

Say "Yes"

To This Offer, and See the Good You Will Get.

Write us if you are ready to try Liquezone. Let us buy the first bottle for you. Let the product itself prove the good it can do.

You who are waiting don't know what you miss. There are plenty to tell you if you would ask; for millions have already used it. Some use it to get well; some to keep well. Some to cure germ diseases; some as a tonic. You will use it as they do, when you learn what the product does. And you will then regret that you delayed so long.

What Liquezone Is.

The virtues of Liquezone are derived solely from gases. The formula is sent to each user. The process of making requires large apparatus, and from 8 to 14 days' time. It is directed by chemists of the highest class. The object is to so fix and combine the gases as to carry into the system a powerful tonic-germicide.

Contact with Liquezone kills any form of disease germ, because germs are of vegetable origin. Yet to the body Liquezone is not only harmless, but helpful in the extreme. That is its main distinction. Common germicides are poison when taken internally. That is why medicine has been so helpless in a germ disease. Liquezone is exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying; yet no disease germ can exist in it.

We purchased the American rights to Liquezone after thousands of tests had

been made with it. Its power had been proved, again and again, in the most difficult germ diseases. Then we offered to supply the first bottle free in every disease that required it. And over one million dollars have been spent to announce and fulfill this offer.

The result is that 11,000,000 bottles have been used, mostly in the past two years. Today there are countless cured ones, scattered everywhere, to tell what Liquezone has done.

But so many others need it that this offer is published still. In late years, science has traced scores of diseases to germ attacks. Old remedies do not apply to them. We wish to show those sick ones—at our cost—that Liquezone can do.

Where It Applies.

These are the diseases in which Liquezone has been most employed. In these it has earned its widest reputation. In all of these troubles we supply the first bottle free. And in all—no matter how difficult—we offer each user a two months' further test without the risk of a penny.

Asthma—Anemia—Gout—Gastritis—Hay Fever—Influenza—Jaundice—Leucorrhea—Lymphatic—Malaria—Neuralgia—Piles—Quinsy—Rheumatism—Sciatic—Syphilis—Skin Diseases—Tuberculosis—Tumors—Ulcers—Throat Troubles

Also most forms of the following: Kidney Troubles—Liver Troubles—Stomach Troubles—Women's Diseases—Fever, inflammation or catarrh—Impure or poisoned blood—usually indicate a germ attack. In nervous debility Liquezone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing remarkable results.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquezone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to let the product itself show you what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it today, for it places you under no obligations whatever.

Liquezone costs 50c. and \$1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Fill it out and mail it to The Liquezone Company, 438-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquezone, but if you will supply me a 50c bottle (free) I will take it.

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Barlasch of the Guard

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

The houses in the Fraungasse were barricaded like others—many of the lower windows were built up. The door of No. 36 was bolted, and through the shutters of the upper windows no glimmer of light penetrated to the outer darkness of the street. Barlasch knocked and waited. He thought he could hear surreptitious movements within the house. Again he knocked.

"Who is that?" asked Lisa, just within, on the mat. She must have been there all the time.

"Barlasch," he replied. And the bolts which he, in his knowledge of such matters, himself had oiled, were quickly drawn.

Inside he found Lisa, and behind her Mathilde and Desiree.

"Where is the patron?" he asked, turning to bolt the door again.

"He is out, in the town," answered Desiree, in a strained voice. "Where are you from?"

"From Kowno."

Barlasch looked from one face to the other. His own was burnt red, and the light of the lamp hanging over his head gleamed on the sweat-drenched forehead of his eyebrows and ragged whiskers. In the warmth of the house his frozen garments began to melt and from his limbs the water dripped to the floor with a sound like rain. Then he caught sight of Desiree's face.

"He is alive, I tell you that," he said abruptly. "And well, so far as we know it was at Kowno that we got news of him. I have a letter."

He opened his cloak, which was stiff like cardboard, and creaked when he bent the rough cloth. Under his cloak he wore a Russian peasant's sheepskin coat and beneath that the remains of his uniform.

"A dog's country," he muttered, as he breathed on his fingers.

At last he found the letter and gave it to Desiree.

"You will have to make your choice," he commented, with a grimace indicative of a serious situation, "like any other woman. No doubt you will choose wrong."

Desiree went up two steps in order to be nearer the lamp, and they all watched her as she opened the letter.

"Is it from Charles?" asked Mathilde, speaking for the first time.

"No," answered Desiree, rather breathlessly.

Barlasch nudged Lisa, indicated his own mouth, and pushed her toward the kitchen. He needed cunningly to Mathilde, as if to say that they were now free to discuss family affairs; and added, with a gesture toward his inner man:

"Since last night—nothing."

In a few minutes Desiree, having read the letter twice, handed it to her sister. It was characteristically short.

"We have found a man here," wrote Louis d'Arragon, "who travelled as far as Vilna with Charles. There they parted. Charles, who was ordered to Warsaw on staff work, told his friend that you were in Dantzic, and that, foreseeing a siege of the city, he had written to you to join him at Warsaw. This letter has doubtless been lost, and following Charles to Warsaw, tracing him step by step, and if he has fallen ill by the way, as so many have done, shall certainly find him. Barlasch returns to bring you to Thorn, if you elect to join Charles. I will await you at Thorn, and if Charles has proceeded, we will follow him to Warsaw."

Barlasch, who had watched Desiree, now turned Mathilde's eyes as they passed to and fro over the closely written lines. As she neared the end, and her face, upon which deep shadows had been graven by sorrow and suspense, grew drawn and hopeless, he gave a curt laugh.

"There were two," he said, "travelling together—the Colonel de Casimir and the husband of his pet. They had facilities—name of God!—two carriages and an escort. In the carriages they had some of the Emperor's playthings—holly pictures, the imperial loot—I know not what. Besides that, they had a lot of their own—no furs and catenesticks, such as we others carried on our backs, but gold and jewelry enough to make a man rich all his life."

"How do you know that?" asked Mathilde, a dull light in her eyes.

"I know where it came from," replied Barlasch, with an odd smile. "Allez! you may take it from me." And he muttered to himself in the patois of the Cote du Nord:

"And they were safe and well at Vilna," asked Mathilde.

"Yes—and they had their treasure. They had good fortune, or else they were more clever than other men; for they had the Imperial treasure to escort, and could take any man's horse for the carriage, in which also they had placed their own treasure. It was Captain Darragon, who held the appointment, and the other—the Colonel—had attached himself to him as volunteer. For it was at Vilna that the last thread of discipline was broken, and every man did as he wished."

"They did not come to Kowno," asked Mathilde, who had a clear mind, and that grasp of the situation which more often falls to the lot of the duller sex.

"They did not come to Kowno. They would turn south at Vilna. It was as well. At Kowno the soldiers had broken into the magazines—the brandy was poured out in the streets. The men were lying there, the drunken and the dead all confused together on the snow, for all would be dead."

"Was it at Kowno that you left Monsieur d'Arragon?" asked Desiree, in a sharp voice.

"No—no. We quitted Kowno together, and parted on the heights above the town. He would not trust me—monsieur le marquis—he was afraid that I should get at the brandy. And he was right. I only wanted the opportunity. He is a strong one—that!" And Barlasch held up a warning hand, as if to make known to all and sundry that it would be inadvisable to trifle with Louis d'Arragon.

He drew the icicles one by one from his whiskers, with a wry face indicative of great agony, and threw them down on the mat.

"Well," he said, after a pause, to Desiree, "have you made your choice?"

Desiree was reading the letter again, and before she could answer, a quick knock on the front door startled them all. Barlasch's face broke into that broad smile which was only called forth by the presence of danger.

"Is it the patron?" he asked, in a whisper, with his hand on the heavy bolts affixed by that pious Haneatic merchant

who held that if God be in the house there is no need of watchmen.

"Yes," answered Mathilde. "Open quickly."

Sebastian came in with a light step. He was like a man long saddled with a burden, of which he had at length been relieved.

"And what news?" he asked, when he recognized Barlasch.

"Nothing that you do not know already, monsieur," replied Barlasch, "except that the husband of mademoiselle is well, and on the road to Warsaw. Here—read that."

And he took the letter from Desiree's hand.

"I knew he would come back safely," said Desiree; and that was all.

Sebastian read the letter in one quick glance—and then fell to thinking.

"It is time to quit Dantzic," said Barlasch, quietly, as if he had divined the old man's thoughts. "I know Rapp. There will be trouble—here, on the Vistula."

But Sebastian dismissed the suggestion with a curt shake of the head.

Barlasch's attention had been somewhat withdrawn by a snuff of cooking meat, to which he opened his nostrils frantically and noisily after the manner of a dog.

"Then it remains," he said, looking toward the kitchen, "for mademoiselle to make her choice."

"There is no choice," replied Desiree; "I shall be ready to go with you when you have eaten."

"Good," said Barlasch, and the word applied as well to Lisa, who was beckoning to him.

CHAPTER XXI.