

# The Arnewood Mystery

BY MAURICE H. HERVEY.

Author of "Dead Man's Court," "Somerville's Crime," "Dartmoor," "Maravin's Money," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

"What about poor Bradshaw?" I ventured to inquire, when we had settled down to cigars and "Scotch" cold.  
"Oh, he's all right," was the calm reply. "He's a novice at the business, and must learn to rough it. He's well supplied with funds, and has nothing to do except to keep these two chaps under observation for a day or two, and to notify me should anything of importance crop up. I rather fancy that bath-room steward knows more of Luke Arnewood's last movements on board than he pretends. I don't like his manner, and I'm always suspicious of a man who has been in trouble before, as I'm pretty certain is the case with him."

"What of his companion?"  
"A more brute, and a stulky one at that," was his verdict; "but I saw nothing wrong about him." It was not for me to teach an experienced detective his own business, and I said no more. But I had noticed that Blogg was, like most working engineers, very strong looking, with the largest and finest pair of hands that I had ever seen; and I bethought me of the marks imprinted upon the throat and collar of the murdered man. It was not a logical suspicion to entertain against him, but, somehow, I could not banish it from my mind.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Captain Arnewood Stirrs Us Up.

Early in the forenoon next day, a card was brought to me in my private office, with a request for an interview upon urgent business. A glance at the postcard revealed the fact that my visitor was Captain Richard Arnewood, of the Ninety-first Fusiliers, and of the Junior Naval and Military Club, and I ordered the clerk to admit him forthwith.

A tall, slight, somewhat sickly-looking man, his preliminary greeting did not give me a very favorable opinion of either his tact or good-breeding.  
"Can you explain this message?" he demanded abruptly; at the same time thrusting a telegram into my hand. "I received it twenty minutes ago at the club."

Your cousin Luke returned, but behaved dead and foul play suspected. Call on Hawkins & Co., Exeter street, Strand, for details.  
"O'Brien & Grudgery."

"Yes," I replied, after reading this terse dispatch, "but it will take some little time. Pray be seated."  
"Not here," he stalked up and down the room like a caged hyena, while I narrated the story of Luke Arnewood's return and terrible fate as clearly and briefly as I could. He appeared to be greatly agitated by the recital; indeed, his emotion struck me as rather excessive. "Yes," he replied, "but he had never been late cousin and would benefit greatly by his death."

"It is awful!" he almost moaned. "Poor fellow! Just as he was about to enter upon his inheritance, upon the very day of his arrival in England—to be murdered by some common footpad for the sake, doubtless, of such valuables as he may have had about him! It is a terrible business!"

"Very terrible, indeed," I assented, gravely. "But such crimes are, unfortunately, of frequent occurrence."

"Yes," he replied, bitterly, "and five times out of six the criminal eludes capture. If it has taken the London police all this time merely to identify the man they found strangled in Soho and even that with outside help, the odds must be long, indeed, against their finding the murderer. A pack of theorizing asses!"

"Gently, if you please," I protested. "If you will be at the pains of thinking out the facts of the case a little calmly, you will perhaps alter your opinion."

"Not to be interrupted, almost angrily. 'I have heard and seen too much of the police and their methods for that! But I most certainly do not intend to let my unfortunate cousin's slayer escape; if any effort on my part can prevent it. And my first move will be to offer a reward of £5,000 for his capture. How does that strike you?'"

"As an entirely admirable idea," I replied. "The authorities are, I believe, about to offer £100 in the usual way; and as they possess exceptional means of giving publicity to rewards, I would advise replacing the sum you have promised in the hands of the Chief Commissioner of Police."

"Yes," he said, after a pause, as though distrustful of the force even as advertising agents, "there can be no harm in that. I will do so. You are perhaps a lawyer, as my solicitor's agent. What I am at-law to the murdered man?"

"Yes," I replied, "I know something of the family history."

"Then you will understand that this cousin of mine has made me a rich man?" he continued, "and that I deem it a duty to spare neither effort nor expense to bring the assassin of my unfortunate cousin to justice. I am satisfied from what you have told me, as well as from my lawyer's reference, that I cannot do better than leave the matter in the hands of your firm, my only stipulation being that you pursue your own independent inquiries rather than trust blindly to the police."

"I have a sudden gust of sympathy to follow," he said, "and I am glad to see that this sickly soldier, whose manner had first repelled me. Was he not affording me the very chance I sought for of faking a personal share in the case?"

"You may rely upon it that we shall do our best," I made answer. "May I ask if you reside in London?"

"Only occasionally, when I'm on

leave," he replied. "My regiment is stationed at Aldershot, and when I'm in town I put up at Lang's, in Jermyn street. I use my club, though, chiefly for my correspondence."

I made a note of the address given, and awaited his further pleasure. But, beyond reiterating his determination to have the mystery of his cousin's death solved, at any price, and appealing to me almost pathetically, to do my utmost, he had but little more to say of any moment. Somewhat to my surprise (in view of his avowed contempt for the police) he asked me for a line of introduction to Inspector Traill.

"You need not be jealous," he remarked, drily. "I have no wish to pit him against you. But I should like to stir him up a bit, and he may be useful in the matter of the reward."  
"Perhaps so," I assented, curiously, feeling a sudden and wholly unjustifiable jealousy of the inspector. However, I worded the introduction as nicely as I could, and Captain Arnewood took his departure.

I utilized the luncheon hour by paying a visit to Mr. Hawkins and placing him in possession of recent occurrences. He expressed his entire satisfaction with the turn events had taken, and especially with the outcome of Captain Arnewood's visit.

"This Arnewood business has already proved a very profitable one," he remarked, in his quiet, business-like way; "but it seems likely now to develop into a perfect little gold-mine. Given carte-blanche from a rich client, in a case involving unlimited inquiries and expenses; why, the thing speaks for itself."

"Quite so, sir," I assented; "but please remember that, if I am to devote myself in real earnest to carrying out Captain Arnewood's wishes, I shall have very little time to devote to other inquiries; and, since you have been laid up, my hands have been pretty full."

"I know that," he rejoined, with a kindly smile, "and I am not likely to forget it. Let me see, now. The trouble is that you cannot find time for this Arnewood affair unless you are eased of other work. Very well; you must be eased, that is all. Collins must take your place, as best he can, for the present. Just as he would have to suppose, if you broke your leg. Well, I'll give him an extra correspondence clerk; I feel quite well enough now to look in for an hour or so daily myself, and I daresay you'll find time to do the same. I see no real difficulty, if we all do our best."

Neither did I, under the proposed conditions. For Collins (my right-hand man), although more methodic than brilliant, was thoroughly reliable and well posted in the details of the business. I accordingly, expressed my full concurrence with my chief's proposal.

"That's right," he said, cheerily. "And now I don't mind telling you that nothing would please me more than to see you come out on top of Scotland Yard in this business. Of course, I bear no ill-will to your friend, Inspector Traill, who, I make no doubt, is an excellent fellow as well as a most efficient officer. Still, if we are going to specialize this case, we can't afford to supply the Yard with clues and hints as we have been doing hitherto. After all, success would mean far more to us from a business point of view, than to Mr. Traill."

"You forget the £5,000 reward," I suggested, drily.

"Well, even that amount would fit just as comfortably in your pocket as his," he rejoined. "But I was thinking more of our increased reputation as inquiry agents, should we get ahead of the Criminal Investigation Department. It would place us at the top of the profession. But there! Arrange with Collins, and tell him he may expect to see me to-morrow afternoon."

I duly carried out my instructions. Mr. Collins was highly pleased with his temporary promotion, the extra clerk was engaged, and when the office was closed that day I felt that my chance had come at last.

## CHAPTER IX.

Five Thousand Pounds Reward.

The thing that first impressed me, in my interview with Mr. Hawkins, was his pertinent remark that the police had been indebted to us for every clue discovered, so far. This was quite true. And most certainly if Scotland Yard succeeded in running the criminal to earth, Hawkins & Co. (including myself) would share in neither the credit attached thereto nor in the reward. I might, indeed, come to an understanding with Traill, as regarded the reward, by continuing to work with him; but no share in the kudos attendant upon a successful issue would ever be mine. As well might a corporal expect to share in the honors accorded a victorious general. Moreover, my orders, alike from Mr. Hawkins and from our client, Capt. Arnewood, were to work independently of the police.

Therefore, even had my own judgment favored a continuance of my connection with Traill, I had no option but to sever it and work alone. I could not, however, brook the idea of leaving him in the dark as to my intentions; and I accordingly, dropped him a friendly line, explaining my change of plans, and warning him frankly that he must henceforth regard me rather as a rival than as an ally. Doubtless he would think that the big reward offered was the mainspring of my suddenly-revived activity; but what did that matter?

One conviction had forced itself upon me with peculiar force: I must make the solution of the problem I had undertaken the sole end and aim of all my thoughts.

The morning journals had been silent as to the identification of the victim of

the Soho tragedy (as it was still called). Doubtless the police, despite Traill's hints to Mr. O'Flynn, had seen fit to withhold the identity of the assassin from the press for a time. But the evening papers had been informed, and, as usual, made the most of so sensational an item. What kept with some of these paragraph writers here, if only they would refrain from so persistently overrating the resources at the disposal of the police! Perhaps the cleverest commentary was that which appeared in the "Evening Express"; at all events, I did not disdain to study its suggestions.

"The Soho Tragedy"—We learn that the identity of the victim has at length been established as that of a saloon passenger from New Zealand, by the Union Steamship company's Wairoa, which only reached the Southwest India docks upon the morning of the 19th ult.

"The corpse, it will be remembered, was discovered in a Greek Street lodging-house early upon the 20th ult.; so that the unfortunate man was murdered well within twenty-four hours of his leaving the ship. He proves to be a Mr. Luke Arnewood, grandson and heir of the late Mr. B. Arnewood, an Irish gentleman of good social position and large means; and he had, it seems, returned from New Zealand for the purpose of entering into possession of his inheritance.

"The police, as usual, are somewhat reticent as to what further clues may be in their possession, but are sanguine of a successful issue to their efforts. Of course they always are. We may, however, be pardoned if we refuse to share too strongly in these hopeful anticipations. Despite the unrivalled network of communication at their command, they have failed signally to trace the missing lodger, Webb, in whose room the corpse was found. Up to within a few hours ago they had failed to identify the murdered man; and, more likely than not, their present partial success has been due to some lucky scrap of 'information received.'"

"Now, we hold that the detective department relies a great deal too much upon the old stand-by of 'information received,' especially in cases (like the crime we are now discussing) where the crime was the work of professional law-breakers. Unless we are to assume that Luke Arnewood, upon landing, fell straightway into the hands of some of the bad characters who haunt the neighborhood of the docks—an assumption scarcely consistent with the discovery of his body in Soho—then the probabilities are that he was decoyed to his doom by some person on the lookout for his arrival; and that person would assuredly take every possible precaution to prevent his victim's movements being subsequently traced. A very few hours will, however, decide that point."

"If Luke Arnewood quitted the docks with his luggage, by the ordinary means of porters and a cab, then evidence to this effect will be speedily forthcoming. If not, the chances are that preparations had been made beforehand to bustle him and his belongings away, in the guise of landing, without local help. We incline to this latter belief, and harbor a conviction that, if ever the murderer is brought to justice, it will certainly not be by means of the old 'information received' formula."

I confess that the perusal of that paragraph took me down several pegs in my own estimation. It was written, certainly, upon very meagre information, and, probably in haste, yet how smartly the situation had been summed up! And, thinking the matter out, the belief gained upon me that the writer's ingenious surmise was correct, and that the murder was, indeed, the outcome of a prearranged scheme.

If so, then the momentous question arose: Who would be likely to devise a plot so foul against so utter a stranger as Luke Arnewood? Revenge, or lust of gain, is at the bottom of most murders. Revenge seemed out of the question in the present case, because the victim knew no one in England, and it might very well be. The traveler had refused all financial aid from O'Brien & Grudgery as unnecessary. He had, perhaps, brought a large sum of money with him; and, apart from this, the somewhat awkward reflection arose that one man, at least, would benefit very greatly indeed by Luke Arnewood's death—the very man was offering £5,000 reward for the discovery of his cousin's murderer!

Captain Arnewood the culprit! Was that the thing possible, conceivable? It was, certainly, somewhat staggering, but my own experience as an inquiry agent had taught me that a thoroughly unscrupulous, selfish man, or woman, will stop at nothing, providing the risk of detection appears to be small. Was Captain Arnewood such a man? It was possible, of course, for me to form any opinion of his character upon the strength of one short interview.

First impressions are, I believe, more often right than wrong, and he certainly did not impress me favorably with his opening words and jerky, nervous manner. My own original opinion of the man; but this, as I now realized, had been due more to gratitude for the prospects opened out to me by his offer than to any deliberate revulsion of feeling.

As to his offer of large reward, that seemed equally consistent with either innocence or guilt. It was just the sort of thing a high-minded, generous man would do on the spur of the moment and as a vent for his feelings. But it might also suggest itself, to a guilty man, as an excellent proof of innocent sympathy; for what criminal would, of his own free will, bribe the world, of his own justice to hunt him down? Nay, assuredly, except an unusually audacious and self-confident villain would deem the credit to be gained worth the added risk to be run; but such a villain might so view the matter, and Captain Arnewood might so view the matter. At all events, I made up my mind to inquire carefully into his antecedents, and to see a good deal of his society, if I could manage it.

I was something more than curious to learn how he got on with Traill, who would be likely to resent, pretty warmly, any such criticisms of the police as I had been favored with. Six o'clock would, I reflected, be a likely hour to find him in his rooms, and to Jermyn street I accordingly went at that time.

"Not in," was the reply at Lang's, but almost certain to return shortly to dress for dinner. Would I wait in his sitting room? Yes, I would wait; and was duly ushered into a well furnished apartment upon the first floor, communicating with folding doors with a bedroom at the back. My attendant seemed to be a superior sort of "boots," with a flavor of the valet thrown in. He was disposed to be talkative, and I profited by the opportunity to ask him a few questions.

"Captain Arnewood told me I would probably find him here or at his club," I remarked. "And I understand he is more often in town than with his regiment at Aldershot."

"Well, sir, I'd scarcely go so far as to say that," he replied, "but he certainly does come up pretty frequently. He's been these rooms for more than two months now, right on end, though, of course he hasn't occupied them all the time. Let me see—he's been here this trip since the first of the month, and I hadn't set eyes on him since the night of the great fog, last month."

"I remember it," I said, with an encouraging nod. "On the 19th, wasn't it? Quite so. A very bad fog, indeed. I hope Captain Arnewood was not out in it."

"I can't say as to that," was the reply; "but he didn't sleep here that night, and was off to Aldershot next day afore I came on duty. I remember that night particular, 'cos of the murder in Greek street. Bad business, that, sir."

"Very bad," I assented.

It was clear the man had not yet seen an evening paper, and I saw no reason why I should supply him with the latest news. So I altered my attack into inquiries, rather insinuated than put, concerning the captain's habits, temperament and general characteristics. The verdict, upon the whole, was distinctly favorable. He was irregular in his hours, like most bachelors, but was never the worse for liquor, and always remembered the night porter. He was fond, occasionally, of punting upon a winner, and would pay liberally for a really good "tip." And so forth. A counterpart, apparently, in most respects, of hundreds of other leisured gentlemen, residing within a furlong of Piccadilly.

In due course, Captain Arnewood made his appearance, and, in reply to my apology for the lateness of my call, he expressed his readiness to see me at any and all hours.

"I am a bit pressed for time this evening, though," he added, "as I've got back late and am dining at Earl's Court. So, be as brief as possible."

"I shall not detain you two minutes," I rejoined. "I wish to know whether Inspector Traill—"

"Confound Inspector Traill and all his tribe!" he broke in, impetuously. "He, first of all, asked me for a written statement of my proposal, and then discovered that the offer of the reward must reach the Commissioner of Police through the Home Office! A pretty sample of red tape, isn't it? He thought that, with the Home Secretary's approval, the matter could be arranged within a week! A week! Another week's grace for my poor cousin's assassin! Of course, I declined to consent to any such monstrous delay, and I drove to the nearest printing office, and had my 10,000 posters and 100,000 handbills, and I even varied for some proof copies of the handbills. Here's one. Keep it. No week's delay about that, is there?"

"No," said I, "there certainly isn't." The man's jerky, tornado style almost bewildered me. Could this well-known rabid eagerness to avenge a cousin he had never seen, and whose death had enriched him, be genuine?

"Can you see me early to-morrow?" he went on, excitedly. "Yes, I will, come and breakfast with me at ten. We can talk matters over quietly and fix our plans. You'll excuse me for the present, won't you? Thanks. A de-mur!"

"Good-evening," I rejoined. "I shall be here to time."

(To be Continued.)

WASTED HEROISM.

Incident of a Fire in a New York Fireworks Establishment.

When, early on Saturday morning, a fire broke out in a building on Park place, New York, of which the lower part is occupied by the Jubilee Fireworks company, there was consternation among the people in adjoining and adjacent buildings, and firemen hustled as they had never hustled before to avert a serious explosion. Some of the boxes containing Roman candles, rockets, wheels, bombs, mines, torpedoes, etc., etc., were carried out; others were deluged with water until everything in sight and out of sight was soaked.

The fire was extinguished before it reached that part in which the fireworks were stored. When it was all out, Supt. Newkirk, of the fireworks company, made his way through the crowd and was informed of the bravery of the firemen, who, at the peril of their lives, had worked so hard to prevent an explosion. "Just imagine what would have happened if we had not poured hundreds of tons of water on these fireworks," said one of the firemen.

Then spoke the superintendent, saying: "These things which you see are not fireworks. They are dummies, made of wood and covered with colored paper, which we keep to show customers in place of samples. We don't keep fireworks in this building. There isn't an ounce of powder in this establishment."

And the things which the firemen then said, when they heard of what the superintendent had related, made the air for a brief time as sulphurous as it would have been if the explosion which the firemen feared had actually taken place.—Albany Evening Journal.

A Sly Puss.

Scene—Country road at dusk; a lass with a pail of milk and a young man with a tub under his arm and a pig over his shoulder.

Lass—O James, I do be afeared!  
James—What you got to be afeared for? Ain't I with ye?  
Lass—O James, I be afeared you be going to kiss me!

James—How can I kiss you with this pig and tub in the way?  
Lass (tearfully)—I was a-thinking you could put the tub down, and the pig under it!

And the hint was taken.—Spare Moments.

## MAKING A HEAVY GUN.

Takes Longer Than the Construction of the Ship That Carries It.

Mr. W. J. Gordon sketches Woolwich arsenal in the Leisure Hour. Among a host of interesting descriptions may be selected here what he says about the making of a gun: "In their early stages these guns are unexpectedly long and slender things, owing to their being without the coils and jackets that build them up to such bulkiness. They look their longest during their wiring, that modern process which enabled us to reduce the bulk of the gun so much that the pody Woolwich infants have developed into graceful boys. There is something startling in finding a gun being treated like a bat-handle, the only difference being that instead of waxed thread you wind on a thin flat strip of steel having a breaking strain of 100 tons to the square inch, and wind this on in several layers instead of one. The gun revolves in a lathe as the cricket-bat does, but much more slowly, and in place of the wooden spool of thread there stands, at right angles to it, a huge iron reel, from which the riband or wire, as it is called, which is about a quarter of an inch wide, is wound on spirally at high tension, the spirals being knocked up tight to each other with a punch whenever they fail to wind on closely together. The gun is thus wrapped with literally miles of wire, mostly in the region of the powder chamber. Over the wire jacket come the hoops of cast steel cut out of ingots as disks, and forged into rings just a trifle smaller than the finger they are to fit; and when these are finished they are one by one, for there are many of them, heated just enough to expand them, and slipped over the gun to shrink and grip it as they cool, the gun being upright at the time, with a stream of water flowing through its bore to keep the temperature down. In this way wiring is all hidden, and the gun looks as though it were built up entirely of these massive hoops, as it is used to be. The lathe work and other operations necessitated by all this may be imagined, and we cease to wonder why it takes longer to make a heavy gun than it does to build the ship that carries it."

## THE ROYAL HOSTESS.

German Emperor's Little Daughter Gives a "Five O'Clock Tea."

Princess Viktoria Luise, the only daughter of the German emperor and empress, celebrated her return from the mountains by entertaining all her little friends at a "five o'clock," where chocolate was served, and not tea. There are so few little princes and princesses of tender years that little people of less exalted rank were included among the invited guests. These latter, a little shy at their first introduction into imperial circles, were received by the gracious hostess in such an informal manner that they felt at home at once. She has inherited housewife capability from her charming mamma, and she insisted upon dealing out to each separate his or her share of cake and chocolate. As each child left it received as a souvenir a package of chocolate, attached to which was a small portrait of the fascinating little imperial hostess. It was all a very great success. She is not only beloved by her father, mother and six brothers, but the entire imperial household is at her feet. This little sprite can do with her father as she likes, and at the same hour every morning she runs into his study and delights him with her various accomplishments from day to day, such as a new verse in French, German or English, or anything that she thinks will please him. She is five years old, very blonde, with expressive blue eyes, and enjoys to the utmost every moment of her until now unclouded life. The mother and little daughter are inseparable, and in this way the little one has become quite a traveler, and she has seen more lands than many a grown person.

## Fun of "Auto" Men.

It seems that one of the latest fashions of the automobilists, motocyclists and various "chaffeurs" of the auto kind in Paris is to tear through space with escape pipe wide open, emitting a succession of explosions that for frightful noise can discount a switch engine. They are not obliged to leave the escape open and make all this noise, but "it sounds big," and they do it. Recently Beconnais on his tricycle, going at fifty miles per hour in the heart of Paris, scared a cab horse into running away, and the cabby is now in bed. A noise that will scare a Paris cab horse must be something more than the rattle of a boy's hoop, or a nurse girl with a baby carriage.

## Not So Looney.

Lunatics often assume a superiority of intellect to others which is quite amusing. A gentleman while walking along a road not far from the side of which ran a railway, encountered a number of insane people out for exercise. With a nod toward the railway lines, he said to one of the lunatics: "Where does this railway go to?" The lunatic looked at him scornfully for a moment and then replied: "It doesn't go anywhere. We keep it here to run trains on."—Agate.

## The Birth of a Fear.

Hourist—"What do you consider the best thing to drink after whisky, Colonel?" Colonel (anxiously)—"Is the whisky supply in danger of being exhausted, sah?"—New York World.

## Red the Advertisements.

You will enjoy this publication much better if you will get into the habit of reading the advertisements; they will afford a most amusing study, and will put you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable; they send what they advertise.

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## The Man who is Always Borrowing.

The man who is always borrowing trouble has no trouble in finding plenty of lenders.

## Giving Way to Her Elders.

Miss Oldie—Kissing under the mistletoe is a very ancient custom. Carrie Dash—Of course, dear, I couldn't contradict you as to that.—Philadelphia North American.

England's Armored Trains. The magnificent armored trains used by England in her war with the Boers will protect her troops in about the same way that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters drives dyspepsia from the human stomach, and then mounts guard that it does not return. The Bitters has won in every case of indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney trouble for fifty years.

## Cranial Exposure.

"I wish I knew," said Mr. Tucker, "how I caught this cold."  
"Didn't you get a bad cold when you changed your underclothes last spring, paw?" asked Tommy.  
"Yes, I believe I did."  
"This cold's in your head, ain't it paw?"  
"Yes."  
"I guess you got it by changing your mind."—Chicago Tribune.

## "Proof of the Pudding

Is in the Eating."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of people give the proof by telling of remarkable cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all other blood diseases and debility.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints.

## Dan Rice's First Circus Tumble.

"Did you ever hear of the joke which got Dan Rice, the most famous of all circus clowns, his first job under the canvas?" asked an old-timer.  
"No; what was it?"  
"Dan, while still in his teens, applied to a circus manager for a position."

"What salary do you want?" asked the manager.  
"Eight hundred dollars a night," replied Dan.  
"Tell you what I'll do," said the manager.  
"Well, speak quick," returned Dan. "I'm losing time."  
"I'll give you \$4 a week."  
"All right," said Dan, "it's a go."—Atlanta Journal.

## The Old Gives Place to the New.

"What did the death of the Marquis of Winchester suggest to you?"  
"Nothing."  
"Well, it suggested to me that the Winchester had been downed by the Mauser."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## His Status.

"Dorothy," said the mistress of the establishment, happening in just as the gardener went out, "who is that man?"  
"Only a hoe bean, ma'am," replied the kitchen maid, blushing rosily.—Chicago Tribune.

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Grov's signature on each box.

## The Savage Bachelor.

"The Mohammedan Religion," said the Sweet Young Thing, with a purpose of starting something, "says every man shall have four wives."  
"Well," retorted the Savage Bachelor, "what of it? Did you ever know of a religion from which the idea of penance was absent?"—Indianapolis Journal.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

## Not Gasping.

"I believe," said the private secretary, who knew so much that he was indispensable, "I believe you would like to own everything."  
"Except my poor relations," said the cruel, grasping human octopus, whose madness, as it were,—Indianapolis Journal.

## Class.

Envious Foreigner—You Americans are making a great ado over the loss of the Charleston. She was only a second-class cruiser, anyhow.  
"Patriotic American—She makes a first-class wreck all the same."—Chicago Tribune.

## I know that my life was saved by Pico's Cure for Consumption.

John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

## Cautions.

The Bride's Father (on the wedding day)—Here is my daughter's dowry, 20,000 marks. And now I hope you'll promise me that you'll be a faithful and loving husband to her.  
The Bridegroom—Let me count it first!—Lustige Blaetter.

## Reliable Help Wanted.

Either sex. The Humane Home and Sanitarium for Invalids and Health Seekers, incorporated. Send free in stamps for full information. Care J. H. Tietzebaum, Treasurer, East Las Vegas, N. M.

Bearing Up.

"Mistletoe is awfully scarce this year," she remarked. "Mamma tried everywhere to get a sprig."  
"Well," he replied, consolingly, as his arm stole around her, "we'll try to struggle along without it this year."—Philadelphia North American.

A Bright Sunday School Teacher.

"Can you tell me," asked a Sunday school teacher of a little boy, "why the Israelites made a golden calf?"  
"Because they didn't have gold enough to make a cow," was the reply.—Ohio State Journal.