

# A SIREN'S VICTIMS

By Frances Warner Walker.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

The last drop fell into the glass, but the hand which held had ceased to tremble. She put the vial down, and drew a step nearer the bed. With one arm she raised her husband's head, supporting it upon her breast; with the other she held the glass to his lips.

Then she gently tilted it, so that the contents might be poured down his throat.

Already his lips were moistened, when a stern and clear voice, which sounded to the wretched woman's ears like the knell of doom, rang out one short, imperious command.

"Stop!" it cried.

At the sound, the glass fell from her hand. The liquid streamed upon the soverlet, leaving a deep-yellow stain, and pale to ghastliness she looked up, to see before her the confirmation of her worst fears, for it was Tom Windom who now, coolly enough, let the curtains fall behind him, and very quietly and composedly entered the room.

"You? You?" she gasped.

"Yes!" he answered, calmly. "Had a second report of my death reached you, that my presence should so startle you? or has it interfered with some cherished plan? You told me that you were desperate, Helen, but I did not dream that you would, in very truth—murder!"

Slowly, distinctly, emphasized by the heaviest last word drop from his lips. "Murder!" she repeated, in low, trembling tones—"murder! How dare you bring that foul accusation here?" "You forget you spoke aloud a moment since, my girl; but even had you not done so, I could have read your purpose in your face. One glance would have sufficed to tell me all the truth, had your whispered speech not already betrayed you. So you would kill him? And the better to do this deed you failed to keep your appointment with me."

"I went to meet you," she murmured, "but you were gone. Go, now, Tom. Here—here is all the money I could find. Take it and go. At any minute glancing toward the white face on the pillows, "he may recover consciousness. Already he may hear and understand. Oh, take the money and go!"

She held the purse toward him.

He caught it from her hand, only to throw it on the carpet at her feet.

"The money was but a pretext to bring you," he said. "Take it. I want ten times the amount, and I'll have it, too, before I leave this house. If you can murder, Helen Windom, I can steal!"

"Tom, Tom, you wouldn't dare!" "I wouldn't dare, eh?" and he laughed a strange, low, malicious laugh. "I thought you knew me better than to suppose I ever wanted words. I might not dare pour poison down the throat of a man unconscious and in my power, but I'd not hesitate long to help myself to the gold of a man who could well afford to spare it. Ah! I've watched the house many a night. Many a night I've seen your form fit to and fro and throw its shadow on the blind. Once or twice you have stepped out on the balcony for air. Once he was with you, and I saw him put his arm around you and bend his head to kiss you, and I laughed—laughed to myself in the silence and the darkness, as I remember how once—once—Well, let that pass. But to-night, when you did not meet me, I came to the old place to look after you. There was no shadow on the blind. The house was dark and silent, and I thought I'd climb onto the balcony and take a look inside. I'd thought of doing it before. I'd not been in Washington this long without hearing of the Reynolds' plate, and I knew if I were pushed to the wall, I'd turn my knowledge to account. You know the rest. You were not in the room when I first looked. The window was half open. I raised it a little further and concealed myself behind the curtains. I had hardly done so, when you entered. I was a witness to all that followed. I wonder now why I didn't let you kill the poor wretch lying there. He'd have been better off."

"I wish you were in his place," muttered Helen.

"I do not doubt it, ma chere," he returned. "But the tables are turned with us. Happily it is you who are in my power. In my power, do you hear, Helen Windom?" he repeated, drawing so close that his hot breath fanned her cheek. "A power you never may escape again. Do you know what I am going to do to-night? I am going to make you help me rob this house; and when I leave it, you are to leave it with me. You are to share my fortunes after this, for good or ill. When in the morning, the robbery is discovered, and with it your flight, no suspicion will fall on me, and it's not likely they'll prosecute you. As Mrs. Harry Reynolds, you are quite safe."

"And if I refuse?" she answered, trying to throw off the sick, fainting feeling which made her will so weak to combat him. "As I do refuse! Tom Windom, I told you once before, I was a child no longer. Neither am I a dupe, your playing. Why should I give up all that I have gained, at infinite cost? What can you offer in return? I have helped you? Why? To buy your silence. And now you would wrest from me my position, name and home, and give me nothing in return. No; I will never go back to the old life. I will stay here—here, where I may wear at least the mask of respectability, and where I may forget the past. What is to prevent my rousing the house and putting you under arrest? Why have I feared you so? I told you I was desperate. I am! Don't try me too far. Who would believe your story if you told it. I defy you, Tom Windom! You hear me? I defy you!"

An evil light gleamed in the eyes of the man she addressed.

He caught her wrist in one hand,

and with the other he unfastened the buttons of his cuff and rolled up his sleeve, disclosing on the flesh a jagged scar, some two inches in length, plainly marked by its bright-red outlines.

"You remember this?" he asked. "Once before you defied me. Neither of us is likely to forget it. I wear the mark of your defiance to this day. If I remember rightly, your fair flesh is all unmarred by any answering proof of my brutality. But I think you are scarcely likely to have forgotten your punishment and—your subjugation!"

She shivered, as the prisoner bound to the post shivers when he hears whistle in the air above him the cruel scourge which, a moment later, is to lacerate and tear his naked flesh.

"So you would have me arrested, eh?" he continued, mercilessly. "There is a bell close beside you. Summon your household. I will await them. You do not ring? You do not dare? Your threats are empty as your resistance. Come—we are losing time. Where are the jewels and the plate?"

But, even as he spoke, a desperate scheme was forming itself in the woman's mind.

She must gain time; she must have respite until to-morrow.

"Tom," she cried, "listen to me! I am in your power, as you say, and I must obey you. Resistance would, indeed, be useless. But to attempt to carry out your plan to-night would bring defeat and ruin on us both. The house is awake and watchful. It would be impossible to succeed in your attempt. But to-morrow I can collect all of value that it will be possible for you to carry away; and to-morrow night you shall come for them. But leave me in peace, Tom. Take them, and go away where I may never see or hear from you again!"

"I've said you were to be my companion in my flight," he answered, "and I meant what I said. I'll not stir one step without you. I don't like trusting you for twenty-four hours, but there's some truth in what you say—and there'll be far less risk in the plan that you propose. Only it would not do to play me false, my lady. I want you, and I mean to have you. Remember that!"

"I am not likely to forget," she answered.

A movement from the bed caused them both to turn.

The sick man moved restlessly on his pillows.

"Go, Tom—go!" she implored.

"To-morrow night, at nine, then. You swear it?"

"By this!" she answered.

And he pointed to the scar upon his wrist.

She bowed her head assentingly.

He crossed to the window and went out as he had come.

She stood an instant, erect, defiant; then a gray cloud of despair settled upon her and hid her beauty, and, throwing out her arms, she flung herself, face downward, upon the carpet, and lay there like one dead.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

The next morning dawned beautiful and clear. Harry had recovered consciousness, but new lines had shaped themselves upon his face, and he shrank, as from an actual blow, if his wife approached him. From her hand he refused medicine, food or drink.

"I swear it!" she answered.

The physician regarded him in amazement.

"It is one of the peculiar fancies of his illness, Mrs. Reynolds," he said, consolingly. "His mind cannot fully have recovered its normal calm. Meanwhile, it is best to humor him. Will you allow Miss Hawthorne to take your place in nursing him?"

"Certainly," she answered. "Grace can help me. Meanwhile, I can relieve her with Mr. Reynolds. He is better?"

"Yes, he is quite out of danger, and has already asked for you many times. He must be kept free from excitement, and have no intimation of his son's illness. By the way, Mrs. Reynolds, has your husband received any sudden shock?"

"I think some complication in Miss Hawthorne's affairs has risen which seriously distressed both Harry and his father. Further than that I know of no existing cause."

"My question was not prompted by curiosity," returned the doctor. "But its answer might aid my analysis of the case. I thank you for your confidence, Mrs. Reynolds; and, believe me, though remembered by the physician, it already has been forgotten by the man."

He bowed and withdrew, and Helen returned to the bed.

Harry raised his heavy lids at sound of her footsteps, then let them fall, shudderingly, as he recognized her.

"Shall I send Grace to you?" she whispered.

"Yes," broke in a faint whisper from his lips; but he did not again unclose his eyes until, some five minutes later, a soft, cool hand was laid upon his brow, and he recognized Grace Hawthorne's touch.

Feebly he outstretched his own hand toward her.

She took and held it tightly.

"Promise me," he said, in a faint, low voice, "not to leave me. Promise me, Grace—promise me!"

"I promise, Harry," she answered, while tears of mingled love and grief rolled down her pale cheeks; and so, holding her hand tightly pressed in his, he fell into a quiet sleep.

As the door softly opened, Grace turned her head. Harry's slumber was unbroken.

with hurrying fingers, she tied her hat and drew on her gloves.

The day was already well begun, and there was little time for her to act. All night she had revolved in her brain the scheme she had now determined on.

Hastening down the stairs and through the hall, she softly closed behind her the street door, and once again directed her steps toward Harvey Barclay's rooms.

Within half a block of them she met him, sauntering forth in quest of breakfast, though it wanted but an hour of noon.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and though she wore a thick veil over her face, he could descry beneath it her unwonted pallor.

"Take me to your rooms," she said, in a low, husky voice. "The crisis has come, Harvey, and you must help me!"

Mechanically he turned back with her, though dull rage was seething in his heart.

Was this woman always to interfere with his most cherished plans? Once Grace Hawthorne's husband, he could defy her; but he dared not yet.

Still the sullenness was apparent in his manner, as, having returned in silence to his apartments, he now sullenly accosted her:

"What's up now, Helen? Don't you know that you are not only compromising yourself, but compromising my position with Grace, by coming here like this?"

"Don't dare talk to me of Grace!" she answered. "Don't breathe her name!"

Then the defiance vanished, and with a low cry of anguish she threw herself on Harvey Barclay's breast.

"Harvey, Harvey!" she sobbed, "you haven't ceased to love me? You still care for me? Oh, tell me that you do; tell me that you will keep every promise that you have made me; for, to-day you must redeem them—to-day you and I must begin our new life together!"

"Helen, are you mad?" She drew herself away from him and looked into his eyes.

"Am I mad? I think not, though I have had enough of misery to turn a stronger brain than mine. Have we never talked of a new life, Harvey, and one we could share together, or has my so-called madness conjured up the vision? Did the madness wear your shape and take your voice? Your engagement is but an empty form by which you wished to profit. I can help you, without it, to attain the same ends. Harry knows all. We dare not hope that he will keep silent. All our plans, it seems to me, listen fatally miscarried. You promised to redeem the note before it fell due. You promised, if engaged to Grace, to get from her fresh supplies to avert disaster. All has failed. It is easy to word the averting of disaster, but when the storm strikes, you qual beneath its fury and you are helpless. I am not blaming you, only I put in you all my trust, and you failed me. You have brought me to the very edge of the precipice. One step further, and I will be hurled to the jagged rocks below. Why have I ventured so near, knowing well the frightful nature of the chasm? Shall I tell you? Because I loved you—loved you—loved you—because, if you stood beside me, hand clasped in hand, I would rather take with you that fatal leap than live on a bed of roses without you. Listen, Harvey—I have not told you all that threatens me. Last night Tom Windom forced an entrance to my room. The devil of torment was roused to life in him. He swore I should return to him. He wished to rob the house; but I persuaded him that it was impossible, and on my promise that to-night I would give him the money, the jewels and the plate, and—and that I would go with him, he left me. Harvey, there is but one way that I can escape him—only one way. A steamer sails from New York to-morrow at dawn. I will take the train to-day at 4. There is another at 6 on which you may follow. We can meet on the steamer. I will collect enough of value to let us begin life anew in a new land. Tell me, Harvey, will you do it? Or shall I, with nothing more to lose, confess the truth—yes, all the truth, even to telling Tom Windom who it was who tempted me to leave my home? You know what he has sworn. You know that he makes no idle threats. But what am I saying? You love me, and we are to begin together the life we have so often pictured. Tell me, Harvey, that you will enter it without regret?"

Harvey Barclay's face was livid. Every word she had uttered he had weighed.

What was to be done? Drive her to desperation, and he well knew that she might foil his every scheme.

As she had said, she had nothing more to lose. Why should she not drag him down with her in her fall?

Moreover, he had heard Tom Windom's threat of vengeance.

Already he shivered as, in imagination, he heard the whistle of the assassin's bullet, or felt the sharp steel of the assassin's knife. From him he might expect no mercy.

"Give me time," he thought, Helen, he murmured, at last. "I must have time to think."

"There is no time!" she answered. "I must have your decision now—at once! It is already noon, and I have much to do. O, Harvey, what alternative is left us?"

He turned away, and stood with his back toward her, his eyes bent on the ground.

For full five minutes neither spoke. When he again faced her he had determined upon his course of action.

"What is the steamer's name?" he asked.

"The Pothnia," she answered. "And she sails?"

"At 4:30 a. m."

"I will meet you, then, on board of her."

"Harvey!" The word rang out like a thanksgiving of praise. It held hope, happiness—all that Helen Reynolds had fancied vanished forever from her life. It struck on the man's ear, hardened though he was, with a quiver of remorse.

"You mean it, Harvey?" she questioned. "You will not fail me?"

"I will not fail you. I will meet you on the steamer's deck five minutes after she has left port. Before it would not be safe. Now, go, Helen. You have my word."

She clung to him and kissed him in farewell.

"Until to-morrow," she whispered. "Until to-morrow," he replied.

And, for the sake of him she loved, she thanked God, as she walked swiftly homeward, that she had not further stained her soul by the commission of the crime on whose very threshold she had stood the evening previous.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

For fully an hour after she had left him, Harvey Barclay's measured footsteps never ceased as he paced to and fro up and down the length of his rooms. He had not breakfasted, but he had forgotten that such was the case.

Full well he knew that the deadliest sin committed by the woman who had just left him had been the sin of loving him. It was the magnet which had led her, step by step, down the path whose end at last was reached.

There had been a time when she had awakened an answering passion in his breast. And, in fact, to-day, were all things equal, he would have chosen her from all the world, to be his wife. But things were not equal. Marriage was impossible between them. To take the step she proposed would make his degradation public and complete. He would be ranked, too, as a deserter in the army, since he had no leave accorded him, and was on active duty.

But she would have listened to no reason, no excuse. She had presented to him the alternative she was fully prepared to carry out, and which would result equally in disgrace and the overwhelming defeat of his most cherished schemes.

No! There was but one way. She must be banished from his path. He must so contrive his future action that from her he might have nothing more to fear.

He had won Grace Hawthorne's promise to become his wife, and, though the truth was known to Harry Reynolds, he believed it still possible to force her to redeem her word. He had not yet exhausted the weapons at his command to attain this end. Beyond Helen's interference, he feared nothing, and to-morrow—to-morrow from Helen he would have nothing to fear.

A grim smile wreathed his pale lips as at last he descended the steps and went out into the air.

He remembered then that he had not breakfasted, and stropping into Belcher's, he ordered an elaborate repast.

"Barclay's in luck," said one man to another, seated at a table close by. "Recently he's not lost his appetite this morning."

The meal finished, again he sauntered out into the street. Going to his office, he prepared his accounts and completed the few duties necessary. He ordered his horse; and when, two hours later, he returned, his horse's flanks were white with foam, and the room as he led him to the stable, shook his head.

"Another such ride would kill the best beast as ever stood," he muttered, under his breath.

Taking off his spurs, one of which was flecked with blood, the young officer glanced at the clock.

"I must know if she goes," he said to himself. "I must be sure that she carries out her portion of the agreement."

It wanted then but half an hour to 4 o'clock.

Once more leaving his office, he walked rapidly down the avenue in the direction of the depot. Here he took his position where, probably, unnoticed himself, he could watch the passengers on their way to the outgoing train.

He had not long to wait. Closely veiled and simply dressed though she was, there was an indescribable elegance to Helen Reynolds' grace and bearing not to be disguised.

She walked hurriedly past him, so close that he might have stretched out his hand and touched her; then, all unsuspecting his presence, she took a seat in an ordinary car.

He waited until the engine steamed out of the station, then, turning, he slowly retraced his steps to his own rooms.

Evidently there was no further need of hesitating as to his course of action; evidently, in his own mind, it was already fully determined upon. No color had returned to his cheeks; but neither was there any trembling in his hands, as, seating himself before his table, he deliberately drew writing materials toward him, and, without a moment's pause for thought, dipped the pen into the ink and began to write. A few minutes sufficed to fill the paper. He took it up, and, slowly and critically, he read it. It possessed neither beginning nor signature, and contained only these words:

"Mrs. Helen Reynolds, whom, perhaps, you might more readily recognize as Helen Windom, sails to-morrow morning at 4:30 from New York on the steamer Bothnia. She left Washington en route for the steamer this afternoon at 4. A friend thought this information might be possessed of interest."

Taking another sheet of paper, he carefully copied the above in an assumed hand; then, enclosing it in an envelope, he addressed it to Thomas Windom, adding street and number where formerly he had sent the cheque. Before Helen was half-way on her journey, the note was in Tom Windom's hands. She had purchased time by falsehood and by treachery. By the same weapons she, the betrayer, had been betrayed.

## (To Be Continued.)

"THE LATEST HOPS," A JOKE.

Dr. William Mason Tells the Following Anecdote Concerning the Musician, Gottschalk.

Returning to Gottschalk, a funny thing happened one day. At a time of which I write, forty-five years ago, William Hall & Sons' music store was in Broadway, corner of Park Place, and was a place of rendezvous for musicians. Going there one day, I met Gottschalk, who, holding up the proof sheet of a title page which he had just received from the printer, said:

"Read that!"

What I read was, "The Latest Hops," in big, black letters, after the fashion of an outside music title page.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "it ought to be 'The Last Hope,' but the printer, either by way of a joke or from stupidity, has expressed it in this way. There is to be a new edition of my 'Last Hope,' and I am revising it for that purpose."—Century.

## CHARM OF CHINA.

"High Living" is a commonplace in Celestial Empire.

What is the charm of China—that is, for Europeans? Why is it that not infrequently they prefer living there to remaining at home in civilized America? There is an account of a young woman, the daughter of wealthy parents, whose husband was an official of the Chinese imperial customs service under Sir Robert Hart. Her father, while making her a prolonged visit some four or five years ago, was struck even then by the signs of hostility to foreigners. He was so much impressed by the danger of life in China that he made his son-in-law a fine business offer, to remove any financial objections to returning to America. The son-in-law's consent was easily obtained, but the daughter yielded only out of regard for her father. Life in China seemed then to her far more attractive than life in America, because, for one thing, they have no "housekeeping" problem there. The perfection of the Chinese domestic service goes far toward making life there comfortable for Europeans. "You see," explains a resident, "giving a dinner in China means simply telling your major-domo that you want to give one. You don't have to bother about it further. So dinner-giving, formal and informal, is a feature of the life. The pick of a very good market—I refer to the treaty ports—is at your disposal, and what in America might be called 'high living' is a commonplace. The foreign residents, leading, of course, an isolated life, draw close together as a community, and form a charming social circle. They are, as a rule, true cosmopolites, well educated, well bred, representing all nationalities (twenty are represented in the Shanghai colony), cultured by travel, careful of etiquette, fond of sport; in short, people of the world, delighted to meet in their variety, all more or less on an equality, without the very rich to arouse envy or the very poor to excite pity. Then there is no pressure, no 'hustle,' such as we have here. All business stops at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and from then until 7 o'clock, the dinner hour, you have your choice of your favorite sport or diversion—riding, driving, boating tennis and cricket."

## PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Joseph Blanchette, Dayton, Minn., spark arrester; Christopher H. Carl, Stillwater, Minn., horse blanket; Edward C. Fithian, St. Paul, Minn., combined wall paper display rack and sample case; Henry Keller, Saus Center, Minn., sand shield and truck for vehicle axles; William H. Levings, Minneapolis, Minn., game recorder; Charles K. Sharrod, assignor to Sharrod & Crooks, St. Paul, Minn., ventilated shoe.

Lothrop & Johnson, patent attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

## The Worst Kind of Failures.

All over the country we see the baneful results of the passion for money-getting. We see men on every side who are regarded as successful, simply because they have made money; but they are, in reality, the worst kind of failures, for they have failed to grasp the true meaning of life. When will the world learn that to pile up money or to learn to do one thing is not success?—Success.

## DON'T BE MACHINE MEN.

Men who tend machines all their lives become themselves machines. Their unused brain cells and faculties become atrophied, shrink and shrivel until the individual becomes a mere manikin, only the semblance of a man. The modern mania for specialties may prove one of the greatest curses of the race, through its tendency to cripple intellect and dwarf manhood.—Success.

## Anxiety.

Daughter—Oh, mamma, I do wish I were pretty! Mother—You needn't, dear; sensible men think very little about beauty. Daughter—But it isn't sensible men I'm thinking about, mamma; it's Charles.—Brooklyn Life.

## PUNNAM FADELESS DYES

produce the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff.

The Philadelphia—Isn't the mud on this street a trifle deep? Chicagoan—Deep? It's the deepest mud on any paved street in the world!—Indianapolis Journal.

## At a Fifth Avenue Gallery.

"This picture is said to be a Rubens. Fifty thousand dollars have just been paid for it."

The party who bought it must have been a Ruben.—Smart Set.

## Must Force It.

Mr. Tackle—Will you absolutely guarantee this hair grower to do what you claim? Dealer—Yes, sir. Mr. Tackle—All right. I've got to do something to get in condition for the football season.—Baltimore American.

## WOMEN MUST SLEEP.

Avoid Nervous Prostration.

If you are dangerously sick what is the first duty of your physician? He quiets the nervous system, he deadens the pain, and you sleep well. Friends ask, "what is the cause?" and the answer comes in pitting tones, nervous prostration. It came upon you so quietly in the beginning, that you were not alarmed, and when sleep deserted you night after night until your eyes fairly burned in the darkness, then you tossed in nervous agony praying for sleep.

Many causes induce gray hair, but PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM brings back the youthful color. HINDENBERG'S, the best cure for corns. 15c a lb.

What is called the Laborde method is a surprising, simple and effective method of reviving the drowning. The asphyxiated person is placed on his back, with the head low, the clothing is loosened about the neck and the jaws are opened and kept open by a wedge passed between the molar teeth; a knife handle, a cane end or any suitable object of a size sufficient to keep the jaws distended will serve the purpose. The throat is freed of mucus by the finger wrapped in a fold of handkerchief. Tracton on the tongue is then begun in the following manner: The thumb and index finger are covered by one thickness of a handkerchief to prevent the tongue slipping, and the tongue is seized as far back as possible from the tip. Fifteen times to the minute at about equal intervals the tongue is pulled out sharply and the tension immediately relaxed. This traction must be so exerted that the whole body of the tongue is affected and not merely the tip. As the tongue is drawn out to its fullest extent the first two or three times it facilitates action if the index finger of the other hand is gently thrust in the pharynx, as though an effort were made to induce vomiting. These tractions should be kept up at least thirty minutes and may be continued an hour without result, but ought not to be discontinued under that time or even longer, for many persons have been restored to life and health who have been pronounced dead over an hour. If assistants are at hand it is well to supplement the above method by the use of mechanical artificial respiration according to mechanical artificial respiration.—Philadelphia Times.

## Tea-Profit Secrets Revealed.

In Paris, at the Exposition, the British-Indian tea planters are doing exceedingly well by selling the leaves that cheer but not inebriate at 3 francs per pound, to the great astonishment of the Parisians, who have hitherto paid 6 francs, 7 francs and 8 francs for inferior qualities. In a little while we shall probably hear the same story from Russia, which in normal times spends £4,000,000 on the Chinese product. Or perhaps we shall not hear, and the story will have to be guessed at, for the Russian tea importers, among whom there are many millionaires, will substitute Indian tea for Chinese, say nothing about it and pocket the difference between the two prices.

## A Floral Centenary.

Florence, the city of flowers, is about to celebrate a floral centenary—that of the dahlia, which was first imported to Europe from Mexico in 1790 by three Spanish explorers, who planted it in Madrid in the hope that the tubers might prove a cheap food for the starving peasantry. Instead of that, the beauty of its flowers attracted the attention of the rich, and in 1800 some specimens were taken to Paris. From this time the dahlia became one of the glories of European gardens. It also then first received a name, adapted from that of Dahl, the leading botanist of the day.

## What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try

Jell-O,

a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! No baking! Add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day. 10 cts.

Prepared by J. W. Thompson, Chicago, Ill.

Thompson's Eye W.

Cures Corns 15c; all Druggists. (It falls—it is free.)

TOE-GUM

No. 45.—1900.