

# Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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## CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

There was no mistaking the gleam that lighted the old man's eyes. "Who's your purchaser?" he asked. "I think I've mentioned to you the Patoka Land and Improvement Company. We've decided not to confine ourselves to our flat scheme alone. We're going to handle big real estate schemes wherever we see anything good enough and big enough to make it worth while. That wasn't our intention at first, but I've persuaded our people to see it that way. All the big fortunes in this country have been made in real estate, and the possibilities haven't been exhausted yet. If we can hit a fair price, we'll take your lots and work them off in our own way; but I shouldn't bother with the thing at all if it weren't that I hope to get the creek strip from you." "Who are in your company?" asked the old man. His need for cash was great, but he tried to conceal his anxiety, and he was really curious to know who were behind Balcumb. The promoter reeled off a long list of names, most of them unknown to Dameron, but Balcumb's ready explanation imparted stability to all of them. There were half a dozen country bankers and a number of men who were or had been State officers. "You seem to have drawn largely on the country," remarked the old man, dryly. "You are quite right. I did. It's easier. There's lots of money in these country banks that's crying for investment. I know a lot of business houses right here in our jobbing district that go to the country for their loans. These old Marlona bankers have never got over the panic of '73. Every time they make a loan they make an enemy. A man whose credit is all doesn't like to have to go over his past and the history of his wife's relations even into the third and fourth generation every time he borrows a few thousand dollars. Not much!" Dameron laughed, a little uneasily, but he laughed. Two years before he would have shuddered at such heresy. "Well," said Balcumb, rising, "you think over the matter and let me know whether you care to sell. I'll give you one thousand dollars for an option on the creek strip at sixty thousand. I'll see you in a few days."

"No! No!" The old man's voice rose querulously. Delays were dangerous. If Balcumb could do it he must effect the sale at once. "The figure I named yesterday," began Dameron. "Is out of the question," said Balcumb, with finality. "Then nine hundred dollars apiece for the block of lots." "Perfectly absurd," and Balcumb turned toward the door. The old man rose and rested against his desk heavily. His bent figure was wholly pitiful; the claw-like fingers on which he leaned trembled so that his thin, worn body shook. "Suppose you name a figure, Mr. Balcumb," he said, with a pathetic attempt at jauntness. "I am authorized to close at twenty thousand cash; and my commission comes out of that. We'll say fifteen hundred commission. But I am not anxious to buy at that price—it's quite immaterial to me. What I want is the option." "I have better use for the money; yes, I can use it to advantage," said Dameron, as though he were pondering the matter gravely and seeking to justify himself. Balcumb took a step toward him. "In other real estate, by the terms of the trust," he said, smiling in an insinuating way. "Yes; yes, of course," said Dameron, hastily. "And there's the order of court." "To be sure—there's an order of court requiring by the terms of the trust. I suppose you wouldn't mind waiting a little for that. The trust expires in a few weeks—I prefer to go to the judge with the whole settlement at once." "But you prefer not to go to the judge to ask his approval of this particular deed. All right. The abstract needn't show these requirements—our attorney will not be particular. I'll fix that for you." "Yes, you can arrange that, I suppose," said the old man, weakly. His was trembling now, visibly, and his voice shook. "That will be worth five hundred more—as special commission and guaranty that you won't forget the court's approval," said Balcumb, coolly. "No, oh, no!" wailed the old man. "I'm giving it away. You are taking unfair advantage. I am not well—I am not quite myself to-day." He sank into his chair, breathing hard; but he recovered instantly and smiled at Balcumb with an effort. "I'm not a man to back out when I have pledged my word," he said, grandly. "A trade's a trade." And Balcumb grinned. "Now, one other thing, Mr. Dameron. I'll be square with you and tell the truth. I've got to have the option on the creek strip. My people are not a bit crazy to buy lots like these, but our apartment scheme is a big thing, and to get your strip of ground out there on the creek bank we're willing to buy these lots of yours—just, as the fellow said, to show there's no hard feeling." "At seventy-five thousand for the creek strip. Not a cent less. It's a part of the trust. It's my daughter's. I shall not give it away. There are only a few weeks more in which I shall have any right to sell—and I have had another offer," he ended, weakly. "Quite likely; but it isn't so easy to get so much cash on short notice. And there's the difficulty of finding other real estate to reinvest the money in, and the order of court and all that." Balcumb stroked his beard and eyed his prey. He dropped the suggestion about the reinvestment of the pro-

ceeds in real estate merely to show his acquaintance with the terms of the trust. It amused him to remember Ezra Dameron's old reputation as a hard customer. He was proving, in Balcumb's own phrase, almost too easy. "We'll call it twenty thousand, then, for the block of lots," said the old man, smiling and rubbing his hands. "Very well," said Balcumb, "with two thousand as my fee in the matter; and an option to buy the creek strip at sixty thousand." The old man stared at him with a sudden malevolent light in his eyes, but he said with exaggerated dignity: "Very well, Mr. Balcumb." Dameron drew from his desk an abstract of title covering the Roger Merriam addition. It was in due form, the work of a well-known title company. Balcumb took it and ran his eyes through its crisp pages. So the next afternoon a deed was filed with the county recorder, conveying the block of lots to the Patoka Land and Improvement Company, Ezra Dameron receiving eighteen thousand dollars as consideration and J. Arthur Balcumb two thousand dollars as commission. Opportunities to make two thousand so easily were not to be put aside, and Balcumb's conscience troubled him not at all over the transaction. Van Cleave, the vice president and attorney, did exactly what Balcumb, the treasurer, told him to do without question; and when Balcumb expressed himself as satisfied that the court's approval would be forthcoming shortly when the whole estate was settled, and that meanwhile the deed should be recorded, Van Cleave readily acquiesced. Balcumb told his associates that it was the only way in which Dameron would give the option. Balcumb did not, of course, tell his associates that he was accepting a commission from Dameron; for there were times when J. Arthur Balcumb's valubility gave way to reticence of the austere kind. He plumed himself upon at last having secured at sixty thousand dollars an option on the creek strip, where the ideal apartment house was to be built; and he sent notices to his directors of a meeting to consider plans for building. The fact that the company had just bought, through his shrewd agency, something like fifty thousand dollars' worth of lots for twenty thousand would, he told Van Cleave, "look good to the jays," and it did.

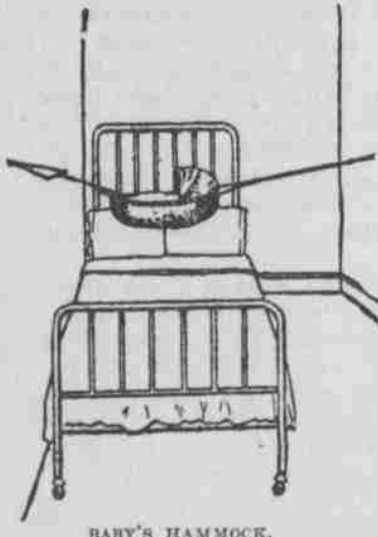
## CHAPTER XVII.

Copeland, the lawyer who never practiced, reached the Tippecanoe Club every past week-day at exactly thirty minutes past twelve o'clock. A good figure of a man was Copeland. He had steady brown eyes in which a keen humor lurked; and his hair that had once been black was now white; but he was still young and the snowy cap over his dark features was becoming. In a frock coat Copeland would have graced the Senate or the President's cabinet table. He had telephoned Leighton to meet him one day near the end of September. "Nothing? You reject my offer?" asked Copeland. "It's better so at your age. When I was in the practice—" "That was in the day," said Morris. "When a law library in these parts meant the State decisions and a few text-books." Copeland continued to speak with characteristic crispness. "I have a customer up in the country who has made the acquaintance of your particular friend, Mr. Jack Balcumb. Do you follow me?" "Your customer must be a man of parts. Balcumb does not cultivate people unless he sees something pretty good in them." "I believe that is correct. Well, my customer, whose name is Jennings, has bought some stock in what is known as the Patoka Land and Improvement Company, of which Balcumb is treasurer and one thing and another. There's a lawyer up there in his building—" "Van Cleave," suggested Leighton. "That's the chap. His eyes look like a bowl of clam broth. He's the attorney for the company. The reason he holds the job is not difficult to determine. His father is a banker down here on the river somewhere and is well-to-do. Balcumb, I understand, is teaching Van Cleave how things are done in large cities." "He's a competent teacher. Go on." "A client of your office is also in the game to a certain extent. I refer to Ezra Dameron, that genial, warm-hearted, impulsive old fossil. They tell me on the quiet that he's been monkeying with options. He's selling this company the old Roger Merriam property south of town at half its value and he's given them an option on his strip of land out here on the creek. You know Balcumb's scheme. He's going to build an ideal flat out here at the edge of town—fountains playing everywhere, roof gardens, native forest trees—it's a delightful prospect. Dameron's corner is a great place for it. It makes no difference whether the scheme is practicable or not. Balcumb makes it sound awfully good. It's been written up in the newspapers most seductively. It's so good that only the elect can get in." "I know Balcumb and his habits of thought. How much is he paying Dameron for that property?" "Balcumb has an option at sixty thousand. Jennings told me that the stockholders had already paid in most of their money so that the purchase could be made at once. The price is amazingly low. He must be hard up. Balcumb tells Jennings and the rest of them that he bought these lots merely to be able to get that creek strip; but let's a bargain and they'll make a good thing out of the lots. But what's the matter with Ezra? I thought perhaps Carr's relations with Dameron were such that this information would interest you. The property is part of the Margaret Dameron trusteeship and I hope Miss Dameron will get all she's

entitled to. I believe that's the most curious will that was ever probated in our county," Copeland continued, with the exaggerated gravity with which he talked of legal matters. "But that woman certainly had an extraordinary faith in her husband. Notedly else in this township would trust Ezra Dameron round the corner with a hot base-burner. But Mrs. Dameron was as proud as Lucifer. She was a Merriam and she must have thought that by leaving her property to Ezra in trust for their daughter she would put a corner-stone under his honor. But the trusteeship expires on the first of October and the old man is selling property at a ridiculous figure to a crook. It looks rather queer, doesn't it?" "Dameron must have had something of his own; he had his wife's property to play with and if he hasn't done well with it it's his own fault. I'm sorry that he has fallen into Balcumb's hands." "Oh, well; you can't make a silk purse out of a sardine's tail," observed Copeland, reflectively. "And I fear that Ezra is a sardine." When Morris reached his office, he found a first draft of Margaret Dameron's will, written in lead pencil on a faded piece of manila paper, in Carr's small regular hand. Leighton had come upon it once in cleaning out an old desk, and he had put it among his own papers as an interesting specimen of Carr's handiwork. He unfolded the sheets now and examined intently the form of the will. The terms were clear and unequivocal; he noted the change of word and phrase here and there, in every case an improvement in the interest of directness and clarity. There was no question as to the meaning of the will. Real estate was not to be sold except by permission of the court; and proceeds were to be reinvested in other realty. There was good sense in the idea, but had Dameron sold the Roger Merriam addition entire to the Patoka Company without referring the sale to the court? The question must be answered, and he went to the court house and asked permission of the recorder to look at the deed from Ezra Dameron, trustee, to the Patoka Land and Improvement Company. It was in the hands of a clerk for transcribing, but Morris was allowed to examine it. It was written in Dameron's hand, and had been copied from a printed form of trustee's deed. The consideration was twenty thousand dollars, the receipt of which was duly acknowledged. Leighton was a lawyer and he felt a lawyer's disgust with the situation that the case presented. Dameron was clearly in serious need of ready money or he would not be selling real estate at a ridiculous figure. It was also patent that in his necessity he had turned to Balcumb as a man who would not scruple at oblique practices. Morris went the next day to the office of a title company where he was acquainted and waited while the secretary made up a list of the property held by Ezra Dameron, trustee. He found that the sale of the Roger Merriam addition, which had just been reported, left the creek property, The Beeches and the old Merriam homestead the only realty remaining in the trust. "I thought Mr. Dameron was a heavy real estate owner," remarked Morris. "That's a popular superstition," said the secretary; "but he's sold it off rapidly during the past two years. He owns nothing personally, and he has been converting his daughter's property very fast. I hope there's nothing wrong about it." "I don't know. Are you sure he hasn't been buying other real estate? Something of the kind is required by the terms of his wife's will." "Not in this county at least." The secretary was silent for a moment. "It would be a delicious irony if Ezra were to turn up broke, wouldn't it?" he said, grinning. "That depends on the point of view," remarked Morris. (To be continued.)

### Hammock for the Baby.

A substitute for baby's cradle has been invented by a Tennessee man in the form of a hammock, adapted to be hung over the parents' bed. This hammock is so designed that it combines perfect comfort for the occupant with perfect safety and is within easy reach of the mother if baby



BABY'S HAMMOCK.

needs attention. The body portion of the hammock is a boat-shaped affair of some flexible material and laces together at the end. A hood shelters the head of the device and a belt passes around it and serves the double purpose of keeping the infant from falling out and keeping his covers on. Ropes are attached to each end of the hammock and their other extremities fastened to hooks in the opposite walls. Thus suspended the hammock swings over the bed in full view of the child's parents, who can rock it as they lie abed and with much less trouble than it takes to rock the ordinary cradle. When not in use the hammock takes up no more room than the space required to hang it on a hook in the closet. A dog can run as well on three legs as four, which is about all the credit we are willing to give to a dog. By refusing to listen to secrets one is saved unlimited trouble.

## THE SILENT WITNESS

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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No one knew just where the white kitten belonged. The chances were that she came from one of the low gray cottages along the line of the beach. She could generally be found on sandy hillocks at the remote end of the peninsula where she dug sunny nests for herself and basked lastly watching the sandpipers between half-closed eyes. There were traces of distinguished ancestors in the length of her hair, the bushiness of her tail and the blueness of her eyes. Now and then she drifted down close to the water's edge and played with the foam, of which she seemed almost a part, with her snowy fur and her light movements. There were two persons who came often to that end of the peninsula and who played with the white kitten. The girl who came wore white gowns, so that when the kitten lay on her lap they seemed merged one into the other. "She is a beauty," the girl said one day in late summer. "I am going to steal her and take her home with me, Richard." The man laughed lastly. "If you find out to whom she belongs, I'll buy her for you, and save the sin of stealing." The kitten blinked and yawned. She had always lived by the sea and she loved it. She did not know that, But she would not tell him, and, jealousy getting the better of him he insisted that she should. The quarrel that followed made the white kitten cringe and then fly down the beach toward the gray cottages. Late that night, however, she scuttled back to the ledge. It was moonlight. The waves seemed crested with silver. The white kitten stretched her snowy length along the ledge, half closing the opening to the mail box. The man who came later moved her gently. When he had gone there peeped from the hole the edge of a white envelope. The spring breeze blowing from the ocean beat against the bit of paper, and the crackling made the white kitten sit up and take notice. She patted the paper with her paw. It gave a little and came half out from the hiding place. Helped by the kitten's eager paw and by the wind it lay fluttering on the ledge. Then the wind took it again, down the beach. Once it went sailing over the tops of the waves, like some strange bird, only to be brought back for the kitten's plaything. The next morning the kitten was again on the ledge when the girl came. She was alone, and when she had looked and found no letter she sat down on the sands and cried. Presently a man came along the beach, and seeing her came toward her. "Radcliff," she looked up startled. "I thought it was Richard." "Did you get my note yesterday?" he asked. "Perhaps I should not have written, nor have put it here. But I had seen you two people exchanging notes, and it seemed interesting to see what would happen." She looked at him reproachfully. "Your joke has made me very unhappy," she stated. "You know how jealous Richard is. He wanted to see the note, and made so much out of a trifle that I would not let him—just to punish him. I told him that he must write to me and apologize. I thought, of course, he would, but he hasn't." In the days that followed, the kitten and the girl sat often together on the sands. Both of the men had left, and the girl was very lonely. Now and then she played with the kitten, but usually she sat looking listlessly out to sea. The kitten played, however, racing up and down the sands, chasing the waves, leaping after every stray thing that fluttered in the wind. One day there came flying down the beach a bit of yellowed paper. The kitten pursued it, leaping high in the air after it as it was carried aloft by the strong breeze. She flattened herself on top of it when she had gained possession. The girl laughed at her antics and, growing interested, caught up the bit of paper crushing it in a ball to throw toward the eager animal. As she did it, a line of writing caught her eye. It was a familiar masculine scrawl. With eager haste she opened it and read the letter that the kitten had drawn from the hole two weeks before. "Why," the girl murmured, "he did write and he begged my pardon." The kitten sat and looked at her. She had been a silent witness to the whole story, the petty quarrel, the tragedy of parting and of loneliness which had followed. To her the letter had been a plaything; to the girl it meant life. The girl flung her arms out with a glad gesture toward the sea. "I shall write to him tonight," she said, "and tomorrow, oh, waves, you shall bring him back to me." She sped toward the hotel and the kitten was forgotten. But the kitten was content. For her there was the sand, the sea and the wild song of the waves and of the wind.



The Girl Was Very Lonely.

over her head, they were planning to carry her to the city, where she would be shut in from the wind and wave. After that they talked sweet nothing over her head, but finally they disagreed. The loud voices startled the kitten and she sprang from her resting place and flew down the sands. But they did not notice her. The girl's face was as white as her dress. "I can't give all of my time to you, Richard," she said, "not until after our engagement is announced." "Then announce it," he demanded. "Why is it necessary to keep it secret, Elizabeth?" "I have told you and told you," she stated, "that until mother returns from abroad and ratifies it I must not let the world know." "I am so afraid of losing you," he said, "that perhaps I am unreasonable. But you danced so often with Radcliff last night that my heart was heavy as I watched you." "Oh, Radcliff!" She threw out her hands in a gesture of scorn. "As if any woman would look at him twice when you are around, Richard." His face cleared at that and they began their walk back toward the hotel, talking peacefully as they went. The white kitten trailed along behind, making mad dashes down the beach, and, at length, rushing on ahead of them, she landed on a ledge hollowed out by the waves. There was a hole in the ledge where a bird had made a nest. Elizabeth stopped and examined it. "It's like a little mail box," she said. "Some day I am going to leave a letter for you here, Richard." "Every day I shall look for it," he declared, ardently. After that the kitten stood guard often over letters which came to the strange hiding place. Some of the letters were in pale gray envelopes and addressed in a feminine hand, others were big and square with a masculine scrawl. One day a strange man left a letter and when Elizabeth opened it she gasped: "How did he know?" "What is it?" Richard demanded. "How did Radcliff know that we mailed our letters here?" "You must have told him," Richard said. "You have been with him often enough lately." "Oh, jealousy!" Her eyes blazed. "Will you never understand that he is only an old friend? Why I have known him from a boy." "Why should he write you letters?" "It's just some foolishness." She tore open the envelope and gasped. "What does he say?" her lover demanded.

But she would not tell him, and, jealousy getting the better of him he insisted that she should. The quarrel that followed made the white kitten cringe and then fly down the beach toward the gray cottages. Late that night, however, she scuttled back to the ledge. It was moonlight. The waves seemed crested with silver. The white kitten stretched her snowy length along the ledge, half closing the opening to the mail box. The man who came later moved her gently. When he had gone there peeped from the hole the edge of a white envelope. The spring breeze blowing from the ocean beat against the bit of paper, and the crackling made the white kitten sit up and take notice. She patted the paper with her paw. It gave a little and came half out from the hiding place. Helped by the kitten's eager paw and by the wind it lay fluttering on the ledge. Then the wind took it again, down the beach. Once it went sailing over the tops of the waves, like some strange bird, only to be brought back for the kitten's plaything. The next morning the kitten was again on the ledge when the girl came. She was alone, and when she had looked and found no letter she sat down on the sands and cried. Presently a man came along the beach, and seeing her came toward her. "Radcliff," she looked up startled. "I thought it was Richard." "Did you get my note yesterday?" he asked. "Perhaps I should not have written, nor have put it here. But I had seen you two people exchanging notes, and it seemed interesting to see what would happen." She looked at him reproachfully. "Your joke has made me very unhappy," she stated. "You know how jealous Richard is. He wanted to see the note, and made so much out of a trifle that I would not let him—just to punish him. I told him that he must write to me and apologize. I thought, of course, he would, but he hasn't." In the days that followed, the kitten and the girl sat often together on the sands. Both of the men had left, and the girl was very lonely. Now and then she played with the kitten, but usually she sat looking listlessly out to sea. The kitten played, however, racing up and down the sands, chasing the waves, leaping after every stray thing that fluttered in the wind. One day there came flying down the beach a bit of yellowed paper. The kitten pursued it, leaping high in the air after it as it was carried aloft by the strong breeze. She flattened herself on top of it when she had gained possession. The girl laughed at her antics and, growing interested, caught up the bit of paper crushing it in a ball to throw toward the eager animal. As she did it, a line of writing caught her eye. It was a familiar masculine scrawl. With eager haste she opened it and read the letter that the kitten had drawn from the hole two weeks before. "Why," the girl murmured, "he did write and he begged my pardon." The kitten sat and looked at her. She had been a silent witness to the whole story, the petty quarrel, the tragedy of parting and of loneliness which had followed. To her the letter had been a plaything; to the girl it meant life. The girl flung her arms out with a glad gesture toward the sea. "I shall write to him tonight," she said, "and tomorrow, oh, waves, you shall bring him back to me." She sped toward the hotel and the kitten was forgotten. But the kitten was content. For her there was the sand, the sea and the wild song of the waves and of the wind.

### SOME QUEER TASTES IN EGGS

Those of the Booby and the Noddy Find Favor Among People of West Indies. "The only eggs considered fit for food in this part of the world," remarked the traveled man, "are those produced by domestic poultry; but there are places where the grocer offers one quite a selection from which to choose. "In the West Indies the eggs of certain sea birds are placed on the market in great quantities and command a ready sale. Most sea birds' eggs have a strong fishy taste, but this is not the case with the eggs of the booby and the noddy, and as the latter always repair to certain rocky islets at the nesting season, the merchants who deal in the product are able to secure a sufficiently large supply to make it profitable. The eggs are slightly smaller than those of a hen; the shells are white with blue and brown markings; and when boiled, the yolk is of a deep yellow and the white faintly tinged with blue. "Along the northern coast of South America the natives eat the eggs of the alligators that still swarm in their sluggish rivers. The egg of an alligator is about three inches long, and a perfect oval in shape. It has no shell, but is covered with a tough skin. It contains a glutinous substance, but when boiled assumes the consistency of jelly, and is said to have an agreeable flavor. "The egg of another reptile that is eaten in South America is that of the iguana, a lizard that frequents sandy places. The egg is about the size of a pigeon's, and except in the matter of size is identical with that of the alligator. A girl's substitute for wild oats is to spell her name Mayme or Lucylie



THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

A short course of the Bitters will quickly correct, tone and sweeten any case of "bad stomach." This is a proven fact. Try a bottle and see for yourself. It is for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Malaria. Valuable Assistance. Children always love to have a "finger in the pie" and to help with whatever is going on. When mother or nurse does everything for them they are deprived of a great deal of pleasure and will not be so well fitted to struggle for themselves when the time comes as they would have been if they had been accustomed to do things for themselves. They should be encouraged to be useful and to assist with any preparations that may be going on. Mary's Revenge. Mary was a little girl who did not like to wait, but one day her mother, having several guests, Mary was made to wait anyway, so just about the time dinner was under good headway, she poked her little curly head in at the dining-room door and said: "I don't care if I do have to wait; that was an old sick turke, anyhow."—Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

Complainers. What is odious but noise, and people who scream and bewail! People whose vane points always east, who live to dine, who send for the doctor, who coddle themselves, who toast their feet on the register, who intrigue to secure a padded chair and a corner out of the draught. Suffer them once to begin the enumeration of their infirmities, and the sun will go down on the unfeeling tale.—Emerson.

Humor in Signs. A New York shop exhibits a care warning everybody against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." The shopman does not quite say what he means, any more than the proprietor of an eating house, on the door of which may be read the following announcement, conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent port: "Sailors' vitals cooked here."

Our War. The war we wage must be waged against misconduct, against wrongdoing wherever it is found; and we must stand heartily for the rights of every decent man, whether he be a man of great wealth or a man who earns a livelihood as a wage worker or a tiller of the soil.—Theodore Roosevelt.

The Great American Pie. Steak, salad, fish, potatoes in all forms, may be thrown into the furnace in a huddle, but when the close of his repast approaches, when the pie hour is about to strike, it is the duty of every true American to reflect. Then he should attack the pie firmly but reverently, never in the spirit of one who runs a race.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Peculiar Excuse. A teacher in a girls' school recently had the following excuse for absence handed her by one of her pupils: "It gives me much pleasure to write to you because I have a worryment, and you should please excuse my Annie, who does not come by you because she has to go to the hospital with her sister's sore eyes."

## Not a drop of Alcohol

Doctors prescribe very little, if any, alcohol these days. They prefer strong tonics and alteratives. This is all in keeping with modern medical science. It explains why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is now made entirely free from alcohol. Ask your doctor. Follow his advice. We publish our formulas. We extract alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor. Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.