The Arnewood Mystery

BY MAURICE H. HERVEY.

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

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

I still possess the original handbill given to me that evening, and it runs as follows:

£5,000. FIVE THOUSAND £5,000
POUNDS. REWARD.

Whereas, upon the morning of November 20th, the dead body of Luke Arnewood, Gentleman, was found in a lodging house, Greek Street, Soho; and whereas, upon the medical evidence adduced at the inquest, a verdict was returned of Wilful Murder against one, Thomas Webb, and another person or persons unknown. The above reward will be paid by the undersigned, his solicitors or agents, for such information as may lead to the conviction of the said Thomas Webb, or any other person or persons concerned in the said murder.

RICHARD ARNEWOOD.
(Captain 91st Fusileers, Aldershot.)
Junior Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly, W.
Agents: Hawkins & Co., 160 Exeter Street, Strand, W. C.
Solicitors: O'Brien & Grudgery, Harcourt Street, Dublin.

It certainly looked a striking notice in print. And, since Captain Arnewood was so eager for publicity, I struck off six copies for immediate insertion in as many of the leading dailies. Apparently, he had overlooked them.

CHAPTER X.

My Client Puzzles Me.

Punctual as I was to my appointment next morning, I was not more so than Captain Arnewood, whom I found eagerly awaiting my arrival. He was scanning the Morning Post as I entered; but he had not noticed the reward notice in the agony column, and was, apparently, greatly pleased when I showed it to him.

"An excellent idea of yours, Mr. Weston," he remarked, "and one which—strange to say—never occurred to me. However, what with the newspapers and the bill posters, matters should become lively for the man who strangled Luke Arnewood, eh?"

"Let us hope so," I answered. "The readers of the great dailies must number several millions, and they are of all classes. Within a few days the news of the reward will have spread throughout the United Kingdom, and your posters will serve to keep public interest alive in the matter. But, candidly, I am not over-sanguine of any good results."

"Why so?" he demanded, pausing—in the act of decapitating an egg—for my reply.

"Simply because no actual accomplices in the crime could claim the reward without putting a rope around his own neck as well as around that of the actual murderer; and I believe that the man who planned your cousin's death is too clever a villain to allow any accidental discoverer of his secret to live. This, I may add, is also Inspector Traill's opinion. Indeed, he goes the length of asserting that the missing lodger, Webb, was made way with in obedience to the old murder adage that 'dead men tell no tales.'"

"For goodness sake, don't quote that addle-headed inspector's theories!" he exclaimed, irritably. "I have placed the affair in your hands, not in his!"

"Very well, Captain Arnewood, I rejoined, feeling strongly tempted to smile at his persistent antipathy to the police. "My own individual opinion is that, for the reasons I have stated, too much reliance must not be placed upon the reward, however well advertised. It may, however, bring us such information as will fully justify your liberality and foresight."

"Time will tell," was his comment upon the not over-hopeful forecast. "Meanwhile, I want to get those posters off my mind. How am I to proceed?"

"Simply write me an order upon your printers for their delivery to Hawkins & Co. Our people will do the rest through the big agencies."

"Come! That's what I call business!" he exclaimed, hastily swallowing his coffee as he proceeded to write the required order.

I then urged him, as gently as I could, to write to the Home Secretary, and, if possible, see one of the Upper Secretaries forthwith at the Home Office.

"We stand to lose rather than gain," I pointed out, "by appearing to act independently of, or at cross purposes with, the police, however widely our methods of inquiry may differ from theirs."

"I suppose you know best in a matter of this sort," he answered, somewhat reluctantly, "and I'll follow your advice. What is the use of employing an expert and ignoring his instructions? It's some comfort to know that the advertisements are out and the posters well under way. Oh! by-the-bye, my solicitors want me over in Ireland. There's no reason why I should not run across to-night, is there?"

"None that I am aware of," I replied.

"What I mean is that my presence in London is not essential, so far as you are concerned?"

"Certainly not. In fact, there are one or two points in connection with your late cousin's antecedents which you might elucidate better on the spot than I could by mere correspondence with Messrs. Grudgery & O'Brien. you make a note of them?"

"With pleasure," he assented, seizing a sheet of note paper with almost childish eagerness. "Fire away!"

"Ask them whether your cousin, in any of his later letters to them, gave any definite information as to his position financially. What I want to get at is whether or not he would be likely to arrive in London with any considerable sum in his possession."

"I understand," remarked the captain. "Anything else?"

"Yes, one more thing, I answered, speaking very deliberately and fixing my eyes full on his face. "To how many persons and to whom did he communicate the fact that the missing heir was coming home by the Wairoa?"

For some moments Captain Arnewood stared at me blankly, pencil in hand. The question had clearly surprised, if not startled him; but, although I am a good physiognomist, and had the advantage of taking him unawares, I could detect no positive indication of any guilty fear upon his pale, thin countenance. What I read there was rather an expression of suddenly-aroused anxiety. I was fairly puzzled; but I waited for him to speak without appearing to notice his hesitation.

"That seems to me a very clever question," he said, at length, with a poor attempt at a smile, "if it can be answered with any sort of accuracy. But I'm afraid it can't. The Arnewood succession has been ordinary club gossip in Dublin for months past, and everyone knew that old Basil's grandson was returning to claim his inheritance."

"Very likely," I rejoined, quietly; "but that is not the point. Did everyone know he was returning by the Wairoa?"

Again the same anxious, worried look, and the same hesitation in replying. My reference to the Wairoa evidently struck some chord in Captain Arnewood's memory which jarred his shaky nerves sorely. He pressed his hand to his left side, as though in sudden pain, and walking, with obvious effort, to a sideboard, helped himself to some brandy.

"It's nothing," he said, faintly declining my proffered arm. I shall be all right in a minute or two. I suffer from weak heart-action."

His prediction proved true. The attack of faintness passed off almost as quickly as it had come on. I am not much of a doctor, but I could see that the incident was no mere device to avoid an awkward topic, and that his explanation was the true one. Yet, although a person suffering from heart disease is liable to be stricken down at any moment, I could scarcely suppose that there had been no casual connection between the recent attack and my reiterated mention of the Wairoa. There was a skeleton in the closet somewhere. But what that particular skeleton was I had yet to discover.

Now, it was obviously my cue to keep my suspicions to myself. I accordingly dropped the Wairoa entirely, and confined my remarks to the subject of heart troubles. All invalids love to talk of their ailments. Captain Arnewood was no exception to the rule, and I soon had him entirely at his ease again. I wanted to understand my man better.

"I've always known that my heart is all wrong," he explained, "but it is only within the past month or so that it has caused me any serious trouble. I had occasion to cross over to Ireland on business for about a fortnight, and I was ill during almost the whole of my stay there. Since my return to London I have been ever so much better; in fact, the twinge I had just now was the first I have experienced for more than a week."

"And yet you propose starting for Dublin to-night?"

"I cannot help myself," he rejoined. "I am bound to put in an appearance as the new owner of the family estates. But I shall cut my visit as short as possible, I can aussure you. I have come to regard Ireland (although I am an Irishman myself) as a veritable graveyard. And yet, up to the time of my last visit, I liked the country, and the climate suited me well enough."

"That's rather strange," I remarked. "Did you take medical advice?"

"Yes; but the doctors, as usual, disagreed. The nearest approach to an intelligent explanation I could get was that the damp air favored certain rheumatic tendencies, which, in turn, reacted upon the heart. Anyhow, and whatever the reason, Ireland no longer agrees with me, and I shall not stay there a day longer than I can help. I literally dread going there at all."

For the first time I began to entertain some slight misgivings as to my exciteable client's sanity. The difference in climate between Dublin and London, within a week of Christmas, could scarcely be so greatly to the disadvantage of the Irish capital as he seemed to imagine. Indeed, the very reverse seemed far more likely, at this particular season. And yet, his dread of Ireland was very real. Why? Was it merely one of his fads? Or was the cupboard that contained the skeleton situated in the Emerald Isle?

While I was endeavoring to think out answers to these questions the captain chatted away freely, and I allowed him to talk himself to a standstill. I then assisted him to draw up a short memorial for the Home Secretary, and left him contentedly writing out a fair copy of the document. He exacted a promise that I would keep him informed, by means of a daily report, of the progress of affairs; and he undertook to obtain replies from the solicitors to the two questions I had proposed. Finally, he wrote a check in favor of Hawkins & Co. for £200 on account, although I had not even hinted at any such provision.

"I like to do things my own way," he remarked. "You'll have to pay for the printing and advertising, and your inquiries must not be cramped for lack of funds. And now good-bye for the present, and good luck."

I cordially reciprocated these good wishes, and so for the time being (a very brief time it turned out) we parted.

"Very good business, indeed," was Mr. Hawkins' verdict when I handed him the check. "It is a pleasure to work for a client so generous and considerate as Captain Arnewood. We must, we really must, get at the bottom of this mystery, Mr. Weston—for his sake as well as our own. And, by the way, you must not cramp your personal expenses."

As a matter of fact, I never did. Still, it was pleasant to be allowed even a freer hand than usual.

CHAPTER XI.

The Steward Finds a Clue.

To judge from the appalling number of letters which reached the office—to say nothing of a steady stream of callers—the £5,000 reward had sunk deep into the minds of many persons possessed of more leisure and imagination than money. I opened these letters at first hopefully, and finally despairingly. The so-called "information" offered for sale was usually of the vaguest and most worthless description.

A large number of correspondents promised (under guarantee of strictest secrecy on my part, and in consideration of a round sum in advance) to reveal the name and whereabouts of a man they "suspected" of complicity in the crime. Many others simply propounded theories, which I was invited to adopt upon the pay-by-results system. Several offered their services as detectives, on reasonable terms, etc.

Out of several hundreds of letters, but two proved worth the trouble of perusal. Mr. Gray (the steward, it will be remembered, of the Wairoa) wrote briefly, but to the point. He hoped shortly to find a reliable clue to Mr. Arnewood's movements for the first hour or so, at all events, after leaving the ship.

"I had intended this tip for the police," he explained, candidly; "but, of course, I'll follow the big money. I've a wife and family to think of. If all goes well you'll hear from me again within twenty-four hours." Remembering the man, this sounded promisingly.

The other letter was from a fellow-passenger, who, after expressing his regret and horror, informed me that he had been asked by deceased, just before the vessel entered the dock, if he could recommend a quiet bachelor's hotel of good class; and that, in reply, he had suggested the "Beresford," Convent Garden. He remarked that Arnewood made a memorandum of the address, and certainly left him under the impression that he would follow his advice. He trusted that this clue might be of some use, and signed himself "H. C. Burton," giving his address as the Union Club, Birmingham. Clearly there were possibilities in this communication, also.

The callers, if not quite so numerous as the letter-writers, were just as irritatingly remarkable for vagueness of statement. They were all brimful of advice, opinions and theories, but not one of them knew aught of the dead man or of his movements. The only possible helpful outcome of some scores of vexatious interviews was my engagement, at thirty shillings a week, of a newsvendor who had known Tom Webb well, and who, rightly or wrongly, believed he had recently caught a glimpse of him in some slum in Clerkenwell.

"Then, why on earth didn't you follow him up?" I asked, incredulously.

"What for?" he retorted, drily. "To give the bloomin' 'tecs a lift? Not much. Tom must know he's wanted, thinks I, and, if he's druv to hide hisself, 'tain't my business to split on 'im an' do myself no good."

"Was the police reward out, then?" I inquired.

"No," was the reply; "it warn't."

I guessed as much. The man really believed he had seen Webb (with whom he must have been on intimate terms to speak of him as Tom), but was too loyal to betray him to the police—gratis. Our big reward made all the difference.

"Well," I said, "I may as well tell you at once that I am sure you are mistaken, and that the man you saw was not Webb at all. But I will give you a fair chance of verifying your opinion. I'll give you thirty shillings a week, with one shilling a day extra for expenses, so as to enable you to give the whole of your time to hunting up Webb. How does that suit you?"

"First-class," he answered, briskly. "No harm, I suppose, in carrying a few papers about with me? The police might have a nark on me, if they saw me loafin' around empty-handed."

"All right," I responded. "Ply your present calling enough to keep out of trouble; but, for your own sake, don't neglect the job I've intrusted to you. Report yourself here every morning at 10 o'clock, and the cashier will give you six shillings. Here's half a sovereign to start you. And now, off with you!"

"Thankee, sir; I'll turn up reg'lar, never fear!"

I had very little doubt that he would attend, with great punctuality, for his daily pay, and could only hope that he would do his utmost to earn it. If only poor Tom Webb should be discovered, after all! What possible explanation (short of complicity in the crime) would he have to account for his disappearance? With my utmost effort of will-power I thrust this maddening and wholly unanswerable question from my mind, and resolved to pay Mr. Gray a surprise visit.

I made myself comfortable during the cold drive this time, in a fur-lined overcoat which, in addition to keeping me warm, would be calculated, I thought, to impress the steward with a proper sense of my dignity and importance. I drove straight to the docks, not even calling at the White Bear on the way, and was again fortunate in finding Mr. Gay on board the Wairoa. He received me with all his former civility, and, being off duty, gladly accepted an invitation to accompany me ashore. At my request, he piloted me to a quiet little hotel, where, in a private room, we could converse at our ease over cigars and refreshments.

"Have you anything fresh to add to this?" I inquired, producing his letter. "I have come upon the off-chance that you might have."

"Yes—and no," was his somewhat enigmatical reply. "Let me explain. All my inquiries on board proved futile, until I chanced to hear from one of the cook's boys that a stranger (who had somehow boarded the ship before she was made fast) gave him a shilling and a letter which he was to deliver at once to a saloon passenger named Arnewood. The boy saw nothing more of the stranger, but pocketed the shilling and proceeded to execute his commission.

"Not knowing Mr. Arnewood by name, he naturally inquired from the first steward he met, who happened to be the bathman, Spratt. Spratt took the letter from the boy (despite the latter's protests), saying he would deliver it himself. As this probably meant the loss of a tip, the boy naturally resented the bathman's action, and kept an eye upon his movements, with a view of subsequently claiming a share in any resulting gratuity. Spratt examined the address and envelope very carefully, turning it over several times, and finally opened it. He read the contents eagerly, replacing the letter in a fresh envelope from the writing table in the saloon, re-addressed it, and then coolly proceeded to deliver it to a passenger (presumably Mr. Arnewood) in one of the state rooms."

"The dickens he did!" I exclaimed. "This is decidedly interesting. I have met this Mr. Spratt, and have his solemn assurance that he neither saw or heard anything of Arnewood after the ship entered the channel. Excuse me for anticipating you. But does a somewhat grimy person named Blogg come into your narrative, also?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, he does," assented the steward, in some surprise, "as you will presently see. The boy, it seems, appealed to Spratt for a reward, and received a sound cuffing for his pains; whereupon he vowed vengeance against his tyrant, but resolved to wait a more favorable opportunity of denouncing him than could be found in the hurry and bustle of disembarkation. Still brooding over his wrongs and watching his enemy's movements, he presently saw him in earnest conversation with the fifth engineer, the very man you just mentioned, Blogg. At any other time he would have paid no attention to this, as the two men were known to be chums. But the bathman's tampering with the letter made him suspicious, and he watched.

"By this time the gangways were in position, and the passengers were scrambling ashore in their usual headlong fashion. Among them was a tall man, carrying a small brass-bound valise, in whose movements Spratt and the engineer seemed strangely interested. Immediately he landed, he was accosted by the same stranger who had given the boy the letter, and led away, somewhat hurriedly, to a brougham, in which he at once drove away, leaving the stranger, apparently, to pass his luggage through the custom house.

"When the brougham went Blogg sprang hastily to the gangway, as though about to start in pursuit, but (perhaps realizing the unlikelihood of overtaking it) went quietly ashore and kept a watchful eye upon the stranger, little dreaming that he was being shadowed himself just as carefully by the boy, who was now resolved to see the thing through, even if he had to take French leave of the ship for a few hours to do so.

"Well, the stranger succeeded in clearing the luggage (which merely consisted of two portmanteaus and a box) smartly enough, and had them conveyed to a spring-cart, which he had in waiting by his own servant. He then took his seat beside the latter and drove Citywards, in the track of the brougham, followed by Blogg at a smart run. Whereupon the boy started in pursuit of Blogg."

"Quite dramatic," I remarked. "Is it not rather strange, though, that these incidents should have attracted no attention?"

"Not very, if you take into account the hurry and confusion of disembarking," replied Mr. Gray. "Everyone is too busy to pay much heed to any business but his own. You must observe, also, that the prompt dispatch of Mr. Arnewood in a private brougham and the handling of his luggage solely by a stranger and his servant were clearly devices to obviate the necessity of hiring a cab or employing porters. The whole affair was evidently planned to burke subsequent inquiries as to Mr. Arnewood's movements, and (as it would seem) with his own sanction."

"How far did Blogg and the boy follow the dog-cart?" I inquired.

"It soon passed out of sight, but Blogg kept on doggedly in pursuit for about two miles, pausing now and then, apparently, to make inquiries. At last, thoroughly blown and exhausted, he jumped into a passing hansom. The boy, having but a shilling, and dressed as he was, was unable to follow suit, and had to abandon the chase."

"Did he take the number of the cab?"

"He says he did, but forgot it again before he could borrow a pencil to jot it down. He was anxious, moreover, to get back to the Wairoa before his absence should be discovered, and, favored by the confusion, managed to sneak on board unquestioned."

"And Blogg?"

"He did not return to the ship for nearly three days. This prolonged absence without leave very nearly led to his dismissal; but he got around the skipper, with some fairy-tale about a sick mother at Deptford, and escaped with a severe reprimand."

"This, then, is the clue you refer to in your letter, I suppose?"

"Yes; but I hoped to improve it by later news about Blogg. Ever since the boy told me his story I have bound him over to secrecy and have intrusted him with a special mission to watch both the bathman and the engineer. I ascertained yesterday that Blogg would be going to town to-day. He has done so, and so has the boy. I expect to learn something when the latter returns."

"You have acted with great judgment," I said, cordially, "and you have certainly found a clue which should prove of the utmost value. I must see this boy of yours."

"He may be on board now," rejoined Mr. Gray. "He is sure to return some time to-night. Will you await him on board? At the worst, I can offer you a wide choice of state-rooms to sleep in."

I at once accepted the offer, and we presently adjourned to the Wairoa.

(To be Continued.)

THE DAY OF THE SUIT CASE.

A Modern Traveling Convenience and Its Origin—Present Popularity.

This is the day of the suit case. The square, box-shaped traveling case has taken the place of the satchel and the bag to a great extent, and has even encroached on the realm of the little trunk. To any person who will pay attention to the hand baggage of the arriving or departing throngs at the railroad stations this must become evident at once, says the New York Tribune. The popularity of the suit case is not a fashionable fad, but an improvement on old methods of packing and carrying articles of wearing apparel, and had its origin, according to a story told by a manufacturer, with a New York commercial traveler. The young man in question had been "on the road" for several years, and had made many friends outside of the buyers' offices, and he received many invitations of a social nature while he was on his long trips. He found it necessary to carry evening clothes on his "hustling" tours, and in order to reduce the wear and tear to a minimum had a case built in which he packed his purple and fine linen, and this he carried in one of his large sample trunks. The case was seen by other drummers and admired for its good shape and compactness; similar cases were ordered, and presently a trunk manufacturer who knew a good thing when he saw it had the cases for sale. In less than a year the suit case was known all over the country. In its early stages it was considered a dudish style, but the prejudice wore off when its convenience was ascertained, and it is now in general use at prices ranging from $1.50 to $25, while the average price is about $5. The low-priced article is a wooden box covered with composition material, while the better case has a steel frame and is covered with leather. Women were not slow to recognize the advantages of a suit case over the old-time valise, and cases slightly lighter in weight than the regular article are sold in large quantities to women. Besides its advantages as a packing case the suit case is looked upon as "highly respectable" and "genteel" and far ahead in that respect of the old-time valise, which is liable to show by collapsed sides a poor and empty condition which the stiff sides of the case conceal. The suit case stained and slightly scratched and decorated with European hotel pasters is one of the latest improvements on the original style. These cases are sold in three sizes, like the plain article, but the prices usually about 25 per cent higher.

HORSE THAT EATS PIE.

Peter Is Always Ready for His Friends' Contribution.

Downtown, when the noon hour approaches, there is a general movement of lunch-wagons and push-carts from the shadows of the tall office buildings in the vicinity of the stock exchange toward "cheap and hungry corner," as the intersection of New street and Exchange place is called, says the New York Post. As the noon hour begins to wane, down the slope of New street, from Wall street beyond, comes a white horse and a little red wagon, lettered "Street-Cleaning Department, No. 5." The driver and his Italian assistants sweep from the gutters on either side, and the white horse slowly picks his way among the crowd, as the sweepers work along, pile by pile, down the street. When Exchange place and the curbstone lunch-wagons are reached, the horse is among friends. Hucksters and messenger boys all know him. Brokers stop to pat him. "Here, Peter, catch this!" comes from one side, and then follow other shouts; each followed by a pear, plum, or piece of pie. With neck outstretched like a goose and head pushed well forward, he deftly catches all the good things coming his way in his wide-open mouth. He is always ready for more, and sometimes cannot wait for his friends to give them to him, but calmly reaches down and appropriates a piece of pie from "Billie's" cart, or a cruller from "Teddy's." Instead of getting angry, the owners mildly remonstrate with Peter, and push their carts further away from his head. In this way he crowds his way down the narrow street, always apparently making for the place where the push-carts are the thickest, and where he knows he will get the most to eat. Occasionally he reaches out and pinches the arm of a shouting push-cart man, as if to remind him that a hungry friend is unnoticed.

Oriental Advertising.

We are apt to associate advertising entirely with the bustling life of the western world, but oriental advertisers are not all so sleepy as we imagine. Here are a few samples of the ingenious phrasing with which they catch the public eye: "Goods dispatched, expeditiously as a cannon-ball." "Parcels done up with such care as a loving wife bestows upon her husband." "We sell paper tough as elephant's hide." "The print of our books is clear as crystal, the matter charming as a singing girl." "Customers are treated as politely as by rival steamship companies." "Our silks and satins are smooth as a lady's cheek, and colored like the rainbow."

Frankness in the Home.

John—You're an ignorant woman, Maria! Maria—I don't know everything, John. John—Umph! Some people don't know enough to know how little they do know. Maria—I'm surprised to hear you say that, John; I didn't think you were frank enough to make such an honest confession.—Boston Courier.

An Important Difference.

Sopwith—Lombardo says there is no difference between genius and madness.

Waggie—Pardon me; madness gets three square meals a day.—Life.

New Cable Line.

France is dependent upon England for news of the Transvaal war, because the cables are under their control, and she is ready to spend a vast sum of money to free herself. This is like many people who have dyspepsia, spend a fortune seeking deliverance. They should try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It never fails to cure dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness.

Its Probable Effect.

A teacher in a North of England boarding school was recently examining a class of small boys in mental arithmetic. She said:

"If your father gave your mother thirty shillings to-day and £2 to-morrow, what would she have?"

And a small boy near the bottom of the class replied:

"She would have a fit."—Woman's Journal.

"A Miss is As Good as a Mile."

If you are not entirely well, you are ill. Illness does not mean death's door. It is a sense of weariness, a "tired feeling" a life filled with nameless pains and suffering. In 90% of cases the blood is to blame. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's corrective for disorders of the blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

The Main Point.

"Yes, my dear," said a New York man to his eighteen-year-old daughter, "I wish you would do your best to captivate the heart of our coachman."

"And elope with him, papa?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Ah, I see; you dear, cute papa! You want all the papers to say I am a fascinating beauty and a reigning belle."

"Well, that would help a little; but that is not the main point."

"What is it, then, papa?"

"Why the papers will all say you are the daughter of a millionaire, and that will enlarge my credit. See! Now, you run out to the stable; that's a good girl."—Ohio State Journal.

AN APPEAL TO HUMANITY GENERALLY.

We need your assistance in announcing to the world the greatest remedy that Science has ever produced, and you need our assistance to secure relief for yourself and friends through Swanson's "5-DROPS."

A REMEDY SUPREME.

As surely as the American Navy has conquered and will conquer all that opposes it, so will "5-DROPS" unfailingly conquer all diseases like Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Lumbago, Catarrh of all kinds, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Backache, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Heart-Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Creeping Numbness, Bronchitis, etc., or any disease for which we recommend it. "5-DROPS" is the name and the dose. Trial bottles 25c. Large bottles, containing 300 doses, $1.00 prepaid by mail or express. Six bottles for $5.00. Why suffer pain and agony when for such small amount you can obtain the relief for which you have been so long waiting? Don't wait! Write now, and the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 164 Lake St., Chicago, Ill., will immediately give your order attention.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

John Chial, Lake Park, Minn., straw stacker; John K. Christy, Minneapolis, Minn., shaft tug; David M. Houston, Hunter, N. D., magazine camera; Mike M. Jerdee, Dawson, Minn., harrow tooth; Chauncey E. Richardson, Duluth, Minn., seal lock; Herbrand O. Simle, Manvel, N. D., thill coupling; George Wetherby, Duluth, Minn., apparatus for boring and disintegrating earthy matter.

Merwin, Lothrop & Johnson, Patent Attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul.

Confession.

"You shall yet confess that you are wrong."

Hortense Pottgieser's eyes flashed.

"Never!" she retorted.

"Even," hissed her now thoroughly infuriated husband, "if I have to confess that I am wrong myself."

Now her demeanor changed, and she trembled and stood aghast before this masterful exhibition of a broad and correct understanding of the feminine nature.—Detroit Journal.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Struck Him as Strange.

Mrs. Jingso—Oh, that Roberts of Utah!

Jingso—He's crazy, so don't worry about him.

Mrs. Jingso—Crazy?

Jingso—Yes. Do you suppose a man in his right mind would marry three women at a whack?—Syracuse Herald.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Brought the Wrong Sign.

"But you are not blind?"

"No, sor. I am deaf and dumb."

"But your sign says blind."

"Oh, begorrah! It's the wrong board I've brought!"—Life