Mystery of the Bayou Woods

By WALKER KENNEDY.

Copyright, 1905, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

rainy season it seemed to act as a vast sponge and absorb an abnormal amount of moisture. Rotting timber, half-fallen oaks, patches of canebrake and clusters of holly trees were among its marked features. Deadly malaria stalked through its gloomy aisles; the back of the trees bore evidence of the highwater mark of the last overflow, and melancholy marked it at all times.

The Bayou Woods was also a locality with a history; and, moreover, man, in some odd and unusual guise, dwelt sporadically therein. A few primitive houses could be found scattered through it, occupying the highest points above the line of overflow. It was considered a good hunting ground, but that was the only good known of it. More crimes perhaps had been committed there than in any other suburban section.

On the north line of the woods were several houses occupied by people of the lowest class.

One of these was a dance house and saloon, where the liquor that fires as well as inebriates could always be found. Death had presided over many orgies in this highly unsavory den, and even the officers of the law never entered the place without a shudder. From time immemorial the people who conducted it had been allied with murderers and thieves, and the dingy walls, if they had been tongues as well as ears, could have told of the violation of nearly every law, human or divine. Before this place the chief of police stopped and he and his companion alighted. Before investigating any crime committed in the Bayou Woods it was always advisable to see if any pupil of the Devil's Den, as the place was called, had been concerned in it.

The repulsive exterior of the place did not do justice to the fascinating hideousness of the interior. The very atmosphere there savored of vice and crime. A large stove heated it almost to suffocation, and it was evident that if this heat did not produce insensibility that state might very readily be reached by a drink from one of the Satanic black bottles behind the bar. The individual who presided over the den might readily have been mistaken for the devil himself under conditions that were favorable. The potent influences of rum were apparent in his sinister eyes, the blotches of red upon his nose and cheeks and the stubble upon his face. In short, the entire scene reminded one strongly of the pictures disseminated by the prohibitionists to give a palpable illustration of the effects of the demon drink.

When the chief of police entered the place the barkeeper, Mr. William Boggs, looked up, slightly alarmed. Then he seemed to reflect a moment, and the expression of alarm was succeeded by one of relief. The chief had never let his eye wander from Bill's face, for it was to a certain extent an open page when read aright. Had Boggs at once put on an air of defiance, the officer would have said: "This fellow knows all about the affair, but he will not tell." If he had shown signs of fear when the officer entered, and without appearing to reflect had assumed a jaunty, a suspicious or a defiant air, the chief would have been sure that Bill had himself taken a hand in the crime. But when he stopped to reflect the chief knew just as well what was passing in the scamp's mind as if he had spoken out. If Bill had to review the recent past in order to ascertain whether there was anything for which he could be wanted, it was evident that he was not implicated in the murder.

The chief told him that he and his friend wanted to warm themselves for a minute or two, asked him a few questions, satisfied himself that Bill had never even heard of the tragedy and then departed.

"That place offers every inducement to a man to go out and assassinate his fellow man, but this time I believe it plays no part in the tragedy. Our labor is simplified that much; for where we have to examine the denizens of the Den as witnesses there is so much ornamental, artistic and clumsy lying done that it is almost impossible to get the truth. Sometimes, however, those fellows have a trick of telling the truth just to throw the police off the track."

They now drove around the woods until they came to the roundabout path already referred to in the statement of Herbert Wright. The horse was hitched to a tree and the two men began to plow their way through the snow. It had melted just enough to make their footprints as distinct as if they had been drawn by an artist on paper. Suddenly Warde called attention to the fact that there were two series of footprints in the snow, and that some one else than Wright had traversed the path. It was further discovered that the footprints were pointed in opposite directions; in other words, one of the persons had been coming to the city and the other had been going from it. It would be interesting to know who had taken the roundabout path from the city and why he had done so. It occurred at once to the two men that perhaps Wright had gone back by that route.

This suggested an examination of the tracks, and it was immediately apparent that they had been made by two persons, or at least by a person who had worn two different kinds of shoes, for the footprints were nothing alike. It was known that Wright had made the tracks pointing to the city, but who had made the others? Following the trail was easy, so the two men walked rapidly along toward the scene of the murder. This trip through the Bayou Woods was by no means inspiring. The land was locked in a settled gloom and the wind took its way with a desolate insistance through the somber trees. No noise broke the silence save such as was made by the chief and the newspaper man, in whose faces was a wide dissimilarity of expression. In the eyes of the elder there was only the cold, calculated interest of a man plying his accustomed trade, while the face of the latter quivered now and then with the excitement of an experience too novel as yet, even in his reportorial life, to leave his nerves entirely steady. They made a strange contrast walking side by side through that weird silence of snow and forest, and yet both were equally alert, equally in earnest.

At length they came to the object of their search—the thing that had once been John T. Wright, "the Cotton King." The dead man lay on his back, his face turned up to the sky and his staring eyes fixed upon the black branches of a tree overhead. There was frozen blood in his hair, and his head rested in a dark red pool that stained the snow. The officer made as minute an examination as possible without touching the body of the dead man. Several blows had been dealt upon the head with a bludgeon. There was no evidence anywhere of the use of a pistol, though it was possible that an examination of the body by the coroner might reveal pistol wounds that could not now be seen on account of the position of the corpse. The face of the dead man had upon it a look of ghastly surprise, which was presumptive evidence that the attack had come without any warning whatever.

"Everything would indicate," said the officer, "that the attack had come from behind, and that Wright fell forward, and that the murderer beat him about the head until he killed him. His gun, you see, is at some distance beyond his head; his hat fell in the same direction."

"It is also evident, I should say," declared Warde, "that some one besides the old man's son has touched the body. Judging from the disturbances of the snow, which seems to be recent, the body has been turned completely over. I wonder if the footprints can throw any light upon the subject?"

Young Wright's footprints told a clear story. He had evidently come straight along the path, brushed the snow away from the corpse, discovered who it was, and then hurried on to the city. It was certain that he had quickened his steps after making the discovery, for the tracks were wider apart than they had been before, and there could be no doubt that he had not loitered about the corpse, and that he had not tampered with it, as very few of his tracks could be seen there. These facts told that much in his favor.

The unknown person, however, seemed to take a deep interest in the corpse. His tracks made almost a circle around it, and as his foot had slipped here and there in the snow it was evident that he had tugged at the body and turned it over. There was also reason to believe that he had examined the pockets of the clothing, as the coat was thrown open in such a way as to suggest that the inside pocket had been rifled, or at least searched. This, however, could be dismissed as a mere surmise, for the contents of the pockets must have been extracted at the time of the murder.

"I am afraid this clew will not amount to much," said the chief.

"Why?"

"For the reason that I can imagine a very clear explanation of the last comer's action. He stumbled by accident upon this dead body, with its face down. Naturally he would turn it over the better to see who it was. Failing to recognize the dead man, he would probably search the pockets to see if there were any papers that would lead to his identification."

"If that be the case," said Warde, "and this is an honest man, would not his first impulse be to notify the police?"

"Yes, or else some of the neighbors."

"If he has notified any of the neighbors it is reasonable to suppose that their curiosity would have brought them hither by this time. People, as you know, will walk miles to see a dead body, specially where the death involves some horror, but there is as yet no evidence that any curiosity exists in this neighborhood. It is also certain that the stranger is in no hurry to notify the police, for he has continued on his way instead of returning to town. If this man is square he will some time to-day reveal his identity by notifying the authorities."

"But he may not be square. He may be a man with a bad reputation, one who knows that his discovery of such a crime would direct suspicion on himself. Or he may have noticed that the crime had already been found out by some one. Wright's tracks being conclusive evidence of that."

"I should not judge that the person who made these tracks was a vagabond or a rough customer himself. You will observe that they were made by a broad and flat shoe; indeed, I am sure the mysterious stranger wore arctics. Now arctics are worn almost exclusively by persons in fairly good circumstances."

"Your reasoning is very ingenious," said the officer admiringly; "but still it would hardly be fair to connect a stranger who comes along to-day and stumbles upon a dead body with a murder committed a day or two ago. But there is nothing to do now but await the coming of the coroner's jury."

In making their examination the two men had been careful not to approach too near the body, which was left with the tracks in the snow just as they were. That page of evidence was allowed to remain as it had been found, and if it contained any revelations the coroner could not complain that they had been counteracted. Warde, who was a good draughtsman, drew on a large piece of paper as accurate a picture as possible of the marks in the snow about the body. He also made a careful measurement of the footprints made by the stranger, and then drew a facsimile of it upon his paper. He also measured the distance between the tracks, and averaged them. The chief did not pay any particular attention to the movements of the young journalist, regarding them as the harmless activities of an amateur detective. Furthermore, he fancied that the coroner's jury was approaching, as he could hear the sound of human voices, and all his interest was now centered in the inquest.

Despite the lack of interest shown by the officer in Warde's conjectures, the latter was by no means satisfied, and he took it into his stubborn head that he would follow up those footsteps and discover if possible who was the person that had made them and what he had been about. This unknown had also discovered the murder, and it seemed to Warde that he certainly ought to be identified and made to tell just what he knew about it.

Relying, therefore, upon the chief of police for the details of the coroner's inquest, Warde continued his investigations of the tracks.

CHAPTER III.

Irving Warde followed the footprints in the snow with ease and celerity, and as he did so his mind was actively speculating upon the case, in which by this time he had become as absorbed as a chess player is in the courtly strategems of queens and knights. His intuitions told him that plain, ordinary robbery had not prompted the crime; and, if the minor crime had been committed, it had been for the purpose of veiling the real motive for the murder.

When he had gone some distance the footprints turned almost at a right angle and cut directly through the woods. Perhaps after all the unknown was out hunting; but if such were the case the evidence of it would soon appear. As the under-



THE FOOTPRINTS TURNED ALMOST AT A RIGHT ANGLE.

brush thickened and the ground became more irregular the trail straggled about considerably. Now it crossed snowdrifts a foot or two deep, then it ran over the tops of small hillocks and now it skirted piles of tangled growth. Warde did not find the task an easy one, but this rather stimulated his purpose and he plodded stubbornly on.

Fifteen minutes more of tramping and he was wondering whither this apparently aimless route of the unknown would lead him, when he found himself in the path which made a direct cut through the woods. Here the stranger's footprints merged with those made by another person, and took the direction of the city. It required but a moment to see that young Wright had made the tracks leading from the city.

What strange fatality was this which caused these two men to continually cross each other's trail? Could there be any collusion between them and could they have met where their footprints crossed? These were idle questions to ask and the newspaper man did not undertake to answer them, but followed the trail back to the city. On he went until he came to the edge of the Bayou Woods, and looking to his left he beheld the Devil's Den. What was his surprise now to find the trail suddenly diverted toward that locality. After all, the unknown might have been one of the habitues of the place. When Warde reached the Den there were so many footprints around it that he found it difficult to keep up with the arctics and at last he was completely baffled.

There was no use trying to follow the trail any further, for everything was in hopeless confusion; so, keenly disappointed, Warde started for the roundabout path which would take him back to the scene of the murder. He now noticed that the original trail over which he and the chief of police had gone had been obliterated by a number of footprints, evidently made by the coroner and his jury. As he was casually looking at these he suddenly uttered an exclamation of the utmost astonishment; for there on the snow he again detected the imprint of the mysterious arctics, and he soon satisfied himself that the unknown had joined the coroner's jury and the few stragglers who had gone with them to view the body of the murdered man. There could be no doubt of this, for he found traces of the arctics frequently, some little distance from the regular path, as if the unknown had been pushed out there by the jostling crowd. A wild excitement took possession of Warde, and he fairly ran toward the spot where Wright had been killed, all eagerness to look at the man who wore the arctics, and decide whether there was any probability that he had any connection with the crime. Great was his disappointment to find that the body had been removed and that the inquest had been adjourned, for not a human being was in sight. On his way back he detected more evidences of the unknown in the shape of footprints pointing toward the city.

As fast as he could go he sought the headquarters, where he found his friend, the chief of police.

"What did the coroner's jury do?" he asked.

"They simply examined the body and took in the bearings, as it were, ordered the corpse to be taken to the home of the deceased, and adjourned the inquest until to-morrow. Wright was undoubtedly robbed of a watch and several other valuables, which so far can only be guessed at. To-morrow the inquest will be continued at the Wright place, and more light will be thrown on the case. By the way, how did your mysterious criminal pan out?"

"I will lay the facts before you and you can judge for yourself as to their value."

Warde then told the story of the footprints, how the unknown had not gone through the woods, but had cut across to the direct route, and was going back to the city when he fell in with the coroner and his party, joined them, went back with them to the scene of the murder, and for all Warde knew was a member of the coroner's jury.

"Well, that certainly is peculiar," said the chief. "I wish I had known it; I might get some satisfaction out of your man."

"Did you observe no one with arctics on?"

"No; I never thought of looking, as it never occurred to me that your man had made a round-about trip through the woods and joined the coroner. Of course there was a considerable number of stragglers who were gathered up as the coroner made his way to the scene of the murder. I presume that officer brought the jurors with him. He also had a lawyer, Col. James Franklin, with him. The colonel was an old friend of Wright's, and he will assist at the prosecution, if there is anybody to prosecute. He will also devote himself to discovering who the murderer is. I think we will find him of service, as he is a man of great penetration."

"I will call upon him and find out what he knows about Wright, and get his ideas as to the murder."

"That would be a good idea. Let me caution you, however, about what you write for your paper. It is just possible that your ingenious theories may be true, and if you outline them to the public you may render impossible the capture of the criminal."

"Well, I will agree not to say anything yet on that subject provided you will not furnish the other papers with any of my theories, as you call them."

"All right," said the chief, with a smile; "if you unravel the mystery I think you are entitled to a monopoly of it."

Warde then sought Col. Franklin to lay his investigations before him, anticipating that he would find in the lawyer a more sympathetic judge of the importance of his discoveries.

When he had gone the chief of police gave word to a subordinate to place Herbert Wright under arrest on suspicion of being implicated in the murder of his father.

CHAPTER IV.

Col. Franklin was a man of strong traits and prejudices, and it was evident to Irving Warde that if he interested himself in the Wright case he would come nearer perhaps than any one else in solving the mystery involved in it. He was not an extensive practitioner of his profession, but he had accomplished a number of wonderful feats in cases which had become historic. It was Franklin who had unravelled an election conspiracy and made the demonstration so clear to the courts that the eminently respectable gentleman who appeared to have been elected chancellor on the face of the returns was deprived of the office to which he had been elevated by one of the cleverest frauds recorded in the history of electoral rascality. Beside this, there was the great diamond swindle which had a fame in its day throughout the entire lower Mississippi valley; a case ramifying into Nilus, New Orleans and Vicksburg. It was Franklin who exposed it, and by the exposure landed a number of audacious swindlers in the penitentiary. He was known to be wealthy, though he did not practice his profession with that assiduity which betokens the born lawyer. Indeed it was hardly of sufficient scope for the man's many-sided activity, and though he took a very sharp interest in that class of litigation which demands the readiness of a resourceful intellect and makes unusual demands upon the ingenuity, he very cordially despised that other sort which inflicts a dull drudgery. It was popularly supposed that the colonel was interested in a number of enterprises outside of the law, which paid him more handsomely than his profession. In Arkansas he owned a plantation which yielded him a fine cotton crop every year, and it was said that he had some interests in common with his friend John T. Wright. He came to Nilus about 20 years before the opening of this narrative, and by his affable manners, his dash, his decidedly handsome face, and the mesmerism, as it were, of his personality, he was soon successfully launched. He happened to win at the start several cases that occupied notable places in the popular fancy, and this at once made him famous. But his financial success dated from the time when he defended John T. Wright from the charge of murder. In a fit of passion the latter had killed the overseer of his plantation, and when his anger subsided and his reason returned he found himself in a by no means enviable position. Public sentiment was against him, and in those days that was more potent than the law. While the invisible statute allowed one man to kill another for insult or slander it was often brought to bear with equal force against the wanton perpetrator of a crime. Franklin was employed to defend Wright. He at once saw the desperate situation of his client, and the necessity of secur-

BLACK-DRAUGHT STOCK and POULTRY MEDICINE

Stock and Poultry have few troubles which are not bowel and liver irregularities. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is a bowel and liver remedy for stock. It puts the organs of digestion in a perfect condition. Prominent American breeders and farmers keep their herds and flocks healthy by giving them an occasional dose of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine in their food. Any stock raiser may buy a 25-cent half-pound air-tight can of this medicine from his dealer and keep his stock in vigorous health for weeks. Dealers generally keep Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine. If yours does not, send 25 cents for a sample can to the manufacturers. The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

ROCHELLE, GA., Jan. 20, 1902.
Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is the best I ever tried. Our stock was looking bad when you sent me the medicine and now they are getting so fine. They are looking 20 per cent. better.
S. P. BROCKINGTON.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE

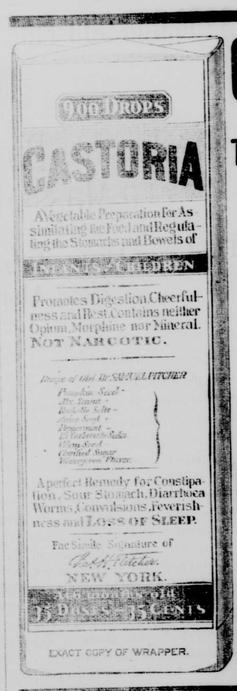
All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs. Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

"Eight months in bed, heavy backache, pain and soreness across kidneys, also rheumatism. Other remedies failed. Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure cured me completely. H. WATERS, Hamlet, N. Y."

Druggists 50c. $1. Ask for Cook Book—Free.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Circular. Dr Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Every Wide-Awake Farmer

who is interested in the news of his town and county should subscribe for a

Good Local Weekly News aper

American Union
Denton, Md.

will admirably supply your wants for county news and prove a welcome visitor in every household.

Regular Price, $1.00 Per Year.

Every Up-to-Date Farmer NEEDS

A High-Class Agricultural eekly

to give him the experience of others in all the advanced methods and improvements which are an invaluable aid in securing the largest possible profit from the farm, and with special matter for every member of his family.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE-FARMER
NEW YORK CITY

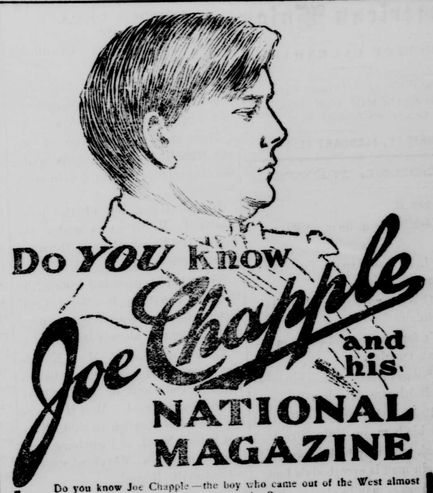
will post you every week on all important agricultural topics of the day, and show you how to make money from the farm

Regular Price, $1.00 Per Year.

Both of these papers one year for $1.25 if you send your order with the money to

The American Union,
DENTON, MARYLAND

Send your name and address to The New York Tribune-Farmer, New York City for free sam le copy.



Do YOU Know Joe Chapple and his NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Do you know Joe Chapple—the boy who came out of the West almost penniless and has built up a National magazine?

Do you know Joe Chapple—the man who gained his knowledge of human nature on the bumpers of freight trains; trading an old gray horse for his first printing press; a printer's devil at 12, an editor at 16,—through all phases of social life up to an invited guest on presidential trains, and as special representative at the Coronation in Westminster Abbey?

Presidents, Members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court Judges, Diplomats, United States Senators, Congressmen and Governors know Joe Chapple. They speak of his work—and they write for his magazine when no other publication on earth can entice them.

It isn't because Chapple is brilliant that he has won this national reputation for himself and his magazine—it's his quaint originality, his home-like, wholesome good-nature that permeates all he writes. There's nothing published today like The National Magazine—because there is no one just like Joe Chapple.

Maybe you don't know Joe Chapple. His publishers offer an easy way to get acquainted.

Send 12 Two-Cent Stamps
and for three months you can enjoy his company

You can go with him to the National Capital, into the committee rooms of Congress, up to the White House, into the personal life of the great men and women who have honored Joe Chapple with their friendship. You can go with him over the length and breadth of the entire country, for Joe Chapple's address is the United States of America.

He will give you a glimpse of National life in all its phases such as you would look for in "a letter to the folks at home," revealing in vivid snap shots and pen pictures of current events the human side of National life.

The National isn't quite ALL Joe Chapple. It's just one-side of its attractiveness. There are nearly 200 pages in The National—finely printed—100 exclusive, short stories, poems, and in addition articles by dialing-sided members of both houses of Congress concerning which they are best fitted to speak for authoritative word. Senators Allison, Hanna, Lodge, Gallinger, Hansbrough, Tillman and others have contributed to past numbers of The National Magazine.

Senator Hanna's articles last year on "McKinley as I Knew Him" was one of the most notable contributions to periodical literature.

Look at this list. Think of every monthly magazine in the country and do you know of any that can offer a greater list of contributors?

Senators Hanna, Ballenger, Allison, Spooner, Clapp, Hansbrough, Fairbanks, Proctor, Clark, Frye, Dolliver, Cockrell, and scores of other men eminent in public affairs.

And there are plenty of bright stories dealing with the people men on earth—American types that you can recognize—your sisters, your brothers, your cousins and your aunts; entertaining stories by happily the lovers and the anti-lovers, the deeds and the adventures of the Great Common People—as Lincoln loved to call us.

What Representative National Authorities Write

"One of our best magazines."—Senator William P. Frye.
"A valuable addition to the magazine world."—James E. Watson.
"The National Magazine is my favorite periodical."—Senator Hiram S. Gibson.
"I read your magazine regularly with great interest."—Justice Henry B. Brown, United States Supreme Court.
"Permit me to congratulate you on the success of The National. It has taken front rank."—J. H. Babcock.
"I am a constant reader of The National and look upon it as decidedly the best of our current periodicals."—Senator Joseph R. Burton.
"I consider The National Magazine one of the most worthy and interesting periodicals published."—John J. Ingalls.

Joe Chapple's family of readers grows larger every day. There are over 150,000 subscribers. You'll be one sometime—but we want you now. As an extra inducement

Joe Chapple will take ten subscribers with him to the West Indies—all expenses paid. You can be one of them.

The sending of twelve two-cent stamps for three months' subscription makes you eligible. The requirements are simple—just an idea such as you can supply. The first issue of the new year tells the whole story. Send to-day.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston

Every Trapper Needs The ONEIDA COMMUNITY JUMPTRAP



because it is made by the oldest Trapmakers in the world, and is thoroughly tested and guaranteed before leaving the factory. Your dealer will replace any that break.

Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indigestion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, puffing it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.

Mr. D. Kauble, of Nevada, O., says: I had stomach trouble and was in a bad state as I had heart trouble with it. I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for about four months and it cured me.

Kodol Digests What You Eat

and relieves the stomach of all nervous strain and the heart of all pressure.

Bottles only. $1.00 Size holding 2½ times the trial size, which sells for 50c.

Prepared by E. O. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

ASK FOR THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY JUMPTRAP

and look for the name on the Treadle
Made by the Largest Trapmakers in the World.



THE ONLY GUARANTEED TRAP

If one of our traps should break your dealer will replace it free.

TWO MILLION MADE LAST YEAR.

LA GRIPPE

Pneumonia follows La Grippe but never follows the use of

FOLEY'S Honey and Tar

It stops the Cough and heals the lungs. Prevents Pneumonia and Consumption.

MR. G. VACHER, of 157 Osgood St., Chicago, writes: "My wife had la grippe and it left her with a very bad cough on her lungs which FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR cured completely."

MORPHINE

Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine and all Drug Habits

permanently cured, without pain or detention from business, leaving no craving for drugs or other stimulants. We restore the nervous and physical systems to their natural condition because we remove the causes of disease. A home remedy prepared by an eminent physician.

WE GUARANTEE A CURE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

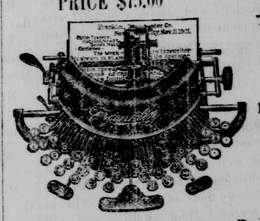
Confidential correspondence, especially with physicians, solicited. Write today

Manhattan Therapeutic Association
1135 Broadway, New York City

Dept. A

DO YOU NEED ONE?
YOU CAN EASILY HAVE ONE.

PRICE $75.00



TERMS CASH OR SUIT.
This is Strictly
THE BEST.

Rent One for Awhile IF Undecided

Superior to Higher Priced Typewriters.
Cheap Because not in the Trust.
WRITE TODAY.

H. B. WALKER, GENERAL AGENT AND MANAGER.
JENIFER BUILDING
7th and D Sts. 4-16,03 Washington, D. C.

IT IS NOT EXPERIMENT.

Our Reputation is Established for Building
THE BEST WAGONS
on the Eastern Shore.

Farm Wagons, Lumber Wagons,
Dupley Fruit-wagons,
One-horse Wagons, Timber Carts,
and Horse Carts.

Our facilities enable us to make Wagons better and cheaper than our Competitors.

IF YOUR WAGON NEEDS
REPAIRING AND REPAINTING,
We will do it right and reasonable. Our prices are low, but not cheap

Anklam Manufacturing Company,
AT THE DEPOT, DENTON, MD.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.
This signature, E. W. Grove
Cures Grip in Two Days.
on every box. 25c.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3537-0028.jpg