

BY AN UNSEEN HAND

A Story of the Secret Society Known as the "Ragged Thirteen" By Edward Hughes.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

There was no doubt in my mind that the outrage at Oldburg was connected in some way or other with the tragedy that had occurred in our house, and it was evident, from the fact of his having preserved the newspaper accounts, that my father could throw some light on the seaside affair. Could he be the man who had been wounded? Possibly, since he was of medium height, had dark hair and spoke somewhat slowly; and if the date of the extracts from the papers were somewhere near that of his taking me away, the probability would be increased, and I determined that my first step should be to discover, if possible, from what newspapers the pieces were cut, and the date of the issue of the copy.

But even if I identified my father as this man, would my position be any better? And, as the idea of identification passed through my mind, I saw at once an easy way to find out when the papers were printed. I could go to Oldburg and make the inquiries at the spot. If Mr. Byrne were alive and still at the same farm, the matter would be cleared up in a twinkling; and if he were dead, or if he had left the neighborhood, there must still be many people in such a small place who would remember so startling an event.

To be sure, my father had laid strict injunctions upon me that I was not to try to find him, but he had said nothing about my looking for his enemy; and though my chances were slender, indeed, that I, unaided, should ever get to the bottom of the matter, I felt that I should have some definite starting point when I had made my investigations at Oldburg. And had not my orders to make no delay in getting to Kendal been so distinct, I should have left the train at the next station and made my way across the country to the little seaside town.

Judging from the allusion in the letter to my being prepared for the University by Mr. Travers, I was of opinion that he was a tutor; and if so, there would be vacations at various times, and I could spend a holiday at the east coast, and no one would be the wiser as to my motives for so doing. Through all my musings and makings of plans it never for one moment occurred to me that my father had done anything unbecoming a gentleman. I had lived with him in the closest intimacy; I had seen him associated with all sorts and conditions of men; but let his companions be who they might, high or low, rich or poor, there was never a man of them but what treated him with the greatest respect.

He was brave, chivalrous and generous, and yet, mystery of mysteries, I had seen him shaken with terror, and he was even now flying from his enemy and leaving me, the son, whom I knew he loved, just when I most needed his advice and help. I was not old enough then to discriminate between the fear that will not allow a man to face his foe in the open or to attempt some hazardous feat, and the terror that is inspired by a danger ever threatening, and which may strike at its victim in some unexpected moment, like a bolt from the blue.

CHAPTER II.

Startling Discoveries.

In due course I reached Kendal and Mr. Travers' house, and I found that I was expected, for, on giving my name, I was shown up at once to a charming bed room, with a natty dressing room beyond; and when I had made myself presentable, I rang, and was taken to the drawing room, where I found Mr. Travers (who had just come in) and three pupils, as I supposed them to be—young fellows of about my own age.

The master of the house was of medium height, and had a handsome face, albeit "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and in his eyes, which were large and lustrous when he was animated, there was in repose that dreamy look so often found in men whose hours are spent in the study of the higher mathematics. His hair was as white as snow, though, judging him by his other "points," I should have put him down at less than forty years old. He had a most charming manner, and his few words of welcome were so hearty and well chosen that they put me at my ease at once, and when the introductions were over I found myself chatting with him as though I had known him for years.

My surmise as to his being a tutor were correct. He was, in fact, a "crammer," and my fellow pupils were grinding for the Civil Service and other Exams; but, since they have nothing whatever to do with the development of my story, I need make no further remarks about them than that they were very gentlemanly fellows.

Although I found myself surrounded by every comfort, I felt very lonely and miserable when I got to my own room. For more than twelve years I had been my father's constant companion, and the wrench of parting with him had been so sudden and the manner of it so strange and tragic, that at first I could not get to sleep for thinking of him and wondering what he was doing and where he had found a place of rest. And then came the thoughts of the dead man, lying there in that cheerless room; and I pictured to myself the anxiety of those near and dear to him when he came not, and then their frenzied grief when at length he should be discovered, and they should take him home to mourn over him and to recall his last words to this one or that—the last loving caresses they had received from lips that would kiss them no more. What had he done that he should be struck down in the heyday of life and strength? By what

fendish devices had he been beguiled into the house and murdered by an enemy from whom my father, brave as he was, was even now flying? What could those cards mean? And so I propounded question after question, until my brain grew weary, and I sank into a deep sleep.

My first care the next day was to procure a London paper, and when I had managed this—and it was rather late when I could get one—I turned in to a quiet street and there read every word of the "Suburban Mystery," which was heightened by reason of the fact that the police had been notified if they proceeded to such and such a house they would there find the body of a gentleman who had, in all probability, met with foul play.

I knew very well who had given them the information, and the fact that I was tongue-tied and unable to say aught of what might have been valuable clues, made my desire to discover the assassin all the keener.

The finding of that small parcel had furnished me with two links in the chain of evidence with which, could I but complete it, I hoped to drag to justice the villains who had separated me from my father, and who would not scruple to take his life should the opportunity arise. The public papers were as open to those wretches as to me, and the fact that no mention was made of the cards, which, in all probability, they had left behind, or which, at all events, they must have seen, would be for them a very significant fact, and would tell them plainly that someone had been close upon their track, and that someone had informed the police, but had kept his identity in the background.

I trembled to think that my father might have rendered his position still more dangerous by his communication to the authorities, but I comforted myself with the reflection that he would have acted with double caution, since he would be to the full, as concerned for my safety as for his own.

A paragraph at the end of the account of the finding of the body announced that the murdered man had been identified as Dr. James, of Harley street; and from information received, it was known that he had gone on the previous evening to a social gathering, from which he had been called away at about 11 o'clock to attend a very urgent case. He was known to have held, and publicly expressed on many occasions, very strong political views; but no motive could be assigned to the crime, as he was a man thoroughly respected by friends and foes alike for his universally manly and straightforward conduct.

Was ever lad of nineteen burdened with such a secret as mine? I should have to return to Mr. Travers and listen to the conversation of my fellow-pupils, all the while conscious that, were I so minded, I could tell them that which would set them agape with amazement.

I purchased a paper again the next day, and there was that in it which caused me some alarm, for the police had, of course, discovered that two rooms had been occupied, and that the furniture had been bought from a dealer hard by; and having, moreover, in some way, found the charwoman who used to clean up for us, they had squeezed what information they could out of her—though her description of us would be of little use to them, so inaccurate was it. And I could not help thinking that this contingency had been provided for, and that the old lady's lapses from truth were the result of premeditation rather than confusion.

I was thankful that for my journey to Euston I had taken a bus instead of calling a cab, and that I had got down some little distance from the station, for it was quite possible that we might be traced to the hotel where we slept. It would be of little interest to describe my life at Kendal; suffice it to say that I worked hard, perhaps as much with the idea of distracting my thoughts as of gaining knowledge. I felt years older than when I had left my father, and indeed my peculiar upbringing, and my having been constantly in communion with a mind so much more mature than my own, had given me the thoughts and feelings of a man long before they usually come to one.

Mr. Travers was an experienced and brilliant coach, but except a meal, or when he was teaching us, we saw very little of him, and so engrossed was he in his studies that he rarely went abroad or left his beloved books. He had had a long conversation with me relative to my future, and when I had decided that Oxford should be my alma mater, he gave me full particulars as to how my allowance was to be paid, telling me the name of the bankers from whom I was to draw it; and he added some excellent advice to the end that I should live well within my means, and avoid the awful Scylla of debt on the one hand and the Charybdis of vice on the other. I found that my father had been extremely generous, and the knowledge of his kindness, coupled with the fact that I now had a set purpose in life, furnished me with potent weapons wherewith to fight against the temptations that might have dashed me on the rocks or dragged me into the whirlpool over against them.

When the summer vacation arrived Mr. Travers went to Norway with his nephew, who was at Cambridge working hard for the next year's Mathematical Tripos, and from what I could gather, it was plain that he was a great favorite with his uncle. They met in London, so that I did not see the nephew, and they intended to make a reading trip of it, for Mr. Travers

had the highest opinion of his kinsman's abilities, and made no secret of his expectations that he would be high up in the list of wranglers. I lost no time in getting to Oldburg, and I put up at the Brunswick, for, falling Mr. Byrne, I might gather a good deal of information required from the gossip of the smoking room or billiard saloon, could I but lead it in the right channel. At the very outset I heard good news, for the man who waited on me at dinner told me that Mr. Byrne was still at the farm, and that he was a hale and hearty man. And so I found him when I called upon him next day, and the good yeoman blood that ran in his veins showed itself in the warm welcome he gave me when I told him that I had come from a long distance to see him. I did not beat about the bush, but told him that I wanted all the information he could give me relative to the attack that had been made upon a gentleman some years back.

"Do you remember the occurrence?" I asked, describing the more minutely. "That I do, sir. Sit down for a moment," and then there was a looking for spectacles and a hunt for the old papers, accompanied by a running comment on the good of keeping printed matter by one. He came upon the paper at last, and when, with trembling fingers, I had opened it, I found that it had first seen the light somewhere about the time that my father had come for me to take me abroad. A second newspaper, bearing a date some week or so later than the other, gave a fuller description of the gentleman attacked than that which I had already read, and I was convinced that this description could in no way apply to my father, for certain peculiarities were mentioned that could not possibly be connected with him.

I hardly knew whether to be pleased or not at the discovery I had made, for it brought meers of evil against which I would pit myself were working in a much wider field of action than I had imagined, since it was now clear that the lives of others beside that of my father were aimed at. To begin with, here was the attack at Oldburg on an unknown man; then there was the murder of Dr. James in London, and doubtless my father had originally escaped by reason of the precaution he took upon leaving England, and of associating as little as possible with English-speaking people.

I trembled to think that I wanted all the information he could give relative to the attack that had been made upon a gentleman some years back. The Byrnes were so hospitable that I could not get away until I had helped them dispose of their midday meal, and when it was finished I was taken to the spot where the lad, Willie Roddick, had lain and watched when the tramp attacked the gentleman.

"You're the spot where the man fell," said the farmer, "just where you see that stake. We drove it in to mark the place like, and there she's stuck ever since."

As I was certain that it was not my father who had been attacked the matter had lost part of its interest for me, and it was as much for the sake of saying something, as for any information that I might get, that I presently asked if they had ever heard of or from this Willie Roddick; and scarcely heeding the answer that nothing was known as to his whereabouts, I asked what sort of a boy he left us.

"It's a long time since he left us," said Mr. Byrne, but we have a picture at home with him in it, as he was then. I mind it was taken a month before he went away. Come back and I'll show it to you."

And so, back he went, and a photograph, rather faded and well-thumbed, was produced. It was that of a group, and in it was a boy, and his features had come out so plainly that I begged him to take the photo away with me. My idea was to enlarge the face; and I may mention here, that my father had fostered my natural aptitude for drawing, and had, whenever the opportunity occurred (such as when we lived in the suburbs of some large city), sent me to the best masters; for, as he argued, there was no knowing when the accomplishment might prove of great service.

I took the "picture" to the hotel, and spent nearly the whole day sketching a life-size face, and I was rewarded for my pains when Mrs. Byrnes declared that it was the image of Willie Roddick. On the back of the drawing I made notes of such particulars as the color of the lad's hair and eyes, his height and build when they had last seen him, and any striking peculiarities that would have abided with him as he grew. Then I began to sketch the face as I supposed it would be when its owner was some few years older; and then I drew another, and so on, until I had produced the picture of a young man of twenty-three, the age Roddick would now be if he were living, though of this both Mr. and Mrs. Byrnes were doubtful, "for the boy was main fond of them, and it fared to be strange if he was still alive and he hadn't written to them."

I stayed some time in Oldburg, for, although the place was very quiet, the air was bracing, and there were many pleasant walks in the neighborhood, over the moorlands and through the woods and across the breezy links; and I amused myself, too, by drawing out the landlord and making him tell me everything about the event that had thrown the town into such a state of excitement twelve years before.

The end of September found us once more at work, and I shall pass over the events of the winter, merely remarking that I never heard anything of my father, though for this I was somewhat prepared by his letter.

Mr. Travers' nephew did not come down at Christmas, though he was expected, and I could see that his uncle felt his absence keenly; but he cheered up and looked forward hopefully to he, I had much to tell him, and he was not disappointed, for Hugh Travers came out third wrangler, and that, too, in a year of exceptionally brilliant men.

flush of the red. But the fresh mountain air and the long rambles to the various lakes and places of interest soon chased away the traces of study, and as I was invariably his companion in these expeditions, I grew to like him thoroughly; and the feeling I had towards him was, perhaps, intensified because, having seen so much more of the world than he, I had much to tell him, and he was in a high degree the most pleasant of companions, a good listener. There was something in his face that puzzled me, especially when he was animated, for at such times his features seemed to be familiar to me, though I was quite certain that we had never met until I saw him for the first time at his uncle's.

One day we had taken a longer ramble than usual, and had walked through Longsleddle Valley to Hawswater and thence to the top of High street, and we were admiring the view, for the day was remarkably clear, when he turned to ask me some question, and in that second, while his face, aglow with excitement, was fully towards me, I saw a remarkable likeness to the face that I had worked out at Oldburg.

Could it possibly be that he was the lad who had disappeared in such a sensational fashion, and if he were, who was Mr. Travers?

It must be some accidental likeness, and I tried to put the idea away from me; but as he, from time to time, looked at me, it would recur again and again, until at last I determined to put the matter to the test. I would ask him a simple question, and if he were not the lad no harm could be done, for he would be ignorant of the motive that was actuating me. Presently, when we were talking of people we had met, I asked him if he knew anyone named Willie Roddick; and from the tremor that seized him and the way in which he started from me and stood staring at me, speechless with amazement, I might have answered my own question and said, "Thou art the man."

"With a great effort, he pulled himself together.

"Why do you ask?" he said, in a husky voice.

"Because," I went on, "I found, in an old photograph at Mr. Byrne's farm a picture of a group, and I enlarged one of the faces. It was a boy's, and he was eleven years old at the time. I drew other pictures of him, altering the face as I supposed he would alter, year by year, and the last one I did resemble yours in many particulars. You have the same colored hair and eyes as this boy had. You are Willie Roddick?"

He made no attempt at denial. Without a word, without even glancing at me, he set off at the fastest walking pace he could compass along the road in the direction of Kendal, and I followed him as closely as could, until his pace slackening as we breasted the hill to Kirkdale pass, I got a chance to come up and speak with him.

"What are you going to do, Travers?" I asked.

He halted suddenly and faced me. "What am I going to do?" he repeated. "I'm going to warn one of the kindest-hearted men that God ever put the breath of life into that his secret is known, for if I am Willie Roddick, you know who Mr. Travers is. By Heaven! I feel that I could kill you here and now, and the secret would be safe; and for a moment or so there was a dangerous gleam in his eye, and so palpable a bracing up of his figure, as though for a supreme effort, that I actually stood on guard and waited for his attack. But it never came. His mood changed quickly.

"I don't know how you got your knowledge, Tremayne," he said, "I don't even know who you are, or where you came from; but if you bring any harm to the man who has made me what I am, I give you fair warning that I shall kill you—unless you kill me," and he spoke in such a steady tone, and so quietly withal, that I could not fail to see that he meant every word he uttered.

"How could I be such a cad as to injure him?" I asked. "Didn't he befriend me when, goodness knows, I wanted a friend badly enough? Let us sit down here, Travers, and have it out. Let us understand each other thoroughly."

We sat down on the turf at the side of the road, and I went on:

"It was quite by chance that I came across an old newspaper with an account of the attack upon—well, upon Mr. Travers of Oldburg. I was staying in the town at the time, and I was interested enough to go to Mr. Byrne's farm. There I heard your name and saw your likeness, and it was merely to while away the time that I went on with the drawings. Of course, in common with everyone else, I looked upon your disappearance and his, and the attack upon him, too, for that matter, as most mysterious. The secret is his still, for I have no notion of why he was set upon, nor why he chose to hide himself up here; and, upon my honor, I shall never tell a soul what chance has revealed to me."

I held out my hand to him.

"I believe you," he said, as he grasped it. "And now let me say something on my side. I don't mind clearing up the mystery, as you call it, of my disappearance. The matter was very simple. You, no doubt, know all the particulars of the case, for they were fully reported at the time.

"Well, I had to pass Mr. Travers to get to Thorne, and when I came near the spot, I saw him sitting up, holding his side. He beckoned to me, and, under his direction, I bound up his wound with strips of my handkerchief, and I saw that the wound had only missed being a serious one by the tenth of an inch. He persuaded me to let him get on the pony, and we made way across C—Station, and on my way he drew from me particulars of my life.

"I was an orphan, with no very strong tie to bid me to Oldburg, and when he asked me to come with him and help him to the end of his journey, I readily consented. We came up here, and he gradually worked up a connection and got pupils.

"He told me that it was absolutely necessary that he should never be traced, and he pointed out that if I went back I should be cross-examined and badgered by the police, and should have to tell all I knew; and so, under

the circumstances, I stayed with him. He called himself my uncle, but he has been, in every sense, a father to me, and it is to his early training that I owe my present position.

"I know nothing whatever of his motives or fears, and I have never even hinted at them; but that he is under the spell of some great terror has been clear to me for years. His hair was as black as yours when I first saw him. Look at it now. Nothing but anxiety has turned it so white.

"My secret has been a secret for so many years that I had almost forgotten my old name, and when you came out with it so suddenly I was taken aback, for I thought that if you knew who I was, you might know Mr. Travers' secret; in short, that you might be connected in some way with the very enemies of whom he has, at times, spoken vaguely to me. You are too young to have been an active enemy of his when he was so nearly killed. Give me your word of honor that you know no one who would hurt a hair of his head, and I will believe you."

"As true as Heaven's above," I said, "I know nothing whatever of any man who could possibly be an enemy to Mr. Travers."

"If you are lying to me, God forgive you, I sha'n't!" he broke out, in spite of his assurance; and then, suddenly changing his tone, he went on: "But, there, I can trust you. You haven't the face or the manners of a liar, and you've had your troubles. I've watched you, Tremayne, more closely than you imagine, and you wouldn't have got such a sober look and been so thoughtful at your age unless you had had some bitter experiences; and if ever want advice, go to Mr. Travers and ask him to help you."

His tone was so sympathetic and friendly that I had to put the utmost restraint upon myself, and to think of my father's words, to prevent me from disclosing the course of events that had culminated in my coming to Kendal; but I got the better of the inclination, and merely said:

"Yes, you are right; I have had my share of trouble, and if I want help I shall certainly go to Mr. Travers;" and then, having solemnly agreed that no further reference should be made to the grave subject we had been discussing, we set our faces homeward, and reached Kendal late at night.

"My discovery gave me food for reflection.

(To Be Continued.)

Rather a Delicate Subject. Plagiarism is rather a delicate subject, and the general public has never settled it quite satisfactorily. It is true, on the one hand, that several great artists, Shakespeare among them, have deliberately taken plots and ideas from older writers, and it must be admitted, on the other hand, that some mediocre persons seek to win fame by the doubtful means of repeating other people's sayings as their own. Generally speaking, if a man can take an idea which has already been used and do a great deal more with it than the former owner did, the public will be satisfied.

It is manifestly impossible for any writer to be absolutely original. Human nature itself is not. It has been repeating itself since there was a human being on earth. The same old dramatic situations present themselves now as were common in the days of Noah. A writer may appear to plagiarize when he has merely hit, unconsciously, on a situation used by somebody else.

The cry of plagiarism is, generally speaking, the favorite creation of cheap minds—of people who are anxious to display their knowledge of literature by parading some passage in the classics as the original of one in a later publication.—Chicago Journal.

Three Layers of London.

It has been fairly well proved that the Roman London lies buried about eighteen feet below the level of Cheap-side, and deeper even than that is buried the earlier London of the Britons. In nearly all parts of the city there have been discovered tessellated pavements, Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins and statues. When deep cuts were made for the sewers in Lombard street the lowest stratum was found to consist of pavements, and many-colored dice were lying scattered about. Above that was a thick layer of wood ashes and the debris of wooden buildings. In building the exchange the workmen came upon a gravel pit full of oyster shells, cattle, bones, old sandals and shattered pottery. Two pavements were dug up under the French church in Threadneedle street, and other pavements have been cut through in various parts of the city. Authorities on the subject say that the soil seems to have risen over Roman London at the rate of nearly a foot in a century.—Baltimore Sun.

Teaching the Young Idea.

A Manchester lawyer noticed the other evening that his youthful son, who was studying arithmetic, seemed very restless. Getting impatient, the father broke out: "What on earth ails you? Why can't you sit still? Wriggling about every minute." "It's all your fault," murmured the boy. "Why is it?" "Cos I asked you last night how many a billion was, an' you said it was a thunderin' lot. Teacher asked me the same question to-day, and I gave the same answer. That's why I can't keep still."—London Answers.

Out for a Lark.

"What are you up to so early for?" asked the old hawk. "Oh, just for a lark," replied the young bird, using one law for a toothpick.—Philadelphia Record.

Fall Economy.

"What a pretty felt hat that is of Mrs. Flynn's?" "Yes; that's her summer hat turned around with the back to the front."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Points of View.

Husband—What did you take in at your booth in the charity ball? Wife—Do you mean how much or how many?—Chicago News.

IN INTEREST OF FORESTRY. Former Gov. Pillsbury Gives 1,000 Acres to the State. Through the generosity of Former Gov. John S. Pillsbury of Minneapolis, the state forestry board has been offered 1,000 acres of cut-over land in Cass county to be used for forestry purposes. The offer was presented at a meeting of the board recently in a personal letter, in which Mr. Pillsbury expressed regret that he did not have more land to give, and reserved the right to make additions to the tract which he has donated. The offer is made for the purpose of encouraging state forestry reserves in Minnesota, and giving the state board a chance to experiment with cut-over timber tracts with a view to determining the extent to which the growth of timber can be renewed. Mr. Pillsbury specifies that two-thirds of the revenues which may be derived from his gift must go to the State University of Minnesota. A deed of conveyance will be made without delay. President Judson Cross addressed the board, suggesting that the state memorialize congress for the grant of non-agricultural United States lands in Minnesota, and that the holders of cut-over timber lands available for forestry purposes, of which there are 2,000,000 acres, be invited to convey tracts to the state. The members of the board present were President Cross, Prof. Greene of the state experiment station, J. W. Cooper of St. Cloud and Judge Greenleaf Clarke.

A LIFE SAVED. A Druggist's Timely and Straight-Forward Advice Saves the Life of a Prominent Citizen.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 26.—(Special)—Among the Catholic Foresters in this city, none is better known or more universally esteemed, than Mr. S. P. Rush, Conductor (President) of Holy Name Court, Number 29. His many friends, inside the Order and outside of its ranks, were, therefore, much startled to learn that his life was in danger, he having Bright's Disease, that most terrible and fatal disease.

Mr. Rush, however, made a grand struggle for his life, taking prescriptions, and pills and powders, until his stomach refused food. At last, his local druggist, guided by the numerous inquiries being made at his store for Dodd's Kidney Pills, advised Mr. Rush to buy and try some. This he did, and to his delight he was restored to health and strength.

Mr. Rush says that after commencing the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, he felt much better, but it took two months to effect a cure. "I took nothing else but Dodd's Kidney Pills during that time, so I know that I owe life and health to them."

What this wonderful remedy has done for Mr. Rush, it will certainly do for anyone. It is the only remedy that has never failed to cure Bright's Disease.

Mr. Rush is just now receiving the congratulations of his friends, but always finds time to say a good word for the medicine that saved his life.

Sold for 50 cents a box. All dealers.

To Avert Danger of Flood.

The Chicago & Northwestern road is considering the expenditure of some \$5,000 in changing the course of Roll-instone creek at Minnesota City, to avert damage from floods in that vicinity in the future from which the road has suffered very severely in the past two summers, the expenditure for repairs being in the thousands of dollars. By buying land the creek can be given a direct course into the river at Minnesota City instead of following the railway for a couple of miles. The city of Winona is interested, as it is believed the change will remove danger of flooding the South side. The city has voted \$300 to the work. The bulk of the expense will naturally have to be borne by the railway company, though it is understood some interested farmers will assist.

Many a man secretly laughs at an other who would be afraid to do it openly.

The best way to kill time is by hard work.

Each rose has its thorn; each fountain its mud.

SEVERE HEADACHES



of any kind are caused by disordered Kidneys. Look out also for backache, scalding urine, dizziness and brick dust or other sediment in urine which has been allowed to stand. Heed these warnings before it is too late.

reward will be paid for a case of backache, nervousness, dizziness, weakness, loss of vitality, incipient kidney, blood and urinary disorders, that can be cured by

\$50 MORROW'S KID-NE-OIDS

the great scientific discovery for shattering nerves and this impoverished blood.

WISCONSIN AND IOWA people cured by Kid-Ne-Oids. I will write them please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Mrs. W. E. Lefever, 14 1/2 St., Fond-du-Lac, Wis. Mrs. Emma Hancock, 24 1/2 St., Dubuque, N. D. Nagle, 445 Iowa St., Dubuque, N. D. Orth, 176 Francis St., Dubuque, N. D. S. B. Davis, 200 1/2 St., Dubuque, Geo. Launder, Blacksmith, Fort Dodge, Mrs. Thos. Ward, 11th St., 4th Ave., Fort Dodge, Elmer Davis, Blacksmith, Fort Dodge, J. F. Monk, Teacher, Fort Dodge, Mrs. Hulstizer, 227 13th St., Dubuque, John Klins, Carpenter, Independence, J. R. Mann, Engineer, Independence.

Morrow's Kid-Ne-Oids are not pill but Yellow Tablets and sell at five cents a box at drug stores.

JOHN MORROW & CO., CHEMISTS, Springfield,