

# The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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## CHAPTER XX.

ARE you satisfied? Have you got what you wanted?" asked Sweetwater when they were well away from the shore and the noise they had heard calling at intervals from the chasm they had left.

"Yes, you're a good fellow. It could not have been better managed." Then, after a pause too prolonged and thoughtful to please Sweetwater, who was burning with curiosity if not with some deeper feeling, "What was that light you burned—a match?"

Sweetwater did not answer. He dared not. How speak of the electric torch he as a detective carried in his pocket? That would be to give himself away. He therefore let this question slip by and put in one of his own.

"Are you ready to go back now, sir? Are we all done here?" This with his ear turned and his eye bent forward, for the adventure they had interrupted was not at an end, whether their part in it was or not.

Mr. Grey hesitated, his glances following those of Sweetwater. "Let us wait," said he in a tone which surprised Sweetwater. "If he is meditating an escape, I must speak to him before he reaches the launch. At all hazards," he added after another moment's thought.

"All right, sir. How do you propose?" His words were interrupted by a shrill whistle from the direction of the bank. Promptly and as if awaiting this signal the two men in the rowboat before them dipped their oars and pulled for the shore, taking the direction of the manufactory.

Sweetwater said nothing, but held himself in readiness. Mr. Grey was equally silent, but the lines of his face seemed to deepen in the moonlight as the boat, gliding rapidly through the water, passed them within a dozen boat lengths and slipped into the opening under the manufactory building.

"Now row!" he cried. "Make for the launch. We'll intercept them on their return." Sweetwater, glowing with anticipation, bent to his work. The boat beneath them gave a bound, and in a few minutes they were far out on the waters of the bay.

"They're coming!" he whispered anxiously as he saw Mr. Grey looking anxiously back. "How much farther shall I go?" "Just within hailing distance of the launch," was Mr. Grey's reply.

Sweetwater, gauging the distance with a lance, stopped at the proper point and rested on his oars. But his thoughts did not rest. He realized that he was about to witness an interview whose importance he easily recognized. How much of it would he hear? What would be the upshot and what was his full duty in the case? He knew that this man Wellgood was wanted by the New York police, but he was possessed with no authority to arrest him even if he had the power.

"Something more than I bargained for," he inwardly commented. "But I wanted excitement, and now I have got it. If only I can keep my head level, I may get something out of this. If not all I could wish."

Meantime the second boat was very nearly on them. He could mark the three figures and pick out Wellgood's head from among the rest. It had a resolute air. The face, on which, to his evident discomfort, the moon shone, wore a look which convinced the detective that this was no patent medicine manufacturer, nor even a caterer's assistant, but a man of nerve and resources, the same, indeed, whom he had encountered in Mr. Fairbrother's house with such disastrous, almost fatal, results to himself.

The discovery, though an unexpected one, did not lessen his sense of the extreme importance of his own position. He could witness, but he could not act. Mr. Grey's orders, but he could not act. Mr. Grey's orders, but he could not act. Mr. Grey's orders, but he could not act.

"Why, Mr. Grey," he asked, "are you looking at me like that?" "I will do that myself." And taking his voice, he accused the other with those words: "I am the man, Daniel Grey, of Dartington Manor."

"I should like to say a word to you before you embark." A change, quick as lightning and almost as dangerous, came over the face of Sweetwater as he watched the other speak to him, but as the other said nothing to his words and seemed to be merely waiting, he shrugged his shoulders and muttered an order to his oarsmen to proceed.

In another moment the sterns of the two small craft swung together, but in such a way that, by dint of a little skillful manipulation on the part of

Wellgood's men, the latter's back was toward the moon. Mr. Grey leaned toward Wellgood, and his face fell into shadow also.

"Bah!" thought the detective, "I should have managed that myself. But if I cannot see I shall at least hear."

But he received himself in this. The two men spoke in such low whispers that only their intensity was manifest. Not a word came to Sweetwater's ears.

"Bah!" he thought again, "this is bad." But he had to swallow his disappointment and more. For presently the two men, so different in culture, station and appearance, came, as it seemed, to an understanding, and Wellgood, taking his hand from his breast, fumbled in one of his pockets and drew out something which he handed to Mr. Grey.

This made Sweetwater start and peer with still greater anxiety at every movement, when to his surprise both bent forward, each over his own knee, doing something so mysterious he could get no clew to its nature till they again stretched forth their hands to each other, and he caught the gleam of paper and realized that they were exchanging memoranda or notes.

These must have been important, for each made an immediate endeavor to read his slip by turning it toward the moon's rays. That both were satisfied was shown by their after movements. Wellgood put his slip into his pocket and without further word to Mr. Grey motioned his men to row away. They did so with a will, leaving a line of silver in their wake. Mr. Grey, on the contrary, gave no orders. He still held his slip and seemed to be dreaming. But his eye was on the shore, and he did not even turn when sounds from the launch denoted that she was under way.

Sweetwater, looking at this morsel of paper with greedy eyes, dipped his oars and began pulling softly toward that portion of the beach where a small and twinkling light defined the bathhouse. He hoped Mr. Grey would speak; hoped that in some way, by some means, he might obtain a clew to his patron's thoughts. But the English gentleman sat like an image and did not move till a slight but sudden breeze, blowing in shore, seized the paper in his hand and carried it away, past Sweetwater, who vainly sought to catch it as it went fluttering by into the water ahead, where it shone for a moment, then softly disappeared.

Sweetwater uttered a cry; so did Mr. Grey. "Is it anything you wanted?" called out the former, leaning over the bow of the boat and making a dive at the paper with his oar.

"Yes; but if it's gone, it's gone," returned the other with some feeling. "Careless of me, very careless, but I was thinking of—"

He stopped. He was greatly agitated, but he did not encourage Sweetwater in any further attempts to recover the lost memorandum. Indeed, such an effort would have been fruitless. The paper was gone, and there was nothing left for them but to continue their way. As they did so it would have been hard to tell in which breast chagrin mounted higher. Sweetwater had lost a clew in a thousand, and Mr. Grey—well, no one knew what he had lost.

He said nothing and plainly showed by his changed manner that he was in haste to land now and be done with this doubtful adventure.

When they reached the bathhouse Mr. Grey left Sweetwater to pay for the boat and started at once for the hotel.

The man in charge had the bow of the boat in hand, preparatory to pulling it up on the beach. As Sweetwater turned toward him he caught sight of the side of the boat, shining brightly in the moonlight. It was a start and, with a muttered exclamation, darted forward and picked up a small piece of paper from the dripping keel. It separated in his hand and part of it seeped him, but the rest he managed to keep by securing it in his palm, where it still clung, wet and possibly illegible, when he came upon Mr. Grey again in the hotel office.

"Here's your pay," said that gentle-

man, giving him a bill. I am very glad I met you. You have served me remarkably well."

There was an anxiety in his face and a hurry in his movements which struck Sweetwater.

"Does this mean that you are through with me?" asked Sweetwater. "That you have no further call for my services?"

"Quite so," said the gentleman. "I am going to take the train tonight. I find that I still have time."

Sweetwater began to look alive. Uttering hasty thanks, he rushed away to his own room and, turning on the gas, peeled off the morsel of paper which had begun to dry on his hand. If it should prove to be the blank end of the written part, the one which had fallen to his lot! He was not unused to them.

But he was destined to better luck this time. The written end had indeed disappeared, but there was one word left, which he had no sooner read than he gave a low cry and prepared to leave for New York on the same train as Mr. Grey.

The word was—diamond.

CHAPTER XXI. INDULGED IN some very serious thoughts after Mr. Grey's departure. A fact was borne in upon him to which he had hitherto closed his prejudiced eyes, but which he could no longer ignore, whatever confusion it brought or however it caused him to change his mind on a subject which had formed one of the strongest bases to the argument by which he had sought to save Mr. Durand. Miss Grey cherished no such distrust of her father as in his ignorance of their relations had imputed to her in the early hours of his ministrations. This you have already seen in my account of their parting. Whatever his dread, fear or remorse, there was no evidence that she felt toward him anything but love and confidence. But love and confidence from her to him were in direct contradiction to the doubts I had believed her to have expressed in the half written note handed to Mrs. Fairbrother in the alcove. Had I been wrong, then, in attributing this scrawl to her? It began to look so. Though forbidden to allow her to speak on the one tabooed subject, I had wit enough to know that nothing would keep her from it if the fate of Mrs. Fairbrother occupied any real place in her thoughts.

Yet when the opportunity was given me one morning of settling this fact beyond all doubt I own that my main feeling was one of dread. I feared to see this article in my creed destroyed, lest I should lose confidence in the whole. Yet conscience bade me face the matter boldly, for had I not boasted to myself that my one desire was the truth?

I allude to the disposition which Miss Grey showed on the morning of the third day to do a little surreptitious writing. You remember that a specimen of her handwriting had been asked for by the inspector, and once had been earnestly desired by myself. Now I seemed likely to have it, if I did not open my eyes too widely to the meaning of her seemingly chance requests. A little pencil dangled at the end of my watch chain. Would I hear her see it, let her hold it in her hand for a minute? It was so like one she used to have. Of course I took it off, of course I let her retain it a little while in her hand. But the pencil was not enough. A few minutes later she asked for a book to look at—I sometimes let her look at pictures. But the book bothered her—she would look at it later; would I give her something to mark the place—that postal over there. I gave her the postal. She put it in the book and I, who understood her thoroughly, wondered what excuse she would now find for sending me into the other room. She found one very soon, and with a heavily beating heart I left her with that pencil and postal. A soft laugh from her lips drew me back. She was holding up the postal. "See! I have written a line to him! Oh, you good, good nurse, to let me! You needn't look so alarmed. It hasn't hurt me one bit!"

I knew that it had not; knew that such an exertion was likely to be more beneficial than hurtful to her, or I should have found some excuse for deterring her. I endeavored to make my face more natural. As she seemed to want me to take the postal in my hand I drew near and took it.

"The address looks very shabby," she laughed. "I think you will have to put it in an envelope."

I looked at it—I could not help it—my eye was on me, and I could not even prepare my mind for the shock of seeing it blue or totally unlike the writing of the warning. It was totally unlike so distinctly unlike that it was no longer possible to attribute these lines to her which, according to Mr. Durand's story, had caused Mrs. Fairbrother to take off her diamond.

"Why, why?" she cried. "You actually look pale. Are you afraid the doctor will scold us? It hasn't hurt me nearly so much as lying here and knowing what he would give for one word from me."

"You are right, and I am foolish," I answered with all the spirit left in me. "I should be glad—I am glad that you have written these words. I will copy the address on an envelope and send it out in the first mail."

"Thank you," she murmured, giving me back my pencil with a shy smile. "Now I can sleep. I must have some rest when papa comes home."

And who could fail to have ruddier cheeks than myself, for conscience was working havoc in my breast. The theory I had built up with such care, the theory I had persisted in urging upon the inspector in spite of his reticence, was slowly crumbling to pieces as my mind with the falling of one of

my opportunity was short, but I had time to see two things—first, that the location of his seat had been changed so that his back was to the door leading into the adjoining room; secondly, that this door was ajar. The usual waiter was in the room and showed no surprise at my appearance, I having been careful to have it understood that hereafter Miss Grey's appetite was to be encouraged by having her soup served from her father's table by her father's own hands, and that I should be there to receive it.

"Mr. Grey is coming," said I, approaching the waiter and handing him the stiletto loosely wrapped in tissue paper. "Will you be kind enough to place this at his plate, just as if a man gave it to me for Mr. Grey; said we were to place it there."

The waiter, suspecting nothing, did as he was bidden, and I had hardly time to catch up the tray laden with dishes, which I saw awaiting me on a side table, when Mr. Grey came in and was ushered to his seat.

The soup was not there, but I advanced with my tray and stood waiting—not too near, lest the violent beating of my heart should betray me. As I did so the waiter disappeared and the door behind us opened. Though Mr. Grey's eyes had fallen on the package, and I saw him start, I darted one glance at the room thus disclosed and saw that it held two tables. At one the inspector and some one I did not know sat eating. At the other a man alone, whose back was to us all and who seemed very entirely disconnected with the interests of this tragic moment. All that I saw in an instant—the next my eye was fixed on Mr. Grey's face.

He had reached out his hand to the package, and his features showed an emotion I hardly understood.

(Continued Next Week.)

## MUCH MONEY FOR FOREST RESERVES

OVER TWENTY THOUSAND FOR WILLAMETTE DIVISION OF CASCADE RESERVE SET ASIDE FOR 1908.

Since the creation of the Willamette division of the Cascade forest reserve, under Supervisor C. R. Seitz, whose headquarters are in this city, his office has become quite an important one and there is a force of several persons, including stenographers and draftsmen, employed in the office, which is located in the Beckwith block. Supervisor Seitz not only has charge of the Willamette division of the Cascade reserve but he is supervisor of the entire Tillamook and Umpqua reserves.

The department of agriculture has recently set aside \$21,000 for this division of the Cascade reserve and \$12,000 for the Tillamook and Umpqua reserves to be expended under Mr. Seitz's direction during 1908. The money will be used in building trails, telephone lines and bridges to facilitate the work of the rangers and guards. A large portion of this amount will be expended in Lan county.

Salem, Or., April 29.—The official canvass of returns of the recent primary election was made today. The official count shows that John A. Jeffrey defeated A. J. Derby, for Democratic nomination for congress in the second district, by three votes. The money will be used in building trails, telephone lines and bridges to facilitate the work of the rangers and guards. A large portion of this amount will be expended in Lan county.

Republican—Senator: Calk, 25,738; Fulton, 23,202. Supreme Judge, Bean, 43,297. Dairy and food commissioner—Bately, 30,417; Reid, 14,352. Congressman, First district, Congressman Hawley, 18,425. Congressman, Second district, Ellis, 11,816; Geo. 8,245; Shepard, 8,466. Railroad commissioner, First district, Campbell, 7877; Carter, 6872; Robertson, 3571. Railroad commissioner, Second district, Alchison, 7517; Gaston, 3659; Hamilton, 3339; Hurlbert, 6937; Loucks, 5621; Whiting, 112.

## OFFICIAL COUNT OF PRIMARY ELECTION

Republican—Senator: Calk, 25,738; Fulton, 23,202. Supreme Judge, Bean, 43,297. Dairy and food commissioner—Bately, 30,417; Reid, 14,352. Congressman, First district, Congressman Hawley, 18,425. Congressman, Second district, Ellis, 11,816; Geo. 8,245; Shepard, 8,466. Railroad commissioner, First district, Campbell, 7877; Carter, 6872; Robertson, 3571. Railroad commissioner, Second district, Alchison, 7517; Gaston, 3659; Hamilton, 3339; Hurlbert, 6937; Loucks, 5621; Whiting, 112.

Democratic—Senator, Chamberlain, 6327. Congressman, First district, Whiting, 1264. Congressman, Second district, Jeffrey, 2507; Derby, 2504. Supreme Judge, Bean, 1,073; D'Arcy, 86. Dairy and food commissioner, E. N. Emery, 149; Bailey, 114. Railroad commissioner, First district, R. Robertson, 127. Railroad commissioner, Second district, A. J. McCabe, 209; Oglesby Young, 273.

Certificates certifying that a Socialist assembly, on March 31, nominated Harlin Talbert for railroad commissioner and W. S. Richards for congressman, were presented for filing in the secretary's office, but were not filed because the time for presenting such petitions expired on March 16. Talbert and Richards are also circulating petitions for nomination which can be filed up to May 1.

## CURRENCY BILL MEETS WITH LITTLE FAVOR

Washington, April 30.—The committee on banking and currency held a brief meeting today, and declined to proceed with business for the purpose of taking up the new Vreeland currency bill. The vote for adjournment stood twelve to three, the negative votes being cast by Burton, Weeks and McKinney. It is supposed to represent the strength of the new bill and it is inferred that the measure will be tabled, as was the first Vreeland bill, if it ever reaches a vote in committee.

To Revise Tariff Representative Payne, of New York, chairman of the ways and means committee, introduced a resolution authorizing the committee to sit during the recess of congress to gather such information, through government agents or otherwise, as it may see fit, looking toward the preparation of a bill for revision of the tariff.

Purchase Embassy Homes The house committee on foreign relations has decided to report favorably a bill providing for the purchase abroad of American embassy, legation and consular buildings, and providing that not more than \$1,000,000 be appropriated each year for this purpose. For this year the bill appropriates \$500,000 for the purchase of embassy quarters at Berlin and Mexico City, and \$500,000 to purchase consulars at Shanghai and Yokohama.

## COURT UPHOLDS CALHOUN IN REFUSING ANSWER

San Francisco, April 30.—The trial of T. L. Ford, chief counsel for the United Railroads, accused of offering Former Supervisor Coleman \$1000 to vote for a trolley franchise, as resumed in Judge Lawlor's department of the supreme court this morning. The effort of the prosecution yesterday to obtain evidence from Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railroads, proved futile, owing to the vigorous protests of his attorneys, who claim the prosecution is attempting to secure from his testimony a line on the defense in his own case, which will come up later. The prosecution, however, asserts that it only seeks the truth; that it wants the guiltless freed and the guilty punished.

The court upheld Calhoun in his refusal to answer questions. In the Ford case the people completed its case today by Assistant District Attorney O'Garra offering proof that the prosecution had made due and diligent effort to locate Thernwall Mullally, assistant to President Calhoun, indicted with Ford and Calhoun, in order that the state might use him as a witness against Ford.

The defense offered to place Mullally in the same category as Ford and Calhoun by stipulating that he himself had refused to testify upon the same grounds as the co-defendants. The state would not agree to such stipulation. In the evidence before the jury shows that Mullally is staying out of court and that Ford and Calhoun are refusing to answer questions directed to them on the witness stand.

## JAP CRUISER BLOWS UP WITH HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE

Tokio, April 26.—While the cruiser Matsushima was making its way to the harbor at Makung early today an explosion occurred in the stern magazine, immediately sinking the vessel so that only the bridge was visible. Efforts at rescue by boats from the cruisers Hashidate and Henshin continued until 9 a. m., saving 141 men and officers.

A majority of the officers were not saved, and at the time she went down her crew consisted of 500 men, including 53 cadets, among whom were the sons of Baron Chinda, vice minister of the foreign office, and of Prince Owama, field marshal, who are believed to be lost.

The cause of the explosion is not known.

St. G. Spicer is in the city from Marcola for a few days.

## MAN WHO CAPTURED TRACEY IS DYING

The following dispatch to the Portland Journal from Denver will be of interest to many who remember Tracey, the outlaw, who escaped from the state penitentiary of Oregon:

One of the bravest of the old time officers of the west, E. A. Farnham, of Steamboat Springs, is dying at St. Luke's hospital. His condition is so serious that a telegram has been sent to his wife asking her to make haste to Denver.

It was Mr. Farnham more than anyone else who succeeded in finally ridding Brown's Park of his gang of outlaws. He captured single-handed the outlaw Harry Tracey after Tracey had murdered Valentine Hoy. Tracey afterwards escaped from prison, and in his efforts to avoid arrest killed seven or eight men of the posse who followed him in a perilous hunt through Oregon and Washington.

Finally Tracey was surrounded in a wheat field a few miles from Spokane and killed himself in the night by sending a bullet through his brain.

Farnham has lived in Routt county for a quarter of a century, and his name has been a terror to "bad men." Brown's Park, which is the extreme northwestern corner of Colorado, and adjoining the "hole in the wall" country, where "Butch" Cassidy and his gang so long made their headquarters, was the scene of many of Farnham's exploits. He had no fear, and Cassidy never attempted to cross the line into this state as long as Farnham was the peace officer of Routt county.

Many stories could be told of Farnham's bravery. He was a man of few words and slow to anger, but of great determination. The Hoy, who were among the oldest settlers in the county and of great respectability, were among his friends. Valentine Hoy was killed by Harry Tracey at a watering hole because Tracey, who was then an outlaw, with a price upon his head, feared that Hoy would cause his arrest. Farnham took up the chase at once and did not stop until Tracey's capture. J. C. Hoy, the brother, still lives on the Routt county ranch.

## WILLIAMS POKES FUN AT JOE CANNON

Washington, April 29.—Williams presented a petition signed by 164 of the 166 Democrats composing the minority, and asking the speaker to recognize some of the members of the house to move a discharge of the ways and means committee from any further hearing of the Stevens bill for the removal of the duty on wood pulp and print paper and to pass that bill or a similar one.

Williams said that the only reason he did not have all the Democrats on the petition was that two of them were out of town, but he promised to round them up as soon as they returned. He said that only thirty Republicans were necessary to make the requisite number to pass the bill, and declared that it should be easy to get them together because almost thirty Republicans have introduced free paper bills, "and," he said, "I know every one of you who introduced a bill meant what you said."

He quoted the line from the old hymn, "While the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return."

Williams proceeded:

"If you have in any manner been bulldozed, why, think for a second—think what a short life we have here and how important it is that we should live in this brief day of our time. . . . I express the hope that thirty of you may sign the petition. If you do not like my petition because my name is on it and the names of Champ Clark, Dearmond, Underwood, and Gaines are all these vile publicans and sinners on this side, get up one of your own, I pray you. We can add the two together. If thirty of you sign the speaker cannot refuse you. Together we will then constitute a majority of the house of representatives. Early in the session when the rules were being adopted, the speaker was asked if the majority of the house made a request to the speaker whether the request would be heeded, and his reply, as I remember it, was: 'The majority of the house will always be heeded by the speaker.'"

"So, if you put thirty names to our bill, and constitute 198, a majority of the house, I know that the eminently good-natured man who presides over the house, so tolerant of opposition, so patient whenever there is a stumbling block athwart his pathway, will bow in his most elegant manner, with postulation peculiar of him, and say, 'Gentlemen, the majority of the representatives of the American people have a right to have their say and I will recognize somebody.'"

More Evidence. More evidence to show that there is a combination of paper manufacturers to fix the price of print paper was adduced today before the special committee of the house. Mr. Norris, representative of the Newspaper Publishers' Association, presented numerous letters and documents to bear out this contention. Apparently the committee was particularly impressed with the annual statement of the International Paper Company for the year ending June 30, 1907, showing the increased cost of production of 60 cents per ton as compared with the price of paper of \$12 per ton. Chairman Mann, appreciating the importance of this testimony, announced that he would go to the bottom to ascertain the cause of so large an increase in the price of paper."

## BORN

In Eugene, April 28, 1908, to Carl Schaefer and wife, a son.

## WILL STAY IN THE RACE TILL FINISH

New York, April 30.—"The name of Charles E. Hughes will not be withdrawn from the presidential canvass until the national convention at Chicago has made its choice of a candidate," is the statement made by President Woodford, of the Hughes League of the United States, who presided at a conference of the delegates elected to the national convention from New York state, called for today in the interests of Hughes' candidacy.

## POLITICAL POINTS

Maine and Maryland Republicans have instructed their delegates for Taft.

That between 300 and 400 letters are received daily at the White House urging President Roosevelt to run again is asserted on good authority. These letters come from all parts of the country, it is said, from members of all political parties, and in them ardent arguments are used and writers to induce Mr. Roosevelt to again accept a nomination.

## CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You've Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson

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