The Light in the Clearing

A TALE of the NORTH COUNTRY in the TIME of SILAS WRIGHT

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

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"'Your fellow townsman, Silas Wright, is now the largest figure in Washington. We were all worried by the resolution of Henry Clay until it began to crumble under the irresistible attack of Mr. Wright. On the 16th he submitted a report upon it which for lucid and accurate statements presented in the most unpretending manner won universal admiration and will be remembered alike for its intrinsic excellence and for having achieved one of the most memorable victories ever gained in the United States senate. After a long debate Clay himself, compelled by the irresistible force of argument in the report of Mr. Wright, was obliged to retire from his position, his resolution having been rejected by a vote of 44 to 1.'"

With what pride and joy I heard of this great thing that my friend had accomplished!

Going out with the crowd that evening, I met Sally and Mr. and Mrs. Dunkelberg. The latter did not speak to me and when I asked Sally if I could walk home with her she answered curtly, "No, thank you."

I have got a bit ahead of my history. Soon after the opening of the new year—ten days or so later it may have been—I had begun to feel myself encompassed by a new and subtle force. It was a thing as intangible as heat but as real as fire and more terrible, it seemed to me. I felt it first in the attitude of my play fellows. They denied me the confidence and intimacy which I had enjoyed before. They whispered together in my presence. In all this I had not failed to observe that Henry Wills had taken a leading part. The invisible, inaudible, mysterious thing wrought a great change in me. It followed me through the day and lay down with me at night. I wondered what I had done. I carefully surveyed my clothes. They looked all right to me. My character was certainly no worse than it had been. How it preyed upon my peace and rest and happiness—that mysterious hidden thing!

One day Uncle Peabody came down to see me and I walked through the village with him. We met Mr. Dunkelberg, who merely nodded and hurried along. Mr. Bridges, the merchant, did not greet him warmly and chat with him as he had been wont to do. I saw that The Thing—as I had come to think of it—was following him also. How it darkened his face! Even now I can feel the aching of the deep, bloodless wounds of that day. I could bear it better alone. We were trying to hide our pain from each other when we said good-by. How quickly my uncle turned away and walked toward the sheds! He came rarely to the village of Canton after that.

May had returned—a warm bright May. I had entered my seventeenth year and the work of the term was finished.

Having nothing to do one afternoon, I walked out on the road toward Ogdensburg for a look at the woods and fields. Soon I thought that I heard the sound of galloping hoofs behind me. I looked back and I saw Sally rounding the turn by the river and coming toward me at full speed, the mane of her pony flying back to her face. She pulled up beside me just as I had imagined she would do.

"Bart, I hate somebody terribly," said she.

"Whom?"

"A man who is coming to our house on the stage today. Granny Barnes is trying to get up a match between us. Father says he is rich and hopes he will want to marry me. I got mad about it. He is four years older than I am. Isn't that awful? I am going to be just as mean and hateful to him as I can."

"I guess they're only fooling you," I said.

"No, they mean it. I have heard them talking it over.

"He cannot marry you."

"Why?"

It seemed to me that the time had come for me to speak out, and with burning cheeks I said:

"Because I think that God has married you to me already. Do you remember when we kissed each other by the wheat field one day last summer?"

"Yes."

We had faced about and were walking back toward Canton, I close by the pony's side.

"May I kiss you again?"

She stopped the pony and leaned toward me and our lips met in a kiss the thought of which makes me lay down my pen and bow my head a moment while I think with reverence of that pure, sweet spring of memory in whose waters I love to wash my spirit.

"I guess God has married us again," I declared.

"I knew that you were walking on this road and I had to see you," said she. "People have been saying such terrible things."

"What?"

"They say your uncle found the pocketbook that was lost and kept the money. They say he was the first man that went up the road after it was lost."

"It's a lie—my uncle never saw the pocketbook. Some money was left to him by a relative in Vermont. That's how it happened that he bought a farm instead of going to the poorhouse when Grimshaw put the screws to him."

"I knew that your uncle didn't do it," she went on. "Father and mother couldn't tell you. So I had to."

"Why couldn't your father and mother tell me?"

"They didn't dare. Mr. Grimshaw made them promise that they would not speak to you or to any of your family. I heard them say that you and your uncle did right. Father told mother that he never knew a man so honest as your Uncle Peabody."

Just then we came upon the Silent Woman sitting among the dandelions by the roadside. She held a cup in her hand with some honey on its bottom and covered with a piece of glass.

"She is hunting bees," I said as we stopped beside her.

She rose and patted my shoulder with a smile and threw a kiss to Sally. Suddenly her face grew stern. She pointed toward the village and then at Sally.

"She means that there is some danger ahead of you," I said.

The Silent Woman picked a long blade of grass and tipped its end in the honey at the bottom of the cup. She came close to Sally with the blade of grass between her thumb and finger.

"She is fixing a charm," I said.

She smiled and nodded as she put a drop of honey on Sally's upper lip.

She held up her hands while her lips moved as if she were blessing us.

"I suppose it will not save me if I brush it off," said Sally.

We went on and in a moment a bee lighted on the honey. Nervously she struck at it and then cried out with pain.

"The bee has stung you," I said.

She covered her face with her handkerchief and made no answer.

"Wait a minute—I'll get some clay," I said as I ran to the river bank.

I found some clay and moistened it with the water and returned.

"There, look at me!" she groaned. "The bee hit my nose."

She uncovered her face, now deformed almost beyond recognition, her nose having swollen to one of great size and redness.

"You look like Rodney Barnes," I said with a laugh as I applied the clay to her afflicted nose.

"And I feel like the old boy. I think my nose is trying to jump off and run away."

We were nearing the village. She wiped the mud from her prodigious nose and I wet her handkerchief in a pool of water and helped her to wash it. Soon we saw two men approaching us in the road. In a moment I observed that one was Mr. Horace Dunkelberg; the other a stranger and a remarkably handsome young man he was, about twenty-two years of age and dressed in the height of fashion. I remember so well his tall, athletic figure, his gray eyes, his small dark mustache and his admirable manners. Both were appalled at the look of Sally.

"Why, girl, what has happened to you?" her father asked.

Then I saw what a playful soul was Sally's. The girl was a born actress.

"Been riding in the country," said she. "Is this Mr. Latour?"

"This is Mr. Latour, Sally," said her father.

They shook hands.

"I am glad to see you," said the stranger.

"They say I am worth seeing," said Sally. "This is my friend, Mr. Baynes. When you are tired of seeing me, look at him."

I shook the hand he offered me.

"Of course, we can't all be good looking," Sally remarked with a sigh, as if her misfortune were permanent.

Mr. Horace Dunkelberg and I laughed heartily—for I had told him in a whisper what had happened to Sally—while Mr. Latour looked a little embarrassed.

"My face is not beautiful, but they say that I have a good heart," Sally assured the stranger.

They started on. I excused myself and took a trail through the woods to another road. Just there, with Sally

We Came Upon the Silent Woman Sitting Among the Dandelions by the Roadside.

waving her hand to me as I stood for a moment in the edge of the woods, the curtain falls on this highly romantic period of my life.

Uncle Peabody came for me that evening. It was about the middle of the next week that I received this letter from Sally:

"Dear Bart: Mr. Latour gave up and drove to Potsdam in the evening. Said he had to meet Mr. Parish. I think that he had seen enough of me. I began to hope he would stay—he was so good looking, but mother is very glad that he went, and so am I, for our minister told us that he is one of the wickedest young men in the state. He is very rich and very bad, they say. I wonder if old Kate knew about him. Her charm worked well anyway—didn't it? My nose was all right in the morning. Sorry that I can't meet you Saturday. Mother and I are packing up to go away for the summer. Don't forget me. I shall be thinking every day of those lovely things you said to me. I don't know what they will try to do with me, and I don't care. I really think as you do, Bart, that God has married us to each other.

"Yours forever,

"SALLY DUNKELBERG".

How often I read those words—so like all the careless words of the young!

CHAPTER XIII.

The Bolt Falls.

Three times that winter I had seen Benjamin Grimshaw followed by the Silent Woman clothed in rags and pointing with her finger.

The trial of Amos came on. He had had "blood on his feet," as they used to say, all the way from Lickitysplit to Lewis county in his flight, having attacked and slightly wounded two men with a bowie knife who had tried to detain him at Rainy Lake. He had also shot at an officer in the vicinity of Lowville, where his arrest was effected. He had been identified by all these men, and so his character as a desperate man had been established. This in connection with the scar on his face and the tracks, which the boots of Amos fitted, and the broken gun stock convinced the jury of his guilt.

I remember well the look of the venerable Judge Cady as he pronounced the sentence of death upon Amos Grimshaw. A ray of sunlight slanting through a window in the late afternoon fell upon his gracious countenance, shining also, with the softer light of his spirit. Slowly, solemnly, kindly, he spoke the words of doom. It was his way of saying them that first made me feel the dignity and majesty of the law. The kind and fatherly tone of his voice put me in mind of that supremest court which is above all question and which was swiftly to enter judgment in this matter and in others related to it.

Slowly the crowd moved out of the courtroom. Benjamin Grimshaw rose and calmly whispered to his lawyer. He had not spoken to his son or seemed to notice him since the trial had begun, nor did he now. Many had shed tears that day, but not he. Mr. Grimshaw never showed but one emotion—that of anger. He was angry now. His face was hard and stern. He muttered as he walked out of the courtroom, his cane briskly beating the floor.

The Silent Woman—as ragged as ever—was waiting on the steps. Out went her bony finger as he came down. He turned and struck at her with his cane and shouted in a shrill voice that rang out like a trumpet in his frenzy:

"Go 'way from me. Take her away, somebody. I can't stan' it. She's killin' me. Take her away. Take her away. Take her away."

His face turned purple and then white. He reeled and fell headlong, like a tree severed from its roots, and lay still on the hard, stone pavement. It seemed as if snow were falling on his face—it grew so white. The Silent Woman stood as still as he, pointing at him with her finger, her look unchanged. People came running toward us. I lifted the head of Mr. Grimshaw and laid it on my knee. It felt like the head of the stranger in Rattleroad. Old Kate bent over and looked at the eyelids of the man which fluttered faintly and were still.

"Dead!" she muttered.

Then, as if her work were finished, she turned and made her way through the crowd and walked slowly down the street. Men stood aside to let her pass, as if they felt the power of her spirit and feared the touch of her garments.

Two or three men had run to the house of the nearest doctor. The crowd thickened. As I sat looking down at the dead face in my lap, a lawyer who had come out of the courtroom pressed near me and bent over and looked at the set eyes of Benjamin Grimshaw and said:

"She floored him at last. I knew she would. He tried not to see her, but I tell ye that bony old finger of hers burnt a hole in him. He couldn't stand it. I knew he'd blow up some day under the strain. She got him at last."

"Who got him?" another asked.

"Rovin' Kate. She killed him pointing her finger at him—so."

"She's got an evil eye. Everybody's afraid o' the crazy ol' trollope."

"Nonsense! She isn't half as crazy as the most of us," said the lawyer. "In my opinion she had a good reason for pointing her finger at that man. She came from the same town he did over in Vermont. Ye don't know what happened there."

The doctor arrived. The crowd made way for him. He knelt beside the still figure and made the tests. He rose and shook his head, saying:

"It's all over. Let one o' these boys go down and bring the undertaker."

Benjamin Grimshaw, the richest man in the township, was dead, and I have yet to hear of any mourners.

Three days later I saw his body lowered into its grave. The little, broken-spirited wife stood there with the same sad smile on her face that I had noted when I first saw her in the hills. Rovin' Kate was there in the clothes she had worn Christmas day. She was greatly changed. Her hair was neatly combed. The wild look had left her eyes. She was like one whose back is relieved of a heavy burden. Her lips moved as she scattered little red squares of paper into the grave. I suppose they thought it a crazy whim of

"Go 'Way From Me. Take Her Away."

hers—they who saw her do it. I thought that I understood the curious bit of symbolism and so did the schoolmaster, who stood beside me. Doubtless the pieces of paper numbered her curses.

"The scarlet sins of his youth are lying down with him in the dust," Hacket whispered as we walked away together.

(END OF BOOK TWO.)

BOOK THREE

Which Is the Story of the Chosen Ways.

CHAPTER XIV.

Uncle Peabody's Way and Mine.

It is a bad thing to be under a heavy obligation to one's self of which, thank God, I am now acquitted. I have known men who were their own worst creditors. Everything they earned went swiftly to satisfy the demands of vanity or pride or appetite. I have seen them literally put out of house and home, thrown neck and crop into the street, as it were, by one or the other of these heartless creditors—each a grasping usurer with unjust claims.

I remember that Rodney Barnes called for my chest and me that fine morning in early June when I was to go back to the hills, my year's work in school being ended. I elected to walk, and the schoolmaster went with me five miles or more across the flats to the slope of the high country.

"Soon the senator will be coming," he remarked. "I have a long letter from him and he asks about you and your aunt and uncle. I think that he's fond o' you, boy."

"I wish you would let me know when he comes," I said.

"I am sure he will let you know, and, by the way, I have heard from another friend o' yours, my lad. Ye're a lucky one to have so many friends—sure ye are. Here, I'll show ye the letter. There's no reason why I shouldn't. Ye will know its writer, probably. I do not."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CANDIDATES MUST "DOLL UP"

Will Have to Look Their Prettiest if They Expect to Find Favor With Woman Voters.

It is not necessary to go away from home to find either the latest or best, regardless of what is wanted. Consider eyebrow arching, for instance. A local beauty salon announces to the public that it does eyebrow arching, and explains that this operation "gives the eyes a deep, soulful expression with everlasting charm." Eyebrow arching advice for woman electors is more or less superfluous. It is to the men, and more especially to the men who aspire to public office, that this beauty hint is directed.

Throughout the country women are getting the ballot on equal terms with men. Women cannot vote in Indiana, but they are going to have that privilege before long. So many women have been enfranchised that they now hold the balance of power in this nation. So the woman vote will be more and more a real political problem to the candidate.

Some electors care little for the personal appearance of candidates, but most of them prefer a man of character, one who at least is presentable. Candidates in the future will have to bear this in mind. It will be well, in order to match rival candidates, for each to have a good tailor and an advisory committee on the proper shade of cravats. Immaculate linen will have to be in every candidate's platform. The high arched eyebrow will be even more essential to candidates than to the average woman. Doubtless those who have political aspirations will begin early, because eyebrow training takes time.—Indianapolis News.

Saw Her Limitations.

Edward's highest ambition was to some day be an engineer. He delighted in the workings of his electrical engines, and one day he undertook to explain the various parts to Janet. She listened indifferently and finally he became exasperated and said: "Oh, well, go on and play. I don't suppose you will ever be anything more than a mother, anyway."

Difficult Men to Handle.

There is no class of men so difficult to be managed in a state as those whose intentions are honest, but whose consciences are bewitched.—Napoleon.

In many cases it is as difficult to stay at the top of the ladder as it is to get there.

ECONOMY CORNER

To Clean Windows.

There seems to be considerable difference of opinion as to the best way to clean windows. Housewives usually depend upon ordinary warm soapsuds and on laundry soap for making it. After drying the glass with clean, dry cloths, paper is used for giving it a finish polish. On damp days when moisture gathers on the glass, wiping off the windows with warm dry cloths is said to clean them very well. Many experienced cleaners do not use soap for window cleaning, but plenty of clean warm water applied with a sponge. The quickest way to clean windows on a bright day is to wet whiting with water to the consistency of cream and apply it to the windows with a small piece of cloth. When quite dry, remove the whiting with a larger dry cloth and finally polish with newspaper.

Hanging Curtains.

To make thin sash casement curtains hang evenly, make the casing for the curtain rod, insert the rod and hang the material from the fixtures. Now draw down the window shade as far as you wish the curtain to come when finished. With bottom of shade as a guide the hem may be pinned or basted and the curtain will hang straight. This will be found much better than measuring the stuff and hemming before hanging.

When hanging curtains that are longer than the usual sill length, measure half the width of the window, lay your curtains out on the floor, put a plait the full length of the curtain, near the back edge. Now put your curtain up over the pole and pin it to get the right length; take it down again and baste so that the pole will slip through easily. Turn the superfluous length over the back, fold into a three-inch hem and stitch in place. Thus you avoid either cutting off the curtain or having an extra length hanging unevenly next to the window shade.

Opaque Screens.

The ordinary wire netting for doors and windows offers no protection from prying eyes. This can be remedied by giving the outside of all screens a coat of thin white paint. Strange as it may seem, the paint will not be noticeable, and while those inside may look out through the screens, outsiders cannot see into the room. The paint should be made as thin as possible with turpentine and applied with a flat brush.

Renovated Tables and Bureaus.

It often happens that the tops of tables and bureaus are badly disfigured. These may be converted into attractive pieces of furniture in the following way: Get plain, flat molding and nail it securely around the edge of table or bureau top. Have a plate of glass cut to fit into the frame thus formed. Put paper or cloth having a pretty pattern beneath the glass. Flowered cretonnes give a very dainty effect. Tea-tables of this sort are popular for serving tea on veranda or lawn.

Radiator Covers.

Make covers for radiators of crash denim, and save both walls and curtains from the dust that is blown into them by the ascending heat waves.

To Wind Up a Curtain Roller.

Using a button hook to wind up a curtain roller, when the spring has run down, is a great saving on the fingers.

Sweeping Hints.

Before sweeping always wring an old napkin out of water and pin the ends of the linen around your head. This makes a most effectual sifter for the dust. The cloth hangs loosely over nose and mouth, not interfering with breathing in the least.

Stocking Knee Protectors.

Considering the high cost of children's stockings, the thrifty mother wishes to protect the stocking knees, as the children are on them so much in their play. Take the top or any part that is good of an old stocking (about eight inches), hem one end and run a small rubber in to fit just below the knee. Fasten top to elastic together with stocking. This has proved a success, as the children wear their stockings out completely in the feet before any holes come in the knees. You can turn the protector around until worn out.

Jackets of Velveteen.

Velveteen jackets are widely shown in sport suits to be worn with a skirt made of sport fabric, says the Dry Goods Economist. One novelty suit with velveteen jacket cut on baggy lines, with large, roomy pockets, draped collar, and loosely belted, is combined with a black and white knitted skirt, the background of white with close lines in black.

The Tankette Hat.

The tankette hat is a new millinery creation, inspired by the tank of battlefield renown. The hat shape, covered with brown satin, follows the outline of the military tank. Five yards of ribbon are used for each "tractor," and hatpins simulate the guns.

Afternoon Frocks, Simple and Chic

Of all frocks, those that give most satisfaction in the wearing are the simple, graceful and chic afternoon gowns in which women spend so much of their time. The materials and the colors that are popular for them this season make them more effective than ever, and designers are making the most of their opportunities by turning out colorful and graceful models, adapting the style to the age of the wearer. Everyone, from the youngest little girl that has got beyond babyhood, to grandmother, is allowed frocks of the lovely midsummer materials that are universal favorites.

In the two frocks pictured the designer has worked with printed chiffon cloth and with plain georgette. The frock at the left is made of the printed fabric in king's blue with a pattern in white over the surface, and has for its girdle, collar and cuffs a plain chiffon in the same blue. The skirt has a tunic and a four-inch hem and the blouse is an equally simple affair having a sailor collar edged with a frill, and full sleeves finished with a cuff. These printed chiffons are often combined with plain taffetas for afternoon frocks, and this combination is wonderfully good, each fabric set off by the other.

The last arrival for summer wear appears in frocks of changeable taffeta made up with plain georgette. Color plays so great a part in the beauty of these frocks that photographs fail to convey their strongest appeal. One of them is shown in the picture at the left in which a beige and blue taffeta finds itself in company with beige georgette. It also boasts a tunic, shorter in the back than at the front. This is finished with a wide border of the taffeta and the flowing sleeves are bordered in the same way. A little embroidery is added to them. A looped panel at the back takes the place of a girdle.

Julia Bottomley

Blouse of Beige Chiffon.

A blouse of beige chiffon is frilled with many ruffles bound with navy blue crepe.

Japan Sends Some Bridal Robes.

When the cherry blossoms bloom in old Japan there are weddings, with the little dark-haired brides arrayed in richly embroidered robes. Two of these Japanese bridal robes have just arrived in New York. One is of heavy satin crepe, just the color of the heart of a pink rose, and it is embroidered all over with cherry blossoms, shading from pale pink to a deep glowing rose. It is a color inspiration. The other robe is of the same material, old blue in color, and embroidered with wistaria—that pinkish lavender wistaria that you just want to stop and enjoy when you see it hanging in great clusters over old wooden trellises in the early spring. On the bottom of the gown and the sleeves is a border of purple iris.

Prehistoric Almanac.

In the British museum there is to be seen an almanac which is 1,200 years older than the Christian era; it dates back to the reign of the Egyptian king Rameses the Great.

DAIRY PROFITS BIG

Splendid Returns From Farms in Western Canada.

Production of Butter and Cheese, Commanding Highest Prices, Increases Steadily — Live-Stock Raisers at Height of Prosperity.

Dairying is rapidly approaching one of the first positions in Western Canada agriculture. This does not apply particularly to any one of the three Western Canada provinces, as they all participate in the distinction.

A report recently published by the Alberta Department of Agriculture shows that in 1918, in spite of adverse conditions of labor and the high cost of feed, there was no decline in the industry. It will be interesting to know that the average number of milch cows per farm is 5.6. The total production of creamery butter in the provinces in 1918 was 9,100,000, as against 8,944,000 pounds in 1917.

No better evidence of the growth of Western Canada can be given than by the fact that in ten years the production of butter has increased from 2,500,000 pounds and of cheese from 88,570 pounds to 650,000 pounds. When it is known that in the production of grain so much energy was placed, and through which bank deposits were increased, homes made comfortable, farms carefully tilled, it will be realized that the increase in dairy production has been remarkable. During the past four years the price to the producer increased 75 per cent.

Further evidence of the great interest taken in the dairy and livestock industries is found in recent bull sales. At Edmonton the average price of 141 was $231.06; at Calgary 784 head were sold, bringing an average price of $269.13; while at Lacombe 179 bulls brought an average of $191.34. Sales in Manitoba a few days ago gave fully as good an average, or better. The sales were attended by farmers from all parts of the country. The high prices paid show that good stock was required, and, no matter the price, the farmer had the money to pay for it. As evidence of this we find that at a sale recently held at Carman, Manitoba, buyers were present from all parts of the province, besides some from Saskatchewan points. Five head of Herefords brought $590 each. A Shorthorn bull was sold for $700 and registered Shorthorn cows brought $500 each.

The establishments of creameries and cheese factories throughout the entire West is on the increase, and it will only be within the period of a very few years before Western Canada will occupy a position in the first ranks in the dairy production of the continent.

There is complete government supervisions over creameries and cheese factories. The government takes care of the sales, looks after the manufacturer and employs as heads of the institutions highly paid and efficient managers.

It may well be said that the dairy industry of Western Canada is rapidly coming into its own. At present it is but an adjunct to the parent or foremost industry of the country—the growing of grain, but while an adjunct it is a highly important one. The price of farm lands is gradually increasing but not in the rapid proportion that has been shown in other countries. This rise in price does not materially increase the cost of production, nor lessen the profits that may be derived from an acre of wheat, oats or barley. The advance in the prices of these grains has more than doubled; the use of tractors has lessened the cost.

The reports from government sources are that the present year will show a great increase in immigration over the past four or five years. The man who has made a tour of inspection of the country will give you the reason. He will speak of the fertile soil, of the good crops, of the attractive climate, of compliance with the law, the splendid school system, the almost perfect social conditions that prevail. He will have visited settlements composed almost solely of Americans, who have built up their homes and villages, who have brought, and are applying, today, their experience in economic land culture as applied to large tracts with the result that he obtains yields on $30 an acre land equal to that formerly produced on land that he had sold for $200 an acre. The story of his success he has sent back to his friends in his home state. They in turn follow him, and so it goes on, and immigration to Western Canada increases.—Advertisement.

Sure Thing.

"I am on the scent of success."

"What are you doing?"

"Raising onions."

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Riches have wings but that doesn't mean they're going to fly at you.

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