BY AN UNSEEN HAND

A Story of the Secret Society Known as the "Ragged Thirteen"

By Edward Hughes.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

I hardly knew what my predominant feeling was. I think it was the joy that here, at last, I was within reach of one of these fiends.

I seized the stocking-covered legs as high up as I could grip them, and with all the strength that God had given to my young manhood, I jerked them towards me, and the suddenness of the attack and the pull inwards with his knees jamming against the side of the bed, brought the man backwards with a thud.

Before he could rise I had grappled with him, and had shouted at the top of my voice. Twice I thought that I should have got above him, but he was more supple and stronger than I.

Even as we struggled I could hear Hugh Travers leap on to the floor from his bed in the room above, and could hear, too, the opening of doors in the servants' quarters. We had got to our feet, and I made a desperate effort to hold my man; but, with a still greater one, he broke from me, but, measuring my distance, I struck him with all my force smash on the mask that covered his face.

That blow saved Mr. Travers' life.

In his mad lust for revenge, the man would have rushed past me and thrown himself upon the helpless invalid. As it was, he hesitated for a second, then, feinting, as though he would return the blow, he suddenly slipped through the door, dashed down the stairs to the hall, and before any one could intercept him, had made his way out and vanished in the darkness.

Our first care was to see to Mr. Travers, and it was well that we did so, for the gag that had been drawn over his head needed but tightening in its upper portion to so constrict the nostrils that the victim would have been slowly suffocated.

When the morrow came Mr. Travers had lost his voice. Not a word could he utter, and his right side was paralyzed.

I had been on the threshold of discovery. I was now as far off as ever!

CHAPTER IV.
Nora Courtney.

We sent up to the police station, and when the inspector came—as come he did most promptly—he diagnosed the case as one of attempted burglary, complimented me upon the pluck with which I had tackled my man, gave me valuable hints as to what I should do in any future engagement of a like nature, and, when he had carefully inspected the premises, departed to set his men on the track of the housebreaker, assuring me that he would have him by the heels before the day was over.

We did not enlighten him as fully as we might have done, for I was mindful of my father's warning, and so, when the account appeared in the local paper no mention was made of the Ragged Thirteen. The next day we telegraphed to London, much to the disgust of our inspector, who, however, was so manly a fellow that he gave us all the help he could in securing the services of one of the best men of the day; and to this man, when he arrived, I made a full communication, taking care, however, to impress upon him that we must have no publicity.

I retained him for our exclusive service, and we were enabled to make a friend of him, for a quieter and more gentlemanly man than this John Anguish it has seldom been my lot to meet.

He utterly did away with all my preconceived notions of a detective. My story does not hinge upon any marvelous discoveries that he made, but his advice was always sound, and he was worth all I ever gave him, if only for the comfort he brought us in having him by our side in the many difficult positions in which we afterwards found ourselves.

He interested me exceedingly by reason of the clever way in which he marshalled his facts, and the ingenuity with which he strung together his theories; and he soon convinced me of the startling audacity of my hopes that, by my own efforts, I should be able to bring to book men whose tenacity of purpose was so pronounced that they would still have their revenge, in spite of the years they had waited for it.

As a result of the inquiries he made, he found that on several occasions lately a man hawking goods had called at Mr. Travers' house, and that, as he was selling useful articles at fair prices, the servants had dealt with him, and had, indeed, gone so far as to ask him, on more than one occasion, to join them at their midday meal. He had heard them discussing their master's illness, and that there was no regular nurse in attendance, and no doubt mention had been made of the way in which the invalid turned up his gas. "But I suppose," said Mr. Anguish, "that he never heard that young Mr. Travers sat up with his uncle, and of course he didn't know you were in the house, and that was why he made his attempt when he did."

"But do you think that the hawker and the man I grappled with were one and the same? Why, the fellow I grappled with was dressed ——"

"Something like a doctor," he interrupted. "Yes! he asked his way of a policeman up by the Town Hall; said he had just come as assistant to Dr. Tyler, and was strange to the place; and added that he was going to see Mr. Travers, as that gentleman was very ill. He let himself in without suspicion in some way or other, and you just tackled him in time."

"Well, now, Mr. Anguish, how do you suppose he found Mr. Travers?"

"Well, I can only guess at that. You and your father didn't look through the back garden when you found Dr. James. How do you know they weren't watching you? How do you know you were not followed here?"

"But if that is so," I can give you a theory that fits in with that, but it might not be pleasant hearing for you."

"Go on," I said.

"You see, you told me that the man you tried to arrest made a great point of letting Mr. Travers know that he had come for his revenge. Now, if they found him through your coming here, and have left orders that no one was to meddle with your friend except himself. He might have been away after your father, and if he'd got on his trail he wouldn't leave it until he had run him down. That's one way of looking at it, though I think it's very likely that they haven't found Mr. Tremanye yet, and that is why they haven't meddled with you. You see, they are giving you line, in the hopes that you and your father will come together again."

"Why should they harm me?" I said. "I've never done hurt to any man, so far as I know."

"Maybe not; but we read, sir, that the sins of the father are visited upon the children. I can't help thinking that, however this trouble started, it began, so to speak, as a private concern; but now they've turned it into a political company with power to add to their number, and with the extra help they get in this way they have a better chance of finding out the whereabouts of the men they want to settle up old scores with."

All this, as the detective had suggested, was not pleasant hearing for me, for, if he were correct in his surmises, and I were ever attacked, it would be proof that my father had perished, and that, being no longer of any use as a decoy-duck, his sins were to be visited upon me.

"Can you give me any idea," I asked, "as to what the expression 'Ragged Thirteen' means?"

"You don't play cribbage?" he said.

"No, I don't."

"Because if you did you would know that the five cards you had shown me score thirteen points, and the hand is called the Ragged Thirteen, because, I suppose, they total up in such a scratch way. You see, there's fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, fifteen eight, two's ten, and the run of three thirteen. You don't, of course, understand me, but perhaps you will agree with me that this trouble seems to have originated in a quarrel over cards."

By the doctor's advice we sent Mr. Travers to a health resort in the south of Scotland, and there he was tended night and day by his nephew and a trusty man, but little hopes were entertained that he would ever recover the power of speech.

I did not give up my University career, and during the two years that elapsed before I took my degree I heard from Anguish at intervals, but all his efforts to throw light upon the mystery of the Ragged Thirteen were apparently as unvailing as mine had been.

I had left with him the parcel containing the cards, for they were dangerous articles to be in my possession, and when my college career ended I went to Scotland to see Mr. Travers, and I was pleased to find that, although he was only the shadow of the man he had once been, he yet knew me, through his voice had never returned to him and his right hand was powerless. Hugh Travers was with him, and it and it was certain that as long as the poor gentleman lived he would have at least one faithful heart to share his sorrows—one kind friend to anticipate his wants.

I had not spent a quarter of my allowance, so that if ever an occasion arose when money might be needed, money would be forthcoming.

The time had now arrived when I might with advantage follow the advice contained in my father's letter and go abroad, so from Scotland I went straight to Paris, and there for some months in its salons, and under the guidance of some of the ablest professors, I gave full play to my artistic bent.

Then I wandered from one capital to another until at last I found myself in Rome, and there I purposed to tarry for some time, that I might avail myself of examples of the best style and study under the best teachers; and in this congenial work, learning saintly legends and drinking in all the beauties of the exquisite finish and colour of the old masters, the memory of the scenes through which I had passed, terrible as they had been, began to grow fainter, and the wave of youthful impetuosity had left me stranded, and, sweeping back, had carried with it the zeal of my younger days.

I made Rome my head-quarters for more than two years, visiting other cities of irterest during the sickly season, and so enamoured did I become of Italian art that I was like to have spent the rest of my life in the Sunny South. But Fate had ordained it otherwise.

I had heard a great deal of the doings of Tiburzi and Biagini and other celebrated bandits, and as I have hinted, when speaking of my father, I was once with him, in the hands of a gang; 5but I certainly had no desire to have any further dealings with those heavy-handed blackmailers.

One evening I had been for a long ride, and was returning, walking my horse slowly through the streets, when I noticed a fellow in the garb of a countryman keeping just abreast of me on the pathway, and to test whether I was the object of his attention, I pushed on as fast as the crowd would permit, and turned into several streets that I should not otherwise have traversed. The man followed me up as closely as possible, and at last when I reached an open space I slackened speed and waited for him.

"Have you any business with me?" I asked.

"Yes, signor. You are English. Will you read this letter and send me an answer to it? It is from one of your countrymen. If the signor would be so kind, I would wait for him or his messenger here, at nine o'clock tomorrow evening."

And with that he mirgled with the passers-by and was soon lost to sight.

The man's speech, like his dress, smacked of the country, and, wondering who my correspondent could be, and why an answer must needs be carried by special messenger, I hurried home and undid the packet. And first I came upon an ill-writtetn scrawl, and it took me some time to make it out, for many of the words were wrongly spelt, and others belonged to a patoit with which I was not very familiar; but I made shift to translate it, and it bade the person into whose hands it might fall to read the accompanying letter from the Signor Maguire, and to give the answer as the bearer had directed. Should there be any attempt at treachery the reaedr's life would pay for it.

I had scarcely any need to peruse the inclosed epistle to tell me that I was dealing with brigands, these pests of society, I had hastened to read my countryman's letter. It ran as follows:—

Here am I, James Murtagh Maguire, of Clare County, Ireland, in the hands of Italian brigands, and my company is so highly esteemed that they won't part with me under a hundred pounds. I've only one relative in the world, an old miser ol' an uncle, by name Phelim Maguire, of the town of Clonmel, but the deuce a penny he'd pay for me, seeing that he was always prophesying that I'd go to the bad, and, by this and that, it's there I'm landed. They're a pleasant set of scamps that I'm with, drinking your health one minute—though, by the same token, the wine's poor stuff—and politely telling you that they're going to cut your throat the next, and asking you when it would be convenient for you to have it done. I believe it's their intention to get rid of me piecemeal, for when I I made them understand—and it's wonderful how poor they are at their own language—that I'd a relative at some distance, they hinted that he might take a polite attention if they sent him one of my ears. Well, they want £100 by this day week, and they've made me write this to be taken to Rome to one of my countrymen. I don't know whom they mistake me for—a lord, maybe; but, of course, this is the penalty you pay for being distinguished-looking.

You'll be wondering how I came into this fix, and whether, if you get me out of it, I'm ever likely to pay you. I'm a poor fellow on tramp, learning the ways of the country—and mighty free and easy they are—doing a bit of painting and taking a few notes for a book, and I was sketching when they snapped me up. I don't know the name of the place where I'm staying, and I'm very hazy as to the date, but some time about now there should be £50 or so waiting for me in the bank at Naples. If you care to advance the hundred I can hand over the fifty, but when you'd get the other fifty is more than Jim Maguire can tell you. As I said, or meant to say, I'm only writing this to keep them in good humour for awhile, and my solemn advice is that you don't give them a cent. Maybe, as they think so much of me, they might make me one of themselves, and it is an elegant dress they have, and myself would look well in it. Anyway, I don't think that what's left of me is worth fifty pounds, and it's always a good maxim never to buy a pig in a poke.

The ink is little better than water, and elbow-room isn't plenty, so that I can't produce as elegant an epistle as I could wish to do. If they're for killing me, I've no one to mourn for me, and maybe I'd sleep just as soundly under the sod here as I would if the green turf of old Ireland was covering me. It's been a diversion to write this, and if you could only catch the fellow who brings it, and crack his skull, you'd have one demon the less in the world, and you would be doing a service to yours, in haste and the bonds of the brigands (I won't give the beggars a capital "b").,

James Murtagh Maguire

It was a curious letter, and there was a sufficiently strong under-current of sadness in it to show that the writer fully appreciated the gravity of his position, and in the advice anent the messenger there appeared the typical recklessness of the Irishman.

I had money and to spare, and remembering my own feelings when I saw my father playing for his life, and knowing full well that this Maguire would, in all probability, be killed unless the ransom were forthcoming, I determined to run the risk of losing the hundred pounds, and so sent word that I would pay it. I took the note myself and gave it to the messenger, and within three days I was shaking Maguire's hand and looking into his handsome face.

He was considerably older than I, somewhere near forty, but his face was lined with the marks of trouble, which, however, had not yet dimmed the luster of his blue eyes, nor robbed him of his merry laugh. He was fairly tall, but of perfect form, and with an upright carriage that bespoke the soldier.

He was so grateful for the kindness shown him that for a while he could find no words to express his gratitude, but stood wringing my hand with the tears dimming his large eyes, until at last, his Irish nature asserting itself, and having, as he put it, swallowed the lump in his throat, he began to thank me.

"I'm yours now, Mr. Tremayne," said he, "body and soul; and upon my life, I think you've made a very bad bargain—my failings are so many, and my virtues so few; but we'll get the money from Naples, and that, with my I O U for the rest, is all I can do by way of repaying you."

"Suppose," I said, "that we put off the matter of payment for the present, Mr. Maguire—say, till you've had a few days' rest? I've plenty of room for you in the house I've taken. Come and be my guest for a week or two."

I am afraid that in offering to play the host I was not altogeather actuated by generosity pure and simple. The truth was, I wanted a companion who, whilst he could rejoice with me in such successes as might fall to my poor brush, would yet have a disposition antithetical to mine, for I was getting over-fond of brooding, and was becoming almost too dreamy for this practical workaday world.

And I found so much to admire in this middleaged Irishman during the early days of an acquaintance which soon ripened into friendship, that I proposed he should stay with me and finish his book, working up his illustrations whilst the memory of the places and persons they represented was still fresh in his mind.

Every day he had some new story to tell, either of his early life or his late wanderings, and it was impossible to feel downhearted or dull in his company. And yet, even whilst the edge of his satire was at its keenest, whilst his conversation bristled with epigram and sparkled with wit, whilst the contagion of his laughter and the fun that lurked in his eyes were perfectly irresistible, the man's heart was bearing a burden of sorrow that, when I came to know it, made me marvel at the iron will that would not let it rise to the surface.

He was a dashing artist, working very rapidly, and just the man to illustrate the rollicking book he had written, and I encouraged him to work hard, for I could give it my honest opinion that when the "child of his brain," as he called it, should go forth to the world, it would be warmly welcomed.

'Sure, it's little correction it's had," he would say, "and I'm afraid I'm too indulgent a parent. But then, as our old sergeant in the Militia used to tell us, 'Arrah! av ye made a mistake, be smart wid ut, and stand still. Don't be thryin to get straight.' And so I'll let it go as it is, and maybe they'll think the mistakes are the truest parts of it.

And so we went on working together, he praising my painting, and finding beauties in it that were hidden from my eyes, and that probably only existed in his fervid imagination; and I lauding his writing to the skies, until we came to be the most enthusiastic Mutual Admiration Company, Limited, on earth.

He was almost a child in matters financial, and he would sell little gems for a trifle, until I came down upon him and constituted myself his moddleman, when the "pot-boilers" went up in price, and he was proportionately happier in the prospect afforded of buying himself back.

I shall never forget the evening on which he finished his book. I had been away all day, and came back to find him sitting staring at the pile of MS. before him.

"I'm thinking," said he, pointing to the MS., "that it'll be a great traveller, and will well-nigh ruin me in postage. Faith, I've a mind to inclose a bushel of money orders, and ask the first publisher I send it to to pass it round, taking them all in alphabetical order, and if it doesn't wear out by the time it gets to 'Z' in London, they might ship it off to New York."

"I don't think you'll have all that trouble," I said, and a sudden impulse seizing me I added, "Suppose we go to London and take it with us? We could travel by boat, and I think the trip would do us good."

And so it came about that Fate once more interfered, and this why I say that I cannot forget the evening, because it was upon it that I made the proposal which led to my coming into touch again with the Ragged Thirteen.

It must not be supposed that I had ever forgotten the debt I owed the men who had separated me from my father, or that my thoughts did not often have him for their subject. He had been too important a factor in my early life to be forgotten, and whereas time had toned down the recollection of the series of events that had been so startling in their occurrence, it, and absence, had made my heart grow fonder for him who had been parent, friend, and companion in one.

And while I trod the London streets again, the bracing air, and the bustle and stir that obtained, chased away the lethargy that had crept over me in the South, so that the eagerness which at one time had possessed me to repay with interest the injuries that had been put upon me began to reassert itself, and to urge me to pick up the thread of investigation that I had allowed to slip through my fingers.

I had not heard from John Anguish for some time. "Things were at a standstill," so his last letter informed me, "so far as he was concerned; but chance, my dear sir," wrote he, "often slips the trump card into our hand, and then, if we've the skill to play it at the right time, we win the game." He was apparently still waiting for Madame Fortune's aid, and I proposed paying him a visit as soon as we found ourselves comfortably settled.

Avoiding the suburb in which my father and I had previously pitched our tent, I went northward, and was fortunate enough to find a chaming little villa, out Enfield way, furnished in most approved batchelor style; and having further secured the services of a handy man and his wife, we settled down to pass the summer in our new quarters—I financing the concern, and Maguire religiously booking against himself so much per week for board and lodging, until the sale of his precious work should bring him in enough to wipe out all obligations, and set him free, "though 'tis in love with my fetters, I am," he would add, when we discussed the matter.

He was away one afternoon worrying, or trying to blarney, some publisher. Graves, our man, had gone out for supplies; his wife was performing the mysteries of her toilet in her own particular region of the house; and I was lying back in a comfortable chair in the room that we called our den. We had no veary near neighbours to disturb us, as the next house was a quarter of a mile away.

The day was simply glorious—a day to make you greatful for the life that stirred within you—a day when the hum of insects, the soft sough of the "almost wearied breeze," and the songs of birds made up that perfect harmony that can only come from the Hand of God when He sweeps it with gentle touch over the chords of Nature—a day to make you put away all feelings of envy, hatred, and malice.

There were no sounds within the house to disturb the perfect peace, and the soft air that came through the open window was so cool, and so subtly perfumed with the odor of flowers, that it might have come from the strokes of an angel's wings.

Suddenly, through the stillness, there fell upon my ears the sound of footsteps hurrying along the hall, and the rustling of garments, and before I could raise from my chair the door was opened, and a girl stood fronting me.

Her breast was heaving and her breathing hurried, her lovely, glossy, jet-black hair was tumbled and tossed beneath the tam-o-shanter that surmounted it; her dark-blue violet eyes were ablaze with excitement; and even as I took in the beauty of her rich, ripe lips she laid her finger upon them and gave me the sign to be silent.

She half turned, and stood in a listening attitude, as though expecting someone to follow her, so I had a full view of her perfect profile, and whilst I was still gazing at her, admiring her beauty and wondering what good fairy had sent me so charming a visitor, she turned towards me.

"Whisht!" said she, in a low tone; and the word fell from her lips as it only can from an Irish girl. "Whisht! He's after me, and he'd kill me this minute if he found me. Ah! there he goes!" and her quick ear had caught the sound of feet hurrying along the pathway.

"Bide where you are," she went on, as she noticed that I was about to rise. "Bide where you are. He wasn't round the corner—and your door was open, so I rushed in; it looked so—so quiet, and he'll fancy I've gone to the woods. Don't make no noise, for it's little he'd think of killing us both, now the black fit's on him."

And so there we remained, she standing and I staring at her, until, thinking that the danger, which her conduct proved to be so real, had passed, I got up and made her take a seat.

"Rest for awhile," I said, "and if you care to tell me why you came, tell me, and if you don't, wait until you think it safe to go."

"Well, now," said she, looking me squarely in the eyes, "I like you for that, and you won't turn me out?"

"I'd as soon think of turning an angel away," I said.

"Don't pay compliments until you know me better, and maybe you won't pay them at all then. There's no one but an Irishman could do it properly on so short an acquaintance, and he'd have said, 'Ah! how could I do it?' or something of the sort, and he'd have flung me a look from the corner of his eye that would have meant more than if he'd called me an angel a hundred times." And with that she settled herself in a chair, and accepted with an easy courtesy the glass of iced lemonade that I got for her.

(To Be Continued.)

SENDING WEDDING PRESENTS.

Dispatch It Promptly After Receiving the Invitation—Hints on Selecting.

It is a golden rule to send your wedding gifts in good time, the first to arrive being much more appreciated than that which is one of the many pouring in from all quarters during the last week,

By adhering to this rule you are also saved the annoyance of hearing that the salt cellars are charming, the third set already received,

A month before the wedding day is not too early to send the presents, which should be accompanied by a visiting card.

The package should be addressed to the bride if you are intimate with both the happy couple; and to the bride's house, addressed to the bridegroom, if it is he with whom you are best acquainted.

Most people wish to give something novel, useful and pretty. If they are going abroad do not give anything unsuitable to the requirements of the climate or so cumbersome that the packing and conveying to its destination will amount to half the value of the present.

If the recipients will not be particularly well off, it is only kind to select some useful present. In these days when taste is shown in all the necessities of life this should not be difficult.

If the happy couple are likely to receive many presents it is safe to give something which will not be amiss if received in duplicate, such as silver sweetmeat dishes, silver teaspoons, or a bronze or china ornament.—Woman's Life.

LEPERS BURIED ALIVE.

Unfortunate Victims Ride Behind Their Own Coffins.

The Chinese have a curiously cheerful way of disposing of their lepers. The relatives of the afflicted person propose to him that they bury him alive, and such is the fatalism of the Chinese that the victim readily consents. An extra elaborate meal is served to him, in the way of a farewell banquet, and then the funeral procession forms. The man who is about to be immured under the sod follows his own coffin, and when he reaches the grave he takes a dose of laudanum, hops into the box and settles down for eternity.

Doctor Wittenburg, writing on the subject of leprosy in China, states that the pure nerve form is the least common. In such cases, as is well known, the patients may go on for years. As to the mixed form, it is fairly common, but it is a difficult matter to estimate the number if lepers in any given district. The sufferers lead the common life so long as they remain free from destructive lesions. When these occur to any marked degree the leper is either segrated in a hut or he is allowed to wander about the country sustaining life by begging

Why You See Stars.

If you are one of those who frequent the police courts, you have no doubt often heard the victime of assault declare that the assailant hit him so hard that it made him "see stars." And, indeed, the sensation which you experience from a violent blow on the head resembles very much the sight of stars.

The fact is, there is a phosphorescent power in the eye which shows itself when the head is struck violently, and is often perceived even in the act of sneezing. The jar to the system caused by the blow produces a pressure of the blood vessels upon the retina, causing either total darkness or a faint, blue light which floats before the eye, and in which the imagination discovers thousands of fantastic figures, the majority of which resemble stars.

Many a man has got into a peck of trouble by trying to hide his light under a bushel.

OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.

Mr. Isaac Brock, the Oldest Man in the United States.

Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Tex., has attained the great age of 111 years, having been born in 1788. He is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms:

"During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases, but I have learned from Dr. Hartman's books that these affections are the same and are properly called catarrh.

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for these affections.

"Peruna has been my stand-by for many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my requirements.

"I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people."

Isaac Brock.

Catarrh is the greatest enemy of old age. A person entirely free from catarrh is sure to live to a hale and hearty old age. A free book on catarrh sent by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

An Imitative Rabbit.

Dogs and cats have been known to become fast friends, but for a cat and a rabbit to become inseparable companions is out of the ordinary. R. H. Jones of No. 130 Archer street has a rabbit and a cat which are boon companions. The rabbit belonged to a neighbor of Jones. One day it strayed into the Jones yard and got acquainted with the cat. The admiration was mutual. They became the best of friends, and from the minute the rabbit met the cat it has not been to its own home. For more than a year the two have been together, eating from the same dish and sleeping together in a box in the rear of the yard. The cat will not play with other cats, but makes a companion only of the rabbit. They romp about the yard together, and now and then the cat will climb a tree. When it does the rabbit will run around the tree and attempt to join the cat. Until the cat comes back to the ground the rabbit is nervous. The dogs of the neighborhood have learned to keep out of the Jones yard. For one to come into the yard and approach the rabbit is canine suicide. The cat bristles up at once and makes it so interesting for the intruder that he is always glad to scale the fence and get in the street.—Denver Republican.

The charm of beauty is beautiful hair. Secure it with PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.
HINDERCORNS, the best cure for corns. 15cts.

Christmas Jumbles at Small Cost.

Old-fashioned Christmas jumbles are expensive; simple ones, when well made, are good. Mix half a cupful of carefully rendered suet, or any of the lard substitutes, with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of water; stir it into one cupful (half a pint) of New Orleans molasses. When foaming, add a cupful of strong boiling coffee; add this to the shortening; mix, and add a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a tablespoonful of ground ginger, and sufficient flour to make a soft dough, about three cupfuls. Roll the dough half an inch in thickness; cut with a round cutter, and bake in a moderately quick oven for fifteen minutes. This receipt, omitting the soda and rolling the dough thin, may be used for snaps. Snaps must be baked in a slow oven.

Tied Up

When the muscles feel drawn and tied up and the flesh tender, that tension is

Soreness and Stiffness

from cold or over exercise. It lasts but a short time after

St. Jacobs Oil

is applied. The cure is prompt and sure.

GRAIN-O
THE PURE GRAIN COFFEE

Grain-O is not a stimulant, like coffee. It is a tonic and its effects are permanent.

A successful substitute for coffee, because it has the coffee flavor that everybody likes.

Lots of coffee substitutes in the market, but only one food drink—Grain-O.

All grocers; 15c. and 25c.