I did: 'I ort to know 'im,' I says, tetchin' the butt o' my pistol. 'He's my brother, an' when meetin' is over me'n you'll go into the sideshow fur a minute; the tent's stretched right out thar in the bushes an' the latest addition to it is a Buffalo Bill dead shot.'

"He wilted an' got as white as the inside of a cucumber, an' then the preacher axed everybody to kneel down and pray. I was axin' the Lord to bless my purpose when them two riz an' poled it out over the straw. I half way got up, but the preacher broke off in his prayer an' begun to talk about the law agin disturbin' public worship, an' I sunk down on my knees an' seed them two mount an' gallop off like the woods was afire."

"You ort to a-mashed 'is teeth down his throat," said Mrs. Fanshaw. "Folks has poked too much fun at us to suit me. In war times you wouldn't a-stood it, Jade." She called her husband Jade, not because he was tired or was a horse, but because it was the only abbreviation of the name she knew.

An expression of hot fury lay on Fanshaw's wrinkled face as he looked out into the yard where half a hundred ducks, turkeys, guinea-hens and peacocks were feasting on the remains of the watermelon the family had just eaten. "My Lord," he grunted, "ef I tooly folks to taw ever' time they joked about yon-uns, I'd have my hands full."

"Well, they'd better not let me heer 'em throwin' off on us," declared Dave, and he stood up and stretched himself. "But when you come to think of it, Ron is so different from the rest of us that it's no wonder folks take 'im for one o' that highfalutin' crowd. I tell you, he's no slouch!"

Dave went out into the back porch, where a stream of water shot from the end of a hollow log into a trough; the water came from a spring on a hillside half a mile distant. The inventor of this crude aqueduct was Ronald Fanshaw; he was only a boy when he conceived the idea, but he gave every spare moment to its construction. He had felled the trees, dug the long ditch through the meadows and fields, taken the level and completed what was still considered a marvel of convenience by the neighbors. While it was building, Jason Fanshaw had contributed many peevish objections to the work, which he considered a waste of time, but when the clear, cold water gushed out at his door, he melted under a blaze of wonder, and now no stranger ever came to his house who was not shown "the waterworks."

"Huh," he would exclaim with pride, "nobody else has got a spring on his land high enough fur such a thing. Col. Hasbrooke would pay me end o' money ef he could have it. He has to keep two niggers busy fillin' his tank an' then the water's stale an' hot. You see, we sunk our pipes so deep that the water's as cold as ice."

A hundred yards from the house was a dense wood which stretched on to a small river a mile away, and further on to a high mountain, and here Dave found his brother lying on the grass reading his Blackstone. In his unlikeness to his family he was an anomaly; he was over six feet in height, well built, slender, dark of complexion, hair and eyes. There was in the shapely prominence of his brow a suggestion of strong mentality one might look for in vain in any of the other Fanshaws; his limbs had the slight, strong look of a blooded horse; a palmist would have said that his hands indicated the possession of a refined, sensitive spirit.

"Oh, I had no idea you was heer!" exclaimed Dave. "I jest thought I'd take a walk to git away from all that clatter up at the house. An' to tell you the truth, I've got a quart hid in that stump thar; don't you want to wet yore whistle, as the feller said? I have to keep it hid from the old man; he's too all-fired stingy to buy whisky, but he loves it like a hog does slop."

"You know I never drink," replied the other, firmly. His words formed a striking contrast to the dialect of his brother; there was a vague sadness of tone in his voice, and his eyes drooped as if they were weary of the print upon which they had been resting.

"Well, I reckon you won't mind ef I take a pull at it," said Dave. "I'm dry as a powder-horn." He removed a flat stone from the hollow of the stump and took out his flask. "Here's lookin' at you," and the neck of the bottle went into his mouth.

"I suppose they made me the subject of their talk, as usual," said Ronald, when Dave had replaced the flask under the stone and sat on the stump, his legs crossed.

"Not any more'n common, Ron; they've got to talk; talkin' comes as

"WELL, I RECKON YOU DON'T MIND."

natural to women as cluckin' does to hens; the only difference is hens cluck when they are busy, an' cackle when they've laid; the time to git away from a woman's tongue is when she's idle, an' that's all the time. But, honest, I don't see why they won't let you alone. You want to read an' study, because it suits you, an' I am with you, tooth an' toe nail. Now, I had my head set on ranch life out west, because I literl'y love hoss flesh an' cattle-raisin', but they all come down on me like a landslide an' I's had to hoe corn an' cotton like a nigger fur about forty cents a day, when I might a been makin' two dollars an' a-had my independence."

Ronald Fanshaw smiled genially, but he made no reply, and Dave sauntered away to the river to see if his trout lines had caught anything. When he found himself alone our hero fell to dreaming of his past life. Above the tree-tops half a mile to the east, or a slight elevation, he could see the high, steep roof and dormer windows of the chief mansion of the locality, "Carnleigh," the splendid home of the county's greatest planter, Col. Henry Hasbrooke.

The house, in its silent grandeur, representing wealth and power, had been a potent factor in the struggles of this young man towards the acquisition of things above and beyond him in the dreamy blue realm of possibility. Its massive Corinthian columns, its vast white proportions and its aristocratic inmates, whom he saw driving along the roads, told him constantly what he and his family were not. Up to his twenty-fifth year his fancy had dared to play only about the exterior of this old family seat, but of late his imagination and its ambition, if you will, had led him beyond the mystic portals, and he walked there with men and ladies; he dined there; he discussed topics he had read with the white-haired host; he stood near the piano and heard Evelyn Hasbrooke play and sing; he saw her white hands flit over the keys, and felt her smile up at him. And then the bubble would burst and the grim, sordid contrast of his real existence would grasp and wring the gall from his soul.

Evelyn Hasbrooke was unwittingly responsible for these later dreams. He had rendered her a service the preceding summer when she was home from school. To him the act was nothing, but when it was over she had hung white and quivering on his arm, and in that wonderful cadence of hers had told him that he had saved her life. He had helped her over the fence and felt the warmth of her breath on his face. They had stood and chatted for awhile and then they had parted. He had not seen her since, for she was at school in Boston, but he had never forgotten the glory of her deep, gray eyes, the infinite sweetness and beauty of her face. A thousand times since that moment he had wondered if she, too, remembered. Sometimes when his hopes were brightest he fancied that she did—that she must if only because his mind was on her so constantly.

CHAPTER II.

About a week after this he heard that she was home again to remain, her school days being over. His informant also told him that Carnleigh was to have visitors—Mr. James Hardy, a cotton merchant of Charleston, who was supposed to be a suitor for the hand of the colonel's eldest daughter, Caroline, and Capt. Charles Winkle, who owned a fine plantation five miles beyond the mountain and was believed to be an admirer of the young debutante.

Ronald was longing to see Evelyn again, but he met the two sisters and their escorts sooner than he desired. He had taken his books and fishing tackle to a shady nook on the river bank and was just getting settled when he heard merry laughter in the wood between the river and the road and a moment later the two couples emerged from the tangle of cane, vines and foliage. Instinctively Ronald drew his wide-brimmed straw hat down over his eyes, and Evelyn did not recognize him for a moment. He had resolved that he should never speak to her again unless she showed a disposition to renew their informal acquaintance, and he was averse to putting her to the test before the others. But Capt. Winkle knew by sight (he did not bother himself with their names) nearly all of what he jocularly termed "the white trash" of that section, and he usually addressed them without ceremony or courtesy. For a moment he paused watching Ronald's line, and then he asked:

"Are they biting, my man?"

Ronald felt the hot blood of anger rush to his face and his fingers tightened on his rod. It was on his tongue to retort sharply, but Evelyn's presence helped him control his temper. He made no reply. Capt. Winkle curled his mustache with his white fingers; he thought the fisherman had not heard his question.

"I see you have some bait, my good fellow," he said in a louder tone. "Will you let me have some of your crickets? the boy has not come with ours," and the captain tossed a silver coin on the grass near Ronald. There was a pause. Ronald was conscious that Evelyn and Mr. Hardy had moved on and that Miss Caroline was waiting for Winkle. Then our hero picked up the piece of silver and tossed it into the stream, at the same moment he doffed his hat and lifted his basket of crickets.

"You are welcome to them," he said. "I should hate to see ladies lose their sport."

"Oh, no, Capt. Winkle!" objected Miss Caroline, "do not mind them; we are very much obliged, I hear the boy coming now."

As she turned away and the captain was following her he looked back and said with a sneer:

"I think, Miss Hasbrooke, that we'd better go further down the stream; he'll be diving for that money and will frighten all the fish."

Ronald's ear had never been so acute; he heard Caroline Hasbrooke's low, guarded voice above the rustling of the leaves against her stiff duck skirt. "You ought not to have noticed him," she said; "that's one of old man Fanshaw's sons; he has taken up the study of law, and it seems to have given him the big head."

"You don't tell me," laughed the captain, "haw, haw!"

Then the negro boy, carrying a basket of crickets, passed at the top of his speed. Ronald baited his hook and flung the line into the stream; his hands were quivering; he was almost beside himself with rage. The drone of voices told him that the fishing party had paused about forty yards away. The reflection of the sunlight on the face of the water was maddening. This, then, was his long dreamed of meeting with Evelyn; she would hear her sister's account of what had taken place after she had moved on. Half an hour passed; a fish nibbled at his bait, taking his line round in a circle, but he did not notice it. Suddenly there was a light step on the grass near him. It was Evelyn Hasbrooke and she came to him with hand outstretched.

"You must pardon me, Mr. Fanshaw," she faltered. "I did not recognize you under that big hat. I did not know it was you till sister mentioned it just now."

He stood up, dropping his hat on the ground.

"I really did not presume that you would care to—to renew our slight acquaintance," he stammered, red in the face.

A pained expression passed over her beautiful features.

"I can't remember anything I have done to make you think so ill of me, Mr. Fanshaw."

She seated herself on the root of a tree and opened the novel she held in her hands. He found himself unable to formulate a suitable reply and he drew in his line and put another cricket on his hook.

"I am afraid," she said, searching his face, "that Capt. Winkle offended you just now. I am sorry that a guest of our house should fail to treat anyone—you especially—with due courtesy, and I am glad you rebuked him as you did."

"You are very kind, Miss Hasbrooke."

"My sister is Miss Hasbrooke," she said, with a little laugh. "I am still little Evelyn, even if I have laid my school books away."

Again she had made an unanswerable remark, and silence fell between them. He broke it after a moment's pause.

"But you have grown; you are" (he wanted to say more beautiful) "different."

"I presume a year does change a girl, but you are just the same, Mr. Fanshaw—exactly the same."

It would have been impossible for him to believe that she was not speaking to him as she would have spoken to an old friend, and this drew him to her. The irritation of a short while before was swept away. He found himself telling her that he had feared she would never remember him, and that she had made him very happy by coming back to speak to him.

"As if I could forget the first time I ever saw you!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands over her knee and looking out over the stream. "I had actually given myself up for lost, Mr. Fanshaw. Being a man, it may not seem that you did much for me, that day, but I have seen that frightful bull in my dreams and heard his awful bellowing a thousand times. I remembered that he had gored a little boy almost to death the spring before and when I saw him coming I simply could not run. Then I saw you rush into the very arms of death and catch it by the horns. Ah, I have seen that awful struggle in my dreams, too! You don't know how terrible it was; the veins of your face and neck stood up like cords under the skin and your eyes nearly left their sockets. Once your foot slipped and I screamed as you went down. I thought it was all over then, but you held onto his horns and when he flung up his head he raised you. Then I saw the gleam of a set purpose in your eye as you slowly backed him to the big stick near by and then I saw you grasp it and beat him off."

She paused out of breath, she had spoken so rapidly.

"I see you have not forgotten," he laughed, modestly. "My arms ached for a week after that. I don't think I ever gave my muscles a greater test."

She gazed at him admiringly.

"I think a strong, manly man is God's best creation"—her tone was almost reverent. "No, I have not forgot—I never shall forget that you offered your life as readily as Capt. Winkle" (she sneered slightly) "would hand me a glass of wine. You were so exhausted afterwards that you could not speak and yet you helped me over that high fence; I know you were exhausted, for you sank down and could not rise."

Ronald flushed slightly. "I hoped you would forget that," he said.

"It is what I want to remember most," the girl declared, "because it proves how very much you did for me."

Her voice was low, and it quivered as if strong emotions were working in her breast. The branches of the trees were moving overhead, and a shaft of shifting sunlight fell on her glorious, golden brown hair. The breeze coming from the east brought the strain of a plantation melody sung by the negroes working in one of her father's cotton fields. For one instant the eyes of these two met, and then, like a man in a blissful dream, he turned and picked up his rod. His cork was under water and he could see the slack line being drawn here and there. It was a fine trout and he laughed merrily as he drew it out of the water. She sprang up and stood by him as he took it from his hook and put it into his basket.

"I am afraid I am disturbing your sport," she said, tentatively.

"You see you have given me good luck," he made answer.

"I have wanted another talk with you for a long time." She cast a glance in the direction of her party. "I presume I ought to join them, but I have really not said all I wished. It seems half a lifetime since we met."

Later that day he actually shuddered over the boldness of his reply to this, and yet I am convinced that it was one of his remarks which she remembered in its entirety.

"The meeting in itself seemed a whole lifetime to me," he said, in a full, tense voice—"the beginning, the end—a short, beautiful life, for I thought I might never, perhaps never, see you again."

"You thought we should never meet again!" she spoke in slow surprise, as the import of his words dawned on her, and then he saw her eyes go down, and a fresh shaft of bitterness pierced his heart. He knew she was thinking of the gulf which lay between them. The look of pain which crossed her face almost distorted it. Still it was only to add new character to her beauty.

"I want to tel you more than all," she shrugged her shoulders, as if to shake off the unpleasant thought he had just read, "how very much your example has done me. You remember you told me how you had learned French by studying it at night, and by hiring a man to work for you who spoke the language to you as you worked in the field together, and that you used to walk three miles after supper to an old German, who spoke his tongue to you and lent you the German classics? Well, when I got back to school and was tempted to neglect my studies I recalled the efforts you were making to educate yourself and I became ashamed of myself and really I profited by your example. I took two medals. I should never have won them but for you."

Her companion laughed softly.

"I did not have such good fortune in adding a teacher of Italian to my faculty," he told her. "He was making his way over the mountain with a hand-organ and a monkey and told me he was out of money. My answer to him was that I needed a man to pick cotton and that I would pay him the wages of an experienced hand if he would stay with me through the season. He readily consented and everything might have worked out to the glory of my perseverance, but he insisted on working with the monkey on his shoulder, and the two together proved such an attraction that all the negroes in my field gathered around him. I gave them the first day off, but when the next came and the pickers came in holiday attire accompanied by hosts of neighboring negroes I called

"I DIDN'T KNOW ANYBODY WAS HERE."

a halt. I paid the stroller for the day he had not worked and dismissed him. This infuriated him, and I received my first gratuitous lesson in Italian—a beautiful string of oaths which may never be worth what I paid for them."

Evelyn laughed long and heartily.

"You are the most original man I ever met," she declared. "What funny experiences you do have. And did your Italian master forsake you?"

Ronald laughed drily.

"After he had got his organ out of the barn, he began to play it in the main road, and it wasn't twenty minutes till every negro, young and old, for a mile around was dropping his money into the monkey's cap. The trouble is the farmers in the neighborhood blamed me with the commotion and called me a greater crank than ever."

There was a sound of some one coming through the woods, and David Fanshaw, barefooted and scatless, emerged carrying a gun and a bag of game. Seeing them together he stared in astonishment, and shifting his gun awkwardly from one hand to the other he blurted out: "I didn't know anybody was heer; I was after a flyin' squirrel in that tree thar."

"I wouldn't shoot here," his brother admonished. "There is a party fishing a little way down the stream."

Without saying more the great ill-clothed fellow shouldered his gun and plunged again into the wood; this time headed for the main road.

"It is my brother David," explained Ronald to Evelyn.

"I thought he was," she said, looking down, "but I don't think he is at all like you," and then it seemed to strike her that the comparison was too great a reflection on David to be quite polite, for she reddened.

"No, we are decidedly unlike," he came to her relief. "In fact, people are constantly remarking that I am unlike my whole family."

"I—I think you are very unlike them all," agreed Evelyn—"all that I have happened to see."

There the conversation paused. A merry laugh came from the fishing trio and then there was a low muttering of voices, in which Evelyn's name was spoken by her sister.

"I think they are wondering what has become of me," said the girl. "I'd better join them."

He held the vines which hung over the path out of her way, and when she had gone he went back to his fishing; but he found himself casting an unbaited hook into the water and holding his rod in tense, quivering hands. How much he had lived in those few moments! He took a deep breath. "My God," he said, "I don't know what has come over me! Am I mad? Am I fool enough to think—to hope—?"

He checked himself, and opened the law book he had brought with him. But though his eyes rested on the page for twenty minutes, he read not a word. The sun went down slowly; he saw its light on the brown side of a distant cliff creeping upward; he heard the distant crack of his brother's gun, and, picking up his things, he started homeward.

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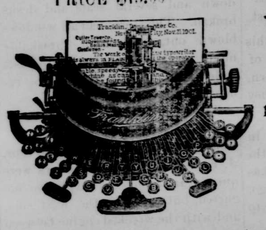

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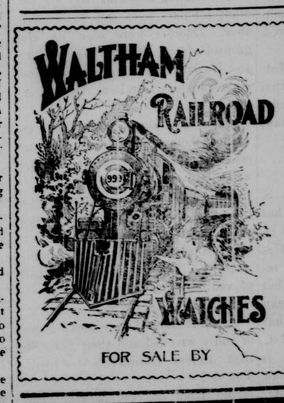

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 24, 1903.

GOING SOUTH Pass P. M.	Pass A. M	STATIONS — Daily Except Sunday.	GOING NORTH Pass P. M.	Pass P. M.
1 20	5 00	lv Wash'ton ar	1 15	8 15
2 50	6 55	Baltimore	11 23	6 55
3 20	7 4	Philadelphia	10 52	5 44
4 02	8 28	Wilmington	10 05	5 00
5 17	9 43	Clayton	8 50	3 45
5 26	9 52	Kenton	8 4	3 35
f 5 35	f 10 03	Hartley	f 8 33	f 3 26
f 5 37	f 10 05	Slaughter	f 8 30	f 3 24
5 44	10 10	Marydel	8 23	3 17
f 5 50	f 10 16	Henderson	f 8 17	f 3 11
f 5 56	f 10 22	Goldsboro	f 8 11	f 3 05
6 05	10 31	Greensboro	8 02	2 56
6 14	10 40	Ridgely	7 53	2 47
6 22	10 48	Queen Anne	7 44	2 38
f 6 31	f 10 57	Cordova	f 7 35	f 2 29
f 6 33	f 11 03	Chapel	f 7 29	f 2 23
6 40	11 15	Easton	7 20	2 14
f 7 03	f 11 29	Trappe	f 7 04	f 1 58
7 12	11 38	ar. Oxford lv	6 55	1 49
P. M	A. M		A. M	P. M.

"f" stops only on notice to Conductor or Agent, or on signal.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager.

J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen. Pass. Agent.

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

TIME TABLE.—In Effect Monday, Nov. 9th, 1903.

Daily Ex. Sun.		STATIONS.		Daily Ex. Sun.
P. M.				M.
4.00	Lv.	Baltimore	Ar.	12.00
6.00		Love Point		10.00
6.50		Queenstown		9.15
7.15		Centreville		8.50
7.04		Wye Mills		9.02
7.30		Queen Anne		8.47
7.40		Denton		8.30
7.59		Hickman		8.13
8.16		Greenwood		7.57
8.37		Ellendale		7.33
8.52		Milton		7.10
9.12	Ar.	Lewes	Lv.	6.45
P. M.				A. M.

JOHN C. ROSLEY, General Passenger Agent.

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ECZEMA

and all Skin Diseases cured by

BANNER SALVE

The most healing salve in the world.

The Doctor Said "Stick To It."

Geo. L. Heard, of High Tower, Ga., writes: "Eczema broke out on my baby covering his entire body. Under treatment of our family physician he got worse as he could not sleep for the burning and itching. We used a box of BANNER SALVE on him and by the time it was gone he was well. The doctor seeing it was curing him said: 'stick to it for it is doing him more good than anything I have done for him.'"

GUARANTEED. Price 25 Cents

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take.

It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

JAMES T. COOPER,

—PRACTICAL—

Undertaker & Embalmer

Having had several years experience and practice in all departments of the business I offer my services to the public. Calls attended to day or night. My office is at my residence, corner of Main and Third Streets.

JAMES T. COOPER, Denton, Md.

mch3v

DeWITT'S WITCH HAZEL SALVE

THE ORIGINAL.

A Well Known Cure for Piles.

Cures obstinate sores, chapped hands, eczema, skin diseases. Makes burns and scalds painless. We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. The best salve that experience can produce or that money can buy.

Cures Piles Permanently

DeWitt's is the original and only pure and genuine Witch Hazel Salve made. Look for the name DeWITT on every box. All others are counterfeit. PREPARED BY E. C. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

To Cure a Cold in One Day — Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

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