The Arnewood Mystery

BY MAURICE H. HERVEY.

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

CHAPTER XII.

Billy's Yarn.

Mr. Gray's prediction as to the boy's return proved wrong; he did not put in an appearance until 8 o'clock next morning, while I was dressing after a sound night's rest in a luxurious cabin. The captain, principal officers and most of the crew were away on leave, and, under these circumstances, the chief steward can do pretty well as he pleases. Certainly, I had nothing to complain of as a guest of the ship; such a breakfast as was set before me I have seldom sat down to anywhere.

The cook's boy, a foxy-looking lad of fifteen, was then brought in for examination. He glanced at me suspiciously at first, but a fair imitation of an encouraging smile and the suggestive jingling of some loose change in my pocket seemed to reassure him.

"Now, then, Billy, said the steward, impressively, "you may talk before this gentleman just as freely as though you and I were alone—you understand? Just tell us, as shortly and plainly as you can, what happened since yesterday afternoon until you reported yourself this morning. Sit or stand, as you please."

Thus abjured, Billy, who elected to stand, squared away to his recital manfully. At first he fixed his eyes steadily upon the skylight, and spoke as though anxious to make an end of the job. ; but gradually warming to his work,, he became more confidential and explanatory. I took down portions of his narrative in shorthand, and these I am therefore enabled to give in his own words.

"I knowed when I saw Jim Blogg dressed in his Sunday togs as how he wouldn't wait for no dinner aboard, and I just sneaked a sausage and a lump of soft tack out of the galley and watched 'im. Sure enough, he and Spratt slipped ashore, just before two bells, and I after 'em. I guessed they'd begin by a booze, and so they did, at the first pub they struck. Then they went on to another pub called the White Bear, where I 'spects they had a feed, 'cos they was such a bloomin' long time inside. From behind a dray, t'other side of the road, I saw 'em shake hands and sep'rate. Spratt, he turned back towards the docks, while Jim Blogg, after walkin' a bit ahead, hailed a tramway and clambered up outside to smoke his pipe. So I just popped inside and kept my eye on the steps. 'Course I didn't know how fur I was a-goin', so I chanced a pen'orth, same as others was a-doin'. I had to part with another ha'penny, though, afore I saw Jim gettin' down the companion-way."

"Where did he get out?" I inquired.

"Just in front of a big pub, painted w hitean' called the Sheet Anchor, where he went in for another booze, I s'pose. Then he turned into a narrow, dirty street called Rodney avenue, and cracked on so that I had to trot to keep 'im in sight. He gets over the ground uncommon smart for a heavy man, does Jim! Presently I sees 'im turnin' into a gate, and, when I comes to the spot, I find it leads to a queer-lookin' old house, a bit back from the street and with a pathway up to it. The door was just a-closin' on Jim as I got up.

"I dursn't venture inside the gate by daylight, for fear Jim'd see me, an' so I just hung around for more nor three mortal hours, until t'was dark. A cove with 'ot chestnuts come along, and I 'ad 'alf a pint off a milkman, so I wasn't bad off for vittles, at least. What worried me was, 'ow I was to get inside that house unknowst to Jim Blogg. I thought of all the yarns I'd read of Jack Sheppard, an' Charlie Peace, an' other smart cracksmen; but the game warn't the same. They always went to a job purwided with tools and ladders and all they wanted. I had nothing to help me but my finger nails and an old jack-knife. 'Twasn't fair, nohow, an' I could only see one ghost of a show.

"There was a wide, double wooden gate, with a wicket let into it, at one side of the house (leading, as I supposed, to the stables.) Well, just inside the gate, and about twelve feet from the ground, was a window; and it struck me that if that window should chance to be unfastened, I need only find some way of reach it to do the trick. So I bought a box of wax matches, in case I should want 'em, and as soon as 'twas dark enough to prevent a passing copper seeing what I was up to, I made for the wicket. It was only on the latch, and so I goes in. Just as I expected, there was some stablin' a bit further on, and, groping about, I presently comes across a ladder such as I've seen 'em use for hay-lofts. That was right into my hands, in course. I precious soon had it shifted to the window, and up I goes. At first I thought I was sold, 'cos, though I dragged at the top sash fur all I was worth, I couldn't budge it an inch. Then I tried the bottom sash, an' almost 'ollered out with joy when I found it rose a bit under the blade of my knife. Bit by bit I prised it up, until I could get my fingers underneath,; and then, with a steady shove, up she went!

"You bet I listened pretty carefully afore I ventured inside; but not the faintest sound could I hear, and so, after a bit, in I went. It was too dark to make out anything; but of course, the odds were I was in a bedroom, and I had to risk striking a light to find the door. So I lit a match on my pants (it don't make no noise that way) and took a look around. Lucky for me I did! The window faced on a landing, and I was standing within a yard of a steep staircase. I sat down upon the top step and took off my boots, which I crammed into my pockets. Then I braced up and went down stairs.

"In the hall was a small, open naptha lamp, that smoked awful and gave scarce no light at all and there were doors on either side, both shut. I peeped through the keyholes and listened, but I could neither see nor hear anything. There was a longish passage leading towards the back and ended in the kitchen stairs. There, at last, I made out the sound of voices coming from below.

"If you'll believe me, that was the first time I began to feel scared. I'd heard and seen enough of Jim Blogg to know that he warn't exactly the safest man in the world to run foul of, and that, if he caught me a-spin' on him, he'd make it 'ot for me. Howsomever, I plucked up heart and crept like a cat down stairs. There was no light except what came from the kitchen, owin to the door being a few inches ajar, but I managed to get within earshot without making no noise. Two men was arguing, and I spotted one of 'em as Jim by his voice. The other I dirn't recognize.

" 'Tain't worth while arguin' all night about a thing wot's got to be done,' Jim was saying. 'I was promised a thousand—I earned the money, and jolly well mean to have it.'

" 'That's right enough,' said the other. 'You've had a hundred and fifty, and you shall have the rest within a week. Can't you understand that the drafts became useless when the name of—the man—was discovered? The actual hard cash did not, as you know, amount to much—in fact, you got most of it. And it takes time to raise £850.'

" 'That's none of my business,' sez Jim, sulkylike. ' wants my 'oof and wants to get away, and I don't want to be choked off with excuses and explanations. See here, mate. You 'pear to take your master's place all through in this business, and I believe you mean square enough. If I agree to wait till this day week, will you undertake to see me paid off, without any more nonsense? Your boss can do it right enough if you keep him up to it.'

" 'To be sure he can,' said the other man, 'and he'll do it, too. The money will be paid in this very room, at 3 o'clock this day week.'

" 'That's a wager,' growled Jim, 'And now let's have a drink.'

"Well, they sat there boozing and talking about all sorts of things that I didn't bother my head with, until the clock struck seven, when Jim made up his mind to clear, and the other one remembered he had a cove to see in the West End. This was a straight enough tip for me, and I slipped up stairs to the landing as quick as I could. I drew on my boots, knotted the laces anyhow, and waited, astride the window sill, until I heard the door slam. Then I pulled down the window, put the ladder back where I found it, and bunked after the pair of 'em. They walked together as fur as the Sheet Anchor, where Jim went in, but the other one wouldn't. I got a fair look at him, under a lamp, and at once spotted him as the stranger that gave me the letter and the shilling. What was I to do? Follow him, or stick to Jim Blogg? I hadn't much time to make up my mind, but I stuck to the stranger for two reasons."

"What were they, Billy?" asked Mr. Gray, encouragingly.

"Well, I felt pretty sure that Jim was on for nothing more than a good old drunk, for one thing," was the reply, embellished by a vulpine grin; "and, besides, you'd give me money for cabs, if necessary. So I felt I could crack on as much steam as he could."

"And did he take a cab?"

"Why, in course he did; but I didn't find it quite so easy to get one to take me, and I had to part two shillings afore the cabby would make a start. However, he turned out a real clipper when he did get under way."

" 'Wotever 'appens, don't lose sight of that cab in front, with the grey horse!" I bawled at 'im, forking out the two bob.

" 'All right,' says he. 'Wot's up?'

" 'Don't know,' I answers back, 'cept that the gent in that cab has been playing some game on my sister, and I means to find out where he's going to. I've more 'oof on me, so don't you worry.'

" 'Oh, that's his game, is it?' says he. 'I'll not lose him, young'un, never fear!'

"Lor! what a drive that was! Pretty, too, when we came to where the streets and swell places was all lit up with 'lectrict lamps. At last we passed out of a blaze of light, where several streets met, into a wide road with a park on one side, and presently the cab in front turned into a gateway. My cabby pulled up

" 'See here, young'un,' says he, 'the bloke you're after has gone into a swell club, where you can't follow him.'

" 'Can't I?' I replies. 'Well, I can wait outside for him, anyhow. What do I owe you?'

" 'Call it another bob,' says he 'You'd best take a Liverpool Street 'bus to get back by, and then ask a copper.'

"I paid him the bob, and watched him drive off, and then crossed to the opposite side of the road, where there were trees, in order to keep a good eye upon the two gateways that led to the club."

"Did you ask the name of the club, Billy?" I inquired. I had little doubt, from his description, but I wished to be quite sure.

"Yes; it was a club for young officers," was the reply, "and the street was Picadilly I waited for the stranger to come out until I was that cold and hungry I could stand it no longer. For aught I know, he might stop there all night, and I couldn't ask for him, 'cos I didn't know his name. So, long after midnight, I gave it up and went and had a feed at a coffee-stall. Of course it was too late to get back to the ship, without parting no end of money for a cab, so I turned into a doss-house for the night. That's about all, gents."

"And very well you've told your story," I remarked, handing him half a sovereign. "Can you describe your stranger to me?"

"Thark'ee, sir," said Billy, pocketing the coin, gleefully. "Describe 'im? Well, he's a small, rather stout man, with little twinkling eyes and a black moustache. He's got a red mark (a scar, I think) just over his right eyebrow, and he has a queer way of saying words over twice. I'd know him again anywhere"

I then had a brief colloquy with Mr. Gray, and Billy was bidden to put on his Sunday best and accompany me on shore. I wanted to ascertain the exact position of the house in Rodney avenue.

I told the steward, quite frankly, that I thought his clue would lead to the very best results, and that I had no hesitation in asking him to accept £25 on accountdetvhg&so(b shrdlu rdurdlt as an earnest of his possible share of the reward. This pleased him vastly, and he readily undertook that no hint of Billy's discoveries should reach the police during the ensuing week.

I drove Billy up Rodney avenue, and, having made sure of the house, sent him back very happy, with yet another half-sovereign in his pocket.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Missing Link.

I had ample food for reflection during my drive back to the Strand. Blogg was, almost to a certainty, implicated in the decoying of Arnewood, if not, also, in his murder. So was the mysterious "stranger," and so, too, was the other unknown, referred to by Blogg as the stranger's master or boss. Mr Spratt seemed to have merely played jackall, but was probably the engineer's adviser and instigator throughcut.

The description given by Billy of the stranger tallied with no one that I knew. Moreover, if he had a master, he must necessarily himself be a servant of some sort, and could by no possibility be either a member or a member's guest of the first-class Service club. Either he was concealing his real rank, to deceive Blogg, or he had merely called at the club to leave a message for his employer, and had slipped out unseen by Billy. It was strange, though, that the club should be, also, Captain Arnewood's—very strange, when one came to think of it.

I almost wished I was still working with Inspector Traill when I thought out the full strength of the Rodney Avenue incident. Blogg and the stranger had, indeed, arranged to meet there again in a week's time—the one to receive, the other to pay £850; but might not something occur meanwhile to scare one or both from keeping the appointment? With such evidence as I had to work upon Traill would certainly have the engineer rigidly shadowed during the interval, if he did not resort to the expedient of having him arrested upon some more or less trivial, trumped-up charge, to make sure of him. But was I morally bound, on that account, to invoke Scotland Yard aid once more? This question I answered in the negative, to my own satisfaction, at all events. If (as Mr. Gray believed) the police had ceased to suspect Spratt and Blogg, despite Bradshaw's instinctive suspicion of them at first, so much the worse for the official intelligence. It did not occur to me to remember that it was the bathman whom Traill had singled out, and whose every movement was being quietly watched, while stolid-looking, gin-drinking Blogg was ignored. Was Spratt himself aware of it? Most probably he was, and played his game accordingly. He was a clever as well as an audacious scoundrel, quite capable of drawing suspicion upon himself in order to leave his less astute accomplice a free hand.

More as a matter of detail than with any expectation of news, I called at the Beresford Hotel, in Convent Garden. A reference to the books showed that no room had been engaged for any Mr. Arnewood—at all events during the past six months covered by the entries. But it appeared that, during the latter part of November, the hotel had been exceptionally crowded, and in tending guests had been refused daily Possibly the gentleman I inquired for had been in this latter category. As usual, vague and utterly unsatisfactory. If Luke Arnewood had gone to any other hotel, I must trust to the reward to bring me notice of the fact. Meanwhile, Mr. Burton's well meant suggestions came to naught, like so many others.

I next visited the Junior Naval and Military Club, in Picadilly, and inquired for Capt. Arnewood, although I was, of course, well aware that he was in Ireland.

"Out of town, sir," replied the janitor. "Present address, Shelborne Hotel, Dublin. Good many inquires for him since he left."

"Indeed!" I remarked, seizing my opportunity. "Do you remember a short, stout gentleman inquiring for him last night at about 8 o'clock?"

"Yes, sir. The party seemed so astonished to hear of Captain Arnewood's departure that I think he hardly believed it at first."

It was clear, then, that the mysterious stranger had gone straight from his interview with Blogg to see Captain Arnewood, whom he fully expected to find at his club. Moreover, if appearances could be trusted, the captain must be the "master" who was to supply the £850. The least intelligible part of the affair was that he should have been represented to Blogg as unable to find this sum without borrowing it; but that, after all, might be quite a politic stroke to keep down Blogg's claim, or a mere trick of the stranger's to avoid paying away money already intrusted to him. Upon the whole, I could not blink my eyes to the fact that things were beginning to look very black indeed against my client, and that I might yet find myself in the dilemma of having to choose between my duty towards society and my desire to serve him

I don't think I ever felt more worried and perplexed than I did after quitting the club, and I proceeded to Exeter street more than half-inclined to communicate my suspicions to Mr. Hawkins, and ask to be relieved of any further connection with the Arnewood case. Mr. Hawkins, however, had not yet arrived; and before he did make his appearance a telegram came which drove all idea of withdrawing from the inquiry clean out of my mind. It ran:

"Heart again queer, and need you urgently. Let affair wait, if need be, but come at once. Reply.

—"Arnewood,
Shelborne Hotel, Dublin."

No better solution of my doubts could possibly have presented itself. If Richard Arnewood were, indeed, a guilty man, he could scarcely fail to betray himself under the unexpected and searching questions which it was in my power to put to him If, after all, the evidence which now seemed to tell so heavily against him, should prove to have no reference to him at all, then I would be free to plunge into my task with redoubled energy and confidence. And so, without even waiting to consult Mr. Hawkins, I forwarded the following terse reply:

"Very sorry. Shall be with you tomorrow morning. All well.

"—Weston."

My chief expressed no opinion, one way or the other, when I showed him Captain Arnewood's message and a copy of my reply.

"Do exactly as you please, Weston," was his comment. "The case is absolutely in your hands, and I would rather not interfere, even with advice. I want to hear nothing more about the affair until you can tell me either that you have succeeded or have given it up"

"Very well, sir," I made answer, and the subject dropped.

Eight o'clock found me at Euston Station, fortified by an excellent dinner, and in ample time to select a berth in the sleeping car. I have always admired the sound common-sense of the text which asserts that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and, while I pride myself upon doing my very utmost for my client, I deny myself nothing that can contribute to my material comfort when I am on active service. A short, stout man had preceded me at the booking office, and asked for a second-class return to Westland Row. There was nothing remarkable in that, seeing that the train was the Irish mail, and that Westland Row is the name of the Dublin terminus. But there was something in the speech of the man that at once riveted my attention. He repeated the words "second-class" four or five times, as though he either believed the clerk to be deaf or was frightened of being compelled to travel first-class against his will. I took an opportunity, after securing my ticket, of having a good look at him. Bright, beady eyes, a scar near the right temple, his face absolutely clean-shaven; in other words, he answered Billy's description of the "stranger" exactly, with the exception of the black moustache. He was booked to Dublin, and by the class almost always affected by servants of superior station. The plain inference was that his master was in Ireland. So was Captain Arnewood. And it required all my trained habit of caution to avoid the conclusion that they were one and the same person.

My first impulse, after satisfying myself of the identity of my fellow traveler, was to follow him into a second-class carriage (at all events, as far as Rugby or Crewe), and endeavor to enter into conversation with him. But a little reflection served to deter me from this course. If he were, indeed, the astute "stranger" and Captain Arnewood's servant rolled into one, he would subsequently recognize me as the individual who had sought his acquaintance on the train, and would be suspicious of me at once. If I had been deceived by a mere accidental resemblance, and he were some entirely harmless person, I still stood to gain nothing. So I made myself comfortable in my Pullman, and left him to his less luxurious horsehair seat.

The journey was as uneventful as such journeys are nowadays. I saw my man on board the packet, and again at Westland Row, where I lost sight of him. I quite expected that he would precede or follow me to the Shelborne Hotel, but he did not. Whatever his mission in Ireland, his business with Captain Arnewood was apparently not of an urgent nature.

I was told by the people at the hotel that the captain expected me, and had given orders that I was to be conducted to his bedroom as soon as I arrived. It was not yet 8 o'clock, and there was therefore nothing surprising in the fact that he was still in bed. But I was fairly startled by the change that had been wrought in his appearance during the brief interval that had elapsed since I had last seen him. A delicate man with a weak heart may be expected to fall away rapidly when ill; but Richard Arnewood could have looked no worse had he barely escaped with life from some terrible accident.

"Thank Heaven, you have come!" was his greeting, as he motioned me to a chair by his bedside. "You remember what I told you about Irish air disagreeing with me? Well, I have collapsed this time even worse than when I was here last month."

"You are certainly looking very poorly," I replied, "though I cannot bring myself to believe that the air of this place is wholly to blame."

"Do you really think not?" he asked, with nervous eagerness. "Tell me—to what other cause would it occur to you to attribute it?"

"I am not doctor enough to say," I made answer. "I think, though, that worry and mental anxiety would go a long way; and you will pardon my remarking that you have impressed me as suffering under some severe mental strain ever since I first met you"

"Indeed? You mean on account of my cousin's tragic fate, I suppose?"

"Yes," I assented. "I have thought that was at the bottom of your extreme nervous tension. But it fails to account for your sudden prejudice against Ireland."

"Prejudice!" he repeated, irritably. "It's no mere prejudice, I can assure you. I wish to Heaven it were!"

"Then, if the doctors cannot help you, and you really find your system breaking down over here, surely, your wisest course is to return to England at once. I suppose you will be able to stand the journey?"

(To Be Continued.)

Eggs, Likely.

Miss Stagestruck—Don't you feel inspired when you stand up before a large audience?

Haakter—Yes; and I've stood up before some audiences when I felt other things besides inspiration.—Ohio State Journal.

PRECIOUS METALS IN THE ARTS

Enormous Quantities Consumed in the Various Industries.

It is easy to ascertain how much gold and silver are absorbed in the coinage of the various nations, but the most careful estimates as to the quantities of these metals used in the arts and industries are only approximate. Statisticians in the treasury department of the French government recently undertook the considerable task of compiling the best information on this subject, and the figures they have reached are probably as accurate as any that have yet been published. Most of the gold used in the arts is for ornamentation, though it is also employed to a large extent for the most practical purposes, as in dentistry. It is doubtful if even jewelry consumes a larger quantity of gold than some other ways in which it is used. The consumption for gilding alone is very large. The films of gold leaf are very thin, but enormous numbers of them are applied to a considerable variety of manufactures, such as signs, jewelry, books, frames, furniture, pottery and other articles, and the aggregate value of the gold thus used is very large. The consumption of gold for gilding has considerably increased since electro-gilding came into vogue,both because more gilding is done and also because the new process wastes a considerable quantity of the metal. According to the French figures the United States consumes in the arts about thirty-one thousand pounds of gild in a year, which amounts in value to $10,000,000 in round numbers. France, however, with her prominent manufactures of jewelry and other articles of luxury, heads the list with an annual consumption of about thirty-five thousand two hundred pounds a year. Great Britain also surpasses the United States with 34,100 pounds. Germany consumes 29,040 pounds, Switzerland 18,900, Italy 11,000, Russia 9,000, Austria-Hungary 6,175, and Belgium and Holland 6,820. Perhaps one reason why the United States consumes in the arts a good deal more silver than any other country is because photography here, with its amateur branch, is far more extensively in use than in any other land. The chief industrial uses of silver are for solid silver plate and silver plating, mountings for harnesses and other ornamentation, and photography. The silver industries in the United States consume over five hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds a year, Germany and France about three hundred and thirty thousand pounds each, Russia 209,000 and Great Britain 208,000.

THE USE OF ROUGE.

Ancient Modes and Degrees of Practicing the Art.

There were many modes and degrees of practicing and questionable art and a curious little book exists, written about a hundred years ago, when popular opinion on the subject was already undergoing modification, by a "lady of distinction," who preferred to remain anonymous, but is vouched for by the editor as especially entitled by position and experience to receive a respectful hearing, which, dealing with the art of costume, includes advice on the proper use of cosmetics, says the Nineteenth Century. By this authority white paint, together with enamel, is unconditionally condemned from the standpoint of morals and taste alike; while, on the other hand, "a little vegetable rouge" is permitted for the purpose of "tingeing the cheek of a delicate woman," so long as it is not employed for the purpose of deception. "What need is there, indeed," asks the writer, "for any concealment in the matter?" "It seems to me," she continues, "so slight and innocent apparel for the face (a kind of decent veil thrown over the cheek) * * * that I cannot see any shame in the most ingenious female acknowledging that she occasionally rouges. The one article of rouge is, however, the single species of positive art that, according to this somewhat arbitrary judge, a woman of integrity can permit herself, white enamel, painted lips and penciling of the eyebrows only exciting "contempt for the bad taste and blindness which deems them passable."

What Your Voice Looks Like.

To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin, strong paper over the wide end of tin trumpet. Hold it with the sheet of paper upward, take a thin pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper, hold the trumpet vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end. Do not blow, but sing the note. Lower the trumpet carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture, so you may produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and other flowers; some look like snakes and others like flying birds—in fact, there is no limit to the variation. If you wish to see the pictures while they are being made you may employ an old bell-shaped ear trumpet, or you may use your trumpet with a short piece of rubber tubing on the mouthpiece.—Answers.

A Gentle Hint.

He—Ida, are you interested in athletic sports? She (who has waited)—Yes; I am very much interested in the ring just now.

Output of California Oranges.

It is probable that southern California will ship out 15,000 car loads of oranges this season.

The Point of View.

He—Hasn't Miss Hauton a Roman nose?

She—I think retrousse is a better name for it—she turns it up on the slightest provocation. — Washington Star.

The Craving for Stimulants

Has lately attracted a great deal of attention. The use of them seems to be increasing. This clearly shows an exhausted condition of the nerves and blood, which may be remedied only by strengthening the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will do this for you. It cures dyspepsia, constipation and nervousness.

That Unlucky Number.

"I sat down to dinner with thirteen yesterday."

"Don't you consider that unlucky?"

"It was in this case. I had to pay for Press.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Has Got Some Money.

"That fellow Jawley is a broker, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Has he got any money?"

"Yes; he's got mine."—Harlem Life.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

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A Casus Belli.

Maud—I firmly believe that we should love our enemies.

Jack—In that case, I declare war upon you at once.—Brooklyn Life.

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Baker's Chocolate has been the standard. Made only by Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

Good Resolutions.

"Make yoh good resolutions," said Uncle Eben, "but don't put in so much time thinkin' 'em up dat you ain't got no chance to transack actual business."—Washington Star.

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(Either sex.) The Humanitarian Home and Sanitarium for Invalids and Health Seekers, Incorporated. Send 12c in stamps for full information. Address J. H. Teitlebaum, Treasurer, East Las Vegas, N. M.

Deeds of Daring.

Inker—That was a bold robbery yesterday. Fellow took a piano right out of the house while the family was eating dinner.

Photographer—Humph! That's nothing. I took the new courthouse the other day right under the nose of a policeman.—Baltimore American.

A Busy Woman

is Mrs. Pinkham. Her great correspondence is under her own supervision.

Every woman on this continent should understand that she can write freely to Mrs. Pinkham about her physical condition because Mrs. Pinkham is

A woman

and because Mrs. Pinkham never violates confidence and because she knows more about the ills of women than any other person in this country.

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1 "	La Crosse Market Lettuce,	15c
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1 "	Early Ripe Cabbage,	10c
1 "	Early Dinner Onion,	10c
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Above 10 Pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Catalog, telling all about SALZER'S MILLION DOLLAR POTATO upon receipt of this notice & 14c. stamps. We invite your trade, and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never do without. $2000 Prizes on Salzer's 1900—rarest earliest Tomato Giant on earth, was—

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