

## A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"He is mad," she said. "There is no possible doubt about that; you couldn't live with him a day and doubt it."

"Hereditary, no doubt," Mr. Sabin suggested quietly.

Blanche shrugged her shoulders and leaned back yawning.

"Anyhow," she said, "I've had enough of them all. It has been very tiresome work, and I am sick of it. Give me some money, I want to go to I am going to have a month's holiday."

Mr. Sabin sat down at his desk and drew out a cheque-book.

"There will be no difficulty about the money," he said, "but I cannot spare you for a month. Long before that I must have the rest of this mad-man's figures."

The girl's face darkened.

"Haven't I told you," she said, "that there is not the slightest chance of their taking me back? You might as well believe that. They wouldn't have me, and I wouldn't go."

"I do not expect anything of the sort," Mr. Sabin said. "There are other directions, though, in which I shall require your aid. I shall have to go to Derlingham myself, and as I know nothing whatever about the place you will be useful to me there. I believe that your home is somewhere near there."

"Well?"

"There is no reason, I suppose," Mr. Sabin continued, "why a portion of the vacation you were speaking of should not be spent there?"

"None," the girl replied, "except that it would be deadly dull, and no holiday at all. I should waste my time by it."

Mr. Sabin looked down at the cheque-book which lay open before him.

"It was intended," he said, "to offer you a cheque for fifty pounds. I will make it one hundred, and you will join your family circle, at Fakenham, I believe, in one week from to-day."

The girl made a wry face.

"The money's all right," she said, "but you ought to see my family circle! They are all cracked on farming, from the poor old dad, who loses all his spare cash at the dog track, to the Letty, my youngest sister, who can tell you everything about the last turnip crop. Do ride over and see us! You will find it as amusing."

"I shall be charmed," Mr. Sabin said, "as he commenced filling in the body of the cheque. 'Are all your sisters, may I ask, as delightful as you?'"

She looked at him dreamily.

"Look here," she said, "none of that! Of course you wouldn't come, but in any case I won't have you. The girls are—well, not like me, I'm going to say. I won't have the responsibility of introducing a Mephistopheles into the domestic circle."

"I can assure you," Mr. Sabin said, "that I had no such idea of coming. My visit to Norfolk will be anything but a pleasure trip, and I shall have no time to spare. I believe I have your address, Westacott Farm, Fakenham, is it not? Now do what you like in the meantime, but a week from to-day there will be a letter from me here. Here is the cheque."

The girl rose and shook out her fists.

"Aren't you going to take me anywhere?" she asked. "You might ask to have supper with you to-night."

Mr. Sabin shook his head gently.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I have young lady living with me."

"Oh!"

"She is my niece, and it takes more than my spare time to entertain her," he continued, without noticing the interjection. "You have plenty of friends. Go and look them up and enjoy yourself for a week. I have no heart to go pleasure-making until my work is finished."

She drew on her gloves and walked to the door. Mr. Sabin came with her and opened it.

"I wish," she said, "that I could understand what in this world you are trying to evolve from those rubbishy papers."

He laughed.

"Some day," he said, "I will tell you. But on one condition—never want to be patient a little longer."

"It has been long enough," she exclaimed. "I have had seven months of it."

"And I," he answered, "seven years. Take care of yourself, and remember, I shall want you in a week."

## CHAPTER XI.

The Fruit That is of Gold.

At precisely the hour agreed upon, Harcourt and Denham met in one of the ante-rooms leading into the "Milan" restaurant. They surrendered

their coats and hats to an attendant, and strolled about waiting for Wolfenden. A quarter of an hour passed. The stream of people from the theatres began to grow thinner. Still, Wolfenden did not come. Harcourt took out his watch.

Harcourt returned his watch to his pocket slowly, and without removing his eyes from Denham's face.

"I must wait," he said, "but I shall wait no longer for Wolfenden," he said. "I saw him this afternoon, and he answered me very oddly when I reminded him about to-night. There is such a crowd here, too, that they will not keep our table much longer."

"Let us go in, by all means," Denham agreed. "Wolfenden will easily find us if he wants to."

"You're not looking very fit, old chap," he remarked, "is anything wrong?"

Denham shook his head and turned away.

"I am a little tired," he said. "We've been keeping late hours the last two nights. There's nothing the matter with me, though. Come, let us go in."

Harcourt linked his arm in Denham's. The two men stood in the doorway.

"I have not asked you yet," Harcourt said, in a low tone. "What fortune?"

Denham laughed a little bitterly.

"I will tell you all that I know presently," he said.

"You have found out something, then?"

"I have found out," Denham answered, "all that I care to know. I have found out so much that I am leaving England within a week!"

Harcourt looked at him curiously.

"Poor old chap," he said softly. "I had no idea that you were so hard hit as all that, you know."

They passed through the crowded room to their table. Suddenly Harcourt stopped short and laid his hand upon Denham's arm.

"Look at that!" No wonder we had to wait for Wolfenden!"

Mr. Sabin and his niece were occupying the same table as at the previous night, only this time they were not alone. Wolfenden was sitting there between the two. At the moment of their entrance he and the girl were laughing together. Mr. Sabin, with the air of one wholly detached from his companions, was calmly proceeding with his supper.

"I understand now," Harcourt whispered, "what Wolfenden meant this afternoon. When I reminded him about to-night, he laughed and said, 'Well, I shall see you, at any rate! I thought it was odd at the time. I wonder how he managed it?'"

Denham made no reply. The two men took their seats in silence. Wolfenden was sitting with his back half turned to them, and he had not noticed their entrance. In a moment or two, however, he looked round, and, seeing them, leaned over towards the girl and apparently asked her something. She nodded, and he immediately left his seat and joined them.

There was a little hesitation, almost awkwardness in their greetings. No one knew exactly what to say.

"You fellows are rather late, aren't you?" Wolfenden remarked.

"We were here punctually enough," Harcourt replied, "but we have been waiting for you nearly a quarter of an hour."

"I am sorry," Wolfenden said. "The fact is I ought to have left my work to come in, but I quite forgot it. I took it for granted that you would look into the room when you found that I was behind time."

"Well, it isn't of much consequence," Harcourt declared, "we are here now, at any rate, although it seems that after all we are not to have supper together."

Wolfenden glanced rapidly over his shoulder.

"You understand the position, of course," he said. "I need not ask you to excuse me."

Harcourt nodded.

"Oh, we'll excuse you, by all means; but on one condition—never want to know all about it. Where can we see you afterwards?"

"At my rooms," Wolfenden said, "but I shall be returning home at the other table."

Denham had made no attempt whatever to join in the conversation. Once his eyes had met Wolfenden's, and it seemed to him that there was a certain understanding there which needed some explanation. It was not an error—it certainly was

not envy. Wolfenden was puzzled—he was even disturbed. Had Denham discovered anything further than he himself knew about this man and the girl? What did he mean by looking at him as though the key to this mysterious situation was in his hands, and as though he had nothing but pity for the only one of the trio who had met with any success? Wolfenden resumed his seat with an uncomfortable conviction that Denham knew more than he did about these people whose guest he had become, and that the knowledge had dampened all his hopes.

There was a cloud upon his face for a moment. The exuberance of his happiness had received a sudden check. Then the girl spoke to him, and the memory of Denham's unspoken warning passed away. He looked at her long and intently, but her face was as innocent and proud as the face of a child. She was unconscious even of his close scrutiny.

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upon her lips. Yet her eyes were very sad.

"You have heard what my inexorable guardian has said, Lord Wolfenden," she answered quietly. "I am afraid he is right. We are wanderers, he and I, with no settled home."

"I shall venture to hope," he said boldly, "that some day you will make one in England."

A tinge of color flashed into her cheeks. Her eyes danced with amusement at his audacity—then they suddenly dropped, and she caught up the folds of her gown.

"Ah, well," she said, demurely, "that would be too great a happiness. Farewell! One never knows."

She yielded at last to Mr. Sabin's cold impatience, and, turning away, followed him down the staircase. Wolfenden remained at the table until she had passed out of sight; he lingered even for a moment or two afterwards, inhaling the faint, subtle perfume which reminded him of an orchard of pink and white apple blossoms in Normandy. Then he turned back, and finding Harcourt and Denham lingering over their coffee, sat down beside them.

(To be continued.)

## BILL NYE'S JOKE.

It Made a Good Deal of Trouble for Hermann.

When Bill Nye, in collaboration with J. S. Whitcomb Riley, was touring the country as a lecturer, he stopped at a well-known Chicago hotel one evening, and was escorted to a place in the big room directly across the table from a dark man with heavy black mustaches and a Mephistophelean goatee.

Nye recognized the old acquaintance as Hermann, the dogmatic, but beyond a quizzical stare gave no sign that he knew the eminent prestidigitator. Hermann was very well aware that the bald man opposite him was Bill Nye, but did not indicate his recognition. In spite of this Hermann had, in fact, prepared a little surprise for his audience, and several others seated at the table were in the secret.

Nye was about to lance a leaf from his said, when he espied, lying beneath it, a superb and scintillating diamond, set in a very fine gold ring. Without showing the least surprise he lifted the ring from the salad bowl, slipped it on his finger, conscious all the while that every eye was upon him, and, turning to Riley, who sat next to him, remarked, with his dry, incisive drawl:

"Strange how careless I am getting to be in my old age. James, I am forever leaving my jewelry in unlikely places."

Hermann was dumfounded at the sudden manner in which the trick had miscarried, but he was destined for a still greater shock, for when the darkly waiting who presided over the table brought on the next course, Nye turned to him and, soberly handing him the gem set ring, said:

"You are a very good waiter, Joe."

"Yes, sah, I guess I am," replied the waiter, who was a real good waiter, Joe."

"I believe you, I believe you, and as an evidence of my faith in you I want you to accept this little trifle. Wear it, and always remember the service you most appreciated your services."

The darky's eyes bulged. Hermann's fork rattled to the floor, and he gazed at his great mustachios, but he was far too clever to cut in with an explanation at such an inopportune moment. There were half-suppressed titters all around the table, and the rest of the meal, which the professor of the occult art did not appear to enjoy. At a late hour that night Hermann was heard in loud argument with the dusky waiter, who was trying to explain to two languages to convince him that it was all a joke on the part of Mr. Nye.

Finally, after discharging a tip of more than customary liberality, Hermann got back his ring. He afterward avowed that the stone alone was worth \$2,000, and that Bill Nye's remark was a practical joke of a grinning mental had spoiled a whole evening's performance in legdom.

## Grand Trunk Engines.

Advices have been received at the head offices of the Grand Trunk Railway Company from the Montreal division, that the new engines, now being completed at Point St. Charles, will be put into service on the western and middle divisions of the system, where by the improvements made on the roadbed, it is possible to increase the trainloads from 25 to 33 per cent.

The twelve engines mentioned in the foregoing together with the twenty-four of the same series now being completed at Point St. Charles, will be put into service on the western and middle divisions of the system, where by the improvements made on the roadbed, it is possible to increase the trainloads from 25 to 33 per cent.

The engines are of the "big class," similar to the moguls built at the company's Point St. Charles shops. They were designed by Mr. C. W. Rogers, and are of the "big class," similar to the moguls built at the company's Point St. Charles shops. They were designed by Mr. C. W. Rogers, and are of the "big class," similar to the moguls built at the company's Point St. Charles shops.

The girl had been gazing steadily at the grapes that lay unheeded upon her plate, and Wolfenden glanced towards her in vain; now, however, she looked up and, with a startled expression, her eyes met his. Her pale face was, and how suddenly serious!

"Do not take my uncle too literally," Lord Wolfenden, she said softly. "I hope that we shall meet again some time, if not often. I should be very sorry not to think so. We owe you so much."

There was an added warmth in those last few words, a subtle light in her eyes. Was she indeed a past mistress in all the arts of seduction, or was there not some message for him in that lowered tone and softened glance? He sat spellbound for a moment. Her bosom was certainly rising and falling more quickly. The pearls at her throat quivered. Then Mr. Sabin's voice, cold and displeased, dissolved the situation.

"I think, Helene, if you are ready, we had better go," he said. "It is nearly half-past twelve, and we shall escape the crush if we leave at once."

She stood up silently, and Wolfenden, with slow fingers, raised her from the back of the chair and covered her shoulders. She thanked him softly, and, turning away, walked down the room, followed by the two men. In the ante-room Mr. Sabin stopped.

"My watch," he remarked, "was fast. You will have time after all for a cigarette with your friends. Good night."

Wolfenden had no alternative but to accept his dismissal. A little white hand, flashing with jewels, but shapely and delicate, stole out from the darkness, and he held it within his for a second.

"I hope," he said, "that at an early hour you will be able to call and say good-bye before you leave England."

## BRITISH GROWN GREEN TEAS FROM CEYLON AND INDIA

ARE CLEAN AND PURE. JAPAN'S ARE COLORED WITH WHAT? THINK! If you want pure, wholesome and economical tea, either green or black, use only

## CEYLON AND INDIA TEA.

## THE SATIATED GLOBE TROTTER

Once there was a cold-blooded tourist who had been Everywhere and seen Everything. His Suit-Case was Packed with Foreign Labels.

He knew more about the Old World than does the Wise German who writes the Baedeker Guide-Books and can tell you the price of a Schnitzel at the most remote Hostelry in the Duchy of Bratwurst.

He has seen so many sights that now nothing could move him. Everything under the Shining Canopy had become Dull and Ordinary. He was a Track-Sore Performer, who had overlooked nothing except the North and the South Poles and a few Whistling-Ports on the Jerk-Water Division of the Fremont and Elkhorn.

When this Case-Hardened Traveler came back to the Island-Town in which his Family had been set up as the Sacred White Cow for several generations, it was not because the Burg appealed to him, but because he had Done the World so Thoroughly that all Towns looked alike to him. It would be a case of Vegetating whether he squatted in Vienna or Council Bluffs.

For he had run the Gamut of Excitement and was Caloused as a Stevedore. What he had been Through would make a Jules Verne Narrative sound like one of the Elsie Books written for the cultured little Girls of Cambridge, Mass.

He had been mixed up in so many Stirring Adventures that it was about a Tie between him and Roosevelt.

He had fought Bulls in Seville and Hunted Big Game in India. He had been Shipwrecked in the South Seas and escaped over the Coral Reefs with the Man-Eating Sharks nibbling at his Toes. The Worst Pirates had given him the run in China. He had stopped a Grizzly Bear in the Rockies and Perforated two Badgers in Wyoming and put the Black Shroud on the Wheel at Monte Carlo and broken Window Glass at Port Said, and now he returned to his Old Home, that had no Attractions except a Free Reading Room and a Basket Ball Team.

He felt that he had Played his String and gone his Length. He was what one might term a Bore, although it is not hard to be a Bore in a town which pronounces it Bize.

He seldom came off the High Horse or let down from the Pose. He did not condescend to the Humble Joys of Middle Class Americans. It was a Matter of Pride with him that his Pulse never Jiggled and his Temperament never scotched up to Fever.

When the Whole Country was Having its Quadrennial Epileptic Convulsion, known as the National Campaign, he did not so much as remember the Names of the Candidates.

He went to an Arena to see a Championship Battle between two Grand Little Boys who did 133 at the Ringing. It was a Twenty Round Quarrel, full of Gore and Knock-Downs, but it never gave him a Tingle. While the Saloon Men were shaking to the Paralyzing Beats his Black off and jam him in the Kisser the Jaded Traveller sat and read a little book of Sonnets that he had Picked up in London. After the Kid had carried out of the Ring looking like a Hamburger Steak the Globe-Trotter looked up Wearily and asked what the Score was. It was some 3-0 to the Kid.

Even at a Football Game he was as calm as a Graven Image. He never Batted an Eye when the Peerless H-I-B-B went down the field like a forked Flash of Lightning, leaving the Gridiron strewn with writhing Giants who were sure to get their Pictures in the Paper, with a Toss-up between the Chicago Column and the Sporting Page. At the Supreme Moment, when the Hero threw himself catapillar across the Linear of White-wash, and ten thousand Partisans got up their Hind Legs and yowled like Coyotes and the Girls squealed and fell between the Chairs and loosened their Back Hair, it was then that the Hun Ice-Box sat there regarding his Finger Nails and wearing the small dry Smile of the Chap who is Breadfully Bored.

He was undisturbed by the Champion Wet Blanket. It seemed that nothing short of Electrocutation would have sent a Thrill up the Back of his Neck. He could lean up against a Hot Water Pipe and have it Stone Cold on the Count of Ten.

He had what People who know a little French call an Awful Case of the Ennui. Nothing interested him and nothing displeased him. He was the Supreme Indifferent. He was the kind that gets up and Saunters out of the Theatre when all of the Commemorative Goose Pimples are up and down them and their Eyes bulging out, wondering whether the Heroine is going to Come Back at the Nobleman with a Dirk or accept the Money and Fly with him.

One Evening he went to a Party because it was too much Trouble to send Regrets. He sized up the Assemblage with a Fishy Eye while seated on a Moorish Divan, while in Grand Rapids, Mich. Near him sat a Young Thing with a Baby Stare, whose Brain-Throbs ran about four to the Minute. Her Photograph may be seen in front of any Gallery. She was not a Worth-Beater as to Shape, Style, or General Get-up. She was Young, but not too Young. The Market Man would have called her a good sizable Broiler.

The Globe-Trotter had seen who Flashed of the Same Kind coming out of Candy Stores and Wednesday Matinees. In Budapest and Paris he had passed up dozens who had her beaten a Block. And yet she was it.

She sort of scrouged over to make room for other Young People, and

her Elbow happened to touch lightly the Dress Coat of the Cold Storage Proposition. He felt a couple of Volts enter his System, and he began to Curl like an Autumn Leaf.

He had heard through Manganotania and Matabeleland for a New Sensation without getting it, but he found it good and plenty then and there on the queer Sofa. He had heard of the Magnificent Girl, the Georgia Wonder, but he had not believed that any living Maiden could send the Current crackling into him, for he was a Non-Conductor, and insulated besides. But little Daisy, the Coming-Out Girl, did the Trick with-

He started to talk to her, but it was Goodbye to the Careless Ease of Manner, for he was in a Trance, out an Effort.

She held up a Button on his Coat and looked up into his Eyes and chirped about the Favors and the Wax on the floor, and he felt himself wafted away on a fleecy Cloud, with two thousand Angels hovering over him and playing Rag-Time on jeweled Mandolins. He, the Cast-Iron Veteran, who had braved the dark Women pinning on Distant Shores, because he would not Warm Up, and whose Pride and Boast it had been that nothing could Jar him, was now scally-hooped to the Queen's Taste, with his Nervous System full of Hard Knots.

The Pulse pounded like a Steam Riveter. Every Chamberlain in the Room became a revolving Pin-Wheel. Some one had built a fire under him, and he was slowly Broiling in an Agony of Confused Happiness. She treated him to more White-Hot Emotions in Ten Minutes than he had found in Years of Travel.

All that Night he followed Daisy around like a Trained Bull Terrier. When he saw her dancing with venal Sophomores and pinning Flowers on them, he went out into the Conservatory, where he upset Flower Pots and gnawed the Geraniums in Ten Minutes than he had found in Years of Travel.

Next Day he wrote a Note and sent Orchids and called her up on the Phone and walked past the House two or three times. He could not Eat, and he had to put Cold Water on his Temples and take Nerve Food.

He called every Evening unless he headed him off with some Excuse. Usually he found her with several Half-Baked Johnnies, whose Conversation was on the Order of a Colored Supper. He was Appalled to learn that Daisy regarded them as Funny. Daisy did not care whether a Man had been around the World or only as far as Indianapolis, so long as he could spring Jokes that would make her Giggle.

The Man of the World was in a Fine Box. Like the Fellow in the Song, he couldn't tell why he loved her, but he did. He loved her so hard that he looked wild out of the Eyes and went around with his Hair mussed up, which was very Amusing to little Daisy, for she could not see him at all except as a Good Thing when she ran short on Violets and Chocolate Creams.

His Record as a Teller did not make him any Stronger with her. The Applomb that comes from meeting the Rippling Swells on the Continent never Touched her at all. She simply wanted a nice, gabby Boy who could take a Firm Hold and do the Two-Step for Hours at a time.

The Globe-Trotter went Nanny. He followed her in the Street and tried to scare her into an acceptance by threatening to Shoot himself. Whenever he broke into the House he wanted to lean against her and Cry. He got to a Post and they had to Blacklist him.

On the Day that Daisy married the Low Comedian of the Amateur Dramatic Club, the Globe-Trotter tried to jump off of the Railroad Bridge. His Hair turned White in Six Months. At present he lives as a Hermit in the Old Manse, but sometimes he is encountered late at night lurching to himself.

Moral—Somewhere there is a Daisy, waiting with a Battery up her Sleeve.—George Ade.

Ancient Archives.

While repairing the tower of an old church at Cassanay, near Lausanne, a workman found a casket in a secret compartment which contained manuscripts dating as far back as 1435. Two of the manuscripts are written in Latin, and refer to the Burgundians, who then were in Switzerland. The other manuscripts are written in French and date of 1708. They have been forwarded to the museum at Bern to be carefully examined.

Crusade by Song.

The famous singer, Mme. Lily Lehmann, recently offered to sing before the girls at the Livingston College, New Brunswick, on condition that they promised never again to adorn their hats with feathers. The girls, without exception, have sworn to discard plumage for all time.—"Aftonblad," Stockholm.

Why Limp About

With painful corns? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will remove them painlessly in a few days. Use the safe, sure, and painless corn cure—Putnam's Corn Extractor. At druggists.

A man's sweetheart who weighs 138 pounds and who (he claims) is "worth her weight in gold" could be sold at the mint, if converted into yellow metal, for \$29,000.

Anger is like rain; it breaks itself upon that on which it falls.—Clarendon.

Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an incurable Throat Trouble or Consumption. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing excels this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

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