

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

I heard the boy say "Thank ye," and then the footsteps of the man coming nearer to me. My only hope was that I might perhaps escape him in the blinding fog by crouching under the hedge till he had passed; but, to my horror, he was coming as slowly and as cautiously as I. I had found my way to the hedge and knelt down close under it, my face almost among the briars and thorns. He passed me; I could see the vague form as it went by. But in my joy at the sight I drew a sharp breath; he turned back groped for me, found, and raised me to my feet, all without a word. I closed my eyes and shuddered. For the first moment I felt too exhausted by the excitement of those awful minutes to struggle much. I could only feebly try to push him off, crying brokenly—

"Don't—don't hurt me!"

"Hurt you, my own darling! Look up at me. Heaven help me, I have nearly frightened you to death!"

I looked up with a cry, and flung my arms round his neck. It was Laurence, his face so haggard and so dirty as to be scarcely recognisable; but he told me, as he kissed me again and again, that I must not mind that, for he had travelled night and day without a moment's rest since he got my letter on the morning of the previous day.

"And, thank Heaven, I am in time, in time!" he cried, as he pressed me again in his arms.

"In time for what Laurence? I should have been near you in two days," said I wonderingly. "We were to start to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning! Just a few hours more, and I should have lost you!" cried the poor fellow, in such agony of horror and relief at the same time that only to see him in that state brought the tears to my eyes.

"Lost me, Laurence? Oh, do tell me what you mean!" I cried piteously.

"Oh, Violet, you are still so innocent as to think that that man would have brought you to me?"

"Why not?" asked I in a whisper.

"Because he loves you himself," said he between his teeth—"if the feeling even you inspire in such a man can be called love. Your innocence would not have protected you much longer. Oh, I was a fool, a blind fool, ever to leave you, for father—mother—anybody in the world! But I did not know quite all until your own sweet naive letter opened my stupid eyes."

"Oh, Laurence, Laurence, what dreadful things are you saying?" I cried, shaking with fear even in his arms.

"Never mind, my own darling; you are safe now," said he very gently. "I didn't mean to frighten you. I ought to have warned you long ago; but I could not bear to—"

"But, Laurence, my mother is going with us. Didn't I tell you that? I had a letter from her—"

"Which she never wrote. On my way back to London, I telegraphed to your mother to meet me at Charing Cross Station, and there she told me she had never seen Mr. Rayner and never heard a word of the journey to Monaco."

This blow was too much for me; I fainted in his arms. When I recovered, I found that he had carried me some distance; and, as soon as I began to sigh, he put me down and gave me some brandy and water out of his flask.

"I'm always wanting that now I think," said I, trying weakly to smile as I remembered that two or three times lately Mr. Rayner had given it to me when I seemed to be on the point of fainting. "You are the first person who has made me go off quite, though," I said.

And poor Laurence took it as a reproach, and insisted on our stopping again in the fog for me to forgive him. We were making our way slowly, in the increasing darkness, down the lane to the high road.

"But what am I to do, Laurence?" I asked trembling. "Shall I tell Mr. Rayner—oh, I can't think he is so wicked!—shall I tell him you have come back, and don't want me to leave England?"

"Not for the world, my darling," said he quickly. "Nobody in Goldham—not even at the Hall—knows I have come back. That is why I had to send for you on a pretext, and frighten you out of your life. The boy I sent for you did not know me. I got here in a fly from the station only a few minutes before I met him, and sent him off with the promise of a shilling if he brought you back with him."

"Ah, that is why he was so anxious not to lose sight of me for a moment! But what is all this mystery about, Laurence? Why don't you go to the Hall and see your father?"

"Ah, that is a secret! You won't mind waiting till to-morrow to know that, will you, darling?"

"Oh, yes, I shall! I want to know now," said I coaxingly. "Won't you trust me with your secret?"

He did not want to do so; but I was curious, and hurt at his refusal; and, when he saw the tears come into my eyes, he gave way.

He had been so much struck with the postscript to my letter, telling him of a suspicious-looking man whom I connected with the Denham Court robbery hanging about the Hall, and promising to visit it again on Wednesday, that he had obtained, by telegraphing to the chief of the metropolitan police, a force of constables to lie in wait upon the Hall that night. He had appointed a trustworthy person to meet them at Beaconsburgh station and conduct them to a rendezvous he had obtained in the park, where they were probably waiting now. He was going to station them himself, under cover of the fog, in places round the Hall, among the shrubs, where they would be well concealed, and yet be near the approaches of the house, especially on that side where the strong room was. The fog might work for them or against them; it might throw the thieves—if indeed they came, which was a matter of chance—into the constables' hands or it might help them to escape. That must be left to fortune.

"And you know you said in your letter that Sarah was always raving about a bad man named James Woodfall, who seemed to have a great influence upon her and to be mixed up in everything evil she talked about. Well, I have brought down among the constables a man who knew James Woodfall, and swears he could identify him. This Woodfall used to be a clever forger, and got caught only once, when he was quite a lad; but he has been lost sight of for years. There is only an off-chance of his

having anything at all to do with this; but I mentioned his name to the chief constable, and he thought it worth trying. So now, my darling, you know everything, and you must keep my secrets, every one, like grim death. As for your journey, don't be alarmed. I shall be in the same train with you; and your mother will really meet you at Liverpool Street Station, for I have told her to do so."

Laurence insisted on seeing me home. We had crept along the high road until we were close to the cottage nearest to the Alders, when we heard the sounds of hoofs and wheels, and men's voices hailing through the fog. Laurence opened the gate of the cottage garden and led me inside till they should have passed.

It was the dog-cart, with Mr. Rayner on foot leading the horse, and Maynard still in it.

"Lucky you are going to stay the night!" Mr. Rayner was saying. "I wouldn't undertake to find my way to my own gate to-night."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

We followed the dog cart at a safe distance, which was not very far off in the fog, until it stopped at the stable gate. Then we slipped past quite unseen on the other side of the road, while Mr. Rayner was busy opening the gate; and at the front gate Laurence left me, and I groped my way down the drive as fast as I could, and got in some minutes before Mr. Rayner and his companion. And, as I could rely upon the silence of Mr. Rayner and the cook, I said nothing to anybody else about my excursion.

We were about an hour over dinner, and when Mr. Rayner had been to the tellar—not the dreadful store room cellar—himself to get out a bottle of port, he asked Mr. Maynard if he was fond of music.

"Well, I'm not much of a dab at it myself, though I used to tootle a little upon the cornet when I was a boy," replied the detective, whose language had grown a little easier and was less carefully chosen as he knew us better. "But I don't mind a tune now and then."

"Ah, you are not an enthusiast, I see!" said Mr. Rayner. "Now I can never be happy long without music. Did you ever try the violin?"

"Well, no; that is rather a scratchy sort of instrument, to my mind. Give me the concertina," replied Mr. Maynard genially. "Then I won't ask you to listen to my music," said Mr. Rayner. "I'm only a fiddler. However, I think I must console myself for this disgusting weather by a—"

"A tune to-night; but I'll be merciful and shut the doors. My wife and Miss Christie will entertain you, and—let me see, it is half past seven—at nine o'clock I'll come and inflict myself upon you again, and we can have a game at backgammon. Do you care for backgammon?"

Mr. Maynard having declared that he did, Mr. Rayner asked me if I could go into the drawing room and hunt out *La Traviata* and Moore's "Irish Melodies." I went obediently, and was on my knees turning over the great piles of music that stood there, when he came in and softly shut the door. Before I knew he was near I felt something passed round my neck and heard the snap of a clasp behind. I put up my hand and sprang to my feet, startled. Mr. Rayner, bright and smiling, drew my hand through his arm and led me to the looking glass. Flashing and sparkling round my throat was a necklace of red jewels that dazzled me by their beauty.

"Don't I keep my promises? I said I would bring you some garnets. Do they please you?"

But they did not at all, after what Laurence had said; the magnificent present filled me with terror. I put up both hands, tore them off, and flung them down with trembling fingers, and then stood, panting with fright at my own daring, wondering what he would do to me.

He did nothing. After looking at me for what seemed to me a long time, while I stood trembling, at first proud and then ashamed of myself, without the least sign of displeasure he picked up the necklace, slipped it into his pocket, and said quite gently—

"That is a very pretty spirit, but is rather ungrateful, isn't it? Never mind; you shall make amends for it by-and-by. Now will you go and help Mrs. Rayner to entertain our lynx-eyed friend? You shall come back and fetch me at nine o'clock. Run along now, my dear."

He gave me a gentle little tap of dismissal and, rather crestfallen, I turned to the dining room. But neither my entertaining powers nor Mrs. Rayner's were called into play; for Mr. Maynard was already rather drowsy and, after sleepily muttering "Bravo—very good!" as the last sounds of Schubert's "Adieu" died away on Mr. Rayner's violin, he had to make an effort to listen to a selection from *Rigoletto*, and during some airs from *Martha* which followed I heard the regular breathing of a sleeping person from the arm-chair where he was sitting. But I was paying little attention to him. The door being shut, I had gone closer and closer to it, as if drawn, by an irresistible fascination, as Mr. Rayner seemed to play the "Adieu" as he had never played it before. Every note seemed to fibrilate in my own heart, and nothing but fear of his displeasure if I disturbed him before nine o'clock kept me from returning to the drawing room, where I could have heard each plaintive passionate note unsmothered by the two doors between. When the last note of the "Adieu" had died away, and Mr. Maynard's coarse voice had broken the spell by his "Bravo—very good!" I listened for the next melody eagerly, and was struck with a chill sense of disappointment as an air from *Rigoletto* followed.

It was not that I did not care for that opera, though it is scarcely one of my favorites, but a certain hardness of touch, which struck me at once as being unlike the rich full tones Mr. Rayner generally drew from his loved violin, grated upon my ear and puzzled me. Of course Mr. Maynard did not notice any difference, and muttered approval from time to time indiscriminately. But my glances stole from him to Mrs. Rayner; and I could see that she also was struck by the curious change of style in her husband's playing. It was as brilliant as ever; the execution of one of the difficult passages in the arrangement of *Martha* was clever, more perfect than usual; but the soul was not there, and no brilliancy of shake or cadenza would repay one for the loss. It did not sound like the playing of the same man, and my interest in the music gradually died away; and, after watching Mrs. Rayner curiously for some minutes

and noting the intentness with which, sitting upright in her chair, she was listening to the violin and at the same time keeping her eyes fixed upon the slumbering Maynard, I gave myself up to my own agitated thoughts.

What was going on at the Hall now? Had the constables been able in the fog to find their way safely to the park, and would the thieves come after all? Would they catch Tom Parkes? Would Gordon prove to be mixed up in it? Above all, would they catch the dreaded James Woodfall, whose influence seemed so strong and the memory of his name so fresh, though he had not been seen for years? It was an awful thing to think that I, by my letter to Laurence, had set on men to hunt other men down. I began to hope, even though I felt it was wrong to do so, that Tom Parkes would make his escape; he had never done me any harm, and I had rather liked him for his good-natured face. As for the unknown James Woodfall, the case was different. From Sarah's words and the eagerness with which the police had snatched at the least chance of catching him, it was plain that he was a very desperate criminal indeed, for whom one could have no sympathy. I hoped with all my heart they would catch him; and I was rather anxious to see what such a very wicked man looked like. Poor Tom Parkes was probably only a tool in the hands of this monster, who had made even the terrible Sarah a submissive instrument of evil.

And then I fell to thinking very sadly of what Laurence had told me that day about the deception practised upon me concerning the journey to Monaco, and I remembered Mrs. Rayner's warning. Could it be true that Mr. Rayner, who had always been so kind, so sweet-tempered, so patient, who had always treated me almost as if I were a child, and who had borne my rudeness in the drawing room just now with such magnanimous good humor, could really be such a hypocrite? There must be some explanation of it all which would satisfy even Laurence, I thought to myself—almost, at least; for that letter from my mother, which she had never written—could that be explained away? My tears fell fast as this terrible proof rose up in my mind. How could he explain that away? But one's trust in a friend as kind as Mr. Rayner had proved to me does not die out quickly; and was drying my eyes and hoping that a few words from him would make it all right, when suddenly the silence round the house was broken by a howl from Nap, Mr. Rayner's retriever, who was chained to his kennel out side.

Mrs. Rayner started. Still Maynard slumbered. I looked at the clock; it was seven minutes to nine. Another and another howl from the dog, followed by loud and furious barking. We two women sat staring at each other, without a word. I would have spoken; but Mrs. Rayner glanced at the sleeping detective and put her finger to her lips. Still the sounds of the violin came to us from the drawing-room without interruption.

When nine o'clock struck, I jumped up, much relieved, opened and shut the door softly, crossed the hall, and turned the handle of the drawing room door. It was locked. I tapped; but there was no answer. He was playing a brilliant concerto, and I supposed he had not heard me. I knocked again and said softly—

"Mr. Rayner it is nine o'clock. You told me to come at nine."

Still there was no answer, which I thought strange, for his hearing was generally very sharp indeed. It was of no use for me to stand there knocking if he would not hear me, or did not yet wish to be disturbed; so, after one more unsuccessful attempt to attract his attention, I took a lamp from the hall table and went into the schoolroom. It was now ten minutes past nine. Nap was barking more furiously than ever. I knew by the mist there was all through the house how dense the fog must be outside; but I was so much struck by the noise the dog was making that I unfastened the shutters and opened the window about an inch to listen.

The fog was blinding. I could not see a yard in front of me. I heard nothing but Nap's barking for a minute; then I saw the dim glow of a lantern and heard a muffled whisper through the fog—

"Who's that?"

"It is I—Violet Christie. Is that you, Laurence?"

"Hush! All right!" he whispered back. "Let me in."

He got in softly through the window, and, rather to my alarm, a middle-aged man in plain clothes, also with a lantern, followed him. Laurence himself looked more alarming than any thief. His face was ghastly white with fatigue, and dirtier than ever through long watching in the fog. He listened for a minute to the violin, then said quickly, but still in a low tone.

"Who is that playing?"

"Mr. Rayner," I answered.

He turned sharply to the other man, who nodded as if to say it was just what he had expected.

"How long has he been playing?" asked Laurence.

"Ever since half-past seven."

He turned to the other man again.

"A trick," said the latter simply.

"Who is with him?" asked Laurence again.

"Nobody," said I surprised and rather frightened by those questions. "Mrs. Rayner and Mr. Maynard are in the dining-room."

"Maynard?"

"Yes. He is asleep."

The middle aged man gave a snort of disgust.

"Hasn't Mr. Rayner been in the dining room at all, dear, this evening?" asked Laurence gently.

"Not since dinner. I left him playing in the drawing room at five and twenty minutes to eight, and he told me to call him at nine. He has been playing ever since."

"But it is past nine."

"Yes. When I went to the drawing room door just now I found it locked, and I knocked; but he did not answer."

"Will you go and knock again, and say you wish to speak to him particularly, dear?" said Laurence gravely.

I hesitated, trembling from head to foot.

"Why?" I asked, in a low voice.

"Because we want to speak to him particularly," said the other man grimly.

But I looked at his hard face and panted out—

"You are a policeman, I know! What do you want with Mr. Rayner?"

"Never you mind, my dear; we won't hurt

you. Just go and say you want to speak to him."

"No, I won't!" I cried—not loudly, for my voice seemed to grow suddenly weak. "Whatever you think he has done, or whatever he has done, I will never help to harm Mr. Rayner!"

The man shrugged his shoulders, walked to the window, and whistled softly. Laurence put me into a chair, whispering "That's a brave girl!"—but with such an anxious, stern face. And the other man came back into the room, followed by a policeman with his staff ready in his hand.

"We must break open the door," said the elder man.

I started from my seat. I wanted to rush to the drawing room door and warn Mr. Rayner; but Laurence prevented me, whispering gravely—

"My darling, you must leave it to us now."

Every word, every movement had been so quiet that the music still went on while they opened the schoolroom door and crossed the hall. I stood watching them breathlessly.

The three men, Laurence, the most stalwart, foremost, placed themselves against the drawing-room door, and by one mighty push burst it open. I ran forward to the doorway just in time to see Gordon, Mr. Carruther's servant, fling down the violin and rush to the opposite window, the shutters of which were unfastened. But I heard the crash of glass, and at the same instant two policemen dashed through the shattered French window, seized and handcuffed him. Then he stood between them, white and immovable, without a struggle.

"It's no go. We know you're one of the gang," said the middle-aged man. "Game's up. We've got your leader."

"What leader?" asked Gordon calmly.

"James Woodfall."

"It's a lie!" snapped out the immovable Gordon. "Jim Woodfall wouldn't let himself be nabbed by such as you."

"Why not? We've got you."

The man did not answer.

"All his fault for getting soft on a girl! Wish I had her here!" Gordon muttered presently.

He caught sight of me at the doorway and shot at me a sort of steele look that made me shudder. But I did not connect myself with his words. I was too bewildered to think or to understand clearly what was going on until I saw him, handcuffed as he was, quietly draw a tiny revolver from his pocket and, without raising it, point it at Laurence. With a scream I rushed forward into the room and flung myself in front of Laurence, and I heard a report and felt something touch my arm—I did not know what at first—and Laurence sprang forward with almost a yell. But he was encumbered with my form, and before he could put me down, Gordon had wrenched himself away from his captors, and, snarling, "I meant to have done for her!" had dashed through the open window out into the fog and darkness.

I knew by this time that I was shot in the arm, for the blood was trickling through my sleeve; but the wound did not pain me much yet—I was too much excited for that, and too much occupied with Laurence's pitiful distress. He did not attempt to join in the hopeless chase of the escaped Gordon, but put me on a sofa, tore off the body of my frock, and bandaged my arm himself.

"Tell me what it all means, Laurence?" said I. "I am not badly hurt—I am not indeed—and I want to understand it all. Did you catch the thieves? Who were they? Have they really caught James Woodfall? And I hope—oh, I hope poor Tom Parkes has escaped!" I whispered; for the middle-aged man had not joined in the pursuit, but stood on the watch, half in and half out of the window.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Why She Broke Up the Game.

On the train running down from Nashville to Memphis a couple of travellers called for the card table and began a game of euchre. Near them sat an old woman who had been industriously reading for an hour or two. At the sight of the cards she dropped her book and spectacles and pricked up her ears, and only three points had been made when she rose up and walked over to them.

"I pass!" said one of the players as he looked up.

"Young man!" she replied in a very solemn voice, "do you know the infernal wickedness of them pasteboards?"

"Yes'm, and I take that king with the ace," he answered.

"Want to take a hand in?" asked the other.

"I shall take a hand in if you don't put them keards up. Poker killed my son Jim afore he was 25 years old. Old sledge brought my boy Sam to prison when he was only 18. Euchre was what separated me and the old man. I can't bear the sight of keards, and I won't have no playing in this kyar if I have to fight for it."

"What's trumps?" queried one of the players of his companion.

"Clubs!" replied the old woman, as she brought him a cuff with one hand and seized the "deck" with the other. "Boys, hand me over them devil's darnin' needles."

One refused to comply until she had collared him, but when she had the pack in hand she walked to the door and gave it a fling clear of the track. Then, returning to the pair, she handed one of them a well-worn Testament and said:

"Now read a chapter and pass it over to your friend, and if you haven't been brung up to know Moses from Judas Iscariot, don't be afraid to turn around and ask me! If both of you don't admit in half an hour from this that you feel a hundred per cent. better, I'll treat you to some elderberry wine and fried cakes."

Her Goetze, the tenor, had to travel from Cologne to Frankfurt and appear the same evening in "Lohengrin." He arrived at the wings just in time to "go on." After vanquishing the villain who aspersed the *Elsa* of the occasion, he embraced her. As he did not know her, he whispered, while holding her fondly in his arms, "Allow me to have the honor of introducing myself to you. My name is Goetze of Cologne."

The Weather-Prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system; he can find what he wants in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

Human skin and that of young rabbits have been successfully applied in small pieces to large healing surfaces in wounds, Dr. Wilson, however, in the *Medical News*, claims to have obtained very much better results from the use of the internal membrane of hen's eggs. The egg should be fresh and warm.

A TRAGIC EVENT.

A Father's Despair and Self-Inflicted Death. His Son's Final Rescue, Too Late to Save His Parent.

The graphic occurrence that is described below is one of the most remarkable episodes in the domestic history of America. It is absolute truth which can readily be verified.

The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Cortland, N. Y., were shocked one morning by the announcement that Mr. Clinton Rindge, one of their most prominent citizens, had committed suicide. The news spread rapidly and roused the entire neighborhood where Mr. Rindge was so well and favorably known. At first it seemed impossible that any one so quiet and domestic could do so rash a deed, and the inquiry was heard on every side as to the cause. The facts as developed on investigation proved as follows:

Mr. Rindge was domestic in his tastes and took the greatest enjoyment in the society of his children and pride in their development. And indeed he had good reason to be proud, for they gave promise of long lives of success and usefulness. But an evil day came. His youngest son, William, began to show signs of an early decay. He felt unusually tired each day, and would sometimes sleep the entire afternoon if permitted to do so. His head pained him, not acutely but with a dull, heavy feeling. There was a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach. He lost all relish for food and much of his interest for things about him. He tried manfully to overcome these feelings, but they seemed stronger than his will. He began to lose flesh rapidly. The father became alarmed and consulted physicians as to the cause of his son's illness, but they were unable to explain. Finally severe sores broke out on his arms and he was taken to Buffalo where a painful operation was performed resulting in the loss of much blood but affording little relief. The young man returned home and a council of physicians was called. After an exhaustive examination they declared there was no hope of final recovery and that he must die within a very day. To describe the agony which this announcement caused the father would be impossible. His mind failed to grasp its full meaning at first; then finally seemed to comprehend it, but the load was too great. In an agony of frenzy he seized a knife and took his own life, preferring death rather than to survive his idolized son. At that time William Rindge was too weak to know what was transpiring. His face had turned black, his breath ceased entirely at times, and his friends waited for his death believing that the fiend Bright's disease of the kidneys, from which he was suffering, could not be removed. In this supreme moment William's sister came forward and declared she would make a final attempt to save her brother. The doctors interposed, assuring her it was useless and that she would only hasten the end by the means she proposed to employ. But she was firm, and putting all back, approached her brother's side and administered a remedy which she fortunately had on hand. Within an hour he seemed more easy, and before the day was over he showed signs of decided improvement. These favorable signs continued, and to-day William B. Rindge is well, having been virtually raised from the dead through the marvelous power of Warner's Safe Cure, as can be readily verified by any citizen of Cortland.

Any one who reflects upon the facts above described must have a feeling of sadness. The father, dead by his own hand, supposing his son's recovery to be impossible; the son restored to health to mourn the loss of his father and the agonized relatives with a memory of sadness to forever darken their lives. Had Clinton Rindge known that his son could recover he would to-day be alive and happy, but the facts which turned his brain and caused him to commit suicide were such as any one would accept as true.

However sad this case may be, the truth remains that thousands of people are at this moment in as great actual peril as William Rindge and in as great danger of causing misery if not death to their friends. Liver and kidney diseases are become the most common and most dangerous of any or all modern complaints. They are the most deceptive in their beginnings and horrible in their final stages. They are far more deceptive than Consumption, and can rarely be detected even by skillful physicians unless a microscopic analysis be resorted to, and few doctors understand how to do this. Their slightest approach, or possibility of approach should strike terror to the one who is threatened as well as to all his or her friends. These diseases have no distinct symptoms, but come in the form of lassitude, loss of appetite, aching muscles and joints, dull head-ache, pain in the back, stomach and chest, sour stomach, recurring signs of cold, irregular pulsations of the heart, and frequent dizziness. If neglected, these symptoms are certain to run into chronic kidney and liver or Bright's disease, from which there is sure to be a great amount of agony and only one means of escape, which is by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. The importance of taking this great remedy upon the minds of all readers who desire to escape death and pain and prolong life with all its pleasures and blessings.

Dispepsia and Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters can't live in the same stomach, one of them has to go and it is the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine in large bottles at 50 cents.

To make beef cakes, chop some beef that is rare, with a little bacon or ham; season with pepper and a little onion; mix well serve with some good gravy made from soup stock thickened with browned flour.

A Three Corned Weapon.—The triangular shape of the Triangle Dye Package, added to their undoubted superiority have won the day and driven all others from the field, 30 colors. 10c.

As a rule the nearer the seeds are planted, where the soil is reasonably moist, the better chance there is for a quick, steady and vigorous growth.

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of several of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified, gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined, give the grand results. Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitutes.