

# STORIES OF THE SECRET SERVICE

## The Bothamley Murder Mystery

Being an Account of the Efforts Made by This Government to Bring to Justice the Murderer of Clement L. Bothamley, an Englishman Killed in Kansas.

By CAPTAIN PATRICK D. TYRRELL

(Copyright, 1905, by Marion G. Schettlin.) There is an old country proverb to the effect that "Tomstones never lie." In an obscure spot in an old cemetery at Newton, Kan., is a grave at the head of which stands a small marble slab bearing these words:

In memory of BERTHA L. BOTHAMLEY, Beloved wife of Clement L. Bothamley.

Contrary to the old saying, this tombstone lies, but it is a lie that will be forgiven its author because it was engraved in marble to cover the sin of a woman. The rearing of this modest marble slab marked the close of one chapter in a tragedy that had its scenes laid in two continents, ran the whole scale of human emotions and ended in murder.

It is seldom that an operative in the secret service of the United States is selected to unravel crimes other than those against the currency of the country. My connection with the Bothamley case came about through a request made by James J. Brooks, at that time chief of the secret service for the federal department of justice. John W. Carr, secretary of the British Association of Kansas, had written to the British ambassador at Washington, asking that he solicit the aid of this government in clearing up the murder of a countryman and securing the conviction of the murderer or murderers. Chief Brooks assigned me to the work because the crime had been committed in territory with which I had become familiar in the constant search for counterfeiters.

It often happens that the man who makes the unraveling of crimes a profession is called upon to take a case long after the commission of the crime he is detailed to solve. Such tasks are the most difficult in the detective's calling. Time is the criminal's strongest ally. This is illustrated almost daily in our criminal courts, in prosecutions which fail to result in convictions at the first trial. Before a second trial can be held some witnesses die or disappear, the recollection of others loses its clearness and various considerations in favor of the accused appear. These same considerations work to the advantage of a criminal before the case gets into the courts. This digression applies aptly to the strange case I am about to relate. Had the same efforts been made in the early part of a certain October as were started the latter part of the following January I am convinced that the closing scene of this story would have been laid at the scaffold. Had certain significant incidents in the domestic history of a man and his wife in a small Dakota hamlet been carefully investigated several months before I was called upon to go over them, I am certain they would have led to startling revelations that would have proved one murder and prevented another.

Briefly stated, the mystery before me was the murder of Clement L. Bothamley, a good-looking, middle-aged Englishman, wealthy as riches were computed in the west at that time, and while on his way over the Arbutuckle trail from Kansas to Texas, with 2,300 sheep. The Arbutuckle trail was one of those great highways of the plains that then served the nomadic cowboy, sheepherder and immigrant as wagon road and railroad combined. Its winding course from Caldwell, Kan., to Fort Reno, Indian Territory, was dotted on either side with lonely graves, unmarked, and in most instances spelling "Anis" to one of life's tragedies. In such a grave the body of Bothamley had been buried the same day he was found dead, his final resting place being near a small post known by the grotesque appellation of "Skeleton ranch."

This border country was plagued by murderous Indians and white desperadoes, one as much to be feared by

the peaceful settlers as the other, and each willing to cut a throat or use the deadly six-shooter at the slightest prospect of gain.

Three months or more had elapsed between the murder of the Englishman and the time I was assigned to the clearing up of the case, and this made it necessary for me to secure all the data concerning the finding of the body and the incidents attending it at second hand. Fortunately, a 17-year-old boy, Wesley Vetter by name, who had been in the employ of the murdered man, was in Wichita and disposed to tell an unvarnished tale of the circumstances surrounding the death of his employer. With this aid I visited the scene of the murder, 70 miles from Caldwell. This visit resulted in nothing except the fixing in my mind of the events as related by Vetter.

To reduce the statements of his Kansas friends to a connected history, Clement L. Bothamley had arrived in Florence, Kan., some months before the murder in company with a stately, handsome woman, whom he introduced as his wife. While the appearance of two personages of such evident distinction and wealth at the frontier town would naturally excite unusual interest at any time, the advent of a Bothamley was an uncommonly memorable event, owing to the fact that their luggage consisted of 31 trunks, to say nothing of innumerable boxes and portmanteaux. Bothamley's manner was that of a lord, and his companion indicated plainly by her hauteur of manner that her new environment was far different from that to which she had been accustomed. In his talks with Florence people Bothamley was a native of London, who, with his wife, was seeking a home in frontier America. He talked of cattle and sheep raising as his intended vocation. Attempts to learn more of him than he told in a business way were futile. After two weeks he moved from Florence to Newton, soon after moving to a ranch of 640 acres several miles from the town.

Two months after his arrival at Newton his companion died in child-



THEIR LUGGAGE CONSISTED OF THIRTY-ONE TRUNKS.

birth and was buried there. As there was no reason to doubt the truth of his claim that the woman was his wife, she was buried as such, and he assumed custody of her personal effects, including a \$3,000 pair of diamond bracelets and other jewelry and wearing apparel, amounting to much more in value. Despite the distance at which Bothamley had always kept his neighbors and the reticence he practiced in regard to his personal affairs, there was a wave of sympathy for him at the death of his wife. He retired to his ranch, went in for raising of sheep, and, in a measure, dropped from view. Throughout that section of Kansas there were several of Bothamley's countrymen engaged in the same occupation he had taken up. One of these was William H. Phillips, who was made the administrator of Bothamley's estate after the murder, and who told me that Bothamley's connections in his native country were high. Later, among his effects we found a uniform of an officer in the yeoman cavalry, which had been his, together with other evidences of his former prominent position in England.

According to the story of Vetter, who was employed at the Bothamley ranch, his master announced one day in the summer that he was going to Newton to meet his sister, who was coming out from England. On his return he was accompanied by a petite, brown-haired, blue-eyed young woman of about 25, whom he introduced to the men at the ranch as his sister, Bertha Bothamley. The pair lived at the ranchhouse as brother and sister, and the current of affairs ran smoothly until Bothamley decided to move to Texas, where, he claimed, he had a brother. Arrangements were quickly made for the trip. The outfit consisted of 2,300 head of sheep, four yoke of oxen, some horses, a buggy and a wagon boxed in with ceiling. This wagon had been used by an itinerant daguerrotypist. The house part was seven feet high and wide and ten feet long. It was supposed to furnish shelter for Bothamley's sister and to protect the owner of the outfit from

making to capture one or more for the New York zoological park.

Under the Machine. Redd—Were you at the chauffeurs' dinner? Greene—Yes; it was great. They had the table made to look exactly like an automobile. "Is that right?" "And say, that's not all that made it look realistic! Why, a lot of the chauffeurs were under the table!"—Yonkers Statesman.

wet weather, as he suffered from rheumatism. The start was made the latter part of August, with Vetter and another man, William Dodson, to help care for the sheep. Little progress was made at first, as Bothamley was attacked with rheumatism and had to be taken back for treatment. October found the outfit at Hackberry creek, on the Arbutuckle trail, the scene of the murder.

Vetter and Dodson seldom slept more than 125 feet from the car, the woman sleeping on a raised couch in the car and Bothamley on a "shakedown" on the floor, or in the covered buggy close by. Early in the morning of October 7 Dodson and Vetter, who, contrary to their custom, had gone to sleep some distance from the car, were aroused by cries from the woman, who was rushing toward them.

"Something awful has happened at the car," she cried. She was much excited and dazed, complaining that "something ailed her head." Vetter immediately went back to the car, found the door shut and returned to the others without attempting to investigate. The woman urged Dodson to go to the car. He opened the door and saw Bothamley lying on the blankets on the floor, dead. A bullet hole under the right eye told the manner of his death.

When Dodson informed the woman that Bothamley was dead she became hysterical and wept violently. Dodson saddled a horse and rode several miles to the camp of a man named Collins. Bothamley's body was prepared for burial, the funeral taking place the same day at Skeleton ranch, with the woman, Dodson, Vetter and Collins in attendance. The next morning Dodson and the woman washed the blood stains from the bedclothes. After three days, during which Bothamley's supposed sister said she had written to England concerning the death of her brother, preparations were made to continue the journey to Texas.

Meanwhile, however, news of the finding of Bothamley's body had traveled over the thinly settled country and reached the ears of the Indian police, the regularly constituted constabulary of the Indian Territory. Just as the outfit was about to move on the woman and the two men were taken into custody by the Indian police and sent to the Wichita jail pending an investigation of the murder. All three stoutly protested innocence. There was no general belief that either of the men had any guilty knowledge of the crime, but many thought the woman had committed the murder. This remained to be proved or disproved.

Eliminating the possible guilt of the murdered man's supposed sister, the most tenable theory of the affair was suicide. This was the belief held by those who did not think the little, mild-mannered woman guilty. Steps were immediately taken to learn Bothamley's history, and this investigation was not without results. Through different agencies it was found first that Bothamley had deserted his wife and two children in London, and second, that the woman with whom he first came to Kansas was not his wife, but a Mrs. Harriet Miller, an English woman of wealth and position, who had deserted her husband in London in order to flee with Bothamley to a country where they could continue their guilty love affair without the ostracism and punishment with which they would have met in their native land. They burned all their bridges behind them, and started their new life in a spot where it was not customary to pry too deeply into the affairs of one's neighbors. Then death took a hand. Thousands of miles from the home she had deserted for love of another woman's husband Mrs. Miller died and was buried under the name of the man for whom she had sacrificed all.

[To Be Continued.]

**Japs Take Honors.** Five American youths in the University of California flunked an examination, but the Japanese who waited on their table passed the course with high honors. The Japs must go.

**Thibetan Exhibit.** The Colonial exposition at the Crystal palace, says L'Intransigeant, of Paris, will contain a remarkably curious section, that of Thibet, in which will be seen the collection of Col. Waddell, one of the leaders of the recent English filibustering expedition to Lhasa. From this collection may be learned all the details of the temples, palaces and convents of what has hitherto been a city of impenetrable mystery.

## GIRL'S ALLOWANCE

GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO BE ABLE TO SPEND MONEY FOOLISHLY.

The Girl with an Allowance Learns to Be Practical and Independent—The Sum Should Be Moderate, But Ample to Cover Necessary Expenses—Handle Your Allowance in a Business-Like Way—The "Amiable Borrowing" of a Boarding-School Girl—Every Girl Should Have Her Charities.

BY MARGARET E. BANGSTER. (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) If I had my way I would give every girl a moderate allowance in cash to cover her expenses by the week or the month. Please notice, girls, the force of the adjective. I would not bestow on a schoolgirl so much money that she would be prompted to rush wildly off to spend her little fortune the moment she received it, nor that she could buy all the sweets she craved, or even take unlimited rides in trolley cars, or indulge in any other pastime to her heart's content.

Nothing is so bad for most of us as to be able to gratify every wish without some self-denial. Whether you know it or not, the greatest misfortune that can befall a young girl when she is growing up is to be able to spend money foolishly just because there is pleasure in the spending. To be sure there is a good deal of excitement in going into a shop and buying pretty things right and left, and once in a while it is a satisfaction to be just a little bit extravagant. But the one thing beyond others that you need to know, and the one habit you ought to acquire before you are much older, is that of living well within your income, whatever it is.

A girl who has an allowance has an income, and she is therefore on exactly the same plane, so long as she does not exceed it, as the woman who has a deep purse and counts her wealth by millions. A girl without an allowance is a pensioner. Her father, her mother, her guardian will be most reluctant to put the little daughter in that position. Nevertheless, she is a pensioner. Sometimes, on birthdays or at Christmas, her pocketbook is well filled; sometimes when she looks especially pretty or has taken honors in school, or her father is in a very bouillotte mood, he throws her a bill or a coin of gold, and she is temporarily rich. But her lot is not so enviable as that of her friend who has something regular on which she can count, and whose spending money is neither doled out in dribs and drabs or flung out by the handful, but given her in a business-like way on the first of the month, or perhaps every fortnight.

If I were you and were living in the beautiful season where the years are approaching the teens, or under 18, I would persuade the powers that be to give me an allowance.

Some parents begin when their children are very small, and the first allowance is only a few cents a week. This is gradually increased as the children grow older. A girl of 12 should, if possible, have a weekly or monthly allowance, large enough to pay her car fares and traveling expenses back and forth to school or town, to pay for her stationery, pens and pencils, to cover little presents she wishes to give, and dainty articles for her toilet, and to purchase the trifles such as ruching, ribbons and bits of embroidery which make the delicate finishings of a young girl's dress. It might and should also include enough to buy stockings, handkerchiefs and other requisites of the wardrobe.

If a girl has been carefully instructed in the art of spending money, by the time she is 15 she should be able to select her own clothes and take entire charge of the outfit for frocks, wraps, hats and shoes. Few girls are taught this art as they should be. It is at least as important as music or French.

A girl away at boarding school usually has an allowance which is deposited with the principal of the school, and on which she is allowed to draw as she would on a sum in bank. She often has a bank book and a check book, and learns practically how to keep accounts and manage her small affairs to advantage.

The daughters of a certain well-known financier have their allowance paid them quarterly. It is by no means immense, although it is ample to cover the requisites of young women in the society of a small town. Should they spend the entire amount the first day after receiving it, no more money would be forthcoming from papa's millions until quarter day should come round again. This is an important lesson, and she is to have an allowance. Parents must not be too ready to make up a deficit.

A frugal girl contrives to have something left untouched on the last day of the month. An improvident girl often so deeply in debt that her money is anticipated and she has to pay it all out almost as soon as it is in her hands, which is a very bad way of getting along.

If you are permitted to have an allowance, confer with your father and understand precisely what you are to do with it. Then make up your mind firmly that you will never overrun the sum in your pocketbook by so much as five cents. Provide yourself with a black book or pencil. You do not need an elaborate system of book-keeping, but put down carefully and legibly every day all that you have spent, and subtract the sum from your total. I need not tell you to pay as you go. You will find it at once the safest, most convenient and most satisfactory method of managing money. Do not be too ready to borrow or to lend. A girl should never borrow if she can help herself, and while she should not be mean and grudging, she should beware of loose lending.

Myra, a girl friend of mine, was a student at a fashionable school. She had only a small allowance, but it was punctiliously sent for by her father, and as she had been trained in businesslike ways, she always had money in her purse. Just across the corridor there roomed a girl who dressed with

great elegance and had an air of boundless wealth. This girl, who was very sweet and attractive in manner, had a fatal chronic habit of amiable borrowing, and was very slow in paying her debts. She gradually used up the patience of most of her classmates, who learned to be shy of listening to her honeyed pleadings. But Myra did not know her and was rather flattered when Lucy came flying in impulsive and smiling, begging for a loan which took nearly every cent from Myra's little hoard. The money was to be returned in a day or two, but weeks passed and Lucy said nothing about reimbursement. Meanwhile Myra, the honorable, was in the depths of despair and in the greatest inconvenience. She never forgot afterward to be very careful to whom she made loans.

One more suggestion. It is as much a duty to those who need it as it is not a duty foolishly to loan money. Every young girl should have her charities. There are other girls in the world who need assistance. There are causes very dear to us. We wish as a matter of course to use money in our church work. To do this in the best way we must do it according to system, and a fixed proportion of every one's allowance should be put aside and held as a sacred trust because it is to be devoted to some unselfish purpose. For the rest, beware of having holes in your pockets. Some people have a purse which is very much like what the Bible describes as a bag with holes. Do not let outgo creep beyond income. Be just first and afterward be generous. Regard money as an opportunity which must be put to good account.

## A NOVEL PINCUSHION.

May Be Constructed at Little Outlay of Money and the Result Be Quite Satisfactory.



AN UNCOMMON DESIGN.

This is a quaint little cushion for the toilet table that would make an acceptable present, and would find a ready sale at bazaars. It is quite inexpensive to make; all the materials needed would be a few odds and ends of silk or muslin, some bran, and a small doll. The legs should be cut off at the waist, and a round cushion substituted. This may be sewn or glued to the body. Having dressed the doll in the fashion indicated with voluminous sleeves and skirt, the edge of the latter should be gathered and drawn closely together beneath the cushion. Small cushions should also be made to place round the arms to fill out the wide sleeves, which are gathered below the elbow to form a frill.

## "SOME BEAUTY DON'TS."

- Don't wrinkle your brows with every word spoken and expect the facial massage to remove them permanently in one hour's time.
- Don't worry or cry unnecessarily. Worry makes wrinkles. Tears dull the eyes, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press.
- Don't have a wrinkled face. It is as unnecessary as a wrinkled gown.
- Don't wash your face with soap, unless you want wrinkles.
- Don't chew gum. It is unsightly and vulgar, as well as a rapid wrinkle producer.
- Don't twist the mouth to one side in talking and fondly imagine that it makes the face more expressive.
- Don't expect the coat of tan which has been accumulating for weeks, to disappear without some effort on your part.
- Don't neglect the daily warm bath. It is a beautifier as well as a health giver.
- Don't neglect to ventilate your sleeping room, and the daily airing of the living room, if you desire a good complexion.
- Don't press out blackheads with the finger nails, unless you want to enlarge the pores.
- Don't be surprised if you have blackheads and pimples, if you eat pastry and confectionery every day in the week.
- Don't neglect to have the hands well groomed if you wear costly rings.
- Don't bite your nails. It hopelessly destroys the shapeliness of the fingertips, is uncleanly, and detrimental to the health.
- Don't neglect the daily care of the hair. Cleanliness is quite as essential for the hair as for the body.
- Don't arrange your hair like your friends, unless it also suits the contour of your face.
- Don't sacrifice your eyes to vanity. If you need glasses, wear them. The effort to do without them makes countless wrinkles, and gives more the appearance of age than do the glasses.

## Corset Skirt.

The thin sister is again deferred to in the form taken on by the new tightness of fashion, just as she has been by her former "dippy" and blouse effects. The corset skirt, which comes as a welcome change, is a step toward returning to the "fines" heretofore obscured, but it is a step only, as it is cut at present so as to stop short after revealing hips and waist line. To-day, however, the thin woman with her small waist and moderate hips, can appear at her best in the corset skirt, while her too thin arms and shoulders are prettily decorated and fluffed out in any style she pleases, for the point about this skirt is the contrast from the bust downward and from the bust upward, unless the corset skirt be shown on a severe tailor model. Even then it is generally completed by a little gracefully cut bolero. It is a fashion which looks equally well for the simplest of morning frocks and for the fullest of evening gowns. It is becoming to the large but shapely figure, but must be passed over by the woman who tends to spread out about the hips.

## PARKING PERSONALITIES.

Edward B. Ross, one of the best persons in the service of the United States, has been selected to engross the treaty of peace between Russia and Japan. He has written many of the recent important state papers drawn up by the department of state.

Mrs. R. F. Herrick, mother of the governor of Ohio, who has lived in California for 45 years, is much interested in anthropology. At a meeting in San Francisco several days ago of the American Anthropological association she read a paper on "Indians of Humboldt, Nev.," which created much interest.

Mrs. Hetty Green has no particular religious views. She was bred a Quaker, but she goes to any kind of a church. "Indeed," she said, quaintly, on a recent occasion, "I once held mortgages on 28 different churches. I am a firm believer in simplicity. That is why so many people believe me mean, when the fact is I merely prefer not to be extravagant."

Guy Parker, a cowboy who has never been outside the state of Colorado, is an artist of marked ability. Painters and connoisseurs agree that he has caught the indefinable something which many have vainly striven to reach. Next year he will devote to work in an eastern art school. Parker is able to ride anything with four legs, and in exhibitions of reckless riding takes front rank.

Prof. Blake, the head of the electrical department at the University of Kansas, has been taken into a rich company that will make submarine signals. Prof. Blake made the discovery years ago and patented it. When a boy he noticed that if he dived and another kid knotted two rocks together under water he could hear it, as all boys know. He applied electric wires to this theory and it is expected will get rich.

## COLORADO CONCERNS.

Routt county, Colorado, contains within its boundaries 72,770 head of cattle, valued at \$817,643. In this respect it leads all the counties in the state.

From 35,000,000 to 50,000,000 more tons of freight will be shipped into Denver this year than last, say the general freight agents, who also add that last year was considered the banner year in the railroad history of the town.

Owners of 2,000,000 acres of dry lands in eastern Colorado and western Colorado have formed the Colorado Association for Scientific Farming, to spread the knowledge of the Cambell system of dry farming to the world and to induce the settlement of the western plains.

Following the success which has attended the feeding of field peas to lambs in the San Luis valley, hundreds of farmers who have made fortunes in the process are now trying the same feed on cattle, with equally good success. More than 600,000 lambs are being fattened there this year, and it is believed that in two years more the number of cattle fattened per season will exceed that number.

## One Continual Round.

First Moth—A gay summer? Second Moth—Yes, indeed; the ball began in April and didn't break up till September.—N. Y. Sun.

One in a Thousand. "What do you mean by advertising for 10,000 reliable servant girls?" "Oh, I hope by that means to get at least one."—Town Topics.

## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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## THE CHANGE OF LIFE

Intelligent Women Prepare



How many we men realize that the most critical period in a woman's existence is the change of life, and that the anxiety felt by women as this time draws near is not without reason? If her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy or congestion of any organ, it is at this time likely to become active and, with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden.

At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to begin their destructive work. Such warning symptoms as a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, dizziness, headache, dread of impending evil, sounds in the ears, tinidity, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inequitude are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period of life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the world's greatest remedy for women at this trying period, and may be relied upon to overcome all distressing symptoms and carry them safely through to a healthy and happy old age.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound invigorates and strengthens the female organism, and builds up the weakened nervous system as no other medicine can.

Mrs. A. E. G. Hyland, of Chestertown, Md., in a letter to Mrs. Pinkham, says:

"I had been suffering with falling of the womb for years and was passing through the change of life. My womb was badly swollen. I had a good deal of soreness, dizzy spells, headache, and was very nervous. I wrote you for advice and received your treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you directed, and I am happy to say that all those distressing symptoms left me, and I have passed safely through the change of life a well woman."

For special advice regarding this important period women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. It is free and always helpful.

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\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can improve this statement. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are made by their excellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing qualities, achieved the largest sale of any \$3.50 shoe in the world. They are best shoes that cost you \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only difference in the price. If I could take you to my factory at Brockton, Mass., you would see the world under one roof making men's fine shoes, and you would see the care with which every W. L. Douglas shoe is made. You would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best shoes produced in the world.

If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makers, you would understand why my \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Street Made Shoes for Men, Women and Children. Sole Agents for the U. S. and Canada, W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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