Two Blooming Bay Trees.

The Adventures of Two Criminals.

BY DOUGLAS WINTON.

"I have seen the wicked . . . spreading himself like a green bay-tree."—Psl. xxvii. v. 35.

(Continued.)

Piggy poured out his own, blew out the oil stove, and continued—

"To tell the truth, that was all I had intended to do—you see, it was getting rather late for house-hunting—and all I should have done, but for an accident. The accident was, that while I was making my arrangements with the bookbinder, that worthy tradesman's wife happened to open the door of their parlour, and through the open door came a most savoury odour of fried ham, which reminded me that I was hungry. You see, , except for a little snack in an A. B. C. shop, I had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. Well, I bused it homewards; but, instead, of coming straight here, stopped at a little Italian restaurant in Greek St. It is a place where one meets chiefly foreigners; but there are also a certain number of English of the Bohemian pursuasion who go there too. At the table next mine were three Englishmen, whom it did not take me very long to put down as artists. They were talking away, and it was clear that the one who looked like the eldest of them, a chap with a beard, was trying to persuade the other two to club together to rent or lease a studio he had somewhere. Well, I was waiting for my supper to be brought, so I continued to listen, but not with any very close attention till, from something they said, it came out that this studio was situated at Kew, on the river. That seemed to fit in so exactly with the result of some thinking I had done on the top of the 'bus on my way from Chelsea, that I pricked up my ears. It was, it seemed, a studio and nothing more; that is to say, a one storey, one-room, brick-house, with windows everywhere, including in the roof, and a very complete arrangement of blinds for modifying the light. For furniture there are a few chairs and stools; and a big cellar, which extends under the whole house, is convenient for stowing coal and lumber. But it was not so much the house itself—or rather its description, for, of course, I have not seen it—that took my fancy, as the surroundings. It stands in a half-acre plot fronting on the river, the other three sides being enclosed by a seven-foot brick wall with broken glass on top. On the river-shore is a boat-house and a little pier and landing stage; there is also a skiff, which the new tenant or owner—for the place is to let, lease, or sell, the latter for choice—can take, if he wishes, with the rest of the things. There are good doors and locks on the studio and boat-house, and in the enclosing wall. That, I think, completes the inventory. The place was built and kept up by a rich old uncle, who seems to have done things regardless, and thought that artistic genius was a plant which flourished best in seclusion. Now the uncle is dead, and the owner wants to sell."

"Because the old boy left him the place and no money, I suppose?" said Jack.

"On the contrary, because the uncle left him enough money to go and settle in Italy. Well, Jack, I was determined to have that place: just why, I will explain afterwards. So I chipped in with an "Excuse me, sir, but I couldn't help hearing what you were saying,' and so on, introducing myself as a prospective purchaser. Well, you should have seen those chaps stare at me. I'll swear that even the rich one was shabbier than I was, and not one of the three but was a damned sight dirtier. But the trouble was that I wasn't shabby or dirty, in an artistic way. There is a what-d'ye-call-it, French seal—"

"A cachet?" suggested Jack.

"Yes, that's the word; there is a cachet in these things, and it seemed I hadn't got it. Well, they looked me up and down, through their pince-nez, for what seemed like a full minute; finally, the chap with a beard, the seller, being able to think of nothing more crushing, said: I think that there is a slight mistake, sir, due no doubt to the fact that, of late years, the term studio has enlarged its scope. The studio that my friends and I were speaking of is a painter's atelier: you, I presume, are a photographer.' The scorn he put into that word! A doctor speaking of a vet, was nothing to it!"

"What did you say?"

"I would have liked to have told them that they were a trio of conceited idiots, but that would not have suited my book; so I laughed, and explained that I was neither artist nor photographer, but an experimental chemist: and that, if I took the place, it would cease to be a studio and become a laboratory. I explained that our requirements were about the same, They needed quiet and a good light, so did I: while as for seclusion, that was almost more necessary to me than to them, since there is certain olfactory element connected with some chemical experiments that neighbours are apt to object to. Also I said, what was quite true, that I(was very anxious to have a boat-house on the river."

"I did not know that you were such an ardent wet Bob," said Jack.

"We are both going to be ardent wet Bobs on occasion now," said Piggy: "but we will talk of that later on. To continue: When they learned that I was a chemist, they thawed at once. Science might not come up to Art, with a big A, but it was many cuts above ordinary, humdrum, respectable business. To cut a long story short, I arranged to take the place for three years, with option to renew for three years more, gave my name(and address—in Ratcliffe Street, of course—took his, and pressed a ten-pound note of earnest money on him. We meet tomorrow at his solicitor's to complete the deal. Now, don't you think I've done well?"

"It certainly gives us another place to run to cover—a bolting hole, as you put it," replied Jack.

"It gives us ten times better, my boy.:' says Piggy. "It gives me an ostensible occupation—that is, it gives me one. You, in your capacity of rich young man, don't need any. If anyone asks now what Mr. Peter Porson does, they will be told that he goes up river to a laboratory he has there, and messes about with chemicals. If they should be sufficiently curious to pursue their investigations, they will find that what they have been told is true. And let me tell you, Jack, that Mr. Peter Porson is no longer going to be content to hide his head, I mean his light, under a bushel. On the contrary, he is going to write pretty often to the papers, on matters connected with modern chemical research and he will be particularly careful to sign his letters in full. And yet," he continued, triumphantly, "even that is not the best of it. For you must remember that, in a laboratory small portable furnaces, crucibles, and retorts—even stills, if we wanted to take a small toll on the revenue; but of course, we fly at higher game than that—are objects to attract no attention. So that if we ever have any little work in the way of melting down precious metals to do—you understand?"

Jack did understand. He slapped his knee and exlaimed—

"Piggy, as I have had occasion to remark before you are a genius!"

"And that is not all," said Piggy. "Have you ever thought of the advantage one might secure in London by using the river? I have often; and I confess that it has always seemed to me to be immense. For instance, if one is being shadowed, the one, the only certain way, of throwing off one's pursuer seems to me to be to head for some prearranged spot on the bank, or on the Embankment, where a boat is ready and suddenly cross the river. Cabs, 'buses, railways, places with entrances in two streets, a smart detective will keep the trail, however much you may try to throw him off by ringing the changes on these; but suddenly take a boat, where he can't get one at once to follow you, and you are rid of him. This boat-house at Kew will be only one of several places where we will arrange to have boats ready. There are still a good many details to be worked out; but you have now an account of all I have done, and the gist of what I have planned. Now, Jack, it is your turn. Have you anything to propose, or have you been too busy sloughing off your old skin and acquiring a fashionable exterior? Your suggestion of our last night's coup was so happy, that I was hoping that your brain might have been at work again."

Jack sipped his coffee, and appeared to be thinking. At last he said—

"I have an idea; it may lead to something, and it may not. Put briefly, I have struck up an acquaintance with Chester D. Van Coortvelt, and see my way to improving it. You know who he is, I suppose?"

"I should devour all the periodical literature of the day to little purpose if I didn't," replied Piggy. "He is about the richest Yankee millionaire in Europe. You certainly have not wasted your time. How did you manage it?"

"At the Savoy Turkish Bath. His sofa was in the same alcove as mine. He takes a bath every other day at five o'clock, so I know where to find him again."

"But, Jack, do you really think you can get pals with him? Remember, a man like that has all doors open to him. He has one daughter married to a peer, and another going to be married to a duke, a son at Oxford, who has just been naturalized, a huge country seat—"

"And with it all, the poor chap is absolutely alone and miserable. I tell you he was positively delighted to get a friendly chat with a chance-met stranger at a Turkish Bath. There are Yankees and Yankees; some are well-educated men, and really have interest above dollars and cents, but this chap is not one of them. He has the fortune of an emperor, and the ideas of a commercial traveller. I am certain that his wife and children despise him, and that he is a nonentity in his own house. There are some things, Piggy, that don't get into the papers. I haven't read as much as you, and I mayn't know so much mathematics and chemistry, but I know human beings; and, if there is anything to be gained by it, I can worm myself into the heart of Chester D. Van Coortvelt as easily as you can solve a simple quadratic equation."

"And the children, to say nothing of the wife?"

"I fancy they would be only too pleased that 'popper' was showing with a well-dressed young man. Poor old boy! he is forlorn in his old age that I feel compunction in meditating anything against him."

"That be damned!" growled the practical Piggy. "There is no sentiment in business. You may be sure that he made his money on that principle; now he's going to lose some of it on the same lines. Well, we will consider it."

CHAPTER V.

Tony Croft—Opening Parallels.

"To capture a Yankee millionaire and hold him for ransom is a tempting scheme," said Piggy, 'but"—reflectively—"I foresee difficulties You see, we should find it very hard to manage things without leaving some trace of our identity: and, as we do not mean to kill him, we should have him moving heaven and earth to lay us by the heels afterwards; and when a man has a cheque-look like Van Coortvelt's, he becomes a pretty dangerous antagonist. I don't say that we must give up the idea altogether, but I think we must reserve it for a final coup, a curtain act, to be performed at some future time when we are thinking of leaving the country. But if we abandon, or at any rate postpone, the idea of giving our Transatlantic friend a few days' enforced hospitality, that is no reason against our paying him some other little attention, especially after you have been to the trouble of cultivating his acquaintance. Yet I don't feel like a common or garden burglary. For one thing, I should like a change, for another, even in a millionaire's house we might not find two thousand lying ready for us in hard cash as we did chez ce cher Childs-Gordon, By the way, have you seen in this morning's papers that Childs'Gordon has disappeared?"

"Yes," replied Jack, "and that other friend, Mr. William Womsley, is committed for trial. It's a queer world."

"It is," said Piggy, "and the more I study it, the more I am sure that the only safe motto to follow is, 'Always look out for number one,' which number with us will always mean two—irishisn or not. Now, Jack, supposing we rule out the kidnapping plan, have you anything to suggest?"

The time was a fortnight after their exploit at Vigor Square; the place, Piggy's laboratory at Kew. guest, Jack had the one armchair, while Piggy sat on the bottle and retort strewn table swinging his legs and smoking a short briar pipe.

"We—el!" said Jack. "There's going to be a huge Christmas house-party at Tony Croft— the place he bought from Lord Vokes, you know. It begins next week, and I'm invited; there'll be all the tip-top members of both sorts of society there, aristocracy and plutocracy; dukes and duchesses and kings and queens of finance, and the females all trying to cut one another out in splendour as is their nature. With the house as full of jewels as Aladdin's garden, that wouldn't be quite an ordinary burglary, would it, Piggy?"

But Piggy was still unconvinced.

"It's all very well for us to dazzle ourselves with the number of thousands of pounds' worth of jewels there will be there," he said. "But the only thing that really counts is the value of the jewels that we can scoop. Now, you know as well as I do, that the most that we can hope to do is to ransack one bedroom—two at most; we can't go through the whole house, however well we work. Except to tantalize us, the valuables in all the other rooms might just as well be safe in Coutts' bank."

"But," said Jack, "how about if we can get Van Coortvelt to go round to all his guests and collect the jewels for us? "

"How about if the Angel Gabriel would go round the celestial choir and bring us a bloody sackful of golden crowns to chuck into the melting pot? But you mean something?"

"I mean that that is the very thing the old fool has offered to do. He is a regular crank on the subject of safes and strong-rooms and armed watchmen, and so forth. The fact is, he hasn't yet had time to realize that he is no longer in New York, where, I believe, the papers gauge the social status of a bride by the number of armed men her father has to guard the presents. He has, practically, nothing to do now, and has to take up some fad or other; his latest is that it is part of a host's duty, when he has a big house-party, to provide safe accommodation for his guests' jewellery. So he's been messing about having a big string-room and safe made at Tony Croft, where the different ladies' maids will carry their mistresses' jewel-cases each night. A retired Pinkerton man will be in charge and give checks for the jewel-cases—isn't it all deliciously Yankee! —and issue them again against those checks. Poor old Van Coortvelt has been as busy as a bee about it. I believe he tries to cheat himself into the belief that he is of some importance in his own house! But could anything be better from our point of view?"

(To be continued.)

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

THIS DAY FINDS MONEY.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 11:—Preston Clark's dog, Rex, which he trained to find money lost in the streets, today took his master a muddy two dollar note making 127 that he has found since the 1st of June. The dog receives a dainty each time he finds money and is now wise enough to frequent the shopping districts on crowded days, where he today found the two dollar note. His chief finds are small silver pieces, nickles and cents, but he carries so many of these to his master that the amount thus found is considerable.

When he can do so, Clark returns the money to the owner. The dog by some remarkable instinct a short times ago realized that a check which he had found, was worth money and took it to his master.

What Sulphur Does

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many af us in the earlier days when our mothers and grand-mothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years, research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers They are small chocolate coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health: sulphur acts directly on the liver, and excretory organs and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our granmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins while experimenting with sulphur remedies soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article, and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin diseases as this remedy."

At any rate people who are tired of pills, cathartics and so called blood "purifiers," will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers, a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

NOVELIST SENTENCED.

Berlin, Nov. 11.—The trial of Count von Baudissin on the charge of insulting the army in his book, "First-class Men," has ended in his being sentenced to a fine of £15, or in default thirty days' imprisonment while his publisher is fined £10 or twenty days' imprisonment. The publisher is fined a further £10 for contravention of the Press laws. The whole of the book was read in court.

The count in his defence, said he wished to show how society petted and spoiled young officers, who were often very ignorant, thereby making the young men absurdly conceited; how people fed the officers on champagne and caviare, while at home they were contented to make a dinner of three-pennyworth of sausage.

Owing to the poverty of the families of many officers and the growing luxury of the army, about 15 per cent. of the officers coming from the cadet school went wrong through debt.

The book is the remorseful story of the ill-fortune of a manufacturer's son drafted by the Kaiser into a crack regiment where hitherto only the "best" families had been represented. The book is much more than a social or a political tract.

FECUNDITY OF FISH.

In a chapter on the artificial cultivation of sea fish, contributed by R. B. Marston to Aflalo's British Salt Water Fishes, it is stated that there need be no fear that such important fish as the cod and the herring can ever become extinct or even reduced in numbers by man, except locally. A cod of ten pounds has a million eggs. On July 26, 1895, Prof. Henson calculated that there must be over 278,000,000,000 of impregnated cod eggs in each square. Norwegian geographical mile of the sdrface of the Skagerrak. Consequently, the 300,000,000 of 400,000,000 eggs artificially hatched and turned in annually from a Norwegian hatchery are only a drop in the ocean.

THE PALE FACE TRICKS.

Divorce is one of the white man's tricks the Indian has been slow to learn, for the first application by children of the forest for legal separation of man and wife has just been made of the U. S. district court at Vinita. The woman in the case seems to have advanced rapidly in the ways of civilization, however, for no sooner was the decree granted than she married a waiting swain. The simple days of the noble red man and his squaws have gone forever, then.

For a Stiff Neck

Or any soreness in the muscles of the back or sides you can't get anything half so good as Nerviline, the most powerful liniment made. "My neck was so stiff I couldn't turn it a quarter of an inch," writes Fred T. Baldwin of Portsmouth. "I had it rubbed with Nerviline a few times and all the soreness and stiffness disappeared. I don't know another liniment you can depend on like Nerviline; it's splendid for colds, lameness, and can't be beaten for cramps and internal pain." Try Nerviline yourself. Price 25c.

PEN PICTURE OF CZARINA.

Gladly Leaves Splendid Receptions to Busy Herself in Maternal or Wifely Duties.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Courier des Etats-Unis brings out a striking pen picture of the Czarina at home and at court, with details which cannot fail to interest women generally. Here it is said, somewhat reduced in plain English, says an exchange:

"The Czar finds the Empress in the apartments of the children, to whom she speaks sometimes in French, sometimes in German, rarely Russian. She likes the French language, and wants the little Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Maria and Anastasia to cultivate it. Nicholas II., who speaks French perfectly, rarely drops into German. But he and the Czarina never fail to read together the literary novelties that appear in Berlin and Paris.

"The Empress detests formal receptions, although she resigns herself to them when circumstances demand self-sacrifice. But she likes little private parties where she can proscribe luxury and ceremonies. Her soirees in times, to which a limited number of persons are invited, have a special attraction for her, because they permit her to dispense with such extravagant toilet. She appears at them generally with a dark velvet dress enhanced with a single gem. Her hair, which curls naturally, has no diadem and no comb sparkling with diamonds; she simply fixes a rose in it. She wears no bracelets, and on her fingers there are never more than two rings, without counting the wedding ring.

"The simplicity of the Empress is painful to the ladies of honor, who are obliged to follow her example. High Russian society loves splendor, because there are many great fortunes in St. Petersburg, and pompous luxury has no chance to display itself in court except at great official receptions, when the Czarina appears in a splendid toilet, the magnificence of which produces murmurs of admiration. These receptions are usually in the Nichofas hall of the Winter palace, which makes an incomparable frame for the display of refinement and opulence.

"This hall, more spacious than any in the palaces of Europe, is wainscoted in white and bordered by tall mirrors which reflect a thousand electric lights. All fairy scenes fade away before these official receptions, at which as many as three thousand guests are present. The Empress appears with her hundred ladies of honor, and recalls one of those visions depicted by the poets of the Orient. She smiles graciously upon all, who bow to her as she passes on. Her light velvet robe sparkles with the fire of innumerable diamonds. Over her head-dress, a marvel of art, a beautiful white bird floats with outstretched wings, with plumage bespangled with brilliants, with eyes of rubies and a beak of coral.

"The respect of such moments reaches the veneration point. Beauty and imperial majesty are triumphant. Precisely in that moment of fascination the Empress of Russian presents herself to the admiration of the elite of her court like a goddess before whom the paople kneel and tremble.

"But what an unsuspected contrast! when the dazzling reception is over, when these attributes of magnificence are replaced in their caskets, when the Czarina reaches her apartments where solitude or maternal anxiety calls her, she busies herself in seeking the dishes which are best for the health of her children.

"It may be said without contradiction that the Czarina is the idol of all Russian mothers, and that all Russia blesses her name. To be convicted of this it is only necessary to read the following significant lines in a Russian Nihilist book which has just appeared in Germany, and which indulges in the passionate revolutionary invectives:

"'What a lesson there is in the simplicity and the modesty of the Empress of Russia! The Czarina has proved once more that true happiness is not to be found in pomp and splendors, but in the consciousness of duty performed. For a woman there is no higher or more sacred mission than the fulfilment of a mother's duties with religious care. Of this the Czarina is the living proof.'"

A MOTHER'S PRECAUTION.

There is no telling when a medicine may be needed in homes where there are young children, and the failure to have a reliable medicine at hand may mean much suffering, and, perhaps, the loss of a priceless life. Every mother should always keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. This medicine acts promptly and speedily cures such ills as stomach and bowels troubles, teething troubles, simple fevers, colds, worms, and other little ills. And the mother has a guarantee that the tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. One wise mother, Mrs. Geo. Hardy, Fourchu, N. S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a blessing to children. I am not satisfied without a box in the house. at all times." If your dealer does not keep these Tablets in stock send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and you will get a box by mail post paid.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

(Chicago Chronicle.)

If Germany stands for anything it is for education. It is now proposed to establish a school for the instruction of people who intend to emigrate from Germany to other countries. The plan is for the person who wishes to leave the Fatherland to take a course in the history and economic conditions of the country to which he wishes to go. The purpose is not wholly disinterested, for it is thought that many will remain at home when they know fully the situation of affairs in other countries. Great benefit would result to the United States if all European countries would establish such schools and do something toward fitting emigrants for the new conditions on which they are to enter.

ANAEMIA

is caused by poverty of the blood. HEALTH and BEAUTY fade away almost in a single day and ashy paleness, debility, nervous excitability, set in.

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Millinery. Millinery. Millinery.

We are now showing one of the Choicest and Finest selections in Fall and Winter styles of trimmed ready to wear Hats in the City, and for prices we are second to none. Orders for Hats promptly executed, and the knowledge of experienced hands is at the disposal of our Customers, if desired gratis.

Our All Wool Frieze Coats for Ladies at $3.95 are still selling for this week only.

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696 Main Street.

YOUR AD. HERE

Would be read by thousands every evening

A FAMOUS HORSE.

Teddy of Paardeburg the Pride of the Guards.

Readers who pass down Whitehall should look closely at the horses mounted by two of the household troops which stand outside the Horse Guards. By doing so they may be rewarded by seeing the most remarkable horse in the British army. This particular horse is to be distinguished from all others belonging to the Guards by a silver medal, bearing his official number, "D 36." which together with six bars, is attached to its breastplate.

"D 236" belongs to the Second Life Guards, whose quarters are at Knightsbridge, and it was in one of the stables at these well-known barracks that the T. B. man was recently introduced to the horse by one of the troopers.

"'Freddy of Paardeberg' is the name which has been bestowed upon him," the latter said to the writer, as we stood in the stall. "He is the only horse out of 260 taken to South Africa by the regiment during the Briton and Boer war who returned to this conntry fit for service again. 'Freddy' went through six engagements without receiving a scratch, and came home in capital condition.

"This was mainly owing to the fact that he was so well looked after, both as regards grooming and feeding. He belonged to one of the non-commissioned officers—a signalling master—and perhaps it was on account of the fact that he was not ridden quite so hard as the other horses that he survived the campaign. Still, his record was so remarkable that he was considered deserving of the South African medal. This was bestowed upon him by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, and 'Freddy' always wears the medal when on duty"

I ventured to enquire whether "Freddy" took regular duty now with the other horses of the regiment.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. 'In fact, he is one of the best horses we have got in the stables. He stands on guard on Whitehall when his turn comes. The First Life Guards do duty there one day and our regiment the next. There is five or six years' work in 'Freddy' yet, we hope. He is only 11 years of age, and we keep our horses until they are 16 or 17. When he reaches that age I suppose he will have to be pensioned off."

It goes without saying that the Second Life Guards are not a little proud of their equine hero, who evidently stood very high in the estimation of my informant, judging from the affectionate little attentions he bestowed upon "Freddy." The latter bears his honor and distinction very modestly, however, and was evidently more interested in getting rid of his midday meal in the quickest possible time than in the remarks which were being made concerning him.

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With acid corn salves when 25c. buys a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It's purely vegetable, never causes sores, and acts entirely without pain. Use only Putnam's—the best.

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